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History Is the Record of Human Beings

A Documentary

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In This Issue

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6

The history of the American Jewish experience is more than the saga of the very wealthy and the very successful. For several decades, the *American Jewish Archives* has attempted to present a different picture of American Jewish history. Not only our elites, the household names, but lesser known individuals, too, must be numbered among the builders of American Jewry. If we are in the midst of an efflorescence of American Jewish culture—and we are—the rank and file have also made it possible.

Book Reviews

Diner, Hasia, *In the Almost Promised Land*

104

Reviewed by JEFFREY S. GUROCK

Singerman, Robert, *Jewish and Hebrew Onomastics*

108

Reviewed by MALCOLM H. STERN

Friedman, Saul S. *The Incident at Massena*

109

Reviewed by ABRAHAM J. PECK

Brief Notices

112

Selected Acquisitions

118

Illustrations

Lt. Marion Lee "Sandy" Kempner (April 16, 1942—November 11, 1966), facing page 8; Dr. Bertram Wallace Korn, distinguished American Jewish historian and senior rabbi of Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Elkins Park, Pennsylvania, facing page 49; Isaac Bashevis Singer, Nobel Prize laureate in the field of Yiddish literature, facing page 63; Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron, distinguished rabbi emeritus of Baltimore Hebrew Congregation and pioneer in the field of American Christian-Jewish relations, facing page 73.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABOUT THIS ISSUE	6
Lt. Marion Lee "Sandy" Kempner: Letters from Sandy	7
Margaret Sanger: The Turbid Ebb and Flow of Misery	35
Rosalyn S. Yalow: An Autobiographical Sketch	39
Rose H. Alschuler: <i>I Believe—Today</i>	46
Bertram Wallace Korn: A Message from Dr. Korn	48
Anonymous: Nauseated by the Sights and Odors	51
Isaac Bashevis Singer: Native American Masters of Judaism (Translated by Eugene Mihaly)	62
Rebecca Cohen: Rebecca Cohen Loses Her Baby	67
Lena Pearlstein Berkman: A Tragic Voyage	69
Morris S. Lazaron: As I See Him	72
Jennie R. Gerstley: The Jewish Woman, The Jewish Home, the Ideal Achieved	75
Jane M. Bloch: To Peter on His 15th Birthday	80

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

As historians of the American Jewish experience, we are aware that history is the cumulative result of many factors: institutions, events, ideas, and people. It is this last factor which particularly appeals to us, for in our field of interest, "life" is surely "with people." We do not hold, as did the German historicist school, that "great men make great history." We have long been aware, for example, that it was not only a Bismarck who pushed Germany into a world-power status, but the growth of German industry, the alliance between industrialist and feudal baron, as well as a host of other factors.

In much the same way, we are aware that even the well-known Jewish men and women of this and previous centuries are only a part of the historical puzzle which we call the American Jewish experience. True, with their business and cultural achievements, their philanthropy, their proximity to local and national power, they did much to create the vibrant Golden Age of American Jewry in which we now live. But for over thirty years, we have been moving away from elitist history, attempting to fill in pieces of the puzzle with lesser-known names and their contributions to our culture.

What we have done in this issue is to continue the attempt at filling in the missing puzzle pieces by focusing on the many different life experiences of many different American Jews. Some have gained fame and a bit of fortune; others have lived with and overcome adversity, while others have not been so fortunate. Some have grasped the essential truths of our human condition, while others have reflected upon the uncertainty of understanding the creature called man or woman. Yet each individual has created a building-block of history and has contributed to the American Jewish experience. For this their words deserve to be read and their experiences shared by a wider audience.

Lt. Marion Lee "Sandy" Kempner: Letters From Sandy*

Marion Lee Kempner (April 16, 1942–November 11, 1966), the author of these letters, was born in Galveston, Texas, and died in Vietnam, fighting for the country he loved. "Sandy," as he was affectionately known, graduated from the Hill School in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and went to Duke University where he earned a B.A. in 1964. His solid academic credentials allowed him to be admitted to the law school of the University of Texas. Sandy had hopes of being a public-interest lawyer, but, stirred by the spirit that moved countless numbers of Americans before him to enlist in their nation's armed forces, he joined the United States Marine Corps and was eventually sent to Vietnam.

