Table of Contents

President’s Report 2
Editor’s Comments 3
A Journey to Latvia: Part 2 by Lois Rosen 4
Latvian Jewish Intelligentsia Victims of the Holocaust 8
I Remember Papa by Hymen Saye 12
Membership Fees Are Past Due 27
Latvia SIG Membership Questionnaire 28
President’s Report

March 2007

This year’s IAJGS annual conference at Salt Lake City should be an exciting event in the Jewish genealogical calendar. It is from 14th July to 20th July 2007. The conference hotel is in the heart of downtown Salt Lake City and is only two blocks from the Family History Center. Information about the conference as well as on-line registration is available at: http://www.slc2007.org/

WE plan to have a SIG luncheon and conduct our annual meeting at the conference. Please contact me or Donald Hirschorn, our Vice-President, with ideas you may have for issues you might like discussed at our annual meeting.

I also hope to present a Power Point presentation at the conference of scenes of some of the cities and shtetls in Latvia as our parents/grandparents may have remembered them. These scenes are from old postcards that form part of my collection of Latvia material that I have been acquiring since I started delving into my Latvian genealogical roots.

In addition I hope to have a presentation of the dedication ceremony of the memorial erected to those murdered in Grobina in 1941. This should also be of particular interest to Libau descendants as many Libauers had family in Grobina.

A major highlight of our year has been the redesign of the Latvia SIG website. For this we have to thank Bruce Dumes, our new Webmaster, and Barry Shay, our web editor. We are delighted that Bruce has joined our SIG Board. He has made a splendid contribution in a short time. We are also very grateful that Barry Shay, our past president, despite having served two terms as president, is still continuing to make a great contribution to the SIG as both editor of the website and editor of the SIG newsletter.

Thanks to Bruce and Barry, the new website is more aesthetically and visually appealing, has improved navigational capabilities, has new and updated material, and is close to being error free. Bruce pointed out some of the changes like style sheets that are now used for page design and provides added flexibility while making updates easier. One advantage of using style design is that in page printouts, only the page content is printed without the extraneous navigation information. A Google search option is provided on each page to help users find the information they are looking for by keyword searches.

We are delighted that information about Estonia is included on the site and for this we are very grateful to Mark Rybak for allowing us to use information from his wonderful website http://eja.pri.ee/.

Users will also notice the slide show on the home page. You are invited to send in your own pictures of Latvia, new or old, places or family, and each month the web master hopes to change the pictures in the slide show. Members providing pictures will help to personalize the home page.

The changes to the website are also allowing usage tracking of the pages and the ability to gather some statistics so that we can better understand who is coming to the pages and what their experience might be like. Bruce pointed out that right now it appears that around 12% of our users are dial-up, 32% use Internet Explorer (IE) 6 on Windows XP, 31% use IE 7 in XP, 8% use Firefox on XP, etc. The lowest screen resolution he’s seen is 800x600, which accounts for 18% of our users, though the majority uses 1024x768 and 59% of our users are from the US, 13% from Israel, 9% from the UK, 5% from Canada, etc.

While I referred to the continuing valuable contribution of our past president, Barry Shay, I may add that the SIG has been extremely fortunate that other past presidents such as Arlene Beare, Mike Getz and Martha Lev-Zion, continue to make a meaningful contribution to the Latvian SIG. Arlene is continuing her splendid work in adding to our databases, Mike continues to garner and husband our SIG funds and Martha is still a driving force in Latvian genealogy.
The plans of the trip to Latvia for the last two weeks of May 2008 are proceeding. A number of people have committed themselves to participating in the visit. If you are at all interested please contact me. I would also appreciate it if intended participants and past travelers to Latvia share with me some of their highlights and suggestions of what would be of interest to our group. In this regard please feel free to contact me at henry@blumbergs.ca

The list serve continues to gather members. Elisabeth Paikin advises that as of today there are 673 members and that during the past year 106 new members have subscribed. In addition to being in charge of our list serve she has also created a wonderful Dagda site, which can be visited on the Shtetl Links.

Membership dues are continuing and our membership is increasing. These dues help us with the invaluable work of the SIG. If you have not yet sent your membership fees please renew as soon as possible by sending your check to Mike Getz or by using PayPal. For the convenience of members we will now accept, in addition to the 1-year membership at $20, a 2-year membership at $40 and a 3-year membership at $60. The cost of membership covers the production and distribution of the newsletter, database activities, survivor testimony translations, and other expenses of the SIG.

Again thanks to Barry Shay, our editor, who has produced yet another splendid edition of our newsletter. There are a number of past copies on the website for easy reference.

All the best and with SIG’s greetings.

Henry Blumberg, President, Latvia SIG
henry@blumbergs.ca

Editor’s Comments

I am very happy to include Part 2 of Lois Rosen’s intriguing story of her trip to Latvia during the summer of 2006. Lois has done a remarkable job of chronicling her quest to rebuild the Rozinko family by deciphering unlabeled photos, translating foreign documents, receiving Latvian State Historical Archive records, contacting family through JewishGen Family Finder, seeking family and their stories, and creating a family tree. Lois presented her results at a recent meeting of the JGSLA and has also published a version of her story in their newsletter.

As discussed in the December 2006 issue of this newsletter, Arlene Beare provided information concerning Aleksandrs Feigmanis’s book containing brief biographies of eminent Latvian Jews killed by the Nazis. Aleks has agreed to provide the English text of the book to the SIG for uploading on our Website. On the next update to the Latvia SIG website, I will upload the text that Aleks has provided. In the meantime, I am including the Preface to his book in this issue along with the names of the victims, their dates and places of birth, and the date and place in which they were killed. Reading the names of those killed, even 65 years after the fact, is a sad reminder of those horrors and also a reminder that similar horrors are still occurring. The complete book including the photographs of about 90 Latvian Jews who perished is available from Aleks for $70. Aleks can be contacted at: aleks-gen@balticgen.com

After seeing my article in the last newsletter, I was contacted by the Jewish Museum of Maryland (JMM) about an article written by my first cousin, Hymen Saye, in 1980 about his father’s new life in Baltimore. It had originally been published in Generations, Volume 1, Number 5 in December 1980—a publication of the Jewish Historical Society of Maryland, now the JMM. The JMM was kind enough to send me a hard copy of the article, and after reading it I thought it would be of interest to our readership and so I am including it in this issue, with the permission of the JMM.

On a personal note, Hymen was born in 1907 in Baltimore and was the first member of my entire family to be born in the U.S.A. His father (my uncle), and the subject of the article, was the first of my Dvinsk family to immigrate to the U.S. as well. Hymen died in 1993, and I regret not seeing him since 1972.

