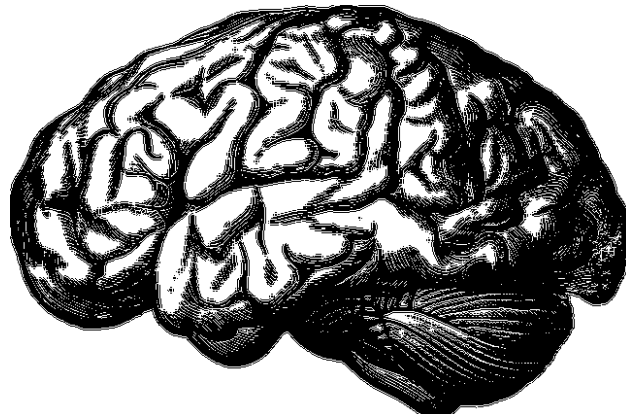


MEMORIES



RECALLED

BY

STANLEY S. GLICKSTEIN

Published in 2024
Pittsburgh PA

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my wonderful wife, children, grandchildren, parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends who have given me a treasure trove of wonderful unforgettable memories. These memories will never be forgotten. Thank you all from the bottom of my heart.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I would like to acknowledge the significant support provided by my granddaughter Elana Sacher in preparing this book for publication. Her expertise with Photoshop helped resolve many unanticipated complications with photographs used in the book. Her solutions and corrections were invaluable. Many thanks go to my daughter Karen who has been the keeper of 58 years of family photo albums that were put together during my married life. Caring for these albums and bringing these albums to Pittsburgh for review has been indispensable to putting this book together. I also want to acknowledge all of my family members with whom I have interacted over the past decades. It has stimulated me to continue documenting our family history in book form.

MEMORIES RECALLED

BY

STANLEY S. GLICKSTEIN

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Introduction

For the past 90 years, I have been blessed with a wealth of memories that remain deeply embedded in my brain. Many of these memories are vivid and still bring joy to me, while others are more subdued but no less meaningful. The stories that follow are presented in no particular order. Some sections may contain only a single event, letter, or picture that holds a special place in my heart. It is not to be taken as a sign of love or importance for each family member. Every one of my family members is invaluable to me. I hope you will find as much happiness in reading these memories as I have found in writing them.

Story 1: There is always a “Story” behind every picture; Rachael and Sender Barshefsky

I understand everyone is looking for old photographs that haven't made it into Julie's 5-Brothers Photo Book. GREAT! With that in mind, I thought I might pass on an interesting tale of the photo on the last page of the book. That page contains the pictures of Rachel Leah and Sender Barshefsky.

The story begins in the early 1960s when I visited Pop and Riva in their home at 235 Remsen Avenue. I always stopped to see them when I was in Brooklyn. I left Brooklyn in 1955 after graduating from college. (I went on to work for General Electric for 1-year. That was followed by 5-years at Penn State, 3-more at Princeton and finally ending up in Pittsburgh working for the Bettis Atomic Power Plant operated by Westinghouse Electric. I am still in Pittsburgh.)

For some reason, during our conversation, I started asking Pop about the old country and why he left. The conversation continued and I began taking notes in a blank Bell telephone address book. There was no writing paper around in those days. We talked for some time and that became the beginning of my adventure into our family genealogy. During the conversation, Pop spoke of his mother being a very special and respected woman. People would come to her home for advice and to help with resolving their problems.

Pop asked if I would like to see a picture of his parents. Of course, I answered, and he went up into the dark closet in his bedroom. He removed two large 20" x 30" framed pictures with a glass front enclosed in brown wrapping paper. Pop I said, what are they doing hidden in the closet? They should be hanging in the living room or dining room. They are beautiful. We looked where to put them. Soon, Riva said: "Glickshtein", (she always called Pop, Glickshtein,) not downstairs, upstairs in the bedroom." She did not appear happy about putting them on display on the first floor. I do not recall what happened after that. I never saw them again until many years later.

After the home on Remsen Avenue was sold, I believe Sol G. ended up with the large pictures. Perhaps Lorraine or Julie can provide more details. Somehow, Sol G. had the pictures. He made copies of the photograph from the very large black and white photographs. I saw 8x10 inch framed photographs of Sender and Rachael in the living room of his home on Barlow Drive. I asked my uncle for a copy and he said he would send me the originals.

When I received the original pictures I was elated and ready to put them somewhere in my home. I did not ask my wife Joan for her thoughts. Unfortunately, when I opened the package, I found the pictures deteriorating. The photographs were falling apart. I located a reliable photographer who said he could photograph the picture and restore the photograph. I had that done and the picture you see in the 5- Brothers album is the B&W a touched-up photograph that was colorized. I think it is unfortunate that he colorized it. It should have been left in black and white like the one Julie probably has from her dad's home.

The original pictures remained in the basement of my home until they deteriorated so badly that I had to discard them. Joan and I looked at the frames and agreed they too should be dumped. It hurt, but that is the story of my great-grandparent's picture.

A concluding remark: Many years ago I connected with a Barshefsky cousin descended from Pop's brother, Meyer Barshefsky who lived in Chicago. We exchanged pictures of our common great-grandfather, Sender Barshefsky. We each received a picture of the same photograph we each sent to the other.

There are other stories I can tell about my adventures with Pop's brother's family. I had Shabbat dinner with them in Chicago in 1955 and reunited again in St. Petersburg, FL in February 2000. But that is for another time.

Your loving cousin,

Stan (Butch to my uncles in the old days, although Sol G called me Butch forever)

P.S. Have you ever wondered why Al G. was always called Sender in the old days?



My great-grandmother and great-grandfather, Rachael Leah and Sender Barshefsky

Story 2 Discovering that I am a Barshefsky

In the fall of 1955, I found myself in Chicago traveling to my second assignment with my employer, General Electric. It was to GE's X-Ray Division in Milwaukee, WI. I was a young engineer, having just graduated from the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn with an engineering degree in electrical engineering.

As I was passing through Chicago I remembered that my grandfather, Pop had visited his brother in Chicago some five or so years earlier. I decided to stop in Chicago and call my pop's brother my Uncle. I had no knowledge of his name so I went to the telephone book and searched for Glickstein. There was no listing for Glickstein in any of the numerous Chicago books that were in the telephone booth. In desperation, I made that long-distance call to my grandparent's home. Calling long distance in those days was a "big deal." Riva answered the phone and I explained what I was doing. I could not find any Glickstein listing in all the Chicago phone books.

Glickshtein she said, what kind of Glickshtein? His name is Barshefsky! Barshefsky, I answered. It was a difficult call. With broken English and my not understanding I hung up and looked up Barshefsky in the phone directory. It was listed! I called, explained who I was and they invited me to a Shabbat dinner that evening at their home. I cannot recall very much what took place that evening. It was not Pop's brother Meyer I visited; it was his Meyer's son Gustave Barshefsky. Meyer had died in 1951 and Pop was not aware of his passing. The only other thing I can remember was some young children were there. That was in 1955.

Move forward 50 years. A person named Charlene Barshefsky was formally nominated by President Clinton to be the United States Trade Representative. Barshefsky? Could we be related? The answer is YES! One of those small kids I recalled seeing when I visited the Barshefsky's home in 1955 is now making headlines. Google her and you will find volumes of references to her name, she made headlines back in the 1990s. Charlene is my second cousin and second cousin to many of you reading this blurb.

I tried contacting her with little success. My daughter Karen's father-in-law worked for AIPAC. He told me he would guarantee he could get a note to her. She may have gotten it. I never received a response from her. However, I did make contact with her brother Alvin Barshefsky who was also into the genealogy game. We communicated with one another, exchanged identical photographs of our mutual great grandfather and, still keep in touch after 25 years. Keep with this I am slowly getting to the punch line.

I have told this tale of how I am a Barshefsky, to many of my friends. One couple to whom I related this tale was Larry and Vera Green. They moved from Pittsburgh to St. Petersburg in the early 2000s. They joined a synagogue and at a Friday evening service, she was introduced to an elderly woman. She said her name was Miriam Barshefsky. Surprised, Vera replied, "Do you know anyone by the name of "Stanley Glickstein?" After some thought, Miriam replied, "many many years ago, a young man visited me when I was living in Chicago. I believe he said his name was Glickstein, but that was many years ago. Indeed that was me."

A few years later during one of our visits to Larry and Vera in St Petersburg, I visited Miriam and her son Alvin in St. Petersburg. She related many stories of her early years when she arrived in the United States which I recorded. I sent copies of her recording to her children after her death several years ago. Her daughter Annette was most appreciative and we have communicated with each other several times since then.

Story 3 How it all began – My first date with Joan – Skiing in State College, PA 1957

It was a cool evening in February 1957. I just finished my dinner at the Penn State Diner. I was returning to my rented room at Mrs. Gast's 2-story home on College Avenue when I saw Helene Feuerman. She was a young girl I dated during my undergraduate years while living in Brooklyn. She was now a graduate student in the Speech department at Penn State University. Walking along with Helene was a roommate, Joan Katz. She too was a grad student in the Speech department. They both graduated from Brooklyn College with degrees in Speech Pathology.

After some chit-chat, I asked if they would like to go skiing the coming weekend with the Penn State Ski Club. I took up skiing while living in Schenectady NY and got hooked on the sport. I joined the Ski Club at Penn State which was sponsoring a weekend outing at their ski slope, an hour's ride from State College. The cost for the weekend event was \$25. It included a dorm-like sleeping arrangement. There was an immediate response of "NO!" from Helene. Joan pondered for a moment and said, "Yes, I would love to go, but I never skied," and "can you loan me \$25?"

The rest is history. We skied all day Saturday and then spent the entire Saturday evening dancing together. We saw one another almost every day after that first weekend. That was it! Very soon after that "first date", I returned by myself to Brooklyn for some reason. I made appointment of visiting Joan's parents on the weekend. I remember Joan's father caught me by surprise and asked me what my intentions were with our relationship. My answer was, "we will see where it goes."



Our first date was a ski outing. This was our second ski outing and Joan learned to ski,

My first gift: Joan's birthday was approaching, April 23, 1957. I had seen a gold locket with a heart that was just beautiful and wanted to purchase it for Joan's upcoming birthday. Unfortunately, the cost may have been \$25, maybe even \$50. While I had sufficient income as a research associate to make my monthly expenses, \$25 (or more) was a big chunk of that monthly check. I remember asking my uncle Herman, "Do you think I should spend some much money on a birthday gift?" He immediately responded, "If you love her, it is never too much." I gave her that locket which she cherished all he life with a small picture of me inside. Many years later Joan asked me, "Why did you engrave the front of the locket with the letters **JK**? I replied, "I never thought of that." I left off the future **G**. In June we were formally engaged



Engagement Ring: It was probably in May 1957 that I proposed to Joan, I can't be exactly sure of the date. I do remember that, together, we visited several jewelry shops at State College looking for a suitable engagement ring. There were not too many Jewelers in the State College area.

While growing up in Brooklyn, I had a very good friend named Howard Gershon. His father was a jeweler. I was still looking for an engagement ring; I turned to him for advice. For \$500 he said I could purchase a beautifully cut, pure white color with excellent clarity. It was a 1- Carat ring. He assured me that it was as good as I could ever find. That was it. I emptied the bank account which at that time was \$700. It was my life's saving.



Joan's Engagement Ring
(Enhanced with an additional holder for our 50th.anniversary)

As an aside, my life's savings started over 20+ years prior. It started with an East New York Savings account opened while I was in 4th grade. My mother would give me a nickel a week and I would deposit that during school hours into my savings book. After working as a waiter and Bus Boy in the Borsht belt during the summers when I was not in college, I increased my savings to almost \$700. All of it was in that same East New York passbook savings account. That **was** my life's savings.

I returned from Brooklyn to State College and put the ring on Joan's finger sometime in May 1957. We eloped and were married on July 12, 1957. The 58 years that followed were the "***Best years of my Life.***"

A little secret: For me, the very best years were the first 4 years that we spent together in State College while I was a graduate student.

*Mr and Mrs Sidney Katz
Mr and Mrs Morris Glickstein
announce the engagement
of their children
Joan
to
Stanley
on the fifteenth of June
Nineteen hundred and fifty-seven
Brooklyn, New York*



Joan loved flowers.
She is dearly missed,
(The picture was taken on our 2014 Vancouver to Toronto train trip.)



We produced a GREAT family
Thanksgiving 2008 and 2014 in the backyard on Challen Drive



Story 4: My Uncle Herman Glick, “Celebrity”

We had recently moved to Pittsburgh, PA where I had taken a position as a Sr. Research Physicist at the Westinghouse-Bettis Atomic Power Laboratory in West Mifflin, PA. We rented a multi-story three-bedroom home in the nearby community of Pleasant Hills. With most of our entire families still residing in the New York area we longed for visitors. My parents as well as Joan’s would make the occasional auto trip to see us once or twice a year. It was with a great welcome and much surprise when aunt Florence and Uncle Herman called and said they were flying to Pittsburgh to visit us in our new abode. We had sufficient room to house them and told them so. However, Uncle Herman insisted that they stay at a nearby Howard Johnson motel. He implied it was like a vacation for them and they would prefer the motel.

I am sure we took them to the usual visitor’s itinerary; the downtown area, the incline, and the Nationality Classrooms at the University of Pittsburgh’s Cathedral of learning. However, what made this day special was the visit to the kosher butcher shops in Squirrel Hill. In those days (1960’s,) there were many kosher butchers located in the Jewish part of Pittsburgh known as Squirrel Hill. It was like the old days in Brooklyn when I went with my grandmother to the butcher shop as a very young kid. She would sit in a chair as I watched her pluck out the chicken feathers and burn the remains on a gas flame. That practice still existed in some shops in the area.

However, the kosher butcher that I took my uncle to had recently started selling pre-packaged kosher meat. Those reading this story should know that my uncle Herman was the owner of several Glick butcher shops in the NYC area. I believe he may have been one was one of the first to start selling per-packaged kosher meats. His stores were well-known in the New York area. I cannot at this time remember the exact name of the butcher shop on Murray Avenue in Squirrel Hill. It was a small store. We walked in, looked around and someone came up to us and asked if he could help. I told him my aunt and uncle were just visiting and I wanted to show them the butcher shop because my uncle Herman Glick has kosher butcher shops in New York.

When I said GLICK his eyes lit up. “GLICK butcher’s in New York?” he said. “Wait wait, I want to show you something” he reiterated. He ran to the back of his store and came out with loads of papers. “I save all of your advertisements,” he told my uncle. He was enamored. Herman Glick from NY was actually in his store. It was like meeting the President of the United States. He was thrilled. He said he follows all of the advertisements and had recently also started packaging and keeping pre-packaged kosher meats in a refrigerated compartment in his small store. He made my uncle out as a king. He was thrilled to have met Herman Glick and I was elated to have discovered that my uncle was such a celebrity.

THAT IS MY FAMOUS UNCLE HERMAN STORY!



Uncle Herman Glick

Story 5 Growing up with my uncle Sol (Shloime): Letter to My Uncle

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.

Anyway, I am sending you this copy and want to thank you for being such a wonderful uncle. To you dear uncle, I offer the following thanks:

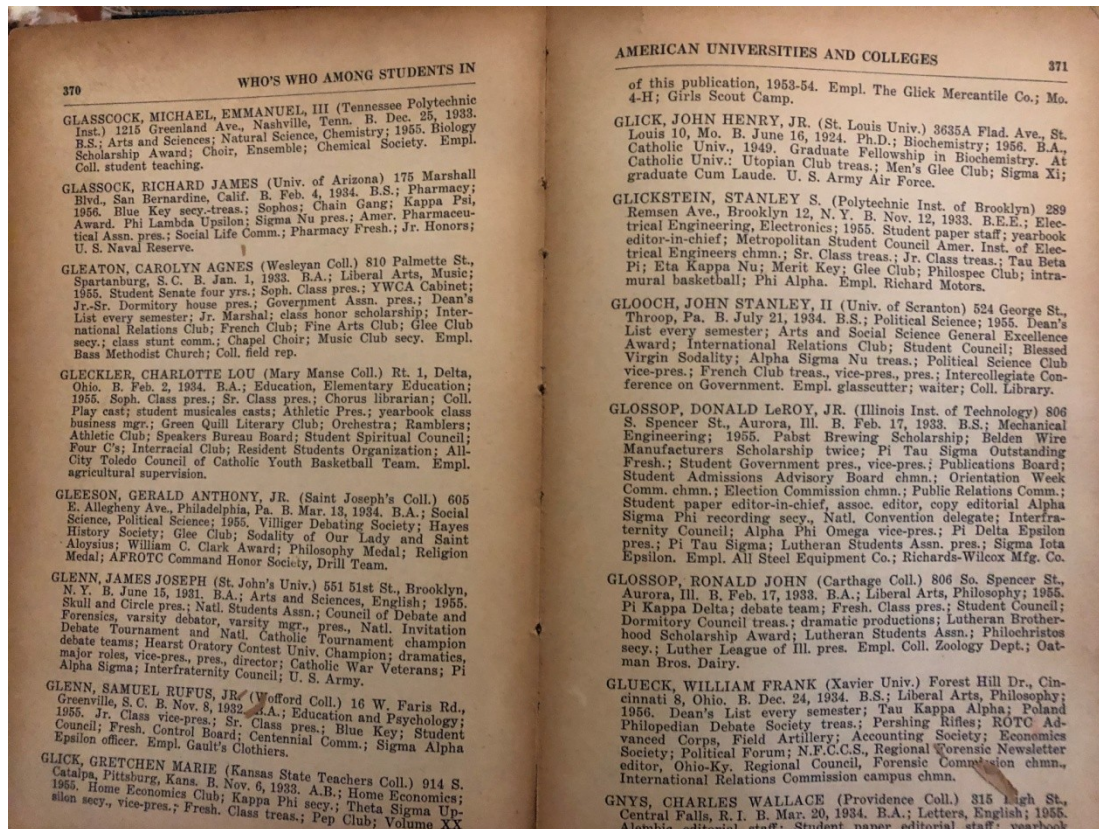
- Thanks for the Charley McCarthy doll. I am still looking for it.
- Thanks for taking me to the Gilbert store in Manhattan to buy the erector set from the money I received from my bar-mitzvah gifts in 1947. I still remember traveling on the train and schlepping that heavy #11 Erector Set. (It was the largest set available without the trains.) I was able to build the parachute jump with the parts. My grandson Max now has it. It is like new.



- Thanks for 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 haven't taken apart a coaster brake. By the way, I finally gave the bike to Shia in about 1960, but he can't recall what he did with it.

- Thanks for buying me the book, "*Among Students Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges 1954-1955*." My name was included in that volume. I wasn't 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.



Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges 1954-1955

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

There are plenty more thanks that I have probably missed. The best one is,

Thanks for being such a wonderful uncle for all these 77 years!

Your loving nephew,

Butch



Sol and his best man, Butch

Story 6 My Memories of Aunt Florence and Uncle Herman

My aunt Florence and I grew up like a brother and big sister. My aunt was 5+ years older than me. Each year we would take a picture of us together in the backyard of our home on 289 Remsen Avenue. I cannot find those photographs but they showed my aunt standing behind me until one day we reversed the role. I was finally taller than her.

My aunt Florence fell in love with Herman Glick when they were teenagers and while they both attended Tilden High School. It was not an easy relationship because the Glick family considered themselves a level above the Lenchitz family. The Glick family owned a very successful butcher shop. Florence's dad, my grandfather sold eggs. They too lived on Remsen Avenue in a private home about 1 block away.

They were difficult years when Herman was called into the army right after high school. But their relationship was strong. They were married after Herman returned home. I think he served in Germany.

They had an elegant wedding that must have been paid for by the Glick family. It took place in an upscale wedding hall on Eastern Parkway.



My Aunt Florence Lenchitz



My Uncle Herman and Aunt Florence





Joan and I visited with our aunt in her Florida Condo for a week. What a joy that was.



Story 7 Murder story across the street from my home on Challen Drive - 1978

This Story written by Stephen May was published in *The New Yinzer*

Extracted from: <http://www.newyinzer.com/version1/issue05/n-may.html>



{ Plaster Up the Hole in the Wall and Forget Already }

by Steve May

I am in my crib as an infant, my mother resting not more than six feet away from me in her queen-sized bed. My father's digital clock taints the darkness with a sickly red. It is 1:15 a.m., 1 August 1978. Suddenly outside there is a livelier light show: reds and blues dance through the quiet night, reflecting off the perfect lawns, through the trees, onto aluminum siding and brick. It all bleeds into the room and draws my mom's attention.

A new addition to the deliberate, two-square-mile post-war bliss of Pleasant Hills, my street, Picture Drive, was the state-of-the-art in the early seventies' Ryan home prefabrication. Identical brick houses alternate with aluminum-siding models down a long, twisted slope, mingling with the occasional split-level design before the hill rights itself, rising again in a small hump and a straightaway. The second white-siding house on the left is mine, and after that the street boomerangs slightly to the right, meeting the somewhat flatter, similarly twisted Challen Drive with a stop sign.

My mother arises gently in her nightgown to locate the source of the light, parts the drapes and finds a precession of ambulances and police cars rolling silently past. They all turn onto Challen and continue on out of sight. They will stop at 330, a ranch-style home several hundred yards away, where a bloody hell has come gurgling to the surface.

Slide back to the previous November, still several months before my birth. There is an arrival at 330 Challen. Ronald Boyle, his wife Donna, and their three children, Brian, Autumn, and April, had relocated there some time ago from the gritty town of Clairton, and all the peace and quiet must have seemed serene, maybe even vaguely bourgeois. Ron's parents agreed to contribute a significant amount of the money for the house on one condition: that his troubled but well-meaning twenty-one-year-old brother, Jeff, also be allowed to live there. And in November, the six-foot, five-inch, 270-pound man arrives.

From the first day, Jeff relates better to the children than the adults. He spends three days working at a local Busy Beaver Building Center as a truck driver but is dismissed. He works for a day at the

Pleasant Hills Foodland as a bagger, but he is deemed too slow and strange to be effective and does not work again. He passes the time going for long, brooding walks, or playing with the kids, often sitting on the curb with them and carrying on about the things that matter in the world of a child, like *Star Wars*. Brian is nine, Autumn is seven, and April is five. With his curly, unkempt hair, boyish face, and wardrobe of T-shirts and jeans, Jeff almost fits in, but not quite.

Donna makes passing remarks about his laziness and frequent tardiness at dinner. There are sparks between Jeff and his nephews and niece, who pick on him sometimes. Whatever conflict exists is not always one-sided: a rumor circulates that Jeff once punished Brian after an argument by forcing him to hang by his fingers from a second-story window in the back of the house.

Slide forward to the early eighties. I am a young child and do not quite know what is happening, but my father has lost his temper and is screaming at my mother and the world in general in the kitchen. He is a small man— thin, five feet, eight inches tall, with black hair and large, green eyes—but his voice is huge and I don't really know how I got into this. His rage builds and builds until it reaches its climax, and he puts his fist through the thin, basement door. *Thwack!* A schoolteacher by day, he is also a skilled housepainter, and he fills the hole in early the next day. The white spot remains until we get a new door in the later part of the decade, not a point of pride for my father, but something like his inadvertent comment on the state of his world.

Slide back again. From the beginning, Monday, 31 July 1978 is nothing special. The National Weather Service calls for a high in the upper seventies, with patchy fog and a twenty percent chance of rain in the evening. *Pittsburgh Press* weather bird Donald Dingbat is in an "Erie" mood, so he "figured he auto drive north for a vacation." Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase are starring in the forgettable *Foul Play* at the local Cinema World. *Hooper*, *Star Wars* and *The End* were also playing. Andy Gibb's sickly infectious "Shadow Dancing" is all over the radio,



nearing the end of its brutal, seven-week reign at the top of the pop charts. "Do it light, taking me through the night, shadow dancing," the song's hook goes, pasted over a light funk disco groove, falsetto backing vocals abound. "Give me more, drag me across the floor, shadow dancing." Ronald leaves for work and Donna stays home with the kids. Jeff and his nieces and nephew likely don't do much as the morning wears into the afternoon, other than watch television and play. Maybe Jeff walked to the nearby Open Pantry for a glass bottle of coke and a distraction. Maybe as afternoon fades into evening, the *Brady Bunch*-looking girls go off on their own, their soft, high-register voices ebbing and flowing in warm banter and play.

Meanwhile, tension is building between the guys. Jeff grabs one of Brian's toys and refuses to give it back, using his size and reach to tease his nephew, holding the toy just out of reach. Perturbed, Brian kicks his cousin in the crotch. When Jeff catches up with him, he hits him hard on the small of the back. *Thwack!* Now legitimately pissed, Brian squeals. *Mom! Jeff hit me!* Donna scolds her brother-in-law and refuses to cook dinner. *Jeff is not a boy, but a man, and a big one at that. And he's always late for dinner anyway. And he is lazy.* As the sun begins its descent behind the hilltops,

Ronald calls to touch base, and Donna tells him she and the kids are feeling under the weather. Maybe everyone watches *The Jefferson's* repeat at 8:00 p.m. or *Good Times* at 9. Donna, whom you could tell time by, puts the kids to bed after dusk.

Slide forward to the early-eighties again. A man gets drunk at The Red Bull Inn, a bar at the bottom of Picture Drive, and drives his truck a half-mile down Old Clairton Road and into the front lobby of Pleasant Hills Middle School, shattering the glass vestibule. This was no accident, and he does not need to give an explanation.

Slide forward ten years later. Two pre-teen boys throw a Molotov cocktail through a ground-level window of the same building, destroying the library in the subsequent fire. As they are minors, the details passed along to the public are sketchy at best. Clearly, they were not happy with the place.

Now it's a year later in the summer, and I'm in the back yard with my friends, Robb, Tim, and Jeff. We're all twelve. Jeff is the runt of the group and we pick on him relentlessly for no discernible reason. Jeff is standing in the grass. I sneak up on him and punch him as hard as I can in the lower back, unloading the entirety of my 115-pound, five-foot, four-inch frame. *Thwack!*

Slide back into the midsummer evening in 1978. The loudest thing audible on Challen Drive is an air conditioner running full-blast or the all-enveloping wail of cicadas and crickets in the trees and endless manicured bushes and shrubs. Around 12:30 a.m., screams join the chorus, echoing between the houses. Adults and children around 330, the noise's epicenter, wake up. One places a call to Ronald at work. Something is not right. He speeds home.

Stanley Glickstein, a polite, gentle, middle-aged engineer who lives with his family across the street from Boyles, is among those stirred out of bed by all the noise-hysterical screaming and shouting, pleading and sobbing. Its source got louder and louder, closer and closer. Suddenly, it is at his doorstep. A banging sound echoes through Glickstein's comfortable, white, two-story home. Puzzled but unafraid, Glickstein makes his way down the stairs and answers the door. A hysterical Jeff, with cuts on his hands and fingers and blood-spattered trousers, is on the other side. Something terrible has happened and the phones have been ripped out. *Please, could he please use the phone? Could he please call the police, please, Please!*

(Read Stan's recollection of this event at the end of this story.)

The following afternoon, the *Pittsburgh Press's* headline is oxymoronic: *4 SLAIN IN PLEASANT HILLS HOME*. Jeff has been taken into custody and charged with the brutal murder of his brother's family. "We had evidence that led us to an arrest," is all Pleasant Hills' Police Chief Stanley Smith will say. The next day, the *Press* reveals that a kitchen fork and a knife had been taken from the Boyle home as possible evidence, along with three pieces of a baseball bat Chief Smith found in the grass in the back yard. "It's been a long time since I shed a tear," Smith says. "But when you see those little kids. When my wife asked me if I could say anything about it, I cried."

In his first interview with Allegheny County Homicide Task Force Detective John Nee, Jeffery describes leaving the house in the middle evening to get a bite to eat at McDonald's, through the woods. When he returns at 11:00 p.m., he finds two phones ripped out and his brother's family

dead. In his next interview with Nee, Jeff allows that he "may have been responsible." Finally, he cracks. The story about his fight with Brian emerges, and Jeffery mentions the fact that the children picked on him and he found April's shrill voice disturbing.

A vague, morbid chronology begins to present itself. After putting the children to bed, Donna goes to buy snacks. While she is gone, Jeff beats the kids with his baseball bat and then stabs them in the head and chest with a cooking fork and a kitchen knife. When Donna returns, the story reaches its climax. Donna sees blood and locks herself in the master bedroom. Jeff, in an advanced state of mindless rage, kicks the door down. Donna manages to slip past him and run into the kitchen, where she takes money from her purse and throws it at Jeff. She tries to escape to the front door, which isn't more than twenty feet away. Perhaps while she is struggling with the door, Jeff catches her and drags her into the living room, where he fatally beats and stabs her. Jeff breaks the baseball bat into three pieces, *thwack! thwack! thwack!* and hides them in the brush behind the house. When he is finished speaking, Jeff reflects, and in Western Pennsylvania jargon, offers a simple explanation: "The gum band just snapped."

Almost immediately, Pleasant Hills forgets about what happened that night in August. Neighbors and the police are reluctant to comment on the next day's issue of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*. There is an open-casket viewing at a local funeral home, with the children wearing wigs, then a funeral and, then Donna and her children are buried side by side in Jefferson Memorial Cemetery, where raised headstones are forbidden because they complicate the process of mowing the lawn. Jeffery Boyle is sentenced to life in a mental institution. Ronald Boyle starts life anew. Sliding forward gradually, gracefully, it all fades into the past. The bloodstained carpet is removed and the smashed-up drywall is repaired.

For a long time, 330 Challen Drive sits empty and quiet, waiting for time to pass. When someone finally buys the former Boyle home, they have it blessed by a local Catholic priest before moving in. They put a black metal gate on the front door, giving the house a somber look. Not well-lit in the evening, it radiates a certain abstract sadness. Over time, that sadness fades, but a scar remains. Even if the residents of Picture and Challen did not know it at the time, and even if their names and faces changed, they lost a certain measure of their perceived innocence that night. It is possible to find peace and quiet in the suburbs, and low crime, good parking, cleanliness early bedtimes, and good school districts. Mankind cannot escape itself.

And perhaps that is why every neighborhood of any vintage or pedigree has, somewhere in its lineage, a 330 Challen Drive serving as an eerie, embedded monument to the capability for animalistic viciousness each of us has buried in our subconscious, a reminder that we are not always as civilized as we like to think we are. For me, the sleeping infant, it was all not even a dream. But the flaw was within me, too, and the reality, though I was blissfully unaware at the time, was equally mine.

The author wishes to acknowledge the following sources: Baird, Robert; cnn.com; Fine, Ira; Gemperlein, Joyce; Lichalk, Juanita; Lichalk, Ronald; May, Janet; May, Joseph; Pittsburgh Post-Gazette; Pittsburgh Press; Words & Music of Andy Gibb (as drawn from:

<http://www.terminalmadness.com/users/darlene/>.

The following is Stan's recollection of that event beginning with the knock on the door.

As I recall, it was late in the evening maybe midnight or later. Joan and I were asleep and there was a loud banging on the front door. It persisted. We ran downstairs and opened the front door. There was Jeff, uncontrolled and screaming, "They are dead, they are dead." Jeff was living with his brother's family across the street from our home on Challen Drive. He was hysterical. (Steve May's description of Jeff was right on the button. He was an unusual person. My mother-in-law was never comfortable when her grandchildren who were much younger than Jeff played with him in the street. She always said, "He is strange.")

Joan and I tried to calm Jeff down. He was in a tee-shirt, very upset, and yelling, "They are dead, they are dead." We sat him down at our kitchen table and gave him something to drink. He was bewildered. After some time had passed we called the police and told them what Jeff related to us. Jeff eventually left our house.

A very short time later the Pleasant Hills police came into our home. We explained what occurred. The Police went out of our house and walked across the street to Jeff's home. I followed. When they walked into the house I was told to remain outside. That was a good thing. A short time after I found out that Jeff's sister-in-law, along with the three children was bludgeoned to death with a baseball bat.

After some time had passed I went back to my house and waited. The Police returned to my home. They began asking me and Joan many questions. Did we see any blood? No. What was Jeff wearing? Joan and I differed on exactly what his T-shirt looked like. It took some time before they left.

