



MISHPOCHOLOGY

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Zoom Program: Sunday, March 19, 2023

(12:45 p.m. Socializing) (1:00 p.m. Program)

Using y-DNA and mtDNA in Genealogy Research
by Gil Bardige

For more information or to access the Zoom link:

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President's Spiel by Kim Sheintal

Need help and/or a jump start with your Jewish genealogical research? If so, continue reading.

Attending JGS of SW FL Zoom programs is a great way to get help with your genealogy. You learn from the speakers and get to meet JGS members who are eager to help you with your research at a time convenient for both of you. The next JGS of SW FL Zoom will feature Gil Bardige on March 19 presenting Using y-DNA and mtDNA in Genealogy Research. This program begins at 1:00 p.m. with socializing at 12:45 p.m.

The annual IAJGS conferences on Jewish Genealogy is a wonderful way to get energized and learn at the same time. This year's IAJGS conference is July 30, 2023 thru August 3, 2023 in London. <https://www.iajgs.org/conferences/future-conferences/>

Genealogy research guidance is available via JewishGen. See details at <https://www.jewishgen.org/education/>

Genealogy by the Week - \$50

Set Your Own time to work with a tutor or coach by the week

Details: <https://www.jewishgen.org/education/edu-individual.html>

Arrange your Zoom Meeting schedule

This service is very popular when you want a research "buddy"

Genealogy by the Hour - \$36

Virtual Conversations with an expert

Details: <https://www.jewishgen.org/education/edu-virtual.html>

Make an appointment for a Zoom Meeting

Ever wish you could just pick up the phone and ask?

Genealogy for Hire

JewishGen Education will work for you (research/reports)

Details by appointment <https://www.jewishgen.org/education/>

For more information about JewishGen help, write to Nancy Holden, Director of Education education@jewishgen.org

If you have a genealogy success story, please let me know at klapshein@aol.com. You could be featured in a future issue of Mishpochology. This issue features a story by JGS of SW FL member Jeffrey Knisbacher who has contributed in the past.

Builders Uncover Jewish WWII Trove in Yard in Poland



About 400 items believed to have been hidden in the ground by their Jewish owners during World War II have been uncovered during house renovation work in a yard in Lodz in central Poland. Glass cosmetic containers, cigarette holders and hundreds of other items were found under a Lodz building. The yard is located at 23 Polnocna Street, just outside the perimeter of the Litzmannstadt Ghetto that the occupying Nazi Germans established in Lodz in February 1940 and until August 1944. The ghetto held about 200,000 Jews from across Europe. Most of the inmates died there or in concentration camps.

Some of the items were found wrapped in Polish, Yiddish, and German language newspapers, which were dated to around October 1939, Israel's Ynet news site said.

They were found in December, and two of the Hanukkahs were lighted December 22 during Chanukah organized by Lodz's Archaeology Museum. They are mostly silver-plated tableware, menorahs and glass containers for cosmetics, according to the regional office for the preservation of historic objects. After restoration and cleaning, items found in the trove will be handed over to the Museum of Archeology and Ethnography in Lodz, where researchers will try to determine the identity of the items' owner.

Gazecie Wyborczej, an archaeologist in Lodz, said that the items appeared to have been buried in a hurry, likely when the owners were ordered to appear in the Lodz Ghetto. According to Wyborczej, the site of the building used to be a synagogue.

For more information see:

<https://vinnews.com/2023/01/08/builders-uncover-jewish-wwii-trove-in-yard-in-poland/>; and

<https://www.timesofisrael.com/menorahs-and-tableware-hidden-from-nazis-polish-builders-uncover-jewish-wwii-trove/>

Jan Meisels Allen, Chairperson,

IAJGS Public Records Access Monitoring Committee

Wonderful World of Websites

<https://www.livescience.com/genetics-medieval-ashkenazi-jews-germany>

14th Century Ashkenazi Jews and Their Genetic Diversity

https://www.science.org/content/article/meeting-ancestors-history-ashkenazi-jews-revealed-medieval-dna?fbclid=IwAR10Zx33uMf9nadjwrMLhqxVJpLOvXmkyD-p_gE8kADgJ8Q36HmAE8HmKQk

History of Ashkenazi Jews

<https://familytreemagazine.com/heritage/jewish/jewish-genealogy-online-resources/>

