SA-SIG

http://www.jewishgen.org/SAfrica/
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Southern African Jewish Genealogy Special Interest Group Newsletter

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In this Issue

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The Southern Africa Jewish Genealogy Special Interest Group (SA-SIG)

The purpose and goal of the Southern Africa Special Interest Group (SA-SIG) is to bring together Jewish genealogy researchers with a common interest in Southern Africa and to provide a forum for a free exchange of ideas, research tips and information of interest to those researching Jewish family history in the communities of South Africa, Lesotho (Basutoland), Botswana (Bechuanaland), Zimbabwe (Southern Rhodesia), Zambia (Northern Rhodesia), Swaziland, Mozambique, Kenya, and the former Belgian Congo.

The SIG has been producing a quarterly Newsletter since 2000 in which is included articles on personalities in the Southern African Jewish community, religious congregations, communities – past and present and general news about the lives our Southern African families led.

Further information on how to subscribe to the Newsletter can be found at:

http://www.jewishgen.org/SAfrica/newsletter/index.htm

If you would like to contribute articles to the Newsletter, accounts should include descriptions of families of the community, aspects of local Jewish life, its institutions and particular character. Jewish involvement in the community at large, its history, business life and development could be featured as well.

Articles for printing in the Newsletter should be sent to Bubbles Segall, Editor, at *bubbles.segall@wagait.net*

General enquiries about the Newsletter can be sent either to Bubbles or to Mike Getz at *MikeGetz005@comcast.net*

The SA-SIG maintains a set of Web Pages that can be found at: *http://www.jewishgen.org/safrica*

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

My musings for this issue relate to three South African origin Jews who played significant roles in various areas yet are almost unknown nowadays. They are Alfred Katzin, Joel Myers, and Henry Landau.

Colonel Alfred G. Katzin was an Under Secretary General of the United Nations. He died on May 15, 1989 at his home in Weybridge, England, after a long illness. He was 83 years old. Katzin was born in Cape Town and served in World War II. He joined the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Agency in 1945 and worked for the United Nations, primarily in the office of the Secretary General from 1948 until his retirement in 1963.

Joel Myers was a trader in the Eastern Province in the 1860s and was also one of the pioneers in the domestication of ostriches (he built a great wall around his farm in Aberdeen district to keep the wild birds in). Myers is credited with opening one of the first stores in Klip Drift, near Kimberley, and traded with great success. He was also involved in the first organised South African Jewish association in 1871, The Griqualand West Jewish Association, and organised the first services in Kimberley.

Henry Landau was born in the Transvaal in 1892. His father was a German Jew and his mother a Huguenot. He served as an intelligence officer for the British in World War One. After moving to America in 1927 he caused quite a stir by publishing his detailed memoirs (*All's Fair, The Story of The British Secret Service Behind the German Lines*). He followed this with a further publication, *Secrets of a White Lady*, about La Dame Blanche, in 1935. After America entered World War Two in 1941, the British made some attempt to have Landau arrested maintaining that his revelations had led to the arrest and execution of an agent still working in Germany. There was never any firm evidence that his disclosures had comprised operations. He died in Florida in 1968.

There are many of these almost forgotten people who led notable lives and are barely mentioned in the history texts. Who has memories of them? What happened to their families?

If you have a story about any of these three or of the many others, how about sharing them by forwarding your contribution to the Editor.

Saul Issroff
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EDITORIAL

This issue of the Newsletter features a story regarding an escape from Gilgil provided by the family of Bernard Woolf. Gilgil was a British detention camp in Kenya used to imprison Zionists detained in Palestine immediately following WWII. While going through it I could not help but wonder what other historical treasures people have lying around in drawers and cupboards. In an area of such clandestine activity it is not unusual to find varying versions relating to escape activities. While researching this piece of writing, I came across different sources giving diverse versions of the same event.

According to Bernard Woolf's account, he collected the passports in Cape Town and took them to Johannesburg. Other sources refer to Rabbi Louis Rabinowitz, who at the time was the Chief Rabbi of the United Hebrew Congregation in Johannesburg as well as the Chief Jewish Chaplain in the British Army, taking passports into the Detention Camp at Gilgil. Bernard's account regarding the use of an Honduras passport allows scope for both to have occurred.

The activities of Rabbi Rabinowitz are worth mentioning in their own right. Because of his position, Rabbi Rabinowitz had no difficulty in securing permission to visit the Detention Camp and varying sources attest to his involvement with Gilgil and the cause in general. He was so incensed by the attitude of the British towards Jews entering Palestine that he ripped off his British Army medals at a meeting in Johannesburg and threw them to the ground.

Research also revealed the role of Raphael Kotlowitz who was *Netziv Betar* in South Africa as well as a member of the *Irgun Tvz'I Leumi.* He lived in Cape Town and his organising was central to the escape.

An editor's thanks go to Bernard's wife Taube and his nephew Alan Kolnik for the material. I hope you have encouraged many others to share their histories through our quarterly issues.

Thanks also to Hayyim Edinburg for his input. He was a youngster of 16 at the time and served as *Mefaked Ha-tarbut* (Cultural Officer) at the headquarters of *Betar*.

To find out more about the escape from the Gilgil Detention Camp, go to:

http://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/jsource/History/deport.html

(Bernard Woolf is referred to under the assumed name of 'Wilson.')

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Feedback

PHOTO OF CAPE JEWISH ORPHANAGE

In the March issue of the Newsletter, the Editor supplied the photo on the right from the collection of her father, the late Eddie Segall, purported to be of the residents and staff of the Cape Jewish Orphanage. She asked readers to contact her if they knew anything about the photo or anyone in the photo. She received a response from Glenda Levitt. Her grandparents came from Rokiskis in Lithuania with their 2-year-old daughter Ray; Glenda's mother and settled in Stellenbosch in about 1900. On a visit to South Africa in 2005, Glenda and her husband Abel visited Stellenbosch.

On their visit to the *shul*, Glenda and Abel saw this photograph on display. The caption reads *Stellenbosch Hebrew Congregation. Children from the Cape Jewish Orphanage entertained at Sam Zetler's farm 1932.*

To her surprise Glenda was able to identify some of her family in the photo, as follows.

Second row from the back, 5th from the left:
Glenda's grandfather, Soloman Joffee

Third row from the front, first left:
Glenda's mother, Ray Sternberg

First left in front of Ray Sternberg:
Ray's friend, Sissie Kaplan

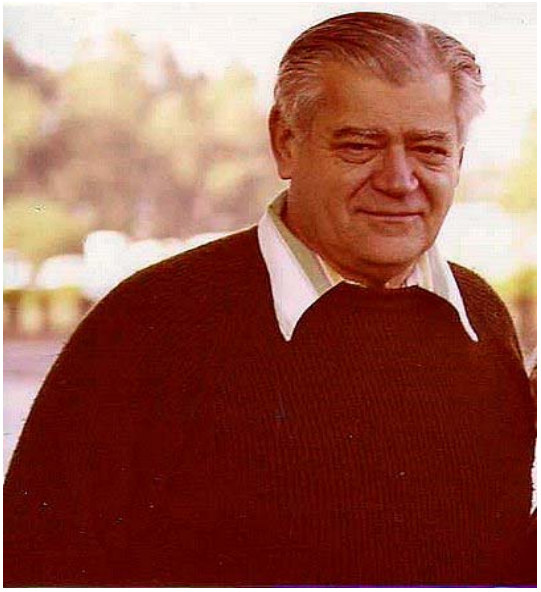
Front row, first on the left:
Glenda's brother, Lazer Sternberg, aged 13

Front row, first on the right:
Glenda's brother, Louis Sternberg, aged 11

Centre behind the first row with her finger resting on her cheek:
Glenda's sister, Vivian Sternberg, aged 9

EXTRACTS FROM ESCAPE FROM GILGIL

Bernard Woolf



In October 1944, with the Second World War drawing to a close, Zionist groups were determined to see the creation of a Jewish State in Palestine. Previously the British had recognised the rights of the Jewish people to establish such a homeland and the 1917 Balfour Declaration symbolised this dream. Many Jews who survived WWII were desperate to get to Palestine and countless managed to enter the country illegally. The British conducted a major campaign to stop them. A large number were detained and sent to a camp in Kenya known as Gilgil, where it was initially thought they had no way of escaping. Escape many did and one person who played a major role was Bernard Woolf. This is his story.

