

SHEALTIEL GAZETTE

THE INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF THE FAMILY NETWORK



Salonika's waterfront at the beginning of the century

The Archives of Catalonia—
Moshe Shaltiel Gracian

Brothers from Amsterdam—
Vibeke Sealtiel Olsen

Once More the Malaysian
Meshuggeneh—Martin Best

Henry in Harlow—*Betty Saltiel*

In memoriam—*A Tribute to
George Cassuto*

SALONICA '97,
YES, YES, YES!

It's that time again!
Appeal for renewal
of subscriptions

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*From Paul Best re Jewish funds in
Swiss Banks; & from Jacques Rodrigue
& Ralph Davis*

¡Figo Loco!

*“Open Door”, Two poems, Appeal for
material for Family Book, How to be
a Doll Doctor, Green Chilli Latke*



Contents

Organisation	2
Editorial	3
History	
The Archives of Catalonia— <i>Moshe Shaltiel Gracian</i>	4
Family History	
The Brothers of Amsterdam— <i>Vibeke Sealtiël Olsen</i>	8
<i>In Memoriam</i> —A Tribute to George Cassuto	10
Memoirs	
Once More the <i>Meshuggeneh</i> Malaysian— <i>Martin Best</i>	12
Henry in Harlow— <i>Betty Saltiel</i>	17
Family Matters	20
Letters to the Editor	21

¡Figo Loco!

A Jewish Christmas— <i>A poem contributed by Fran London</i>	22
Young Gun— <i>A poem by Helen Saltiel</i>	23
The Salonika '97 Family Book — <i>Appeal for material by Vibeke Sealtiël Olsen</i>	23
How to be a Doll Doctor— <i>Thea Rønsby</i>	24
Shaltiel, The Travelling Duck!!!	25
Green Chilli Latke— <i>Recipe contributed by Fran & Jay London</i>	25
Announcements	25
Open Door	26
The view from Gloucester Square— <i>Editor's diary</i>	27

Next issue—Spring 1997

The next issue is planned for April-May 1997. This will focus on the forthcoming Reunion in Salonika, with articles on local history and updates about our plans. We will also publish the second instalment of the findings from the Catalan Archives by Moshe Shaltiel Gracian, further history of the Dutch family by Vibeke Sealtiël Olsen; an account of the role of the "Archangel Shealtiel" in early theology; a further episode of the memoirs of Henry Saltiel, and more.

¡Figo Loco!

More articles on the lighter side of family life, including hobbies, recipes, travel and social life as well as works of fiction, humour and poetry.

ORGANISATION



THE FAMILY

The current family has three known lines: from the North Sea ports, the Levant, and the Danube valley, with links between them certain but as yet undocumented. All are the descendants of Sephardic—that is Spanish-Jewish—family from Barcelona and *environs* which left before the expulsions of 1492-7. We are variously known as Chaltiel, Chartiel, Saltiel, Sealtiël, Sealtiël, Shaltiel and Shealtiel, all derived from the Biblical שאלתיאל, generally translated as “asked of God”.

SHEALTIEL GAZETTE

The *Gazette* is an outgrowth of the *Magazine* published by Vibeke Sealtiël Olsen at the reunion in Amsterdam which first brought us together in August 1994. It is intended to be published and printed on an occasional basis—that is two or three times per year—in London, England. It is distributed to subscribing members of the family and *gratis* to libraries and scholars, as well as to others with a professional interest in our subject matter.

EDITORIAL POLICY

The *Gazette* is to act as an international medium of communication between members of the family; and to support the re-establishment of ties between us. For the time being, the *Gazette* is being edited by Miles Saltiel, who welcomes contributions of all kinds, including material enabling us better to understand our own history, that is personal reminiscences, as well as

genealogical or historical material.

We are not, however, to be only backward looking. The *Gazette* is intended also to be the forum for the exchange of family news, advice of forthcoming events of interest to members of the family, and reports of newly discovered members or branches of the family; as well as for the organisation of co-operative endeavours.

MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

As the *Gazette* very much relies on contributions from members of the family, we look forward to continuing to hear from you. The *Gazette* welcomes text and illustrations that relate to any aspect of the family, its history or its members; as well as opinionated articles and personal reminiscences of any kind. The Editor will acknowledge—but does not undertake to return—material. It is particularly convenient to receive files by e-mail. My mail-box no. is:

100605,2677@compuserve.com

For those unconnected to the Internet, please help by sending material intended for publication on a 3.5 inch disc, either in ASCII text, or formatted for Word for Windows 2.0 or above. to the address below.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

The annual fee is £30. Please remit *in UK funds* to the address below. Payment can be made by phone or fax (*but not e-mail*) by advising

number and expiry date of credit card.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor welcomes letters from readers, whether or not members of the family. Please write to the address below. If intended for publication, please mark accordingly.

OUR COVER

The photograph of the Salomikan waterfront at the beginning of this century is taken from a picture postcard reproduced in *Souvenir—Images of The Jewish Community. Salonika 1897-1917*, Editions Kapon, Athens, 1993.

PUBLICATION

Copyright. No moral rights are asserted in this material. You may use it freely for *bona fide* family or scholarly purposes ON THE CONDITION THAT YOU ACKNOWLEDGE THE SOURCE AND GIVE TIMELY ADVICE TO:

The Editor

Miles Saltiel
Flat One; 26 Gloucester Square
London W2 2TB
ENGLAND

☎ & fax + 44 171 262 6498

Software Desktop published in Microsoft (MS) Word for Windows 7.0[®] and CorelDraw! 6.0[®].

Clip-art Material may include graphics based on clip-art © New Vision Technologies Inc.

TrueType[®] fonts

Body texts

Greek MS Symbol™
Hebrew Biblscript, Galaxie Software.

**The copy deadline for
the next issue is
31st April 1996.**



EDITOR
Miles Saltiel
FOUNDER
Vibeke Sealtiël Olsen

Flat One;
26 Gloucester Square
London W2 2TB
ENGLAND

☎ & FAX
+44 171 262 6498
E-MAIL: 100605.2677@
COMPUSERVE.COM

EDITORIAL PANEL
H.E. Ambassador
Mordechai Arbell
Professor Yosef Kaplan

Martin Best
Aviva Saltiel
Miles Saltiel

PATRONS
Maurice Jeannette, & Andrée Saltiel
Maurice Saltiel
Moshe Shaltiel Gracian

WITH THIS ISSUE, our *Gazette* comes to the end of its second year. A good time to reflect on what we have achieved and on what lies before us.



FIRST, OUR ACHIEVEMENTS. We have vastly expanded our understanding of our history, filling in the gaps between medieval Spain, through expulsion to the settlement in Thessalonika, to our subsequent Diaspora, notably to the North Sea Ports. The current edition keeps this up with Moshe Shaltiel Gracian's report from the Aragonese archive and Vibeke Sealtiël Olsen's resourceful reconstruction from the Dutch record.

We have developed a fuller appreciation of our contemporary extent, learning that we embrace over 380 households in every continent, and latterly bringing in the former communist world. And we are now confirming the 200 possible new households which Vibeke Olsen and Aviva Saltiel have found since September.

We have developed friendly relations between individuals all over the world, with kinsmen meeting up and enjoying each other's company. The *Gazette* is full of such new links, with Martin Best from Malaysia striking up with Lawrence in neighbouring Thailand, the *Gazette's* increasing intercontinental e-mail traffic, and my own fun with family in the US and Salonika reported in *The View from Gloucester Square*.



LOOKING TO THE FUTURE, we have three central tasks before us this year. First, to make the Salonika Reunion an outstanding success. I am writing to everyone with the plans we have made after consulting with the

family, and to invite you to come. We want to maximise the number who can come without compromising the quality of the occasion. So—without apology—we are passing round the hat to invite financial support. As the *Gazette* should be self-supporting from subscriptions, we hope this will be the only appeal of this kind this year.

Second, to keep up the momentum as we move from the excitement of novelty to the hard work of continuity. On this score, I urge everyone to subscribe again to the *Gazette*—or to subscribe for the first time. I also beg all of you to contribute articles of any kind, whether personal memoirs—like Betty Saltiel's recollection of her husband, Henry— or lighter, more creative material—like the poems and articles on hobbies in *Figgo Loco*.

Third, to put our organisation on some sort of permanent footing. Perhaps we should fund a permanent research programme. I would like to offer something to the younger generation, possibly by way of summer travel and study scholarships. These are topics for debate in Salonika, but it is not too soon to invite your thoughts.



FINALLY, FAMILY IS A GLORIOUS affair, but it can also be sad, as when we lose those we love. In this edition of the *Gazette*, we observe two such losses. George Cassuto came out of war's tempest to become a Lutheran priest. I met him in Amsterdam and he told his moving story on our Reunion Video. Graceful to the last, George gave his last weeks to those who loved him to enable us to make our last farewells. Martin Best's heart attack afforded no such grace. His sudden death confounds the gusto which shines out of every word of his rumbustious memoirs. It is a tragic shock to all who knew him.

HISTORY



The Catalan record—I

This is the first of two instalments of findings from the archives of the kingdom of Aragon; it is based upon Moshe Shaltiel Gracian's speech to the Israeli Genealogy Society on 15th January 1997.

LET ME REPORT to you the investigation in which I have involved myself, in particular an examination of the hitherto largely unexplored primary material represented by the archives of Aragon. I will first touch on the history of Aragon and of the name under investigation. I will then move to the nature of the archival record and the method of examination in which I have engaged; and present an analysis of the links between the references to Shealtiel and to the highly suggestive group of linked families emerging from the record and a preliminary chronological analysis.

We have analysed our preliminary findings based on a snap-shot of the results of our research as at mid-November 1996. These findings include an initial view of the identity of the family, its geographical origins, links with the celebrated line of Gracian or Hen, the condition of the family in Aragon both as Jews and as *Conversos*, and the persistent family claim to the Davidic descent. The second part of this article will present some examples of human interest stories which the archive provides, illustrating how they bear on the circumstances of the family, its resort to tactical conversion and its departure from Aragon; referring to the *Shealtiel Haggadah* as evidence of the family's circumstances after it left Iberia; and finally closing by touching on the course of future research.



Aragon First to set the scene with a few words on the medieval principality—latterly kingdom—of Aragon. The principality originated in the ninth century out of Jaca, a Christian citadel in the mountains of the Pyrenees which had earlier succeeded in resisting the Moslem invasions. In the twelfth century, Aragon expanded into Southern France and Northern Spain, embracing the province now known as Catalonia. In 1283 it extended by dynastic union to the Kingdom of Naples and subsequently to Greek territories known as the

Duchy of Athens. As an aggressively expanding frontier kingdom, Aragon was initially hospitable to all the cultures it was to encompass, including the Jews, though towards the end of Aragon's history it became less so. In this light it is unsurprising to have found references to the Shealtiels at one time or another in connection with every part of the Aragonese Kingdom.

While today it seems obvious, it took me some time to realise that the family's Spanish roots were planted in the area of northern Spain that constituted the Kingdom of Aragon. I should have got it sooner. For almost four hundred years the Shealtiel family had its own synagogue in Salonica. The problem was that everybody referred to it as *Figo Loco*. I learned later that this was only a nickname, possibly originating from the wild fig tree that grew in the yard, or alternatively with reference to the excitable nature of its congregants. I discovered eventually that the real name of the *Kehila* was *Catalan Hadash*. In the prayer books of the congregation we find accounts of family history which confirm that we came from Catalonia.

The *Sidurim* (prayer books) were reprinted seven times over the last four hundred and fifty years. Ironically, the last edition was printed in 1927, ten years after the destruction of the synagogue in the great fire. The family connection remained strong to the last. The final editions, *Tefilat Shmuel* and *Tefilat David*, were named after Shmuel Shaltiel, grandfather of Shmuel from the Weitzman Institute; and David Sadi Shaltiel, father of the last rabbi of the *Kehila*. We have found that the congregation used to meet in the place of business of the *Shemtov* Shealtiel, at least during the high holidays. The link was proportionately long-standing. According to the history portion of the *Machzorim*, the family arrived in Salonica before the expulsion, explicitly stating that the family was in Salonica to help the refugees from Spain to settle after 1492.

The name Now some remarks about the name itself. My listeners will be aware that the name is Biblical, שְׂאֵלְתִּיֵּל, borne by a son (some say nephew) of the last king of Judah. The Biblical Shealtiel was also the father of the more celebrated Zerubbabel, who presided over the return of the Jews from Babylonian exile and (by some accounts) over the rebuilding of the Temple. Shealtiel appears only in Biblical passages reporting lineage, so it is not possible to get much sense of his personality. It is evident, however, that he kept to the faith of his forebears throughout the Exile and that he was deft enough to maintain the position of his family, in part by flattering his captors by taking a Persian name for his son (Zerubbabel is Persian for “sprig of Babylon”).