10 Essential Online Jewish Genealogy Resources

<https://www.jewishgen.org/Fellowship/>

Future JewishGen Scholars Fellowship in June 2023

(for rising second-fourth year undergraduate students)

8 Best People Search Engines for Finding Anyone

1) TruePeopleSearch <https://www.truepeoplesearch.com/>
type in a last name

see list of all people with that last name

click view details for each person listed

phone numbers appear for each specific person

2) TruthFinder <https://www.truthfinder.com/>

3) Facebook <https://www.facebook.com/>

4) BeenVerified <https://www.beenverified.com/>

5) Zabasearch <https://www.zabasearch.com/>

6) LinkedIn <https://www.linkedin.com/>

7) PeekYou <https://www.peekyou.com/>

8) PeopleFinders <https://www.peoplefinders.com/>

Source: <https://www.lifewire.com/search-engines-that-top-the-web-3482269>

4 Ways to Find Anyone's Number Online

1) People search sites: TruePeopleSearch, Zabasearch, BeenVerified

<https://www.truepeoplesearch.com/>

<https://www.zabasearch.com/>

<https://www.beenverified.com/>

2) Reverse number search: SpyDialer, Zlookup, US Phonebook

<https://www.spydialer.com/>

<https://www.zlookup.com/>

<https://www.usphonebook.com/>

3) Social media

4) Try Googling

Source: <https://www.komando.com/tech-tips/find-phone-numbers-online/777485/>

6 Tricks to Find Anyone on Social Media

<https://www.komando.com/tech-tips/6-tricks-to-find-people-on-social-media/606293/>

Addresses, Phone Numbers, Ages & More

<https://www.searchpeoplefree.com/>

Find by Name, Address, Reverse Phone Look Up

<https://www.anywho.com/>

More Websites to Locate People

<https://www.whitepages.com/person>

<https://www.peoplefinder.com/>

<https://www.peoplesearchnow.com/>

Welcome New Members

Hank Bitterman

Dr. Fred Bloom

Criag Hullinger

Upcoming JGS of SW FL Zoom Programs

Sunday, March 19, 2023 at 1:00 p.m.

Using y-DNA and mtDNA in Genealogy Research

by Gil Bardige

Sunday, April 16, 2023 at 1:00 p.m.

Finding Your Eastern European Jewish Family on JRI-Poland

by Robinn Magid

Jewish Genealogical Society of Southwest Florida Video Archives of Past Zoom Presentations

Go to <http://www.jgsswf.org/>

Look for blue box on the lower left side of the screen.

Scroll down to the blue box that says "Click this box to access the JGSSWF video archives of past meetings."

Click on the blue box.

Please note that some videos are only available for thirty days.

A Picture Is Worth a Thousand Words

This phrase is used to express that it can be easier to show something in a picture than to describe it by speaking words or using the written word. More specifically, it's saying that often one single picture can more effectively convey something, or can depict something more vividly and clearly, than a lot of words—and can certainly do so faster. That's why you may also hear or see the phrase as one picture is worth a thousand words. It is also often written with a conjunction as a picture's worth a thousand words. Source: <https://thewordcounter.com/what-does-a-picture-is-worth-a-thousand-words-mean>

Fortunate are those whose families took and saved photos. Even more fortunate are those who labeled the photos.



Aaron Klapman and Phyllis Klapman (nee Lebovitz) at their wedding on June 22, 1949 at the Drake Hotel in Chicago.

Down the Rabbit Hole (*We're Not in Kansas Any More*—Dorothy, Wizard of Oz) by Jeffrey Knisbacher

In a previous article in this journal I alluded to a recent discovery of seven typed pages of poetry that my mother had left behind, and described my search for the target of two of those poems, Sam and Mildred Pelovitz, friends of my parents that I had never met. Here I want to introduce two more of her poems, one of general interest and the second, about a family that I DID know, in fact grew up with and was aware of almost all my life.

As a general example of my mother's sense of fun, there is this, reminiscent, to me at least, of Lewis Carroll:

Higgledy Piggledy

Higgledy Piggledy
Theodore Roosevelt
Busted the trusts
With his trusty old ax

Then with his Rough Riders
Melodramatically
Charged San Juan Hill – we're still
Paying it back!

Higgledy Piggledy
Wise old King Solomon
Wasn't as wise as all
That by a straw

Thousand wives stir blissful
Memorabilia
Ponder though, one thousand
Mothers-in-law!

