A FAMILY STORYBOOK

Ellis Island

The Families of
Glickstein/Lenchitz/Katz

Compiled and Edited by

Stanley S. Glickstein & Julie S. Ruvkun

Dedication

This book is dedicated to our dear and beloved family who has given us a library of cherished memories to be passed on to future generations.

-Stanley Glickstein & Julie Ruvkun

Acknowledgement

The editors wish to express their sincere appreciation to all those family members who took the time to detail and enter on paper their interesting and revealing stories about their families. The many old pictures that were dug up from the past by many of the contributors are worthy of being called true treasures. We would also like to acknowledge the support provided by one of the editor's son, Steven Glickstein for providing his expertise with the compilation of the book and help with inputting the contents into the publisher's website.

Preface

These family stories contain our family's personal narratives and photos. It is a gift we can give generations of our family members. By reading the stories and seeing the photographs from our family, our children and grandchildren can understand who they are and from whence they came. It is only when one stops telling these stories, that someone is truly gone. Compiling the stories in this book, are a labor of love from Stanley Glickstein to us all. Your contributions to this book are a labor of love from you to all the family readers. While these stories take place in distinctly different points in time, and are about many different people, they weave together a fabric of our family's history, and in many ways the Jewish American immigrant experience.

-Julie Glickstein Ruvkun - June 2020

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Thoughts after talking with Aunt Esther Glickstein on Friday, May 15, 2020
From Rags to Riches: We Have Lived the American Dream
"I have lived the American dream!" Those were the words that Aunt Esther Camhi Glickstein said to me yesterday during our telephone conversation.

It has probably been more than 20 years since my aunt, and I have spoken to one another. The Family Storybook I am helping put together made me pick up the phone and inquire how she has been during these long-lost years. It was a wonderful, warm, and most enjoyable conversation, a treasurable moment. It gives me the desire to engage with other long-lost family members. But those words that she said, "I have lived the American dream!" It made me aware of how true it is. OUR family has lived the American dream. The dream started when our grandfathers, great-grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers decided to leave the shtetls in Europe. Getting from small towns like Podwoloczyska or Rygrod and then stop in a port city to wait for a ship to take them to America; that was not easy. Some stayed for maybe a week, month, or year. They needed enough money for their ticket to new land. Eventually they boarded the crowded steamship and travelled countless days on the ocean … and finally the Statue of Liberty, America. They arrived in a new country with an unfamiliar language. They located relatives or friends who made the trip earlier and soon established a foothold in this strange land. If you ever visited the Tenement Museum in NYC, you would understand the difficult life they endured in the early 1900's. My grandfather Nathan (Pop) worked as a tailor in the garment district all his life. In the early years he would go from job-to-job, being fired each time because he refused to work on Saturday, his Sabbath. Finally, his employer Rosenblum allowed him to take off on Saturday and work instead on Sunday. He stayed at Rosenblum's for all his remaining working days. Other family members took a position as a window washer, a milkman, grocer, or an egg candler. They worked long hours to sustain their families. But they pursued. Many began opening their own business like a fruit store, butcher shop or auto repair shop. They left the tenements to larger apartments in other areas of the country. In time, some were able to purchase their own private home and life changed. Education for their children was always a foremost concern. From these early beginnings, seeds were planted, and our parents began to see their dreams fulfilled. The fruits of their labor became doctors, lawyers, scientists, engineers, nurses, teachers, and leaders in business.
Yes, my aunt Esther Camhi Glickstein is right, from rags to riches, we are all beginning to live the American dream. The family tales contained within this Storybook represents living proof. Enjoy!

-Stanley Glickstein – May 2020

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Late Submissions

It is our (Stanley and Julie) hope that this book will be a "living working document" of our family story. As time goes by, we would love to add your stories and photos to this book. Therefore, we are adding an additional appendix to this book. The second Appendix will be for photos and stories submitted after the first edition of the book has been completed and printed. Once you get this book and your memory is jogged a bit, and you want to add more to our family story, we hope you know that there is a place for your additions. There is always room for more. Thank you all for sharing your stories, anecdotes and photos to this endeavor. We are eternally grateful.

Much Love,

Stanley & Julie

A Family Storybook

A FAMILY STORYBOOK

Compiled and Edited by Stanley S. Glickstein & Julie S. Ruvkun

Introduction

The Bible speaks of recording names of family members. In Numbers 1:2 the following is written:

"On the first day of the second month, in the second year following the exodus from the land of Egypt, the Lord spoke to Moses in the wilderness of Sinai, in the Tent of Meeting (Tabernacle) saying take a census of the whole Israelite community by the clans of its ancestral houses, listing the names, every male, head by head. You and Aaron shall record them by their group, from the age of twenty years up, all those in Israel who are able to bear arms."

Almost 60 years ago, I took up the Lord's request and began taking a census of our family. That was my gateway into the genealogy world. Today, I am happy and privileged to continue this task. At present, there are over 1500 persons entered into our family database. It has been an exciting and rewarding adventure and has resulted in the self-publication of several books. The first entitled, A Road Well Traveled details my personal history from birth to how I got to where I am today. The second book entitled, Beyond the Road records details of the Podwoloczyska Society, a fraternal organization for family members who originated from the small town of Podwoloczyska (today in Ukraine.) It contains photographs of over 30 tombstones of family members buried in the organization's cemetery in Long Island, NY. A memorial book for my departed wife Joan has also been published and a similar memorial book has been compiled for my daughter Cathy who was taken from us in 2018. These books are available by going to the Lulu website at www.Lulu.com and searching for Stanley Glickstein. Additional information on the family history from members of our family can be found in the Reference section, Memories and Miracles by Tzertel Kenner, Once upon a time I was a rabbi among many other things by Rabbi Solomon Lenchitz and Pictorial Oddities from Hebraic Literature by Solomon Lenchitz. Other references to our family stories and history can be found in the references section located at the end of the book.

Some time ago, I was corresponding with my cousin Julie Ruvkun. She was trying to gain some information about our grandfather Nathan Glickstein's life. As a result of these communications it occurred to me that we all have some tales to tell that would be of interest to our mutual families. I asked myself; in addition to compiling hard facts like names and dates associated with family members, why not put together a Family Storybook?

Perhaps the best reason for undertaking such a task is explained in the following words that have been extracted from the FAMILY HISTORY THEATRE, a virtual History Museum. It can be found at: http://www.museumoffamilyhistory.com.

I wish that my grandparents, father, uncles, and aunts were still alive so that I could ask them questions about their interesting lives. I would quiz them about their own parents, and record what they had to say for posterity. This would be my most valuable family heirloom. I would use my video camera (with my

tape recorder as backup), and interview them for hours and hours (not all at one time though the temptation would be there) until I had all the possible answers to the questions I posed. Regretfully this is no longer possible, though I have done what I could over the past few years with those family members still able to give such testimony. It would be great if I could find anything, they had written that was autobiographical. If I could do it all over again, I would snap as many photos of them as I could and ask to see and make copies of all their old family photos from their early days. I would forever have a rich written and photographic history of my family, something that I would treasure for the rest of my life.

I must admit that I do have an audio recording of my entire family that I made surreptitiously at a post-Thanksgiving Dinner some twenty years ago, just months before my father would die from cancer. I think that perhaps this is one of the smartest things I have done in my life. I say this in all sincerity because if I had not done this, I would have nothing to listen whenever I wanted to hear his voice again. Listening to his voice almost brings him to life and stimulates my mind to various memories I have of our times together when I was young. On this recording, despite his ill health, he was able to tell some precious stories of his family that would have been lost forever if I had not had the foresight to make this recording. I had realized that he might not be around for our next Thanksgiving's dinner, and perhaps this might be the last time that the entire family was together, sitting down to a holiday meal. This thought was a bitter pill to swallow but knowing that I had the foresight to make this recording and would possess it forever, made this realization more 'palatable.'

The point of telling you all of this is that I want to remind you of the value of recording family history. To be able to pass down the history of one's family and ancestors can serve as a great source of strength and inspiration. It should hopefully remind us of the love that existed between family members, and of the struggles that many of our ancestors had to go through for us to be here today. To interview different members of one's family shows that we are interested in their lives, that we care about them. Hearing the voice of a loved one or seeing their face on a video whenever you want, listening to them tell stories about their lives is touching, even exciting. It provides and effect that cannot be achieved by just reading about it. There is something special, some grand connection that is made between a child and their parents/grandparents that is magnified in this sensory way. Whether the stories they tell us are about their own lives in Europe or in the United States or of others who might have stayed behind in Europe during the war and perished during the Holocaust, these recordings are so very precious, and its importance to the family and its legacy is truly priceless.

Another reason for undertaking this task is voiced by Susan Orlean, the author of a The Library Book. On page 91 of her book, the following is written:

"Writing a book, just like building a library is an act of sheer defiance. It is a declaration that you believe in the persistence of memory.

In Senegal, the polite expression for saying someone has died is to say his or her library has burned. When I first heard that phrase, I did not understand it, but over time came to realize it was perfect. Our minds and souls contain volumes inscribed by our experiences and emotions; everyone's consciousness is a collection of memories we have cataloged and stored inside us; a private life lived. It is something that no one else can entirely share, one that burns down and disappears when we die. But if we can take something from the internal collection and share it – with one person or the larger world, on the page or in a story recited – it takes on its own."

The family stories included on the following pages are from Stan Glickstein's relatives and from his wife, Joan Katz Glickstein's family. Remember, these are just stories remembered; some may be fact, some may contain a bit of fiction. So here are some of our family memories, never to be forgotten.

Author: Stanley Glickstein:

How it All Began

If you return to the Introduction section of this book there are some words quoted from the FAMILY THEATRE. It states the following:

"*I wish that my grandparents, father, uncles and aunts were still alive so that I could ask them questions about their interesting lives. I would quiz them about their own parents, and record what they had to say for posterity".* I can proudly say that I did just that!

It all started with my driving through Chicago, IL in the fall of 1956. I recently graduated as an electrical engineer from The Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn and had taken a job with the General Electric Co. I had just finished my first 3-month assignment in Utica NY and was now headed for my 2nd assignment in Milwaukee WI in GE's X-Ray Division. After finishing 4 or five of these short stay at various GE facilities I would have the opportunity to select one of these sites for a permanent stay.

Traveling by car from Utica to Milwaukee took me through Chicago. I recalled that my grandfather "Pop" Glickstein had recently visited his brother several years ago in Chicago. Out of the blue, I decided to call my great-uncle in Chicago. Not having a clue where he lived, I turned to the Chicago telephone directory. I looked up Glickstein but could not find a listing of anyone by that last name. It was not usual in those days to make an expensive long-distance call that may have cost me 50 cents, but I did. I called Pop explained the situation. I could not understand what Pop was saying in his broken Yiddish/English so Riva (Pop's wife, my great-aunt, grandmother) got on the phone. When I told her that I cannot find any listing under Glickstein in the telephone book she said, "Glickstein, no, his name is BARSHEFSKY! I ended the conversation and found a Barshefsky in the telephone directory. I called, was invited to have a Shabbat dinner at their home and spent a pleasant evening with Pop's nephew. Pop's brother had passed (Pop was not aware that his brother had died.) and this was his son's home. I recall very little of that evening. However, that is how Barshefsky became known to me. I never thought much of this for many more years.

In the early 1960's during one of my usual visit to Pop and Riva; they lived on 235 Remsen Ave, and my parents resided just down the street at 289 Remsen Ave. Somehow it was during that visit that I was interested enough to ask them from whence they came and why. I do not recall but suspect the previous story of my travels to Chicago was what probably initiated the discussion. I am not sure. This discussion was not planned. I wish it were. If it were, I would not have had to record what they were telling me in a *Bell Telephone* "Address Book." That was the only blank paper that I could find. Nevertheless, that is how I entered the world of genealogy.

For the next 20 -30 years I slowly put together some family tree with pencil and paper extending what my dear uncle, Solomon Lenchitz had also been doing. With the advent of the computer this task was made easier, especially with programs like Family Tree maker and others.

In the mid-1990, I sent some of you or your parents a letter mailed to your home address. The letter requested that you please provide information about yourself and your family members such as name,

birth date, anniversary date, etc. I must have received about 50 replies. As a result of that small beginning, I have accumulated over 1500 family names. Each name, along with other information such as pictures, census information, bill of purchase for a 1928 Ford, letters, v-mails from WWII, contracts, etc. All these documents have been entered into a database contained in a computer program called*, Family Tree Maker*. After retiring in 1999, I self-published several books about myself that include our family tree as well as some information about the Podwoloczyski Society. In addition, a semi-fictional book that my wife Joan wrote was also published. If interested, these books can be downloaded from the website *www.Lulu.com* for $1.00. Paper copies of these books are also available. On the *Lulu* site, search for Stanley Glickstein and Joan Glickstein. That should bring you to all the books.

Let us get back to my current request! In my first letter 25 years ago, I asked if anyone would like to write a brief story about yourself or your family. I promised to include those writings in my book, *A Road Well Travelled*. There were several responses and indeed they were included in the book. I always enjoy re-reading these stories. I have included these stories in the section of the book labeled, "Personal Writings, Excerpts from a *Road Well Travelled."*

My Family

It all began in mid-March 1957 when Joan accepted my invitation to a weekend of skiing sponsored by the Penn State Ski Club. Joan and I were both graduate students at Pennsylvania State University. It was our first date and it quickly turned into a whirlwind romance. We were married 4- months later on July 12, 1957. For me, the years at Penn State were the most wonderful years of our lives. Joan had just received her Master's degree in Speech Pathology and began working full time for the local school system. As a graduate student, I received funds working as a Research Assistant in the Physics Dept. while pursing my doctorate in nuclear physics. We had it made and enjoyed every moment. Our son Steven was born Nov. 13, 1960, a day after my birthday. After completing my studies we moved on to Princeton N.J. We spent 3- exciting years at the Princeton University where I accepted a position as a Post-Doc. To keep her fingers in the pie, Joan worked part-time as a Speech Clinician with the Easter Seal Society. While in Princeton we added Barbara and Karen to our family. In 1964, I took a position as a Sr. Scientist with the Bettis Atomic Power Laboratory located in the suburbs of Pittsburgh, PA. It was a government laboratory operated for the Nuclear Navy by Westinghouse Electric Corp. I expected it to be a short stay in Pittsburgh before returning to academia. That short stay has lasted a lifetime. Cathy joined the family in 1967 and we soon settled into our new 5-bedroom home on Challen Drive in Pleasant Hills, PA (a small community 8-miles south of downtown Pittsburgh.) While the kids were growing up, Joan worked part-time in various positions in the field of Speech Pathology. Twenty-two years after receiving her Master's degree she was awarded her Doctor of Philosophy in Speech in 1979. Our kids grew, went off to college and began their own lives. Joan extended her career opening a business in the healthcare field of rehabilitation. She developed an expertise in the field of Alzheimer's disease. In addition, she did consulting and presented educational seminars in cities all across the country. I retired in 1999 and Joan threw in the towel in 2003. We both had enjoyable, rewarding and exciting professional careers. We could not have asked for more. We travelled, saw the world, and just enjoyed ourselves. For our 50th Anniversary we celebrated with our entire wonderful family, all 15 of us on a Disney Cruise. Joan and I were very active members of a small synagogue called Beth Israel Center. We both took on multiple leadership roles throughout the years. After retiring we became docents at the Heinz History Center in

addition to volunteering in many other organizations. In addition, Joan returned to her passion for writing and spent hours typing her short stories and other books. I kept busy engaging in family history and keeping my forever expanding genealogy files together. It was a busy and exciting life.

During the years, our son Steven married Sherri Lerner and has two sons, Jarred and Ethan. Barbara found her match with Seth Sacher and added Elana, Sara, and Max to her family. Karen's gem, Fred Edeson joined our family and added their son Jonah to the tribe. After moving from Pittsburgh to NYC, Israel, back to NYC and finally Stamford CT, Cathy remained single.

Unfortunately, with all the good times life has its misfortunes. My beloved wife Joan was diagnosed with lung cancer in December 2014 and was taken from us in June 2015. Three years later, after a long struggle, Cathy died from colon cancer in October 2018.

Life goes on. We accept and relish the good. Unfortunately, we need to accept the other extreme too. I am grateful for all that I have been given and most proud of what I have produced. Putting together my family history and stories is an exciting adventure that gives me much joy. I hope it inspires others to carry the torch for future generations.

Moving On

The passing of my beloved wife on June 24, 2015 marked an end to 58 years of wedded bliss. While all those joyful memories still linger, life took on an unbelievable change when Joan was taken from me. The void that came with her passing was more difficult than I could ever have imagined.

After Joan was gone, I felt the need to fill the lonely hours of the days, weeks and months that followed. I learned to play bridge, attended lectures and worked hard to find things to do that would help pass the time of day Finally, I got up the nerve to ask a very close friend, Carol Lang if she might know anyone that would be interested in meeting someone newly widowed. Call it luck, good fortune or whatever term is appropriate, a match was made. It happened that Carol's friend also knew of someone who recently lost their husband and would be interested in meeting with me.

Her name and telephone number were given to me. I made the call to Rochelle Steiner. Much to my surprise she was living in Florida for the next 3-months; and so began a 3-month long courtship via telephone and daily e-mails. We met when she returned to Pittsburgh in April and the rest is history. It has been a rewarding relationship for both Rochelle and me. She was brought up on the West side of Manhattan. What can I say, it is not the center of the universe like Brooklyn where I was raised, but I have learned to accept it.

It is now 4-years that we have been together as partners. I recently sold the home I lived in for the past 50 years and purchased a condominium in the same building as Rochelle, called *The Atrium.* It is ideally located in the Oakland section of Pittsburgh directly across from the Carnegie Museum and Carnegie Music Hall. As I look from my balcony, the University of Pittsburgh is to my right and Carnegie Mellon University is to my left. The rail-to-trails bike lane along the river and ends in Washington DC is just a short jaunt from home. I ride the trail at least twice a week. It is a perfect location with sufficient cultural activities, restaurants, and things to keep you busy each day.

Cherished Family Photographs

Most important in my life is our family! Here are some cherished family photographs that were taken at various occasions.

Joan and Stan in our younger days

Steven & Sherri Wedding May 23, 1991

Barbara & Seth Wedding December 21, 1991

Karen and Fred Wedding April 11, 1999

Thanksgiving 2014

Thanksgiving 2002 Backyard Challen Drive

Thanksgiving 2013 at the Sacher home

Celebrating our 50th Wedding Anniversary with a Family Disney Cruise 2007

Celebrating our 50th Wedding Anniversary with a Family Disney Cruise 2007

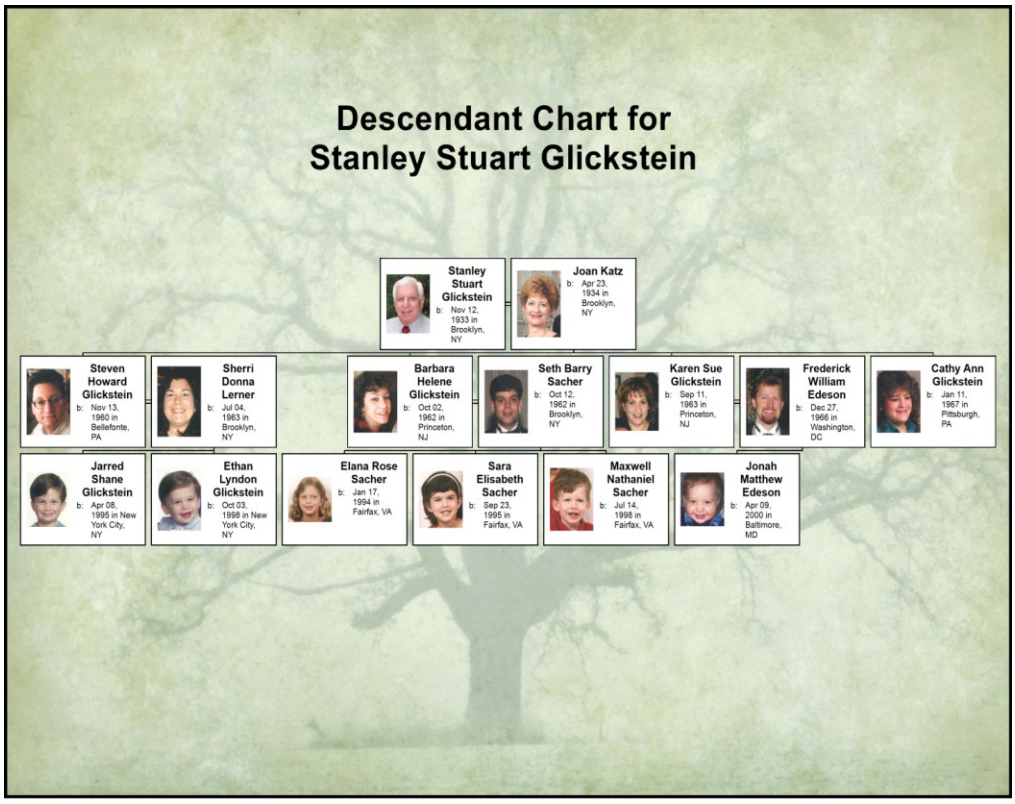
Family Disney Cruise 2009 Repeat performance.

All my cousins are precious and dear to me. The pictures shown below are of cousins I grew up with as brothers and sister on Remsen Avenue. Top: Dovid and Chaim Lenchitz at Cousin Gittel Hartstein's wedding. Bottom: Cousin Rochel Lenchitz Hartstein and Stan Glickstein

Cousins Dovid & Chaim with Stan Glickstein

Some of Rochel Lenchitz Hartstein's writings are included in the section on

: Excerpts from "*A Road Well Travelled*."



Stan & Joan at Niagara Falls many years ago

Rochelle Steiner at Pelican Cove Condominium, Sarasota, FL

Stan & Rochelle at the Atrium Condominium, Pittsburgh, PA

Author: Stanley Glickstein

A Note to My Dearest Uncle, Sol Glickstein

October 15, 2010

Dear Uncle Sol:

I am not sure when I will get around to updating this first draft of, *A Road Well Traveled – Family History and Genealogy – Part I.* There is always something else to do. Until I finalize this version and then print the second half which contains all the genealogical data, I thought I would send you this first printed edition. You probably have one of the earlier versions on a computer disk from which you may have printed the contents.

I am sending you this copy and want to thank you for being such a wonderful uncle. I neglected to include in the book, a thank-you-note to you and all my dear relatives.

To you dear uncle, I offer the following thanks:

- Thanks for the Charley McCarthy doll. I am still looking for it.

- Thanks for taking me to the Gilbert store in Manhattan to buy the erector set. I used the money I received from my bar-mitzvah gifts to purchase the set. I still remember traveling on the train and schlepping that heavy #11 Erector Set. (It was the largest set available without the trains.) I was able to build the parachute jump. My grandson Max now has the erector set. It is like new.

- Thanks for the letting me borrow and later have your Schwinn bicycle. (I must have been 11 at the time and you may have received it for your bar-mitzvah.) I very clearly remember taking apart the rear brakes (just for fun.) Unfortunately, I was unable to put it back together. The bike was still your bike at that time. I was worried that you were going to be angry. When you saw what I did, you said, "No problem" and just helped put the brakes back together. I am talking about taking the inside of the coaster brake apart. No one will appreciate the story if they have not taken apart a coaster brake. By the way, I finally gave the bike to Shia (Uncle Charlie) in 1960. He cannot recall what he finally did with it. It served us for many good years.

- Thanks for buying me the book, "*Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges 1954-1955*." My name was included in that volume. I was not going to spend $5.00 to purchase the book. Neither was anyone else. Who could afford such an outrageous expense? When you heard about it, you said I had to have it and you would pay for the book. While the pages are wilted, I cherish the copy you bought me.

- Thanks for giving me the honor to be your best man at your wedding.

There are plenty more thanks that I have probably been missed. The best one is thanks for being such a wonderful uncle for all these 77 years!

Your loving nephew,

Stan (Butch**)**

Author: Stanley Glickstein

Passing of My Dad, Morris Glickstein

January 30, 2015

My dad suffered from a weak heart for many years. He was not able to care for himself, so he resided in his own home with support from a full-time live-in companion. She was super. She cared for him 24-hours/day. There came a time when he would be rushed to the Greenwich Hospital for a 24-hour infusion which kept him going for another two to three weeks. It was my sister Cynthia who took on the task of keeping him alive. Since I lived in Pittsburgh, I tried to make it into CT, flying in every few weeks. After I discovered that my sister was keeping the bad news away from my ears, I insisted that she tell me the truth and I would make the decision as to whether I would fly in to see him or wait it out and learn of his miraculous recovery.

On one of the weekends that I came in for a visit he was rushed to the hospital. We all sat with him in his room that Saturday and things go very bad. On Sunday, the news from the doctor was even worse. He lay in his hospital bed with tubes hanging from all over. My sister said to me, what should we do? It was really the first time she asked my opinion. I said it was time to let go. She said to me, "you tell the doctor!" Within 30-minutes, all the tubes were removed, and he was lying peacefully in the hospital bed.

He opened his eyes and said to us, "I want to go home!" We tried to explain that it was best that he remains where he was and get the best care that was available. However, he insisted that he wanted to go home. He was angry. My sister again explained that it was best that he stays in the hospital. However, his anger became more intense and he insisted that he wanted to go home for a short time, and then he would come back. WOW! Of course, we would agree to take him home. We needed to rent an ambulance and get a doctor's release. It was early Sunday afternoon. The doctor was not around. It seemed like an eternity waiting for the release.

Being Sunday, there was no private ambulance available. We passed on the ambulance and somehow managed to get him dressed and into my sister's car. We took him home. It was difficult getting him out of the car, then out of the car and into the chair that took him up the 5-steps to the first floor of his home. He sat in his kitchen and said he wanted pizza. I quickly ran out and brought back a large pizza that everyone consumed except my father. He was not hungry. He was HOME and he loved it.

After maybe 2-hours passed, he said he wanted to get back to the hospital. We got him back into the hospital bed. He laid there relaxed. I was on the telephone changing my flight reservations when my son Steven knocked on the telephone booth and said, "Hurry, I think grandpa has passed away."

It was a very quiet ending. Dad was not in pain. He got to see the home that he cherished, and my sister and I were relieved that he was no longer being kept alive only to wait for the next ambulance to take him to the hospital. Maybe I rushed his last few days, weeks, or months. Perhaps we could have kept him going a bit longer. But why? He lived a long fruitful life filled with much love.

Many of us cannot imagine how he was able to care for my mother, his cherished wife with as energy and love as he did. I look back and say it was easy. That was his life! That was his goal! That was what he lived for! Nothing to it as my dad would say!

Author: Steven H. Glickstein

Interview With Morris Glickstein by His Grandson Steve

I remember sitting at grandpa's kitchen table at Laddins Rock Road in Greenwich doing the interview. I captured his words exactly as he told them to me. When I read the interview I hear him answering my questions. I was so surprised when he said he did not have any childhood memories I asked him the question 3 times. I said to myself I hope I have childhood memories when I'm grandpa's age. I hope lots of people include their childhood memories in the book you're putting together. Otherwise, they might end up like myself and grandpa with no memories they want to share.

On the next pages is a copy of a rewrite of a Fax I sent to my mother on July 28, 1994 detailing the conversation I had with my grandfather. Fortunately, the original copy of the Fax had been saved by my parents so it could be included as my contribution to our *Family Storybook*.

Deloitte & Touche

Fax Cover Page

To: : Joan Glickstein	**From: Steven**
Fax Number: 1-412-655-1819	**Company: Deloitte & Touche**
Date: 7/28/94	**For Information Call:**
Subject:	Fax Number:

Dad:

Attached is my interview with gramps Send me the questions and I will try to get more next time.

We found mistakes in your descendants of sender Barshefsky. You have Esther Glickstein married to al g. Last name is not correct, It was a Spanish name. gramps can't remember her name but her brother was an accountant. (editor comment, name was Camhi.)

Ditto for lorraine glickstein

son & dad

Interview with Grandpa Morris 7/28/94

Morris Glickstein (no middle name)

My name is really Moses Glickstein on my birth certificate – never officially changed name to Morris but I've been using if for the 70 years now.

Born September 6, 1908 in New York City. I think it was on Clinton street in

Manhattan. Not in a hospital – I was born at home (*editor comment: weighted approx 1 lb, bathed in milk)*

Don't know when I moved to Clinton street – when I was a kid.

Moved to Bradford street in Brooklyn - I was about 4

Earliest childhood memories - I got no childhood memories,

Sex – male

Bar Mitzvahed on Alabama avenue school. When I was 13 – 1921

Married October 12 1931, in Brooklyn – Sheffield avenue I think it was

Grades in high school – Boy's High

Favorite high school subject – don't remember – make it English

Never played sports in high school

First thing I ever did for money – worked in drug store – helped out – tried to become a

Pharmacist – never became one thank g-d I didn't want to work 12 – 14 hrs/day 7 days a week as a pharmacist - they were open 12 – 24 hours 7 days a week – for that kind of hours I could be a grocer. Started this when I was 16.

Didn't work when I was younger because in the 30's there was no work for regular people.

Next I worked for Drakes cakes, push'n dough around to make the cake. I was about 18 when I did this.

Went to Chicago when I ww one started. My mother dies in 1914, She was Celia Blumenstein. I was 6 years old. Then about 1917, my father took me to Chicago – went by train – that was the only way there was to go, my father's brother lived in Chicago. We had an apartment of our own – a one bedroom . We could not afford a two bedroom. In those days a penny was a penny. My dad was a tailor.

We stayed there for 2 years or 3. I always got sick with the air – it didn't agree with me. So we had to go back to ny. (*editor comment, Pop married 1920.*)

June 27, 1927 enter post office as a clerk – sorting mail. I was in charge of the registry section - registered mail. Sorted it, sent it and received it. Retired September 6, 1953. Did registered mail for 36 years. I took care of mail that was for the Atom bomb. Nobody in the world knew about it – neither did I. The Manhattan project – I was handling all the mail. The army would come over to the post office with guards – 3-4 army men. I would get signatures for it and give it to them or else they would take me with the mail 261 5th ave. So whenever I got in there I'd have to sign in on every floor and there was always guards with me, watching every step. Sure I handled all the bomb mail. That was before the bomb was made.

I went into the post office in 1927. In 1929 the market crashed and nobody was working except me. I made $40 a week and I was a millionaire in those days. I never wanted to leave because of the depression.

No work really during wwii unless you did something related to the Army.

Moved to Greenwich make it Sept 6, 1973 because at that time I sold my house in Brooklyn and bought a house in Greenwich CT.

Interested in collecting US stamps US coins

5 foot 6 inches tall 147 pounds

Prior to age 65 no health problems,

.after 65 heart disease diabetes and eye problems

Wife: Esther Glickstein, born August 18, 1906 in Powoloczka, Poland (I think its Poland) died march 5, 1992

Don't know when she came to America. I think Stanley has it (*editor comment: 3-5 years old went to England first and then to US*)

And then you got children. You need that too.

Never Miss Glickstein

The following e-mail was received from my dad many years ago and recently sent again to make sure we "all" haven't forgotten.

To:ksedeson@msn.com + 15 more

Just a reminder

From this evenings conversation with Ethan, Steven and Rochelle it appears that some of you are not aware of my "Never Miss Glickstein" basketball feats.

I am forwarding this e-mail to confirm my ability in the earlier stage of my life that some of you may have forgotten.

Dad

-----Original Message-----
To: Stanglick@aol.com; akaretsky2004@yahoo.com; ksedeson@msn.com; clandestinecomic@hotmail.com; glick59@msn.com; barbsacher@verizon.net; ArtRibak@optonline.net; Pbkfit@aol.com; Joanglickstein@aol.com; sherig63@hotmail.com; steve.h.glickstein@jpmorgan.com; **ribakcb@optonline.net; sethsacher@gmail.com**
Sent: Sun, Nov 8, 2009 12:43 pm
Subject: Re: Verification, never miss Glickstein

Dear Uncle Stan,

Well..... I must admit that even after more than 30 years, I clearly recall Stan "The Man Glickstein" taking it deep with a swoosh thru the hoop at 273 Picture Drive!!!

What a pleasure to be in contact with the entire Glickstein mishboocha!

All the best,
Michael D. Horvitz

From: Stanglick@aol.com

Date: Sat, 7 Nov 2009 19:27:53 EST

To: <akaretsky2004@yahoo.com>; <ksedeson@msn.com>; <clandestinecomic@hotmail.com>; <glick59@msn.com>; <barbsacher@verizon.net>; <ArtRibak@optonline.net>; <Pbkfit@aol.com>; <Stanglick@aol.com>; <Joanglickstein@aol.com>; <sherig63@hotmail.com>; <steve.h.glickstein@jpmorgan.com>; <ribakcb@optonline.net>; <sethsacher@gmail.com>

Cc: <mdh1star@yahoo.com>

Subject: Verification, never miss Glickstein

Hi Gang:

Some of you probably remember the story I have told a thousand times, especially to my grandchildren. I even began to believe it myself. The story goes like this:

I was driving my car along Picture Drive and Michael and Ricky Horvitz were shooting the basketball in the driveway of their home. This was sometime in the 1970's. I stopped the car and asked for the basketball. I stood in the roadway about 40 feet away from the basketball hoop. I took aim and ...SWOOSH, the ball went right through the hoop.

Not saying a word, I turned around, went back into my car and drove on. **Never miss Glickstein never misses!** Does anyone believe this story?

This morning the doorbell rang and believe it or not Michael Horvitz was standing on the porch with his girlfriend. They just flew into Pittsburgh (he lives in Florida) to attend a Bar Mitzvah party and had some time to kill. Michael decided to show off his old homestead and just stopped by to say hello. We sat in the kitchen talking about what he and I were doing and out of the clear blue he asked, **"still playing basketball?"**

I couldn't believe it. He verified the details of this basketball story. How about that, it is true! I wasn't making it up! After all these years I can't be sure the stories that I have told are really true

Anyway, I have carbon copied this e-mail to Michael. He will offer his own verification of the details.

PLEASE PASS THIS E-MAIL ON TO ALL MY GRANDCHILDREN, GRAND NIECES AND GRAND NEPHEWS.

Yours truly,

NEVER MISS GLICKSTEIN

Stories My Dad Told Me

The following are random stories my dad told me about growing up in Brooklyn in the 1940's and early 1950's

Raising a rope to stop a car

My friends and I would split into two groups. Each of us would stand on the side of the street, across from each other. We would line up like we were playing tug of war. When a car would come, we would yell, "PULL" and then pretend to pull a rope. The car would slam on its brakes thinking a rope was lifted across the street. And we would all run away.

Being thirsty at tar beach

We would spend summers at tar beach. Tar beach is a roof top where we would sit and hang out. Eventually we would get thirsty. In those days people left seltzer bottles on their window ledges. We would tie a hook to a string and drop is over the side of the roof where we would hook the seltzer bottle. Once a bottle was hooked, we pulled it up to the roof, pass the bottle around, taking a few squirts directly into our mouths, and then returned the bottle.

Telephone answer service

When I was a kid people did not have phones in their home. There was one phone inside a nearby pharmacy. My friends and I would stand by the phone waiting for it to ring. When it rang we would rush to answer the phone. Whoever answered it would inform the caller that the person they are calling is not here, but you would go get them. I ran to the person's apartment, told them they had a phone call and they would give me a nickel. That's how I paid for my pickle after attending our weekly movie each Saturday afternoon.. In those days a pickle cost a nickel. The movie cost us 11 cents.

Author: Sherri Glickstein

The Glicksteins: Sherri, Steven, Ethan and Jarred

First a little family background on who I am and how I joined the family
I am Sherri Lerner Glickstein and Rochelle Lerner Glick is my sister.
Harry Glick and Stanley Glickstein are first cousins on their mother's side.
Stanley's son Steven is Harry's 2nd cousin.
Steven is my husband. Harry is my sister Rochelle's husband.
My sister and I are married to cousins.

And this is how we met… It was late June 1988 when my sister Rochelle and her husband Harry (Glick) were vacationing in Florida with their two children, Heath and Brette. I was living in Florida at the time. The day before they were to leave, I met them for breakfast at the famous Rascal House in Miami. Over pancakes my niece Brette repeatedly asked "why can't Aunt Sherri come back to NY with us" this was echoed by her brother Heath. Finally, I looked at them and responded "why can't I come back with you?" This was met with screams of delight! The next day I found myself on a plane headed to Long Island and if I remember correctly my seat was sandwiched between them!

A few days later Harry was on the phone with his cousin Steven. My sister and I were chatting when Harry covered the phone looked at me and said "this is my cousin Steven on the phone, he has a good job, doesn't do drugs, and isn't too bad to look at, do you want to go out with him?" I glanced at my sister, thought for a moment and said okay. When he got back on the phone he asked Steven if he would do him a big favor and take his sister-in-law out! The next day my sister and I were on a train to the city to have lunch with him. Yes, my sister went on our 1st date – where she did most of the talking. If you were at our wedding, you already know this information, it was in Brette's speech!

After lunch, Steven asked me if I wanted to stay in the city so he would show me around and then take me to dinner – so I did. He was a great tour guide! I went on my first subway (Harry wouldn't allow me to go alone), we took a boat ride, and then for dinner he told me to pick a country, any country and that is where we would go. In hindsight, I should have picked differently but then we wouldn't have ended up in an Indian restaurant sharing a "love potion" which is probably the reason we ended up getting married! I still don't know why I selected India, but I believe everything happens for a reason. It was bashert (meant to be) that I got on that plane; the love potion just sealed the deal.

It was only a couple of months later I moved to New York. I was already planning to move to NY before I met Steven. Harry invited me to live with them until I was able to find a good job and a place of my own. Time spent in Long Island was great. I was so happy to watch my niece and nephew grow up and spend time with them. There was always a quality meal prepared by my sister and many activities with the kids. Rochelle and Harry always knew they had a babysitter whenever they needed one and that was fine by me. A year later I moved to Brooklyn, NY.

Steven was working at Barclays Bank as a VP in information technology on Wall Street and I was working as a freelance graphic designer for several companies until as fate would have it, an opening in

Barclay's graphics department opened up and I interviewed. I was thrilled when I got the job and was a senior graphic designer for several years. I loved that job and for many of those years Steven and I would commute to work together. When the department closed I went back to college for my art ed. degree.

Aside from work and travel, the best times we had were exploring the city and spending time with family. Soon after I moved to NY, Steven's sister Cathy moved there as well. They got an apartment together on the upper west side of Manhattan and the three of us were nearly inseparable. I moved to Brooklyn and time was spent between the two boroughs. Whether it was going to farmer's markets and flea markets, trying new restaurants, eating way too much pizza, waiting on line for bagels at H & H bagels, weekly trips to Zabars or getting pickles and knishes on the lower east side, driving to Pittsburgh or getting on the train to Connecticut, all I remember is fun, laughter, and hanging out together.

So many weekends were spent in Connecticut with Aunt Cynthia, Uncle Arthur, Cousins Robin and Pam where we ate a lot of pizza and ice cream (if I was fast enough to get any), went to the movies and the beach, and were treated to Cynthia's wonderful stories of growing up in Brooklyn. She made them sound like a fabulous black and white movie from 50's starring a seasoned cast of dancers, comedians, and storytellers always gathering to celebrate the holidays and having parties. She painted a picture of a family you wanted to be a part of and get to know. Of course we were also treated to her gourmet cooking. She makes the best everything especially spinach pie, salmon, and salads (yes salad)! I know she will laugh when she reads this, but it is true. If Cynthia hands you a plate with a chicken salad sandwich, you can be sure it will be the most delicious chicken salad sandwich you will ever eat! I cherish those days.

Steven often got tickets to the Met's game so we could take his grandfather Morris. I remember at one game it was 102 degrees in the shade and he sat there eating his hot dog in his overcoat and hat just enjoying the game. I sat with a washcloth on my head and thought I was going to pass out from the heat! At one point he looked at me and asked "what's the matter?" I said I'm so hot, I don't know how you're able to sit there in such a heavy coat. His response was simple "here have some ice cream" so I did! FYI the game went into 13 innings! When Steven was working in Russia for 5 months in 1993/1994 he called me a couple of times a week to check on me and see how I was doing and find out how school was going. He always made me feel like one of his grandchildren, not an in-law – and I loved that.

Over the years we celebrated countless birthday's and holiday celebrations, weddings, bar and bat mitzvahs, a mock Passover Seder with Uncle Charlie and Aunt Sylvia, as well as family trips to the Concord Hotel in the Catskills. There was always something going on!

Steven proposed to me on his 30th birthday and we were married 6 months later on May 23, 1991. This May we celebrated 29 years of marriage. Sometimes it seems like only yesterday we met, but then I look at my oldest son who just turned 25 years old and I'm reminded, it is not.

We had our first born son Jarred Shane on April 8, 1995. I was in college at the time and a month after he was born, I graduated with a degree in fine arts and art education from Marymount Manhattan College. We always said he was so smart because he went to college with me before he was born. Jarred is named for my Bubbie Jenni Lerner, my father's mother. He brought us love, laughter, and the wonderment of seeing life through his eyes. Jarred was ever curious and still is. He was born an engineer, always building and putting things together and we marveled at every one of them.

Steven was now working as a business consultant for Deloitte and Touché and travelling a lot. By default I became a stay at home mom. Jarred and I explored the city together and were buddies. I was so lucky to have my sister Francine living 2 blocks away and my sister Cathy living only 3 blocks away. We saw each other several times a week and I was fortunate to have them as the best babysitters anyone could ask for! Those were great times and of course we were family but the best part is we were all friends.

Three years later Ethan Lyndon was born on October 3, 1998. He is named after my mother Edith Leah Goodman Lerner. Ethan brought us the excitement we didn't know we were missing! He caught a ball when he was still a baby in his crib, was born a Yankee fan, is the comedian in the family, always in a hurry to hit the next milestone, and a joy to watch grow up. From an early age he was always eager to be a part of everything and whatever he did, was done with such enthusiasm it was contagious and still is. With Ethan, our family was complete.

In 2003 we moved to Columbus, Ohio soon after 9/11 when work in New York was scarce. It was not an easy move for us to leave family and so very grateful they come to visit as often as they do. It has also given us an excuse to always go back east whenever we can. We have made a nice life here and invite family to come as often as they can. One perk to living here is being so close to Pittsburgh. Stanley and Joan came every year for Rosh Hashanah and everything in between!

Our early years of parenting were spent at science competitions, guitar lessons, tennis and fencing for Jarred. With Ethan we were on the baseball field 3 seasons out of the year, basketball, piano recitals, junior statesman, and Jiu Jujitsu. Both boys are very different from each other and enjoyed different hobbies and activities. To quote Ethan from his bar mitzvah speech they are like a "black and white cookie" both different but go great together! They have kept our lives extremely full and very busy.

Jarred is currently a graduate student at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio where he is studying for his Ph.D. in electrical engineering. He is also an adjunct professor at Cuyahoga Community College. It's truly amazing to watch him achieve his dream since the age of 5 years old when he told his grandmother Joan he was going to become the 3rd Dr. Glickstein in our family. In his free time he loves to work on and restore classic cars. He owns a 1978 Alfa Romeo Spider which is his pride and joy! He also has an amazing vegetable garden and loves to cook and microbrew beer.

Ethan graduated Case Western Reserve University this spring (2020) with a double major degree in finance and economics and a minor in accounting. He graduated in a virtual ceremony which while very different than we expected, brought our families together as we all Zoomed and shared the experience online. At the time of graduation, he was senior class president, a member of Delta Chi fraternity, and president of the Weatherhead Fund (the school's investment group). He will be making his way back to NYC where it all began for him as he starts work in investment banking in the fall.

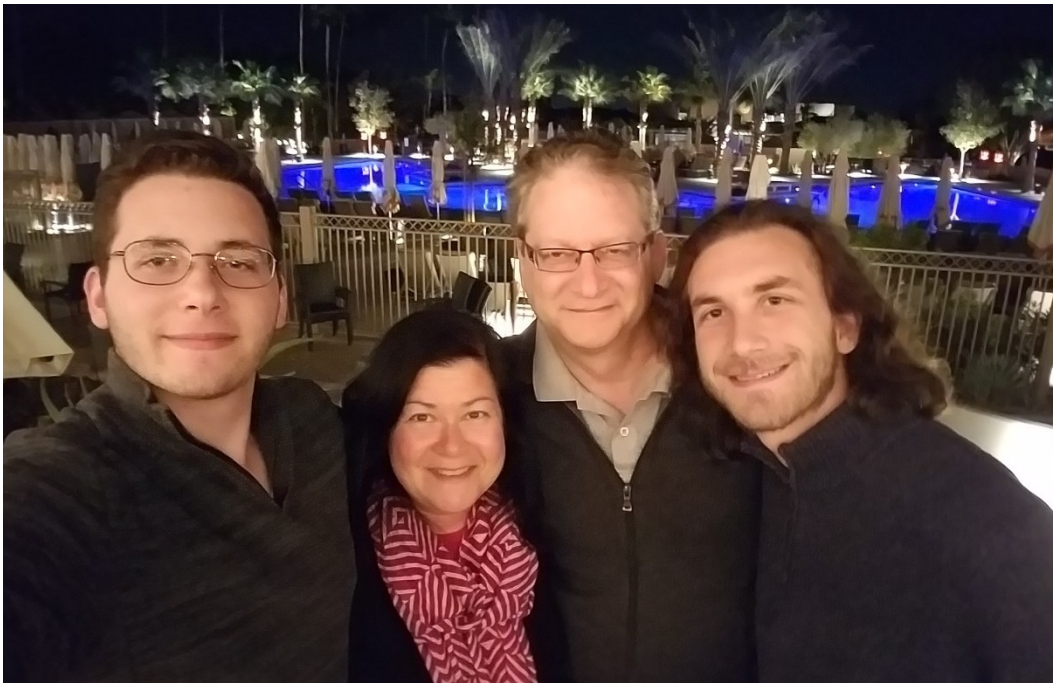
As for Steven and I, we have been empty nesters for a few years now. Steven is currently working for JP Morgan Chase. He has worked in banking for most of his life except for the time he worked at Deloitte and Touche as a consultant. It was his dream job and he loved the travel and new experiences it brought him, but he didn't love being away from his family. In his free time, he loves to bike ride and explore the trails in Ohio.

I am an art teacher and love working with children. In my spare time I write a food blog which is a lot of fun! If you have some time and want to check it out, it's called Splash of Sherri. http://www.splashofsherri.com I love when family members subscribe to my site - Hint, Hint! It's about a NY girl in a Midwest Kitchen - a place where food, family, and tradition come together. I write stories and share a lot of recipes from my mother and our Jewish heritage as well as some of my favorite foods like Aunt Cynthia's spinach pie! Writing it helps me keep my mother's memory alive and cooking with me in the kitchen.

We love having family come to stay with us. Over the years we have been hosts to both of our families especially at Passover. It may be my favorite holiday because everyone stays with us and we are all together. Nothing makes me happier than having a full house filled with family and laughter.

If you ever find yourself in Columbus or you just want to visit – please do. No need to call for a reservation, there is always a room waiting for you and a nice hot quality meal.

The four of us in Arizona January 2019 on a family vacation
Ethan, Sherri, Steven and Jarred



May 15, 2016 Jarred graduates
with his Masters in Engineering

May 17, 2020 Ethan graduates with his B.S. in
Finance and Economics

My father-in-law Stanley Glickstein

This is my father in law Stan and my absolute favorite photograph of him taken at my son Ethan's bar mitzvah in 2011. Without him we would not be reading these amazing stories and for several of us, would not be here. After laboring over my own family story for weeks, I realized that while I included him in a mention, there was just too much to say about him and he deserved his own page. So many great stories come to mind and if I wrote them all it would be a book in and of itself. My own father died when I was 15 and while I have memories of him, I do not have him. I have always felt blessed to have Stan be that person in my life.

Here are some of my favorite stories, memories, and thoughts about him

A few hours after I gave birth to Ethan, I got a phone call after 8pm. It was Stan on the phone, and I could hear cars honking, street noise, and my mother-in-law Joan in the background. He said we are calling from somewhere near Chinatown and we would like to come visit. I was a bit groggy and was not sure I had even spoken to him. The next thing I knew he and Joan were in my hospital room. I thought I was dreaming and was so surprised. I said "what in the world are you doing here so late" he said the minute we heard you had the baby, we jumped in the car and headed to NY! I do not even know how they got past the nurse's station so late, if they had a place to stay, or even had a suitcase with clothes! Of course, they came quickly when Jarred was born too but I was sleeping when they arrived and missed all of the fun of their arrival.

In 2007 my mother-in-law took our whole family on the Disney Cruise to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary. All of us were in the movie theater on the boat watching the movie National Treasure. The movie was three quarters of the way done and Stan got up and left. I assumed it was to go to the men's room. About 15 minutes later, when he did not return, I asked Joan where he had gone. She said the

Chinese lunch buffet opened – where else do you think your father-in-law would be? I laughed so hard I had to leave the theater!

Stan got me hooked on selling things on Craigslist. One Thanksgiving when we went to visit, he was busy selling their 35-year-old ping pong table, and better yet, Steven's 50-year-old baby pram among other things. I could not believe it when the couple came and picked it up. We all laughed that whole weekend as people came to pick things up. Then on the drive home I made a list of all the things I was going to sell. He told me I priced everything too high and no one would buy anything. I felt if I could not get the price, I'd rather give it away. With each sale I called him up to tell him how much I got, and he could not believe it. Every call was met with excitement and bewilderment of how I got that price. Especially the bike I purchased in 1984 for $120 and sold it for $100! I made close to $1,000!

When either of my boys had something going on no matter what it was, Stan and Joan were always there. Whether it was grandparent's day in preschool, science competitions, birthday parties, baseball games, grandparent visiting day at camp they were there. There was one year we couldn't make it to Jarred's camp on visiting day (I can't remember why) and they jumped in the car and drove to Massachusetts picking Cathy up in Connecticut on the way so there would be someone there for him.

On Ethan's 5th birthday he and Joan came to Columbus and taught some science experiments to his kindergarten class. I remember Ethan anticipating his visit and feeling so proud. Everyone loves Stan, but kids are crazy about him. The teacher's asked me his secret to getting them to listen so intently. I said, "that's my father-in-law" and that was all there was to it!

I could tell so many more stories, but I think I am going to stop here and share some thoughts, memories, and little quips in no particular order.

When I think of my father-in-law Stan, this is what comes to mind:

His dedication and love for his family is endless.

He has a strong sense of faith and love of Judaism and

His commitment to his faith is apparent.

His enthusiasm is contagious (probably where my son Ethan gets it).

He is an exemplary role model.

He lives his life fully and enjoys every minute.

He really loves my cooking!

He is proud of the things I have accomplished in my life and tells me so.

He gives the best hugs - period!

He drops everything if you need him.

He has always made me feel like his daughter.

He is very funny and has a great laugh.

He makes great speeches.

What he says is heartfelt.

He is always there when you need him, and even when you don't.

Family is the most important thing to him.

He loves my children more than life itself.

His pride for them is felt, but more importantly spoken.

He has also welcomed my sister Francine into his family.

He is kind and caring to her children, my niece Amanda and nephew Eric.

He is part of the Silver Cyclers, a group he formed with friends.

He is very adventurous – sometimes to a fault.

He tells the best stories.

He and Joan always held hands.

He has shpilkes (Yiddish for sitting on pins and needles) meaning…

He has the need to get up and go in a minute's notice – sometime seconds!

He knows where all the best food samples are in Costco.

He knows where all the best food samples are everywhere!

He loves driving vacations.

He is nice to everyone.

He is a very happy person.

He has a great sense of humor.

He does not complain.

He was in the glee club at Penn State.

He told me he was having fun in so many clubs at PSU he didn't have time for classes!

We always get photos of him via email for every injury he has or test study he does

He always wanders off in stores, but we always find him!

He is a physicist and loved working at Westinghouse.

He is the strongest man in the world, and we believe him.

He told the kids in the neighborhood his nickname was never-miss Glickstein because he never missed a basketball shot.

He still wears "I had a ball at Hermie's bar mitzvah" tee shirts (it drove Joan crazy!)

He played a large role in his synagogue; he was a big macher (very important)

He is proud of the things I have accomplished in my life and tells me so.

He has been known to sneak into other people's weddings to grab an appetizer or two!

He has more tools than anyone I know (except maybe his grandson Jarred).

When the grandkids needed help in college he bought the text book to help them out.

He has visited every grandchild on campus.

He proudly wears tee shirts from every college his grandchildren attend.

He has been to every graduation (and this year virtually on zoom!).

He is very encouraging.

He loves to travel and see the world.

He always returns a phone call.

He doesn't hold a grudge.

He is one-of-a-kind

He calls us at least once a week, but usually more.

He dances with his sister Cynthia at every affair.

His lust for life is contagious.

He wakes up every morning and says "good morning world".

Sherri and Stan at the Sherri & Steve Wedding

Author: Barbara Sacher: The Sacher Family:

I am the daughter of Joan and Stanley Glickstein; married to Seth Sacher December 21, 1991 (the best day of my life). While some say opposites attract, I found the man who sometimes I think, can literally read my mind. Ok, not all the time – but it is amazing to me how very much we think exactly alike. Seth was born October 12, 1962 in Brooklyn, New York to Herbert and Eunice Sacher, and moved to Staten Island when he was 8 years old. Seth and I met at a Jewish singles picnic (yep, they sometimes work these singles things) in Potomac, Maryland in the summer of 1990. That year I earned two masters degrees, one in Human Factors Engineering and another in Curriculum & Instruction (Learning Disabilities) from Virginia Tech. Seth graduated with a PhD in economics from University of Maryland in December 1990 and the following year, December 21st, 1991 we were married.

The best day of my life has led us to many adventures, nothing more spectacular (in my humble opinion) than the three children we have born and raised – Elana, Sara and Max. It is quite amazing how individually unique, yet similar siblings can be - Elana, an architect, Sara an engineer and Max an economist. Without going on, we are more than proud parents of the kind and loving successful young adults they have become.

While I have detailed each of our Sacher family members below, I have never really thought of those details as specifically defining who I am – only that I am part of a family. The importance of family was ingrained in me; I was fortunate to have grown up in the most loving, fun, and supportive family that gave me values to pass on to our children. I see these same values in my children as they help each other out whether they are near or far, respect each other, and genuinely love and enjoy each other's company making time to see each other when they can (especially now that they live apart). So, while the short biographies are below, I have tried to describe each of what I think is each person's unique qualities that they bring to our Sacher family and I thank my husband Seth for bringing us the Sacher name and all of its own unique genetics to expand the Glickstein clan.

Elana – Born January 17, 1994. Elana always strives to find the uniqueness in whatever she does. She enjoys things that are not always the usual, or necessarily the popular choice. (I'm thinking right now of the orange chair in her kitchen.) She is very independent and loves to travel, both abroad and in the U.S. Elana has a great sense of humor and can always make you smile. Elana graduated from Syracuse University, spent a couple years working in Austin, TX and now works as an architect in Washington, DC.

Sara – Born September 23, 1995. Sara is quick witted, always smiling, and full of pep. She was a competitive figure skater while growing up and participates on the skating team while at graduate school. Sara likes logic and always tries to understand the basis for things. Sara graduated from Virginia Tech with a degree in Materials Science Engineering (and a minor in Green Engineering) and is continuing her studies in this field at Cornell University.

Max – Born July 14, 1998. Max quietly surprises you at all turns with his sense of humor and expansive knowledge of all things. He loves to ponder and discuss, being on the debate team in both high school and college. He is a voracious reader, history lover and adventurer – think scuba and sky diving – and is always looking to learn something new. He is also a musician – being a percussionist growing up and in

college and having taught himself to play the piano and ukulele over the years. Max graduated from the College of William & Mary with majors in Economics and Philosophy and a minor in Math and is currently conducting research at Carnegie Mellon University.

Left to right: Elana, Max, Sara, Barbara & Seth Sacher

Author: Elana Sacher: Tradition

One of my favorite family traditions is the infamous McDonalds Breakfast. An event that occurs spontaneously but requires the presence of my grandparents. Typically the outing begins bright and early as my siblings and I pile into the backseat of my grandparent's car, my grandfather in the driver seat and my grandmother on the passenger side navigating the way to the nearest McDonald's restaurant. Upon arrival us kids race to grab a table grandma trailing behind while grandpa rushes into the line to place our order. It is always the same; a stack of pancakes, eggs, hash browns and of course a milkshake. Once the order has been filled Grandpa makes his way to our table tray in hand and we all reach to start opening the folded cardboard containers to share the food inside.

In the early days, after filling up on food it was then time to explore the play pen. When we were finally too tired to run through any more tunnels or race down the slides, we would all climb back into the car, but the day was not over yet. After breakfast, a trip to the dollar store was a must. Here we could pick out anything we wanted, sometimes we were lucky and even got to choose a second item. Most often I would come home with a ceramic figurine to add to my collection. As time went on and we grew too big to fit inside the tunnels and it became difficult to race down the slides without getting stuck, breakfast was often finalized simply with long talks and laughter.

This tradition has always been a favorite of mine for its spontaneity, it is not something that happens on a specific day every year but often enough that it deserves to be called a tradition. For its excitement, a place our own parents would never bring us, and even its elements of rebellion, we get to eat dessert for breakfast. Under the guise of a simple fast food trip, to me, these outings have always exemplified the importance of family.

Jonah, Max, Elana & Sara at McDonald's

Those are my grandkids.

Author: Sara Sacher:

Camp Pittsburgh

One of my most prominent childhood memories is that of "Camp Pittsburgh", the impromptu summer camp set up by my grandparents, Joan and Stan, for my siblings and I each summer. Myself, my siblings, and my cousins would spend a week at my grandparents every year from the summer of 2004 until 2012 (for me, this meant from the age of 9 until 15). The camp would always commence at the halfway meeting point between my parents' home in northern Virginia and my grandparents' in Pittsburgh – this halfway point being the Rocky Gap State Park. Our parents would bring us to the park hotel, and we knew the excitement was beginning when we saw my grandpa's car sporting a giant "Camp Pittsburgh" sign in the rearview mirror pulling into the lot. We would sprint into our grandparent's car and continue to Pittsburgh, the anticipation and excitement of the week of fun bubbling in the air.

There were countless memories and activities conducted during the week of "camp". Ice cream sundaes and McDonald's breakfast were staple meals during this time, but I also remember the delicious home cooked meals my grandmother and I would make while my brother and grandfather built wooden toys and contraptions down in the garage. My grandmother had a beautiful garden in the backyard, and I specifically remember picking fresh basil to make pesto and ripe, juicy blueberries for blueberry pie. I believe my love and passion for cooking developed during this time-shared cooking between my grandmother and me.

A trip to Camp Pittsburgh was not complete without a visit to the Sports Museum and Science Center. The sports museum was like an amusement park to us; we would bounce on the giant trampoline and take turns riding the roller coaster simulator. The science center was equally amusing; my clearest memories being of an earthquake simulator and some sort of building block exhibit. Another classic activity that arose out of Camp Pittsburg was "Sara's Salon and Spa". I suppose at that time I had a spirit of entrepreneurship as I ran a salon and spa business out of my Grandmother's office. My younger brother was my business assistant and we provided services for out-of-this world prices: massages and haircuts for 50 cents (My grandfather got a haircut from me once and never again), manicures for 25 cents, and fresh chocolate covered strawberries for 15 cents. What a steal! More activities that filled the week included a trip to Kennywood Amusement Park, going on "elephants hunts" with Grandpa (aka getting lost and somehow finding our way home every time), watching movies, visiting the wave pool, and more.

The end of Camp Pittsburgh was always the same: Grandpa would sing us his famous farewell song. Somehow, the lyrics to this song always changed a bit but always clear: Do not cry when I am gone, though I'll be far I'll be near, so long. We were always sad when the week was over, but we knew our next visit would be soon and we would be hearing this song yet again.

Camp Pittsburgh Itinerary

August 4-8, 2004

Events of the Day for Max, Sara and Jonah

Day 1: Wednesday

Camp Pittsburgh transportation picked up the campers, Max and Sara at Rocky Gap State Park after they had lunch at the restaurant.

Visited Nemacolin Woodlands. Tried out Candy Land Express chocolate mint fudge and chocolate covered pretzels.

Drove though pouring rain such that we could hardly see.

Unpacked and had welcome Camp Pittsburgh Sundae.

Fed the fish.

Picked blueberries and made blueberry pie with sugar and cinnamon.

The campers had lasagna for dinner and chocolate milk.

Watched video, "Bed Knobs and Broomsticks."

Completed the day with a Blueberry Pie sundae and then to sleep.

Day 2: Thursday

After our morning of feeding the fish we traveled to the Sports Museum where we spent the entire day. It was "COOL." The evening consisted of the usual "Sundae." Jonah and his parents arrived and we had to get out of bed and say hello.

Day 3: Friday

Jonah joined camp Pittsburgh. We all had breakfast at McDonald's with the usual pancakes, "all you can eat" as well as scrambled eggs. We finished it off with both chocolate and vanilla milkshakes. This was a full morning event.

We then went to the Carnegie Museum where we saw the largest dinosaurs in the world. We dug for dinosaur bones and then saw a movie on the planets at the museum. We visited the Indian, Eskimo and Greek exhibits. The day was finished off with Max getting a splinter. A stranger gave him a small dinosaur and that helped a bit. However the splinter remained and hurt.

After a Shabbat chicken dinner we watched the original "Wizard of Oz." The evening was completed with our daily "Sundae" on Friday night.

Day 4: Saturday

After feeding the fish Grandpa said it was time to take the splinter out from Max's hand. It hurt!!!! We then all went to the Science Center and visited a real submarine. Watched them make mayonnaise in the science kitchen. Nobody liked the potato salad. We then went to the Sports Center where we had a great time.

After eating pizza for dinner on the patio, running in the backyard and a bath, we watched "Willy Wonker and the Chocolate Factory." Of course, the day wouldn't be complete without our daily Sundae.

Day 5: Sunday

Time to leave for Aunt Karen and Uncle Fred's home.

C:\datafiles\stan\camping\camp pittsburgh-2004

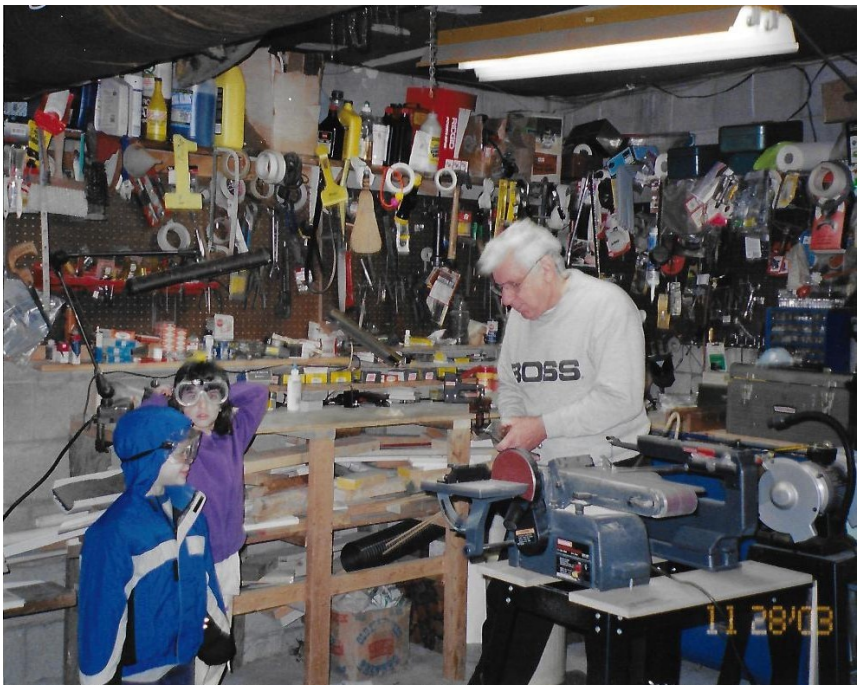
Jonah and his grandma Joan at Camp Pittsburgh: 7-29-2012 Cathedral of Learning in background.

Another year, another group. A visit to the Grave Creek Mound

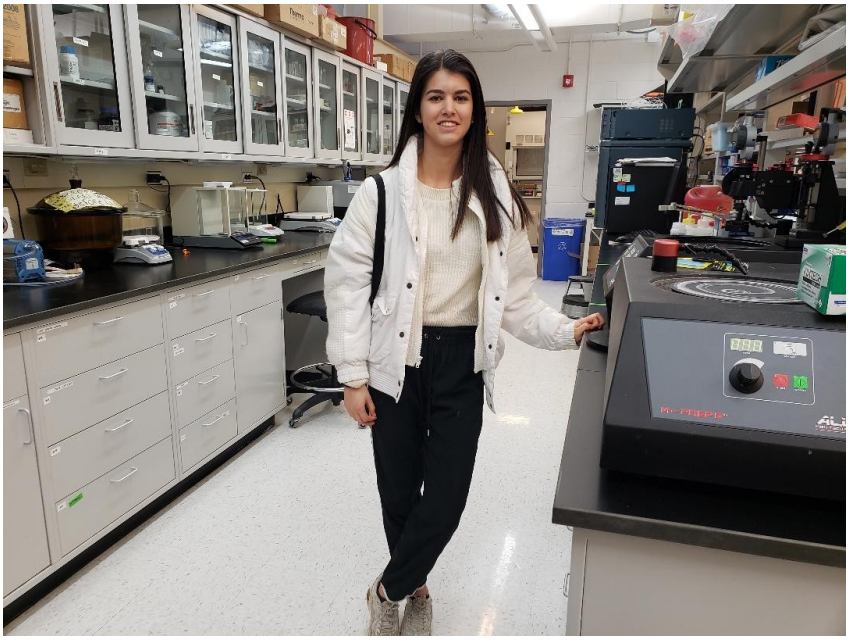
Sara and Max at Camp Pittsburgh 2005: A visit to the Science Center

Abt. 1996 Sara was a little younger:

During our yearly visit to the Science Center



Yesterday: Sara & Max learning some new construction techniques in Grandpa's workshop



Today: Sara at Cornell University, in HER "workshop" pursuing an MS degree in Materials Science

Author: Karen Glickstein Edeson: I Won the Lottery

On September 11, 1963 I won the Lottery. It is not the lottery you're imagining as you begin to read my story, but a lottery that cannot be measured by counting dollar bills or things one might obtain by winning a monetary lottery. The lottery I won is priceless. On a beautiful Wednesday morning at 10:15 am, weighing 5lb 13oz, Karen Sue Glickstein (that's me) was born to Joan and Stanley Glickstein. My big brother Steven and sister Barbara were there to greet me. A few years later my baby sister Cathy would complete our immediate family. Our Family and home, which to me have come to mean one and the same, is the greatest lottery win I could have ever imagined.

When I close my eyes and try to remember the places of my childhood that felt most like home, I can't help but remember a small house in Pittsburgh on West Bruceton Road. It was a home that I never wanted to leave. I remember birthday parties with elaborate themes, holidays that were filled with friends stuffed around what seemed like an endless table. I remember driveway play-dates and not having a care in the world. At an early age of 6 or 7, Mom and Dad decided to build a new home and take me away from the place that I never wanted to leave. Little did I know that this "new place" would turn out to be my safety net for the next forty plus years?

Three- twenty-one Challen Drive. This is the home our family grew up in. This is the home in which I laughed , I cried , had family dinners around the table, fought with my siblings , learned that my brother and sisters were my forever best friends no matter what and gave my parents a run for their money. While I ran away from it, I always found my way back. This is the home I brought my husband to when he met my parents, my wedding plans were made and eventually the place where my son would fill his entire childhood with Grandparent memories. Over the years, this home physically changed its appearance probably as much as I did, yet at its core nothing really ever changed at all. No matter how many times I tried to distance myself from it, this home and family were my safety net. When I eventually moved away from this home I still felt that "I'm home" feeling whenever I turned onto Challen Drive and pulled up to the big white colonial. Its shutters would go from black to blue over the years but the **GLICKSTEIN** sign always greeted me in the front yard.

Fast forward and again "Home" would take on a new meaning. On December 24th 1997 I headed out to a Jewish singles gathering that was whimsically referred to as the *Matzo Ball*. I was 34 years old; Mom and Dad I am sure were losing hope that I would ever truly leave my childhood home (although I wasn't living there physically any longer) to create one of my own. Why not see who might walk through the door of a small Jewish gathering in Bethesda, Maryland. As luck would have it I was about to win the Lottery yet again! Frederick William Edeson (It sounds like the name of a Prince, right?) walked through the door and I knew immediately this was the man I would spend the rest of my life with. We were married on April 11, 1999 in my hometown of Pittsburgh and almost one year to the day our lives were going to be enriched in a way we never dreamed possible.

Jonah Matthew Edeson entered the world on April 9, 2000 at 4:59 am to the sight of tiny snowflakes falling to the ground. Snowflakes in April, is a sign that anything is possible at moments that are never quite expected. This would be the beginning of many more moments like this to come. This little tiny

baby boy who was loved long before he was even a thought; would become the center of our world and a constant daily reminder that we indeed had won the lottery.

However, in 2015 the world I knew changed in a way I could never have imagined. Without warning my mom became ill and 6 months later she was gone. For the first few years following her passing I couldn't wait to arrive at the house on Challen Drive to have that special feeling of being home again. Three short years later my sister Cathy would also be diagnosed with cancer and leave this world to join my mom. My mother and sister Cathy were extraordinary human beings. They were kind, compassionate, extremely intelligent women who gave all they had to everyone and everything around them. It was then that I truly came to understand that home is not just a box we live in and lottery winnings are not things we own. A home is a place in our heart that holds fond memories and love for others; one which grants us a sort of peace and allows us to wake each morning and shout "HELLO WORLD" knowing we are blessed to see another day.

It's 2020 and the world has changed so much during the last fifty-six years. I work for the public school system in Harford County, Maryland helping children with special needs. My husband Fred has a job he loves, working in the field of Property Management. Jonah has just finished his second year of college at The University of Maryland. He is studying Political Science and we look forward to all of the amazing things he will do and the adventures his life will take him on. My home on Challen Drive has been sold. It was an event I never thought I would be able to get through. Yet when it happened, I knew it was time. We are in the middle of a world-wide pandemic with Covid-19. People are being told to wear masks in public and advised not to leave their homes for anything "non-essential." Schools are shut down. Businesses are not sure how they will survive and yet here I am writing about my life and realizing today, how I won the lottery

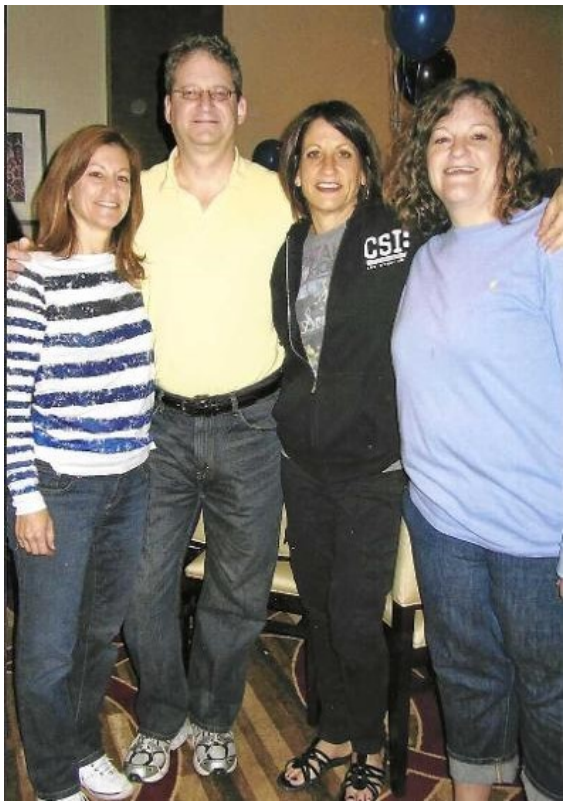
Mom and Dad, abt.1958

332 West Bruceton Road Pleasant Hills, PA (1965)

Karen, Mom, Steven Barbara, Dad and Cathy

321 Challen Drive Pleasant Hills, PA

Dad, Karen and Mom



Barbara, Steven, Karen & Cathy

Karen & Fred Edeson

My Family: Jonah, Fred and Karen Edeson

Two Precious Treasures: Mom and my sister Cathy

Author: Cynthia Glickstein Ribak: Cherished Memories

Growing up in Brooklyn on Remsen Ave

Dear Stan:

Growing up in Brooklyn on Remsen Ave
With you and the rest of our family....
Holds only beautiful treasured memories.
From the crowded beginnings of all of us in that house...
Gramma, Grandpa, Mother, Dad, you and me
Florence, Caroline and Charles....it was happy
Music dancing and eating, especially with Pop and Riva.
And those boys, Shloimy. Sender, Shirky and the hook (Ruby.)
And downstairs,Yetta. Sol and that family....Howie, Rochelle, David and Zvia,
It was wonderful having all of them right down the block.
We were so lucky. It was Family.... family first and foremost.....
We knew no other way....No matter what.
Marching with flags on Simchot Torah
Seders that seemed to stretch a block long
Solemn Yom Kippurs with truly no lights on...
Sunday afternoons with everyone at 289 Remsen.....
Then of course, the rest of our relatives
Ruby, Miriam, and Kenny. Eileen and Helen
And a few doors down from them. Ruby, Pearl with Marsha and Joel.
That was on East 95th street if I remember correctly.
We could never be bored or lonely.
There was always somebody around.
It seemed to keep growing locally.
Florence married Herman and lived nearby.
Sol L married Mindy and lived nearby.
Oh my goodness. I can go on and on and maybe tomorrow I will.
It makes me sad, very sad to think how families grow apart.... distance is so detrimental....
But lucky for me and my wonderful memories that can never be taken away.
With fondest memories and love and hugs to you my brother .....
And all the teasing I put up with.....and the fear of math because you were so smart.....
And our special dates and places you took me to.....
Thank you and thank you for taking the trouble to put this all together

Your loving sister,

Cynthia

Birthday Celebration at Burning Tree Country Club in Greenwich CT

Bottom row: Seth Sacher, ????? , Stan Glickstein (on floor), Cathy Glickstein, Baby Elana Sacher, Baby Sara, Sacher, Pamela Ribak, Sherri Glickstein Joan Glickstein

Next row: Art Ribak someone bending over?, Next ??, Cynthia Ribak, Barbara Sacher, Steven Glickstein, Jarred Glickstein, Charles Lenchitz ,Sol Linchitz, Mabel Linchitz, Brette Glick, Rochelle Glick

Next Row: Barbara Gottesman, Larry Gottesman, baby ???, friend?? 1 friend 2?, Friend 3, friend 4, Morris Glickstein, Florence Glick, Robin Ribak, Sylvia Lenchitz

Next Row standing FRIENDS Toward right of photo Norman & Teresita Lenchitz, Mark Glick,

Top right might be Heath Glick, Mark Glick

Morris Glickstein 80th Birthday

Morris Glickstein, Cynthia Ribak & Robin Ribak at Temple Shalom Torah Dedication

Author: Julie Glickstein Ruvkun:

Lorraine Laytin Glickstein and Solomon (Sol G) Glickstein

I can close my eyes, see, and hear my dad picking up the phone to call any one of his numerous family members and say, "What's cooking". His calls never needed an introduction, everyone knew it was him. He would come home from work, after seeing his brothers and brother in law all day; he would still pick up the phone to continue a conversation. After which, he would call his nieces and nephews and then once he was done, would come down to help me with my math homework. Jordan was quite brilliant in math and never needed any help.

My dad was born in Brooklyn, NY on August 21, 1928, the youngest of five brothers. The genealogy of my dad's family is quite complex, and my dad's nephew Stanley Glickstein has spent years documenting the mish mash of the Glickstein/ Barshefsky, Lenchitz, and Hofricter families. It took me a long time to understand how my dad's sister in law (Esther Glickstein, Morris' wife) was also his cousin. Lastly, so many of them had the same first name….. However, my grandparents Rose and Nathan Glickstein raised 5 sons, Morris, Sol L, Ruby L, Al Glickstein, and my dad as one family. The extended cousins and children from these brothers and cousins were part of the fabric of my childhood. My dad was part of that greatest generation; first generation Americans who were children of the Jewish Immigration story to the US. For me, Passover in the Catskills as a child with my dad's family, was something out of the storybooks.

My dad grew up in Brooklyn (Brownsville and then moved to Remsen Ave at the age of 12). He never really left Brooklyn although he and my mom traveled the world together. My dad's brother Morris lived with his wife Esther, down the street, and the rest of the family did not live that far away. There were so many stories from his childhood that he loved to tell us growing up:

- He used to tell stories of 4 brothers sleeping in the same bed with cousins who lived downstairs.
- How he had to bang on the radiator to get the landlord to give them heat
- How his nephew Stanley broke his Charlie McCarthy doll
- How he put cardboard in his shoes when there were holes.
- How my grandmother Rose worked in a fruit store and was able to put food on the table of her family because of that.
- How my grandfather Nathan put on a suit every day and worked as a Tailor.

