

Service Stores, which was an independent chain of 325 drugstores. Our office ran ads, trimmed all the store windows, setup interior store displays, and ran an annual convention for all 325 stores--all at no charge to the stores. This was a great deal for the stores because they were able to compete against Walgreens and Steinway stores. Goldenrod Ice Cream also set up many pharmacists in business since they did not have the resources to open a store on their own.

In 1940 I left Service Stores and was drafted into the Air Corps. I was sent to Colorado Aggies in Ft. Collins for engineering and then to Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge for Adjutant General school. Upon completion I was put into an advance cadre and shipped out to Harvard, Nebraska at a new training base opened by the 2nd Air Force. Our group of 45 men were all part of the Air Technical Service Command. We had nothing to do with the base except to run it for the training of men for overseas duty.

After the first year at the Harvard base and visiting weekly the nearby town of Hastings, I started going to Omaha. The Jewish Community Center arranged for housing with local residents. The JCC put on affairs. Arlene Solomon was active at these events and that is where I met her. She had brought a lot of props from home to use in a performance and I offered to help her take them back home. Of course we went by street car and it stopped 1/2 block from her home. I was staying with a family about five blocks away, and since the street car stopped running at midnight, I had to walk "home."

After weekly trips to Omaha in the base laundry truck on Saturday mornings, I had to take the train back to camp on Sunday nights. The train did not stop in Harvard, but did in Hastings, which was 17 miles west. I was able to make the last bus back to camp from Hastings at 2 a.m. This commuting had to stop so we got married on Feb. 19, 1943.

We bought a used car and drove to Harvard and moved into a house off the base. After Ronald was born, we were transferred to McCook, Nebraska and shortly after to headquarters in Colorado Springs. After discharge we stayed on in the Springs taking a job with Arlene's uncle Barney in one of his collection agencies. After one year I wanted to buy his agency but he backed out on the last day. We moved to Chicago and with my brothers **Arthur** and **Melvin**, bought our dad's hardware store so he could retire.

After a few years we bought a vacant lot on Sheridan Road, across the street from Baha'i Temple and found two enterprising architects to draw up plans for our new residence. After selling our house in Chicago's Chatham neighborhood we broke ground in September, 1958. Dan was about 3 years old and he enjoyed sliding down the 10 foot high mound of dirt that was excavated for the basement.

At the end of November, 1958. I was having ulcer



Siegfried and Arlene Shattil

problems and had two thirds of my stomach removed. I was home recuperating for over a month during which time I visited the construction of the house and made necessary corrections as work progressed.

Soon Julius and Ann decided to sell their condo in Miami and move to Evanston so they could be close to their three sons. Ann died July 6, 1974. Julius moved in with us until he died of a heart attack on Sept. 27, 1975.

October reunion excitement continues to build

The upcoming reunion of the descendents of **Miriam** and **Mordecai Shattil** is generating fascination from cousins around the world, many of whom plan to attend the event scheduled for October 20-22, 2000 near San Francisco, California.

If you've ever been curious about who you look like, where you get your artistic and intellectual ability, what allergies are inherited and from whom, then the Reunion is the place for you. Meet 50 charismatic cousins and discover strange coincidences, stories of intrigue, and heroic exploits experienced by your blood relatives.

We'll see you there! For information, check out the reunion web site at <http://www.shattil.com> or write to the Reunion committee in care of **Ron Shattil**, **9200 Skyline Blvd., Oakland, California, 94611, U.S.A.**



Family Newsletter

July, 2000

Sarah Poewe to swim for Olympic medal

Sarah Poewe, great granddaughter of **Victor and Bela Schattel**, will be swimming for an Olympic Medal in September at the Sydney Olympics.

Sarah is currently ranked number three in the world for the 200 meter breaststroke. She is on the South African Olympic team.

Earlier this year Sarah finished first in the 50 meter breaststroke (30.66), first in the 100 meter breaststroke (1:06.21) and fifth in the 200 meter breaststroke at the World Short-Course Swimming Championships.

Sarah was born March 3, 1983 in Cape Town, the daughter of **Lorraine** and **Reinhardt Poewe**. Her grandparents were **Minnie (Schattil)** and **Harry Stoch**.

Reprinted from South Africa's Sunday Times, April 30, 2000

She's only 17, but Cape Town's Sarah Poewe could shock the world in the 100m and 200m breaststroke events at the Sydney Olympics in September.



Sarah Poewe

Lurking in the shadow of her brilliant countrywoman, world record holder Penny Hains, Poewe is, however, handling the strain like a veteran.