Such characteristics have resonances at all times for Jews in the Diaspora, possibly contributing to the survival or re-emergence of the name. We should also bear in mind three other factors which might bear upon the use of the name during this period.

- The literal meaning of the name, “asked of God”, is traditionally the thanks of the barren for a son.
- Shealtiel is a name attributed in some early Christian traditions to one of the seven archangels. So far as we know, however, it is not used in this way in the Jewish or Islamic tradition
- During the medieval period there circulated in Christian circles a forged “Book of Zerubbabel”.

At this remove in time, we may only conjecture which if any of these matters might have set the significance of the name in the Jewish community of the day. What we can say is that the Biblical character of the name would have made for stability in the understanding of that significance, something attested by the stability in its Hebrew spelling with only such occasional contractions as שְׂאֵלְתִּיֵּל or שְׂלְתִּיֵּל. This is at odds with the position in the vernacular. Among the variants there to be found are Saltell, Saltellus, Xaltiel, Saltella (borne by a Jewess), Shealtiel and ben Shealtiel. We may have no doubt, however, that all refer to the same Hebrew original.

The record Now some comments on the archival record. Medieval Aragonese archives run for some five hundred years up to the union with Castille to form Spain in 1492. They were compiled in the vernacular, medieval Catalan, and in medieval Church Latin. They have survived relatively well throughout north-eastern Spain. We are currently examining the following thirteen archives: the *Archivo Historico de la Cuidad*—municipal record; the *Archivo de la Catedral* and the *Archivo Diocesano*—ecclesiastical records; and the *Archivo de Notarios*—legal record; of each of the cities of Barcelona, Gerona and Tarragona, as well as the *Archivo de la Corona de Aragon*—archive of the Royal Court of Aragon. The last of these has been examined by scholars, who have prepared indices and synopses on which my team

has relied for our initial examination of this archive.

Of the thirteen archives which are the subject of our study, we have so far examined or part examined around ninety percent of the previously indexed

material but only five percent of the newly examined sources. We have not yet completed an inventory of material and there is much by way of statistical analysis which remains to be done. In addition there are undoubtedly archival sources which we have yet to tap, though I am satisfied that we have identified the principal reservoirs of material.

Method of enquiry The method of enquiry in which we have engaged has been as follows. First, I consulted with Father Jaume Riera i Sans, the Keeper of the *Archivo de la Corona de Aragon*. I then assembled a team of local experts in Catalan history. I placed them under the professional supervision of Dr Stanley Hordes, of the University of New Mexico, who has also assembled a team of translators in Santa Fe.

The team has been working on two parallel tracks. First, where there exist indices and synopses, our team is able to use these to go directly to original entries in which the name Shealtiel appears. The second track is to examine unindexed entries for references to Shealtiel, as you may imagine a far more arduous and time-consuming affair. All entries of interest to us are then microfilmed, transcribed and translated into English. Translation out of the

**“We have examined
ninety percent of the
previously indexed material
but only five percent
of the new sources”**

vernacular is performed locally, as the researchers are generally native Catalans; translation out of Latin is undertaken in New Mexico. I should say that our task has been complicated by my decision in mid 1996 to extend our search criteria to embrace names additional to Shealtiel, after it became clear that such lines had a close association with Shealtiel. I will expand on this topic in a moment.



Summary of findings Let me now summarise the references to Shealtiel. The report which follows is based on the 107 entries identified by mid-November 1996 as meeting our criteria. In addition to this group, there are a further twenty-five documents “in the pipeline”. I should first convey to you that prior to the current exercise the number of references to Shealtiel known from the archival record was under twenty. As a result of our part-completed exercise we may report the discovery by mid-November 1996 of over four times that number, that is eighty-two references running from 1061 to 1459.

The earliest reference so far found is dated 12th October, 1061. It states that Reina, daughter of Master Saltel, and her husband, Gershon, traded some land with Miro Gaudel and his wife. The last entry so far found is dated 18th November, 1459. It states that Jahuda Ben Saltiel, a physician, was granted a license to practice his profession after the King’s physician informed his master King Juan II that Jahuda was “able, fit and competent in the art of medicine”. These establish unequivocally that persons bearing the name Shealtiel were continuously present in the territories of Aragon from the eleventh century to the Expulsion. In addition, we see that many of those referred to in the Spanish archive also appear in the *Responsa* or other Hebrew sources. In this way, our work is generating independent confirmation all round.



Chronology Let me now touch on a brief chronological analysis of the record. From the 107 entries under review, we see as follows:

Period	No of entries
--------	---------------

1000-1099	2
1100-1199	20
1200-1299	12
1300-1399	48
1400 onwards	25
Total	107

From this we may observe that the natural tendency of records to appear in greater number as we approach the present is violated in two centuries, the thirteenth (twelve hundreds) and the fifteenth (fourteen hundreds). The first deviation is hard to explain. I know of no natural catastrophe or other development which might explain the observed hiatus in reports and I would welcome the thoughts of my listeners. The second is more straightforward. After the anti-Semitic disturbances of 1391, many Jews left Aragon and I believe that this included most Shealtiels. I will return to this below.

“The earliest reference so far found is dated 12th October, 1061; the last 18th November, 1459”

Associated families I should now explain my earlier reference to the lines associated with Shealtiel, or “associated families”. Perhaps at this stage in my argument, I

should more properly refer to “associated names”. The names with which Shealtiel is associated in the record are Cresques, Sheshet and Chasdai. In addition there is a link with the name Gracian or Hen (the Hebrew equivalent), though as I will explain below I believe this to have a different source.

Let me explain. It became apparent from my initial survey of the entries our team was turning up, that the name Shealtiel was often to be found in proximity to a small group of other names. The proximity might either be within the name itself (e.g. Shealtiel Sheshet), or by virtue of a family relationship cited for identification purposes (e.g. Shealtiel the son of Sheshet), or by virtue of the character of the transaction being reported (e.g. Shealtiel purchases land from Sheshet). The 107 records from five archives which form the present study may be analysed as follows:

Citations	No of entries
To Shealtiels alone	51
To “associated names” alone	25
To both (x)	31
Total	107
All references to Shealtiel	82
All references to “associated names”	56
Less double count (x)	(31)
Total	107

So from this sample of entries, just over one third of those referring to Shealtiel also refer to an “associated name”; and two-thirds of those referring to an “associated name” also refer to Shealtiel. I should acknowledge that this last statistic is certainly skewed by the character of the scrutiny we have performed, in other words we started off looking for Shealtiel and only latterly have begun also to look for “associated names”. I should also make it clear that we have not yet performed any more thoroughgoing statistical analysis.

This said, I am altogether persuaded by this initial inspection of the record that the association I am reporting to you is significant, with a persistent pattern of intermarriage and intertrade within this group of families. Another feature that leaps to the eye is that all the “associated names” denote distinguished Sephardic personalities and families. And as we will shortly see, the character of the names themselves as well as the standing in Sephardic society of those who bore them is highly illuminating.

Identity of family I will now offer some preliminary findings arising out of the material under review. Let me first address the topic of the identity of the Shealtiel family. In doing so, I should make it clear that I am not the least representing myself as an expert in Sephardic onomastics. The question we have first to face is the extent to which we may properly speak of a Shealtiel family.

Here I will confess to some confusion. On the one hand, contemporary commentators such as Benjamin of Tudela had no hesitation in writing in such terms. On the other, the record at least of the earlier centuries of the period under review shows that the name fails to persist between the generations, instead alternating with other “associated names”. My own view is that on balance, we should rely on contemporary commentators and take it that there was a Shealtiel family from the earliest years of this period and in all probability from long before. The name may well have rotated between generations in a manner that may no longer be clear to us, but this reflected the conventions of the times.

I further surmise that in the later centuries of the period under review, the conventions under which names persisted from one generation to the next came fully to follow those of the gentile community in which the *Sephardim* found themselves. So I am persuaded that it is correct to speak of a “Shealtiel family” throughout the period and on this basis to extend the concept of “associated names” to “associated families”.

The Aragonese armorial register shows two coats of arms relating to the name, presumably as borne by *conversos*. We have yet to investigate the symbolism of any of the heraldic devices

Geographical origins I now turn to the geographical origins of the family. Here I place weight on the etymology of the “associated families”.

- First, none of the names of the “associated families” has the Arabic character which was a commonplace elsewhere

in the Catalan community, with such elements as *Ibn, Al* and *Abu*.

- Second, all the “associated families” and the Shealtiels rely heavily upon Latin or otherwise northern given names, e.g. *Perfet, Bonafos, Bonet, Bonadona, Lobel* and *As-truch*.
- Third, one of the family names itself has a Latin origin, *Creshen* — *Crescens*. (*Sheshet* and *Chasdai* are Hebrew like *Shealtiel* itself).

From this I conclude that the “associated families” came not from the Arabic-speaking territories to the south, but from the Latin-speaking lands to the north. I take it that Shealtiel shared the origins of the families to whom they were close.

Although at first sight it might seem that the Shealtiels entered the region with the Aragonese expansion, *Father Riera i Sans* has suggested that the family came earlier, with the Roman armies. I am tempted to speculate that the Shealtiels may go back further still, possibly to trans-Mediterranean migrations at the time of the destruction of the First Temple.

In the second part of this article, to be published in our next issue, Moshe Shaltiel Gracian presents his findings with respect to links to the family of Gra-

“The Aragonese armorial register shows two coats of arms relating to the name”

cian/Hen; the descent from the line of David; the general circumstances of the Catalan family; the departure from Spain; and the dramatic story of the Saltell brothers of Barcelona.

FAMILY HISTORY



The brothers of Amsterdam—I

*This is the first of two parts of an article by, **Vibeke Sealtiel Olsen**, of Amsterdam, about the descendants of Isaac and Ribca Sealtiel, the forbears of Dutch family in the nineteenth century*

In 1850, two Sealtiel families were living in Amsterdam. These were the families of Isaac and Joseph Sealtiel, the two sons of David Sealtiel and Gracia Levy Montezinos. The family had been living in Amsterdam for three generations. The Sealtiels were poor like most of the Sephardic families, and it seemed they had little chance to better their situation.

The children got no proper education. The boys went to school only until the age of twelve, after which they were needed to help their parents support the family. Unmarried girls stayed home to take care of their younger siblings, while their parents worked as hawkers, selling apples, oranges, candy, old clothes or anything else they could find.



ISAAC SEALTIËL WAS BORN in 1797. He was the second oldest son of David Sealtiel and Gracia Levy Montezinos. On the 1st of September 1819 Isaac married Ribca Montezinos in the Esnoga of Amsterdam when he was 22 years old. Ribca was one year younger. Like many members of the Montezinos family, Isaac and Ribca did not bother to make a civil registration of their marriage. After fifteen months of marriage, Ribca gave birth to a baby girl which was named Rachel Gracia after her own mother and the mother of Isaac.

Their oldest son was named after Isaac's father David, their second son after Ribca's father Isaac. The first David died shortly after his birth. When their next son David was born in 1822, Isaac was either ill or absent from Amsterdam, as he did not make the registration of David's birth.

Ribca gave birth to a child every two years, and twice she gave birth to twins. Rachel Gracia, Hanna, David, Raphael, Elias, Sara, Esther and Salomon survived. David, Isaac, Benjamin and Joseph died as infants. Ribca had her last child

when she was forty-two years old, when she gave birth to a stillborn son. The family was poor, and all their deceased children were buried at the expense of the Portuguese Jewish Community. After their marriage, Isaac and Ribca had lived in the Houtstraat at Marken, but in 1830 the family moved to live in Kerkstraat 16. Isaac was a hawker and had to work many hours each day, walking from one street to another crying out his wares. In 1832 Isaac seems to have earned enough to open his own store, because when his daughter Sara was born, he stated that his profession was shop-keeper.

Four years later, at the birth of the twins Joseph and Salomon, Isaac resumed his old trade as a hawker. The family moved to Kerkstraat no. 111. In 1835, Isaac had his youngest daughter Ester vaccinated in the *Mesib Nefes*, the hospital for the poor Sephardic Jews. Ester was one of the first Jewish children in Amsterdam to be vaccinated against smallpox, and a certificate states that the vaccination was successful.

