



# The Kosher Koala

Newsletter of the Australian Jewish Genealogical Society

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## EDITORIAL

Happy Chanukah 5756 and a Happy and Healthy New Year! This ninth issue is coming out during our Festival of Lights, and just before the new civil year of 1996. The year 1995 has seen a growth of our membership to 148 throughout Australia, with a thriving group now established in Melbourne. Our Adelaide representative Hilde Hines found there were not yet enough people with an interest in Jewish genealogy in Adelaide to form a branch there, but she will try later.

Our larger numbers make our financial position less precarious, but one of our basic problems is the lack of dedicated committee workers to share the burdens of running the Society with the few stalwarts. Our correspondents who experience delays in receiving answers to letters should know that we are a group of volunteers who also have fulltime jobs, families or other research commitments, as well as needing to take breaks for health reasons, or trips overseas. We are neither a commercial outfit, nor part of the public service, and all our work is voluntary. Indeed those who work the hardest, put in more of their own resources. We endeavour to help each

correspondent, but are often stumped for a reply to those who expect us to have ready lists of Jewish inhabitants of Russian, German or Polish towns in the 1870's, or to know the fate of their relatives in Nazi-occupied Eastern Europe from whom nothing has been heard since 1941 or 42. Back copies of KOSHER KOALA have dealt with some of these problems, and our annual Beginners' Seminar in Jewish Genealogy also teaches possible solutions. We cannot reiterate the full story in casual letters. Our regular feature "Jewish Genealogy Bookshelf" also endeavours to direct your reading to help yourself.

Our next Beginners' Seminar will take place on 3rd March, 1996 at Shalom College of the University of New South Wales on the Barker Street side, from 10 am to 5 pm. The cost is \$15 for members and \$45 for non-members with an additional \$8 for a salads and sandwich lunch.

In recent months we have effected some heartwarming family reunions of widely dispersed families e.g. between a family of former Egyptian Jews, now dispersed in USA and Mexico, who were seeking their Australian cousins.

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## SYDNEY WORKSHOPS 1996

The Society will hold its usual workshops at the North Shore Synagogue, Lindfield in the Rev Katz Library on the following Sunday mornings, 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

February 4	August 4
April 7	September 8
May 5	October 13
June 9	November 3
July 7	December 1

This year we will be having some evening workshops. The first one is scheduled for Tuesday night 13th February from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. at our usual venue.

For your diary, note that on the 3rd March, 1996 we will be holding a one-day seminar at Shalom College, University of New South Wales.

Our AGM will be held next year on 10th March.

## EDITORIAL (continued from page 1)

I recalled that in Australia, Egyptian Jews were likely to reside in Adelaide and, thank to Hilde Hines' local knowledge, the cousins were soon found. Similarly we were able to quickly direct George Trief of New York, and now Florida, to the descendants of Triefs in Sydney who died thirty years ago.

We've been the beneficiaries of two generous gifts. Nigel Meinrath presented the Society with a reconditioned 486 computer and Bernard Orenstein gave us a microfiche reader. Two really useful gifts from which all Sydney members and visitors will benefit at our workshops. Our grateful thanks to Nigel Meinrath and to Bernard Orenstein.

*Sophie Caplan*, Editor

## WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

### New South Wales

<i>Phillip Birnbaum</i>	<i>Frayda Cooper</i>
<i>Walter Freeman</i>	<i>Lucien Levy</i>
<i>Clara Stein</i>	

### Australian Capital Territory

*Valerie Brown*

### Victoria

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<i>Joe Stosser</i>	<i>Bettye Susskind</i>



## A GENEALOGICAL TRIP TO GALICIA

by Sophie Caplan

In July and August 1995 I travelled to Ukraine and to Poland to the areas formerly known as Galicia. A year earlier Phyllis Simon of Gesher Galicia (Bridge to Galicia) had publicised that she would organise a group to tour Polish Galicia and I had returned a form indicating interest. But it was in May this year when a letter came with the news that the tour to Polish Galicia would be preceded by an optional trip to former Eastern Galicia, now in Ukraine, that I decided I would definitely go.

The trip was being organised by a New York Jewish travel agent with much experience in taking chassidic groups to Eastern Europe. This would be the first time that the agency Ideal Tours would send a genealogical group and the group leaders would be Allan Mallenbaum and Phyllis Simon. Gesher Galicia was worried about health hazards in Ukraine and so the Ukrainian segment came under the aegis of Allan Mallenbaum's Rosa Robota Foundation in memory of his relative who had procured the explosive for the destruction of the crematoria at Auschwitz. Phyllis and Allan wanted to create a flexible programme so that each participant could visit his or her shtetlekh with a car, a driver and a translator, while the main group went to check out other places. This required much preparation in identifying the precise locations of one's ancestral villages and small towns so that a suitable route could be worked out in advance. I gave the names of thirteen little towns and villages all in the area between LVOV, now LVIV, formerly LEMBERG, and IVANO-FRANKIVSK formerly STANISLAWOW, while others had theirs ranging from east of Kiev to the Cracow region of Poland.

The US group flew out from JFK airport in New York on 23rd July, but I decided to join them in Kiev, having flown out a few days earlier from Sydney and spent a week-end in Frankfurt getting over my jetlag. Another two Australians from our Society were to join us a week later in LVIV, having previously had their own itinerary. I was worried about being met at Kiev airport since the Americans would have arrived several hours earlier, and I spoke no word of Ukrainian, nor could even decipher the Cyrillic alphabet. The plane from Frankfurt was filled with elderly Ukrainians and their middle-aged children returning from Paraguay and Brazil for their first visit in fifty years, but I had no one. The arrival routine at Kiev Borispol airport of having every piece of luggage X-rayed and of the people in front of me having their cash counted by the customs officers filled me with dread as I was wearing a money-belt, but luckily they did not want to see my money.

We had been warned to take "snacks" and so I had brought Australian apples and large mandarines, small packets of sultanas, dried bananas, mixed nuts, as well as the mandatory large bottle of mineral water which is joining the camera as the sign of the tourist. Also all

personal medication, make-up, soap, toilet paper, wet towellettes, and English language reading matter, as well as the usual clothing and footwear, and an arsenal of koala bears, lipsticks, eye make-up, matchbox cars, etc...for gifts for helpful locals. So I was well-loaded when I came out of the customs hall seeking out the promised cardboard placard with my name. It wasn't there, but an intense young man came up to me out of the large waiting throng and asked: "Are you Mrs Caplan?" "Yes, I am" burst out from me before I remembered the warning not to talk to strangers. "And who are you?" "I'm Vallick from Ideal Tours" and I knew I was in the right company. "But how did you recognize me? - Oh, it was easy. - But I did not send a photo. How DID you recognize me? - It was easy. You were smiling. In this country people don't smile." Welcome to Ukraine.

I followed Vallick and Michael our driver, owner of a roomy old Volga which looked like an American car of the 1960's. Vallick and Michael were Jews, like most of our drivers, guides and translators in the next weeks, which made me feel immediately at home. After depositing my luggage at our hotel, the Kreschatyk, we went straight on a tour of Kiev to the synagogue presently used as both shule and community centre, the former Central Synagogue now a puppet theatre, with its baroque façade right in the centre of the city, and to Babi Yar. At the present synagogue, a rather modestly decorated building which must have been a working men's synagogue before the Revolution, a man came out to display some Judaica trinkets: a likeness of the synagogue etched on wood, some painted wooden candlesticks, and some booklets and postcards. I made a few purchases thinking we would come across this phenomenon often, but it was the only time it happened. The vendor, Leib Pejsachowicz, said he had a son and grandchildren living at Chernobyl and was helping to support them.