By the time, I knew my grandparents, Rose, and Nathan they had retired, and lived on Remsen Ave. My father was educated in public schools in Brooklyn, went to Tilden HS, and then went to Brooklyn College for a Bachelor's degree. He was the only brother to be fortunate enough to go to college. That is because he was the youngest. He majored in Chemistry. After college, fate intervened, and he was drafted into the Korean War. My dad never liked talking about the war. In fact, every time the TV show MASH was on TV, he would walk out of the room. My mother loved the show, and my father could not watch it. Rather than tell my mom to shut off the TV, he would just leave the room until the show was over. Just as an aside, his favorite TV show (that was not the 7 pm news with Walter Cronkite) was the Honeymooners with Jackie Gleason. I used to watch that show with him all the time growing up. When Jackie Gleason used to say, "How sweet it is", my dad and I would always laugh and smile together.

The most I had ever heard him speak about Korea was when Andrew was in 5th grade. Andrew had to do an oral history project, and my dad agreed to be his interviewee. The topic was "The Korean War". I served as the scribe. Andrew spent over 3 hours asking my dad questions and more questions, and I typed all the answers. It was the most I had ever heard my dad speak about the war. I learned perhaps more that afternoon about my dad and the Korean War than I learned my entire life. I still have a written copy of that interview. A few years ago, I scrapped through my parent's closet and found my dad's photos from the war. They were in an album falling apart, I took all the photos and put them into a new album, and appreciated the fact that while my dad was in battle there were two pictures he took with him... my grandmother and grandfather- Rose and Nathan.

My dad turned down an offer to change his status from a private to an officer once they found out he went to college. He was already in Korea and had 3 more months to go. He did not want to start over again, even as an officer. He thought he would take his changes and try to get out of the war alive and remained a private but was promoted to a sergeant. He was discharged honorably and went back home to Remsen Avenue in Brooklyn. Given that there were no jobs for chemists, he joined his brothers Sol L and Al in the automotive business. This is where he spent the rest of his professional life. I am not certain my dad ever really loved cars, but he loved the industry and the people he worked with. He read daily, the Wall Street Journal, The New York Times , Business Week, and Automotive News.

He loved meeting the "big shots" as he called them, from Ford Motor Company. On any given day in the showroom of Lincoln Mercury, the Brooklyn world he loved so much would come into his office to schmooze. (His employees, his family, multiple Rabbis', the local NYC Police, the Brooklyn District Attorney, Ford motor executives, politicians, friends, and strangers). Until my grandfather Nathan was old (> 90), he used to come into the Showroom and sit on the couch in my dad's office while people came to visit my dad. Since my grandfather always wore a suit every day of his life, he was always dressed to meet anyone who came in that day. Anyone who visited my dad, knew my grandfather Nathan too. My dad always had an open door to his office. Schmoozing was my father's favorite occupation. Rick and I often say that if my dad could talk to the wall, the wall would talk back. His schmoozing ability led him to make friends wherever he went. It led him to go up to an Israeli family on a city bus in Amsterdam in 1958 and make new lifelong friends- the Bernblum Family. When their children moved to Toledo Ohio, it became a stop on my drive from NYC to Chicago on my way to medical school. When my parents because friends with the Horam's, the extended family of the Bernblum's, our daughter Carolyn had a place to stay when she was in Jerusalem. My dad would always hold open the door for anyone in a restaurant, and by the end of the 2-minute encounter, he made a new friend.

My mom was born in Brooklyn, NY on July 31, 1934, the younger of two girls. Her older sister, my aunt Estelle, or Esther were like two peas in a pod. They looked alike and both loved so many of the same things. They too are part of that greatest generation; first generation Americans who were children of the Jewish Immigration story to the US. For me, it was like having 2 mothers. My mom was educated in public schools in Brooklyn, went to Tilden HS, made Arista, and went to Brooklyn College for a Bachelor's degree and a Master's degree in Education. She spoke French fluently, rode horses and played tennis in Prospect Park as a child, and took piano lessons. She still enjoys playing the piano and using her iPhone to do Duo Lingo and speak French. She had a great group of friends since the age of 5, the Laurels they were called. She still has one of those friends and still loves the fact that there are a few people in this world who knew her parents so very well. I recently found a tiny picture of the Laurels and enlarged it for her. I knew from what people called her, either Libby or Lorraine, when they met her.

My dad met my mom on a blind date set up by my dad's cousin (not certain which one) who saw her working in my grandparent's fruit store, and the rest was history. I found a little date book in my mom's letters, and she had three different boys' names in it, including my dad. After her first date with my dad, at the Plaza Hotel in the Persian Room (my dad was always a sporty guy); the rest of the boys dropped away and only Sol's name remained. They married on October 19, 1957. Stanley Glickstein, my dad's

nephew was the best man and Estelle Shaw, her sister was the matron of honor. In October 2007, my brother and I had the privilege of making them a 50th wedding anniversary part in the Water Club. Celebrating with them were wonderful friends and family. It was truly a joyous day. I recently digitalized their wedding movies that were taken. They were quite joyous, and my dad was indeed a very happy groom and my mom a happy bride.

Our mom taught school for a few years, and then stopped teaching school and focused on her family, her volunteer work with Hadassah and other Zionist organizations and filled our home with love, with books and with music. Although not a child of the Holocaust, she made sure that her children and grandchildren understood the atrocities that happened. Understanding Jewish life, celebrating Jewish holidays, and having a strong Jewish identity was who she was, through and through. She and my dad worked countless hours volunteering for many Jewish causes.

She went back to teaching piano when I was in college and for many years had many students she loved. She was politically to the left and told me that 1968 was crazier than 2018 politically. She taught me the importance of writing a condolence letter. I found in her papers, a thank you note from Jacqueline Kennedy for the condolence letter my mom sent her after JFK was assassinated. She kept the condolence letter my grandmother's internist wrote to her after my grandmother died. She recently allowed me to have that letter as part of a lecture I give my medical students about how to write a condolence letter. She made me promise that I would never lose it. She accompanied me and Carolyn on several "three generation mother, daughter and granddaughter "trips to Paris, London and Madrid and Barcelona. Her French was impeccable, and she navigated herself around Paris like a native. It especially helped when she was able to scalp tickets to the French Open for her and my dad.

My mother loves words. Whether they were on the thousands of books she has read in a lifetime, or in every NY times crossword puzzle she did or on a scrabble board…. her love of words has permeated her entire life. She once told me that her friends once said to her, "Libby... that's the one whose best friend is a book". She used to tell me her favorite times as a child was to take the train by herself to the Brooklyn Public library at Grand Army Plaza and take out books from the stacks. Every Friday growing up, she would take me and my brother to the Brooklyn Public Library to take out books to read. Getting our library cards (once we learned how to write our names) was a rite of passage in our home. Going to the library weekly is still an event in her life. Her love of words was not only passed on to her children, but also to her grandchildren. The few times in their lives they beat her playing scrabble are momentous. She is a champ at small words with large points. The first one I remembered learning was JO; it is a Scottish word which means sweetheart. Depending upon where you use it, it can give you 9 points or in the case of my mother, she seems to always be able to place the J on a triple letter box giving her 25 points.

My mother loves music. Notes on a page instead of letters… The musical words of Bach and Beethoven, Brahms and Chopin, Schuman, and Liszt, were heard in our home growing up every day. I would argue her Piano was tied for first place with books as her best friend. She played the piano from an early age and had the wonderful fortune of studying with Luba Galpern and beginning in 1963 with Seymour Bernstein… two people who were formative in her life, and two people she loved like family. She has shared that love of music with our family, and especially loves to share that love or music with her granddaughter Carolyn.

My parents both loved playing tennis, even after my mom's knee replacement; she loved getting on the court, just a little. She and my dad played tennis all the time. Having the home in Lords Valley, Pennsylvania, allowed her to play all summer… and she did. She had a great tennis group in Brooklyn and loved being the old lady in the group. She used to tell me that she played tennis with "kids my age". Going to the US Tennis Open with her grandson Andrew is an annual highlight in our family. Truth be told, she always said, and I quote "going with Andrew is much better than going with anyone else". They would walk around from match to match, seeing the lower ranking players because only she and Andrew

knew who they all were. Together they knew every obscure tennis player that was on the circuit... past and present. She would stand on the sidelines when Andrew would run and get autographs.

For my dad, his family was everything. There was not a Sunday that went by my entire life (through age of 18) where I did not go and visit my father's parents, and then after Rose died, my grandfather Nathan. My father focused on his family. He was also very involved with a lot of volunteer work with a variety of Zionist organizations; He started the Israeli Bond Initiative with the automotive industry in the 1960's. Understanding Jewish life, celebrating Jewish holidays, and having a strong Jewish identity was who he was, through and through. He and my mom worked countless hours volunteering for many Jewish causes. My dad also was very committed to working in his synagogue Flatbush Park Jewish Center. Rabbi Halpern was one of those people that my dad would speak to many evenings….. Just to talk about the synagogue and its politics.

My parents have had a wonderful life together. They travelled all over the world, played countless sets of tennis together, rounds of golf, and basically my dad went wherever my mom wanted to go. (Lincoln Center, the Opera, the theater, the ballet… you name it…). Every Saturday night they would dressed up and "go into the city". They loved their country home in Hemlock Farms and loved the friends they met there. They were a team in every sense of the word. When my dad was diagnosed with Alzheimer's, I finally realized who the strong one in the family was. It was my dad. As he declined, after fighting so hard, my mom just found it hard to cope. Her whole life was my father. She said to me, "I know after 12 years, I should stop crying, but I cannot. Maybe if we did not have such a wonderful life together, I would take this better…. But I cannot". Anyone who knew her understood that she has never recovered from my dad's diagnosis.

My dad was a very practical man. He always had a very no-nonsense way of thinking about things. He was a problem solver. I can hear his advice in my head, even today. Whenever Rick and I would have something we need to solve, we often just sit down and ask ourselves what Sol would say, what would Sam (my father in law) say. We both still use the great advice from Sol and Sam to help us navigate the world.

My parents were fiercely devoted to their families, their parents, and their in-laws. My mom was an amazing daughter to her parents Sarah and Herbert Laytin, and to her in-laws Nathan and Rose Glickstein, loves her sister Estelle Shaw, and her sister's family. My dad was an amazing son to his parents Nathan and Rose Glickstein, and his in laws Sarah and Herbert Laytin. He had many cousins, nieces, and nephews that he loved and enjoyed being with. I have wonderful family photos of him surrounded by his brothers, and brother in law, sister's in law, aunts, uncles and cousins. His nephew Stanley Glickstein was like a fifth brother to him, as was his late brother in law Jerry Shaw, and his cousin Florence was like a sister to him. The children of his brothers were like second children to him as well. He was as proud of their accomplishments as he was of mine and Jordan's. He was fiercely protective of my brother, our families, and me. The both loved to brag about his children, their spouses, and grandchildren (Carolyn, Andrew, Matthew, and Owen), and both carried photos of them in their wallets

My parents have had wonderful friends, and our childhood and even adult years were spent going to their friends' homes or having them sitting around the kitchen table in our home in Brooklyn or in Hemlock Farms discussing books, politics, music, art, family, and life. Jordan and I were always included in the discussions and these excursions. I always felt that my parents' close friends were really extensions of our immediate family.

My mother is the reason why I met Rick. Not content with my dating life during my pediatric internship, she cut out an ad in the Jewish Week for a dating service, Compatimates. (This is before online dating). Two hundred dollars (which I paid), a long questionnaire rivaling anything OK Cupid could ask, followed by a 2-hour interview with a Smith College graduate who had a Masters in Social work, I was

matched with my compatimate - Rick. I still have the ad she cut out of the Jewish Week and sent me, along with her note and her comments on the side of the ad

As all of you know, my dad has been struggling with Alzheimer's for the past almost 13 years. He was diagnosed officially at his 79th birthday, but being the fighter, he is, he continues to fight as long as possible. He will be 92 years old this August 21, 2020. My dad's 85th year of age, was the last time, I think he really knew who we all were. We took some great photos that day, and my favorite one is still sitting on the windowsill in my apartment. For several years after he still would look at my mom and ask her if "she knew his wife" ….. I think that was my dad's way of letting my mom know, he still knew who she was. I remember the day my dad was officially diagnosed with Alzheimer's. It was in the lobby of Millstein Hospital at Columbia… he had just received the diagnosis and promised that he would not let it beat him. Armed with some medication and the possibilities of clinical trials, he fought this disease with determination for as long as he could.

At the time of the writing of this document, my dad probably does not have many more months of physically being here, but knowing my dad I want to conclude on an optimistic note...

I want to conclude with something my dad often told me about family and people we love. My dad taught this to me, and I teach this to my own children. He always said that someone only truly dies when you forget about them. When you forget talking about them…or telling others about them, or in some way, forget to honor their life… So, while some people in this book that Stanley is graciously helping to put together may not all be here, their presence, their stories, and their lives will be a part of ours, for the rest of our lives. My dad's love of family and friends, his optimism, his ability to schmooze with the world, his advice about keeping all options open… is part of his legacy to me, and my entire family.

Julie Glickstein Ruvkun and Frederick (Rick) Ruvkun

Born and Raised in Brooklyn NY, Went to Packer Collegiate Institute for High school, then Smith College graduating 1978. I went to Chicago Medical School and graduated 1986. I did my residency and fellowship in Pediatrics and Pediatric Cardiology at NYU Medical Center from 1986-1992. My attending life was at Montefiore (Albert Einstein College of Medicine) from 1992-2001 and then I joined the faculty at Columbia University / Morgan Stanley Children's Hospital of New York (Babies Hospital) from 1992-present. I made my way up to Professor of Pediatrics and currently have been practicing as a pediatric cardiologist for almost 30 years. I teach at Columbia University College of Physician and Surgeons, and currently run the pediatric cardiology fellowship program.

Frederick Ruvkun (Rick) Born in 1957 in Piedmont California. Went to Piedmont High school and then graduated from Stanford University in 1979. His degree was in Mechanical Engineering. He went and got an MBA from MIT / The Sloan School and spent the last 35 years working on Wall Street as an Equity Analyst and managed Equity funds. He is currently "retired from Wall Street" and is spending his time doing career counseling at CCNY, teaching math to students who need to pass their GED, and volunteering in a Charter School and help older professionals find new jobs.

We have two children and a dog. We have been married 31 years. 11/12/1988. We love to spend time together doing anything. I am very lucky. The two things that make a great marriage is the fact that we love each other more than we love ourselves, and anything we do together is great. From shopping in target or going out for a night on the town.

Carolyn Ruvkun (born 1991) and Andrew Ruvkun (born 1996).

Carolyn went to the Brearley School (graduated 2009) and the graduated from Columbia University in 2013. In college, she was involved in an anonymous online support group, played the piano, and performed in numerous concerts. She is currently working in the media industry and lives in Brooklyn NY, with her boyfriend, a lovely young man Will Treece. She is a wonderful musician (pianist) and plays the guitar. She went to the Mannes School of Music high school preparatory program. She is a voracious reader, and a great tennis player. She loves everything book related and there is never a time when she does not have at least 2 books in her bag.

Andrew Ruvkun went to the Browning School and then graduated from Packer Collegiate (high school in 2014. He then went to Carleton College in Northfield MN where he majored in Economics and ran 4 years (3 seasons) of XC , winter and spring track. He graduated in 2018. He is currently living in Washington DC working as an Economic Consultant. Andrew is a sports junkie.

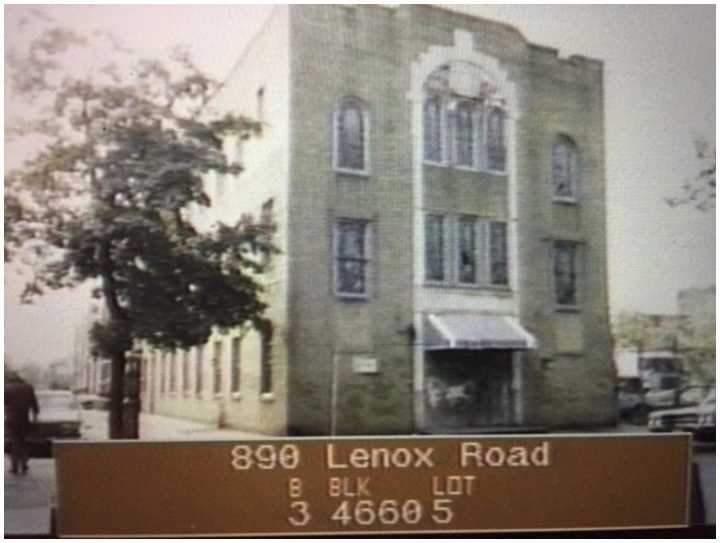
Both my children love politics, and are very actively engaged in the world they love in. Having all of us together for family time, is still one of the highlights of our lives.

Herbie the golden doodle dog is the most spoiled member of our family and we love him very much. He is three years old. We had a dog before Herbie. His name was Charlie. Charlie unfortunately had a rare liver disease and died at the age of 6.5 years.

Andrew's Carleton Graduation. (Carolyn, Andrew, Julie and Rick)

In Greece (Julie and Rick 2019)

Sheffield Avenue: Pop Glickstein Home in 1930's



The Shul where Pop went once, he moved to Remsen Ave

A Passover Seder with Pop officiating.

The Brothers: left to right Sol G, Al G, Ruby, Morris, Sol L

Happy occasion: Standing, Lorraine & Sol Glickstein

Sitting, Sol Linchitz & Mindy, Ruby & Pearl Linchitz and Al & Esther Glickstein

Brothers: Sol & Morris Glickstein

Sol & Lorraine Glickstein: 50th wedding Anniversary

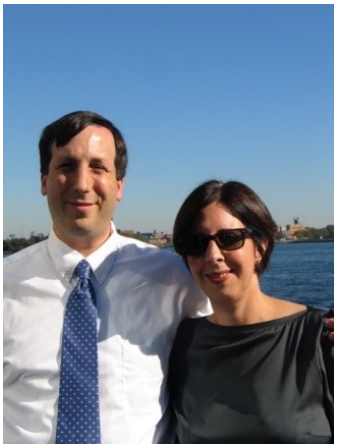
Father & daughter: Sol and Julie at my dad's 85th Birthday August ,2013

It was the last time I think he really knew who I was.

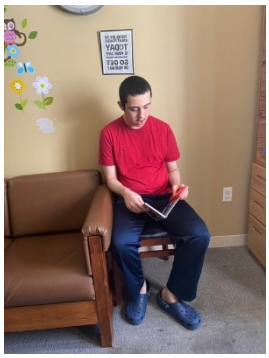
Mom –Lorraine Glickstein May 2020

My Brother Jordan Glickstein and his wife Mary O'Connell. They have two sons. Owen Glickstein 16 years old and Matthew Glickstein 19 years old. Jordan and Mary are both attorneys and work for NYC.

Owen and Jordan

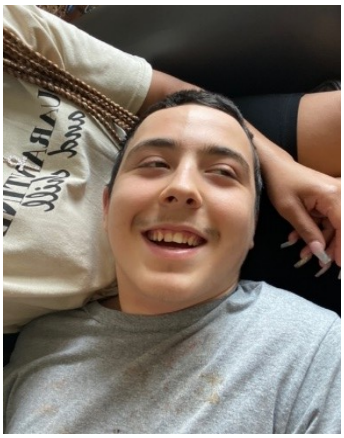


Jordan and Mary



Matthew

Mary



Matthew

This was taken at my parents 50th Wedding anniversary party:

Julie, Cynthia and Arty Ribak and Florence Glick

Author: Steven Glickstein

My Family

My father, Alexander Glickstein, was born April 28, 1921. He also was known as "Sender," was sometimes called "Tubby" by close family members, but most often was called "Al G". He and his four brothers grew up in cold water flat on Alabama Avenue in Brooklyn. When I say four brothers, I have to caveat that three of the four were half brothers. The oldest, Morris Glickstein had the same father, Nathan Glickstein, but a different mother. The two next oldest, Ruby Linchitz and Saul ("Sol") Linchytz, had the same mother, Rose Glickstein, but a different father. Nathan's first wife and Rose's first husband died in the flu pandemic just after World War I. Nathan and Rose then married and had two children of their own: my father and his younger brother Sol Glickstein.

One other point of interest before I continue the story. Why did Ruby Linchitz and Sol Linchytz spell their names differently? Answer: When Sol was in the Army in World War II, they misspelled his name and changed the second "i" to "y". He kept the Army's spelling for the rest of his life because all of his official papers were spelled that way.

Now, back to the beginning. All five brothers were very close. And they grew up very poor. To be sure, they didn't know they were poor. They thought that poor was normal because everyone was poor.

Nathan and Rose raised their five boys on Alabama Avenue in Brooklyn. It was a cold water flat, which meant there was no hot water. If you wanted hot water, you'd have to boil water on the stove.

The five boys slept in one bed. I've heard them all tell the story about how they slept, five in a row, all facing the same way, and that whenever one of the brothers wanted to turn over, all the rest had to turn over at the same time.

Nobody had money for sports equipment. There were no baseballs or basketballs. The two big sports growing up were sports that didn't require much. There was "kickety can", which as the name implies is kickball with a tin can. (Yes, it was tin and not aluminum back then.) And they played "Johnny on the Pony." Basically you picked two teams. The idea was for one team to jump on the backs of the guys on the other team and see which team could support more weight. Here's how it was done. The smallest guy would be called the "pillow". He would line up with his back to a wall. The next guy would lock his arms around the waist of the "pillow" and bend his back forward at a 90 degree angle so someone on the other team could try to jump on it. The rest of the team would do the same, each guy would grab the waist of the person in front of him, and bend his back at a 90 degree angle to accept the opposing team jumping on his back. The opposing team would take their place a suitable distance away, and one-at-a-time each would run toward the team that was lined up against the wall and take a flying leap onto their exposed backs. The idea was to try to land as many people as possible on one guy's back, and cause him to buckle and fall. Once that happened, the team that previously jumped would line up against the wall and expose their backs at 90 degree angles, and the team that previously accepted the jumpers onto their backs would take their turns with flying leaps. The team that used the fewest jumpers to cause a person to buckle and fall would win. Not exactly sophisticated, but it was a sport one could play very cheaply without even a ball. I will say that, when I was a kid and my father told me of Johnny on the Pony, I organized a group of my friends and tried it myself. It ain't easy.

Al G and his four brothers grew up in a religious household. Nathan, who I called Papa and others called Pop, was devoutly Orthodox and prayed three times a day. He knew the Sabbath prayer book by heart and, as I recall, could conduct a Passover Seder without looking at the Haggadah. Whenever I would visit, he'd make me read Hebrew, and he was quick to correct me whenever I mispronounced a word. Rose, who I called Grandma, lit the Sabbath candles every Friday night and kept a Kosher home. It sounds corny, but she made the best home-made chicken soup.

Papa's faith was unshakable. One story my father told, and I've heard others tell, is how in the height of the Great Depression, when jobs were scarce, Papa, who was a tailor and worked in the garment industry, refused to break the Sabbath to work on Saturdays. Back then you had to work six days a week to keep a job . Papa couldn't afford to lose his job, and so every single Saturday he would call in sick rather than break the Sabbath. His employer eventually realized that Papa never worked Saturdays. Thankfully, the employer understood that Papa's faith meant everything to him, and so the employer gave Papa a key to the business and allowed him to come in to work alone on Sundays. Without the kindness of that employer, Papa would have lost his job.

One other story about my grandfather and his work as a tailor. He was a member of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, or ILGWU. He was the second person in his local chapter of ILGWU in Brooklyn, and so his union card number was "Number 2." When Papa retired, ILGWU paid him a pension. But Papa lived almost forever. He did not know his exact birth year but from his description of who was President when he came to America (I think it was McKinley), and from his description of his life before he came to America, first in Poland/Russia before he fled and then a couple of years in England, we could calculate he lived to at least 100. At any rate, Papa kept receiving a pension from ILGWU in what must have seemed to them to be an impossible age. And so every few months a union representative would come to visit to confirm he was still alive and nobody was cashing his check illegally.

Not only did my grandparents scrupulously follow the customs of their faith, they were religious in a truly spiritual sense. My Dad tells a story that I think best summarizes how my grandparents lived. Although my grandparents were themselves poor, they would always give to charity, and even to beggars who had their hand out on the street. As a child, my father asked Papa how he could be sure the beggars really needed the money. What if they were just taking advantage of my grandparents' generosity? Papa answered: "Never refuse anyone who has a hand out. If they are faking and don't need the money, that is their problem, not yours. But if you refuse someone genuinely in need, then it is you that has committed the sin." That lesson stayed with my Dad his whole life. He was very generous. I have tried also to live up to that ideal, although I'm sure not as perfectly as Papa and my Dad.

Another example is the kindness that Grandma Rose always showed my Mom, Esther Glickstein. My Mom is quite thin, and Grandma, being an old school European woman, could never understand how any woman would want to be as skinny as my Mom. She would always tell my Mom to eat more, and when my mother visited, Grandma would always force my Mom to eat more than she possibly could digest. Grandma was with my Mom as my mother went into labor when I was about to be born, and Grandma's only advice to my Mom was, "You better eat now, because they won't give you food in the hospital before you give birth." And so Grandma cooked meatballs for my Mom before she left for the hospital. So I guess that, in a way, meatballs were my first meal. Grandma also loved her five sons more than anyone else. My Mom was at Grandma's side when she died. As she took her last breath, Grandma's last words were "My Boys".

My cousin Stanley Glickstein quotes my Mom in the introduction to this book, where she says she and my Dad lived the American Dream. I believe that to be true. My Dad dreamed big, and he was ambitious and pursued his dreams relentlessly.

One of my Dad's dreams centered around automobiles. He loved cars and had tremendous mechanical ability. He could fix anything, and even as a young teenager he could take apart a car and put it back together. He started fixing cars before he was even old enough to drive. Since my Dad could fix a car better than anyone else, every person who had a broken down car would take it to my Dad to fix it on the street. His price: the car owner would have to let him take the car for a drive. Since my Dad was too young to get a license, and he couldn't have afforded a car even if he was old enough, fixing cars in return for being allowed to take a joy ride was the only way he could begin fulfilling his lifelong passion for automobiles.

My Dad's mechanical abilities were not lost on the U.S government. After the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, my Dad enlisted in the Navy. The Navy gave him an aptitude test and found he could fix anything. So they made him a mechanic on an aircraft carrier where he maintained and fixed airplanes. He served in the invasion of North Africa, and later was stationed in England. After Germany surrendered, he was on his way to the Pacific, but Japan surrendered before he got there. My Dad was so good at fixing planes, and there were so few people who had his skill, the Navy wouldn't discharge him after the war, and he had to serve another six months after Japan's surrender before they could replace him.

After the war, my Dad decided he would try to get involved in the car business. He wanted to learn more about carburetors but couldn't find a job. He offered to work for free, just to get training and experience. I guess his employer couldn't turn down free labor, and so my father got the job. But that's the kind of guy my Dad was. He was willing to work for nothing if it would help him realize his dream down the road.

My Dad and his brother Sol Linchytz ultimately opened their own car repair business. They couldn't afford a shop and so they began by fixing cars on the street. They were successful and got enough money to buy a shop. Then they got more successful and decided they wanted to become car dealers and sell cars. They applied for many dealerships, but were turned down one after the other. But Al G and Sol L were not quitters. Rather than accept the turndowns, they travelled to Detroit and without appointments showed up to the executive offices of the auto companies and asked that they be given a chance. One company was impressed by their moxy and decided to take a chance on them. That car company was Kaiser, now defunct. After Kaiser, they tried Studerbaker. That didn't last too long either. Finally, they secured a Buick dealership, and over time they and their youngest brother Sol Glickstein, added four other dealerships to their stable: Lincoln-Mercury, Volkswagen, Porsche-Audi, and Pontiac. They also had a thriving body shop, became the largest distributor of car parts in Brooklyn, and opened a car rental business. It was truly an American success story.

Papa, by the way, used to "work" at the car dealership after he retired as a tailor. I put "worked" in quotes because mostly he was a goodwill ambassador. Although Papa's English was at best rudimentary -- Yiddish and Hebrew were his primary languages -- all the customers and all the employees could see the kindness in his heart and loved him. Papa would sometimes recount the first time he ever saw a car in his village in "Russ-Poland", by which he meant the Polish part of the Czar's Russian Empire. He remembered a time when everyone in the village was raising a ruckus because there was a carriage that was being driven without a horse pulling it. Nobody could understand how a carriage could move without a horse. And now his sons were horseless carriage dealers.

Another way my father pursued and lived his dream was in his family life. In order to understand that story, let me tell you a little bit about my Mom. My mother's name was Esther Camhi before she married my Dad. She was born on October 10, 1925 on the Lower East Side in Manhattan, but her family later moved to Brooklyn. Coincidentally, my Mom and Dad attended the same high school in Brooklyn, Thomas Jefferson, but as my Dad was five years older than my Mom they were never there together and didn't meet until later.

My Mom had a very interesting heritage. Her parents were of European Spanish descent, but their ancestors were banished from Spain during the Inquisition of 1492 and migrated to a town called Monastir. Monastir was then part of the Turkish Ottoman Empire, but sovereignty has changed hands and the town, under the new name of Bitola, is now part of North Macedonia. It may be difficult to fathom in today's times, but in those days Moslem countries were more welcoming to Jews than Christian countries. Jews descended from Spain and Portugal who migrated to the Moslem world are known as Sephardic Jews, in contrast to those with Eastern European roots like the Glickstein family, who were Ashkenasi Jews. Camhi is a relatively common Sephardic Jewish name.

One interesting bit of history is that the Spanish migrants to the Ottoman Empire lived apart from those of other religions, as was common in that era. Because of that, they kept their Spanish culture. My grandparents on my Mom's side, Solomon Camhi and Sophie Camhi, spoke a 15th Century form of Spanish known as Ladino as their first language. My Mom grew up speaking Ladino in her home, and is still fluent.

My Mom's parents' journey to America was not very much different than those told of the Glickstein family elsewhere in this book. Jews in the Ottomon Empire, although tolerated to a greater extent than in Polish Russia, still had few civil rights. That didn't exempt them from the draft, however, and when the government came to impress my grandfather Solomon into the military, even though he was married and had a young child, it was time to go and he and his family came to America.

As was typical of those days, and like my Dad, my Mom was part of a large family: she had two sisters and four brothers. Again like my Dad, my Mom's family was very close. For me it meant that I had a plethora of Aunts and Uncles -- four Aunts and four Uncles on my Dad's side and six Aunts and six Uncles on my Mom's side. Together with too many cousins to count, it made for great family get-togethers on both sides.

To make a long story short, my Mom was once engaged to someone else, but fortuitously had broken off the engagement when she met my Dad at a party. She didn't want to go out with my Dad because her best friend had a crush on him, but in his usual relentless pursuit of his dream, my Dad wouldn't take "no" for an answer. After my Mom said she was busy on the three days my Dad proposed for a date, my Dad finally asked my Mom to name any date on the calendar that she wasn't busy. When my Mom hesitated, not knowing what to say, my Dad simply said he'd show up a specific day and at a specific time, and then hung up on her before my Mom could say she was busy then too. Fortunately, my Mom was too kind to be absent when my Dad arrived at the appointed time, they went on that first date, and the rest was history. My Mom and Dad married on November 5, 1949.

And it was truly a blessed marriage which, as my Mom described, was the American Dream. They had two kids -- my younger sister Lisa and myself. Our first home was a one-bedroom apartment in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn, where I slept in the same bedroom as my parents. When my sister was born, her crib was added and we became four sleepers in one room. But as my Dad became more successful, our circumstances changed, and in 1958, we moved to North Woodmere in Long Island, coincidentally the same year that my Dad's beloved Brooklyn Dodgers played their first season in Los Angeles. I used to joke that my Dad left Brooklyn because the Dodgers did.

From there, it was onward and upward. My parents traveled together, they ultimately got a second home in Florida, and my Dad, always wanting to fix something, got a boat which he seemed to work on as much as he actually used it. He named the boat "My Esterika" after my Mom's Spanish roots.

My sister was married to Gary Schwartz, and they have two sons, David and Joshua. Josh recently married Wendy, who is now part of our family.

As for me, I have met a wonderful person, Shelly Sands, whose two adult sons, Golden and Austin, have become like sons to me. Golden married Margerie, and they have two incredible children, Hudson and Lily, who have become like my flesh and blood grandchildren. And to complete the circle, I am known as "Papa" to Hudson and Lily, after our patriarch Nathan Glickstein.

My Dad died at 87 in 2008. But my Mom is still vibrant and will turn 95 on October 10, 2020.

And now you have our story !

Funny Stories From The Past: From Steven Glickstein (Al Glickstein's Son) To Julie Ruvkun

Julie, Here's some history for you. I was alive when your Mom and Dad got married. Your Dad used to live with Papa and Grandma on Remsen Avenue in Brooklyn until he married your Mom. Stanley and his sister Cynthia lived down the street on Remsen Avenue with Uncle Morris and Aunt Esther.

I was the page boy at your parent's wedding. Back in those days, the page boy was supposed to be the ring bearer. My job was to walk down the aisle holding a pillow in both arms balancing the wedding ring atop the pillow.

I don't remember how old I was exactly ...probably 3 or 4 or 5 ...I was born in January 1952 so I'm sure you can tell me how old I was when your parents married.

Here are two funny stories related to my job as page boy:

1. My parents made me practice every day carrying the ring on top of a pillow so I would not drop it. I lived in Brooklyn at the time. It was a one-bedroom apartment and so I lived in the same bedroom as my parents; my sister made it four in one bedroom when she was born.

In any event, I spent hours and hours walking around the bedroom carrying a pillow with a ring on top of it so I wouldn't mess up your parents' wedding by losing the ring. I was really good ... I had some drops on my early attempts but after awhile I got the hang of it and never dropped the ring ....UNTIL one time, about a week before the wedding, lo and behold I dropped it. The ring fell near my Mom's dresser. One of the dresser drawers was open and the ring fell beneath the dresser drawer. I got down on my hands and knees to pick the ring up, then stood up abruptly, and whacked my head on the dresser

drawer. I had an open wound on the top of my head — my Dad called it a hole in the head — and I needed stitches.

It turned out not to be serious and being very anxious to be a big boy and fulfill my responsibility, I resumed my daily practices and never again dropped the ring.

2. Then came the big day ... your parents' wedding. I think my parents must have told your parents what happened when I dropped the ring and conked my head. When your parents heard I dropped the ring a few days before in a practice session your parents became concerned that I'd drop the ring again or perhaps even lose it. And so my job description was altered. I still walked down the aisle as the page boy ... but without the ring.

My memory is that I carried an empty pillow without the ring on top of it ...but it's possible that my memory is playing tricks on me and that I just walked down the aisle empty handed with no pillow. Your Mom's wedding album will probably show whether I faked it by carrying an empty pillow or whether I did not pretend and just walk down the aisle normally. Either way, I was not entrusted with the ring.

I do remember being VERY disappointed that after all that practice, I didn't get to do my job.... Of course, your parents made the right decision to leave nothing to chance, and I was not upset with them. Rather, I felt I let everyone down by dropping the ring in practice. The hole in the head was nothing compared to letting everyone down.

I doubt your Mom would remember .... in the most important day of her life, whether I got to carry the ring has to be the last thing she would recall. But it is one of my most vivid childhood memories. Very funny to think about now. Thought you would get a kick out of it.

Family Photographs

The following family photographs were received from the "other" Steven Glickstein, son of Al and Esther Glickstein. Al is the half brother of Morris Glickstein, the editor's father. The editor, Stanley Glickstein also has a son named Steven Glickstein. Yes, very confusing!. Enjoy the old photographs.

Brothers Al Glickstein (top left) and Sol Linchytz

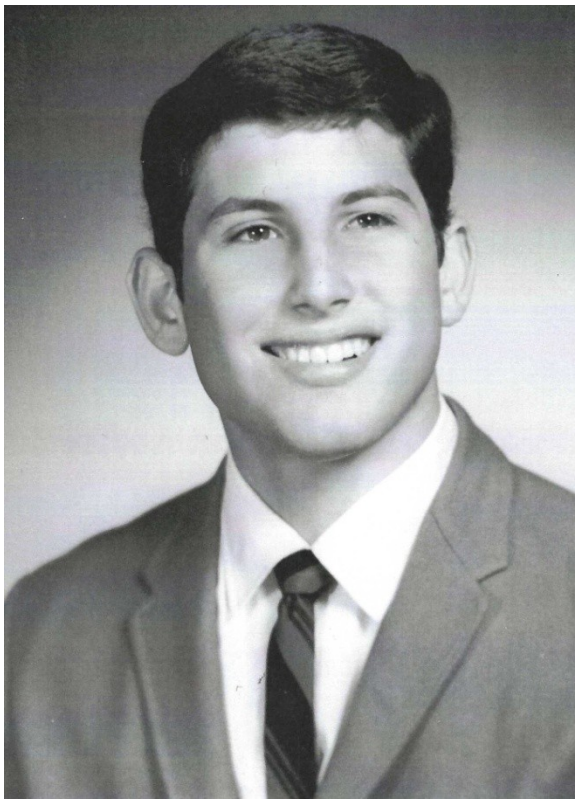
(on knees) at their repair shop on the street on Winthrop Street

Brooklyn, NY unknown assistant on right

The wedding of Esther and Al Glickstein. Behind them are Ruby and Pearl Linchitz and daughter Marsha, Sol and Mindy Linchytz, Nathan and Rose Glickstein, Morris and Esther Glickstein, and Sol Glickstein (then 21 years old

Wedding of Al Glickstein and Esther Camhi

Steven Glickstein



Steven Glickstein High School Graduation

Al & Esther Glickstein

Mother, Esther Glickstein

Steven Glickstein's sister Lisa Schwartz's family; Husband Gary and sons Joshua and David

Grandfather, Pop Glickstein

Author: Barbara Lenchitz Gottesman:

Family History

The first 11 years of my life I lived in a one-horse town in western Morris County, NJ-Mine Hill. It was so small it had one gas station and Josie's Luncheonette. For high school, we had to go to the town over, but we moved before I had to do that-we moved when I was about to start 5th grade because my mom wanted me in a school with some more Jewish kids. We were among the three Jewish families in Mine Hill and Susie Ginsburg had just moved making me the only Jewish kid left in my school. We lived in Mine Hill because my dad, Charles Lenchitz, believed one should never have to commute to work; one should live as close to work as possible and we were five minutes from his office. This was only one of the very prescient pieces of advice I got from a parent. Another from my dad that immediately comes to mind is never waste energy. We were turning off lights and keeping the house as energy efficient as possible before the word "environment" was popular. I remember being excited living in Mine Hill when Geraldine Cali moved in from Brooklyn-she was more exotic than I-she was Italian-the first to move in. We became best friends. The other thing I remember-one girl was Jehovah Witness-the first one I ever met. I felt bad because she could not go out on Halloween or celebrate Christmas. It was this and eating my first stuffed artichoke at Geraldine's Sunday dinners that stand out in my mind. Also-playing outside with home-made go carts (made by my older brother Harry), making boats out of big schissels when it rained, pretending we were pirates, and my dad making me a shelf above my side of the room to hold my dolls. I had 52 and Bernie used to tease me by moving them around when I was not looking. I shared a room with one of my brothers until we moved to White Meadow Lake.

I am one of 4 kids, the only girl. And yes, growing up in the 50's and 60's my parents treated me differently. I knew the love was equally distributed but there were different rules for me. Good thing reading wasn't censored-not only were we read to every night, as soon as we were reading on our own we could read ANYTHING we wanted, went to Dover Public Library weekly, and this is where I started reading about The Holocaust, Slavery, and Sex. (Yes, in this order at this time) When I was 14 and we were ensconced in our small colonial house in White Meadow Lake, Rockaway, NJ, I read Betty Friedan's: *Up from the Kitchen Floor* and my feminism was born. I was always a good student, in public and Hebrew school (I actually liked Hebrew school because there were so many handsome and mischievous boys, Larry being one of them but I didn't think he was handsome until high school) and also a leader-student government, USY positions, and one of the first group of girls to be allowed to become a B'Nai Mitzvah. They made us have our Bat Mitzvah in groups of five!

I continued to be among the strong young ladies breaking barriers when I was the first class of women to attend the all-male Rutgers College-not Douglass College, Rutgers. There were 5,000 men and 450 women my first year. The dorms were not yet retrofitted for girls, so it was always an adventure. I majored in History, minored in English and Women's Studies (the latter was totally new!) and was the chairperson of the Rutgers Women's Political Caucus. (I think that was the name) But I always liked males which was no problem because a lot of the males embraced feminism at the time too.

Before I get to marrying Larry and my "adult" life, I want to say that I had absolutely loving parents and great brothers even though Bernie was a big prankster. I was brought up to respect all people, not to be

prejudice i.e. to have empathy for all who had less than me or were discriminated against, that material things don't matter (My mom, Sylvia, always says: material things can be replaced) family is the basis of a successful life and education is of utmost importance because if you are ever kicked out of your country or have to flee for freedom your education can go with you. She also always said it was just as easy to marry a rich one as a poor one, but I did not listen to this advice.

Even though I went to an all-male college and loved every minute of it, I still chose Larry, who I was good friends with, in high school, to be my mate for life. I married very young, way before any of my peers and lived in Worcester, MA working in a factory to support Larry and I while he finished college, then lived in married student housing (that's what they called it in the olden days) in Piscataway, NJ while we were both working on our Masters at Rutgers, then in Wayne, NJ, then our first house in Pompton Lakes, NJ, then our first house in Montclair, then back to Wayne for 1 year in a huge but horribly in need of repair house on Yellow Brick Road in Wayne and then back to Montclair where I currently live for the past 27 years. Larry has always been very handy and fixed up our houses wherever we lived. We both are avid readers.

Professionally, I worked at Princeton University in Firestone Library, Wayne Public Library, Montclair State University, Find/SVP (now defunct) and then went into my own businesses: The Woodmont Group and College Help! Organization and Advising Services. I love working with teenagers.

Personally, I experienced love beyond all description when I became a mom to Eve (31 years ago) and Daniel (23 years ago; Dan is currently 25) Being a mom has brought me the greatest joy. I have loved every minute of it. (Well, maybe not every minute of the last 5 years, lol, but I would still give my life for my children and my ONLY regret in life is not having more children with which to share my love) When not attending every game, performance, (I still attend Eve's races) reading daily to my children, I made scavenger hunts, took them to amusement parks, museums, annual llama treks and visits to Ben & Jerry's in VT, cried with joy during camp visits always preparing the best care packages I was allowed to, hosted and still host holiday dinners and parties with up to 35 relatives for Thanksgiving or Passover, was PTA president and School Review Chair at 2 schools, VP and President of the Board of Education for 9 years, love the annual Purim Megillah reading at uncle Lou Henkin's on the Upper West side, founded the first mother-daughter book group in our town etc.

I have been fortunate to have a steadfast spouse, amazing parents with excellent values (my 90-year old mom is still going strong) phenomenal children, siblings, long lists of relatives on both sides of our families who I love and see regularly as much as possible. I am fortunate to have good health and a support system I know is long and deep on all sides of our families. If I could, I would have 2 family reunions every year for both sides of our families. I still have an extensive collection of Holocaust literature in my library in Montclair, a full library organized by fiction and non-fiction that includes the history of the oppressed and feminism, (Science Fiction for Larry) and I'm able to use this library with some of my current students each season. I was truly brought up within the "people of the book" philosophy and other strong Jewish cultural and historical traditions. My mom made all of us life members of Hadassah and my concerns for our people, Israel, civil rights, the environment, public education, women's right to choose, the poor and discriminated against, are still top of mind. Reunion anyone?

Family Photos

Gottesman Family: Daniel, Barbara, Larry and Eve

Bar Mitzvah boy Daniel, Barbara, Larry & Eve Gottesman; Daughter Eve Gottesman

Barbara and Larry Gottesman

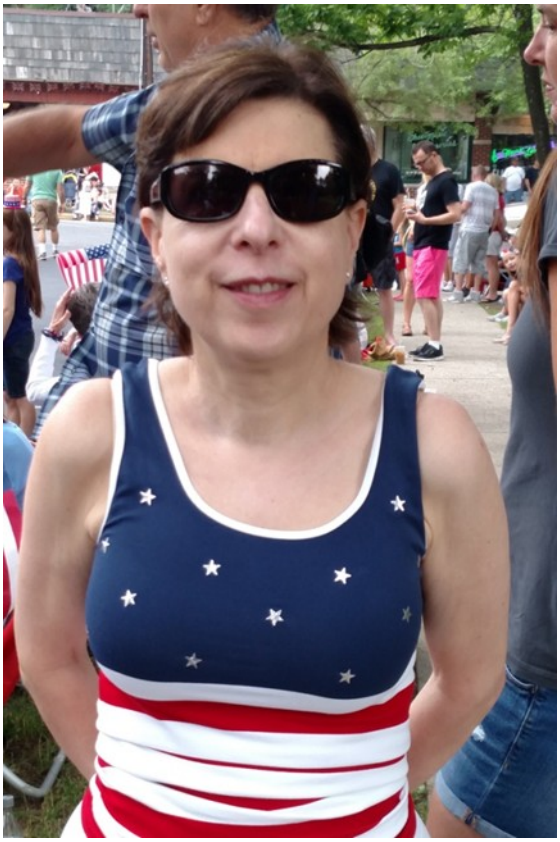
Eve Gottesman and cousin Hermie Glick

Daniel Gottesman and Grandparents Sylvia and Charlie Lenchitz

Cousins Pam Ribak Karetsky and husband Andy Karetsky

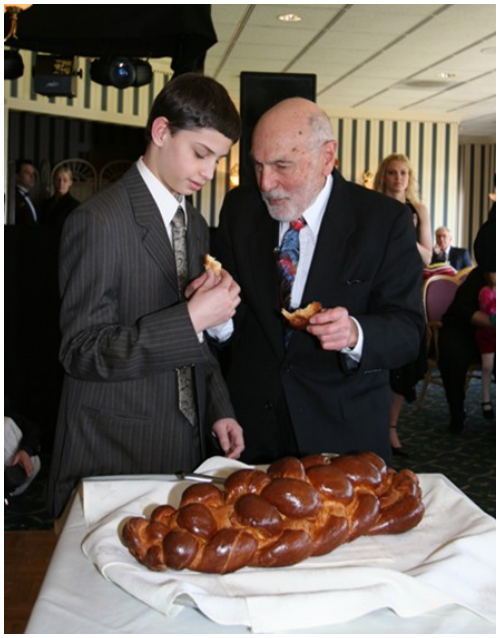
Sister-in-law Teresita Lenchitz and Cousin Rochelle Glick

Cousins Brette Glick, Heath Glick and wife Lisa



Barbra Gottesman

Eve Gotteseman



Daniel and Grandpa Charlie Lenchitz

Mom & Dad: Sylvia and Charles Lenchitz

Aunt Florence and Dad: Florence Glick and Charles Lenchitz

Dad, Larry Gottesman

Cousins Harry Glick and Arthur Ribak

Brothers Bernie and Norman Lenchitz

Wedding of Sylvia and Charles Lenchitz

Author: Norman Lenchitz: Family History

Eva is taking a break from her in-person studies at Rowan College, to be a teaching assistant, this summer, for troubled youth at Pineland Learning Center, a k-12 school in Vineland, NJ. She also will be taking an on-line sociology course while continuing to work weekends at a Shoe Department store nearby

Teresita just completed her 16th year as an adjunct professor of microbiology at Camden County College. This past January, Teresita and Eva made a trip, to attend a family reunion in the Philippines. On the way back they stopped in Seoul, South Korea and, accompanied by a well-traveled friend of Teresita toured the City for a few days.

I just completed my 20th year teaching outdoor education and science, at Pineland Learning Center, and was granted the first ever Educator of the Year award. I took a step toward retirement this year by working only 3 and 1/2 days per week. However, being the president of Sons of Jacob Congregation, Vineland, NJ, for 4 years, and an appointee of the Pittsgrove Township environment committee for 6 years, and the vice chairman of the Pittsgrove Democrats for 12 years, results in full days.

On the farm, we just installed another 20 solar panels. This brings us to 53 panels, and, in conjunction with a geothermal heating and cooling system, installed during Rosh Hashanah, 2010, we have been in the black with all heating and cooling, hot water, and electric, for 9 years. We have pecans, for the first time, this year, and had plenty of strawberries and rhubarb (the moles left us some) this spring. Teresita made the best pies ever and we just finished the last of her strawberry rhubarb compote. Soon we will pick our own blackberries and, in the fall, persimmons.

Author: Heather Lenchitz Penn

The Ken and Vivian Lenchitz Love Story, Through Heather Lenchitz Penn:

My childhood home was one in suburbia- Longmeadow, Massachusetts, very unlike the Brooklyn digs my parents came from. My dad was a clinical psychologist, working hard with a shelp of a commute to work each day, so that my mom could stay home and raise 4 children. Many days consisted of cooking with my mom- specifically baking. My mom would stand on side of the counter and I would stand on the other. My mother loved to bake and was a great baker- she was the resident birthday cake maker for all of our childhood friends. (This tradition of baking was something that I carried on with my own 4 kids when they were very young and at home- mostly with biscotti's and challah.) We celebrated Shabbos on Friday evening- always eating some delicious chicken meal and the house always smelled divine when I walked through the door after school each Friday. When I was growing up we spent summer weeks on Sebago Lake in Casco, Maine and later Long Beach Island, NJ. When we had our own children, we would go to the Ogunquit, Maine area each summer with Grandma and Pop Lenchitz

Vivian and Ken Lenchitz, Ogunquit, Maine August 2001

Heather Lenchitz Penn:

Would love to visit Brooklyn and walk from my grandparent's home on Brighton 13th Street. My grandpa, Ruby Lenchitz, was always my favorite. He had the sweetest, most mild disposition. I would make him pretend that he was a baby and he had to suck his thumb- he was a good sport. I would love to walk up to the boardwalk and walk on the boardwalk or the beach. Often, we would stop to visit a great aunt or uncle who lived in the tall apartment building right next to the baths. We also frequented the avenue and would stop by Mrs. Stahl's for a knish and Bertha's for a new pair of Jordache jeans. My grandma Miriam Einhorn Lenchitz always had a little cabinet filled with candy right next to the kitchen table, that my 3 siblings, my cousins and I loved to raid. I loved the bottles of seltzers that were delivered and sitting in caddies near the kitchen table. I also liked to cook with my grandmother in her kitchen. I loved visiting with my cousin Barbara on Corbin place too, with her crazy dog, Fudgy. There was a great playground right in front her family home.

- Josh and Heather Penn, Ben, Rachel, Matthew, Nathaniel, Vivian and Ken Lenchitz

Nate, Ben, Rachel, Josh, Ginger their dog, Heather, Matthew at their home in Longmeadow, MA
Front porch project; picture during pandemic, April 2020

Wedding of Heather Sue Lenchitz to Joshua Ian Penn

(left to right): Heather's children: Benjamin (13), Matthew (16), Kenneth Martin and Vivian Lenchitz, Nathaniel (18) and Rachel (10)

Author: Rochelle Glick: Our Story: The Glick Family

The Couple: Rochelle and Harry

Our story began in Brooklyn, in the 1960's. My family lived in East New York and moved to East Flatbush when I was ten years old. That move became the blueprint for the rest of my life. Our new home on East 89th Street was only three blocks away from Harry's house on Ralph Avenue. Harry and I attended the same elementary and Junior High schools and knew each other but it was in Samuel J.Tilden High School where we became friends. Our last names positioned the seating arrangement and "Lerner" (my maiden name) and "Glick" sat adjacent to each other in homeroom. Harry became the big brother I never had- always giving sensible advice and always right (still is)! Fate played its hand again when my family moved to South Florida where Harry was attending The University of Miami. The word "Bershakt" took on a personal meaning when we reconnected, this time, in more than friendship. We married after graduation and have been together for almost 50 years.

Our careers became our focus as I continued onto graduate school and became a Special Education teacher. I recently retired after teaching children with Learning Disabilities for more than 40 years.

Harry became an attorney and ventured into various aspects of the law ranging from Assistant District Attorney in the Bronx, to private practice (specializing in Elder Law) and finally as Deputy Counsel in a New York State office. I am thrilled to say that he retired a few months ago and is now living his lifetime dream and passion of teaching self defense as a master of martial arts.

The Children: Heath and Brette

Our son, Heath, was born on September 15, 1979. Even as child he was always grounded and had a mature understanding of what was important in life. Besides family, Heath's lifelong love has always been basketball. His past experience with Division 1 basketball teams at the University of Miami, Florida State and Florida International University (as Assistant Coach and Video Coordinator respectively) paved the way for his present occupation where he is employed in an administrative role at Florida International University in Athletics. In addition, he is a member of the Florida Bar and is an adjunct professor at the FIU College of law, teaching Sports Law.

Our daughter, Brette, was born on December 10, 1982. Her enthusiasm and love of life has always allowed her to see each day as a miracle. Brette was always a compassionate child who cared about people and it is no surprise that as an adult, she has entered a career based on helping others.

Her profession as a Licensed Clinical Social Worker is geared towards supporting individuals on the autism spectrum. In addition, she provides family counseling to encourage and support the families of these young adults.

Heath and Brette have always had a relationship that is based on a strong sense of love, support and much respect for each other. Now, as parents themselves, they are providing loving environments for their own children.

The Spouses: Lisa and Adam

Lisa and Heath met while undergraduates at Emory University in Atlanta. After dating for ten years, they were married in August 2009. They reside in Weston, Florida,

Besides raising three beautiful girls, Lisa is a division chief in the Children's Legal Services Bureau of the Florida Attorney General's Office, where she advocates on behalf of the State of Florida to protect the welfare of at-risk children.

Adam and Brette were married in May 2014. They reside in Manhattan, with their adorable two-year-old, daughter, Eden. They are true New Yorkers and enjoy the endless energy that surrounds them. It also provides the perfect locale for Adam's profession in Commercial Contracting in New York City. His creative gift of design has truly been an asset to his achievements.

The Granddaughters:

(Heath and Lisa's daughters)

Arielle: (June 11, 2013)

Arielle is a lively six-year-old with a contagious smile who loves anything rainbow. Her strong sense of self is reflected in her unique and colorful style. She loves being an older sister and is a wonderful role model for Erica and Liana.

When Harry and I thought life could not get any better, along came Arielle's sisters, a matching set, Erica and Liana. Although, mirror images, they are individuals with very distinctive personalities.

Erica: (January 5, 2017)

Erica is a sweet natured three-year-old who is extremely kind and cares very much about others. She loves pink and her favorite foods are apples, bananas, tomatoes, and avocado- a healthy eater! She is constantly emulating her older sister, Arielle, and often joins her in creating dances and songs.

Liana: (January 5, 2017)

Liana is a spirited three-year-old with a lot of energy, a big heart and a way of brightening the day. Her favorite colors are all the colors of the rainbow. She loves to sing and will happily fill requests and spontaneously break into song.

All three girls love music, so it is not unusual for Heath and Lisa to join their daughters in sing-alongs or dance contests. There is a lot of singing and dancing in the Glick home in Florida accompanied by many giggles and much laughter.

(Brette and Adam's daughter)

Eden: (February 28, 2018)

Eden is a precious two-year-old who brings pure joy to her parents and family. She is a very compassionate little girl who enjoys being surrounded by those she loves. Her amazing curiosity and vivid imagination enable her to totally immerse herself in creative play and life.

Our Family:

We feel extremely blessed and enriched by the love of our immediate and extended family. Our deepest thanks and gratitude to our cousin, Stanley Glickstein, for his vision in creating this beautiful memory maker and giving us the opportunity to share our story.

Left to right: Lisa holding Liana, Harry, Rochelle, Arielle standing in front of Rochelle, Adam holding Eden, Brette, Heath holding Erica

Author: Rochelle Glick A Story About Herman Glick

Who was Herman Glick and why am I writing about him? He was my father-in-law, an amazing human being who left his legacy way too soon.

I felt strongly that he should be part of this book because although not related by "blood", he was such an integral piece of the fabric that was woven together, our family tapestry. Herman was married to Florence Lenchitz and the father of my husband, Harry, and his younger brother Mark. Whoever had the good fortune to know him was truly blessed by his kindness and unbelievable compassion.

I met my father-in-law in 1969 when Harry and I began dating. My future

in-laws were on vacation and I was invited to spend the weekend with them. Dad greeted me holding two wired sculptures in his hands, a bicyclist and a man reading a newspaper. He told the story of how he creates these sculptures in his spare time and I was so impressed by his artistic ability. He presented the man on the bicycle to me and stated that the other statue would be mine one day, as well. He continued to disclose that he studied with Alexander Calder, a highly recognized contemporary artist, who used the medium of wires to craft characters and objects into works of art. I was in total awe!

The next day, as we walked on the beach together, I saw dozens of men creating sculptures that were identical to the ones my father-in-law claimed were his own. His bellowing laugh could be heard miles away as he slapped his knees and nearly fell to the ground in hysteria. At that moment, I knew I loved him for his sense of humor and creative mind. These memorable sculptures are the centerpieces in my den, and I can still see his smiling face and hear his laugh when I look at them.

Like his wife, Florence, he loved fashion, art, theater and living life. He was in constant motion and always researched new and exciting things to do. His days of living in Manhattan were his happiest, as he breathed in the energy and the creative spirit of all that surrounded him. He loved to witness an ordinary day become extraordinary in this ever-evolving mecca of excitement and was so grateful to be a part of it.

His dream was to frequent as many restaurants as he could…a true foodie at heart. When mother worked at Restaurant Review Magazine years later, she had the opportunity to fulfill his wish.

Fashion was also on the top of his list and he had his own personal shopper, Jimmy, at Saks Fifth Avenue. His closet was filled with a variety of sizes to match his constantly changing weight. When he was at his "goal weight" he was eager to model his body suits and other trendy styles.

As much as his diet at home was controlled, the opposite was true when he went to work. One day, he invited me to be his shadow and watch what a day in the life of the working Herman Glick was like. By 10 A.M. he had already consumed three breakfasts and one meal just seem to meld into another. It was like waiting for the dining rooms to open at the Nevele or Concord Hotel in the Catskills. Of course, since this constant eating was not mother's style at all, she planned frequent getaways to health spas to give him the jumpstarts he needed. He looked forward to those trips and always returned home enriched and motivated to modify his food choices. Baked apples made with diet cherry coke that he ate each night for dessert or drinking black coffee, (no more cream or sugar for him) became his new favorites. He certainly would not have made it as a "barista" at Starbucks.

Being in the Kosher Meat business, also gave him the opportunity to be mentioned in a best- selling book, Harry and Tonto, a novel by Josh Greenfeld and Paul Mazursky. One of the authors was a customer who had befriended dad and included him as a minor character because of his dynamic personality. That was a tribute to him because he was such a charismatic person who made a definite difference in the lives of others. In 1975, Art Carney won the Oscar award for best performance by an actor as the lead in the movie version. To us, dad did not need an Oscar, he was always our winner in the "best of everything" category.

He and mother both enjoyed entertaining. One night when their friends were invited to dinner, dad smiled sheepishly and handed me an apron and announced, "Tonight, you'll have to be the maid and serve dinner" our server did not show. I quickly became "Maria" an exchange student who was working my way through college while living with "the Glicks". Imagine the shocked looks on the dinner guest's faces months later when they attended my wedding and saw "the waitress" walking down the aisle with dad's son!

One Saturday afternoon in December, we were driving back to the city from Brooklyn and dad spontaneously decided that he would spend the rest of the day with mother exploring store windows. He handed me the car keys and said, "We'll meet you back at home". I had never driven in the city alone and the shock of being left in total gridlock during the holiday week was quite overwhelming. By some miracle, I returned safely home without incident. My anxiety of being stranded or lost in pre-GPS days was over. Now, one of my favorite things to do is drive into the city. Upon viewing the Manhattan skyline, I always shout out, "Hello, city" and silently say "thanks, dad."

There are so many thanks to be given to this man who made everyone's lives better and happier. He loved his family fiercely and his kindness, compassion and affection were always evident. He was the thread of our tapestry, the fabric of our lives, and he remains an integral part of us all.

Herman Glick

Author: Rochelle Glick A Story About Florence Lenchitz Glick

Each person reading this has his or her own story to tell about my mother-in-law, Florence, because she has touched so many lives…so many hearts. The entries would be filled with gentleness, kindness, compassion and giving because that is who she is and that is what she has shared with those she loves.

Florence, is the seventh child of Bertha and Harry Lenchitz and her parents and siblings were her small world in Brooklyn, New York. Being the "baby" (as she was affectionately called way into adulthood) had many advantages. Upon her birth, she became the immediate recipient of six additional mothers and fathers. Her tales of growing up surrounded by the unconditional love of aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces and nephews were priceless. This love made such an imprint, that she continues to pay it forward to so many people, sometimes not realizing the difference she makes.

I met mother when Harry and I began dating. At first glance, I sensed that she was unlike any other mother I knew. She looked more like an actress (a cross between Arlene Dahl and Rhonda Fleming) with an innate sense of style and impeccable taste. Since our flight was delayed, our first meeting was around midnight and mother was ready for bed. When we arrived, she waltzed in like Loretta Young, wearing a powder blue peignoir set with high-heeled slippers and fur pom-poms. This certainly wasn't at all like the hair curler adorned mothers I knew!

She was always first to wear the latest designer attire and I'm sure she coined the phrase, "Fashion Icon". The story of how Paul Anka singled her out at a concert made her proud to retell over and over. "This is one fancy lady," he sang out. I guess it was the elbow length white satin gloves that did it! Although she was eager to follow the latest trends, she also had a knack of making it her own…high boots, platform sneakers, creative ways of wearing scarves and hats…oh, those hats!

Her amazing eye for design was evident in her home décor, as well. While others had white walls and brown furniture, she had the opposite, white furniture and "chocolate brown" walls. Instead of large floor tiles she opted for small ones. Upon opening her linen closet door, you were greeted by neatly wrapped sheet sets tied with ribbons like a gift. The colors of her cars were never the usual red or beige-they were raspberry or champagne. Her granddaughter Brette's eyes aren't blue…they're sapphire! She created her own rainbow and the usual hues were not on her art palette.

She loved entertaining and everyone was always welcomed with warmth and open arms. Although the gatherings were especially memorable with meticulously adorned settings, the best part was the people seated around the table. The traditional Shabbos or holiday dinner of flanken and "the perfect chicken" chicken soup were "made with love". Her best thing was creating gourmet meals for our family and sending us home with leftovers that could last a month. It was rare for her to eat with us because after two bites she would announce, "I'm filled to the gills." I'm sure she wanted to share her recipes but the trickster side of her always omitted an ingredient. I always wondered why my dishes never tasted quite as good as hers. Her nutrition expertise was extensive and she could have definitely written the book on Whole Food Plant Based way before this lifestyle became popular.

Art, music, theater and travel were exciting interests that were shared with her husband and best friend, Herman. They immersed themselves in the energy of life and bonded together, creating a beautiful family unit with their sons, Harry and Mark. Being a natural born nurturer made motherhood a gift to her boys and future grandchildren, where she is the link from the past to the future.

"Family is what matters'" became her mission statement for the two clubs she created. The GGC (Glick Girl's Club) consists of mother, my sister-in-law Mary and myself. Our meetings were always well planned and focused on how to support each other. We discussed how to turn obstacles into opportunities, keep communication open and the mantra…"what can I do to help?" To date, the GGC is still in operation and we eagerly await new additions to the club.

The Grandchildren's Club was all about the children and emphasized the importance of family and being there for one another. Who could ever forget the sight of Hermie, Heath, Jason and Brette, dressed in matching shirts, personalized jackets and baseball caps leaving for their magical mystery tours to spend time together and internalize the importance of family? What amazing perception and wisdom went into the concept of teachable moments to share thoughts, solve problems, support each other and learn that even when there are challenges, there's a treasure to be found in family and togetherness.

As a grandmother myself (GG by name for Grandma Glick), I strive to instill the concept of " being there for each other," and reinforcing what mother has so remarkably gifted. Although, the girls are too young for official meetings, the matching outfits are already part of their wardrobe, for I have truly learned from the best!

Mother made "reaching out to others" a priority and her profession exemplified her wonderful attributes of compassion and giving. She spent most of her life being a nurse and offering kindness that comforted others. When her career ended, she volunteered at Memorial Sloane Kettering, delivering flowers to patients and spending endless hours listening to them with her heart. In addition, she was a guest speaker on a weekly radio show discussing health issues. Her theme song was "Help," by the Beatles …what a perfect selection!

Although mother treasured the life she had together with dad, in later years she moved forward into a lovely relationship with Bill, who adored her and truly got her uniqueness. One night, we all went out to dinner and mother was very uncomfortable with the looks of the creased tablecloth. She couldn't possibly eat if it remained that way. Bill said, "Florence, next time you should bring your iron!" We all loved that he "got her" and that he embraced our family with love and kindness.

There are so many more personal tales that I can share. Each person reading this has his or her own story to tell about my mother–in-law, Florence, because she has touched so many lives…so many hearts. Think about your story and how it makes you feel. I guarantee it will put a smile on your face and a song in your heart. This would give her much joy and be the best tribute to a very special woman or as her son, Harry, calls her, "an angel from G-d."

Florence Lenchitz Glick

Florence and Herman Glick

Author: Mark Glick : My Family Story

I was born on October 30, 1951 in Brooklyn, New York to Herman Glick and Florence Lenchitz Glick. Our first home was 1149 Ralph Avenue. It was a 2-family house and the Falk family lived downstairs, but in 1960 the Falk's moved out and my parents under took the task of making the two family house one large comfortable and special home. My brother Harry and I had a study room with two desks, two couches and most importantly a Magnavox color TV and an Everlast punching bag.

I remember having Sunday BBQ at our house My aunt Esther and Uncle Morris along with Aunt Bernice and Uncle Julie were there most of the time These family gatherings created a strong family bond It was the basis of my responsibility I felt later in taking care of my family .

With most of my cousins and their children living all over the country I cannot tell you how important my cousin Stanley has become in maintaining a link to us all.

Until I went to McBurney Prep, a private school on the west side of Manhattan, I did not like school. I recognized that McBurney offered a good education and I enjoyed being in the city. It was a good experience and I knew it was valuable to be in this environment.

I did love our family time at the Nevele and my summers at Camp Echo Lark. Until we went to camp, we spent four weeks every summer at the Nevele Camp and the hotel was paradise. I loved the food the country air the freedom to play sports all day long.

In my senior year of high school, in December, I accepted early decision to Babson College in Boston. Since I was already in a college, McBurney had lost its power over me and it was great to be a senior in high school.

In January of 1972 during my Junior year in college I met Mary at a party, who was studying accounting at Boston University. I know this may sound crazy but I knew I was going to marry her By July we were engaged. And September 1 1973 we were married .

We lived in Boston for a year while Mary was getting her graduate degree and I was working in the New England merchants Bank The next summer we were moving back to NYC Mary had gotten an offer from SD Liedesdorf an accounting firm and I was going to join my dad.

Within one week of moving into 300 east 56th street my dad died July 10 1974 was a catastrophe for our family. My mom 46 years old was without her husband my brother who was going to law school in Atlanta came home and I newly married began a twenty-year battle with the butcher business.

Looking back now 46 years later we were not prepared for this and who is but each generation supposedly has it easier than the prior and this is a mistake we make in assessing our abilities to thrive If we don't teach ourselves how to deal with sickness old age and death we find it difficult to see how beautiful life still can be.

Mary and I have two children, Hermie born in 1979 and Jason born in 1982. Hermie Glick, named after my father owns a decorative hardware and plumbing showroom in NYC and Jason works at Saint

Andrew's school in Boca Raton. He is Director of Student Life and experiential education. Jason is also the boys head counselor at camp Starlight. Very soon, Lisa Mermelstein will marry our son Hermie

Hermie Glick & Lisa Mermelstein

Author: Diane Frankel Silver:

Family Memories

I just wanted to say thank you for always trying to keep records of our family history. I know it takes lots of time and energy to compile everything.

Families are like tapestries, complicated, intricately woven, and yet beautiful!

What came to my mind when you requested us to write something was what a powerful impact my Uncle Morris and Aunt Esther had on me.

They were always so inclusive and made everyone feel welcome.

Still to this day I tell my friends if my Uncle heard you say something unkind, he'd say, "Sissy, I'm putting my head down 'til you stop" (He called everyone Sissy). I remember my mother Caroline telling me he bought her, her very first wrap. She adored him.

Aunt Esther was a very modern woman with old fashion senses and was a joy and delight. They were the first of my relatives that I introduced Mitch to, and he immediately loved them.

They truly made everyone feel welcome. They were the glue that helped keep the family together. I remember my mother used to tweeze Aunt Esther's eyebrows, and she would be screaming in pain 'til my mother sternly threatened her. They truly loved one another.

My mother also fondly told me tales of you and her staying up way past dark eating until you both had terrible bellyaches.

My mother was my best friend and I adored her. My father, I realized as I got older, had a heart of gold and helped anyone in our family. He had a rough exterior but polished up he was a gem!

I'm proud to say our family has always loved their children and by marrying Mitch, he has truly adopted those ways!

I am blessed to have our triplets and brand-new adorable grandson! My sister Harriet and I have a very strong bond for which I am grateful every day.

Hope everyone is happy and well! Life is certainly a humbling experience, but surrounded with the right people, anything is possible.

On the next few pages are some cherished family pictures.

Ashley Silver wedding in Austin, Texas

Mark Silver. Diane Silver, Ashley Silver Thompson, Allen Thompson, Mitchell Silver, Mandy Silver Kleine

Nicole Silver, Mark Silver Ashley Silver Thompson, Allen Thompson

Mark Kleine, Mandy Silver Kleine, Ashley Silver Thompson, Allen Thompson

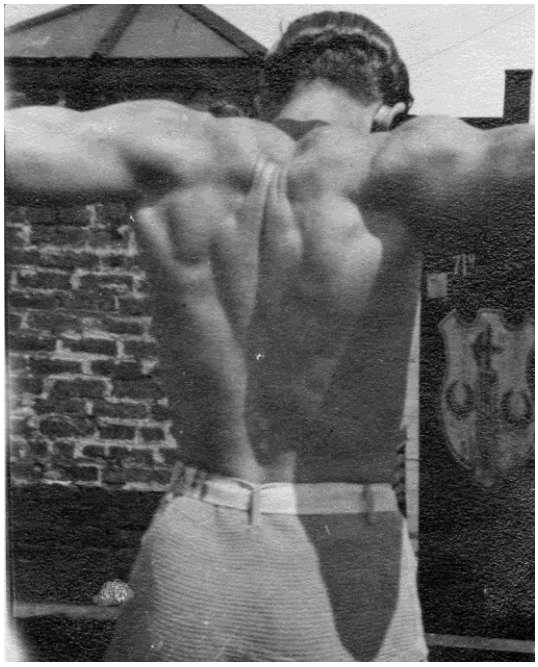
Nicole Silver and Austin Silver

Austin Silver

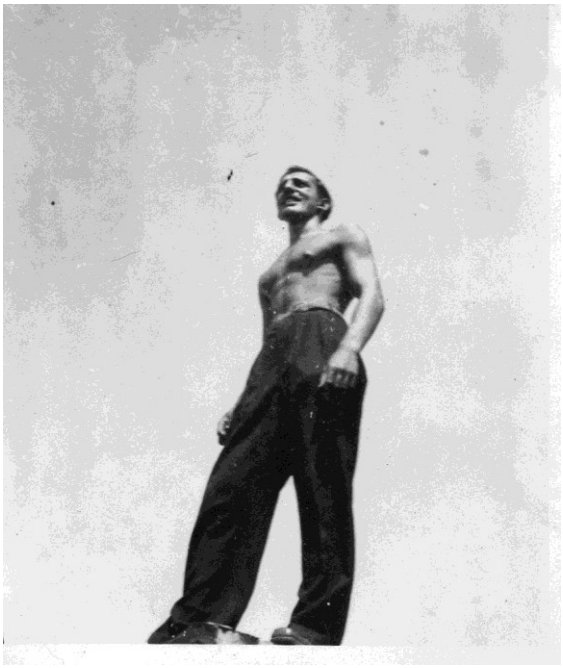
Old Frankel Family Photographs:

Wedding Picture: Caroline & Irving Frankel

Irving Frankel in Uniform

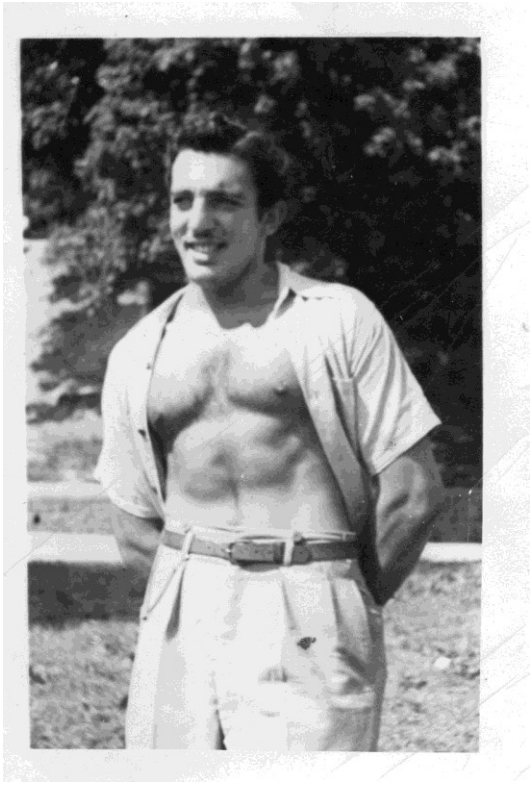


That's my Dad, Irving Frankel



Can you believe?

His early years



Yup, that’s my dad Irving Frankel

Family Treasure

Top row, left to right: Irving and Caroline Frankel. Morris & Esther Glickstein, Florence & Herman Glick, Charlie & Sylvia Lenchitz, Ruby & Miriam Lenchitz, Julie & Bernice Brooks;

Middle row: Barbara Lenchitz Yetta & Solomon Lenchitz, Nathan Glickstein; Front: Bernie & Norman Lenchitz

Editor's comment: Picture may have been taken at Norman Lenchitz Bar Mitzvah, 1971

Author: Harriet Frankel Waldbaum: Greetings

Hi Cousin Stan:

Barry, Harriet, and Cara Waldbaum relocated to Florida in 2015. My son Brian and his wife Linda and daughter Katharina remain in New York. Cara's home is about a mile and a half from mine and Barry 's so we are very close by. We all love Florida. I personally will be happy to never see snow and ice again though we do have our challenges. Top of the list are gators followed by sharks, red ants and killer frogs (bufo toads).

Cara works as a third-party sales coordinator at a facility that supplies vehicles and equipment for the mobility impaired. Brian and Linda are still teaching. Our granddaughter Katharina visits us each summer. Just this last month (February) she came so that we could tour three Florida universities that were on her short list for enrollment for this September.

Every March cousins Sharon and Jason Brooks come to their timeshare in Orlando, so we happily get to see them. We did so just this last week.

Best memory: Lots of family on same block or close by. I used to walk down Remsen Avenue to visit Cousin David Lenchitz.

Waldbaum family: Barry, Harriet, Cara, Brian, Linda, and Kat

Here are some family pictures you requested.

Thanksgiving: Kat, Linda Harriet and Brian

Jason & Sharon Brooks with Barry

Kat Jr. Prom

Barry at Barn

Kat at Barn

Cara at Barn

Kat and Cara

Harriet at Disney

Barry and Harriet at Disney

Author: Helen Lenchitz Dermake: My Dad Rubin Lenchitz

After reading so many descriptions that were written so beautifully, I really am a bit ashamed that I do not have a more eloquent way to explain my dad, one of many Rubin Lenchitz (the way we have always spelled it. I know there are many versions. He was the 2nd son and third child of Bertha and Harry Lenchitz. Bernice, Caroline, Charlie, and Florence were born after him and Sol and Esther before him.

Stan had asked me to supply a copy of the birth certificate that I had sent for from England which if you read it you would wonder how or why any person would think that was my dad. First of all the name was not remotely Lenchitz, more like Lenerz the year and date of birth were not the same and so I will tell you what I know about Rubin Lenchitz (birth certificate, which I can no longer find had his birthday as May 19, 1910). We always celebrated his birthday as May 20, 1911. He was born in England, weight 16 pounds and wearing a t-shirt. That was his claim and I have no reason to doubt him.

He always described growing up very similar to some of the stories other recalled, sleeping 3- 4 in a bed with his brother Sol and his cousins Shirky and Hook (Ruby Linchitz). (I never realized until I was very much an adult that Shirky was Saul, Sender/Tubby was Al and Shloime was Sol G. The reality that two brothers married two sisters was beautiful. The fact that Rivala's husband died as a young man leaving her with two young boys was very sad. At the same time, it gave all of us another layer to our family and one that gives young one's migraines from trying to understand. Aunt Rivala marrying Nathan Glickstein who also had a young son, Morris and then Nathan and Rivala having two more boys

My dad married my mom Marion/Miriam Einhorn on March 13, 1937. He always said that he brought her up from the sub, sub basement and into the basement. As you can tell my dad like most of the family had a great sense of humor and always had a joke or a story. He never wanted too much, to my mom's chagrin, he said he never wanted a money ulcer. He never had one for sure. He did not have the same type of relationship with his family, although the love was strong, I just think the women kind of rule those things especially since they planned most of the weekends.