After 1840 Isaac was unable to work. He was therefore not able to support his elderly mother Gracia financially. In March 1840 Gracia was accepted at the old folks home at the *Mesib Nefes*, where she stayed until she died in January 1842. Isaac's health was poor. He only survived his mother by three months. He died in April 1842 at the age of forty-five, leaving Ribca with the care of their eight children aged between five and twenty-one.

Isaac did not live long enough to see any of his children married. His oldest son David was twenty years old at this time. David would have wanted to support his mother financially, but he was learning how to become a skilled pastry-cook, so the help that he could give must have been limited. To feed her many children, Ribca had to go to the Poor Relief Fund of the

Sephardic Community several times, each time borrowing the sum of seven Dutch guilders.



IN 1841, THEIR OLDEST daughter Rachel Gracia gave birth to an illegitimate son, Salomon. The scandal about the pregnancy of his daughter would have troubled Isaac during the last months of his life. In contrast to her aunt Rachel, who had had one illegitimate daughter before her marriage, Rachel Gracia never married, but had four more illegitimate children.

Ribca did not throw Rachel Gracia and her children out of her home. Baby Salomon died when he was one year old. In 1845 and 1849 Rachel Gracia gave birth to twin babies. Three of the four babies soon died, causing sorrow to their mother, even though the burden of four more mouths to feed must have been hard to her. Only one daughter survived: Ester Sealtiel, born 1845, carried the name Sealtiel after her mother. Their father remains unknown.

The propensity to give birth to twins is often passed on from mother to daughter, and Gracia inherited this propensity, giving birth to twin babies twice. Though the Sealtiel family always was fond of children, I doubt that Rachel Gracia's high fertility rate as an unmarried mother was appreciated by all the members of the family.

Did all the children of Rachel Gracia have the same father? Did the family of Rachel Gracia know who he was? Was there maybe some reason that Rachel Gracia could not marry the man of her choice? Or was Rachel Gracia a girl who went out with every man? We don't know.



IN 1844, RIBCA'S OLDEST son, David, married Sara da Souza Pimentel. David was twenty-two years old and Sara twenty-three. Their son Isaac had been born two months before the wedding. When the baby arrived, the families Sealtiel and Pimentel must have made a big effort to ensure that the wedding would take place as soon as possible. Probably the costs of the wedding were shared by all the relatives of David and Sara. After the wedding, David

worked as a pastry-cook for only a short period. He soon became a hawker like his father.

In 1847, Rachel Gracia suffered from a severe illness, and she was taken to the hospital for poor Sephardic Jews in the *Mesib Nefes*, while her family took care of little Ester. Rachel Gracia recovered from her illness after two months.

A year later, little Ester aged three was sent to the kindergarten of the Sephardic Community, but when she was five years old her mother kept her away from school. Rachel Gracia was poor but seemed able to manage quite well. Only once she borrowed five guilders from the Poor Relief Fund of the Sephardic Community.

“In July 1854, Elias, married Eva Querido, a cousin of the famous Querido brothers”

In 1849, Ribca's daughter Hanna married David Henriques Pimentel, bride and groom were both 23 years old. The name Henriques Pimentel distinguishes him as belonging to another

branch of the Pimentel family than his sister-in-law. Several of the Sephardic families of Amsterdam carried double names. This tradition dated back to the seventeenth century, where one name originally referred to the father's family and the other to the mother's family. Those known by a double name would pass this name onto their own children, thus creating a double family name.



IN 1851, THE FIRST MUNICIPAL registration was made in Amsterdam. The widow Ribca Sealtiel was living in the Kerkstraat 111 with her children Rachel, Raphael, Elias, Sara, Esther and Salomon; as well as her grandchildren Ester, Rachel and Jacob.

From May to December 1852, the second son Raphael went away to undertake his military service at the age of twenty-four. In December 1852 he came back to Amsterdam and married Judith de Vos. Raphael was the only one of the siblings to marry an Ashkenazi. His sister Sara moved to The Hague in May 1853, probably to live with the family of her uncle Elias.

In July 1854, the third son Elias married Eva Querido, who was a cousin of the famous Querido brothers, (Israel the novelist and

Emanuel the publisher). Eva was also a second cousin to the Sealtiels, her father Abraham was

the oldest son of David Querido and Luna Sealtiel, an aunt of father Isaac. Eva was

George Henricus Cassuto

22 December 1929 - 21 September 1996

What a friendly man he was, with his arms unfailingly open in welcome and his smile radiating affection. With his love of laughter, Cas made us aware of the beauty of life. A visit to Cas and Hanneke could not fail to leave you feeling more human.

He lived as one man in two worlds. On birthdays or at meetings, you might come upon him unexpectedly, awakening him from his interior world to share the word of God with us. And then what a pleasure it was to listen to him and his wealth of stories.

His contribution in community life always sparkled, but his life had led him to look deep into his own soul. It was the ugliness of war which brought him into contact with the Church. There he found God through the Bible and the glories of church music. And so did his own world become the Church and his congregation, their stories, their lives and their history.

And how grateful we, his congregation, came to be for the way he led us to the Scriptures.

And Cas also knew all about living in the real world. Conversation with him was always a joy, not just about religious matters, but also about life and people.

In the last week before his death he was asked by a friend to write his own epitaph. The last paragraph read as follows:

“The Book of Isaiah has a beautiful verse about the return of the People from exile. It reads: ‘Almighty God will feed his flock like a shepherd’. The beautiful music to which George Friedrich Handel set this text means so much to me. Every time I listen to it, I recognise the voice of the Messiah.”

May God Almighty watch over George Henricus Cassuto. Surely his memory will endure with all who knew him for as long as we may be spared.

Willem Timmerman

pregnant at the time of their wedding and soon their oldest son Isaac was born. Ribca lived long enough to know 20 of her grandchildren. She died in June 1857, at the age of 59. Her youngest son Salomon was then 21 years old. After his mother's death, Salomon moved to Rotterdam in the south of Holland, where he worked as a merchant and as a personal servant.



IN 1859, RIBCA'S SECOND OLDEST daughter Sara returned to Amsterdam from The Hague. She married Israel Querido, who was a brother of Eva Querido, continuing the tradition of intermarriages between the Sealtiel and Querido families.

The oldest daughter Rachel Gracia died in 1860 when she was only forty years old. Her daughter Ester was fifteen years old. She went to the orphanage for Sephardic girls and later

she became a housemaid. (Ester Sealtiel married Benjamin Jacob Querido). In 1860 Rachel younger sister, Esther, died. She was the youngest daughter and only twenty six year old. She was not married. The Sealtiels shared the sorrow of the loss of their two sisters.

THE CHILDREN OF ISAAC SEALTIEL AFTER 1860

ISAAC'S OLDEST SON DAVID was as religious as his grandfather had been. For many years, he paid for a private seat in the Sephardic synagogue. Sara Pimentel gave birth to fourteen children of which ten died young. David's profession was a hawker and carrier. The family was poor and he had to work very hard, to support his family. David lived with his family in the Jodenkerkstraat. He died in 1902 at the age of eighty, nine years after Sara.

Isaac's second son Raphael had seven children, four sons and three daughters by his wife Judith de Vos. He worked as a servant. The family

lived variously in the Weesperstraat and the Jodenkerkstraat. They were better off than the rest of the family. As family ties were strong, Raphael agreed that his sister Sara could live in his house. When his wife Judith died in 1883, Raphael remarried. His new wife was Saartje Caneel, who bore him a son and a daughter. It seems, that the seven children of his first marriage did not accept the second wife of their father. In 1889 his daughter Clara emigrated to the United States. Raphael died in 1905 at age 77. He was buried next to Judith.

Elias and Eva lived in the Jodenkerkstraat, where Eva gave birth to six children, of whom two died. Because of their poor financial situation, the family emigrated to London in October 1863, but they returned within one year. Five years later they moved to London again, this time for good. In London the family lived in Spitalfields, where they worked at home as cigar makers. Their four children left school to work at the age of ten and never had a proper education. Elias and Eva had four more children in London, of whom all died young. The family was still in contact with their Dutch family at least thirty years after they left Holland.

This family are my forebears and the progenitors of all the Saltiels of England and the Antipodes, with the exception of those belonging to the more ancient "Yomtov" line, founded by a kinsman of the foun-

der of the Dutch line which is the subject of this article. Editor

ISRAEL AND SARA QUERIDO had no children. Israel died in 1876 when he was forty-seven. After his death, Sara went to live in the house of her brother Raphael, but soon she moved to the Sephardic Orphanage for girls in Amsterdam where she worked and lived the rest of her life. Sara died in 1892 at age 59.

Isaac's youngest son Salomon returned to Amsterdam from Rotterdam in 1865. For many years, he lived with his sister Sara and her husband Israel Querido. After the death of his brother in law, Salomon left the home of his sister to live on his own. Salomon stayed a bachelor for many years, but he married Rachel Rozetta in 1876, when he was forty years old. Salomon and Rachel were both merchants in a grocery store and probably well off financially. They lived in the Lange Houtstraat. No children were born to this marriage. Possibly, Salomon and Rachel left Amsterdam; neither is buried at the Sephardic cemetery in Ouderkerk.

In the second part of this article, to be published in our next issue, Vibeke Sealtiël Olsen brings her story of the Dutch family into the early twentieth century with the families of Joseph David Saltiel and the three sons of David the son of Ribca Saltiel.

Bird's eye view of Vlooyenberg, Jewish Quarter of Amsterdam, seen from the tower of the Southern Church, late nineteenth Century

MEMOIRS

Once More the Meshuggeneh Malaysian

In this, the third and final instalment of his memoirs, Martin Best, of Harrow, Middlesex, and Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, takes the story of his peregrinations from his daughter's fairy-tale romance and picture-book wedding up to the birth last autumn of his first grand-child.

“DADDEEEE”, SHE SCREAMED across the arrival hall. I turned, identified Anita's location and looked for Suzanne and the prospective fiancé. Couldn't see them. I hurried over to Anita, gave her a big cuddle and asked her where was her sister. She just grinned and said. “Come with me, Dad.”

I duly followed, as all dutiful fathers do, to the car pick up concourse and saw Suzanne waiting alongside a filthy unwashed Ford Telstar which looked as if it had never seen water in its life. Gave her a big hug and looked for the “Orang Muda” (Malay for Young Man) she had fallen for. Saw nobody that fitted the bill. The only fellow around was a young lad, who looked like a California dude, dressed in shoddy jeans, old T-shirt, sneakers and no socks. I thought to myself he must be the driver until Suzanne said “Let me introduce you to Halim”. I started to palpitate, went into a cold sweat and said to myself “Oy Gevulte, Lord please don't do this to me. It can't be”. But it was!



THE CALIFORNIAN DUDE opened his mouth and stuttered, “Delighted to meet you, Father Best”. I thought to myself, “Not only does he stutter but also gives me an ecclesiastical title *noch*.” I smiled; it must have been the smile of Dracula, as I have great difficulty in hiding my feelings. The journey to town was a nightmare of small-talk but at least it became obvious that the stutter was not a permanent disability but was just a young man's nerves when meeting his prospective father-in-law.

We made it. The car duly arrived at the hotel apartment which Mary had located as suitable accommodation for the first couple of months of our return to Malaysia. The kids left us alone and Mary said to me “Isn't he a lovely young man, and so well-qualified?” I couldn't take any more

and went down to the coffee shop for some solitary consolations. Thirty minutes later I was ready to hear more “family news”. The young couple had disappeared, probably for their own recovery, and I spent the next few hours listening to more background on this modern homo-sapiens. He had obviously made a good impression on mum-to-be and gradually the negative became positive and I decided to rest a couple of hours before readying myself to meet his family later that same day.

The evening arrived. Again I was nagged into dressing properly and donned a suit and tie. Our family of four arrived at the Selangor Club and were met by the young man himself who actually looked a picture of sartorial elegance to me, having removed the jaded and faded apparel and dressed himself in a classic designer label suit and tie. We were escorted to the dining room where we were met by a group of about thirty-odd people all claiming to be a father, mother, sister, uncle or brother. Three whiskies later I had begun to realise who was who and started to relax. The lady I thought was the mother turned out to be an aunt and the guy I thought was the brother turned out to be the father! Eventually it sorted itself out and I loosened up somewhat.

Dinner was served and during impromptu speeches I could start to put together in my eyes who was who and consequently the picture came together. I was then invited to say a few words. I had noticed that the family were of many different origins and the family were amused when I made reference to our family forming our own United Nations. The evening closed in total harmony although a few guests were slightly over the inebriation level, myself included. Jet lagged, I made my way back to the apartment and fell into a long sleep which only the drugged or dead would recognise. Twelve hours later I was ready to face the world of reality and soon found out that the young couple had actually become

engaged sometime during that previous evening!
It is surprising what jet lag can do to a fellow!