At Babi Yar the main monument and dedicated area is most impressive with separate inscriptions in three languages, Russian, Ukrainian and Yiddish with Hebrew letters. But nowhere does the monument refer to Jews being killed, but only to citizens of Kiev. In communist theory this was the right terminology, but a down-playing of the fact that most of the victims were Jews and that their fellow-citizens played a part in rounding them up. It also took decades to erect a memorial at all. A few years ago, with perestroika, the Jews of Kiev were allowed to erect a second monument a couple of kilometres away, specifically dedicated to the Jewish victims of Babi Yar. Vallick, my guide, who lives in Lviv, had been to that monument two years earlier, but we drove around for twenty minutes unable to find it because it is very small and hidden among factory stacks and the towers of a television station. Eventually I found it from the back window of the Volga, having espied a menorah in the distance. We approached it on foot and were pleased to see that a



Latin-American UJA Young Leadership group had placed a wreath there just a few hours earlier as the flowers were still fresh. Babi Yar evokes images of barbarism and merciless death for the Jews of Kiev and the surrounding villages, but it is difficult to mourn the dead of the Shoah with passing army trainee joggers and other passers-by on the wide paths of which the monument is the crossing-point.

We also saw glimpses of other Kiev tourist attractions like the medieval strong point's Golden Gate, the university area, and Vallick took me down the incredibly steep escalators at the city metro station. I don't usually take kindly to being treated like a woman of a certain age, but the very steep deep escalators made me glad of the presence of a strong younger person holding my arm.

Back at the hotel I had arranged to meet the elderly widowed cousin of friends in Sydney. The fact that in the 34 ° C heat she wore a mended polyester dress and a handbag which had seen better days, spoke of the poverty in which people in her position live. She was a childless widow of the Great Patriotic War, World War II to us, and as a retired language teacher was able to converse in both English and French. The old world charm of the Russian bourgeoisie emanated from her, and I was glad that I could add a little to the gifts I was bringing from her cousins.

The Kreschatyk Hotel, allegedly the best in Kiev, had facilities which would not have made two-stars in Australia, but it was centrally situated for tourist shopping of black lacquer boxes with exquisitely painted covers, babushka dolls of all types, and for a glimpse of big stores Ukrainian-style. We had been advised to bring U.S. dollars in small denominations as tips and for many purchases, but in Kreschatyk boulevard were many currency exchange booths where one could obtain the local currency, presently called "coupons", which was necessary for most purchases. Meals were incredibly cheap, but the six to ten page printed menus in hotels all over Ukraine, were merely there as possibilities. The actual menu, typed into blank spaces, was very modest. At the advice of an Australian-Ukrainian who had travelled to Ukraine the previous year, I stuck to vegetarian dishes and to cheese. It was full summer and the cucumber and tomato salads, the mixed mushroom dishes, and the fetta cheese were delicious. Although my American companions rigorously avoided salads, fruit and vegetables, my usually touchy stomach suffered no ill effects from my diet.

In actual fact I did not meet most of the rest of the tour group for 36 hours. They had dispersed to Chernigov and Uman, which were among "their towns". The day after my arrival I was joined by Dov and Chanan Rapaport of the Israel Genealogical Society and together with our translator we went to see Boris Vasilyevich Ivanenko, the Director of the Ukrainian National

Archives, who promised us cooperation from the provincial Archives we were going to visit in Chernivtsi (Chernowitz), Ivano-Frankivsk and Lviv, though he complained at the number of American Jewish genealogical organisations which were claiming exclusive archival rights in Ukraine. It seemed that some of our high profile predecessors had overreached themselves and made it harder for others. His assistant Dr Volodymir Lozytsky, whom I had helped to entertain in Jerusalem at the Fourth International Seminar in Jewish Genealogy, was away on summer vacation, but Ivanenko promised to notify the heads of each of the provincial archives of our impending arrival and to ask them to cooperate. Indeed we were given letters of introduction and he rang each provincial archives director which any of us were intending to visit.

Kiev is a beautiful and leafy city planted with thousands of trees, and we also visited the Museum of the Great Patriotic War which gave us the Russian version of World War II, with "social realist" statues, patriotic songs, and purely Ukrainian language legends to display items. There was no consciousness that tourists might want to know too. The total lack of any street signs, or shop names, or any signage left over from former eras when other languages had co-existed in a city like Lviv made it difficult from a touristic viewpoint. In the Kiev Museum the only items I could read were the Nazi proclamations in German. As I translated those into English for our little group, I noticed an Asian man hovering and listening. Indeed he was a Chinese molecular biologist from Beijing who attached himself to our group for the rest of the tour of the museum as we spoke a language he also understood.

That evening we finally all met in front of Kiev railway station to catch our train to Lviv. Our luggage went on a cart through a side entrance and we charged up and down stairs, Reb Nachman Elbaum of Ideal Tours at our head, to find our train and our carriage, a sleeper, allegedly the best train carriage in Ukraine. We just made it and the carriage was locked for our benefit after farewells from Reb Nachman. As I lay in my lower bunk it suddenly struck me that I had actually been at Lvov railway station, or Lemberg as we then called it, with my mother, stepfather and future aunt Sala in the spring of 1938 as a toddler on the way to visit my Galician grandparents, who were also to meet their new son-in-law and future daughter-in-law. Out of the shards of memory which flooded in I described Lemberg railway station to Phyllis Simon....and next morning there it was, with the buffet, where we'd eaten a memorable breakfast of which the family talked for years, still there but bricked up. This was the first of a series of "deja vu" experiences which hit me throughout the next few days. It was very moving to renew acquaintance with places and landscapes I had locked up in my memory for 57 years. Only the warm extended family associated with the Galicia of my child-



hood was no longer there.

On arrival in Lviv we were met by a small phalanx of porter, drivers and translators hired by Ideal Tours to look after our group. Luggage was distributed into cars and I was advised that for the next two days I could visit the shtetlekh of my choice. Our accommodation had been booked in Chernivtsi for the next two nights and that proved to be the fly in the ointment, for Chernivtsi was about three hundred kilometres from Lviv which proved to be nearly four hours by road from the towns of my heritage, four hours there and four hours back in the small car allotted to me. While Chernivtsi allegedly had the best hotel in southern Ukraine, it was ludicrous to spend so much time travelling back and forth. Lviv was much closer.

We were four in our small car: Phyllis Simon, Helene Sinnheim, Oleg Zilberman our driver and translator, and I. On that first day we drove first to Drogobych, where a cousin had asked me to photograph her parental home on the town hall square. Now a pedestrian mall, the Rynek square was bright with summer flowers in well-laid out beds, with many groups promenading in the morning sunshine. We were warned by locals not to leave the car unattended as it would be broken into, so Helene and Phyllis stayed with the car, while Oleg and I walked to the Rynek. The Stempler house was still a pharmacy APTEKA as in the days of Tola Stempler Spiegel's parents, but nothing remained of the Jewish life of pre-1941 Eastern Galicia, except a few buildings now converted to other uses.

We drove to Stryj, the next town on my itinerary where relatives had lived. It was a bustling town with a lively atmosphere, but we spent an inordinate amount of time looking for a suitable public toilet. Our driver took us to the town hospital where he explained that we were American tourists and asked for permission for us to use the staff facilities. This was granted and the toilet unlocked. Without going into details, this was one of several examples we would meet in the week in Ukraine of appalling standards in sanitary hygiene, particularly in public buildings. I would have liked to have found if any synagogue buildings remained in Stryj, but consciousness of how much further we had to go that day, made us decide to press on to DOLINA where some of my family originated.

On asking for a synagogue in DOLINA we were directed to the Baptist church in Old Dolina, which had retained an old world atmosphere. On finding the Baptist church we discovered that it was housed in the restored former Dolina synagogue. I appreciated the delicacy which had made the Baptists in Dolina call their church "House of Prayer" on a large sign, instead of giving it the name of a Christian saint. We took photos of the former synagogue from the street and from the rear. It looked impeccably restored, but it was a Wednesday afternoon and everything was locked and barred. At the back immediately next to the shule were some neglected

low building with signs of water piping outlets. We assumed these had been the mikvah buildings, but could not really tell.