When my brother moved out to work upstate, my father started calling me Phil, especially on weekend car rides, he did not always want to drive so I did. My mother was relegated to the back and on one trip he offered me a cigar. I wonder what he would have done if I had taken it. My parents had a nice social life but invariably he would ask me if I needed the car and if I said yes, he would disappear and fill the tank and tell my mom he didn't feel like going out. Looking back, I believe he was the greatest as a dad, but I am not so sure, seeing it now, he was the greatest husband in some respects.

My dad was probably the only person I could imagine doing the following, on his way to work one morning pretty early he was in an accident with the small truck he had been driving to and from work which went into the window of a supermarket. He was not hurt. Got out of the truck, took his lunch, and walked to the train and went to work. I always thought my dad had a friend named Ben whom he worked with. He had a baseball bat in the back of the car. I do not know I thought maybe he and Ben hit balls during lunch or something. Ben turned out to be a rat that met him at the front door, and he would have to chase him away.

Man, as I am doing this, I realize there are so many of these in my head, but I do not know what I should include. One last one though, my family was at my grandparents' home (it was a two-family home where my mom's sister lived on the first floor and my grandparents upstairs. One Yom Kippur and it was during a break from services. The doorbell (front door rang). My grandfather opened the door and was so happy that Aunt Esther came to wish a Happy New Year. He then looked around to see where Raymie was, I

cannot spell the Yiddish and he could not be found and after a few minutes my father took off his hat and Persian coat to reveal he was his sister Esther. That was really something, but I guess you had to be there. My dad had rouge, lip stick, a hat with a veil (I thought it was just the best.) I can see it as I am typing.

It is now a month later and I still cannot get it right, so I am ending and sending. All I can say is that I feel so blessed, lucky and happy to have had him for my dad and the family he came from. I know most of us feel the same way about our dads, as it should be.

The Dermake clan: Helen, Barry, Robert Secondino, Elizabeth, Bari and Alexa

Author: Marsha Linchitz Townsend:

My Dad, Ruby Linchitz

Quotes from my father Ruby, known to myself and Joel as Big Daddy, and known as Peepa to his grandchildren:

My father's pet name for me was Marsha Kay Lynn he shortened my name from Linchitz to Lynn because he thought I was going to be a movie star and that was going to be the perfect name. Growing up, I wanted to be either a doctor or a dancer and he felt that name would work in either profession.

He taught me that making mistakes opened avenues for learning, but if you made the same mistake twice, he would question your intelligence. He was great at letter writing, math, and business. He was extremely intelligent. He was always testing me. One day he said "Marsha Kay Lynn, how much is 11x11?" So, I would grab a pencil and paper and he would say, "Marsha Kay what are you doing?" And I would say, "I am trying to figure it out. He would say, "that's silly!" Let me give you a trick, how much is 1+1?" And of course, I would say 2. He would say, "write 1 leave a little space, write 1 again and take the 2 and put it in the middle and what do you get? 121, that's 11x11!"

Grandma Rose, his mom, would go to the store. At that time, they had a pencil and a paper bag on which they would write the items on the paper bag. Now of purchase grandma would look at the numbers which were many and she would say "you were five cents off." The man would start adding the numbers for a long time and by only glimpsing she would know the numbers were off. My dad got that ability from her, I find numbers very easy as well, so I guess I got the numbers gene as well. Now my grandson Maxwell has the same talent. His older brother works in the Biochemistry field. Maybe he would find some cure for COVID -19, God willing.

Memories of my mother and father "Pearl and Ruby two gems."

(By the way there is a song by Nat King Cole named "The Pearl and The Ruby" that is quite beautiful if you look it up).

One day I called my father and mother after they had moved permanently to Florida. I called my father and asked how he was doing in his new surroundings. He said "Marsha Kay Lynn your big daddy is in God's country. This is beautiful, it is truly a paradise. I walk on the beach every day and look at the sky, the ocean and I feel like I am in heaven. You must come here." I said," dad I am happy for you. Let me speak to mom." I said, hi mom and she said "Marsha I don't know what your father did to me. I am in hell. It is so hot here people must wear gloves to touch the steering wheel. People are melting in the street. I must wear a big hat so as not to ruin my hair and my ski. I miss Brooklyn terribly and I want to go home." I asked them to go on different phone extensions, one in the kitchen and one in the bedroom and I asked mom, dad, are you in the same place?"

Precious Memories of the Kids

Randi and Jill were little girls several years apart. One day we were in a hotel waiting for the dining room doors to open to serve dinner. Jill was sitting on the couch reading a book and Randi as usual was hanging from the chandelier. A lady came to me and said, "Miss, look at those two little girls, the one sitting in the couch must have a wonderful mother, and the little devil hanging from the chandelier must have a terrible mother. This goes to prove what proper upbringing can do." I said,"really, YOU truly believe that?"And she said, "yes I do" and I said well..." I think you are wrong and to prove it I can tell you I'm the mother of both girls, so your theory is wrong." The woman ran away.

Out of the mouths of babes

One day I was with my little granddaughter Lexi. I mentioned to her mom that she had the most beautiful dirty blonde hair I have ever seen. Lexi started to cry. When I asked her what was wrong she said "Nana, I don't have dirty blonde hair I have cleany blonde hair."

Another memory I have is from my daughter Jill. I was having a rough day and I said to Jill, "it is so tough to be a grown-up." She was about five years old and she looked at me, put her hands on her hips and said, "well mommy it's really tough to be little."

One day when Jill was 12 years old, she was crying as she got off her school bus. I asked what had happened and she said the kids were not nice to her. Then Randi who was 3 1/2 years younger got off the bus with her face all dirty and her clothes torn apart. I asked Randi what happened on the bus and she said, "mom don't worry I took care of it." I was going to call the school, but Randi said, "please don't mom." Anyway, Randi never told me what she did, and Jill never came off the bus crying again.

Jill was born with the last name Moskowitz. My husband later changed it legally to Moss. He said it was better for business and at that time many of the Business clubs did not accept Jews. One day Jill came from school crying again. I asked, "what is wrong?" She said, "why did you give me that last name Moss?" I said, "it's a beautiful name." "My name now is Marsha Moss and your name now is Jill Moss. It is much nicer. "She said, "Well the boys now call me peatmoss, tree moss and mossy and I do not like it. Why couldn't you give me a wonderful name like my friend?" I asked what name is that? Her answer was "Barbara Moskowitz". Out of the mouths of babes, parents cannot do anything right. It is all how you look at things, a glass half full or glass half empty.

Cute pet names for loved ones

My father Ruben Linchitz was called "hook" because of his large nose. His brother Saul Linchitz was called "taddy" boy. His brother Al Glickstein was called "tubby", and also "sender." Sol Glickstein was called "schlome", and my father's additional pet name for him was, "you crazy kid." Nathan Glickstein, my grandma Rose's second husband was called Glickstein by her and "papa with the hat" by all the grand children. His son's name was Morris Glickstein who I called Uncle Morris. His son, Cousin Stanley was called "the genius." My cousin that lived in the downstairs flat at my grandma's home was called "chicken." For the life of me I do not remember his first name. I used to paint bricks outside with my cousin David who was called "Duvid." We used old coffee cans with water and paint brushes, and we painted grandma's bricks outside in the backyard. Boy was I crazy about David, he was a lot of fun. My father called my brother "Jo- boy." My uncle, Sol Linchitz called me "marshmallow." He called his wife Mindy, "Mindose". My cousin Florence had a special pet name for my uncle Sol G. She called him brother Bobby. I never knew why. (Editor's note: Julie Ruvkun said, "Florence called my dad "Bobby" because she said there were too many Sols." There was Sol L, Sol G and Sol Lenchitz who later became Rabbi Sol.) My aunt Esther Glickstein is called "skinny turk." I think it was because she was from

Turkey. Originally and she is very skinny. However, her coffee tasted like mud. It could melt the fat right off you. You could eat it with a spoon. Uncle Saul G's wife was Lorraine but was called "Libby", her "Jewish name". We had another Cousin Charlie who was called Shire. He was also very brilliant and charming as I remember. We had two Ruby Linchitz's in the family. My father was called, as I said "Hook". The other Ruby Linchitz was called "fat Ruby."

We had two Esther Glicksteins. One was Skinny Turk and the other is cuz Stanley's mom. I do not remember any pet names for her. As I remember they called her daughter Cynthia "cyntock" which I believe my uncle Sol G gave her, but I am not sure. We also called my daughter Randi, Randall because she was supposed to be a boy.

Out of all the years that have gone by, these are the memories that stick out the most. There is more to follow if I can only remember as time dulls things a bit.

Big Daddy's (Ruby) fascination with trains

My father had a fascination with trains. My cousin Irving, Caroline 's husband, was a train conductor. As I told you previously, my father had pet names for everybody; Cousin Irving was called "Choo-choo" and that made sense because he was a train conductor. Whenever we would see my cousin Irving my father would ask him, "what's the action of the day, chooch". My father wanted to know what Choo-choo's days were like. He thought his job was very interesting. One day cousin Irving and Caroline were at a family gathering with my father and me; my father asked the same thing again, "what's the action of the day?" Cousin Irving would answer, "what do you want to know, Ruby?" My father would answer, "tell me where you went this week, tell me who was on the train, tell me how the train works, I hear a lot of trains run away and only the conductor can stop it?" They would talk for a while, and then I would ask my dad what he said?" My father answered, "Marsha Kay, he was telling me about a runaway train in Brooklyn, you know conductors are very important and they are responsible for a lot of lives, but I will tell you later, because we have to visit with a lot of people."

True Train stories - Bubbe-meises

One day my brother and I were misbehaving, we were bothering my mom; my father said, "kids come into the den I want to tell you a story that happened to Big Daddy while he was on a train to Africa." So we went into the den, and my brother and I sat on the couch, and he would sit in his favorite chair. He proceeded to tell the story, kids when I was as a young man I wanted to see the world, the first trip I took was on a train to Africa, it was very exciting, and a lot of people were on the train. The people were looking out of the window, looking at beautiful sites and wildlife. There were lions, tigers, giraffes, and all sorts of animals; everybody was enjoying themselves; after a while, some of the people would ask the conductor, "could you please stop?" "Could you please stop?" many people asked that several times. Finally, the conductor said, "I'm not supposed to stop, but in a little while, I will." When he finally stopped the train, the doors opened by mistake and in an instant a giant lion came on the train. The lion looked around and decided to call his friends, and in a short time, two more jumped on the train. One said, that "they were very hungry, and the people looked delicious, and the smaller people who were children looked like tasty morsels". People started screaming, crying and panicking, all the children were crying too, they were asking "who is going to save us!?" And at that moment my father Ruby jumped up and said I am Big Daddy; I am going to save you all! Then the lion looked around and pulled at the conductor's uniform, he pulled him so hard and threw him off the train right out the front door. My father figured he had to save everyone and started to fight the lions; he took the first, he ripped out the bottom of the front seat that was made out of metal and knocked the first lion out. He grabbed the other one by its tail and kept swinging him around that it got so dizzy, and it fell out the back door of the train. After that, he looked at the last lion standing there, looking eye to eye with him, my father approached the lion. The lion said, "I'm not messing with you, Big Daddy," and the lion ran away. The people were saying Big

Daddy you saved us! You saved us! But how are we going to get to Africa? He said, "don't worry, I have a cousin named Choo-choo who is a train conductor, and he taught me how to drive the train, "Big Daddy jumped in the front seat, closed all the doors and started his drive to Africa, everybody was saved at that moment. Unfortunately, there was another problem with the train; it began to go faster and faster, people started screaming again, and they were falling off their seats. My father tried very hard to remember what cousin Irving had told him about the story of a runaway train in Brooklyn. Suddenly he remembered, and he pressed the right buttons and turned off all the different switches, and the train slowed down, and the train was safe once again. Everybody was cheering him, and later my dad told us that the story appeared in all the newspapers.

That night my brother and I, at dinner, told my mom the fascinating story that my father told us and that he was like superman. She said to us, “are you kidding me? What bubbe-meises is he telling you? You know your daddy couldn’t even boil water if he wanted to.” My brother, who was six years younger, looked at me and said, “Marsh, what are bubbe-meises? “Did Big Daddy kill them too?”

True train story

My father and I were about to take a special train trip to see my mom’s mother in Florida, her name was Cecilia, but we called her grandma Florida because she lived there most of the time. I was very excited since it was the first time I was ever on a train with my father. The train was called the Silver Bullet, and as it pulled into the station, that is exactly how it looked. I believe I was eight or nine years old at that time. We boarded the train and got our assigned cabin. We were unpacking a bit when I became very hungry; my father said, “Marsha Kay Lynn lets go to the dining room car,” which I thought was so special because the train had cars for everything. As we proceeded to the dining room car, my father asked: “did you wash your hands?” I said yes, and he said, “oh, let me go wash mine, but before I do Marsha Kay Lynn, I want you to look at the menu.” I said OK, and he said “why don’t you order for both of us,” and I said, “well daddy, I don’t know what to order” and he said, “well, you could read, right?”, and I said yes so he said pick anything you want, and I said anything in the whole menu? Are you sure, daddy? He said, “Yes but whatever you order, order for two,” so I said OK so my dad went to wash up, and the waiter came over, and he said “little girl are you waiting for someone?” and I said I’m waiting for my daddy and he said, I should order, the waiter said “OK did you look at the menu? “I said yes, and he said, “what would you like?” I said, “everything but for two”, and the waiter said, “are you sure?” I said, “yes, my dad told me I could have anything and everything I wanted on the whole menu, but I need to order for two,” and the waiter said, “OK, I hope you’re correct,” and I said, “yes, I am.” A little while later, my father came out to join me in the dining car. He said, “Marsha Kay Lynn, you missed the action! We have tons of waiters coming to serve some very important people on the train, maybe they are Kings and Queens because the waiters are carrying steaks, and cakes and I said, “really?” He sat down, and he said to me “look, they’re coming this way and I started looking around for a king and queen, and I didn’t see anybody, and then in a little while the waiters stopped at our table about 4 or 5 waiters holding silver trays and steak as long as half of the dining room car. My father said, “ who is this for?” And the waiter said, “this is for you, sir, your daughter ordered this,” and then my father said, “Marsha Kay Lynn, what did you do?” And I said, “ I did what you told me to do. You told me I could order everything on the menu times two,” and he said, “what? !” I said, “what’s wrong?” And he said to me “oh my God Marsha Kay Lynn, do you know how expensive this is? How am I my going to pay for this?” And I said we have no money? And I started crying, and he said, “ stop, stop, don’t cry Big Daddy will fix everything.”I said OK, what are we going to do now? And he said, “well, first we have to finish our dinner and make sure we eat as much as possible. Second, I have to see the conductor and have a long conversation with him, and third, I have to make sure that I can stop the train, turn it around, and go to Africa. I said, “why do we need to go to Africa and he said, “well, I need time to figure this out.” Then I started crying again, and he said, “why are you crying now? I have the solution!” and I said well when you stop the train, the tigers and the lions are going to get on and eat the people. Then my father said, “Marsha Kay Lynn, you don’t

have to worry, after what you did in the dining car, there is enough food to feed the lions and tigers all the way to Africa, maybe even Timbuktu.

True Hollywood story Part 1

One day, when I was about 15, I asked, “Dad, you always said that I was going to Hollywood, and you were going to take me, but you never did, what happened? He said, “well, Marsha Kay, I guess you are right; we have to do something about it. Let’s go and get all the newspapers.” This was a ritual with us, every night we would go out and wait for the first edition of every newspaper you could possibly read in Brooklyn; we did this almost every night because we were night people and we liked to stay up until the wee hours of the morning. My mother used to call us “dirty stay-ups.” She said we had the same blood... maybe we did... Anyhow, we got all the newspapers, and as we were reading them, my father looked in the movie section, and said “Marsha Kay, they are looking for extras for the movie called “Murder on the Orient Express.” He said, “this is perfect.” This is how we are going to get you discovered!” And I asked him, “how are we going to do that?” He said, “simple, we will go to old Train-yard as they directed, and we must be there at 5 am in the morning. There is going to be a large crowd of people called extras that will be running towards the train. We have to get dressed up, and you must look extra special, and I am going to wear a suit, and perhaps even put on a hat. What do you think of that?” Then I said, “ok, I guess we are not going to sleep tonight because it’s 3am now.” My father said, “yes, we better get dressed.” When we got to the Train-yard I was amazed to see thousands and thousands of people; we could barely see the train, let alone ourselves. I said “dad, what are we going to do? Then he said “I knew I needed the hat for something, I am going to wave my hat in the air, and once I get their attention and they see you, I’m sure we will be on our way to Hollywood.” Many, many years later, dad and I finally made it to Hollywood. We loved it so much that we became residents there. Hooray for Hollywood, Florida!

True Hollywood story Part 2

Many years later, my husband's good friend, Elliott Gould, was doing a remake of "Murder on the Orient Express." He invited us to go to the studio in Hollywood to see the filming. We arrived at the studio and waited for Elliott. He had put some extra weight at the time. Elliot was sitting behind a fake train looking out the window, wearing a suit and tie as far as we could see. His co-star was Cybill Shepherd. They kept doing many takes, and the director wasn't happy, so Elliot asked for a half-hour break. He came out from behind the train and walked over to meet us. He was wearing half of a suit, missing his trousers, replaced by his boxer shorts; he had on a pair of argyle socks with guarders holding them up and loafers. We said, "Elliot, where are your pants?" He said, "oh, I gained some weight, and they didn't want to shoot me from the waist down, so they camouflaged me with this fake train that only showed me from the waist up." I told Elliot about my experiences with my father about 15 years ago and all the other train stories that my father told me. Elliot thought my stories were very interesting. He told us that we should meet at the commissary for lunch. We met him for lunch, and he said, "Marsha, I want you to meet a special friend of mine; you might recognize him from your father's stories, and from his movies, his name is Christopher Reeve, otherwise known as Superman." He was wearing a superman costume, and Elliot said, "I think her father would have loved to meet you because he loved action heroes, and from what Marsha tells me he was Ruben Linchitz, otherwise known as Big Daddy alias Superman; Chris, in case you need any extras on your set you must call Marsha and Ruby."

Visits to uncle Morris, Aunt Esther, and cousin Stanley and Cynthia

I have great memories of my dad and me, staying up late going to get the first edition of every newspaper, but for some reason, we didn’t have magazines in my house; you know girls love magazines. My uncle Morris, cousin Stan’s father, had tons of magazines, and he would invite me over to spend some time with Cynthia and cousin Stanley. When I got there, I always had to wait a long time for my cousin

Cynthia to come down because she was never ready. My cousin Cynthia was very beautiful; she looked like Marilyn Monroe. I always wanted to have her figure. My uncle Morris was very interesting, and he would say, “come on, let’s read all the magazines while we are waiting for Cynthia.” The magazines were fascinating; they had all the gossip from Hollywood and all the latest fashions. I had the best time with him. When Cynthia was ready, she would come down, Uncle Morris would start folding up the magazines, and I would say, “but I’m not finished with the magazines”. So Uncle Morris would say, “Marsha, all these magazines are yours, and I would say really?” Could I take them home? He said, “you can have all the magazines you could carry.” I remember I had so many magazines I could barely carry them home. I asked Uncle Morris, “where is Cousin Stanley? He would say, “Cousin Stanley is studying upstairs, you know he is going to be a scientist.” I knew my cousin Stanley was a genius, but more importantly, to me, he was a great ballroom dancer. One day I asked my father, what kind of scientist cousin Stanley was going to be? He explained that he was going to be a scientist that worked underwater and in outer space, and I asked my father, “how could he be both, and he would say, “why couldn’t he be both?” Don’t you know that your father used to be in a Submarine Air Force? I said I never heard of that, and he said, “well, you don’t know everything, little girl, so that’s why you have to hang around with Big Daddy.”

Older women in the family

I didn't have much interaction with a lot of the women in the family because most of them were in the kitchen all the time, and they didn't tell stories; all the men were the fun ones in those days to me.

Memories of Uncle Saul Linchitz, and also family history

My uncle Saul, my father's brother, was a real comedian and a mentalist. He claimed that he could read your mind, he used to say that I had special powers too because he could read my mind and I could read his, so whenever we would get together, he would ask me, "so what number do I have in my head," and I would say, eight or nine, he would say "perfect; now Marshmallow, as he called me, let's see if you could read my mind." Of course, I did, and I seemed to be the only one that could do that with him, so I figured I had special powers too. I thought he was mysterious and magical because my father said he was a spy in the army, and he did a lot of undercover work. He could read everybody's mind, and he also had a photographic memory. I saw him scan a book, then close it and ask me to open it to any page. I did, and to my amazement, he read it back to me word for word, without looking at the book. So that is why I believed he had to be a top agent for our country. He also did great impressions of Buddy Hackett, who was a famous comedian at that time, so funny that you could fall on the floor with laughter from his facial expressions.

Grandma Rose was married to my grandfather Meyer Linchitz; they had two boys, my dad and uncle Saul who was the spy I was talking about. At that time, there was a pandemic called the Spanish flu, and my poor grandfather succumbed to it. All I saw were pictures of him, and I remember he was so handsome. My grandma Rose (was called River) met Nathan Glickstein, who we called papa with the hat because he never took his hat off. He had one boy, Cousin Stanley's father named Morris, whom I spoke of earlier. Papa with the hat, lost his wife also in the Spanish flu, and sometime later, he and my grandma Rose got married. That marriage produced two more boys, Uncle Schlomie and Uncle Tubby. All the brothers were so close you would think they all came from the same mother and father.

Lovely memories of my childhood

My cousin Cynthia was married to a dentist, in the Jewish family you had to be a doctor, or lawyer, a dentist, or a CPA (By the way I believe my aunt Esther, Morris' wife, used to do the bookkeeping at Richard Buick, kind of like a CPA too), anyhow I was having a problem with my tooth, and I had to get a root canal. I told my father, "I'm really upset", and he said, "why don't we call Cynthia's husband, Cousin

Artie, he is a great dentist," and I asked, are you sure? And he said, "what do you mean? Don't you know he is a famous dentist in Greenwich, Connecticut?" and I said no, and my father said, "he is amazing, there are stories about him everywhere." He said, "there isn't a person in Greenwich, Connecticut that had a bad tooth left in their mouth. My father said, "let us call him tonight because I think I have a toothache as well and we have to talk to him and see what we can arrange.

Another fond memory was with Cousin Cynthia and Artie. It was my 16th birthday, and I was a little depressed that day because nobody was celebrating with me, but all of a sudden, my cousin Cynthia and my future cousin Artie came to my house to pick me up to take me to a movie. He had his own car, and he was driving, and I was so impressed all I wanted to be was my cousin Cynthia who was engaged to be married to a dentist. I always wanted to copy everything she did; she was my role model.

In closing, during this awful pandemic, some wonderful connections emerged. I heard from my dear cousin Cynthia, cousin Julie, and Cousin Stanley. Hoping more will connect with me soon.

Cousin Stanley, you are a gift to all of us. Thank you for continuing this legacy, God bless you always, Marsha.

In making new memories to add for the future, I would like to include a picture that I am most proud of. A picture of my granddaughter Ava fighting in the front lines of COVID-19. This was posted by her sister in appreciation of what she is doing for all of us

Ruby and Pearl Linchitz

Cousins Marsha Linchitz and Stan Glickstein

Jill Moss

Marsha as a young child

The following pictures were taken when Marsha was in the entertainment business for 2-years. This was a publicity picture for my entertainer Dax Zenos. We almost made it. We were schedule to be on the show and return to Green Acres with Eddie Albert and Ava Gardner. It was in the 90's and unfortunately he died and that was the end of that entertainment era.

Harrison, Jill's oldest son seated, Max and Marsha are standing. Marsha has 4-grandchildren Max is the youngest and Harrison the oldest, 23. At the side, top left is a vintage antique clock that my mother left.

Seated in chair is Marsh and Gia, standing is daughter Jill and Grandson Max. It was Chanukah and you can tell, Gia is wearing her yarmulke

Randi on the right and Ava her oldest on the left She graduated Tulane and is studying to be a physician's assistant she was going to be a vet but changed her mind and now is working in the emergency room of the hospital in New Orleans while she is studying but we are sure if she is going to be a vet physician's assistant or a doctor she cannot make her mind up.

Jill Moss

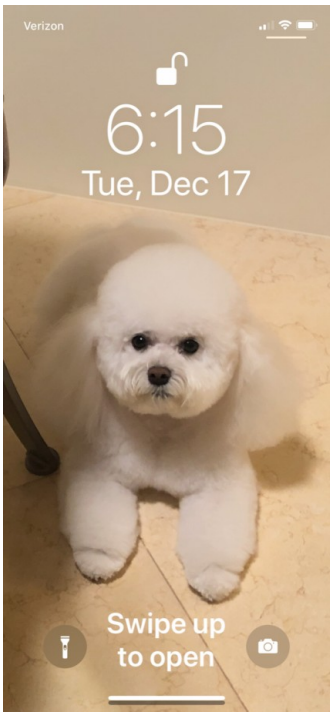
Young Marsha

Seated, Harrison; standing Max and Marsha;

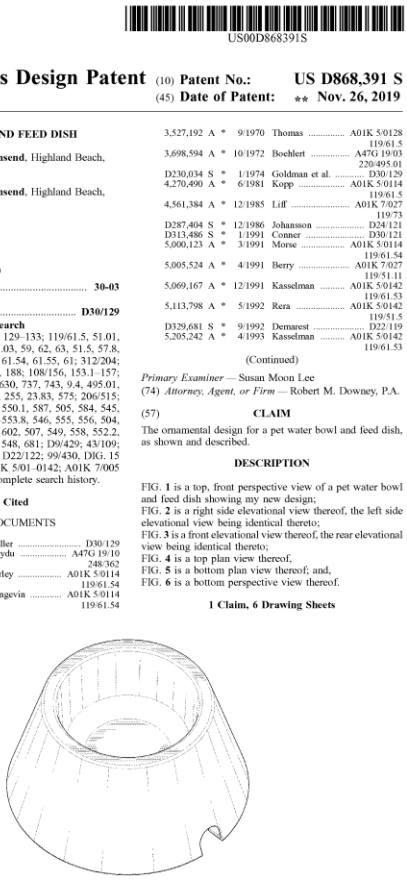
Marsha and her entertainer partner, Dax Zenos

Seated: Marsha and her dog, Gia Standing: daughter Jill and grandson Max

Mom Pearl and Marsha. Pearly was 94 and lived to be 95 ½ She died October 23, 2019



Gia, my favorite; Here she is eating from my patented “bowl.” Note: ears outside of bowl; Patented bowl



US00D868391S

(12) **United States Design Patent** (10) **Patent No.: US D868,391 S**
Townsend (45) **Date of Patent: ** Nov. 26, 2019**

(54) **PET WATER BOWL AND FEED DISH**

(71) Applicant: **Marsha Townsend**, Highland Beach, FL (US)

(72) Inventor: **Marsha Townsend**, Highland Beach, FL (US)

(**) Term: **15 Years**

(21) Appl. No.: **29/695,289**

(22) Filed: **Jun. 18, 2019**

(51) **LOC (12) Cl.** **30-03**

(52) **U.S. Cl.**
USPC **D30/129**

(58) **Field of Classification Search**
USPC .... D30/121, 122, 129–133; 119/61.5, 51.01, 119/61.56, 51.03, 59, 62, 63, 51.5, 57.8, 119/74, 61.54, 61.55, 61; 312/204; 248/151, 188; 108/156, 153.1–157; 220/23.87, 630, 737, 743, 9.4, 495.01, 220/574, 212, 255, 23.83, 575; 206/515; D7/586, 543, 550.1, 587, 505, 584, 545, D7/500, 553.1–553.8, 546, 555, 556, 504, D7/565, 562, 602, 507, 549, 558, 552.2, D7/560, 566, 548, 681; D9/429; 43/109; D22/122; 99/430, DIG. 15
CPC A01K 5/01–0142; A01K 7/005
See application file for complete search history.

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(Continued)

Primary Examiner — Susan Moon Lee
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(57) **CLAIM**

The ornamental design for a pet water bowl and feed dish, as shown and described.

DESCRIPTION

FIG. **1** is a top, front perspective view of a pet water bowl and feed dish showing my new design;
FIG. **2** is a right side elevational view thereof, the left side elevational view being identical thereto;
FIG. **3** is a front elevational view thereof, the rear elevational view being identical thereto;
FIG. **4** is a top plan view thereof,
FIG. **5** is a bottom plan view thereof; and,
FIG. **6** is a bottom perspective view thereof.

1 Claim, 6 Drawing Sheets

Patent for feeding bowl for dog, obtained by Marsha Linchitz Townsend

Randi and daughter Ava Lambert

Lexie Lambert

Ava and her friend Rey

Hi!!!! It's Randi. This is a picture of Ava (who is one of my daughters). She is working on the front line at Touro Hospital in New Orleans in the Emergency room. I'm so very proud of her. She's with her dog, Rey, who she trained to be a service dog for Caines for Companions. Rey failed after advanced training in Orlando due to fear of the car. So I'm glad they are together now. We all commend her on her determination and dedication in helping people during this corona virus. Ava at Toura Hospital Emergency during Corona Virus

Ruby and Pearly Wedding Picture (from Joel Linchitz, their son)

Author: Joel Linchitz

The Reuben and Pearl Linchitz Family Story

Introduction

First, I want to thank cousin Stan and cousin Julie for taking their time, energy, and devotion to this family project. I can't begin to express my gratitude to cousin Stan, who has been tracking our ancestor's family tree and has stayed with this project for so long.

While it appears to be an exhaustive process, it is by no means thankless. What you have provided is a road map for the generations of our families to learn who we were and how we lived our lives in our own time.

There aren't many families who have a devoted member that would go to the extent that you have to write about and assemble so much of our family history. You have created a unique kind of immortality for all of us. Thank you, a thousand times. I also want to thank cousin Julie for assembling and editing the stories. I'm sure it's a time-consuming task, and it was selfless of you to take it on.

In planning how I was going to write about our family, I've decided to go beyond the customary tributes and give our family members a more intimate understanding of not just the good times but some of the challenges we faced as a family growing up in the time we lived. Everything reported is based on my point of view and experience. I'm sure other family members might see or remember things differently. If I could ask my parents Ruby and Pearl, now deceased, they might have another perspective on some of my views and observations. It is my hope that l have created an accurate portrait of who we were (and still are) and how we lived our lives.

Over the years I've developed a special love of storytelling. I write and perform humorous personal stories at venues like the Moth, Comedy Clubs and virtually any place I can get an audience to listen to me. I have interwoven some excerpts of these stories in this family history. I Hope you will find that they provide an additional window into our family life and give a good laugh at the same time.

Growing up in Brooklyn

Brooklyn had a large part in shaping our life and the lives of many Jews in America in the 20th century. I think of Brooklyn as if it were an additional family member. Like all family members, relationships aren't always smooth. In most cases, the older you get, the memories, both good and bad, soften into dreamy nostalgia where positive recollections always seem to greatly outweigh the negative ones. Our immediate family was born in Brooklyn, and Brooklyn informed the lives we led.

Our family lived in several different sections of Brooklyn, East New York, Brownsville, Crown Heights and Mill Basin. In the early years, up to my sixth school grade, we lived in Brownsville, 303 E94th street, to be exact. It was a great place to grow up. We played stoop ball on the steps of buildings and played stickball in the streets. I loved both. Since Brooklyn was what I would call a semi-urban area, it didn't share the density of Manhattan, but it wasn't the suburbs either. There weren't many open fields to play sports, so we had to make do with either small patches of land between the buildings, or more often, just

played in the streets stopping between traffic to let the cars pass. Until I read cousin Cynthia's story in this compilation, I had completely forgotten that she and Stanley lived so close to us.

I had some terrific friends that I lost track of as we moved out of the neighborhood. I still remember Santos and his brother Bobby, my friends who came from Puerto Rico and lived in the basement of our building. Their Mother made the best fried beans in the world. I still remember the aroma of garlic, onions, and lard traveling throughout our entire three-story building. Santo's Mother would always let me scrape the beans off the bottom of the pot, absolutely the best part. It's been sixty-five years and I never found anything that tasted remotely like it. Many years later, after losing touch with their family, I heard from a former neighbor that one of my friends, either Santos or Bobby went to Vietnam, and one never returned. The Vietnam war would loom large later in my life and I was fortunate never to have gone.

When I was about ten years old, we moved to Crown Heights and that's where I quickly learned some new things about Brooklyn. Brooklyn was segregated by neighborhoods at that time: Blacks from Whites, Italians from Jews, Jews from Hassidic Jews, and so on. We lived at the edge of Crown heights bordering Bed Sty. There were the gangs who would fight other gangs on street corners and there were those neighborhoods that you never set foot in if you were white and never stepped out of if you were black. I had to learn to be careful where I walked and navigated the streets to ensure that my body would remain in one piece.

There were always a few things, no matter how segregated we were, that could unite all citizens of Brooklyn. On the top my list was the Chocolate Egg Cream; just the right amount of Fox's U Bet chocolate syrup, seltzer, and milk. When mixed skillfully by a candy store Barista, it would create a large amount of white foam at the top of the glass. The art of making the perfect egg cream is long gone. Also gone are the Brooklyn Dodgers who, to me, as a 10-year-old, were the best baseball team on the planet. My Father (Ruby, the Hook) took me to my first Dodgers game when I was six years old. The Dodgers were the team of the Brooklyn working class (which we were part of) and their success on the field seemed somehow tied to the hopes and dreams of everyone I knew at the time.

It felt like a personal betrayal when the Dodgers packed up their bats and announced their plans to leave for sunny California and the land of the Beach Boys. The whole borough was up in arms. Secretly, I think all three million of us Brooklynites would have gone with them if we had the chance.

Brooklyn had a huge Jewish population in those days. Probably more Jewish people lived in Brooklyn than lived in Tel-Aviv, Israel. Because of this, Jewish food, Jewish holidays and culture were given a lot of respect by the media and local politicians, including the mayor. The result was that Brooklyn felt like a safe and secure place to grow up Jewish. Considering our past and the anti-Semitism found all over the world, in Brooklyn, we were free to become anyone we wanted to be; there were no barriers to upward mobility, and we thrived.

Brooklyn Jewish life and culture had a considerable effect on us and the world in those days.

Here is my small curated list of the contributions we made:

- The absolute best bagels in the world (baked and boiled)

- Jewish Deli's with hand-carved Nova Smoked Salmon and fresh cream cheese

-The Charlotte Russe: not the Russian variety but a particular child's dessert made from a thin disk of sponge cake topped with a buoyant cone of whipped cream and crowned with a Maraschino cherry. It was held together by a white round cardboard container that looked like a cutout of a king's crown.

--Cantonese Chinese restaurants. Our family, and all the other Jews in Brooklyn we knew, went there every Sunday night religiously whether you were Kosher or not. The fixed-price dinner always included one choice from Column A and one from Column B.

Okay, we didn't invent the Chinese restaurant, but I'm sure it wouldn't have existed without our patronage.

Some other Brooklyn Jewish creations of the 1950s:

Barbara Streisand

Woody Allen

Ruth Bader Ginsburg

Bernie Sanders

Cousin Brucie (Bruce Morrow, radio disc jockey)

Sandy Kofax

Robert Solow (economist)

Extended Brooklyn: Sullivan County

Some of my favorite times growing up were not in Brooklyn but in Sullivan County in the Catskills. Starting in the 1950's it was becoming known as the "Borscht Belt" as Jews in large numbers would begin spending summer vacations in the green foothills of the mountains to get away from the hot summers and the burning asphalt pavement of the urban streets.

I loved the Catskills. My first childhood summer memory was going to the Aronowitz Bungalow Colony. I remember that my cousins Rick and Carol were there, several aunts and uncles, and various close friends of my parents. Us kids would stay up for an entire summer with our mothers while our fathers would go back to Brooklyn and come back every Friday after work. I was four or five years old and my best friend was my cousin Carol. I remember that we played every day and hung out together. I also remember that she had a great smile. I saw her recently when her Father, my uncle, Sol Linchytz, passed away. I can confirm, even in that sad time, that her big generous smile was still there.

As time moved forward and our income improved, we migrated from bungalows to larger hotels; the Fallsview, the Nevele, the Concord, the Pines, the Raleigh, Kutchers, and a smaller hotel that I loved because of its pinball machine, the Shady Nook.

I was obsessed with those pinball machines and like a drug addict looking for the next fix; I was always begging my Father for just one more nickel. Most of the time, he was overly generous. Getting a high score was the addictive part of pinball; if it were high enough, you would get a free game, or maybe several free games.

I didn't care about beating the scores of other people. I was in it for the free game-- not the competition. If I had space in my house today, I would probably still be playing.

Those bucolic summers of my youth would later slowly begin to unravel. The '50s were ending and we, and our extended families, were becoming increasingly more affluent. That fact, and the dawn of jet travel, changed the entire notion of a vacation. It was a death knell from which the Catskills never recovered.

A few years ago, my wife Lucy and I took a nostalgic trip through Sullivan County, passing through South Fallsburg, Monticello and other towns. Somehow near Loch Sheldrake, we found the Shady Nook hotel of my youth. It was boarded up and abandoned. The hotel sign had fallen to the ground and was rusty from all the years of desertion. We found a large hole through the neglected and weakened broken fencing and wandered through the grounds.

The fallen branches were cracking under our feet with each tentative step we took. We were trespassing and the excitement of rediscovering a part of my youth was tempered by the stress of being caught by a security guard. This, of course, was not rational. No one would pay to have someone guard this collapsing mass of wood, twisted metal, and broken glass. The fear slowly faded and the anticipation and excitement for a chance to glimpse into my past took over and moved us forward. We quickly came to the entrance of the hotel and made our way up the shaky wooden stairs which were half-eaten by Carpenter Ants. We entered what was left of the dilapidated hotel lobby.

In the back of my mind, I was secretly hoping to find that pinball machine. I looked everywhere but no luck.

Instead, I found little shards and fragments of my childhood memories; dinners in the large dining room; The young college-age waiters dressed in white jackets who spent their entire summers saving their tips to help pay their college tuition. I could even smell the aroma of warm rolls as my parents made their food requests. Those food selections included just about everything available on the menu. Everyone was gluttonous and yet not obnoxiously so. It felt warm, rich and abundant to be served and have anything you wanted. The waiters worked incredibly hard, but they seemed to enjoy being in the country as much as we did. I remember wanting to be a waiter just like them, living in the staff quarters, going into town after clearing dinner and having a summer romance. How perfect.

There was a structure to your stay at these hotels where everything was organized, and it was remarkably the same routine at virtually every hotel;

three meals per day in the dining room, organized activities for men, women, and children between the three meals, and two shows in the night club after dinner.

My mother always got dressed to the nines for the night club, which usually featured a comedian followed by a singer. Occasionally, the act would

include a magician or mind reader for audience participation and variety.

These carefree summer stays were a way of life for most of my family and a good many of our close relatives.

Grandma Rose and Grandpa Nathan

Grandpa Nathan (Poppa with the hat as my sister called him) was my step Grandfather, as my Father's Father died very early in life from the Spanish Flu. With the Coronavirus Pandemic raging as I write this, I now understand what that awful period meant and must have been like for my Grandmother, who later married Nathan. Regardless of lineage, Grandpa Nathan was the only Grandfather I knew. My other Grandfather, on Mother's side, Hyman, died when I was one year old.

Some of my best early life memories were the Sundays and Jewish holidays at Grandma Rose and Grandpa Nathan's house on Remsen Avenue. I used Google Maps recently to look at Remsen Avenue, and it hasn't changed much. It's been more than 50 years since I left Brooklyn but for many years of my childhood, the house on Remsen Avenue was the center of our family life: aunts, uncles, cousins, brothers, and sisters were usually in attendance. Virtually every week there were family gatherings. I can still remember the dining room, the living area and the long staircase up to the bedrooms. My best memories were finishing a dinner (mostly chicken and sometimes brisket) and moving to the couch to watch the Ed Sullivan Show. It was a variety show that covered virtually every entertainment in the known world.

Ed Sullivan was always our Sunday night entertainment at Grandma's house. In fact, he was almost part of our religion (as he was for most of America at the time). We gathered around the small 11-inch picture tube TV set waiting for Ed to come on and introduce his first act.

Ed Sullivan's TV program introduced the Beatles to America as well as a ridiculous Italian puppet mouse named Topo Gigio. Topo appeared on Ed's show an astounding fifty times; the Beatles only twice. For an Italian Mouse, he must have had an amazing agent. Sure, he was cute, but we were so naïve and innocent in those days that we actually thought the mouse was funny. Okay, he was funny.

The most important events at Grandma's and Grandpa's house were the Jewish holidays, especially the Passover Seders. I loved it when Grandpa would turn to me when it was my turn to read the four questions. And I loved our Easter egg-like hunt for the hidden Afikomen (always behind Grandpa's pillow that supported his back for those extended sitting and prayer-filled Marathons).

Grandpa Nathan was a profoundly religious man, orthodox in his Judaism, and our entire family gave him the respect that he quietly commanded. It was at these Seders that our family really came together as an extended family tribe.

I also remember how long those Seders lasted—too long for everyone! We were a boisterous group, and Grandpa tried to demand attention to the Seder. He had it under control until dinner was served but after that, and although we went to the bitter end, there was much less attention paid to the Seder. I'm sure Grandpa wasn't happy about that, but he thankfully never let on. Years later, attending many other Seders, I was amazed at how quickly the food was served and how short a Seder could be If you weren't orthodox. Grandpa was not big on communication, and I really never got to know him. From what I observed, He was a quiet and generous man and I'm sure he treated my Grandmother with incredible love and respect. He was deeply loved by my Father's Brothers and they took care to make sure he had everything he needed until he passed away at 106 Years old.

It was my Grandmother Rose, who was the real matriarch of our family.

When my Grandmother spoke to a family member, you paid attention. She refereed disputes, dispensed advice whether wanted or not and commandeered her son's and daughter-in laws into service in helping each other out when needed.

I also remember her leaning on her sons when a relative or family member needed money. It was always her influence that made it possible. No one questioned her authority and she was loved and respected by all. Grandma Rose was also a good listener. She was the one person in our family that I felt I could trust completely.

I was in college when Grandma passed away from Colon Cancer in 1967. I clearly remember the funeral, standing by her grave and thinking how way too early in my life she died.

Many of our family ties went into decline with her passing. She was the glue that held us together. But the trends of family separation were happening well before she died. Our immediate and extended families were becoming upwardly mobile and wealthier. Many migrated to the promised land of Long Island and others to places far outside New York and Brooklyn. It was happening to many Jewish families in Brooklyn. We were witnessing the decline of NYC in the '60s and looking for safe havens, green grass, and better schools for our children. With the onset of jet travel, along with new affordability, we also saw the breakup of our family outings in the Catskills as families went their separate ways. My parents stayed in Brooklyn along with Sol Glickstein, his wife Libby, and their children, Julie and Jordan, who lived across the street from us in Mill Basin. That ended too when my parents decided to retire in Florida.

There were gains and losses along the way. I miss the warmth and the support of our clan or tribe. We certainly had that. It was the knowledge that you were not alone. That your blood extended beyond your immediate family to bonds that in some ways were greater than friendship. On the other hand, I think it was also important to develop on our own, build our individual careers and find our purpose in life

In retrospect, some balance of the two would have been perfect. For me, it was a way to build my self-esteem away from family ties.

Never a joiner, I'm guilty of not following up. Stanley and others in our family always tried from time to time to keep us together. Regardless of my withdrawal, I always appreciated his continued contact with my family, especially my Mother.

Sol Glickstein, as Julie has already explained, was another family member that tried to keep the family together. He was always calling to find out how we were and to stay connected. He never seemed judgmental and I will forever remember him that way. He was one of my favorite Uncles.

Grandma Celia, Grandpa Hyman Singer

My Grandmother on Mother's side was my best friend. Celia Singer was an amazingly strong human being.

She had come to America from Austria. At 14 years old, lying about her age, and traveling alone, she crossed the Atlantic only to be turned back by customs agents as being too young and unaccompanied by an adult. She was not deterred. By age 16, she did it again and this time, she managed to stay.

But think about her courage; she must have had remarkable determination. She would have surely traveled in steerage in a ship that had few comforts. In the early 20th century the trip could have taken several days or much longer depending on the weather. People would have been cramped together and many would have been sick due to the rough seas of the ocean. The food, from my own research, would have included thin soup and some bread and not much more. While her trip was not unique for an immigrant at that time, making the journey alone at such a young age was unusual. It must have been a huge blow to have been denied entry and then sent back on yet another miserable voyage.

My Grandmother Celia had relatives and an older brother in America but little else. She couldn't speak or write a word of English and all her life she would sign her name with an X. And yet she managed, with the help of my Grandfather who I never met, to run hotels in both the Catskills and Miami Beach, Florida. Hyman, my Grandfather, died when I was one year old, and my Mother always told me how much I missed by not knowing him. In any case, I wasn't alive when they ran their Catskill hotels but those were the best days of my Mother's life growing up as a teenager.

I first got to know my Grandmother when she had her Miami Beach hotels. I was a sickly kid growing up and my Mother was always taking me to Florida to recuperate. I don't remember being that sick, so maybe it was a good excuse for my Mother to get away from New York.

The first hotel I remember was the Sea Breeze, directly across from what is now the famous wide stretch of sand known worldwide as South Beach. It was the mid-1950's and Miami Beach was in full stride. At night the Art Deco buildings were beautifully alighted with rainbow colors of neon, Celebs were everywhere, and Frank Sinatra was making movies like "High Hopes" that featured Miami Beach. In a way, Miami Beach was a just a warm weather extension of Brooklyn. It was a winter vacation haven or Jews, mostly from NYC. It had a good ten years to go before it would deteriorate into a mostly abandoned drug-infested slum in the late '60s and beyond.

The Sea Breeze Hotel had about 40 rooms and served one meal a day, which was dinner. My Grandmother hired the help, trained them, cooked in the kitchen, managed the cleaning staff, and hired a bookkeeping person to handle the finances. Although she never learned to read, she had complete control over the operation. One year, when I was about ten, she taught me how to run the switchboard. I learned to pull the right cords and connect callers to their various destinations. It was a blast to be able to help out and give the regular operator a break. I still remember the time she spent with me; she had great patience, even during all the chaos of managing a hotel.

On one occasion, I unfortunately tested her tolerance and acceptance when, along with a friend, I decided to build a rocket in the basement of the hotel using thousands of match tips as a fuel.

Somehow, the match tips ignited, nearly burning down the entire hotel. You can imagine how upset my parents were, but my Grandmother just said, "he's a child, he didn't mean it and I know he will never do it again." And then she added, speaking to my parents, "if it doesn't bother me, it shouldn't bother you."

The best thing I remember about my Grandmother was her smile. She never once appeared to judge me. Anything I did was okay with her. Just merely being her grandson was all she needed. I really excelled in her acceptance of my being and still thank her for that unique bright spot in my life.

Even to this day, when I feel the stresses of life closing in, I meditate by just imagining that I'm sitting on the front porch of her hotel and staring at her, warm approving and smiling face and feeling safe and at peace. My Grandmother Celia had a long bout with Dementia and a very sad ending of her life. She lives in me forever as my guiding force.

My Father Ruby (nickname: The Hook)

As I'm wiring this, I'm perched on my deck in upstate New York, near Woodstock,

Looking out over a meandering stream that runs about 20 feet away from my house. I can follow the water over the rocks and hear the constant sound rushing water over the creek stones while various birds and animals are doing their thing and mostly ignoring my presence. That is except for a very aggressive groundhog who seems to feel entitled to sun himself on my deck. I feel privileged to be able to do this, especially at a time of Covid 19 and the Black Lives Matter protests. The country is my favorite place just to meditate, dream, and be content for everything I have. I have meditated here for almost 40 years now. I don't need much more than this and when I'm here, I feel like I've won the lottery.

The ability to just stop what you're doing, get perspective, and appreciate the moment was the single greatest gift from my Father. For all the complications of my Father's personality, he could appreciate a beautiful moment. To look out at the at a turquoise ocean, feel the light breeze of the salt air and enjoy being alive. He could do that better than a Buddhist. Later in life, I would observe him sitting on his deck overlooking the ocean on the 18th floor of his Hollywood Florida Condo with a serene and contented look; of course a Vodka Martini certainly helped. He didn't know about meditation, but he was surely in a peaceful trance. Each day he would do a four-mile barefoot fast walk on the beach, clearing his head while he looked out to the sea. My Father was a complicated man, much more than anyone in our extended family ever knew.

At ten years old, my Father was playing stickball on a side street in Brownsville near his home. He threw a ball to his friend that landed in the street and as his friend went to retrieve it, he was killed by an oncoming car. He was blamed for the accident and forced to view the open coffin and look at the dead body of his friend. My Father never mentioned the incident, but my Mother told me he carried that tragedy with him all his life. It explains tons about my Father.

Maybe if he had the benefit of therapy, he might have led a different life, but it was the mid-1920's, his family was poor, and the depression was right around the corner. His biological Father had already died during the Spanish Flu. Taken together, those two events at such an early age had an effect of shaping the life that my Father would lead as he grew into adulthood.

My father enjoyed taking risks, especially in the stock market. He was never a real gambler and it was never really about the money. He always had the talent and ability to make as much as he needed. He was a risk taker for the thrill of winning as well as the equally punishing agony of losing.

Growing up in my household was a bit of a roller coaster. He would often spend hours each day on the phone with several penny stockbrokers getting tips and usually lousy advice while he bought and sold mostly junk and penny stocks. Even in the early 60's, he could make thousands of dollars on a stock one day only to lose thousands more the next day.

I can still see him in his study with three telephones on his desk, talking to his stockbrokers, or sometimes multiple stockbrokers simultaneously buying and selling at a furious pace.

Father: "Tom, what's up, buddy?"

Broker: "Ruby, I got a great pharmaceutical stock for you; it's called Lamapil and it's a winner. This is a real inside tip but you gotta act quickly."

Father: "What does the drug do?"

Broker: "The drug will kill a fungus on your toenails."

Father:" Sounds like a real game changer."

Broker:" This is your ticket baby. The stock's got some bad publicity yesterday when it turned out that three people died in clinical trials. But my source says it was just a minor bump in the road. The stock was $30 a share three days ago but you can pick it up for .08 cents today. When they work out the kinks and stop killing people, the sky's the limit!"

Father:" Okay Tom, I'll take 50,000 shares on your say so."

When Ruby's stocks were up, he was the most generous man on earth. In fact, he was always generous when it came to money. He would hand out $20 bills to the homeless in the streets and always tip excessively for any service rendered.

As his son, I always got anything I wanted, from toys when I was young, to new cars and trips to Europe when I was older. My Mother got beautiful jewelry and expensively crafted furniture and a newly built home in Brooklyn.

To the outside world, his public persona never varied. He was always the life of the party: engaging, charismatic, charming to every stranger he met. He was assertive in a most non-offensive way, often throwing strangers a compliment or making a remark that would produce a laugh and lead to a conversation, and more often than not, a friendship. Before he moved to Florida, he sold insurance. If you engaged him in conversation, you became a client, not because of his products but because you wanted to do something to remain in his orbit. Most people respected his mind and would seek out his advice on various matters

When my sister married, he was persuaded to take her husband Al into the business. After several years, my bother in law figured out how to take my Father's insurance company away from him. My Father had lost his insurance business in part because of his generosity, in part because of his trusting nature and in part because he found the day to day operations of running a business wasn't all that stimulating.

This was devastating to our family and had a damaging effect on his relationship with my sister for the rest of his life. He remained, however, on the best terms possible with his two grandchildren, Randy and Jill.

A few years after my parents moved into a Condo in Hollywood Florida, My Father was nearing age 60 and needing money to match his lifestyle.

He decided to take the Florida real estate exam and he became a successful broker, winning awards for sales in his new profession. He also became the unofficial mayor of his condo, making people smile with a joke or offering advice when the condo owners had some issues to resolve with their units. Even today, almost 18 years after he died, many people in the building stop to tell me how much they loved and missed my Father.

Everyone admired my Father's brainpower. He was exceptional at any math problem and could do most any mathematical calculations in his head without the benefit of pen and paper. He also had a near photographic memory and was an exceptional Bridge player. It seemed like every week an important game of Bridge was being played in our house. My Father and his brother Sherky (Sol Linchitz) were always partners and these games would go late into the night.

They were both terrific players, but they were often cursing each other as they would second guess the other's decision making and strategy. But they could beat any other team and on most occasions they did.

I was supposed to be asleep when they were playing but I was mostly awake listening to Barry Gray on my transistor radio and I would hear them yelling when they were losing and celebrating and kidding which each other when they won.

My Father and I had a complicated relationship. He always had to be right (even when proven wrong) and I always wanted some respect and occasional praise.

As the years progressed our relationship improved dramatically. My favorite childhood memory and favorite thing we loved to do together was to drive to East 18th street and Kings Highway to pick up all the Sunday papers which oddly enough were available on Saturday night. We went to same candy store under the EL where I would have an egg cream and a chocolate covered Joya raspberry candy. We came home with about 35 pounds of newspapers including The New York Times, World Telegram and Sun, Herald Tribune, Journal American, New York Mirror, Wall Street journal, Daily News, and of course what people then considered the "Jewish liberal" Dorothy Schiff's New York Post. I'm sure I missed a few but those are the ones I remember.

We would pour over these papers long into the night and get up the next morning and do it again. We exchanged the articles that we thought we should both read, and we would have lots of conversations on the ones we thought were most important. How I never became a journalist is a complete mystery.

Later in life, as my Father was getting into his late 70's I suggested we go on a trip together. I felt I never had enough quality time to get to know him especially when our relationship improved. He always wanted to go to Russia and so we left my Mother home and we went to Moscow and St. Petersburg. Our trip was in 1990's and we arrived during the time when the Soviet Union had broken up and Yeltsin was President of Russia. It was a crazy time of people selling Soviet memorabilia on the streets, mob gang shootings in open daylight, and anything you wanted available for a price, especially American dollars. It felt like the wild west. We stayed in a very large old-style soviet hotel where we bargained with cigarettes for simple amenities like an extra towel in our room. I traded a pair of jeans for an old Soviet P coat which I still have.

Highlights of our trip:

- My Father playing cards and drinking Vodka with the conductors on a midnight train from Moscow to St. Petersburg. He didn't speak Russian and they didn't speak English. They all got drunk and he won big.

- We were visiting the Hermitage Museum and there were older ladies dressed in black who were in charge of security in each room. As we wandered from room to room, my father started handing out tips to the women. Eventually, we started noticing that these women were all following behind us in a procession as if my father was the Pied Piper.

- We were in Moscow during Rosh Hashanah. We went to the beautiful main synagogue for a service. My father started a long conversation in Hebrew with the Chief Rabbi. They called him up to the Torah for a special honor and after the service, the Rabbi and my father continued their conversations like old friends. They talked about anti-Semitism in Russia and how a large number of Jews, still living in Russia, were Emigrating to Israel.

The trip to Moscow was probably the best thing I ever did with my father and it was a bonding experience late in life that was long overdue.

Author: Joel Linchitz: Depth Perception

A True Story about my Father, Reuben Linchitz.
This a story that I have told and performed live at a storytelling venue called "The Moth."

My Father loved his Cadillac.
It was the car that people of his generation considered the ultimate status symbol. He especially loved pulling his car into places that had Valet Parking. Getting out of his car slowly, he would have this proud look of someone who had arrived in life and was now enjoying all the benefits of what was rightfully his. At times like that, I imagined him with a cigar hanging out of his mouth saying to the valet "Listen kid stick to me and I'll make you rich. Forget the tips, forget your crummy job and go start your own business. Here's my card, call me. I think you'd be great selling Real Estate."

His Cadillac was a white 4 door hardtop with a cream colored vinyl roof that was designed to fool you into thinking that its owner was really driving a carefree sporty convertible instead of its real intended purpose: transporting aging upscale seniors in cushy comfort to the mall of their choice. Like all good Cadillac's in their hay day, it was really really big. The trunk was so large that if JD Powers had existed that year, it would rank as "Most admired Car of Mafia Hitmen."
On this occasion, I had come down to Florida on a visit to check in on my parents to see how they were doing. The two of us were coming back from having done some shopping at Walgreens when the car wouldn't start.
. He turned the ignition on, gave it some gas, but the car just wouldn't cooperate. He repeated this process several times with increasingly more determination to no avail. He grew increasingly frustrated because in the 10 years he owned his Cadillac the only serious problem he experienced was a flat tire and now this.

This was a huge embarrassment, especially in front of me. He was crushed. Now my Father, a really bright guy with a photographic memory, had no use or respect for things he couldn't' do. The problem

with the Cadillac might have been something as simple as a battery but the fact was that fixing anything by himself seemed to be beneath his dignity and not worth his time. Anyway, after banging on the steering column a few times, (the extent of his automotive engineering acumen) he called the AAA. The AAA customer service line was answered promptly and a truck, he was told, would be dispatched within the hour. After waiting about 45 minutes longer than the hour he was promised, he was starting to get testy.

Lately, this orneriness was not unusual. As he grew into old age, he started getting increasingly grumpy. My Father had always been a charming and charismatic guy who made friends with people everywhere. Never afraid to meet new people he would insert himself into conversations of complete strangers, while overhearing some interesting conversation at an adjacent table at lunch or walking in the street, or shopping, he always jumped into the conversation. My mother, sister, and I, would squirm and try in vain to dissociate ourselves from him with a look that implied that he had just been let out of an institution to get some fresh air. The amazing thing was that few people seemed to mind his intrusions. In fact, almost always they would be won over and some would later follow him like some sort of Pied Piper. But he also had his dark side. He could also be impatient, belligerent bossy or sulking. And with me, he always had to be right, and rarely would ever admit that he made a mistake.

His obstinate attitude got worse as he got older and his nerves seemed to be frayed by unpredictable things that would seem to annoy or frustrate him. I noticed him striking out very particularly at service people when he perceived he was personally slighted. This could often occur in a restaurant, perhaps by being seated at a table near a bathroom, or a waiter failing to pour water into his glass quickly enough to suit his royal highness. This grew so unpleasant that I would have to develop strategies for going out to dinner. Strategy number one was to get him to have at least one vodka martini which usually mellowed him out. My other strategy, more creative, was to tell the restaurant manager in advance that I was from the home office of this restaurant chain and my Father was being paid to play a difficult customer to see how their wait staff handled customers. Whether they believed me or not it usually alerted the wait staff to be on their best behavior.
Anyway, after an hour and 45 minutes, the tow truck guy shows up. He was a big guy, maybe 250 pounds, fairly muscular with tattoos visible all over his body. My Father at this point is angry and begins to shout, "Where the hell were you guys? It's 90 degrees out here!" Then comes a disparaging comment about how service people in Florida move in 2 speeds, slow and reverse. Tow Truck Guy mumbles something about this being Sunday and how they are short staffed. He thankfully ignores my Father's other disparaging comments. Tow Truck Guy then looks at the car and after about 15 minutes decides that it will need to be towed to a repair shop. My Father, paranoid that he's about to get ripped off by the local repair shop, decided to have the car towed back to his condo so that he could have his Caddy Dealership take care of it on Monday. With this arrangement settled, my Father and I hail taxi and go home to wait for the truck to arrive.

My Father's apartment condo is part of a 2-building complex with each building having 18 floors with almost 100 apartments in each building. The buildings are connected by a central lobby and entryway where cars pull up, dislodge guests, owners and other visitors. When the condo was built in the 70's it was considered one of the most elegant buildings on the beach. Most of the people who lived there had way more money than my Father, yet everyone thought he was the wealthiest guy in the building. Why? He drove a Cadillac, was known as the best tipper in the condo and gave his wife lots of flashy jewelry. Although he didn't purchase the biggest condo in his building, it was decorated with furniture that looked

like it was owned by a King of France named Louis. His fellow condo owners were duly impressed. Everyone in the condo knew my Father and was extremely fond of him. People solicited and respected his advice and, as the years progressed, he became the unofficial social director of what was becoming a very senior citizen community.

It was about 4:30 on Sunday when my Father returned home without his car.

The Valets were shocked to see him arrive in a Taxi. Some of his poker playing cronies were ambling around the lobby assisted by walkers and canes, were curious to learn the events of my Father's day. Several of his condo buddies were in the restaurant dinning on their early bird specials. Other condo owners were preparing or making dinner in their apartments. It was a pleasant evening and many people were eating on their terraces.

The condo owners had no idea that in just a few moments there would be an event that would rock their world and give them something to talk about for weeks on end.

Waiting in the entrance of his condo and talking with the valets, my Father was upset and completely stressed out.

In short order the tow truck arrived with his Cadillac sitting on the top of the flat bed tow truck. The car was about 2 feet higher than the cab of the truck which contained the driver. Upon entering the condo there is an overhang with a sign warning driver about the 7ft 2-inch clearance. No one thinks about that overhang very often because most of the vehicles that come up this entry way are private cars or fairly small Delivery trucks. Tow Truck Guy pulls up to the lobby, sees the overhang and starts slowing down trying to determine if my Father's Cadillac is going to make it under the concrete ceiling.

Meanwhile my Father, anxious, stressed and nervous but always overconfident, sees the Tow Truck Guy stop short of the overhang and starts to wave his arms furiously, motioning the driver forward. The Tow Truck Guy moves closer, stops, and asks my Father if there is enough clearance for the car. Tow Truck Guy, sitting in his truck, really can't get a good look at how high the car is and is relying on my Father for guidance (never a good thing)

My Father, when under stress, can be relied on for giving his usual words of comfort and advice. To the Tow Truck Guy, he offered the following: "Come on, what are you an idiot? You've got a mile between the car and the overhang! Where did you get your license? You better have your eyes tested buddy?" While he's saying these and other manhood challenging remarks, he is furiously motioning to the driver with his hands in a whirlwind fashion like someone who is guiding a plane into its gate immediately after landing.
Tow Truck Guy, having had his manhood threatened by an aging senior in shorts and a khaki Hawaiian shirt, loses all sense of perspective and wise caution. He succumbs to my Father's overconfident advice, mutters something like "screw this cocksucker." steps heavily on the accelerator and guns the truck straight toward the lobby.

At this point, my Father realizes that he may have made a bad call. His depth perception must somehow, have been way off.

Meanwhile, Tow Truck Guy, delirious and out of control, after being subjected to my Father's earlier insults, continues to accelerate and aims his tow truck toward its final destination.

There were awful screeching sounds as the concrete of the overhang met the steel of Cadillac's roof. High pitched sounds of glass shattering and crunching metal could be heard as far away as the lobby Restaurant. Various car parts were spraying anyone who happened to be within 20 feet. The tow truck continued plowing dead ahead breaking the windshield and crushing the roof of my Father's Cadillac until the entire roof of the car had been sheared completely off. This former elegant Cadillac was now a convertible, a very reluctant convertible. Meanwhile, the accident had attracted many of the other elderly condo owners who thought it was a terrorist attack and vacated their apartments in case the building was being bombed and in danger of collapsing.

In apartment 3A AL Birnbaum and his wife Mazie were having dinner." Mazie Vhots dat loud noise? Is it 7/11? Again?" Others shouted "earthquake" and still others having long suspected that their condo builder was using faulty building materials, thought the building was indeed collapsing. Some 25 people eating in the lobby restaurant upon hearing the crash, dropped their roast chicken laden forks they ordered for their early bird specials, dashed out the door to converge in the building entrance where the action seemed to be occurring.

In the meantime, Tow Truck Guy felt like he had just survived an Iraq bombing, got out of his truck to evaluate the situation and started hurling profanities at my Father. My Father was in shock, frozen in place like a huge piece of petrified wood sticking stiffly out of the ground. Shocked at first, he turned to the Tow Truck Guy with a look of contrition and bewilderment. Meanwhile, I was observing all of this and finding this whole thing hysterically funny. Finally, I thought, I would have my revenge. After all his years of being right, he would never live this down.

But about 10 seconds later, like some Frankenstein given a new jolt of electricity, blood started returning to my father's face and he menacingly starts approaching the Truck Driver: " You asshole, look what you've done to my beautiful Cadillac! I can't believe that you allowed this to happen. I' don't drive a truck; I don't do this every day so of course it looked good to me. You're the professional, why would you have taken the word of an old man in his seventies? I'm going to sue the pants off you."

Tow Truck Guy having had enough insults from my Father, reached for a piece of stray metal from the damaged car and was moving toward him with evil intent. Luckily poor Tow Truck Guy really never had a chance. My Father's army of aging seniors had just arrived on the scene to protect him, cursing and wildly waving their canes and arms at Tow Truck Guy. Next the Valets and security guards rushed to intercede to save Tow Truck Guy from disaster. I could envision the brutal headlines: "Tough Tow Truck Guy mauled to death by a raging mob of drooling seniors." It would have been very ugly.

When the tow truck finally left the scene, there were kind words all around for my Father and condolences for the car with recommendations on what his next Cadillac should look like. There were also a few bad jokes about getting a ride in his newly redesigned convertible. The crowds didn't stay long. After all their chicken was getting cold, the dictates of incontinence had to be served and nobody wanted to miss 60 minutes. My Father, his nerves shot but ego still intact, retired to his condo where my mother poured him a double martini. I went back to my hotel room and called him later that evening.

"Dad, what were you thinking?

As he recounted the frustrations of what happened, a certain recognition came over him regarding his absurd behavior. For the first time ever, he admitted that his judgment regarding the overhang was dead wrong and he was responsible for putting the Tow Truck Guy through unjustified torture. And suddenly we both started laughing uncontrollably for what seemed like hours. In 45 years of being his son, I don't remember a better moment.

My Mother, Pearl Linchitz (nickname: Pearly or Pearlox)

A few humorous vignettes that describe my Mother

--- We were at the restaurant in a Marriott hotel and it was my

parent's long-standing routine of changing restaurant tables at least 5 times before they settled in: "This one's too hot, this one's too cold, too close to the kitchen, too near the bathroom, too noisy", etc. This particular time was no different and we were clearly exhausting the patience of the wait staff. On this occasion, the restaurant had a dessert buffet table with ice cream and whip cream and hot fudge. After filling her plate with ice cream and hot fudge, my Mother comes back to her seat and complains to the waiters that there was something wrong with the ice cream because it melted before she got a chance to eat it. The waiter said nothing and returned with properly formed ice cream.

I think the waiter quit the next day.

-- My Mother once convinced my Father to buy an experimental high-tech machine costing thousands of dollars that would hook up to the central heating and air-conditioning system. The goal of the machine was to shoot down dust particles in the air. All day you could hear crackling sounds of dust being destroyed. She didn't open a window for 30 years after was installed. If she were alive now, she would have been vindicated.

-- My Mother, in most situations when going out, would be very reserved and respectful in public. But one time our family and some friends went to Sammy's Romanian Restaurant on the lower east side. As is standard practice, they always put a bottle of Vodka on the table frozen in a block of ice. My Mother doesn't usually drink much. Sammy's had a live band and after about 4 drinks, she grabbed the Mic from the band leader, jumped onto the dining table in her high heels and began to sing. She always had a really good voice and she got a standing ovation. She also broke several dinner plates with her stomping feet, but no one seemed to mind. My Father, always the most generous tipper, left the kind of tip that would be talked about for years.

-- To my Mother few things in life were more important than getting her hair done. On one occasion, she ignored Hurricane evacuation warnings because she had decided that her regular beauty parlor appointment came before any silly threat of a hurricane. Cousin Florence, who lived in the building and was supposed to take her to a safe location, couldn't find her in time to evacuate and had to leave without her. My Mother, then in her 80's, with perfectly coiffed and freshly dyed Platinum blond hair, was stranded for 4 days without electricity and very little food. When I finally was able to get her on the phone, she told me: "The hurricane was coming, and I

didn't know when I'd be able to get my hair done. It was long overdue and there was really no choice. Son, you're not a woman and you wouldn't understand." She was right about that part.

Her cleaning lady, Gloria, rescued her by climbing 18 flights of stairs to reach her condo. In one hand Gloria carried her suitcase filled with clothes, and in the other, she grabbed my Mother's arm and together they walked her down those 18 flights to safety. Gloria Brown was a Saint!

My Mother was a beautiful talented woman and in different circumstances might have had a career in Hollywood. In addition to her good looks she had a beautiful voice, was very athletic, and could dance as well. She spent a good deal of her life growing up in the Catskills as her Mother and Father ran hotels in Sullivan County. At age 14, she was already performing at her parent's hotels doing song and dance routines with her cousin Mitzie. Mitzie's parents were partners in the hotel business and the families spent a lot of time together.

A few years after my Father died in 1998, my Mother, then in her late 70's, received a letter from cousin Mitzie announcing a self-published book she wrote about their time in the Catskills. She was excited to reconnect with Mitzie and she convinced me to drive her up to Sullivan county for a reunion. I wasn't thrilled with the idea of going because I was under stress completing a client project and this seemed like an annoying interruption. If I had decided not to go, I would have missed an amazing side of my Mother that I had never seen. The two women, seeing each other, hugged and immediately launched into a song and dance routine they had performed in their youth. It was not only good - - it was terrific. These two old ladies having had little contact with each other for more than 50 years could still put on a show. Seeing a smile and a glimmer of confidence I had rarely seen in my Mother was a great moment for me.

Until my Mother's death, close to the age 97, she made me read and re-read chapters to her in Mitzie's book. The story was Mitzie's, but the remembrances of her past were as valuable as if she had written it herself. Her teenage years in the Catskills were clearly the best time of her life.

I have some old Depression era photo's that documented my Mother's happy youth in the Catskills. She had many men chasing her and lots of photographs to remember the time when she was center stage. With her good looks and congenial personality, it wasn't hard to imagine why.

Her circle of friends in those day included my Uncle Sol Linchytz. I can't be certain, but I think he was her secret crush. I'm also on somewhat shaky ground here, but I think he was instrumental in introducing his brother Ruby, my Father, to my Mother.

When my Father met my Mother, he was absolutely bowled over and began a long courtship that was largely one way. He was not handsome; But he doggedly pursued her and finally convinced my Mother to marry him. He wrote numerous letters, beautiful and passionate; I recently found a stash of them professing his love, imploring that they get engaged, and get married. I couldn't believe his determination; he was always a great salesman, and in this instance, he closed the deal.

His case was also bolstered by her parents who knew he had a great job in the Post Office. She married my Father at age 19.

One thing impacted my Mother and followed her all her life; a learning disability similar to Dyslexia which was not identified until very late in life. Both of those things contributed to a very cautions and self-protecting approach to people and the world.

My Mother was not even a teenager when the Depression hit everyone hard. Her immigrant parents had little education (her Mother could not read or write in English and never learned to spell her own name), and she felt forced to take a different path. At age 15, she was selling Ivory soap door to door to help bring in needed extra money. She always loved Ivory because it was so pure and clean. It was a metaphor for my Mother who looked for perfection in every area of the physical world but never found it.

Growing up in my Mother's household was challenging as her need for perfection and control of her environment was at times all-consuming as she tried to protect herself and her family from unseen threats.

The following is an excerpt from a storytelling monologue I wrote and performed:

My Mother was a housewife who spent her life in a constant state of war against the dark invading forces of evil. The enemy, unseen viruses, bacteria, and other germs too numerous to mention, were constantly attacking the Linchitz homeland. It was her sworn duty to protect her family from the dangerous and menacing advancing armies. The battles in this war were fought on every surface: land, sea, an air. At home this translated to floors, walls, counters, toilets, clothing, especially shoes and socks. Of course, she had a lot of germ-killing weapons and at her disposal; commercial strength Lysol, Mr. Clean with Bleach, Ajax, Lestoil (with and without Ammonia), and anything else with the power to infiltrate and destroy the enemy. Family members were reluctantly drafted into this army to help with the war effort but most of the time, we either were not up to the task or didn't take this war as seriously as we should have. More often than not, we laughingly undermined our Commander-in-Chief; we forgot to take off our shoes before entering the house, we failed to wash our hands every five minutes and we failed to wipe down the dirty objects we brought home with us from the outside world. My Mother's Don Quixote like skirmishes against this war on germs were often very funny; but it was deadly serious to her, and she worked at least 12 hours a day making sure that we were all safe. Sometimes this was taken to extremes, especially the time she convinced my Father to buy a new heating and air-conditioning system that cost several thousands of dollars.

This amazing unit incorporated a new special technology that would electronically shoot down and pulverize dust and foreign particulates in the air. You could actually hear pinging sounds throughout the day as the machine was doing its job. Those pings would bring absolute smiles of joy to my Mother's face and endless jokes from us about enemy kills. After the unit was installed, and until we sold the house 25 years later, my Mother never again opened a window, not even for fresh air. In fact, no one was allowed to open a window as this might have allowed germs to come in and get us sick. The fact that both of my parents polluted the air by smoking several packs a day of unfiltered cigarettes was just one of the unfortunate ironies we lived with. Who knew my Mother, considering that we living through Covid 19, was way ahead of her time. I'll bet she's looking down at us now with complete satisfaction about being vindicated about her obsessive concern with germs.

Furniture held a very high value in her household. My Mother had a natural talent for decorating; she could put color schemes together, mix and match furniture that made a room look ready to be featured in

better homes and gardens. I never personally cared for her early Louis the XIV decorating style, but I can certainly understand the permanence, safety, control and confidence it must have given her.

The Living Room was her most treasured room and it was sacrosanct. No one, including family members, were allowed in the room except on rare special occasions: Visits by royalty, heads of state, and maybe a respected Doctor or two might have met the criteria. Considering that we did not personally know many people that fit this description, the room went unused for long stretches of time. The longest stretch I remember was about 2 years. I would tease my Mother about putting a red velvet rope across the entrance to prevent anyone who might try to actually come in and sit on the couch. She was not amused. It was clear to me that her "germ warfare" and even her Louis XIV royal furniture created a home fortress that made her feel somewhat in control of her life.

It was also her way to limit communication with the outside world and especially people who might judge her and find out that she didn't quite measure up to her own pre-determined standard of perfection.

Although my Mother was proud of her good looks and was always concerned with her physical appearance, she was haunted by issues around self-esteem. As she grew up, she became more socially inward and reserved.

She could be easily wounded by an unintended innocent remark. While she had several friends, it was very hard for her to make lasting connections as she always felt like she was being judged. She always had the need to reject people first before they could reject her. It was highly unfortunate that she would underestimate her creativity and intellectual abilities until much later, especially after my Father died.

After my Father passed away, she developed an interest in painting.

At the same time, she started taking classes in history and philosophy and kept several notebooks filled with her thoughts about the various philosophers she read. I was amazed to read how clear her thoughts and opinions were regarding each book she read. Her writing, considering her learning disability, was surprisingly fluid.

All through her life she always remembered birthdays and events of relatives and friends and made sure that birthday cards and gifts were sent. That meant that in the last several years I sent them in her name. She would always call me up remind me whose birthday it was and to make sure I sent the card for her. She also kept every card her family and friends sent her over the years. When she passed, close to age 97, I found hundreds of birthday and other greeting cards buried in various drawers. Each card meant so much to her as expressions of love.

My Journey: Joel's Story (Joe-Boy)

This is an excerpt from my story about a pivotal moment in my life:

When I was 9 years old, I convinced my Grandmother, who ran a small hotel in the Catskills, to let me get up on stage to sing during their Saturday entertainment night. I selected my then favorite song, "I'm Going to Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter." By any standards it was a terrible performance. Still, the audience was very generous and gave me a wonderful round of applause. That round of

applause was one of the main reasons that I found myself 25 years later sitting in a room off to the side of a large ballroom about to go on stage to deliver my first paid speaking engagement.

378 people registered for this event and would be waiting to hear me-- the expert-- be funny, motivating, witty, insightful, and charming. They would expect to walk away with new tools and ideas which they could apply immediately to their businesses to make them more successful.

As I was thinking about this, a wave of uncomfortable nausea started to creep up from the bottom of my stomach and take hold. I was about twenty-five minutes away from going on stage and achieving one of my biggest career goals. At that moment, my only thought was that I was about to blow it all by having a panic attack. I was becoming increasingly tense, alarmed, and starting to feel out of control, even hysterical. I was filled with the sheer terror of failure.

Instead of thinking about what I was going to say, I thought about my therapist, Dr. Heinrich Von Shtupenburg, who I had seen for some 30 years. He always told me that I was carrying all these negative thoughts from my childhood, like some subconscious Greek Chorus. They would always be there to defeat me unless I could stop listening to them. And unfortunately, I was now zeroed in on what they were saying: "Joel don't do this, you will only be disappointed." "It won't work; you're not up to it." "Why would you want to embarrass yourself in front of all those people?" "Look, you're cross-eyed for Christ Sakes! How many great speakers are cross eyed?" It was true, I was cross-eyed. I was trying to be the first motivational speaker except for the blind that didn't have eye contact with the audience. "What was I thinking? "

As people meandered into the auditorium, I was sweating right though the combination of Right Guard, Mitchum, and Old Spice Spray Deodorant that I had put on earlier in the morning anticipating that I might be a little nervous.