IT WAS NOW CHRISTMAS Day '90 and the wedding was set for July '91. The groom wanted to hold the party in Fraser's Hill, about seventy miles North of Kuala Lumpur on a mountain in Malaysia's deepest jungle. Thankfully both sets of parents managed to agree that it would not be a suitable venue, especially as the road to this resort twisted and turned like a snake to the top of the hill. In fact it was on this very road that Sir Henry Gurney, former Governor of Malaya was assassinated by Communist Guerrillas!

There was much to do and organise and one of the first priorities was the conversion of Suzanne to the Muslim faith. It was not absolutely necessary but for acceptance in Royal circles it was thought to be the right thing to do. Jewish father, Catholic mother...surely a Muslim daughter would complete the circle of The Torah, New Testament and Koran. I thought this was a great idea and readily agreed to the conversion (not that I had any real say!)



THE DATES WERE SET for July '91. There would be three separate weddings! The Islamic (called an *Akad Nika*) on the Wednesday (24th July, 1991), the Royal Bersanding Ceremony on the Friday (26th July) and the white "Western" style on the Saturday (27th July). The Islamic was to be attended only by the closest family and mainly from the Sultan's brother's side; this was to be held at the home of my son-in-law's father in Seremban in Negri Sembilan State. The Royal Ceremony was to be attended by the Sultan and Sultana, the Prime Minister of Malaysia and his good lady and many Royal guests and other distinguished people. The venue was to be the Sri Carcosa Hotel overlooking the Lake Gardens in Kuala Lumpur. This is the same hotel that was used by Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh during their State Visit to Malaysia a few years earlier.

This hotel also hosted Yasser Arafat during his visit to this country and it was to this same hotel that I took H.E. Daniel Megiddo, Ambassador of

Israel to Singapore, during his very first entry to Malaysia in April 1994. This particular visit eventually proved to be a prelude to a change in my life of dramatic proportions and this will form the basis of my next true story. The hotel is small with only fourteen bedrooms but commands a magnificent view of the city. It is only used by State Dignitaries and foreign business leaders with unlimited budgets. The white Western style party was to be held at the Royal Selangor Club which overlooks the famous clock tower of the Kuala Lumpur High Court and *Padang*—playing field, in the central downtown area. The British used to play cricket on this field and to this day it is still used occasionally for such purposes.

The months passed all too quickly and my money seemed to be going all too fast in the direction of the dressmakers! Mary thought it necessary to acquire five new outfits, Suzanne seemed to need about eight and even Anita had a need for four! Up until this time I did not realise just how much money could be spent on clothes. All I could afford

for myself were two new bow ties and matching cummerbunds.



THE 24TH JULY ARRIVED. I washed the car and started the trek to Seremban, forty-five miles South of KL. The calmest person in the car was Suzanne. We arrived about two hours too early to find Tunku Abdullah (my son-in-law's father) equally agitated. He and I drowned our sorrows in a few tots of Scotch and left the women to their own devices.

How many Jewish Saltiels with a Catholic wife have had the experience of seeing a Muslim daughter getting married? The ceremony would start as soon as the groom arrived at the father's house. We could hear the *kompang* drums (a Malay instrument similar to a tambourine) pounding away in the distance and then the ceremonial procession arrived. My son-in-law headed the group who were carrying the trinkets. The women emptied half a sack of rice, dried flowers and seeds over the groom as he entered the house, covering poor Halim from head to toe. The ceremony started and those Saltiels wanting to know more can watch the video at Salonica in '97. There will be no charge for admission!

***“How many Jewish
Saltiels with a Catholic wife
have seen their
Muslim daughter
get married?”***

The bride had already been escorted upstairs: only at the end of the ceremony did the couple finally meet and join together for the delightful lunch which followed. It was slightly spicy Malay cuisine which everyone enjoyed and both father and father-in-law finished up well and truly *shikker*. The couple were married and the Jewish father felt no different from before, having seen a Muslim daughter despatched.



THURSDAY WAS A DAY OF rest, relatively speaking. Such rest I would not wish upon my enemies! We spent most of the day and the next morning arranging odds and ends for the Royal Ceremony, including practising what we were supposed to do to avoid a breach of protocol or upsetting the flow of the ceremony. Friday arrived and all nerves were stretched taut. It was a long day and by the time we all arrived at Carcosa, Mary and I were ready to do battle with each other. The bride and groom had hurried off to a suite to change into the Royal Sarong outfits which they needed to wear for reasons of tradition.

Thankfully, a strange calmness overtook us (more like a stupefied trance) and we started to behave again like human beings. The guests started to arrive and all were in place by 8.00 p.m. The Sultan and Sultana duly arrived in a maroon Bentley Turbo at precisely 8.15 p.m. We escorted them to a private suite so they could relax with a soft drink before the ceremony started. The Prime Minister phoned through to say he would be late and that we should start before he arrived.

At 8.30 p.m. Mary and I escorted the Royal couple to their seats and I must say they were absolutely marvellous in the way they made us feel at home and told us to ignore them and relax. We sat down and awaited the bride and groom. We could hear the *kompang* drums of the procession, led by two escorts carrying palms and another two with fans. As the couple entered the room, the noise became progressively louder and neither Mary nor I could look around to see what was happening.

Eventually the bride and groom made their way through the crowd, bowed to the Royal couple and took their seats on their respective thrones. As parents we positively glowed with pride and happiness...our little girl, dressed like a queen,

was sitting in front of and higher than the Royal couple along with her chosen man. A few moments of prayer and then Their Highnesses stood, approached the dais and went up the short flight of stairs to the young couple and blessed them with holy water and then scattered seeds and dried flowers over them and returned to their seats, having picked up from a basket a decorated yellow painted egg, being the universal symbol for fertility. The groom's parents then followed suit and then it was our turn.

The knees were knocking, lumps in our throats solidified into a concrete mass but neither of us can describe what we felt as we blessed our child according to Malaysian Royal Rites. It is a memory that has been permanently carved, marked, engraved and inscribed into our very

souls....never ever to be forgotten. The *nachas* we derived is incomparable. To have lived for such a moment for one's child is enough in itself. What more could one want in life?

“Thursday was a day of rest—relatively speaking. Such rest I would not wish upon my worst enemies!”



THE CEREMONY SEEMED to be over in a flash and everyone adjourned for a drink. Mary and I were invited to sit with the Royal couple and relax for a few moments before escorting them to dinner. Did I say ‘relax’?...Please tell me how to relax in the presence of such high-ranking people. The guests were seated and it was time to accompany Their Highnesses to the dining room. It was a long walk, including a tricky staircase. We made it without tripping and arrived safely at the table to await the bride and groom. They had changed out of the Royal Wedding costumes into equally expensive formal dinner attire.

The groom looked extremely handsome in his new tuxedo and our daughter looked a dream in her new, much prized (and highly priced) blue gown. Of all the new family outfits acquired for the wedding, this was the one which most nearly made me bankrupt. My bank balance is still suffering but I would do the same thing again a thousand times over just to see the wondrous expression on her face. It was almost ethereal as she glided through the admiring glances and the occasional flash of jealousy and took her place at the table of honour. The meal started and after two courses there appeared to be a slight disturbance as a number of guests started gesticulating and murmuring. I was unaware of

what was going on until the Prime Minister, Dr Mahathir Mohamed and Mrs Mahathir took their places at our table. He asked us to remain seated and merely joined the group as if nothing was happening.

Very shortly I was to make a speech. I started to think to myself "What the hell am I doing here, sitting with the Sultan of Negri Sembilan and the Prime Minister of Malaysia; am I dreaming?" I could not help but remember the opening lines from Rudyard Kipling's poem "If" which my mother crammed into my head as a child. The time arrived, with trepidation I approached the microphone and it seemed like the longest walk of my life. I had to be extremely careful and follow absolute protocol in the manner of address. I was being watched by two hundred and fifty people, most of them either Royal or influential in Government. I opened my mouth, no sound emanated. I quickly pulled myself together and thought, What the hell. They can't shoot you." I started and it just seemed to flow.



IN NO TIME AT ALL it was over. Apparently I had said the right things and everyone was most impressed; or at least they were polite enough to make me think so. After dinner it was Harry Elias who said to me "*Schvantz*, you did well. You said all the right things and were a *mensch*. You did your family and friends proud." I was really chuffed and managed to enjoy the rest of the evening even though I was still in a dream-like condition. Sharon & Babes, two friends from London, rushed over to me and just said "Oh Martin, what a fantastic ceremony" and my brother Paul and his wife Margot said "It was certainly worth the trip over, really smashing".

Dinner drew to a close. Mary and I joined their Royal Highnesses and the Prime Minister with his good lady for coffee in an anteroom and about an hour later we escorted them to their vehicles and said our farewells. Mary and I sat alone for a few minutes and as soon as our blood pressure reached normal levels we rejoined the party and started to wind down. You have no idea just what a relief it was, but relief coupled with such pride and pleasure! The young couple adjourned to their room and spent the night in the same

bedroom as was used by HRH Queen Elizabeth II during her State visit to Malaysia.

The night ended in the wee hours of the morning, when fatigue took over and we returned to the apartment. We were exhausted beyond words but the excitement was still there and sleep was a long time coming. Eventually we drifted off into oblivion.



WE AROSE LATE MORNING the next day for brunch and asked ourselves if it had all been a dream until Anita panicked us with a reminder that the white wedding was tonight! The rest of the day was a whirlwind of activity with florists, caterers, beauticians and hairdressers calling the

shots. Eventually somehow everything came together and we proceeded to the Royal Selangor Club to arrive there at least half an hour before the first guests were due. To our amazement we found that some of Mary's relatives from Johore (South

Malaysia near to the border with Singapore) had already arrived and had been there for two hours! The last of the flowers arrived and we realised that we had grossly over-ordered. We had enough flowers to start our own shop; no wonder the florist was beaming! As they say in Cantonese, "Moh Seong Kong" (never mind): the place looked wonderful and smelled even nicer.

A quick cup of tea to settle our nerves and then the guests started to arrive until it appeared as if hundreds were there. I then realised that I had forgotten to order a taxi for a Japanese couple and a bus for the Sephardic Singapore contingent. Everyone finally arrived under their own steam and we managed to get things going, albeit an hour behind schedule.



THE EVENING WAS TO BE a light-hearted affair with colourful, rather than formal speeches, plenty of drinks and champagne and culminating with dancing. It was to be a complete contrast to the formality of the previous night. It worked out well: the champagne flowed like water, the band was excellent and the last of the inebriated drifted away at 2.00 am. I was too tired to even remember the journey home.

"We asked ourselves if it had all been a dream—till Anita panicked us with a reminder that the white wedding was tonight"

On Sunday we arose at noon, breakfasted on the events of the past few days and asked ourselves "Is it all over?" We spent the afternoon relaxing and trying to come to terms with the real world. The evening and the next few days were spent in very enjoyable circumstances entertaining our overseas visitors before their departure home. Guests had come from all over the world, London, USA, Australia, Hawaii, Hong Kong, Japan and Singapore. Monday morning was an especially exciting day as the local English newspaper had the wedding splashed all over the back page and in full colour. Apparently it was also on National TV but none of us ever saw the few minutes of coverage.



IN OCTOBER 1993, THE YOUNG couple decided they wanted to move to Australia as Halim wished to study for a Masters Degree in International Law and then to obtain work experience in that country. They duly left and set up home in a rented apartment in downtown Sydney and after a year or so finally purchased a home in East Roseville with a delightful view over the wooded valley to the coves of greater Sydney Harbour.



THE YEARS WERE FLYING by, with no sign of a baby and we were beginning to wonder whether the couple were using 'live ammunition' or 'rubber bullets' until all of a sudden, and thankfully, Suzanne conceived towards the end of 1995 and on the afternoon of August 13th 1996 The Royal Saltiel was born. A beautiful little girl weighing 6lb. 5 oz came into this world. We rejoice in the birth of Tunku (Princess) Kristina Radin Tunku (Prince) Halim. A genuinely Royal Saltiel had been born. Our family departed for Sydney as soon as was feasibly possible to meet the Royal Saltiel and our first grand-daughter.

It was unfortunate that I was in mid-air between Manila and Taipei when Kristina was born and I only learned of the birth in the early hours of the next morning. What a feeling, what delightful moments they were! Can anything be more wonderful than becoming a grandparent and holding the baby for the first time? Magical is the only word to describe such pleasure. The sheer enchantment of holding the real, the one and only truly Royal Saltiel; the genuine Princess who will be able to trace her roots back to the Royal Household of David when the genealogists

amongst us have proven the fact rather than the myth. When that is done then we can say there is a direct link from the House of David to the Royal Household of Malaysia. In the meantime the Malaysian end of the bargain is proven beyond any doubt whatsoever!