Barry Shay
bbshay@starpower.net
A Journey to Latvia: Part 2
by
Lois Rosen

I traveled to Latvia last summer to meet members of my husband's family. My genealogical expedition began over two years ago when a box of documents and photos fell into my lap quite unexpectedly upon the death of my husband's father, David Rosen. After two years of genealogical research, deciphering unlabeled photos, translating foreign documents, receiving Latvian State Historical Archive records, contacting family through JewishGen Family Finder, seeking family and their stories, and creating a family tree, I pieced together a family. The family now has a name, ROZINKO, with a past, a present, and a future.

Part 1 of this article appeared in the September 2006 edition (Volume 11, Issue 1) of this newsletter.

Pasvalys, Lithuania

From Riga I planned to go to Pasvalys, Lithuania, then back to Latvia via Subate on my way to Daugavpils. My cousin could not accompany me, and I needed to find an interpreter who could speak Russian. I considered hiring a professional guide, or taking a bus (and perhaps finding an English-speaker there), or hiring a driver. I was aware that I was at a disadvantage being a foreigner unsure of the value of the Lat. I knew a bus ride from Daugavpils to Riga would cost only a few Lats, but a taxi ride within Riga itself might run me 7-12 Lats. How could I trust someone to quote me a fair price for my trip from Riga to Pasvalys to Daugavpils? A guide I contacted from a list I had brought with me wanted five hundred dollars for the job. I needed to find another way.

I visited the tourist bureau near my hotel in Old Town Riga. Those working there were young, very friendly, and spoke English. I decided to sit down with one of them, and explain my situation. I did not describe my research in detail, but explained that I needed a driver with a car, who could also speak English and Russian, and who would agree to drive and interpret for me. I explained that I had an appointment in Pasvalys midday, and that I then wanted to be taken to Daugavpils by way of Subate. I would need to be dropped off at my hotel in Daugavpils by evening, but would pay gas and mileage for the driver to return to Riga. I explained that by contacting the tourist bureau I hoped to find a safe and affordable way to make this unusual trip. A tall order? Within five minutes, the tourist agent had arranged my passage with a young Latvian named Edgars who owns a car rental company. He agreed to take his day off, Sunday, to test drive one of his new cars, make some extra money, and practice his English. He wanted the equivalent of one hundred dollars for the day.

That Sunday, it was overcast and drizzling. I had with me all I had brought on my trip: my briefcase carrying my notes and cameras, my suitcase and an umbrella. I was excited about the day ahead, and intrigued by what Edgars’ perspective might be about my agenda.

We drove south from Riga to Lithuania. It is about a 60-mile journey to Pasvalys. During the drive, Edgars told me he was a musician by training, but was also an entrepreneur with a computer business as well as his car rental company. He was courteous, open and contemplative. As I slowly explained the purpose of my trip, I tried to gauge his views. I thought of Lena advising me not to visit the Occupation Museum in Riga, because it portrayed a misguided Latvian perspective of what actually happened to the Jews. Edgars listened carefully, was intrigued with my mission, and seemed genuinely interested in his job as chief translator and transportation manager. He was very calm, which, unbeknownst to me that morning, would prove to be essential. Edgars and I pulled up in front of the Pasvalys Museum in plenty of time for my appointment with the museum director. I had received an e-mail confirming the day and time of our meeting, in which I was reminded to bring a Russian-speaking translator. It was Sunday, and the museum was closed. Edgars found a concierge who was helpful, and opened the museum for us. We were then told that the director was in Germany on holiday. Her assistant was also on vacation. Edgars didn’t seem fazed, so I thought I had misunderstood. Not so.
I reviewed my notes and letters, and found the name of the town historian, recommended by other American researchers I had been in e-mail contact with while in the planning stages of my trip. He was contacted, and quickly arrived at the museum exclaiming that he had been expecting my arrival. He was an elderly gentleman who was a bit confused about exactly what it was I wanted. He seemed confused about other things as well. Edgars was able to establish a good relationship with him, and explained that I had records showing that my Rozinko ancestors had lived in Pasvalys. I had names and addresses, and had heard that there were photos in the museum of some of the Jews of the town.

The gentleman was more interested in telling tales of his own rather than trying to address my questions. I was impatient and pressed Edgars to find other ways to ask my questions. At Edgars’ suggestion, we decided to let him take us on his journey, rather than asking him to help me find the thread of mine. He showed us the museum and then invited us to his home. There he showed us census lists of a neighboring town as well as the piano his granddaughter plays. He talked, and we interjected facts we knew or questions we had. Our ancestor was a flour seller, and the large mill stones right outside his home led us to a long discussion of the mills in town and of the Jewish homes down by the river. Edgars became quite adept at steering the discussion. We were able learn the new names of the old streets I had in my documentation. After a humorous, but very pleasant, afternoon we expressed our thanks and set off on our own to explore the town. Ironically, the address of my flour-selling ancestor, Mowsha Rozinko, was right near the site of the present-day museum, where we first parked the car that day!

Subate, Latvia

We crossed the border back into Latvia in the northeastern corner of Lithuania just east of Rokiskis. We immediately entered Subate. This small border town is off a dirt road from the main thoroughfare towards Daugavpils. The town is absolutely beautiful, set on only a few streets, amid peaceful lakes. I wanted to find the home of Lea Berkowitch, daughter of Haim, who married Schmuel Rozinko. The home was easy to find, and was simply lovely. It is a small lakefront cottage surrounded by gardens. It is within easy walking distance of the town center, but removed enough to seem miles away. Two addresses from this town appear in my documents, and that has intrigued me. I know that although Schmuel and Lea lived at times in Dvinsk and other times in Riga, this town must have seemed a safe harbor for them. Lea came home to Subate from Riga in 1914 to give birth to her first child, Michael. Although her second child, Ilya, was born in Dvinsk (present-day Daugavpils), a Subate address is among those on his Riga house register listing. Ilya was struck off the Riga house register in 1938, with the words “unknown to where”. We know now that he was sent to Vorkuta.

We left Subate and reached Daugavpils after a short drive. Edgars drove me to my hotel, and after I expressed my thanks for his help and for his willingness to go on this adventure with me, we said goodbye.