What do we know of Sandy? From family sources we know that he showed a consistent interest in being a writer. We also know that he was particularly gifted in dealing with the problems of young people, and that the young found in him someone who understood.

We also know that Sandy was a cultured, highly intelligent young man caught in the middle of an unpopular, vicious and often senseless war. We are fortunate to have his letters from the battlefield, for they are filled with an understanding and insight that few other participants in the Vietnam war have managed to convey. Sandy's pen has been silenced. But from what he has written we now know why the young came to him for advice and for friendship. We regret that we, too, could not have been his friends.

Lament for Sandy

Gone is the nut-brown body-long limbed, narrow waisted, hon-

* We are grateful to Mr. & Mrs. Harris Kempner of Galveston, Texas, for allowing us to publish the letters from their son, of blessed memory. The "Lament" in front of Sandy's letters was written by Harris Kempner.

ed by the hard physical labor he sought each summer, and the running schedule he followed so stringently.

Gone are the flashing eyes and the Italianate-gesturing hands that always illumined his participation in the discussions he so dearly loved. Gone, too, is that dedication to the fellowship of man and the dignity of the individual which he defended so earnestly and volubly. Bias—religious or racial—he attacked, and often with a generous sprinkling of Anglo-Saxon four letter words.

Gone is the consideration for others and the personal charm which singularly marked his course through life: curiously enough, particularly appreciated by the older generations, but also mentioned in letters from his peers.

Gone is the deep filial affection that, while it gave great devotion, also demanded of his parents rigorous loyalty to the ideals he ascribed to them. Gone, too, is his deep feeling, almost adoration, for his brother whom, nevertheless, he never hesitated to attack verbally and even physically in moments of sibling tension.

Vanished are all these, expiring with his last breath on the helicopter on the way from his patrol to the Chu Lai Hospital, flowing out of the fragmentation-device wound in his abdomen which a fellow Marine described as “the only scar on his body.” (The numerous scars and lesions of an active, peace-time boyhood don’t count on the field of battle).

But what of the rest—what of those acts of character and dedication that irradiated his short twenty-four years? The conquering of his reading difficulties when he was eight—which handicap he turned into a passion for almost omnivorous reading? The time and energy he spent, in school and out of it, in understanding and helping those who resisted the mold of the school and of our culture? What of his loves—of the body and of the spirit—especially the eager anticipation in which he awaited the nephew whose arrival almost coincided with his own death?

Are all these, too, cast on the winds of the eons, plucked of their individuality and meaning?

Yes, in the long run, but, like the flower he described, Sandy will always live in the memory of his bruised and grieving family, and, again like that flower, his having been was perhaps its own reward and the only recompense for our loss.



Lt. Marion Lee "Sandy" Kempner
(April 16, 1942–November 11, 1966)

13 July, 1966
Okinawa

Dear Mom, Dad, Peaches, Shrub, Quattle and ?:

Last night we saw a movie called "Queen of Blood" which concerned a visitor from outer space who was human in form, bland-like in metabolism and vampire-like in diet. After gouging two astronauts, some lad finally scratched her and she promptly bleeds to death (green blood, yet). "She must have been a hemophiliac," says John Saxon. "She was probably a queen." (Queen of blood, get it? Got it!). What do you expect for 35¢, a Nobel prize winner already? This epic, believe it or not, is about as intelligent as anything I have run across on this island paradise.