But it is the poem below, dedicated to Mitchell Stevan; that is the real focus here. He and his wife Hilda were among our parents' closest friends, whom my siblings and I knew well through many summer vacation hours either at the Passens' shore house on the Magothy River (close friends of our grandparents) or rented beach houses in Bethany Beach or Rehoboth, Delaware.

For M. Stevan's 50th Birthday: The Age of This Aquarius

Hail to thee, Blithe Attorney!
We bear witness to your journey
Of fifty, fine, degenerate years.
But shed no illegitimate tears –
For the alternative to 50's fact
Is Life's termination of Contract.
(Read the fine print, learned Yokel!
And don't squint! Use your bifocals!)

But don't trounce your spirits, Counselor,
Bounce them, bounce them back once more.
No bankrupt self awaits. Your fate?
Right on! To cogitate and copulate,
With the very briefest of briefcases.
Your LLB-ship should embrace this
Judicious blend of Legality
With ever New Morality.

Anont ensuring further measure
Of your sybaritic pleasures
In your legalistic hours,
We'll inveigle mystic powers
To crown all six decrepit feet of you –
The bitter and the sweet of you --:
Sage! Quinquagenarian!
The Rage of Antiquarians!

Happy Half Century!
From the Undersigned (and Overaged)

My mother had known Mitchell from her teenage summer camp days as shown in this photo from one of her albums. Sharp's Farm, May 1935, when my mother wasn't quite 15 years old and he was about 14 and born under the sign of Aquarius (from the citation below):

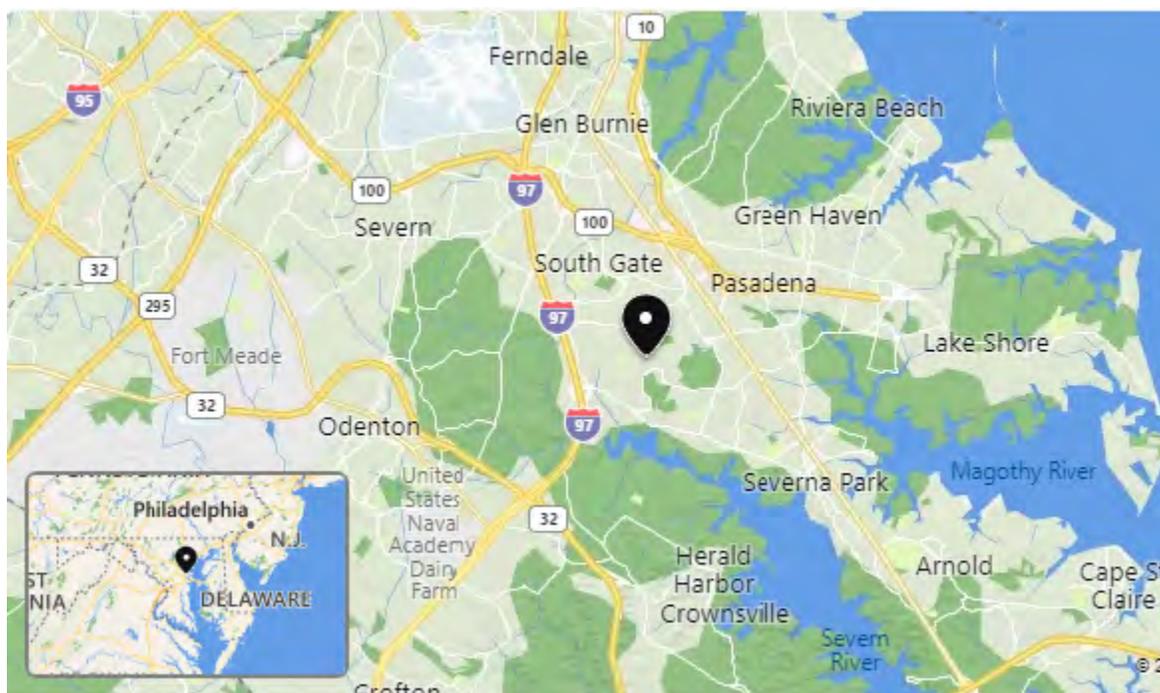


MITCHELL STEVAN (born January 28, 1921), American lawyer
<https://prabook.com/web/mitchell.stevan/1200533>