Immediately after they left, Jeff's brother knocked at our door. We invited him in. He was distraught and hysterical. He asked if he could use our phone and call long distance to his parent's home. I believe they lived in California. He called and we heard him scream at his father, "I told you he should not have come to live with us! I told you." At the time we did not know what he was referring to. We must have provided him with something to drink and tried to calm him down. A short time later he left.

Time passed. We were told that we would be called to testify at a later date. Maybe a year or so later, the Police came to our home and told us we were going to testify. They asked us numerous questions about what happened on that fateful evening. Joan and I differed on many of our answers. They then provided us with a transcript of what the police recorded as our responses when they interviewed us that memorable night. I was amazed that I had forgotten the details.

The rest is history. He had some mental illness when he was in California with his parents. Steve May tells us in the above-written story he wrote for a college writing class (I believe that is what his father Joe May told me) that the family was able to purchase the home with funds they accepted from the family under the conditions that Jeff could live with them in Pittsburgh. That turned into a tragedy. That ends our tale of *The Murder on Challen Drive*.

Story 8 Memories by Aunt Caroline Frankel written for Morris Glickstein

Dear Stanley,

Here are some of our memories:

In the 1930s, 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.

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 – 1940s.

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



Aunt Caroline
On the porch at 289 Remsen Avenue

Story 9 A Man Named Morris, by Caroline. Frankel

The following was written for my father Morris Glickstein for his 85th Birthday.

The happiest and brightest day in my life was when a man named *Morris* came into our family. As a young girl he would help me with my homework, bought me my first fur jacket (at Gimbels, he loved that department store) and, was 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 emotional 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.

He was always there to share everything with the family.

He went through a very nervous, painful, and nerve-racking operation, and still has the sweetest disposition and wonderful sense of humor.

He's 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



A Man Named Morris

Story 10 Never Miss Glickstein Abt. 1975

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 1970s. I stopped the car and asked for the basketball. I stood in the roadway about 40 feet away from the basketball hoop. I aimed 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 true. Anyway, I have carbon-copied this e-mail to Michael. He will offer his verification of the details.

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

Yours truly,

NEVER MISS GLICKSTEIN

On November 8, 2008, Michael Horvitz replied to the e-mail sent to him about that memorable shot!

Subject: Re: Verification, never miss Glickstein
Date: 11/8/2009 12:43:45 P.M. Eastern Standard Time
From: mdh1star@yahoo.com
Sent from the Internet ([Details](#))

Never Miss Glickstein

Abt. 1975

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

Other replies to my letter.

A REPLY FROM KAREN EDESON

RE: Verification, never miss Glickstein
Date: 11/8/2009 11:03:09 A.M. Eastern Standard Time
From: ksedeson@msn.com
To: steve.h.glickstein@jpmorgan.com, stanglick@aol.com, akaretsky2004@yahoo.com, clandestinecomic@hotmail.com,
glick59@msn.com, barbsacher@verizon.net, artribak@optonline.net, pbkfit@aol.com, joanglickstein@aol.com, sherig63@hotmail.com,
ribakcb@optonline.net, sethsacher@gmail.com
CC: mdh1star@yahoo.com
Sent from the Internet ([Details](#))

I'll wait for the revised copy before I send it to the papers!

A REPLY FROM STEVEN GLICKSTEIN

From: steve.h.glickstein@jpmorgan.com
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; ribakcb@optonline.net;
sethsacher@gmail.com
CC: mdh1star@yahoo.com
Date: Sat, 7 Nov 2009 20:17:04 -0500
Subject: Re: Verification, never miss Glickstein

You forgot the part when 30 years later, you stood at the end of my drive way in front of your grandchild and said, I'm never miss Glickstein, told the story about the shot at Michaels, then took one shot from a similar distance and swish.

Steve Glickstein

Story 11 Building a racing car for the Soap Box Derby with cousin Howie (Chaim)

One of the more memorable events that took place during two summers of my teen years was my participation in the Soap Box Derby sponsored by Chevrolet. The construction of the racecar was a challenge. My cousin Howie (Chaim) Lenchitz and I carried several 8-foot lengths of 2 x 4's from the lumber yard located on Church Avenue, about a mile from my home on Remsen Avenue. We removed nails from used lumber and reused them to build the Soap Box racing car. I never thought of buying new nails. We had to get the racing car to the Chevy dealership since they were in charge of transporting the car to the racetrack. This meant Chaim and I had to push the car for many blocks since the auto dealer was at least a half-mile from my home. The first year I entered the Soap Box Derby, the race was held on some hill in the Bronx. I remember losing control while coming down the raceway and crossing the finish line with the rear wheels first. The next year it was held in Brooklyn, inside Prospect Park. While I didn't win any race, it was great fun. The wheels were expensive (\$10.00 per set), so I was sponsored by the movie actress, Joan Fontaine for the second year. My car was called "Brute Force" named after a movie of the same name that she played in. Story 28 tells more of my adventures with the Soap Box Derby.



Chaim was like a brother to me. He lived down the street in the same home as my other grandparents, Nathan and Riva Glickstein. Two large families lived in this 3-bedroom home. That was what helped make our families so close. Chaim and I spent considerable time together even after he and his siblings were sent to the local Yeshiva. His father Solomon Lenchitz had worked for the United States Post Office for many years but left sometime in the 1940's. After high school, Chaim and I took different paths. His father became a Rabbi, as did he and his

brother David (later called Dovid). Chaim currently teaches at a Yeshiva in Brooklyn and Dovid teaches at a Yeshiva in Lakewood, NJ. As the years have passed, I have lived as a Conservative Jew giving up many of my Orthodox traditions. We have conversed very briefly over the past fifty years, but I will always have a deep affection for my dear cousin Chaim.

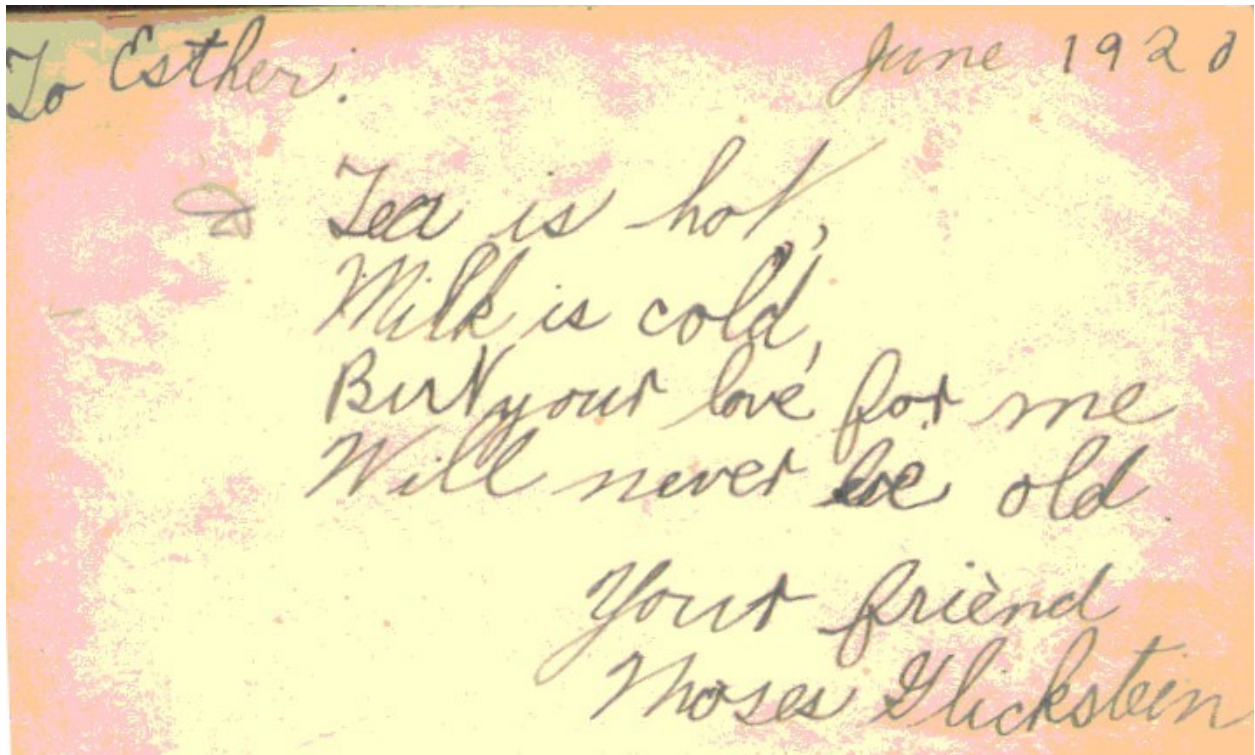
While we all came from a very Orthodox Jewish background, my Uncle Sol and his family took off into what today one would call extreme orthodoxy. Growing up at that time, we would rarely turn the lights on during Shabbat. For Shabbat, a burner on the gas stove would always be left on so that one would not have to light a fire. Our home was strictly kosher. We never rode in a car nor traveled on Shabbat. It wasn't until high school that I had my first non-kosher food outside my home. Today, one might ask if it was difficult living such an orthodox Jewish life. The answer is categorically, No! I never gave it a thought. That was the way we lived! There was no other way.



Top: Cousins Dovid and Chaim Lenchitz with Stan Lower: Cousin Rochel Lenchitz Hartstein
(I grew up with my cousins while living on Remsen Avenue)
(Taken at Cousin Gittel's wedding in June 2012)

Story 12 Esther's Autograph Book: Moses' note to Esther

This is one of my favorite finds from the Glickstein treasure chest of old documents and miscellaneous papers. This one page was taken from my mother's high school autograph book. It has found its way into a couple of other books that have been self-published.

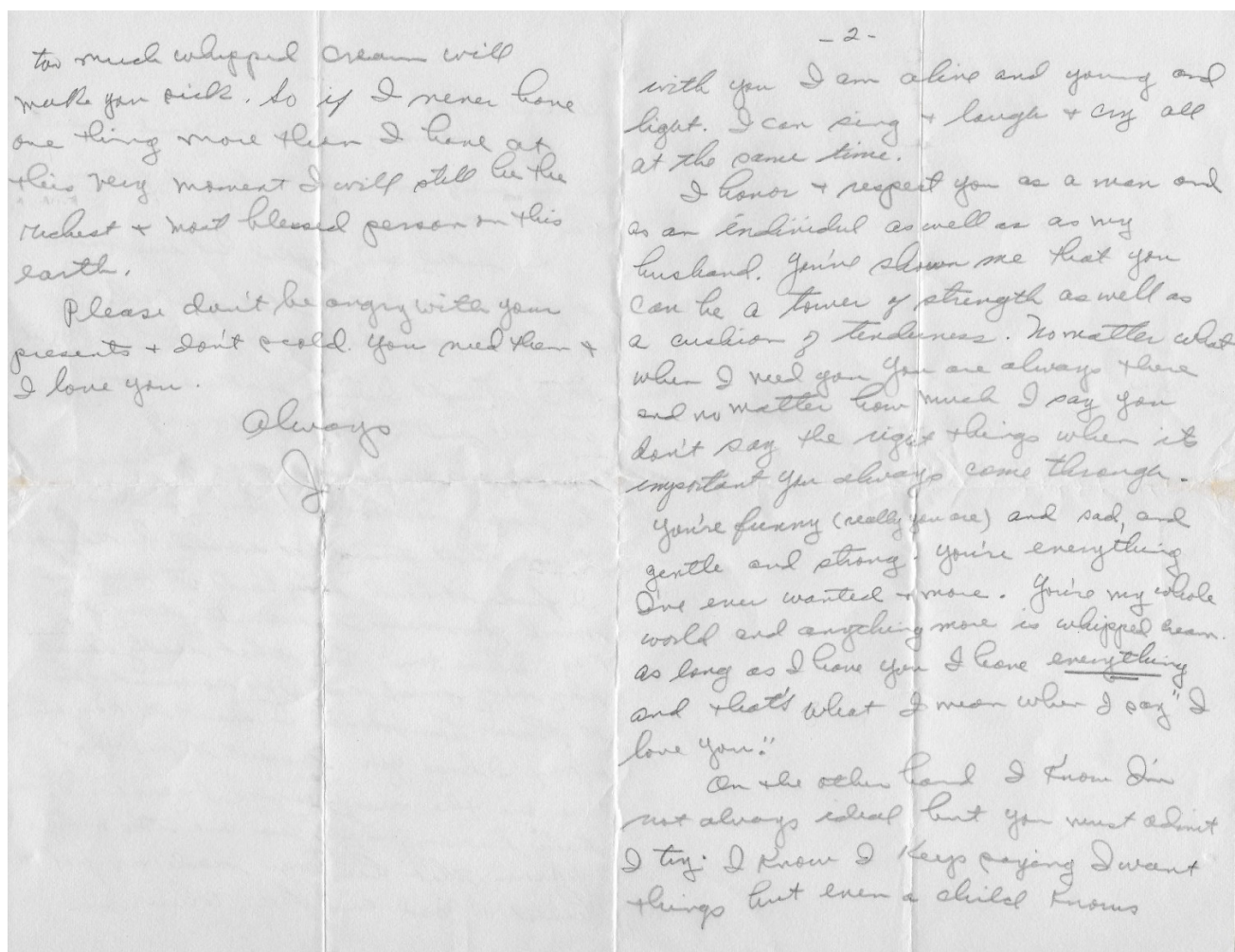


This page was copied from the 8th - grade autograph book belonging to Esther Lenchitz, my mother.

They were married 12 years later.

Story 13 Letter from Joan to Stan

Dearest Stan,
I'm writing to you in pencil because
I am out of ink and too lazy to fill my
pen.
I looked and looked but was unable
to find a valentine that said what I
wanted to say, the way I wanted to say it
so I thought I would make a vain
attempt and try to say it myself.
I guess the easiest way to begin is
by saying I love you, but you already
know that and that would be redundant.
I find it hard, very hard to say how
much you mean to me. It's easy to
say "I love you" but that really doesn't
say very much and I do so want you
to know how much I want to say when
I say I love you. I want to say that
you are the most wonderful person I have
ever known. That you are the only
person that has ever made me feel
honest + good and free. When I



Page 2 and Page 3

The following is a typed copy of the above-written letter.

I am writing to you in pencil because I am too lazy to fill my pen.

I looked and looked but was unable to find the valentine that said what I wanted to say, the way I wanted to say it so I thought I would make a vain attempt and try to say to myself.

I guess the easiest way to say it is by saying I love you, but you already know that and that would be redundant. I find it hard, very hard to say how much you mean to me. It's easy to say "I love you" but that really doesn't say very much and I do so want you to how much I want to say when I say I love you. I want to say that you are the most wonderful person that I have ever known.

You are the only that has ever made me feel honest & good and free when I'm with you. I am alive and young and light. I can sing and laugh and cry all at the same time.

I honor and respect you as a man and as an individual as well as my husband. You've shown me that you can be a tower of strength as well as a cushion of tenderness. No matter when I need you, you are always there, and no matter how much I say you don't say the right things when it's important, you always come through. You're funny (really you are) and sad and gentle and strong. You're everything I've ever wanted & more. You're my whole world and anything more is whipped cream as long as I love you I have everything and that's what I mean when I say "I love you."

On the other hand, I know I'm not always ideal but you must admit I try. I know I keep saying I want things but even a child knows too much-whipped cream will make you sick. So if I never have one thing more than I have at this very moment I will still be the richest and most blessed person on this earth.

Please don't be angry with your parents and, don't scold them. You need them and I love you. Always,

J

Story 14 The true value of Giordano Giovanetti's painting

September 15, 2014

As long as I can remember the large 3 x 4-foot painting of young ballerina dancers hung in the living room of my in-laws, Sidney and Elie Katz. It was on the living room wall of their New York apartment and it was with them in the living room of their Florida condominium in the mid- 1970's. When my mother-in-law moved to Pittsburgh in 1990, that painting was one of the few precious items that were taken with her and landed in our home on Challen Drive. Elie moved in with us in Pleasant Hills with the intent of eventually moving into her apartment at the Jewish Home in Squirrel Hill. Unfortunately, she became ill and passed away before that could happen.

The little bit of the furniture that was brought to Pittsburgh from Florida has remained with us. Some were given away. A few pieces were left in our basement. The large oil painting of the ballerinas was covered with a cloth and stored among the rafters in our attic. Occasionally, when I ventured into the attic I would see it sitting among the many other items collecting dust.

In the summer of 2013, we visited our friends, Bea and Ed, at their summer cottage in Edinboro, PA. On their living room wall was a painting in the same style as the painting in our attic. I thought to myself, Bea and Ed would probably appreciate the painting of the ballerinas, so why not give it to them? However, this was once my in-law's property and I thought it best that I keep mum. The next morning we all sat around the breakfast table. Without my saying anything Joan stated that perhaps Bea and Ed might like a painting that had belonged to her parents and was currently being stored in our attic. Joan described the painting to them. I smiled with delight. Bea and Ed were also delighted and happily accepted the offer.

It was agreed that I would bring the painting down from the attic and Bea and Ed would pick it up at some convenient time. I moved the painting to the basement and cleaned it for the new owners. A few days later a telephone message was left on my answering machine indicating that Bea wanted to stop by and pick up the painting. Unfortunately, we were not home. I called back and left a message on their answering machine which said they should call and try again.

The very next day my son Steve and his family who live outside Columbus, Ohio stopped overnight while on their way to visit their son Jarred who was a freshman at Penn State. While here, my grandson Ethan who was 15 years old at the time meandered about our home and found his way to the basement. He later came upstairs and asked about the strange painting that was leaning against the wall downstairs in our basement. I told him that it was an old painting that hung on his great-grandparent's living room wall many years ago. I indicated that since we had no use for it I was giving it to some friends. He quickly responded, "But maybe it is a very valuable painting." I laughed and said that I didn't think it had any value. It was very old and his great-grandparents could not afford to purchase an expensive painting. Joan indicated that perhaps it was of some value and that the painting was given to her parents by one of their good friends. He left disappointed and went downstairs to the basement.

A few minutes later, Ethan went to his smart phone, googled for a few minutes, and came running upstairs yelling. “Grandpa, a painting by the same artist that painted the picture you have downstairs sold for \$15,000.” He pointed to his smart phone. Baffled, I looked at his phone and asked, “are you sure it is the same artist?” I ran downstairs. After very carefully inspecting the signature on the painting and comparing both signatures I agreed with Ethan. Indeed, the picture I had downstairs was painted by the same artist whose painting of a gypsy dancer resembling Rita Hayworth had sold for \$15,000. Could I have a very valuable painting that has been collecting dust in my attic for some 20+ years? My heart began to pound. Again Ethan and I inspected the signature on our painting and compared it to the one shown on his smart phone. There was no doubt that the two signatures were the same, *Giordano Giovanetti*. They were the same.

Ethan and I discussed what should be done. Firstly, I told Ethan that he was now half-owner of this very valuable painting and we would split however many thousands of dollars we would get for it. His eyes lit up. Now, how do we go about finding its real value? It so happened that this was a Thursday evening and my son and family were leaving the next day. Nothing could be done immediately. However, on Saturday, the Heinz History Center was hosting the “*Antique Road Show*” and there would be appraisers willing to look at anyone’s antique and offer their opinion as to its value. How fortunate that this event was occurring just in the nick of time. Ethan used his smart phone and took many pictures of “our” priceless piece of art which is shown below. He homed in on *Giovanetti*’s signature and took numerous pictures of that too, see below. The next day Ethan and his family left and we all waited nervously for Saturday to arrive.

Early Saturday morning, Joan and I very carefully covered the picture in a heavy covering with lots of bubble paper and carefully put it into our car. We drove to the Heinz history Center with our stomachs churning. I will pass over all the thoughts that went through our minds and just get to the conclusion. The appraiser looked through his 20 or so encyclopedia books of artists. He could not find *Giovanetti* and told us it was not worth anything. I couldn’t even get him to tell me that the frame was worth \$50.00. What a blow! I did not have my IPAD with me to show him that a *Giovanetti* painting had sold for \$15,000. The frame is beautiful. He never heard of nor could he find in his 4 feet of encyclopedias that *Giovanetti* existed. We stopped at another appraiser’s desk. She dealt with American artists and could not give us much encouragement. Using her smart phone she did find a *Giovanetti* painting that had sold for \$800. Maybe it was worth a few hundred dollars, she said. We left very dejected, all the enthusiasm and excitement drained out of us. How could it be? We thought we had a priceless painting worth tens of thousands and now nothing.

Later, I called Ethan with the bad news. After much discussion, we decided to try selling it on Craig’s list. I suggested he list it for a couple of hundred dollars. He insisted on listing it for several thousand. Time passed with no response. Some 6-month’s year later, I visited Ethan at his home in New Albany, OH. The two of us closed the door to his bedroom and decided to do a more in-depth search of our famous painter *Giordano Giovanetti*. We finally found an art site that said it had information on 25 paintings that *Giordano Giovanetti* has sold. Unfortunately, access was only available to members of this art broker’s web site. For \$250 one could have full access to the site for 1 - year. We looked at each other. It was too pricey, but for \$50 we could have access for a week. As we looked more carefully we discovered for a mere \$10.00 we could

become a member for 24 hours. We split the cost and JOINED! I paid and it was decided that I would take his share after the painting was sold.

Indeed, 25 *Giordano Giovanetti's* paintings have been sold. The gypsy dancer was listed for \$15,000 which we already knew. Some were listed as sold for \$5.00. We discarded the very low and the one very high figure and concluded that perhaps our painting was worth a few hundred dollars; if we could find a buyer. It was decided that Ethan would again list the painting on Craig's List. Although I wanted to list it for several hundred dollars, Ethan would not budge for less than \$2500. Several months passed with no response. I strong-armed Ethan to reduce the price to about \$300. We got a response. Someone offered \$85.00 for the painting! Could it be true? Did someone want the painting? We discussed our strategy. Ethan responded to the potential buyer by saying that a *Giordano Giovanetti* painting had sold for \$15,000 and that our offer was firm. The buyer replied that his offer was also firm. That's it!

Now the *Giordano Giovanetti* painting of his ballerina dancers hangs beautifully on our wall in the basement. I have grown attached to it. We moved Joan's sewing machine under the painting and everything just fits perfectly. As far as I am concerned, the painting is NOT for sale. I am formally bequeathing it to Ethan and he will do with it as he desires.

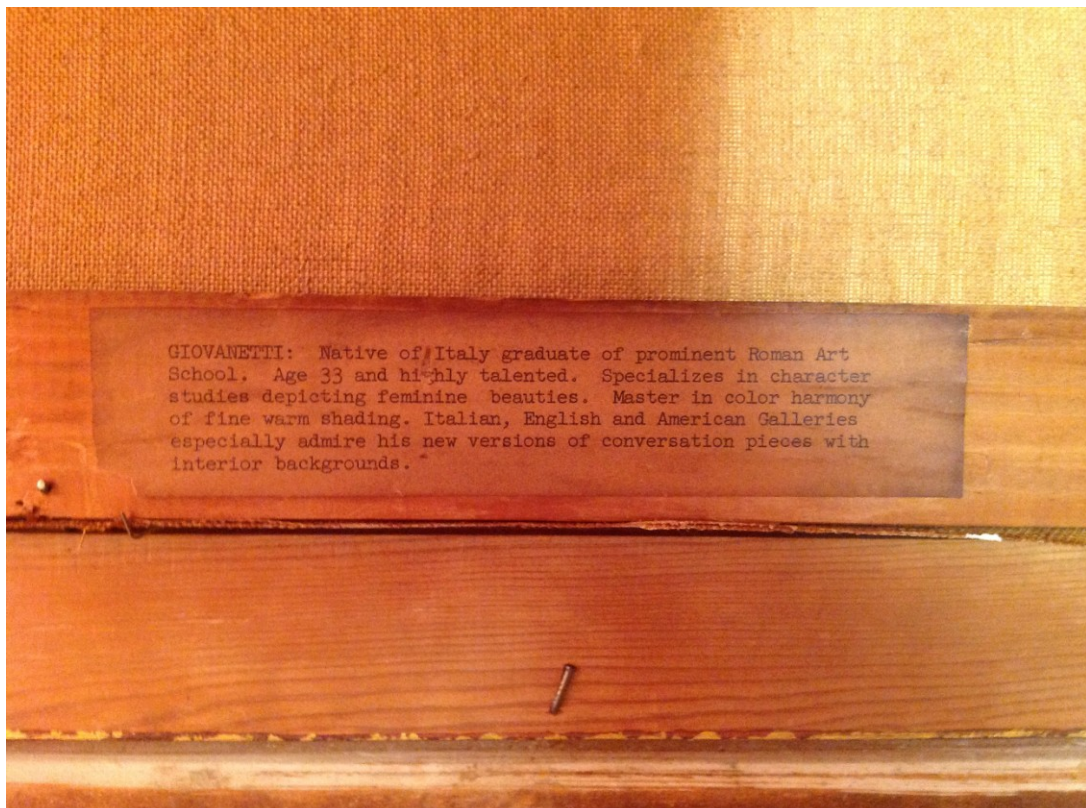
The true worth of *Giordano Giovanetti's* painting cannot be valued in dollars. However, for me, this little adventure with my grandson was a priceless treasure.

Giordano Giovanetti's Painting of ballerina dancers





The signature that appears on *Giordano Giovanetti's* painting



This note is written on the backside of the frame holding the masterpiece.

Story 15 Letter to my Aunt Florence

June 12, 2021

Dear Aunt Florence:

So many years have gone by and there is no one left who can truly, really truly understand and appreciate just how wonderful it was growing up together in the same household. (Cynthia too must have some recollections) but she was a bit younger. From 619 Vermont Street in Brownsville to 289 Remsen Avenue in Flatbush, we all piled into a single household. It was from the mid-1930s to the late- 1940s that we all lived together. How did we manage? My parents, my sister, and I were 4. Your mother and father, Caroline and you, and Charlie are 5. We lived with nine people in a 3-bedroom home on Remsen Avenue with just 1 bathroom. On Vermont Street, there may have been even more of us. Ruby and Bessie may have been with us in the Vermont street apartment. It was wonderful!

Do you remember how we took pictures with that small box camera? We did this every year. We would stand together in the backyard in our victory garden on Remsen Avenue. Initially, you stood behind me. As the years passed, we changed places. My head was finally higher than yours. I wish I could find those pictures that we took together in later years.

When you were a young bride, I came to your basement apartment. You must have lived in Uncle Herman's parent's home on Remsen Avenue. You were going to make cutlets for Uncle Herman. It must have been your first adventure into cooking such an item. You had me wash and dry the cutlets 5 times before you decided it was ready to cook. We dried them not with paper towels, who knew from paper towels? It was with a bath towel. I do not think you knew what you were doing!

When you moved to Ralph Avenue and you had those two rascals, I became your baby sitter. I couldn't say no because you were paying well above the minimum wage. I had a gold mine baby- sitting for you. And you kept baked beans in your pantry. I would open the can, eat the beans cold, and dispose of the can so you wouldn't know I took the can. Crazy? Right?

After meeting my future wife-to-be, it was Uncle Herman and Aunt Florence I went to for advice. I was considering purchasing this very expensive necklace as a birthday gift for someone I just met. Uncle Herman said in a flash ...buy it! I took his advice and we were soon married. In later years when Joan was asked where she purchased that beautiful dress or gown, she would reply it was from this little shop in New York, called *Aunt Florence's Boutique*. My aunt Florence made sure her niece was always wearing the proper attire.

I will never forget the time we were stranded in Miami, Florida during Christmas week having been camping in the Keys with my gang. We had to leave the campsite because it was pouring rain and we could not find a suitable motel in all of Miami. It was very late at night and I called my aunt and uncle and asked if we could stay in their Florida apartment for the night. Without hesitation they had Ruby open the door for us (he had the key) and 6- ratty- looking monsters

entered this magnificent Aquarius apartment complex. Uncle Ruby insisted we don't walk too close to him. He did not want to be seen with such a scroungy bunch. For us, it was a hotel like you have never seen. Aunt Florence and Uncle Herman never said no

I can recall our many wonderful visits with you at your Manhattan apartment. We always stopped to spend time with you when we were driving into Brooklyn from Penn State to visit the family.

There are so many memories, and so many wonderful years together. The stories could go on and on. How fortunate I was to have my aunt Florence as my big sister. May you rest in peace, dear aunt.

Your forever-loving nephew,

Stanley

Story 16 Mazerowski did more than just hit a home run

It was a beautiful afternoon at Penn State when Maz hit that memorable home run. In an unforgettable split second, he sent me from first base to home plate as I heard Professor Donahue say, “That’s it, Glickstein, you passed!” At that very moment, I was in a classroom standing in front of three esteemed physics professors who were throwing a multitude of questions at me.

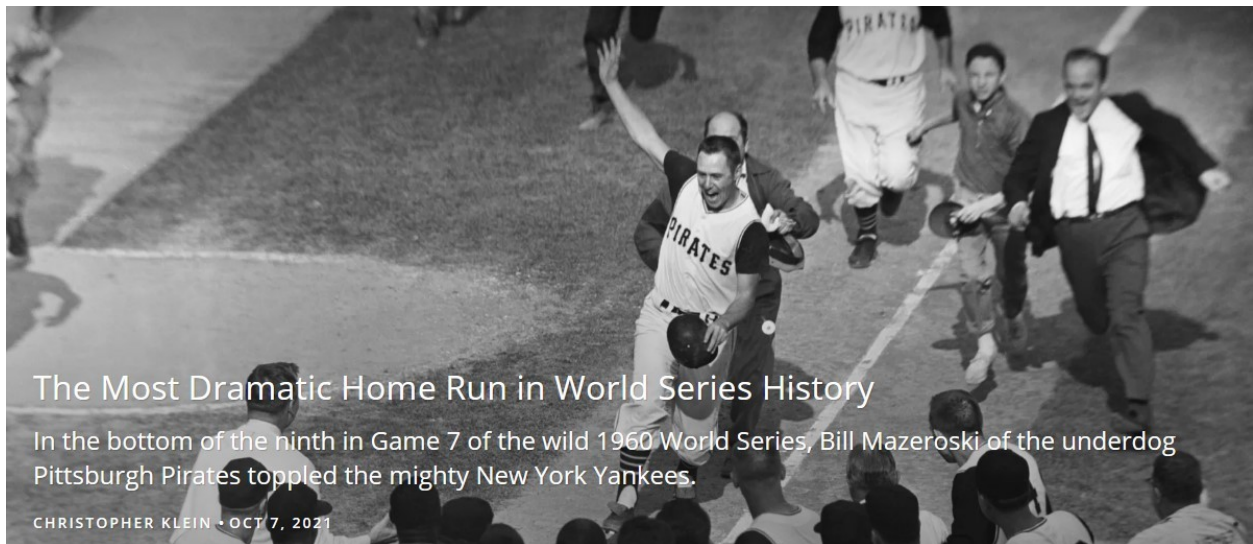
The questions ranged from explaining Maxwell’s equations to why the sky appears red in the evening. I was 30-minutes into my 2-hour oral exam which would qualify me to continue my graduate studies in physics at The Pennsylvania State University. I had passed the written qualifying exams and now I needed to pass the oral exam. I was nervous. My stomach was churning and I was sweating while being peppered with questions from all directions and all areas of physics.

Suddenly, there was a very loud roar and shouting from outside the physics building. Professor Donahue was the committee chairman and an ardent Pirate fan. As he poked his head out the window to hear the news, it was all over. He turned to me and the other two Professors in the room and said, “Glickstein, you passed, go celebrate.” And what a celebration it was.

Thanks’ Maz!