Here this almost true story will end for the time being but rest assured that further tales from a *meshuggeneh* Saltiel will follow, together with regular updates on the progress of the Royal Saltiel. These updates will be heavily biased and full of a grandfather's natural pride in and devotion to his 'new toy'. Some may say devotion to his "Jewish Princess" but this grandfather knows full well that his "Jewish Princess" is actually Muslim and I am proud of it. Proud to be a Saltiel and proud in advertising the fact that the Malaysian Royal family know of my origins and happily accepted it without question.



THE AUTHOR HAS USED a slight degree of license, a *souppçon* of humour and a modicum of persiflage in trying to bring what could be a very boring story into something relatively easy to read. If I have failed then I apologise to all my Saltiel relatives, especially that peculiar and *meshuggeneh* Alexandre in Thailand for whom I seem to have acquired a high degree of affection, regardless of the fact that he is French in origin and seems to still suffer from a slight chip on his shoulder concerning the defeat of his countrymen at the Battle of Waterloo. As a reward and a form of consolation he had the privilege, if it may be called that, of being the first person in the world to see this final chapter.

Shalom & Lehidraot

Martin "Saltiel" Best

Martin Best 1943-1996

It is with great sadness that we find ourselves having to conclude this article by reporting the untimely death of Martin Best, the *Meshuggeneh Malaysian*.

On 23rd December 1996, Martin suffered a fatal heart attack. He was buried two days later in the Jewish Cemetery in Singapore.

He is mourned by his brothers, Stephen and Paul, his wife, Mary, his children Suzanne and Anita, his son in law Halim and by all those who knew him including the many readers of his spirited memoirs.

Henry in Harlow

In this continuation of her memoir of her husband, Henry, Betty Saltiel of Coventry writes of moving to a new home in the post-war "New Town" of Harlow and the development of Henry's career in teaching, writing, & acting

HENRY HAD BEEN TEACHING for two years, when we resolved to make efforts to improve our living conditions. We learned that we could not be rehoused in the foreseeable future, so we had to think hard what we could do.

Many shared our problem, following the wartime devastation of London. Council houses and flats were being built but nowhere at the rate needed. Between the wars, Hampstead Garden Suburb and Welwyn Garden City had proved to be an answer to keeping London contained within boundaries. So to keep a "Green Belt", new towns were proposed, including Stevenage in Hertfordshire, Crawley in Sussex and Harlow in Essex. For us Harlow was the closest to north-east London. It was also near a favourite spot, Epping Forest, and Henry in particular liked the idea of a well planned town, free from the smoke we had been used to, where each area had its own health centre, schools and shopping precinct. In 1956 Harlow was eight years old, building was still going on in every area of this new town, with still very little in the way of social amenities. But what an adventure it would be!



THE FIRST STEP WAS TO get work in Harlow, so Henry applied to the relevant Education Dept, and was given an interview at a bi-lateral school. This was a school with a grammar section and a secondary modern section, the idea being that there would be movement of pupils between the two sections. Since Henry's concern was with so-called slow-learners, he was interviewed for the secondary modern department. While the grandparents looked after the children we travelled by Green Line coach, nervous but excited, to this as yet unseen new town. It was a brilliantly sunny day and as we neared the end of our journey, the freshness and newness of everything filled us with hope. We must have sounded like two school kids ooh-ing and aah-ing at all we saw. And I could see myself pushing the pram round the clean new shopping centre where we set down at the end of the journey.

After buying a map I sat on a seat in the shopping centre while Henry went off for his interview. People passed laden with their shopping bags, most pushing prams. How had they settled? Did

they like it? Did they miss family and friends? A bird flew overhead and something sticky landed on my hair. A sign of good luck? After a while there was Henry loping towards me looking very serious at first and then his face broke into the crooked smile I knew so well as I said "I knew you'd get it." A house was now to be found but not today. Home to collect the children, break the good news (not too well received by my mother) and for Henry to resign from Dempsey Street.

There were a number of return journeys (sometimes with members of the family who were keen to see what this place was like) to look at houses and we somehow couldn't find what was suitable for us. It was now mid-summer and the new job started in September, so Henry with a colleague who was keen to see this new town, took the day off to have yet another look around. I had no particular hopes of the house of our dreams being found.

When Henry returned that evening and the children were in bed, I heard the news. They had been tramping round an area in which building was still in progress when it began to rain. They took shelter in a corner house situated in a square and little more than a shell and they started wandering through it. The rooms seemed large, the layout pleasing, the garden a good size, and they were impressed. It turned out that this particular house was due to be the last finished in that square, but a chat with the clerk of works changed all that and efforts would be made to complete it as early as possible. Henry dealt with all the officialdom of renting what would be 45 Great Brays and we began to prepare for our move.



WE CASHED IN A SMALL insurance policy (£75) to buy a decent carpet for the large living room and material for new curtains, some lamp-shades and stair carpet. The house wasn't finished until October, but Henry had prepared for this by organising to stay during the week with some very good friends who lived ten miles from Harlow, coming home on Friday evenings for the weekend. Two days into the start of term, we heard his footsteps coming up the stairs to our landing at the top of the house. He had missed us

too much and decided he would rather get up at the crack of dawn each day and have the long and difficult journey to school rather than spend weeks away from us. And that is what he did for a month until our moving day arrived.

We knew we would miss a great deal about London. It was after all where we had both been born and brought up. We had baby-sitters *ad nauseam*: our parents, my many young cousins, our circle of friends who visited often (when we would throw our keys down for them to let themselves in). We took the children to see their grandparents frequently; they too would miss these visits. There was the cinema, theatre (when we could afford it) and most of all Unity Theatre. But we knew our gains would be worth it. Our flat we would not miss, with all of us sharing one bedroom, the lack of a bathroom, our minute kitchen and the regularity of frozen pipes each winter.

Moving day was 6th October, 1956. It was a warm sunny day. The flat empty, Henry with David—the three-year-old—went in the removal van while Mark and pushchair travelled with me on the Green Line coach. We arrived before the van and sat in the empty living room on the low wide windowsill of the large square bay window as the sun streamed in on us, waiting. That night the children with bathed (in our own bathroom) and asleep (in their own bedroom), we just kept going from room to room turning lights on and off unable to believe that we were here at last.



WE SOON FOUND THAT MANY of our new neighbours couldn't settle, missing the familiar environment and the extended family life they knew, missing siblings and friends as well as parents. While many returned home, others found they could not go back to the conditions they had endure and stuck it out eventually putting down roots. As Britain recovered economically, families bought cars and returning to see relatives was much easier. The mobility the car has brought has in fact destroyed the old order of 'family and kinship'—but that's another story. What was happening in Harlow was similar. It was said that as families were moving into the New Town, almost the same number were moving back to where they had come from.

We found at first that we were returning to visit our parents every month (they visited us too) using the ubiquitous Green Line coach. It was a hassle, with all the paraphernalia we had to take for the children. Our rent had gone up from what we paid in London by two and half times and Henry's salary was being stretched beyond its limit. We had been in Harlow for two years before we managed to acquire our first car and that would not have been possible had Henry not taken on extra work. But more of that later.



EARLY ON, HENRY JOINED a drama group and performed in a number of productions. He also joined a Community group which was concerned with facilities for the people of Harlow. He rode to work on a bicycle each day. And it amused the children and me to see him stick a beret on his head when it was very cold or wet.

We were making friends, mainly among the teachers

Henry worked with. Money was still a problem and so Henry applied for an evening job as a Warden at a Community Centre. This meant him working three nights a week. Payment was quarterly and his first Warden's pay packet bought our first car—for £30. It was at the Community Centre that he became friendly with Bob Jones, who ran yet another of Harlow's drama groups and who was incidentally head of a primary school. The two were politically in tune and naturally both keen on drama. Henry left the group he was with to join Bob Jones' Prentice Players and it was with this group that we had our first taste of Amsterdam.

The group had been rehearsing the play *Everyman* and usually each play was performed for one week at the Community Centre. Bob was contacted by the Chairman of a Community Centre with the name Ons Huis of Rozenstraat 16, Amsterdam, asking that we bring the play over to perform at secondary schools. The group was very keen and arrangements were made. Some wanted husbands or wives to go too and those of us who did were given specific tasks. I was to help with wardrobe.

In Amsterdam we stayed with families who were members of Ons Huis and the family we lived with had a flat in a new housing estate in West Amsterdam. They were wonderful hosts and put

“We knew we would greatly miss London, where we had both been born and bred”

themselves out to accommodate us. In fact our whole group was given VIP treatment. Outside of the performances of *Everyman* we were taken on various excursions: once to the seaside, to the Kroller Mueller Museum and to Arnhem—one us had a brother-in-law buried there. Evenings were social occasions with singing and dancing. Henry and I managed to get away on our own a couple of times. On one of these occasions we found ourselves facing the statue of an Amsterdam worker, erected in honour of those who went on strike against the occupying Germans when they began to deport Jews. Henry made his black and white photos of Amsterdam into a small album.



BACK IN HARLOW, Prentice Players went into production of *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller in which Henry played Reverend Hale. This is a play I know well: the production was one of the best I had ever seen and Henry's

performance was a fine restrained one. I always found it strange watching him perform and on occasions he could make up a character. I suppose I felt a mixture of anxiety and embarrassment, tinged with a little pride—but I knew when he did well and this was one of those times. Soon after this he directed a Sean O'Casey one-acter, *Hall of Healing*, for the British Amateur Drama Festival and Prentice Players were delighted when it got through the first two rounds. I still display the framed letter from O'Casey that he wrote in answer to Henry's.

While still in theatrical mood - and this was one performance that didn't raise the usual emotions in me—I have a vivid memory of Henry in flowing robes with pregnant wife leading a real donkey around a small hall seeking—a place to rest. With his locks and the beard he had been growing for some time, he *was* Joseph.



HENRY ACHIEVED SOME SUCCESS in Harlow as a teacher. He had one of the new "Scale" posts with responsibility for remedial work but I suspect he felt frustrated at the general lack of concern regarding his department. Having

teenagers who had not yet learned to read and who were determined not to use books full of facts, he devised his own system in order to teach them. So when Bob Jones showed him the outline of a book he was trying unsuccessfully to get published. Henry remarked how well it would work with his own reading scheme.

That was the beginning of their collaboration on a set of books for older slow readers, on activities and subjects that would appeal to secondary pupils. Bob did the research, Henry wrote them and I had the job of typing them up. Sketches were done by a young girl we knew who worked as a record sleeve designer. They were eventually published by Wheatons. Bob hoped we'd get rich on them; we didn't. Nowadays they would be considered sexist because there were books for

boys with boys' interests and books for girls with girls' interests. But at the time they did sell. Later when I was training to be a teacher and some of us were visiting a school on observation, we were shown into a classroom

that was being set up specifically for children with what we now call special needs, and there on the bookshelves were several sets of what Henry and Bob had called them, *Adventure In Life*.



OUR TIME IN HARLOW WAS drawing to a close. Henry found there was no movement between the two sections in the school and his concern for the pupils who were failing deepened. If he could head a "Remedial" (he hated that word) Department, he would be able to put into practice what he felt those pupils needed: to be treated with respect as responsible people and to be given a wide and varied curriculum which he was convinced they could absorb. Over the years he often found himself embroiled in staff-room discussion and argument on children's ability to learn, good relationships with pupils, mutual trust and respect, not stereotyping and judging children because of their manner of speech and dress. Of course there was hostility from some of his colleagues, but he did make others think about their methods. With his own department, would his influence be greater and wider?

To be continued...

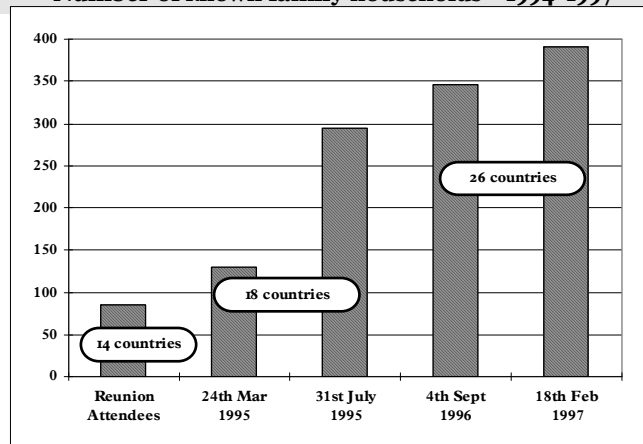
FAMILY MATTERS

שאלתיאל

Outreach

The graph on the right illustrates how the number of confirmed family households known to us has expanded from 85 in fourteen countries at the time of the Amsterdam reunion to 390 in twenty-six countries now. This excludes perhaps two hundred further households known to us, but not yet contacted, including Saltellis in Italy & North America, Chaltiels and Saltells in France, and US addresses identified by Internet search engines.