In a nearby small valley was a stone monument with a brief inscription "In memory of the citizens of Dolina who were murdered by the fascists in 1943." There was no indication of who these murdered citizens of Dolina might have been.

Meanwhile Oleg had asked some passers-by if there was a Dolina Jewish cemetery, and a rutted roadway, almost a path, was indicated. We got into the car and drove upward to what appeared to be a semi-rural housing area on one side of the road, with chickens and geese pecking in the small cultivated front yards and a grassed common on our right. As we turned right into a continuation of the rutted road with houses on both sides, Oleg again asked some children for the way to the Jewish cemetery. "You've just passed it." It turned out that what we had assumed to be a village common since goats were tethered to graze there and chickens pecked away was the remains of the Jewish cemetery of Dolina. We parked the car and got out to walk about. Now we could see that at ground level many graves remained, but all of the upright stones were gone and many of the ground level stone or concrete pebble grave covers were at least partially broken. Not one letter of inscription remained. The cemetery was on high ground and the edge opposite the rutted roadway fell away as a cliff, perhaps two hundred feet above the surrounding landscape. A small space recently fenced, with concrete tablets of the law, had been prepared by the Nissenbaum Foundation which has restored a number of Jewish cemeteries in Eastern Europe. We climbed into this enclosure and I was going to light a yahrzeit candle. But the breeze and the heat of about 35 ° C made me fear that we might thereby start a grassfire, so we just said kaddish and stood for a few minutes' silent contemplation.

Despite its dire state, the chickens and the goats, and the children playing at one end, the Dolina Jewish cemetery had a certain grandeur which filled my heart with nostalgic sorrow. Yet I was glad I had come to commune with my ancestors.

We drove on towards KALUSH and its surrounding villages where my maternal family had dwelt since at least the early decades of the 19th century. It was already mid-afternoon and I wanted to find the houses of my family in NOWICA, the village of my HAUSMANN grandparents, so we passed without stopping BOLEKHOV, KRECHOWICE, where my great-uncle ZURECH STEIN had lived and died, BROZNIOW where some of our SPIEGELS had lived, and HOLYN/GOLYN where my HALPERN greatgrandmother was born, then took the right-hand road to NOWICA. The two-lane road canopied by tall trees seemed so familiar that I felt I had been there in recent years....And there was the bridge over the shallow fordable river with its sandbank. Just as on family photos...The sense of



having been here before gripped me into a highly emotional state. The last time I had travelled this road was as a little girl in my grandfather's farm cart with its triangular body. As we got onto the narrower village road on the other side of the bridge there was a road sign for DOBROWLANY. When Gary Mokotoff was researching villages and towns for "WHERE ONCE WE WALKED" he had not been able to find Dobrowlany on any map at the Library of Congress, and so he doubted my assertion that my grandmother Liba Hausmann had given birth there to my auntie Elsa on her return from market day in Kalush when labour started early. A photo of me to send to Gary showing the sign was taken by Oleg. Opposite the sign was a large family house. It suddenly struck me that this was the home of our ZEMAN/SEEMAN cousins, and on my return home I discovered that indeed it had been. The whole day it seemed uncanny how much I could dredge out of my memory as a five-year old. NOWICA was along the same road, after another bridge. Again we stopped and photographed the sign, and Oleg asked a woman in a yard nearby if she knew which had been the Jewish houses. She did not, but she invited us into her house while she called her father "who remembers everything" home from the riverside meadow where he was pasturing their cow. When he had washed and changed he came along in the car, while Phyllis and Helene stayed to rest in the cool house.

Ivan showed us Alter Fuhrman's house with cooing doves carved over the doorway, and the house of my grandfather SRUL (Israel) HAUSMANN. Nowica consisted of one street, which was also the road to LANDESTREU and to ROZNIATOW, which was now called Shevschenko Street after the Ukrainian national poet whose statues were replacing the toppled statues of Lenin and Stalin in every Ukrainian township. I was certain that what he showed us as my family homestead was the right house since we had photographs taken by my uncle Ben in 1937, but the frontage had been much wider. Now the land had been subdivided and new houses built on each side. My grandparents' barn, which had also been their stables for the cow and horse, was now on the next property. We asked for permission to visit my grandparents' house and I was warmly received by the present owner, originally a Russian from Baku whose husband, a Russian officer, was granted the house when he was stationed in the area. He had died, but she continued to live there with her sons, one of whom had also recently died, and their families. She led me through the grounds, now sadly neglected, and shook the apple-trees in the small orchard to present me with an armful of small tart green apples from my grandparents' garden. A new well had been dug as the one I recalled from my earlier visit had run dry. A few goslings were being raised, caged against predators.

A quick tour of the inside of the house was bitter-sweet. What revelations and powerful memories had I expected

more than fifty-two years after the murder of my family in the Kalush Jewish cemetery? The present owner assured me that there were no papers, or photos left when she moved into the house. Indeed the windows and doors had all been removed. Nevertheless the ubiquitous Christian holy images in every room alienated my search for family memories. I took no photos inside the house...The banisterless stairway to the attic in the centre of the house beckoned, as it had in my childhood visit, but I chose not to go up, which I have regretted ever since. I gave the present owner some American money, as I was moved by her recent misfortunes and touched by her warmth towards me. She asked whether it was true that my grandparents had run a small shop in the front room of the house, as there was now no shop before Kalush. I confirmed that they had run a small grocery shop.

We went next door where the spry eighty-one year old VASYL remembered my aunt Ruchel, also eighty-one, who had gone to the village school with him and confirmed that his barn was built by my grandfather. He remembered that my teenaged uncle Meir had been killed a year and some months before the others. This must have broken my grandparents heart, even before they were taken to their death.

We drove on to the site of the Nowica synagogue. The postwar owner of the property had not wanted to build on the synagogue site as a sign of respect, or was it superstition, and had built on the site of the synagogue courtyard. The synagogue site was now an orchard. The road continued to the former LANDESTREU, named by Swabian German settlers in the 17th century, now ZELENY YAR (green ravine) where my uncle and aunt Elsa and Oscar Tanne had lived. Old Ivan showed us the site of Shapse Tanne's former house which was burnt to the ground shortly after the Tanne's were taken away and never rebuilt. He did not recall the site of Elsa and Oscar's house.

Back at Ivan's daughter's house we picked up Phyllis Simon and Helene Sinnreich, after exchanging gifts with the family, and started on the long drive to Chernivtsi still around two hundred kilometres distant. The landscape of fields and dark green masses of dark green forests was heartbreakingly beautiful, with its succession of hay meadows and wheatfields ready for harvest and state forests still harbouring deer and other native animals. As an Australian I was prepared to use the wild roadside bushland for comfort stops, while nothing would induce my American companions to follow suit, preferring their discomfort. Some weeks later some Australians met in our Warsaw hotel who had been on a bus tour to Belarus told the same story of differing national reactions to natural functions.

Kolomya was on the road to Chernivtsi, a sprawling town through which the highway twisted and turned for twenty minutes, though most of the road was



countryside. We met a number of highway patrols demanding fines for real or imaginary infringements of speed limits. Luckily the amounts were relatively small in our currencies, but it became clear over the next two days that this was a semi-legitimate way for highway patrols to supplement their inadequate salaries. Naturally I reimbursed our driver.

The entrance to Chernivtsi was over the Prut bridge, which evoked Helen's memories of her grandmother's tales. It was obvious that Chernivtsi like Lviv had been Austrian Habsburg provincial capitals and important centres. Though the glory of those days was gone, many elegant or interesting buildings remained, but street signs were only in Ukrainian. Indeed our expectation that an area which had gone through so many changes of identity would reveal this in street signs, as in Israel with its Hebrew, Arabic and English signs, was disappointed. Only Ukrainian signs were used everywhere. Even the streets which had Russian names only a few years earlier, before independence, now had new names.