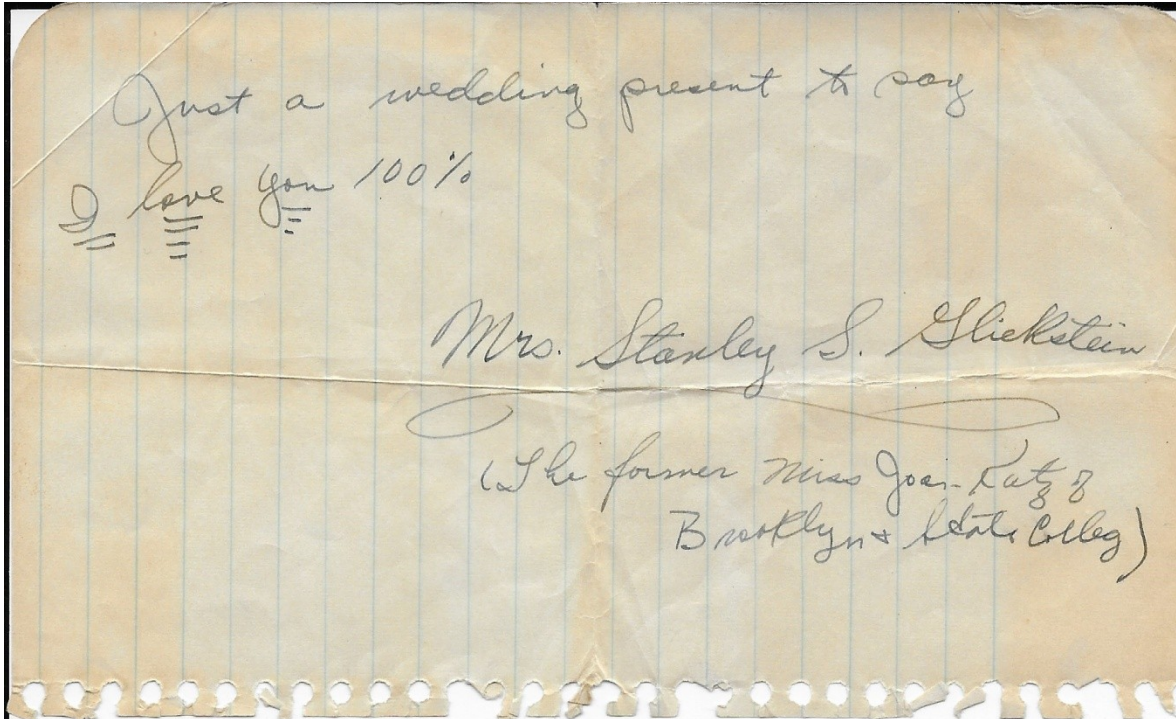
Stanley Glickstein PhD

321 Challen Drive
Pittsburgh, PA 15236
412-655-3514



How well I remember that day!

Story 17 Note accompanying my wedding present gift from Joan to Stan



*Just a wedding present to say I love you 100%
Mrs. Stanley S. Glickstein
(The former Miss Joan Katz of Brooklyn & State College)*



Joan's Wedding Present to Stan – A gold watch
(The inscribed words on the back of the watch say it all)

***100%
Forever
Joan***



(It still is in perfect operating condition.)

Story 18 Tidbits about my Aunts and Uncles

From my mother's side

Florence (Faggie)

1. Taking a yearly picture with Florence standing behind me until I caught up.
2. Making cutlets for the first time.
3. Best baked beans that I ate while babysitting

Caroline (Crandel)

1. Eating pizza and getting a belly ache
2. Caroline living in the basement apartment

Bernice (Bessie)

1. Weekly Sunday visit to our house on Remsen Avenue.
2. Giving me a job to tutor Jason. Great pay!

Charlie (Shia)

1. Polishing Charlie's shoes and building a shoe box.
2. Listening to the Saturday Metropolitan Opera on the radio.
3. Taking his advice to become an electrical engineer. What a mistake.

Ruby (Ruby)

1. Great handball player.
2. Ah see a Sadie ah Mamie ah feel ah eye.

Sol (Rabbi Sol Lenchitz)

1. Spending Friday evening at his home singing Shabbat songs
2. Recall his unique ability to play the piano without music but by ear.
3. He knew everything about a baseball player's stats.

From my father's side:

Sol L. (Shirky)

1. Watching him work on cars on Winthrop street.
2. Giving me a job at Richard Buick and asking me to do the advertising (getting a postcard printed with a picture of the showroom.)

Sol G. (Shloime)

1. I took apart the brakes on his Schwinn bicycle and couldn't put it back together again. No concern. E just showed me how to do it.
2. He took me to purchase my erector set at Gilbert's in Manhattan. I can recall the train ride.
3. I talked to him about my calculus high school course.

Al (Sender)

1. I watched him work on the street repairing cars in the middle of the winter. I would bring him lunch that Riva made for the boys.
2. I remember him giving me a watch for my Bar Mitzvah. He later told me he won it in a crap game while he was in the Navy.
3. Not getting angry with me when I was working at the gas station located at Richard Buick on Kings Highway. I was hired to pump gas on various occasions. I was alone one evening when a customer asked if I could do an oil change, I was eager to help and said yes. It was a good thing Al showed up since I emptied the transmission oil instead of the engine oil. I kept wondering why the dip stick kept indicating "full."

Ruby (Hook)

1. My uncle sold me my first life insurance policy. Joan and I were just married and I thought it wise. However, he made sure Joan wouldn't receive all of the benefits at one time. He thought she would just squander it and so he set the policy for timed payouts. Many years later Joan told me she was furious.

Story 19 Surprise! Black sheep in Joan's family

Several years after Joan and I were married Joan informed me of some shady relatives that were part of her family. I am not sure how the subject came up but she mentioned that her uncle, her father's brother, Archie Katz was always mixed up with illegal activities. To this day, I am not quite sure what it was that he was mixed up with but that is the way it has always been. I met Archie, my father-in-law Sidney's half-brother several years later. It was a very cordial and wonderful afternoon family get-together. That is the full extent of my relationship with Joan's uncle. In later years we became very friendly with Uncle Archie's daughter Joyce and husband Bernie Blumenthal as well as their children. We vacationed with Joyce in her grandmother's bungalow in Kenoza Lake in the Catskills. Joan always had fond memories of that bungalow. To this day, I feel very fortunate to have been part of the Katz family.

It was in 1969 when the rumor spread that Joan's cousin, Paul Katz (Archie's son) was murdered and secretly buried somewhere. For some reason, the story re-emerged recently during a family get-together (in 2022) in my current dwelling at the Atrium Condominium. It stirred enough interest for me to Google the subject. There was much to discover. It is not very pleasant, but very revealing. Should I tell the tale? With mixed emotions, I have cut and pasted newspaper reports that appear when you search for Paul Katz.

As an aside, during my perusing the subject on December 23, 2022, I received an e-mail from the Jewish Genealogical Society (JGS) which included the following invite:

JGS Cleveland presents "Researching Criminal Ancestors" with Ron Arons,
Join the Jewish Genealogy Society of Cleveland for our next Zoom program on Wed, Jan 4,
2023, 7-8:30 pm ET: "*Researching Criminal Ancestors*" **with** Ron Arons.

Program: In this presentation, Ron Arons demonstrates how to research black sheep ancestors, those relatives who might be difficult to research for any number of different reasons. Ron talks about using 'standard' genealogical records (census, vital records, city directories, etc., but also talks about other specific records available only for those who broke the law or came close to doing so. Specific recommendations will be given regarding the methodology of researching such characters. Who knows what one will find researching your family history!

Bottom Line: I am not alone. This is a common occurrence within many families. Here is the tale.

The results of googling Paul Katz turned up the following:

1 Paul Katz Murder New York Post article

‘Goodfellas’ mobster confronted by victim’s family at sentencing

By Selim Algar

March 26, 2015, 7:40 pm



Jerome Asaro (second from left) appears in court with his defense attorney Lawrence Fisher (center). Shirley Shepard

More than 45 years after he was strangled with a dog chain by an infamous “Goodfellas” mobster, **Paul Katz** finally had his day in court — in a tiny cremation pouch clutched by his trembling daughter as she confronted the man who tried to hide her dad’s murder.

Struggling to keep her composure, Ilsa Katz brought the cremated remains into a Brooklyn federal courtroom, to tell off Bonanno wise guy Jerome Asaro before a judge sent him to prison for 7 ½ years.

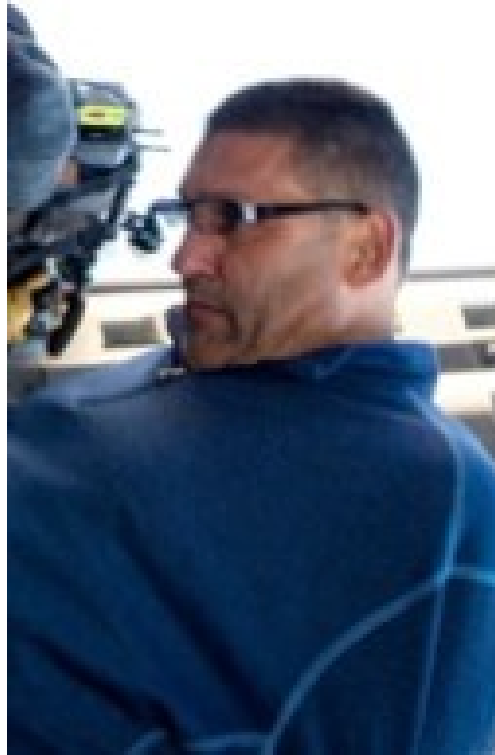
“He said he had to go meet the guys at the candy store,” she recalled of the day in 1969 that her dad disappeared. “My mother begged him not to go. He never came back.”

Katz was an associate of James “Jimmy the Gent” Burke and Asaro’s father, Vincent Asaro, 79, a Bonanno capo who last year was charged in the \$6 million 1978 Lufthansa air cargo heist at JFK airport that was masterminded by Burke and immortalized in the 1990 Martin Scorsese film “Goodfellas.”

Burke and Vincent Asaro murdered Katz, the feds say, because the Irish mobster suspected he was cooperating with authorities.

“When they killed him they killed a family,” his daughter tearfully told Judge Allyne Ross. “They killed our future.”

The mobsters buried Katz under Burke’s Ozone Park, Queens’s home. But in the 1980’s, Jerome Asaro, now 56, on orders from his old man, dug up Katz’s remains and moved them.



Jerome Asaro is escorted by FBI agents out of a federal building in 2014

The elder Asaro ordered the corpse disinterred after a dirty cop on Burke’s payroll told them officials were looking into Katz’s disappearance.

But Jerome was sloppy and on a tip, the feds in 2013 dug up Burke’s basement and recovered some remnants of Katz’s remains, which his family subsequently had cremated.

Jerome Asaro never said what he did with the remains he dug up.

In court Thursday, Katz’s son, Lawrence, rejected Asaro’s grumbled expression of regret.

“I heard him apologize,” he said as Asaro looked on stone-faced. “He didn’t apologize to us. He apologized to his family.”

Not knowing if their father was dead or alive for more than 40 years had been torture, he said.

Katz's loyal wife never remarried, and always held out hope that he would one day walk back through the front door.

"She would never remarry," he said. "She always thought he would come home."

Citing Asaro's lengthy mob resume — which also included the torching of a Queens restaurant — Judge Allyn Ross slapped him with a 90-month term.

Asaro's own father also doesn't think much of him. Caught on a wiretap, he was heard saying: "F—g Jerry is for Jerry. I lost my son when I made him a skipper. F—g greedy c——er. Got him a job. \$600 a f—g week. He didn't do a f—g thing."

2 Paul Katz Murder

Bonanno Family

| Mafia News: Racketeering trial against Bonanno Family capo Vincent Asaro begins
By DiMaiolo Santolo October 19, 2015

The interested reader can peruse the above reference

3 Paul Katz Murder New York Daily News Article

Son of man allegedly strangled to death with dog chain by mob boss Vincent Asaro testifies at Lufthansa trial

By John Marzulli and Corky Siemaszko

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

Nov 03, 2015 at 5:13 pm



Paul Katz's corpse was buried under a concrete floor

Paul Katz's corpse was buried under the concrete floor of a new home in Ozone Park on 102nd Road. About 20 years later, the remains were removed by Asaro's son, Jerome, and taken upstate where they were put into paint cans and buried, Gaspare Valenti said. (Kathy Willens/AP)

When mob murder victim Paul Katz was getting ready to leave his house after getting a mysterious phone call, his worried wife told him to take one of the kids along — as protection.

"He said no," Katz's son Lawrence testified Tuesday at the trial of Vincent Asaro, the 80-year-old Bonanno hood and Lufthansa heist leader accused of helping strangle his father with a dog chain.

"She said at least take the dog, but he said no. He said, 'If I'm not home in a couple of hours, call the cops.'"

And those were the last words, the younger Katz testified in Brooklyn federal court, he ever heard his father say.

The remains of Katz, who Asaro suspected of being a rat, were found buried in Queens's basement in June 2013 — 44 years after his death.

Investigators were led there by mob turncoat Gaspare Valenti, who has already testified that his cousin Asaro and James (Jimmy the Gent) Burke murdered Katz.

Burke was the brains of the spectacular 1978 robbery at Kennedy Airport that netted nearly \$6 million in cash and jewels — and was dramatized in the mob movie "Goodfellas."



Vincent Asaro is accused of helping strangle Paul Katz with a dog chain. (Joe Marino/New York Daily News)

Valenti, the government's star witness, testified earlier that Katz had a warehouse in Ozone Park, Queens where Burke's crew stashed stolen property from truck hijackings. Burke began to suspect Katz after the warehouse was raided in 1968 and all the members of the crew, including Asaro, were arrested. In his testimony, Lawrence Katz said after his father was busted after an NYPD officer cop began calling the house and he recalled arguments between his dad and mom. He recalled his father drawing a picture of a house at the dinner table.

"He said, 'Soon we are going to move into the country,'" testified.

On Dec. 6, 1969, when his father disappeared, Lawrence Katz, who was 5 years old at the time, testified that he and his siblings were watching TV when his dad got the call. He described his mother, Dolores, as "nervous" and "panicking." Assistant U.S. Attorney Alicyn Cooley asked the witness what their mother made them do after their dad left.

"Hide in the dark," he replied. Later, the family moved out of New York City. Katz's corpse was buried under the concrete floor of a new home in Ozone Park on 102d Road. About 20 years later, the remains were removed by Asaro's son, Jerome, and taken upstate where they were put into paint cans and buried, Valenti said. When Valenti returned with the feds to the basement, all they found were small bones, teeth, and hair. An FBI agent who followed Lawrence Katz on the stand testified they were positively identified as belonging to his father.

Asaro, who had sat quietly through the testimony, piped-up when prosecutor Nicole Argentieri showed the G-man an enlarged photo of the basement floor.

"Excuse me, could I see that please?" he asked.

jmarzulli@nydailynews.com

That is the story; a heart breaker for any family that has had to live with such a tale.

For me, the bottom line has always been: I am proud and feel very fortunate to have married into my wife, Joan Katz's family. Her parents Elsie and Sidney Katz were truly a second mother and father to me. I want my children to be proud that they are the descendants of the Sidney Katz family.

Story 20 Sleeping arrangements at 289 Remsen Avenue

In the summer of 1940, our family (Glickstein and Lenchitz) moved from a rented apartment in a 2-family house at 619 Vermont Street, located in the East New York section of Brooklyn. Our family (Glickstein and Lenchitz) lived upstairs and the owner lived downstairs. The move took us to the upscale part of town in the East Flatbush section of Brooklyn. For \$7000, my parents purchased a 2-story, 3-bedroom model home at 289 Remsen Avenue. This was a major undertaking and a step upward for the *entire* family.

Two families lived in this 3-bedroom house; the Glickstein family which consisted of myself, my parents, and my sister Cynthia as well as the Lenchitz family which consisted of my grandparents Hershel (Harry) and Brona (Bertha) Lenchitz and their 3-grown children Faggie (Florence,) Crandel (Caroline,) and Shia (Charlie.) Cynthia slept in a crib with my parents in the master bedroom. The two sisters, Faggie and Crandel slept in the small bedroom in a twin bed. The third bedroom belonged to my grandparents who slept in a twin bed, Shia slept in another twin bed, and me. I slept on a cot that was opened in the evening and folded up in the morning. In addition to the 3 bedrooms on the second floor, there was a full bathroom. A total of 9 persons lived in this home.

The first floor had a powder room, kitchen, living room, and dining room. The finished basement consisted of one large room and a small alcove that contained a stove and a sink. The basement was always rented along with a single-car garage to help pay the monthly mortgage.

As I look back, I find it astonishing that we all managed to function together as a single unit.



289 Remsen Avenue

Story 21 Memories of my late Uncle Charles (Shia) Lenchitz

1 Winner of Tilden High School Pin-Up Contest

The following appeared in the Tilden High School newspaper on May 7, 1944. Charlie must have had a very proud sister (Florence) who attended that high school and submitted the picture of her handsome brother.

Page Four

New Pin-up Boys Chosen Jeffersonian Joins Ranks

This month's Pin-Up Boys (as shown in the pictures below) are really something to swoon over. These three handsome servicemen were finally picked out of the many pictures submitted and they represent the cream of the crop.

From the U. S. Army, we have 1st Lieutenant Charles Lenchitz, whose good looks are mated with his brilliant personality. Lt. Lenchitz is a graduate of Jefferson H. S. (!) and also Brooklyn College. He is at present with the Army Intelligence overseas.



Irving Manheit

Harold Janofsky

Charles Lenchitz

The Coast Guard has sent forth Seaman Second Class Irving Manheit, and, after looking at his picture, there isn't much that can be said. Irv has made many exciting voyages on a troop ship, and has twice been at Casablanca. His greatest thrill of the war so far is his meeting with Caesar Romero at Ellis Island. He has been in the Coast Guard three years. Needless to say, this "hunk o' man" came from Tilden.

Servicemen Modest (?)

Corporal Harold Janofsky, stationed at Cherry Point, N. C., represents the U. S. Marine Corps, and, by his own admission, his best loves are "baseball, girls, boxing, and the Marines." He entered the Marines fourteen months ago and he measures up to be a swell guy in his entire 5 feet 7 inches.

G. O. Wants More Pictures

Strange to say, all three of the good-looking servicemen are very modest, and they were all angry at the Tilden cuties who submitted their pictures. None of them are conceited, and they were sure they didn't "have a chance to win."

The Tilden G.O. hopes you enjoy these monthly contests, and hopes that all students would submit more pictures. All you have to do is submit the pictures, with his name and your official class on the back of the picture. The more pictures that are received, the better looking the servicemen chosen will be. So come on, Tildenites, let's all see what your "Swoon boy" looks like. Address your pictures to "Pin-up Boy" Editor, Tilden Topics, Room 118.

Look Alive For 35

The overpowering charm of the Tilden girl is an established fact. (Ed. note: At least we think so. Remember Elaine (Miss Subways) Kusins? Thus, in the line of real service to its students at the Victory Fair on June 2, a unique Charm Clinic will be featured. Tilden students can bring their personal beauty problems there, and be sure of expert advice and analysis.

Home Eco Dept. Directs Booth

The booth will be in the gym, under the guidance and direction of Miss Kessler of the Home Economics Department. Specially trained Tildenites and representatives from various beauty concerns, all experts in their field, will be in attendance. For the sum of thirty-five cents, female Tildenites can receive authoritative suggestions concerning proper use of cosmetics, care of the hair, color harmony, and other beauty secrets. Figure and personality analyses will also be given. Special combination tickets can be purchased.

(Ed. note: We think it's great! Com'on gals, make a date with the beauty consultants. Get fair at the fair. LOOK ALIVE FOR THIRTY-FIVE.)

G.O. Pres. Chosen Boro County Clerk

Mel Glauberman, G.O. president, represented this school as County Clerk during the election.

TOPICS

Alumni To Have Booth At Fair

The Alumni Association will feature a booth at the forthcoming Victory Fair and various articles will be sold by the former graduates. They are also sponsoring a boat ride to be held the third Sunday in June. The Alumni Show of that month will contain names of the graduates now in the armed forces in accordance with the year they received their diplomas.

Plans are being made for the installation of a plaque in honor of our fellow Tildenites who gave their lives in the hope of preserving ours.

'Tilden Topics' Has Competition

There used to be a time when Topics was a monopolist in its field—Tilden journalism. But the array of competitors has steadily increased.

"Senior News" the "official organ of the senior class," was the originator of the mimeographed sheet brigade. The Victory Corps decided this term that a newspaper would provide a good publicity vehicle for the Victory drives, and up came "Scrappier."

The publication of "History Highlights" came naturally with the general expansion of the History Society. The Foreign Language Department has come up with its contribution to interracial harmony, the newly organized "Fellow Men." The Pan-American Club is also brewing a journalistic broth, whose first issue will appear late this term.

In addition, the P.M. marshal squad is putting out a mimeographed newspaper called "Stampede."

Clubs Well Guy

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

to popular music. "The secret of my success is simple," he said. "I did not, as many other Spanish musicians, try to play modern American music. There are many competent American artists who can play that. I was hired to play Spanish music, and Spanish music I played."

He dotes on Spanish foods, but enjoys hot dogs with lots of mustard. He likes wearing sloppy,

SENIOR

With the social season in June, and Class fun and turn-out students waited for the LETTER DAY.

Mel Glauberman, "Best Boy," is needless to say, was voted "Boys' Landslide." Among celebrities are "Girl," "Smitty," "Girl Musician," "Best I boy," Diana "Dir Herby Klapper," "Jo Charlie Sullivan," "band vo Willinger is t Crooner," and "ist," Abby "Let fellers please." "Prettiest Senior Sallie Zorn, an heed of Irwin J "handsomest g class."

"Gertie" Shan Captain, was vo Herbert Winzell ball Team was Tilden." Elaine itician," will soe Luce a run for Louis Cohen, a sional leader, Politician," derl

Gilda Mutnick minded young l the Senior Victo the title of "Mi of the two girl a group of boys was voted " Speechifier Rich voted "Class O

Murray (You I'll fish 'em o voted "Boy A Finkelstein can "Girl Athlete." Lenny Gerlin is Photographer." know it is "Bard" of the S

Virtually wor to dark as Edit Yearbook and of Topics, Fra earned her titl

Start Rig with the RIG East Registered by State SHORT

2 Returning home from WWII – father’s death

I very vividly remember my uncle Shia arriving home from the war. It was a beautiful summer day, probably sometime in September 1945 late in the afternoon. The family was anxiously waiting for his arrival from World War II. The taxi pulled up to our house on Remsen Avenue. Charlie got out of the taxi with a large duffle bag and paid the driver. Everyone was there kissing him and welcoming him home. Soon he looked around and said, “Where’s Pa.” Pa was not there. When he was told that his father died just a few months earlier, (It was on June 6, 1945, of a heart attack.) the tears flowed. A short time later he went with family members to shul to say Kaddish. It was a sad day to what should have been a glorious and happy “*welcome home Shia.*”

3 WWII letters

Among the many papers that my dad had tucked away in a small satchel in his home on Laddins Rock Road in Greenwich, CT I found a collection of letters written toward the end of WW II by Shia to his parents. Some were V-mail. V-mail letters were photographed copies of written letters that were reduced to 4x5 inches. I have scanned all of them and a sample V-mail is included below. For those of you who read this letter and wonder, Bessie was his sister, and Mildred I suspect was his sister-in-law, known to me as my aunt Miriam.

4 Sample V-Mail from Charles Lenchitz sent during WWII

Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No. _____

From 01037861

To MR S. H. LENCHITZ
289 REMSEN AVE
BKLYN. 12. N.Y.

LT CHAS. LENCHITZ
(Sender's name)
HQ-FIRST ARMY
(Sender's address)
APOD- APO# 230
GPO M. N. Y. N. Y. - 9 FEB
(Date)

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

Dear Ma + Pa,

I've just finished writing to Bessie & Mildred. At present I'm listening to the radio. It is 10:30 in the evening, and I do not go on duty until midnight. It seems as though I haven't been home for ages. Words cannot describe how much I miss my home and family, but let me assure you I am as happy as long as the news from home is good. It seems as though the war is finally reaching a climax, and I can't wait for that happy day. I received two packages from you today, and I want to thank you for them. There is nothing new to write about so I guess I'll close this letter by hoping that it finds everyone in the best of health. Take care of yourself & do not worry about me.

Shia

V-MAIL

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1945 16-58145-4

5 Listening to the Metropolitan Opera

As I recall, growing up in the late, 1940's, Saturday afternoons were mostly spent with my aunt Faggie at the Crown movie theatre on Utica Avenue. However, some of these Saturday afternoons must have been spent at home because I can still see uncle Shia lying on his bed listening to the Metropolitan Opera being broadcast on the radio. It was sponsored by Texaco. I recently checked and they are still broadcast today and sponsored by Texaco

6 Gun given to Israel in the 1948 fight for independence

Among the many items that uncle Charlie brought home from the Army was a pistol that he had as an officer. It was kept in the closet in our bedroom. When Israel was fighting for its existence during the war for independence in 1948, people were collecting guns and any other items that could be used by the newly created country. Charlie's pistol was donated to that cause.

7 Pictures from the concentration camps

Hidden in the same closet as the pistol, was a shoebox that contained hundreds of pictures. Although I was 15 years old I never understood the significance of these photographs. They were pictures depicting piles of naked bodies piled one on top of another. No one ever said anything to me about the atrocities that took place during the war and I never had the nerve to ask what these pictures meant. It was only later that I came to understand and learn of the concentration camps. During the war, Charlie served in Army Intelligence. I assume he acquired these pictures as part of his official duty in that branch of service.

8 Other items from the war

The other items that Charlie brought home from the war included a heavy metal framed canvas backpack along with a 10-inch long army knife. Both these items somehow survived being discarded and I ended up with them. They now are the property of my grandson Jarred who spotted them lying on the back shelf in my garage and asked if he could have them. I also suspect Charlie may still have his army boots hidden somewhere. He loved wearing them.

9 Playing handball

As champion of my high school intramural handball contest, I recall challenging my uncle to games of handball. We played in the nearby school yard at Winthrop Jr. High

School. They had large concrete walls (not enclosed courts that we see today) set aside in the schoolyard for use as 1-wall handball courts. As I recall, Charlie wasn't the best handball player. I don't think he ever won a game against me.

10 Shoe shine box

Uncle Charlie often asked me if I would shine his shoes for which he must have given me a few coins. He encouraged me to build a small shoeshine box which I did. I don't know why this stands out in my memory but I do remember polishing his shoes to a very high shine.

11 Becoming an electrical engineer

When it came time for me to apply to college I had no idea what course of study I should pursue. I can't recall my parents helping me make this decision. For that advice, I called upon my uncle Shia. When I told him that I enjoyed physics and the mystery surrounding electrons and electricity, he encouraged me to pursue a degree in electrical engineering. So, an electrical engineer I became, thanks to my uncle Charlie.

12 Being Charlie's Best Man

It took Charlie several years after returning home from the war to find the person he would spend the next 65 - years with. He met Sylvia Yager and on June 12, 1949, they were married in Brooklyn, New York. I had the honor to be his best man at his wedding. As a 15-year-old nephew at the time, I never truly understood what a great honor that was. I must have been something special to him and today I very much cherish the title of "*Charlie's Best Man*."

13 Visiting Charlie and Sylvia in Camp Lejeune, NC

My memory is vague, but not long after Charlie was married he lost his job as a chemist. Aunt Sylvia soon found a job and became the bread winner until Charlie got a job as a chemist with the government. They moved to Camp Lejeune, NC. It was probably the late summer of 1950 when I decided to visit Uncle Charlie and Aunt Sylvia in North Carolina. Today, one wouldn't give much thought to having a 17-year-old kid make such a visit. But back in 1950, traveling alone on a minuscule prop plane to where North Carolina? I can't imagine how my parents ever permitted this trip. First of all, the expense! Second, travel alone, how did they allow me to do this? However it came about, I do recall this trip. My dad took me to whatever airport it was and I boarded this small prop plane. It landed in a very small airport in the middle of nowhere. The entire airport consisted of a shack with a few buildings sitting in the middle of a dingy dirt field. When I departed the plane, several people waiting, along with a couple of soldiers in

uniform. I must have asked them how to get to Camp Lejeune and they offered me a ride. I really can't remember how long it took to get to the main gate of the camp. When I arrived at the gate the guard on duty called Charlie or Sylvia and I arrived, safe and sound. Yup, that was my visit to my aunt and uncle in Camp Lejeune, NC. To this day I find it unbelievable that I made that trip. Maybe my aunt Sylvia can shed some light on that adventure.

The one other memory I have of that trip was using the toilet at the airport. As I entered the small shack that was labeled toilet, there was a white towel attached to the door knob. I gave it no notice at the time. Only years later, did I recognize that the towel was a symbol of "whites" only. How naïve I was at 17 years old.

14 Audio recording with Charlie in 2002

I often visited my Uncle Charlie while he lived in Rockaway, New Jersey. Joan and I were usually on our way to visit the family in Connecticut. We would often stop overnight to spend some time with my aunt and uncle. In 2002, I took with me an audio recorder and recorded what my 84-year-old uncle remembered about his early years. It makes for interesting listening and I urge anyone who desires to take the time and enjoy listening to Uncle Charlie. Contact me and I can arrange for you to access the audio file which is located in one of my Dropbox folders.

15 Uncle Charles Lenchitz

March 20, 1918 – February 6, 2014

A large crowd of friends and relatives gathered this Sunday afternoon, February 9, 2014, at the Alliance Cemetery in Pittsgrove, NJ. Next to the gravesite, on a table near the wooden coffin was a picture of Lt. Charles Lenchitz. It was the same picture that I so proudly display on the wall in my present home and the same one that appeared in the Tilden High School newspaper in 1944. So many wonderful memories of my uncle Shia flashed through my mind. The funeral of Charles Lenchitz was supposed to be a moment of grief and sorrow. However, I felt happy and blessed to have had an uncle Shia. While growing up in Brooklyn, he was a very important part of my life.



Alliance Cemetery on Gershal Avenue in Pittsgrove, New Jersey

As I stood listening to Charlie's children speak of their beloved father with pride, I recalled all the wonderful moments growing up with uncle Shia. In our home, we always called one another by our Jewish names. Faggie, Shia, Crandel, Brona, Herchel, Moish, etc. We were one BIG family with mothers, fathers, grandmothers, grandfathers, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, nephews, and nieces all living together under the same roof. As I look back at this time, all I can say is WOW! How did we manage? I cherish those moments and good times.

So many thoughts and visions went through my mind as the color guard stood at attention, the bugle sounded and my dear uncle was laid to rest. The American Flag was folded and presented to my grieving aunt Sylvia, Charlie's wife of almost 65 years. The following are some of those cherished memories that will always remain with me:

The following appeared in the Daily Record newspaper:

Obituary Daily Record

Charles Lenchitz

AGE: 95 • Rockaway

Charles Lenchitz, 95, passed away Feb. 6, 2013. Born in Brooklyn, one of seven children, he was a resident of Rockaway NJ.

Mr. Lenchitz served in the European Theater during WWII attaining the rank of Army Captain. He was a member of the American Legion, V.F.W., and Jewish War Veterans, as well as a life member of Hadassah. An active environmentalist, he was an avid bicyclist and swimmer.

He was a former member of the White Meadow Temple Board of Trustees and Men's Club and the White Meadow Home Owner's Association. He was retired as a chemist for the U.S. Government, working at Picatinny Arsenal. He leaves his wife of 64 years, Sylvia (nee Yaker), sons Harry (Zoe), Norman (Teresita), Bernard (Marlene), and daughter Barbara Gottesman (Larry). Also surviving are his sister Florence Glick and five grandchildren.

Graveside services will be held Sunday, Feb. 9th, at 1 pm at the Alliance Cemetery on Gershal Avenue in Pittsgrove, NJ. Donations would be appreciated to Hadassah, 50 West 58th Street, NYC, NY, 10019. Arrangements are by J.L. Apter Memorial Chapels of Dover, (973) 366-1700

In conclusion, I was fortunate and blessed to have been able to grow up with a big brother like Uncle Shia. As I look back, from the time I was about 3+ years old through my teen age years I always had Uncle Charlie living in my home. From Vermont Street to Remsen Avenue Uncle Shia was there. Boy was I lucky! And when Uncle Charlie wasn't living in my home and both our lives took us to different cities and homesteads, Uncle Charlie was someone special. Whether I stopped for an overnight stay in Rockaway, NJ or he and Aunt Sylvia stopped for an overnight stay in Pleasant Hills, PA Uncle Charlie was a welcome sight.

I love you, uncle.

