

# S O L O M O N



*A Special  
Tribute  
to the  
Forebears  
of the  
Solomon  
Family*



*On June 4, 2005 I will celebrate the  
100th wedding anniversary of my mother and father.*

1905. Marriage solemnized at <u>Great Garden Street Synagogue</u> in the District of <u>Whitechapel</u> in the County of <u>London</u>								
No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
29	Fourth June 1905	Alick Solomon Nachomitch	24 Years	Bachelor	Cabinet Maker	No 123 Prick Lane Bethnal Green	Isaac Nachomitch	General Dealer
		Rebecca Tanavitzli	27 Years	Spinster	—	No 123 Prick Lane Bethnal Green	Philip Tanavitzli	General Dealer

Married in the Great Garden Street Synagogue according to the Usages of the Jews by Certificate  
 This Marriage was solemnized between us, { + the Mark of Alick Solomon Nachomitch } Abraham Marks Minister  
 { + the Mark of Rebecca Tanavitzli } in the Presence of us, { + the Mark of Morris Phelps } Secretary

## How Solomon Became the Surname of the Family

I think it will be of interest to know how SOLOMON became our family's surname.

To get into the United States as immigrants from Europe, the first stop for such hopefuls was Ellis Island. It is located in the Lower Bay of Manhattan, a short ferry ride from Battery Park. Once they produced proper documentation at Ellis Island, they were required to go through a medical examination there, to assure that they were not bringing any contagious illness into the U.S. Those who failed the physical were sent back to their country of origin.

For those who passed, an interview was set up at the Island, to help in any way possible. Since these immigrants came from various parts of Europe and spoke many different languages, they were assigned to an American interviewer who spoke their language.

Although my parents both were born in Russia, they had met and married in London. How that

occured I will detail in another section. When they left for the U.S., in 1906, they brought with them their first child, my eldest sister, Dora, then just a few months old.

Although my parents had a smattering of English, they mainly spoke Yiddish. Thus they were assigned to an American who spoke Yiddish.

As my father had a trade as a cabinet maker and my mother had a relative living in New York City, the interviewer did not perceive that my parents would have the great difficulty settling in that most others would have. However, he suggested to my father that his surname of "NACHOMOVITZ" could prove something of a difficulty. He persuaded my father to Americanize his name by using just his first two names and to drop his surname. Translated from Yiddish to English, my father entered the U.S. as Alexander Solomon, an easily pronounced and American sounding name.

Column		1		2		3		4		5		6		7		8	
No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.									
29	Fourth June 1905	Alick Solomon Nachomovitch	24	Bachelor	Cabinet Maker	No 123 Brick Lane Bethnal Green	Aaron Nachomovitch	General Dealer									
		Rebecca Tanavitzki	27	Spinster	—	No 123 Brick Lane Bethnal Green	Philip Tanavitzki	General Dealer									

Married in the Great Garden St. Synagogue according to the Usages of the Jews by Certificate  
 + the Mark of Alick Solomon Nachomovitch + the Mark of Aaron Nachomovitch  
 + the Mark of Rebecca Tanavitzki + the Mark of Philip Tanavitzki  
 This Marriage was solemnized between us, in the Presence of us, + the Mark of Morris Hyman Secretary

The Marriage Certificate of Rebecca Tanavitzki, age 27, and Alick Solomon Nachomovitz, age 24, on June 4th, 1905 in the District of Whitechapel, London



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## *Who Were Alexander and Rebecca Solomon?*

It is, I realize, somewhat rare for a child to still be around to celebrate his parent's 100th Wedding Anniversary. But I am extraordinarily pleased to be in that position. At this writing, July, 2004, I am somewhat more than 4 months into my 92nd year (my 91st Birthday was Feb. 26, 2004) but I have no guarantee that I will still be around on June 4, 2005. However, as I am in reasonably good health for my age and have no debilitating illness, I think there is a fairly good chance that I will be able to celebrate this wonderful event.

My mother and father were both born in Russia, sometime in the early 1880's. Although they lived in villages or towns not too far from each other, their paths had never crossed.

I am not very clear as to how my parents met in London, nor do I know, unfortunately, how or why my mother and her mother and grandmother got to London. But I know much more of why and how my father left Russia as a young man.

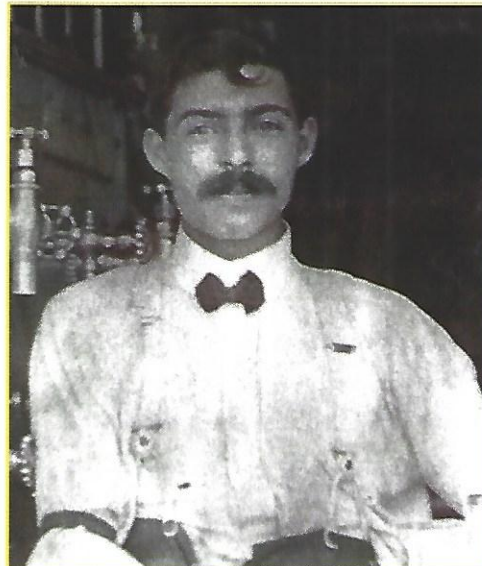
Czarist Russia in 1900 was violently anti-semitic. If there was a natural disaster that couldn't be explained, the Jews were somehow the cause of the disaster. If there was plague of some kind, and there were such from time to time, it was the fault of the Jews. It was widely believed that the rituals of Judaism involved the drinking of blood from humans and animals and that the Jews were associated with the doings of the Devil. Periodically, there were wild "pogroms" unleashed in certain Jewish quarters, which killed or maimed many people.