Eventually Oleg found the Shermooosh, a fairly tall new building of shoebox shape. Darkness was just falling and we were the last car to arrive, to Vallick's great relief. We had to rush to the dining room as the kitchen would be closing in an hour. Having survived all day on snacks, we were eager for a meal. As soon as we sat down, our table was approached by a slightly inebriated woman who introduced herself as Faigel, the executive secretary of the local Jewish community. She was celebrating her fiftieth birthday with a large party of friends and a festive meal and a band playing Jewish music. She insisted on presenting our group with a large bottle of vodka with which we had to toast her on the spot. We reciprocated with some of the make-up gifts we had brought, and in turn danced to the orchestra which played horas, the Sherele, and Israeli tunes like "Am Yisrael chai" and "Yaaseh shalom bimromav". It was a psychological release to dance after the memorial activities of that day. Although we were tired, it became a lively and memorable evening. But Oleg our driver could not participate. He had left his internal passport at home in Lviv and had to front up to the local police station to be allowed to stay in the hotel.

Although the Shermooosh was dubbed "the George V hotel of southern Ukraine" by my friend Phyllis Simon, it boasted no hot water on weekdays and the cold water soon turned the bath to a rusty orange....No matter. It was good to have a bath and to sleep in a bed. From our eighth floor windows was a vista of high rise workers' apartments, stretching to the horizon, just as there had been across the Dnieper River in Kiev.

The next day I had the car and driver-translator to myself. My former companions went to explore their roots in the Chernivtsi area. It was again a four hour drive to "my area", this time first to the Ivano-Frankivsk

*From Rabbi Malcolm Stern*

A genealogist has to be

"a full-time detective, a thorough historian,  
an inveterate snoop, a confirmed diplomat,  
a keen observer, a hardened skeptic,  
an apt biographer, a qualified linguist,  
a part-time lawyer, and above all,  
an accurate reporter."

Courtesy of the JGS of Rochester,  
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Regional Archives. We were received by Katerina Petrovna Mitsan, head of the archives, who had been notified of our visit by Boris Ivanenko, the head of the National Archives. She offered me a seat, but let Oleg stand up for about an hour until overcoming his plea not to say anything, I finally asked for a chair for him in sign language. For reasons of etiquette which I could not fathom he had been reluctant to ask for a seat for himself.

We were not shown any registers, books or papers, but Ms Mitsan spent over two hours reading me the list of heads of families which had been murdered in the Stanislawow ghetto in 1942. When I suggested that it would be quicker if I read through the list myself, she asked if I read the Cyrillic alphabet. The list, which the Nazis probably compiled in the Latin alphabet, had now been transposed in the Ukrainian Cyrillic alphabet only. Just heads of families were listed, with their age or year of birth, and the number of other family members killed with them e.g. Seinfeld Nuchem, 66, alone, Spiegel Max, 49, three. Female names were only listed if they were heads of families.

The archivist did not know whether a similar list existed for those killed in Kalush where most of my maternal family had been murdered. I was also interested in birth, marriage and death certificates for my family, particularly in the 19th Century. Showing the archivist a photocopy of my grandparents' marriage certificate elicited a sharp "Where did you get that?". I explained that it had belonged to my mother. More pleasantly she took down sufficient information to identify the various lines of my maternal family, IF any Jewish BDM records for the Kalush region were extant, and promised to set her staff to research for me. I wanted to pay in advance, or at least to give her a good deposit, but she absolutely refused that offer. We left after three and a quarter hours spent in the Ivano-Frankivsk archive with the promise of information by mail in return for payment, if any was found. So far, nearly five months later, no news. All I had obtained were the names of a few possible relatives who had perished in the Stanislawow ghetto.

We then drove to ZAVADKA, my mother's birthplace, where her maternal grandparents had lived. Although

(Continued on page 13)



## AMSTERDAM - A SEPHARDI EXPERIENCE

by Margot Salom

Researching in Amsterdam is a relatively straightforward experience for an English-speaking person. Most of the Dutch speak quite passable English, and they are usually more than happy to practise it. The Dutch also keep impeccable records, which put the English ones to shame. The thing that should be kept in mind, however, is that genealogical research is slow and painstaking despite the organization, quality and availability of the data. Don't try to squeeze one single afternoon in the Archives into a hectic sight-seeing tour, and expect to find everything that is available in the Archives.

The first time I visited Amsterdam in 1991, I had arrived from London feeling rather unwell and was staying in Rotterdam with a friend. By the time I got to Amsterdam after a forty-minute train trip I soon realized that an earlier start would have been useful. I needed to search for the street of the municipal archives where all the records of the Jewish communities are held and, after wandering around with an inadequate street map, asking passersby for directions, I realized that it was getting late and there would be insufficient time to get any real work done, even if I found the Archives. Feeling dispirited, I gave up, only getting as far as locating Amsteldijk Street. Number 67 seemed too far to go and my energy had long since run out.

In 1993, on my second trip, I was prepared for real work. I found a small and pleasant hotel within walking distance of the Archives and made an early start every morning armed with an English-Dutch dictionary, all my own family information to date, and a sandwich made from the very ample Dutch hotel breakfast.

I had already covered a lot of the tourist sites in 1991 and so felt determined that this time I would devote most of the time to research and only visit galleries or museums on the weekends when the municipal archives are closed. I spent two weeks in Amsterdam on that schedule, apart from two days when a friend came from London, and still felt I had not finished. Two months later I returned to Holland to have another session of research. I finished three weeks later.

It must be remembered that it is much slower work where all the signs etc. are in a foreign language, hence the need for a dictionary. To look at records, one also has to become familiar with the Dutch for such words as burial, death, marriage, birth, etc. Just when you have mastered all this, there is some other crucial word to comprehend. It is all much slower than speed reading through records in English.

Despite all this it is a wonderful experience to be in Amsterdam immersed in one's Sephardic origins. I was constantly aware of the unique history of the arrival of

those 'secret Jews, Marranos,' and "New Christians" to this haven of religious freedom in the seventeenth Century, a history which finally led to the development of the Golden Age of Holland and its mercantile successes in the New World, the era which heralded the birth of capitalism and to which the enterprise of Sephardic merchants and bankers contributed.

There are still remnants of that era which remain proudly despite the ravages of the Nazi era in Europe. One can't help but wonder what miracle has protected so much of this Jewish history while 70,000 Jewish Amsterdamers did not survive those horrific years. I always had the thought in my heart in Amsterdam "there but for the grace of God go I" if my ancestors had chosen to stay there in the eighteenth century and not left for London in 1769.

First I want to talk about the Gemeente Archief, or Municipal Archives, where all the old records from the various Jewish communities are held and are organized in an extremely accessible way. When I finally found it on my second trip in 1993, the Gemeente Archief was a rather stately old building overlooking the Amstel River. Despite my frequent and long visits there I never had the time to really explore fully its resources. My task there was purely to examine the genealogical records of the old Sephardic community. Some of these records are in book form such as the Index of Ketubot from the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue. These span the years from 1650 to 1911. However, you don't need to travel to Amsterdam for these as they are available from the Australian Jewish Genealogical Society.

Other records are accessible via microfiche or microfilm. I understand that the original ketubot are held at these Archives and are available to be photocopied. I have not done this myself yet, so I can't tell you about the process. The Archives also hold on microfilm the records of burial from the Spanish & Portuguese Jews' Cemetery at Ouderkerk ad Amstel on the outskirts of Amsterdam.

There are some records of circumcisions, but these are rather incomplete as mohelim records are frequently dependent on the record-keeping efficiency of the individual mohel. One of the most useful resources for genealogists available at the archives is "Trouwen En Mokum" (Jewish Marriages In Amsterdam, D. Verdooner & H.J.W. Snel). The good news is that all these are now available at the Jewish Genealogical Society in Sydney, so you don't have to visit Amsterdam for this extensive resource. These volumes have organized and documented all Jewish marriages per the civil records in Amsterdam since the inception of the keeping of civil records (1598- 1811). These individual records can be photocopied for a reasonable fee.