Number of known family households—1994-1997



Local volunteers

Social Our local volunteers are our most immediate connection to our family network, helping to maintain local records and to promote local family spirit. Examples of such activities may include:

- Organising national or local social events.
- Receiving newly discovered members of the family.
- Recording births, *brisses*, Bar Mitzvahs, marriages, and deaths.
- Soliciting personal advertisements & announcements for the *Gazette*.

We will include reports from time to time in future issues.

Contact points

Australasia

Lynette Grave +64 3 454 5780
fax + 64 3 477 8127

Britain

Betty Saltiel + 44 1203 675 491

France, Spain, Switzerland & Austria

Bernard Saltiel + 33 4 78 22 68 42
Maurice Saltiel + 33 1 49 30 22 34

Greece & Turkey

Telis Nahmias +30 31 269 011

Israel

Moni Shaltiel + 97 2 9 656 295

Netherlands & Belgium

Rob Sealtiel + 31 36 53 54 125

The Americas

Moshe Shaltiel Gracian +1 847 498 8884

Genealogy

Ed Motola +Number to be advised

On the basis of the material sent to us by family, follow-up interviews in France, Greece, Israel, Mexico and the US, and examination of the Salonica records from 1915 to 1942 now held in the LDS genealogical archives in Salt Lake City, we have made a preliminary identification of the following:

Danube line.

This embraces the families of Hertha Siegel of Vienna and Natalie Saltiel *et al* in Chicago. It was founded by Reuben Saltiel of Pest (now Budapest), Hungary, born *circa* 1795.

North Sea line.

This line originates with an implicit Isaac Saltiel of London *circa* 1700. Yomtob—the presumed brother of Isaac—founded a line with branches in the US, as well as a recently discovered English branch including David Saltiel of Hull. Isaac's son, Elias, founded the extensive and well-documented London-Amsterdam-Hamburg line with modern offshoots in Australasia & the Far East, Israel, the Netherlands, the UK, and the US, among them (e.g.) Suzanne Best, Robyn Byron, Vibeke Olsen, Rob Sealtiel, Miles Saltiel, Irene Takamizu, and Paula Aaronson.

Ottoman lines.

This includes several branches where we are in the process of documenting links and to which we have given the following working names:

“Han Bechor”: The founder of this branch was Yosef Moshe Shaltiel. He lived in Salonika *circa* 1830 and his descendants include Aron Saltiel of Graz,

Austria and descendants in France, Turkey, Israel and the US.

“House”: This family has been in Israel from the early years of this century, lending its name to the eponymous house, a Tel Aviv land-mark. Members include Thomas Saltiel of London and family in France and Israel.

“Istanbul”: This includes Simon Saltiel of Istanbul and his cousins in Mexico and Israel.

“Moise-Paris”: This Parisian branch was founded by a brother of the founder of the “House” branch. Members include the founder and his children in Italy, as well as his brother, physics professor David Shaltiel of Hebrew University, and his family.

“Salonica”: The Carasso family of Argentina descends from Rabbi David Sadi Saltiel of Salonica. They are also related to Colonel (ret.) Moshe Shaltiel of Re'ut, Israel; and the sub-branch which includes Shmuel Shaltiel, Flora Saltiel Modiano, Maurice Saltiel of Villiers-sur-Marne, Henry Saltiel of Vancouver, and Moshe Shaltiel of Chicago.

We hope to present a complete family tree at *Salonica '97*, the Second International Reunion. Ed is moving house, so for the present new information should go to Moshe Shaltiel at:

1901 Raymond Drive
Northbrook, Illinois 60062
USA

tel 1 847 498 8884
fax 1 847 564 1303

Sealtiel Journal—Dutch Newsletter

Rob Sealtiel + 31 36 53 54 125

The third edition of the Dutch newsletter came out at the end of 1996. Please send contributions or other support to Rob at

D. R. Saltiel
Simon van Collemstraat 170
1325 RL Almere
Netherlands

Trait d'Union—French Newsletter

Maurice Saltiel + 33 1 49 30 22 34

The *Trait d'Union* acts as the periodical medium of communication for the Francophone family. Maurice Saltiel is publishing this at his own expense and would welcome support from interested members of the family. We warmly encourage such support.

New Start—career help for the young and not so young

Maurice Saltiel + 33 1 49 30 22 34

Would all those who wish to contribute their advice, either privately or through the columns of the *Gazette*, please contact Maurice Saltiel or the Editor.

Open Door—Exchange visits

Thea Ronsby-Veltkamp + 45 53 46 20 84

One in ten of our subscribers are now participating in the family's hospitality exchange scheme. For details, please see the panel on page thirty-one. Those wishing to join the scheme should write to:

Thea Ronsby-Veltkamp
Tuse Naes Vej 14
4300 Holbaek
Denmark

Family History

Vibeke Sealtiel Olsen + 45 36 45 66 30
Moshe Shaltiel Gracian + 1 847 498 8884

Moshe Shaltiel Gracian's research into the Aragonese archive is described in this edition of the *Gazette*, which also contains the latest instalment of Vibeke Sealtiel Olsen's reconstruction of the history of the Dutch family.

Gazette & Administration

Miles Saltiel + 44 171 262 6498

The *Gazette* is the principal medium through which the family communicates. The editor welcomes all comments, letters (for publication or otherwise), book reviews, articles and illustrations. All will be acknowledged. Please see *Organisation* on page three for details.

Letters to the Editor

Jewish accounts in Swiss Banks

Message originated by Stephen Bloom bloomsteven@mail.dec.com.

Message begins "This is the first list of names released by the Swiss regarding the accounts of Polish Jews they looted in the Holocaust.

Emil Adorjan, Pradla
Charlotte Amsterdam, Warsaw
Harry Balieu, Danzig
Ascher Bank, Tarnow
Leyzor Berenbaum
Leib Selig, Blech
Memel Bruno Blumenfeld, Lavov
Lewin Blumenthal, Warsaw
Marcell Buber, Lavov
Wigdor Bychowski, Warsaw
Ernst Epstein, Warsaw
Oswei Epstein, Warsaw
Carl Freudenthal, Warsaw
Michael Friedberg, Warsaw
Isle Friedlander, Danzig
Herman Friedlander, Danzig
Salomea Gartenberg, Warsaw
Andreas Gawlik,
Andeiji Gdowski, Warsaw
Moschek, Glikman, Paris
Stanislaw Goldstein, Warsaw
Henri Grohman-Hole, Lodz
Camilla Hitner, Gieszyn
Adolf Kozerski, Warsaw
J Krepel, Warsaw
Fanny Landau
Paula Lazarus, Danzig
Ludwika Leiner Lvov
Filip Liebermann, Stanislavov
Mendel Loscher
Ian Watuszewski, Warsaw
Dr R May, Poznan
Herte Mayer-Thiel, Lvov
Helena Nasfeter, Wolomin
Helena Pulsaka, Warsaw
Samuel Rabinow, Parl
Salomon, Ramer
Andre Rotwand, Warsaw
David Salinger-Casper, Pammem
Michael Sapeter, Lvov

Helena Silberzweig, Krakow
Shopie Skowrenska, Warsaw
Max Sperber, Lvov
Marie Strasburger
Plachas Swiski
Zygmunt Teebang
Elsie Trenkler, Warsaw
Isaac Weizman, Konigsberg
Rudolf O A Weitzel, Danzig
Emma (Ernestine) Zionel Achslrad, Warsaw

Should you think that you are related to any of the above individuals, I suggest you contact the following:

Ombudsman of Swiss Banks
Seestrasse 7
PO Box 519
8027 Zurich
Switzerland

The law firm which is suing the Swiss banks is
Fagan & Assoc, 26 Broadway (21st floor),
New York NY 10004."

Message ends

The Editor writes

This information has just been forwarded to me by Paul Best of London. The Gazette passes it on with no endorsement of its accuracy or of any course of legal action. Readers are strongly advised to obtain advice from lawyers known to them and to take the usual precautions before committing to business matters.

Malaysian meshuggeneh

I missed the third episode of the exploits of your crazy cousin in the last issue. Is he coming back?

*Jacques Rodriguez,
Houston, Texas.*

The Editor writes

I felt that Martin Best's boisterous memoirs did not sit best with the last—"Holocaust"—edition of the Gazette, but as you see, the third episode of Martin's life history is included in this edition of the Gazette, sadly combined with the news of his untimely death.

Pictures

I wonder if you propose to compile an album of family pictures? And what is happening with the famous "Shealtiel Movie"?

*Ralph Davis
London, England.*

The Editor writes

Several people have raised the topic of a photo album. I had hoped to include some colour snaps in this edition of the Gazette, but funds do not permit. Vibeke Olsen's "Family Book" will be distributed at the Salonika Reunion and is intended to include photos. I will consult with my English cousins as to what might be the appropriate medium for assembling and publishing our own historical material. The filmmaker, Ian Ziv, has told me that the BBC has approved his script and that the film should go ahead as three or four one-hour programmes about the Shealtiels, with a tie-in book. But don't forget, in the movie business, there's many a slip...



This is the first full edition of **Figo Loco!** with a good sample of the sort of lighter and creative writing we want to include: a couple of poems, a hobbyist's article, an appeal for material for our Family Book; and crucial data about Shaltiel the duck!

Figo Loco!—named for the Wild Fig from which the Synagogue of the family took its name—is intended to be the family forum for creative material, giving all the opportunity put to their talents on display in the *Gazette*. It will also cover material with a lighter touch, including humour and anecdotes.

To make **Figo Loco!** varied and interesting, we hope to receive contributions from as many members of the family as possible, so this request is aimed at **YOU**.

- Do you have an interesting hobby?
- Do you have a good story to tell?
- Have you met someone worth telling us about?
- Have you travelled somewhere interesting recently?
- What is the favourite food in your family?
- Do you know a good joke?
- Have you written a poem or a song?
- Do you have old family pictures, or do you photograph as a hobby?
- Are you an artist, an hobbyist, a poet-to-be?

We would like to receive any material that you have which relates to our family in some way, either because you have it, or because you made it. We are keen to see what you will come up with, and reassure you that we will return to you any creative material you forward. Please enclose a return envelope.

A Jewish Christmas Eve

This poem was e-mailed to me by Fran London of Phoenix Arizona. I have included it because it so perfectly captures for me that most familiar of Jewish observances, the quest for Chinese food on high days and holidays. Fran concluded her mail to me "Of course, this is a fantasy. After all, what Jew doesn't know how to eat with chop sticks?" So true, so true! Editor

Twas the night before Christmas, and we, being Jews,
My girlfriend and me—we had nothing to do.
The Gentiles were home, hanging stockings with care,
Secure in their knowledge St. Nick would be there.
But for us, once the Chanukah candles burned down,
There was nothing but boredom all over town.
The malls and the theatres were all closed up tight;
There weren't any concerts to go to that night.
A dance would have saved us, some ballroom or swing,
But we searched through the papers; there wasn't a thing.
Outside the window sat two feet of snow;
With the windchill, they said, it was fifteen below.
And while all I could do was sit there and brood,
My girl saved the night and called out: "Chinese Food!"

So we ran to the closet, grabbed hats, mitts and boots -
To cover out heads, our hands and our feet.
We pulled on our jackets, all puffy with down,
And boarded the T bound for old Chinatown.
The train nearly empty, it rolled through the stops,
While visions of wontons danced through our kopfs.
We hopped off at Park Street; the Common was bright
With fresh-fallen snow and the trees strung with lights,
We crept through "The Zone" with its dossers and thugs,
And entrepreneurs selling ladies and drugs.
At last we reached Chinatown, rushed through the gate,
Past bakeries, markets, shops and cafes,
In search of a restaurant: "Which one? Let's decide!"
We chose "Hunan *Choyer*," and ventured inside.

Around us sat others, their platters piled high
With the finest of fine foods their money could buy:
There was duck and fried squid, (sweet, sour and spiced,
Dried beef and mixed veggies, lo mein and fried rice,
Whole fish and moo shu and shrimp chow mee foon,

And General Gau's chicken and ma po tofu...
When at last we decided, and the waiter did call,
We said: "Skip the menu. We'll just take it all.
And when in due time the food was all made,
It came to the table in hoggish parade.
Before us sat dim sum, spare ribs and egg rolls,
And four different soups, in four great, huge bowls.