We took off from Travis, 167 strong, wedged into a 707 at some completely ridiculous time in the morning, alleviated only by the fact that the Officers Club at Travis is open 24 hours a day. Thereupon ensued a saga that would do credit to Marco Polo, Noel Coward, or even Mrs. D. W. Kempner. We flew around for 18 or so hours, landing at Seattle (I was too sleepy to get out) and Tokyo (they didn't let us get out, and besides, it was raining like mad). We flew over the Pacific, (looked wet), the Arctic, (looked cold), Japan, (looked dreary), and lots of other interesting things that we could not see. We had snacks consisting of, first, beef sandwiches, then melted cheese sandwiches, then both together, with the hot melted cheese flowing moistly into the beef sandwiches. The stewardesses were ugly, the pilot almost crashed at Tokyo. We finally got to Okinawa, only to spend 30 minutes circling above it before we landed, somewhat like a six-day bicycle race. We stumbled out into 87 degree heat and 97 percent humidity, statistics which have not changed since we got here, still trying to figure out what time it was, is, will be, should have been, etc., and, to sum up, a perfectly delightful trip. The trucks did not come for us for three hours. Don't touch that dial, there's more to come. (P.S. The two Special Services people that were on the plane were met by a Captain and a guy dressed in civilian clothes; both of the Special Services men, being enlisted, were immediately whisked away in a jeep; if they had been officers no doubt James Bond would have been down to greet them).

Finally, the trucks arrived, and we were trundled off to Camp Hanson, which is notable for two things, namely, that it is the sec-

ond most isolated camp on the island; and that the buildings which house transient officers are situated so as to be typhoonproof, which means that the windows face east and west which is, of course, directly into the sun and directly away from prevailing and strong south winds. The end result—that even with two fans no air comes into the windows, but a devastating amount of sun does, and the rooms, therefore, are at least 20 degrees warmer than outside.

Thus, you don't like to come back to your quarters all day until at least 9:00 P.M. and therefore must stay somewhere else, preferably air conditioned (A-men). So where to go? You can go to the Officers Club which is very unpretentious but at least cooling. However, it is filled with Second Lieutenants trying to reenact half-forgotten movies of World War I flyers: "Eat, drink and drink, for tomorrow we may have to wake up," and Majors who sit around mentally debating whether their anatomies can absorb as much as they used to, both alcoholic and sex-wise, while aloud telling lies and/or sea stories about World War II, Korea, Tiajuana, Treasure Island, etc., and explaining why they aren't Colonels, ("So I said, 'Colonel, I don't have to take that from you,' and he said, 'The hell you don't, you—' When I hit him, he slid all the way down the bar at the Officers Club until he came to rest in front of General Green, upsetting the General's drink into his lap, etc. etc."), to the worshipful ears of Second Lieutenants, intent faces of Captains, and bored countenances of other Majors. The alternate to this excitement is to go into any of the towns around the camp or on the island.

Well, we all know what military towns are like, and some of us know and some of us are finding out what the East is like. Put these together with a very well organized pleasure production racket which is geared to a large consumption, but which is unfortunately minus one Marine Division (the 3rd) which is normally stationed here, and nominal Army and Air Force units, you have a very hungry Eastern military town. The end result? "The Queen of Blood."

Love,
Sandy,

or what is left of him

P.S. I don't know my address yet; when I know I will write it.

P.P.S. I am leaving for Viet Nam on the 15th—0200 in the morning, natch!

P.P.P.S. Upon passing a Marine chapel with a friend, something was mentioned about religion, and I said, "Well, I have the Ten Commandments here in my mezuzah," (well, I pronounced it right anyway), pulling it out of my shirt, showing it to him. "Oh," he said, "I didn't know you were Catholic." Tell Irving I'm not the only one.

P.P.P.P.S. Wasn't trying to decipher this fun?

20 July, 1966

Dear Mom and Dad:

I'm in Viet Nam. I'm in the First Division, which is based in Chu Lai. My Regiment is the 7th which is, of course, generally regarded as the best in the Marine Corps, and my Battalion, the 3rd, has done the most and the best fighting in that Regiment. My Company, "Mike" or "M", has just moved to a new position and is having some opposition. I know that this will not be appreciated by all, but I must say that I'm terribly happy to be here and I am feeling quite confident about the whole scene. My address is

Marion L. Kempner, Second Lieutenant, 093225

CO. M, 3rd Battalion, 7th Marine Regiment,

First Marine Division, F.M.F.