Daugavpils

I checked into the lovely guesthouse, and was immediately handed a letter from Olga, the translator I had arranged for through my Latvia SIG connections. I needed an evening to unwind and to think about my experiences in Riga, my adventure of the day with Edgars, and to review my notes on Daugavpils. I called her and we arranged to meet in the morning after breakfast. As I soon learned, Olga was always ahead of schedule. She arrived before breakfast, so we ate together, and I listened to the plans she had made for our two days together. Olga was exuberant and eager, and wanted very much for me to have a positive experience in Daugavpils. She had done a great deal of research for me based on information in my letters to her, and had arranged for me to meet members of the synagogue as well as Blume, the new President of the Jewish Community Center. In addition, Raisa, a member of the Jewish community who had written about the Holocaust in Daugavpils for local publications, would take me to see their memorial sites. Olga called for a taxi, and immediately began negotiations to hire the driver for our use throughout the day. She must have sensed my concern about cost, immediately
explaining to me that the cost of a full day taxi hire in Daugavpils would be less than one over-priced trip in Riga. She was right. Having him on call for us the whole day cost me eleven Lats. The trip by taxi from the Riga airport to my hotel there alone was ten Lats. This young man would be with us as we explored the city’s Jewish past.

What would he be thinking? He was a tough-looking young man wearing a sleeveless blue t-shirt and a cross around his neck. Hanging from the sun visor of his taxi was a photo of a voluptuous scantily clad woman.

First we went to the newly restored synagogue. The exterior of the building had no sign identifying it, and no apparent entrance. The main door could only be found after entering a side gate. There was nothing easily visible outside in writing or ornamentation identifying the building as a synagogue. I did see one Star of David ornamenting a façade high above the windows. I met various members of the congregation. They were very welcoming, and eager to have photos of our Rozinko family to keep in records there. They knew of one Rozinko who recently emigrated and moved to Israel, but otherwise could not place any of our family names. I asked not only about Rozinko, but also about Enta’s maiden name Schuwal, and her sister’s married name Goldberg. I showed them photos taken in Daugavpils (Dvinsk) of my husband’s grandfather as a child and then as a young man. I also brought photos from the early 1900s of all Abram and Enta Rozinko’s children. The Rozinkos moved from Dvinsk to Riga in 1920, but as far as I know, the Schuwals and the Goldbergs remained.

The synagogue was beautiful, and the members were proud that I was eager to photograph it. They wanted to show me the ark and the Torah. A member’s young son of about nine was there, and I wanted to know about his religious education. They told me there was no rabbi for that syna-
sistance for the elderly as well as for mothers and children. To qualify, she explained, one must have at least one grandparent who is Jewish. I was very interested in a series of books Blume showed me on the Jewish history of Daugavpils. They were in Russian and had been written by various members of the community. One of the authors, Raisa, was there to meet me. She and her sister, Faige, both survivors, joined us for the afternoon. Raisa had prepared notes on WWII in Daugavpils, and we set off in our taxi to see the ghetto, and also the forests where the Jews were murdered and buried.

We stopped on the bank of the Daugava River, and looked across the river from where the city was to a large fortress on the opposite bank. It was very windy. Raisa had her notes, and Olga stood ready to translate. Raisa kept brushing aside her hair to be able to see. There were four of us there; Olga, Raisa, Faige and me. Our taxi driver stood off to one side, and listened. Raisa spoke of the history of the fortress, which she called simply the fortress before the bridge. This was once housing for Napoleon’s cavalry. There were stables and secure walls. It is now a functioning prison. During the war, however, it was the Jewish ghetto. Most Jewish ghettos in Europe, Raisa explained, were a part of the city where the Jews already lived. This was not the case in Daugavpils. The Jews were forced to leave their town and walk across the rail bridge to the fortress. To murder the Jews, the Nazis forced them to march back across the rail bridge to the forests outside of the city.

To find the forest memorial today was no easy task. Raisa knew where it was, but neither the taxi driver nor Olga had any idea where to go. Raisa, a calm soul, a knowledgeable speaker, and a careful listener, became animated as she tried to direct the driver. She looked intently at the woods as we passed, and suddenly called to the driver to pull off on the shoulder of the road. There was no sign or marker. There was no driveway or parking lot. We got out of the car and began to walk into the woods. Raisa was quiet. Everyone was quiet. There was no one there. The taxi driver followed us, but did not stay too close. All we could hear was the crunching of stones and leaves under our feet. We walked amid stone markers labeled with the name of a country and the number of Jews from that country who perished. We approached a central large stone memorial. Raisa spoke of the creation of the memorial, and of the large ceremony held there which even the mayor of the city attended. The taxi driver moved closer to us as we walked and slowly joined us.

That evening I shared a wonderful meal with Olga and Blume. We agreed that it felt more like a celebration of three old friends talking freely over a glass of wine than a dinner party attended by three strangers. We spoke of our many hopes that our relationship would grow and that our communication would continue.

The rest of my time in Daugavpils was spent with Olga exploring the places related to my family’s history. Where I had thought I was a stickler for precision, thoroughness, and always being prepared, I quickly realized I had met my match. Olga was either thumbing through her dog-eared Russian-English dictionary in search of an exact word she needed to use, consulting the copious notes she’d taken on my family, or was wrapping up breakfast leftovers of salmon and bread just in case we became hungry mid-morning. I was impressed. She never tired, and was completely committed to her job as my caretaker, translator and guide.

I smile now remembering the moment we reached the corner of Ogorodnaya and Bolotnaya Streets. This is the location listed on the All-Russian Census of 1897 as the address of Abram Rozinko and family. We stopped first so Olga could explain that Ogorodnaya was now Saknu, and Bolotnaya was now Alejas. I stood looking at each building, and thinking. Olga looked at me, and then at my notebook, which was closed and tucked under my arm. Ah. I opened it and began writing the new street names. Olga was pleased, and was able to continue. She led me to each of the four corners of that intersection, explaining each of the existing buildings and whether or not that corner was more or less likely to be where our family home had been. I was sure to photograph each corner separately, as well as the intersection as a whole.

I returned to Riga by bus. It was easy, and very inexpensive. Olga and Raisa saw me to the sta-
tion to send me on my way. It was a sweet good-
bye, with them waving to me for as long as I
could see them out of the bus window.

I flew home the next day, taking many thoughts,
hopes and memories with me. I had met our Riga
cousins: I thought of the happiness of found fam-
ily. I had explored Jewish history: I thought of
Boris and of his accounts of Latvian and Nazi
brutality. I had learned about Latvia today: I
thought of how much both Boris and Edgar loved
their country, and of young Lena’s burgeoning
connections to her Jewish heritage. I had seen so
much: I thought of the lonely monuments, un-
known and unvisited.

On the plane, I took out my journal and started a
new page: What I must remember to do and see
when I return.