The sweat was now coming out of every pore in my body; my undershirt was soaked, and I could feel the sweat dripping down through my pants into my underwear.

Oh shit I thought, ……, maybe that wasn't sweat?

Anticipating this moment of panic, I had asked my good friend Al to accompany me for moral support. Al was a big friendly guy who I knew since our college days when he was supplying drugs to half of our campus. He could see me about to fall apart and just in time he gave me his antidote to handling anxiety: a bottle of 5 milligram Valium. It was now time to take a few. After about 10 minutes, it had no effect, so I took a few more. After about 20 minutes I was feeling nothing.

I mean that, literally. I could not feel my face, arms or legs. It was under those conditions that I stumbled out on stage, greeted the audience, went to my first slide.

The first problem I noticed was that I was speaking very slowly and slurring my words. As I continued speaking, I also noticed that my slides were out of sync with what I was saying. I was clicking them faster than my commentary. It was like watching a movie with a delayed soundtrack-- it was making no sense.

On top of that, I was having a drug induced out of body experience. I was feeling as if I were floating above the ballroom from outer space looking down. There was me mumbling along, there was the

audience looking confused and concerned like maybe this guy's having a stroke or a heart attack. And then there was poor Al, waving his hands furiously like a football coach realizing he had given his team a bad game plan and trying to get me to call a time out. Even through the fog of the drugs, I could see that I was dying, and this was going to be a disaster. Instead of my life flashing before me I could hear all the inner demons of my past, my angry muses coming again to pay their respects.

All I could think of at that moment was the humiliation and embarrassment of being a failure. I imagined that wherever I would go in life, this one event would follow me. Like some terrorist on watch list I would be a marked man: Warning, if you see this person do not panic but immediately seek shelter and never, ever, hire him to speak at your event.

This is the beginning of story I wrote and performed at a Moth story slam a few years ago. It's hard to believe but it had a very happy ending: I got a standing ovation and it led to a successful training, consulting, and speaking career. It's really about the will to succeed even in the face of long odds. I think about our family in that way and the Jewish people in general. Our Grandparents made it over to America, survived the Great Depression and passed on to us a dogged determination to succeed.

I've already written about growing up in Brooklyn, but my childhood was not a happy one. There is this kid in an old picture I recently found and it's me at about 5 years old. My cousin Carrol is standing next to me. It's a sad photo. I'm looking at my cousin with intense admiration and measuring my own unhappiness through her bright, warm engaging smile. I've always measured myself against other people, even at age five.

My body language in the photo gives me away; slouched shoulders with my back bent slightly forward. Only five years old and already the world is too heavy. I'm looking at my cousin and wondering how she can smile like that. How she can be play so freely. How I admire whatever that is. How I crave to have it for myself. I will struggle with that for the rest of my life.

I grew up with an eye condition generally referred to as strabismus. Basically, my eyes didn't line up straight or move together. Maybe this was an inherited gene somewhere in our family history, or just coincidence. I remember my cousin Julie had a similar issue that was corrected when she was a child.

In 1950, at two years old, I underwent an eye operation designed to correct the problem. Unfortunately, the technology in ophthalmology and muscle surgery, were not as advanced as they are today. I was left with an over correction and a weak muscle which caused my eyes to drift out. As the technology improved, this could have been remedied. My mother hounded me for years to have another operation, but after a few surgeries before the age of ten, including an emergency appendix operation at five years old, I had developed a phobia for surgery. In those days they would strap you down like a psychiatric patient in the movie "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and pour Ether on your nose with what looked like a juice strainer until you fell unconscious. They also didn't let parents stay overnight with their kids which caused needless trauma for young children. The fact that I never had my eyes straightened must have hurt my mother terribly who always wanted the world to be perfect. Her son would refuse to cooperate. Maybe it was childhood defiance on my part, but I really believe it was fear. She was right my funny eyes really did have a negative impact on my life.

When I was young, I always tried to make myself scarce whenever possible. My self-awareness depressed my personality from extrovert to introvert. Let's face it, eye contact in life is pretty important whether it's a first date or job interview. It also makes people uncomfortable around you, and that in turn, makes you uncomfortable. I also wasn't very good in sports. If your eyes are not properly aligned and moving together, you don't have binocular vision. Everything you see looks closer that it actually is. This causes a lot of complications with any game involving a ball or moving object. Even easy things for most people, like parallel parking can be a major challenge, especially when parking an unfamiliar car.

In school I would sit in the back of the room and hope that the teacher would never call on me. Consequently, I wasn't a particularly a good student (at least until college). My family, especially my mother, was worried that I would never make it to college

This is an Excerpt from my Story: In Good Company

I entered the 8th grade academically challenged: It was so bad that I was even failing in classes like Shop and Gym. This was a new low even for me. I remember my father looking at me with amazement and disdain." Failing Shop is one thing, I get it, you're Jewish, you don't have the fix-it gene----but Gym? For Christ sake who fails gym?"

My mother was set on the fact that I had to go to college and was worried that my grades, which were never good, would kill my chances to be the first family member with a college degree. We started looking at private schools. I don't know how we got around to boarding schools, but I somehow wound up going to New York Military Academy at the start of the ninth grade.

I wasn't someone that was attracted to uniforms--- or discipline of any kind--- and it was odd, that I would have agreed to do this. New York Military Academy was located in upstate New York, in the town of Cornwall, very near West Point. The grounds were majestic: castle like buildings fronted with old cannons at the entrance perched high on a hill which sloped down to the Hudson River. The campus, over 500 acres in all, was surrounded by forests of tall evergreen trees just like the kind they would use for Rockefeller Center during Christmas. It was really beautiful and although the Cadets were wearing uniforms, I really didn't think about the military stuff. I guess I just thought that I wanted to go to college someday and maybe this was the place that was going to get me there.

I had no way of knowing then that this decision would soon lead to one of the worst years of my young life as well as crossing paths with the teenage son of a millionaire real estate developer, Donald J. Trump.

If New York Military Academy had existed when Dante wrote about the Nine Circles of Hell, I believe he would have reserved a special Circle just for this school. Okay, I'm being just a little dramatic here. But this was a brutal place to spend your high school years. It was also expensive; the equivalent of $50,000 per year, in today's money. My father had hit it big that year with one of his penny stocks and he managed to pay the tuition.

In the fall of 1962, when I arrived, New York Military Academy (NYMA) was a boarding school for boys only. It was known for its tough discipline but also for its ability to get its students into first tier colleges. Parents, mostly rich, sent their kids here when they exhibited some form of anti-social behavior: altercations involving law enforcement, violent behavior at home, trouble getting along in school. In fact, many of the bully types you might have known from school were all well represented. Of course, not all

students were there because they were "rich kid troublemakers; there were also many students who were there because their parents were divorced, and it had become inconvenient to have them around the house. Whatever the reason, the school had more than its share of deviants, bullies, certified lunatics, as well as kids who were just having difficulties adjusting to a normal teenage childhood. As far as could tell I was probably the only student who actually decided to enroll out of my own free will. In retrospect, what the heck was I thinking?

Here I was, a sensitive liberal Jewish kid from Brooklyn living in the midst of a sea of wasp bullies eating mayonnaise sandwiches on Wonder Bread.

Donald Trump had come to New York Military Academy, a few years before I arrived. I heard rumors that he had had some temper tantrums and anger management issues, but I didn't know him well enough to know his history. I do remember that even then he would use his wealth to bend the rules and get what he wanted.

Things really picked up in my life when I got to College. Considering my grades, I was lucky to be accepted by Fairleigh Dickinson University. I was also lucky to have small classes and great professors and became a straight A student.

One of the best things I did was spend my Junior Year in England. Fairleigh had purchased a building in England called Wroxton Abbey. Its roots went all the way back to the 12th century. Over the years it had been built and rebuilt and by the 1700's Wroxton was a beautiful Jacobean manor house. The Manor became the home of Lord North, the Prime Minister of England during American Revolution. When I arrived on a snowy February day in 1969, I was completely awe struck that I would be living in this place. The

Abbey was located in the charming thatched roof hamlet of Wroxton. It was 75 miles from London, in the heart of the dreamy Cotswold's just 15 miles from Stratford-On-Avon.

1969 was a good time for me to get out town and leave the country. The Vietnam war was raging, and that bastard Nixon was president. I was summoned by the draft board that year, and if drafted, I had made a decision to flee to Canada. It was a senseless war that accomplished nothing, and thousands of kids were coming home in wooden boxes. There was no way I was going to be a part of that.

When I got my draft notice, I had to show up for a physical and after a very tense day at the draft office, I got rejected because I had Asthma. I was passionately against the war and marched to Washington in 1967 in one of the biggest marches against the war in Vietnam. In addition to the war, there was turmoil everywhere. The shooting of Martin Luther King, Bobby Kennedy, and JFK all happened within five years and had taken its toll on all of us. It was the decade to question everything and everything was being actively challenged including: sexual mores, racial inequality, proper dress and experimenting with all kinds of drugs. It was also a decade of riots in the streets by people of color who had enough of being subjected to a life of poverty that most of us white people never experienced or just ignored. Bob Dylan wrote and sung that "The Tmes They Are a Changin" and they certainly were. In the end, from where I stand today, I can unequivocally say that it worked out better for Dylan than for many of our generation.

So, going to England in 1969 was the answer for me to get away from all of that. Sitting on a four engine 707 jet all alone and going to Europe for the first time was scary and wonderfully hopeful at the same time. After a few days in London getting my bearings, I headed up to Wroxton.

It was snowy when I arrived in Banbury, the major town about 3 miles from Wroxton Abbey. I had come up by train from Paddington station for a two-hour ride and hailed a taxi to take me to the school. Driving past the huge gates and pulling up to the Abbey was awe inspiring. It was a like being dropped suddenly into a scene of Downton Abbey. The giant doors of the Abbey slowly opened and there, smiling broadly was Suzy, a female student who had arrived earlier that day. She was wearing a brown leather vest, brown boots that went over her knees, a relatively short skirt looking very collegiate and sexy for the sixties. Her wonderfully blues eyes looked deeply into mine and for a moment we were both speechless. It was love at first sight and it was a relationship that lasted six years from that first day. My life now was about to change for the better. It wasn't just Suzy; it was my entire world that was about to change. Everything, including my confidence and my self-esteem gave me a sense of possibility in a world where I was depressed for far too long. I was 20 years old and suddenly felt that anything was possible. I was intensely loved by a beautiful woman that every male in my school desired, and she only wanted to be with me. I looked in mirror and crooked eyes be dammed, I Imagined, for the first time, that I might be okay, even good looking. And in fact, I was. It wasn't Suzy alone that started this turn of confidence, there were hints for the last few years; in college my professors started paying attention to my essays on Philosophy and History and I was not just excelling but getting a reputation that attention should be payed to this student. This increasing acknowledgement that I rarely had received in my life, grew stronger and my life got better. I became interested in everything; Art, literature, History, Philosophy, and of course, Sex, Drugs and Rock and Roll.

Wroxton was an oasis from the turmoil the 60's; We were just 47 students living a luxurious life in a Manor house surrounded by 80 acres of gentle and forever green rolling hills.

Our classes at the Abbey were delivered in the beautiful wood paneled library and our education was conducted by visiting professors from Oxford and Cambridge. Once a week we would see a play at Stratford on Avon and sometimes the actors and directors of the RSC (Royal Shakespeare Company) would come back to discuss the play over tea at the abbey. And there were some amazing Directors at the RSC at the time; Peter Brook, Trevor Nunn, Terry Hands, etc. It was era that produced the most innovative Shakespeare productions in the world.

It was a charmed life. We. All we had to do at Wroxton was learn, travel and experience a good life that for many of us 47 students, would never be able to equal again.

I have been back to Wroxton for numerous reunions and although the Abbey is the same as ever, the sleepy village of Wroxton and its surroundings have been drastically changed by gentrification. But in 1969, it was like being dropped in some time warp of a lovely past that you would only dream about in storybooks. It shaped my coming of age and increased my hunger for travel which I have held for most of my life.

Too soon it was time to come home, finish school and get a real job. I tried acting and went to acting school but had few parts to show for it and spent most of my time either driving a cab in Manhattan, or part time on the telephone selling all kinds of things. Like my father, I was a pretty good salesperson,

especially on the phone. Many of my actor friends would rather be dirt poor than give up acting and accept a job. After a while, I could see that I wasn't a good enough actor but there were other things I could do.

I was 30 years old and had been in my own Consulting and Training business for a little over a year. Looking for ideas that would help me generate some business, I started attending seminars with various business experts. While attending one such seminar given by a well-regarded marketing consultant, I was all ears when he stood up, raised his own book high in the air, and said in deep and thunderous voice "writing a book is your ticket to success. It's your calling card and it will deliver the credibility you need to get an unending stream of new business. If you are a published author, he continued, your clients will see you as an expert in your field and experts get paid a lot of money for their expertise. Does that make sense to you folks out there?" We all nodded our heads in agreement. All his words were hitting every hot button in my brain. Book, Expert, Money, they were all powerful things and who wouldn't want that if you could get it. My brain was on overload filled with visions of the fame and fortune. I didn't sleep much that night because I was so wound up thinking about how great it would be to have authored a book.

The truth was that I had wanted to write a book, not to get business, or even to use my expertise to help people become more successful. I'm afraid my motives were more crass than money. I wanted acknowledgment. I wanted immortality. I wanted a Library of Congress catalog number. But most of all, I wanted revenge. This was going to be pay back to all those who ignored me.. To my knowledge, no one in my family had had a book published and this would be the chance to finally get some recognition.

Okay, so this was going to be a business book. No one would ever confuse it with a novel by Hemingway, but so what, I would be a published author. This one accomplishment I thought could shift the balance of power within my family and give my ego a boost to some much-needed self-esteem. Worst case, even if it didn't sell, it would still look really great on my bookshelf and would also make a very attractive paperweight.

I decided to do an outline and a marketing study about the need for a book like this.

A friend of a friend was a publisher's agent and suggested I send the outline to three publishers. After a few weeks AMACOM books liked what they saw and after a meeting with their senior editor they gave me a contract along with a $3000 advance. I walked out of the office and I couldn't believe it. I daydreamed all the way back to my apartment.

As my thoughts drifted into fantasy, I was imaging being interviewed by David Letterman. "So, Joel, how did you come to write this amazing book on Telemarketing Management? Are you thinking about turning it into a movie or play?" "Well David," I said in a humble voice and with great modesty, "to tell you the truth I haven't thought much about it, but with all the millions of sales that are pouring in, I guess it must have really touched a nerve with people around the world." David then holds the book up to the camera and continues, "I just finished reading this book ladies and gentlemen and I can tell you it has some really powerful ideas. I would recommend it to anyone looking for the true meaning of happiness or even more importantly, anyone looking to get some really cool telemarketing sales tips. I would further like to recommend this book particularly to Joel's Father, Mother, Relatives, and all the teachers in grade school who wrote him off and said he would never amount to much." He shakes my hand and I then turn

to Julia Roberts, who was sitting next me. She stands up, gives me a hug and I walk off the stage to loud audience applause……..

I had a six-month contract from my publisher and after a Five-year bout with the world's longest case of writer's block, "The Complete Guide to Telemarketing Management" was published and sold around 70,000 copies at $35 each.

Pretty good for a business book but not a million copy best seller by far. I never got to be a guest on David Letterman or meet Julia Roberts, But I did have a wonderful book party on Park Avenue that was attended by friends, relatives and even Larry David, from Seinfeld and Curb Your Enthusiasm Oh, and did I mention it launched a 30 year career of training and speaking engagements in the US and Europe.

My speaking engagement days are over now but I'm still happily writing and telling stories at local comedy venues, storytelling events and anywhere I can get an audience.

My wife, Lucy

I met my wife in 1975. I was about 27, she was 33. We met in the Library. It sounds literary but it was actually a bar on West 93rd street in Manhattan called "The Library". We both had been drinking a lot of wine and I had just ended a long painful relationship. I had these tickets to an Edward Weston Photo exhibit at MOMA. It turned out that she was an aspiring photographer and loved Weston's photos (at least that's what she told me).

On our next date, Lucy had been commissioned to do a photo shoot and take some unique pictures of bathtubs for a new magazine. I recommended the Chelsea Hotel because I had stayed there during a breakup with a former girlfriend and I knew they had very old and interesting porcelain bathtubs.

I came along for the photo shoot and we stayed alone in the room long after the photos were taken. If you want to know more, you'll have to wait for the movie on Netflix.

We soon fell very much in love, and shortly after that, I moved in and we've been together ever since. When we first started dating, Lucy had the most amazing networking skills. She was having huge parties at her apartment almost every week.

Often there would be more than 50 people crowded together. You came to her parties not only to have a good time but because you knew that Lucy had this tremendous ability to zero in on what your interest were and then connect you with other people that had similar interests. She was better than Tinder and LinkedIn combined. It always amazed me that she could always remember the name of someone she might have met once several years ago. I could barely remember a person I met six seconds ago, let alone years later.

Lucy has a Masters in Counselling Psychology from Hunter College. In the early part of her career, she was part of a special Board of Education Drug Counselling Program that helped teachers handle the stress of their jobs. She has also had a successful career working in Telecommunications in positions of both Sales and Sales Management. Her expertise in the Telecommunications field allowed her to launch a success recruiting business. Lucy's last position was Director of a large Childcare Center in Harlem for the nonprofit organization, Graham Windham. She's also a terrific photographer.

Lucy and I spent many years together travelling all over the world; One of these days I will catalog every country and city we were fortunate enough to visit. But of all the places we've been, we always come back to Paris. It's our favorite city in the world and we never seem to get enough of the cafes, architecture, museums, and restaurants. One of our favorite things to do in Paris is to look at a famous painting of a scene somewhere in Paris and then explore the city trying to find the exact place it was painted.

I never had children of my own, but Lucy came with two in-house from a former marriage. Dara and Nina are both graduates from the "Fame" school Music and Art in NYC which is now called La Guardia. I really thought that they would wind up in the Arts and/or Entertainment.

Nina, the older daughter turned out to be a wonderful painter. For many years she was the Assistant Principal at La Guardia and is now the Borough Arts Director for the New York City Department of Education. She has a Doctorate in Art and Art Education from Columbia University Teachers College. She currently has a wonderful partner, Kimberly and lives in Greenwich Village in NYC.

Dara, my younger daughter, has a MSW (Masters in Social Work) from Hunter College School of Social Work and now she is a Licensed Clinical Social Worker. She has done Social Work in schools, Residential Treatment Centers and Private Practice. Dara is now the Manager of Medical Affairs at the largest Independent Multi-Specialty Medical Group in the country.

Dara has a wonderful husband, Larry Caputo two amazing children, Kayla and Julianna.

Both Grandchildren are in college. Kayla is in her Senior year at Northeastern University in Boston and Julianna is starting her second year at Marist College. Dara's husband, Larry Caputo, has been an executive at Verizon for many years. In my estimation he is the best dad on the planet. Both Larry and Dara have been wonderful parents, the kind you would want growing up if you could have had a choice. They currently live in Yorktown Heights, New York.

Lucy Lasky Linchitz and Joel

Joel and Lucy Lasky Linchitz in Paris

Standing: Dara Lasky Caputo (daughter), Joel , Lucy Lasky Linchitz

Seated: Juliana Caputo (grand-daughter), Pearl, Kayla Caputo (grand-daughter)

Larry Caputo (Dara's husband, our son-in-law)

Juliana Caputo (grand-daughter) Dara Lasky Caputo (daughter)

Kayla Caputo (grand-daughter) Larry Caputo, (Dara's husband, our son-in-law)

Seated: Lucy Lasky Linchitz, Dara Lasky Caputo (daughter) Joel

Standing: Friend, Nina Lasky (daughter) Larry Caputo (Dara's husband, our son-in-law)

Pearl on the town

Joel & Ruby in Russia

Ruby at the Moscow synagogue during Rosh Hashanah

Ruby, Joel & Pearl

Joel, Celia Singer (Pearl's mother) and Pearl

On the yellow brick road with Pearl & friend

Pearl

Pearl and Joel at South Beach, Miami FL

Author: Sol Linchytz

Conversation with Sol Linchytz by Westbury Historical Society

Sol Linchytz during WWII

The Historical Society of the Westbury an official partner in the *Veteran's History Project* interviewed Sol Linchytz on March 1, 2006. Sol was a veteran of WWII and relates interesting stories during the time he served as a soldier in the US Army. The interview was recorded on audiotape.

I (Stan Glickstein, Sol's nephew,) became aware of the recording several years later and obtained a copy of the audiotape from the library. The audio was transferred onto a CD as an mp3 file. It was recently transcribed to text via a voice-to-text program using the services of www.Temi.com.

Some of the transcribed information is unclear and incomprehensible and may sound mixed up. Nevertheless, it is presented on the following pages for you to read. It is a story of Sol's adventures during WWII and makes for an extremely interesting tales. Please excuse many of the sentences that may

not be understood. The editors did not try to correct the grammar or correct the spelling since it was unclear what exactly was said. Nevertheless, enjoy what is there!

01 Intro-Background-Basic Training

March 1st, 2006. This is the beginning of an interview with Sol Linchytz in the Historical Society cottage at the Westbury Memorial public library. Mr. Linchytz is 87 years old having been born on August 19th, 1918. My name is Susan Povaric and I will be the interviewer. I am representing the Historical Society of the Westbury, an official partner in the Veteran's History Project. Mr. Linchytz, would you state for the recording, what war and branch of service you served in?

I served in world war two and the branch of service was more than one. I started off in, the ordinance for a few months and then volunteered for an air cadet and was my test taking in Miami, Florida and upon passing all my necessary tests. I was shipped out to Arkansas for flight training. I was in Arkansas for five months and I was then told I had to volunteer for the Counter Intelligence Corps. They needed that more than it than air cadets. So I volunteered there. I was shipped overseas. I joined the 19th Counterintelligence Corps of France and continued with the 19th Counter Intelligence Corps through Germany and concluded until Armistice Day in 1946 and sent home.

Could you tell me where you were living at the time that you entered the service and were you drafted or did you volunteer?

I was drafted and that was in 1942 and I served for four years until 1946. I was just short of four years.

Where were you living at the time when you were drafted?

I was in Brooklyn.

Okay. So you were single and you were living in Brooklyn. He was just telling me

I was married in January. No. actually I was married November by in the court and that was taboo with the parents. So I had to get remarried in January, and the day I was looking for the place to be married and it was December, 1941 and I was married in January 11th and then drafted in 1942.

***How did your wife feel about all this*?**

Well, she knew I was going either through voluntary because I was going to volunteer anyway, but I got drafted quickly enough. So there was no necessity for volunteering. I had my basic training in Virginia. I don't remember. I know we call it name. It was a new it was a new place. I don't exactly recall the name, but I was supposed to get six weeks of basic training, but they kept me there for 13. My outfit wasn't formed yet. I did enough KP for about 42. I was practically myself and a few other soldiers were, the ones were, did not form a complete company. So we had to do our own KP and everything else that goes with that. Then I spent a few months with what I was trying to get into and with what they called me for here.

Eric just mentioned before. Yeah. I went in, they put me in the ordinance course. I had some mechanical training before I went into the army with automobiles, et cetera. I spent about three months, three months with the ordinance and volunteered for the army air. As a pilot, I was then sent to Florida where all the tests that were necessary for me to pass, to become a pilot, and I passed them all. And they then shipped

me up to Arkansas for flight training. I spent five months in Arkansas training for an air cadet, and then they decided they need more counterintelligence people than air cadets. And I interviewed for the kind of intelligence and they insisted, I volunteer, which I did. I was shipped overseas and joined the 19th counter-intelligence corp. in France and, finished my services in 1946 with the counterintelligence Corps. I was available to go home because I had more points than I needed to return home and be discharged from the service. However, when they declared me essential, they wouldn't let me go home. So I stayed until sometime in the middle of 1946. I got home in 1946.

02 – Experience in France

Once you got over to France

The usual experiences was to interview prisoners in German, which I learned in about, they told me that I was going to be trained, but I guess my training was on the job training. Although they gave me a certificate that I did get trained, I really never did. I was assigned to another agent who was a fellow from Alsace Lorraine. And I think he had a death wish because he was from Alsace-Lorraine. He's a perfect description of what the germ is. Instead of this Superman, he was blonde haired and blue eyed, beautiful young man. And his parents were in the Intelligence of Alsace Lorraine. And they were anti Hitler and they were sent to a concentration camp and both of them were killed and he was very bitter and he tried to kill as many Germans that he thought was necessary.

And I was his partner for a while. And some of the things that I do remember is when we picked up a, a prisoner for interrogation, we never ever, we never really handcuffed him. We didn't have to, the Jeep were in, never went below 90. And he was constantly trying to kick the guy out of the Jeep. So luckily I was transferred or he was transferred someplace else to another kind of intelligence division. And I got a normal, a normal partner and I had a chance for living. So I wasn't too sad about that being married only a few months and then being inducted. That was one of them.

03 Wolfgang Pack – Nazi's in Power

The important business than I although I feel my stay in France and heading through Germany going through Germany was important. Some of the most important things I did was after the war at that time, the Germans, surrendered, but many of them did not and they formed an organization called the Wolf Gang.

They were a bunch of lunatics that didn't think the war was over and still trying to kill the American soldiers and the British and the French and the Russians. These the Wolfgang Pack.

We're still in existence. And every time we placed a German in a political post, he was executed. So we had a lot of problems at that, for that score. Anyway the ……

After the war, Germany was divided into four separate sections. One was under French influence. The other one was under Russian influence. The third one was American and the fourth one was British. The 19th counter intelligence Corps, which is what I was a member of was given an enclave in the British zone because the Americans didn't have a port to get their supplies. So the 19th counter intelligence, although it was American, it was stationed in the British zone of influence. And there was an enclave

from Bremerhaven to Brahman, which was our jurisdiction. It was our responsibility to jail the members of the Wolf Gang, and also a jail. The members that were that were influential in the Nazi party.

Luckily, the Germans were very well trained and they did everything we wanted them to, of course, they thought that's what they was supposed to do. When I reached the 19th counter intelligence at Brahman Bremerhaven, there wasn't any Brahman or Bremerhaven, Everything was destroyed. The people in Germany lived in the cellars or the whatever room was available in the houses they had, or a large percentage lived in the Brahman, which was the train station, the Brahman train station, which is equivalent to what we have is a Grand Central or Penn Station. Most of them a good percentage lived in those places lying right next to each other.

You couldn't even take a step without stepping on one of them. It was a horrible effect, but that's the only place they had to live. When we came into Brahman, there were 15 counter-intelligence people about 15 left in our outfit. I think we started out with about 24 and the German speaking special agents were responsible for organizing the Germans and jailing the ones that, that were supposed to be in jail. The allies had a plan, which was very beneficial, made life, a little easier for us. Anybody to say a member of a political party above the aughts group on lighter, which was the mayor of a town was automatically arrested. So in order to, we didn't have to put him in jail and then have a trial that was impossible. So all the allies, anybody above all its group Aleida all belong to a secret society. Like they should stop a lot of it. Yeah. Heimish not support that side of the Waffen SS automatic arrest respiratory category two at that time my three partners with three other gents special agents didn't know how to even begin because there was no post office. There was no train service. There was no telephone service. There was no police service. There was no a fire service, firemen. There was no fire service. Everything was bombed out, destroyed, totally destroyed. So we looked at each other, he said, we have four of us. We got 5 million people in this enclave. What do we do? We said, the first thing we got to do was sleep on it. And we did the next morning. I came up with some idea, which I knew wasn't going to work, but it did.

What I did was first thing we got to do is get the post office working and send out postcards to the people that were what a automatic arrest category. They make it, but we didn't send it to the higher ups that were arrestable. The Germans had a system that every square block, which was called a block in German, had a block light that, which was a block leader. He was not automatically arrestable. They were on the lower end of the Nazi party. The worst part of this and every four blocks was a teller-liker that, which is a cell leader. They were not automatic arrest category.

It's the first thing I had to do. And it was agreed upon the first thing we had to do, I should say, because they are all in it with me at this time, sleepless nights of 20 a day we were up 20 hours a day. If we were able to manage, we slept four, so I'm trying to remember everything that happened in order of what's happened happening. So if I stammer a little bit, hang on.

The problem was we were not allowed to hire Nazis for the post office or for the police department for the fire department or the train or the train railroad department. And where do you go to get these people that are going to help us organize these things? This is probably something they didn't consider, and we've got to take it into our own hands. So I went to the post mark, found out who the postmaster general was, Brahman Bramarhaven, and put him charge of organizing the post office and gave him one week to do it or else. I did the same thing with the German police department who and the same thing with the

telephone company and the same idea, the fire people and the railroads, but the main thing I had to get for a start, which first was to postmaster.

The worst part about it is that you could not become a postmaster or the head of the police department, unless you were a Nazi, practically, everybody who had a job in Germany had anything, any job of consequence had to be a member of the Nazi party. So how do you get anybody to run the post office unless he's a Nazi? So I told that to my partners, and I said, well, we got to just fire from the hip. We got to do it our own way. So we hired the postmaster general and he in turn, got his postal employees back to work. And I sent, we sent out a postcard to the leader, as the block leader, block liker on the starting to speak and the selling lighter. We sent them a postcard to come to jail. The next morning. I couldn't find my office. There was so many people around them. I said, Oh my God. So we commandeered a school. That's what was not too badly damaged and was right next to the office. And we made that our jail house. We didn't have any jail houses, either German jail houses, we had detention camps, but that wouldn't have helped us. So we, we put them all in the auditorium seated about 2000 people.

I tell them that there all going to jail. They had brought their blankets with them, and we distribute them into the school rooms. We had a military policeman watching the door. We kept him there for three days. Cause I didn't know what else to do with him. I wasn't that inhuman, but I put them into the auditorium and I tell them, I'm sending them all home. But if anybody on their block or their cell that's in an automatic arrest category to know was group of mine that all got high Mitch that's bullet site, or S a S a S S if anybody's, that comes into their zone of their block or their four blocks, if they don't bring them to me or the German police, which we organized, we would jail them instead of the SS. And if they're under a and they're going to be tried and executed. They will as be, instead of the ones that they let out. And about one month, my zone of influence was cleaned up. Thank God, everything. The German police did a wonderful job. They picked him up as the Teller Likers brought them in. And I think we had something like a 85 to 90% success with that program. And it's very possible that ad a hundred percent, because I don't know if the others were either killed or at someplace else. So that's my first story. The story is, and then, and then there, a month later, I get a call from general and John that's ahead of the who was in Frankfurt as the head of the counterintelligence Corps and ordered me to come to Frankfurt. They wanted to talk to me. I went there. I knew, I knew I did something against the rules, like putting the Nazis into power. When I got there, I expected the worst, but he said, at ease, sit down after a formal introduction. And then he said, what in the hell did you do there? We are not even started ourselves. So I said, well, you may not like it, but I hired the Nazis that were there before. I said, it's only temporarily after I get everything going, I'm going to replace. So he looks at me and says, you don't mind if I say dirty words, he says, it's so simple. I thought I was going to get killed, but he thoroughly enjoyed what I did. And he says, I want you to do it with all the other with all the other 10 areas of our, and the American zone of influence, which were brought up and were trained in Frankfurt.

That's the first story.

Uh, he said, he's going to give me a medal, which I said, no, these four guys that were with me, they were with me, 20 hours a day raining and everything else. And it's just as mean and miserable as I am by now. So I said, well, what do you want me to do? I says, give my outfit a unit citation. That's where it came from. This made my captain a major, and a recommended. He gave me a recommendation when I went home. And that was the first story.

04 – Friends & Ploys

Oh, yes. Yes. I shared a bedroom and a castle and a magnificent home, which the kind of intelligence Corps commandeered for our offices and bedrooms, mostly bedrooms. I shared a, a, a, a bedroom with Major Jim Draycot who became my best friend. And after I was shipped home I sent his parents packages because England was on the verge of starvation. I always had in mind to go to visit with him. He had married a German woman and went back to England to show he lived in Sheffield. His parents were from Sheffield and I still want to see him. One of my dear friends who lived in New York and became my best friend is a gentleman by the name of Norman Title. He had graduated college at the age of 20 and spoke fluent German.

His major was languages and he spoke fluent German and French. And he was my one of my agents that spent the time with me. I visited him lately and we had four hours of, of a wonderful time. Like we're going to see each other again. Norman is now about 85 years old and 84. And he's spending his time. He had he retired from he was a, became a school principal in Brooklyn and he retired. His children. We're Harvard grads, all three of them. And they're very happily married and I was very happy for him.

And he was one of my, the others. I did not keep track of no one out of that area. He may have remained in Germany. I don't know what happened to him. One of the techniques we used in our interrogation system, one of the German speaking, a kind of intelligence agents who also was with me on this, on this trip, had an office next to mine, but he spoke Russian. And also he spoke German with a Russian accent. He didn't have an office next to mine with the picture of Stalin on it. And he had the uniform of a Russian Colonel. And after I got through with interrogation, if I wasn't successful, I says, okay, well, we will turn you over to the Russians, I opened up the Russian door, I say, have Davis come in, his name was Davis. I'd like you to take care of this prisoner. Oh, no. No I'll tell you anything you want. That was the end of that problem. And just by being there, I was very successful in the interrogations. That was one of the ploys. I remembered that now because it was so funny.

05 – Bidet

I also remember something else. And it was so funny. And I don't know if I should tell it here. The counter-intelligence people wore officer's uniforms without an insignia. You couldn't tell a major from a Captain, from a Lieutenant, or from a Sergeant. Nothing below a Sergeant at the time these were pay scales and the pay scales. Even though we wore offices uniform, some sergeants had an officer's uniform and I used one of the bathrooms

And the bathroom was the size of my house right now. And I live in a big house and there were four bidets in the bathrooms segregated. I had surmised that the bidets, which I had never seen in my life coming from East New York and Brooklyn was for a urinal purpose. So I used it as a urinal. And then the bucket on the bottom, I figure it was for the flushing, which it wasn't. I had a wet my uniform and they, well, the army officers uniform changes color when it's wet. And the dark green turns black, the officer's jacket and the pink pants turned purple. And there was no way I was leaving that bathroom until I dried up. It took a long time to dry and it was still very noticeable. And I thought I'd go to my bedroom and

change. But when I exited the toilet, the rest of the outfit, were hysterical laughing because that happened to them too. It was very embarrassing, but also very funny when I really thought about it.

06 – Stolen Goods

Let me go to the next serious thing. The Germans, the German people in the German hierarchy hit upon a plan to reconstitute Germany after WWII. They picked on a number of their most important people, mostly were Hitler Yugen, They were agents who were to distribute the wealth of Germany, plus the wealth of Europe, which they had stolen and put it in the hands of a fellow by the name of Axman, a X, M a N. He was a one arm son of a bitch. He should have lost his other arm.

Anyway he was in charge of the Hitler Yugen and the wealth of Germany was distributed to a bunch of German agents. And their mode of operation was their headquarters were in a Bavarian cave. And they had divided Germany into sections 10 or 12, depending on the size of the section. My section had 10 German agents. They were given houses and in this basement of these houses was the wealth of Germany, France, and Italy, and everybody else they had robbed.

And when we raided one of these houses there were cellars full of Deutch Marks, jewelry, art, it was unbelievable. Our job was to capture these people and distribute the wealth to where it belongs. Supposedly a lot of it didn't get there and the way it was started, thank God. There were two agents, kind of intelligence agent in the small town of Bavaria, and that's where their headquarters was. And the Hitler Yugen agent that was agent for Germany turned and said that I no longer believe in the German philosophy of killing people. I am sorry for what I've done. I want to make up for it and tell you about what's going on and told us a story about these agents now distributed throughout Germany. There was a head of, of the agents who knows the address of all these people because they are now living under false addresses and false papers.

Usually at the head of this, these cells that they had organized was a woman. I don't know why, but I think women I think they hold a secret a lot longer than men when they get mad. This is what's that saying is nobody's angry at anyone that's scorn these women. Of course there were some men at the head. In my place there was a woman in my area. And they tell the story about, they knew that the German agent who confessed to this situation knew the heads of all these places, because he was the one that was in contact with them. And it was our job to raid these houses in the middle of the night, when they're asleep and find the list of where they live now. And as fast as possible before they were able to escape, raid them, raid each individual house.

We captured them at two o'clock in the morning, I don't remember the woman's name anymore, but we raided this woman. We had closed all the entries into Brahman Bremenhof. We closed off the entire area for three days, no food was shipped in, no water was shipped in. We kept it closed until all the raids were completed. The first night after searching her apartment for about five or six hours, we located, I don't remember which one of us did. We located a list. We felt the wallpaper in her rooms, and it was hidden behind the wallpaper. I don't how to we found it, but we were running our hands through the walls to see if there's any places that we can push in and push out. And there was a little bump and when we stripped the wallpaper at the bump, out came to list and the woman attacked us.

There were about eight of us and she thanked us. So we disposed of her and threw her in jail. And the second day out, we did not know next time. And we didn't want to raid that same day because it was already daylight. They would see us coming. The next day, we raided nine places, which were phony agents under some names. And we picked up all this money in the cellar, and then, and the wealth, each one of the cellars, we hit a home run because we got 10. A friend of one of these people that lived in what was now in Brahmond and Bremerhavin came from Berlin. The people, the agents from Berlin that was known in Berlin was shipped to Bremerhavin. And the people that were living in Bramerhavin were shipped to some other part of Germany.

We were almost a hundred percent successful. Everybody in the American zone was successful. And there was a real feather in the counter-intelligence cap. I had, we had gotten eight or nine. I don't remember how many we caught. We caught a total of 10, but there was one story. There was a gentleman by the name of Fritz Haga we were looking for. No, his name was Fitz Hagen. And I know the name because I asked that's the guy I was interrogating. I asked him a hundred times where is Fritz Haga? I asked him where is Fritz Haga until he was worn out a little bit. And I wasn't too gentle. I hate to admit that. And he finally says you can't have Fritz Hagan I says, I didn't ask you about Fritz Hagan, I asked you about Fritz Haga. I says, now that we both know that, you know, wherever he is, he says, you better tell me because you're going back to the Russians. And we caught Fritz Hagen. That was the guy's name. I was interrogating him. I remember it. Now, nobody knew about this until two years ago. I never told my family, my children or my own wife.

It's a second story.

07 - Lorry

This is the last story I want to tell. As a very embittered young man, I had done things that I wouldn't normally do and never felt too comfortable about them. This was caused by … I was called upon to talk to a German woman whose son was just killed. He was run over by a British truck, a Lorry it's called since it was a British zone of influence. It was in the evening and they couldn't get anybody who spoke German. And I was always working. So they called upon me and fearing a trap I called a few MPS and German police with me. I went. There was no trap. The British were there and they were charged with it. I spoke to the Englishman. He was a trucker.

And the guy was about five foot tall with short legs. He had a pair of glasses on that looked like magnifying glasses. And I asked him, cause he reached the pedal not to well, he says, I just get off of my seat and step on it. Could you see a five year old kid running in front of the Lorry? He says not really. How long you've been driving this truck. Ever since the war started he said. Did you ever kill any English people? No. I looked at the German woman who was sitting there was absolutely no emotion. I say is this you're a boy. She says yes. Did you give birth to this boy? She says, yes.

And I say, don't you feel any emotion? I said, it's not like you shouldn't be here. You should be hysterical. I am hysterical, but I haven't anymore tears since my husband was killed and my two brothers were killed and now my son is dead. And I'm not sure I'm going to be living much longer. It's then I realized what a monster I had become and my feelings towards the Germans changed. I realized that it was the Nazis that were the guilty people and not the Germans. Unfortunately I realized you also have to pick on somebody and murder them all. We have the Klu Klux Clan here.

08 - Casualties

Anyway, the Germans fortunately or unfortunately had more casualties than any other country, except for the Russians. They had the many casualties too, but it wasn't on a ratio basis. The Russians had enough people and the Germans killed them for no reason at all when they were occupying Russia. The German word for Russian was unmencschlich, subhuman. It felt so right to kill them. They took better care of their dogs than did other people. Anyway, I realized that the casualty rate of Germans was even worse than any other country in the world, except for the Jews, which they themselves killed. So I guess that's a confession too. I think I had enough for today. There are additional things that happened, but those were the two biggest things that happened to me.

09 – They Had My Number

There was one more on New Year's Day of 1946. I went out of my office. I heard a loud bang and something whistling right past my ear into the building I was in. Of course I duck and quickly get back into the office. I knew they had my number and I better get the hell out of here, whether I was a declared essential or not. So I went through my captain and I said, you got to get me out. And he arranged to get me out as soon as possible. I was on a boat in February, leaving for ????, New Jersey (?) And I arrived in February. A few months later. I was discharged. That's enough for today. I think.

10 – After the War

Can I ask you about what happened after the war, about your life after the war? Do you want to talk about that? What you did, your family, your job, that type of thing.

I was the foreman of the Backhoe Alarm Systems at the time. And I went back to work. I had to displace someone else. I wasn't too happy about that because he took my job for 4 years. And by law you had being married and four years later, too late. So I did go into my own business. I went into the automobile repairs and since then I was successful in that. And then I went in to obtaining car agencies. I became a car dealer. I became seven car dealers for all the new car dealerships during my lifetime. I was a Kaiser dealer. And then I was a Buick dealer. I was a Studebaker dealer. I did not necessarily let go of the former dealerships. I accumulated real estate and took mortgages on the real estate instead of paying rent. And as I became more and more successful, I sold off all my dealerships and thought I was retiring. My retirement consisted of moving my offices into my pockets. The only thing wrong was that every time I changed my pants, I got to move my office.

I live in Old Westbury. I'm living there for 30 some odd years, 33 years. My wife passed away four years ago. I'm lonely. Fortunately all my children are successful. My grandchildren are successful and they're the greatest kids in the world. They've never given me a bad day. None of them drink. None of them smoke. They're all gorgeous. Naturally.

I never told them about my war experiences until about two years ago, when they found out what I was doing, Nobody knew. I wasn't too proud when I asked my captain to get me out of there. But the war was over. I think most of it was. I said, it's time for me to go. I was offered a job in Germany. I talked to my wife about it. She says, first you'll come home. And then you'll go back to Germany. Tell that to my son who was offered a job as a movie actor. She said to him, first, you become a doctor. Then you'll become a

movie actor. That's what happened to him. Thank you very much. I don't want to brag anymore about my job.

11 - Organizations

Well, thank you for telling your story. I know, I remember you mentioned earlier that you still were in contact with some of the people that you were with. Do you belong to any Veterans organizations?

I don't belong to any Veterans organization. But, I'm on the Board of the Brookdale Hospital. I'm on the Board of The School for Special Children in Brooklyn, the same thing in Long Island. I'm on the Board of the Menorah Home for the Aging. I am socially involved. And I have enough, I also belong to four temples and right now I got to get out of them. They raised my taxes and they are too high.

Thank you very much for being willing to share this information.

12 – Babaco Alarm Systems

What did you tell me you did after you came home? What you've just been telling me for the tape,

I went back to work and by law; the employers had to put the same people that went to war back in their old job. At my old job, I was the head of the maintenance department for Babaco Alarms, I would, he the head of the installation department for the burglar alarms and the maintenance department. When I came back, there was a gentleman that was running the place for four years. I didn't feel like displacing him. And I told the boss I'll give you all I know in the six months that I had slept on so many things that I could talk to you about and I, I want to leave, then give him back his job. So he was demoted to the Assistant Foreman and I was the Foreman. And I had told my bosses about a lot of my ideas and they improved the alarms relay systems they improved the installation, made it more difficult to get around the alarm and cut the installation time in half.

And they were very grateful. Before I left, I taught the other fellow how to do my job. Of course he was with me. So he learned how to do it. And the Babaco alarm system is still in existence. I don't think my employers are in existence because they were much older than I was. They would have to be a hundred by now.

13 - Self-Employed

I then went into business for myself in the auto mechanics field. I read all the books about it. I knew I could be a good one because I had the basic training for a book learning, where most people grew up into the industry. And I was very successful with electrical problems. That was because I was studying electrical engineering at the time I went to the army. I had graduated Brooklyn Tech, which is the science high school in Brooklyn. I worked before I went to school and I worked after I went to school. So life wasn't easy, but when you don't know any better, it's fine. I was married at the time, a very short time, only for about two or three months before I went into the army. I was married just before Pearl Harbor. I was married twice just to make sure. My parents wanted a religious wedding. And I did, so I was married on January 11th and then November something which I forgot about my little wedding is November 11 and a few months after that, I was in the army.

I was working for myself and living with my parents and I was able to move to my own apartment on the third floor of a walkup apartment. And from there I moved to where I had purchased the small home in the Flatbush area. And then I was able to obtain a car dealership, a new car dealership. It happened to be Kaiser. After Kaiser, I took Studebaker, kept Studebaker and went into Buick and went from Buick to Volkswagen, Porsche, Audi and Pontiac. And I had a leasing company and I had an insurance company and a daily car rental company. With all the success, I was able to purchase a home in a long Island and for about 13 years, and then moved into a home that was available in old Westbury, adjacent to the Westbury Gardens. We share a fence. They have 10 acres. I got four acres.

14 - Family

I've had a very rich and full life with my children. They are wonderful and respectful and no smoking. No, no booze, no, no drinking. No. they drink, but they're not, they don't get drunk. And they don't smoke. None of them smoke. None of my children smoke. None of my grandchildren smoke. I got seven out of three kids and every one of them is just wonderful. One grandson moved to California. And he did that recently and I hope to drag him back. I will. Yeah, I definitely will. He visits us too. It isn't too much of a deal nowadays to hop on a plane and visit each other for a couple of days. He misses the family here. My grandchildren, my daughter's a linguist. She speaks French, English, of course Spanish, Russian, Portuguese, Italian, and Spanish fluently, but she doesn't use it.

She's now she's in management and she works as a manufacturer's representative. She does sales for QVCs very often. Watch it if you receive it. Yeah. QVC is a program which has a sales program. My grandchildren graduated Dartmouth. One went to and got a full scholarship in Atlanta . What's down there? One that's fostered and supported by Coca-Cola …. Emory. He was approved for Brown and a couple of the Ivy leagues, but there is no scholarships there and he didn't want to burden his parents. So he went there, finished with straight A's. Bright kid. So the other two from my son's graduated Cornell not Cornell. He graduated Dartmouth and they're very huge animals, as well as being good looking. So they are now representing the rugby team for the United States. They're on the all American team for United States and they've traveled to Europe and Australia representing America. I am five, five, seven. I talk to them when I speak with them, I talk into their navel. So they picked me up, kissed me on the head and put me down. Okay. Huh. And I don't want to boast anymore. So I think that's enough.

Thank you again.

Recorded interview transferred from audio tape to a CD disc by Stanley Glickstein

(*We wish to acknowledge the support from Bob Ciardi for the design and production of the CD disk.*)

Author: Gillien Brooks: The Marc and Gillien Brooks Family

Hi All,

It is not that I necessarily said no! It's just that my father had fallen ill, and my spare time was spent taking care of him in every capacity I can! Not to mention looking after my two children. He has since died on Friday September 13, 2019. We buried him on the 18-year anniversary of my mother's death! Very very sad!

That said, we are a happy little family! Marc has been a police officer for 20 years. He originally started off with the NYPD and after 9/11 switched over to the Port Authority Police Department of New York and New Jersey. He loves spending time with his family, taking us on vacation, going out for dinner, seeing movies and adventurous day trips to the zoo, Cape May and pretty much anywhere the wind will take us! Date night is always on the calendar and he is a hopeless romantic after almost 18 years of marriage. He still buys me flowers just because.

I worked for Forbes magazine from 1998 to 2017. I have experienced many benefits from working in the publishing industry, but now I enjoy staying home with my beautiful children. I love to cook, exercise, and spend time with family and friends! I surround myself people that bring out the best in me. No negativity allowed.

Sophia recently celebrated her 13th birthday in October! She is the love of our lives and makes our family extremely proud. She is in the 7th grade, has very good grades, enjoys going to the gym and loves hanging out with family and friends. She is loving, kind, helpful, funny and is an amazing big sister. One of her favorite things to do is to sleep at Grandpa Jason and Grandma Sharon's house. They take them for dinner, to the movies, toy stores and candy stores. There is not one thing they would not do for their grandchildren and for their children. We absolutely love spending time with them and Cousin Ben. What an amazing addition to our family!

Mason, our little guy, just turned 9 in July. Ahhh, a grandson to carry on the Brooks name God-willing. He is in the 4th grade and does very well in mathematics. He loves baseball, basketball and has recently taken an interest in soccer! Wow is he fast! Scores a goal almost every game. Mason is so sweet, lovable, complimentary, and protective. He loves to play with his sister. He idolizes her!

Attached are some photos of my little tribe and look forward to reading the family story book!

Thank you for including us.

Sincerely,

Gillien Brooks

Mason

Sophia

Marc & Gillien LeBoss Brooks

; Mason and Grandpa Jason Brooks

Grandpa Jason Brooks, Marc, Grandma Sharon, Mason, Gillien & Sophia

Joe Holman, Marc, Jessica Brooks-Holman, Sophia, Benjamin Axel Holman, Mason, Jason and Sharon.

Sophia, Mason, Sharon, and Grandpa Jason

Author: Jessica Brooks Holman

Grandmother Bernice Brooks

We miss our Grandmother Bernice immensely. She passed away in 1995 when I was in college and how Brother Marc and I wish we got to spend more time with her. I named my son Benjamin after my Grandmother.

As a child we lived together at 2626 Kings Highway, the building that my Dad, Jason Brooks, grew up in. We lived on the 1st floor and my Grandmother lived on the 4th floor. Her apartment was immaculate, "No street clothes, in the bed she would say." I remember taking daily naps there (not in my street clothes). Grandma would make sure my blanket was tucked tight under my toes. I tuck Benjamin's blanket in the same way. If I couldn't sleep, we would have warm milk, that always did the trick. We ate a lot of baked chicken with mustard. I still eat that often ☺ I also remember our nature walks, where we collected leaves around the neighborhood. She always knew to stay out of the sun, way before her time!

My Dad, Jason, remembers what a great Mother and Wife Bernice was to him and her husband, Julius Brooks. As a child Jason remembers his visits to Remsen Avenue and speaks of his Cousins Cynthia and Stanley fondly. He still remembers the grey airplane Stanley had in his bedroom and all of the math tutoring.

Bernice and Julius Brooks

Jessica Brooks Holman

I studied at The University at Albany and right after graduation I moved to Manhattan where I have been living and working ever since.

I am the traveler of the Brooks family. Marc, Mom, and Dad are happiest at home or on a ride in Disney World, while I am happiest planning our next great adventure. I am married to Joe, and together we have a wonderful son Ben, who turns six this summer. As a family we travel the world or at least to the warmer parts. Over the years Joe and I, with Ben in tow have had many amazing experiences which also included a few missed connecting flights. We have celebrated Ben's past five birthdays abroad, starting in Ibiza, Sardinia, Barcelona, Sagres, and Tel Aviv. My parents (Sharon and Jason Brooks) took their first trip abroad to help celebrate Ben's third birthday in Barcelona which made Ben very happy.

My favorite summer trip was to Israel in 2019. Not because I am 99% Ashkenazi Jewish, but because of the food, beach, and vibe of Tel Aviv. We started this particular trip in the Golan Heights where we visited a honey farm, winery and the border where Israel, Jordan, and Syria meet. From there we traveled to the ancient city of Beit She'an which was as amazing as it was hot! As a city Beit She'an dates back over 5,000 years to the early bronze age and was occupied by the Egyptians, Israelites, Romans, Byzantine, Ottoman and back again to the Israelites. This was also the place King Saul was killed and where King David drove the Philistines from Israel. From there we traveled to Tel Aviv and spent Ben's birthday in Jaffa which is the southern suburb of Tel Aviv. We spent our days on the beach where Ben would ride waves on his alligator raft and exploring the many markets and outdoor cafes in Jaffa. On Ben's birthday we spent the day on a safari at the Tel Aviv Zoo. This is just a brief snapshot of me, my family and one summer we spent in Israel.

Family Pictures

Jason Brooks, Sharon Brooks, Hymie Glick, Bernice Brooks, Julius Brooks, and Irving Frankel

Sharon and Jason Brooks (Wedding, Brooklyn & Barcelona)

Sharon & Jason Brooks visiting Barcelona

Benjamin's Bris at Rodeph Shalom 2014

Sharon & Jason Brooks, Doctor, Jessica, Joe & Ben Holman, Gillien and Marc Brooks 2014

Jessica, Joe and Ben Holman in Central Park 2019

Jessica and Joe at Beit She'an 2019

Benjamin’s Kindergarten School Photo – Trevor Day School 2019

Bernice & Julius Brooks

Jason Brooks, Sharon Brooks, Hymie Glick, Bernice Brooks, Julius Brooks, and Irving Frankel

Bernice Lenchitz Brooks

Benjamin Holman's Bris

Ben Holman, Sophia and Mason Brooks at the corn maze in Manalapan, NJ 2018

Email Correspondence From Stanley Glickstein 5/2020

Jessica:

What a beautiful write-up of my wonderful Aunt Bessie. I can recall when I was 4-years old she would push me in a carriage on Pitkin Avenue. She always stopped In the front of a furrier that had a large stuffed fox in the window. She would feed me mashed potatoes with lots of butter. I loved it.

Julie was the business man in the family. He had a women's shop somewhere at the end of Kings Highway. Since he was the only one in the family that had a car, they came to our home on Remsen Avenue EVERY Sunday.

I am glad Jason still remembers his tutoring lessons in math. He did pass the Regents exam. I became a "rich" cousin for all the tutoring. My aunt paid me well. It was worth the 10-minute walk to the bus stop on Kings Hway and Remsen Avenue and then the bus trip along Kings Hway and finally to the Brooks Apt House. It may have taken 1-1/2 hours travel round trip but it was worth it.

So your grandfather is Julius, I always called him Julie.

Did my aunt still have her round bed when you visited? I never saw a bed like that, ever.

Your pictures are beautiful. I hope cousin Julie will be able to easily just cut and paste it into the WORD Storybook.

Thanks for contributing to this project.

Cousin Stan

Author: Benjamin Dubbrin The Dubbrin Story

Hi cousin Stan, thank you again for thinking of me. Below is my story..

The Dubbrin family hails from Springfield, Massachusetts. I am the youngest of three children. My name is Benjamin, but most people call me Benjy. I grew up in a suburb of Orlando, FL with my sisters Lisa and Shari. We spent lots of time traveling the state and enjoying the endless summer that makes Florida fun, especially in the winter time. My parents Allen and Norma were very loving and gave us a great life. My mother is a Ludwig and is a cousin to Stanley Glickstein who is graciously putting together the family chronicle. My father's father's family came from Eastern Europe and my father's mother's family came from Ukraine. The family name was likely Schnapper. It was likely Americanized as Shepro.

Going back another generation to my grandparents on my mother's side were Abraham Ludwig and Sarah Mager. My grandfather told me stories of the pogroms in Poland, where he was born. He enjoyed family time and always had a jovial laugh. He was a window washer and owned a small market store in Montvale, NJ. Sarah, my grandmother, was from Brooklyn, NY. She was such a good cook and taught me many things about Judaism. Both of my grandparents lived to 95 ish.

My father joined the U.S. Army and was stationed at Fort Dix, NJ in the 1960's. My parents met on a double date, but as the story goes, he was dating the other girl and my mother was dating the other guy. Ever the charmer that my father was, he piqued the interest of my mother and after a while they started dating.

Mom was a teacher and after they got married in 1963, they lived in Massachusetts and had a family. My father was a teacher as well, but back in those days, teachers didn't make enough to survive and, in many places, still don't.

Dad became a traveling salesman to afford the life that we had. The story goes that the company he was working for wanted to see what a young Jewish kid could do in the deep south. So, we moved to Florida, we first went to Jacksonville for a quick stop and made many lifelong friends. As it turned out the Jewish community was a close-knit community and was very welcoming. Our family thrived. We moved to central Florida a couple of years later, and again, we found a welcoming Jewish community. We stayed there for about 15 years. I remember going through a few hurricanes and some severe weather. I grew to want to be a meteorologist because I was fascinated by the power of those storms. Central Florida is right in the middle of the state where the summertime sea breeze meets the usual westerly flow of the American weather, and it produces some of the most fantastic displays of lightning. But I digress...

My parents opened a shoe store and we did well. After I went away to college and was out of the house, my parents moved to South Florida. That worked out well, because my mother's parents Abraham and Sarah Ludwig lived there as did my mother's sister Hinda Finston, and her husband Marvin and one brother, Jonathan who remained a bachelor. Now we didn't have to travel far for family events and holidays. Her other brother, Gilbert and his wife Ellen, who lived in NY are now living just outside of Atlanta, GA and enjoying their grandchildren.

I have lots of cousins living in Florida, and Georgia and through the magic of facebook I even found that a cousin on my father's side of the family is friends with a cousin on my mother's side of the family.

My mother used to like looking at the ocean with my father and they went to the beach often since it was only a few miles away. My mother died after a 17-year battle with breast cancer, but there isn't a day that goes by without me thinking of her. She was an avid reader and she loved to perform in her community variety shows. She was a treasure that we lost too early. Now my father lives in Palm Beach Gardens with his long time partner, Cynthia. Dad loves to perform magic and up until the pandemic, he enjoyed playing the drums at one of the local dance places for seniors.

My eldest sister, Lisa married and had three children, Jared, Moriah and Justin. She still lives in central Florida and is a real estate agent. She and her husband Keith recently bought a home on a beautiful lake and are adding on to their home to make it even more special. When they are not working, they enjoy lakeside living and jet skiing. The kids are grown and out of the house now. They are working hard to live the dream.

My sister Shari married a friend from Jacksonville and had two children, Noah and Hana. Shari's husband Martin Gottlieb, passed away unexpectedly when the children were 6 and 8 years old. Marty owned a thriving medical billing business at the time. Shari raised the kids in Jacksonville and after they were older, she moved to Park City, UT. Noah is now living in Los Angeles and Hana is in New York. Hana is graduating from Pace University and hopes to perform on Broadway! Shari spends her time in Park City, UT and Phoenix, AZ.

As for me, I had a great childhood and was in the marching band in high school. Just after my senior year, I traveled to Israel and it was a wonderful trip. Unfortunately, it was cut short after Iraq invaded Kuwait and they brought us home to safety. The next summer I got a job working at a company called Walt Disney World. I was a cashier at Pirates of the Caribbean. That was so much fun!

I went to the University of Florida and was planning to become a doctor. One day while I was volunteering at the hospital there was an elderly man that was dying. He was cold and I went to get him blankets. He had no one left and I didn't want him to be alone so I stayed by his side as he passed. It was a day that changed me and I decided to not go into the medical field. I didn't have the constitution for it. I changed majors to Agricultural Communications and took courses that really broadened my horizons. Yes, I had soil science and crop production, calculus and chemistry courses. (that was the agriculture part) I also had classes in TV and radio production. I was going to be a meteorologist! How cool would that be? I was going to live my childhood all over again.

Thanks to my expertise in a class I liked and because no one else wanted the job...I was hired as a radio producer on WRUF, one of the universities radio stations. I was also a student leader for the university housing association. We helped make the rules for the 7,000 on campus students and represented concerns to the administration. My last semester was when I got to do an internship at the television station and rather than operate one of the cameras and help with the production, I asked if I could shadow the meteorologist. As it turned out, the chief meteorologist went to high school with my sister Lisa. He remembered her and said yes. There was another intern there that went to meteorologist school and got the specific degree for it so he got to do most of the stuff. I still keep in touch with him. After the end of the internship, I did well enough to get a weather forecasting job and I could go to school for the degree at

another college that offered it. The only issue was that it was in a small city in Alabama and the pay was even less than a teacher made. So I went to work for a company called Sears as a credit manager.

The job required me to relocate to Philadelphia, PA, which was ok because I had always wanted to travel and Philly was a big enough place that I could find new things to do and get out on my own. I enjoyed working for a large company and I liked the credit card side of the business, but after the first blizzard, I knew it wasn't really for me. My mother had a relapse of cancer at that time and I wanted to move back to Florida to be with family. I lived near my parents in a town called Boca Raton. I had my own apartment and I worked for a company that offered to pay for my master's degree. I took them up on the offer and things were great until they decided that they didn't want to pay for it anymore. Undaunted, I continued until I graduated and moved to a few other companies but didn't find my calling.

One day I was asked to help out a former co-worker with a project. I said yes and it required that I commute to Minneapolis, MN. I was untethered so I traveled to Minneapolis from south Florida for a while. It was for a company that eventually got bought out by Oracle and it was an enjoyable time. I saved up enough to buy a condominium and became a property owner. Then September 11th happened and all travel was stopped. My role was to help close the sale and with no travel, I could either sell my condo and move to Minneapolis or end my job. I knew that I didn't want to live there so I decided that I would stay in Florida. I found a new job and got a roommate to help pay the bills.

At a family event, my brother-in-law asked about my work and what I was doing and it turned out he was expanding so he asked me to come to Jacksonville and work in the business. I did it and never looked back. We had a great time since he was my brother-in-law, but he was also one of my first friends that had when I was 5 years old. I must admit, that sometimes, we reverted back to 5-year-olds and that kept things fun.

I was getting a little older and wanted to settle down. I was on J-Date, the Jewish dating site, but I didn't find much luck. I decided to go on a J-Date sponsored cruise to see if I could meet someone. The first night of the cruise had a forced mixer where they introduced you to everyone. It was a little tacky, but I get why they did it. I was disappointed because as the mixer was ending, I didn't really meet anyone that I wanted to get to know further. Until someone came late. When she walked in I wanted to meet her. As I approached, someone else got to her first and "laid it on real thick." I knew I had to take some drastic measure as the J-Date sponsored dinner event was about to start. As the story goes, I tipped the Maitre'D to get a nice small table with the hope that he would help. I described her as the most beautiful woman with sincere eyes and a dazzling smile. I caught his attention when she walked in and he guided her to our table, just adjacent to the group. I knew I only had this dinner time to keep her attention, so I worked my magic and by the end of the night, I had hoped she was interested. By the end of the cruise, I knew that there was a spark. The only problem was that she was from a suburb of Detroit, MI. She was a teacher there with only one more year to get retirement benefits. Somehow, I convinced her to get married and move to Florida with me. Her name is Cheryl (Chudnow) and I am very lucky! Cheryl went to Eastern Michigan University for her teaching degree and got a Masters at Oakland University near Detroit.

Just before our wedding, my brother-in-law had a medical procedure and died while in recovery that night. My nephew was 8 and my niece was only 6 years old. I felt so helpless for my sister and the kids. The business was sold, and the new owner had asked me to do something unethical. When I refused I was promptly relieved of my duties. I am certainly better off now.

During this time, I had gotten married and my wife Cheryl kept me safe and sane. Though within a week of our marriage and moving to Jacksonville, a hurricane hit and we lost power and I can only imagine what was going through her head. Then within a few months, I lost my job and boom, tough times. But we stuck together. Once again, I moved back to south Florida and I found a job in the mortgage and real estate space. I worked in the technology division with a commercial loan servicing platform. We moved to the Village of Wellington because it had "good schools" and there was lots of new building going on. We rented for a year while our home was being built. Shortly after closing, I went to spend some time with my niece in Jacksonville because her Indian guide troop had a daddy daughter campout and I wanted to help out. The day before I headed home, Hurricane Wilma was barreling toward our section of Florida and I made it home shortly before it hit. It came through and we only lost a small piece of fence. That was a good omen because that was a strong storm. Soon after, we got a dog from the shelter that was picked up after the storm wandering around. At the shelter, she was listless and didn't seem that interested in being adopted. The shelter didn't have room to keep her for long and they told us that she had been there a while. She had kennel cough and a few other minor things that made her stink but my wife trusted me to pick the dog and we had her for 13 years. We wanted to have a dog before we had kids because if we can take care of a dog, we can have kids….right?

Two years later, we had our first child, Matthew Jordan Dubbrin. He was named after his uncle Martin Joseph Gottlieb and his Cheryl's grandfather Joel. His Hebrew name is after my mother and Cheryl's grandmother. He was a handful as a baby. He's 13 now and we just had his Bar-Mitzvah. We are so proud of him. He has a great sense of humor, just like his dad, and he has a caring nature, just like his mom. He plays the trumpet and he is quite good at it. He likes to fish in the lake by the house in his spare time.

After Matthew was born, we had a daughter, Sara Meira Dubbrin. She was named in honor of my grandmother Sara Ludwig (Mager) and after Cheryl's Uncle Meyer. She was an easy baby until we took a trip with her to Texas to see Cheryl's sister Cindy. Sara just turned 11 and is headed to middle school with her brother. She hopes to play in the band as well. She loves summer sleep away camp, but due to the pandemic, we may have to skip it this year. Sarah loves to sing and dance and she's quite good at making up songs. We are proud of her independent spirit and her spunky outlook on life.

Cheryl is currently teaching Kindergarten during the pandemic. She loves her students and is a wonderful mother to not just our own kids, but to her classroom kids as well.

We still live in Wellington, FL. Colloquially, it is known as the winter equestrian capital of the world. We live on the other side of town, away from the horses. I'm not a big fan of manure. But that is another story.

We are happy to connect on facebook or if you are in town, we would love to see you.

Benjy, Cheryl, Matthew and Sarah Dubbrin

Benjamin Dubbrin Bdubbrin@aol.com

DUBBRIN FAMILY

Front: L to R Pauline Goldband, Sarah Ludwig Norma Dubbrin, Abraham Ludwig
Top: L to R Stan Glickstein, Paul Goldband, Allen Dubbrin,

Bottom: seated Norma Dubbrin
Middle: Joan Glickstein Pauline Goldband, Sarah Ludwig
Top: Stan Glickstein, Paul Goldband, Abraham Ludwig

Excerpts From: *A Road Well Travelled*

Author: Caroline Frankel A Man Named Morris

(A testimonial of my gratitude)

(Written for the birthday of Morris Glickstein, age 88)

My happiest and brightest day in my life was when a man named Morris came into our family.

When I was a young girl he would help me with my homework, bought me my first fur jacket (at Gimbels, he loved that department store) and always ready to call the Doctor when I had my "famous belly aches" (money was very scarce then).

He joked with my mother, gave my mother facials once a week, and loved every bit of my mother's cooking (that was something). He tolerated a very emotionally sick sister (Bernice - Bessie).

When I got married, he allowed me to live in his home; it really gave me a good chance to save money.

Always there to share everything with the family.

He went through a very nervous, painful, and nerve-racking operation, and still had the sweetest disposition and wonderful sense of humor.

He is caring for a sister (his wife) that Doctors gave up on.

Like his namesake Moses in the Bible, his deeds should be compared with Moses and may he live as long as Moses did.

He is still always cheerful with wonderful salutations:

"Good morning, Good afternoon, Good evening:

And his famous endearing words-

"Sweetheart & Sissy"

My brother-in-law, a man named Morris.

Love forever,

Your sis-in-law

Caroline/Carrie Frankel

Author: Rochel Lenchitz Hartstein:

Letter from Cousin Rochel

Dear Cousins:

You said that we might write until our hearts were content. I would like to share what is in my heart with all my relatives. We are all aware, as human beings that we shall live here in this world for 120 years and then pass on to the afterlife that our Creator has in store for us.

Throughout history, man has engaged in various searches. He has engaged to improve his environment. He has searched for ways to increase his productivity. He has searched for ways to overcome disease. In a more sublime attitude, man has searched for G-D.

The driving force in our lives is our Soul's yearning to fulfill its purpose! Our Soul has awesome uplifting powers. It beams our message to us, urging us onward and upward. We should never ignore the yearning of our Soul.

Our goal in this life is to train and elevate ourselves to perfection and reveal G-D to the world by self-example as a Torah Jew. Remember that as a Jew, G-D chose us to be a pillar of light to all people! We should not try to get rid of this yoke. We must be proud of the great challenge that was given to us. We have a G-D given purpose to find our way back to His place. The Torah was given to us as a guidebook for our journey back to HIM.

We human beings have free will and through our choices we can elevate or degrade ourselves. To elevate ourselves where we start our climb is not what matters. All that matters is that we start and that we keep climbing. Through this project of our family tree, may we learn of "roots" that we can be ever proud of and hope to continue our future generations on the Torah foundation on which our Founding Fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob built our Jewish nation.

With love,

Cousin Rachel Bracha (Lenchitz) Hartstein

Our Great Grandfather of 12 Generations Ago

The renowned Torah Sage whose commentaries are studied by Torah scholars throughout the world was our great grandfather Rabbi Shlomo Ephraim from the city of Luntchitz (that is how we got our name). He was only 12 generations ago. His Torah explanations appear under the pen name, "Kli Yakar" (open a Chumash and you will see).

He lived over 400 years ago in the 1500's. In those days, landlords owned the land. People paid rent for their farm or inn. Many times, the landlords were rich drunkards who squeezed out higher taxes from their tenants. As an only child, Rav Shlomo Ephraim was born to his pious parents through a blessing from a devout Chasidic sage named Reb Lev, a student of the famous Rabbi Baal Shem Tov (who incidentally is of my mother's descendent – from the Sack family).

The landlord (known as the Poritz) killed Rav Shlomo Ephraim's father, drove away his mother and kidnapped the young baby Shlomo Ephraim. Before his Bar Mitzvah age, he had constant dreams of his real father telling him, he was a Jew. The landowner who claims to be his father is the one who murdered his real father. After many nightmares, Rabbi Lev, who prayed for his birth recaptured him and Rav Shlomo Ephraim was brought up as a faithful Jew and grew in his studies and became a Torah scholar. We come from this great person. The generations are the following:

Aaron		
Shlomo Ephraim	1500's	great sage
Tzvi Hirsh	1500's	
Yakov Shmuel	1600's	
Avraham Yitzchok	1700's	he authored commentary books where these names are recorded
Yonah	1700's	
Avraham Yitznok	1800's	
Shlomo	1800's	
Tzvi Hirsh	1880's	our grandfather, Harry, spouse Bryna
Shaul	1909	my father, Sol

A Clear Picture of Our Jewish Roots

It is now the year 5755 The Jewish people count from the first person created by Hashem.

Adam	0-930 years
Sheth	130-1042
Enosh	235-1140
Kenan	325-1235
Mehalel	395-1290
Yered	410-1422
Enoch	622-987
Methuselah	687-1656
Lemeth	874-1651
Noah	1056-2006

The earth was filled with crime. Hashem destroyed all flesh with the great Flood (1656). Only Noah and his family were worthy to be saved and two of each type of animal. Noah had three married sons. They were:

Shem	Abraham comes from Shem
Cham	Colored people come from Cham
Yefes	Other gentiles come from Yefes

Abraham lived from 1948- 2123. The Arabs also came from Abraham, but they intermarried with Cham.

Yitzok died 2228. Yakov died 2255. The Twelve tribes of Israel – Levi died 2332.

(Abraham was the first to proclaim and prove that Hashem is our Creator – Who is one and only in control of everything. He became the first Jew. All Jews believe in the One Hashem. Shouldn't we be proud of belonging to the Jewish nation?

Moses (Moshe) and the Jewish people received the Torah in the year 2448, when we promised to be faithful to Hashem. Roman rule over the land of Israel 3698-4215. Babylonian Jewry – Great sages call Tahnaim and Amoraim – Geonim until 4798.

We live in 5755 (1995)

The Al-Mighty has promised HIS faithful Jewish Nation that we shall again live in the Holy Land, Israel. And we shall return to HIM with great repentance. The Tshuva (repentance) Movement now is as great as ever. Please join in! We need you!

Love,

Cousin Rochel Brucha

Author: Helen Lenchitz: My Dad, Rubin Lenchitz

So sorry this has taken a bit longer than I wanted it to. I saw my sister this past weekend and we had a great time sharing our memories about our father. She will be sending you some stories and here are a few brief notes about Ruby.

First, I must say that my father was the funniest man I have met to date in my life. He saw something funny about everything. As a child I grew up with my dad in the house. It was the only place I really wanted to be. I just gravitated to him. Although, thinking back, I do not believe he was really very good about keeping in touch with his family, his life revolved around his children. It did not always make for a happy mother, but we certainly laughed a lot.

I remember one of his best and most repeated lines, mostly to my mother, was that he never wanted to die from a money ulcer. He did not. He was a very content man until he got sick. Now that it has been over ten years since he died, the memories of his sick years are becoming dimmer and the memory of the man I want to remember my dad as, is stronger again.

My father made a joke out of almost everything and was a showman. Do not get the wrong idea, my father was not perfect. He could not fix a thing. He would only guarantee a picture that he hung on the wall for a maximum of 24 hours. Usually it never lasted 24 hours. If he did do anything around the house by way of repair or renovation, he had to wear a hat. He had a hat and a costume for every occasion. One time, before Passover, having had a Kosher home, my mom wanted the kitchen cabinets painted. It would have been a simple thing if anyone had done it except my dad. That cabinet is still wet. Dishes still stick to it. He used a gallon of paint on one cabinet. He had more paint on him, all over his hands, his eyes, and every exposed part of his body than the cabinet did, except his head. Fortunately, he was wearing his hat.

A little-known fact about Ruby was that he was afraid of dogs. He would never admit it, but it was so. I must have been about 12 when a close friend's dad died. Living on the same block and the family having to sit shiva, my friend asked if we could dog sit. Of course, we could, but my mom decided that the dog had to sleep with a leash attached to a radiator. That did not sit well with me. I carried on so long and hard enough after my father went to sleep, (which was early since he got up very early in the morning) that my mom took the dog off the leash. At 4:30 A.M. the screaming and cursing that went on in the house was unbelievable. All the lights went on. It seems that the dog "shit" in my dad's slipper and when he got up that is what he stepped into. I guess you know where the dog slept after that. Funny thing though, this story was one that made my dad laugh during his illness. If I ever repeated it to someone, he would look, and shake his head and a laugh would escape.

My father kept an old type Vaudeville hook in the closet. I have no idea where it came from. On Sunday nights during Ed Sullivan, especially if there was a tap dance group on, we would become the "Stepbrothers." If we did not dance well enough, or try hard enough, we would get the hook. Wanting to be around Ruby and doing so growing up, gave me the foundation for my love of sports, all sports: football and hockey as well as basketball and baseball. Dad was a great New York sports fan. He took me to the greatest football game ever played between the Giants and the Colts. It ended in a sudden death, overtime game. It was freezing. He kept feeding me tea with wine from a flask. I think I was 10 or 11 at the time. Keeping that in mind, when my brother moved and of course I was much older, my dad started

calling me Phil when we talked sports. He used to offer me cigars, and he never drove when I was with him. He should have been a director, or a producer, because he saw everything as a show, and he had the ability to make everyone want to be a part of it. He was contagious, in the best kind of way.

You know, I can go on and on and on. There are some stories that Eileen will be sharing with you in line with his dressing up and the production numbers we called home. What a man! I have also enclosed a copy of the Eulogy that Uncle Charlie wrote and read at my dad's funeral. I guess it will give you another perspective of a man from a brother's eyes.

Thank you for taking the time to do this for us allowing us all to contribute. You really are remarkable.

Your loving cousin,

Helen

Author: Eileen Lenchitz: Stories of My Dad, Rubin Lenchitz

The Funeral

As they say, “Living is for the living - live and let live.” This is one story that will always remain and there are so many.

My mother told me this one about Dad - Her sister Blanche's husband had died suddenly and we all were prepared to attend the funeral of Uncle Barney. The hearse was the first car and Dad was driving right behind. In his car were Miriam, her parents and her widowed sister, Blanche. We drove and drove and suddenly, my mother said to Dad, where is the hearse. He said, do not worry I will find it. He drove and drove (you know how hard it is for men to ask for directions) Well, finally he pulled into the gas station to ask for directions to the cemetery and right behind him followed a procession of about 15 cars. To this day whenever there is a funeral, this memory always is first in my mind.

Bridge On The River Kwai

Twice a year, in the fall and in the spring as it goes, we either fall behind or spring forward.

Well, it was a ritual in our home where we all lined up with our little clocks. Dad had two clocks, (he woke at the crack of dawn, if not earlier), Ken had a clock, Eileen had a clock and Helen had a clock. We would all wear some kind of hat. Dad would lead the line to the tune of the Bridge on the River Kwai - da da da da da da da da. We would whistle in tune and wind our clocks and walk in a straight line from one end of the apartment to the other. Mom would sit there and laugh, and we tried not to. To this day, whenever the clocks are reset, I always do it in tune to that melody and think of all the laughter that went on in those days in our house**.**

Author: Cory Cox (Student): Salute a Veteran, Charles Lenchitz

October 23, 2003 Period 2 A

Salute A Veteran

Hi, I'm Cory Cox. In honor of Veterans' Day, I share with you an interview I conducted with my neighbor, Charlie Lenchitz, an 85-year-old World War II veteran.