Story 22 Working at the Westinghouse - Bettis Atomic Power Laboratory

1 My years as an Advisory Scientist at Bettis crossed into diverse areas of physics.

Working at the Bettis Atomic Power Laboratory turned out to be an extremely rewarding professional experience. We (Joan and I) initially had the vision that my stay at Bettis was going to be for just a couple of years before I would return to the academic world. Instead, I stayed for 34-1/2 years taking on a variety of tasks. My first assignment was as an experimental nuclear physicist working in an *experimental reactor physics* section for a couple of years. When an opening became available to work with the *Van de Graaf accelerator*, I applied for the position. Much to my astonishment I was accepted. It was like having a research position in a University setting. With George Tessler as my partner, work was even more enjoyable. George and I made a perfect match. I was a pusher and took on new problems. I also made sure our achievements would be published. George took on the technical problems and made sure they were solved. That is how I saw it. Perhaps George has other recollections. I later introduced George to the woman who became his wife and we have all remained good friends till this day.

In the early 1970's, things changed at the Bettis Laboratory. Work activity at the lab had to be oriented toward a final product. No more pie-in-the-sky research for research's sake. The Van de Graaf facility was shut down. All members of the group were scattered to other positions. I was allowed to participate as a physicist in a welding group. This opportunity was "offered" to me by Mr. Hamilton, the top manager of the Laboratory. That was a drastic change from studying the underlying fundamental forces of nature through nuclear physics experiments. With the understanding that if I did not find this position appealing after a 1-month, he would help me find some other position. Mr. Hamilton had a great respect for physicists and I believed him. However, I quickly made the most of it. In just a few months I became an expert in the "*physics of the welding process*." Teaming up with Ed Friedman at the laboratory was a great opportunity. We both helped introduce to the "welding community" a better understanding of the fundamental physics of the welding process and a computer methodology for simulating the welding process. In a few years, we were respected as worldwide experts in this research area of welding. I was promoted to Fellow Scientist and later to an Advisory Scientist. The next level of promotion was to Consultant. There were only a few people at that level and required being involved in other sections of the lab that were concerned with immediate problems that the lab needed answers to. My concerns were with generalized problems facing the physics community and I tried to keep away from short-term engineering problems that needed an immediate solution.

In addition to exploring the basic physics of the welding process, I became interested in other far-out opportunities that could be useful in certain welding situations that could be beneficial, like "*talking computers*." It was something of a novelty that was being mentioned in technical publications. Joining with Howard Ho, an electrical engineer and computer expert, we developed a system where the computer spoke to a human, and the human replied by talking back to the computer. Soon after that involvement, I became interested in using the laser as a welding tool. In the mid-1980's I put together a state-of-the-art *Laser Welding Laboratory* at Bettis. I also introduced the bar code system which local groceries began using to keep track of their inventory.

During these “welding years,” two scientists. Pons and Fleischmann discovered what they thought was Cold Fusion. This discovery had the potential; of supposedly offering a new source of unlimited energy. The entire world took notice and began to investigate this new phenomenon. Eventually, it turned out to be just bad experiments that these two investigators thought were revolutionary. While it was in its prime, I and another physicist, Clint Geller became the laboratory’s 2-lead scientists designated to follow the progress in this new field. It was an exciting time in my career at Bettis. Unfortunately, because their initial experiments could not be reproduced, it became clear that my work in this field came to an end.

After seven fruitful years working with this welding group there were again, changes at the laboratory. I soon found myself in search of a new position. Dr. John Conley asked me to join his group in the Reactor Physics Department *doing whatever I wanted*. I accepted his offer and started looking for something to do. That is not always as easy as you think. One needs to be creative to do something worthwhile. It takes considerable effort and significant stress to undertake this opportunity.

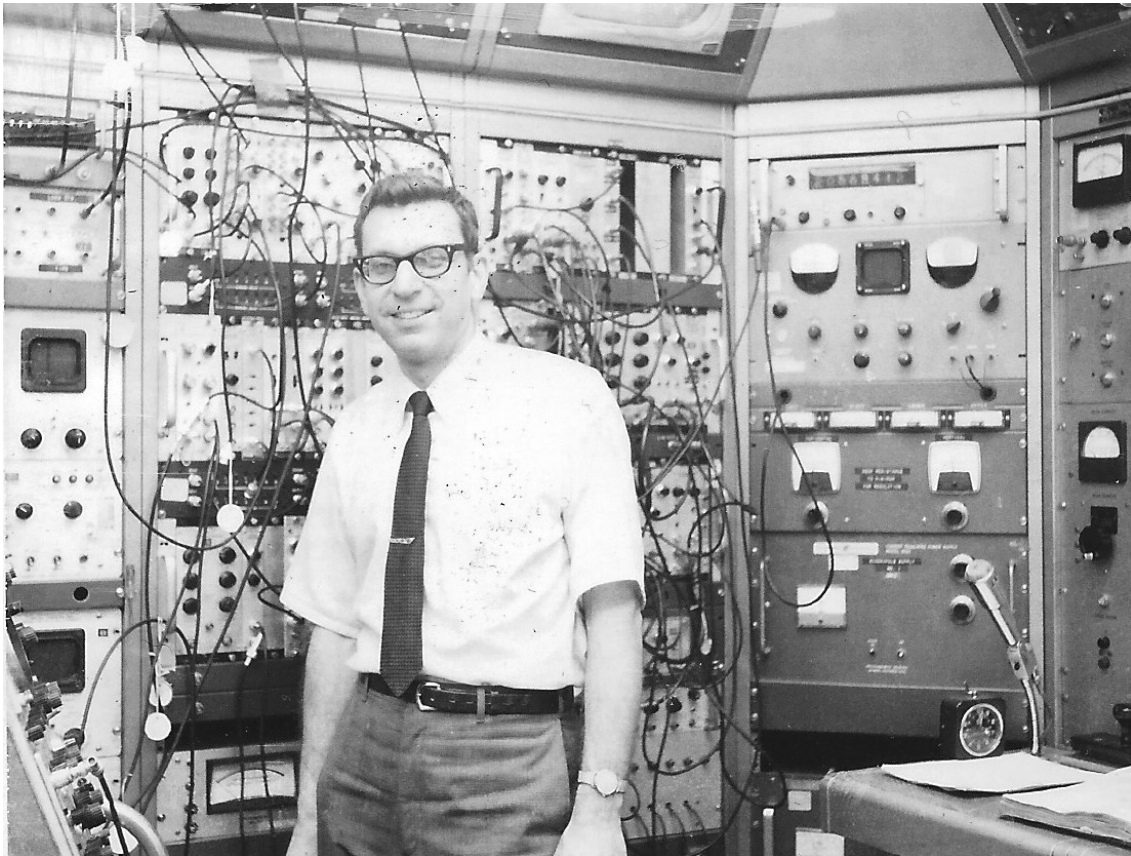
The lab has always operated a school called the Bettis Reactor Engineering School (BRES). Every 6-months a fresh group of navy officers who were recently assigned to work for Naval Reactors and oversee operations for the government attended this school. It was a very intense full-time curriculum devoted to improving all of the students’ technical knowledge of nuclear reactors. It was presented at a graduate school level. All these officers had undergraduate degrees in science or engineering. I had the good fortune of being a part-time instructor all during my years at Bettis. In addition to teaching part-time at BRES, I also taught for several years as an *Instructor at the Community College of Allegheny County*. I was engaged as a part-time evening instructor teaching courses in physics and engineering. Teaching was an extremely enjoyable experience all through my professional career. I feel very fortunate to have been able to make this a part of my professional career.

Bettis management encouraged its employees to submit Patent Disclosures. It made the Laboratory look good to the Westinghouse Corporate management to have many Patent Disclosures. At the same time, they took a very different view of publishing technical results in Technical Journals outside the lab.

Having lived in the academic world for 5-years as a graduate student at Penn State University and another 3 years as a Post-Doc at Princeton University. I fully understood the meaning of “publish or perish.” At the Westinghouse-Bettis Atomic Power laboratory, those words took on a different meaning. If you try to publish, you might perish. For security reasons Naval Reactors, our customer to whom we owed our livelihood, was not enthusiastic about passing on research information gathered at its laboratory. Publishing outside the laboratory was not an easy task. However, I very strongly believed it was important to document the research and to leave to future generations that which had been discovered or learned. Publishing my research efforts became a priority in my work habits. It took considerable perseverance and initiative on my part to get the results of my research and development efforts published in various outside scientific journals. Copies of all my outside publications are compiled at the end of this story. A separate list of my Patent Disclosures is contained at the end of this story.

Several years later Mike Natelson took over as manager of our department. He suggested I look into using *neutron radiography* as a means of studying fluid flow. That set me off into another area, almost 180 degrees from what I was doing in my welding activities. However, it put me right back home in the area of *experimental nuclear physics*. I quickly became an expert in this subject and found myself publishing numerous technical papers in the field of neutron radiography. After presenting my final research effort at the *World Conference on Neutron Radiography* in Switzerland in 1998 it was time to retire. That became official on February 1, 1999. As it turned out, I didn't live as a peasant among the kings but more like a king among the peasants. Fortunately, the peasants at the Bettis Atomic Power Laboratory were more like princes. The caliber of technical competence far exceeded that of the average industrial laboratory. I feel very privileged to have worked there. I feel very fortunate, for it provided me with a wonderful and exciting career as a physicist.

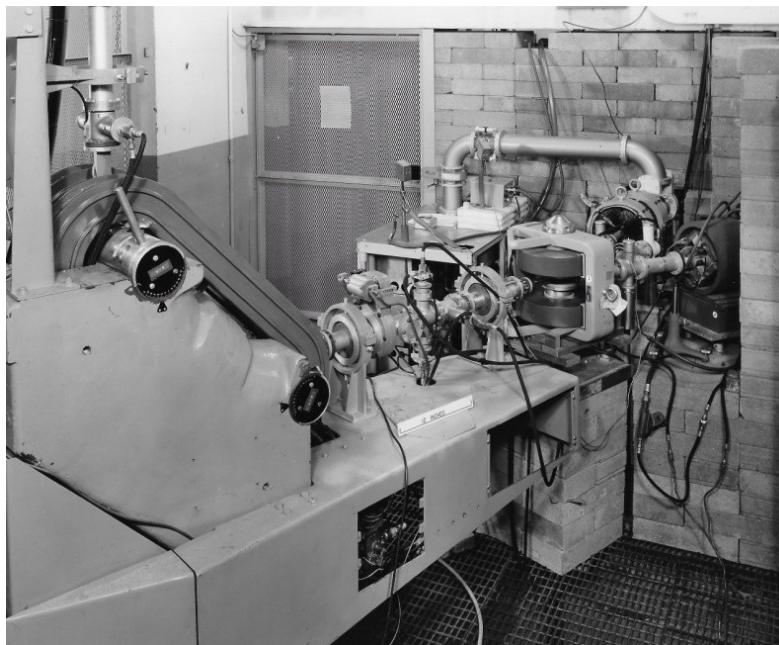
The following pictures were taken at various areas of the laboratory facilities in which I had been engaged.



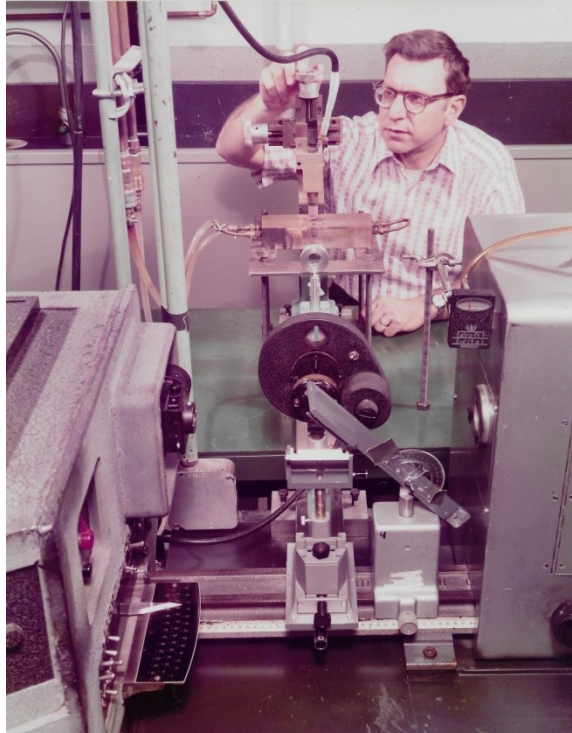
Control Center for Van de Graaf Accelerator



Van de Graff Accelerator



Output port of Van de Graff Accelerator

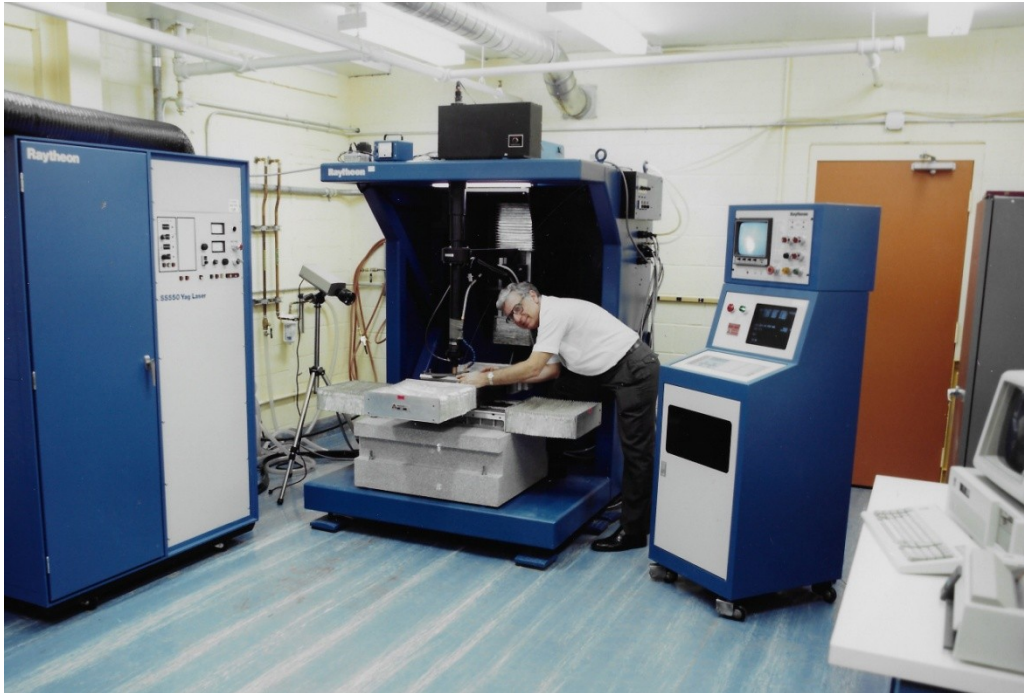


Spectroscopy laboratory for studying the emission spectrum from a welding arc

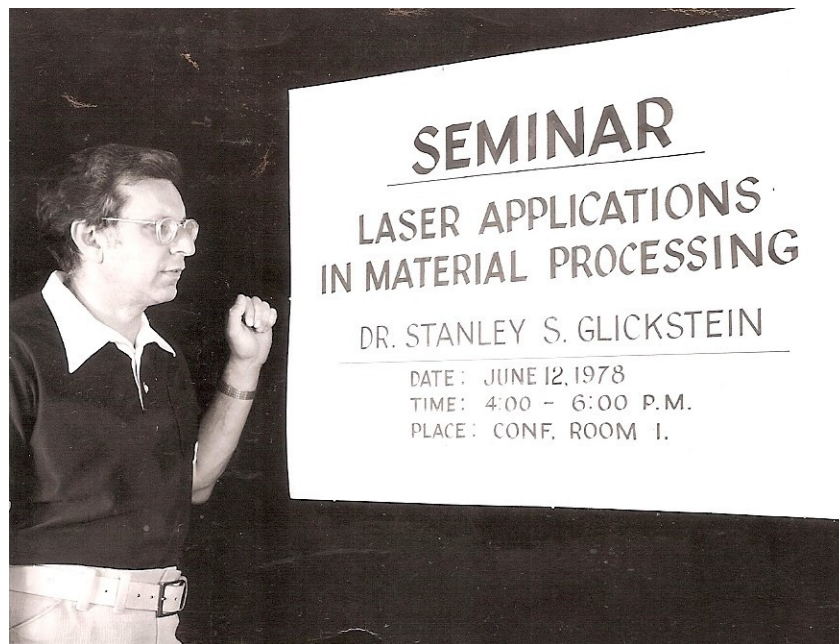


Disclosure Award – 1987

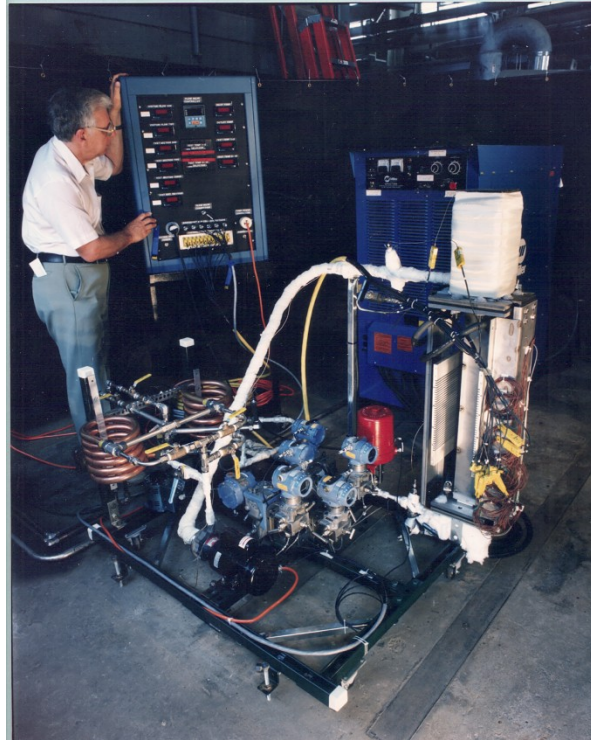
(for introducing neutron radiography for studying fluid flow)



Stan's Laser Welding Laboratory



Introducing the Laboratory to Using Lasers for Welding Applications.



Water loop for measuring water bubbles using neutron radiography



Experimental loop for studying vapor flow in boiling water using neutron radiography



Stan Glickstein operating his neutron radiography data acquisition apparatus at the Penn State University nuclear reactor.

2 George Westinghouse Signature Award

The George Westinghouse Signature Award (GWSA) is the **highest level of award for employees at Westinghouse Electric Company**. The award serves to honor and recognize individuals and teams of employees who demonstrate the highest standards of excellence in the projects they complete. George Westinghouse Signature Award Westinghouse Electric Company

Stan initiated this unique methodology to study potential boiling in nuclear reactors in the early 1990s. In later years two of his colleagues, Dr. Jack Murphy and Dr. Hansen Joo joined Stan in this effort. They received this prestigious award for their work on Neutron Radiography in 1998.

The following paper summarizes their effort.

WESTINGHOUSE SIGNATURE AWARD

NEUTRON RADIOGRAPHY FOR STUDYING THE DYNAMICS OF FLUID FLOW

S. S. Glickstein, J. H. Murphy and H. Joo

A neutron radiography system has been developed and is being used for real-time visualization of dynamic behavior as well as measurements of local vapor fraction distributions for two-phase flow in opaque conduits. This innovative technique provides a new and powerful method for visually studying and measuring the complex dynamics of two phase flow in simulated reactor core channels at prototypical temperatures and pressures. While neutron radiography is an established technique for non-destructive testing, its use for real-time visualization and extraction of quantitative data on vapor-liquid flow fields is a significant advance in the methodology of fundamental two-phase flow experimentation.

The primary vapor fraction measurement technique currently used at Bettis and elsewhere involves gamma-ray attenuation measurements at specific, point locations along a test section and entails relatively long radiation counting times. It provides no real-time visualization capability. The neutron radiography technique provides real-time visualization of a large field of view – about nine inches in diameter. A typical frame from a video recording of two-phase flow in a stainless-steel channel is shown in Figure 1.

The new technique evolved from a series of developmental steps. First, several different neutron sources (radioactive sources, neutron generators, nuclear reactors) were evaluated using a machined plastic test piece to simulate varying thicknesses of water. Next, an air-water flow loop was assembled and used to simulate boiling water flow in a reactor channel. Finally, a small portable flow loop with an electrically heated test section was installed at the Pennsylvania State University reactor facility. Using a state-of-the-art real-time neutron radiography camera, the turbulent motion of the boiling water is clearly visible through 1.5 mm stainless steel channel walls and 5 cm thick aluminum backup support plates (necessary for high-pressure testing) placed on both sides of the flow channel.

Naval Reactors approved extending the methodology to higher pressures and in 1995 the flow loop was upgraded for 250 psi operations. Measurements at 200 psi pressure have been completed for a number of different inlet temperatures and heat inputs, with a tubular test section. Measurements at atmospheric pressures have been made with a rectangular test section in vertical and inclined positions. To our knowledge, this represents the first real-time pictures ever taken of the dynamic behavior of boiling water flowing totally enclosed in a heated metal duct. This ability to observe the instantaneous dynamic behavior of the boiling water process over a large field of view is unequalled by any other measurement technique.

Sophisticated image-analysis techniques have been developed to extract average vapor fractions from the real-time video-taped neutron attenuation data. This consists of measuring the gray level distribution throughout the channel region "illuminated" by the thermal neutron beam. An example of the resultant distribution of time averaged vapor fraction over the illuminated region is shown in Figure 2. An automated data reduction system has been developed to handle the large amount of data that has been accumulated.

Detailed Monte Carlo analyses have been performed to simulate the neutron attenuation and scattering processes and to help confirm and explain the experimental results. Computer simulations provide an effective means of evaluating the importance of such factors as edge effects, neutron beam divergence, position of the radiographic film, neutron source energy and water temperature on the interpretation of the neutron radiographs. These analyses have also proved to be essential for extracting accurate vapor fraction measurements from the radiographs by removing the effects of scattering. Measured results have compared favorably with predictions from computer models currently being developed as part of the Bettis fundamental program in two-phase flow.

The neutron radiographic techniques are expected to make a valuable contribution to the understanding of fluid flow under reactor operating conditions and in the development of computer models for predicting two-phase flow. Our technical progress reported in the open literature (1-6) has been extremely well received by the technical community. The proof-of-principle atmospheric pressure test phase of this program has been

completed and the program extension to measurements higher pressures and temperatures has been initiated. In addition, this technique has potential application for many other fields of study. It has recently been recommended and initial experiments initiated that this methodology be used for reflood testing to support development of the advanced safety code, FLASH 9.

In the development of these new techniques, the nominees have achieved the following criteria for the George Westinghouse Signature Award of Excellence:

- The program has demonstrated outstanding performance in the application of a variety of technical skills, both experimental (advancement in state-of-the-art neutron radiography techniques) and theoretical (systematic scattering procedures developed based on a neutron collision probability method and an innovative application of Monte Carlo techniques to interpretation of the data).
- The new methodology of studying the behavior of two-phase flow in opaque conduits represents a significant advance in the state-of-the-art of Westinghouse technology.
- Innovation: The application of neutron radiography to measuring vapor fractions in a heated flow channel is innovative and unique. No other similar work is known to be underway that mocks up these conditions.
- The challenging engineering problem of studying and measuring two-phase flow in thick metal enclosures was solved by this neutron radiographic methodology.
- The technique substantially improves on the quality of vapor fraction data compared to current techniques, and produces a large amount of data in a short time, permitting a major reduction in data acquisition time by about a factor of 40. This can produce significant cost savings over the course of the test.
- The methodology makes an important contribution to the improved effectiveness of performing vapor fraction measurements, which are necessary for the development of computer models for predicting two-phase flow.
- The technique offers a potential of technology transfer to other Westinghouse locations, as the results of the current effort have been published in the open literature.

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5. S. S. Glickstein and J. Murphy, "Vapor Fraction Measurements in a Steam-Water Tube Up to 15 Bar Using Neutron radiography Techniques" (to be published)
6. J. Murphy and S. S. Glickstein, "Simultaneous Neutron Radiography and Infrared Thermography Measurements of the Boiling Process" (to be published)

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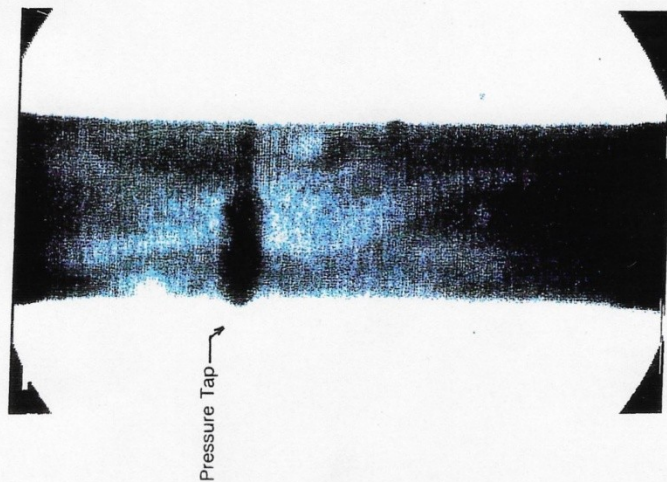


Figure 1 Neutron radiograph of two-phase flow in a SS channel revealing the presence of two nucleation sites.

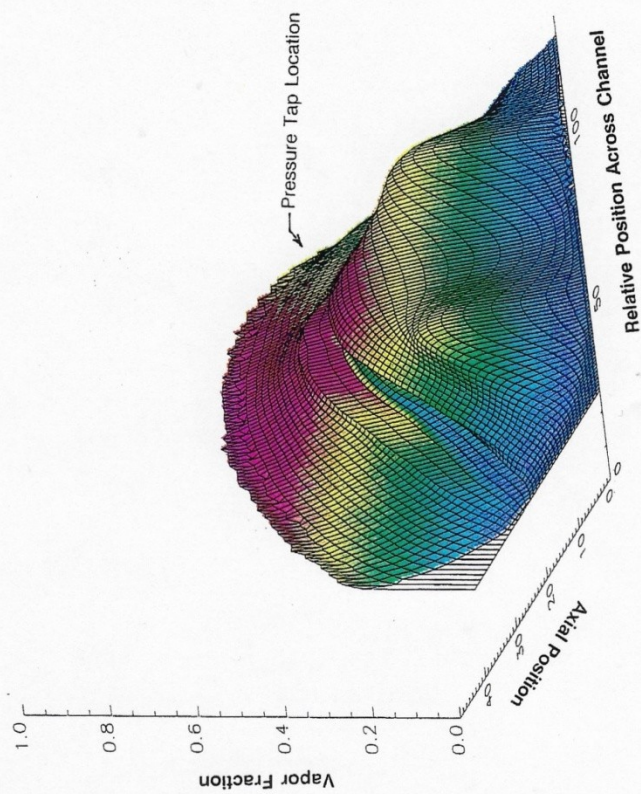


Figure 2. Time averaged vapor fraction distribution across and up an 8-inch section of the channel.

My last Technical Society Meeting before retiring



The Third International Topical Meeting on Neutron Radiography

3 Stan's Retirement

Stan's Retiring – February 1st

Stanley S. Glickstein

Westinghouse - Bettis Atomic Power Laboratory

1964 - 1999

Thermal Deterioration Factors and Fast Advantage Factors in Uranium-Thorium, Seed-Breaker Assemblies
S.S. Glickstein, P. S. Lohman, L. L. West, L. D. Bennett,
S. S. Glickstein, P. S. Lohman, L. L. West, L. D. Bennett,
Westinghouse Electric Corp., Research and Development Center,
Pittsburgh, PA 15217

Dome of Bettis Van de Graaf Accelerator
CX Building - 1966

Output beam ports from
Van de Graaf Accelerator - 1966

Experimental Reactor Physics - 1964

SEMINAR
LASER APPLICATIONS
IN MATERIAL PROCESSING
BY STANLEY S. GLICKSTEIN
DATE: JUNE 10, 1978
TIME: 10:00 AM
PLACE: CONF. ROOM 1

Birth of Lasers At Bettis - 1978

Computer Modeling of the Welding Process
Stan Glickstein & Ed Friedman - 1984

Spectroscopy Laboratory - 1974
Studying Emission Spectra From Welding Arc

Welding and Cutting
with a 400 Watt YAG Laser - 1988

Unique Ways to Apply the Personal
Computer to Welding - Part II

Have you talked to
your computer today? - 1988

Laser Welding & Cutting Laboratory - 1988

Neutron Radiography Camera at PSU - 1990
Stan Glickstein & Will Vance

Fluid Flow Loop Stage I - 1990

Disclosure Award - 1987

PSU Neutron Radiography Data Acquisition - 1996

Lisa's Loop Undressed at Bettis - 1996

Lisa's Loop Dressed - 1997

Reflood-4 Experiment at PSU - April 1998
Jack Murphy, Stan Glickstein, Bob Houser,
Barry Hodges & Larry Fore

International Neutron Radiography Meeting
Lucerne, Switzerland - 1998

**Bid farewell to Stan
with cake in the cafeteria
Monday, January 25th
at 1:30 PM**

Stan's Retirement Invitation

①

Retirement Talk - Stan Glickstein

Thank everyone for being here. I appreciate that you have taken the time to stray from your worksite and participate in this gala event taking place in the Bettis cafeteria.

Having successfully completed my first Powerpoint presentation at BRES I actually thought of putting the outline for this talk on Powerpoint and presenting it in the auditorium. Great idea I thought, but with all the roadblocks that I had been hitting up against in the last couple of weeks, I thought it best that I just let things play out here in the cafeteria with a couple of crib sheets.

Following the established procedures I'd like to talk to you in the form of a question and answer session... you are all used to it by now....State of the Lab ... UPDATES that you have been getting Unfortunately, some of you were not made aware that you were able to submit written questions directly to me. Of course they have all been screened by Gerry Bass and his John Hancock is next to each question.

Apparently, there were enough of you who knew about this methodology and over the past days people have been submitting lots of questions, many of them the same question over & Gerry was kind enough to break it down into just 4 or 5 key questions. I'd like to formally respond to these inquiries.

1. First QUESTION from a dozen or so people -

Why the cafeteria instead of the Hilton Ballroom?

I knew I wanted to talk to my friends and make this presentation. While I have submitted and have had approved over 40 ABSTRACTS and PAPERS that were presented outside of Bettis, I refused to ask for approval to give this talk and so it had to be confined to the Laboratory premises. Besides, I needed 3-6 months for the approval process to go through and I just didn't want to go through that again. I still haven't heard don't want to jeopardize their approving my paper for presentation in Japan this May. In reality, I just didn't need the meal and felt that I could better say my goodbyes on home territory like the cafeteria to all my GOOD friends, but to my NOT so good friends and also to those strangers in the audience who just came for a slice of cake.

Next Question: MOST Frequently Asked

100 different names including the three gentlemen who came last Friday to move 1/2 my office over to Larry For in Hangar 2 asked:

2. "So what are you going to do NOW?"

I'm going to answer that last.

3. NEXT 2-Question in one

What do you think of your stay at Bettis? If you had to do it all over again, what would you do different?

ANSWER: Bettis was marvelous and I would do NOT ONE THING different..

My 34 years 7 months were FUN. Not fun enough to stay 5 more months for another pen & pencil set. My wife has 2 watches from the previous ceremonies. And I didn't want to confuse my family with a circle B instead of circle W. And the best part of it was that I was paid for having all this fun. It has been an extremely rewarding experience.

New crib sheet.... go into my stay at bettis

4. So why are you retiring? and What are you going to do:

4 Need more free time ... 6 weeks vacation was just not enough over these last several years.

For those of you who know me, we are never home on the weekends. My wife's business requires exotic travel to San Diego, Orlando, Dallas, San Antonio etc etc and it has been difficult tacking on just 2-3 days to each of those trips and making a vacation as part of the work-load. now ... there will be no rush to return to Bettis. With a preferred flying status on US Air we have gotten use to traveling first class travel and the long trips are not that difficult any more.

6 which leads into one of the first questions that was asked.

5. WHAT are you going to do with all your time???

FIRST: I've got 5 wonderful grandchildren.. and it hurts when they pull on you and say "stay grandpa" itss tough. For a guy like Jack Murphy whose grandkids live, literally down the street from him, that's not a problem. In fact that is why he come in early and stays late.