F.P.O. San Francisco, California 96602.

Love,
Sandy

24 July 1966

Dear Mom, Dad and Etc.:

I am very sorry that I have not written in so long, but life has been getting a little hectic around here. I will say only that I have had my first ablution in three days this morning and have yet to shave off my four-day beard, but there's hope,—I finally got to take off my boots to pour the water off!

First, I would like you to send me one RAIN SUIT, which is a two piece affair with a hooded parka and a pair of pants, all of which are rubberized or something to keep out the water. Please

get me the lightest weight one they have and make sure it is a dull green or black or brown, and not shiny. I understand Sears & Roebuck has real good ones. Also, get me some wading boots. These are the hunting type which come up almost to your armpits and have boots attached to them, not the kind that you have to put tennis shoes on over the feet. Ask Charner Skains, he'll know the kind I mean. Also send about 15 pairs of thick white athletic socks. I wear about a size 10 shoe, for measurement of the socks and boots. Also, we can use one [of] those big tins of Minnie's cookies with nuts in them.

I'm in Mike Company, on a hill called Tren Dan, which is about one mile north of the Song Tra Bang River at about Coordinate 574924. Two days before I got here we were almost overrun, with my Platoon taking the brunt of the losses, but now we have fire and tanks with infrared yet. We are probed every night, and I have patrols every night, and it would all be exciting as hell if I had time to think about it.

The monsoons seem to have started early and it is raining every night, two to seven feet of water in every hole. You would think we are in a boat the way we keep bailing the damn things out. I'm about as happy as can be expected; my Platoon is very fine and my N.C.O.'s are even better. My C.O. is generally considered to be a future Commander, and we even get beer (hot) once in a while. I would give my left nut to have a hot shower, but I would give both to have enough equipment for my men. But we will get all of it as soon as the clerks and dentists and et cetera at Division and Regiment finish picking out what they want.

Please send that stuff as fast as possible.

1 August, 1966

Dear Mom and Dad, Shrub, Peach and ?:

Joy upon joy, while back at Division getting my yearly physical checkup five months late (they said I was a boy, had red blood, and bones in my chest), I tripped over the most ubiquitous personage around, who else but the Division Rabbi—(for both First Division and Mag 36 and Mag 12 (air wings). He called me by name—of course, after all there are only about 20 of "us" in the Division, and I said, "Yes, Doctor" since he had a gold emblem

on his left collar like the gold palm of the doctors, and he said, "Yes, I doctor souls," and it got worse from there on. He went through all the bull about when services were "if you can get back to Division on Tuesday." ("Good luck, Rabbi.") He then asked me your address, etc., so you will probably get a letter from him telling you what a fine boy you have, and do you know of a nice flock he may take over? After bobbing my head up and down to questions like, "Are there any more of 'us' in your Company" etc., I couldn't resist when he asked in parting "If there is anything I can do for you, let me know," I asked, "Well, Sir, do you know any nice Jewish Vietnamese girls?" He had the grace to be catholic about it, to smile in quiet defeat. Then about five days later while the Company staff, as it is laughingly called, was eating, the C.O. came up and introduced our new interpreter, Sgt. Schenove, a small Vietnamese with long hair growing out of his right cheek. After he left I said, "Funny, he doesn't look Jewish."

Life is creeping on in its petty pace: patrols, ambushes and snipers. One satisfaction is that out of necessity I have become a scavenger and now I am a familiar sight in salvage yards, trash dumps, supply sheds and the like. In a party at Battalion I saw an ice box lying around unattended and was thinking seriously how I could steal it, when I turned to find the S-4 and the X.O of Battalion watching me attentively as they had been warned of my new-found talent and latent proclivities. The ice box, by the way, belonged to the C.O. of the Battalion.