I was discharged from the army early in 1946 and applied to the University of Witwatersrand for admission to the Faculty of Commerce. University life was uncomfortable as the mixture of 18-year-olds and ex-servicemen hardly made for homogeneous classes, but I loved the English lectures and the various branches of Economics. At the same time I took over the old Wings Magazine from the Air Force Association. I wrote most of the editorials, tested the new planes then coming on the market and sold the advertising. With that income and a government grant, I had money to burn.

At that stage I also bought three Oxford Aircraft from the War Disposal for five hundred pounds each. This added to a four-seater Fairchild with a Ranger Engine which I had bought some while before and which I used as a private plane. I was going to amalgamate with another small airline to do freight work in East Africa. The modification costs were not great and there were plenty of ex-Air Force pilots and mechanics looking for jobs. The whole airline industry was in its infancy and through my connection with Wings Magazine I had valuable contacts when needed. Then fate struck and everything was put on hold.

I was only into my second year at university when I was approached by my uncle Joel Pincus to undertake a hair-raising scheme to free six men imprisoned by the British Government in Gilgil Camp, Kenya. They were senior members of the planning staff of the very shaky alliance of the various military arms of the then future Israel political parties. This was purely an army exercise separated for the first time from civilian interference. It meant abandoning everything I had built up with the very real possibility of never being able to return to South Africa. If the scheme failed and I was arrested, as a British Subject I would be tried on very serious charges. My father's attitude was that if I was the best man for the job there could be no question of my not going. My mother was devastated at the idea and my uncle Benny Broer detailed at length the consequences even if the undertaking was successful. His main points were that I would have to start my civilian life anew and with the post war recession would find it very difficult, and that the Jewish public opinion in South Africa would be that I was an adventurer who was using opportunity to escape a humdrum life. He also argued that although the Zionist Federation in South Africa provided financial support and helped the cause in a clandestine manner whenever possible, it would distance itself in public, which it subsequently did.

My Zionist upbringing and education was on a South African family level, very interested in what was happening in Palestine, going around and selling s*hekels*, attending meetings, emptying Blue Boxes, but under no circumstances getting more involved. Then came Jabotinsky's visit in the late thirties to start the Revisionist Party. Joel Pincus, soon to marry my Aunt Lily, became the Chairman and the arguments between him and his brother

Louis, Chairman of the Socialist Party, became so acrimonious that their mother banned all Zionist discussions in her house. Grandma Couzin lived across the road and they used to call over and argue with my mother acting as chair. Rich meat for a sixteen year old. I was taken to the 20th Century Cinema when Jabotinsky delivered his lecture in Johannesburg. I remember very little of it except his saying "*This is my statement. I don't want a Socialist State, I don't want a Capitalist One, or a Fascist, or a Communist one. I want a Jewish State on both sides of the Jordan, and the citizens of that State will vote as to what political system they wish to live under*". It sounded so reasonable to me that although I never joined any party, I tended to ally myself to what was to me a democratic feeling.

It was the hardest decision I ever had to make. Other than four people I had spoken to I could ask no other advice. The first thing I had to do after deciding that I would undertake the project was to map out a program. First, how were the internees going to get out? That had nothing to do with me. They had already dug a tunnel to within two metres of the fence. That in itself was remarkable and well described in Meridor's book. *Long is the Road to Freedom.* During the Second World War there were many escapes but few succeeded after breaking out of camp. They were strangers to the country wearing identifiable clothing with strange manners that would make them marked men. In Kenya merely approaching the wrong ticket office would cause stares. Next was their physical appearance. I studied the supplied photographs. Four were European but two were almost caricatures of Jews in an Anti Semitic paper. They would have to be kept under wraps. There would undoubtedly be police photos plastered all over the Colony. As it worked out, this indeed was the case. All spoke English but with definite foreign accents.

A search started and six close look alikes were found, strangely enough in Cape Town. All had valid passports and were persuaded to part with them. There must have been good salesmen or a strong arm mob on the Cape Zionist Council, or perhaps there were more dedicated Zionists than we realised. Next followed a symposium of three on how the Colonial Police would react and how soon after the escape they would be mobilised. None of us had any detective experience. Based on reports in the East African Standard Newspaper bemoaning the fact that all experienced CID Officers of the Colonial Police had been transferred to Palestine, we calculated that we should have at least three days before the alarmed was raised. (As things turned this was pretty accurate, the borrowed documents, with no stamps affixed, were returned to their owners in Cape Town before the escape had been discovered).

As suspicion would most likely focus on Zionist connections in South Africa immediately the escape was discovered, and I was an obvious candidate with aircraft available, the next project was to lay a false trail. I flew to Cape Town in my Fairchild and landed at Wingfield instead of the then required Youngsfield. As desired, that created a fuss with the Air Force complaining to the Civil Air Council and the police. After collecting the passports I set off back to Johannesburg. With the idea of making sure the police had a record of my practising landing on country roads, during a light storm I improvised a forced landing on the road leading into Philippolis. This turned out more eventful than intended. After sleeping over, the following morning I taxied out from the hotel and set to take off with half the town watching. The local Sergeant of Police had sent a policeman on a bicycle a mile up the road to halt any traffic. Just clear of the small town were hundreds of Africans lining the road. As the tail came up, two little African children ran across the road not more than thirty yards in front of the propeller. I dipped the left wing into the ground and swung off the road. The speed was not great but the damage extensive. As it turned out recovery of the plane was not worth the cost and that was the end of my pride and joy. I completed my journey by train with more publicity than I had counted on. Back in Johannesburg in an effort to further a false trail, I refused to pay the War Disposal agent for the Oxford Aircraft and he sued. The case came to court within one week and Advocate Maisels managed to lose in a very satisfactory manner which ensured publicity. We were now sure that any police thinking in Kenya once the escape was realised would be that the escapees would be flown back to Palestine.

The dates and time of the breakout had been fixed and I packed my suitcase hiding the passports in a false bottom of a big Remington Electric Razor. As a final touch I laid a large old-fashioned Colt 44 revolver on the top. I said my goodbyes and caught a York plane of South African Airways from the new civil airport at Palmietfontein for Entebbe on Lake Victoria. The turbaned Sikh custom's officer was horrified when he opened my suitcase and called the

supervisor, a nineteen year old Englishman. I explained I was to guide a group on a shooting tour in Uganda and the gun was for personal protection. He was quite firm and confiscated the Colt giving me a receipt, then closed my case and wished me luck with the game spotting. I caught a taxi into town and to a car hire company owned by two Indian brothers who were also wearing turbans. I hired a Ford V8 eight seater safari car. I also arranged for two smaller four wheel drive vehicles with drivers to be ready early in the morning two days ahead to take my party to Kampala in Uganda and then on a weeks tour down through the *Mountains of the Moon* (Ruwenzori Mountains) to Lake Kivu. They were delighted with the tour business and spent half an hour working out the cost while I had breakfast at the European Hotel. After some minor haggling they gave me a typed inventory of the route and the costs. I paid them with traveller's cheques and we shook hands all round. I picked up the bundle of road maps, loaded my suitcase and set off for Nairobi. I took my time on that road as far as Gilgil and memorised all features as far as I was able. It would be a moonless night when I drove back, hopefully with my passengers. I carried on with my journey arriving at Nairobi in the early evening, booked into the new Stanley Hotel, had a drink at the bar, supper and then to bed. It had been a long day.

The next morning provided my first shock. Having breakfast on the verandah of the hotel, I was the only guest there when a thickset man arrived and looked at all the empty tables. He came up to my table, said he hated eating on his own and could he join me. I nodded and he sat down introducing himself as Colonel Rice. I knew that the Commander of the camp at Gilgil was named Colonel Rice, a South African in the British Army. We chatted for half an hour and he told me he was stationed at the Jewish Internment Camp, that he was friendly with Jacov Merridor, the Commander of the Irgun, and Rubin Franco, the Logistic Chief of the clandestine arms factories in Palestine, that they were fine fellows and the whole thing was a mess. He added, "Thank God it had been handed over to the United Nations and he could get back to his Regiment". Now what? Was this a friendly warning that the whole scheme was blown? Was he merely fishing? Or was this a genuine coincidence? I asked him the best place to buy veld clothing for my party and we parted.