That still leaves lots of time to do:

Genealogy

Web Site development

Teaching at local colleges

I have a **wedding** to put on in April and the envelopes need to be addressed. That is first on the agenda. Three kids married off and one more to go ... It should only soon.

IK was kind enough to offer me the opportunity to become **Registration Chairman** of the upcoming ANS Robotics Meeting in Pittsburgh in late April after the wedding.

My wife was kind enough to put together a list of chores around the house that should occupy me for the better part of this year.

When she did that, I immediately signed that **Bechtel employment form**. I wan to cover all my bases.

STEVE - LONDON

Tony Dralle
John Anderson
George Tessler

Bill Hamilton

Ed Friedman

Howard Ho

Mike Natelson

Jack Murphy

4 Published Papers

1. "Nuclear Reactions from Recoil Protons in a Reactor," Nuc. Inst. and Methods **9**, 226-228 (1960). S. S. Glickstein and R. G. Winter.
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* Having lived in the academic world for 5-years as a graduate student at Penn State University and another 3-years as a post-doc at Princeton University, I fully understood the meaning of “publish or perish.” When I arrived at the Westinghouse-Bettis Atomic Power laboratory, those words took on a different meaning. If you try to publish, you might perish. For security reasons, Naval Reactors, our customer to whom we owed our livelihood was not enthusiastic about passing on research information gathered at its laboratory. Publishing outside the laboratory was not an easy task. In my early years, it

typically took anywhere between 6 to 9 months to get approval to submit a technical paper for presentation or publication. In later years it was streamlined to 2 to 4 months. Approval would usually be received just days before a deadline was due or even just hours before a paper was to be presented at a technical society meeting. However, I very strongly believe it is important to document our research and to leave to future generations what we have discovered or learned. Publishing my research efforts became a priority in my work habits. It took considerable perseverance and initiative on my part to get the results of my research and development efforts published in various outside scientific journals. Copies of my outside publications are compiled in a separate book, entitled, *Publications*, S. S. Glickstein 1960 - 1999.

5 Patent Disclosures

Stanley S. Glickstein

The Bettis Laboratory strongly encouraged its employees to submit Patent Disclosures. A Patent Committee reviewed these disclosures. If the Committee determined that the disclosure had merit, it would be sent to the Westinghouse Corporation for additional review. In addition, you would automatically receive a monetary reward of \$250-\$500. This was an incentive to think of creative ideas that had the potential for commercial use. If the Corporation filed for a Patent and a patent was issued, you would receive an additional \$1.00. I received several awards, but never had a patent issued. The following Patent Disclosures were submitted:

Date	Patent No.	Title
1977	AP 77-8	Corrective Positioning of the Welding Arc Through the Use of an Electromagnetic Probe
1979	AP 79-23	Nondestructive Determination of Hydrogen Content in Zircaloy
1980	AP 80-5	Improved Thermoluminescence Detector Calibration Technique for Neutron Dosimetry Monitoring
1982*	AP 82-65	TV Monitoring of Arc Welding Using a Fiber Optic Laser Light Source
1983	AP 83-11	A Device for Automatic Positioning of the Welding Electrode
1983	AP 83-12	Laser Arc Starter for Welding Arc Initiation
1985*	AP 86-66	Interactive Computer-Based Voice Communications System For Welding Operations
1988	AP 88-042	Continuous Picture Storage of a Security Area with a personal computer
1988	AP 88-056	Laser Welding of Tubing Using an Optical Fiber delivery System
1989*	AP 89-124	Void Fraction Measurements Using Neutron Radiography
1993*	AP 93-086	Liquid Film Thickness Gage
1995	AP 95-033	Infrared Detection of Critical Heat Flux (CHF) in Thermal-Hydraulic Test Sections

*Received incentive for Patent Disclosure

Story 23 Changing oil at the Richard Buick Gas Station with uncle Al Glickstein

After WWI my uncles Sol Linchytz and Al Glickstein started opened a small auto repair shop on Winthrop Street just around the corner from their home on Remsen Avenue. They had a small store where they kept their tools and various parts that they may have needed during the day. The repairs to the cars were done working on the street in front of the store. Sun or rain they lay under the car doing whatever had to be done. As difficult a task as it may have been, they were successful. In time they purchased a large garage where they were able to work indoors. My mother was eventually hired to work as their bookkeeper. She worked until about 3:30 PM when my father would return from his Post office job as a clerk in the Murray Hill Post office located in Manhattan. I think he left for work at about 4:00 AM every morning. Looking back, I cannot imagine how he did it, but he did. Life was a struggle in the 1940's. However, my father felt very fortunate. He had this job from the time of the depression and felt very secure.

My uncle's business grew by leaps and bounds acquiring new car dealerships for cars like Buicks, Kaiser, and many others. They were very successful. In my free time, I would find the time to hang around their showroom, with my grandfather who would be at the showroom many hours a day passing the time. My mother remained as their bookkeeper until she retired in the 1960's.

In time they built a gas station alongside their *Richard Buick* showroom, named after Sol's young son Richard. They had another dealership named *Steven's Motors*, named after Al's son Steven. The times were good.

They needed to employ someone for the late afternoon and early evening to man the cash register at the gas station; someone reliable and who they could trust with the money. I was in high school and they offered me the position which I gladly took. A paid job! That was something and I was thrilled. I must have been 17 years old.

The instructions were: Man the register and pump the gas. That's it! It was simple enough. One late afternoon, someone came in and asked if they could leave the car for an oil change. They left the car. Normally there may have been a mechanic at the store to change the oil. That day there was none. I had seen this operation done a million times. Put the car on the lift, open the bolt under the car to drain the oil, check the oil dipstick, refill with 4-5 quarts of oil, and, voila ... task is done.

However, when I checked the dip stick it showed FULL! But I just drained the oil? Just then my Uncle Sender (Al for the customers) came in. He asked how things were going. I sheepishly told him what I had done and he looked. Butch, he said (That is what my uncles called me all the time. Why? I do not know.) You drained the transmission oil and not the motor oil. I hid my face and must have apologized. He said nothing more than, *Butch, watch the cash register!* No scolding, No harsh words. Just, *Butch, watch the cash register!* I felt relieved. The other job they hired me for was to create a post card with a picture of the *Richard Buick* showroom and a few words to be used to advertise the business. I don't recall much from that position other than. I don't think I was too good at that either.



Mechanic: Uncle Sender Glickstein

Another very short story about my uncle Sender:

As an aside, I still have my Gruen wind-it- by- hand watch was given to me for my Bar Mitzvah by my uncle. That makes it almost 77 years old and still working. Many years later years he told me he won it in a crap game while he was serving in the Navy during WWII.



My uncles Al Glickstein (top left) and Sol Linchytz (bottom) along with a helper.

Story 24 My mother attending school with me

If my memory wasn't so clear and vivid in my mind, I would not believe it was true. What was that memory? *I would not attend first grade without my mother staying in the classroom with me.*

While living in the East New York section of Brooklyn, I reached the age when it became time for me to attend kindergarten and first grade. However, I refused to stay in the classroom without my mother present. Without my mother present, I was not going to stay in the classroom unless my mother would sit in the classroom with me. I think it may have started in Kindergarten, but I cannot be sure.

What I can be sure of is the memory I have of me sitting in my first-grade classroom seat. I suddenly noticed that I could not see my mother standing outside the classroom. She could normally be seen through the glass window at the front door. What is very clear in my mind is that when I did not see my mother. I got up from my seat and started running to the front door. The teacher tried to prevent me from getting there so I kicked her, very hard in her leg. She let me go and I ran out of the room. My mother was not present. I can see myself running out from the school to my home on Vermont street a few blocks away. TRUE? I think so. It could even have been in the mid-winter. Does one make up such a story?

Twenty to thirty years later my father told me that he had to write to the Board of Education to obtain permission for my mother to stay in school. That permission was granted. How come I did not question him in more detail about the details of this event? Perhaps it was because that behavior was always accepted as true within my family. My aunts and uncles always said I never wanted to attend school. Many were surprised that I attended school for 9 years after graduating high school.

When we moved from East New York to our new home in East Flatbush, I did attend second grade by myself.

It has always been said that the Truth is stranger than Fiction

Story 25 Summer in Brooklyn: Tar Beach, Chess, Punch Ball, Handball, Johnny on a Pony

When Public school ended in June, the long summer vacation began. There was much to do to keep us busy. Mostly, it was basketball at the P.S. 219 schoolyard. That was a full-time activity from early morning until late evening with time off to return home for lunch and dinner.

However, there were other activities to keep us busy. A major sport was Punch Ball. It consisted of using the one-way 91st street automobiles would normally travel on as the playing field. There were not many cars driving on the road in those days. We marked the bases with chalk so it would appear like a baseball field at the end of the street. Parked cars would be pushed up the street so we had sufficient room to play. Again there were not many cars in those days. You would then throw up in front of your face a soft pink ball that you held in one hand and punch it toward the field with your other hand. You could hit a grounder or fly ball. You would then run to first base before the ball was thrown to the first baseman. Standard baseball rules applied.

Then there were times for riding your scooter all through the neighborhood. I crafted one by myself. A wooden orange crate was nailed to a 36-inch long, 4-inch wide by 1/2-inch thick board that was used as the base plate. A metal street skate was taken apart and the front and back pair of wheels would then be fastened to the front and back of the board. My scooter was painted black. It cost nothing since all the wood was scrap. The nails were taken from other wooden boxes. I can't recall there being a hardware store where you could buy nails and supplies. Everything came from scrap pieces that were recycled. It was by far the fastest scooter in the neighborhood. My 6-year-old sister Cynthia would sit inside the box as I rode the scooter on the road from one end of town to the other. What would you say today if you saw a small 5-year-old girl coasting along inside a box on the main-street? How times have changed!



Typical scooter

No, that is not me, but it could have been

Then there was handball played against the wall on the side of the apartment building on 91st Street.



Playing handball

When the person living on the second floor complained about the banging on the wall we changed our games to “Kick the Can” or “Johnny on the Pony.”

What is Kick the Can and Johnny of the Pony all about? That is best told in the following paragraph written by my cousin Steven Glickstein. He described these games so well in his written contribution to the “*Family Storybook*” about his dad, my Uncle Sender, that I just copied it from his contribution. It says the following:

“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." 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. “



Johnny on a Pony
That's what it looked like

Or it could have looked like this.



Johnny on a Pony

And what about, stoop ball? That game was played by throwing the ball against the stoop (6 steps going up to the entry to a private house.) If you caught the ball on the fly when the ball bounced back you received a fixed number of points. If you missed, the next participant would try his luck.



Stoop Ball



That could have been our gang

There was always some quiet time for a good game of chess. Yes, CHESS! We ballplayers also engaged in playing chess. Finally, when it was really hot and we needed someplace to relax and have a drink we would go to *Tar Beach*. *Tar Beach*! Where is that? *Tar beach* was the roof of the 5-story apartment building located on East 91st and Clarkson Ave. It was designated Tar Beach because of the high air temperature and the melting of the tar that was used on the rooftop of the building. The apartments in the building had a small window sill that extended out from their kitchen window. Residents would keep items that they didn't have temporarily on room for

their refrigerator at the moment on the window sill. In particular, it was a good place to store the Seltzer bottles until needed. The old Seltzer bottles looked like this:



Seltzer bottle

From the rooftop, we would lower a string with a loop on one end. Delicately we would hook the loop to the spout of the bottle and lift it upward to the rooftop. We spritzed the warm seltzer into our mouths passing the bottle from one to the other. After quenching our thirst we politely returned the empty seltzer bottle to its home,

At times when nothing was happening we would gather at luncheonette at the corner of Clarkson Ave. and 92nd Street. We would have 4 of us on one corner of the street and another 4 on the opposite corner. As a speeding car approached the intersection, we would scream NOW and make it appear that we were pulling a rope from one side of the road to the other. The car, thinking it was going into this rope barrier would screech to a halt and we would run like hell. For *Halloween*, we would move the porch furniture from one person's porch to another. It was nothing very dreadful. Clean fun.

Oh, to be young and carefree

Story 26 College at Brooklyn Poly was more than taking classes

After graduating high school in January 1952, I went on to attend The Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. Most of my other close friends; Marty Zeluck, Howard Gershon, Harry Stein, and Phil Alper went on to become pre-med students. Marty was the only person I knew who attended an out-of-town college- Cornell University. The others went to New York University or Columbia University. Eventually, they all attended medical school in downtown Brooklyn (LIU). I lost track of the rest of our local friends (there were dozens) from the neighborhood.

Attending the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn provided me with a wonderful undergraduate college experience. I went into the Electrical Engineering program, although I didn't know what electrical engineering was about. I was intrigued with my physics course in high school. I spoke with my Uncle Shia (Charlie Lenchitz) and told him that I'd like to study atomic structure, which is made up of nuclei and electrons. He advised me that electricity had much to do with electrons and said I should take electrical engineering. I did. That was a mistake! While many of the elective subjects that I took were additional physics and math courses, I always regretted not being able to take all the physics and chemistry courses that the physics majors took. I did take all the advanced math courses.

I also became active in the school's extra curriculum activities. I was a member of the staff of the school newspaper, student council, glee club, philosophy club, and prom committee. I was elected to serve as the Jr. and Sr. Class Treasurer, and AIEE Metropolitan Student Council President, and joined in an assortment of other school activities. I was inducted into Tau Beta Pi (Engineering Honor Society), Eta Kappa Nu (Electrical Engineering Honor Society) and made *Who's Who Among Students* in 1955. In my senior year, I served as editor of our Yearbook, POLYWOG. Joe Wallace, my managing editor and editor of the school newspaper convinced me that we should have the yearbook printed with a firm located in Chicago, IL instead of with the usual printer in New York City. What a mistake! The company employees went on strike and they couldn't deliver our yearbook until a couple of months after graduation. It was "Glickstein's folly." I had a great time at Poly.



Stan, Editor of Senior class college yearbook, *Polywog: 1955*

One of my closest friends throughout my years at Poly was Frank Nash. Frank was in physics and we spent many hours studying together, talking philosophy, reading books and just having a wonderful relationship. Frank went on to Columbia University to get his Ph.D. He then went to work at Bell Labs. I haven't heard from him since. Another close friend at Poly was Burt Levine. Burt traveled to Poly from Long Beach, Long Island. That must have been quite a trip every day. He later became a lawyer living in New Jersey.

After my freshman year at Poly, I joined the Phi Alpha fraternity. It was a social club that rented the basement of some house about a block or two from the school. It was a useful place to just hang out. The facility was used on weekends for parties. In early 2001 I attended a Phi Alpha reunion where some 35 "brothers" who graduated within a year of each other came to renew old acquaintances for the first time in 46 years. It was a memorable weekend.

The summer breaks during my last year in high school and the first two years of college were spent working as a busboy in the Catskills. The last two summers were spent in Long Beach, Long Island. My first job in the Catskills was with the Lakeside Inn and Country Club, adjacent to Grossinger's Hotel in Livingston, New York. Grossinger's Resort and the Concord Hotels were the two best and most expensive hotels in the Catskills. We all worked 7 days a week, rising at 6:30 AM for the breakfast meal and collapsing after the supper meal ended at about 8:30 PM. While the hours were long and the sleeping arrangements meager, it wasn't bad. There were stage shows and entertainment for the guests (which we could attend) every evening. The camaraderie made the summer an adventure. The last two summers were spent at the Murida Hotel in Long Beach, NY. That was heaven since we only worked 6 days per week. At least we had something to look forward to at the end of each week. Marty Zeluck and I both had jobs at the same hotel. Together, we purchased a car one summer. It was a junk box that my uncle Shirky (he had an auto dealership) sold to us for \$50.00. What made these summers extremely tolerable was being able to put away over \$500 each summer that could be used for college.

I had given thought to attending Brooklyn College where tuition was free. However, I believe it was my father who wanted me to attend Brooklyn Poly and said that the \$700/year tuition didn't matter to him. I am not sure if my parents understood what I was studying in college. I can't recall ever receiving any help in elementary school or high school. I brought home report cards with good grades and they were extremely happy. My mother probably would have liked me to become an accountant. I was always good with numbers and she was trained and worked as a bookkeeper.

Stan Spotlited in College Newspaper Article

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1954

Spotlight

for year, and "college should not be regarded as a place merely to take courses."

Stanley Glickstein

STANLEY S. GLICKSTEIN, E.E. Dept., BPI, 1955 POLYWOG (yearbook). *Editor-in-Chief*; AIEE Metropolitan Student Council, *President*; Class of 1955, *Junior and Senior Treasurer*; *Member of the following*: Junior Prom Committee (1954), Junior Dance Committee (1954), RE-PORTER staff, Glee Club, Philospec, Intramural Basketball, Tau Beta Pi (Engineering honor society), Eta Kappa Nu (E.E. Honor Society), Phi Alpha Fraternity.

Perhaps it took a while for his basic interests to assert themselves, but once this forceful individual tore off his wraps, the element of school leadership came to the fore. This is, of course, this year's Editor in Chief of the Polywog, Stan Glickstein.



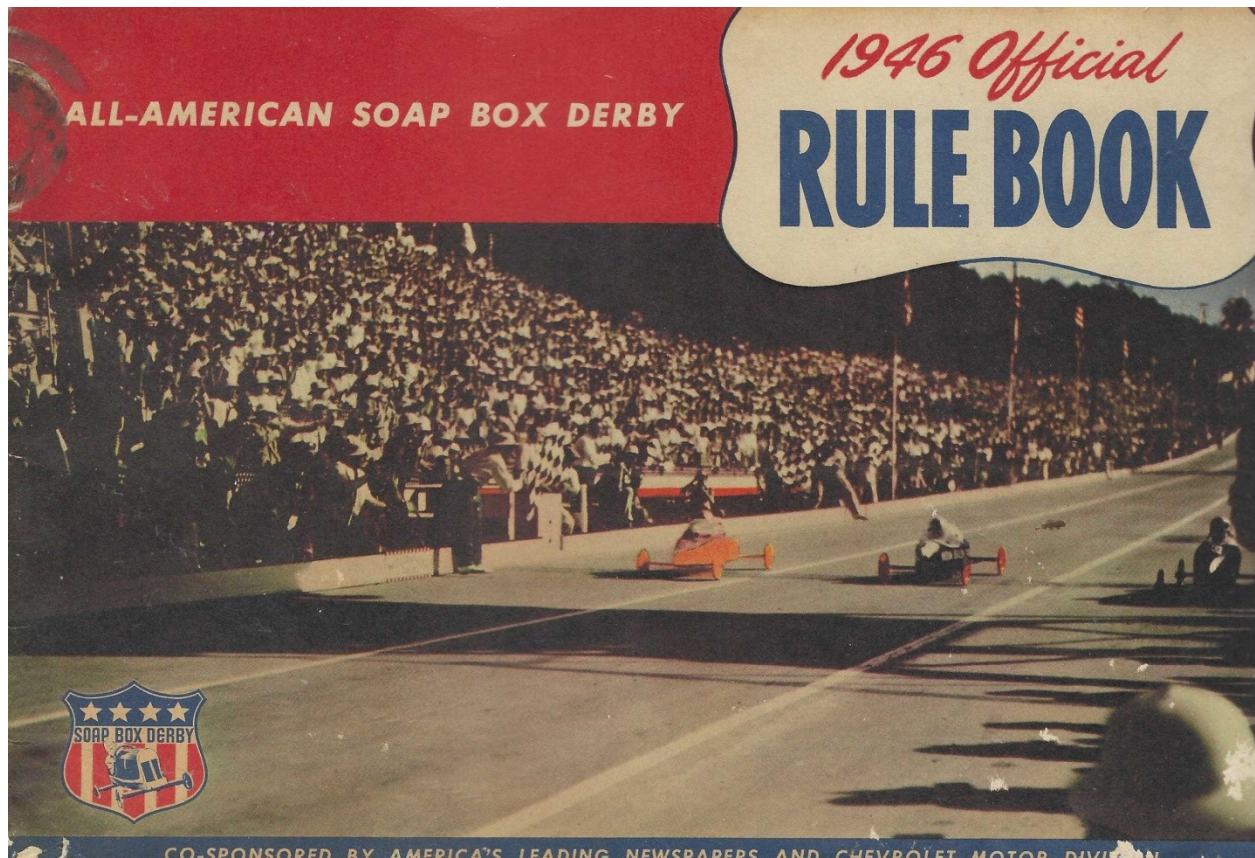
A firm believer in the high ideals that constitute college life, Stan maintains that "the true value of a college education is dependent upon whether one has been able, in all phases of life, to develop into a mature thinking individual. This development can stem from a closer association with one's instructors and classmates, and a desire to broaden one's interests in social and cultural fields."

Story 27 Soap Box Derby 1946

One of the more memorable events that took place during two summers of my teen years was my participation in the Soap Box Derby sponsored by Chevrolet. The construction of the racecar was a challenge. My cousin Howie (Chaim) Lenchitz and I had to carry several 8-foot lengths of 2x4s from the lumber yard located on Church Avenue to my home on Remsen Avenue. That was about a mile plus to my house. We removed nails from used lumber and reused them to build the Soap Box racing car. I never thought of buying new nails. I can't recall ever seeing a hardware store. When completed, we had to get the racing car to a Chevy dealership. They must have been a sponsor and were in charge of transporting the car to the racetrack. This meant Chaim and I had to push the car for many blocks since the auto dealer was at least a half-mile from my home. The first year I entered the Soap Box Derby the race was held on some hill in the Bronx. I remember losing control of the car while coming down the raceway and crossing the finish line with the rear wheels first. The next year it was held in Brooklyn, inside Prospect Park. While I didn't win any race, it was great fun. The wheels were expensive (\$10.00 per set.) To get a free set of wheels I was sponsored by the movie actress, Joan Fontaine for the second year. My car was called "Brute Force" named after a movie of the same name that she played in, I think.



My Proud Soap Box Derby Pin



Stan Glickstein's rule book used entry to the 1946 Soap Box Derby

The book contained detailed requirements that had to be met to be a qualified car. The cars were carefully inspected before they were allowed on the track. For the second year's entry, I won the "best-upholstered car." I used cotton that I packed inside fake leather that was pinned to the inside of the car.

Story 28 Traveling to High School – bus, train, walk, share taxi in bad weather

For reasons that I cannot remember, I applied to go to Brooklyn Technical High School. I took a battery of tests and received a grade high enough to be accepted. That meant leaving middle school after 8th grade and going directly to Brooklyn Tech. Otherwise, I would have stayed for a third year in middle school and then transferred to the local high school, Tilden. Whereas Tilden was about a 1-mile walk from my home, getting to Brooklyn Tech required taking a bus to the subway a train to downtown Brooklyn, and then walking about ¼ mile to the High School.



Tech as seen from Ashland Place



As seen from the corner of Fort DeKalb Ave

Getting to and from high school each day was a good 1-hr trip. When the weather was bad with snow sleet and rain, the buses were full. They would not stop and instead, just pass you by. Those of us standing and waiting at the bus stop would hail a taxi and share the expense. With 5-of us piling into the cab, I can only guess it cost each of us about a dime. I cannot recall. Traveling to Tech was not an easy task, especially compared to what it would have taken to make the short walk to Tilden. Nevertheless, I spent 4-years doing that. Much can be said about attending Brooklyn Tech and I will let Wikipedia tell the rest.

By the way: Did you know I won the Intramural Handball Championship at Tech?



Some more Background on Brooklyn Technical High School

Extracted from Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia, December 31, 2022
Information

Type	<u>Selective school</u>
Established	1922; 100 years ago
Founder	Albert L. Colston
School board	<u>New York City Public Schools</u>
School number	430
Principal	David Newman
Faculty	283 full-time, 313 total ^[1]
Grades	<u>9–12</u>
Enrollment	5,884 ^[2]
Color(s)	Navy blue and white
Athletics conference	<u>PSAL</u>
Nickname	Brooklyn Tech, BTHS, Tech
Team name	Engineers
Newspaper	<i>The Survey</i> (official) / <i>BTHSnews</i> (student) ^[3] / <i>The Radish</i> (student, satirical)
Yearbook	<i>The Blueprint</i>
Admissions	<u>Competitive Examination</u>
Website	<u>bths.edu</u>

Brooklyn Technical High School, commonly called **Brooklyn Tech** and administratively designated **High School 430**, is an elite public high school in New York City that specializes in science, technology, engineering, and mathematics. It is one of three original specialized high schools operated by the New York City Department of Education, along with Stuyvesant High School and the Bronx High School of Science. Brooklyn Tech is considered one of the country's most prestigious and selective high schools.^{[4][5]} Brooklyn Tech is ranked #6 in New York City and #46 overall in the United States for college readiness and graduation rates.^[6]

Admission to Brooklyn Tech involves taking the Specialized High Schools Admissions Test and scoring the cutoff for Brooklyn Tech. Each November, about 30,000 eighth and ninth graders take the 3-hour test for admittance to eight of the nine specialized high schools. About 1,900 to 1,950 students are admitted each year.

Brooklyn Tech counts top scientists, inventors, innovators, Fortune 500 company CEOs and founders, high-ranking diplomats, academic scholars, literary and media figures, professional athletes, National Medal recipients, Nobel laureates, and Olympic medalists among its alumni.

All Rankings

#46 in National Rankings
#6 in New York High Schools
#7 in New York, NY Metro Area High Schools
#6 in New York City Public Schools High Schools

Academics

Brooklyn Tech uses a college-style system of majors, unusual for an American high school. Below is the list of majors at Brooklyn Tech.^[53]

- Aerospace engineering
- engineering Biological
- Chemical engineering
- Civil engineering
- Media communications
- Electrical engineering
- Environmental science research
- Finance
- Industrial design
- Law and society
- LIU advanced health professions
- LIU PharmD
- Applied mathematics
- Mechatronics and robotics
- Pharmaceutical sciences
- Physics
- Social science research
- Software engineering

Students are placed into a major during the second semester of their sophomore year after ranking all the majors in order of preference. These majors include courses, typically Advanced Placement or Project Lead the Way (PLTW) courses, that concentrate on that specific area of interest given to students during their last two years at Tech. Each major has a different formula (PI index) used to rank students according to their ranking preference of the majors and their current averages from freshman and sophomore years. A student with a higher PI index for their second preference if they did not get into their first, will get priority over another student with a lower average on the same major preference.^[54]

Bret Stephens, an opinion columnist, wrote in The New York Times that "The success of Brooklyn Tech only casts an unflattering light on every other corner of the public school bureaucracy."^[55]

Extracurricular activities

Brooklyn Tech fields 30 junior-varsity and varsity teams in the Public School Athletic League (PSAL). The school's historic team name has been the Engineers. The school colors are navy blue and white. The school's more than 100 organizations including the Brooklyn Tech Amateur Radio Club (club station call sign W2CXN), Civil Air Patrol Brooklyn Tech Cadet Squadron, chess, debate, football, wrestling, forensics (speech), hockey, mock trial, robotics, and rowing^[56] teams and clubs, and The Survey,^[2] the official school newspaper. Tech has a literary art journal, Horizons, for those who want to express themselves through art, poetry, photography, and prose.^[57] The Model United Nations provides students with a venue for discussing foreign affairs and also hosts a conference each year called TechMUN.^{[58][57]} Other clubs cater to a wide range of topics such as anime, the Stock Market, Dance Dance Revolution, ultimate Frisbee, politics, quilting, fashion, debate (which offers Public Forum, Congress and Policy), table tennis, and animal rights. The cheerleading squad is named the Enginettes. In 2012, Tech students created a Junior State of America Chapter at their school.^[57] Brooklyn Tech has its student union, to address issues on a student level. Tech has a variety of community service clubs, such as Key Club, Red Cross Club, and BETA.^[57] Tech students put on a musical each spring.^[57]

While this is not exactly what it was in the 1950s when I attended, it was an elite school to attend and I was proud.

Story 29 My Uncle Sol Lenchitz – Rabbi, Pianist, Song Writer, Author, Jewish Ripley.

My mother's brother, my uncle Solomon Lenchitz was a man of many talents. I was fortunate to have him live just down the street from my home on Remsen Avenue. His son Howie (Chaim) and I spent many many hours together. I might even want to say that I lived in his home during my pre-teen years. I knew my uncle well.

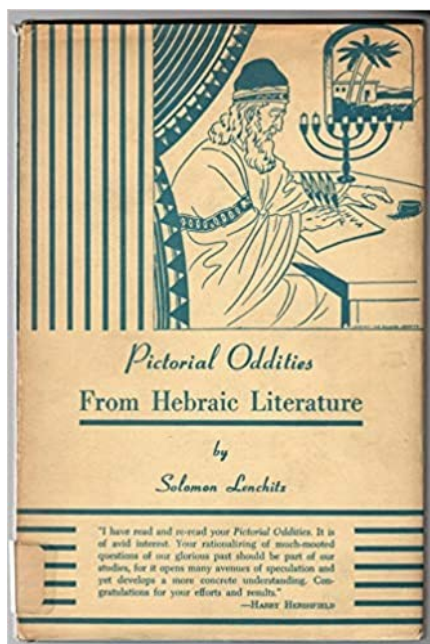
I would watch him sit down at the piano and play any song you would ask him without any sheet music in front of him. Just hum the tune and he would just play along. I thought it was incredible. He also wrote music. The song I remember was *Loves Lost Lullaby*. It was published and I have included a copy of the sheet music from my files on a later page.

He spent many years working for the Post Office, fighting to get permission for Jewish employees to take off for Jewish Holidays. He eventually left that position and became a revered Rabbi. He was also known as *The Jewish Ripley*. He acquired that title after he published, *Pictorial Oddities From Hebraic Literature* in 1950. His 4-children became very religious and produced many offspring. A quick count of his descendants, children, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren taken from my genealogy records produced more than 200 names. I compare that to the descendants of my father, who also started in the Post Office with my uncle Sol (they were contemporaries. He has a total of 18.

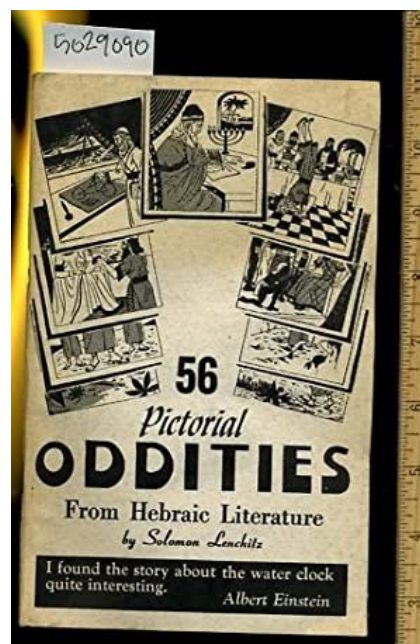
My uncle Sol was a man of many talents. This Rabbi knew more about sports than anyone I knew. Ask him the batting average of a well-known baseball player and he would rattle off the answer along with other statistics about their baseball career. He was an amazing person who I have always respected and loved very much. His memory lies buried deep down within me.



Uncle Solomon Lenchitz



1950 Edition



1967 Edition

Pictorial Oddities From Hebraic Literature

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION OF CLAIM TO COPYRIGHT IN A MUSICAL COMPOSITION

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that the following statements for the musical composition hereby signed have been made a part of the records of the Copyright Office. In witness whereof the seal of the Copyright Office is hereunto affixed.

Solomon Lenchitz
Author of Copyright
United States of America

1. COPYRIGHT CLAIMANT OR CLAIMANTS (Full NAMES and ADDRESSSES):
Solomon Lenchitz

2. TITLE OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION: *Love's Lullaby*

3. COMPOSERS, ARRANGERS, ETC. After "Nature of authorship" insert, for composer words, music, translation, arrangement, study, etc., or other suitable description. Full name (including full middle name), pseudonym (if any), and year of birth and, if dead, year of death, are required for all composing persons.