I found the marriage of a sixth generation ancestor in these volumes which was not included in the ketubah



volumes. This is a mystery that I still don't understand. This same ancestor and his wife are included in the burial records from Ouderkerk Cemetery so why their ketubah has not been included in the synagogue records remains a puzzle. Perhaps one can conclude that the ketubah records are not complete!!!! Despite my long hours at the Archives I could not fully explore their Sephardic resources, probably because of the extent of the data on which I was concentrating (marriages, deaths and circumcisions).

The Municipal Archives is a very comfortable and well-equipped facility. There are adequate microfilm and microfiche viewers, despite the fact that an enormous number of the Dutch people are genealogists and the Archives are usually well-used by the usual senior citizens. The Archives are air-conditioned and there is a coffee lounge where the staff eat their lunch. This is also available to researchers but does not sell real food so take your own sandwich. The archivists and librarians are very helpful on the whole and most speak adequate English. It is a very pleasant venue in which to work.

On arriving it is necessary to sign in and give the nature of your research and the name(s) you are researching. It is also required that you leave your bags and coats etc there in safe-keeping for which you are given a ticket. It is only possible to take in with you your own needs, but no bags.

Just a small anecdote about my experience of having left my name in the sign-in book. One afternoon toward closing time I was approached by a man who asked whether I was researching the Salom name. With much surprise I said that I was. He was a Ph.D. student of History who was writing his dissertation on the seventeenth century Jewish merchants of Amsterdam and their connections to the Barbary Coast pirates!! Apparently the Salom name was very prominent in his research. This was a serendipitous meeting. He has been of considerable help in my research and in 1994 he sent me an almost complete genealogy of the sixteenth and seventeenth century Salom dynasty from their origins in Portugal. I have yet to find if and how my line links into these Saloms, and their various aliases. I hope to meet with my Dutch benefactor this year in Amsterdam so we can put our information together, hopefully for some useful outcome for me.

Of course I was faintly horrified, albeit fascinated at the thought of dealings with pirates, but this clue sent me off into a new line of enquiry which has been most fascinating and educative in the history of the Sephardic merchants. My later time at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem was devoted to this research.

A warning about aliases. When the Marranos first came to Amsterdam from those countries where they had been forced into conversion, they came with their Spanish or Portuguese names, their Hebrew names

either subsumed or forgotten. As they returned to Judaism they resumed their Hebrew names. But as many of these Marranos were still commercially involved with the Iberian Peninsula, they frequently linked their Hebrew and Spanish or Portuguese names, using the Iberian component for business dealings with Spain and Portugal. Of course, synagogue records always used the Hebrew name but confusion can arise in doing research between different civil and religious sources. However, by the eighteenth century this practice of using aliases had largely disappeared. However, the Iberian practice of linking the mother and father's surnames continued, a practice to which I rather subscribe as it gives recognition to the mother's identity.

To return to Amsterdam and its resources. It is really worthwhile for any Sephardic researcher to make a visit to the Spanish & Portuguese Jews' Cemetery at Ouderkerk. It is on the outskirts of Amsterdam, but is worth the trip for two reasons: historically, it is of great significance and it is a delightful experience to be there with the graves of one's ancestors, despite the fact that most of the headstones have sunk beneath the surface of the soil. I found it a place of great spiritual resonance. When I look at my family tree and know how many of my ancestors lie there, I found some sort of continuity and peace in this still place on the banks of the Amstel River.

If you want to do some research there, and this can be very useful as the card system there contains linkages (children of the deceased etc.) which are not recorded on the Municipal Archives' microfilm as the former cemetery caretaker has done a lot of extra research himself and added his findings to the cards. The present archivist there is Rabbi H. Rodrigues-Pereira who is also very helpful if you phone ahead to make an appointment with him. Be prepared also to make a donation.

The other possible source of Sephardic information, though not genealogical, is the Ets Haim Library which is situated in the precincts of the synagogue of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews. Although I have not visited this library as yet, I have had correspondence with them and found that they are cooperative and eager to help. The person with whom I have had contact is Jaffa Baruch-Snaj.

The Rosenthaliana Library at the University of Amsterdam is another source of Sephardic history in Amsterdam. this is also on my list for my 1995 visit.

If you have information that any of your ancestors lived in The Hague, the Archives there are also very well organized and extremely helpful toward Jewish researchers. I only spent a half a day there, but found what I was looking for. A later letter to that Archive resulted in a very useful response, although it took a long time to arrive. I might add that while the Archives



in both Amsterdam and The Hague were free in 1993 which I hope they still are, any mail enquiries incur researcher fees which are really quite hefty. My experience is that The Hague sent the information together with an invoice, but Amsterdam sent an invoice and withheld the information. So don't ask for any non-essential information as it can get quite expensive.

I would like to finish with the suggestion that you allow yourself sufficient time, both to use the wonderful facilities and available information, but also to take in the history of Jewish Amsterdam. Certainly visit the Sephardic sites but also the whole of Jewish Amsterdam. Like me, you will probably feel the impact of its four centuries of history. From the late sixteenth century when the Sephardic Jews came here as religious freedom was offered, those Marranos of several generations who had to learn to be Jews again in this city that allowed them to worship freely, to the later horrors of the deportations of the Jews from Amsterdam in the twentieth century.

Memorials of the transportations include many classic Sephardic names amongst those of their Ashkenazi brethren. I urge you to take time from your research to spend a weekend afternoon strolling around the old Joodse Wijk (Jewish Quarter), which is not far from the Archives. Dominated by the magnificent and recently renovated synagogue of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews at its centre, this walk includes the Joodse Historische Museum which is housed in the renovated synagogue complex of the Ashkenazi Jews straight opposite the Sephardic synagogue. This museum is a must for anyone interested in Dutch Jewish history. The beautiful old synagogue of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews which overlooks this area is a 'must see'. Recently renovated and re-opened, it is the focal point of the seventeenth century Sephardic life in Amsterdam. Now only a small congregation remains.

The other place you should visit is the Memorial to Transported Jews from Amsterdam, which is housed in the old Jewish theatre which was used as a transit centre by the Nazis for arrested Jews. It is a most eloquent and moving memorial. There is a small museum upstairs which is a testimony to the details of the lives of those transported Jews. I found the Nazi order for presentation of a family who lived in the street of my hotel. Somehow this small detail brought it all very close to me and I later went to look for the house just a few steps from where I was staying. This memorial is situated within the area of the walk around the old Jewish district. In this small and manageable area there is much to be seen that will be an emotional experience when linking it to the events of just over 50 years ago.

I have included a list of addresses, names and directions that will be of use to those wishing to spend time researching and exploring Jewish Amsterdam. I wish you well with your researching of Sephardic genealogy in Amsterdam and sincerely hope that it will be as a

productive and gratifying experience for you as it has been for me.

## AMSTERDAM JEWISH ADDRESSES

GEMEENTE ARCHIEF  
(MUNICIPAL ARCHIVES)  
67 AMSTELDIJK ST

Take Tram No 4 from outside Centraal Station. Get off Cnr. Van Woustraat & Ostade Straat, turn left and walk towards Amstel River, turn right and walk along River.

ETS HAIM SEMINARY LIBRARY  
SPANISH & PORTUGUESE JEWS' SYNAGOGUE  
MR. VISSERPLEIN 3 1011 RD AMSTERDAM

ROSENTHALIANA LIBRARY  
AMSTERDAM UNIVERSITY  
(near KLONINGSPLEIN)

OUDERKERK CEMETERY OF THE  
SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE JEWS.  
RABBI H. RODRIGUES-PEREIRA (ARCHIVIST)  
7 KERKSTRAAT OUDERKERK ad AMSTEL 1191.

TEL: 02963-3498

Take train to Schiphol (Airport) station; Look for bus outside station, No. 175/4 for Ouderkerk and ask driver for stop closest to Cemetery.