Latvian Jewish Intelligentsia
Victims of the Holocaust
by
Aleksandrs Feigmanis

Preface
This book presents the brief biographies of 77
Latvian Jews who were killed by the Nazis just
for being Jews. They were teachers and pupils at
gymnasiums, students and professors, architects
and doctors, musicians and artists, entrepreneurs
and public figures, rabbis, writers and journalists.
Among them are those who fought for Latvian
independence during the Liberation Fight in
1918-1920 and who restored the Latvian national
economy, which was devastated during World
War I. They were the pride of Latvian science,
education, health services, and culture. They
worked honestly and raised their children with
integrity. From 1941 to 1945 they were killed in
the streets of Riga, Liepaja, and Daugavpils, shot
at the edge of common graves at Bikernieku
wood, Rumbula, and the Shkede dunes, and mur-
dered in the concentration camps of Kaiserwald,
Stuthoff, Buchenwald, and Auschwitz.

This book honors these few special people. It is
dedicated to the tens of thousands of other vic-
tims of the Nazi terror in Latvia—to children and
the elderly, to men and women. It is said that a
person is alive as long as his or her memory is
alive. It is also said that a forgotten crime may
reoccur. Through the memory of these special
people, let us remember and let us insure that the
Holocaust tragedy does not ever take place again
with any nation anywhere.

The author sincerely thanks the management and
employees of a reading hall at the Latvian State
History Archives for their help in finding relevant
documents. Thanks also to Professor Edward An-
ders, Marger Westerman, Mark Ioffe, and to Bo-
ris Ravdin, PhD, for valuable advice and informa-
tion.

The publication of the book is made possible
through the kind support of the Ministry of For-
eign Affairs of France and the French Cultural
Centre in Riga, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of
Latvia and Task Force for International Coopera-
tion on Holocaust Education, Remembrance and
Research.

To send your feedback and comments about the
book, please, use the following email: lev-
tov@inbox.lv

Jewish Victims Killed by the Nazis

Abram ABRAMIS
(1871 in Gorodok, Vitebsk Province; 1941 in Riga)

Katya ABRAMIS
(1906 in Riga; 1941 in Riga, Rumbula)

Tatjana BARBAKOFF (stage name)
Given name: Tsipora EDELBERG
(1.8.1899, Hasenpoth, Kurland Province (Aizpute);
6.02.1944 Auschwitz concentration camp)

Zhan BERGMAN
(30.01. 1894 in Riga; 02.08.1944, Riga)

Beines BERMAN
(29.12.1896; 1941, Riga)

Mikhail BRAVIN
(?; 1941, Riga)

Mikhail ZWICK
(4.07.1893, Libau, Kurland province (Liepaja); 07.1941,
Liepaja)
Mieczyslaw CENTNERSZWER  
(5.07.1874, Warsaw; 27.03.1944, Warsaw)

Frida CHERNYAK  
(12.02.1897, Riga; 1941, Riga)

Semyon DUBNOV  
(1860, Mstislavl, Mogilev province; 08.12.1941, Riga)

Mikhail ELYASHOV  
(21.04.1900, Riga; 1941, Riga)

Yakov JEWELSOHN  
(1902, Priekuln, Kurland province (Priekule); 1942, Riga)

Rafael FELDHUN  
(1889, Riga - 1941, Riga)

Rachel FRIDMAN  
(7.12.1887, Riga; 07.1941, Riga)

Israel FUKS  
(17.03.1911, Bolshovtsi, Austria-Hungary (Ivano-Frankovsk region, Ukraine); 1.06.1942, Braslav, Vitebsk region)

Gvido GERBER  
(24.11.1924, Riga; 1941, Riga)

Arij GIRNUN  
(16.01.1896, Kupishki, Kovno province (Kupishkis, Lithuania); 1941, Riga)

Hirsh GITELSON, *doctor*  
(28.12.1895, Riga; 1941, Riga)

Herman (Chaim) GOLDRING, *doctor*  
(12.02.1893, Vitebsk; 1941, Riga)

Max (Mendel) GOLDRING, *doctor and surgeon*  
(12.02.1896, Riga; 1941, Riga)

Yakov HOFF, *entrepreneur and art patron*  
(30.10.1891, Fellin, Livonia province; (Viljandi, Estonia); 07.1941, Riga)

Ruven GUREVICH, *pediatrician and internist*  
(1881, Harkov; 28.07.1944, Riga)

Alexander GURVICH  
(21.03.1911, Riga; 14.04.1942, Riga)

Yakov GURVICH  
(1881, Riga; 1943, Riga)

Walter HAHN  
(1911, Vienna; 29.06.1941, Liepaja)

Herman IDELSON  
(14.03.1869, Riga; 1944, concentration camp, Stuthoff, Poland)

Yakov IOFFE  
(5.03.1905, Shlock, Livonia province (Sloka); 1942/43, Riga)

Zelik Girsh KALMANOVICH  
(30.10.1881, Goldingen, Kurland province (Kuldiga); 1944, concentration camp near Narva, Estonia)

Wolf KAN  
(7.03.1897, Riga; 1941, Riga)

Arthur (Aron) KELMAN  
(28.10.1887, Jelgava; 1944/45, concentration camp Buchenwald)

Israel (Movsha) KILOV  
(21.01.1891, Preli, Vitebsk province (Preili); 4.07.1941, Riga)

Tilla KODES  
(15.08.1903, Shoenberg, Kurland province (Skaistkalne); 1941, Riga)

Lazar KOPELOVICH  
(1902, Rezhitsa, Vitebsk province (Rezekne); 1941, Ventspils)

Luis KOPENAGEN  
(1894, Tukums; 07.1944(?), Tukums)

Victor KRETSER  
(20.09.1888, Moscow; 1944, concentration camp Buchenwald)

Isidor KRON  
(5.07.1874, Riga; 1941, Riga)

Miron KRON  
(8.02.1906, Moscow; 1941, Riga ghetto)

Yakov LANDAU  
(22.12.1859, Golovchino, Kursk province (Belgorod region); 1941, Riga)

Vladimir LANDAU  
(25.07.1899, Kiev; 1941, Riga)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date of Birth</th>
<th>Place of Birth/Death</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Naum LEBEDINSKY</td>
<td>21.03.1888, Odessa; 10.1941, Riga</td>
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<tr>
<td>Abram LEIBOVICH</td>
<td>1869, Yakobstadt, Kurland province, (Jekabpils); 1941, Riga</td>
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<tr>
<td>Naum LICHTENBERG</td>
<td>8.02.1914, Libau, Kurland province (Liepaja); 1941, Liepaja</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bruno MAI</td>
<td>1913, Goldingen, Kurland province (Kuldiga); 13.04.1945, Magdeburg, Germany</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Paul MANDELSTAMM</td>
<td>6.09.1872, Zhagori, Kovno province (Zhagare, Lithuania); 08.1941, Riga</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sophia MESTER</td>
<td>29.05.1918, Petrograd; 30.11.1941, Riga</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Adolf MEC</td>
<td>1888, Dubossari; 16.11.1943, Riga</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Kalman MIZROKH</td>
<td>10.12.1866, Dinaburg, Vitebsk province, (Daugavpils); 08.12.1941, Riga</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Vladimir MINTZ</td>
<td>16.09.1872, Dinaburg, Vitebsk province (Daugavpils); 02.1945, concentration camp Buchenwald</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Isaak MOREIN</td>
<td>28.12.1903, Kreitsburg, Vitebsk Province(Krustpils); 1941, Riga?</td>
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<td>23.05.1920, Liepaja; 30.11.1941, Riga</td>
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<td>17.03.1898, Kovasna, Romania; 1943/44, Riga</td>
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<td>14.11.1874, Dinaburg (Daugavpils); 1941, Daugavpils?</td>
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Simon VITTENBERG
(16.01.1903, Lepel, Vitebsk province (Belarus); 1945, concentration camp Buhenvald)