I drove to the Indian Emporium, the recommended clothing shop, where I purchased six sets of clothing and six suitcases to pack them in. It was a large order and the whole family of the proprietor helped me choose the outfits. I paid by travellers cheque and went back to pay my bill at the hotel, filled up with petrol and set out for Nakuru, the home of thousands of flamingos who inhabited the lake and a thirty mile drive from the camp at Gilgil. I stopped at the Post Office for mail and found a coded telegram from Johannesburg. Another shock. I had an extra passenger. Some last minute person who the camp felt should also be taken along and for whom they had made a Honduras Passport. That passport nearly compromised the whole scheme.

In the camp the people who were leaving had developed various idiosyncrasies such as wearing hairnets when sleeping and other ploys so that casual guards would believe that the dummies left behind would be taken for sleeping men. An elaborate formula of men answering a name at rollcall could be mimicked. In actual fact it was only discovered two weeks after they had broken out that seven men had escaped. I understand a bottle of brandy was dumped in one of the watchtowers while the guard was being changed. The breakout was timed for an hour later, an hour before the Sergeant's rounds. The pickup worked nearly like clockwork. I stopped the car next to the third watchtower, opened the bonnet and flashed a red light. After three or four minutes which seemed like ages, a man slid out of a ditch, came up to me and said, "Bernard?"

I said, "Congratulations, now hop in, and where are the others?"

He swore in Arabic and said, "They were running along the ditch as one of them had said the rendezvous was at the next tower."

I said, "Do you want me to take you alone or should we go and look for the silly bastards."

He said, "We cannot leave them alone, drive slowly and give me the flashlight"

So we started a slow cruise along the deserted road and gradually picked up the others. On collecting the last, my first passenger said "I am Meridor, now let us get the hell out of here."

The road was deserted which bothered me. I would have preferred some other cars. We crossed the railway line ten miles further on and nearly had an

accident at the crossing. I yelled, “I am going too fast and you are distracting me with all your hysterical shouting. There is a bottle of whisky in the back somewhere, so use it and shut up!” They all fell silent. We had driven on for hours when suddenly the line of lights of a military truck convoy came towards us. I was very tired and strayed too much into the centre of the road, scraping the last truck and tearing off the wing mirror. I carried on for another fifty yards, stopped and told them all to wait in the car and not get out under any circumstances. I walked back and found a very crestfallen Askari driver looking at a dangling headlight. Only a white man living in Africa in those days could have handled the matter as I did. I shouted at the driver for having his lights on bright, which he didn’t. When the brand new one pip in charge came back in his jeep he commented what can you expect of them, looked at the damage, said it would involve more paperwork than panel beating, asked if my car was okay and told his Sergeant to get the trucks moving. I walked back to my half hysterical passengers and we were on our way now thoroughly awake.

The sun was over the horizon when we entered Entebbe. No sign of a roadblock and the whisky and four thermoses of sweet coffee finished. The traffic was fairly heavy and I headed to the car hire company. The garage was still locked but standing and waiting were the two four wheel drive cars. We left the eight-seater with the watchman and transferred to the other vehicles. With no sign of police we stopped at a small hotel just out of town for breakfast, showered and changed clothes. The hotel staff were used to safaris and our actions caused no surprise. Kampala, next stop.

In the car we discussed what to do about the Honduras passport (owing to recent changes South African passport holders needed no visas for British East Africa). To me it looked okay but to an immigration officer it may have seemed an obvious forgery. We had to get a stamp to get out of Uganda. At the Kenya Uganda border I went into the shed with all the South African documents and said the visitors were too tired to move from the car. The official was lazy, noted the total number and waved us through. Not too much formality between the two colonies, though leaving Uganda with no onward destination visa was going to be a problem. At this stage I went to sleep and my little convoy with fresh drivers who knew the road well headed towards trouble. I awoke about midday and we all gathered around our picnic to further discuss the Honduras Passport matter. It was decided that my unwelcome extra and I would get off at the Belgian Consulate and apply for a one week visa to the Congo. The others would drive off on a sight seeing trip returning after an hour to check if we were still at liberty or if the Consul had called the police.

The radio in the reception area gave no news of a breakout at Gilgil. The Consul kept us waiting for half an hour and then called us in. He thumbed the Honduras document and remarked how shoddy it was. He questioned the owner whose English could have been in any foreign accent. How long had I known him? Not at all long I replied, he was hitching a lift to get his brother in Elisabethville and I felt sorry for all these wretched refugees looking to get to family they had heard about in settled countries. He felt compassion and stamped a two week visa on condition I took him to the first Police Station in the Congo to be fingerprinted. My companion shot out of there like a scalded cat and I nearly followed him. I restrained myself and invited the Consul for a beer at the corner café where my companions found us about a half an hour later. As there was still no sign of the escape we slept that night in a small government rest house. The majority wanted to carry on but I objected. To travel through the night was out of context once we were known to be a hunting party. I took one of the cars and drove to the Officer’s Mess of the African Rifles a short way out of town, and signed the visitor’s book. A drink at the bar convinced me that the escape had not yet been discovered. I met four Royal Air Force men who had just returned from a shooting trip to Lake Kivu. They told me one of the volcanoes in the area was still active but the road through the foothills of the *Mountains of the Moon* was still open. Very narrow and tricky. Northbound from dawn till midday, south from then till sunset. Just as well we hadn’t travelled at night and excited comment from the Police Post.

At four in the morning we resumed our journey which was a wonderful trip through some of the wildest and most untamed areas on the African continent. We negotiated some really hair raising mountains and that afternoon arrived at a little staging post on the lake. The volcano was still flowing into the lake and the water was very hot and steaming. I felt like Allan Quartermain. Luck still

held and we found a small steamer leaving at dawn for Goma. We slept in a government rest house and were on our way on schedule. That evening we arrived in Goma and disembarked to find our luck still held as the passport officer had been hospitalised. We wandered about the town looking for our contacts and found them. A man named Kaplan from Johannesburg and an unknown Sephardi. They actually found us attracted by the sound of a small crowd speaking Hebrew. They wanted us to spend a few days resting but I objected. The District Commissioner could well have shaken off his malaria by then and would investigate a bunch who had arrived in such a Godforsaken place. He would contact his opposite number in Kampala and would not even inform Brussels. He would ship us under escort back to Uganda. District Commissioners were a closed lot and kings in that neck of the woods. As soon as they opened we booked seats from Leopoldville to Paris via Brussels for my seven charges on Sabena Airline and arranged a charter out of Goma. Air charters or riverboats were the acceptable methods of travel. We arrived at Leopoldville without incident in an Airspeed Consul, the civilian model of the Oxford which I had intended for conversion. My stint was over and the escape was successfully completed.

Postscript: Bernard married Taube Kolnik in 1950 and they spent the early years of married life in Southern Rhodesia (Zimbabwe). In 1963 they moved to Cape Town and then went on aliyah in 1979. They returned to South Africa in 1987. Bernard died in 2005 and Taube, now in her eighties, lives in Muizenberg.

REVISITING MUIZENBERG

Here is your opportunity to share your memories of Muizenberg by participating in an exhibition on *Jewish Muizenberg: Past and Present* that so many of you have requested over the years. A small committee of professional researchers and ex-Muizenbergers is now working on ways to acquire both information and visual items, such as photographs, documents and memorabilia, all of which are essential for an exhibition of this nature.

The research team for the text of the exhibition will be headed by Professor Jocelyn Hellig and the final large photographic panels exhibited will be designed by a professional designer, ensuring a high quality.

We are inviting you to submit details of your memories of Muizenberg for this exhibition, on which work has just begun and which will be mounted at the Rabbi Cyril Harris Community Centre (RCHCC), Johannesburg, in about 18 months' time with an accompanying ancillary programme of lectures, films, etc. The exhibition will then, hopefully, travel to some other major centres in South Africa.