CENTRAL BUREAU VOOR GENEALOGIE  
DEN HAAG  
PRINS WILLEM-ALEXANDERHOF STRAAT 22  
P.O. Box 11755 NL 2502

Phone: 703814651

Hours: Mon - Friday 9-30am - 4-00pm  
Tuesday evening 6-00pm - 9.30pm  
Saturday 9-00am - 1.00pm

Take a tram from the Den Haag Centraal train station.  
(Can't remember number)

JOODS HISTORISCH MUSEUM  
JONAS DANIEL MEIJERPLEIN 2-4

Hours: 11-00am - 5-00pm daily.

Also has a small Library which may be useful.

Catch train from Metro station at Centraal.  
Alight at NieuwMarkt station and walk up Sint Antoniesbreestraat and Jodenbreestraat past Rembrandthuis Museum (worth a visit) to J.D. Meijerplein. You can't miss it as it is straight opposite the very magnificent Synagogue of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews.

*Margot Salom is a member of our Society who is currently exploring her Sephardic roots.*



## SOURCES FOR SCOTTISH JEWISH GENEALOGY

by Harvey L. Kaplan MA

Jews came late to Scotland. Unusual in the European context, there were no Jews here in any number until the late 1790's, and the first Jewish communities were established in Edinburgh in 1816, and Glasgow in 1823. Although these were to be the only sizeable communities (Glasgow reached 14,000 at its peak but has now halved in size), small communities were also founded later in the nineteenth century in Dundee and Aberdeen. The little Jewish outposts in Ayr, Falkirk, Dunfermline, Greenock and Inverness, no longer exist.

Genealogical research resources for Jews in Scotland fall into two basic categories: public records and those held by the Jewish community.

### A - PUBLIC RECORDS

1. Civil registration of births, marriages and deaths in Scotland dates back to 1855, and the records can be examined (for a fee) in New Register House, Edinburgh. A research facility has recently been opened in Glasgow, covering records from the west of Scotland. The Indexes are computerised, and Scottish certificates generally offer more detail than their English counterparts.
2. The Census returns for Scotland are available (to 1891) in New Register House, and for Glasgow in the Mitchell Library in Glasgow. A list has been compiled of approximately 1,000 Jews living in the Gorbals district of Glasgow, gleaned from the Census of 1891.
3. Naturalisation records for Scotland are available in the Public Record Office in London.
4. Jewish residents often appear in city directories, such as the Post Office Directory and Kelly's Directory. Both have indexes of names, classification by occupation or trade, and street by street listing of shops, businesses and some residents. Similar directories exist for other cities in Scotland, and all can be found in the major reference libraries.
5. Valuation Rolls annual property registers are also available in major reference libraries. Arranged by street, they provide details of ownership and occupancy of every house and shop, with rateable value or amount of rent.
6. Thousands of Jewish children have attended Scottish schools. Strathclyde Regional Archives (and presumably other similar institutions) have log books and admission registers for most schools in the area.
7. More than a million and a half immigrants travelled across Britain en route for North America. They would land at east coast port, such as London, Hull or Leith, and travel across by train to the west coast

ports, Glasgow or Liverpool. Some stayed here for a few days or weeks, but others found work for months or even years, in order to raise the funds for the remainder of their journey. In many cases, the original goal of North America was abandoned, and the immigrants remained in Britain. Records of passengers leaving Glasgow for North America are to be found in the Public Record Office. The Mitchell Library in Glasgow has the Wotherspoon Collection, albums of photographs of the ships which carried the immigrants across the Atlantic. It also holds back issues of the "Glasgow Herald" newspaper, which contain advertisements for the ships leaving Glasgow, and also announcements of the ships arriving at the other end in Canada or the USA.

### B - JEWISH RECORDS

1. The Scottish Jewish Archives Centre, based in the historic Garnethill Synagogue in Glasgow (1879) collects a wide range of material relating to all aspects of the history of the Jewish communities of Scotland.
2. The Historical Database of Scottish Jewry, available at the Archives Centre, collates and cross-references a wide variety of sources and lists relating to Jews in Scotland prior to the end of 1918. It has information on almost nine thousand individuals.
3. The Archives Centre has Register of births, marriages and deaths in the Glasgow (later Garnethill) Hebrew Congregation (from 1855). It also holds the Register of Marriages (1930-1981) for the former Pollokshields Hebrew Congregation, and a copy of the Register of Circumcisions performed by Rev J. Furst of Edinburgh (1879-1905). Garnethill Synagogue ran a hostel for European Jewish refugees, and there is a register from 1938, listing some 250 people, with age, place of origin, and eventual destination.
4. Other sources worth considering are minutes, membership lists, annual reports and year-books of synagogues and other communal organisations.
5. The Archives Centre has records of almost 5,000 burials in Scottish Jewish cemeteries, and those prior to the end of 1918 are indexed in the Historical Database of Scottish Jewry.
6. The "Jewish Echo", the community newspaper of Scottish Jewry, was published in Glasgow weekly from 1928 to 1992. It was probably the most comprehensive record of events in the community during this period. Announcements appear for births, barmitzvahs, engagements, weddings, anniversaries, and tombstone consecrations. It has been succeeded by a Glasgow edition of the "Jewish Telegraph". Back issues of both papers are held by the Archives Centre. The national "Jewish



Chronicle" has also reported briefly on Scottish affairs.

7. The Archives Centre has a copy of the Scottish entries in G. E. Harfield: *A Commercial Directory of the Jews of the United Kingdom*, 1894, Hewlett & Pierce. This is a street-by-street listing of Jewish tradesmen in British towns and cities, e.g. Glasgow, Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Dundee. It serves as a snapshot of 1894, which can be compared with the Census lists of 1891.

## IMPORTANT ADDRESSES

The Registrar-General for Scotland  
New Register House,  
Princes Street,  
Edinburgh, EH1 3YT

The Glasgow Department,  
Mitchell Library,  
North Street,  
Glasgow G3 7DN

Strathclyde Regional Archives,  
Mitchell Library,  
Glasgow G3 7DN

Central Library,  
George IV Bridge,  
Edinburgh

The Home Office,  
Queen Anne's Gate,  
London SW1H 9AT

Public Record Office,  
Ruskin Avenue,  
Kew, Richmond, Surrey TW9 4DU

Scottish Jewish Archives Centre,  
Garnethill Synagogue,  
127 Hill Street,  
Glasgow G3 6UB  
(open only by arrangement)

Glasgow Jewish Representative Council,  
222 Fenwick Road,  
Giffnock, Glasgow, G46 6UE

Glasgow Hebrew Burial Society,  
Fallock Road, Glasgow G42

Aberdeen Synagogue,  
74 Dee Street,  
Aberdeen AB1 2DS

Dundee Synagogue,  
St Mary Place,  
Dundee DD1 5RB

Edinburgh Synagogue,  
4 Salisbury Road,  
Edinburgh EH16 5AB

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**Aspects of Scottish Jewry**, 1987, Glasgow  
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Harvey L. Kaplan,  
**Odyssey**, Shemot, Spring 1993

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Shemot, October, 1994

A. Levy,  
**The Origins of Glasgow Jewry, 1812-1895**, 1949, Glasgow

A. Levy,  
**The Origins of Scottish Jewry**, JHSE, 1958

Abel Phillips,  
**A History of the Origins of the First Jewish Community in Scotland: Edinburgh 1816, 1979**, Edinburgh

*Harvey Kaplan is probably the most expert living Jewish genealogist on Scottish Jewry. He is available for genealogical research (on a fee basis). His address is:*

*Harvey L. Kaplan  
1/L 11 Millwood Street  
Glasgow G41 3JY Scotland*



## NEW ADDRESSES FOR JEWISH GENEALOGY

The new address of the  
ASSOCIATION OF JEWISH GENEALOGICAL  
SOCIETIES is

A.J.G.S.,  
P.O. Box 50245,  
PALO ALTO, CA 94303, USA.