Charlie was 24 years old when he was drafted into the Army. It was January of 1942, a month after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Because of Charlie's high IQ, they wanted to make him a pilot. However, his eyesight was not good enough. He was assigned to the Military Intelligence Division of the Army

During World War II, Charlie worked with British Intelligence to determine where to invade in enemy territory. He would review photos taken by airplanes and map out the invasion area. President Eisenhower chose to invade Normandy Beach. Charlie recalled how seasick he was when he crossed the English Channel. He also remembers how very cold it was in Germany. It was so cold; most of the soldiers couldn't eat or go to the bathroom. He remembers smoking a lot of cigarettes, probably trying to keep warm.

Charlie was fortunate enough not to have to shoot anyone. He did recall being assigned a BAR, a Browning automatic rifle, when Germany broke through the Belgium border.

After Europe, Charlie was assigned to the 8th Infantry Division as a Recon Officer. He was sent back to the U.S. and tried to determine where we could invade in Japan. Charlie stated, "We really couldn't see any openings, the mountains were sky high and the beaches were very narrow in Japan."

Charlie remained in the Army for 3 years and 11 months. Although he hasn't kept in touch with his friends from the Army lately, he does visit the Lyon's Veterans Hospital in Basking Ridge each week. I asked Charlie, “What could we do to honor Veterans?”

He said, “Continue honoring the veterans during assemblies and remembering them with cards and candies during the holidays."

I would like to thank Charlie and all the veterans for fighting for our country, some even sacrificing their lives for us. This is Cory Cox saluting all the veterans out there on Veterans' Day and everyday!

Author: Caroline Frankel: Some Memories

7-30-1994

Dear Stanley,

Here are some of our memories:

In the thirties, Caroline (who was only 6 years old) would go to the train station and wait for her older sister (Esther) who was working for a paper company. Esther was a bookkeeper for the company. The boss was Mr. Mandler.

In the 1930's, Caroline would hang out in the candy store and call people to the telephone and get a tip. Not that many people had telephones at home (Hinsdale St.).

Morris bought me my first fur jacket at his favorite department store (Gimbels). 1940

When Cynthia was a small child, she would get angry at Caroline and try to hit her with a children's broom – 289 Remsen Ave.

Irving would take Cynthia for a walk and tell her to breathe deeply (cold winter air). That's how she grew up – 289 Remsen Ave.

Esther Glickstein went with Caroline to the movies every Tuesday night, which was dish night. It never failed that Esther would break her dish and Caroline had to give up her dish as a replacement – 1940's.

When Irving worked in the subway at night, Stanley would come down to the basement and call Caroline to come upstairs and raid the refrigerator. They ate so much that they had a bellyache afterwards – 289 Remsen Ave.

Love,

Caroline

Author: Joan Katz Glickstein: Stories about Pop, Nathan Glickstein

Pop lived at a retirement home on Long Island called the King David Hotel. He was severely hard of hearing and relied on his hearing aid to know what was going on. One day, while Stan and I were visiting, I asked him how he knew when his hearing aid battery was low. With a twinkle in his eye he told me the following:
How do I know? That is easy. Every morning I open my eyes and it is light. That is good. Then I get up and look at the clock. It's still there, and that's good. Then I make sure it is wound up. Next, I put on my hearing aid and hold it near the clock. If I hear the clock ticking, I know my battery is good. If I do not hear, it must be one of two things, either the battery is dead ……. Or I am!

Another Pop story: this happened on Rosh Hashanah as told to me by his son Al Glickstein

It was about two in the morning when Al Glickstein got a call from the King David hotel telling him that his father (Pop) had been rushed to the hospital emergency room. Al dressed hastily and drove to the hospital. Upon arriving he was told that his father had died, and he needed to go to the morgue to identify the body. Heartsick, he made his way to the basement of the hospital and found his way to the morgue. There an attendant wheeled out a body and pulled down the white sheet.

Al stared open mouthed and wide eyed at the stranger on the gurney. "That's not my father" he shouted. "Where is he?"

The attendant shook his head. This is the only body brought down tonight.

Al left the hospital and flew down the parkway to the King David Hotel. "Where's my father?" he demanded.

"At the hospital" the bemused clerk replied.

"He's not there" shouted Al.

The two men headed up to Pop's room and banged on the door. There was no answer. Al demanded that the clerk open the door. As soon as the door was opened and the light turned on, Pop sat up in bed.

Al overcome with joy at seeing his father alive and well fell on him with a tight bear hug. "What's wrong? Are you crazy? Why are you waking me up?" Pop demanded. Then he looked over at the empty bed next to him. "So, what happened?"

As the story goes, the man in the next bed was not supposed to be in the room. It was a holiday. The hotel was full. The man had no place to go so Pop let him stay in his room even though he had a private room and was supposed to be alone. The clerk was upset, Al was furious, and Pop went back to bed.

Joan: The Katz Family Members

Members of my wife, Joan Katz Glickstein family are a significant part on MY Family Storybook. My mother-in-law, Ellie Jablonsky Katz and father-in-law Sidney Katz became very significant, loving, and cherished persons in my life. They are my children's grandparents. Indeed, they are part of My Family. I reached out to members of the Katz/Jablonsky contingent and they too have added their stories. For that I am forever grateful (editor's comment.)

Author: Ivan Blumenthal: Family Memories

Hi – hope all is well and sorry for the delay, but here goes – I'm going to put in bullet format for quickness and ease: I've also attached a bunch of pictures

- Ivan Blumenthal – son of Bernard and Joyce Blumenthal, Brother Eric Blumenthal. Born July 20, 1964

- My parents divorced a little over 30 years ago, each re-married

- Joyce has passed, Bernard is still alive and married and lives in Queens NY

- Brother Eric, as you may recall has cerebral palsy, still alive and lives in a group home (it's not as bad as it may sound) in Queens, NY (not too far from father Bernard)

- I was married on November 7, 1992 to Karen Blumenthal and we have two daughters, Stephanie Anne (Born July 5, 1994) and Alyssa Rae (Born September 17, 1996)

- Karen and I live in Rye Brook, NY which is a town in Westchester and our two daughters both live and work in Manhattan

- I attended SUNY Albany (undergraduate) and St. John's Law School

- I work at a law firm named Mintz, Levin, Cohn, Ferris, Glovsky and Popeo – I have been at my current firm for 20 years and I practice corporate and securities law

- Karen was a stay at home mom, now she has a number of hobbies (crocheting, golf, canasta, mah jong) to keep her busy

- Stephanie Blumenthal attended Indiana University and currently works as an assistant at the entertainment law firm Schreck Rose

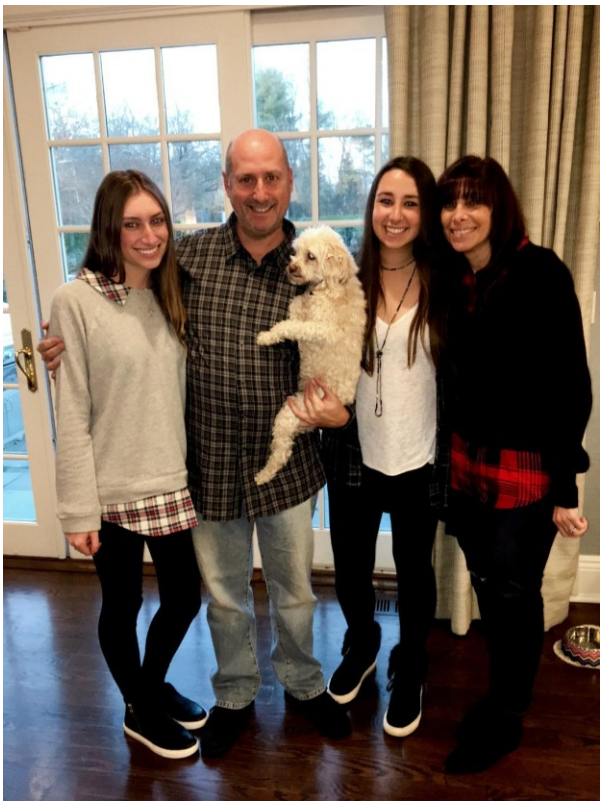
- Alyssa Blumenthal attended The University of Maryland and currently works as an assistant in the voiceover department of a bi-coastal talent agency called Abrams Artists

- Neither daughter is married yet, so if you know any nice boys send them over!

- We are a family that loves to travel (to warm locations!) and we love pop culture (as you can tell from both daughters working in entertainment!) – on our trips we love seeing the area by doing Segway tours – we have done Segway tours in Washington, DC, Baltimore, Connecticut, Amsterdam, Prague, Rome and Amelia Island, FL

- In my free time I like to play golf.

Stephanie, Alyssa, Ivan and Karen (Smorgasburg in Brooklyn)



Stephanie, Ivan, Bruiser, Alyssa and Karen (recent Thanksgiving)

Ivan, Alyssa and Karen (Israel, 2016)

Ivan and Karen (Israel, 2016)

Ivan, Stephanie, Karen and Alyssa (Rome, 2017)

A thank you note to Uncle Sidney and Aunt Elsie Katz
Left to right: Sidney and Elsie Katz, Ivan, Eric, Joyce and Bernie Blumenthal

Top: Barbara Stan, Karen,Steven Glickstein, Eric and mom Joyce Blumenthal, SidKatz & Joan Glickstein

Seated: Cathy, Glickstein holding Tara Katz, Ellie Katz holding April, Staci, Bernie and Ivan Blumanthal

Author: Myron Katz: Katz Memories

Let's start with my stay in upstate NY in summer camp, I was 14 years old and told my counselors my uncle Archie owned a bar nearby called the Wonder bar, everyone knew the Wonder bar—their eyes lit up, I did not know the bar was also a spot for prostitution and my counselors said let's do a field trip. We did. Upon arrival, there was my cousin Joyce 14 years old tending the cash register and running the place. My suave uncle Archie upon seeing me said with full gusto anything you or your friend's desire is free on the house. My escorts disappeared to separate rooms while I ate lunch, who knew what was happening. Prior to my excursion to the wander bar I told my folks where I was going and was immediately read the riot act, and told to stay in camp, I paid no attention I wanted to spent a day out with my cousin Joyce, needless to say up until Joyce and Bob passed away we spent many more days together in Florida.

The Katz brothers always had a blind eye to their brother Archie, after all the extravagant good times were priceless and gratis. Archie as president of the textile union loved to roam the Catskill mountains, one day an invite came to the brothers he "owned" the new Roxy hotel in south Fallsburg, come on up room and board and entertainment was a treat from him, porno movies in a private room along with gin rummy and shows were provided. I snuck in and enjoyed the adult frivolity.

Kenoza Lake in the Catskills was the home of Tanta (grandma) and her husband Jack. If anywhere on this planet held multitudes of hidden secrets this was it. We were all young cousins than, we fished, berry picked, sneaked into the hotels and did we eat, Tanta would go into her garden dig up some potatoes and make the best kugel you ever ate, while jack went and got a couple of live chickens wrung their necks and prepared them for cooking. This was a feast for at least a dozen or more people every weekend and believe it or not we all slept in that tiny style bungalow-out house and all. Joyce related to me in later years that jack had molested her, she told her father, uncle Archie who shared the information with his brothers who then went and confronted Jack in the most harsh threatening way possible, they told him stay far away if you value your safety. This confession from Joyce startled me and showed her growing up years were not what a youngster should enjoy.

It was obvious the cousin I was most attached to was Joyce. We were two weeks apart in age and seemed to have a symbiotic relationship. At Cousin Paul's (Joyce's brother) bar mitzvah, which was an extravaganza, Archie had the Broadway show people come and entertain after the shows ended at eleven o'clock. There was nonstop music, well known entertainers, the best food, professional dancers and of course well-known Politician's of the day. I wore my first tuxedo and was a teenager, so cousin Joyce looking out for my best interests sits me next to her girlfriend, who I will name Jackie who at this age has matured 95% more than me, to say I was out of my sphere of safety is a sure bet. But I was happy. So, Joyce made a shidach it was me and Jackie, I did attempt to date her. I took two buses to Brownsville New York went to a three story walk up, knocked on the door and Jackie yelled "come in I am not ready yet", so I did and there was Jackie sitting in a chair nude. I did what any red-blooded teen-age boy would do. I left went down three flights of stairs and took two buses' home. The next day Joyce calls and says I hear you and Jackie did not hit off. Joyce I am sorry I let you down.

The Katz's were characters, caring, loving, street wise, family faithful to a point and best of all a bit off the wall. What other family has a cousin named Sonny, and a cousin named Sister and a cousin Warren,

(Sisters husband) who brings his own bottle of whiskey to family functions because he thinks all the caters water down the liquor and within an hour and a half is sleeping drunk on the floor at the back of the coat room. Cousin Sister used to call our cousins club to order saying, "the Katz cousins club is now called to order" and bump and grind while doing it. This did set the pace for the evening. I really do not remember anything of the cousin's club meetings except we ate and drank a lot and put drunken Warren to bed, by the way he was a NY city school bus driver. We did do a lot of pranks, one time cousin Richard was warned if he did not stop hiding behind the tall plants in the catering hall making believe he was cowboy sneaking up on people with a toy water gun and spraying them he would have to leave, decorum was not our best suit. Revenge is sweet so at Ivan's bar mitzvah (Ivan is Joyce and Bernie's her prior husbands son) a group of us got together and brain stormed on how to get even with Joyce for all the pranks she orchestrated at all our affairs. The decision was to get the largest pair of bloomers made and all the cousins would get inside each pant leg, you can imagine how immense it was, we rolled up our pants for the nude look and when the ceremonial candle lighting time came we all entered the hall and approached Ivan to light a candle poor Ivan, I know some where there is a picture of this monumental event. I am laughing as I write about this incident, to bad Warren missed it he was on the floor behind the coat room passed out.

I hope I get this correct, the Katz uncles/brothers were Harry, Sydney, Sol, Jack and Archie, I believe Archie and Sol were Tanta's natural children and the Katz aunts/sisters were Hilda, Selta and Ann who my mother called a rich snob. My father related to me how he found out his mother died. He said he was very young and was outside playing in the street when someone called from their apartment window to come upstairs right away. When he got there, he was ushered into the bedroom and there was his mother on the bed, lifeless. He never got an explanation of how she died or from what cause, this always left a mark on him. Their father than brought over from the old country (Europe) a young women of 14 years old who he then married and she became Tanta, their step mother, she than became the matriarch and raised the family, a real balibuster.. How the brothers and sisters past away is a bit cloudy, the stories I remember are Sol had a fatal car accident in upstate New York, Jack succumbed to yellow jaundice, Archie rumor has it died from a beating he received and was found in a ditch in upset New York. (Editor's comment: Contrary to what was rumor, Larry Katz, informed me that his Grandfather, Archie Katz died of a heart attack.) My father Harry had every disease which could kill you, cancer and a heart condition. He died at his home in Florida under hospice care. All these uncles and aunts left a great legacy. Whenever my father came to New York to stay with us, he would have me drive him to the cemeteries so he can pay his respects. He always wondered why he was the one who survived the longest, I do not think he ever found the answer. Maybe it was so that he could look after his widowed sisters? I was told when Sol died, he was heading upstate to secure a flooring business that all the brothers would be partners in, that dream ended with Sol's death. Uncle jack's sons were in the flooring business. Sol I remember distinctly because of the years in Kenoza Lake, he was the one who took you fishing on the lake and hiking in the area. Years ago, Stan and Joan Glickstein, Joyce and Bob and Joan and I; were spending a weekend in the Catskills at Joyce and Bobs summer home and decided to drive over to Kenoza Lake for old times' sake. Upon arrival we sat and shared stories, we I guess are the last six family members to step on that hallow ground.

The children and grandchildren have made our family proud, there are professionals, entrepreneurs, civil servants, etc. and we can brag that we are successful in our own lives. Remember over fifty years ago the only college graduate in our family was Sydney's daughter Joan Glickstein, we sure have come a long

way. Even though it would probably be by accident we would ever see each other, we still reminisce in our small family groups about the memories of growing up a Katz cousin and even a Katz grandchild.

My bio: My family line started with the marriage of Harry and Gladys Katz who then gave birth to Ruth Sue Katz who is 86 years old and widowed, Ruth married Edwin Jacobson and they have two sons Jeffrey and Michael and two grandchildren and Ruth is now a Gigi. She lives in Weston Florida. Than 81 years ago Myron M Katz entered Harry and Gladys's life. My father gave me a letter for a middle name because he thought I should pick out my own name later in life, which I never did, the closest I ever got was Mike. I went on to marry my loving wife Joan (nee Silverman) and we are still going strong after 56 years. We have two fantastic sons Jeremy and Ross. Our daughters-in-law are a blessing to us and believe it or not are both named Jennifer. We have four grandchildren whose names in chronological order are Avery, Hayden, Samantha, and Ethan. Joan and I lived most of our married life on Long Island, New York, first in Long Beach and then we moved to Merrick where we lived for 38 years and raised our boys. We now live in Coconut Creek Florida in a country club community full time, yes it is hot in the summer. Our children are spread out, Jeremy and his family live in North Carolina and Ross and his family live in NY City. We all spend the holidays happily together in North Carolina and turn Jeremy and Jens very big and spacious house into a dormitory. Jen is a brave woman. I could now bore you with stories about my talented, genius, amazing grandchildren but I will save my bragging rights till we all meet in person or maybe on social media.

Author: Barbara Kellman Katz Family:

Memorial Service for Barbara Katz

Opening: April

It wouldn't make sense for us to be standing up here separately talking about our mommy (and yes we still call our mom mommy), because the three of us were her everything, her pride and joy, and her proudest accomplishment. She can take comfort in knowing that during her dying days, that her girls were each other's greatest source of strength and comfort. Our mom taught us from the very beginning that nothing matters more than family and I can see from looking around this sanctuary today that because of the women she has raised that we learned that lesson. All of you are either here because you loved my mom directly or because you love my dad, Staci, Tara, or me -- and guess what that makes you our family. So, thank you for being here during this difficult time to honor our mom and continue to show her grandchildren what family truly means.

April's memories/Daddy

:

Our daddy is a lucky man because he has known my mom since he was 11 years old and they have been married for 53 years. Daddy we made a promise to mommy that we would take good care of you and we promise we will. That might mean we will noodge you, but we are not sure it will quite live up to the noodging of mommy's standards. We will never be able to fill the hole that mommy left behind but know that we will be there to wipe your tears, hug you, and love you hard. You are a lucky man to have known such love and although it is not the same you will now be surrounded by Mira, Jordan, Aidan, and Evan so get ready for lots of grandchildren lovin.

What can I say, other than I was my mom's favorite? These last two weeks I would walk into her hospital room and say "hi mom it's April your favorite daughter" and she would smile. So, it confirmed for me what I already knew was true. Do not forget that Staci and Tara, ok. What I will always remember about my mom are two very important life lessons. The first one I already talked about and that is that family is everything. I live this every day. If you were to talk to anyone who knows me, my in-laws Margaret and Richard, my sister Rachel (for 25 years now), and my friends, they know this to be true. I love hard and Dave and I have and will continue to teach this to our beautiful boys Aidan and Evan. The other lesson she taught me is that I can do anything. I know that I am a strong independent woman because of my mom. I cannot even count the number of times my mom has told me how proud she is of me. In fact, just a few days ago it was just her and I in the hospital room and she said, April I am so proud of the mom that you are and what you have done for your boys and the career that you have, I am just so proud. I am going to miss just being able to pick up the phone to call her, her voice, her hugs, her infectious smile, and her advice. As I tell my boys of anyone who dies and isn't here anymore-mommy, I will carry you in my heart forever-I love you bunches!

Tara's Memories:

My mom was the kindest person, you felt safe talking to her about what was going on in your life, and she always listened to you when you spoke . Growing up I knew no matter what my mom always had my back. I was never afraid to ask for help or tell her my secrets. I was the first to give her a grandchild and to make her a Mema, as my girls lovingly called her. The relationship between Mira, Jordan and their Mema was so very special and will remain in our hearts forever. When she talked about her grandchildren she sparkled and shined, it was the kind of love you could see from space. I will miss my mommy so much and I can only hope to be good a wife, mother, and sister as she was. And For the record I am 100% the favorite… I am the baby Duh!

Staci's memories

How do you even begin to say all that is in your heart? How do you share every story? How do you make sure you say all the words? How do continue to breathe without the person who lifted you up and encouraged you to be amazing for every day of your life? My mom was my North Star my compass in the dark, my person! The person who made sure I always knew that I could do anything I set my mind to that made sure that no one or nothing could hold me back from reaching my greatest goals. Who taught me to stand up and never be afraid to ask for I wanted, to never be silent? She made sure I knew that I could be whatever I wanted to be as long as I wasn't silent. She has made me a strong, confident, successful woman who lives life to the fullest and loves unconditionally. My mom filled my cup she gave me my voice, she completed me. She taught me to live with all that I am and all that I have. She's the reason I have the most amazing father, husband, sisters, brothers-in-law, nieces and nephews. They are the ones that give me comfort and joy. They are the ones who will hold me up and I am the one who will hold them up and give us the strength to hold on to the family that she built. The family that was her whole world. Through her strength and her wisdom, I will keep my promise to keep us together as a family for always! Our strength as a family is what will help us all not only survive but thrive and grow and make her proud day after day! And by the way, there is no doubt I was mommy's favorite!!

Aidan's Memories

My grandma was very nice, and she was always willing to take me anywhere, like the movies. I loved spending time with her. I loved her a lot and I wished that she had not passed away. I am going to miss her because I am not going to see her ever again, but my mom tells me that she is living in my heart. I love you grandma!

Evan's Memories

I love grandma because she made a 3D picture for me and a lot of glass stuff. She made me a basketball ball piggy bank, a frog piggy bank, and a football piggy bank. She made me a ceramic hockey sticky with a heart, but it cracked so she made me a new one. I loved her because she always smiled and said good things about me. I am going to miss her because now I only have one grandma and I loved her...

Author: Stanley Glickstein on behalf of Joan Katz Glickstein:

Sidney and Ellie Katz Family

I met Sidney and Ellie Katz during a visit to my parent's home in Brooklyn in April 1957. Joan and I were dating after meeting for the first time during a Penn State Ski Club outing in March 1957. It was love at first sight. We were both graduate students at Penn State University in State College, PA. On a weekend that I had to be at my parent's home for a family celebration, I made arrangement to visit Joan's parents. I went alone for our introductory first encounter. At the conclusion of a cordial meeting with my future father-in-law, he asked about "my intentions." I recall saying, "we will see" and left it at that. A month or two later Joan and I were engaged. Shortly after the engagement, we eloped and were married on July 12, 1957. It was a whirlwind romance that lasted until her passing 58 years later.

Sidney and Ellie Katz became my second mom and dad. I felt so very fortunate to have joined a warm and wonderful family. Both Ellie and Sidney Katz were loving individuals. I cherish all the time and memories that I shared with them. As a son-in-law, I was fortunate to have been able to join the Katz/Jablonsky mishpacha.They too had a large extended family with aunts, uncles and cousins similar to my own family. Except for a short 3-year stay in Princeton, NJ, Joan and I have always lived a significant distance from our family members who mostly lived in the New York City area, However, we always found the time and energy to drive to NY and attend many family gatherings on both the Glickstein and Katz sides of the family.

Joan met my family for the first time when she attended a Passover Seder at my grandfather Nathan's home. It was a large gathering and she was shocked when she saw my uncle Sol Glickstein and his brothers. She actually knew them! They lived across the street from her apartment building on Alabama Ave in the East New York section of Brooklyn. She also remembered my Pop and Riva too.

My father-in-law Sidney Katz was from the old country. I say that because he was upset when his daughter informed him that she was pursuing graduate studies to get her PhD degree. Why was he so concerned? He was concerned and worried that his daughter would reach the same level of education as her husband. He thought I would be upset. Hard to believe, but true. I so regret that her dad passed before Joan graduated and was unable to see her receive her diploma. How proud he would have been.

It took some time and arm twisting, but Joan too entered the world of genealogy and started accumulating family data and old family pictures. She recorded the relationship between family members and created descendant trees from the Katz/Jablonsky families. These descendant trees are included in the Appendix section of this book.

Joan pursued a successful career as a Speech Pathologist, Gerontologist, Author, Business Woman and Consultant. Following her retirement from all her professional ventures she began pursuing her true love, writing fiction. Much of this information has been documented in Reference 3.

I recently discovered in one of Joan's computer files, old family pictures. On the following pages are a few of the pictures Joan collected from the Katz and Jablonsky families.

Old Photographs from the Katz/Jablonsky Families

Joan's Grandmother Rochel Miller Katz

Ida Jablonsky, Joan's Grandmother

Jablonsky Sisters: standing, Ellie Katz; l to r- Becky Straus, Ceila Ekstein & Fritzy Mogel

Ellie Katz, Ann Katz & Selta Katz

Murry Simon, Willie Sherman &Jack Miller Katz

Joseph Katz

Ann Katz Simon

Ellie & Sidney Katz abt. 1940

Ellie & Sidney Katz

Joan Katz, age 3

Joan Katz, age 16

Sandra Simon, age 16

Murray Simon, WillIe sherman & Jack Miller Katz

Family at Sandra Simon's Wedding

Katz brothers and their wives

The Katz Clan at a wedding: Seated at bottom right is Ellie Jablonsky Katz

T

Letter to Mom & Dad from their daughter Cathy

Enclosed are a few treats to share
I thought you'd enjoy some while you're in the air

You can practice the language; I'd spend some time on the sound
Perfect your intonation, it may help you to get around

We know how the paper can be abroad; it tends to be rough on your little tushie
So just in case I thought I'd send you something mushy

Take lots of pictures and write it all down
Just remember if you're at dinner pay attention to the sound

If you here them say moo you know you're ok
But if it barks or it meows say oh no, no way!

You are traveling so far, I know that you'll miss me
And when you do here's a picture so you can kiss me!!

I hope you guys have a great time, I can't wait to hear all about it!

I Love You!!!!

Cathy ☺
Cathy ♥

PS. Dad, take it easy on the flight attendants, hopefully it will be self service with the Kalhua.

Joan katz, age 3

Joan Katz, age 16

Ann Katz Simon

Sandra Simon and grandspns Zachery & Taylor

Ellie & Sidney Katz at their son Richard's wedding

Joan & Stanley Glickstein at Richards wedding, May 29, 1966

Collection of Random Old Family Photographs, Letters and Notes

Some time ago I sent an e-mail to all our family requesting old photographs that they would like to contribute to our *Family Storybook*. One response was received that came from my first cousin once removed, Roisa Hartstein Davis. She indicated that her mother Rochel Lenchitz Hartstein was in possession of her parent's photographs and wanted to know if I would like them. She sent 75 old family photographs dating back to the 1940's. I can only imagine that they were in an old box tucked away in a closet; pictures Rochel inherited from her parents, my uncle and aunt, Rabbi Solomon and Yetta Lenchitz. I saw it as a treasure. I scanned all the pictures and many of these treasures are included in this section of the book. The original pictures now take up space in my file cabinet.

As an aside, my cousin Rochel Hartstein (Rochelle back in the 1940's) grew up like a second sister to me. She lived at 235Remsen Avenue and my family lived at 289 Remsen Avenue. Her brother, Rabbi Chaim Lenchitz (Howie in the 1940's) and I were extremely close cousins. I can recall spending many days and weeks together in the summer building a racing car. I entered and proudly drove it in the 1947 Soap Box Derby. The resuls of our effort is proudly dsiplayed in the Pin I received for entering the race. As an aside, I came in last of the 4-cars racing in the first heat. After spinning out of control, the car turned and the rear wheels crossed the finish line before the front wheels. It was a memorable moment.

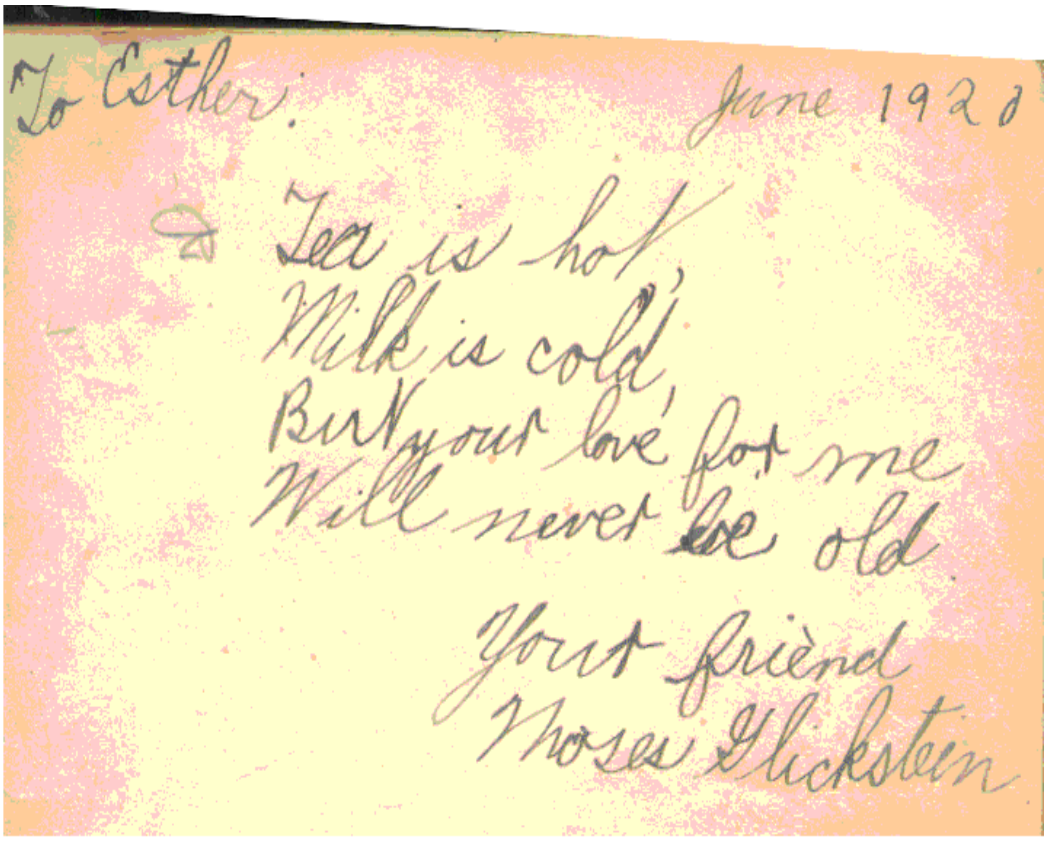
Many more photographs of my uncle Rabbi Solomon Lenchitz can be found in his book, *Once upon a time I was a Rabbi among many other things* (Reference 6.) My uncle Sol was known as the Jewish Ripley after publishing his book, *Pictorial Oddities from Hebraic Literature* in 1950 (Reference 7.) Albert Einstein commented in the book, that it was "interesting."

Thanks for the many pictures cousin Rochel and a sincere thank you to everyone else who contributed.

Stan Glickstein

Al Glickstein, Sol Lenchitz, Chaim and Rochel Lenchitz and Stanley Glickstein

Celia and Nathan Glickstein



Inscription found in 8th grade autograph book belonging to Esther Lenchitz.

They were married 12 years later. See next picture.

Esther and Morris Glickstein

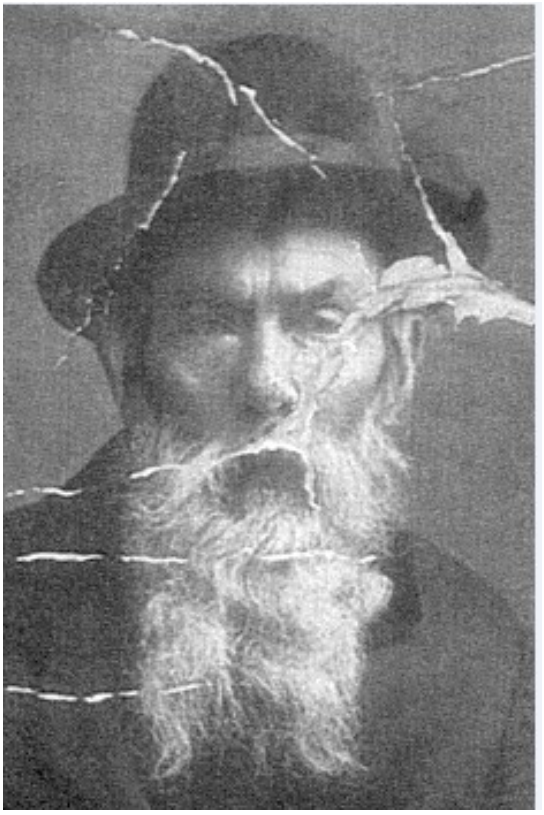
Harry and Bertha Lenchitz

Hinda Brocha (Pomerantz) Lenchitz

Lenchitz (Esther, Bertha , Rachel)

Rose and Nathan Glickstein

Sender and Rachel Barshefsky (Nathan Glickstein Parents)



Shlomo Lenchitz

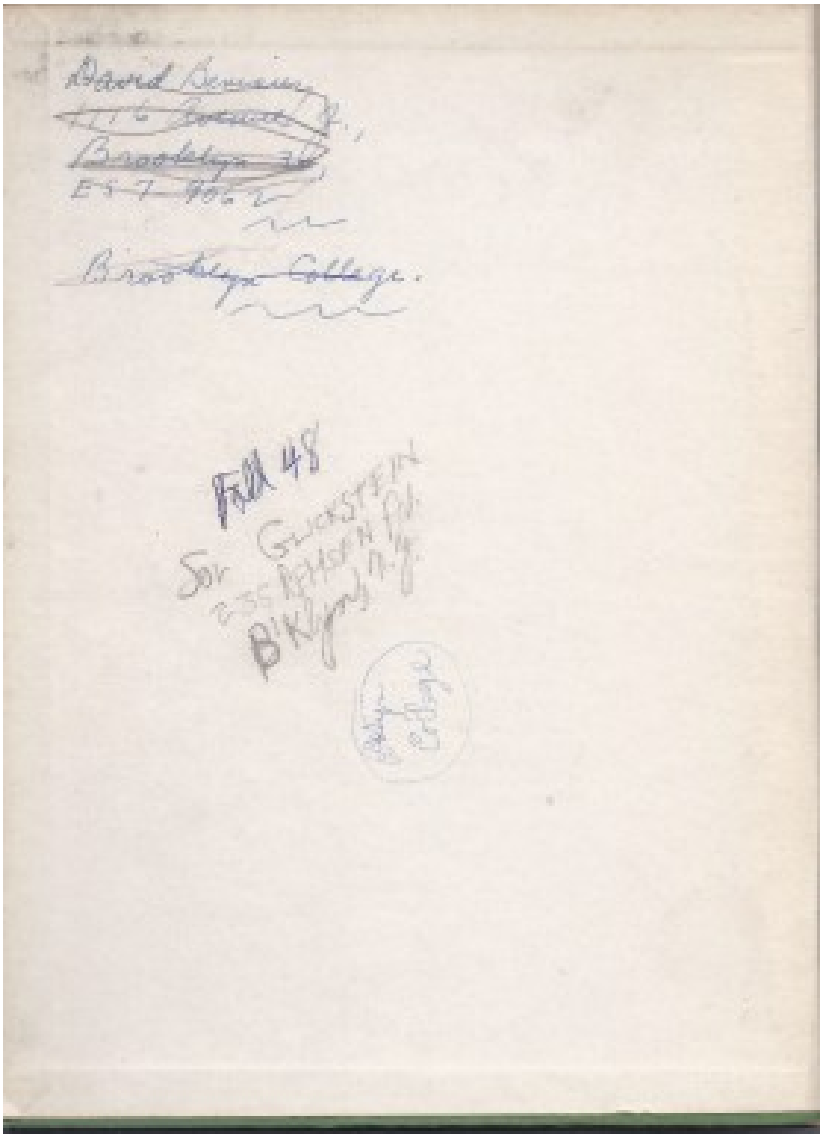
Yetta and Sol Lenchitz

Stanley and Cynthia Glickstein

Morris and Esther Glickstein with Stanley (Age 4)

Stanley Glickstein Age 5

Yetta , Cynthia Glickstein Ribak and Rochel



A college textbook loaned from Sol Glickstein to Stanley in 1948. The handwriting is still the same

Ruby and Sol Glickstein

Marsha and Alvin Moss

Sol Glickstein in the Korean War

Ricky and his Dad Saul (Sol Linchytz)

Marsha Linchitz's Wedding

Marsha Linchitz, Rick Linchitz and Joel (little person) Linchitz

Lenchitz Wedding

Charlie Lenchitz

Pop Glickstein and the family

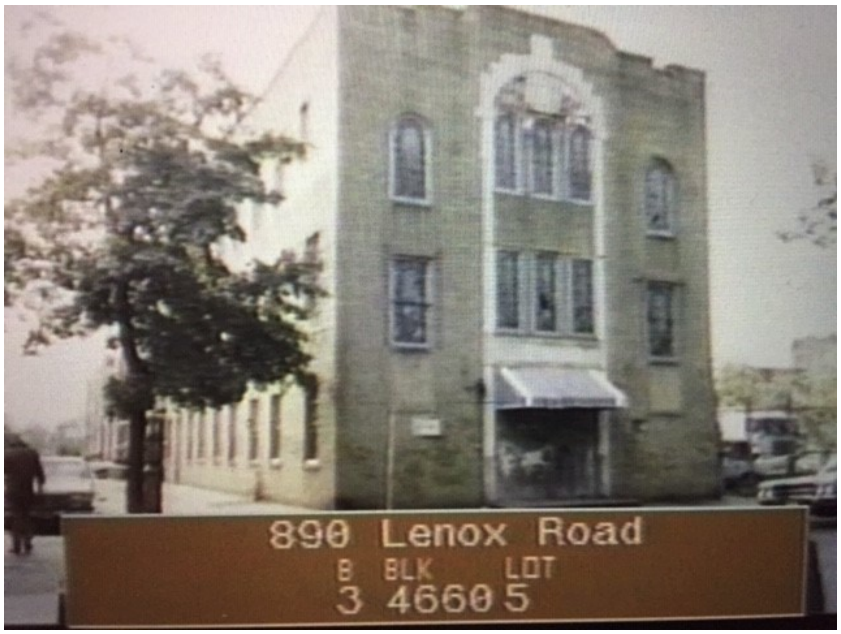
Ruby Lenchitz and family Miriam & Ruby Lenchitz, Miriam, Ruby, Helen & Eileen Lenchitz (one on bed is from Valentine's Day 1952 & one at the beach) and the last is Kenneth, Eileen & Helen Lenchitz.

Florence, Bertha and Harry Lenchitz

Sisters Florence & Caroline Lenchitz

Florence & Caroline, and then Helen sitting in Ruby's lap, The woman in the center is Ruby's mom Bertha, the woman in the lower right corner is Esther and the woman in the upper left corner is Caroline (according to my mom, Lorraine Glickstein).

Sheffield Ave Brooklyn (Home of Rose and Nathan before they moved to Remsen Ave)



Shul at 890 Lenox Road where Pop (Nathan Glickstein) used to attend services.

Stanley Glickstein was Bar Mitzvahed at this shul.

Esther and Morris Glickstein , Al Glickstein (in his Navy Uniform) and Cynthia Glickstein Ribak

Unknown Soldier

Al Glickstein & Sol L

Sol L in uniform

Al Glickstein and Ruby Linchitz, Al G, Yetta Sachs Lenchitz and daughter Rochel, Sol Linchitz

Sol Glickstein (from Korean War) and Al Glickstein with Nathan and Rose Glickstein from (WW2)

Sgt Mager

Sol Lenchitz autographing his book at the Israeli Conference

Seated: Unknown, unknown, unknown, Bertha Lenchitz, Rose Glickstein, unknown, unknown Standing: Yetta Lenchitz

Sukkot on back porch of Pop (Nathan) Glickstein , 235 Remsen Ave Brooklyn, NY

Cynthia Glickstein, Rochelle Lenchitz with Aunt Yetta Lenchitz

Cousin Zvia and family

Wedding picture of Cynthia and Arthur Ribak

Cynthia Glickstein

Howard Lenchitz

Howard Lenchitz

David Lenchitz

Eileen and Kenny Lenchitz

Florence Lenchitz High School Graduation

Morris Glickstein at his 80th Birthday

Rabbi Solomon Lenchitz at Carnegie Hall

Irving and Caroline Frankel

Stanley Glickstein and Family visiting Zviah and Ephraim Greenberg in Israel

Sol and Yetta Lenchitz,

Rochel, Chaim Dovid and Zvia

Solomon Lenchitz

Sol Linchitz (different Sols and Linchitz is spelled with either an e or i)

Ruby and Miriam Lenchitz

Sol and Yetta Lenchitz

Sylvia and Charlie Lenchitz

Yetta Lenchitz

Yetta Lenchitz

Mable Cohen Linchitz (bride of Sol Linchitz)

Sol Linchitz, Al Glickstein, Morris Glickstein, Sol Glickstein, Ruby Linchitz (5 brothers)

Top: Charles & Sylvia Lenchitz, Florence Glick, Esther & Morris Glickstein

Bottom: Ruby & Miriam Lenchitz, Arthur & Cynthia Ribak

Esther and Al Glickstein 25th wedding anniversary

Al Glickstein Lorraine Glickstein Sol Glickstein Mindy Linchitz Sol Linchitz Esther Glickstein (L to R)

Nathan Glickstein and his 5 children and their grandchildren

at Esther and Al's 25th wedding anniversary party

Wedding of Al Glickstein and Esther Camhi

2020 - Letter From Stanley Glickstein to Steven Glickstein (Al Glickstein's Son)

I enjoyed seeing these old pictures again as much as you did. Our family life was much different yesterday then it is today..

As an aside, I still have my Gruen wind-it- by- hand Bar Mitzvah watch. That makes it at least 73 years old and working.

It was given to me by your dad (Al G) . In later years he told me he won it in a crap game while in the Navy.

I will just take a moment and relate the tale of my working at Richard Buick as cashier in the gas station. I thought I was helping when I was alone and no one available to do an oil change. My instructions were. "Just watch the cash register."

Anyway, a car waiting for an oil change I thought I would help out. However, I emptied the transmission fluid instead of the engine oil. Fortunately, your dad returned before I was about to lower the car and take it for a ride.

Instead of balling me out, he politely said, ""Butch, just watch the cash register!" My uncles called me Butch in those days (I do not know why) and I thought he was going to be as angry as hell! My uncle was as soft as ever with me.

Funny, how certain incidents are still as vivid today as they were 70-years ago. My uncles were more like Big Brothers to me. They all were GREAT; each and every one of them, Sender (Al) The Hook (Ruby) Shirky (Sol L) and Shloime (Sol G.)

Take care. Look forward to getting the disk and seeing if it can easily be turned into a written paper. Not really sure.

cuz Stan

STORIES we learned from emails during this time

****

Hi Bengy: 5/27/2020 email to Bengy Dubbrin

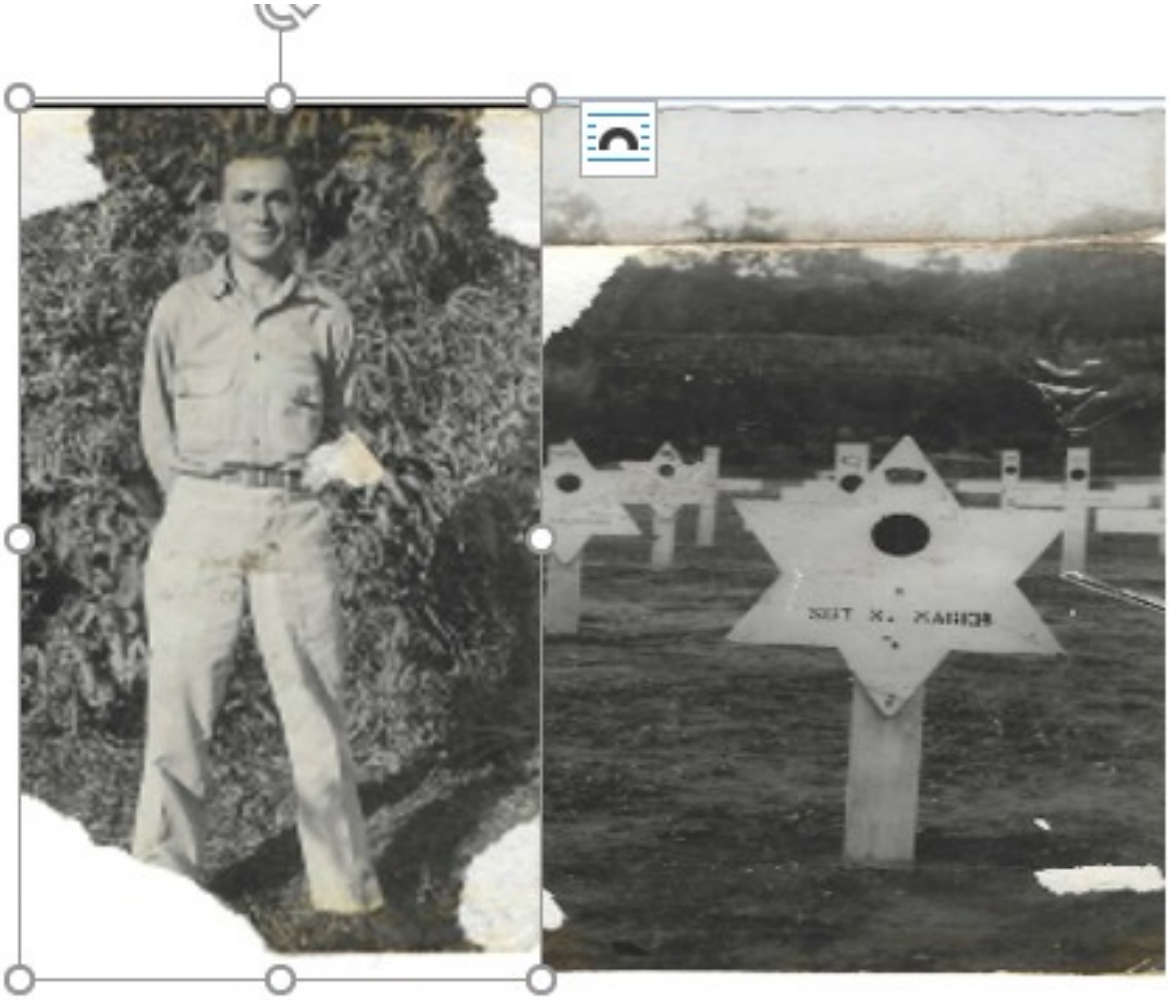
I mentioned in one of my last e-mails to you that your mother had sent me a letter many years ago, It was in response to a snail mail request sent to all relatives I had addresses to at that time.

Attached is the letter she wrote. It with blue ink on blue paper, I hope you can make it out. As a result of her warm response I visited with your parents many years later. I actually recorded that visit on tape. I re-recorded our conversation on to a file. However, The audio is not very good and I am not sure what to do with it at this time.

I am also attaching a picture of the tombstone of your relative Sgt M Mager who died in WWII. I think it is Meyer because I have a recollection that Basha's son was killed in WWII. In my tree I have his death date as 1944.

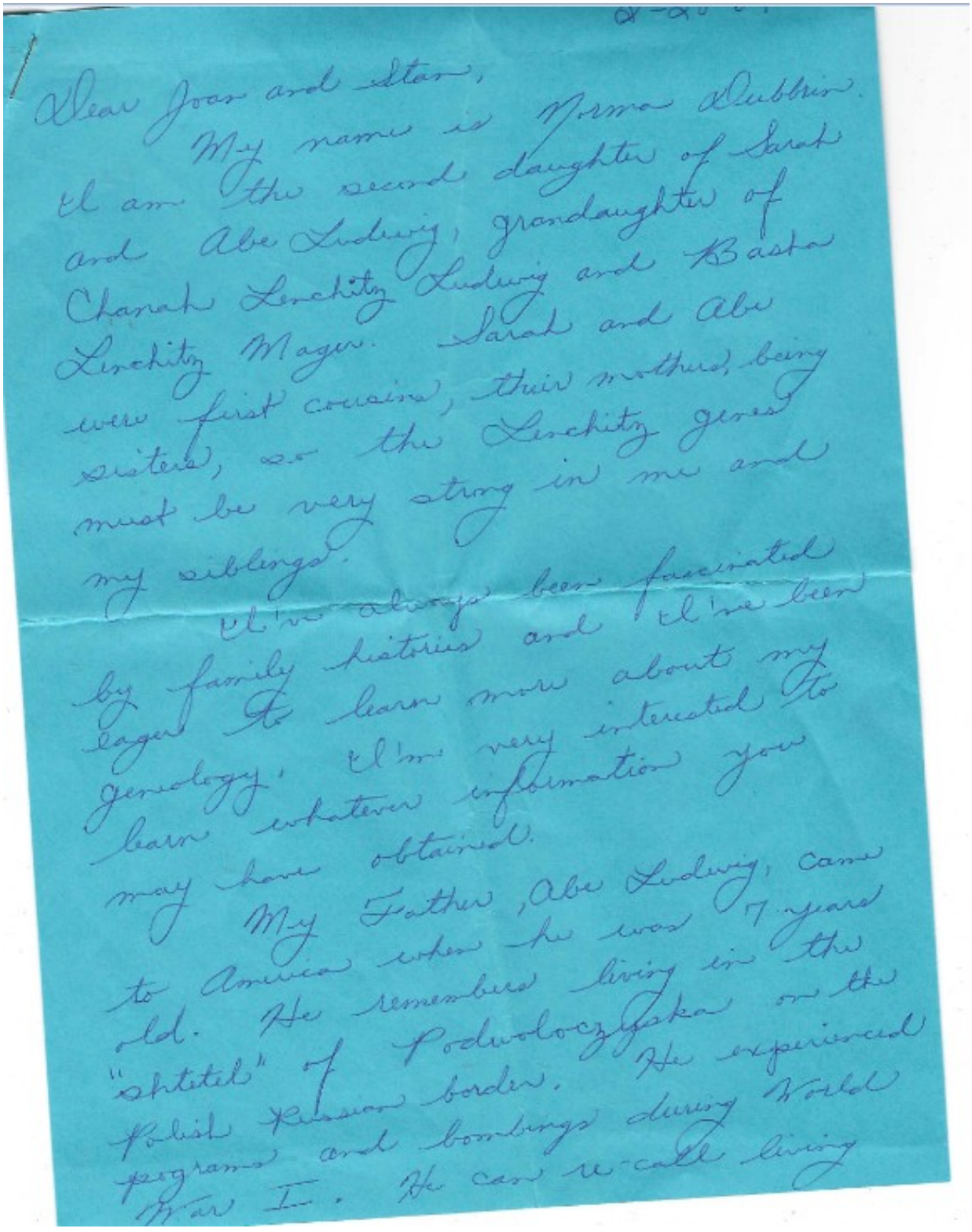
I thought you might enjoy these small treasures,

Cousin Stan



Sgt Mager

Letter from Norma Ludwig Dubbrin to Stan & Joan Glickstein



Dear Joan and Stan,

My name is Norma Dubbrin. I am the second daughter of Sarah and Abe Ludwig, granddaughter of Chanah Lenchitz Ludwig and Basha Lenchitz Mager. Sarah and Abe were first cousins, their mothers being sisters, so the Lenchitz genes must be very strong in me and my siblings.

I've always been fascinated by family histories and I've been eager to learn more about my genealogy. I'm very interested to learn whatever information you may have obtained.

My Father, Abe Ludwig, came to America when he was 17 years old. He remembers living in the "shtetel" of Podwolocziska on the Polish Russian border. He experienced pogroms and bombings during World War I. He can recall living

in a hut with his grandmother, Hinda Bruchs.

I'm thrilled to see the numbers in this extended family tree. Hopefully we'll be able to add addresses and phone numbers to the tree so we can attempt meetings or some kind of get together. I'm not volunteering to organize it yet!!

I live with my husband Allen in Longwood, Florida a suburb of Orlando. We have 3 children. Lisa will be 22 in March. We are planning her wedding in October. She is a junior at Flastate Univ. studying audiology. Our son Benji is a junior in High School and just got a 4.0 for the 1st time. Allen is a traveling salesman with the personality to match. He runs our store, which is called the Snake Stop. That keeps us with our noses to the grindstone. We're a terrific family.

My sister Hinda, runs her husband's office, a Family Practice in Boca Raton, Fl. Her daughter, Beth Ann Lapon named after Basha Chanah, just had a new baby 2 months ago. Beth lives in New Jersey and works in N.Y.C. Hinda's son Richard is a law student at Univ. of Fl. Robert Fisator, their youngest, recently graduated and is presently dabbling in car sales.

My brother Gilbert works at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in New York as a social worker. He lives in Valley Cottage, New York, near New City. They will be having a Bar Mitzvah in June. Our youngest brother, Jonny, is staying with my parents temporarily. He's looking for a better position.

My Mother's sister, Pauline Goldland lives in the same "Condo" Complex as my parents. We, thus, hear the news concerning the Goldland Family often.

We are in close contact with my Uncle Sidney Mogen who lives in Spring Valley, New York. Uncle

-4-

Uncle Abe lives in California and gets to do bit parts in movies. He sent us a postcard to watch for him feeding the pidgeons in a T.V. Movie with Victoria Principal and James Farentino, entitled Unadmissible Evidence.

Our Uncle Ruby who lived in Howard Beach, N.Y. just past away this year.

Well, I believe I mentioned most everyone or their representative from the family tree. That should be sending you.

If you need more details would love you, so I'll conclude this note.

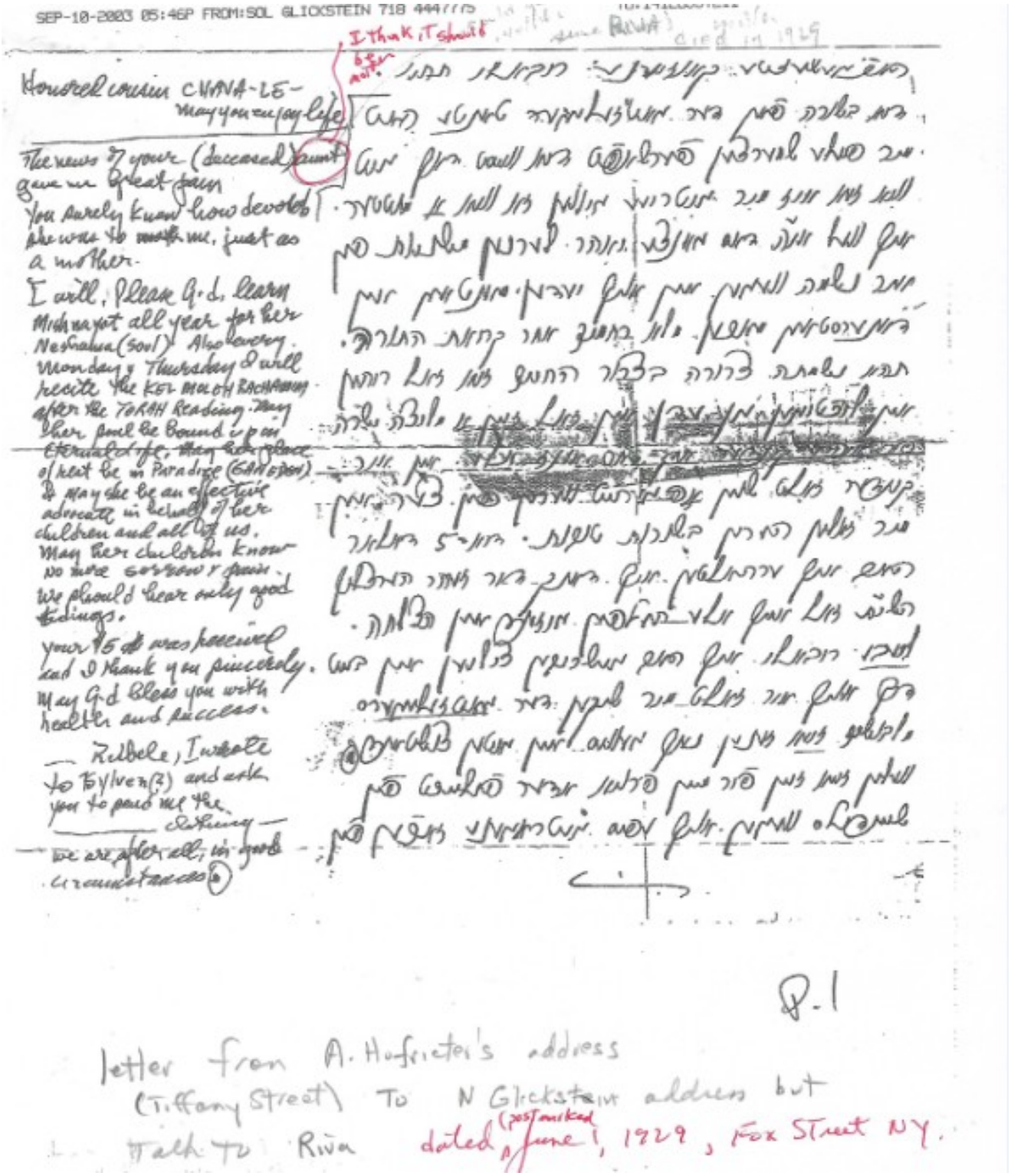
This was an exercise in enjoyment for me. Thanks for giving me the opportunity to say "Shalom."

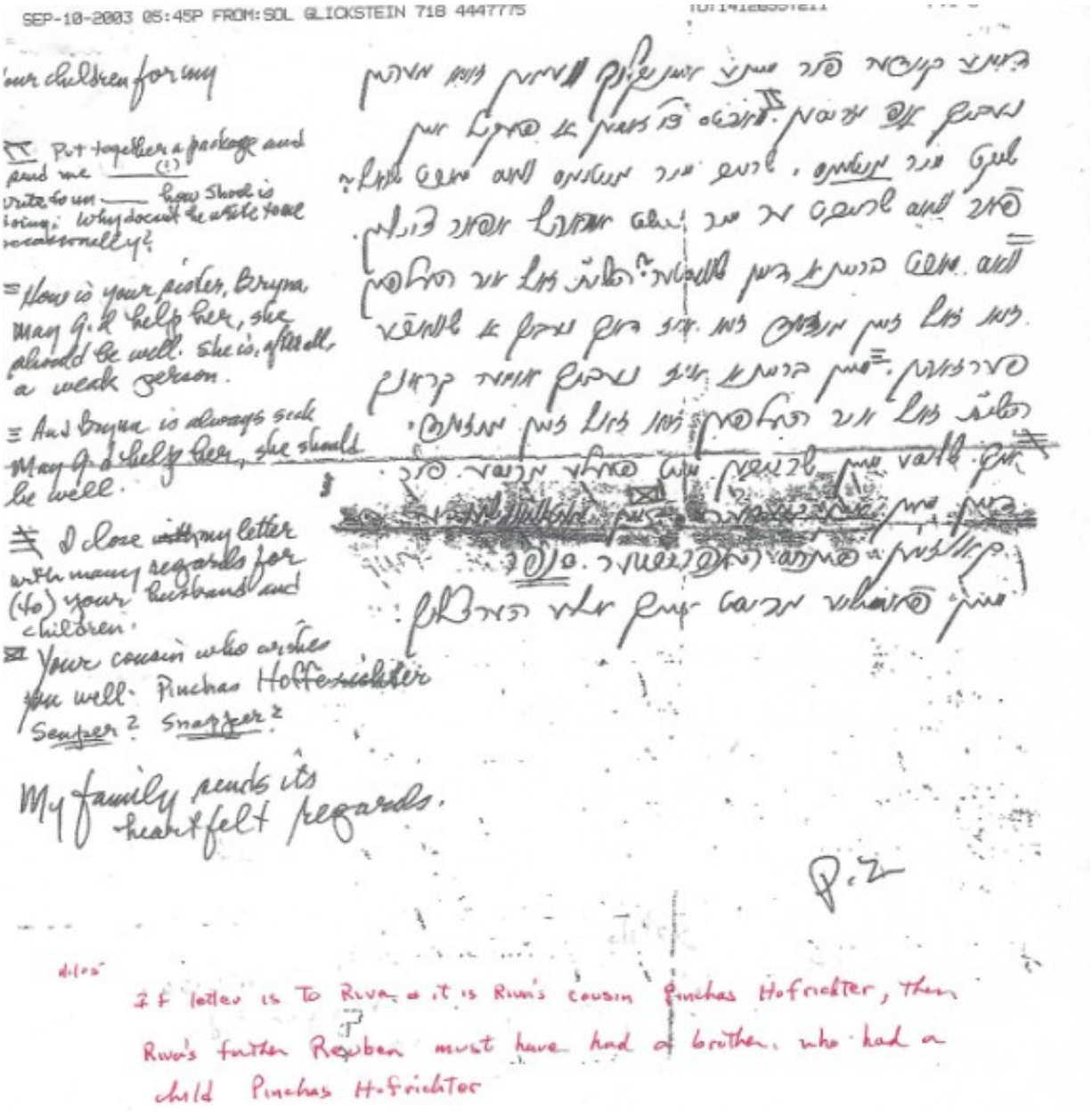
Norma "Ludwig" Dubbin

after 7:00 p.m. phone # home 407-862-7227

10-6 work 407-869-1679

Letter from Abe Hofrichter to his sister Rose Hofrichter Glickstein




SEP-10-2003 05:45P FROM:SOL GLICKSTEIN 718 4447775

our children for any

I Put together a package and send me (1) write to us — how Shook is doing. Why doesn't he write to me personally?

II How is your mother, Bryna. May G-d help her, she should be well. She is, after all a weak person.

III And Bryna is always sick May G-d help her, she should be well.

IV I close with my letter with many regards for (to) your husband and children.

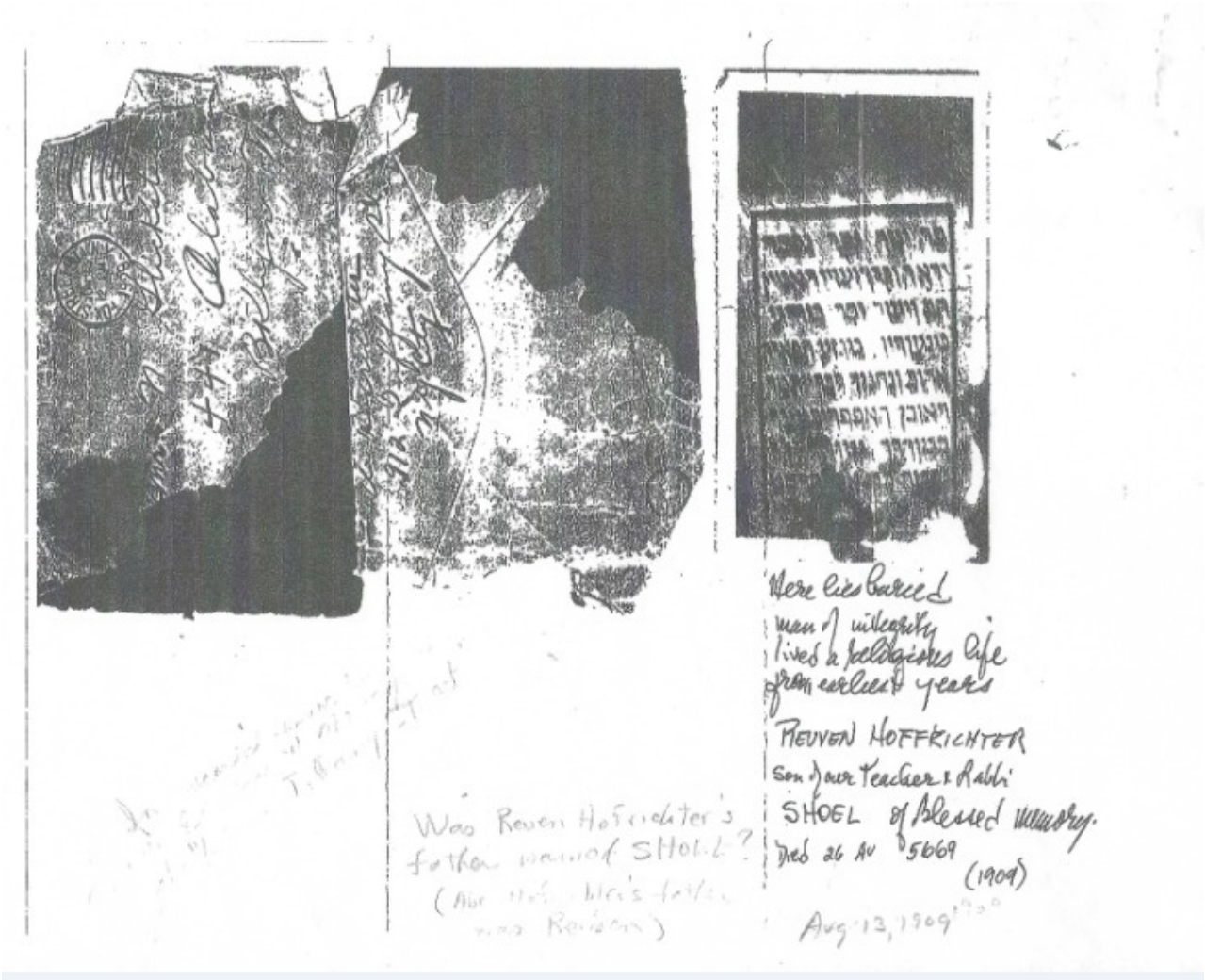
V Your cousin who wishes you well. Pinchas Hoffenichter Scraper? Snapper?

My family sends its heartfelt regards.

Also

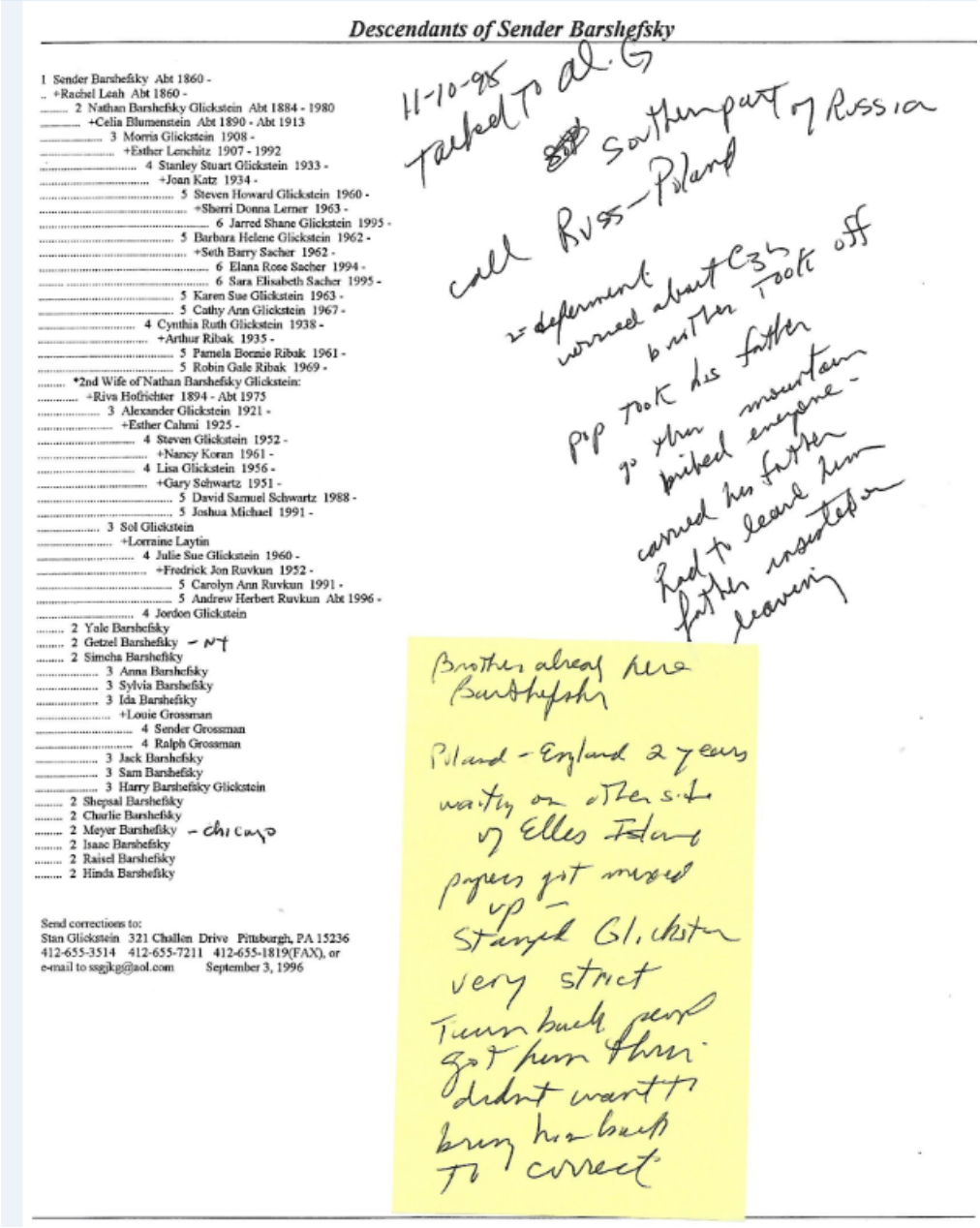
If letter is To Riva, it is Riva's cousin Pinchas Hofnichter, then Riva's father Reuben must have had a brother, who had a child Pinchas Hofnichter

Here lies buried man of integrity lived a religious life from earliest years
Reuven Hofrichter son of our teacher and Rabbi Shoel of blessed memory
Died 26 Av 5669 August 13, 1909



Stan Glickstein's notes from Al Glickstein about his father, Nathan Glickstein

11-10-95 Talk to Al G, Pop was from Russ – Poland. Located in the southern part of Russia
2nd deferment, worried about being drafted into the Czar's army. Brother previously took off.
Pop (Nathan) took his father. Going through the mountains. Bribed everyone. Carried his father. Had to leave him. Father insisted on being left.
Nathan went from Poland to England. Stayed in England 2 years.
Brother already here. His name was Barshefsky. (Stan assumes it was his step-brother) Papers got mixed up did not want to bring him back to correct, they were very strict



Descendants of Sender Barshefsky

1 Sender Barshefsky Abt 1860 -
.. +Rachel Leah Abt 1860 -
..... 2 Nathan Barshefsky Glickstein Abt 1884 - 1980
..... +Celia Blumenstein Abt 1890 - Abt 1913
..... 3 Morris Glickstein 1908 -
..... +Esther Lenchitz 1907 - 1992
..... 4 Stanley Stuart Glickstein 1933 -
..... +Joan Katz 1934 -
..... 5 Steven Howard Glickstein 1960 -
..... +Sherri Donna Lerner 1963 -
..... 6 Jarred Shane Glickstein 1995 -
..... 5 Barbara Helene Glickstein 1962 -
..... +Seth Barry Sacher 1962 -
..... 6 Elana Rose Sacher 1994 -
..... 6 Sara Elisabeth Sacher 1995 -
..... 5 Karen Sue Glickstein 1963 -
..... 5 Cathy Ann Glickstein 1967 -
..... 4 Cynthia Ruth Glickstein 1938 -
..... +Arthur Ribak 1935 -
..... 5 Pamela Boznie Ribak 1961 -
..... 5 Robin Gale Ribak 1969 -
..... *2nd Wife of Nathan Barshefsky Glickstein:
..... +Riva Hofrichter 1894 - Abt 1975
..... 3 Alexander Glickstein 1921 -
..... +Esther Cahmi 1925 -
..... 4 Steven Glickstein 1952 -
..... +Nancy Koran 1961 -
..... 4 Lisa Glickstein 1956 -
..... +Gary Schwartz 1951 -
..... 5 David Samuel Schwartz 1988 -
..... 5 Joshua Michael 1991 -
..... 3 Sol Glickstein
..... +Lorraine Laytin
..... 4 Julie Sue Glickstein 1960 -
..... +Fredrick Jon Ruvkun 1952 -
..... 5 Carolyn Ann Ruvkun 1991 -
..... 5 Andrew Herbert Ruvkun Abt 1996 -
..... 4 Jordon Glickstein
..... 2 Yale Barshefsky
..... 2 Getzel Barshefsky – NY
..... 2 Simcha Barshefsky
..... 3 Anna Barshefsky
..... 3 Sylvia Barshefsky
..... 3 Ida Barshefsky
..... +Louie Grossman
..... 4 Sender Grossman
..... 4 Ralph Grossman
..... 3 Jack Barshefsky
..... 3 Sam Barshefsky
..... 3 Harry Barshefsky Glickstein
..... 2 Shepsal Barshefsky
..... 2 Charlie Barshefsky
..... 2 Meyer Barshefsky – Chicago
..... 2 Isaac Barshefsky
..... 2 Raisel Barshefsky
..... 2 Hinda Barshefsky

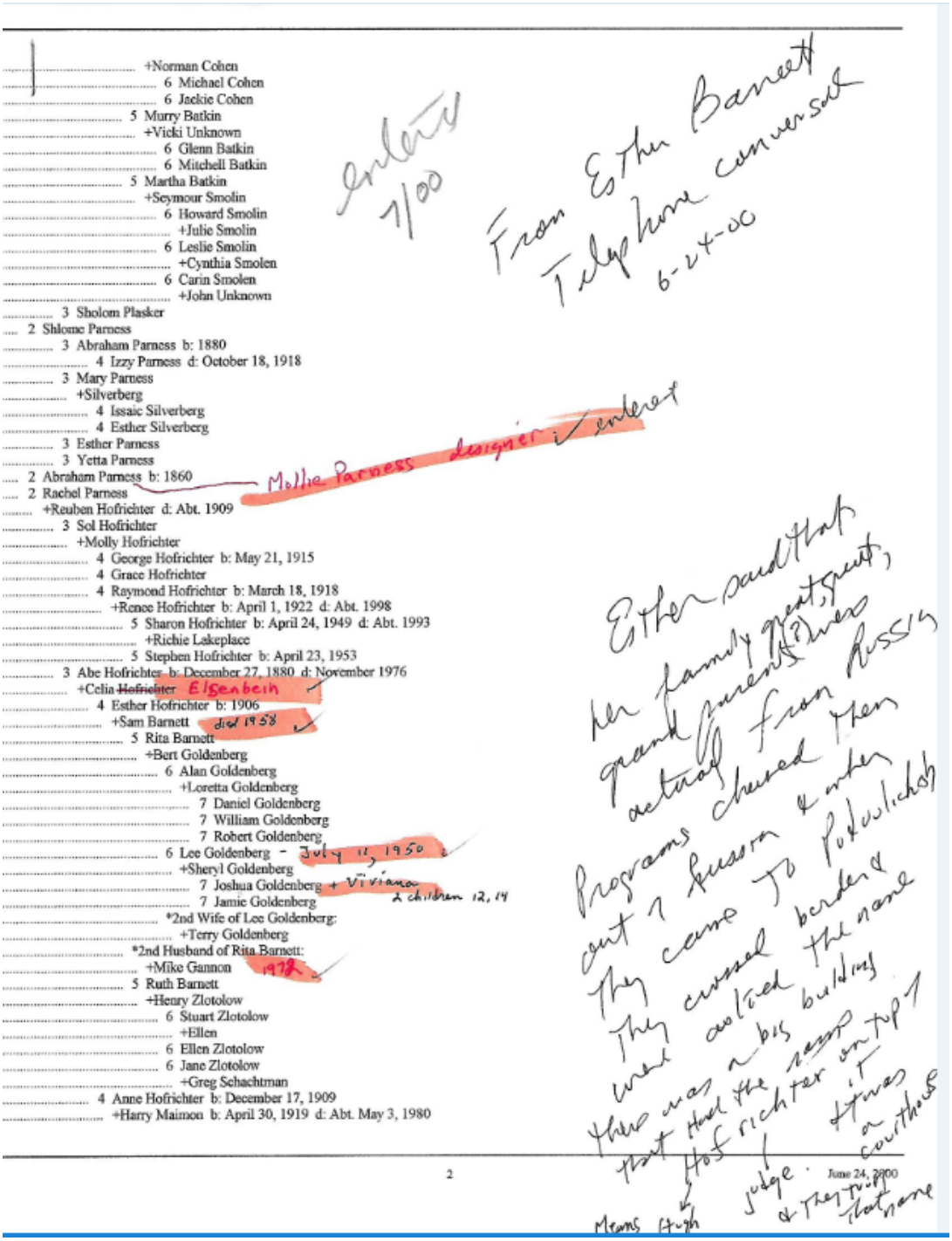
Send corrections to:
Stan Glickstein 321 Challen Drive Pittsburgh, PA 15236
412-655-3514 412-655-7211 412-655-1819(FAX), or
e-mail to ssgjkg@aol.com September 3, 1996

11-10-95 Talked To Al. G
Southern part of Russia
call Russ–Poland
2nd deferment worried about Czar's army Brother took off
Pop took his father
go thru mountains bribed everyone – carried his father had to leave him father insisted on leaving

Brother already here Barshefsky
Poland – England 2 years
waiting on other side of Ellis Island
papers got mixed up – Stanley Glickstein
very strict
Turn back could not turn them
didn't want to bring him back To correct

Notes from conversation Stan Glickstein had with Esther Barnett 6-24-2000

Esther said her great, great grandparents were from Russia. The pograms chased them out of Russia and when they came to Podvolchysky they crossed the boarder and were asked there name. there was a building that had the Hofrichter (means judge) on top of it. It was a court house and they took that name.