The Platoon is shaping up now. I have finally gotten a fairly permanent Platoon Sergeant and he is straightening out some rough spots and rubbed feelings that I have managed to incur in my meanderings as a new Platoon C.O. I don't think I can be any more detailed as to my location except to say that my Co-ordinates are 573922, and if you see nothing on the map of this location, don't let it throw you. Not even Rand McNally would be found dead in this place.

Please don't forget to send the gear that I requested, and you might also send some Cool-Aid and some lemonade that they sell in those packages made of tin or strong paper.

Love,
Sandy

7 August, 1966

Dear Mom, Dad, and And So Forth:

Jesus, Mom, three rainsuits? Anyway, thanks for getting them to me so quickly as it rained the night I got them. I put one pair on, only to find myself sweating to death, but then, jumping from the pot into the fire is my forte anyway.

Please tell everyone that my proper address is "M"—Co. M not COM. People wrote COM without periods and they were sent to Third Battalion Communications Company.

I have just given a class on ambushes. I was chosen because of my charm, intelligence, and messianic-like personality, and besides, I am the only graduate of the Basic School besides the Captain in the whole Company and therefore have all the books. So I gave a brilliant dissertation on the fine art and the finer points of committing mayhem from a hidden position on unsuspecting and probably innocent people to a sea of young and blank faces. As I finished there were resounding cries of "Bravo," "Encore," etc., flowers were thrown, and I was carried off to my tent by my audience. As I think I might have stated, my Sergeant got my people into shape and they are now obeying orders without question, as exemplified by the above.

I got a deluge of letters from all and sundry, including Adrians, Jr. and Sr., Fannie, Alma, Mummum, and Marion Jr. I will try to answer everyone, but it might take some time.

Mom, don't worry about the shortages here. As I wrote Jim Kean, after listing a long line of bitches and complaints, "In short, it's like all wars have ever been, except that I'm in this one."

If you wish, in the August 1st issue of Newsweek there's a picture of my CO on page 31. His name is T. V. Draude. On the subject of magazines, I would appreciate it if you could send me TIME and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED every week. We occasionally see the international editions, but they are shortened versions of the same thing and don't tell very much.

Thanks for the cookies. They were devoured by the Platoon in 5.3 seconds by the watch.

Love,
Sandy

August 9, 1966

Dear Mummum and Muggins:

The most rare of all things has occurred today—we have been given an almost complete free day in which I can write letters, gaze at the laundry which has not been done, and maybe even (wonders upon wonders), get some sleep. First, however, I will attempt to catch up on the letter writing gap.

Muggins, I am told that to put it mildly, you have some reservations about this war and its effect upon the American psychosis. You, of course, are not alone in these feelings but a couple of points should be made.

Our claim to legality is that we were invited to come here by the Viet Nam government and, however flimsy that legality is, considering the flimsiness of the government's claim as the legally constituted one of this country, such is the peg upon which we hang our hat, and it is a lot stronger than many we have hung it on before, such as the Spanish-American War, a host of expeditions against South American sovereignties, or, for that matter, our declaration of war against Germany in World War I. But the legality or lack of it is really of no importance because our friends on the other side are not bothered by such trivialities and, if we are, then we can primly say that we have followed the legal and narrow trail and to lose the battle to an opponent who is not playing by our rules. We are here because we think this is where we must fight to stop a Communist threat, but not having gained momentum in conquering this country could bow us out of Asia altogether. And perhaps out of existence. This makes us the policemen of the world—then so be it. Surely this is no more of a burden than the British accepted from 1815 until 1915, and we have a good deal more reason to adopt it since at no time was Britain threatened during this period with total annihilation or subjection which, make no mistake about it, we are.