The address for AVOTAYNU or for Gary Mokotoff,  
former president of the Association of Jewish  
Genealogical Societies is the same as before:

P.O. Box 900,  
TEANECK, N.J. 07666.

This address should be used when ordering books from  
Avotaynu.

The new address for ordering the  
JEWISH GENEALOGICAL FAMILY FINDER is  
Jewish Genealogical Society, Inc.

Marsha Saron Dennis,  
P.O. Box 6398,  
NEW YORK NY 10128, U.S.A.

## THE HOROWITZ FAMILY GATHERING, 1996

The Horowitz Families Association in Israel is organizing the First International Gathering of Horowitz Families, in conjunction with Jerusalem 3000, at the Diaspora Museum, Tel Aviv University from 14th July to the 19th, 1996. The conference is intended for all members of the Horowitz families (including Hurwitz, Ish-Horowitz and Gurevitz) from Israel and the Diaspora, and indeed for all those who are interested in the history of the Jewish people and the genealogy of this distinguished extended family.

Any individual or family interested in receiving further details about the program, registration and so on is asked to contact the

Congress Secretariat,  
P.O. Box 53368,  
Tel Aviv 61533, ISRAEL

## PHOTOS FROM PRE-WORLD WAR I EASTERN EUROPE IN USA NATIONAL ARCHIVES IN WASHINGTON

Marlene ZAKAI reports in MISHPACHA, Vol. 14 No 4, how she found a wealth of photos of pre-World War I Eastern Europe, particularly Poland and Rumania, including small towns, in boxes of photo archives of the "New York Times" Paris Bureau in files labelled "Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Prints:World Markets 1913-1939" Box RG 151 and RG 306NT 1199. All photos are labelled and reprints of a good size can be ordered and will be sent by mail. But she found the librarians at the National Archives reluctant to admit they had these in the Still Photos Division.

Perhaps next time you go to Washington, D.C. you should go there.

(continued from page 7)

only twenty minutes' drive from Kalush, it was not on the road to anywhere else and its people were suspicious and less friendly than in Nowica. It was over seventy years since my Zavadka Stein great-grandparents had died, and no one recalled their name. But I did find out the name of the Polish count for whom my greatgrandfather Meyer Stein had been estate manager and forester. To my amazement he had an Austrian surname, Count Stepan Krechmayer. We found a little old lady who had worked in his household and who attested he had been a good man. Or Meyer could have worked for his father. The local cemetery had only Ukrainian Orthodox graves and my relatives were probably buried in Kalush.

On the way to Kalush we found a woman who offered to show us the way to the Kalush Jewish cemetery. Just as well, since we would never have found it, surrounded as it is by high-rise apartment buildings. The cemetery was in process of restoration and the Kalusher Society in Israel, which had published the Yizkor book, was paying for a metal fence around the cemetery, and for the erection of a monument at the site of the massacre by shooting by Einsatzgruppe C. When we arrived it was towards sunset and we could not find the mass grave. We did not want to remain in the cemetery at nightfall.

Our guide told us of a Russian Jewish engineer Leonid Namz, who had settled in Kalush and who was supervising the restoration, and gave us directions to his house. The house was guarded by a vicious guard dog and by security gates. After a short stay, meeting his part-Tartar part-Jewish wife, Namz drove ahead of us to the home of an original Kalush Jew, Alexander Kohlberg, who had been in Russia with the Polish army when the community had been massacred, just like two of my relatives. My relatives had left Eastern Europe, emigrating to Australia and informing us of the fate of the various branches of the family. Alexander Kohlberg stayed, married a Jewish girl from Kharkov, and recovered his parents' home. Their daughter Leah had married a Ukrainian and had a daughter and a son with him. Now the family wanted the teenage girl to go to Israel to study, but they were having difficulty persuading the Sochnut representative in Lviv that she was Jewish. I promised to try and help.

It was an emotional moment for me to meet with Alexander Kohlberg and his family. He recalled members of my family and wanted to show me the sites of their former homes and shops. Despite the long dusk, we felt we could not stay because of the long drive back to Chernivtsi.

(To be continued in the next issue of Kosher Koala)

*Sophie Caplan is the President of the Australian Jewish Genealogical Society and a contributing editor to Avotaynu.*



## ARRIVAL OF YIVO'S PRE-WAR ARCHIVES

by Zachary Baker, Librarian  
Yivo Institute for Jewish Research

After extended negotiations, the Lithuanian government have agreed to send YIVO's missing pre-war archives to New York to be restored and preserved. The rare Jewish books and documents were found in a Vilnius church when the government returned the building to the local Catholic diocese. Under the Soviet regime, the church was the site of the Lithuanian State Book Chamber, which is now part of the Lithuanian National Library. The documents, thought to have been destroyed during the Holocaust, arrived in New York in February. Portions of these historic collections have never before been seen outside of Eastern Europe. The 32 boxes of mostly unsorted archival material from the pre-World War II Vilna YIVO, contain letters, folk tales, autobiographies, school assignments, rabbinical manuscripts, posters, photographs, and YIVO office correspondence. These reclaimed documents from Vilnius will be organized, preserved, and microfilmed. Copies of the microfilms will be available in New York and in Vilnius.

YIVO Institute, 1048 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10028

## THE FITZROY

by Sally Fiber

The book authored by SALLY FIBER, our speaker on the 1st May on "JEWS IN THE WEST END OF LONDON", has been published and is now available in Australian bookshops. It is "THE FITZROY, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LONDON TAVERN". It is the story of a public house of which Sally's parents and grandparents were the licensees for over sixty years in the West End of London. It is selling for around \$16 and very entertaining, especially for nostalgic former Londoners.

## LITVAK SPECIAL INTEREST GROUP

The former SIG for Northwestern Lithuania has now expanded to encompass the whole of Lithuania and the cost mentioned is only \$US 5.00 for North Americans, which should make it \$US 10 or 12 for Australians with the additional cost for postage.

Send your cheque together with the names of the Lithuanian towns in which you are interested to

EDMUND U. COHLER,  
85 Bloomfield Street,  
Lexington, MA 02173-5534.  
Tel: 0011-1-617-862 1219.

Internet:ecohler@cspi.com

## FOR YOUR INFORMATION

THE 15TH ANNUAL  
SUMMER SEMINAR ON JEWISH  
GENEALOGY  
WILL BE HELD IN

BOSTON  
JULY, 14-19, 1996  
Boston Park Plaza Hotel

Hosted by the Jewish Genealogical Society  
of Greater Boston, Inc.  
P.O. Box 610366, Newton, MA 02161  
0011-1-617-784-0387

## FUTURE SEMINARS ON JEWISH GENEALOGY IN NORTHERN HEMISPHERE SUMMERS

As we announced in our last Issue the 1996 North American Jewish Summer Seminar will be held in Boston. The 1997 International Seminar will be held in Paris, with possibly genealogical side trips being available afterwards to Eastern European locations. Other locations have also been announced:

1998 LOS ANGELES  
1999 NEW YORK CITY  
2000 SALT LAKE CITY

This last one should be in July, still making it possible to be home in Sydney for the Olympic Games in September.

## HISTORIC DOCUMENTS RECALL PRE-WAR FLIGHT TO GREAT BRITAIN

Press Release from World Jewish Relief

Historically important identity cards issued to nearly 10,000 Jewish and 'non-Aryan' Christian children who fled Nazi Germany without their parents have been rediscovered by the Central British Fund for World Jewish Relief (now known as World Jewish Relief).

The organisation persuaded the British Government to allow unaccompanied children from Germany and Austria to enter Britain without national passports or British visas. Identity cards were issued to each child and listed the child's name, date and place of birth, as well as names and addresses of parents. A photograph of the child was attached to each card.

World Jewish Relief would like to return the identity cards to their original owners. Those wishing to reclaim their identity cards should contact the archivist, Dr Amy Gottlieb, at World Jewish Relief, Drayton House, 30 Gordon Street, London, WC1H 0AN.