+Norman Cohen
6 Michael Cohen
6 Jackie Cohen
5 Murry Batkin
+Vicki Unknown
6 Glenn Batkin
6 Mitchell Batkin
5 Martha Batkin
+Seymour Smolin
6 Howard Smolin
+Julie Smolin
6 Leslie Smolin
+Cynthia Smolen
6 Carin Smolen
+John Unknown
3 Sholom Plasker
2 Shlome Parness
3 Abraham Parness b: 1880
4 Izzy Parness d: October 18, 1918
3 Mary Parness
+Silverberg
4 Issaic Silverberg
4 Esther Silverberg
3 Esther Parness
3 Yetta Parness
2 Abraham Parness b: 1860
2 Rachel Parness
+Reuben Hofrichter d: Abt. 1909
3 Sol Hofrichter
+Molly Hofrichter
4 George Hofrichter b: May 21, 1915
4 Grace Hofrichter
4 Raymond Hofrichter b: March 18, 1918
+Renee Hofrichter b: April 1, 1922 d: Abt. 1998
5 Sharon Hofrichter b: April 24, 1949 d: Abt. 1993
+Richie Lakeplace
5 Stephen Hofrichter b: April 23, 1953
3 Abe Hofrichter b: December 27, 1880 d: November 1976
+Celia Hofrichter Elsenbein
4 Esther Hofrichter b: 1906
+Sam Barnett died 1958
5 Rita Barnett
+Bert Goldenberg
6 Alan Goldenberg
+Loretta Goldenberg
7 Daniel Goldenberg
7 William Goldenberg
7 Robert Goldenberg
6 Lee Goldenberg - July 11, 1950
+Sheryl Goldenberg
7 Joshua Goldenberg + Viviana
7 Jamie Goldenberg 2 children 12, 14
*2nd Wife of Lee Goldenberg:
+Terry Goldenberg
*2nd Husband of Rita Barnett:
+Mike Gannon 1978
5 Ruth Barnett
+Henry Zlotolow
6 Stuart Zlotolow
+Ellen
6 Ellen Zlotolow
6 Jane Zlotolow
+Greg Schachtman
4 Anne Hofrichter b: December 17, 1909
+Harry Maimon b: April 30, 1919 d: Abt. May 3, 1980

Mollie Parness designer / entered

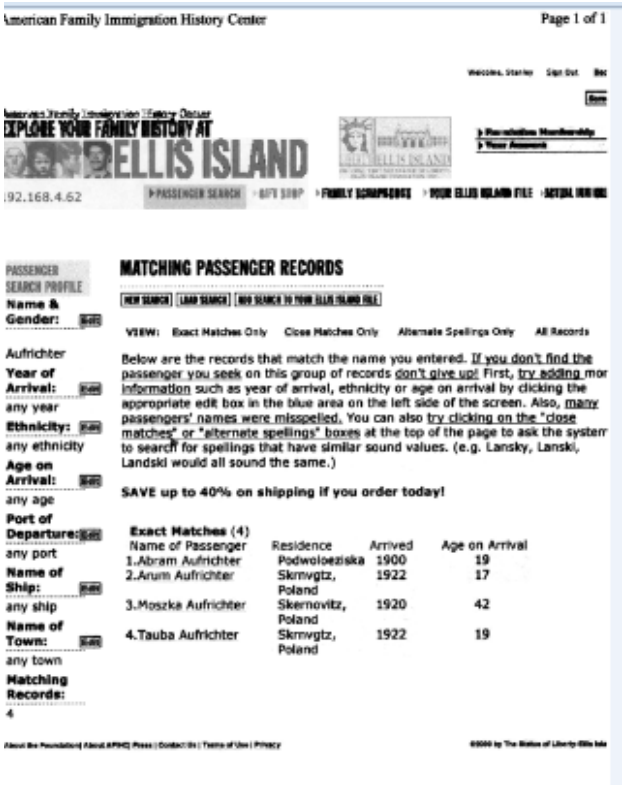
From Esther Barnett Telephone conversation 6-24-00

Esther said that her family great, great grandparents were from Russia Programs chased them out & when they came to Podvolchisky they crossed border & were asked the name there was a big building that had the Hofrichter on top / that means judge & they took that name as courthouse

2

June 24, 2000

ELLIS ISLAND RECORDS



American Family Immigration History Center — Page 1 of 1

EXPLORE YOUR FAMILY HISTORY AT ELLIS ISLAND

192.168.4.62 | PASSENGER SEARCH | GIFT SHOP | FAMILY SCRAPBOOKS | YOUR ELLIS ISLAND FILE | ACTUAL IMMIGRANT EXPERIENCE

PASSENGER SEARCH PROFILE

Name & Gender: Edit
Aufrichter
Year of Arrival: Edit
any year
Ethnicity: Edit
any ethnicity
Age on Arrival: Edit
any age
Port of Departure: Edit
any port
Name of Ship: Edit
any ship
Name of Town: Edit
any town
Matching Records:
4

MATCHING PASSENGER RECORDS

NEW SEARCH | LAND SEARCH | ADD SEARCH TO YOUR ELLIS ISLAND FILE

VIEW: Exact Matches Only | Close Matches Only | Alternate Spellings Only | All Records

Below are the records that match the name you entered. If you don't find the passenger you seek on this group of records don't give up! First, try adding more information such as year of arrival, ethnicity or age on arrival by clicking the appropriate edit box in the blue area on the left side of the screen. Also, many passengers' names were misspelled. You can also try clicking on the "close matches" or "alternate spellings" boxes at the top of the page to ask the system to search for spellings that have similar sound values. (e.g. Lansky, Lanski, Landski would all sound the same.)

SAVE up to 40% on shipping if you order today!

Exact Matches (4)

Name of Passenger	Residence	Arrived	Age on Arrival
1.Abram Aufrichter	Podwoloeziska	1900	19
2.Arum Aufrichter	Skrnvgtz, Poland	1922	17
3.Moszka Aufrichter	Skernovitz, Poland	1920	42
4.Tauba Aufrichter	Skrnvgtz, Poland	1922	19

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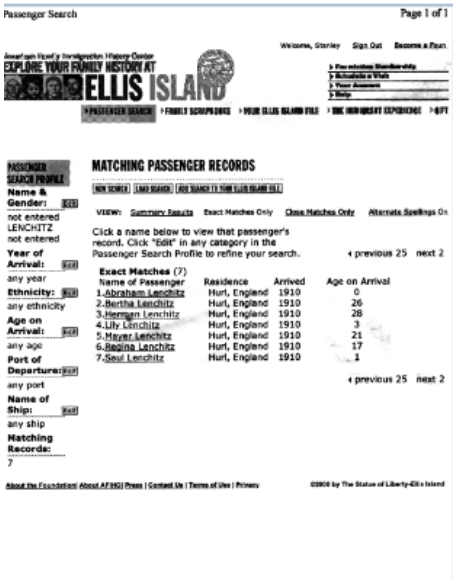
Passenger Record for Abe Aufrichter (Hofrichter)



Passenger Search — Page 1 of 1

Welcome, Stanley | Sign Out | Become a Plan

EXPLORE YOUR FAMILY HISTORY AT ELLIS ISLAND

PASSENGER SEARCH | FAMILY SCRAPBOOKS | YOUR ELLIS ISLAND FILE | ACTUAL IMMIGRANT EXPERIENCE | GIFT

PASSENGER SEARCH PROFILE

Name & Gender: Edit
not entered
LENCHITZ
not entered
Year of Arrival: Edit
any year
Ethnicity: Edit
any ethnicity
Age on Arrival: Edit
any age
Port of Departure: Edit
any port
Name of Ship: Edit
any ship
Matching Records:
7

MATCHING PASSENGER RECORDS

NEW SEARCH | LAND SEARCH | ADD SEARCH TO YOUR ELLIS ISLAND FILE

VIEW: Summary Results | Exact Matches Only | Close Matches Only | Alternate Spellings On

Click a name below to view that passenger's record. Click "Edit" in any category in the Passenger Search Profile to refine your search.

‹ previous 25 next 2

Exact Matches (7)

Name of Passenger	Residence	Arrived	Age on Arrival
1.Abraham Lenchitz	Hurl, England	1910	0
2.Bertha Lenchitz	Hurl, England	1910	26
3.Herman Lenchitz	Hurl, England	1910	28
4.Lily Lenchitz	Hurl, England	1910	3
5.Mayer Lenchitz	Hurl, England	1910	21
6.Regina Lenchitz	Hurl, England	1910	17
7.Seul Lenchitz	Hurl, England	1910	1

‹ previous 25 next 2

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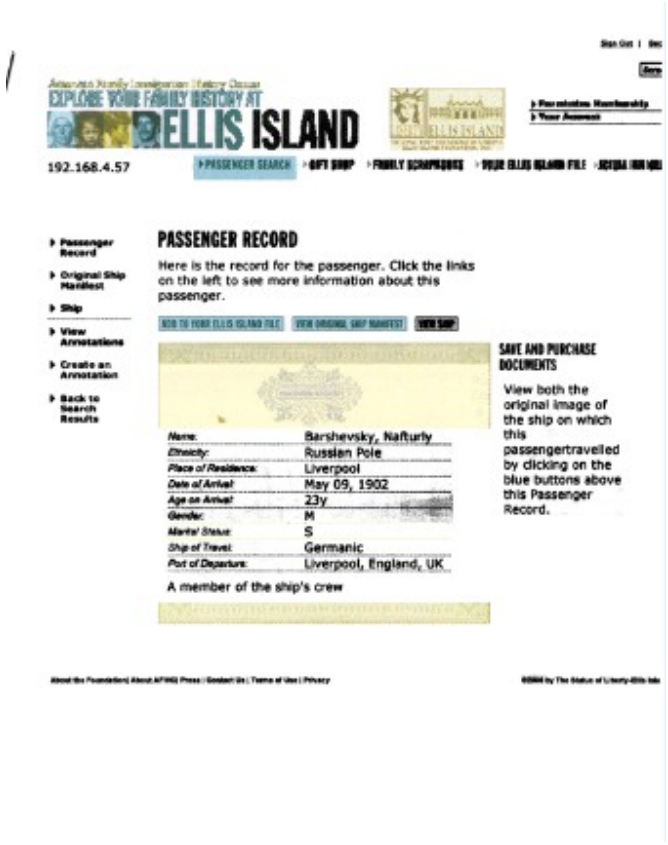
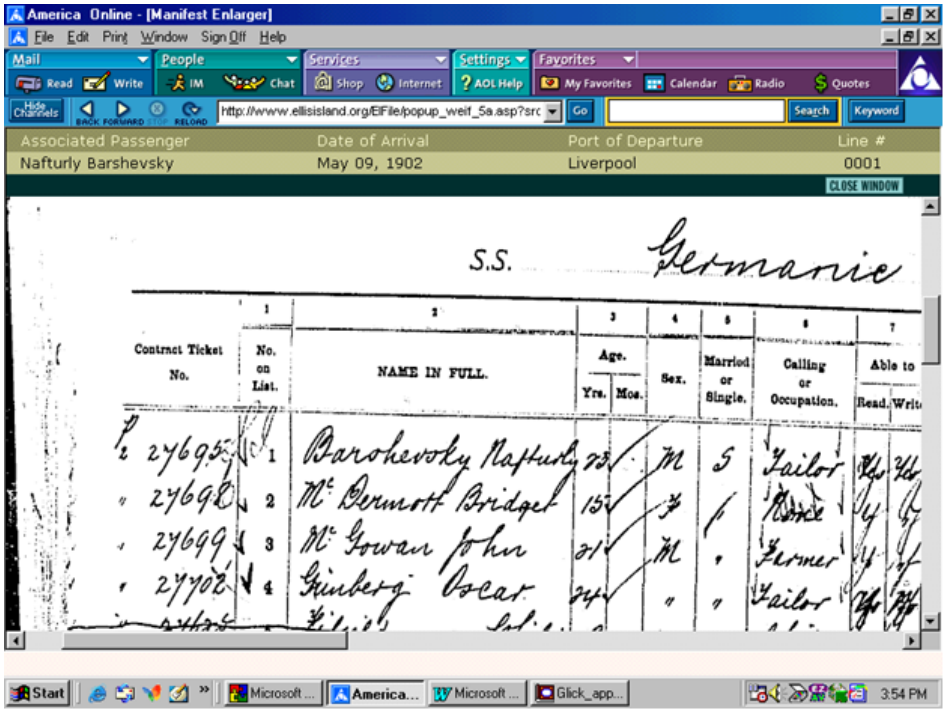
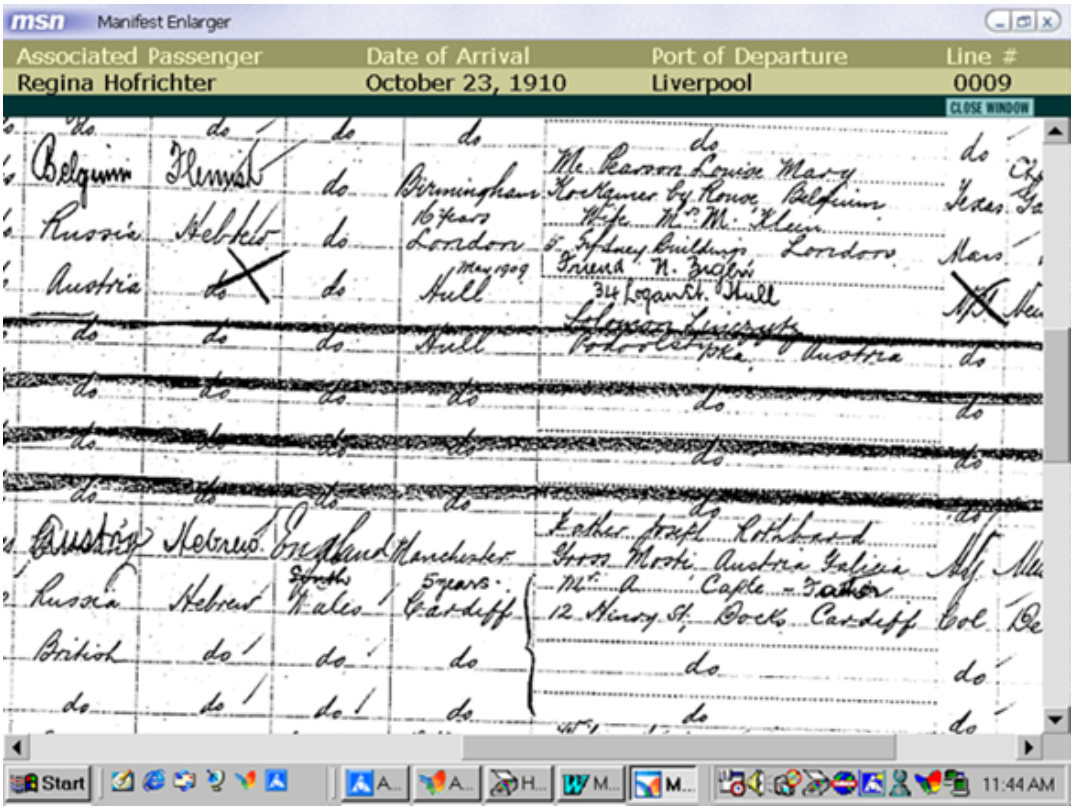
Passenger Record for Lenchitz Family



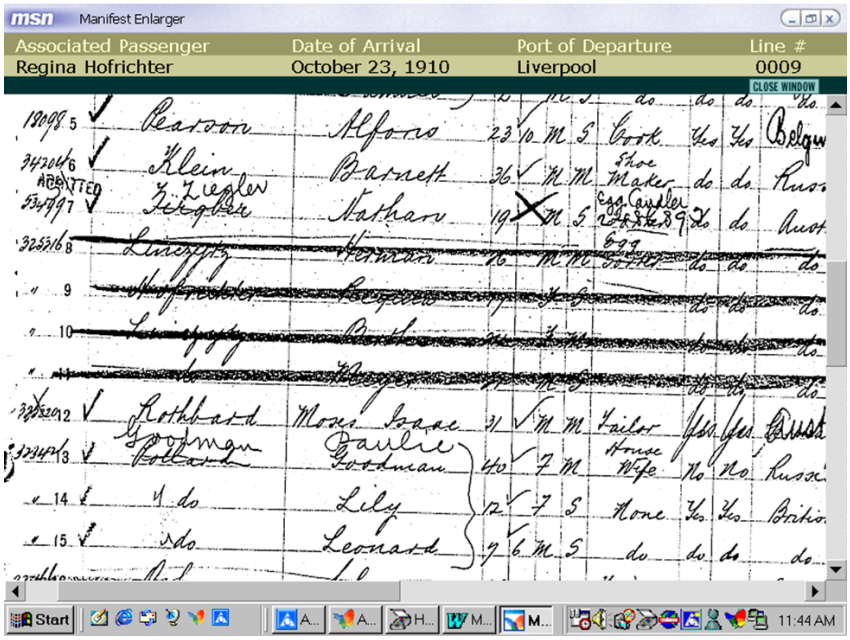
Nathan Glickstein Listed as Nafturly Barshefsky on Passenger List



Manifest Listing for Nafturly Barshefsky (Nathan Glickstein)



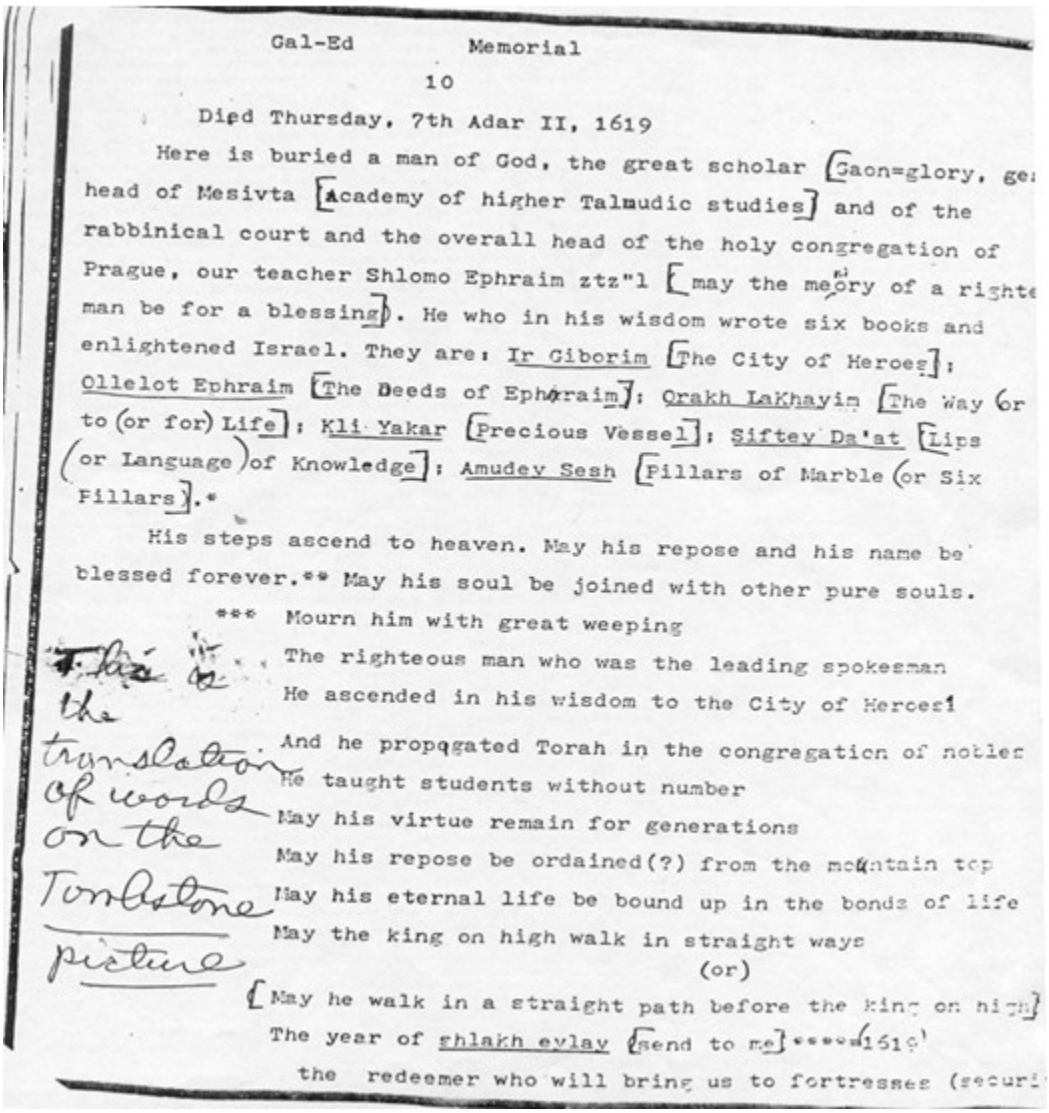
Continuation of manifest papers for Nafturly Barshefsky (Nathan Glickstein)



Tombstone of Shlomo Ephraim ben Aaron Lenchitz, Died 7 th Adar II, 1619

My Aunt Sylvia Lenchitz provided me with the picture of the tombstone of Shlomo Ephraim Lenchitz shown below. Sometime in the 1980's she and Charlie were visiting with their son Bernie. He was a resident in some hospital in Cincinnati, OH. Having some free time they stopped at the library of the Hebrew Union College. She met a librarian who came from Brooklyn, NY and had attended the same high school as Charlie. After a friendly conversation they exchanged names. It was then that she said she knew a descendant of the Lenchitz clan named Peter Lynch. He lived in New Jersey near the George Washington Bridge. When she returned home to New Jersey they called Peter Lynch and visited him at his apartment. The apartment was filled with books all thrown about. Peter was somewhat unusual. Peter Lynch indicated that he had taken the photo of the tombstone of Shlomo Ephraim while he was in Austria and had the inscription translated. He provided Sylvia with the negative and translation of the inscription. Sylvia made copies of the negative and the results are shown below. Appearing a bit eccentric Charlie and Sylvia never spoke with him again. The notes on the next page indicate that Shlomo Ephraim died on the 7th day of Adar, 1619, which corresponds to February 21, 1619. However, when I checked the Hebrew calendar for the year 1619 there is no Adar II.

Tombstone of Shlomo Ephraim ben Aaron Lenchitz, died 7th Adar II, 1619



Gal-Ed Memorial

10

Died Thursday, 7th Adar II, 1619

Here is buried a man of God, the great scholar [Gaon=glory, ge
head of Mesivta [academy of higher Talmudic studies] and of the
rabbinical court and the overall head of the holy congregation of
Prague, our teacher Shlomo Ephraim ztz"l [may the memory of a righte
man be for a blessing]. He who in his wisdom wrote six books and
enlightened Israel. They are: Ir Giborim [The City of Heroes];
Ollelot Ephraim [The Deeds of Ephraim]; Orakh LaKhayim [The Way (or
to (or for) Life]; Kli Yakar [Precious Vessel]; Siftey Da'at [Lips
(or Language) of Knowledge]; Amudey Sesh [Pillars of Marble (or Six
Pillars)].*

His steps ascend to heaven. May his repose and his name be
blessed forever.** May his soul be joined with other pure souls.

*** Mourn him with great weeping
The righteous man who was the leading spokesman
He ascended in his wisdom to the City of Heroes!
And he propagated Torah in the congregation of nobles
He taught students without number
May his virtue remain for generations
May his repose be ordained(?) from the mountain top
May his eternal life be bound up in the bonds of life
May the king on high walk in straight ways
(or)
[May he walk in a straight path before the King on high]
The year of shlakh eylay [send to me] ***** 1619
the redeemer who will bring us to fortresses (securi

This is the translation of words on the Tombstone picture

Translation of inscription of tombstone of Shlomo Ephraim

Appendix I

Introductory Background to the Descendant Trees

The following pages present several *Outline Descendant Trees* beginning with the earliest know member of the tree and continues with all the known individuals from generation to generation. Our families may be a bit difficult to follow and understand. For example: Sender Barshefsky is the first know member of the Barshefsky tree. But is must be noted that my grandfather Nathan Glickstein is introduced into this tree as Nathan Glickstein. That is the name almost "everyone" knew him by. From conversations with him in the mid-1960's he told me that he had brothers and sisters from his "mother's" side and brothers and sisters from his "father's" side. This has led me to believe that his father died and his mother remarried, although that was not specifically said.

To avoid being drafted into the army, he left Rygrod and traveled to England. He remained in England until he was able to acquire funds for a boat ticket to the United States. He specifically said he left immediately after Passover. Subsequently, I found in Ellis Island records that a Nafturly Barshefsky left Liverpool on April 30, 2002. That corresponds to the first day after Passover ends in 2002.

His stepbrother's name was Glickstein. Some of my notes indicate that he may have signed off as a Glickstein sometime after he arrived and kept that name. His older step=brother Simcha Glickstein was already in the US.

Nathan married Celia Blumenstein in about 1907 and my father, Morris (Moses) Glickstein was born in 1908. Celia died in 1914 and Nathan remarried Riva Hofrichter Lenchitz, my mother's aunt. Thus, Riva became my great aunt as well as my grandmother from her second marriage. However, Riva was first married to Meir Lenchitz, my grandfather's brother. Thus, two brothers, Harry and Meir Lenchitz married two sisters Bertha and Riva Hofrichter. Riva had two children with her husband Meir Lenchitz, Sol and Ruby. Nathan and Riva subsequently had two sons, Al and Sol. Thus, 5-brothers Morris, Sol L, Ruby. Al and Sol G. This makes for a complicated Barshefsky/Glickstein/Lenchitz/Hofrichter relationship.

In other Outline Descendant Trees one will find marriages between first cousins. The descendants therefore appear twice, once from each branch

The number shown at in front of each name indicates the generation for each person from the start of the first descendant for that tree.

Outline Descendant Report for Aaron Lenchitz

1 Aaron Lenchitz b: Abt 1525
+ [unknown spouse]
...2 Shlomo Ephraim Lenchitz b: Abt 1550 in Luntschitz, d: Apr 21, 1619 in Prague, Bohemia
+ Zelda
.....3 Tzvi Hirsh Lenchitz b: Abt 1580
+ [unknown spouse]
.....4 Unknown Lenchitz b: Abt 1610
+ [unknown spouse]
.....5 Aaron Lenchitz b: Abt 1640
+ [unknown spouse]
.....6 Yaakov Shmuel Lenchitz b: Abt 1680
+ Baila b: Abt 1680
.....7 Avrahom Yitzchok Lenchitz b: Abt 1725
+ Henia
.....8 Yonah Lenchitz b: Abt 1770
+ [unknown spouse]
.....9 Avrahom Yitzchak Lenchitz b: Abt 1820 in Rimilov Podwoloczska
+ [unknown spouse]
.....10 Shlomo Lenchitz b: Abt 1850
+ Hinda Brucha Pomerantz b: Abt 1860
.....11 Yacov Leib Lenchitz b: Abt 1880
+ Wife1 b: 1880, m: Abt 1900
.....12 Sarah Lenchitz b: Abt 1902, d: 1918
+ Libbe b: 1895, m: Abt 1910, d: Oct 31, 1953
.....11 Moshe Aron Lenchitz b: Abt 1880, d: Abt 1943
+ Sara Rivka Mager b: Abt 1880, d: Abt 1916
.....12 Basya Lenchitz b: Abt 1900
+ Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: Abt 1901 in Rimilov, d: 1986 in Montreal, Canada
.....13 Sarah Kenner b: Abt 1930
+ Michael Rosenberg b: Abt 1925
.....14 Simch Rosenberg b: 1956, d: 1989
.....14 Alan Rosenberg b: 1962
.....13 Sadie Kenner b: Abt 1931, d: 2003
+ Solie Eisenberg d: 2004
.....14 Morrie Eisenberg b: 1960
.....13 David Kenner b: 1933
+ Tzertel Teichner b: 1935
.....14 Miriam Kenner b: 1955
+ Shloima Loewl
.....15 Yissochor Cov Loewl b: 1976
+ Goldy Gross
.....16 Yitzchokyishaya Loewl b: 2001
.....16 Elli Loewl b: 2003
.....16 Chaim Loewl b: 2005
.....15 Yehuda Aryeh Loewl b: 1978
+ Racheli Halperin
.....16 Esther Loewl b: 2001

.....16 Brochoff Loewl b: 2003
.....16 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 2005
.....15 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 1980
+ Chezky Feigenbaum b: 1980
.....16 Yaakov Mordechai Feigenbaum b: 2001
.....16 Benzion Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....16 Chaya Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....16 Aron Yosef Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....16 Reuvain Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....15 Aron Yosef Loewl b: 1984
+ Reena Horowitz b: 1984
.....16 Ahuva Leah Loewl b: 2006
.....15 Avrohom Yitzchok Loewl b: 1990
.....14 Yisroel Maier Kenner b: 1963
+ Keila Sommer b: 1967
.....15 Chana Kenner b: 1988
.....15 Basya Kenner b: 1989
.....15 Boruch Kenner b: 1991
.....15 Etty Chaya Kenner b: 1993
.....15 Yehudis Kenner b: 1994
.....15 Menucha Kenner b: 1997
.....15 Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: 1999
.....15 Tova Kenner b: 2001
.....15 Yissocher Dov Kenner b: 2005
.....15 Rachel Kenner b: Feb 2007
.....14 Shlomo Kenner b: 1965
+ Itta Raizel Mandel b: 1969
.....15 Etya Chaya Kenner b: 1990
.....15 Chana Rochel Kenner b: 1991
.....15 Leah Kenner b: 1993
.....15 Basya Kenner b: 1995
.....15 Feigie Kenner b: 1998
.....15 Miriam Kenner b: 2001
.....14 Esther Rochel Kenner b: 1967
+ Moishe Wolf b: 1960
.....15 Etya Wolf b: 1990
.....15 Reuvain Wolf b: 1993
.....15 Basya Wolf b: 1994
.....15 Blimi Wolf b: 1996
.....15 Miriam Wolf b: 2000
.....15 Yoni Wolf b: 2002
.....15 Yissocher Dov Wolf b: Feb 2007
.....14 Rivka Kenner b: 1972
+ Yehoshua Schwab b: 1970
.....15 Yissocher Dov Schwab b: 1993
.....15 Miriam Schwab b: 1994
.....15 Shimon Schwab b: 1996
.....15 Avrohom Yitzchok Schwab b: 1998
.....15 Basya Schwab b: 2000
.....15 Malka Schwab b: 2003

.....15 Chaya Schwab b: 2006
.....14 Gitty Kenner b: 1976
+ Adam Goldberg b: 1965
.....15 Yehuda Yissochor Dov Goldberg b: 2006
.....13 Penina Kenner b: Abt 1935
+ Anshel Rosenblum b: 1933
.....14 Sandy Rosenblum
+ Eli Moshe Gross
.....15 1 Gross
.....15 2 Gross
.....15 3 Gross
.....15 4 Gross
.....15 5 Gross
.....15 6 Gross
.....15 7 Gross
.....15 8 Gross
.....15 9 Gross
.....15 10 Gross
.....14 Nomi Rosenblum
+ Chaim Akuka
.....15 1 Akuka
.....15 2 Akuka
.....15 3 Akuka
.....15 4 Akuka
.....15 5 Akuka
.....15 6 Akuka
.....15 7 Akuka
.....15 8 Akuka
.....14 Nutti Rosenblum
+ Manya Weingarten
.....15 1 Weingarten b: 1986
.....14 Elli Rosenblum
+ Chaya Weingarten
.....15 1 Rosenblum
.....15 2 Rosenblum
.....15 3 Rosenblum
.....15 4 Rosenblum
.....15 5 Rosenblum
.....15 6 Rosenblum
.....15 7 Rosenblum
.....15 8 Rosenblum
.....14 Chevy Rosenblum
+ Gershon Fordsham
.....15 1 Fordsham
.....15 2 Fordsham
.....15 3 Fordsham
.....15 4 Fordsham
.....13 Malka Kenner b: Abt 1938
+ Arthur Falk
.....14 Cheryl Falk b: 1961

.....14 Larry Falk b: 1965
.....14 Judy Falk b: 1971
.....13 Chanah Kenner b: Abt 1945
+ Sholom Ginsberg b: 1945
.....14 Moishe Aron Ginsberg b: 1972
+ Rivka Litwak
.....15 1 Ginsberg
.....15 2 Ginsberg
.....15 3 Ginsberg
.....15 4 Ginsberg
.....15 5 Ginsberg
.....14 Rivka Ginsberg b: 1974
.....14 Nechama Ginsberg b: 1977
+ Doniel Rosen
.....15 1 Rosen
.....15 2 Rosen
.....15 3 Rosen
.....14 Baila Ginsberg
+ Yaakov Strauss
.....15 1 Strauss
.....15 2 Strauss
.....14 Shea'la Ginsberg
.....12 Feiga Lenchitz b: Abt 1902
.....12 Avrohom Yitzchok Lenchitz b: Abt 1906
.....12 Yochonon Lenchitz b: Abt 1908
.....12 Nuchem Lenchitz b: Abt 1909
.....12 Leib Lenchitz b: Abt 1911
.....11 Harry Lenchitz b: Mar 03, 1881 in Austria; Austria Poland, d: Jun 06, 1945 in Brooklyn NY
+ Bertha Hofrichter b: Abt 1886 in Podwoloczyska, Austria, m: Abt 1902, d: Sep 03, 1958 in Brooklyn, NY
.....12 Esther Lenchitz b: Aug 20, 1907 in Podwoloczyska, Austria, d: Mar 05, 1992 in Old Greenwich, CT 06870
+ Morris Glickstein b: Sep 06, 1908 in 58 Montgomery Street, New York NY, m: Oct 19, 1932 in New York, NY, d: Jun 08, 1997 in Old Greenwich, CT
.....13 Stanley Stuart Glickstein b: Nov 12, 1933 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Joan Katz b: Apr 23, 1934 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jul 12, 1957 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Jun 24, 2015 in Pittsburgh, PA 15236
.....14 Steven Howard Glickstein b: Nov 13, 1960 in Bellefonte, PA
+ Sherri Donna Lerner b: Jul 04, 1963 in Brooklyn, NY, m: May 23, 1991 in Long Island, NY
.....15 Jarred Shane Glickstein b: Apr 08, 1995 in New York City, NY
.....15 Ethan Lyndon Glickstein b: Oct 03, 1998 in New York City, NY
.....14 Barbara Helene Glickstein b: Oct 02, 1962 in Princeton, NJ
+ Seth Barry Sacher b: Oct 12, 1962 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Dec 21, 1991 in Pittsburgh, PA
.....15 Elana Rose Sacher b: Jan 17, 1994 in Fairfax, VA
.....15 Sara Elisabeth Sacher b: Sep 23, 1995 in Fairfax, VA
.....15 Maxwell Nathaniel Sacher b: Jul 14, 1998 in Fairfax, VA

.....14 Karen Sue Glickstein b: Sep 11, 1963 in Princeton, NJ
+ Frederick William Edeson b: Dec 27, 1966 in Washington, DC, m: Apr 11, 1999 in Beth El Congregation, Mt Lebanon, PA
.....15 Jonah Matthew Edeson b: Apr 09, 2000 in Baltimore, MD
.....14 Cathy Ann Glickstein b: Jan 11, 1967 in Pittsburgh, PA, d: Oct 29, 2018
.....13 Cynthia Ruth Glickstein b: Feb 25, 1938 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Arthur Ribak b: Mar 11, 1935 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Dec 24, 1959 in Brooklyn N. Y.
.....14 Pamela Bonnie Ribak b: Nov 22, 1961 in Madrid, Spain
+ Andy Karetsky b: Apr 18, 1966 in New York City, NY, m: Mar 06, 1999 in New York, NY
.....15 Jakob Mori Karetsky b: Jul 08, 2000 in Greenwich, CT
.....15 Rachel Eliana Karetsky b: Feb 27, 2002 in Greenwich, CT
.....15 David Mori Karetsky b: Aug 31, 2004 in Greenwich, CT
.....14 Robin Gale Ribak b: Apr 08, 1969 in Greenwich, CT
.....12 Solomon Lenchitz b: Apr 01, 1909 in Austria, d: May 16, 1985 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Tzippa Yetta Sachs b: Mar 10, 1910 in Kobine, Russia, m: Jan 18, 1932 in Williamsburgh, d: Oct 27, 1998 in New York City, NY
.....13 Chaim Lenchitz b: Jul 25, 1934 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Esther Knoll b: Mar 29, 1939, d: Oct 26, 2010 in Brooklyn NY
.....14 Nason Lenchitz b: 1960, d: 1995
.....14 Bracha Baila Lenchitz b: Mar 07, 1962
+ Israel Aryeh Gradman b: Mar 11, 1956 in Pittsburgh, PA, m: Brooklyn N. Y.
.....15 Shaul Gradman b: Jan 10, 1986
+ Liba Wolpin
.....15 Laya Gradman b: Jun 12, 1988
+ Yosef Shneur Posen
.....15 Yaakov Gradman b: Mar 01, 1990
.....15 Rivka Gradman b: Nov 02, 1991
.....15 Simcha Gradman b: Sep 20, 1993
.....15 Chana Gradman b: Jun 25, 1995
.....15 Miriam Gradman b: Jan 24, 1997
.....15 Yerachmiel Gradman b: Dec 12, 1999
.....15 Tzipa Yetta Gradman b: Feb 19, 2001
.....14 Baruch Joseph Lenchitz b: 1964
.....14 Tova Lenchitz b: Oct 04, 1966 in Brooklyn N. Y.
+ Boruch Mordechai Hirsch b: Sep 08, 1965 in Lakewood, N.J.
.....15 Shaul David Hirsch b: Nov 07, 1988
.....15 Yosef Hirsch b: Dec 13, 1989
.....15 Moshe Hirsch b: Mar 01, 1993
.....15 Rivka Hirsch b: Sep 18, 1994
.....15 Rochel Hirsch b: Jun 09, 1996
.....15 Eliyahu Menachem Hirsch b: Aug 10, 1997
.....15 Shimshon Refael Hirsch b: Dec 06, 1998
.....15 Shlomo Ephraim Hirsch b: Aug 08, 2000
.....15 Tzipora Hirsch b: Apr 27, 2002
.....15 Yehuda Hirsch b: Dec 17, 2003
.....14 Ora Pella Lenchitz b: Dec 03, 1970 in Brooklyn N. Y.
+ Pinchos Menachem Adler b: May 11, 1968 in Brooklyn N. Y., m: Brooklyn N. Y.

.....15 Rivka Adler b: Jan 21, 1992
.....15 Yoel Adler b: Sep 29, 1993
.....15 Shlomo Zalman Adler b: Jul 13, 1995
.....15 Chana Adler b: Jul 04, 1997
.....15 Tzipora Adler b: Aug 09, 1999
.....15 Yakov Adler b: Apr 04, 2001
.....15 Kalman Yehuda Adler b: Feb 10, 2004
.....15 Asher Adler b: Dec 05, 2005
.....15 Rachel Adler b: Dec 14, 2007
.....14 Yeshaya Lenchitz b: Apr 09, 1973
+ Baila Shapiro b: Sep 30, 1977, m: Jul 03, 1997 in Lakewood, N.J.
.....15 Tzipa Lenchitz b: Dec 16, 1998
.....15 Shainfle Lenchitz b: Jan 04, 2000
.....15 Dovid Lenchitz b: Sep 26, 2001
.....15 Kalman Yehuda Lenchitz b: Aug 04, 2003
.....14 Shifra Lenchitz b: Mar 30, 1975
+ Menachem Mordechai Berger b: Aug 04, 1977
.....15 Chana Rivka Berger b: Jan 02, 2001
.....15 Shmuel David Berger b: Aug 02, 2002
.....15 Tzipz Yetta Berger b: Sep 24, 2004
.....14 Sholom Lenchitz b: May 15, 1977
+ Rochel Allison b: Mar 10, 1980
.....15 Brocha Lenchitz b: Apr 03, 2004
.....14 Rivka Lenchitz b: 1981
.....13 Rochelle Lenchitz b: Feb 10, 1938
+ Meyer Hartstein b: May 1935
.....14 Bryna Pesil Hartstein b: Jan 30, 1960
+ Noson Hirschberg b: Jun 02, 1955
.....15 Roisa Hirschberg b: Jul 01, 1981
.....15 Gitty Hirschberg b: Sep 12, 1982
+ Avrohom Krieger m: Feb 16, 2005 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....16 Moshe Krieger b: Dec 02, 2005
.....16 Faigy Krieger b: Jan 23, 2007
.....16 Tzvi Krieger b: Apr 28, 2008 in Lakewood, NJ
.....15 Moshe Hirschberg b: Nov 29, 1983
+ Rassie Ausband b: Apr 11, 1984, m: Jun 28, 2007 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Chaya Faigy Hirschberg b: Mar 14, 1986
+ Yechiel Feigelstock m: Nov 06, 2006 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....16 Baila Feigelstock b: Mar 04, 2008 in Lakewood, NJ
.....15 Yosef Shaul Hirschberg b: Sep 08, 1987
+ Rivka Baila Orlansky m: Jan 07, 2010 in Brooklyn New York
.....15 Rivka Hirschberg b: Jun 11, 1990
+ Chaim Dowek m: Jul 21, 2013 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Esther Hirschberg b: Apr 22, 1992
+ Duvy Kaplan m: Jan 08, 2014 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Yehudis Hirschberg b: Dec 18, 1993
.....15 Bassheva Hirschberg b: Aug 30, 1995
+ Shmuel Hillel Apfel m: Nov 06, 2018 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Pinchas Eliezer Hirschberg b: Aug 08, 1999

.....15 Avraham Yitzchak Hirschberg b: Nov 12, 2001
.....14 Shlomo Ephraim Hartstein b: May 02, 1961
+ Nechama Kushner b: Aug 04, 1966
.....15 Chaya Aidel Hartstein b: Oct 15, 1986
+ Yisroel Benyomin Greenwald m: Dec 21, 2005 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....16 Sarah Greenwald b: Nov 08, 2006
.....16 Zurach Greenwald b: May 30, 2008 in Lakewood, NJ
.....15 Benjamen Moshe Hartstein b: Feb 05, 1988
.....15 Yosef Y. Hartstein b: Dec 23, 1989
.....15 Roisa Hartstein b: Sep 04, 1991
+ Chezky Gottlieb m: Jan 26, 2012 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Dovid Yakov Hartstein b: Jun 21, 1993
.....15 Shaul Hartstein b: Mar 12, 1995
.....15 Avrohom Asher Hartstein b: Jun 15, 1997
.....15 Tzpipa Yetta Hartstein b: Apr 09, 2000
.....15 Boruch Hartstein b: Apr 27, 2003
.....14 Tzvi Menachem Hartstein b: Aug 01, 1962 in USA
+ Revital Yeshua b: Dec 25, 1964 in Cholon, Israel, m: Jun 13, 1990
.....15 Shlomo Hartstein b: Oct 27, 1991 in Israel
.....15 Binjamin Moshe Hartstein b: Dec 28, 1992 in Israel
.....15 Devora Hartstein b: Apr 17, 1994 in Israel
.....15 Bas-Sheva Hartstein b: Oct 04, 1995 in Israel
.....15 Miriam Roisa Hartstein b: Jul 15, 1997 in Israel
.....15 Tzipora Hartstein b: May 13, 1999 in Israel
.....15 Yeshaya Hartstein b: Aug 21, 2001 in Israel
.....15 Yosef Hartstein b: Jun 01, 2003 in Israel
.....15 Chava Naomi Hartstein b: May 18, 2005 in Israel
.....14 Aron Hartstein b: Nov 06, 1963
+ Bas-Sheva Steinberg
.....15 Eliyaja Hartstein b: Feb 06, 1992
.....15 Benjamin M. Hartstein b: Mar 30, 1993
.....15 Faiga Hartstein b: Jun 21, 1994
.....15 Roisa Shoshana Hartstein b: Mar 29, 1996
.....15 Avrohom Yochanah Hartstein b: Jul 12, 1997
.....15 Chaya Miriam Hartstein b: Aug 22, 1998
.....15 Yehuda Aryeh Hartstein b: Oct 20, 2000
.....15 Sara Liba Hartstein b: Jul 18, 2002
.....15 Shaul Hartstein b: Nov 12, 2004
.....14 Roisa Hartstein b: Feb 20, 1965
+ Yitzchok Y. Davis b: Jul 27, 1962
.....15 Gittel Davis b: Apr 12, 1987 in New York City
+ Moshe Goldberg m: May 26, 2009 in Brooklyn New York
.....16 Mordechai Dovid Goldberg b: Mar 23, 2010 in Lakewood, NJ
.....16 Shmuel Zeev Goldberg b: Oct 28, 2012 in Lakewood, NJ
.....16 Tzvi Aryeh Goldberg b: Feb 16, 2015 in Lakewood, N.J.
.....16 Chaim Bentzion Goldberg b: Nov 14, 2017
.....15 Pessil Davis b: Aug 08, 1988
+ Mordehai Pacifici m: May 02, 2010 in Brooklyn New York
.....15 Basya Sarah Davis b: Mar 09, 1990
+ Yehuda Raczkowski m: Feb 02, 2014 in Lakewood, New Jersey

.....15 Bas-Sheva Davis b: Nov 27, 1991
+ Suchi Nass m: Mar 19, 2015 in Brooklyn, NY; Kabolas Ponim
.....15 Shaul Davis b: Nov 21, 1993
+ Ruchama Goldman m: Nov 18, 2016 in Lakewood, N.J.
.....15 Reelah Davis b: Aug 07, 1996
+ Yehidya Raz m: Dec 29, 2019 in Teferes Mordechai 600 McDonald Ave. Brooklyn, New York
.....15 Tzipa Yetta Davis b: May 22, 1999
.....14 Chaya Ita Hartstein b: Jul 31, 1966
+ Yaakov Betzalel Shore b: Jun 05, 1964, m: Mar 09, 1989 in Brooklyn, NY
.....15 Shaul Shore b: Apr 03, 1990
+ Chana Bresler m: Feb 17, 2014 in Brooklyn , NY
.....15 Yocheved Shore b: Apr 03, 1990
+ Meir Rosenblum m: Mar 10, 2016 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Roisa Shore b: Sep 16, 1991
+ Chaim Bluth m: Nov 05, 2013 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Mordechai Shore b: Mar 10, 1993
+ Yehudis m: Aug 31, 2016 in Ateres Reva Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Bas-Sheva Shore b: Nov 12, 1994
.....15 Tzvi Shore b: May 10, 1996
.....15 Yisrael Avrohom Shore b: Feb 13, 1998
.....15 Tzipa Yetta Shore b: Dec 29, 1999
.....15 Elka Shore b: Sep 22, 2001
.....15 Moshe Shore b: Jun 02, 2003
.....14 Rivka Yehudis Hartstein b: Apr 12, 1968
+ Mordechai Yosef Block b: Jul 27, 1967
.....15 Shaul Aron Block b: Dec 24, 1993
+ Saralah Bursztyn m: Aug 27, 2018 in Ateres Chana Lakewood NJ
.....15 Chaya Faigy Block b: Jan 09, 1995
.....15 Avrohom Dovid Block b: Mar 08, 1996
.....15 Benjamin Shlomo Block b: Nov 18, 1997
.....15 Yakov Menachem Block b: Jul 29, 1999
.....15 Tzipora Yetta Block b: Aug 06, 2001
.....15 Sara Hindel Block b: May 14, 2003
.....15 Esther Malka Block
.....15 Tzeita Mirium Block
.....15 Eliyahu Moshe Block
.....13 David Shlomo Lenchitz b: Apr 19, 1942, d: Sep 13, 2017
+ Rifka Lichter b: Jul 06, 1948, d: Mar 06, 2014
.....14 Naphtali Hertzel Lenchitz b: Jun 28, 1970
.....14 Binyamin Moshe Tzvi Lenchitz b: Sep 12, 1971
+ Sara Raizy b: Jun 28, 1974
.....15 Avrahom Lenchitz b: Dec 31, 1998
.....15 Toba Zelma Lenchitz b: Oct 27, 2000
.....15 Bracha Miriam Lenchitz b: Mar 11, 2003
.....14 Yehudah Lenchitz b: May 12, 1973
+ Chaya Tzirel Gross b: Feb 07, 1978
.....15 Tzippa Yetta Lenchitz b: Oct 27, 1998
.....15 Esther Malka Lenchitz b: Jan 22, 2001
.....15 Moshe Lenchitz b: Nov 25, 2002

.....15 Shaul Lenchitz b: Apr 01, 2006
.....15 Haddassa Mirium Lenchitz b: Mar 11, 2009
.....14 Ephraim Lenchitz b: May 23, 1975
+ Chaya Hinda Greenwald b: Nov 05, 1979
.....15 Zorach Lenchitz b: Oct 21, 2002
.....15 Shaul Lenchitz b: Oct 15, 2004
.....15 Avraham Lenchitz b: Sep 29, 2006
.....14 Aharon Lenchitz b: Feb 02, 1977
+ Nechama Furst b: Aug 03, 1983, m: Oct 29, 2003 in Lakewood, NJ
.....15 Chaim Yosef Lenchitz b: May 18, 2009
.....14 Miriam Sora Lenchitz b: Apr 20, 1978
+ Akiva Tzvi Richter b: May 17, 1977, m: Jun 24, 2001 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Avraham Richter b: May 10, 2002
.....14 Rus Lenchitz b: Jun 04, 1979
+ Avroham David Zelasko b: May 01, 1978, m: Mar 14, 2002 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Yosef Shaul Zelasko b: Jun 13, 2003
.....15 Dhoshan Glda Zelasko b: Nov 05, 2004
.....14 Rochel Lenchitz b: Sep 03, 1980
+ Yehuda Zvi Pavlov m: Aug 22, 2005 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Shaul Pavlov b: 2006
.....14 Chana Lenchitz b: Dec 16, 1981
+ Chaim Dovid Shichtman m: Feb 03, 2019 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....14 Boroch Yosef Lenchitz b: Jun 18, 1984
+ Chana Rochel Friedman m: Oct 28, 2007 in Monsey, New York
.....14 Naomi Bat Sheva Lenchitz b: Oct 04, 1985
.....14 Shaul Shneur Lenchitz b: Jun 22, 1987
+ Tziporah Notowcih m: Aug 04, 2009 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....13 Zviah Lenchitz b: May 02, 1948 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
+ Ephraim Greenberg
.....14 Avraham Greenberg
+ Naomi Harris
.....15 Yehuda Shmuel Yitzchak Greenberg
.....15 Shaul Nissim Greenberg
.....15 Rochel Sara Greenberg
.....15 Elisheva Chaya Elka Greenberg
.....15 Tamar Devorah Greenberg
.....15 Chasida Mirium Greenberg
.....14 Yaacov Leib Greenberg
+ Ilana Tsippora Meyers
.....15 Shmuel Nosson Greenberg
.....15 Nachum Aharon Greenberg
.....15 Yisrael Meir Greenberg
.....15 Yona Dovid Greenberg
.....15 Baruch Yosef Greenberg
.....15 Leah Rina Greenberg
.....15 Tova Pesya Greenberg
.....14 Ben Tzion Nachum Greenberg
+ Ashira Feigel Weiner

.....15 Shoshsan Rochel Greenberg
.....15 Yehudit Frimet Greenberg
.....15 Malka Greenberg
.....15 Esther Ettel Greenberg
.....15 Yael Tehilla Greenberg
.....15 Avraham Greenberg
.....15 Shmuel Greenberg
.....14 Akiva Yosef Greenberg
+ Chaya Rivka Berenholtz
.....15 Shira Greenberg
.....15 Tzvi Greenberg
.....15 Shmuel Greenberg
.....15 Elisheva Greenberg
.....14 Gitel Rivka Greenberg
+ Sinai Yakovbian
.....15 Chaim Greenberg
.....15 Malka Greenberg
.....15 Adina Greenberg
.....15 Chaim Greenberg
.....14 Sara Devorah Greenberg
+ Dov Yitzchak Spiegel
.....15 Temima Bracha Speigel
.....15 Tzippora Speigel
.....15 Elchana Temima Bracha Speigel
.....15 Tzippora Speigel
.....15 Elchana Yehuda Speigel
.....15 Avraham Speigel
.....14 Yisrael Yitzcha Greenberg
+ Chana Devorah Feiner
.....15 Yair Shmuel Greenberg
.....15 Yehuda Aryeh Greenberg
.....15 Rivka Greenberg
.....14 Shaul Greenberg
+ Frimed Seidor
.....15 Chana Hadas Greenberg
.....12 Ruben Lenchitz b: May 18, 1910 in England, d: May 03, 1982 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Miriam Einhorn b: Jun 07, 1916 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Mar 13, 1937, d: Jul 04, 2013 in Brooklyn New York
.....13 Kenneth Martin Lenchitz b: May 10, 1938 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Vivian Iris Preiss b: Jan 14, 1941 in New York, NY, m: Dec 28, 1964 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Nov 19, 2019
.....14 Edward Michael Lenchitz b: Aug 27, 1966
.....14 Lisa Beth Lenchitz b: May 19, 1968
+ Joseph P. Hough b: Jul 08, 1968, m: Oct 08, 1995
.....15 Jacob Ryan Hough b: Jun 06, 1996
.....15 Nicholas Joseph Hough b: Nov 23, 1999
.....15 Sarah Hough b: Mar 05, 2004
.....14 Heather Sue Lenchitz b: Dec 20, 1972
+ Patrick Sullivan b: Nov 22, 1973, m: Jun 19, 1991 ; Divorced
.....15 Nathaniel Ray Sullivan b: Mar 30, 2001

.....15 Mathew Sean Sullivan b: Apr 30, 2003
.....15 Benjamin Robert Sullivan b: Jul 03, 2005
.....15 Rachel Grace Sullivan b: Dec 23, 2008
+ Joshua Ian Penn b: Aug 31, 1976 in Bronx, N.Y., m: May 26, 2019
.....14 Jill Ilana Lenchitz b: Jun 15, 1977
+ Justin C. Baker b: May 19, 1974, m: Jun 30, 2001 ; Divorced
.....15 Carly Elizabeth Baker b: Oct 07, 2004
.....13 Eileen Lenchitz b: May 27, 1941 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Leon Zonin
.....14 Evan Kieth Zonin b: Apr 04, 1969 in Brooklyn, NY
.....14 Barbara Joy Zonin b: May 31, 1972 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Daniel Guzman m: Aug 09, 2009 in New York
.....15 Joshua Guzman b: May 12, 2012
.....15 Valarie Guzman b: May 25, 2014
.....13 Helen Sue Lenchitz b: Oct 02, 1945 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Barry Dermake b: Apr 20, 1931 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jan 11, 1970, d: Jul 26, 1987 in Brooklyn, NY
.....14 Elizabeth Dermake b: Apr 26, 1973
+ Robert Secondino b: Feb 05, 1973, m: Aug 30, 1998 in Long Island, New York
.....15 Bari Rose Secondino b: Jan 27, 2002
.....15 Alexa Paige Secondino b: Mar 24, 2004
.....14 Scott Dermake b: Jul 12, 1974
+ Connie Marie Difazio b: Oct 05, 1973, m: Oct 10, 2004 in Brooklyn, NY
.....12 Bernice Lenchitz b: Oct 04, 1915 in New York City, d: Jul 24, 1995 in Brooklyn NY
+ Julie Brooks b: Aug 24, 1912, d: Feb 10, 1973 in Brooklyn NY
.....13 Jason Brooks b: Feb 13, 1947
+ Sharon Rose b: May 18, 1948
.....14 Jessica Brooks b: Mar 24, 1974
+ Joe Holman b: Jul 21, 1963 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, m: Jan 29, 2011 in New York, NY
.....15 Benjamin Axel Holman b: Aug 03, 2014 in New York City, NY; 7 lb 12 oz, 20.5 inches
.....14 Marc Brooks b: Oct 05, 1976
+ Gillien Le Boss b: Nov 05, 1975, m: Oct 05, 2002 in Newark, NJ
.....15 Sophia Rose Brooks Brooks b: Oct 10, 2006 in Freehold, NJ
.....15 Mason Cole Brooks b: Jul 07, 2010 in Freehold, NJ
.....12 Charles Lenchitz b: Mar 20, 1918 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Feb 06, 2014 in Rockaway, NJ
+ Sylvia Yaker b: Jan 29, 1929 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jun 12, 1949 in Brooklyn New York
.....13 Harry Lenchitz b: Mar 20, 1951 in Jacksonville, NC
.....13 Barbara Lenchitz b: Apr 02, 1954 in Dover, NJ
+ Larry Granov Gottesman b: Apr 06, 1954 in Morristown, NJ, m: Dec 28, 1975 in Livingston, NJ
.....14 Eve Michelle Gottesman b: Aug 28, 1987
.....14 Daniel Ezra Gottesman b: Dec 29, 1993
.....13 Norman J. Lenchitz b: Feb 01, 1958 in Dover, NJ

+ Teresita Cruz Atienza b: Aug 27, 1953 in Hagonoy, Bulacan Province, Philippines, m: Jul 11, 1992 in 709 Crow Pond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ

.....14 Eva Nicole Lenchitz b: Oct 19, 1997

.....13 Bernard Lenchitz b: Dec 30, 1958 in Dover, NJ

+ Marlene Ann Ostrow b: Apr 24, 1959 in Newark, NJ, m: Oct 18, 1987 in Rockaway, NJ

.....14 Jordon Ira Lenchitz b: May 30, 1996 in Cincinatti, OH

.....14 Rena Mollie Lenchitz b: Jul 22, 2001 in Cincinatti, OH

.....12 Caroline Lenchitz b: Nov 11, 1923 in 531 Dumont Ave. Brooklyn, NY, d: May 12, 2006 in Brooklyn, NY

+ Irving Frankel b: Jul 15, 1919 in Lemverg, Poland, m: Jun 06, 1943 in Gluckstern,s Manhattan NY, d: Apr 29, 2005 in Brooklyn, N. Y.

.....13 Harriet Frankel b: Jul 16, 1946 in Brooklyn, NY

+ Barry Allan Waldbaum b: Mar 19, 1939 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jul 19, 1964 in Brooklyn, NY

.....14 Brian Russ Waldbaum b: Dec 26, 1969 in Syoset, NY

+ Linda Sartori b: Aug 28, 1971 in Elmira, New York Arnot Ogden Hospital, m: Jul 10, 1999 in Elmira NY

.....15 Katherina Rose Waldbaum b: Jun 14, 2003 in Long Island, NY

.....14 Cara Heather Waldbaum b: Nov 21, 1974 in Smithtown, LI NY

.....13 Diane Adrienne Frankel b: Feb 23, 1951 in Brooklyn, NY

+ Mitchellted Silver b: Jul 05, 1948 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Aug 08, 1971 in New York, NY

.....14 Mandy Silver b: Sep 09, 1985 in Ft. Worth Texas

+ Mark Kleine m: Dec 09, 2017 in Jonestown, Texas

.....14 Ashley Silver b: Sep 09, 1985 in Ft. Worth Texas

.....14 Mark Jeffrey Silver b: Sep 09, 1985 in Ft. Worth Texas

+ Nicole Eleza Schwartz m: Oct 08, 2016 in Blue Hill at Stone Barns; Pocatanco Hills, New York

.....12 Florence Lenchitz b: Jun 17, 1928 in Brooklyn NY

+ Herman Glick b: Mar 10, 1927 in Brooklyn NY, d: Jul 12, 1974 in Brooklyn, NY

.....13 Harry Glick b: Jul 02, 1949 in Brooklyn, NY

+ Rochelle Lerner b: May 26, 1949, m: Dec 18, 1971 in New York, NY

.....14 Heath Landon Glick b: Sep 15, 1979

+ Lisa Beth Hirsch m: Aug 02, 2009 in Melville, New York

.....15 Erica Maryn Glick b: Jan 05, 2017

.....15 Liana Allison Glick b: Jan 05, 2017

.....15 Arielle Glick

.....14 Brett Jillian Glick b: Dec 10, 1982

+ Adam Stein b: Dec 06, 1983, m: May 24, 2014 in Long Island, New York

.....15 Eden Maya Stein b: Feb 28, 2018 in New York, NY

.....13 Mark Glick b: Oct 30, 1951 in Brooklyn N. Y.

+ Mary Drucker b: Jun 21, 1951 in Cambridge, MA, m: Sep 01, 1973 in Boston MA

.....14 Hermie Glick b: Jun 21, 1979 in New York City

.....14 Jason Glick b: Sep 20, 1982 in New York City

+ Willam Savinoff

.....11 Chanah Lenchitz b: Abt 1886

+ Chaim Litwak Ludwig b: Abt 1880
.....12 Abraham Ludwig b: 1910
+ Sarah Mager b: 1915
.....13 Hinda Ludwig b: 1939
+ Marvin Finston
.....14 Beth Finston
+ Steve Lazar
.....15 Ilysa Lazur
.....15 Nicole Lazur
.....14 H. Richard Finston
.....14 Robert Finston
.....13 Gilbert Ludwig b: 1942
+ Ellen
.....14 Erick Ludwig
.....14 Andrea Ludwick
.....13 Norma Ludwig b: 1944, d: Aug 27, 2006 in Florida
+ Allen Dubbrin
.....14 Lisa Dubbrin
+ Derick Pitcher
.....15 Jared Moriah
.....14 Shari Dubbrin
+ Marty Gottlieb
.....14 Benjamin Dubbrin
+ Cheryl
.....15 Sarah Meira Dubbrin b: May 20, 2009 in Florida
.....15 Mathew Dubbrin
.....13 Jonathon Ludwig b: 1955
.....11 Basha Lenchitz b: Abt 1888
+ Israel Mager
.....12 Reuben Mager b: 1912 in Europe, d: 1988
+ Bertha Mager
.....13 Michael Mager
.....13 Marsha Mager
.....12 Sarah Mager b: 1915
+ Abraham Ludwig b: 1910
.....13 Hinda Ludwig b: 1939
+ Marvin Finston
.....14 Beth Finston
+ Steve Lazar
.....15 Ilysa Lazur
.....15 Nicole Lazur
.....14 H. Richard Finston
.....14 Robert Finston
.....13 Gilbert Ludwig b: 1942
+ Ellen
.....14 Erick Ludwig
.....14 Andrea Ludwick
.....13 Norma Ludwig b: 1944, d: Aug 27, 2006 in Florida
+ Allen Dubbrin
.....14 Lisa Dubbrin

+ Derick Pitcher
.....15 Jared Moriah
.....14 Shari Dubbrin
+ Marty Gottlieb
.....14 Benjamin Dubbrin
+ Cheryl
.....15 Sarah Meira Dubbrin b: May 20, 2009 in Florida
.....15 Mathew Dubbrin
.....13 Jonathon Ludwig b: 1955
.....12 Meyer Mager b: 1917, d: 1944
.....12 Juliusyochonon Mager b: 1918, d: Feb 1945
.....12 Abraham Mager b: 1920
+ Stella
.....13 Gary Mager
.....13 Phyliss Mager
.....12 Pauline Mager b: 1922
+ Paul Goldband
.....13 William Goldband
+ Beth
.....14 Jason Goldband
+ Vivian
.....14 Cory Goldband
.....14 Ryan Goldband
.....13 Helen Goldband
+ Michael Abrahamson
.....14 Ilana Abrahamson
.....14 Sasha Abrahamson
.....13 Martin Goldband
+ Betty
.....14 Eric Goldband
.....14 Craig Goldband
.....12 Samuel Mager b: 1927
+ Beverly
.....11 Meir Lenchitz b: Abt 1890, d: Sep 1918 in New York, NY
+ Riva Hofrichter b: Sep 26, 1890 in Podwoloczyska, Austria, m: Feb 14, 1914 in USA, d: Dec 06, 1967 in Brooklyn, NY
.....12 Ruby Linchitz b: Aug 04, 1916, d: Jul 12, 1998
+ Pearl Singer b: Mar 17, 1922, m: Nov 23, 1941, d: Oct 23, 2019
.....13 Marsha Linchitz b: Nov 27, 1942 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
+ Leonard Townsend m: Dec 14, 2001
+ Alvin Moss b: Jul 11, 1938 in Brooklyn, N. Y., m: Dec 31, 1961 in Brooklyn New York
.....14 Jill Moss b: Jan 07, 1965
+ Elie Mellul m: Abt 1996, d: Abt 1998
.....15 Harrison Mellul b: Oct 05, 1996
+ Andrew Schwartz m: May 20, 2000
.....15 Maxwell Schwartz b: Jul 28, 2004
.....14 Randi Moss b: Nov 22, 1968
+ Richard Lambert m: May 1994
.....15 Ava Lambert b: Dec 31, 1997

.....15 Lexie Lambert b: Oct 2000
.....13 Joel Linchitz b: Nov 30, 1948
+ Lucy Lasky b: Sep 26, 1942
.....12 Saul Linchitz b: Aug 19, 1918 in 444 Williams Ave. Brooklyn, NY, d: Dec 24, 2018 in Westbury, NY
+ Mabel Cohen b: Sep 01, 1923 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jan 11, 1942, d: Nov 18, 2001 in Westbury, NY
.....13 Richard Linchitz b: Mar 29, 1947, d: May 13, 2013
+ Rita Calao b: May 23, 1947
.....14 Elise Linchitz b: Nov 04, 1977
+ Ned Spang
.....15 Jonah Spang b: Mar 27, 2008
.....15 Lucy Spang b: Abt 2010
.....14 Michael Benjamin Linchitz b: Sep 30, 1980
+ Christin Shaw Dirkes m: Jun 13, 2009 in Locust Valley, New York
.....15 Charles Linchitz b: Abt Dec 2013
.....14 Jonathan Linchitz b: Mar 16, 1982
.....13 Carol Linchitz b: Mar 04, 1950 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Arthur Rosenfeld b: Dec 27, 1949 in Manhattan, NY, m: Jul 15, 1972 in Mineola, NY
.....14 Benjamin Rosenfeld b: May 02, 1976
.....14 David Ari Rosenfeld b: May 21, 1979
+ Stacey Borders b: May 18, 1988, m: Mar 09, 2019
.....15 Brooks Ari Rosenfeld b: Apr 02, 2020
.....14 Jonathan Ranan Rosenfeld b: Dec 16, 1981
.....13 Lynne Andrea Linchitz b: Jul 16, 1955
+ Tom Lecher
.....14 Martin Bruce Lecher b: Apr 16, 1991
.....10 Chaya Freyda Lenchitz b: Abt 1850
+ Gedalyah Mager b: 1850
.....11 Sara Rivka Mager b: Abt 1880, d: Abt 1916
+ Moshe Aron Lenchitz b: Abt 1880, d: Abt 1943
.....12 Basya Lenchitz b: Abt 1900
+ Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: Abt 1901 in Rimilov, d: 1986 in Montreal, Canada
.....13 Sarah Kenner b: Abt 1930
+ Michael Rosenberg b: Abt 1925
.....14 Simch Rosenberg b: 1956, d: 1989
.....14 Alan Rosenberg b: 1962
.....13 Sadie Kenner b: Abt 1931, d: 2003
+ Solie Eisenberg d: 2004
.....14 Morrie Eisenberg b: 1960
.....13 David Kenner b: 1933
+ Tzertel Teichner b: 1935
.....14 Miriam Kenner b: 1955
+ Shloima Loewl
.....15 Yissochor Cov Loewl b: 1976
+ Goldy Gross
.....16 Yitzchokyishaya Loewl b: 2001
.....16 Elli Loewl b: 2003

.....16 Chaim Loewl b: 2005
.....15 Yehuda Aryeh Loewl b: 1978
+ Racheli Halperin
.....16 Esther Loewl b: 2001
.....16 Brochoff Loewl b: 2003
.....16 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 2005
.....15 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 1980
+ Chezky Feigenbaum b: 1980
.....16 Yaakov Mordechai Feigenbaum b: 2001
.....16 Benzion Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....16 Chaya Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....16 Aron Yosef Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....16 Reuvain Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....15 Aron Yosef Loewl b: 1984
+ Reena Horowitz b: 1984
.....16 Ahuva Leah Loewl b: 2006
.....15 Avrohom Yitzchok Loewl b: 1990
.....14 Yisroel Maier Kenner b: 1963
+ Keila Sommer b: 1967
.....15 Chana Kenner b: 1988
.....15 Basya Kenner b: 1989
.....15 Boruch Kenner b: 1991
.....15 Etty Chaya Kenner b: 1993
.....15 Yehudis Kenner b: 1994
.....15 Menucha Kenner b: 1997
.....15 Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: 1999
.....15 Tova Kenner b: 2001
.....15 Yissocher Dov Kenner b: 2005
.....15 Rachel Kenner b: Feb 2007
.....14 Shlomo Kenner b: 1965
+ Itta Raizel Mandel b: 1969
.....15 Etya Chaya Kenner b: 1990
.....15 Chana Rochel Kenner b: 1991
.....15 Leah Kenner b: 1993
.....15 Basya Kenner b: 1995
.....15 Feigie Kenner b: 1998
.....15 Miriam Kenner b: 2001
.....14 Esther Rochel Kenner b: 1967
+ Moishe Wolf b: 1960
.....15 Etya Wolf b: 1990
.....15 Reuvain Wolf b: 1993
.....15 Basya Wolf b: 1994
.....15 Blimi Wolf b: 1996
.....15 Miriam Wolf b: 2000
.....15 Yoni Wolf b: 2002
.....15 Yissocher Dov Wolf b: Feb 2007
.....14 Rivka Kenner b: 1972
+ Yehoshua Schwab b: 1970
.....15 Yissocher Dov Schwab b: 1993
.....15 Miriam Schwab b: 1994

.....15 Shimon Schwab b: 1996
.....15 Avrohom Yitzchok Schwab b: 1998
.....15 Basya Schwab b: 2000
.....15 Malka Schwab b: 2003
.....15 Chaya Schwab b: 2006
.....14 Gitty Kenner b: 1976
+ Adam Goldberg b: 1965
.....15 Yehuda Yissochor Dov Goldberg b: 2006
.....13 Penina Kenner b: Abt 1935
+ Anshel Rosenblum b: 1933
.....14 Sandy Rosenblum
+ Eli Moshe Gross
.....15 1 Gross
.....15 2 Gross
.....15 3 Gross
.....15 4 Gross
.....15 5 Gross
.....15 6 Gross
.....15 7 Gross
.....15 8 Gross
.....15 9 Gross
.....15 10 Gross
.....14 Nomi Rosenblum
+ Chaim Akuka
.....15 1 Akuka
.....15 2 Akuka
.....15 3 Akuka
.....15 4 Akuka
.....15 5 Akuka
.....15 6 Akuka
.....15 7 Akuka
.....15 8 Akuka
.....14 Nutti Rosenblum
+ Manya Weingarten
.....15 1 Weingarten b: 1986
.....14 Elli Rosenblum
+ Chaya Weingarten
.....15 1 Rosenblum
.....15 2 Rosenblum
.....15 3 Rosenblum
.....15 4 Rosenblum
.....15 5 Rosenblum
.....15 6 Rosenblum
.....15 7 Rosenblum
.....15 8 Rosenblum
.....14 Chevy Rosenblum
+ Gershon Fordsham
.....15 1 Fordsham
.....15 2 Fordsham
.....15 3 Fordsham

.....15 4 Fordsham
.....13 Malka Kenner b: Abt 1938
+ Arthur Falk
.....14 Cheryl Falk b: 1961
.....14 Larry Falk b: 1965
.....14 Judy Falk b: 1971
.....13 Chanah Kenner b: Abt 1945
+ Sholom Ginsberg b: 1945
.....14 Moishe Aron Ginsberg b: 1972
+ Rivka Litwak
.....15 1 Ginsberg
.....15 2 Ginsberg
.....15 3 Ginsberg
.....15 4 Ginsberg
.....15 5 Ginsberg
.....14 Rivka Ginsberg b: 1974
.....14 Nechama Ginsberg b: 1977
+ Doniel Rosen
.....15 1 Rosen
.....15 2 Rosen
.....15 3 Rosen
.....14 Baila Ginsberg
+ Yaakov Strauss
.....15 1 Strauss
.....15 2 Strauss
.....14 Shea'la Ginsberg
.....12 Feiga Lenchitz b: Abt 1902
.....12 Avrohom Yitzchok Lenchitz b: Abt 1906
.....12 Yochonon Lenchitz b: Abt 1908
.....12 Nuchem Lenchitz b: Abt 1909
.....12 Leib Lenchitz b: Abt 1911
.....11 Israel Mager
+ Basha Lenchitz b: Abt 1888
.....12 Reuben Mager b: 1912 in Europe, d: 1988
+ Bertha Mager
.....13 Michael Mager
.....13 Marsha Mager
.....12 Sarah Mager b: 1915
+ Abraham Ludwig b: 1910
.....13 Hinda Ludwig b: 1939
+ Marvin Finston
.....14 Beth Finston
+ Steve Lazar
.....15 Ilysa Lazur
.....15 Nicole Lazur
.....14 H. Richard Finston
.....14 Robert Finston
.....13 Gilbert Ludwig b: 1942
+ Ellen
.....14 Erick Ludwig

.....14 Andrea Ludwick
.....13 Norma Ludwig b: 1944, d: Aug 27, 2006 in Florida
+ Allen Dubbrin
.....14 Lisa Dubbrin
+ Derick Pitcher
.....15 Jared Moriah
.....14 Shari Dubbrin
+ Marty Gottlieb
.....14 Benjamin Dubbrin
+ Cheryl
.....15 Sarah Meira Dubbrin b: May 20, 2009 in Florida
.....15 Mathew Dubbrin
.....13 Jonathon Ludwig b: 1955
.....12 Meyer Mager b: 1917, d: 1944
.....12 Juliusyochonon Mager b: 1918, d: Feb 1945
.....12 Abraham Mager b: 1920
+ Stella
.....13 Gary Mager
.....13 Phyliss Mager
.....12 Pauline Mager b: 1922
+ Paul Goldband
.....13 William Goldband
+ Beth
.....14 Jason Goldband
+ Vivian
.....14 Cory Goldband
.....14 Ryan Goldband
.....13 Helen Goldband
+ Michael Abrahamson
.....14 Ilana Abrahamson
.....14 Sasha Abrahamson
.....13 Martin Goldband
+ Betty
.....14 Eric Goldband
.....14 Craig Goldband
.....12 Samuel Mager b: 1927
+ Beverly
.....11 Morris Lenchitz Mager
+ Adele
.....12 Sidney Mager
.....12 Clare Mager
.....12 Gerald Mager
.....11 Marcus Mager
.....10 Tzertel Lenchitz b: Abt 1850 in Rimilov
+ David Kanner b: 1852 in Lyubar, Ukraine, d: 1931
.....11 Etya Chaya Kanner b: 1896 in Rimilov, d: Monsey, NY
+ Yissocher Dov Teichner b: 1890
.....12 Henna Teichner b: 1924, d: 1978
+ Gedalia Felder b: 1922, d: 1992
.....13 Aron Felder b: 1944

+ Ruth Adler b: 1948
.....14 Elisheva Felder
+ Naptali Rosenhan
.....15 1Rosenhan
.....15 2Rosenhan
.....15 3Rosenhan
.....15 4Rosenhan
.....15 5Rosenhan
.....14 Tzippora Leah Felder
+ Sholom Weil
.....15 1Weil
.....15 2Weil
.....15 3Weil
.....15 4Weil
.....15 5Weil
.....14 Hadasssah Felder
+ Shmuel Sperling
.....15 1Sperling
.....15 2Sperling
.....15 3Sperling
.....15 4Sperling
.....14 Yissochor Dov Felder
+ Rivky Bergstein
.....15 1Felder
.....15 2Felder
.....14 Sori Felder
+ Avi Bernstein
.....15 1Bernstein
.....15 2Bernstein
.....14 ChanaFelder
+ Elchonon Engel
.....15 1 Engel
.....14 Brochi Felder
+ Zin
.....14 Eli Felder
.....14 Nechoma Felder
.....14 Shira Felder
.....13 Yosef Felder b: 1945
+ Chanita Ethrman b: 1952
.....14 Tzvi Felder
+ Rivky Ettlinger
.....15 1Ettlinger
.....15 2Ettlinger
.....15 3Ettlinger
.....15 4Ettlinger
.....14 LeahFelder
+ Shlomo Rosenblum
.....15 1Rosenblum
.....15 2Rosenblum
.....15 3Rosenblum