We do hope that you will be able to be part of this exhibition and are attaching a preliminary questionnaire as a guideline. [*Editor: The questionnaire can be found at the end of this Newsletter*.] If you have any difficulty filling this in, please contact us at the numbers listed. At a later stage, we will make arrangements to meet with you for an interview, if possible, and borrow your visual items for a short while so that they can be scanned. Alternatively we can communicate via email.

As this project is just getting off the ground, we would also like to invite input from you as to any other people you feel should be contacted for information or any ideas that you may have.

We propose this to be an informative and fun event, which will evoke nostalgia in those of you who have spent time – however short or long – in Muizenberg.

We look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

(On behalf of the Exhibition Committee)

Steering Committee: Joy Kropman, Jocelyn Hellig, Hazel Cohen, Yvonne Jawitz

Research Team: Headed by Prof Jocelyn Hellig

P.S. Please don't have later regrets that you did not respond to our request!

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IAJGS 2007 Conference

July 15-20, 2007

Hilton City Center

Salt Lake City, Utah

THE STORY OF A PHARMACIST IN HILLBROW: 1955 – 1997

Honey Gluckman

First published in the Adler Museum Bulletin, Volume 32, no. 2, December 2006, pp. 36-4 and is reprinted here with permission.

The Adler Museum of Medicine is part of the Faculty of Health Sciences, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg.

Sam Gluckman as a young man

Samuel Gluckman was born on 12 May 1929 in Georgetown, Germiston, in the province of the Transvaal, as it was then known [now Gauteng]. He lived in a house attached to a general dealer shop called *G and M Stores* that his father, Myer Gluckman, built and owned. He stayed there until 1939 with his family: father, mother Bessie and older sister Minnie. They would eat in the kitchen on a wooden table near the coal stove in which all the cooking, baking and roasting was done.

The stove was made of cast iron and had two heating plates and an oven. Each morning, after clearing away the ashes of the previous day, a fire was lit, which also heated the water stored in a small geyser. However, this did not provide sufficient hot water and more was heated in large pots on the stove.

The only bathroom had a wash basin and a bath. The toilet was in a small hut in the back yard some 60 feet away from the house. Inside the hut there was a wooden bench with a suitable hole cut into it. The bench was too high for Sam, so his feet always dangled a few inches off the floor when he sat there. The excreta fell into a large metal bucket inserted into an opening covered with a flap at the back of the hut. Early each morning, before dawn, the 'night brigade', a large tanker with a number of men would arrive. The men would retrieve the buckets, tip the

contents into the tanker for later disposal and replace these with fresh buckets.

At the back of the house was a large yard where two large wagons and a half a dozen horses were kept. These were used for delivering goods to the mines and other customers. Occasionally, Sam was allowed to go with the driver and he would sit on piled-up bags of flour as they spent the whole day delivering their goods.

When Sam was six years old, he developed scarlet fever. The only antibiotics then were the old pre-sulfa drugs: M&B 125 and M&B 693 and these were not effective in preventing secondary infections. As a result, the infection spread to his ear and he had to have a mastoid operation at the then Kensington Sanatorium in Roberts Avenue, Fairview. This was a Catholic Hospital run by nuns and the specialist was a Dr Pink. Three years later he again, and most unusually, developed scarlet fever and had to have mastoid operations to both ears as the bones were infected. This time he spent several weeks at the newly built Children's Hospital in Hillbrow.

At that time, Sam was called Stanley as his mother was concerned that he might be teased by children calling him 'Sam, Sam, the dirty man'. It wasn't until he left Germiston that he found out that his name was Samuel.

The year before they left, the centenary of the Great Trek was celebrated and a procession of ox wagons came down his street. To mark the occasion, Willow Road where he lived was renamed Voortrekker Street.

In 1938, he and his family moved to Kensington in Johannesburg where he went into Standard 4 at Leicester Road School. The headmaster was Frank Braun who was well respected in boxing administration. Thereafter he went to school at Jeppe Boys High, one of the leading schools in Johannesburg, modelled, by Lord Milner, on the English Public School system. His years there were not very happy as he was young and immature. As a result, he achieved only average marks. His sporting prowess was also without distinction. While there he was summoned to the office of the headmaster who bluntly said: 'Gluckman, your father has just died. I think you had better go home'. His father, who was in hospital, had suffered a sudden aneurysm and was buried the next day. Sam was 16 years old.

In 1945 Sam matriculated. There were not many avenues of study available, so he did a five year diploma course in Pharmacy: one year at the Johannesburg Technical College opposite Park Station in Eloff Street, Johannesburg; a practical three year apprenticeship and a final year of study at the College, which later moved to near Ellis Park and was renamed the Witwatersrand Technikon. It is now the Doornfontein Campus of the University of Johannesburg (previously Rand Afrikaans University).

He was apprenticed first to the South African Pharmacy in Germiston (which was owned by the father of Dennis Eisenberg who became a reporter for a major London newspaper and accompanied the then prime minister of Britain, Harold MacMillan to South Africa when MacMillan made his famous 'Winds of Change' speech). Later he was apprenticed to Julian Schlesinger at Leitch and Wilson (originally called Lennons) corner of Rissik and Pritchard Streets, Johannesburg: the biggest chemist (as pharmacies were then called) in the city. Schlesinger later founded Ned Equity Life Insurance Company, later to become Sage Life.

In his first year Sam earned £5 eleven and twopence, and in his third year this went up to £25 a month, £10 pounds more than the laid down wage. He was in charge of the stockroom where he marked and checked the goods. There was a dumb waiter between the dispensary and the shop and the prescriptions were sent to the shop using a pulley system. At the end of his apprenticeship, Sam went back to College and completed his diploma successfully. By then he had matured and was first in the class in chemistry.

He became a medical representative for Selected Pharmaceuticals, a distributing company for Petersen's which also had the Pfizer Agency. He travelled the whole of the then Transvaal, Natal and the Northern Cape. His salary was £80 a month. In 1954, he met his future wife who, knowing about his desire to travel, said she would wait for him. At that time, plane travel was not as common as it later became, and Sam and two friends sailed to England on the Edinburgh Castle. Once there, they bought an old London taxi and travelled through Europe. Back in England, Sam heard about a person who was looking for a companion to do an overland crossing

in his car and to share expenses with him. That is how he and Tony Purkiss of London came to travel from Gibraltar, across Africa as far as Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia) in a Ford Anglia.

After he returned home and before his marriage to Honey Goodman in December 1955, he took a job as manager of The Medicine Chest in Northcliff. The shop was owned by the Sklar brothers. Monty Sklar was later to become a popular mayor of Johannesburg.

Later in 1955, helped by Alex Lipworth, a pharmacy wholesaler, Sam bought Milton Pharmacy in Hillbrow, for £3 000 pounds (R6 000). It was a tiny store of 40 square metres in Edith Cavell Street off Kotze Street in Hillbrow, Johannesburg. It was squashed between Lenny's, a German delicatessen, a hairdressing salon, and next to Milton, a large shoe store. These four shops shared a common toilet situated behind the stores. To get to it, it was necessary to go around the shops and through an alleyway frequented by mice. These shops were beneath Beaconsfield Court, which was owned by the Spitz family who had a chain of shoe stores around Johannesburg, the largest of which was Barnes Shoe Store next to Milton. Sam, his wife, and later his baby daughter Gillian, lived on the 5th floor for three years.

Milton Pharmacy in its heyday

During this time, because he was paying back his debts and there was little passing trade, they lived on his wife's salary who, as a teacher, earned £28 a month. He ran the store with one assistant and one delivery man, Reuben Mogase, who was to work with him for about 40 years and who eventually became his stock controller and did the bulk ordering. Sam remained friends with Reuben for the rest of his life.

At that time Hillbrow was a vibrant, thriving and exciting cosmopolitan suburb, peopled mainly by Germans, Italians, Greeks and Britons. With trams and afterwards buses frequently passing through its streets, it was easily accessible. Because of its many tall buildings, Hillbrow was regarded as the most built-up area in South Africa. Within its comparatively small limits were parks, hospitals, nursing homes, opticians, dental and medical practices, two tailors, restaurants, continental styled cafés and lounges, interesting stores including bakeries and delicatessens, cinemas, theatres, hotels and night clubs.