Avigdor VOLSHONOK
(08.1870; 30.11.1941, Riga)

Menachem Mendel ZAK
(18.03.1868, Fridrichstadt, Kurland Province (Jaunjelgava); 1941, Riga)

Edit ZALKINDER
(23.02.1909, Talsi; 1941, Riga)

Maria ZALMANOVICH
(4.05.1903, Liepaja; 1941, Liepaja)

Isaak ZINGEL
(3.09.1892, Riga; 21.07.1941, Riga)
I REMEMBER PAPA
by Hymen Saye

picture from "Tully Filmus: Selected Drawings"
My father arrived in Baltimore in the fall of 1904 while the charred embers of the famous Baltimore Fire were still smouldering and sending wisps of black smoke over the downtown area. Even though the appearance of downtown was that of a disaster area, he was happy to be part of the scene. It was as if his dream had finally come true, after months and months of planning and hoping.

At his fourteenth birthday my father was apprenticed to a master tailor in his birthplace, Dvinsk (now in Latvia, not far from Riga), and in several years he became an expert in the needle trade. At the proper age, he became a soldier in the army of Czar Nicholas II. Because of his skill with the needle, my father spent most of his military career creating, repairing and remodelling the uniforms of the army officers—and very little time drilling. Having completed his stint as a soldier of the Czar, he foresaw that the dispute between Japan and Russia might escalate from hot words to hot gunfire to a major war, and he decided to avoid another enlistment or conscription by emigrating to the United States. Thus, he actually escaped serving in the short, disastrous Russo-Japanese War.

Leaving his young, pregnant wife and his small daughter in the care of his in-laws, he made

Hymen Saye, native Baltimorean, was educated in local schools and graduated from the Baltimore Hebrew College and the Johns Hopkins University. He was Educational Director of Chizuk Amuno Congregation 1931-1971, and since retirement has been active in the Jewish Historical Society of Maryland, HIAS and similar service organizations. He and his wife, Laura, a retired public school teacher, travel widely, collect Jewish ceremonial objects, and are involved in pro-Israel activity on many levels.
his way to America, first arriving in Ellis Island and thence to Baltimore. His early efforts to find work in his trade were interesting and frustrating. In those days Baltimore was a center for clothing manufacture, and there were several important clothing firms owned by German Jews (like Sonneborn, Greif, Schoeneman) who employed mainly the newly-arriving Russian Jewish immigrants. Every tailor was required to bring his own shears and his own sewing machine to the factory. The machines were operated by foot power, before the introduction of electricity into the clothing factories.

Having completed his first week of employment in the Goldene Medina, my father went home on Friday afternoon to prepare for the Sabbath. A strict, Orthodox Jew, his Sabbath extended from sunset on Friday until he could distinguish three stars in the sky on Saturday night. Since there was no indoor plumbing yet in the houses of East Baltimore, he was initiated into the weekly custom of using the "dreisentige" baths. These were the gift of the Walters family, the same that had founded the art gallery bearing the family name. This gift to the city of Baltimore provided free baths, which included a sliver of soap and a small towel for the price of three cents. Then my father went to the synagogue and to a quiet Sabbath in his temporary lodgings while he awaited the arrival of his wife and children.

When he returned to his work on Monday morning, he was confronted by an angry foreman who wanted to know where he had been on Saturday. "In shul, of course," answered the innocent man. "Then, that's where you can go today and henceforth. We don't need you here anymore," shouted the foreman.

My father collected his week's pay and began his odyssey, a search for employment in a factory where absence on Shabbos would not be cause for the "sack". It meant, incidentally, that he had to take his sewing machine with him to the next job, and the next, and the next. Eventually, he found a sympathetic non-observant employer who allowed him to substitute
Sunday work for the missing Saturday work. And thus, the best of all possible worlds began for my father in this blessed land.

It is interesting to note that this employer entrusted my father with the key to the building, and for several years thereafter Papa worked on Sundays in violation of the Sunday Blue Laws. But Papa had to make his decision as to whose law he would violate, man's or God's. There came a time in the relationship between employer and employee that, when the former was occasionally financially embarrassed and unable to meet fully the Friday or Saturday payroll due the two or three dozen fellow workers, it was Papa who loaned money to his "boss" for a few days until the cash flow resumed. (Later, we children always marvelled at how superior we thought our father to be, superior to the anonymous "boss" for whom he worked.)

Soon, from his meager earnings, my father made a down payment on a modest, little house on North Exeter Street, next door to the Anshe Nezbin Synagogue, directly across from Exeter Hall, which in the 1870s had served as the temporary home of the newly-born Chizuk Amuno Congregation. In my time it had fallen on evil days and was used as a home for wayward girls.

This area was in the heart of a vibrant Jewish community. From the Fallsway (which at that time was an open sewer which frequently overflowed its banks and flooded the cellars of houses in the vicinity) to beyond Patterson Park, Baltimore Street was intersected with dozens of streets, each with its own synagogue or shtiebel, each populated with Jews and Jewesses from the same shtetl, who formed themselves into small models of the towns and hamlets from whence they had originally emigrated. Here were the food stores, the Jewish bookstores, the bakeries, the shoemakers, the clothing store, the cap-maker, the family photographer, the corner pharmacist who often was also the family physician, the Hebrew schools, the chadorim, the Yiddish theatres, the Bernstein Cohen Bank, the travel agency for trans-Atlantic ship travel - and, eventually, the Brit Sholom Hall, a home for all the lodges and landsman-
shaften to which each immigrant was inducted in due time. There was even a tinsmith whose busy season was weeks before Passover when he was asked to apply a new tin lining to the large copper pots used for cooking the gefilte fish for the festival. The method was called "ois-veisien" (to whiten the pot). A few blocks away was the wholesale fish market, called the Marsh Market; but our parents and their peers pronounced it "Mesh Makkhit." Everything a Jew needed was contained within an area of several blocks. It was the ghetto, a comfortable one to live in, to work in and to raise a family in.