(a) Name: *Solomon Lenchitz* (Last) (First) (Middle) (Other name of country)
Nature of authorship: *Composer* (Composer) (Arranger) (Translator) (Other)
Birth: *1907* (Year) (Month) (Day) (Place)
Death: *1984* (Year) (Month) (Day) (Place)

(b) Name: *Solomon Lenchitz* (Last) (First) (Middle) (Other name of country)
Nature of authorship: *Composer* (Composer) (Arranger) (Translator) (Other)
Birth: *1907* (Year) (Month) (Day) (Place)
Death: *1984* (Year) (Month) (Day) (Place)

4. FOR PUBLISHED WORKS ONLY (Date copies were first placed on sale, sold, or publicly distributed):

(a) If published in the United States: (Month, day, and year) *1950*

(b) If published outside the United States: (Month, day, and year) *1950*

5. NAMES OF DESIGNS IN COPYRIGHTED WORKS (If any):

Name: *Solomon Lenchitz* (Last) (First) (Middle) (Other name of country)
Address: *1000 Broadway* (Street and Room) (City) (State) (Zip)

6. NAMES OF DESIGNS IN COPYRIGHTED WORKS (If any):

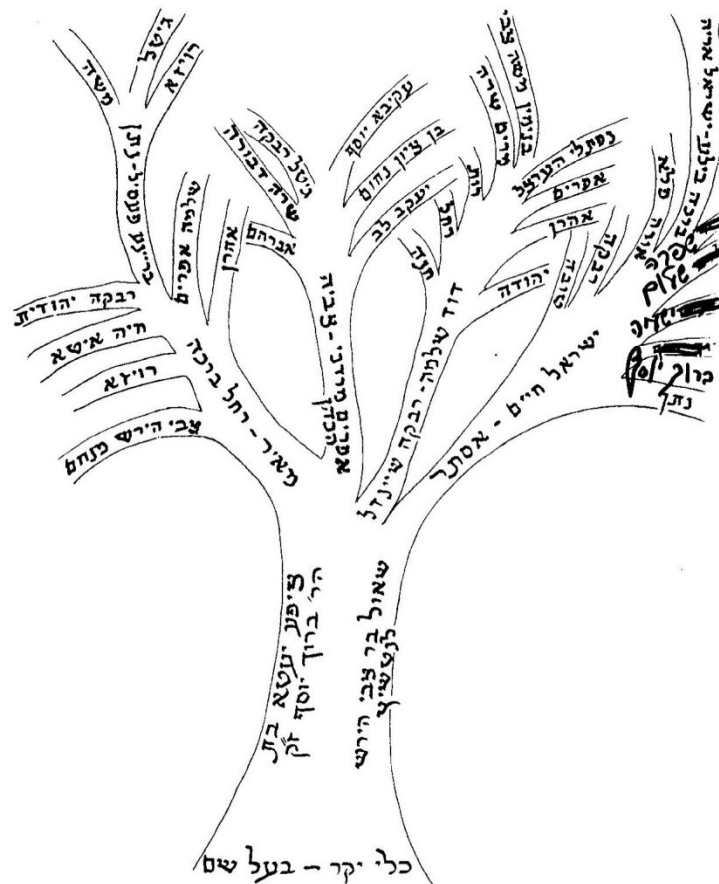
Name: *Solomon Lenchitz* (Last) (First) (Middle) (Other name of country)
Address: *1000 Broadway* (Street and Room) (City) (State) (Zip)



Love's Lullaby

Certificate of Registration

Some of his posts as Rabbi	Some of his posts as "Mashgiach
Oswego, New York	Zausner's Food — NH Pa
Lakewood, New Jersey	Delwood Farm — N.Y. State
Englishtown, New Jersey	Butoni Prod. — N.Y.
St. Augustine, Florida	Manishevitz — N.Y.
Forest Hills Yeshiva in Queens	Barton's Candy — Brooklyn
and many Brooklyn Talmud Torahs.	



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ב"ה

שאל בר צבי הירש לינשיץ

Rabbi Solomon Lenchitz

Box 69 Brooklyn 11219

מחבר גמטריאות על כל התורה, ועל ספר התהלים
ספר משונות ותמונות מן התלמוד — ספר הישר, וכן באנגלית
נין ונכד להמאור הגדול שלמה אפרים לינשיץ (כלי יקר)

Rabbi Solomon Lenchitz has gained extensive recognition as an educator, lecturer and writer in the field of Hebraic Literature. He was syndicated in 54 periodicals throughout the United States, Canada, England, India, South Africa and Israel. His publication of PICTORIAL ODDITIES FROM HEBRAIC LITERATURE has been recognized by such outstanding personalities as Dr. Albert Einstein, Pierre Van Paasen, Sam Levenson, Dr. Joshua Block, Rabbi Dr. Herbert Goldstein, Dr. Rosengarten, Senator Lehman, Edward G. Robinson, etc. etc.

Rabbi Lenchitz finds inspiration in family life. His wife, Yetta, is the daughter of a prominent Grand Rabbi, BBHM, the Kobriner Rabbi, a descendant of the BAAL SHEM TOV, Rabbi Lenchitz too is an offspring from the KLEY YUKOR, a 17th century sage. His four children have inherited the parents love of learning. His eldest son, Yisroel Chaim, a graduate electronic technician, is a Rosh Yeshivah in a Brooklyn Talmudic Academy and married to an Aishes Chail, Esther (nee Knoll). His eldest daughter Rochel, is married to a Talmud Chochim, Rabbi Meir Hartstein, beloved pupil of the world-reknowned Rabbi Aaron Kotler ZTL. His youngest son Dovid is in the Kollel in Lakewood Yeshivah, and is married to another Aishes Chail, Rivka (nee Lichter). His youngest daughter Tzviah, is also married to a gifted Talmudic scholar, Rabbi Ephraim Mordecai Greenberg and is now employed in he Yeshiva Aish HaTorah, Jerusalem Israel. And let us not forget his thirty three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren **וכן ירבו**.

Many well-known rabbis such as the Lubavitcher Rebbe Shlita, Rabbi Moshe Feinstein, Shlita, the Squarer Rebbe ZTL and Rabbi Yosef Eliahu Henkin ZTL, speak very well of Rabbi Solomon Lenchitz. The latter attested to his mastery of Rabbinical Lore. Among other things, he has appeared in Carnegie Hall, on TV and Radio. The Jewish Press has seen fit to recognize his capabilities as business manager and former Associate Editor. Prior to that, he has been the Associate-Editor of the well-kown forty-four year old monthly publication The Jewish Form, under the able guidance of the late Dr. Rosengarten of blessed memory. Artists such as Edward G. Robinson, George Jessel, Helen Hays, etc. have recognized his talents and have personally benefitted greatly from him. Let us not forget his composing of

A Tribute to Rabbi Solomon Lenchitz

Story 30 Bullying: This memory is one that I wish I could not recall

We read much about mental illness and stress that children are faced with today. Much is attributed to the use of their phone and the social apps that the youngsters use. School bullying may have taken a back seat, although I am sure it's still around today. Unfortunately, I have a clear memory of the bullying that took place within the group of my very best friends.

I tried to avoid listening to the funny names they called me, but it must have gotten to me. I remember staying in the house many evenings because of poking fun with my last name Glickstein.” I was a very unhappy youngster as the group made fun of me. My parents sensed something was wrong and asked what the matter was and why I appeared upset. I would just say “nothing.” In time it eventually passed. I was back with the group and life went on as if nothing ever happened. That was no problem and fortunately, I did not suffer any long-term effects. Today, I would say that was a minor event.

However, not everyone came through such bullying as I did. I remember one very good friend, Harvey Blass who they ganged up on. He was picked on so often that he eventually stayed away from the group. He and I spent time away from the group so he did not have to face the rough treatment from those individuals who ganged up on him.

It was many years later that I learned the Harvey attended Brooklyn College to study Physics. Some 20 or 30 years later I organized a reunion of my old neighborhood friends for dinner at some Chinese restaurant. There were possibly 8-10 that answered yes and attended the reunion. I recall touching base with Harvey and he was surprised I asked him and emphatically said NO!

I am sure he would not recall any enjoyable moments with the group that attended. I am also quite sure that not all of those who attended would recall the bullying that occurred.

Story 31 Who is the strongest man in the world?

It was on one of our many trips Joan and I took to visit the National Parks that we stumbled upon this huge rock that was shaking and looked like it was about to roll over. Joan was scared and started running away. To prevent this rock from really causing considerable damage and destruction to the surroundings I quickly ran up to it, put my shoulder under one ledge, and with all the strength I could muster, righted this huge rock straight up so it would not move any further. Joan quickly took out the camera and snapped a picture of that marvelous feat.

That is the tale I told to my grandkids for many years. Of course, each one of those precious kids received a personal picture of that unbelievable feat that was accompanied by the question, “Who is the strongest man in the world?” They replied, “Grandpa!”.

My daughter Karen later reveals to me the following tale. Her son Jonah was about 5 years old when he received this precious picture and she too related the tale to him. He was amazed!

One day a friend of his was visiting his home for “playtime.” Jonah was very proud of his grandfather’s unbelievable strength. He asks his friend, “Who is the strongest man in the world?” Puzzled, his friend thinks and then says, “Jesus?” Jonah quickly responds. “who’s he?”

Karen will later tell me, that Jonah for a long time was taken with just how strong his grandfather was. I am not quite sure how many years had passed when he might have given a second thought to that question. But if you ask him today, he still knows that “I am the strongest man in the world.”



Grandpa Stan is still the strongest man in the world.

Story 32 Remarks at Jonah Edeson's Bar Mitzvah

Friday, March 15, 2013

Jonah, a few weeks ago your mother asked if I would like to say a few words to you at your Bar Mitzvah this Friday evening. Indeed it is a privilege, honor, and a pleasure to be here tonight to speak to you. My, how you have grown from the time I first saw you in the hospital when you were born some 13 years ago and how you matured into the young man you are today.

So what does one say to one's grandson on this momentous occasion? I will not try to reinvent the wheel. I am not going to tell you anything new. I am going to try to instill in you something that is old and has weathered many thousands of years of history. And then I am going to give you a homework assignment. I am going to ask each of your classmates to do this assignment as well as each of us sitting here tonight. I will get to that assignment later.

The bottom line that I hope you take away from me tonight is one thing

BE PROUD OF YOUR JEWISH HERITAGE

That is the primary message I want you to take away from the next several minutes of my discourse. In the years to come, there may be occasions where being Jewish may be difficult. Or perhaps you have already experienced that. Nevertheless, through whatever turmoil, remember:

BE PROUD OF YOUR JEWISH HERITAGE

I would like to give you an example of who exemplifies that statement. One person recently passed away in New York City on February 1, 2013.

Have you ever heard of Ed Koch? I realize that living in Maryland may have limited your knowledge of this well-known man. Ed Koch was the mayor of New York City from 1978 – 1989. He happened to be Jewish. The current Mayor of New York, Mayor is also Jewish. Mayor Koch was a member of Temple Emanuel, a Reform synagogue in Manhattan. We as Jews are very proud of these facts as is any ethnic group proud when one of "theirs" has reached a high honor.

Mayor Koch was endorsed by both the Democratic and Republican parties when he ran for mayor in 1981. He was a statesman and after leaving the office of Mayor he was a radio show host and an author among many other things.

He died on February 1, 2013, and it is what is on his tombstone that I want to talk to you about. Ed Koch took personal care of his tombstone before he died. The top of the tombstone is highlighted with a Star of David.

Beneath the Star of David, it says in bold letters:

"My father is Jewish. My mother is Jewish. I am Jewish."

These are not the words of Ed Koch but were words spoken by Daniel Pearl. Underneath those profound words on the tombstone are inscribed, quotes:

"Daniel Pearl, 2002, just before he was beheaded by Muslim terrorists."

My father is Jewish. My mother is Jewish. I am Jewish.

Those are part of the words spoken by this 38-year-old Jewish journalist recorded on a 3 ½ minute videotape of him right before his death. He said the following:

My name is Daniel Pearl. I'm a Jewish American from Encino, California, USA. I come from, uh, on my father's side, the family is Zionist. My father's Jewish, my mother's Jewish, I'm Jewish. My family follows Judaism.

Those were the last words spoken by Daniel Pearl, a young journalist with both American and Israeli citizenship. Right after he spoke those words, his throat was cut, and then was beheaded. He was captured by Pakistani militants and later murdered. Daniel Pearl was indeed proud of his Jewish heritage. Mayor Koch died on the same day as the 11th anniversary of Daniel Pearl's murder.

Underneath that inscription on Ed Koch's tombstone are the words, "***Shema Yisrael Adoshem Elohaynu Adoshem Echad, "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One."***" It is inscribed in both Hebrew and English.

Mayor Koch's tombstone includes a final epitaph that the Mayor wrote himself: Inscribed on the tombstone are the following words:

"He was fiercely proud of his Jewish faith..... Tonight Jonah, I tell you:

BE PROUD OF YOUR JEWISH HERITAGE

Trinity Church Cemetery
Manhattan, New York



EDWARD I. KOCH

MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY 1978 – 1989

“My father is Jewish, my mother is Jewish, I am Jewish,”

(Daniel Pearl 2002 just before he was beheaded by a Muslim terrorist)

HEAR O ISRAEL THE LORD OUR GOD, THE LORD IS ONE

Shema Yisrael Adonoi Elohanu Adonoi Echord

He was fiercely proud of his Jewish faith. He fiercely defended the City of New York, and he fiercely loved its people. Above all, he loved his country, the United States of America, in whose armed forces he served in World War II.

Additional remarks at Saturday Morning service

BE PROUD OF YOUR JEWISH HERITAGE

Last night I challenged every person at the Temple to think about those words, sit down with their loved ones, and put on paper why they should, be proud of their Jewish heritage

I would like to reinforce those words by telling Jonah that his great-great grandfather's name was Herchel Lenchitz and that members of the Lenchitz family are descendants of the renowned scholar, Rabbi Shlomo Ephraim Lenchitz. Ephraim Lenchitz was born in about 1550 and Jonah is a 13th-generation descendent of this well-known rabbinical scholar.

Take out Family Tree

As you can see on the descendent tree, Rabbi Lenchitz was born about 1550 and died in 1619. He is buried in the Jewish cemetery in Prague. My wife and I visited the cemetery several years ago. We were given a flyer when we entered the cemetery. Highlighted are 15 people who were buried in the cemetery and are specifically mentioned as stopping points. There are more than 1000 tombstones that are scattered about in the cemetery, in very bad condition. But only 15 were highlighted in this brochure. And one of those 15 was that of Rabbi Lenchitz.

Why is this? It is because Rabbi Shlomo Ephraim Lenchitz is a very well-known rabbinical scholar. Books have been written about him. He became ill in 1609 at which time he added the name Shlomo to the name to fool the angel of death. Many of us may think of this as a “bubba meintzer”, but who am I to argue? Change your name if you are ill. This will trick the angel of death and death will pass you by, as it did Ephraim.

At the time of his illness, he said he would write a commentary on the Torah if he survived his illness. He overcame his illness and wrote a definitive treatise on the Bible which he called Kli Yakar, which means precious vessel. He is currently known as the Kli Yakar. So if many of you haven't heard the name, Shlomo Lenchitz, you may know him as the Kli Yakar. I just *Googled* Kli Yakar the other day and came up with 41,500 hits.

If you listened carefully when I was called for and Aliyah, the name Shlomo ben Moshe was called. It turns out my name happens to be Shlomo as well as many of my forefathers as you can see from this Family Tree.

Jonah, there are many reasons to **be proud of your Jewish heritage** and I charged you as well as everyone in the sanctuary last night to set aside some time, make the effort to gather your thoughts, and put down on paper why **you** are proud of **your** Jewish heritage. I do this again to each of you sitting here today. Perhaps some of you may want to do this as a family unit. However it is done, engage in this discussion with yourself, your spouse, your children, and your entire family. It will be time well spent.

In addition, I hope you find to take the time to study a little about what your great-great-great Grandfather Rabbi Shlomo Ephraim Lenchitz has contributed to our Jewish heritage.

Story 33 On Unanswering Letters

The story begins in Luzerne, Switzerland in May 1998. I presented a paper to a small group of international engineers and scientists who were involved in using neutron radiography as a tool for scientific studies. After the conference ended, Joan and I spent a week vacationing in Switzerland before returning home to Pittsburgh. While sitting in a park one day we observed a young boy going up in a small airplane ride. He was going to jump from the plane and hand-glide down onto a green area of the park. I had my movie camera with me and recorded his descent on film. His parents were elated when he hit the ground unscathed. We walked over to the boy and his parents. They were tourists too and we began to chat. I offered to make a duplicate copy of the recording and send it to them. A year later I sent the tape copy along with the following letter:

*321 Challen Drive
Pittsburgh, PA 15236
December 9, 2000*

*Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Crandall & Family
19 Meeting Road
Newport News, VA 23606*

Dear Crandall's:

Enclosed, please find a long overdue videotape that I had meant to send you as a high school graduation gift. I do remember you were graduating high school in a month or so after the video was taken. Unfortunately, I misplaced the card with your name and address until it appeared the other day during "spring" cleaning.

I hope you enjoy the few minutes of fame as you descend safely to earth. Have a happy and healthy holiday. I am truly sorry for the long delay.

Sincerely,

Stan Glickstein

That is the story. I never heard from them. Some people are like that. No thank you, I received the tapeetc.etc.

Sometime later I received the following letter. Please note the dates on the sent and received letters.

5023 State Highway YY
Shell Knob, MO 657474
February 25, 2014

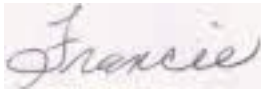
Dear Stan,

I don't even know if you remember us. We met you in Switzerland when our son and his friend were hang-gliding. I think that is what it is *called*. And *you* very *kindly* recorded it for us, and then sent it to us 2 years later. Well, now 14 years later - I came across it when I was emptying his closet for new flooring. And I don't remember ever thanking you for your kindness. He still does things like that, but now with his wife. They are both cardiac nurses and have an 18-month-old baby girl.

We retired and moved out where my husband grew up in Southwest Missouri on Table Rock Lake. Life is great, but now our traveling usually involves going to see our 3 wonderful grandchildren. They come here every summer, so we go see them for birthdays & holidays.

Hope you have been enjoying any further travels. Hopefully, we are going on an Alaska cruise/land tour this summer. Take care and thank you again for your generosity, and forgive my extensive delay in appreciation.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Francie".

Francie Crandall

I found that to be quite a story. Have faith in people. Most will do the right thing.

If you have not read the short essay entitled, *On Unanswering Letters*, I urge you to do so. For your convenience, I have reproduced it in the next few pages. Enjoy!

ON UNANSWERING LETTERS

Christopher Morley's essay: On Unanswering Letters --- originally written in 1920

There are a great many people who really believe in answering letters the day they are received, just as there are people who go to the movies at 9 o'clock in the morning; but these people are stunted and queer.

It is a great mistake. Such crass and breathless promptness takes away a great deal of the pleasure of correspondence.

The psychological didoes involved in receiving letters and making up one's mind to answer them are very complex. If the tangled process could be clearly analyzed and its component involutions isolated for inspection we might reach a clearer comprehension of that curious bag of tricks, the efficient Masculine Mind.

Take Bill F., for instance, a man so delightful that even to contemplate his existence puts us in good humor and makes us think well of a world that can exhibit an individual equally comely in mind, body and estate. Every now and then we get a letter from Bill, and immediately we pass into a kind of trance, in which our mind rapidly enunciates the ideas, thoughts, surmises and contradictions that we would like to write to him in reply. We think what fun it would be to sit right down and churn the ink-well, spreading speculation and cynicism over a number of sheets of foolscap to be wafted Billward.

Sternly we repress the impulse for we know that the shock to Bill of getting so immediate a retort would surely unhinge the well-fitted panels of his intellect.

We add his letter to the large delta of unanswered mail on our desk, taking occasion to turn the mass over once or twice and run through it in a brisk, smiling mood, thinking of all the jolly letters we shall write some day.

After Bill's letter has lain on the pile for a fortnight or so it has been gently silted over by about twenty other pleasantly postponed manuscripts. Coming upon it by chance, we reflect that any specific problems raised by Bill in that manifesto will by this time have settled themselves. And his random speculations upon household management and human destiny will probably have taken a new slant by now, so that to answer his letter in its own tune will not be congruent with his present fevers. We had better bide a wee until we really have something of circumstance to impart.

We wait a week.

By this time a certain sense of shame has begun to invade the privacy of our brain. We feel that to answer that letter now would be an indelicacy. Better to pretend that we never got it. By and by Bill will write again and then we will answer promptly. We put the letter back in the middle of the heap and think what a fine chap Bill is. But he knows we love him, so it doesn't really matter whether we write or not.

Another week passes by, and no further communication from Bill. We wonder whether he does love us as much as we thought. Still--we are too proud to write and ask.

A few days later a new thought strikes us. Perhaps Bill thinks we have died and he is annoyed because he wasn't invited to the funeral. Ought we to wire him? No, because after all we are not dead, and even if he thinks we are, his subsequent relief at hearing the good news of our survival will outweigh his bitterness during the interval. One of these days we will write him a letter that will really express our heart, filled with all the grindings and gear-work of our mind, rich in affection and fallacy. But we had better let it ripen and mellow for a while. Letters, like [wines](#), accumulate bright fumes and bubblings if kept under cork.

Presently we turn over that pile of letters again. We find in the lees of the heap two or three that have gone for six months and can safely be destroyed. Bill is still on our mind, but in a pleasant, dreamy kind of way. He does not ache or twinge us as he did a month ago. It is fine to have old friends like that and keep in touch with them. We wonder how he is and whether he has two children or three. Splendid old Bill!

By this time we have written Bill several letters in imagination and enjoyed doing so, but the matter of sending him an actual letter has begun to pall. The thought no longer has the savor and vivid sparkle it had once. When one feels like that it is unwise to write. Letters should be spontaneous outpourings: they should never be undertaken merely from a sense of duty. We know that Bill wouldn't want to get a letter that was dictated by a feeling of obligation.

Another fortnight or so elapsing, it occurs to us that we have entirely forgotten what Bill said to us in that letter. We take it out and con it over. Delightful fellow! It is full of his own felicitous kinks of whim, though some of it sounds a little old-fashioned by now. It seems a bit stale, has lost some of its freshness and surprise. Better not answer it just yet, for Christmas will soon be here and we shall have to write then anyway. We wonder, can Bill hold out until Christmas without a letter?

We have been rereading some of those imaginary letters to Bill that have been dancing in our head. They are full of all sorts of fine stuff. If Bill ever gets them he will know how we love him. To use O. Henry's immortal joke, we have days of Damon and Knights of Pythias writing those uninked letters to Bill. A curious thought has come to us. Perhaps it would be better if we never saw Bill again. It is very difficult to talk to a man when you like him so much. It is much easier to write in the sweet fantastic strain. We are so inarticulate when face to face. If Bill comes to town we will leave word that we have gone away. Good old Bill! He will always be a precious memory.

A few days later a sudden frenzy sweeps over us, and though we have many pressing matters on hand, we mobilize pen and paper and literary shock troops and prepare to hurl several battalions at Bill. But, strangely enough, our utterance seems stilted and stiff. We have nothing to say. _My dear Bill_, we begin, _it seems a long time since we heard from you. Why don't you write? We still love you, despite all your shortcomings_.

That doesn't seem very cordial. We muse over the pen and nothing comes. Bursting with affection, we are unable to say a word.

Just then the [phone](#) rings. "Hello?" we say.

It is Bill, come to town unexpectedly.

"Good old fish!" we cry, ecstatic. "Meet you at the corner of Tenth and Chestnut in five minutes."

We tear up the unfinished letter. Bill will never know how much we love him. Perhaps it is just as well. It is very embarrassing to have your friends know how you feel about them. When we meet him we will be a little bit on our guard. It would not be well to be betrayed into any extravagance of cordiality.

And perhaps a not altogether false little story could be written about a man who never visited those most dear to him, because it panged him so to say good-bye when he had to leave.

(The end)

Christopher Morley's essay: On Unanswering Letters

Story 34 The Aufruf for Barbara and Seth's Wedding

One of the many joys in life is watching your children grow into adults and partake in their marriage ceremony. Thirty-one years have passed and I can very vividly recall that joyful day. Most of the guests arrived for that weekend on Friday, December 20, 1991, and we all stayed at the Wm Penn Hotel in Downtown Pittsburgh. Joan and I had a large suite in the hotel that had several bedrooms, a dining room, and a living room with a large grand piano. We were in seventh heaven. On Friday evening we had a large family dinner with all the out-of-town guests at the Hotel

The next day, Saturday morning we all traveled to our synagogue, Beth Israel Center located in Pleasant Hills just a short drive from our home. We gathered there to attend the Saturday morning Shabbat services and partake in the Aufruf of my future son-in-law Seth Sacher, Indeed it was a joyous occasion. I had the honor to partake in that Religious Service by presenting the following talk to our congregation.

AUFRUF OF SETH BARRY SACHER

DECEMBER 21, 1991

As chairman of the religious affairs committee, it is both a pleasure and privilege to be able to speak to all of the family and friends of our Hantan SETH BARRY SACHER and his bride-to-be Barbara Glickstein. Fortunately for me, I wear two hats today. The other is the father of the bride-to-be.

I want to thank Dr. Markowitz and Mr. Weingarten for conducting the services today. Before I say anymore I should also like to thank our very good friend and neighbor Carolee Burack for all that she has done in helping to organize and put together the Kiddush for us today. A sincere Thank you to those women who baked and assisted Carolee in this effort.

It is not very often that we at Beth Israel Center are blessed with this joyous occasion. The Bar & Bat Mitzvahs were plentiful years ago, but it has been only on rare occasions that we have been able to celebrate and participate in the Aufruf of the Hantan.

Many of you may not be familiar with this tradition. As a youngster, I can recall many Saturday mornings when the family of the groom would come to Shul as we do now and celebrate with joy, this wonderful event.

The custom of honoring the Bridegroom by calling him to the Torah on the Saturday before the wedding dates back to the time of King Solomon. It is written in the Talmud that King Solomon built a special gate where residents of Jerusalem would congregate and perform deeds of kindness to the bridegroom that would assemble at the gate.

When the temple was destroyed, the custom of honoring the bridegroom in the synagogue evolved. This is still very prevalent in Jerusalem today. Our family had the good fortune to travel to Israel last year and my father had the honor of celebrating his second Bar-Mitzvah. We were a family of 11 but there was no lack of guests. While we hadn't planned on throwing the traditional candy the many women, mostly Yemenites just stood around handing out candy to anyone nearby and throwing at the Bar Mitzvahs that were being performed.

Being called to the Torah is considered a tremendous honor and privilege. It is only those of us with a little gray hair who can remember the high-stakes bidding that would go on during the High Holidays for the various honors of being called to the Torah. For more stories on this, you ought to talk to Joe Markowitz and he can probably recall what took place in his synagogue when he was a youngster. I remember discussing this with Joe on numerous occasions.

After the groom recites the blessings it is the custom to throw candy and raisins at him to ensure a sweet life for him and his bride.

Both the Sacher and Glickstein families are extremely proud and honored to have this Aufruf at Beth Israel. It was of course a second home to Barbara as she was growing up in Pleasant Hills.

It doesn't seem that long ago that she stood here chanting the Friday night services and her Haftorah on the following Saturday. While I can't speak for Barbara, I'm sure it must be a special feeling that she finds herself once again at Beth Israel as a soon-to-be Bride.

We are all very proud to be celebrating this wonderful event at Beth Israel.

As I look about and think... and realize ..this is what life is all about. The joys of your family... the nachas from your children.

What can I say for the future? I don't need to remind my children to continue in the tradition of their forefathers. They have chosen to keep a Kosher home...it was important for Seth & Barbara to have a ceremony in a Conservative Synagogue. Unfortunately, Beth Israel has limited facilities for such an event.

In closing, I will repeat what I said to my son and his then-bride-to-be when they were here not that long ago. I can remind you that there are 613 Mitzvot, commandments that are part of the Jewish way of life. Of the 613 about 285 or so are positive statements of how to live your life ..Thou shalls...

The remainder...more than half are Thou shall not...

I'll ask again and this time you all know the answer. What commandment of all of the 613 is given First Place? Seth... Barbara...Karen.

BE FRUITFUL AND MULTIPLY AND REPLENISH THE EARTH.

Friends and family, I look forward to the time that I can be up here again at the Baby Naming Ceremony...

THE GLICKSTEIN QUARTERLY

Issue Editors: Stan & Joan Glickstein

December 1994

"All The News That's Fit, We Print"

Volume 1, Edition 2

||

Happy Chanukah!

TRIP TO ALASKA

After an exciting and very successful workshop in Seattle Washington, Mom and Dad G. boarded the Norwegian cruise ship "Windward" for a week long cruise to Alaska. Ports of call were Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway and Haines.

In addition to the unbelievable scenery along the inside passage, we took a breath taking, stomach churning helicopter trip to the glaciers. This trip is not for the chicken hearted!!! Two hours of video tape is available to all interested parties. Or if you want to wait for dad's retirement the tapes will be reduced to 20 minutes. Don't hold your breath.

SEATTLE PHOENIX NASHVILLE and BALTIMORE! SUCCESSES!

Have bags packed will travel ... the last four months was comprised of intensive travel on behalf of GNI workshops. Food was great in all places. We are now called tubOs. The mountains north of Phoenix in Sedona, are a

must see. Although we came out drenched from our ride on the roller coaster in Nashville we had a great time.

Baltimore was a triumph with over 190 people in attendance. We had to turn them away.

NEWS FLASH!!

Dr. Joan K. Glickstein is the new president elect of the Southwestern Pennsylvania Speech-Language Hearing Association. She will serve as El President for 1996.

HIGH HOLIDAYS

A great time was had by all who visited the Pittsburgh area to celebrate the high holidays. Services at Beth Israel Center were exceptional, with more then 40 -50 BIC graduates returning for the first two days.

HEAR YE - HEAR YE

Elana to be a cousin!!

By now everyone has heard, but this makes it official, Sherri and Steve are expecting late April!!

WHERE IS KAREN SAN DIEGO?

Big news!! Karen is in here new apartment looking for a good used vacuum cleaner. No she has one. A religious service was held two weeks ago for the installation of the new mezuzah.

HOORAY, HOORAY

Cathy has a job working for the city of New York WITH BENEFITS!!! Benefits start January 1, 1995 so she is staying very healthy until then. NEWS FLASH...Cathy has another new job working for the City...The DA's office.

TOILET PROBLEMS?

Call Seth Sacher, new custodian and home maintenance repair expert. He is currently taking and will soon complete intensive course work in home maintenance.

BACK ON THE JOB

Barbara has returned to work after a long haul as a home maker she has returned to her professional duties.

LATE NEWS

Dad's swollen, black and blue, broken metatarsal has finally...after many laborious months of pain and suffering healed. For all those who were unable to see this picturesque

thing, it has been recorded and the photograph is available for viewing on the refrigerator door. As an encore the other foot with the newly broken toe is doing well. Bandages were removed last week.

THANKSGIVING

A successful fantastic Thanksgiving feast was prepared and served at the new residence of Karen Glickstein. Most delicious was the newly created dish of sweet potato and banana. Barbara's chocolate mousse was scrumptious.

We are told that the extravaganza at the Ribak's was almost as good.

PARTY TIME

It is hard to believe but a year has almost past and we are getting ready for a party. Elana Rose will be 1 year old in January. If you haven't received your invite for the January 14th weekend, please contact Barbara and Seth.

WANTED

The reason that this monthly NEWSLETTER has a quarterly title must be obvious to everyone by now. Very few if any News Highlights has been sent to the official Editors, Steve and Sherri. So Mom and Dad took it upon themselves to do this issue (without any official sanction). New writers, NEWS, comics, cartoons, movie reviews etc. are needed. Do your part. Come forward.

LATE LATE NEWSFLASH

Robin's party was a roaring success. She is now taking orders for anyone interested in future engagements.

Story 36 Our 50th Anniversary

Joan Katz Glickstein and Stanley S. Glickstein

Knowing how much pleasure I always had discovering new tidbits about my family history, Joan suggested that we attend the Jewish Genealogical Society's annual meeting which was in Salt Lake City. It was to take place at the same time we were to celebrate our 50th Anniversary.

The following is Joan's recording of our daily activities for that fabulous trip.