Cyril's Wardrobe was the favourite store for those with money. Milky Lane pioneered fresh fruit juices and milkshakes. Exclusive Books first opened in Hillbrow and was the Saturday night haunt of those in and outside the area who browsed through the books on the shelves while listening to softly playing classical music. The Porterhouse pioneered T-bone steaks and was a great favourite. Lionel Korp the optician, at great cost to himself, fed the pigeons every day and from noon onwards the overhead wires, poles and balconies in Kotze Street were filled with thousands of birds awaiting their lunch. It became one of the sights of Hillbrow.

For those who needed to swim in winter, there was the Hillbrow indoor heated pool. Dating couples had the choice of going, among others, to the Ambassador Hotel or the Chelsea Hotel, where discothèques provided music, to the upmarket Summit Club, and to Fontana bakery at Highpoint which provided every kind of food for those still awake in the early hours of the morning.

Sam and his wife, along with other Hillbrovniks, made full use of the many cafés that made Hillbrow so attractive a place to live in. The Golden Ray Café was the first and oldest of them. Later, the Florian, Café Paris, Café Kranzler, Café Wien, Café Zurich and Café Pigalle enticed thousands to sit in their comfortable chairs on upstairs balconies or on their pavements and listen to music while drinking coffee, eating cake and reading newspapers from all over the world.

Nearby was the 'Jo'burg Gen' (later to become the Hillbrow Hospital when the Johannesburg Hospital moved to Parktown), and the Florence Nightingale Nursing Home. The Frangwyn Maternity Home held a special place in Sam's memory as his first daughter was born there. Although it was only five

corners away from Beaconsfield Court, he panicked when his wife went into labour at 2 am, and they spent fifteen minutes trying to find the hospital, this after doing a dry run beforehand!

Also nearby was the Hillbrow Police Station and Sam eventually got to know many of the policemen there. A little bit further away down the hill, was the Fort, (now known as Constitution Hill), the University of the Witwatersrand (Wits), the Medical School and the Teachers Training College, which after it moved to Parktown was renamed the Johannesburg College of Education. After the millennium it became the Education Campus of Wits.

Hillbrow was indeed a city within its small area so it was not unusual to find all its streets buzzing with people throughout the day and night. Sam's wife, while pregnant, used to go alone in the late evening to a delicatessen nearby to buy one pickled cucumber and eat it while wandering home again.

Hillbrow might have been crowded, but Joubert Park with its beautiful Art Gallery and hothouse filled with exotic and colourful plants, its lawns and multi-hued flower beds and giant chess set, surrounded by spectators watching a game in progress, was a ten minute walk away. Going eastwards was Pullinger Kop Park, on top of Nugget Street hill, where there was a plaque dedicated to Olive Schreiner, the well known writer of *An African Farm*. The Harrow Road Park was a bit further away to the south east. So too was The Wilds to the north, with its rocky hills, pools and fountains. All these parks were regularly visited by Sam and his family while they lived in Hillbrow. That was the advantage of living there.

The disadvantage was his proximity to the shop, because, in order to build up his business, Sam encouraged his customers to telephone him anytime, even at home, if they needed him. As a result, lonely and elderly women would regularly telephone late at night for a chat. One young woman woke him out of a deep sleep to say she was going on holiday the following morning and had run out of shampoo: would he please open the shop and sell her the required item. He did. He also allowed his customers to take home several lipsticks at a time to match up with their clothes, and then bring back what they did not want. In this way, he started to build up his business.

A further boost came when the City Council moved the bus route from Klein Street to Edith Cavell Street in the 1970s, outside his pharmacy. To accommodate the extra stock needed, Sam installed cupboards, reaching up to and suspended from the ceiling. These were counterbalanced with weights so they could be pulled down by means of handles attached to them.

At this time, department stores and the first supermarkets started selling traditional pharmaceutical products. *Clicks* opened a shop not far from Milton and Sam despaired that he would lose most of his business. He became very angry when he found out that the manufacturers of soap powders were giving *Clicks* a huge discount, in his words: 'So they could sell washing powders for less than Milton Pharmacy could purchase them.' He told the representative from the manufacturer to leave his shop and not come back. From that time he stopped selling washing powder.

To compensate for loss of business to supermarkets, other pharmacies started to sell non- pharmaceutical goods, but it became Sam's policy to sell only prescription and patent medicines, toiletries and cosmetics. He was not prepared to carry fancy goods or toys or chocolates. (Ironically, *Clicks* did not last in Hillbrow since it was unable to get a licence for dispensing. It was only more than 30 years later with the advent of large and impersonal pharmacy superstores, that *Clicks* was given permission to dispense medicines.)

Milton Pharmacy also became the first discounter of cosmetics. Sam would buy overruns and discontinued lines from the wholesalers. He would also buy in bulk so that when prices rose, he could sell the stock at the original price. One January, the Coty cosmetics sales manager offered him their unsold Christmas gifts at a very low price. He stored them in a storeroom that he rented several blocks from his pharmacy and sold the sets over the following years at a profit. He also bought some Revlon overproduction that they were stuck with. It was more than 'some'. The stock was delivered in a pantechnicon. Sam broke up the Christmas gift packages, repackaged them and sold them singly at very affordable prices. After he had sold 10% of them, the rest was profit.

Before it became illegal, Sam also made up many products: cough mixtures, headache pills, diarrhoea remedies, tonics and nerve tonics and others. One of

his products, a headache tablet called 'Depain' was taken over by a company which changed 'Depain' to 'Biopyn'. This company was then taken over by Adcocks, a listed company on the Johannesburg Stock Exchange. Eventually they discontinued the product. Sam attempted, without success, to get the rights to 'Depain' back.

He also manufactured hand creams, shampoos, bath oils and face creams. At one time he worked together with Nathan Taitz, who started as a Revlon cosmetic representative, and worked his way up to become managing director, first of Old Spice, then later of Max Factor. He later became Managing Director of Kemtrade, a listed company. As a result of all these ventures, the pharmacy prospered.

When the hairdressing salon next door closed down, Sam negotiated to take it over and break down the wall between the two shops. This doubled the size of the pharmacy. With the extra business, his staff increased and in 1968 he took on a partner, Gerald Rubin. They put in new modern shop fronts and fixtures and Milton Pharmacy became one of the landmarks of Hillbrow.

Sam Gluckman and his partner, Gerald Rubin, in Milton Pharmacy

As each of his three children grew up, they worked in the shop on Saturday mornings and during the holidays. Gillian, his eldest, remembers that there was a call to make Hillbrow more beautiful. Sam, through his wife, answered the call by digging a bed outside the shop and putting in flowers. However, in their rush to catch a bus, people trampled over them. They also knocked down the picket fence that was put around the bed. Then his wife placed flowering pot plants outside the shop. They were stolen. Sam gave up.

Gillian also commented that shopping at Milton was so different to pharmacy shopping today. On a Saturday, there would be five assistants, as well as Sam and Gerald. The customers would come to the counter, were usually greeted by name, and after some casual conversation would ask for what they wanted. Sam or an assistant would then go to the shelf, collect the articles, ring up the price, take the money, and then personally hand the parcel to the customer.

Often a doctor would telephone in a prescription for a patient, and if he did not want the patient to know what he or she was taking, the pharmacist kept his confidence. The writer can vouch for Sam's professionalism in this matter, as she only found out very much later when she started to develop a moustache, that the injections the doctor was giving her, in vain, to put on weight were male hormones!

There were many telephone orders and the delivery man was kept very busy delivering all the orders on his motorbike (which constantly broke down). Customers expected to have their purchases delivered, even if the order was no more than toothpaste and soap.

Ruth, his second daughter recalls her days working in the pharmacy in the mid 1970s. She remembered the cheap Lennox tonics and cough mixtures sold in small bottles. Phensodyl cough mixture was not on prescription, but the name of the customer had to be written down in a book. Because of their alcohol content, the staff was warned not to sell these remedies to the same customers too often as they used them as an alternative to alcohol. Ruth further stated that: 'Unlike the metrosexuals of today, men would never admit to using face cream, let alone cosmetics, even if their skin was cracking. I was fascinated by a tall, dark, rugged and masculine man known as The Duke. People feared him as his very presence breathed power and commanded respect. Nevertheless, he would come into the shop every month and openly request his vitamin E face cream.'