Another of her pictures shows Hilda Stevan (sitting in the center) with her daughter Joan to her left, friend Mickey Silverstein to her right and my sister Ellen in the tire, at the Passens' shore on the Magothy River, near Severna Park, Maryland, 1950:



The Magothy River on the map below is the large blue body of water at the extreme right, just below the midline, opposite Severna Park. In those days, this was not an area that was particularly hospitable to Jews and I have no idea how our grandparents' friends managed to purchase it. As an example of those times, our parents gave us pretty much free rein to wander around to our hearts' delight, with one exception. They told us to stay away from a tavern at end of the block where we parked before going down the hill to the house pictured above and the river below it. Of course, when you tell kids something like that, you only arouse their curiosity. Sure enough, it was not a healthy place and after one encounter we never ventured there again. The reason: A sign on the side of the building: No niggers, kikes or dogs!



For us kids, those summers were idyllic. Halfway down the hill from the street to the house there was another novelty—an outhouse! I don't remember if there was also a toilet in the summer cottage or not, but for us city hicks, this was the height of cool! At the shore below, we had fun building sand castles, chasing the minnows in the water at our feet, swimming and boating. Actually in 1950, at the age of almost nine, I had not yet learned to swim. But when the other kids said let's get on the raft and head out, I immediately joined them. At some point mid river, their parents called out to them to come home since dinner was almost ready. They obliged by jumping off and swimming back. Of course I just stayed put, enjoying the sun and the breeze with not the slightest hint of danger. My parents, on the other hand, were waving frantically and calling out to me, but by then I was too far from shore to even hear them. But soon enough my father and some other parent had rowed out to me, took me onboard the boat and towed the raft behind them back to shore. Never to be forgotten!

Back to the Stevans. Mitchell and my father got along famously as both were strong swimmers and delighted in swimming together far out from shore during summer vacations on the Atlantic Ocean (often to my mother's annoyance or fear). Hilda and Mitch had two daughters, Joan and Lynn, as can be seen from this excerpt from my own memoirs and the annotation to the second picture below made by Hilda:

"Frequently we were joined at the shore by our parents' close friends Mitchell and Hilda Stevan and their children. Joan was the older of the two and the only one I really remember, but I do recall that they had a boxer dog. In those days dogs were allowed on the beach. That boxer, Sheilah, loved to plunge in the surf and since we never had a dog of our own (apart from a stray that lived with us for a week), I particularly enjoyed those outings. In the first picture below, from the summer of 1955, I am in the center, behind another dog, apparently a dachshund, that we had dug into the sand and outfitted with glasses and a bucket for a hat. Our sister Ellen is to my right, partially blocked by Joan Stevan. The boy to her right is our brother Mitch, and the girl to his right is Joan's younger sister Lynn. Of the two girls on the left (according to Hilda Stevan, 24 August 2011): They and the dog were probably pick-ups, kids that we met on the beach and played with.



Regarding the second picture below, Hilda writes:

“Yes that is Sheilah - she belonged to Diana (Mitch’s sister) & Ami Kramer, mostly to their son John. We kept her for a year while they were in Israel but when they came back it was obvious from Sheilah’s reaction to John’s return that we had to give her back. Soon after, my Dad found Champ who needed a new home and made it with us.”

From left to right the kids are my sister Ellen, my brother Mitch and Lynn Stevan.



JAN • 56 •

And Hilda, standing on the right in the picture below, together with Dorothy Shpritz were the last two friends to visit my mother in the Ruxton Nursing Home in Pikesville (NW Baltimore suburb), two days before Christmas, 2008 just prior to her death on Jan. 2, 2009:



At my mother's unveiling on November 12, 2009, Hilda approached me and asked that I be present at HER funeral. Sadly for me that never happened. We were still in Baltimore at the time, 2016, but preparing for a two week trip to Poland that began on June 17, with a one week bike trip around the Pomeranian Baltic coast, followed by a week at the annual Jewish Festival in Cracow. Nobody then alerted us to her passing because nobody we knew was yet aware. Equally sad, as we learned a few months later from Betty Seidel (another lifelong friend who went to school with Hilda), there apparently was no funeral, even though Mitch and Hilda had two daughters (Joan and Lynn mentioned above) and even though Hilda had expressly asked me to be at her funeral. Adding to the mystery, the obituary below says Hilda didn't want a funeral, contradicting what she had told me though Betty Seidel did tell me after Hilda's passing that Hilda was not at all religious and might have been joking when she asked me to attend her funeral. Hilda's two daughters in the obit below, if they are indeed Joan and Lynn, apparently don't go by those names any more:

Hilda Stevan Obituary – Baltimore, MD (dignitymemorial.com)
OBITUARY
Hilda Stevan
18 JANUARY, 1923 – 17 MAY, 2016
Stevan

On May 17, 2016 Hilda Stevan, the Wife of the late Mitchell Steven and Grandmother of the late Asher Montandon, passed away. She is survived by her 2 Daughters, Rose and Jamy Stevan; her grandchildren Maccabee Montandon, Zachary Greene, Rose Curtis, and Eli Greene; and her Great-Grandchildren Oona and Daphne Montandon and Eddie Curtis.

To honor Hilda's wishes, there will be no service, and everything will be held privately with the family.

Apart from the lack of a funeral, the different names for the daughters and "Hilda's wishes", this obituary seems unusual for also failing to mention Hilda's maiden name, which I didn't then know. (Nonagenarian Betty Seidel has since informed me that she was born Hilda Rubin.) In doing brief research for the latter (via a search for MONTANDON), I came across this very sad news item about a Stevan family tragedy, and I remember my mother decades back (before the event below) talking of an earlier tragedy, the details of which are unknown to me. Considering such a sad history, it might well be that Hilda had a change of heart about a funeral, not wanting the occasion to call for the retelling of devastating news. Presumably Mac below is Maccabee Montandon from the obit above and now we know about Asher:

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/mac-montandon/how-the-murder-of-my-brot_b_6133408.html
How the Murder of My Brother Forced Me to Finally Stand My Ground against Gun Violence in America



PAUL J. RICHARDS via Getty Images

I once quit a summer job so I could make it to a PETA rally. At the time I was less concerned about the treatment of animals than I was about how my high school girlfriend, a vegetarian, would treat me. I found her far more alluring than social activism.

Back then, I was also a member of a group called SANE — I believe it stood for Students Against Nuclear Energy. I attended a couple of meetings in dimly lit auditoriums and basements before bailing. I'd joined not because I cared much about nuclear energy — hell, I barely knew anything about it — but because all the cool punk and New Wave kids were in SANE, so I had to be, too.

As I grew up, I began to care more about the world around me. During many moments in my life I've had strong feelings, but an even stronger aversion to going public with them. Why take such a risk, my thinking went, when it likely leads to little or no real change in the world?

That all changed on June 17, 1992. That early morning my brother, Asher, was murdered during a botched robbery attempt on South Detroit Street in Los Angeles. He was killed on the same block where we lived with a cousin in a cramped apartment. He was barely 24 years old. Asher had moved in two weeks earlier, down from Northern California after graduating college. We had big plans, us three. We had movie scripts in the works. Acting classes. Plans to take Hollywood by storm. We never had the chance.

My brother was shot in the lung and aorta, according to the police report. He was shot through the driver's side window as he tried to speed away from the young man with the cheap gun.

Everything changed that day. But, for me, it changed not all at once; it changed slowly, over 21 years.

During that summer of 1992, through the hazy, under-slept thoughts that arranged themselves in my brain like spider webs, a feeling emerged. It was, naturally, inchoate but pointed to something real. The feeling was this: I had to act. Had to take a position, a stand. No longer could I sit silently watching the latest school massacre, which invariably brought up memories of that June day in 1992.

But, yes, the change was slow. For years, decades, I did nothing. The guilt grew. I felt complicit in the shooting deaths of school kids. Still, I did nothing.

Finally, last year, I began to act. I started in the way I felt I could, in a way I understood: I started by writing about my brother's death. Not long after I published an essay about his murder and the rough aftermath, a friend of a friend contacted me. She was working for Moms Demand Action for Gun Sense in America, the organization that came alive on December 15, 2012, the day after the Sandy Hook Elementary School massacre. Their aim, in part, is to do for gun violence what Mothers Against Drunk Driving did for senseless car deaths.

I met with this new friend and we talked about ways I might help the organization — and how it might help me. I thought about what made sense, how I could contribute. More time passed but now I was less frustrated with my inactivity; I knew I was headed somewhere...