.....15 4Rosenblum
.....14 Yissocher Felder
+ Rivka Rochel Greenbaum
.....15 1 Felder
.....14 Henny Felder
+ Avrochom Bondi
.....14 Yechezkel Felder
.....14 Chaim Felder
.....14 Yaakov Felder
.....13 Esther Felder b: 1959
+ Aryeh Ross
.....13 Rochel Felder b: 1959, d: 1998
.....13 Yaakov Felder b: 1961
+ Raizy Hendler b: 1962
.....14 Yehoshua Felder
.....14 HennyFelder
.....14 PessyFelder
.....14 ChayaFelder
.....14 Gedalia Felder
.....14 Nechoma Felder
.....14 Tzvi Felder
.....14 Chava Rochel Felder
.....12 Moisha Teichner b:1928
.....12 Shamshom Teichner b: 1929, d: 2002
.....12 Dovid Teichner b: 1931
.....12 Tzertel Teichner b: 1935
+ David Kenner b: 1933
.....13 Miriam Kenner b: 1955
+ Shloima Loewl
.....14 Yissochor Cov Loewl b: 1976
+ Goldy Gross
.....15 Yitzchokyishaya Loewl b: 2001
.....15 Elli Loewl b: 2003
.....15 Chaim Loewl b: 2005
.....14 Yehuda Aryeh Loewl b: 1978
+ Racheli Halperin
.....15 Esther Loewl b: 2001
.....15 Brochoff Loewl b: 2003
.....15 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 2005
.....14 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 1980
+ Chezky Feigenbaum b: 1980
.....15 Yaakov Mordechai Feigenbaum b: 2001
.....15 Benzion Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....15 Chaya Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....15 Aron Yosef Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....15 Reuvain Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....14 Aron Yosef Loewl b: 1984
+ Reena Horowitz b: 1984
.....15 Ahuva Leah Loewl b: 2006
.....14 Avrohom Yitzchok Loewl b: 1990

.....13 Yisroel Maier Kenner b: 1963
+ Keila Sommer b: 1967
.....14 Chana Kenner b: 1988
.....14 Basya Kenner b: 1989
.....14 Boruch Kenner b: 1991
.....14 Etty Chaya Kenner b: 1993
.....14 Yehudis Kenner b: 1994
.....14 Menucha Kenner b: 1997
.....14 Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: 1999
.....14 Tova Kenner b: 2001
.....14 Yissocher Dov Kenner b: 2005
.....14 Rachel Kenner b: Feb 2007
.....13 Shlomo Kenner b: 1965
+ Itta Raizel Mandel b: 1969
.....14 Etya Chaya Kenner b: 1990
.....14 Chana Rochel Kenner b: 1991
.....14 Leah Kenner b: 1993
.....14 Basya Kenner b: 1995
.....14 Feigie Kenner b: 1998
.....14 Miriam Kenner b: 2001
.....13 Esther Rochel Kenner b: 1967
+ Moishe Wolf b: 1960
.....14 Etya Wolf b: 1990
.....14 Reuvain Wolf b: 1993
.....14 Basya Wolf b: 1994
.....14 Blimi Wolf b: 1996
.....14 Miriam Wolf b: 2000
.....14 Yoni Wolf b: 2002
.....14 Yissocher Dov Wolf b: Feb 2007
.....13 Rivka Kenner b: 1972
+ Yehoshua Schwab b: 1970
.....14 Yissocher Dov Schwab b: 1993
.....14 Miriam Schwab b: 1994
.....14 Shimon Schwab b: 1996
.....14 Avrohom Yitzchok Schwab b: 1998
.....14 Basya Schwab b: 2000
.....14 Malka Schwab b: 2003
.....14 Chaya Schwab b: 2006
.....13 Gitty Kenner b: 1976
+ Adam Goldberg b: 1965
.....14 Yehuda Yissochor Dov Goldberg b: 2006
.....11 Gittel Kanner b: 1900 in Rimilov, d: 1974 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
+ Hersh Brown d: 1955 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
.....12 Dorothy Brown b: 1925, d: 1989
+ Henry Kornberg
.....13 Ira Kornberg b: 1959
.....13 Eva Kornberg b: 1959
.....12 Sonya Brown
+ Milton Greenberg
.....13 1Greenberg
.....13 2Greenberg

.....12 David Brown d: 2003
+ Florence Lastname
.....13 1 Brown
.....13 2 Brown
.....11 Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: Abt 1901 in Rimilov, d: 1986 in Montreal, Canada
+ Basya Lenchitz b: Abt 1900
.....12 Sarah Kenner b: Abt 1930
+ Michael Rosenberg b: Abt 1925
.....13 Simch Rosenberg b: 1956, d: 1989
.....13 Alan Rosenberg b: 1962
.....12 Sadie Kenner b: Abt 1931, d: 2003
+ Solie Eisenberg d: 2004
.....13 Morrie Eisenberg b: 1960
.....12 David Kenner b: 1933
+ Tzertel Teichner b: 1935
.....13 Miriam Kenner b: 1955
+ Shloima Loewl
.....14 Yissochor Cov Loewl b: 1976
+ Goldy Gross
.....15 Yitzchokyishaya Loewl b: 2001
.....15 Elli Loewl b: 2003
.....15 Chaim Loewl b: 2005
.....14 Yehuda Aryeh Loewl b: 1978
+ Racheli Halperin
.....15 Esther Loewl b: 2001
.....15 Brochoff Loewl b: 2003
.....15 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 2005
.....14 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 1980
+ Chezky Feigenbaum b: 1980
.....15 Yaakov Mordechai Feigenbaum b: 2001
.....15 Benzion Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....15 Chaya Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....15 Aron Yosef Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....15 Reuvain Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....14 Aron Yosef Loewl b: 1984
+ Reena Horowitz b: 1984
.....15 Ahuva Leah Loewl b: 2006
.....14 Avrohom Yitzchok Loewl b: 1990
.....13 Yisroel Maier Kenner b: 1963
+ Keila Sommer b: 1967
.....14 Chana Kenner b: 1988
.....14 Basya Kenner b: 1989
.....14 Boruch Kenner b: 1991
.....14 Etty Chaya Kenner b: 1993
.....14 Yehudis Kenner b: 1994
.....14 Menucha Kenner b: 1997
.....14 Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: 1999
.....14 Tova Kenner b: 2001
.....14 Yissocher Dov Kenner b: 2005
.....14 Rachel Kenner b: Feb 2007
.....13 Shlomo Kenner b: 1965

+ Itta Raizel Mandel b: 1969
.....14 Etya Chaya Kenner b: 1990
.....14 Chana Rochel Kenner b: 1991
.....14 Leah Kenner b: 1993
.....14 Basya Kenner b: 1995
.....14 Feigie Kenner b: 1998
.....14 Miriam Kenner b: 2001
.....13 Esther Rochel Kenner b: 1967
+ Moishe Wolf b: 1960
.....14 Etya Wolf b: 1990
.....14 Reuvain Wolf b: 1993
.....14 Basya Wolf b: 1994
.....14 Blimi Wolf b: 1996
.....14 Miriam Wolf b: 2000
.....14 Yoni Wolf b: 2002
.....14 Yissocher Dov Wolf b: Feb 2007
.....13 Rivka Kenner b: 1972
+ Yehoshua Schwab b: 1970
.....14 Yissocher Dov Schwab b: 1993
.....14 Miriam Schwab b: 1994
.....14 Shimon Schwab b: 1996
.....14 Avrohom Yitzchok Schwab b: 1998
.....14 Basya Schwab b: 2000
.....14 Malka Schwab b: 2003
.....14 Chaya Schwab b: 2006
.....13 Gitty Kenner b: 1976
+ Adam Goldberg b: 1965
.....14 Yehuda Yissochor Dov Goldberg b: 2006
.....12 Penina Kenner b: Abt 1935
+ Anshel Rosenblum b: 1933
.....13 Sandy Rosenblum
+ Eli Moshe Gross
.....14 1 Gross
.....14 2 Gross
.....14 3 Gross
.....14 4 Gross
.....14 5 Gross
.....14 6 Gross
.....14 7 Gross
.....14 8 Gross
.....14 9 Gross
.....14 10 Gross
.....13 Nomi Rosenblum
+ Chaim Akuka
.....14 1 Akuka
.....14 2 Akuka
.....14 3 Akuka
.....14 4 Akuka
.....14 5 Akuka
.....14 6 Akuka
.....14 7 Akuka

.....14 8 Akuka
.....13 Nutti Rosenblum
+ Manya Weingarten
.....14 1 Weingarten b: 1986
.....13 Elli Rosenblum
+ Chaya Weingarten
.....14 1 Rosenblum
.....14 2 Rosenblum
.....14 3 Rosenblum
.....14 4 Rosenblum
.....14 5 Rosenblum
.....14 6 Rosenblum
.....14 7 Rosenblum
.....14 8 Rosenblum
.....13 Chevy Rosenblum
+ Gershon Fordsham
.....14 1 Fordsham
.....14 2 Fordsham
.....14 3 Fordsham
.....14 4 Fordsham
.....12 Malka Kenner b: Abt 1938
+ Arthur Falk
.....13 Cheryl Falk b: 1961
.....13 Larry Falk b: 1965
.....13 Judy Falk b: 1971
.....12 Chanah Kenner b: Abt 1945
+ Sholom Ginsberg b: 1945
.....13 Moishe Aron Ginsberg b: 1972
+ Rivka Litwak
.....14 1 Ginsberg
.....14 2 Ginsberg
.....14 3 Ginsberg
.....14 4 Ginsberg
.....14 5 Ginsberg
.....13 Rivka Ginsberg b: 1974
.....13 Nechama Ginsberg b: 1977
+ Doniel Rosen
.....14 1 Rosen
.....14 2 Rosen
.....14 3 Rosen
.....13 Baila Ginsberg
+ Yaakov Strauss
.....14 1 Strauss
.....14 2 Strauss
.....13 Shea'la Ginsberg
.....11 Israel Isser Kanner b: 1902 in Rimilov, d: 1988
+ M. Mindel
.....12 Shnulka Kanner b: 1928
+ Hershel Unknown b: Abt 1850, d: Abt 1875
.....11 Daughter1 Unknown b: Abt 1870, d: Abt 1875
.....11 Menya Basya Unknown b: Abt 1875

+ Shea Kanner
.....12 Faiga Kanner
.....12 Shloima Kanner
.....12 Avrohom Kanner
.....10 Maltza Lenchitz b: Abt 1850
.....10 Feivish Lenchitz b: Abt 1850
+ Yetla
.....8 Yonah Lenchitz b: Abt 1770
+ [unknown spouse]
.....9 Avrahom Yitzchak Lenchitz b: Abt 1820 in Rimilov Podwoloczska
+ [unknown spouse]
.....10 Shlomo Lenchitz b: Abt 1850
+ Hinda Brucha Pomerantz b: Abt 1860
.....11 Yacov Leib Lenchitz b: Abt 1880
+ Wife1 b: 1880, m: Abt 1900
.....12 Sarah Lenchitz b: Abt 1902, d: 1918
+ Libbe b: 1895, m: Abt 1910, d: Oct 31, 1953
.....11 Moshe Aron Lenchitz b: Abt 1880, d: Abt 1943
+ Sara Rivka Mager b: Abt 1880, d: Abt 1916
.....12 Basya Lenchitz b: Abt 1900
+ Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: Abt 1901 in Rimilov, d: 1986 in Montreal, Canada
.....13 Sarah Kenner b: Abt 1930
+ Michael Rosenberg b: Abt 1925
.....14 Simch Rosenberg b: 1956, d: 1989
.....14 Alan Rosenberg b: 1962
.....13 Sadie Kenner b: Abt 1931, d: 2003
+ Solie Eisenberg d: 2004
.....14 Morrie Eisenberg b: 1960
.....13 David Kenner b: 1933
+ Tzertel Teichner b: 1935
.....14 Miriam Kenner b: 1955
+ Shloima Loewl
.....15 Yissochor Cov Loewl b: 1976
+ Goldy Gross
.....16 Yitzchokyishaya Loewl b: 2001
.....16 Elli Loewl b: 2003
.....16 Chaim Loewl b: 2005
.....15 Yehuda Aryeh Loewl b: 1978
+ Racheli Halperin
.....16 Esther Loewl b: 2001
.....16 Brochoff Loewl b: 2003
.....16 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 2005
.....15 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 1980
+ Chezky Feigenbaum b: 1980
.....16 Yaakov Mordechai Feigenbaum b: 2001
.....16 Benzion Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....16 Chaya Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....16 Aron Yosef Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....16 Reuvain Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....15 Aron Yosef Loewl b: 1984

+ Reena Horowitz b: 1984
.....16 Ahuva Leah Loewl b: 2006
.....15 Avrohom Yitzchok Loewl b: 1990
.....14 Yisroel Maier Kenner b: 1963
+ Keila Sommer b: 1967
.....15 Chana Kenner b: 1988
.....15 Basya Kenner b: 1989
.....15 Boruch Kenner b: 1991
.....15 Etty Chaya Kenner b: 1993
.....15 Yehudis Kenner b: 1994
.....15 Menucha Kenner b: 1997
.....15 Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: 1999
.....15 Tova Kenner b: 2001
.....15 Yissocher Dov Kenner b: 2005
.....15 Rachel Kenner b: Feb 2007
.....14 Shlomo Kenner b: 1965
+ Itta Raizel Mandel b: 1969
.....15 Etya Chaya Kenner b: 1990
.....15 Chana Rochel Kenner b: 1991
.....15 Leah Kenner b: 1993
.....15 Basya Kenner b: 1995
.....15 Feigie Kenner b: 1998
.....15 Miriam Kenner b: 2001
.....14 Esther Rochel Kenner b: 1967
+ Moishe Wolf b: 1960
.....15 Etya Wolf b: 1990
.....15 Reuvain Wolf b: 1993
.....15 Basya Wolf b: 1994
.....15 Blimi Wolf b: 1996
.....15 Miriam Wolf b: 2000
.....15 Yoni Wolf b: 2002
.....15 Yissocher Dov Wolf b: Feb 2007
.....14 Rivka Kenner b: 1972
+ Yehoshua Schwab b: 1970
.....15 Yissocher Dov Schwab b: 1993
.....15 Miriam Schwab b: 1994
.....15 Shimon Schwab b: 1996
.....15 Avrohom Yitzchok Schwab b: 1998
.....15 Basya Schwab b: 2000
.....15 Malka Schwab b: 2003
.....15 Chaya Schwab b: 2006
.....14 Gitty Kenner b: 1976
+ Adam Goldberg b: 1965
.....15 Yehuda Yissochor Dov Goldberg b: 2006
.....13 Penina Kenner b: Abt 1935
+ Anshel Rosenblum b: 1933
.....14 Sandy Rosenblum
+ Eli Moshe Gross
.....15 1 Gross
.....15 2 Gross
.....15 3 Gross

.....15 4 Gross
.....15 5 Gross
.....15 6 Gross
.....15 7 Gross
.....15 8 Gross
.....15 9 Gross
.....15 10 Gross
.....14 Nomi Rosenblum
+ Chaim Akuka
.....15 1 Akuka
.....15 2 Akuka
.....15 3 Akuka
.....15 4 Akuka
.....15 5 Akuka
.....15 6 Akuka
.....15 7 Akuka
.....15 8 Akuka
.....14 Nutti Rosenblum
+ Manya Weingarten
.....15 1 Weingarten b: 1986
.....14 Elli Rosenblum
+ Chaya Weingarten
.....15 1 Rosenblum
.....15 2 Rosenblum
.....15 3 Rosenblum
.....15 4 Rosenblum
.....15 5 Rosenblum
.....15 6 Rosenblum
.....15 7 Rosenblum
.....15 8 Rosenblum
.....14 Chevy Rosenblum
+ Gershon Fordsham
.....15 1 Fordsham
.....15 2 Fordsham
.....15 3 Fordsham
.....15 4 Fordsham
.....13 Malka Kenner b: Abt 1938
+ Arthur Falk
.....14 Cheryl Falk b: 1961
.....14 Larry Falk b: 1965
.....14 Judy Falk b: 1971
.....13 Chanah Kenner b: Abt 1945
+ Sholom Ginsberg b: 1945
.....14 Moishe Aron Ginsberg b: 1972
+ Rivka Litwak
.....15 1 Ginsberg
.....15 2 Ginsberg
.....15 3 Ginsberg
.....15 4 Ginsberg
.....15 5 Ginsberg
.....14 Rivka Ginsberg b: 1974

.....14 Nechama Ginsberg b: 1977
+ Doniel Rosen
.....15 1 Rosen
.....15 2 Rosen
.....15 3 Rosen
.....14 Baila Ginsberg
+ Yaakov Strauss
.....15 1 Strauss
.....15 2 Strauss
.....14 Shea'la Ginsberg
.....12 Feiga Lenchitz b: Abt 1902
.....12 Avrohom Yitzchok Lenchitz b: Abt 1906
.....12 Yochonon Lenchitz b: Abt 1908
.....12 Nuchem Lenchitz b: Abt 1909
.....12 Leib Lenchitz b: Abt 1911
.....11 Harry Lenchitz b: Mar 03, 1881 in Austria; Austria Poland, d: Jun 06, 1945 in Brooklyn NY
+ Bertha Hofrichter b: Abt 1886 in Podwoloczyska, Austria, m: Abt 1902, d: Sep 03, 1958 in Brooklyn, NY
.....12 Esther Lenchitz b: Aug 20, 1907 in Podwoloczyska, Austria, d: Mar 05, 1992 in Old Greenwich, CT 06870
+ Morris Glickstein b: Sep 06, 1908 in 58 Montgomery Street, New York NY, m: Oct 19, 1932 in New York, NY, d: Jun 08, 1997 in Old Greenwich, CT
.....13 Stanley Stuart Glickstein b: Nov 12, 1933 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Joan Katz b: Apr 23, 1934 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jul 12, 1957 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Jun 24, 2015 in Pittsburgh, PA 15236
.....14 Steven Howard Glickstein b: Nov 13, 1960 in Bellefonte, PA
+ Sherri Donna Lerner b: Jul 04, 1963 in Brooklyn, NY, m: May 23, 1991 in Long Island, NY
.....15 Jarred Shane Glickstein b: Apr 08, 1995 in New York City, NY
.....15 Ethan Lyndon Glickstein b: Oct 03, 1998 in New York City, NY
.....14 Barbara Helene Glickstein b: Oct 02, 1962 in Princeton, NJ
+ Seth Barry Sacher b: Oct 12, 1962 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Dec 21, 1991 in Pittsburgh, PA
.....15 Elana Rose Sacher b: Jan 17, 1994 in Fairfax, VA
.....15 Sara Elisabeth Sacher b: Sep 23, 1995 in Fairfax, VA
.....15 Maxwell Nathaniel Sacher b: Jul 14, 1998 in Fairfax, VA
.....14 Karen Sue Glickstein b: Sep 11, 1963 in Princeton, NJ
+ Frederick William Edeson b: Dec 27, 1966 in Washington, DC, m: Apr 11, 1999 in Beth El Congregation, Mt Lebanon, PA
.....15 Jonah Matthew Edeson b: Apr 09, 2000 in Baltimore, MD
.....14 Cathy Ann Glickstein b: Jan 11, 1967 in Pittsburgh, PA, d: Oct 29, 2018
.....13 Cynthia Ruth Glickstein b: Feb 25, 1938 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Arthur Ribak b: Mar 11, 1935 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Dec 24, 1959 in Brooklyn N. Y.
.....14 Pamela Bonnie Ribak b: Nov 22, 1961 in Madrid, Spain
+ Andy Karetsky b: Apr 18, 1966 in New York City, NY, m: Mar 06, 1999 in New York, NY
.....15 Jakob Mori Karetsky b: Jul 08, 2000 in Greenwich, CT
.....15 Rachel Eliana Karetsky b: Feb 27, 2002 in Greenwich, CT
.....15 David Mori Karetsky b: Aug 31, 2004 in Greenwich, CT

.....14 Robin Gale Ribak b: Apr 08, 1969 in Greenwich, CT
.....12 Solomon Lenchitz b: Apr 01, 1909 in Austria, d: May 16, 1985 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Tzippa Yetta Sachs b: Mar 10, 1910 in Kobine, Russia, m: Jan 18, 1932 in Williamsburgh, d: Oct 27, 1998 in New York City, NY
.....13 Chaim Lenchitz b: Jul 25, 1934 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Esther Knoll b: Mar 29, 1939, d: Oct 26, 2010 in Brooklyn NY
.....14 Nason Lenchitz b: 1960, d: 1995
.....14 Bracha Baila Lenchitz b: Mar 07, 1962
+ Israel Aryeh Gradman b: Mar 11, 1956 in Pittsburgh, PA, m: Brooklyn N. Y.
.....15 Shaul Gradman b: Jan 10, 1986
+ Liba Wolpin
.....15 Laya Gradman b: Jun 12, 1988
+ Yosef Shneur Posen
.....15 Yaakov Gradman b: Mar 01, 1990
.....15 Rivka Gradman b: Nov 02, 1991
.....15 Simcha Gradman b: Sep 20, 1993
.....15 Chana Gradman b: Jun 25, 1995
.....15 Miriam Gradman b: Jan 24, 1997
.....15 Yerachmiel Gradman b: Dec 12, 1999
.....15 Tzipa Yetta Gradman b: Feb 19, 2001
.....14 Baruch Joseph Lenchitz b: 1964
.....14 Tova Lenchitz b: Oct 04, 1966 in Brooklyn N. Y.
+ Boruch Mordechai Hirsch b: Sep 08, 1965 in Lakewood, N.J.
.....15 Shaul David Hirsch b: Nov 07, 1988
.....15 Yosef Hirsch b: Dec 13, 1989
.....15 Moshe Hirsch b: Mar 01, 1993
.....15 Rivka Hirsch b: Sep 18, 1994
.....15 Rochel Hirsch b: Jun 09, 1996
.....15 Eliyahu Menachem Hirsch b: Aug 10, 1997
.....15 Shimshon Refael Hirsch b: Dec 06, 1998
.....15 Shlomo Ephraim Hirsch b: Aug 08, 2000
.....15 Tzipora Hirsch b: Apr 27, 2002
.....15 Yehuda Hirsch b: Dec 17, 2003
.....14 Ora Pella Lenchitz b: Dec 03, 1970 in Brooklyn N. Y.
+ Pinchos Menachem Adler b: May 11, 1968 in Brooklyn N. Y., m: Brooklyn N. Y.
.....15 Rivka Adler b: Jan 21, 1992
.....15 Yoel Adler b: Sep 29, 1993
.....15 Shlomo Zalman Adler b: Jul 13, 1995
.....15 Chana Adler b: Jul 04, 1997
.....15 Tzipora Adler b: Aug 09, 1999
.....15 Yakov Adler b: Apr 04, 2001
.....15 Kalman Yehuda Adler b: Feb 10, 2004
.....15 Asher Adler b: Dec 05, 2005
.....15 Rachel Adler b: Dec 14, 2007
.....14 Yeshaya Lenchitz b: Apr 09, 1973
+ Baila Shapiro b: Sep 30, 1977, m: Jul 03, 1997 in Lakewood, N.J.
.....15 Tzipa Lenchitz b: Dec 16, 1998
.....15 Shainfle Lenchitz b: Jan 04, 2000
.....15 Dovid Lenchitz b: Sep 26, 2001
.....15 Kalman Yehuda Lenchitz b: Aug 04, 2003

.....14 Shifra Lenchitz b: Mar 30, 1975
+ Menachem Mordechai Berger b: Aug 04, 1977
.....15 Chana Rivka Berger b: Jan 02, 2001
.....15 Shmuel David Berger b: Aug 02, 2002
.....15 Tzipz Yetta Berger b: Sep 24, 2004
.....14 Sholom Lenchitz b: May 15, 1977
+ Rochel Allison b: Mar 10, 1980
.....15 Brocha Lenchitz b: Apr 03, 2004
.....14 Rivka Lenchitz b: 1981
.....13 Rochelle Lenchitz b: Feb 10, 1938
+ Meyer Hartstein b: May 1935
.....14 Bryna Pesil Hartstein b: Jan 30, 1960
+ Noson Hirschberg b: Jun 02, 1955
.....15 Roisa Hirschberg b: Jul 01, 1981
.....15 Gitty Hirschberg b: Sep 12, 1982
+ Avrohom Krieger m: Feb 16, 2005 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....16 Moshe Krieger b: Dec 02, 2005
.....16 Faigy Krieger b: Jan 23, 2007
.....16 Tzvi Krieger b: Apr 28, 2008 in Lakewood, NJ
.....15 Moshe Hirschberg b: Nov 29, 1983
+ Rassie Ausband b: Apr 11, 1984, m: Jun 28, 2007 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Chaya Faigy Hirschberg b: Mar 14, 1986
+ Yechiel Feigelstock m: Nov 06, 2006 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....16 Baila Feigelstock b: Mar 04, 2008 in Lakewood, NJ
.....15 Yosef Shaul Hirschberg b: Sep 08, 1987
+ Rivka Baila Orlansky m: Jan 07, 2010 in Brooklyn New York
.....15 Rivka Hirschberg b: Jun 11, 1990
+ Chaim Dowek m: Jul 21, 2013 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Esther Hirschberg b: Apr 22, 1992
+ Duvy Kaplan m: Jan 08, 2014 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Yehudis Hirschberg b: Dec 18, 1993
.....15 Bassheva Hirschberg b: Aug 30, 1995
+ Shmuel Hillel Apfel m: Nov 06, 2018 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Pinchas Eliezer Hirschberg b: Aug 08, 1999
.....15 Avraham Yitzchak Hirschberg b: Nov 12, 2001
.....14 Shlomo Ephraim Hartstein b: May 02, 1961
+ Nechama Kushner b: Aug 04, 1966
.....15 Chaya Aidel Hartstein b: Oct 15, 1986
+ Yisroel Benyomin Greenwald m: Dec 21, 2005 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....16 Sarah Greenwald b: Nov 08, 2006
.....16 Zurach Greenwald b: May 30, 2008 in Lakewood, NJ
.....15 Benjamen Moshe Hartstein b: Feb 05, 1988
.....15 Yosef Y. Hartstein b: Dec 23, 1989
.....15 Roisa Hartstein b: Sep 04, 1991
+ Chezky Gottlieb m: Jan 26, 2012 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Dovid Yakov Hartstein b: Jun 21, 1993
.....15 Shaul Hartstein b: Mar 12, 1995
.....15 Avrohom Asher Hartstein b: Jun 15, 1997
.....15 Tzpipa Yetta Hartstein b: Apr 09, 2000
.....15 Boruch Hartstein b: Apr 27, 2003

.....14 Tzvi Menachem Hartstein b: Aug 01, 1962 in USA
+ Revital Yeshua b: Dec 25, 1964 in Cholon, Israel, m: Jun 13, 1990
.....15 Shlomo Hartstein b: Oct 27, 1991 in Israel
.....15 Binjamin Moshe Hartstein b: Dec 28, 1992 in Israel
.....15 Devora Hartstein b: Apr 17, 1994 in Israel
.....15 Bas-Sheva Hartstein b: Oct 04, 1995 in Israel
.....15 Miriam Roisa Hartstein b: Jul 15, 1997 in Israel
.....15 Tzipora Hartstein b: May 13, 1999 in Israel
.....15 Yeshaya Hartstein b: Aug 21, 2001 in Israel
.....15 Yosef Hartstein b: Jun 01, 2003 in Israel
.....15 Chava Naomi Hartstein b: May 18, 2005 in Israel
.....14 Aron Hartstein b: Nov 06, 1963
+ Bas-Sheva Steinberg
.....15 Eliyaja Hartstein b: Feb 06, 1992
.....15 Benjamin M. Hartstein b: Mar 30, 1993
.....15 Faiga Hartstein b: Jun 21, 1994
.....15 Roisa Shoshana Hartstein b: Mar 29, 1996
.....15 Avrohom Yochanah Hartstein b: Jul 12, 1997
.....15 Chaya Miriam Hartstein b: Aug 22, 1998
.....15 Yehuda Aryeh Hartstein b: Oct 20, 2000
.....15 Sara Liba Hartstein b: Jul 18, 2002
.....15 Shaul Hartstein b: Nov 12, 2004
.....14 Roisa Hartstein b: Feb 20, 1965
+ Yitzchok Y. Davis b: Jul 27, 1962
.....15 Gittel Davis b: Apr 12, 1987 in New York City
+ Moshe Goldberg m: May 26, 2009 in Brooklyn New York
.....16 Mordechai Dovid Goldberg b: Mar 23, 2010 in Lakewood, NJ
.....16 Shmuel Zeev Goldberg b: Oct 28, 2012 in Lakewood, NJ
.....16 Tzvi Aryeh Goldberg b: Feb 16, 2015 in Lakewood, N.J.
.....16 Chaim Bentzion Goldberg b: Nov 14, 2017
.....15 Pessil Davis b: Aug 08, 1988
+ Mordehai Pacifici m: May 02, 2010 in Brooklyn New York
.....15 Basya Sarah Davis b: Mar 09, 1990
+ Yehuda Raczkowski m: Feb 02, 2014 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Bas-Sheva Davis b: Nov 27, 1991
+ Suchi Nass m: Mar 19, 2015 in Brooklyn, NY; Kabolas Ponim
.....15 Shaul Davis b: Nov 21, 1993
+ Ruchama Goldman m: Nov 18, 2016 in Lakewood, N.J.
.....15 Reelah Davis b: Aug 07, 1996
+ Yehidya Raz m: Dec 29, 2019 in Teferes Mordechai 600 McDonald Ave. Brooklyn, New York
.....15 Tzipa Yetta Davis b: May 22, 1999
.....14 Chaya Ita Hartstein b: Jul 31, 1966
+ Yaakov Betzalel Shore b: Jun 05, 1964, m: Mar 09, 1989 in Brooklyn, NY
.....15 Shaul Shore b: Apr 03, 1990
+ Chana Bresler m: Feb 17, 2014 in Brooklyn , NY
.....15 Yocheved Shore b: Apr 03, 1990
+ Meir Rosenblum m: Mar 10, 2016 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Roisa Shore b: Sep 16, 1991
+ Chaim Bluth m: Nov 05, 2013 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Mordechai Shore b: Mar 10, 1993

+ Yehudis m: Aug 31, 2016 in Ateres Reva Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Bas-Sheva Shore b: Nov 12, 1994
.....15 Tzvi Shore b: May 10, 1996
.....15 Yisrael Avrohom Shore b: Feb 13, 1998
.....15 Tzipa Yetta Shore b: Dec 29, 1999
.....15 Elka Shore b: Sep 22, 2001
.....15 Moshe Shore b: Jun 02, 2003
.....14 Rivka Yehudis Hartstein b: Apr 12, 1968
+ Mordechai Yosef Block b: Jul 27, 1967
.....15 Shaul Aron Block b: Dec 24, 1993
+ Saralah Bursztyn m: Aug 27, 2018 in Ateres Chana Lakewood NJ
.....15 Chaya Faigy Block b: Jan 09, 1995
.....15 Avrohom Dovid Block b: Mar 08, 1996
.....15 Benjamin Shlomo Block b: Nov 18, 1997
.....15 Yakov Menachem Block b: Jul 29, 1999
.....15 Tzipora Yetta Block b: Aug 06, 2001
.....15 Sara Hindel Block b: May 14, 2003
.....15 Esther Malka Block
.....15 Tzeita Mirium Block
.....15 Eliyahu Moshe Block
.....13 David Shlomo Lenchitz b: Apr 19, 1942, d: Sep 13, 2017
+ Rifka Lichter b: Jul 06, 1948, d: Mar 06, 2014
.....14 Naphtali Hertzel Lenchitz b: Jun 28, 1970
.....14 Binyamin Moshe Tzvi Lenchitz b: Sep 12, 1971
+ Sara Raizy b: Jun 28, 1974
.....15 Avrahom Lenchitz b: Dec 31, 1998
.....15 Toba Zelma Lenchitz b: Oct 27, 2000
.....15 Bracha Miriam Lenchitz b: Mar 11, 2003
.....14 Yehudah Lenchitz b: May 12, 1973
+ Chaya Tzirel Gross b: Feb 07, 1978
.....15 Tzippa Yetta Lenchitz b: Oct 27, 1998
.....15 Esther Malka Lenchitz b: Jan 22, 2001
.....15 Moshe Lenchitz b: Nov 25, 2002
.....15 Shaul Lenchitz b: Apr 01, 2006
.....15 Haddassa Mirium Lenchitz b: Mar 11, 2009
.....14 Ephraim Lenchitz b: May 23, 1975
+ Chaya Hinda Greenwald b: Nov 05, 1979
.....15 Zorach Lenchitz b: Oct 21, 2002
.....15 Shaul Lenchitz b: Oct 15, 2004
.....15 Avraham Lenchitz b: Sep 29, 2006
.....14 Aharon Lenchitz b: Feb 02, 1977
+ Nechama Furst b: Aug 03, 1983, m: Oct 29, 2003 in Lakewood, NJ
.....15 Chaim Yosef Lenchitz b: May 18, 2009
.....14 Miriam Sora Lenchitz b: Apr 20, 1978
+ Akiva Tzvi Richter b: May 17, 1977, m: Jun 24, 2001 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Avraham Richter b: May 10, 2002
.....14 Rus Lenchitz b: Jun 04, 1979
+ Avroham David Zelasko b: May 01, 1978, m: Mar 14, 2002 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Yosef Shaul Zelasko b: Jun 13, 2003

.....15 Dhoshan Glda Zelasko b: Nov 05, 2004
.....14 Rochel Lenchitz b: Sep 03, 1980
+ Yehuda Zvi Pavlov m: Aug 22, 2005 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....15 Shaul Pavlov b: 2006
.....14 Chana Lenchitz b: Dec 16, 1981
+ Chaim Dovid Shichtman m: Feb 03, 2019 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....14 Boroch Yosef Lenchitz b: Jun 18, 1984
+ Chana Rochel Friedman m: Oct 28, 2007 in Monsey, New York
.....14 Naomi Bat Sheva Lenchitz b: Oct 04, 1985
.....14 Shaul Shneur Lenchitz b: Jun 22, 1987
+ Tziporah Notowcih m: Aug 04, 2009 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....13 Zviah Lenchitz b: May 02, 1948 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
+ Ephraim Greenberg
.....14 Avraham Greenberg
+ Naomi Harris
.....15 Yehuda Shmuel Yitzchak Greenberg
.....15 Shaul Nissim Greenberg
.....15 Rochel Sara Greenberg
.....15 Elisheva Chaya Elka Greenberg
.....15 Tamar Devorah Greenberg
.....15 Chasida Mirium Greenberg
.....14 Yaacov Leib Greenberg
+ Ilana Tsippora Meyers
.....15 Shmuel Nosson Greenberg
.....15 Nachum Aharon Greenberg
.....15 Yisrael Meir Greenberg
.....15 Yona Dovid Greenberg
.....15 Baruch Yosef Greenberg
.....15 Leah Rina Greenberg
.....15 Tova Pesya Greenberg
.....14 Ben Tzion Nachum Greenberg
+ Ashira Feigel Weiner
.....15 Shoshsan Rochel Greenberg
.....15 Yehudit Frimet Greenberg
.....15 Malka Greenberg
.....15 Esther Ettel Greenberg
.....15 Yael Tehilla Greenberg
.....15 Avraham Greenberg
.....15 Shmuel Greenberg
.....14 Akiva Yosef Greenberg
+ Chaya Rivka Berenholtz
.....15 Shira Greenberg
.....15 Tzvi Greenberg
.....15 Shmuel Greenberg
.....15 Elisheva Greenberg
.....14 Gitel Rivka Greenberg
+ Sinai Yakovbian
.....15 Chaim Greenberg
.....15 Malka Greenberg
.....15 Adina Greenberg
.....15 Chaim Greenberg

.....14 Sara Devorah Greenberg
+ Dov Yitzchak Spiegel
.....15 Temima Bracha Speigel
.....15 Tzippora Speigel
.....15 Elchana Temima Bracha Speigel
.....15 Tzippora Speigel
.....15 Elchana Yehuda Speigel
.....15 Avraham Speigel
.....14 Yisrael Yitzcha Greenberg
+ Chana Devorah Feiner
.....15 Yair Shmuel Greenberg
.....15 Yehuda Aryeh Greenberg
.....15 Rivka Greenberg
.....14 Shaul Greenberg
+ Frimed Seidor
.....15 Chana Hadas Greenberg
.....12 Ruben Lenchitz b: May 18, 1910 in England, d: May 03, 1982 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Miriam Einhorn b: Jun 07, 1916 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Mar 13, 1937, d: Jul 04, 2013 in Brooklyn New York
.....13 Kenneth Martin Lenchitz b: May 10, 1938 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Vivian Iris Preiss b: Jan 14, 1941 in New York, NY, m: Dec 28, 1964 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Nov 19, 2019
.....14 Edward Michael Lenchitz b: Aug 27, 1966
.....14 Lisa Beth Lenchitz b: May 19, 1968
+ Joseph P. Hough b: Jul 08, 1968, m: Oct 08, 1995
.....15 Jacob Ryan Hough b: Jun 06, 1996
.....15 Nicholas Joseph Hough b: Nov 23, 1999
.....15 Sarah Hough b: Mar 05, 2004
.....14 Heather Sue Lenchitz b: Dec 20, 1972
+ Patrick Sullivan b: Nov 22, 1973, m: Jun 19, 1991 ; Divorced
.....15 Nathaniel Ray Sullivan b: Mar 30, 2001
.....15 Mathew Sean Sullivan b: Apr 30, 2003
.....15 Benjamin Robert Sullivan b: Jul 03, 2005
.....15 Rachel Grace Sullivan b: Dec 23, 2008
+ Joshua Ian Penn b: Aug 31, 1976 in Bronx, N.Y., m: May 26, 2019
.....14 Jill Ilana Lenchitz b: Jun 15, 1977
+ Justin C. Baker b: May 19, 1974, m: Jun 30, 2001 ; Divorced
.....15 Carly Elizabeth Baker b: Oct 07, 2004
.....13 Eileen Lenchitz b: May 27, 1941 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Leon Zonin
.....14 Evan Kieth Zonin b: Apr 04, 1969 in Brooklyn, NY
.....14 Barbara Joy Zonin b: May 31, 1972 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Daniel Guzman m: Aug 09, 2009 in New York
.....15 Joshua Guzman b: May 12, 2012
.....15 Valarie Guzman b: May 25, 2014
.....13 Helen Sue Lenchitz b: Oct 02, 1945 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Barry Dermake b: Apr 20, 1931 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jan 11, 1970, d: Jul 26, 1987 in Brooklyn, NY
.....14 Elizabeth Dermake b: Apr 26, 1973
+ Robert Secondino b: Feb 05, 1973, m: Aug 30, 1998 in Long Island, New York

.....15 Bari Rose Secondino b: Jan 27, 2002
.....15 Alexa Paige Secondino b: Mar 24, 2004
.....14 Scott Dermake b: Jul 12, 1974
+ Connie Marie Difazio b: Oct 05, 1973, m: Oct 10, 2004 in Brooklyn, NY
.....12 Bernice Lenchitz b: Oct 04, 1915 in New York City, d: Jul 24, 1995 in Brooklyn NY
+ Julie Brooks b: Aug 24, 1912, d: Feb 10, 1973 in Brooklyn NY
.....13 Jason Brooks b: Feb 13, 1947
+ Sharon Rose b: May 18, 1948
.....14 Jessica Brooks b: Mar 24, 1974
+ Joe Holman b: Jul 21, 1963 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, m: Jan 29, 2011 in New York, NY
.....15 Benjamin Axel Holman b: Aug 03, 2014 in New York City, NY; 7 lb 12 oz, 20.5 inches
.....14 Marc Brooks b: Oct 05, 1976
+ Gillien Le Boss b: Nov 05, 1975, m: Oct 05, 2002 in Newark, NJ
.....15 Sophia Rose Brooks Brooks b: Oct 10, 2006 in Freehold, NJ
.....15 Mason Cole Brooks b: Jul 07, 2010 in Freehold, NJ
.....12 Charles Lenchitz b: Mar 20, 1918 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Feb 06, 2014 in Rockaway, NJ
+ Sylvia Yaker b: Jan 29, 1929 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jun 12, 1949 in Brooklyn New York
.....13 Harry Lenchitz b: Mar 20, 1951 in Jacksonville, NC
.....13 Barbara Lenchitz b: Apr 02, 1954 in Dover, NJ
+ Larry Granov Gottesman b: Apr 06, 1954 in Morristown, NJ, m: Dec 28, 1975 in Livingston, NJ
.....14 Eve Michelle Gottesman b: Aug 28, 1987
.....14 Daniel Ezra Gottesman b: Dec 29, 1993
.....13 Norman J. Lenchitz b: Feb 01, 1958 in Dover, NJ
+ Teresita Cruz Atienza b: Aug 27, 1953 in Hagonoy, Bulacan Province, Philippines, m: Jul 11, 1992 in 709 Crow Pond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ
.....14 Eva Nicole Lenchitz b: Oct 19, 1997
.....13 Bernard Lenchitz b: Dec 30, 1958 in Dover, NJ
+ Marlene Ann Ostrow b: Apr 24, 1959 in Newark, NJ, m: Oct 18, 1987 in Rockaway, NJ
.....14 Jordon Ira Lenchitz b: May 30, 1996 in Cincinatti, OH
.....14 Rena Mollie Lenchitz b: Jul 22, 2001 in Cincinatti, OH
.....12 Caroline Lenchitz b: Nov 11, 1923 in 531 Dumont Ave. Brooklyn, NY, d: May 12, 2006 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Irving Frankel b: Jul 15, 1919 in Lemverg, Poland, m: Jun 06, 1943 in Gluckstern,s Manhattan NY, d: Apr 29, 2005 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
.....13 Harriet Frankel b: Jul 16, 1946 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Barry Allan Waldbaum b: Mar 19, 1939 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jul 19, 1964 in Brooklyn, NY
.....14 Brian Russ Waldbaum b: Dec 26, 1969 in Syoset, NY
+ Linda Sartori b: Aug 28, 1971 in Elmira, New York Arnot Ogden Hospital, m: Jul 10, 1999 in Elmira NY
.....15 Katherina Rose Waldbaum b: Jun 14, 2003 in Long Island, NY
.....14 Cara Heather Waldbaum b: Nov 21, 1974 in Smithtown, LI NY
.....13 Diane Adrienne Frankel b: Feb 23, 1951 in Brooklyn, NY

+ Mitchellted Silver b: Jul 05, 1948 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Aug 08, 1971 in New York, NY
.....14 Mandy Silver b: Sep 09, 1985 in Ft. Worth Texas
+ Mark Kleine m: Dec 09, 2017 in Jonestown, Texas
.....14 Ashley Silver b: Sep 09, 1985 in Ft. Worth Texas
.....14 Mark Jeffrey Silver b: Sep 09, 1985 in Ft. Worth Texas
+ Nicole Eleza Schwartz m: Oct 08, 2016 in Blue Hill at Stone Barns; Pocatanco Hills, New York
.....12 Florence Lenchitz b: Jun 17, 1928 in Brooklyn NY
+ Herman Glick b: Mar 10, 1927 in Brooklyn NY, d: Jul 12, 1974 in Brooklyn, NY
.....13 Harry Glick b: Jul 02, 1949 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Rochelle Lerner b: May 26, 1949, m: Dec 18, 1971 in New York, NY
.....14 Heath Landon Glick b: Sep 15, 1979
+ Lisa Beth Hirsch m: Aug 02, 2009 in Melville, New York
.....15 Erica Maryn Glick b: Jan 05, 2017
.....15 Liana Allison Glick b: Jan 05, 2017
.....15 Arielle Glick
.....14 Brett Jillian Glick b: Dec 10, 1982
+ Adam Stein b: Dec 06, 1983, m: May 24, 2014 in Long Island, New York
.....15 Eden Maya Stein b: Feb 28, 2018 in New York, NY
.....13 Mark Glick b: Oct 30, 1951 in Brooklyn N. Y.
+ Mary Drucker b: Jun 21, 1951 in Cambridge, MA, m: Sep 01, 1973 in Boston MA
.....14 Hermie Glick b: Jun 21, 1979 in New York City
.....14 Jason Glick b: Sep 20, 1982 in New York City
+ Willam Savinoff
.....11 Chanah Lenchitz b: Abt 1886
+ Chaim Litwak Ludwig b: Abt 1880
.....12 Abraham Ludwig b: 1910
+ Sarah Mager b: 1915
.....13 Hinda Ludwig b: 1939
+ Marvin Finston
.....14 Beth Finston
+ Steve Lazar
.....15 Ilysa Lazur
.....15 Nicole Lazur
.....14 H. Richard Finston
.....14 Robert Finston
.....13 Gilbert Ludwig b: 1942
+ Ellen
.....14 Erick Ludwig
.....14 Andrea Ludwick
.....13 Norma Ludwig b: 1944, d: Aug 27, 2006 in Florida
+ Allen Dubbrin
.....14 Lisa Dubbrin
+ Derick Pitcher
.....15 Jared Moriah
.....14 Shari Dubbrin
+ Marty Gottlieb
.....14 Benjamin Dubbrin

+ Cheryl
.....15 Sarah Meira Dubbrin b: May 20, 2009 in Florida
.....15 Mathew Dubbrin
.....13 Jonathon Ludwig b: 1955
.....11 Basha Lenchitz b: Abt 1888
+ Israel Mager
.....12 Reuben Mager b: 1912 in Europe, d: 1988
+ Bertha Mager
.....13 Michael Mager
.....13 Marsha Mager
.....12 Sarah Mager b: 1915
+ Abraham Ludwig b: 1910
.....13 Hinda Ludwig b: 1939
+ Marvin Finston
.....14 Beth Finston
+ Steve Lazar
.....15 Ilysa Lazur
.....15 Nicole Lazur
.....14 H. Richard Finston
.....14 Robert Finston
.....13 Gilbert Ludwig b: 1942
+ Ellen
.....14 Erick Ludwig
.....14 Andrea Ludwick
.....13 Norma Ludwig b: 1944, d: Aug 27, 2006 in Florida
+ Allen Dubbrin
.....14 Lisa Dubbrin
+ Derick Pitcher
.....15 Jared Moriah
.....14 Shari Dubbrin
+ Marty Gottlieb
.....14 Benjamin Dubbrin
+ Cheryl
.....15 Sarah Meira Dubbrin b: May 20, 2009 in Florida
.....15 Mathew Dubbrin
.....13 Jonathon Ludwig b: 1955
.....12 Meyer Mager b: 1917, d: 1944
.....12 Juliusyochonon Mager b: 1918, d: Feb 1945
.....12 Abraham Mager b: 1920
+ Stella
.....13 Gary Mager
.....13 Phyliss Mager
.....12 Pauline Mager b: 1922
+ Paul Goldband
.....13 William Goldband
+ Beth
.....14 Jason Goldband
+ Vivian
.....14 Cory Goldband
.....14 Ryan Goldband
.....13 Helen Goldband

+ Michael Abrahamson
.....14 Ilana Abrahamson
.....14 Sasha Abrahamson
.....13 Martin Goldband
+ Betty
.....14 Eric Goldband
.....14 Craig Goldband
.....12 Samuel Mager b: 1927
+ Beverly
.....11 Meir Lenchitz b: Abt 1890, d: Sep 1918 in New York, NY
+ Riva Hofrichter b: Sep 26, 1890 in Podwoloczyska, Austria, m: Feb 14, 1914 in USA, d: Dec 06, 1967 in Brooklyn, NY
.....12 Ruby Linchitz b: Aug 04, 1916, d: Jul 12, 1998
+ Pearl Singer b: Mar 17, 1922, m: Nov 23, 1941, d: Oct 23, 2019
.....13 Marsha Linchitz b: Nov 27, 1942 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
+ Leonard Townsend m: Dec 14, 2001
+ Alvin Moss b: Jul 11, 1938 in Brooklyn, N. Y., m: Dec 31, 1961 in Brooklyn New York
.....14 Jill Moss b: Jan 07, 1965
+ Elie Mellul m: Abt 1996, d: Abt 1998
.....15 Harrison Mellul b: Oct 05, 1996
+ Andrew Schwartz m: May 20, 2000
.....15 Maxwell Schwartz b: Jul 28, 2004
.....14 Randi Moss b: Nov 22, 1968
+ Richard Lambert m: May 1994
.....15 Ava Lambert b: Dec 31, 1997
.....15 Lexie Lambert b: Oct 2000
.....13 Joel Linchitz b: Nov 30, 1948
+ Lucy Lasky b: Sep 26, 1942
.....12 Saul Linchitz b: Aug 19, 1918 in 444 Williams Ave. Brooklyn, NY, d: Dec 24, 2018 in Westbury, NY
+ Mabel Cohen b: Sep 01, 1923 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jan 11, 1942, d: Nov 18, 2001 in Westbury, NY
.....13 Richard Linchitz b: Mar 29, 1947, d: May 13, 2013
+ Rita Calao b: May 23, 1947
.....14 Elise Linchitz b: Nov 04, 1977
+ Ned Spang
.....15 Jonah Spang b: Mar 27, 2008
.....15 Lucy Spang b: Abt 2010
.....14 Michael Benjamin Linchitz b: Sep 30, 1980
+ Christin Shaw Dirkes m: Jun 13, 2009 in Locust Valley, New York
.....15 Charles Linchitz b: Abt Dec 2013
.....14 Jonathan Linchitz b: Mar 16, 1982
.....13 Carol Linchitz b: Mar 04, 1950 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Arthur Rosenfeld b: Dec 27, 1949 in Manhattan, NY, m: Jul 15, 1972 in Mineola, NY
.....14 Benjamin Rosenfeld b: May 02, 1976
.....14 David Ari Rosenfeld b: May 21, 1979
+ Stacey Borders b: May 18, 1988, m: Mar 09, 2019
.....15 Brooks Ari Rosenfeld b: Apr 02, 2020
.....14 Jonathan Ranan Rosenfeld b: Dec 16, 1981

.....13 Lynne Andrea Linchitz b: Jul 16, 1955
+ Tom Lecher
.....14 Martin Bruce Lecher b: Apr 16, 1991
.....10 Chaya Freyda Lenchitz b: Abt 1850
+ Gedalyah Mager b: 1850
.....11 Sara Rivka Mager b: Abt 1880, d: Abt 1916
+ Moshe Aron Lenchitz b: Abt 1880, d: Abt 1943
.....12 Basya Lenchitz b: Abt 1900
+ Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: Abt 1901 in Rimilov, d: 1986 in Montreal, Canada
.....13 Sarah Kenner b: Abt 1930
+ Michael Rosenberg b: Abt 1925
.....14 Simch Rosenberg b: 1956, d: 1989
.....14 Alan Rosenberg b: 1962
.....13 Sadie Kenner b: Abt 1931, d: 2003
+ Solie Eisenberg d: 2004
.....14 Morrie Eisenberg b: 1960
.....13 David Kenner b: 1933
+ Tzertel Teichner b: 1935
.....14 Miriam Kenner b: 1955
+ Shloima Loewl
.....15 Yissochor Cov Loewl b: 1976
+ Goldy Gross
.....16 Yitzchokyishaya Loewl b: 2001
.....16 Elli Loewl b: 2003
.....16 Chaim Loewl b: 2005
.....15 Yehuda Aryeh Loewl b: 1978
+ Racheli Halperin
.....16 Esther Loewl b: 2001
.....16 Brochoff Loewl b: 2003
.....16 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 2005
.....15 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 1980
+ Chezky Feigenbaum b: 1980
.....16 Yaakov Mordechai Feigenbaum b: 2001
.....16 Benzion Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....16 Chaya Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....16 Aron Yosef Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....16 Reuvain Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....15 Aron Yosef Loewl b: 1984
+ Reena Horowitz b: 1984
.....16 Ahuva Leah Loewl b: 2006
.....15 Avrohom Yitzchok Loewl b: 1990
.....14 Yisroel Maier Kenner b: 1963
+ Keila Sommer b: 1967
.....15 Chana Kenner b: 1988
.....15 Basya Kenner b: 1989
.....15 Boruch Kenner b: 1991
.....15 Etty Chaya Kenner b: 1993
.....15 Yehudis Kenner b: 1994
.....15 Menucha Kenner b: 1997
.....15 Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: 1999

.....15 Tova Kenner b: 2001
.....15 Yissocher Dov Kenner b: 2005
.....15 Rachel Kenner b: Feb 2007
.....14 Shlomo Kenner b: 1965
+ Itta Raizel Mandel b: 1969
.....15 Etya Chaya Kenner b: 1990
.....15 Chana Rochel Kenner b: 1991
.....15 Leah Kenner b: 1993
.....15 Basya Kenner b: 1995
.....15 Feigie Kenner b: 1998
.....15 Miriam Kenner b: 2001
.....14 Esther Rochel Kenner b: 1967
+ Moishe Wolf b: 1960
.....15 Etya Wolf b: 1990
.....15 Reuvain Wolf b: 1993
.....15 Basya Wolf b: 1994
.....15 Blimi Wolf b: 1996
.....15 Miriam Wolf b: 2000
.....15 Yoni Wolf b: 2002
.....15 Yissocher Dov Wolf b: Feb 2007
.....14 Rivka Kenner b: 1972
+ Yehoshua Schwab b: 1970
.....15 Yissocher Dov Schwab b: 1993
.....15 Miriam Schwab b: 1994
.....15 Shimon Schwab b: 1996
.....15 Avrohom Yitzchok Schwab b: 1998
.....15 Basya Schwab b: 2000
.....15 Malka Schwab b: 2003
.....15 Chaya Schwab b: 2006
.....14 Gitty Kenner b: 1976
+ Adam Goldberg b: 1965
.....15 Yehuda Yissochor Dov Goldberg b: 2006
.....13 Penina Kenner b: Abt 1935
+ Anshel Rosenblum b: 1933
.....14 Sandy Rosenblum
+ Eli Moshe Gross
.....15 1 Gross
.....15 2 Gross
.....15 3 Gross
.....15 4 Gross
.....15 5 Gross
.....15 6 Gross
.....15 7 Gross
.....15 8 Gross
.....15 9 Gross
.....15 10 Gross
.....14 Nomi Rosenblum
+ Chaim Akuka
.....15 1 Akuka
.....15 2 Akuka
.....15 3 Akuka

.....15 4 Akuka
.....15 5 Akuka
.....15 6 Akuka
.....15 7 Akuka
.....15 8 Akuka
.....14 Nutti Rosenblum
+ Manya Weingarten
.....15 1 Weingarten b: 1986
.....14 Elli Rosenblum
+ Chaya Weingarten
.....15 1 Rosenblum
.....15 2 Rosenblum
.....15 3 Rosenblum
.....15 4 Rosenblum
.....15 5 Rosenblum
.....15 6 Rosenblum
.....15 7 Rosenblum
.....15 8 Rosenblum
.....14 Chevy Rosenblum
+ Gershon Fordsham
.....15 1 Fordsham
.....15 2 Fordsham
.....15 3 Fordsham
.....15 4 Fordsham
.....13 Malka Kenner b: Abt 1938
+ Arthur Falk
.....14 Cheryl Falk b: 1961
.....14 Larry Falk b: 1965
.....14 Judy Falk b: 1971
.....13 Chanah Kenner b: Abt 1945
+ Sholom Ginsberg b: 1945
.....14 Moishe Aron Ginsberg b: 1972
+ Rivka Litwak
.....15 1 Ginsberg
.....15 2 Ginsberg
.....15 3 Ginsberg
.....15 4 Ginsberg
.....15 5 Ginsberg
.....14 Rivka Ginsberg b: 1974
.....14 Nechama Ginsberg b: 1977
+ Doniel Rosen
.....15 1 Rosen
.....15 2 Rosen
.....15 3 Rosen
.....14 Baila Ginsberg
+ Yaakov Strauss
.....15 1 Strauss
.....15 2 Strauss
.....14 Shea'la Ginsberg
.....12 Feiga Lenchitz b: Abt 1902
.....12 Avrohom Yitzchok Lenchitz b: Abt 1906

.....12 Yochonon Lenchitz b: Abt 1908
.....12 Nuchem Lenchitz b: Abt 1909
.....12 Leib Lenchitz b: Abt 1911
.....11 Israel Mager
+ Basha Lenchitz b: Abt 1888
.....12 Reuben Mager b: 1912 in Europe, d: 1988
+ Bertha Mager
.....13 Michael Mager
.....13 Marsha Mager
.....12 Sarah Mager b: 1915
+ Abraham Ludwig b: 1910
.....13 Hinda Ludwig b: 1939
+ Marvin Finston
.....14 Beth Finston
+ Steve Lazar
.....15 Ilysa Lazur
.....15 Nicole Lazur
.....14 H. Richard Finston
.....14 Robert Finston
.....13 Gilbert Ludwig b: 1942
+ Ellen
.....14 Erick Ludwig
.....14 Andrea Ludwick
.....13 Norma Ludwig b: 1944, d: Aug 27, 2006 in Florida
+ Allen Dubbrin
.....14 Lisa Dubbrin
+ Derick Pitcher
.....15 Jared Moriah
.....14 Shari Dubbrin
+ Marty Gottlieb
.....14 Benjamin Dubbrin
+ Cheryl
.....15 Sarah Meira Dubbrin b: May 20, 2009 in Florida
.....15 Mathew Dubbrin
.....13 Jonathon Ludwig b: 1955
.....12 Meyer Mager b: 1917, d: 1944
.....12 Juliusyochonon Mager b: 1918, d: Feb 1945
.....12 Abraham Mager b: 1920
+ Stella
.....13 Gary Mager
.....13 Phyliss Mager
.....12 Pauline Mager b: 1922
+ Paul Goldband
.....13 William Goldband
+ Beth
.....14 Jason Goldband
+ Vivian
.....14 Cory Goldband
.....14 Ryan Goldband
.....13 Helen Goldband
+ Michael Abrahamson

.....14 Ilana Abrahamson
.....14 Sasha Abrahamson
.....13 Martin Goldband
+ Betty
.....14 Eric Goldband
.....14 Craig Goldband
.....12 Samuel Mager b: 1927
+ Beverly
.....11 Morris Lenchitz Mager
+ Adele
.....12 Sidney Mager
.....12 Clare Mager
.....12 Gerald Mager
.....11 Marcus Mager
.....10 Tzertel Lenchitz b: Abt 1850 in Rimilov
+ David Kanner b: 1852 in Lyubar, Ukraine, d: 1931
.....11 Etya Chaya Kanner b: 1896 in Rimilov, d: Monsey, NY
+ Yissocher Dov Teichner b: 1890
.....12 Henna Teichner b: 1924, d: 1978
+ Gedalia Felder b: 1922, d: 1992
.....13 Aron Felder b: 1944
+ Ruth Adler b: 1948
.....14 Elisheva Felder
+ Naptali Rosenhan
.....15 1 Rosenhan
.....15 2 Rosenhan
.....15 3 Rosenhan
.....15 4 Rosenhan
.....15 5 Rosenhan
.....14 Tzippora Leah Felder
+ Sholom Weil
.....15 1 Weil
.....15 2 Weil
.....15 3 Weil
.....15 4 Weil
.....15 5 Weil
.....14 Hadasssah Felder
+ Shmuel Sperling
.....15 1 Sperling
.....15 2 Sperling
.....15 3 Sperling
.....15 4 Sperling
.....14 Yissochor Dov Felder
+ Rivky Bergstein
.....15 1 Felder
.....15 2 Felder
.....14 Sori Felder
+ Avi Bernstein
.....15 1 Bernstein
.....15 2 Bernstein
.....14 Chana Felder

+ Elchonon Engel
.....15 1 Engel
.....14 Brochi Felder
+ Zin
.....14 Eli Felder
.....14 Nechoma Felder
.....14 Shira Felder
.....13 Yosef Felder b: 1945
+ Chanita Ethrman b: 1952
.....14 Tzvi Felder
+ Rivky Ettlinger
.....15 1 Ettlinger
.....15 2 Ettlinger
.....15 3 Ettlinger
.....15 4 Ettlinger
.....14 Leah Felder
+ Shlomo Rosenblum
.....15 1 Rosenblum
.....15 2 Rosenblum
.....15 3 Rosenblum
.....15 4 Rosenblum
.....14 Yissocher Felder
+ Rivka Rochel Greenbaum
.....15 1 Felder
.....14 Henny Felder
+ Avrochom Bondi
.....14 Yechezkel Felder
.....14 Chaim Felder
.....14 Yaakov Felder
.....13 Esther Felder b: 1959
+ Aryeh Ross
.....13 Rochel Felder b: 1959, d: 1998
.....13 Yaakov Felder b: 1961
+ Raizy Hendler b: 1962
.....14 Yehoshua Felder
.....14 Henny Felder
.....14 Pessy Felder
.....14 Chaya Felder
.....14 Gedalia Felder
.....14 Nechoma Felder
.....14 Tzvi Felder
.....14 Chava Rochel Felder
.....12 Moisha Teichner b: 1928
.....12 Shamshom Teichner b: 1929, d: 2002
.....12 Dovid Teichner b: 1931
.....12 Tzertel Teichner b: 1935
+ David Kenner b: 1933
.....13 Miriam Kenner b: 1955
+ Shloima Loewl
.....14 Yissochor Cov Loewl b: 1976
+ Goldy Gross

.....15 Yitzchokyishaya Loewl b: 2001
.....15 Elli Loewl b: 2003
.....15 Chaim Loewl b: 2005
.....14 Yehuda Aryeh Loewl b: 1978
+ Racheli Halperin
.....15 Esther Loewl b: 2001
.....15 Brochoff Loewl b: 2003
.....15 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 2005
.....14 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 1980
+ Chezky Feigenbaum b: 1980
.....15 Yaakov Mordechai Feigenbaum b: 2001
.....15 Benzion Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....15 Chaya Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....15 Aron Yosef Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....15 Reuvain Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....14 Aron Yosef Loewl b: 1984
+ Reena Horowitz b: 1984
.....15 Ahuva Leah Loewl b: 2006
.....14 Avrohom Yitzchok Loewl b: 1990
.....13 Yisroel Maier Kenner b: 1963
+ Keila Sommer b: 1967
.....14 Chana Kenner b: 1988
.....14 Basya Kenner b: 1989
.....14 Boruch Kenner b: 1991
.....14 Etty Chaya Kenner b: 1993
.....14 Yehudis Kenner b: 1994
.....14 Menucha Kenner b: 1997
.....14 Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: 1999
.....14 Tova Kenner b: 2001
.....14 Yissocher Dov Kenner b: 2005
.....14 Rachel Kenner b: Feb 2007
.....13 Shlomo Kenner b: 1965
+ Itta Raizel Mandel b: 1969
.....14 Etya Chaya Kenner b: 1990
.....14 Chana Rochel Kenner b: 1991
.....14 Leah Kenner b: 1993
.....14 Basya Kenner b: 1995
.....14 Feigie Kenner b: 1998
.....14 Miriam Kenner b: 2001
.....13 Esther Rochel Kenner b: 1967
+ Moishe Wolf b: 1960
.....14 Etya Wolf b: 1990
.....14 Reuvain Wolf b: 1993
.....14 Basya Wolf b: 1994
.....14 Blimi Wolf b: 1996
.....14 Miriam Wolf b: 2000
.....14 Yoni Wolf b: 2002
.....14 Yissocher Dov Wolf b: Feb 2007
.....13 Rivka Kenner b: 1972
+ Yehoshua Schwab b: 1970
.....14 Yissocher Dov Schwab b: 1993

.....14 Miriam Schwab b: 1994
.....14 Shimon Schwab b: 1996
.....14 Avrohom Yitzchok Schwab b: 1998
.....14 Basya Schwab b: 2000
.....14 Malka Schwab b: 2003
.....14 Chaya Schwab b: 2006
.....13 Gitty Kenner b: 1976
+ Adam Goldberg b: 1965
.....14 Yehuda Yissochor Dov Goldberg b: 2006
.....11 Gittel Kanner b: 1900 in Rimilov, d: 1974 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
+ Hersh Brown d: 1955 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
.....12 Dorothy Brown b: 1925, d: 1989
+ Henry Kornberg
.....13 Ira Kornberg b: 1959
.....13 Eva Kornberg b: 1959
.....12 Sonya Brown
+ Milton Greenberg
.....13 1Greenberg
.....13 2Greenberg
.....12 David Brown d: 2003
+ Florence Lastname
.....13 1Brown
.....13 2Brown
.....11 Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: Abt 1901 in Rimilov, d: 1986 in Montreal, Canada
+ Basya Lenchitz b: Abt 1900
.....12 Sarah Kenner b: Abt 1930
+ Michael Rosenberg b: Abt 1925
.....13 Simch Rosenberg b: 1956, d: 1989
.....13 Alan Rosenberg b: 1962
.....12 Sadie Kenner b: Abt 1931, d: 2003
+ Solie Eisenberg d: 2004
.....13 Morrie Eisenberg b: 1960
.....12 David Kenner b: 1933
+ Tzertel Teichner b: 1935
.....13 Miriam Kenner b: 1955
+ Shloima Loewl
.....14 Yissochor Cov Loewl b: 1976
+ Goldy Gross
.....15 Yitzchokyishaya Loewl b: 2001
.....15 Elli Loewl b: 2003
.....15 Chaim Loewl b: 2005
.....14 Yehuda Aryeh Loewl b: 1978
+ Racheli Halperin
.....15 Esther Loewl b: 2001
.....15 Brochoff Loewl b: 2003
.....15 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 2005
.....14 Chana Rivky Loewl b: 1980
+ Chezky Feigenbaum b: 1980
.....15 Yaakov Mordechai Feigenbaum b: 2001
.....15 Benzion Feigenbaum b: 2003
.....15 Chaya Feigenbaum b: 2003

.....15 Aron Yosef Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....15 Reuvain Feigenbaum b: 2005
.....14 Aron Yosef Loewl b: 1984
+ Reena Horowitz b: 1984
.....15 Ahuva Leah Loewl b: 2006
.....14 Avrohom Yitzchok Loewl b: 1990
.....13 Yisroel Maier Kenner b: 1963
+ Keila Sommer b: 1967
.....14 Chana Kenner b: 1988
.....14 Basya Kenner b: 1989
.....14 Boruch Kenner b: 1991
.....14 Etty Chaya Kenner b: 1993
.....14 Yehudis Kenner b: 1994
.....14 Menucha Kenner b: 1997
.....14 Avrohom Yitzchok Kenner b: 1999
.....14 Tova Kenner b: 2001
.....14 Yissocher Dov Kenner b: 2005
.....14 Rachel Kenner b: Feb 2007
.....13 Shlomo Kenner b: 1965
+ Itta Raizel Mandel b: 1969
.....14 Etya Chaya Kenner b: 1990
.....14 Chana Rochel Kenner b: 1991
.....14 Leah Kenner b: 1993
.....14 Basya Kenner b: 1995
.....14 Feigie Kenner b: 1998
.....14 Miriam Kenner b: 2001
.....13 Esther Rochel Kenner b: 1967
+ Moishe Wolf b: 1960
.....14 Etya Wolf b: 1990
.....14 Reuvain Wolf b: 1993
.....14 Basya Wolf b: 1994
.....14 Blimi Wolf b: 1996
.....14 Miriam Wolf b: 2000
.....14 Yoni Wolf b: 2002
.....14 Yissocher Dov Wolf b: Feb 2007
.....13 Rivka Kenner b: 1972
+ Yehoshua Schwab b: 1970
.....14 Yissocher Dov Schwab b: 1993
.....14 Miriam Schwab b: 1994
.....14 Shimon Schwab b: 1996
.....14 Avrohom Yitzchok Schwab b: 1998
.....14 Basya Schwab b: 2000
.....14 Malka Schwab b: 2003
.....14 Chaya Schwab b: 2006
.....13 Gitty Kenner b: 1976
+ Adam Goldberg b: 1965
.....14 Yehuda Yissochor Dov Goldberg b: 2006
.....12 Penina Kenner b: Abt 1935
+ Anshel Rosenblum b: 1933
.....13 Sandy Rosenblum
+ Eli Moshe Gross

.....14 1 Gross
.....14 2 Gross
.....14 3 Gross
.....14 4 Gross
.....14 5 Gross
.....14 6 Gross
.....14 7 Gross
.....14 8 Gross
.....14 9 Gross
.....14 10 Gross
.....13 Nomi Rosenblum
+ Chaim Akuka
.....14 1 Akuka
.....14 2 Akuka
.....14 3 Akuka
.....14 4 Akuka
.....14 5 Akuka
.....14 6 Akuka
.....14 7 Akuka
.....14 8 Akuka
.....13 Nutti Rosenblum
+ Manya Weingarten
.....14 1 Weingarten b: 1986
.....13 Elli Rosenblum
+ Chaya Weingarten
.....14 1 Rosenblum
.....14 2 Rosenblum
.....14 3 Rosenblum
.....14 4 Rosenblum
.....14 5 Rosenblum
.....14 6 Rosenblum
.....14 7 Rosenblum
.....14 8 Rosenblum
.....13 Chevy Rosenblum
+ Gershon Fordsham
.....14 1 Fordsham
.....14 2 Fordsham
.....14 3 Fordsham
.....14 4 Fordsham
.....12 Malka Kenner b: Abt 1938
+ Arthur Falk
.....13 Cheryl Falk b: 1961
.....13 Larry Falk b: 1965
.....13 Judy Falk b: 1971
.....12 Chanah Kenner b: Abt 1945
+ Sholom Ginsberg b: 1945
.....13 Moishe Aron Ginsberg b: 1972
+ Rivka Litwak
.....14 1 Ginsberg
.....14 2 Ginsberg
.....14 3 Ginsberg

.....14 4 Ginsberg
.....14 5 Ginsberg
.....13 Rivka Ginsberg b: 1974
.....13 Nechama Ginsberg b: 1977
+ Doniel Rosen
.....14 1 Rosen
.....14 2 Rosen
.....14 3 Rosen
.....13 Baila Ginsberg
+ Yaakov Strauss
.....14 1 Strauss
.....14 2 Strauss
.....13 Shea'la Ginsberg
.....11 Israel Isser Kanner b: 1902 in Rimilov, d: 1988
+ M. Mindel
.....12 Shnulka Kanner b: 1928
+ Hershel Unknown b: Abt 1850, d: Abt 1875
.....11 Daughter1 Unknown b: Abt 1870, d: Abt 1875
.....11 Menya Basya Unknown b: Abt 1875
+ Shea Kanner
.....12 Faiga Kanner
.....12 Shloima Kanner
.....12 Avrohom Kanner
.....10 Maltza Lenchitz b: Abt 1850
.....10 Feivish Lenchitz b: Abt 1850
...2 Moshe Lenchitz d: Sep 16, 1608

Outline Descendant Report for Sender Barshefsky

1 Sender Barshefsky b: Abt 1860 in Rajgrod, Poland
+ Rachel Leah b: Abt 1860 in Poland or Russia
...2 Simcha Laib Glickstein b: 1874, d: Jul 08, 1938
+ Rachel Naomi Goldstein b: 1870, d: Sep 01, 1932
.....3 Anna Glickstein b: 1899 in Lower East Side, Manhattan, NY, d: 1977
+ Frank Miller m: Aug 30, 1925 in Amalgamated Mansion, 21 Arion Place, Brooklyn, NY, d: 1952
.....4 Beverly Judith Miller b: 1926
+ Emanuel Joseph Werner b: 1925, m: Feb 1946, d: 1990
.....5 Stephen Werner b: 1947
+ Eileen Mogilefsky m: 1970
.....6 Jessica Corey Werner b: 1976
.....6 Andrew Bradley Werner b: 1978
.....6 Sara Frances Werner b: 1983
.....5 Sondra Lauren Werner b: May 29, 1949 in Queens NY
+ Joseph R. Kaufman b: Mar 01, 1946 in Queens NY, m: 1972
.....6 Barry Adam Kaufman b: Mar 28, 1974 in Queens NY
+ Annette Lobo m: 1997
.....7 Ashley Nichole Kaufman b: Nov 03, 2000
.....5 Garry Marc Werner b: 1950
+ Carol Parthe m: 1972
.....6 Susan Beth Werner b: 1976
.....6 David Matthew Werner b: 1985
.....5 Evan Frank Werner b: 1953
+ Joan Martin m: 1975
.....6 Adam Gregg Werner b: 1979
.....6 Allison Joy Werner b: 1983
.....4 Naomi Rachel Miller
.....3 Sylvia Glickstein
.....3 Ida Glickstein
+ Louie Grossman
.....4 Sender Grossman
.....4 Ralph Grossman
.....3 Jack Glickstein
.....3 Sam Glick
+ Helen
.....4 Audrey Glick
+ Mel Smith
.....5 Betsy Smith
.....4 Richard Glick
+ Judy
.....5 Adam Glick
.....4 Carl Glick
+ Selma
.....3 Harry Glickstein
+ Anna
.....4 Alvin Glickstein
...2 Isaac Barshefsky b: 1877 in Lomza, Poland, d: May 15, 1944 in Chicago IL. Lived at 1648 S. Albany Ave.
+ Ethel Dubin b: Estonia

.....3 Mary Barshefsky b: Feb 08, 1892 in Leeds, UK, d: 1995
+ Joseph Rothstein
.....4 Iris Rothstein
.....4 Perry Rothstein
.....3 Frances Barshefsky b: Sep 14, 1899, d: 1991
+ Ben Sherman
.....4 Sid Sherman b: 1917
+ Sissy m: 1940
.....4 Earl Skeezix Sherman
.....3 Gertrude Barshefsky b: Feb 14, 1905 in Liverpool England, d: 1918 in Chicago IL
.....3 Mona Barshefsky b: Apr 20, 1908, d: 1998
+ Harry Adams
.....4 Corine Adams
+ Walter Cichon
.....5 Pamela Cichon
.....5 Kent C Cichon
.....5 Scott Cichon
.....3 Henry Barsh b: Feb 12, 1912 in Illinois, d: Dec 26, 1977 in Cook County
+ Lillian Zimmerman b: 1915, m: 1939, d: 2006
.....4 Eileen Barsh b: 1940
+ Burton Shane
.....5 Bryan Shane b: 1960
+ Lili
.....5 Elliott Shane b: 1964
+ [unknown spouse]
.....6 Zachary Shane b: 1993
.....6 Ariel Shane b: 1986
.....5 Rebecca Shane b: 1967
+ Frank Andrews
.....6 Jordan Andrews b: 1995
.....6 Brett Andrews b: 1998
.....6 Coby Andrews b: 2002
.....6 Jack Andrews b: 2004
+ Carl Pedersen
.....5 Josette Pedersen
+ [unknown spouse]
.....6 Lilly Pedersen b: 2007
.....6 Hanna Pedersen b: 1991
.....4 Bruce Barsh b: 1944, d: 2005
.....3 Shirley Barshefsky b: Sep 05, 1916
+ Samuel Lentzner
.....4 Robert C. Lentzner b: May 30, 1938 in Chicago IL
+ Loretta Sue Goldstein b: Jul 13, 1943 in Chicago IL
.....5 Benjamin Lentzner
+ Cheryl Amy Dissick
.....5 Michelle Lentzner
+ Ken Kwartler
.....6 Loel Eitan Kwartler b: Sep 04, 1995
.....6 Sarah Karen Kwartler b: Oct 04, 1998
.....3 Getzel Barshefsky