Ruth's second memory: 'As a part time helper, I suffered two faults; these were to embarrass customers and to amuse my father. I didn't know the products or their brand names and was innocent in the ways of the world. To assist me, the store was laid out in categories: creams, tablets, cosmetics, tonics, pills, etc. Within these categories, items were laid out in alphabetical order. So all I had to do was ask the customer the name of the product and

whether it was a cream, tonic etc. One day a burly man entered the store and asked for Durex. 'What is Durex?' I asked. 'It's a French Letter,' he muttered in great embarrassment. Seeing the customer asphyxiating, my father grabbed me, took me to the back of the store and showed me where the contraceptives were hidden: obviously in the oddments drawer.'

Lesley, his youngest daughter, also helped in the pharmacy when she was old enough to do so. She remembers how difficult it was to interrupt her father as he was always talking to his customers, listening to all their problems and giving them general advice. She would complain that he was more of a psychologist and social worker than a pharmacist. His dispensary was the meeting place for many of his friends and customers. They used to hang over the swinging half door of the dispensary, chatting away and drinking tea while Sam did his dispensing.

In the years that Sam owned Milton Pharmacy, he met and became friends with many people. Doctors and patients from the hospitals, nursing homes and medical and dental practices in the area became his customers. Among them were Don Pilkington, who started an inventor's organisation; Professor DJ du Plessis, one time Vice Chancellor of Wits; Dr Reuben Sher, who was to become an AIDS expert, Professor John Lemmer, Dean of the Wits Dental School and Professor Phillip Tobias, the well known palaeontologist who was at one time Dean of the Wits Medical School.

During these years, Sam was a member of Prosperity Lodge, rising to the position of District Grand Master and receiving other honours. When he retired from the Lodge, he joined Hillbrow Rotary, one of whose members, Harold Rudolf, also became a mayor of Johannesburg. When Mannie Saldsman, of Radio Mannie in Kotze Street, became president, he started the well-known project called 'The Forgotten Ones'. Sam, with other members of Rotary, would seek out the elderly and indigent folk living in squalor in one roomed flats in Hillbrow and provide help to them.

The advent of medical aids with their regulations, poor administration and late paying, made the practice of pharmacy onerous and frustrating. By the late 1980s, Hillbrow also started to lose its vibrant, cosmopolitan culture as the continentals either moved away or left the country because of the deteriorating political situation. Many of his regular customers also moved into suburbs further away, but continued to deal with Milton.

The area started to attract many undesirables. Across the road from the shop, a tented squatter camp suddenly appeared. It was inhabited mainly by young criminals who snatched bags, seized jewellery off people's bodies, mugged pedestrians and broke into cars. Despite police raids, the camp could not be broken up as a moratorium had been placed on removals.

Sam and his staff were held up in the pharmacy by gangs of armed robbers on several occasions. The first time, two people entered the shop and asked the price of an article. When it was given, they produced guns and made their demands. Reuben Mogase remembers that to calm them down, Sam offered them the watch which he wore to count down the seconds at the start of a yacht race. The gunman looked at the watch and said: 'This is a swimming watch. I can't swim', and gave it back. Then he made them all take off their trousers or skirts. The women feared they would be raped, but the robbers threw back the clothes as they raced out of the shop with their loot.

The next 'event' was more serious. Here is an extract from a letter that Sam wrote to Gillian on 6 August 1990:

> 'We were phoned at 1.30 am on Friday night and told there was someone in the shop. I thought that it was a nice clean burglary, phoned the Flying Squad, got dressed and drove with Honey to the shop. You can not visualise how bad as it was. … A black combi came around Kotze Street, ricocheted from Thames House [the building across the road], came through our door and window and ended up virtually at the dispensary. In the process it destroyed the glass seletsi type shelves we had in the window, knocked the one gondola into the second and pushed both onto the third in front of the dispensary. The floor was covered with stock, good and bad and pieces of glass. There wasn't a square inch that wasn't covered. I must have been in a state of shock. I just stared for about 20 minutes. Gerald was there with Mark [his son] and the night watchman and two other people came

> in to help. Eventually we started picking up stock and putting it into boxes and when these ran out, into paper bags and ferrying them to storerooms. Your old lady [the writer] and the others were fantastic. By 7.30 am, we had got the gondolas upright and some stock back on. One of the problems is that there were hundreds of bottles of foundation and this did a lot of damage. Near the dispensary the stock was piled 4 feet high and was so damaged that we just shovelled it into boxes. The carpets were totally ruined. Reuben spent two weeks salvaging what he could and we took stock of the rest which is a complete write off. Just under R24 000. The carpets cost us R3 500 and they were put in today…. The plate glass people were very good and they finished repairing the shop fronts and glass by 6 pm on Saturday, so at least we didn't have to sleep over.'

What has stuck in my mind was the number of people of all kinds and colours, who wandered into the shop throughout the early hours of the morning, helped to mop up, pick up and clean up for a while, and then wandered out again.

In its heyday, there were 22 pharmacies in Hillbrow. Over the years, as the population of Hillbrow changed, the number of chemists dwindled. Whenever Sam heard of a pharmacy closing, he would offer to buy its stock at current prices, as long as the owner directed his customers to deal with Milton Pharmacy. In this way, he bought Hospital Pharmacy and Eastgate Pharmacy, both in Joubert Park, and Hillbrow Pharmacy, Tower Hill Pharmacy and the one time famous Fred Ingram Pharmacy. By the time Sam retired, there were only two pharmacies left in Hillbrow: Kotze Street Pharmacy (one time Shelley Pharmacy) and Chelsea Pharmacy. He realised that no one would buy his shop, so he deliberately kept his stock low and once his lease had expired, he sold the remaining dispensing stock to Killarney Pharmacy. To the huge regret of his remaining customers but also to the great relief of his wife and children, who feared for his safety, he shut the now barricaded doors of Milton Pharmacy in January 1997. An era had come to an end.

Sam retired and for the next eight years, he was a loving husband, father and grandfather to his family. He served for 18 years as President of the Transvaal Yacht Club, wrote its history and edited its magazine. He served for three years as secretary to the Bramley Residents Association (now defunct) and for two years as a member of the police oversight committee. He also researched his family tree and wrote a fair amount of his life story. He lived an active life, walking every morning and sailing on Sundays. On Tuesday morning, 5 July, 2005, after a pleasant weekend of entertaining friends, sailing and taking his grandchildren to MiniTown, he announced happily and with satisfaction to his wife that he had finally got his office into the shape he wanted it. Half an hour later, he said he felt funny and started vomiting. His stomach started to hurt and he went into hospital on Tuesday afternoon. He died on Friday morning. His death was sudden and unexpected. The doctors called it pancreatitis. When I went into his office a few days later, his will was placed neatly on the right hand side of his desk, and all his affairs were in immaculate order. His funeral was attended by hundreds of mourners, and on his tombstone is written: '*He loved all and was loved by all.'*

Note from the Editor of the Adler Museum Bulletin: Honey Gluckman has donated many items to the Adler Museum of Medicine, including Sam Gluckman's registration certificate with the South African Pharmacy Board (29 January 1952), and the registration certificate of Milton Pharmacy with the South African Pharmacy Council (24 October 1988).

THE SAMOVAR

Beulah-Rose Gross

The gleaming brass samovar was always there, on top of the glass display cabinet in our lounge cum dining room. I was never allowed to touch it and as it was out of reach, I didn't pay much attention to it; I just knew it was there. As I grew older I learned, more through a process of osmosis rather than being told, that it had come from Dad's childhood home in Oudtshoorn. Later, by the same process, I learned that the samovar had belonged to Dad's mother, Boona, after whom I am named. How she obtained it and when and where, was never discussed nor did I ever find out how Dad came to have it. It was clearly very old, borne out by the faint date, 1785-1885, engraved under a just as faint coat of arms. The only thing I was ever told was that it was extremely valuable.