The full name of the child, date and place of birth and names of parents, if known, should be clearly stated.



## WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE VICTORIAN BRANCH

The Victorian Branch of the Australian Jewish Genealogical Society began just four months ago and already, the interest and enthusiasm of our members has shown itself. We've had four well attended meetings which covered a wide range of topics. Ephraim Finch, the Director of the Melbourne Chevra Kadisha, spoke about his database and the fascinating family connections he has managed to unravel (see the last issue of The Kosher Koala).

Our Beginner's Workshop gave some insights to many of those who attended on how to begin their research and what basic resources are available. Rhonda Lasky shared her family research triumphs while explaining how she became involved in genealogy and the paths she followed.

In October, we were lucky to have Arline and Sid Sachs visit and demonstrate the cemetery project database. Many people have shown interest in this and we hope that in the future, our members will contribute to this worthy project. In November, one of our best known Australian genealogists, Nick Vine Hall outlined the many Australian resources available. Due to his wide knowledge of these genealogical resources, there are a number of our members who now have a new research path to pursue.

Our last function for the year will be a Chanukah get together where we will light candles and nibble on festive food while sharing our family history research to date and discussing what our future requirements are. This will create a greater awareness of our needs and the possibility of helping each other with future research.

For 1996, we are planning a number of workshop, speaker and information evenings which will cover topics such as how to access information at the Mormon Family History Centres, what genealogical resources are available on the Internet, a visit to the State Library of Victoria to learn about their genealogical resources and many more.

Our functions, which are held at the Makor Library at the Beth Weizman Community Centre, are always accompanied by a wonderful display of genealogical resources which enhance the occasion.

Please note that we are now receiving many exchange periodicals from overseas Jewish Genealogical Societies and recommend that you should consult them regularly.

Many thanks to Ros Collins and the Library staff for their help.

Ester Czaky  
Honorary Secretary,  
Victorian Branch



## FOREBEARS AUSTRALIAN FAMILY FINDER

Our Family Finder column will be charged for at the rate of \$AUS 8 for 25 words plus address and telephone number, or fax number of inquirer. For overseas advertisements \$US 5 if sent in cash OR for cheques \$US10 due to new high bank exchange rates for cheques in other currencies. Please communicate directly with inquirer, but kindly inform us if this column has helped you to advance in your research.

00034 BERYL WHEELER, 300 PICTON ROAD, MALDON, 2671, NSW. Information sought on grandfather SAMUEL ISRAEL who came to Australia from Egypt via England circa 1864. Married LEAH HARRIS in 1866 and EMILY HOLDEN in 1905 and died 1929-1932 in Chippendale, Sydney.

00035 SIMCHA MANDELBAUM, POB 328, JERUSALEM, ISRAEL. Information sought about Rabbi BEZALEL MANDELBAUM born in TUROV 1864, who came to Australia in 1905, served as rabbi and shochet in Broken Hill, Perth and Ballarat. Died 18 August, 1940. Daughters Rae Jordan (died 1978), Mrs Rose Lipton and Greenberg. Also grandson Robert CHARNEY/CZERNY.

00036 KEIRA QUINN LOCKYER, POB 635, CORA, 2794 NSW AUSTRALIA. Tel: 61-63-411 517. Information sought on great-grandparents BENJAMIN KEYSOR/KEYZOR, probable Sephardi origin, born circa 1854 probably London, and wife JULIA BENJAMIN, England, and children, one of whom was NELLIE born circa 1882. Married Judge Brian Adams and emigrated to USA.

00037 PASCAL LABARRE c/- A.J.G.S., P.O. Box 154, Northbridge, Sydney 2063, NSW, Australia. Fax 61-2-9967 2834. View inheritance, a French law firm is looking for descendants of Hungarian-born RENEE and ARANKA KLOPFER, married names unknown, emigrated to Australia between 1926-1940.

00038 DAGMAR GAPINSKI, Sandweg 2b, 21509, Glinda, Germany seeks JUDITH GUTMANN née BENEDYK and daughter MARIANNE or MARGARET, once of BELLEVUE HILL, Sydney. Judith may have been born in Jerusalem. Also seeking Mrs ALOISE AUBRAM. Fax in Germany 49-407-106924.



**AUSTRALIAN JEWISH GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY DATA BASE**  
**Names being researched by our new members**      **December, 1995**

<b>Id</b>	<b>Surname</b>	<b>Town</b>	<b>Province</b>	<b>Country</b>	<b>Dates</b>
104	ANISH	WARSZAWA		POLAND	Up to WWI
107	BANDER	DROGOBYCH		UKRAINE	Pre 1900
107	BANDER	BORISLAV		UKRAINE	Pre 1900
107	BINKOFSKY			POLAND	Pre 1865
99	BIRNBAUM	KOLBUSZOWA	RZESOW	POLAND	
108	CHAZAN	GRODNO		BELARUS	1930's
108	CHAZAN	MOSKVA		RUSSIA	1920
102	COHEN	KAISIADORYS		LITHUANIA	Pre 1900
101	COLLINS	SYNEY		AUSTRALIA	1845+
105	COPELEVITCH	ODESSA		UKRAINE	1905
102	COPERNIC	VILNIUS		LITHUANIA	Pre 1900
100	DANKER	RATHENOW		GERMANY	Pre 1855
99	FINK	GRODEK		POLAND	
109	FRIEDLAENDER	BERLIN		GERMANY	Up to 1942
108	GAKEM	GRODNO		BELARUS	1900
100	HAUSSMANN	RACIBORZ	SILESIA	POLAND	1849-1873
108	KAGAN	GRODNO		BELARUS	1900
104	KALISKER	KHERSON		UKRAINE	Up to 1890
102	KATZ	SILALE		LITHUANIA	Pre 1900
107	KERMAN	BORISLAV		UKRAINE	Pre 1900
107	KERMAN	DROGOBYCH		UKRAINE	Pre 1900
107	KOCHEFSKY			POLAND	Pre 1865
99	KRAUSE	WARSZAWA		POLAND	
108	LAPIN	GRODNO		BELARUS	1930's
107	LEIDER	ZOLOCHEV		UKRAINE	Pre 1900
102	LEVIN	KAISIADORYS		LITHUANIA	Pre 1900
102	LEVINE	KAISIADORYS		LITHUANIA	Pre 1900
102	LEVITAS	KONOTOPI		UKRAINE	Pre 1900
106	LOPES SALZEDO	LONDON		ENGLAND	1850+
106	LOPES SALZEDO	MANCHESTER		ENGLAND	1870+
107	MARCUS			POLAND	Pre 1865
102	MEYERS	SEDUVA		LITHUANIA	1800-1899
104	OBERMAN	ROSH PINA		ISRAEL	
105	POLACK	Any		POLAND	1870's
105	ROSENBERG	ODESSA		UKRAINE	1905
106	SABEL		KAUNAS	LITHUANIA	1890+
106	SABEL	LONDON		ENGLAND	1890+
100	SCHLESINGER	RACIBORZ	SILESIA	POLAND	1849-1873
107	SCHOEN	DROGOBYCH		UKRAINE	Pre 1900
107	SCHOEN	BORISLAV		UKRAINE	Pre 1900
105	SCHWARTZ	BIALYSTOK		POLAND	Around 1917
107	SELINGER	DROGOBYCH		UKRAINE	Pre 1900
107	SELINGER	BORISLAV		UKRAINE	Pre 1900
108	SHKLARSKY	GRODNO		BELARUS	1930's
104	SIKIERKA	WARSZAWA		POLAND	Up to WWI
99	SIMONSKY	Any		RUSSIA	
102	STRIMLING	SIAULIAI		LITHUANIA	Pre 1900
103	VERCHUN	POLTAVA		UKRAINE	1820-1920's
107	WINKLER	ZOLOCHEV		UKRAINE	Pre 1900
107	WOLF			POLAND	Pre 1865
106	WOLFERS	LONDON		ENGLAND	1850+