Nevertheless, her build-up to the games will be exacting, completed to every detail. But the steadily improving youngster might grab more than a share of the medal awards limelight Down Under.

"Only" seconds behind Hains, Poewe's coach Hungarian-born Karoly von Torös sees his charge of seven years peaking at the correct time.

"Sarah has what it takes. She will be building toward Sydney with competition in Europe at the Mare Nostrum Championships--at Barcelona, Canet (France), Monte Carlo and Rome. Then she will return to Cape Town and go into a final private retreat to make ready." Torös pinpoints Hains, Japan's Tanaka and a 14-year-old Australian prodigy as Poewe's biggest medal threats.

Meanwhile Poewe's mother Lorraine, and medical student brother, Jean Claude, 23 cannot wait.

"Sarah has been committed for seven years. Training twice a day for almost six hours, fitness exercising, and mental stimulation have meant she has missed up to five months schooling a year. This year she is out of school altogether. The strain has been enormous on us all."

Sarah, who has caught up on her studies and will complete Standards 9 and 10 next year, doesn't care --Olympic gold comes first.

Descendents of Zelda Shattil added to Family Tree

Cecil Miller, our cousin in Johannesburg, brought to our attention another branch of the Shattil Family.

Cecil, a grandson of **Victor (Avigdor) Schattel**, led us to the 16 living descendents of **Zelda Shattil**, one of Mordecai and Miriam Shattil's 11 or 12 children. The descendents now live in South Africa, Israel and the United States. **Ziona Lipchick**, Zelda's granddaughter, explains that Zelda married **Jakov Shaus** and moved with him to South Africa.

"The Shaus family came from a shtetl called Gorzd," Ziona says. "It was on the Minya River & one of the industries was logging. That is, sending the logs down the river to a bigger town down stream & on to Germany." Jakov Shaus and his wife Zelda (Shattil) lived with Jakov's parents in a big house.

"The long main street ran to the border of Germany," Ziona adds. "Education was a priority in my father's family and he went to a school (gymnasium) in Germany & also rode his bicycle to Memel

(Klaipeda) for other lessons. After a fight with a German teacher, Jakov left school, worked as a logger and then came to South Africa where his elder brother **Isaac** had settled and changed the family name to Strauss."

Jakov and Zelda Strauss had four children. Isaac emigrated to South Africa in 1925 and died in 1948. **Joe (Zissel)** is living in South Africa. **Leiba** died in Russia in about 1968. His wife and three children live in Israel. **Freda** was killed by the Nazis.



Siegfried was in the Air Force during World War II. Pictured with him were his parents Julius and Ann.

By Siegfried Shattil

I, the oldest of three children of **Ann and Julius Shattil**, was born Feb. 14, 1914 at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago.

The first six years of my life I lived at 4715 St. Lawrence Ave. My father, Julius, ran a grocery and meat market on the corner of 47th and Champlain Ave.

I often played around the store, because my tricycle was kept there. To cross 47th Street to get to the store, I stood on the southwest corner and called for my father to get me. Sometime he was busy and did not hear me, so the druggist on that corner would take me across the street.

Wood from boxes that vegetables came in made excellent toys as well as lumber to build airplanes. Playing in the bins that contained bulk foods was another place to play with scoops.

I remember one day three boys came to the grocery store with empty milk bottles for which they wanted the cash deposit. Unfortunately, the name on the bottles was not the same as the brand of milk carried in the store. Rather than have them leave empty handed, Dad gave them a handful of apricots.

I was enrolled in a private kinder-

garten. Because I was reluctant to leave the house to go to kindergarten, Dad let me drive the horse and wagon used for deliveries.

In 1926, Mother, and my brothers **Arthur** and **Melvin** and I went to Europe for four months. Dad stayed behind to run the hardware store. We visited Germany and mother's sister and brother before going on to Memel to stay with our grandmother and visit friends and relatives there.

Not only did we stay there but we took excursions into the country to see the landscape and also to try to find Julius' birthplace. We found the location but remains of where he lived or even the remains of the grain mill which was in his family, were gone.

I had my bar mitvah on Feb. 14, 1927. We had moved from Michigan Ave. to one block from an amusement park, which we visited daily during the summer. They gave away four free tickets to the various rides. Since we did not care for the roller coasters--they were too fast, we traded those passes for slower rides, like Mill on the Floss and the Fun House.