The courses kept coming from spicy to mild,
And higher and higher to the ceiling were piled.
And while this went on, we became aware
Every diner around us had started to stare.
Their jaws hanging open, they looked on unblinking;
Some dropped cups, some drooled without thinking.
So much piled up, one dish after another,
My girlfriend and I couldn't see one another!
Now we sat there, we two, *sans* proper utensils,
While they handed us things that looked like two pencils.
We poked and we jabbed till our fingers were sore
And half of our dinner wound up on the floor.
We tried—how we tried—but, sad truth to tell,
Ten long minutes later and still hungry as hell,
We swallowed our pride, feeling vaguely like dorks,
And called to our waiter to bring us two forks

We fressed & we feasted, we slurped & we munched;
We noshed & we supped, we dined & we lunched.
We ate till we couldn't and drank down our teas
And barely had room for our fortune cookies.
But my fortune was perfect; it summed up the mood
When it said: "Pork is kosher, when it's in Chinese food."
And my girlfriend—well, she got a real winner;
Her's said: "Your companion will pay for the dinner."
Our bellies were full and at last it was time
To travel back home and write up some bad rhyme
Of our Chinatown trek (and to privately speak
About trying to refine our chopstick technique).
The MSG spun round and round in our heads,
And we tripped and we laughed and gaily we said,
As we carried our leftovers home through the night:
"Good Yom Tov to all - and to all a Good Night!"

Fran London

Young Gun

Ray Saltiel of Llanelli, Wales, sent in this poem. He writes that he has ridden to hounds for the last thirty years and keeps two working Springer Spaniels. The poem was written by his wife, Helen.

Hush young gun, the old man's at rest
After a chase that proved one of his best
No need for regrets as we see him asleep
Excitement relived in reverie deep

Warm pleading eyes he could never refuse
A chin on his knees as he fastened his shoes
Young gun never still, raring to go,
Old man wearier; please go slow

Into the woods, young gun flushing,
With eyes lit up, tail wildly brushing,
Old man straining to show how the job's done
"I've wisdom aplenty to show a young gun."

Through the bracken and river—man, what a race!
Old man in the rear, young gun giving chase
Serious business, wonderful fun.
Two work as one, old man and young gun.

"Home boys, enough now". Old man's chest heaving.
Young gun following, dejected at leaving
The woods and the water; fur, fowl, and feather.
Young gun and old man returning together

Hush young gun, the old man's asleep
Peace on his face; but no need to weep
For the day's hectic moments, relived again
Wipe away signs of a long life's pain

Sleep well, old man, and dream on of today.
Morrow comes soon enough to show young gun the way.

Helen Saltiel

The Salonika '97 Family Book

Vibeke Sealtiel Olsen writes:

I am compiling the updated edition of the Shealtiel Family Book for the next reunion. Would everyone who would like to be included in it please send me a description and a colour picture of their family including the answers to the following questions:

- Date and place of birth of all members of the family.
- Current address and short description of neighbourhood.
- Hobbies and interests.

- Biggest experiences in personal life.
- Education, career and current profession.
- About grandparents, parents, children and grandchildren.
- Message to the family.

From the material that I receive, I will make short personal descriptions for the family directory and I will compile a new version of the family book, in time for the next reunion in Salonika.

Below, I set out my own page for the family book as an example of how a page in the family book might look.

Please send in your contributions to me for inclusion in the Shealtiel Family Book to be distributed to all attending the Salonika '97 Reunion to me at

Vibeke Olsen
Gutserstraat 70
1030 RN Amsterdam
Netherlands

Vibeke Olsen

Date and place of birth of all members of the family.

- Vibeke Sealtiel Olsen, born 3 September 1968 in Holbaek, Denmark
- Hussam (Yossi) Abu Hamad, born 21 March 1969 in Hadera, Israel
- Yusef Lennart Abu Hamad, born 6 November 1995 in Copenhagen, Denmark

Home address and short description of neighbourhood.

Rasmus Rasks Vej 5, st. th.
2500 Valby
Denmark.

I am based with my husband and child in a small apartment in Copenhagen. We live in an old part of the city, close to the centre and to the zoological gardens. Our flat is one of 200 in a building from 1910, modernised and with a common garden. We live on the ground floor, three steps from the garden and safe playing facilities for the children. There are many shops nearby, and the nearest bus and train station is only 3 minutes walking. It is an ideal place for having small children, except that it is close to a main traffic stream, with many cars and polluted air. For much of the year, however, I am taking up my studies in Amsterdam.

Hobbies and interests. History, reading, drawing, singing, walking amid nature (mountains). I enjoy reading and singing, something which I do a lot in my daily life. From my mother, I inherited the talent to draw, something that I used to do a lot in the past, but I do not have time for it anymore. I like to make long walks in wild nature, preferably in rough forests, hills or mountains.

Biggest experiences in personal life.

The birth of my son Yusef, investigating and preparing the Shealtiel reunion, I am the oldest of three children. My younger brothers are Kaj, 26, and Peter, 13. I was lonely in childhood, without friends and mostly played with my brothers or alone. My parents divorced when I was 13, and from that time I was on my own. Since 1987, I have lived in Holland, and I have gone through a process of discovering myself and my background.

Education, career and current profession.

From 1988 until 1992 I worked in the unemployment department of a Dutch social security organisation. I decided to leave my job and get a university education.

I am currently completing courses at the Universities of Amsterdam and have also studied in Copenhagen. I believe that I

will get my degree eventually, but it could be in the next millennium, so this gives me the opportunity to prolong my studies for 1000 years.

About grandparents, parents, children and grandchildren.

My grandmother Jacoba Wilhelmina Sealtiel was a special person. She had a strong personality, a lot of humour, and she used to express her emotions by singing, something which I also do. My mother has inherited the creativity of my grandmother. She is a talented graphic artist, sculptress, and writer, and she also likes to sing. Her many creative projects and journeys serve as a source of inspiration to me. My only son is still a baby, but he looks at the world with constant interest, and he really has a strong voice. He is somebody who will be noticed anywhere.

Message to the family.

I am very proud to belong to this family of interesting, strong, amiable and intelligent people. It will always be one of my favourite preoccupations to keep contact with all of you, either by writing to you or by visiting you.

V.O.

How to become a Doll-Doctor

Well, there is no official education—and one cannot study by correspondence course either. The only way to start is to find an experienced person practising the trade, and to become his/her apprentice. That is the way my “career” started at any case, although as a matter of fact I happened to come to it by special circumstances.

As a child I was not specially fond of dolls. When I was eight years old I got a “real flesh doll”, as my mother called it, for my birthday. It was one of the first vinyl dolls that, opposite the hard and cold celluloid dolls of that time, felt smooth and warm when you touched it, just like skin. My mother was very preoccupied by this. When we had visitors, the guests had to admire the doll and pinch it in the arms.

I did not play with “Liesbet” very often, though she could drink and pee, and grumble out when she was pressed on the belly. I preferred to have a good book instead of dolls. When I was a child, I drove my mother to desperation by being the worst bookworm imaginable.

With our neighbour, a sweet and rather eccentric, manic-depressive woman whom I loved to visit, I saw for the first time some old-fashioned jointed china dolls with wooden elbow- and knee joints. Somehow those dolls continued being in my mind; those singularly formed limbs, the pretty white gowns in which they were dressed, the long black stockings, and the real hair wigs they wore. I was fascinated by those dolls.

Many years later I entered an antique shop and saw a big china doll. On impulse I bought her and she still lives with me. After some years she became a little loose in the joint, as the rubber bands were crumbled.

By this time I was living in Denmark, as I married a Dane in 1966. I had heard that a doll-doctor was living in Helsingør—in English Elsinore—a charming old city lying with the narrowest part of the sound at North Seeland.

I phoned her and presented my problem. The answer was not very encouraging. She was sorry to say that she had so many repairs to do that she could take on no new work. I might phone her after a few years. The poor doll was laid aside. Once more, some years passed.

I was appointed as a remedial teacher. In the light of the special problems with which my pupils contended, my group was small, only five children, who in that way would get all my attention. As they were hardly suited to book learning, we would take excursions around the countryside.

One day the children and I walked through the city of Helsingør on our way to the youth hostel, placed at the outside of the town, in a beautiful old manor house with a magnificent view over the sound to Sweden at the other side. We strolled along a street with old houses from the 17th century, and suddenly we remarked a sign on one of the houses that told us; here lives the dolls’ doctor.

Well, it could be nice to have a look indoors and see the workshop. Will we be allowed? We tried, and yes, we were very welcome, and the children had a lot to look at, dolls’ parts, lying, standing and hanging around! Arms, legs, bodies, eyes, wigs everywhere!

In that way I made my first contact with Else Egedam, my teacher in the noble art of doll-restoring.

Over a number of years I visited her and her husband Jens once a week and learned to execute all kinds of repairs on all kinds of dolls. There were many varieties!

Once I asked her when she thought I would be an accomplished dolls’ doctor. “One never is,” she answered. But by 1988 I had learned enough to work independently.

It is an ancient trade, dolls have been made since the beginning of our era and perhaps for as long as mankind has existed. Now there is something of a renaissance in interest in old dolls. Many people produce their own copies of antique china dolls, and that has the consequence that interest in the original dolls increases all the more. People have taken their old dolls from hiding places and put them on display in their living rooms. Such displays make themselves very apparent, as old dolls of this kind bring forth a very special atmosphere.

In the past, dolls reflected the adult world. There is ample documentation of their presence in all cultures, in which they might have a magical or religious function, something we.

From the 19th century dolls came into general use in Europe. Initially they were not used as toys here, but as mannequins; they should show the last fashion to the consumers of the day.

The dolls’ bodies were sewed of fabric or skin and stiffly filled up with sawdust. They would assume the very shape called for by the fashion of the moment.

The dolls’ heads were made skilfully. The earlier examples were carved from wood. The later ones that were more sophisticated and made of wax.

After 1830 the first china dolls were produced. Their design was often inspired by well-known women of the period. One example was the Swedish singer Jenny Lind, someone much admired by the Danish fairy tale author Hans Christian Andersen. Other examples are the French Empress Eugénie and the Danish Queen Caroline Amalie. Later on Shirley Temple was used as a model for a doll’s head.

The clothes were sewn to illustrate the latest design from the fashion magazines of the day. From 1880 dolls grew more and more childish. Now they had movable eyes and looked like 10-12 year old girls. After the turn of the century they became younger still and ended at last as babes in arms. The baby doll was born.

Later developments were more technical in character. The dolls learned to drink, to eat—and what thereof is following—to walk...the list is surely not yet complete.

During the Second World War it was impossible to get rubber bands. At that time the dolls were repaired with steel springs. The drawback of this was that the springs could rust, and that led to the doll losing its head. And that might be very unhealthy for a china doll.

Antique dolls tell their own stories, and that is why I think it is interesting to have to deal with them. They are mostly owned by grown-ups, who may nonetheless have a lot to say about the fate of their special “child”.

It is also rewarding to have to do with modern vinyl dolls, which often have very “young mothers”. To these mothers it is a serious thing, in quite another way, to leave their poor sick darling at the doll-doctor, even when I

assure them—word of honour—that I will take very good care of their child.

It can be difficult to bring up original parts to use by repairing the old doll, but I am glad to say that I have never had to give up repairing a doll for lack of parts. If necessary I mould or model the required parts myself.

In work with the dolls I have to use different moulds and special tools and—perhaps not so accidentally—I often use tools that are used by a hu-

man physician. For example, when I have to tighten a rubber band I use an artery clip inherited from the throat specialist and my dentist is kind enough to supply me with a set of long pincers. Another such tool is a kind of crooked hook, called a “fisherman”. The only way to get this tool was by asking for it from the plumber.

But...the most important tool in repairing dolls is patience and the respect for a unique object that cannot be replaced.

Thea Ronsby

P.S. Procuring original parts of dolls for repair can be difficult. If you happen to have a broken doll in one of your hiding places and it not can be repaired any more, then parts of it can certainly be used for a “doll transplant”. Please remember me.

T.R.

Shaltiel, The Travelling Duck!!!

This following crucial information was found by Vibeke Sealtiel Olsen at <http://www.dejanews.com>

Newsgroup: alt.duck.quack.quack.quack

Hi !!! I am Shaltiel and I travel all over the world, I know I am only a rubber yellow duck but I do travel (I do it by mail). By now I have been to Singapore, USA, Canada, England, France, Norway, Malaysia and I have pictures from these places (plus Israel my home sweet home).