I grew up without any knowledge about my paternal antecedents before their life in Oudtshoorn. When Dad spoke about his childhood there he concentrated more on how they combated poverty than on anything else. Because of this and because my maternal grandmother, who lived with us, captured my attention and imagination with tales of her rich childhood in *Courland*, her journey to South Africa with her mother and five brothers and her life in Port Elizabeth. Her stories, peppered with many wonderful characters, family and friends and told with love and humour, filled my mind to the exclusion of all else. (In 1993, after working at it for seven years, I completed my maternal family history based on her and my mother's tales of their lives).

In 1975 we emigrated to Australia. Some years later my parents joined us, bringing the samovar with them but it still didn't excite my curiosity; it was just there as it had always been.

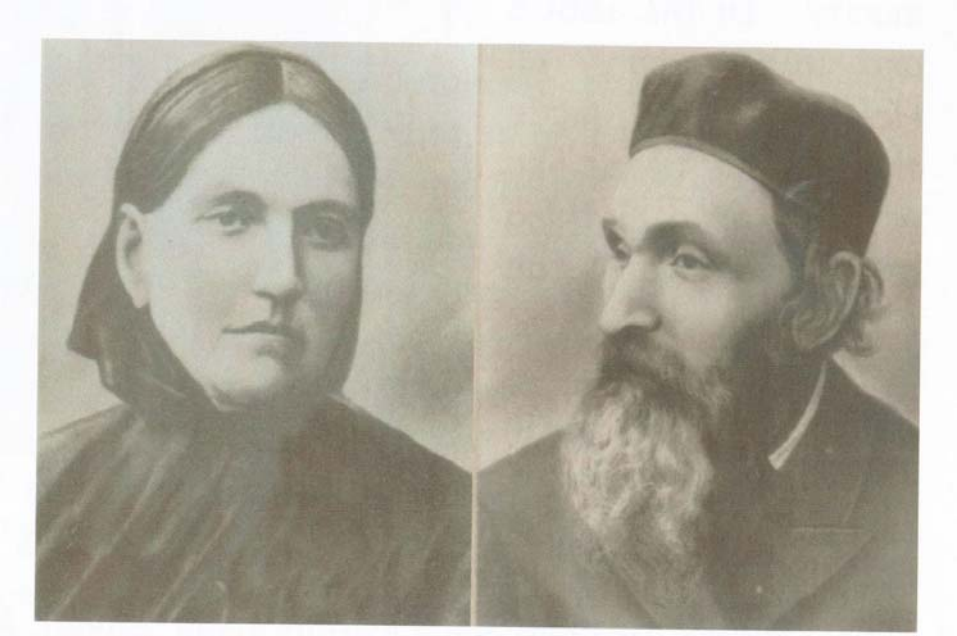
I can't remember when the samovar was given to me or why, probably because I am their eldest child and because of my Hebrew name, Boona. I was pleased to have it, but like Dad, put it on a high shelf and more or less forgot about it.

In 2005, my husband, Rachi, and I visited cousins in Helsinki, Eva Wardi and her father, Rafael Wardi. From Eva, I learned a lot about my paternal family history but I learned much more from a family history compiled by a cousin, David Katzman, who lives in San Diego. It was wonderful to discover where the relationships fitted in especially those of family in Oudtshoorn and Cape Town who had always been just names to me. I also know at last why one of my cousins is named Brena.

Brass Samovar

Dates on Samovar read 1785 – 1885

My paternal great grandparents were born in Mogilev, Belarus, in the early 1800s. His name was Moishe Katzman and hers was Breina, daughter of Josif (surname unknown). They married and settled in Mogilev-on-Dnieper sometime during the mid to late 1840s. They had four children, a son named Peretz, born 1850, and three daughters, Ester, born 1862, Chasha born 1865 and Berta (known as Boona) born 1868. Rafael Wardi's father was Isak, one of Ester and David Weprinski's ten children. The surname was changed to Wardi in the early 1940s.



circa 1833 — 1905 circa 1815/20 — ?

Breina and Moishe Katzman. Mogilev, Belarus. Circa 1870
Courtesy Miriam Geronik

Peretz moved to Helsinki where he opened a hat or cap factory. He married Rachel Chaya (surname unknown) and they had one son, Moje, who moved to Sweden. After Peretz's death in 1904, Rachel joined Moje in Stockholm.

Around 1878, Ester, aged 16, married David Faibash Girschoff Weprinski, a tailor, probably in the *Bolshaya Grazhdanskaya* Synagogue in Mogilev. They joined Peretz in Helsinki in 1880 when she was 18 and he 24 and had six sons and four daughters.

Chasha married David Ephraimov Oscher Katzman (no relative) on 14 January 1888 in the same synagogue with Rabbi Kagan officiating. She was 23 and he 25. By 1903 they had produced eight children, losing the eldest son as a child. On the Easter weekend in 1903 the family fled pogroms, going to Saratov in Russia to join David's brother, Reuben and his family.

Boona, the youngest, was my paternal grandmother. She left Mogilev in 1884, aged 16, to join Peretz and Ester in Helsinki. Soon after this she met Yekusiel (known as Kasreel) Baetz. He was born in Shovel (now Siauliai) and lived for a time in Libau (now Liepaja) before moving to Helsinki where, according to family legend, he had an uncle who owned a hat factory.

Kasreel, aged 25, and Boona, aged 16, married around 1884 or 1885. They lived in Helsinki till 1891 when they returned to Libau from where they sailed to the Cape of Good Hope Colony in South Africa. They settled in Oudtshoorn and he was naturalised in 1892.

In 1893, because they were childless, they adopted an orphan girl. In 1899, 14 years after their marriage, they had a son who died early on. Soon after this they produced five daughters followed by two sons. The oldest one, Isaac, was my father.

In April 1906 Chasha and David joined Boona and Kasreel in Oudtshoorn. David Katzman in San Diego is their grandson.

Recently I decided to give the samovar to my brother, Keith, as he and his son are the only ones who bear the Baetz surname. Before I did this, I investigated the inscription. It took some time but eventually I discovered, from the Encyclopaedia Britannica on the Internet and my local library, that the date, 1785-1885 commemorates the centenary of Catherine the Great's Charter to the Gentry*.

I mentioned giving the samovar to a cousin in Cape Town whose mother was Dad's sister. He replied at once to say that another cousin, Chasha's grand-daughter, also has a samovar and commented that the family is blessed to have two such treasures. I mentioned this in an email to Eva in Helsinki. She also replied at once to say that her father had also had a samovar which had belonged to his mother, Ester. Sad to say, this was lent or given to someone else and no one knows where it is now.

I don't know why my great-grandparents, Moishe and Breina, bought these samovars as I am sure they didn't have much spare money. They could have bought them as part of their three daughters' wedding portions but if so, this would have been in advance as Chasha married in 1888, three years after the centenary. Or, perhaps, Moishe and Breina foresaw that their children would leave Mogilev in search of a better, safer life. It's possible they even encouraged this. I'll never know.

Moishe and Breina remained in Mogilev for some years after their four children had left. Breina went to Helsinki around 1903 or 1904, probably after Moishe died but his date of death is not known. It is highly unlikely that she would have left him and travelled alone to another country at the age of 70. Breina died on 6 May 1905 and is buried in the Jewish Cemetery in Helsinki.

I recently discovered that part of the inscription on the samovar I gave to my brother says *Tsar Alexander 2*. I don't know whether this is also on the samovar in Cape Town. I also discovered that this samovar design, including the inscription, may have won an award at a Paris Exhibition, probably about 1905 or so. If anyone is familiar with these samovars and their design, I would be happy to hear from them.

** Charter of the Gentry – an edict issued by the Russian empress Catherine 11 the Great that recognised the corps of nobles in each province as a legal corporate body and stated the rights and privileges bestowed upon its members. The charter accorded to the gentry of each province and county in Russia (excluding those of northern European Russia and Siberia) the right to meet every three years.*

Descendants of Moishe Katzman

Generation No. 1

1. MOISHE KATZMAN was born Abt. 1800 in Mogilev, Belarus. He married BREINA (Surname unknown). She was born in Mogilev, Belarus and died 6 May 1905 in Helsinki, Sweden.

Children of MOISHE KATZMAN and BREINA were:

2. i. PERETZ KATZMAN, b. 1850.
3. ii. ESTER KATZMAN, b. 1862.
4. iii. CHASHA KATZMAN, b. 1865.
5. iv. BERTA (BOONA) KATZMAN, b. 1868 m. KASREEL BAETZ; b. Siauliai, Lithuania.