7/11/07	Wednesday, we begin our trip with an early morning flight to Utah on United Airlines via Chicago. When we arrive at the Salt Lake City Airport we head to our rental car. I don't like the way the car smells so the company changes us from a small car to a brand new Ford Taurus. We start driving to Moab, a four-hour trip from Salt Lake. We arrive in Moab and check in to a Comfort Suites. Stan hates the accommodations and we check out. We spend the next two and a half hours looking for and at hotel rooms. We finally checked in to the Archway Inn. I decided that there was no upscale place to stay in Moab. We looked at them all, except the Best Western and Holiday Inn Express both said they were full. At 3 PM Utah time we eat sandwiches we brought with us (Pastrami) so we do not go out to dinner. We take a walk around downtown head back to the motel and go to bed.
7/12/07	Today is our 50th anniversary! What a great day! Lovey Stan surprises me with THE BEST MOST THOUGHTFUL gift – a gold skier. I love it, love it! At the Archway Inn, we have English muffins, lousy orange juice, and OK coffee for breakfast. Stan ate all that plus scrambled eggs. Our next stop is at the Visitor's Center where I get my Utah pin and a magnet. We then go to the City Market for bottled water, cheese, crackers, and strawberries for lunch. Now we take off for Arches National Park (see our pictures). We spend all day at Arches. I use my walking cane and do just fine. On our drive back to Moab we take a side trip along Route 128 (Colorado River). We stop to check out the Red River Ranch and the Sorrel Ridge Ranch and Spa. Stan is still looking for the perfect room for our 50th anniversary. The Red River Ranch had an OK room for \$200 per night but the grounds were eh. The Sorrel Ridge was gorgeous but the room was a closet for \$279. I said no way to both places but Stan would recommend Sorrel Ridge for a getaway if you take a room for \$350 per night (maybe). PS: Both places are good ways from Moab with nothing nearby. At 7 PM we have dinner at the Sunset Grill on top of a big hill. We both had steak – good food, good service, and oilcloth (plastic) tablecloths. The place reminded me of the Eutah House in State College. Stan managed the drive down the hill which is very windy, and narrow, with lots of potholes and a big

	drop on one side. A PERFECT DAY !!!!
7/13/07	Breakfast again at Archway Inn. Same stuff – English muffin, apple juice (better than orange), and coffee, then off to Canyonlands National Park. This place is also run. I would not come here just for Canyonlands but once you are here you should see it.
7/13/07	Dinner tonight is at Los Tres Amigos a small charming family place with authentic Mexican food made by an authentic Mexican family. The food is OK. After dinner, we walk the main street. Stan buys two money clips and I buy a Zuni pin.
7/13/07	We were still awake at midnight so we opened a bottle of wine that we had bought at the local state store. It's a 2006 The Wishing Tree unoaked chardonnay from Australia. We spend the next two hours talking, laughing and I can't believe it, drinking. We drank the entire bottle. Good lord!
7/14/07	We travel 15 miles south to visit "Hol'n the Rock House" a 5500 square foot 8-room house carved and blasted into a huge mountainside. After meandering through the Trading Post Joan purchases wind chimes and we begin our drive back to Salt Lake City. After a four-hour ride through the mountainside, we arrive at the luxurious Hilton Hotel. Stan returns the car to the airport and takes a limo back to the hotel. At 7 PM the knock at the door surprises us and we are welcomed to the Hilton with a wine and cheese platter wishing us a "Happy Anniversary" from "the kids." It was a great touch to finish off the day before having a light salad downstairs. Great day! Great Kids! The Best!
7/15/07	Sunday – After an in-room breakfast for two we go to hear the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Later that day we registered for the International Jewish Genealogical Society (IAJGS) conference. We receive a 700-page handout and a schedule that covers our time from 8 AM to 10 PM every day. Today Joan attends the Beginner's Workshop in Jewish Genealogy from 1 PM to 5 PM and Stan starts with Introduction to the Census and Keeping Track of Given Names. We go to the President's reception, which I don't think we are supposed to do. At the reception, people keep trying to persuade Stan to organize the Pittsburgh Genealogy Society. Later we go to the conference reception. We eat enough hors d'ouvres not to want dinner. They were two beautiful receptions.
7/16/07	Breakfast in our room again and we are off to the meetings. Stan touches base with Jill Chosen who has some family connection with the Lenchitz name but can't find a direct link between their mutual families. We walk down to the Family History Center and have dinner at a local restaurant which is sort of like an Eat 'n Park.
7/17/07	

7/18/07	More of a full day of programs and computer searches. Tonight we have dinner with Jill at the nearby Olive Garden.
7/19/07	More programs and dinner at the hotel. There is a Society-sponsored dessert buffet from 9 to 10 PM.
7/20/07	More programs. Tonight we head back to the Family History Center. Stan finds some family documents and copies them.
	We head for home. I unpack and realize that I lost the Zuni pin but nothing can change the fantastic glow left by the most perfect anniversary ever!
	<i>Here's To The Next 50! L'Chaim!</i>

Unfortunately, the next 50 years only lasted 8 years as lung cancer took her from me in 2015.



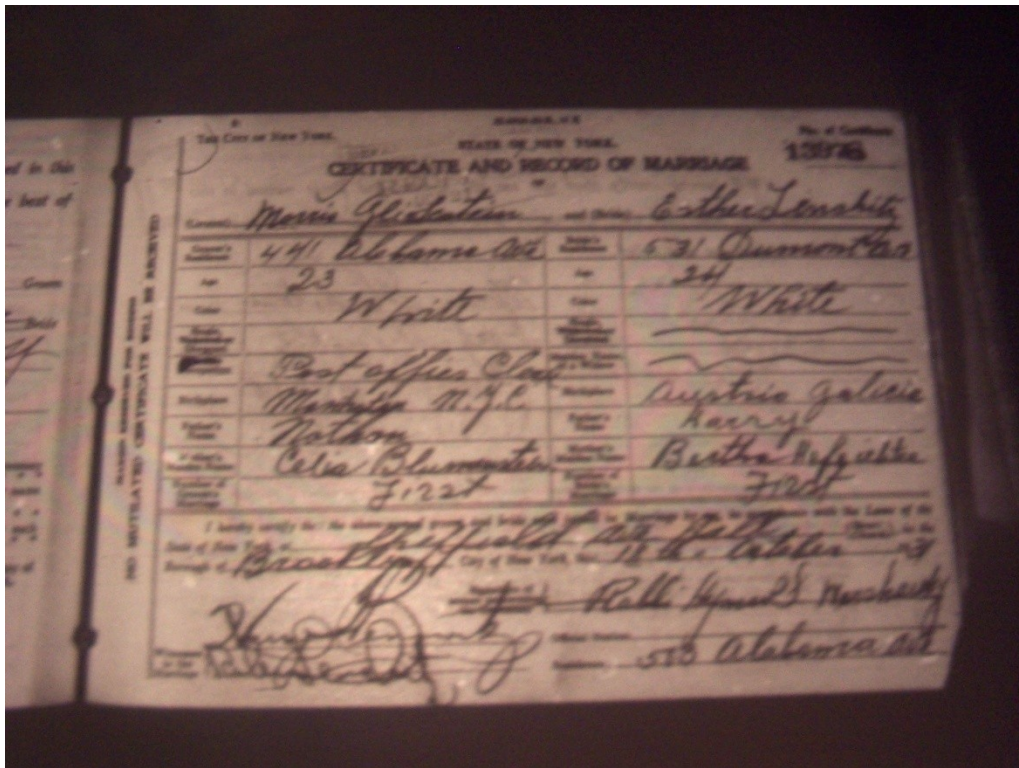
Celebrating our 50th Anniversary at Arches National Park



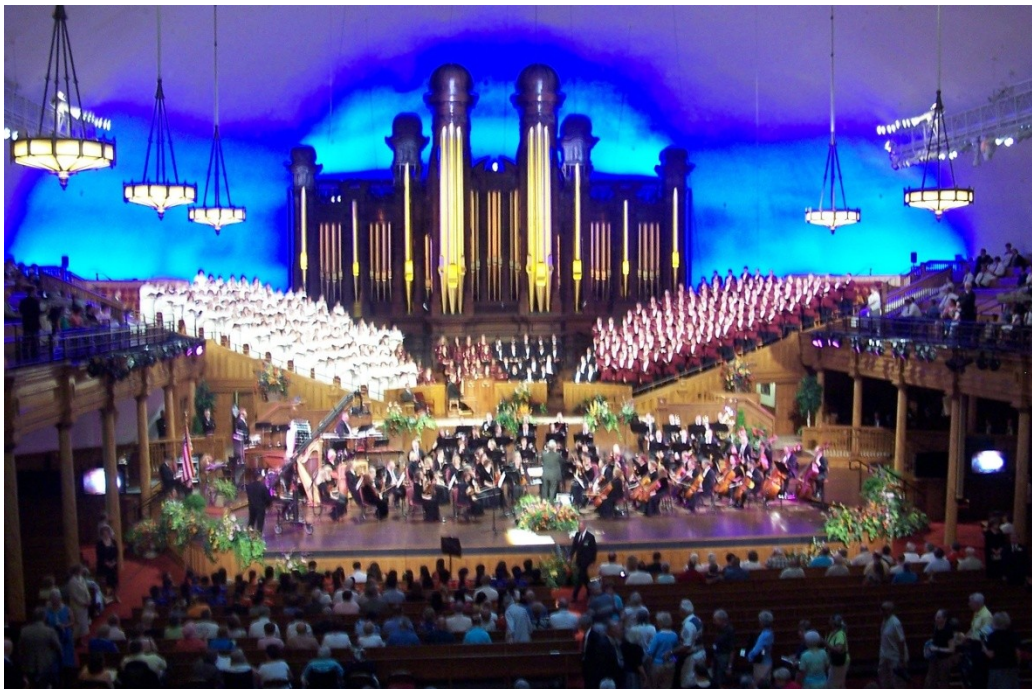
Just one of the many Arches



Joan wearing the first present I gave her 50 years earlier, the gold locket
(read story, page 7



Morris Glickstein and Esther Lenchitz Marriage Application



Mormon Choir at Sunday Morning Service

Story 37 58 Years of Travel with Joan and Stan Glickstein

1957 Honeymoon – State College PA – Crystal Caves PA
 1967 Winter – Miami
 19 70's ANS – St Louis; Florida – Orlando Disney 2 years in a row;
 ANS San Antonio; ASA San Antonio
 1972 1st International Welding Society (INS) meetings – Toronto Canada
 1976 IIW in London – visit England
 1996 Neutron Radiography Meetings - Chalk River Canada
 1997 Neutron Radiography Meetings – Luzerne Switzerland – a week in
 Switzerland

	Places we have traveled - Trips		Look at SLIDES, PIX, VHS Tapes, ANS, APS, AWS, ASHA		
	Date	Place	State	Why	Who
1	12-Jul-57	Crystal Caves	PA	Vacation	
2	Aug-57	Hyde Park, Bear Mountains	NY	Vacation	
3	May-05	Williamsburg	VA	Vacation	
4	1958	Nantucket	MA	Vacation	
5	abt 1962	Miami Beach,	FL	1st Vacation	
6	1964's	Catskills	NY		Parents
7	abt 1966	Denver	CO	American Nuclear Society	Stan
8	abt 1967	Los Angeles, Tijuana, Vegas, Phoenix	CA	American Nuclear Society	
9	Nov-68	San Francisco	CA	American Nuclear Society	
10	1970's	Rolla	Missouri	American Physical Society	Stan
11	1972's	Israel	Stan's Parents, J&S	J&S 15th Anniversary	
12	abt 1975	St Louis, Dallas. Mexico City		ANS, Vacation Unlimited Travel with USAir	
13	Dec-74	Disneyland	FL	Family camping	
14	Dec-75	Disneyland, Keys	FL	Family camping	
15	1980's	Williamsburg	VA	Family vacation	
16	1980's	Nashville		Joan's mom	
17	1980's?	Israel	visit Cathy		
18	1980's?	Upstate	NY	AWS	Stan
19	Jul-82	Fallingwater	PA	day outing	
20	Oct-82	Toronto, Niagara Falls	Canada	American Speech Language Ass.	Cathy, J&S
21	Nov-82	San Francisco	CA		
22	Dec-82	Disneyland	FL	Family	
23	1983's?	Portugal, Morocco, Spain		Globus Tour	

24	Dec-83	Key Biscayne	FL	Dad, Cyn, J&S and all of the family, Joan's mom	
25	abt 1984	Boston, Salem, etc	MA	Ev & Ron Lang	
26	1985?	Spain		with Maxine Horvitz, visit Fran & Joe Cohen	Joan
27	Jun-85	Niagara Falls	NY	Took Joan's mother	
28	1987	England, Amsterdam, Germany,	Paris, Italy, Austria	Globus Tour	
29	Jun-87	Philadelphia	PA	Mort Levy play, Dr. Capulet	
30	Jun-87	Corning, Horsehead	NY	Visit Freed	
31	Dec-87	Sanabel Island	FL	Visit Karen	
32	Sep-87	Outer Banks	NC	J&S 30th Anniversary	
33	Oct-87	Miami	FL	Tara's Bat Mitzvah	
34	Apr-88	Birmingham, Chattanooga, New Orleans	LO	On the way to meetings in New Orleans	
35	Jun-88	Seattle, Mount Rainier, Vancouver	WA	Meeting	
36	May-89	New Mexico			
37	1989	Grand Bahama Island		Joan's mom	
38	Sep-89	Monticello	VA		
39	Dec-89	Berkeley Springs	MD	Greens Glickstein Freemans and Weiss	
40	1990	Israel		Dad took family	Family
41	????	England		AWS	
42	1990	Ottawa, Chalk River	Ontario, Canada	Neutron Radiography Meeting	
43	1990	Yellowstone			
44	1991?	New Hampshire		Travel with Greens at the Lang's Log cabin	
45	1991	Switzerland	Guided Tour		
46	Jun-92	San Francisco, Yosemite, Reno	CA	Neutron Radiography Meeting	
47	Aug-92	Longwood Gardens	PA	Vacation	
48	Jun-95	Alaska	Al	cruise with Neustadt	
49	1995?	Sedona			
50	1997	Tortola, Virgin Islands	Caribbean	bareboat with Cohen and Mitchell	
51	Jul-97	Lancaster	PA	40th Anniversary, Family vacation	
52	1997	Panama Canal	Cruise with Langs		
53	Mar-98	Switzerland	Int Neutron Radiography	meeting	
54	1998	San Antonio	TX	JKG Workshop	
55	1998	San Diego	CA		
56	1999	San Antonio	TX	Joan, Vera, Maxine Fran	
57	1999	Quebec, Montreal	Canada	Travel with Greens	
58	Aug-00	Halifax, Nova Scotia	Canada	Travel with Greens	
59	Jun-00	Lancaster	PA	Family Reunion II	
60	2000's	Panama Canal Cruise		Travel with Langs	Joan
61	2000's	Los Cabos	Mexico	Maxine, Fran	
62	2000	Santa Fe	NM	Joan, Vera, Maxine Fran	
63	2001	Branson, MO; Little Rock	AK	Travel with Langs	
64	2001	China			Joan

65	Jul-02	Clark	Pa	Tara, Anniversary	
66	2002	Oil City	PA	weekend bike with Buracks	
67	2002	Scotland		Joan traveled with Harriet Kaplan, Sherbrooke Village, Truro	
68	Aug 2002?		DE	Longwood Gardens	
69	2003	Carlsbad, El Paso, Rosewell, etc.	Vacation	Travel with Langs	
70	2004	Los Angeles, Vegas, Zion, etc	Vacation	Shuster, 50th,	Joan
71	2004	Peru, Ecuador	Vacation	Joan Traveled with Harriet Kaplan and Maxine Horvitz	
72	2004	Akron	OH	Travel with Langs to the Stan Hywet Goodyear Estate	
73	2004	Denver	Badlands		
74	Jul-05	Lancaster	PA	with gang	
75	Jun-05	Ogelbay	West VA	with Langs	
76	2005	Vegas			
77	2005	Oregon		Travel with Langs	
78	May-06	Williamsburg		Vacation	
79	2006	Danube Boat	Tour		
80	2006	Providence	RI	Danny Schultz Wedding	
81	2007	Salt Lake City	Genealogy Conference		
82	2007	Disney	Cruise with Family		
83	2007	Nashville		Travel with Langs	
84	2008	Lakeview, W Va	Foodfest		
85	2008		W Va	Palace of Gold	
86	2008?	Mount Vernon	Washington Home	Vacation	
87	2009	Danube Boat		Cruise with SURE group	
88	2009	Disney	Cruise with Family		
89	2010	Niagara on the Lake, Canada	Shaw Festival, Travel with Langs		
90	2010	Ireland	Tour		
91	2011	State College, PA	Alumni, 50th Anniversary		
92	2011	Gettysburg, Cooperstown	Baseball Hall of Fame	Travel with Langs	Joan
93	Jan 9, 2011	Caribbean	Joan Cruise with Friends		
94	2011	Lakeview, W Va	Foodfest		
95	May-11	Russia	Guided Tour		
96	Aug-11	Scranton/Cooperstown/PA Grand Canyon		travel with Langs	
97	2012	State College, PA	Alumni Doctoral Weekend		
98	2012	Rehoboth Beach	DE	Family Vacation	
99	2012	Richmond	VA	Travel with Langs	

100	2012	Turkey		Tour	
101	2012	San Francisco	Green Bar Mitzvah	Vacation	
102	Jun-13	Cruise - Greece, Turkey Israel, Egypt, Italy			
103	1-Jan-14	Los Angeles	Rose Bowl	Max High School Band	
104	Jan-13	Lakeview, W Va	Foodfest		
105					
106		Little Rock		Travel with Langs	
107		Portland	OR	Travel with Langs	
108					
109		Houston	TX	JKG Workshop	
110		Seattle	WA	JKG Workshop	
111		Boston	MA	JKG Workshop	
112		Ft Lauderdale	FL	JKG Workshop	
113				JKG Workshop	
114	Jun-05	Yellowstone			
115	1994/1995	Sedona		Cold fusion	
116		Akron	OH	with Langs	
117	2006?	CT casino			
118	2006?	Newport RI	RI	Danny Schultz wedding	
119	2004?	Brice, Grand Canyon, Lake Powell			
120	1990?	Charlestown with Cohen			
121	1995?	Niagara falls			
122	2002?		Utah	Brice	
123					
124		Data Files/Travel Travel Summary - places we have been/Place we have been - Trips.xls			



Israel - 1972



Niagara Falls - 1982



Joan and Stan in St Louis



Ladies' Vacation in New York City 2005

Story 38 Family Reunion 2023

It took a long time, but it finally happened! A Glickstein/Lenchitz. family reunion took place on June 17, 2023, at the home of Barbara and Larry Gottesman. The idea all began 26 years ago following a very successful birthday party for my uncle Charles Lenchitz. There may have been close to 100+ relatives who attended the affair. Several family members volunteered to speak about my uncle as well as about our family history. In particular, Cousin Esther Barnett, a member of our Bronx contingent spoke at length and very much impressed my Uncle Charlie's son Harry. Sometime after the party, my cousin Harry sent me an e-mail suggesting that we have a Family Reunion. (See email on next page.) The thought remained present in my mind since then, but the reunion never came to fruition.

It was in the summer of 2022 that some members of our family met in the party room on the top of my grandson Ethan's apartment building in New York City. That gathering took place because my son Steven, grandson Ethan, and cousins Jessica Brooks Holman, Eve Gottesman and I were participating in the 5-Boro New York City bike ride in the summer of 2022. My presence in New York City opened the door to inviting some of my close cousins to meet at Ethan's apartment building.

At that afternoon gathering a day before the scheduled Sunday bike ride, I suggested to some who were present that we should consider having a family reunion. It sparked interest and the flame was lit. Cousin Barbara Gottesman was extremely excited. After some time passed, my son Steve agreed to chair a small committee and serious discussion began about holding a family reunion. After 6-9 months of talking via Zoom, many options were advanced. Finally, Barbara Gottesman raised her hand and offered her home in Montclair, New Jersey as a place to convene. That was the clincher. A date was selected, e-mail addresses were compiled and an invitation was sent to all the addresses we had listed. The reunion finally occurred. My dream was fulfilled.

Barbara Gottesman undertook a momentous task and she did a superb job in putting together this event for the 60+ people who attended. She ordered the food, had a tent erected to ward off the rain, and hired help to serve and clean up. She arranged for a magician to entertain the young children that were present. She engaged her cousin Rosa Polin a professional photographer to take pictures of the event. A special thank you to Barbara's husband Larry for all the support he provided Barbara. And thanks to everyone else who participated as committee members to make this event occur; Steven Glickstein, Brette Glick Stein, Barbara Sacher, Sherri Glickstein, Jordon Glickstein, Karen Edeson and Stan Glickstein.

An E-mail from Cousin Harry Lenchitz sent in 1996 suggested organizing a family reunion.

Subj:
Date: 98-03-18 22:01:59 EST
From: lenchitz@osf1.gmu.edu (HARRY LENCHITZ)
To: Ssgjkg@aol.com

Good day, cousins.

It was an extreme pleasure to meet with you, and your son and daughters, on
15 MAR 98.

Thank you for helping to make my Dad's day so special.

Two items come to mind.

1. Do we have E-mail addresses for any of the approximately 100 folks who
attended?

A. I have a small listserve of Lenchitz/Gottesman/Goldberg.

B. You maintain a family tree.

C. Any chance of a family E-tree? — sent to Brad Wolf and
9/30/06

2. I would gladly help underwrite an annual or semi-annual gathering of the
clan.

A. We should gather to listen to Ms. Barnett as often as possible.

B. A Glickstein/Lenchitz/Yaker family reunion would be a good thing.

C. It is within the realm of possibility.

What do you think?

Harry

Harry Lenchitz	E-mail: lenchitz@gmu.edu
The Institute of Public Policy	TEL: 703-993-4646
George Mason University	FAX: 703-993-1574
Fairfax, VA 22030-4444	

----- Headers -----

Return-Path: <lenchitz@osf1.gmu.edu>
Received: from relay11.mx.aol.com (relay11.mail.aol.com [172.31.109.11]) by air10.mail.aol.com (v40.9) with SMTP; Wed, 18
Mar 1998 22:01:59 -0500
Received: from gmu.edu (portal.gmu.edu [129.174.1.8])
by relay11.mx.aol.com (8.8.5/8.8.5/AOL-4.0.0)
with SMTP id WAA15817 for <Ssgjkg@aol.com>;
Wed, 18 Mar 1998 22:01:11 -0500 (EST)
Received: from ppp253.dialup.gmu.edu by gmu.edu (5.65v4.0/1.1.3.9/GMUv7)



Home of Barbara and Larry Gottesman: 64 Woodmont Road, Upper Montclair NJ



We gathered in the beautiful wooded backyard of the Gottesman residence.
 (L-R) Barbara Sacher (back to picture), Ethan Glickstein Karen Edeson Fred Edeson
 Norman Lenchitz and Barbara Gottesman



Stan provided introductory remarks on how his genealogy undertaking got started.



The Stan Glickstein Clan: Karen Stan Steven and Barbara

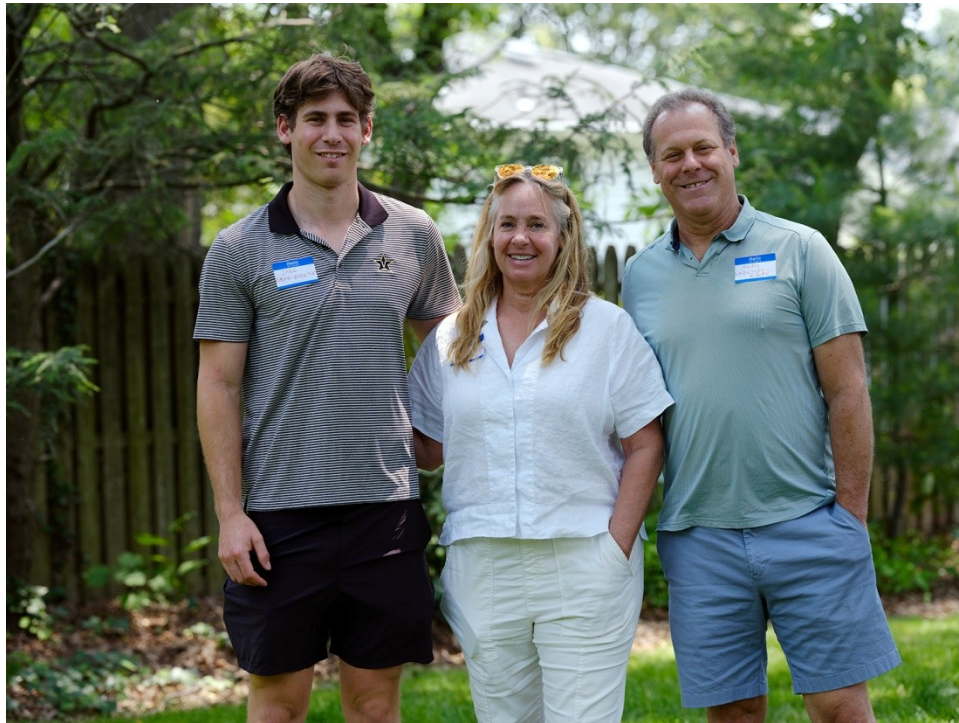


The Glickstein family

left to right: Barbara, Sara, Max, Elana, Stan, Jonah, Karen, Fred, Steven, Ethan and Sherri



Stan and sister Cynthia



The Karetsky gang. Jake, Pam, and Andy



Stan's grandkids: l to r - Max, Elana, Jonah, Sara and Ethan who missed jump signal



Cousin Barbara Gottesman and Grandson Charlie



Family Photo



Names of numbered persons are provided on the next page

Names of Persons in Picture

1. Sylvia Lenchitz
2. Baby Charlie Daniel
3. Benjamin Holman
4. Eden Stein
5. Erica Glick
6. Liana Glick
7. Bernie Lenchitz
8. Larry Gottesman'
9. Miles Bowser (Eva's Friend)
10. Eva Lenchitz
11. Norman Lenchitz
12. Teresita Lenchitz
13. Donna Butler
14. Julie Ruvkin
15. Rick Ruvkin
16. Lorraine Glickstein
17. Cynthia Ribak
18. Barbara Gottesman
19. Arielle Glick
20. Rochelle Glick
21. Gabriel Stein
22. Brette Glick Stein
23. Sherri Glickstein
24. Francine Weinman
25. Eric Weinman
26. Helen Dermake
27. Elizabeth Dermake Secodino
28. Visitor
29. Jordon Lenchitz
30. Adi Brenner (Eve's Friend)
31. Eve Gottesman
32. Rena Lenchitz
33. Joe Holman
34. Jessica Brooks Holman
35. Marlene Lenchitz
36. Mary Rose Glickstein
37. Harry Glick
38. Ethan Glickstein
39. Adam Stein
40. Stanley Glickstein
41. Karen Edeson
42. Barbara Sacher
43. Sara Sacher
44. Jake Karetsky
45. Nancy Thompson
46. Steven Glickstein
47. Pam Karetsky
48. Andy Karetsky
49. Heath Glick
50. Lisa Glick
51. Jordon Glickstein
52. Martin Lecher
53. Steven H, Glickstein
54. Lynne Linchitz Lecher
55. Max Sacher
56. Jonah Edeson
57. Elana Sacher
58. Fred Edeson

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Story 39 Cherished Photographs

The past 100+ pages have provided cherished memories that I have released from an area deeply embedded in my brain somewhere. Neurologists can probably pinpoint that specific region.

Just a few days ago (February 18, 2023) Karen arrived for a weekend visit to Pittsburgh. She brought with her old photo albums that she had been storing for me in her home. These boxes and many more were removed from my Pleasant Hills residence for safe storage when sold my home and moved to my present living space in the Atrium Condominium complex. She and I opened just a few of the boxes which contained a treasure chest of old photographs from Joan's parent's photograph collection, Joan's and Stan's photographs we each had before our marriage. In addition, there were photographs that Joan and I started together that dated back to our first day of marriage. It was indeed a magnificent treasure chest of old photographs that needed a home.

After spending some wonderful hours and more hours looking through the old photographs from July 12, 1957, I decided to open a new section in this *Memories Recalled* book and entitle it *Cherished Photographs*. I hope you enjoy them as much as I have enjoyed putting them together.

I am uncertain as to how to preserve and what to do with the physical Photo Albums. They are withering. Only the author knows the names that accompany the faces in the picture. It is a real concern. I am not quite sure what will become of them. In the meantime, I have enjoyed looking through these pictures and recalling the many moments of past bliss. Perhaps you too will receive just a little of the immense joy I have had of putting these pages together.

My life officially began on November 12, 1933, at 8:30 AM. However, it truly began to blossom, after meeting and marrying my beloved wife Joan Katz on July 12, 1957. That tale has been related to Story 3 of this book. S Our first abode after getting married, was a basement apartment in State College. My mother always referred to it as the cellar. After we married, we returned to Penn State to continue my PhD studies at State College.



Our first abode was in a basement apartment at 426 ½ Martin Terrace, State College.

My mother always referred to it as the cellar.



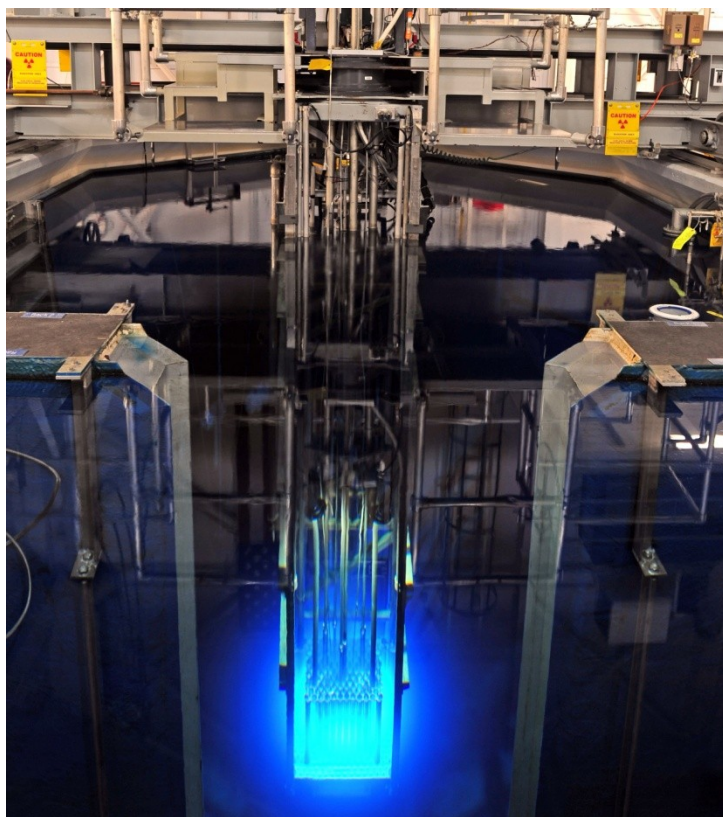
Joan's graduation in August 1957
MS Clinical Speech



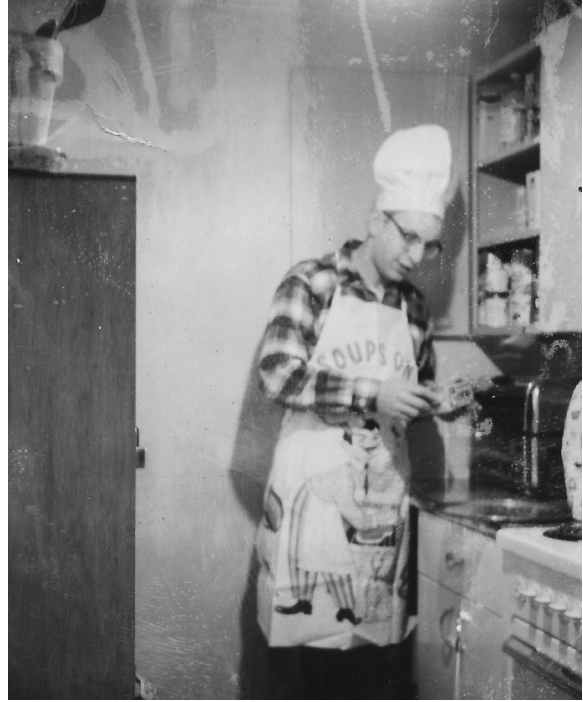
Stan's graduation day 1961
Ph.D. Physics



Joan attended evening modern dance class while in State College



The Penn State research reactor where Stan spent much of his time gathering data for his MS and Ph.D. theses.