My father, living in Slonim as a young man, had been trained as a cabinet maker. He evidently was liberal in his thinking about social issues and types of governments that provided more

freedom of thought and liberty; that promised better opportunities for the general public. Such thoughts and writing were considered "dangerous" and anyone accused of such heresy was either killed or sent to Siberia, there to work in the mines under freezing conditions, a sentence that was tantamount to death.

My father, my mother told us, was part of a group of young men who read and discussed these "heretical" and radical ideas and publications. To do so, they would meet in the woods, secretly, and post guards to alert them if someone was seen walking in their direction.

One Sunday, some fellow workers in the company where my father worked, met the owner of the company in the Square. They had been unhappy with working conditions and were angry that a small increase in salary, which had been promised, had not materialized. In an angry confrontation, one of the workers pushed the owner, who fell to the ground. He immediately yelled for the police, and when they came, gave them the names of those who had accosted him.



*Alick Solomon Nachomovitz*

One of the employees involved, who knew my father was with the group in the woods, ran to alert my father and told him what had occurred. My father was urged not to go home, as his name might have been given to the police by the owner. Another employee went to my father's home and advised them of what had taken place and said my father would not be coming home.

It was standard practice that if someone had been accused of such an anti-Czarist act and was found guilty, he and his entire family could wind up in Siberia. Meanwhile, in the woods, my

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father's future was being discussed. It was decided, and he agreed, that a way be found to get my father out of the country. I do not know the details of how that was accomplished. Eventually he got to a seaport, hired on to a ship going to England, where he knew an older brother of his has settled a few years before my father's arrival.

What brought my mother to London, I am regrettably unaware. My mother did tell me that she had lived in Grodno. As I tried to learn something about Grodno, I found that at various times it was part of Poland and at other times part of Russia. My mother did relate some of her experiences as a young girl. Her family, as many others, survived by working in the fields of rich Polish barons. Under conditions that were just short of slavery, there were occasions when a pretty young girl caught the fancy of the landowner and was forced into a sexual relationship with him. Life was extremely hard.

She also told me how, at times, the wild Cossacks would get liquored up and ride into the village at night. In their drunken stupor, if they found anyone in the street, adult or child, they would sweep them up on their swords, carry them for a short distance, then drop them wherever they chose. My mother repeated that story a number of times.

When my parents arrived in the U.S. my mother somehow located her brother, Joe Feinberg. He was married and eventually raised a family of 3 sons and a daughter. We saw them frequently. When his wife died, Uncle Joe needed someone to care for his growing children. So my mother, with my father's approval, took the four into our apartment until Uncle Joe remarried. But our 5 room apartment became the home of 8 children. Beds were doubled up, cooking became a banquet at breakfast and dinner. I honestly don't know how my parents survived that ordeal for rather a long time. What a life! But we all survived, somehow.



Rebecca Tanavitzki

## *P.S. Dear Family,*

*No, the PS at the top are not my initials, but a post-script to what you have just read.*

*When the thought first crossed my mind that 2005 would be the 100th Wedding Anniversary of my parents, I began to wonder how many people would never have been born had they not married and had a family. I was one of four children, but only my sister Dora and I had families of our own. My two children are Martin and Alice.*

*My sister Dora had 4 sons. Each of the sons married and had children of their own. And their children had children of their own. I'll leave it to Aaron, Mort and Julie to figure out the Hock total. Steve, unfortunately, passed away quite some years ago, but the others know about his children.*

*So, none of the above would have been born quite a large number. There never would have been a "Solomon Family". And I never would have known their mates, nor would I ever have known those children who became part of my family as a result of second marriages. And their children, as well. All of whom share the same degree of love I have for my direct descendants. And who, in my mind and heart, I include in my family as if they were direct descendants. As of today, my total family includes 10 grand-children and 15 great-grandchildren.*

*And if I include friends and business acquaintances of all of my family, this one marriage's impact affected a huge number of people. I question whether many others in this world have thought about themselves in this vein.*

*I want to express my deepest gratitude to my grandson, Jonathan Pite, who both designed and printed this booklet.*

*I hope you all found this booklet interesting and informative. And it is my hope that future generations of this family will get this booklet as a hand-me-down and thus learn something of their distant past.*

*With much love to all,  
Grandpa Phil*