Soon letters and tickets for passage went from Baltimore to Dwinsk, and months later Mama and her two young daughters were warmly welcomed by a bearded but beaming father into the new land.

My Father's Beard

Photographs of Papa, Mama and the girls taken in Shulman's studio show that, shortly after his arrival in Baltimore, Papa wore a beard similar in shape and size to the one worn by Ulysses S. Grant during the Civil War. In the course of a few years the bushy beard began to feel the onslaught of a special barber's shears that Papa had acquired; and soon it became evident that, while he persisted in observing the Biblical ban on the use of a razor, Papa was not adverse to trimming a little hair off every now and then. As time went on, he decided to retain the mustache and a semblance of what he humorously referred to as his "whiskey" (for whiskers), but he definitely was making progress in smoothing the hair of his cheeks. First he used the scissors; then came the clipper. Slowly Papa was becoming an American — at least, from the neck up.

Then he discovered, among the advertisements in the Morgen Journal, a rabbinically endorsed depilatory with a horrible sulphuric smell. The first time he used it, the odor filtered downstairs and took us completely by surprise. No amount of diluting with water, no amount of open doors and windows could rid the house of the odor. Even Mama felt that Papa was
going too far. She, too, followed the commandments; but this was too much. Even the towels Papa used for this exercise needed special laundring, twice and three times, before they smelled sweet again. So the consensus of his family was that there must be a better way.

And to Papa's relief, a better way was discovered. The Schick Razor Company brought forth its first electric razor. Papa wanted it badly, but first he must ask for rabbinical guidance. Was it kosher to use something called a razor, even though it was really an electric clipper? He placed his trust in Rabbi Michael Forschlager, a well-known Chassidic scholar, in whom Papa had great confidence in most religious matters, even though Papa was known to be a Misanaged (an "opponent" of the Chassidic sect). But Rabbi Forschlager gave his unqualified "imprimatur", and from that time on Papa's rosy cheeks were unadorned with the aid of the electric razor, and with his religious principles intact.

**Life on the Installment Plan**

A new immigrant in those days was referred to within the community as a "greener", a term borrowed from the American slang "greenhorn". In a short while the "greener", having learned American ways, could say that he was becoming "ois-gegrint" (less green), a sign of improving acculturation. So all immigrants eventually fell into one of two categories: "greener" or "ois-gegrint". For example:

A few weeks after Mama's arrival the door bell rang one Sunday morning. My father went out to the vestibule and spoke for a while with a strange man holding a portfolio. My mother's curiosity was aroused. When Papa returned to the kitchen, Mama asked, "Who was the visitor?" Papa, the "ois-gegrinter", the acculturated one, explained that he was the installment collector from Ember's Furniture Store on Baltimore Street where they had both gone a few weeks ago to select the furniture for the kitchen and the two bedrooms. My mother didn't understand the installment business; but she did understand that every
Sunday morning this stranger would be knocking on her door and asking for money. And what would the neighbors think of her and her family? Would they understand why the money was due? Little did she realize (this "greene") that this was the way of life for all of her neighbors. But her pride would not let her accept this method of doing business.

"Tomorrow you will stop in at Mr. Ember's store and tell him that he is not to send his collector any more, ever. Instead, each week you will go to the store, and you will put the money in Mr. Ember's hand." And that's how it was. Never again did an installment collector darken the doorstep of the proud immigrant family on Exeter Street. And thus, in such ways, we, her children, learned both honesty and dignity at the same time.

Pennies From Heaven

The average Jewish family in our immigrant community hoped to have at least one son to carry on the family name and be the one to remember the departed parents when their time came. He was to be the Kaddish, or the Kaddish sayer. In answer to my parents' fervent prayers I arrived in 1907. (It might be of interest to know how the "blessed event" of those days was anticipated in the average workingman's family. Most births took place at home without benefit of obstetricians. Delivery was in the hands of a very efficient midwife who was usually very busy and very overworked. The birthrate in those days in the ghetto was high. In our family there were five live births and two still-births. My arrival was sudden, and I almost missed the ministrations of Mrs. H. She was no Safty Camp, but neither was she Florence Nightingale. Between her limited knowledge of the English language and the limited education of the City Hall clerk who recorded my advent into the world, I found to my surprise that my real name was so garbled by both of them that I was almost refused a passport in 1956 for my first trip abroad. According to the vital statistics records, I didn't exist! I finally brought enough evidence to prove that I was really me.)

On opposite page: Parents - Ida and Louis Saye.
Children from left to right: Faye, Hymen, Sara, Bertha.
When I was four, Papa undertook to initiate me into the intricacies of the Hebrew alphabet so as to insure my proficiency in my formal Hebrew studies, which were to begin at age five in the Talmud Torah on East Baltimore Street, a school which was to become my daily habitat as pupil and teacher for nineteen years. After his long day at the factory, he still had the energy to sit with me and rehearse the "alef-bais" from a printed tablet. When I did well and pronounced the sounds of the letters correctly, there was an occasional penny that fell on the printed page. Papa explained that this was a gift from the Angel who was pleased with my progress in the "alef-bais". And I was most eager to repeat the nightly experience just to get those shining coins.

But once or twice, and even oftener, as we sat over our studies, the penny did not fall. When I asked what happened to the generous Angel, Papa replied, "Maybe the Angel is sleeping because it is so late." Little did I know at my tender age that the reason for the Angel's dereliction was that Papa was not working due to the slack season in the clothing industry; and the pennies were needed to buy necessities for the family rather than to encourage my scholarly endeavors.

Sherman Said It: "War is Hell!"

In 1911 or 1912 we moved up in the world. Papa sold the Exeter Street house to our neighbor, Mr. Oseroff, the plumber. We moved to 313 N. Eden Street - a better house with more room for the family, which had grown to seven, and which had an additional apartment for rental income. Papa himself never believed in paying rent to a landlord. Strange to say, on the east side of the street the houses were occupied by white (mostly Jewish) families. Directly opposite on the west side, there was a completely black population, including families who had sons already attending college. I suppose this was a modified kind of segregation, and yet we had no feelings of racial tension or any sense of superiority. The harmony between the races was genuine and complete.
In a few short years our country was at war. Along with the conscription of the young men for the army, President Wilson also instituted a survey of manpower on the home front to find out who could help the war effort while the army was overseas.