In May, 1929 we moved again to a new building at 7748 Phillips Ave. I was attending Hyde Park High School

and graduated in January, 1932. This being the depression, a delicatessen at 63rd and Harvard sold sandwiches for \$0.05 and \$0.10 each. Walgreens Drug Store on that corner offered a lunch special for \$0.25 which included a sandwich and milk shake.

Upon graduation, to save money, I attend Crane Junior College for one and a half years. The elevated train went there for \$0.10 each way. In June, 1933, the city closed the college so I transferred to Northwestern University in Evanston majoring in advertising.

Since this was the depression, many students had to work to remain in school. The pay was \$0.25/hour. Even a banker's son who lived next door to me had that kind of job. Since I had received "A" grades in accounting, I had a job grading papers for the professor who wrote the accounting book and headed the department. The school paid \$0.35/hour for this work if you took cash or double that (\$0.70/hour) if you applied the pay toward tuition. Since I was taking evening classes after my graduation, I applied my earnings to tuition.

In my first year at Northwestern I met another student who lived in South Shore Chicago close to me. He had a car and drove to and from school daily. I did not travel with him, but instead took the elevated train so I could study while I rode.

That summer we decided to take three weeks and drive west in his car. Our first stop was a small town in Iowa where he had a cousin who was in the junk business. He had a garage filled with copper which he was buying at \$0.02/pound. Later the price rose to \$0.58/pound and he made a fortune on his hoard.

We drove west through scorched earth farms staying in private homes at \$2/night. We finally got to Yellowstone Park and saw every part of it. The roads were mostly gravel wherever we drove. Often with long detours. So you can image what hap-

pened to our tires. We had many flats and lost much time at roadside service stations to have the flats repaired.

We had a Crosley radio with the control attached to the steering wheel column. We accidentally hit the control box with our knee and the radio stopped. We could not figure out why. We finally located a radio repairman in a small town and he fixed it by replacing a fuse. We didn't know that there was a fuse in the power line.

We continued south through Denver and finally returned to Chicago.

In the summer of 1935, I took another trip west, this time to California. My uncle, **Ben Menke**, was selling insurance for Mutual Life Insurance Company. He became the leading life insurance underwriter out of his office, so he was invited to attend the company meeting at the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs. He invited me to go along. We drove in his new car, together with his wife, **Anne Shattil Menke**. After the convention we continued to tour the west including Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Park and on to Los Angeles.

While Ben and Anne went sightseeing, I went to Catalina Island. I went swimming and had rented a changing room for my clothes. The key to the lock was a skeleton key. While I was swimming someone came into my room and stole my Hamilton watch. Nothing else. Since Ben was in the insurance business, he carried travel insurance for our trip so upon our return to Chicago, the insurance company replaced the watch. And I still have it, to this day.

I met one of my cousins in Los Angeles who told me this story about one of the brothers who met Grantland Rice and was invited to go fishing with him in the Pacific Ocean. He caught a fish --a sword fish. Returning to shore there was no place to leave the fish so it was tied to the bumper of his car to take home. Driving down Wilshire Blvd. the weight of the fish broke the

bumper so they were stranded on the boulevard with a swordfish. Finally, a Chinaman came by who owned a restaurant and he agreed to buy the fish and take it away.

Leaving Los Angeles, we drove south to San Diego and then west, stopping at Carlsbad Caverns and on to Texas and then north back to Chicago.

The following year, 1936, my cousin **Monroe Milavetz**, the artist, who lived in Chicago after graduating from the Art Institute, invited me to drive west with him and his brother **Sidney**, who was a dentist in Ely, Minnesota.

We drove to Virginia, Minn. to visit his parents and pick up Sid and then drove to Yellowstone National Park, where we spent several days and then continued west. As always, we stayed in private homes because they were handy and inexpensive. These tourist homes would have signs advertising their facilities.

When we got to Los Angeles we looked up our relatives. One was a secretary to a director at Warner Brothers and we got a tour of the grounds. We met all the relatives we could think of. Not to stay with them, but to meet them. Leaving Los Angeles, we traveled south to the Mexican border to visit the coastal towns and then went through the caves and on to Texas.

Upon graduation from Northwestern, I went to the library and made a list of all the companies in the Chicago area that did advertising. Then I hired a young lady to write letters which were sent to each of these companies. One letter resulted in a job with Glidden Paint Company as the Chicago head of the advertising department, the main office being in Cleveland, Ohio.

After two years, Glidden transferred all advertising to Cleveland and I immediately got a job in advertising with Goldenrod Ice Cream Co. and

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Siegfried Shattil builds life in Chicago