This is not the place we would prefer to make this stand. Thailand is a great deal more stable. We have backing in the Philippines, and Pakistan and India would be better environment to utilize our standard armaments in which we have invested so much. But we were given no choice and we must fight where the confrontation is, despite its cost, infeasibility, and possible illegality, and physical and mental toll upon the participants. In

short, we have no choice. We either fight here or somewhere closer. And I prefer it here while we are still able. As to the effect of this war upon the people, who can tell? All of our wars have had some effect—usually for the better, increasing our sense of internationalism in Korean war and World War II and showing us that war is not all glory as we discovered in World War I. While the war—for that matter the Civil Rights movement—may be responsible for pushing a few deranged minds over the brink of sanity, there is no guarantee that something else would not have done it later, and certainly our churches and laws are strong enough to withstand any feeling of the populace that murder and lawlessness are acceptable ways to deal with problems. I think that the human being has a stronger sense of right and wrong than to be affected in that manner. Certainly there may be exceptions to this, but wouldn't they have occurred anyway as a result of something else?

Love,
Sandy

12 August, 1966

Dear Almoo:

Thank you very much for your letter. We have fallen into a sort of breathe-easy period here and have not had to go out on any very long patrols lately; so I'm sitting here writing letters like mad and letting my feet breathe again.

We have been doing a lot of work in the villages lately, of the community development type, so it looks as though I will never get away from the Peace Corps days. We must be really messing up these people's minds: by day we treat their ills and fix up their children and deliver their babies, and by night, if we receive fire from the general direction of their hamlet, fire generally will reach them albeit not intentionally; they must really be going around in circles. But I guess that just points up the strangeness of this war. We have two hands, both of which know what the other is doing, but does the opposite anyway, and in the same obscure and not too reasonable manner—it all makes sense, I hope.

I am sorry this is so short, but it is going to rain and I must make sure my men have their gear stored correctly.

Love,
Sandy

2 September, 1966

Dear Mom, Dad, Shrub, the Egg and Peach:

Sorry to be so long in writing, but I have just come back from an abortion called Operation Jackson and I spent a three-day's "walk in the sun" (and paddies and fields and mountains and impenetrable jungle and saw-grass and ants, and screwed-up radios and no word, and deaf radio operators, and no chow, and too many C-rations, and blisters & torn trousers and jungle rot, and wet socks and sprained ankles and no heels, and, and, and,) for a Battalion that walked on roads and dykes the whole way and a Regiment that didn't even know where the Battalion was, finished off by a 14,000 meter forced march on a hard road. My God, the epic poems I could write to that ambrosia of Marine Corps cuisine—peanut butter and/or hot coffee after three days of that! The only person in the whole Battalion to see a V.C. was, of course, me. I was walking along a trail doing a village sweep all alone and here comes Charlie, rifle in hand, with not a care in the world until he sees me, and then it's a race to see if he can get off the road before I can draw my .45 and get off an accurate shot (he won). Of course, there was an incident when four snipers took on the Battalion which promptly, more to release the weight of all that unexpended ammunition than anything else, threw everything at them but the Missouri; and that would have been there too, except it could not get up the Sang Tra Bong. So goes about \$50,000 worth of ammo. They probably played it up as a second Iwo Jima at home, but it wasn't.

Then, two days after we got back, we played Indian Scout, and my Platoon splashed its way through a rice paddy at 3:30 in the morning in a rainstorm to surround a hamlet which we managed to do somehow without alerting everyone in the district, which is surprising as we made enough noise to wake up a Marine sentry. It was "very successful" since we managed to kill a few probably innocent civilians, found a few caves and burned a few houses, all in a driving rain storm.

Have heard nothing more from Marion, Jr., either with or without reptilian acquisitions. There's nothing much more, I'm afraid.

Love,
Sandy

September ?, 1966

Dear Mom, Dad, Shrub, Peach and Pet:

For God sake, put another twist in the cornucopia. Between the food and all the ants that are trying to get at it, there is no room for anyone on the hill.

I have received three (3) packages, two of food and one of socks, and the two envelopes of lemonade, etc. and of magazines. Now everyone can relax, I don't need any more of anything except the magazine and occasional boxes of cookies as I am surfeited with stuff that I will never eat through, although my Platoon and Company might achieve that goal in slightly less time.