One Saturday afternoon while our family was enjoying the Sabbath meal, a policeman carrying a black notebook entered. He asked many questions about the skills of the adults: who could ride a bicycle, what services could we volunteer for our country's defense, etc. Finally he offered Papa the pen and asked him to sign his name at the bottom of the sheet. Papa refused, explaining that it was the Jewish Sabbath. To no avail. The officer threatened a ride in the station-wagon unless he signed. Papa faced a real dilemma, one that not even his spiritual leader, Rabbi Rivkin, could have decided for him: to write or to ride in the Black Maria. We, the children, were thunderstruck and frightened. To think our father was being threatened by this burly policeman.

Finally Papa signed, and the officer left, whereupon we burst into a flood of tears and yammering that brought the neighbors running in the belief that we had received news of a sudden death in the family. Thus was our Sabbath of delight turned into a miniature Tisha B'Av.

It's An Ill Wind...

When war began, it was necessary to start training the newly-conscripted troops in nearby army camps. One of the closest to us was Camp Meade. A call went out for carpenters to build barracks and other facilities at the camp. Suddenly there was a dearth of carpenters; but, with the inflated wages for anyone who could drive a nail into a board, hundreds of men left their regular trades and flocked to Camp Meade. Our tenant, who was a fair to middling carpenter, was soon bringing home wages running into the hundreds of dollars per week. In a few short months he and his family moved out to a house which they bought on the premise that the war would last a long time, and the good times would continue to roll. Mama asked, "Papa, why don't you do
likewise? With your skills you could learn to do even better than our tenant, and we could use the additional income." But Papa was content with the slight increase which had been added to his wages. His factory was now making uniforms for Uncle Sam, and to a slight degree he, too, was earning better. And there the matter rested, until Armistice Day.

For some families, like our former tenant, the Armistice brought the war to a halt abruptly without any warning. They had bought houses in Forest Park, carrying tremendous mortgages, hoping for the war earnings to pay them off. The cries of despair resounded in those expensive homes when the money source was turned off. Papa never mentioned his satisfaction with his earlier decision, and Mama kept a discreet silence also.

**Khaki Is A Beautiful Color**

Even fashion was dictated by the war fever. The factories which had contracts to make the uniforms for the Army were given an allotment of khaki cloth, and every inch was checked to see that it went only into uniforms. There was none for civilians. But sometimes, if you were wealthy enough or powerful enough or knew the right person, you just might acquire enough yardage and gold braid and buttons to make a garment, if not for an adult, at least for a child. Of course, the tailor was never supposed to ask how the material was acquired.

Papa had a good reputation as a master tailor. In his private (at home) work he observed the Biblical rule about "shatnez", and he was, therefore, patronized by the Orthodox rabbis of the city, whose clothing he made according to the rules. The same good reputation as an excellent craftsman also brought him the patronage of the wealthier families who managed to acquire some of the precious, hard-to-come-by khaki cloth. And soon more than one youngster was showing off to his peers the khaki suit with the metal buttons, a sort of junior soldier in the U.S. Army... once again proving the truth of the old adage: It's not what you know but whom you know that counts!"
Papa Joins the Buffere

A Buffere (Yiddish corruption of the German word "Bauverein" - a building and loan association) was the forerunner of today's multi-million dollar building associations which have enabled Americans to become homeowners. In those earlier days, especially in Jewish Baltimore areas, the Buffere was organized by a group of working men, some richer, some poorer, who wanted for themselves and for their peers the means to eliminate paying rent and to become homeowners or landlords themselves. Across the expanse of the years I marvel more and more that Papa, an ordinary run-of-the-mill working man, along with others of the same ilk, had the temerity and the adventurous spirit to enter into such an enterprise. True, they had the advice and guidance of an excellent Jewish lawyer, Israel Gomborov, and a very efficient accountant and secretary. Money was subscribed; loans were made weekly, repayments, also; books were kept according to law; and every year on the anniversary of their founding, the share-holders met for an annual report, had dinner together, and received their slices of the "melon", depending on the profits and on the number of shares each held.

Papa's affiliation with the Riga-Kurlander Buffere (no longer in existence) had several ramifications. First, it was an offshoot of a landsmanshaft of the same name, meeting in the Brith Sholom Hall, whose members had come from the region of Riga, capital of what is now Latvia. Papa's hometown, Dwinsk, was not far from that metropolis. Membership now tied him to those family members who had remained behind in Dwinsk and united him with those who had left their homeland to settle in Baltimore. Some of the benefits included "karka", the privilege to own a burial plot for "after 120 years" as the saying went. Also, the strong desire to be a property-owner and put down roots in the new country could be fulfilled through small payments to pay for shares in a Buffere. And wasn't it better and safer, they all said, to deal in money matters with fellow Jews from your hometown, at lower interest charges, than to go to the goy-isha banks in town?

Papa took me along as a guest to one of those "melon-cutting dinners" when I was six or seven years
old. It was held at the home of Mr. Barshack, the
Buffere's secretary, in a house on Madison Avenue near
the Druid Hill Park entrance. While waiting impatiently
for the dinner to start, I wandered into the dining-room
where the table was set with mouth-watering viands, some
unknown to me. Some black, round objects on a plate
attracted my attention, and I took one, hastily chewed
on it and swallowed it. My immediate reaction was sur-
prise, and I had to go out on the porch swing, feeling
quite sick. When dinner was announced, I told Papa to
eat without me. It was later, at home, that I told him
the whole truth. Since that day Papa laughingly told
and retold the story of my initiation into eating black,
salty olives!

Today I love olives, all kinds, and have eaten
them in Israel, Spain, Portugal and Greece. But, at
my present age, my wife warns me that the salt content
of this delicacy is something I can do without. O for
the joys of childhood, when a simple black olive was a
mystery to be fathomed and gulped and not a hidden bomb
with a sodium fuse!

Papa Becomes a "Citizner"

To become a "citizner" in the shortest time
was the dream of every immigrant. Leo Rosten's famous
"Hyman Kaplan" had his origin in the common experience
and desires of thousands of such aspirants. Papa, too,
enrolled in the night courses and came home one night
with his thin, brown textbook. But, after one week of
classroom work, his English studies were brought to a
halt by the need to fulfill a contract at the factory.
Suddenly he found he was gulping down his supper and
trudging back to the factory for several more hours.
School was put on the backburner temporarily, and finally
it was permanently forgotten. But the English studies
continued at the convenience of this mature student with
the help of my older sister, now in her seventh grade
of public school. Papa learned English, studied the
questions, memorized the standard information that the
judge of the court would ask; and in a normal time Papa
passed the examination and became a citizen of the United
States. To all and sundry he showed his naturalization
paper with justifiable pride. Now he was both a tax-
payer and a "citizner", too.