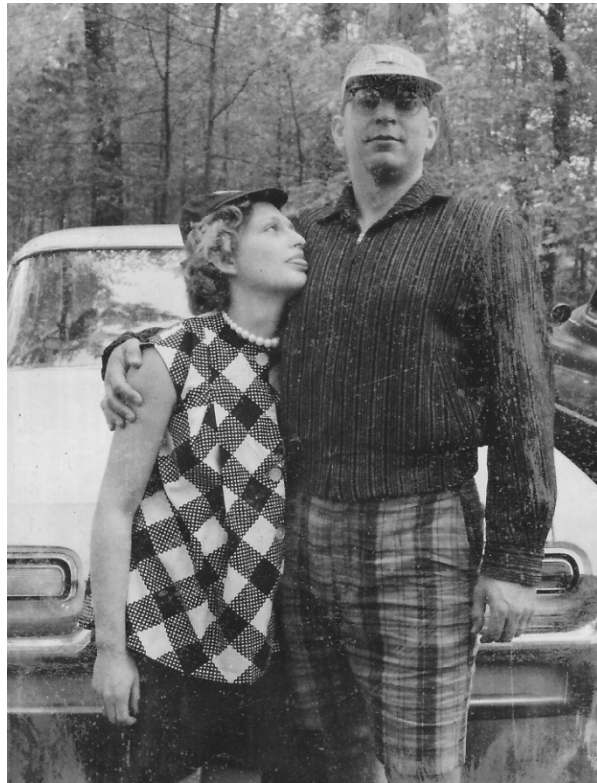
After 1-year of living in a “cellar,” we moved into the most luxurious apartment in the area
It was just built with a balcony (not yet finished) on South Allen Street.



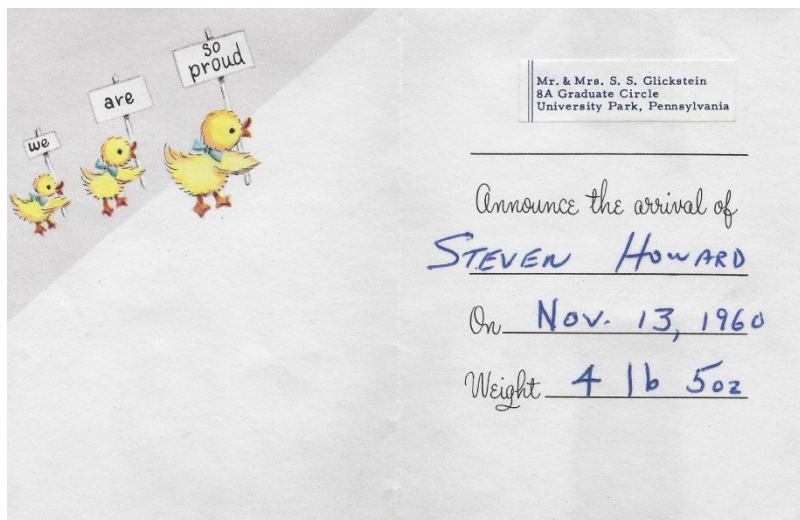
With Joan employed full-time as a Speech Therapist for Centre County Schools and I with an assistantship, living was great. Above: swimming on the weekend with friends at Po Paddy



Picnicking at nearby Whipples Dam with neighbors Evelyn Lang with Stan and Joan



Life was about to get even better. If I look carefully, Steve was on the way.



Introducing our new arrival. Steven was born in Bellefonte, PA.
It was the closest town that had a hospital with a maternity unit.



At 4 lb 5 oz, he spent some time in an incubator before being released from the hospital.



Joan is a content and happy mother with her newborn son.



Yes, Steve was growing fast. I took him fishing before he was walking.

Our luxurious apartment in town had only one bedroom. With a new arrival expected, we decided to move into a newly built Graduate Housing complex located on the Penn State campus that had two bedrooms. It was located on campus about 1000 feet from the Nuclear Reactor facility where I did my experimental research for my PhD thesis. On rare occasions, the horns would go off notifying everyone that there was a sudden shutdown of the reactor. Joan would calmly tell the neighbors, "There goes Stan again, he shut down the reactor."

The Graduate housing was a great area to spend whatever time we had left before completing my work at Penn State and leaving State College. Our neighbors were a couple from South Carolina. I do not recall what department he was a graduate student in. She was his newly married wife and she was a bit from the hinterlands.

We spent considerable time in each other's apartment where we would have an occasional dinner together or party. When Steven arrived, we used telephones as a way of listening to any noise coming from Steven's bedroom.

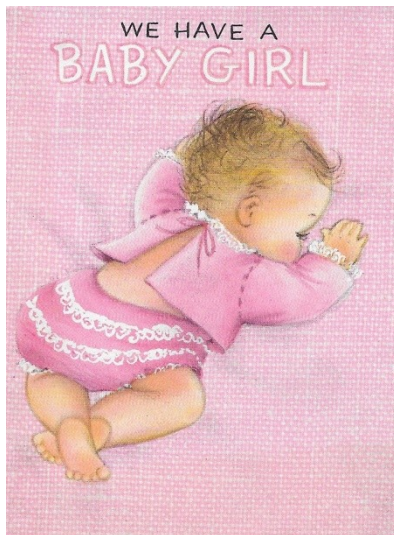
As the story goes, on one occasion, I am not sure just how, but we mentioned that we were Jewish. Whatever was said after that, I am not sure. However, she looked at Joan and me with amazement she was completely surprised to find that we did not have horns. That is right, she thought as Jews, we would have horns. Somehow we got through the evening with much pleasant. Joan and I went home that evening bewildered and amazed. Yup, that is a true story.

We left Penn State and arrived in Princeton New Jersey in the summer of 1961 to take a post-doctoral position in the Physics Department at Princeton University. We were the first families to move into a newly constructed 8-story apartment building. The apartment complex was located in a wooded area along Lake Carnegie on the Princeton campus. It was about a 1-mile walk through the woods to the center of the campus where my laboratory was located. What a magnificent facility it was that housed only, "Junior Faculty." Each apartment had 2 floors with 2 bedrooms upstairs and a kitchen, dining area, and living room on the lower level. We were located on the top two floors of this 8-story high building.

We were called *Junior Faculty* and it was required that the wives of the Jr. Faculty visit the Sr. faculty wives to pay their respects. Joan made many friends with the other women and all succeeded in carrying out their required duties.

Joan found a part-time position as a Speech Therapist with the Easter Seals and that kept her professionally busy until the new arrival came in 1962.

And then there were two



*L*ots of frills and lace and bows, shining eyes and button nose
We're really in a happy whirl because we've got a baby girl!!

Her name is *Barbara Helene*
Brana

She arrived *Oct. 2, 1962*

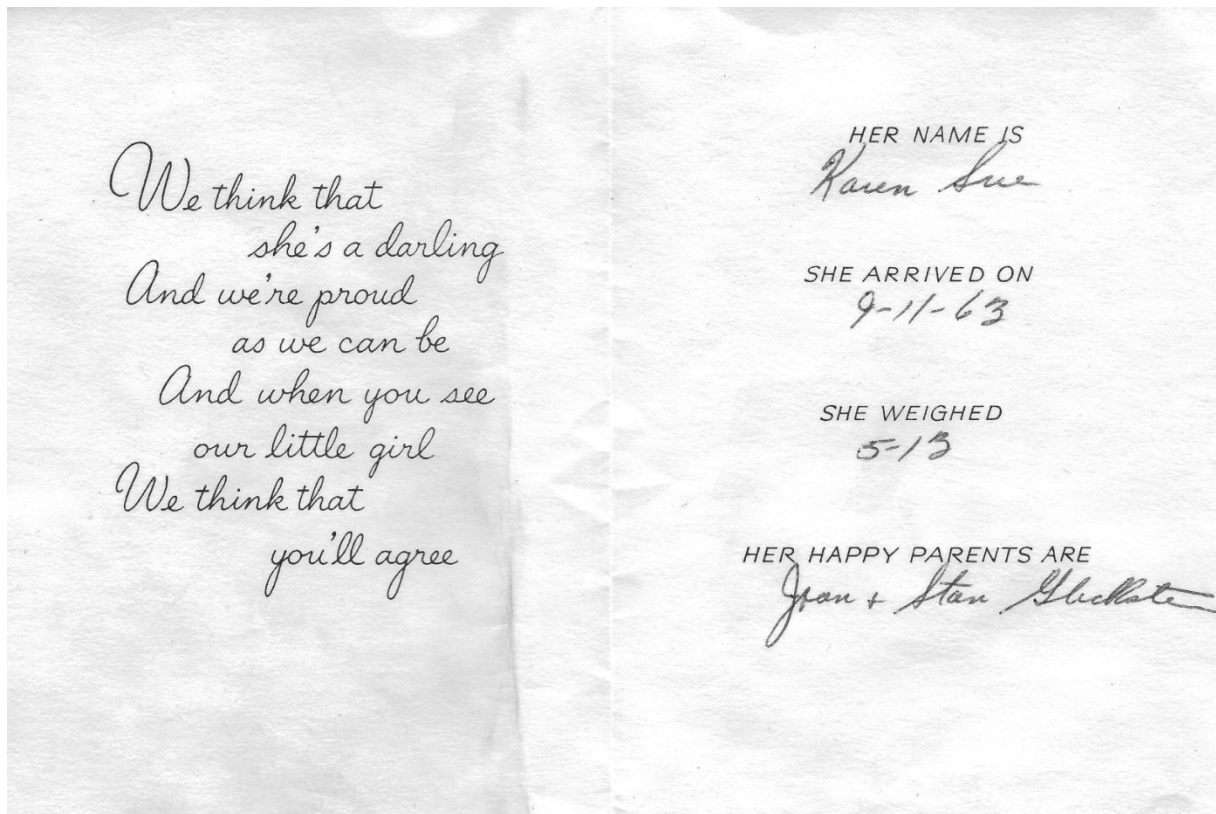
She weighs *6-1*

Parents *Stan & Joan Gluckstein*



That is my little girl, Barbara. She was born in Princeton NJ

One year later there were three





Karen Sue Glickstein

Born in Princeton Hospital



Lakeside Apartments on the banks of Lake Cayuga

After 3-years as a Post Doc in Research as well as an Instructor in the Physics department it was time to move on. I accepted a position as a Sr. Scientist with the Westinghouse Bettis Atomic Power Laboratory. The laboratory was created by Admiral Rickover, the father of the nuclear submarine. Its mission is to maintain and build a better and bigger nuclear navy for our country. The laboratory is a leader in the nuclear reactor industry. I have elaborated on my work at Bettis in the early pages which the reader may want to review. We found a multi-level home to rent in Pleasant Hills, PA just 5 miles from the laboratory. This became our home until Joan passed in 2015 and I finally sold in 2019.

Three years after arriving in Pittsburgh we added another.



My name is
CATHY ANN
(Zelde Asna)
I was born January 11, 1967
I weighed 7 lb 3 oz
and live with
Steven, Barbara & Karen
(who seem pretty happy!)
(daddy & mom want
To move out
for awhile)



And now we are four.

How quickly they all grew up.

Memorable Events: The Weddings

My son Steve, first met Sherri Lerner when he was 11 years old at my cousin Harry Glick's wedding. The bride's younger sister Sherri was 8 years old and sat at the same children's table as Steven. They were reintroduced 18 years later and a shidach was made.



Steve and Sherri - Wedding with Family
May 23, 1991 Long Island, NY

Top row left to right: Pam, Cathy, Stan, Joan, Bride, Groom, Karen, Seth, Arthur, Cynthia
Seated: Morris, Barbara, Robin

Seven months after Steve's wedding, Barbara was married.



Top row Steven, Stan, Joan Barbara, Seth, Cathy
seated Sherri, Karen

December 21, 1991

Congregation B'nai Israel, Pittsburgh, PA

Sometime later, it was Karen's turn.

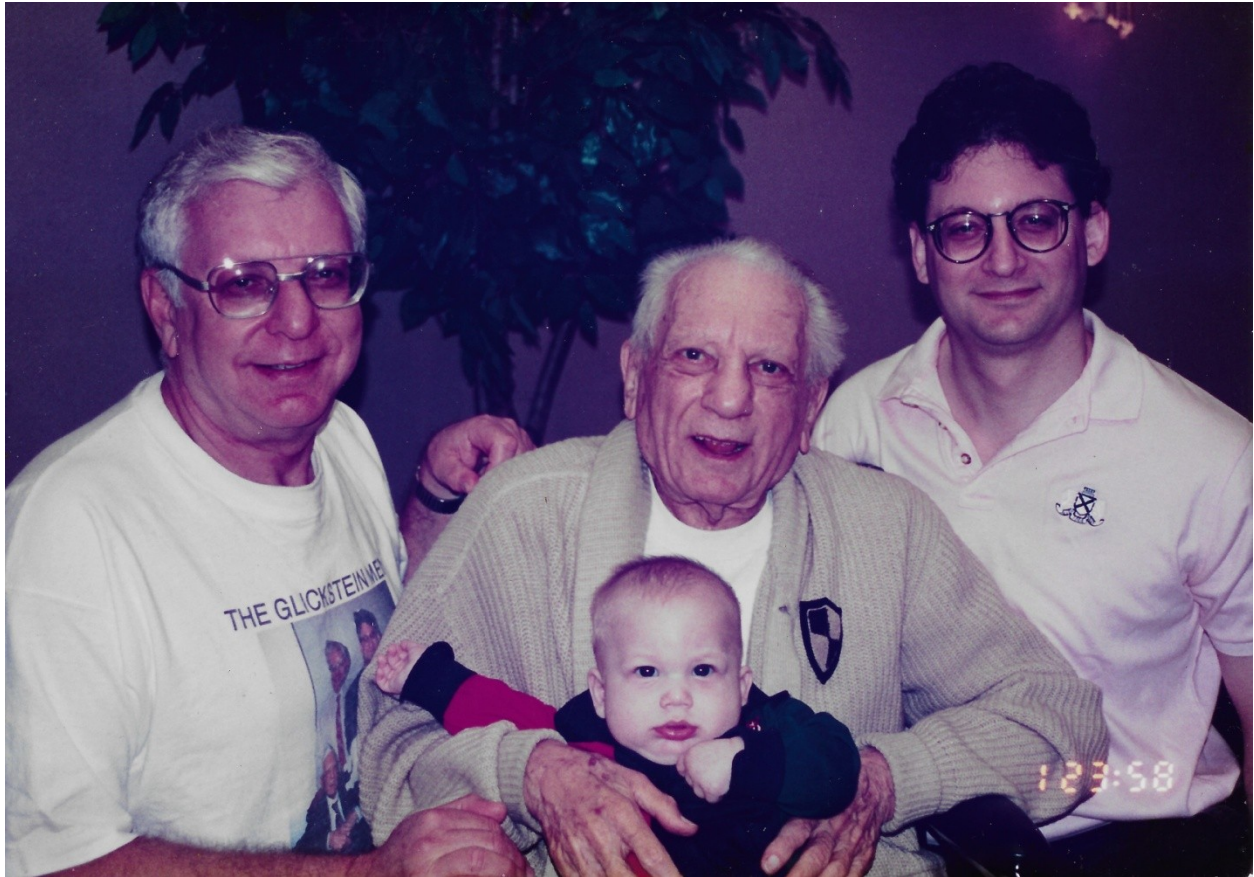


*

Top Row: Cathy, Seth holding baby Max, Barbara. Fred, Karen, Joan, Stan, Sherri with Jarred and Steven holding baby Ethan: Flower girls: Sara and Elana

April 11, 1999
Beth El Congregation of South Hills
Pittsburgh, PA

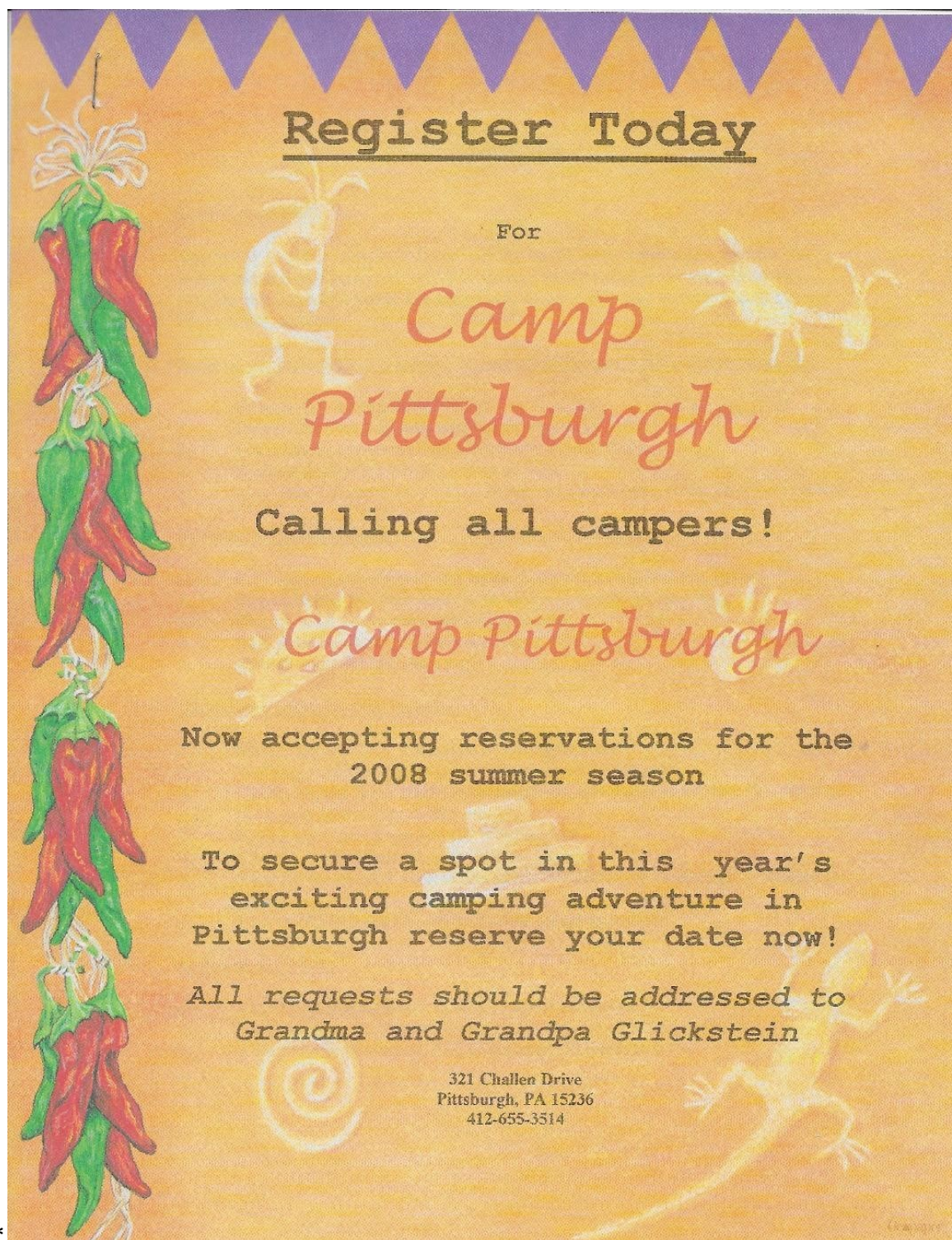
Four generations of Glickstein



Grandpa Stan, Great-grandpa Morris, Steven
and Steve's first son Jarred

It didn't take too long before new additions were added to our growing family. Grandma and Grandpa were always eager to get this little rascal away from their loving parents and have them all to ourselves. To accomplish that task we incorporated Camp Pittsburgh. It didn't take too long before they were old enough to travel without their parents and spend some free time with Joan and me at our abode in Pittsburgh. (I assume their parents were delighted too.)

Below is a copy of one of their yearly invitations.



321 Challen Drive
Pittsburgh, PA 15236
May 1, 2008

Dear Grandchild:

This letter invites you to be our guest at the best Camp in the entire Pittsburgh region located on Challen Drive. The owners of the camp, your grandparents, Stanley and Joan Glickstein are very eager to have you stay at their Camp during the summer of 2008

Some of the daily activities located on our resort property include the following:

1. Sleep as late as you wish.
2. On certain days you may stay up as long as you like.
3. Breakfast outdoors serving almost any of your favorite foods.
4. Feeding a rapidly growing group of fish.
5. Available TV and Computers. Bring you own video games. Supply is limited.

Sporting activities include:

1. Bicycling on the old railroad trails along the Youghioghney River.
2. Picnicking on the bike trails with optional overnight camping.
3. Fishing with newly purchased fishing rods.
4. Boat rides on the Pittsburgh Rivers.
5. Visit the new Sports Museum.

Sightseeing activities may include:

1. Observing the large waterfalls at Ohiopyle Park.
2. Walking underneath the waterfalls at nearby Ohiopyle.
3. Observing the three rivers (Monongehela, Allegheny and Ohio) that meet at the center of the City of Pittsburgh.
3. Riding the Tram from Mount Washington.
4. Visiting the fish market in the "Strip District."
5. Viewing the historic classrooms at the University of Pittsburgh's Cathedral of learning.
6. Visit to the Science Center and other places of interest.

Cultural Activities:

1. Visit the History Center to see the latest exhibits.
2. Visit the large fountain at Point Park and put your feet in the water.
3. A day trip to Harmony, PA; home of the Harmonists.



Jarred, working in Grandpa's "shop" to shape and sharpen his sword.



Max and Sara taking instructions from Grandpa in his shop located in the corner of the garage.



Max driving the WWII submarine located at the Science Center.



Jonah was very busy working to become an Eagle Scout to attend too many Camp Pittsburgh adventures.

Elana too was kept very busy during her summer vacations attending Camp. Having had one too many unfortunate experiences with sending Barbara and Karen to Girl Scout Camp I decided to write a letter to Elana when she took off to attend the summer camp away from home.

**321 Challen Drive
Pittsburgh, PA 15236
July 15, 2003**

My dearest granddaughter Elana:

Wow! I can't believe that I am writing to you AT CAMP!

It must have been over 30 years ago that I wrote my daughter Barbara letters when she went to the Girl Scout camp. I wrote a letter every day, starting a week before she left.

After a week or so after she arrived at camp, I began to receive letters back saying... "PLEASE WRITE!" But I had been writing. A week later, 10 letters that I sent arrived back at my home saying "incorrect address." Your grandfather cried.

I immediately sent the 10 letters of special delivery back to the correct address.

Well, I hope this letter gets to you when you arrive because I am sending it early. I hope I am sending it to the correct address. Your mother said you can receive E-mail. That sounds like a great idea. Would you prefer E-mail or letters? Let me know.

Also, you don't have to feel that you have to write if you haven't the time and inclination.

Just enjoy yourself!!!! I can't wait to talk to you after you return and hear all about your adventures.

Grandma & especially Grandpa love you.

HAVE FUN!!!! ENJOY!!!!

Love,

Grandpa from PITTSBURGH

Elana did spend several summer vacations at Camp Pittsburgh. She contributed the following story, *Tradition*, to the *Family Storybook* that cousin Julie Ruvkin and I compiled.

Tradition: by Elana Sacher

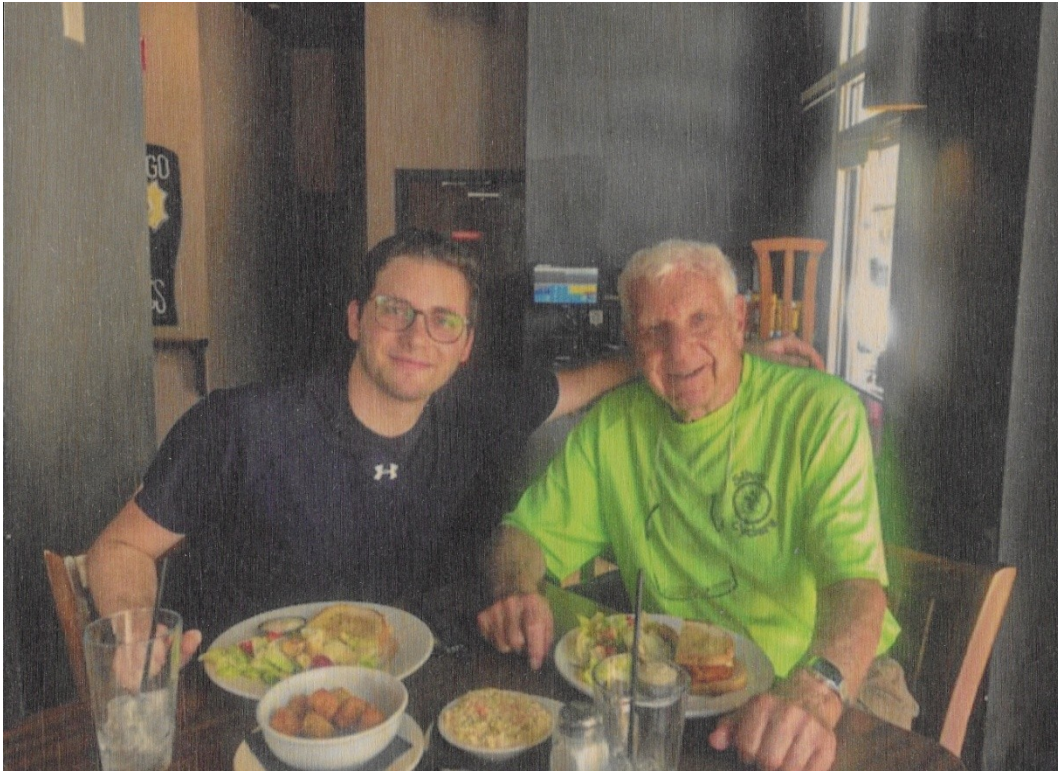
One of my favorite family traditions is the infamous McDonald's Breakfast, an event that occurs spontaneously but requires the presence of my grandparents. Typically the outing begins bright and early as my siblings and I pile into the backseat of my grandparent's car, my grandfather in the driver seat, and my grandmother in the passenger side navigating the way to the nearest McDonald's restaurant. Upon arrival, we 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 up 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 playpen. 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 wasn't over yet. After breakfast, a trip to the dollar store was a must. Here we were allowed to 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 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.



How can one forget our many visits to McDonald's?

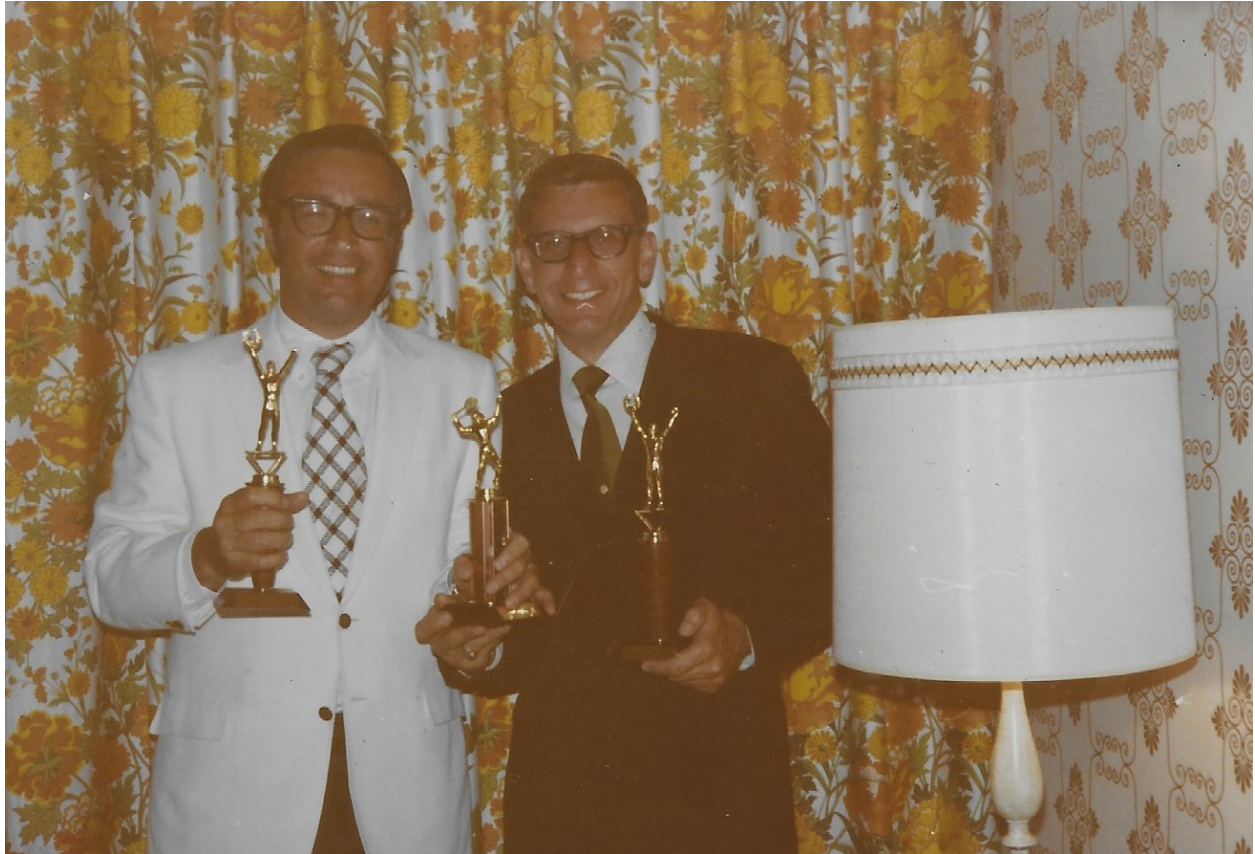


Downtown Pittsburgh eatery
After a long morning's bicycle ride, Grandson Ethan and Grandpa took a lunch break



Joan and Stan dressed for snorkeling off the coast of Tortola while spending a week of sailing in the Caribbean in 1997. We rented a Catamaran with our very dear friends, Jocelyn and David Mitchell. They assumed the position of captain for the week. We slept in one of the corner pontoons that were designated as our bed for the week. Great fun! Not having much sailing experience I was designated to be in charge of the garbage detail

It was an exciting and wonderful week when my parents took all of the family for a week's vacation at a Borscht Belt hotel during the summer. All the grandkids, Steven, Barbara, Karen, Cathy, Pamela, and Robin were sent off to "camp." For the entire week, Arthur and I spent each day engaging in sporting activities. The result of that activity is shown below. The grandkids were released from camp for lunch and dinner. We engaged a babysitter to watch them in the evening so that we could all attend the Hotel's show every evening.



Art Ribak and Stan Glickstein received the *Tennis Champions* trophy and *All Around Athletes* trophy for participating in the most activities for the week at the Borscht Belt Hotel



Cathy, Joan and Stan shooting the rapids at Ohiopyle
3- Smiling persons in the front



A few years later my cousins Mark and Jason Glick rode the rapids.

Letter from Cousin Rochelle Glick to Stan, November 2023

Dear Cousin,

Who would ever believe this story?? Harry and I were on the FDR Drive in Manhattan heading home when we saw the bikers on the opposite side going south.

I snapped one picture because I thought what a special photo that would be. Little did I know that the one photo I snapped would be that of our special cousin Stan!!! How amazing!!

This truly was destiny! One biker in lime green peddling away with tens of thousands. So, dear cousin, here you are...

May your ride through life be one filled with good health and peace.

We love you...and wish you only the best always!

Happy 90th Birthday!

Much, much love, 
Cousins Rochelle and Harry

Letter to Stan from Rochelle Glick for his 90th Birthday



Picture taken by Rochelle Glick, Sunday May 1, 2023



Team Glickstein Gathering at 7:00 am for 5-Boro Ride in NYC

Cousins Jessica Brooks Holman, Eve Gottesman, Stan, Steve and Ethan Glickstein



Gathering to start. Look at the center of the picture for Team Glickstein

Conclusion

While there are many more wonderful memories and pictures to recall and document for posterity, it is time to bring these thoughts to a close. I hope the reader has enjoyed the tales as much as I have enjoyed recalling these wonderful experiences. It has been a lifetime filled with joy and happiness.