Post Script: Betty Seidel, my mother's other close friend mentioned in the narrative above, passed away as per the obit below.

Betty Irene Samuels Seidel, of Baltimore, Maryland, passed away on November 11, 2022 at the age of 100. She was the beloved wife of the late Solomon Mishel Seidel; daughter of the late Louis Samuels, Esq. and of community leader Anna Nechama Schuman Samuels;

daughter-in-law of the late Dr. Herman and Rose Seidel. She is survived by her treasured family Ethan, Deborah, Arthur, David, Laura, Matthew, Jessica, Adam and Alyssa.

Per Betty's desire, funeral services are private. Donations may be directed to Hadassah of Greater Baltimore, PO Box 21571, Pikesville, MD 21282 or Beth Am Synagogues, 2701 N. Charles St., Suite 401, Baltimore, MD 21217. Betty wished that her full life be remembered with joy and with the doing of a kind word or deed for someone in need. (Published in Legacy on Nov. 15, 2022)

This is the end of an era for us. Betty's mother Anna Samuels was a leader in the Baltimore Jewish community, one time president of her Hadassah chapter, the wife of judge Louis Samuels, the woman who provided the substantial monetary guarantee then required that Anita's family (immigrating from Montevideo, Uruguay) would not be a burden on society, and the woman who arranged a teaching job for her immediately upon her arrival in Baltimore in 1962. Anna's father-in-law Dr. Herman Seidel was Anita's first physician, a leading Baltimore Zionist and one of the founders of the Habonim Labor Zionist summer camp, still in existence today. And Betty's husband Mishel Seidel is pictured in some of my mother's other camp photos. Upon his return from WWII, he opened a music store in Baltimore and hired my father to build the store fixtures. Prior to our move to Florida Anita often drove Betty to the various functions she was involved in and occasionally both of us took her to lunch with us, as seen in the picture below taken in 2018.



To the very end of her life she was also the writer of witty doggerel poetry, as mentioned in the Sol Levinson Funeral Home comment on her passing:

December 2, 2022: "I'm sorry to learn of Betty's death. We became friends from sharing poems at Beth Am Synagogue's annual Poetry Shabbat. She was so gracious and supportive. May her memory be a blessing. Jackie Oldham, friend."

In observance of Betty's wishes expressed in her obit, I include this very joyous Legacy.com picture of her in her youth:





MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

The Jewish Genealogical Society of Southwest Florida (JGS of SW FL) is a non-profit organization dedicated to collecting, preserving, and disseminating genealogical information among people interested in Jewish genealogy and family history.

The purpose of the JGS of SW FL is to assist individuals in learning about Jewish genealogy and methods for researching family history. Activities include documenting surnames/places and presenting programs of interest to Jewish genealogical researchers. Programs are held on the third Sunday of each month at 1:00 p.m. from November thru April. All membership levels include a subscription to an electronic copy of Mishpochology, JGS of SW FL quarterly newsletter. While the majority of members reside in the greater Sarasota-Manatee area, the JGS of SW FL has members located around the country. Anyone interested in Jewish genealogy, regardless of their religion, is welcome to become a member. JGS of SW FL members are willing to share their knowledge with beginning and experienced researchers.

Founded in 1996, JGS of SW FL has almost 50 members. Governed by a board of directors in accordance with its by-laws, JGS of SW FL encourages all members to volunteer and participate in its operation. JGS of SW FL is a member of the International Association of Jewish Genealogical Societies, connecting its members with more than 90 national and local Jewish Genealogical Societies around the world.



www.jgsswf.org | facebook.com/JGSSWF | info@jgsswf.org



Please check one:

- Single membership
\$25.00/year
- Family membership
\$30.00/year
- Sustaining membership
\$50.00/year

JGS of SW FL dues year is
January 1-December 31.

**Please mail form and check
(payable to JGS of SW FL) to:**

**JGS of SW FL
C/O Liz Klaber, Treasurer
5389 Manchini Street
Sarasota, FL 34238**

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____ Apt _____

City/St/Zip _____

Email _____ Phone _____

List surnames of research, followed by town and country (or U.S. city and U.S. state) using CAPITAL LETTERS for surnames only.

(Example: TAUB from Warsaw, Poland)

(Example: GOLDMAN from Chicago, IL)