Nevertheless, in our house English conversation between parents and children was a rarity. We left our spoken English on the doorstep and spoke to our parents most of the time in Yiddish because that was the language in which they were most comfortable. The children gained much by this arrangement for Yiddish thus became a precious second language for us, and, even more than that, because our parents' Yiddish contained an admixture of Russian words that we remember to this day. We never spoke Russian, but the basic Russian words became part of our daily diet; and, since Mama had been a dressmaker in the old country, she used many words connected with the fashion world, which came into Russian from the French fashion journals, such as names of styles, colors and textures of fabrics. I am sure Mama did not suspect that she was speaking French when she conversed with us in what she thought was plain mame loshen!

My Scholarly Father

From my earliest years, it seems, I had determined to dedicate my life to Jewish education. My teachers at the Baltimore Talmud Torah (men like Abraham Steinbach, William Chomsky, Samuel Sar, Israel Kurland, Dr. Israel Efros) had a great influence on my generation of American-born boys from Orthodox families. Our group also had history as an aid in helping determine our destiny. The Great War of 1914 and its aftermath occurred when we had reached an age when conscience and sentiment and the love of our heritage combined to push us into a profession which was beginning to feel the need for replacements for the supply which had been cut off due to the War. No Jewish teachers were arriving from the great reservoirs in Russia and Poland - so we were persuaded by our teachers to stay and study and prepare to become future teachers ourselves.

Our parents were supportive of our efforts. My father never questioned whether this was a lucrative field for his child to enter - sufficient for him that his son would continue to study Torah and become a guide to others in the fields of delight. When I finally achieved my goal and became a teacher, his pride was
boundless. Both he and Mama probably felt like Hannah in the Bible, "For this son, I prayed."

My father's own Jewish education was a mystery to me when I was young. At that age all I saw and understood was that he knew and performed all the rituals... all of them. Regular attendance at prayers, both in the synagogue and at home, and adherence to all acts of devotion during the religious calendar year gave me little time to think or wonder about the extent of his learning. As I grew older and knew something of the "shvartze pintlech" (the black letters and vowels) myself, I was impressed with how much he remembered from his meager childhood studies (ages six to thirteen) - study which terminated early in his life due to the economic needs of his parents. Yet he knew how to question me on my studies in Bible, and he showed his pleasure when I was able to argue with him on a point of grammar or interpretation of a verse.

He knew no Talmud; but occasionally he and I would sit together at the daily Talmud lesson at the Eden Street Synagogue (Etz Chaim) between minchah and maariv, a type of adult education which, unfortunately, is rarely found in our time. Nevertheless, I recall now that, in his personal collection of books in our home, there were Bibles of various editions with commentaries; a large Siddur of six hundred pages which included rules for all festivals and holidays; various other religious literature as well as Yiddish fiction - but not a single copy of the Talmud or even a Mishnah. His intellectual honesty forbade him to display a book which was to him closed and unknown.

To supplement his knowledge of the Jewish world, he read each day the Tageblatt - later combined with the Morgen Journal. Each week he received in the mail a magazine called Der Amerikaner. Mama's delight was to hear him read to her and to us (after the Friday night meal) the weekly installment of the serial roman which could run on for months at a time. Other children whose fathers read the non-religious Forverts had the Bintel Brief to entertain them. We had the roman.
L'envoi

Dear Reader:

What I have related here in these few vignettes is not something that was peculiar only to our precious family circle. Rather think of it as a reflection of the life experience of an entire generation of Jewish families at the turn of the century. The nostalgia is strong, and the regret that it is all over and done with is indeed a very deep one. The period was one of innocence and gentility as well as one of struggle for survival, both economically and culturally.

Our parents and their peers have departed this life and lie buried in the "Houses of Life" which they and their landsmanshaften created on their arrival in this country. When we visit them on occasion, the mind swings back to those golden days when we were poor and didn't know how poor we were. We were also rich and didn't know how rich we really were. We were rich in the great emphasis placed on personal merit and on ethical values, the concern of each man for his brother's welfare, the help extended to the needy without the use of social service rules and guidelines. Our community is all the poorer for the gradual disappearance of these gifts of heart.

How can we really know why they had come thousands of miles from their birthplaces to a strange and mysterious land across the sea? They came...and they remained...and they conquered because their names are still upon the land, through the achievements of their sons, their daughters and their grandchildren.
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You can also remit your payment through PayPal to: MikeGetz005@comcast.net. We look forward to your participation and support.

In an effort to simplify the process of submitting membership dues, especially for people who reside outside the United States and Canada, the Latvia SIG accepts payment via PayPal. PayPal is a web-based service that facilitates paying bills and fees via email.

With PayPal, you can send money to anyone with an email address by simply signing up for a PayPal account. To do this go to the PayPal web-site, http://www.paypal.com, and follow the directions provided to create an account. Once you have an account, log into your account and click the Send Money tab. Now enter the Latvia SIG email address, which is: MikeGetz005@comcast.net, and enter the amount you would like to send. To fund the payment, add a credit card to your PayPal account by entering your credit card number as instructed. Money can also be deducted from your bank account, if you choose to do so.

After reviewing the details of your payment, click the Send Money button. The Latvia SIG will immediately receive an email explaining that it has received a payment from you through PayPal.

It is important that new members complete and mail the membership form on the following page — this form can also be found on the Latvia SIG web site — so that we can enter family names and locations on our Family Finder.

Also, please include the other information requested on the form to help us make the Latvia SIG an even more effective resource for genealogical research.
Latvia SIG Membership Questionnaire

NAME:............................................................................. PHONE:.............................................
ADDRESS:....................................................................... FAX:...................................................
CITY:...........................................................STATE/PROVINCE:..........................
ZIP/POSTAL CODE:.........................
COUNTRY (if other than U.S.):.................................
E-mail address:........................................

Whom are you researching? (Latvian cities only) Please use location names/spellings as found in Where Once We Walked. i.e. the modern names of the cities as used in Latvia today.

NAME:.............................................................................. LOCATION:.........................................
NAME:.............................................................................. LOCATION:.........................................
NAME:.............................................................................. LOCATION:.........................................
NAME:.............................................................................. LOCATION:.........................................
NAME:.............................................................................. LOCATION:.........................................

Bibliographical or archival sources used in your Latvian genealogical research:

Information on Latvian Jewish communities, history of Jewish presence, current status, contacts:

Cemeteries, travel experiences, etc:

Suggested newsletter topics:

Translation skills:  Hebrew, Latvian, Russian, Yiddish, Other (specify)

I would be willing to volunteer for the following activities:

Please return your completed questionnaire, along with a check for U.S. $20 (U.S. and Canada, $30 for overseas members) payable to Latvia SIG, to:

Latvia SIG                                                                         Include contact information in the SIG FF?
5450 Whitley Park Terrace,  #901                                          _____Yes                  _____No
Bethesda, MD 20814-2061