I want to travel all over the world so maybe you can help me. If you want to

help me to travel some more, you can E-mail my owner Asaf Shani, so ... please help me go places. Hear from you soon!

Hi, my name is Asaf. I live in Israel and I am the owner of Shaltiel. I am doing a project with people all over the world, people with whom I connect via the net. I send them Shaltiel the duck (a rubber duck, not a real duck!) via the regular mail and they photo it in a place that represents their country. Right now Shaltiel is in Oslo, Norway. He is supposed to come back here this month. Would you agree to help me with the project???

I really want to hear from you very soon.

P.S. The name Shaltiel is from a kid's TV cartoon about the adventures of a duck. I think the TV programme originally came from the Netherlands.

Asaf Shani

asafsh@netvision.net.il

Vibeke tells me that Asaf is a seventeen year old Israeli of Greek origin.

Shaltiel the Duck is the Israeli dub of a Dutch children's cartoon.

Green Chilli Latke

Here's a tasty holiday recipe with a south-west tone from Arizona. It's adapted from *Chilli Pepper Magazine*, and is not spicy if you use mild green chillies:

- 4 medium potatoes, peeled and shredded
- 2 eggs
- 2 cloves of chopped garlic, minced with ½ tsp. salt
- 4 green New Mexican chillies, roasted, peeled, stems and seeds

removed, or one 4 oz can of diced green chillies

- ½ small onion, finely chopped
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Olive oil or non-stick spray

Combine all ingredients but the olive oil in a bowl. The mixture should have the consistency of pancake batter. Cover and chill in the refrigerator for ½ hour.

Coat a pan with oil or non-stick spray. Keep the pan temperature between 375 and 385°F; 190-195°C Mix the batter

and spoon it into the pan, medium pancake size. Cook it for about three minutes or until golden brown, and flip it over to cook the other side. Drain on paper towels.

Serves four. Eat plain, or with apple sauce or sour cream. Eat right away or reheat them in the oven later.

Fran & Jay London

Announcements

Paula Laxa & Thomas Saltiel

All congratulations to Paula and Thomas, who were married at the Belvedere, Holland Park, London on Friday 27th December 1996.

Samuel Nahmias

Leila & Telis Nahmias of Thessalonika, Greece, have pleasure in announcing the award to their son, Samuel, of his LL.M (Master of Laws) degree from the University of Essex, England, after completing his dissertation on European Union Law.

Erica Saltiel-Levin & Joel Tenner

Natalie Saltiel and Sidney Levin have pleasure in announcing the engagement of their daughter Erica to Joel Tenner. The wedding will be in August 1997.

Sophia Schrader Sealtiel

All congratulations to Sofia Schrader Sealtiel of Amstelveen Netherlands, for her sixtieth birthday on 10th November 1996.

Joop Sealtiel of the Hague

All congratulations to Joop Sealtiel of the Hague, Netherlands, on his sixtieth birthday on 13th April 1996.

Joop Sealtiel of Amstelveen

All congratulations to Joop Sealtiel of Amstelveen, Netherlands, on his seventieth birthday on 3rd July 1996.

Sagi Genger & Elana Fang

The editor is so embarrassed about getting Sagi and Elana's wedding announcement wrong—for the second time in the last issue—that he offers the couple a full-blooded paragraph of apology in *The View From Gloucester Square* following.



Open Door

*The Shealtiel family
programme for
hospitality exchanges*

This scheme has been organised by **Thea Rønsby-Veltkamp** for exchange visits between youngsters (and the not so young) in the family from around the world. She writes:

Many of our adolescent sons and daughters want to see the world, which can be of great value for their education and personal development. The addresses of those who have kindly volunteered so far are set out below.

If you would like to add your name to the register please make contact with me at

Thea Rønsby
Tuse Næs Vej 14
4300 Holbæk
Denmark
Phone: + 45 53 46 20 84

Places to stay for younger members of the family (alphabetically by country)

Moises and Marie Saltiel
Rivadiva 85
7540 Colonel Suarez
Argentina

Santiago Saltiel
Republica de la India 2921-2°
1425 Buenos Aires
Argentina

Aron Saltiel
Heinrichstrasse 131
8010 Graz
Austria

Alice Saltiel-Marshall
Box 2301
Canmore, Alberta ToL oMo
Canada

Thea Rønsby
Tuse Næs Vej 14
4300 Holbæk
Denmark
Phone: + 45 53 46 20 84

Ralph & Della Saltiel
Hill House
Wacton, Norfolk
NR15 2UE
England
Phone +44 1508 530372

Beatrice & Philippe Saltiel
Domaine de la Tourette
30300 Fourques
France
Tel + 33 4 90 96 35 51
Fax + 33 4 90 93 87 99

Note: Please give prior notice; a car is needed

Eldad & Miri Shaaltiel
51 Hechalutz Street
Beit Hakerem
Jerusalem 96222
Israel

Moshe Shaltiel
Irussim 93 P.O.Box 1214
Re'ut 71098
Israel
Tel + 97 2 8 926 4707

Dr Alberto Saltiel
Paseo de la Herradura
Huixquilucan
Estado de Mexico
Mexico 53920

Peter and Nel Oosterbaan
Boomstede 38
3608 AB Maarssen
Netherlands

Lynette Grave
171 Doon Street
Waverley, Dunedin,
New Zealand
Tel + 64 3 454 5780
Fax + 64 3 477 8127

Alexandre Saltiel
c/o Bangkok Optical Distribution
486/145 New Petchburi Road
10400 Bangkok,
Thailand
Tel & fax +662 216 8146fc

Irene London Takamizu
2321 Rockwood Avenue
Baldwin, NY 11510
USA

Sally Sultan
19390 Collins Avenue
Miami Beach Florida 33160
USA
Tel (work) +1 305 284 6673
Fax +1 305 284 3762

Places to stay for older members of the family (alphabetically by country)

Moises and Marie Saltiel
Rivadiva 85
7540 Colonel Suarez
Argentina

Santiago Saltiel
Republica de la India 2921-2°
1425 Buenos Aires
Argentina

Aron Saltiel
Heinrichstrasse 131
8010 Graz
Austria

Alice Saltiel-Marshall
Box 2301
Canmore, Alberta ToL oMo
Canada

Thea Rønsby
Tuse Næs Vej 14
4300 Holbæk
Denmark
Phone: + 45 53 46 20 84

Ralph & Della Saltiel
Hill House
Wacton, Norfolk
NR15 2UE
England
+44 1508 530372

Beatrice & Philippe Saltiel
Domaine de la Tourette
30300 Fourques
France
Tel + 33 4 90 96 35 51
Fax + 33 4 90 93 87 99

Note: Please give prior notice; a car is needed

Eldad & Miri Shaaltiel
51 Hechalutz Street
Beit Hakerem
Jerusalem 96222
Israel

Moshe Shaltiel
Irussim 93 P.O.Box 1214
Re'ut 71098
Israel
Tel + 97 2 8 926 4707

Dr Alberto Saltiel
Paseo de la Herradura
Huixquilucan
Estado de Mexico
Mexico 53920

Peter and Nel Oosterbaan
Boomstede 38
3608 AB Maarssen
Netherlands

Lynette Grave
171 Doon Street
Waverley, Dunedin
New Zealand
Tel + 64 3 454 5780
Fax + 64 3 477 8127

Kaye Hurn
27b Rewarewa Place
Matua, Tauranga
New Zealand
Tel + 64 07 576 5883
Note: We live in a wonderful country.

Lorraine & Martin Rosenbaum
Box 3003
Wellfleet MA 02667
USA

Note: This is on the sea shore at Cape Cod, Massachusetts

Sally Sultan
19390 Collins Avenue
Miami Beach Florida 33160
USA
Tel (work) +1 305 284 6673
Fax +1 305 284 3762

In November, a “pre new job” gadabout through the western States turned into a peripatetic family get-together. My original thought was simply to see some pretty countryside in reasonable comfort—I first took to this part of the world from the windows of a Greyhound bus in 1968, so you can tell my standards of comfort are not too demanding. In any event, the irrepressible Moshe got wind that I might be off for Wyoming and e-mailed me to take in Rawlings, where a kinsman was buried. I then found myself booking up Ed Motola and family for Salt Lake City, Fran & Jay London for Phoenix and Moshe himself for Saint George, Utah.

It was the trip of a lifetime. Dear old Virgin tried their best but never made up for security delays at Heathrow so we landed at San Francisco ninety minutes late at midnight body-time, with no chance of my making it to Reno before dusk. So I simply picked up my four-wheel-drive and conked out at the airport Hilton. By midnight local time, I was ready to boogie, so I checked out, got some pancakes at an all-night diner on El Camino and put the pedal to the metal. It was the most thrilling drive of my life. I went through the Donner Pass at four in the morning, in contention with the thirty-wheelers throwing up the newly falling snow and to the strains of my Clapton tapes.

Breakfast in Reno and then ducks and drakes for three hundred miles with the Nevada State Police. They were onto me after an Under-Sheriff from Battle Mountain waived a speeding citation but felt that his colleagues up the pike deserved the day’s sport. But Nevada is kinda bare, so I was able to spot them before they could get a radar gun on me. Out of the mountains into glorious afternoon light, an oldies station with a particularly appealing play-list, and the Boeings wheeling away from the circuit over Salt Lake. Then through more snow up the west face of the Wasatch range and onto the Wyoming plateau. Soon I was

nineteen hours in, it was dark again and the last hundred miles into Jackson Hole were something of a struggle. Nor was I best pleased to wake up that night and discover I had lost my passport on the highway from San Francisco.

But that was the only low. The Washington Embassy couldn’t have been more efficient about getting me new papers, albeit with an flurry of faxes and UPS deliveries. And the rest of the trip was nothing but highs. First, Yellowstone and the geysers; the majestic highway to Rawlings over pink-lit snow-clad high plains and past truck headlights winding back to the eastern horizon on I-80. In Rawlings I took an dawn walk through

The view from Gloucester Square

the dignified cemetery. Then Rev Harry Day, the local Episcopal priest, let me copy the entry in his register of the 1900 death of Emanuel H Saltiel, whose colourful career first sparked my interest in family matters when I read of him on another such trip, twenty six years ago.

Then to Salt Lake City and dinner with the Motolas. On to Saint George for a couple of days with Moshe, with whom I climbed the Red Rocks and reviewed the extraordinary historical material his researchers have developed, some of which you see in this edition of the *Gazette*. Then a ravishing drive through the Navajo and Hopi reservations with Ed M, an outstanding travelling companion through the desert country he knows so well. This section of the drive also gave me the chance to call Felicity while “Standing on a corner in Winslow Arizona”, though after nine days’ travelling, I was far from “such a fine sight to see”! In Phoenix I spent a smashing evening with my never-met cousins, the Londons, and then on to Death Valley and Yosemite, where I caught up with some pals from England for my final night. This was an out-

standing spree. Anyone who hasn’t visited this part of the world is missing out on fabulous scenery, hospitable folks and the best driving in the world. The family overlay was a further boost, offering the insights into life in another country that can only come from late night confidences. Many thanks to all.



In February, Moshe and I took out a couple of days to go to Thessalonika to look over arrangements for the reunion. I met David and Loukia Saltiel and caught up with Telis Nahmias. Thessalonika has none of the rather sinister Eric Ambler atmosphere which I was half expecting. To the contrary, it is a prosperous bustling town, pleasantly free of the pollution and chaos of Athens. Because of the earthquakes and such it is a fairly new place, but none the worse for that, with something of the look of a well-kept Northern Italian city. There are several splendid old villas, once the homes of prosperous Jewish entrepreneurs and now the property of the City, which cherishes them as part of its heritage, with restoration and floodlighting to match.

After spying out the ground, we have put the reunion well on course. We are going to have one heck of a programme, with a nice balance of good times and more serious business, with parties and dinners, excursions and workshops, panel discussions and ceremonials. This year Thessalonika is the European Cultural Capital and this could add some tie-ins to our programme. All in all the Reunion is shaping up as a must-do.



Finally, I feel a total fool about the announcement of the union of Sagi Saltiel and Elana Fang, which I have got wrong for three issues, mistaking names and facts more times than is decent. All I can say to the couple and their families is that I’m sorry. Could the champagne be on me in Salonika?
Miles Saltiel

SHEALTIEL GAZETTE; VOL II,NO III; WINTER 1996.

published by

Miles Saltiel

Flat One; 26 Gloucester Square

London W2 2TB

ENGLAND

☎ & fax + 44 171 262 6498