...2 Nathan Barshefsky Glickstein b: May 10, 1881 in Rajgrod, Poland, d: Aug 01, 1980 in Long Beach, NY
+ Celia Blumenstein b: Abt 1884 in Russia, m: Abt 1907, d: Abt 1914 in New York, NY
.....3 Morris Glickstein b: Sep 06, 1908 in 58 Montgomery Street, New York NY, d: Jun 08, 1997 in Old Greenwich, CT
+ Esther Lenchitz b: Aug 20, 1907 in Podwoloczyska, Austria, m: Oct 19, 1932 in New York, NY, d: Mar 05, 1992 in Old Greenwich, CT 06870
.....4 Stanley Stuart Glickstein b: Nov 12, 1933 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Joan Katz b: Apr 23, 1934 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jul 12, 1957 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Jun 24, 2015 in Pittsburgh, PA 15236
.....5 Steven Howard Glickstein b: Nov 13, 1960 in Bellefonte, PA
+ Sherri Donna Lerner b: Jul 04, 1963 in Brooklyn, NY, m: May 23, 1991 in Long Island, NY
.....6 Jarred Shane Glickstein b: Apr 08, 1995 in New York City, NY
.....6 Ethan Lyndon Glickstein b: Oct 03, 1998 in New York City, NY
.....5 Barbara Helene Glickstein b: Oct 02, 1962 in Princeton, NJ
+ Seth Barry Sacher b: Oct 12, 1962 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Dec 21, 1991 in Pittsburgh, PA
.....6 Elana Rose Sacher b: Jan 17, 1994 in Fairfax, VA
.....6 Sara Elisabeth Sacher b: Sep 23, 1995 in Fairfax, VA
.....6 Maxwell Nathaniel Sacher b: Jul 14, 1998 in Fairfax, VA
.....5 Karen Sue Glickstein b: Sep 11, 1963 in Princeton, NJ
+ Frederick William Edeson b: Dec 27, 1966 in Washington, DC, m: Apr 11, 1999 in Beth El Congregation, Mt Lebanon, PA
.....6 Jonah Matthew Edeson b: Apr 09, 2000 in Baltimore, MD
.....5 Cathy Ann Glickstein b: Jan 11, 1967 in Pittsburgh, PA, d: Oct 29, 2018
.....4 Cynthia Ruth Glickstein b: Feb 25, 1938 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Arthur Ribak b: Mar 11, 1935 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Dec 24, 1959 in Brooklyn N. Y.
.....5 Pamela Bonnie Ribak b: Nov 22, 1961 in Madrid, Spain
+ Andy Karetsky b: Apr 18, 1966 in New York City, NY, m: Mar 06, 1999 in New York, NY
.....6 Jakob Mori Karetsky b: Jul 08, 2000 in Greenwich, CT
.....6 Rachel Eliana Karetsky b: Feb 27, 2002 in Greenwich, CT
.....6 David Mori Karetsky b: Aug 31, 2004 in Greenwich, CT
.....5 Robin Gale Ribak b: Apr 08, 1969 in Greenwich, CT
+ Riva Hofrichter b: Sep 26, 1890 in Podwoloczyska, Austria, m: Jun 06, 1920 in New York City, d: Dec 06, 1967 in Brooklyn, NY
.....3 Alexander Glickstein b: Apr 28, 1921, d: May 18, 2008
+ Esther Camhi b: Oct 10, 1925 in Manhattan, NY, m: Nov 05, 1949 in Brooklyn
.....4 Steven Glickstein b: Jan 03, 1952 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Nancy Koran b: May 05, 1961 in Ohio, m: May 23, 1993 in Scarsdale, NY
.....4 Lisa Glickstein b: Nov 19, 1956 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Gary Schwartz b: Feb 26, 1951 in Brooklyn, NY
.....5 David Samuel Schwartz b: Aug 17, 1988
.....5 Joshua Michael Schwartz b: May 09, 1991
.....3 Sol Glickstein b: Aug 21, 1928
+ Lorraine Laytin b: Jul 31, 1934, m: Oct 19, 1957 in Brooklyn New York
.....4 Julie Sue Glickstein b: May 24, 1960 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Frederick Jon Ruvkun b: Apr 26, 1957 in Berkeley, CA, m: Nov 12, 1988 in Lawrence, NY
.....5 Carolyn Anne Ruvkun b: Sep 04, 1991
.....5 Andrew Herbert Ruvkun b: Jan 13, 1996
.....4 Jordon Glickstein b: Apr 27, 1964 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
+ Mary Rose O'Connell b: Oct 02, 1958 in New Rochelle, NJ, m: Mar 14, 1997 in US Court House Brooklyn NY

.....5 Mathew O'Connell Glickstein b: Aug 25, 2000
.....5 Owen O' Connell Glickstein b: Apr 09, 2004
...2 Hinda Barshefsky
...2 Raisel Barshefsky
...2 Charlie Barsh
+ Fanny
.....3 Harold Barsh
+ Shirley
.....4 Wendy Barsh
.....4 Sharon Barsh
+ Spouse Sternoff
.....3 Norman Barsh
+ Annette Drubinshy
.....4 Paul Barsh
+ Paulbarshspouse
.....5 Childone Barsh
.....5 Childtwo Barsh
.....4 Michael Barsh
+ Chris
.....5 Jeanette Barsh
.....5 Daughtermichael Barsh
+ Daughtermichealspouse
.....6 Daughtermichaeldaughter Barsh
.....3 Yetta Barsh
+ Max Schahtman
.....3 Alexander Barsh
+ Shirley Glass
.....4 Sheila Barsh
+ Richard Trevino
.....5 Richard Trevino
.....5 Michael Trevino
.....4 Richard C. Barsh
...2 Shepsal Barshefsky
...2 Getzel Barshefsky
...2 Meyer Barshefsky b: Rygrod, Poland, d: May 21, 1952
+ Rochel Krachevsky b: Poland, d: Dec 22, 1956
.....3 Gustave Barshefsky b: Mar 30, 1912 in Poland, d: Mar 12, 1995 in St. Petersburg FL
+ Miriam Rosen b: Aug 22, 1912 in Shirvint Lithuania, m: Dec 29, 1935 in Chicago IL, d: May 09, 2011 in Rockville, MD
.....4 Annette Barshefsky b: Jan 15, 1938 in Chicago IL
+ Donald Jerome Weinshank b: Apr 29, 1937 in Chicago IL, m: Aug 23, 1959 in Chicago IL, d: May 04, 2019 in East Lansing, MI
.....5 Joshua Weinshank b: Dec 28, 1963 in Madison WI
+ Julia Anna Mende b: Nov 26, 1973 in Berlin, Germany, m: Mar 06, 2003 in East Lansing, MI
.....5 Joel Weinshank b: Dec 06, 1966 in Madison WI
.....4 Seymour Barshefsky b: Sep 10, 1943 in Chicago IL, d: Sep 15, 1944 in Chicago IL
.....4 Alvin Barshefsky b: Sep 11, 1948 in Chicago, IL
+ Nita Helaine Simon b: Feb 27, 1949 in Middle River, Maryland, m: Aug 17, 1969 in Lincolnwood, IL
.....5 Adam Aron Barshefsky b: May 14, 1973 in Princeton, NJ
+ Laura Michelle Greenberg b: Dec 03, 1972 in Chicago, IL, m: Jun 25, 2000 in Chicago IL

.....6 Asher Graham Barshefsky b: Jan 21, 2004 in Evanston IL
.....6 Ariel Becca Barshefsky b: Jun 12, 2006 in Evanston IL
.....5 Alison Abbey Barshefsky b: May 01, 1978 in Elk Grove Village, IL
+ Ryan Thomas Gister b: Dec 16, 1978 in Joliet IL, m: Oct 12, 2002 in Lisle IL
.....6 Aidan Thomas Gister b: Apr 14, 2007 in Naperville IL
.....6 Aniston Eleanor Gister b: Nov 01, 2011 in Naperville, Du Page, Illinois, USA
.....4 Charlene Barshefsky b: Aug 11, 1950 in Chicago, IL
+ Edward Cohen b: 1949, m: Jan 25, 1976 in Washington, DC
.....5 Marika Cohen b: May 13, 1983 in Washington DC
.....5 Devra Rebecca Cohen b: May 15, 1988 in Washington DC
.....3 Lorraine Barshefsky b: Mar 12, 1908, d: 12/22/1992
+ Leonard Goldman b: Aug 17, 1907, m: 1933, d: Jun 19, 1969
.....4 Harriet Goldman b: Mar 14, 1939
+ Zarah Ainbinder b: Jul 12, 1937, m: Jul 08, 1962, d: Jul 29, 2006
.....5 Richa Ainbinder b: Jun 27, 1967
+ Michael Kleiman b: Nov 07, 1966, m: Jun 11, 1995
.....6 Rebecca Elana Kleiman b: Oct 25, 2000
.....6 Lillian Helene Kleiman b: May 02, 2005
.....5 Alisa Ainbinder b: Jan 10, 1971
+ Theodore Leventhal b: Mar 23, 1969, m: Sep 14, 2003
.....4 Sharon Goldman b: May 23, 1944
+ David Rubin b: Jul 22, 1943
.....5 Ari Rubin b: Jun 19, 1969
+ Christine Mahoney m: Jul 13, 1996
.....6 Lila Kay Rubin b: May 29, 2001
.....6 Elan David Rubin b: Apr 11, 2005
.....5 Joshua Rubin b: Jun 19, 1973
+ Meredith Bazaar
.....6 Sylvia Ann Rubin
.....6 Arlo Benjamin Rubin
.....4 Myrna Goldman b: Jun 26, 1949 in Chicago IL
.....3 Libby Barshefsky
+ Leonard Goldman m: 1933
.....4 Harriett Goldman
+ Zarah Ainbinder
.....5 Richa Ainbinder b: Jun 27, 1967
+ Michael Kleiman b: Nov 07, 1966, m: Jun 11, 1995
.....6 Rebecca Elana Kleiman b: Oct 25, 2000
.....6 Lillian Helene Kleiman b: May 02, 2005
.....5 Alisa Ainbinder b: Jan 10, 1971
+ Theodore Leventhal b: Mar 23, 1969, m: Sep 14, 2003
.....4 Sharon Goldman
+ David Rubin
.....5 Ari Rubin b: Jun 19, 1969
+ Christine Mahoney m: Jul 13, 1996
.....6 Lila Kay Rubin b: May 29, 2001
.....6 Elan David Rubin b: Apr 11, 2005
.....5 Joshua Rubin b: Jun 19, 1973
+ Meredith Bazaar
.....6 Sylvia Ann Rubin
.....6 Arlo Benjamin Rubin

.....4 Myrna Goldman
...2 Yale Glickstein d: Europe
+ [unknown spouse]
.....3 Celia Glickstein
.....3 Eva Glickstein
+ Frank Berk
.....4 Elizabeth Berk
+ Louis Mayo
.....5 Debra Mayo
.....5 Mark Mayo
.....3 Sonia Glickstein
+ Joesph Pawe
.....4 Joel Powell

Outline Descendant Report for Abraham Parness

1 Abraham Parness b: Abt 1840 in Skalat, Austria
  + Esther Parness b: Abt 1840 in Skalat, Austria
...2 Abraham Parness b: 1860
    + [unknown spouse]
.....3 Mollie Parness b: Abt 1885
...2 Rachel Parness b: Abt 1860 in Skalat, d: 1929 in New York
    + Reuben Hofrichter d: Aug 13, 1909 in Vienna; Sol Glickstein sent papers that confirm this.
.....3 Abe Hofrichter b: Dec 27, 1880 in Podwoloczyska, Austria, d: Nov 02, 1976 in Bronx, NY 10462
      + Celia Elfenbein b: Apr 09, 1883, m: Jan 14, 1905 in New York, NY, d: Jun 10, 1967 in Bronx, NY
.....4 Esther Hofrichter b: Jan 14, 1906 in Manhattan, NY, d: Dec 30, 2001 in Bronx, New York
        + Sam Barnett b: Sep 19, 1901 in Ludge, Poland, m: Jun 12, 1927 in Park terrace, Bronx, NY, d: Apr 14, 1958 in Bronx, NY
.....5 Rita Barnett b: Dec 30, 1928, d: Abt 2009
          + Mike Gannon b: Dec 9, 2003, m: 1972
          + Bert Goldenberg
.....6 Lee Goldenberg b: Jul 11, 1950
            + Sheryl
.....7 Joshua David Goldenberg b: Abt 1970
              + Vivianne Garcia b: Columbia, South America, m: Jul 25, 1999
.....8 Eric Garcia b: 1986
.....8 Daisy Garcia b: 1988
.....8 Jakob Goldenberg b: Nov 15, 2000
.....7 Jamie Goldenberg
            + Terry Goldenberg
.....6 Alan Goldenberg
            + Loretta
.....7 Daniel Goldenberg
              + Rebeca m: May 2003
.....7 William Goldenberg
.....7 Robert Goldenberg
.....5 Ruth Barnett b: Feb 06, 1932
          + Henry Zlotolow b: Sep 06, 1931 in Bronx, NY
.....6 Stuart Zlotolow b: Mar 03, 1960
            + Ellen Kornhauser m: Oct 02, 1990
.....7 Paige Jessica b: Apr 28, 1995
.....7 Roger Mark b: Feb 02, 1997
.....6 Ellen Zlotolow b: Dec 10, 1962
            + Robert Mercurio m: Oct 09, 1999
.....7 Edward Mercurio b: Feb 05, 2002
.....7 Joseph Mercurio b: Sep 13, 2003
.....6 Jane Zlotolow b: Oct 12, 1964
            + Greg Schachtman b: Sep 04, 1988
.....7 Seth Sachtman b: Jun 07, 1995
.....4 Anne Hofrichter b: Dec 17, 1909 in New York, NY, d: Jan 23, 2004
        + Harry Maimon b: Apr 30, 1910 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Dec 15, 1935 in New York City, NY, d: Abt May 04, 1983 in Del Ray Beach, FL
.....5 Joel Jacob Maimon b: Apr 10, 1938
          + Virginia

+ Jane Maimon m: Abt 1960
.....6 Jeffrey Maimon
+ Tracey
.....7 David Edward Maimon b: Mar 18, 1999
.....7 Adam Ross Maimon b: Mar 18, 1999
.....6 Lynn Maimon
+ Johan
.....7 Llana Johan b: Abt 1994
.....7 Melanie Johan b: Abt 1994
+ Helen m: Abt 1965
.....6 Jennifer Maimon
.....5 Ronnie Sue Maimon b: Aug 16, 1942, d: Nov 22, 2013 in Lake Worth, Florida
+ Ira Oster
.....6 Debra Oster b: Jun 27, 1964, d: Sep 10, 1973
.....6 Steven Oster
.....6 Kenneth Oster
.....4 Selma Hofrichter b: Jun 28, 1914, d: Feb 17, 2012 in Long Island, New York
+ David Bookbinder b: Sep 10, 1909, d: Jul 12, 1963
.....5 Michael Bookbinder b: Aug 15, 1938
+ Naomi
.....6 Sara Bookbinder b: Mar 08, 1974
.....6 Adam Bookbinder b: Abt 1978
.....5 Roy Bookbinder b: Oct 1943
+ Dawn
.....5 Paul Bookbinder b: Oct 1949
+ Liz
.....6 Benjamin Bookbinder b: 1982
.....6 Douglas Bookbinder b: 1986
+ Sidney Bassuk b: Jan 22, 1914, m: 1965
.....4 Natalie Hofrichter b: Jul 22, 1918 in New York, N.Y., d: Dec 04, 2003 in Del Ray Beach, FL
+ Milton Golden b: Feb 13, 1916 in New York, N.Y., m: Feb 18, 1940 in Bronx, N.Y., d: Jul 31, 2011 in Beth David Cemetery Elmont, NY
.....5 Susan R. Golden b: Sep 07, 1942
+ Richard Tannor b: Dec 21, 1942
.....6 Caren Tannor b: Feb 05, 1969
+ Adam Larkey b: Jun 05, 1967
.....7 Justin Larkey b: Aug 17, 2002
.....6 Daniel Tannor b: Jul 12, 1970
+ Debra Zatkawsky b: Jun 04, 1970
.....6 Lauren Tannor b: Nov 12, 1975
.....4 Bernice Hofrichter b: Nov 20, 1923 in Bronx, N.Y., d: Dec 07, 2010
+ Murray Rosen b: Dec 03, 1921 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Sep 29, 1946 in Manhattan, NY
.....5 Frank R. Rosen b: Dec 24, 1950
+ Sheri Hasson
.....6 Adam J. Rosen
.....6 Michael D. Rosen
.....5 Andrew M. Rosen b: Mar 09, 1957
+ Janet Plotkin
.....6 Mathew J. Rosen b: Abt 1985
.....6 Rachel M. Rosen b: Abt 1988
.....3 Sol Hofrichter b: 1886 in Podwoloczyska, Austria, d: Jul 18, 1948

+ Molly Hofrichter b: 1887, d: Mar 10, 1968
.....4 George Hofrichter b: May 21, 1915, d: Apr 11, 2002 in T
.....4 Raymond Hofrichter b: Mar 18, 1918 in Manhattan, NY, d: Jul 10, 2004 in West Palm Beach, FL
+ Renee Hofrichter b: Apr 01, 1922 in Bronx, NY, m: Feb 21, 1946 in Burnside Manor, Bronx, NY, d: Abt 1998 in Florida
.....5 Sharon Hofrichter b: Apr 24, 1949, d: Abt 1993 in New York, NY
+ Richie Lakeplace
.....5 Stephen Hofrichter b: Apr 23, 1953
.....4 Grace Hofrichter b: Aug 12, 1920, d: Aug 19, 1984
.....3 Bertha Hofrichter b: Abt 1886 in Podwoloczyska, Austria, d: Sep 03, 1958 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Harry Lenchitz b: Mar 03, 1881 in Austria; Austria Poland, m: Abt 1902, d: Jun 06, 1945 in Brooklyn NY
.....4 Esther Lenchitz b: Aug 20, 1907 in Podwoloczyska, Austria, d: Mar 05, 1992 in Old Greenwich, CT 06870
+ Morris Glickstein b: Sep 06, 1908 in 58 Montgomery Street, New York NY, m: Oct 19, 1932 in New York, NY, d: Jun 08, 1997 in Old Greenwich, CT
.....5 Stanley Stuart Glickstein b: Nov 12, 1933 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Joan Katz b: Apr 23, 1934 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jul 12, 1957 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Jun 24, 2015 in Pittsburgh, PA 15236
.....6 Steven Howard Glickstein b: Nov 13, 1960 in Bellefonte, PA
+ Sherri Donna Lerner b: Jul 04, 1963 in Brooklyn, NY, m: May 23, 1991 in Long Island, NY
.....7 Jarred Shane Glickstein b: Apr 08, 1995 in New York City, NY
.....7 Ethan Lyndon Glickstein b: Oct 03, 1998 in New York City, NY
.....6 Barbara Helene Glickstein b: Oct 02, 1962 in Princeton, NJ
+ Seth Barry Sacher b: Oct 12, 1962 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Dec 21, 1991 in Pittsburgh, PA
.....7 Elana Rose Sacher b: Jan 17, 1994 in Fairfax, VA
.....7 Sara Elisabeth Sacher b: Sep 23, 1995 in Fairfax, VA
.....7 Maxwell Nathaniel Sacher b: Jul 14, 1998 in Fairfax, VA
.....6 Karen Sue Glickstein b: Sep 11, 1963 in Princeton, NJ
+ Frederick William Edeson b: Dec 27, 1966 in Washington, DC, m: Apr 11, 1999 in Beth El Congregation, Mt Lebanon, PA
.....7 Jonah Matthew Edeson b: Apr 09, 2000 in Baltimore, MD
.....6 Cathy Ann Glickstein b: Jan 11, 1967 in Pittsburgh, PA, d: Oct 29, 2018
.....5 Cynthia Ruth Glickstein b: Feb 25, 1938 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Arthur Ribak b: Mar 11, 1935 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Dec 24, 1959 in Brooklyn N. Y.
.....6 Pamela Bonnie Ribak b: Nov 22, 1961 in Madrid, Spain
+ Andy Karetsky b: Apr 18, 1966 in New York City, NY, m: Mar 06, 1999 in New York, NY
.....7 Jakob Mori Karetsky b: Jul 08, 2000 in Greenwich, CT
.....7 Rachel Eliana Karetsky b: Feb 27, 2002 in Greenwich, CT
.....7 David Mori Karetsky b: Aug 31, 2004 in Greenwich, CT
.....6 Robin Gale Ribak b: Apr 08, 1969 in Greenwich, CT
.....4 Solomon Lenchitz b: Apr 01, 1909 in Austria, d: May 16, 1985 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Tzippa Yetta Sachs b: Mar 10, 1910 in Kobine, Russia, m: Jan 18, 1932 in Williamsburgh, d: Oct 27, 1998 in New York City, NY
.....5 Chaim Lenchitz b: Jul 25, 1934 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Esther Knoll b: Mar 29, 1939, d: Oct 26, 2010 in Brooklyn NY
.....6 Nason Lenchitz b: 1960, d: 1995
.....6 Bracha Baila Lenchitz b: Mar 07, 1962
+ Israel Aryeh Gradman b: Mar 11, 1956 in Pittsburgh, PA, m: Brooklyn N. Y.
.....7 Shaul Gradman b: Jan 10, 1986

+ Liba Wolpin
.....7 Laya Gradman b: Jun 12, 1988
+ Yosef Shneur Posen
.....7 Yaakov Gradman b: Mar 01, 1990
.....7 Rivka Gradman b: Nov 02, 1991
.....7 Simcha Gradman b: Sep 20, 1993
.....7 Chana Gradman b: Jun 25, 1995
.....7 Miriam Gradman b: Jan 24, 1997
.....7 Yerachmiel Gradman b: Dec 12, 1999
.....7 Tzipa Yetta Gradman b: Feb 19, 2001
.....6 Baruch Joseph Lenchitz b: 1964
.....6 Tova Lenchitz b: Oct 04, 1966 in Brooklyn N. Y.
+ Boruch Mordechai Hirsch b: Sep 08, 1965 in Lakewood, N.J.
.....7 Shaul David Hirsch b: Nov 07, 1988
.....7 Yosef Hirsch b: Dec 13, 1989
.....7 Moshe Hirsch b: Mar 01, 1993
.....7 Rivka Hirsch b: Sep 18, 1994
.....7 Rochel Hirsch b: Jun 09, 1996
.....7 Eliyahu Menachem Hirsch b: Aug 10, 1997
.....7 Shimshon Refael Hirsch b: Dec 06, 1998
.....7 Shlomo Ephraim Hirsch b: Aug 08, 2000
.....7 Tzipora Hirsch b: Apr 27, 2002
.....7 Yehuda Hirsch b: Dec 17, 2003
.....6 Ora Pella Lenchitz b: Dec 03, 1970 in Brooklyn N. Y.
+ Pinchos Menachem Adler b: May 11, 1968 in Brooklyn N. Y., m: Brooklyn N. Y.
.....7 Rivka Adler b: Jan 21, 1992
.....7 Yoel Adler b: Sep 29, 1993
.....7 Shlomo Zalman Adler b: Jul 13, 1995
.....7 Chana Adler b: Jul 04, 1997
.....7 Tzipora Adler b: Aug 09, 1999
.....7 Yakov Adler b: Apr 04, 2001
.....7 Kalman Yehuda Adler b: Feb 10, 2004
.....7 Asher Adler b: Dec 05, 2005
.....7 Rachel Adler b: Dec 14, 2007
.....6 Yeshaya Lenchitz b: Apr 09, 1973
+ Baila Shapiro b: Sep 30, 1977, m: Jul 03, 1997 in Lakewood, N.J.
.....7 Tzipa Lenchitz b: Dec 16, 1998
.....7 Shainfle Lenchitz b: Jan 04, 2000
.....7 Dovid Lenchitz b: Sep 26, 2001
.....7 Kalman Yehuda Lenchitz b: Aug 04, 2003
.....6 Shifra Lenchitz b: Mar 30, 1975
+ Menachem Mordechai Berger b: Aug 04, 1977
.....7 Chana Rivka Berger b: Jan 02, 2001
.....7 Shmuel David Berger b: Aug 02, 2002
.....7 Tzipz Yetta Berger b: Sep 24, 2004
.....6 Sholom Lenchitz b: May 15, 1977
+ Rochel Allison b: Mar 10, 1980
.....7 Brocha Lenchitz b: Apr 03, 2004
.....6 Rivka Lenchitz b: 1981
.....5 Rochelle Lenchitz b: Feb 10, 1938
+ Meyer Hartstein b: May 1935

.....6 Bryna Pesil Hartstein b: Jan 30, 1960
+ Noson Hirschberg b: Jun 02, 1955
.....7 Roisa Hirschberg b: Jul 01,1981
.....7 Gitty Hirschberg b: Sep 12,1982
+ Avrohom Krieger m: Feb 16, 2005 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....8 Moshe Krieger b: Dec 02, 2005
.....8 Faigy Krieger b: Jan 23, 2007
.....8 Tzvi Krieger b: Apr 28, 2008 in Lakewood, NJ
.....7 Moshe Hirschberg b: Nov 29, 1983
+ Rassie Ausband b: Apr 11, 1984, m: Jun 28, 2007 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....7 Chaya Faigy Hirschberg b: Mar 14, 1986
+ Yechiel Feigelstock m: Nov 06, 2006 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....8 Baila Feigelstock b: Mar 04, 2008 in Lakewood, NJ
.....7 Yosef Shaul Hirschberg b: Sep 08, 1987
+ Rivka Baila Orlansky m: Jan 07, 2010 in Brooklyn New York
.....7 Rivka Hirschberg b: Jun 11, 1990
+ Chaim Dowek m: Jul 21, 2013 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....7 Esther Hirschberg b: Apr 22, 1992
+ Duvy Kaplan m: Jan 08, 2014 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....7 Yehudis Hirschberg b: Dec 18, 1993
.....7 Bassheva Hirschberg b: Aug 30, 1995
+ Shmuel Hillel Apfel m: Nov 06, 2018 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....7 Pinchas Eliezer Hirschberg b: Aug 08, 1999
.....7 Avraham Yitzchak Hirschberg b: Nov 12, 2001
.....6 Shlomo Ephraim Hartstein b: May 02, 1961
+ Nechama Kushner b: Aug 04, 1966
.....7 Chaya Aidel Hartstein b: Oct 15, 1986
+ Yisroel Benyomin Greenwald m: Dec 21, 2005 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....8 Sarah Greenwald b: Nov 08, 2006
.....8 Zurach Greenwald b: May 30, 2008 in Lakewood, NJ
.....7 Benjamen Moshe Hartstein b: Feb 05, 1988
.....7 Yosef Y. Hartstein b: Dec 23, 1989
.....7 Roisa Hartstein b: Sep 04, 1991
+ Chezky Gottlieb m: Jan 26, 2012 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....7 Dovid Yakov Hartstein b: Jun 21, 1993
.....7 Shaul Hartstein b: Mar 12, 1995
.....7 Avrohom Asher Hartstein b: Jun 15, 1997
.....7 Tzpipa Yetta Hartstein b: Apr 09, 2000
.....7 Boruch Hartstein b: Apr 27, 2003
.....6 Tzvi Menachem Hartstein b: Aug 01, 1962 in USA
+ Revital Yeshua b: Dec 25, 1964 in Cholon, Israel, m: Jun 13, 1990
.....7 Shlomo Hartstein b: Oct 27, 1991 in Israel
.....7 Binjamin Moshe Hartstein b: Dec 28, 1992 in Israel
.....7 Devora Hartstein b: Apr 17, 1994 in Israel
.....7 Bas-Sheva Hartstein b: Oct 04, 1995 in Israel
.....7 Miriam Roisa Hartstein b: Jul 15, 1997 in Israel
.....7 Tzipora Hartstein b: May 13, 1999 in Israel
.....7 Yeshaya Hartstein b: Aug 21, 2001 in Israel
.....7 Yosef Hartstein b: Jun 01, 2003 in Israel
.....7 Chava Naomi Hartstein b: May 18, 2005 in Israel
.....6 Aron Hartstein b: Nov 06, 1963

+ Bas-Sheva Steinberg
.....7 Eliyaja Hartstein b: Feb 06, 1992
.....7 Benjamin M. Hartstein b: Mar 30, 1993
.....7 Faiga Hartstein b: Jun 21, 1994
.....7 Roisa Shoshana Hartstein b: Mar 29, 1996
.....7 Avrohom Yochanah Hartstein b: Jul 12, 1997
.....7 Chaya Miriam Hartstein b: Aug 22, 1998
.....7 Yehuda Aryeh Hartstein b: Oct 20, 2000
.....7 Sara Liba Hartstein b: Jul 18, 2002
.....7 Shaul Hartstein b: Nov 12, 2004
.....6 Roisa Hartstein b: Feb 20, 1965
+ Yitzchok Y. Davis b: Jul 27, 1962
.....7 Gittel Davis b: Apr 12, 1987 in New York City
+ Moshe Goldberg m: May 26, 2009 in Brooklyn New York
.....8 Mordechai Dovid Goldberg b: Mar 23, 2010 in Lakewood, NJ
.....8 Shmuel Zeev Goldberg b: Oct 28, 2012 in Lakewood, NJ
.....8 Tzvi Aryeh Goldberg b: Feb 16, 2015 in Lakewood, N.J.
.....8 Chaim Bentzion Goldberg b: Nov 14, 2017
.....7 Pessil Davis b: Aug 08, 1988
+ Mordehai Pacifici m: May 02, 2010 in Brooklyn New York
.....7 Basya Sarah Davis b: Mar 09, 1990
+ Yehuda Raczkowski m: Feb 02, 2014 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....7 Bas-Sheva Davis b: Nov 27, 1991
+ Suchi Nass m: Mar 19, 2015 in Brooklyn, NY; Kabolas Ponim
.....7 Shaul Davis b: Nov 21, 1993
+ Ruchama Goldman m: Nov 18, 2016 in Lakewood, N.J.
.....7 Reelah Davis b: Aug 07, 1996
+ Yehidya Raz m: Dec 29, 2019 in Teferes Mordechai 600 McDonald Ave. Brooklyn, New York
.....7 Tzipa Yetta Davis b: May 22, 1999
.....6 Chaya Ita Hartstein b: Jul 31, 1966
+ Yaakov Betzalel Shore b: Jun 05, 1964, m: Mar 09, 1989 in Brooklyn, NY
.....7 Shaul Shore b: Apr 03, 1990
+ Chana Bresler m: Feb 17, 2014 in Brooklyn , NY
.....7 Yocheved Shore b: Apr 03, 1990
+ Meir Rosenblum m: Mar 10, 2016 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....7 Roisa Shore b: Sep 16, 1991
+ Chaim Bluth m: Nov 05, 2013 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....7 Mordechai Shore b: Mar 10, 1993
+ Yehudis m: Aug 31, 2016 in Ateres Reva Lakewood, New Jersey
.....7 Bas-Sheva Shore b: Nov 12, 1994
.....7 Tzvi Shore b: May 10, 1996
.....7 Yisrael Avrohom Shore b: Feb 13, 1998
.....7 Tzipa Yetta Shore b: Dec 29, 1999
.....7 Elka Shore b: Sep 22, 2001
.....7 Moshe Shore b: Jun 02, 2003
.....6 Rivka Yehudis Hartstein b: Apr 12, 1968
+ Mordechai Yosef Block b: Jul 27, 1967
.....7 Shaul Aron Block b: Dec 24, 1993
+ Saralah Bursztyn m: Aug 27, 2018 in Ateres Chana Lakewood NJ
.....7 Chaya Faigy Block b: Jan 09, 1995

.....7 Avrohom Dovid Block b: Mar 08, 1996
.....7 Benjamin Shlomo Block b: Nov 18, 1997
.....7 Yakov Menachem Block b: Jul 29, 1999
.....7 Tzipora Yetta Block b: Aug 06, 2001
.....7 Sara Hindel Block b: May 14, 2003
.....7 Esther Malka Block
.....7 Tzeita Mirium Block
.....7 Eliyahu Moshe Block
.....5 David Shlomo Lenchitz b: Apr 19, 1942, d: Sep 13, 2017
+ Rifka Lichter b: Jul 06, 1948, d: Mar 06, 2014
.....6 Naphtali Hertzel Lenchitz b: Jun 28, 1970
.....6 Binyamin Moshe Tzvi Lenchitz b: Sep 12, 1971
+ Sara Raizy b: Jun 28, 1974
.....7 Avrahom Lenchitz b: Dec 31, 1998
.....7 Toba Zelma Lenchitz b: Oct 27, 2000
.....7 Bracha Miriam Lenchitz b: Mar 11, 2003
.....6 Yehudah Lenchitz b: May 12, 1973
+ Chaya Tzirel Gross b: Feb 07, 1978
.....7 Tzippa Yetta Lenchitz b: Oct 27, 1998
.....7 Esther Malka Lenchitz b: Jan 22, 2001
.....7 Moshe Lenchitz b: Nov 25, 2002
.....7 Shaul Lenchitz b: Apr 01, 2006
.....7 Haddassa Mirium Lenchitz b: Mar 11, 2009
.....6 Ephraim Lenchitz b: May 23, 1975
+ Chaya Hinda Greenwald b: Nov 05, 1979
.....7 Zorach Lenchitz b: Oct 21, 2002
.....7 Shaul Lenchitz b: Oct 15, 2004
.....7 Avraham Lenchitz b: Sep 29, 2006
.....6 Aharon Lenchitz b: Feb 02, 1977
+ Nechama Furst b: Aug 03, 1983, m: Oct 29, 2003 in Lakewood, NJ
.....7 Chaim Yosef Lenchitz b: May 18, 2009
.....6 Miriam Sora Lenchitz b: Apr 20, 1978
+ Akiva Tzvi Richter b: May 17, 1977, m: Jun 24, 2001 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....7 Avraham Richter b: May 10, 2002
.....6 Rus Lenchitz b: Jun 04, 1979
+ Avroham David Zelasko b: May 01, 1978, m: Mar 14, 2002 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....7 Yosef Shaul Zelasko b: Jun 13, 2003
.....7 Dhoshan Glda Zelasko b: Nov 05, 2004
.....6 Rochel Lenchitz b: Sep 03, 1980
+ Yehuda Zvi Pavlov m: Aug 22, 2005 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....7 Shaul Pavlov b: 2006
.....6 Chana Lenchitz b: Dec 16, 1981
+ Chaim Dovid Shichtman m: Feb 03, 2019 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....6 Boroch Yosef Lenchitz b: Jun 18, 1984
+ Chana Rochel Friedman m: Oct 28, 2007 in Monsey, New York
.....6 Naomi Bat Sheva Lenchitz b: Oct 04, 1985
.....6 Shaul Shneur Lenchitz b: Jun 22, 1987
+ Tziporah Notowcih m: Aug 04, 2009 in Lakewood, New Jersey
.....5 Zviah Lenchitz b: May 02, 1948 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
+ Ephraim Greenberg
.....6 Avraham Greenberg

+ Naomi Harris
.....7 Yehuda Shmuel Yitzchak Greenberg
.....7 Shaul Nissim Greenberg
.....7 Rochel Sara Greenberg
.....7 Elisheva Chaya Elka Greenberg
.....7 Tamar Devorah Greenberg
.....7 Chasida Mirium Greenberg
.....6 Yaacov Leib Greenberg
+ Ilana Tsippora Meyers
.....7 Shmuel Nosson Greenberg
.....7 Nachum Aharon Greenberg
.....7 Yisrael Meir Greenberg
.....7 Yona Dovid Greenberg
.....7 Baruch Yosef Greenberg
.....7 Leah Rina Greenberg
.....7 Tova Pesya Greenberg
.....6 Ben Tzion Nachum Greenberg
+ Ashira Feigel Weiner
.....7 Shoshsan Rochel Greenberg
.....7 Yehudit Frimet Greenberg
.....7 Malka Greenberg
.....7 Esther Ettel Greenberg
.....7 Yael Tehilla Greenberg
.....7 Avraham Greenberg
.....7 Shmuel Greenberg
.....6 Akiva Yosef Greenberg
+ Chaya Rivka Berenholtz
.....7 Shira Greenberg
.....7 Tzvi Greenberg
.....7 Shmuel Greenberg
.....7 Elisheva Greenberg
.....6 Gitel Rivka Greenberg
+ Sinai Yakovbian
.....7 Chaim Greenberg
.....7 Malka Greenberg
.....7 Adina Greenberg
.....7 Chaim Greenberg
.....6 Sara Devorah Greenberg
+ Dov Yitzchak Spiegel
.....7 Temima Bracha Speigel
.....7 Tzippora Speigel
.....7 Elchana Temima Bracha Speigel
.....7 Tzippora Speigel
.....7 Elchana Yehuda Speigel
.....7 Avraham Speigel
.....6 Yisrael Yitzcha Greenberg
+ Chana Devorah Feiner
.....7 Yair Shmuel Greenberg
.....7 Yehuda Aryeh Greenberg
.....7 Rivka Greenberg
.....6 Shaul Greenberg

+ Frimed Seidor
.....7 Chana Hadas Greenberg
.....4 Ruben Lenchitz b: May 18, 1910 in England, d: May 03, 1982 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Miriam Einhorn b: Jun 07, 1916 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Mar 13, 1937, d: Jul 04, 2013 in Brooklyn New York
.....5 Kenneth Martin Lenchitz b: May 10, 1938 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Vivian Iris Preiss b: Jan 14, 1941 in New York, NY, m: Dec 28, 1964 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Nov 19, 2019
.....6 Edward Michael Lenchitz b: Aug 27, 1966
.....6 Lisa Beth Lenchitz b: May 19, 1968
+ Joseph P. Hough b: Jul 08, 1968, m: Oct 08, 1995
.....7 Jacob Ryan Hough b: Jun 06, 1996
.....7 Nicholas Joseph Hough b: Nov 23, 1999
.....7 Sarah Hough b: Mar 05, 2004
.....6 Heather Sue Lenchitz b: Dec 20, 1972
+ Patrick Sullivan b: Nov 22, 1973, m: Jun 19, 1991 ; Divorced
.....7 Nathaniel Ray Sullivan b: Mar 30, 2001
.....7 Mathew Sean Sullivan b: Apr 30, 2003
.....7 Benjamin Robert Sullivan b: Jul 03, 2005
.....7 Rachel Grace Sullivan b: Dec 23, 2008
+ Joshua Ian Penn b: Aug 31, 1976 in Bronx, N.Y., m: May 26, 2019
.....6 Jill Ilana Lenchitz b: Jun 15, 1977
+ Justin C. Baker b: May 19, 1974, m: Jun 30, 2001 ; Divorced
.....7 Carly Elizabeth Baker b: Oct 07, 2004
.....5 Eileen Lenchitz b: May 27, 1941 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Leon Zonin
.....6 Evan Kieth Zonin b: Apr 04, 1969 in Brooklyn, NY
.....6 Barbara Joy Zonin b: May 31, 1972 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Daniel Guzman m: Aug 09, 2009 in New York
.....7 Joshua Guzman b: May 12, 2012
.....7 Valarie Guzman b: May 25, 2014
.....5 Helen Sue Lenchitz b: Oct 02, 1945 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Barry Dermake b: Apr 20, 1931 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jan 11, 1970, d: Jul 26, 1987 in Brooklyn, NY
.....6 Elizabeth Dermake b: Apr 26, 1973
+ Robert Secondino b: Feb 05, 1973, m: Aug 30, 1998 in Long Island, New York
.....7 Bari Rose Secondino b: Jan 27, 2002
.....7 Alexa Paige Secondino b: Mar 24, 2004
.....6 Scott Dermake b: Jul 12, 1974
+ Connie Marie Difazio b: Oct 05, 1973, m: Oct 10, 2004 in Brooklyn, NY
.....4 Bernice Lenchitz b: Oct 04, 1915 in New York City, d: Jul 24, 1995 in Brooklyn NY
+ Julie Brooks b: Aug 24, 1912, d: Feb 10, 1973 in Brooklyn NY
.....5 Jason Brooks b: Feb 13, 1947
+ Sharon Rose b: May 18, 1948
.....6 Jessica Brooks b: Mar 24, 1974
+ Joe Holman b: Jul 21, 1963 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, m: Jan 29, 2011 in New York, NY
.....7 Benjamin Axel Holman b: Aug 03, 2014 in New York City, NY; 7 lb 12 oz, 20.5 inches
.....6 Marc Brooks b: Oct 05, 1976
+ Gillien Le Boss b: Nov 05, 1975, m: Oct 05, 2002 in Newark, NJ
.....7 Sophia Rose Brooks Brooks b: Oct 10, 2006 in Freehold, NJ
.....7 Mason Cole Brooks b: Jul 07, 2010 in Freehold, NJ

.....4 Charles Lenchitz b: Mar 20, 1918 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Feb 06, 2014 in Rockaway, NJ
+ Sylvia Yaker b: Jan 29, 1929 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jun 12, 1949 in Brooklyn New York
.....5 Harry Lenchitz b: Mar 20, 1951 in Jacksonville, NC
.....5 Barbara Lenchitz b: Apr 02, 1954 in Dover, NJ
+ Larry Granov Gottesman b: Apr 06, 1954 in Morristown, NJ, m: Dec 28, 1975 in Livingston, NJ
.....6 Eve Michelle Gottesman b: Aug 28, 1987
.....6 Daniel Ezra Gottesman b: Dec 29, 1993
.....5 Norman J. Lenchitz b: Feb 01, 1958 in Dover, NJ
+ Teresita Cruz Atienza b: Aug 27, 1953 in Hagonoy, Bulacan Province, Philippines, m: Jul 11, 1992 in 709 Crow Pond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ
.....6 Eva Nicole Lenchitz b: Oct 19, 1997
.....5 Bernard Lenchitz b: Dec 30, 1958 in Dover, NJ
+ Marlene Ann Ostrow b: Apr 24, 1959 in Newark, NJ, m: Oct 18, 1987 in Rockaway, NJ
.....6 Jordon Ira Lenchitz b: May 30, 1996 in Cincinatti, OH
.....6 Rena Mollie Lenchitz b: Jul 22, 2001 in Cincinatti, OH
.....4 Caroline Lenchitz b: Nov 11, 1923 in 531 Dumont Ave. Brooklyn, NY, d: May 12, 2006 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Irving Frankel b: Jul 15, 1919 in Lemverg, Poland, m: Jun 06, 1943 in Gluckstern,s Manhattan NY, d: Apr 29, 2005 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
.....5 Harriet Frankel b: Jul 16, 1946 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Barry Allan Waldbaum b: Mar 19, 1939 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jul 19, 1964 in Brooklyn, NY
.....6 Brian Russ Waldbaum b: Dec 26, 1969 in Syoset, NY
+ Linda Sartori b: Aug 28, 1971 in Elmira, New York Arnot Ogden Hospital, m: Jul 10, 1999 in Elmira NY
.....7 Katherina Rose Waldbaum b: Jun 14, 2003 in Long Island, NY
.....6 Cara Heather Waldbaum b: Nov 21, 1974 in Smithtown, LI NY
.....5 Diane Adrienne Frankel b: Feb 23, 1951 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Mitchellted Silver b: Jul 05, 1948 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Aug 08, 1971 in New York, NY
.....6 Mandy Silver b: Sep 09, 1985 in Ft. Worth Texas
+ Mark Kleine m: Dec 09, 2017 in Jonestown, Texas
.....6 Ashley Silver b: Sep 09, 1985 in Ft. Worth Texas
.....6 Mark Jeffrey Silver b: Sep 09, 1985 in Ft. Worth Texas
+ Nicole Eleza Schwartz m: Oct 08, 2016 in Blue Hill at Stone Barns; Pocatanco Hills, New York
.....4 Florence Lenchitz b: Jun 17, 1928 in Brooklyn NY
+ Herman Glick b: Mar 10, 1927 in Brooklyn NY, d: Jul 12, 1974 in Brooklyn, NY
.....5 Harry Glick b: Jul 02, 1949 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Rochelle Lerner b: May 26, 1949, m: Dec 18, 1971 in New York, NY
.....6 Heath Landon Glick b: Sep 15, 1979
+ Lisa Beth Hirsch m: Aug 02, 2009 in Melville, New York
.....7 Erica Maryn Glick b: Jan 05, 2017
.....7 Liana Allison Glick b: Jan 05, 2017
.....7 Arielle Glick
.....6 Brett Jillian Glick b: Dec 10, 1982
+ Adam Stein b: Dec 06, 1983, m: May 24, 2014 in Long Island, New York
.....7 Eden Maya Stein b: Feb 28, 2018 in New York, NY
.....5 Mark Glick b: Oct 30, 1951 in Brooklyn N. Y.
+ Mary Drucker b: Jun 21, 1951 in Cambridge, MA, m: Sep 01, 1973 in Boston MA
.....6 Hermie Glick b: Jun 21, 1979 in New York City
.....6 Jason Glick b: Sep 20, 1982 in New York City

+ Willam Savinoff
.....3 Riva Hofrichter b: Sep 26, 1890 in Podwoloczyska, Austria, d: Dec 06, 1967 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Nathan Barshefsky Glickstein b: May 10, 1881 in Rajgrod, Poland, m: Jun 06, 1920 in New York City, d: Aug 01, 1980 in Long Beach, NY
.....4 Alexander Glickstein b: Apr 28, 1921, d: May 18, 2008
+ Esther Camhi b: Oct 10, 1925 in Manhattan, NY, m: Nov 05, 1949 in Brooklyn
.....5 Steven Glickstein b: Jan 03, 1952 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Nancy Koran b: May 05, 1961 in Ohio, m: May 23, 1993 in Scarsdale, NY
.....5 Lisa Glickstein b: Nov 19, 1956 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Gary Schwartz b: Feb 26, 1951 in Brooklyn, NY
.....6 David Samuel Schwartz b: Aug 17, 1988
.....6 Joshua Michael Schwartz b: May 09, 1991
.....4 Sol Glickstein b: Aug 21, 1928
+ Lorraine Laytin b: Jul 31, 1934, m: Oct 19, 1957 in Brooklyn New York
.....5 Julie Sue Glickstein b: May 24, 1960 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Frederick Jon Ruvkun b: Apr 26, 1957 in Berkeley, CA, m: Nov 12, 1988 in Lawrence, NY
.....6 Carolyn Anne Ruvkun b: Sep 04, 1991
.....6 Andrew Herbert Ruvkun b: Jan 13, 1996
.....5 Jordon Glickstein b: Apr 27, 1964 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
+ Mary Rose O'Connell b: Oct 02, 1958 in New Rochelle, NJ, m: Mar 14, 1997 in US Court House Brooklyn NY
.....6 Mathew O'Connell Glickstein b: Aug 25, 2000
.....6 Owen O' Connell Glickstein b: Apr 09, 2004
+ Meir Lenchitz b: Abt 1890, m: Feb 14, 1914 in USA, d: Sep 1918 in New York, NY
.....4 Ruby Linchitz b: Aug 04, 1916, d: Jul 12, 1998
+ Pearl Singer b: Mar 17, 1922, m: Nov 23, 1941, d: Oct 23, 2019
.....5 Marsha Linchitz b: Nov 27, 1942 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
+ Leonard Townsend m: Dec 14, 2001
+ Alvin Moss b: Jul 11, 1938 in Brooklyn, N. Y., m: Dec 31, 1961 in Brooklyn New York
.....6 Jill Moss b: Jan 07, 1965
+ Elie Mellul m: Abt 1996, d: Abt 1998
.....7 Harrison Mellul b: Oct 05, 1996
+ Andrew Schwartz m: May 20, 2000
.....7 Maxwell Schwartz b: Jul 28, 2004
.....6 Randi Moss b: Nov 22, 1968
+ Richard Lambert m: May 1994
.....7 Ava Lambert b: Dec 31, 1997
.....7 Lexie Lambert b: Oct 2000
.....5 Joel Linchitz b: Nov 30, 1948
+ Lucy Lasky b: Sep 26, 1942
.....4 Saul Linchitz b: Aug 19, 1918 in 444 Williams Ave. Brooklyn, NY, d: Dec 24, 2018 in Westbury, NY
+ Mabel Cohen b: Sep 01, 1923 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jan 11, 1942, d: Nov 18, 2001 in Westbury, NY
.....5 Richard Linchitz b: Mar 29, 1947, d: May 13, 2013
+ Rita Calao b: May 23, 1947
.....6 Elise Linchitz b: Nov 04, 1977
+ Ned Spang
.....7 Jonah Spang b: Mar 27, 2008
.....7 Lucy Spang b: Abt 2010
.....6 Michael Benjamin Linchitz b: Sep 30, 1980

+ Christin Shaw Dirkes m: Jun 13, 2009 in Locust Valley, New York
.....7 Charles Linchitz b: Abt Dec 2013
.....6 Jonathan Linchitz b: Mar 16, 1982
.....5 Carol Linchitz b: Mar 04, 1950 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Arthur Rosenfeld b: Dec 27, 1949 in Manhattan, NY, m: Jul 15, 1972 in Mineola, NY
.....6 Benjamin Rosenfeld b: May 02, 1976
.....6 David Ari Rosenfeld b: May 21, 1979
+ Stacey Borders b: May 18, 1988, m: Mar 09, 2019
.....7 Brooks Ari Rosenfeld b: Apr 02, 2020
.....6 Jonathan Ranan Rosenfeld b: Dec 16, 1981
.....5 Lynne Andrea Linchitz b: Jul 16, 1955
+ Tom Lecher
.....6 Martin Bruce Lecher b: Apr 16, 1991
...2 Chipper Parness b: 1868, d: Nov 27, 1943
+ Chaim Plasker b: 1859, d: Apr 17, 1938
.....3 Lena Plasker b: Apr 20, 1898, d: May 11, 1969
+ Harry Batkin b: Nov 10, 1896, d: Dec 27, 1975
.....4 Martha Batkin b: Jan 19, 1926
+ Seymour Smolin b: Oct 12, 1922, m: Mar 1947, d: Nov 08, 2002 in Boca Raton, Florida
.....5 Howard Jeffrey Smolin b: May 04, 1950 in New York City
+ Julie Dunn m: Jul 1982 in New Jersey
.....6 Jessie Smolin b: Jan 29, 1984 in New Jersey
.....5 Carin Judith Smolin b: Jun 26, 1958 in Bethpage, New York
+ Jonathon Heifetz b: Jun 28, 1956
.....6 Lia Giselle Heifetz b: Aug 18, 1990 in Juneau, Alaska
.....6 Marc Harris Heifetz b: Oct 14, 1994 in Juneau, Alaska
.....5 Leslie Darryl Smolin b: Sep 25, 1958 in New York City
+ Cynthia Smolen
.....4 Abe Batkin
+ Marilyn Unknown
.....5 Jeffrey Batkin
+ Unknown
.....5 Claudia Batkin
+ Unknown
.....5 Wendy Batkin
+ Bram Farbstein
.....4 Rita Batkin
+ Norman Cohen
.....5 Michael Cohen
.....5 Jackie Cohen
+ Joseph Schmidt
.....6 Zachary Douglas Schmidt
.....4 Murray Batkin
+ Vicki Unknown
.....5 Glenn Batkin
.....5 Mitchell Batkin
+ Mary Unknown
.....3 Sam Plasker b: Aug 10, 1901, d: Feb 01, 1969
+ Dotty Cooper b: Jul 28, 1904, m: Nov 30, 1926, d: May 25, 1980
.....4 Norman Murray Plasker b: Dec 08, 1927 in Bronx, NY, d: Jul 23, 2005 in Atlanta, GA

+ Lorraine Ackerman b: Aug 16, 1931 in Bronx, NY, m: Mar 12, 1950 in New York, NY, d: Sep 29, 2000 in Boca Raton, Florida
.....5 Michael Plasker b: Apr 02, 1953 in New York, NY
+ Susan Arnovitz b: Dec 28, 1953 in Atlanta, GA, m: Jun 15, 1975 in Ahavath Achim Synagogue, Atlanta, GA
.....6 Shauna Pearl Plasker b: Feb 09, 1978 in Atlanta, GA
+ Steven Adam Grosswald b: Aug 06, 1970 in Atlanta, GA, m: Nov 24, 2001
.....7 Raina Sara Grosswald b: Mar 26, 2003
.....7 Natalie Rose Grosswald b: Mar 29, 2006 in Atlanta, GA
.....6 Dara Rachel Plasker b: Aug 17, 1981 in Atlanta, GA
+ Andrew Karl Grant b: Mar 25, 1977 in Atlanta, GA, m: Sep 04, 2005
.....6 Jessica Sara Plasker b: Sep 20, 1984 in Atlanta, GA
.....5 Neal Plasker b: Apr 02, 1953 in Bronx, NY
+ Barbara Lynn Speert b: Aug 13, 1952 in Dayton, OH, m: Aug 08, 1976 in Dayton, OH, d: Aug 13, 2004 in Pembroke Pines, FL
.....6 Staci Nicole Plasker b: Feb 08, 1979 in Atlanta, GA
+ Joel Libowsky b: Oct 14, 1974, m: Apr 13, 2003 in Ft. Lauderdale, FL
.....7 Noah Brett Libowsky b: Aug 10, 2006
.....6 Jonathan David Plasker b: Apr 06, 1982 in Hollywood, FL
.....6 Andrew Scott Plasker b: Oct 05, 1990 in Hollywood, FL
+ Lori Tennon b: Aug 30, 1954, m: Nov 27, 2005 in Davie, FL
.....5 Cindy Plasker b: Nov 12, 1956 in Bronx, NY
+ Ira Levy b: Jul 08, 1957, m: Aug 02, 1980 in Miami, FL
.....6 Allyson Rachel Levy b: May 27, 1983 in Houston, TX
.....6 Jamie Sarah Levy b: Dec 25, 1986 in Houston, TX
.....6 Jared Scott Levy b: Dec 25, 1986 in Houston, TX
.....4 Allan Herbert Plasker b: Jul 31, 1932 in New York City
+ Barbara Frances Janney b: Oct 29, 1940, m: Mar 04, 1961 in Bronx, New York
.....5 Eric Howard Plasker b: Oct 23, 1962 in New York City
+ Lisa Singer b: Oct 04, 1960, m: May 15, 1988 in Atlanta, GA
.....6 Jacob Isidore Plasker b: Oct 01, 1989 in Atlanta, GA
.....6 Emily Ann Plasker b: May 22, 1991 in Atlanta, GA
.....6 Cory Jay Plasker b: Apr 03, 1993 in Atlanta, GA
.....5 Jordan Evan Plasker b: Oct 19, 1964 in New York City
+ Debi Lynn Sandusky b: Sep 13, 1965 in Suffern, New York, m: Sep 04, 1988 in Tarrytown, New York
.....6 Alec Ethan Plasker b: Jan 25, 1991 in Englewood, New Jersey
.....6 Casey Dylan Plasker b: May 23, 1993 in Englewood, New Jersey
.....5 Noel Frank Plasker b: Nov 13, 1967 in New York City
+ Laurie Ann Ciulla b: May 26, 1969 in Yonkers, New York, m: Jun 16, 1996 in North Salem, New York
.....6 Chloe Ciulla Plasker b: Nov 01, 1997 in Englewood, New Jersey
.....6 Ethan Ciulla Plasker b: May 24, 1999 in Englewood, New Jersey
.....6 Leo Ciulla Plasker b: Feb 09, 2003 in Teaneck, New Jersey
.....3 Esther Plasker b: Apr 18, 1905, d: Oct 04, 2004
+ Steve (Isadore) Brody m: Jun 29, 1926, d: Apr 27, 1987
.....3 Max Plasker
+ Sarah Segal
.....4 Stanley Plasker b: Jan 18, 1933 in New York City
+ Gloria Davidowitz b: Feb 15, 1935 in New York City, m: Dec 19, 1954 in Kingsway Jewish Center, New York

.....5 Matthew Plasker b: May 07, 1960 in Kingston, New York
+ Nancy Robinson b: Jun 22, 1961 in Fall River, MA, m: May 17, 1987 in Temple Emanuel, Kingston, New York
.....6 Hannah Lea Plasker b: Jun 05, 1989 in Newton, MA
.....6 Samantha Brett Plasker b: Dec 27, 1991 in Newton, MA
.....6 Max Daniel Plasker b: May 12, 1995 in Newton, MA
.....5 Rebecca Plasker b: Jul 31 in Kingston, New York
...2 Simmer Parness
+ Getzel Dlugash
.....3 Lippe Dlugash
...2 Shlome Parness
+ [unknown spouse]
.....3 Abraham Parness b: 1880
+ [unknown spouse]
.....4 Izzy Parness d: Oct 18, 1918
+ Unknown
.....5 Son 1 Parness
.....5 Son 2 Parness
.....3 Mary Parness
+ Silverberg
.....4 Issaic Silverberg
.....4 Esther Silverberg
.....3 Esther Parness
.....3 Yetta Parness

Outline Descendant Report for Max Katz

1 Max Katz b: Abt 1865 in Austria
+ Dina Gross m: Oct 02, 1914 in New York, NewYork
...2 Joseph Katz b: May 05, 1878 in Zalisftzik, Austria, d: Abt 1926 in New York City
+ Rochel Miller b: Abt 1890
.....3 Ann Katz b: Nov 14, 1908, d: Apr 08, 2006
+ Murray Simon b: Mar 1905, d: Oct 1977
.....4 Sandra Simon b: Apr 06, 1934 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Robert Schneider b: Dec 27, 1930 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Feb 26, 1955 in New York City, d: Apr 10, 2004
.....5 Laurie Lynn Schneider b: Sep 20, 1956
+ Norman Bogosian b: Dec 23, 1944, m: Oct 14, 1984
.....5 Steven Howard Schneider b: Oct 05, 1958
+ Carole Scanlan b: Dec 18, 1958, m: Sep 12, 1987
.....6 David Thomas Schneider b: Apr 24, 1991
.....6 Rachel Merideth Schneider b: Dec 16, 1995
.....5 Glenn Alan Schneider b: Jun 02, 1961, d: May 29, 2005
+ Delora Toews b: Aug 22, 1962, m: Feb 25, 1995
.....6 Taylor Michael Schneider b: Oct 24, 1997
.....6 Zachery James Schneider b: Oct 24,1997
.....4 Robert Simon b: Aug 01, 1937 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Edwina Gold
.....5 Daniel Simon
+ Tanya
.....6 Daughter Simon
.....6 Jack Simon
.....5 Kenneth Simon
.....5 Peter Simon
.....3 Harry Katz b: May 25, 1909, d: Nov 27, 1998
+ Ida Cantor b: Jun 09, 1912, d: Sep 1978
.....4 Ruth Sue Katz b: Jul 18, 1933
+ Edward Jacobson b: May 29, 1929, m: Mar 28, 1955
.....5 Jeffrey Alan Jacobson b: Jul 22, 1957
+ Pam Scott
.....5 Michael Marc Jacobson b: Feb 16, 1959
+ Majorie Hurwitz
.....6 Daniel Garrett Jacobson b: Oct 13, 1987
.....6 Alissa Gale Jacobson b: May 14, 1992
.....4 Myron M. Katz b: Feb 24, 1938 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Joan Silverman b: May 18, 1942 in New York City, m: Oct 28, 1962
.....5 Jeremy Katz b: Dec 01, 1968
+ Jennifer Rust b: Nov 05, 1970, m: May 16, 2003
.....6 Avery Jane Katz b: Jan 12, 2007
.....6 Samantha Julian Katz b: May 28, 2008
.....5 Ross Katz b: Feb 09, 1974
+ Jennifer Barten b: Dec 25, 1978, m: Dec 05, 2004
.....6 Hayden Sarah Katz b: Nov 28, 2007
.....3 Sidney Katz b: Apr 26, 1910 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Oct 31, 1977 in Margate, FL 33063

+ Elsie Jablonsky b: Jul 04, 1912 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Dec 25, 1932 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Jan 09, 1991 in Pittsburgh, PA 15236
.....4 Joan Katz b: Apr 23, 1934 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Jun 24, 2015 in Pittsburgh, PA 15236
+ Stanley Stuart Glickstein b: Nov 12, 1933 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jul 12, 1957 in Brooklyn, NY
.....5 Steven Howard Glickstein b: Nov 13, 1960 in Bellefonte, PA
+ Sherri Donna Lerner b: Jul 04, 1963 in Brooklyn, NY, m: May 23, 1991 in Long Island, NY
.....6 Jarred Shane Glickstein b: Apr 08, 1995 in New York City, NY
.....6 Ethan Lyndon Glickstein b: Oct 03, 1998 in New York City, NY
.....5 Barbara Helene Glickstein b: Oct 02, 1962 in Princeton, NJ
+ Seth Barry Sacher b: Oct 12, 1962 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Dec 21, 1991 in Pittsburgh, PA
.....6 Elana Rose Sacher b: Jan 17, 1994 in Fairfax, VA
.....6 Sara Elisabeth Sacher b: Sep 23, 1995 in Fairfax, VA
.....6 Maxwell Nathaniel Sacher b: Jul 14, 1998 in Fairfax, VA
.....5 Karen Sue Glickstein b: Sep 11, 1963 in Princeton, NJ
+ Frederick William Edeson b: Dec 27, 1966 in Washington, DC, m: Apr 11, 1999 in Beth El Congregation, Mt Lebanon, PA
.....6 Jonah Matthew Edeson b: Apr 09, 2000 in Baltimore, MD
.....5 Cathy Ann Glickstein b: Jan 11, 1967 in Pittsburgh, PA, d: Oct 29, 2018
.....4 Richard Katz b: Aug 24, 1941 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
+ Barbara Kellman b: Jun 23, 1942, m: May 29, 1966
.....5 Staci Katz b: Jul 02, 1968
+ Christopher John Basso b: Aug 29, 1959, m: Apr 02, 2005 in Chappaqua, New York
.....5 April Katz b: Apr 06, 1972
+ Robert Feingold b: Feb 27, 1969, m: Jun 19, 1994 in Miami, FL, d: Jan 2000 in Charlotte, NC
+ David Forst b: Nov 19, 1978, m: Mar 25, 2005
.....6 Aidan Forst b: May 10, 2009 in Chicago, IL
.....5 Tara Katz b: Sep 20, 1974
+ David Gordon b: Nov 28, 1975, m: Jun 02, 2007
.....6 Mira Gordon b: Sep 26, 2008
.....3 Hilda Katz
+ William Sherman
.....4 George Sherman
+ June
.....3 Selta Katz
+ Leo Stein
.....4 Eileen Stein
+ Mike Palatnik
.....5 Debbie Palatnik
+ Jorge Arnely
.....6 Daughter1 Arnely
.....6 Daughter2 Arnely
.....5 Kenneth Palatnik
.....4 Judy Stein
+ Howard Mills
.....5 Fred Mills
.....5 Jeffrey Mills
.....5 Karen Mills
+ Edward Chernof d: 2012
.....5 Adam Chernof
.....4 Sheldon Stein
+ Rosalie

.....5 Baby Girl Stein
.....5 Mitchel Stein
+ Second Wife
.....3 Max Katz Miller
+ Madeline
.....4 Dorothy Miller
+ Warren Steinzor
.....5 Linda Steinzor
+ Husband b: Greece
.....6 Baby1 Husband
.....6 Baby2 Husband
.....5 Meryl Steinzor
+ Husband1
.....4 George Miller
+ Barbara
.....5 Jackie Miller
+ Wife1
.....6 Baby1 Miller
.....6 Baby2 Miller
.....6 Baby3 Miller
+ Wife2
.....5 Marilyn Miller
+ Husband
.....6 Baby1 Husband
.....6 Baby2 Husband
.....4 Lawrence Miller
+ Arlene
.....5 Jay Miller
.....5 Sherri Miller
+ Andrew Goldstein
.....6 Julie Goldstein
+ Henry d: Deceased
.....6 Heather
+ Spouse 1
.....4 Daughter 1 Miller
.....4 Daughter 2 Miller
+ Rachel Reiff
.....3 Saul Katz b: Abt 1916 in abt 1953
+ Florence Mintz
.....4 Joseph Katz
+ Wife 1
.....3 Archie Katz b: Mar 10, 1918 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Sep 27, 1966 in Bayside, Queens
+ Pearl Lerner b: Dec 29, 1917 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Sep 18, 1935, d: Abt 2000
.....4 Joyce Katz b: Dec 29, 1937, d: Oct 01, 2007
+ Bernie Blumenthal m: Abt 1960
.....5 Eric Mitchel Blumenthal b: Jan 30, 1960
.....5 Ivan Keith Blumenthal b: Jul 20, 1964 in New Hyde Park, NY
+ Karen Berger b: Apr 15, 1962, m: Nov 09, 1992
.....6 Stephanie Ann Blumenthal b: Jul 05, 1994
.....6 Alyssa Rae Blumenthal b: Sep 17, 1997
+ Martin Robert Klein b: Jun 21, 1936, m: May 09, 1987, d: Jul 04, 2008

.....4 Paul Charles Katz b: Mar 02, 1940 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Dec 1969 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Dolores Cross b: Feb 13, 1941, m: 1959, d: Jun 03, 2001
.....5 Ilsa Katz
+ Husband
.....5 Lawrence Katz
+ Elizabeth Nichols
.....6 Lauren Elizabeth Katz b: Abt 1991
.....6 Paul Charles Katz b: Abt 1998
.....5 Michael Katz
.....5 Robin Katz
+ Husband Ottino
.....6 Richard Blackburn b: 1985
.....6 Ryan Blackburn b: 1986
.....6 Taylor Ottino b: 1997
.....5 Sheryl Katz
+ Husband Brasington
.....6 Charles Brasington b: Abt 1978
+ [unknown spouse]
.....7 Anthony Brasington
.....6 Peter Brasington b: Abt 1979
+ [unknown spouse]
.....7 Devin Brasington b: Abt 2000
.....4 Debra Ann Katz b: Oct 28, 1950
+ George Spagnola
.....4 Estelle Katz b: Mar 28, 1952
+ Connie McCormack
.....5 Ashley McCormack
...2 Guttel Katz b: Abt 1880
...2 Bella Katz
...2 Henry Katz
+ Lena
...2 Yetta Katz
+ Artz
.....3 Irving Artz b: 1910
.....3 Mildred Artz b: 1914
+ Abe Levy
.....3 Willie Artz

Outline Descendant Report for Meir Jablonsky

1 Meir Jablonsky
  + [unknown spouse]
...2 Abraham Jablonsky b: 1871 in Smela, Russia, d: Mar 31, 1943 in Brooklyn, NY
    + Chaika Prag
.....3 Izzy Jablonsky b: 1902 in Russia
      + Fanny
.....4 Sylvia Jablon b: Mar 1932
        + Manny Scharf
.....5 Scott Scharf
          + Crystal
.....5 Stuart Scharf
          + Joan
.....6 Baby1 Scharf
.....4 Pearl Jablon
        + Sam Plutner
.....5 Craig Plutner
          + Wife1
.....6 Baby1 Plutner
.....6 Baby2 Plutner
.....5 Ira Plutner
          + Wife1
.....6 Baby1 Plutner
.....6 Baby2 Plutner
.....5 Norman Plutner
          + Wife1
.....6 Baby1 Plutner
.....6 Baby2 Plutner
.....5 Steven Plutner
.....3 Celia Jablonsky b: Oct 20, 1908
      + Sol Eckstein b: Mar 15, 1908, d: Sep 22, 1984 in Florida
.....4 Karen Eckstein b: Mar 13, 1943 in Brooklyn, NY
        + Harry Trigaboff b: Dec 09, 1942 in Brooklyn , NY, m: Jun 09, 1962, d: Jun 14, 1980 in New York, NY
.....5 Shari Trigaboff b: Jun 15, 1965
          + Alan Antar b: Feb 20, 1961, m: Apr 13, 1986
.....6 Heather Antar b: Dec 03, 1988 in Florida
.....6 Tyler Antar b: Aug 06, 1992 in Florida
.....5 Adam Trigaboff b: Mar 23, 1967
        + Stuart Cohen b: Nov 25, 1942 in Bronx, NY, m: Jul 12, 1986 in Florida
.....4 Robert Eckstein
        + Barbara Eckstein
.....3 Heshey Jablonsky b: 1912, d: 1991
      + Elsie b: Abt 1915, d: Abt 1994
.....3 Elsie Jablonsky b: Jul 04, 1912 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Jan 09, 1991 in Pittsburgh, PA 15236
      + Sidney Katz b: Apr 26, 1910 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Dec 25, 1932 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Oct 31, 1977 in Margate, FL 33063
.....4 Joan Katz b: Apr 23, 1934 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Jun 24, 2015 in Pittsburgh, PA 15236
        + Stanley Stuart Glickstein b: Nov 12, 1933 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Jul 12, 1957 in Brooklyn, NY

.....5 Steven Howard Glickstein b: Nov 13, 1960 in Bellefonte, PA
+ Sherri Donna Lerner b: Jul 04, 1963 in Brooklyn, NY, m: May 23, 1991 in Long Island, NY
.....6 Jarred Shane Glickstein b: Apr 08, 1995 in New York City, NY
.....6 Ethan Lyndon Glickstein b: Oct 03, 1998 in New York City, NY
.....5 Barbara Helene Glickstein b: Oct 02, 1962 in Princeton, NJ
+ Seth Barry Sacher b: Oct 12, 1962 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Dec 21, 1991 in Pittsburgh, PA
.....6 Elana Rose Sacher b: Jan 17, 1994 in Fairfax, VA
.....6 Sara Elisabeth Sacher b: Sep 23, 1995 in Fairfax, VA
.....6 Maxwell Nathaniel Sacher b: Jul 14, 1998 in Fairfax, VA
.....5 Karen Sue Glickstein b: Sep 11, 1963 in Princeton, NJ
+ Frederick William Edeson b: Dec 27, 1966 in Washington, DC, m: Apr 11, 1999 in Beth El Congregation, Mt Lebanon, PA
.....6 Jonah Matthew Edeson b: Apr 09, 2000 in Baltimore, MD
.....5 Cathy Ann Glickstein b: Jan 11, 1967 in Pittsburgh, PA, d: Oct 29, 2018
.....4 Richard Katz b: Aug 24, 1941 in Brooklyn, N. Y.
+ Barbara Kellman b: Jun 23, 1942, m: May 29, 1966
.....5 Staci Katz b: Jul 02, 1968
+ Christopher John Basso b: Aug 29, 1959, m: Apr 02, 2005 in Chappaqua, New York
.....5 April Katz b: Apr 06, 1972
+ Robert Feingold b: Feb 27, 1969, m: Jun 19, 1994 in Miami, FL, d: Jan 2000 in Charlotte, NC
+ David Forst b: Nov 19, 1978, m: Mar 25, 2005
.....6 Aidan Forst b: May 10, 2009 in Chicago, IL
.....5 Tara Katz b: Sep 20, 1974
+ David Gordon b: Nov 28, 1975, m: Jun 02, 2007
.....6 Mira Gordon b: Sep 26, 2008
.....3 Becky Jablonsky
+ Michael Strauss
.....4 Albert Strauss
+ Goldy
.....5 Audrey Strauss
.....5 Francine Strauss
.....5 Lewis Strauss
.....4 Jack Strauss
+ Shirley
.....5 Iris Strauss
+ Husband1
.....5 Michael Strauss
+ Radda
.....5 Sheldon Strauss
+ Wife
.....6 Baby1 Strauss
.....6 Baby2 Strauss
.....6 Baby3 Strauss
.....4 Martin Strauss d: Mar 16, 2000 in Vermont
+ Cyril (Libby) d: 1999 in Vermont
.....5 Diane Strauss
+ David Weitman
.....5 Marsha Strauss
.....5 Michel Strauss
.....4 Murray Strauss
+ Elaine

.....5 Laurie Strauss b: Aug 08, 1954
+ Michael Rovell
.....6 Brandon Rovell
.....6 Kendal Rovell
.....6 Ryan Rovell
.....5 Mindy Strauss
+ Rick Stewart
.....6 Kathleen Stewart
.....6 Kelsey Stewart
.....4 Rita Strauss
+ Bert Walfield d: Abt 1980
.....5 Allen Walfield d: Deceased
+ Bonita
.....6 Eileen Walfield
.....6 Elizabeth Walfield
.....5 Ira Walfield
+ Wife1
.....5 Robin Walfield
+ Peter
.....6 Baby1 Peter
.....6 Baby2 Peter
.....3 Fritzy Jablonsky
+ Hyman Mogel
.....4 Leila Mogel b: Apr 26, 1933
+ Paul Cohen b: Dec 29, 1931, d: Aug 21, 2020
.....5 Steven Cohen b: Oct 01, 1955, d: Mar 09, 2005 in Long Island, NY
+ Mindy Reiter
.....6 Michael Dustin b: Jun 07, 1987
.....6 Jared Ian b: Oct 15, 1991
.....5 Harvey Cohen b: Apr 13, 1957
+ Julie Epstein b: Jan 23, 1962
.....6 Casey Erin b: Apr 15, 1987
.....6 Jordan Emma b: Apr 29, 1991
.....5 Randi Cohen b: Dec 06, 1958
.....5 Keith Cohen b: Feb 09, 1964
+ Cathy Fern
.....6 Samantha Rae b: Feb 19, 1990
.....4 Maynard Mogel b: Aug 03, 1937, d: Abt 1993
+ Beverly Weiner
.....5 Harris Mogel
+ Sue
.....6 Jessica Mogel
.....6 Nicholas Mogel
.....5 Helene Mogel
.....5 Lori Mogel
+ Ben
.....6 Baby3 Ben
.....6 Mitchel Ben
.....6 Zachery Ben
.....5 Mindy Mogel
+ Russel

.....6 Erica
.....6 Mitchel
.....4 Audrey Mogel b: Feb 06, 1948
+ Fred Holden
+ William Abrams
.....3 Sammy Jablonsky
+ Pauline
.....4 Joyce Jablon b: Aug 13, 1936 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Charles Dishkin
.....5 Tonie Beth Dishlin b: Sep 23, 1962, d: Jan 29, 1963
.....5 April Joy Dishkin b: Apr 18, 1964
+ Robert Trebbi b: Feb 26, 1960
.....6 Zachary David Trebbi b: Mar 15, 1991
.....5 Adam Kieth Dishkin b: Dec 30, 1965
.....5 Renee Starr Dishkin b: Nov 23, 1967
+ Jack Leben b: Oct 15, 1929
.....4 Susan Jablon b: Apr 18, 1942 in Brooklun, NY
+ Sheldon Batkin b: Jun 13, 1937
.....5 Brian Batkin b: Nov 10, 1969
+ Carrie b: Jul 22, 1969
.....6 Joshua Lewis Batkin b: Jun 10, 1993
.....5 Jill Batkin b: Jun 21, 1971
+ Joe Broxmeyer b: Jun 07, 1967
.....6 Ryan Joseph Broxmeyer b: Mar 25, 1994
...2 Fayga Jablonsky d: died during birth of child
+ Unknown
.....3 Unknown Fayga Jablonsky
...2 Misha Jablonsky
+ Tanya
.....3 Izzy Jablonsky
.....3 Lily Jablonsky
.....3 Pearl Jablonsky
.....3 Sadie Jablonsky
...2 Nisel Jablonsky
...2 Tevya Jablonsky
+ Sarah
.....3 Izzy Jablonsky
.....3 Rita Jablonsky
.....3 Sonny Jablonsky

Please send corrections to:

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Appendix II

Late Submissions

It is our (Stanley and Julie) hope that this book will be a "living working document" of our family story. As time goes by, we would love to add your stories and photos to this book. Therefore, we are adding an additional Appendix to this book. The second Appendix is for photos and stories submitted after the first edition of the book has been completed and printed. Once you get this book and your memory is jogged a bit, and you want to add more to our family story, we hope you know that there is a place for your additions. There is always room for more. Thank you all for sharing your stories, anecdotes and photos to this endeavor. We are eternally grateful.

We apologize in advance for any name spellings that were wrong. We promise to correct all in the second addition. Please make us aware of any mistakes.

Much Love,

Stanley & Julie

Al & Esther Glickstein

Brothers, Sol Linchytz and Sol Glickstein

Esther & Al Glickstein and brother Ruby Linchitz driving boat

Ruby Lenchitz and daughter Marsh

Sol & Mindy Linchytz with baby Carol

Papa, Pop, Nathan Barshefsky Glickstein

Cousins Steven and Jordon Glickstein graduating from Columbia University,

Steven with his MBA and Jordon with his undergraduate degree

Stan Glickstein's rule book for his entry to the 1946 Soap Box Derby

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5. Memories and Miracles Self-published by author Tzertel Kenner, 50 Overlook Terrace, New York, NY 10033, phone: 212-568-2500
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About the Authors

Stanley S. Glickstein is a retired physicist having worked at Westinghouse, Bettis Atomic Power Laboratory for 35 years. He received his Bachelor of Electrical Engineering from the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn and his Ph.D. in nuclear physics from The Pennsylvania State University. He spent several years at Princeton University before moving to Pittsburgh and entering the industrial community in 1964. Through his publications he has made significant contributions to the field of reactor physics, health physics, welding, computer methods and neutron radiography. In addition he has served as a part-time instructor teaching at the local community college. Dr, Glickstein has always had a strong interest in family history and genealogy. Following his retirement in 1999, Stan started documenting his 55 year research effort in the following self-published books: *A Road Well Travelled*, an autobiography of Stan life, *Beyond the Road*, a description of the Podwoloczyska fraternal society. In additions the book contains pictures of many family gravestones. In addition he has published, *Joan K. Glickstein*, a book that provides a short review of the life of Stan's wife Joan and *Cathy Ann Glickstein* .a book that reviews the life of Stan's daughter Cathy. *A Family Storybook* is a continuation of this ongoing effort.

Julie Glickstein (Ruvkun) is a Professor of Pediatrics at Columbia University Medical Center. She received her undergraduate degree from Smith College in 1982 and her MD degree from Chicago Medical School in1986. She completed her residency and fellowship in Pediatrics and Pediatric Cardiology at NYU Medical Center. For the past 19 years, she has worked at Columbia University Medical Center as a member of the Department of Pediatrics in the Division of Pediatric Cardiology. Prior to that time, she worked at Montefiore Medical Center in the Bronx, NY .Her clinical and research interests are in Fetal and Pediatric Echocardiography. She has been involved in many multicenter studies around the country and has published many articles in the field of Pediatric Cardiology. Julie is very involved in medical education both at the medical school level and the postgraduate level and teaches first through fourth-year medical students at the Columbia University Vagelos College of Physicians and Surgeons. She is currently the Director of the Pediatric Cardiology Fellowship Program for the Division of Pediatric Cardiology at CHONY/ Columbia University. She is a fellow of the American Academy of Pediatrics and the American College of Cardiology. She is a member of many professional organizations. She is very proud to be helping Stanley compile these stories.