Generation No. 2

2. PERETZ KATZMAN (*Son of MOISHE)* was born in 1850. He married RACHEL CHAYA (Surname unknown).

Child of PERETZ KATZMAN and RACHEL CHAYA was:

i. MOJE KATZMAN.

3. ESTER KATZMAN (*Daughter of MOISHE)* was born in 1862. She married DAVID FAIBASH GIRSCHOFF WEPRINSKI in about 1878 probably in Bolshaya Grazhdanskaya Synagogue, Mogilev.

The surname **Weprinski** was changed to **Wardi** in the early 1940s

ESTER KATZMAN and DAVID WEPRINSKI had 6 sons and 4 daughters. One of the sons was

i. ISAK WEPRINSKI.

Child of ISAK WEPRINSKI:

i. RAFAEL WEPRINSKI

4. CHASHA KATZMAN (*Daughter of MOISHE)* was born in 1865. She married DAVID EPHRAIMOV OSCHER KATZMAN (No relation) on 14 January 1888 probably in the Bolshaya Grazhdanskaya Synagogue in Mogilev. By 1908 Chasha and David had eight children, losing the eldest son as a child.

5. BOONA KATZMAN (Daughter of MOISHE) She married YEKUSIEL (KASREEL) BAETZ. He was born in Siauliai, Lithuania. Boona and Kasreel were childless and adopted an orphan girl. They then had a son who died young and five daughters and two sons. One of the sons was Isaac, the father of the author.

MRS SARAH GLUECK
Postmistress of Lady Grey

Bubbles Segall and Saul Issroff

Sarah Bella Abrahams, the daughter of Elias Abrahams, was born in Zagare in Lithuania circa 1867. She arrived in South Africa in the early 1880s with her husband Marcus Glueck who was born in Kletzkow, Germany in 1867. They were married in the States and had 2 children – Frieda Hannah who was born in 1889 in Charleston, South Carolina and Percival Joseph who was born circa 1891 in Birmingham, Alabama.

Sarah acquired world-wide prominence during the South African War, also known as the Anglo-Boer War – a war fought between Great Britain and the two Boer (Afrikaaner) groups - the South African Republic of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State from 1899 to 1902. At the time she was employed as the postmistress in the village of Lady Grey in the Cape Province, near the Lesotho border. She defied an invading Boer commando and refused to haul down the Union Jack.

She died in Springs on 27 February 1933 and the following obituary appeared in a Port Elizabeth newspaper.

Death of Mrs. Glueck
Bravery in Occupied Village
Port Elizabeth, Monday

Mrs Glueck, who was honoured in South Africa and Britain as one of the outstanding heroines of the Anglo-Boer War, died aged 66. The story of her gallantry has figured in most of the authentic histories of the war. When hostilities began Mrs. Glueck was the postmistress of the little town of Lady Grey, in the Aliwal North district. The Boer forces invaded the colony and on several occasions took possession of and occupied Lady Grey.

On the first occasion they smashed the telegraph instruments. No sooner had they departed than Mrs. Glueck had them replaced, and when the Boers next drew near the town she quickly substituted the damaged set and hid the new instruments.

The Good Set Again

The invaders contented themselves with further damaging the instruments they found in the office. Upon their withdrawal the good set was immediately linked up to the nearest British force appraised of the situation. Whenever the Republican forces were in occupation they hoisted the *Vierkleur*, but their backs were hardly turned before Mrs. Glueck replaced it with the Union Jack as an indication that the town remained British. Similarly, when on one occasion President Kruger's proclamation was posted up, she stole out and pasted over it one issued by Lord Milner.

Ultimately the Boers entered into a prolonged occupation of Lady Grey. The residents had warning of their approach and the magistrate instructed all Government offices to quit. Mrs. Glueck duly obeyed the order, but she was among the last to leave, and she was burdened not with her household goods, but with every bit of property of value in the post office, including her precious instruments.

She removed herself to Herschel, where she installed herself as postmistress. When Major Hook reoccupied Lady Grey he sent for Mrs Glueck, and she cheerfully undertook to run both the Lady Grey and the Herschel post offices. It necessitated a daily horseback journey, which she made with unfailing regularity. During the occasions when the Boer forces were in occupation of Lady Grey Mrs Glueck established an Intelligence department, which she conducted with the aid of native runners. She was thus able to keep the British fully informed of the position in the town and district and materially assisted in the military operations conducted by the British command.

Mentioned in Dispatches

Mrs Glueck was mentioned in dispatches, and a tribute to her heroism appeared in Major Hook's book on the campaign. The *London Times* hailed her as one of the heroines of the war and awarded her a substantial cheque, which was presented to her by Mr Ward Price, their correspondent in the field. Lord Milner also marked his

appreciation of her bravery and devotion by promoting Mrs. Glueck to the postmistresship of Springs, a post she held for 20 years, till she was retired on a pension.

About six years ago Mrs Glueck made a voyage around the world, and on her return settled down in Port Elizabeth with a married daughter.

Sarah was likened to the legendary Barbara Fritchie, the American patriot during the Civil War who defied the Confederate troops as they advanced through Frederick MD by waving the *Stars and Stripes* from a window of her home.

The following article about Sarah appeared in a 1950 newspaper

POSTMISTRESS WHO WAS A 'BARBARA FRITCHIE'

Zionist Record, 1 December 1950
S. A. Rochlin

Many references have been made to the part played by Jews during the Boer War years. Among those who achieved fame was Mrs. Sarah Glueck, about whom Lord Milner said, "she is one of the most outstanding women I have ever met."

In November, 1899, after the O.F.S. Boers under Commandant Oliver had occupied the border town of Aliwal North, they came to Lady Grey. Here they attempted to place President Steyn's proclamation on the notice board of the post office. Not only did Mrs. Glueck take off the Boer's declaration and substitute Lord Milner's pro-British statement, but she also refused to hand over the keys of her office. This act of bravery won her great popularity among the British to whom she became known as "South Africa's Barbara Fritchie." With this fame came comments in the English Press such as the following poem written by a contemporary poet.

When you talk of deeds of glory
Of this campaign in the south,
Where the deeds seem super human
In the battle and the fray,
You'll remember one brave woman
In the town of Lady Grey.
It's the olden, golden story
Of the weak who can be strong;
It's the deed that rates the glory
Of the brightest wealth of song;
It's the old world-you can hear it,
Working with us here today;
It is Barbara Fritchie's spirit,
In the town of Lady Grey.

Mrs. Glueck, whose maiden name was Sarah Bella Abrahams, came to this country in the early 1880's, from Zagare, Lithuania. After a fruitful life she died in Springs in 1933, "South Africa's Barbara Fritchie."

GLUECK, (Mrs.) Sarah B. Widow. Postmistress, Springs, T. Born in Russia. Daughter of E. Abrahams (naturalized British subject, 1865). Educ. London, Russia, Germany, Africa. Vice-Pres. Debating and Dramatic Societies. A heroine of the S.A. War (1899-1902); received 100 pounds from "Daily Mail" for plucky conduct in face of enemy, and was mentioned in dispatches, whilst her kindness to friend and foe during the campaign was inexhaustible. Has resided in S.A. 33 years. Fav. Rec., Fancy Work, Painting, Riding, Shooting, Reading. 1 Son, 1 Daughter - Percival (Merchant); Frieda (govt. School teacher). Add., Springs, Tvl.

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Revisiting Muizenberg
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Your parents' names and details about your family background:

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Do you have any photographs that were taken in or of Muizenberg?

Give details _____

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Years Spent in Muizenberg: (More than one category may be applicable)

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b) Holiday Makers: _____

c) Permanent Residence: _____

Community Affiliations (i.e. organizations, Religious Groups, etc.)

_____

What is your most enduring memory of Muizenberg?

_____

(Do you have memories about any particular activities undertaken in Muizenberg relating, for example, to stores/markets, school, restaurants, nightlife, hotels, shul life, friends, the beach (Snakepit), theatre, cinema, milk bars, Max Collie, Vic Davis, the pavilion, Norman's Barber Shop etc etc?)

_____

_____

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