Now, Mom, do not—I repeat, do not go tilting at any windmills over this supply thing. Most of this gear is here. It is just a little slow in getting to us sometimes, and frequently you are a little faster (as usual). One day I will sit down and tell you the sad story of the Marine Corps supply system, and for that matter, of the Marine Corps, itself. Suffice it to say that the Army is very large and the Marines are very small, and sometimes they think that way.

I'm sitting on a hill overlooking the Platoon Headquarters, surrounded by stuttering radios spitting out gibberish like "Crepe Myrtle 5, this is Tango Oscar on Whisky Mike 6.5 position. I am sending Alpha 25 out," while another is emitting bitter Vietnamese (which means the Viet Cong is trying to jam our Company Tac net), or Korean (which means our radios are too good and are picking up too far away). (I couldn't care less, it's all Greek to me) writing by a kerosene lamp which is lighting up the night for a most astonishing collection of bugs who are all masochists since they are either trying to hurl themselves into the flame or on this paper, trying to read what I am writing—both rather painful occupations—all the while licking on an all-day sucker which doesn't.

My Platoon has taken over a Company's position, who along with parts of other Companies, have taken over the position of a Regiment which is on an operation. And you think you have problems. It is great for the troops, of course; they are getting what amounts to five days of R and R, and since we are at Battalion we are getting a lot of administrative work done, and the old Platoon commander is going nuts. The most daring thing I have done in the last two days is to tell the men to get their hair cut—much gnashing

of teeth and beating of breasts, allusions to Sampson—but to no avail, as uniformity, sanitation, and rank, inexorably win out in the end.

My hill is about 2,500 meters almost due west of a town named Bign Son—more clues to follow. The C.A. work was never much, as far as I or my Platoon is concerned, and has grown less so as we are getting more action than usual and have been getting fairly aggressive further afield. We will probably be here for a few more days, and then back to the hill and the monsoon, and all kinds of good fun.

Please, mom, don't bitch to anybody. Everything is all right, except that there's a war on.

Love,
Sandy

September 16, 1966

Dear Mom and Dad, doting father-to-be, Peach and Fuzzy:

As I suppose you can see by my new stationery, this is not my normal letter. While walking down the road one day, in the merry, merry month of September, my squad got into a heluva fray, and lost (momentarily), one member.

ME!

I am all right, I am all right, I am all right, etc.

A carbine round hit me where it would do the most good, right in the butt, the left buttock to be exact, exiting from the upper thigh. It hit no bones, blood vessels, nerves, or anything else of importance except my pride. It was, however, a little bit closer to my pecker than was comfortable, but that is as good as ever, although it is now going through a year's hibernation.

I am writing this letter in the hospital less than one hour after I got hit; so please don't worry—by the time you get this letter and can answer it I will probably be back on my hill.

Please now, I am all right, the only thing that bothers me is the "indignity" of it, as Jose would say and Dad would feel, and disappointment that the wound ain't serious enough to warrant taking me out on the Repose where it is air conditioned, and there are nurses.

P.S. I am all right!!

Love,
Sandy

Received October 20, 1966

Dear Mom, Dad, Shrub, Peach, and Early Bird:

The doctors in the hospital were fine, Mom. You could go into Peter's frat house and find fifty just like them. On the whole, they were young, rather silly, not cognizant of what was happening outside their own officers' club, and for some, not much of the happenings there, since they sold booze by the drink (Navy, of course); some were terribly overworked, while others with the same specialties did hardly anything at all. The corpsmen were usually pretty fairy-like, overbearing, whiny, and, to me, at least, proof of what they say about corpsmen who stay in the rear. Finally, and in short, it was a military hospital.

Dad, I would like to comment on your statement that this was the wrong war for us to be fighting. In the first place, of course, there has never been a right war for us to fight. War, as our German geniuses say, is politics of a different means, and as a play called *Command Decision* puts it, war is entered into when politics, reason, discussions, and civilization have failed. It is the return to the primeval ooze. Someone, I think Socrates, once said there are only two ways to treat a conquered enemy to make sure he never fights you again: either treat him so harshly as to render him incapable of ever rising again, or treat him so well that he never has any reason to go against you. The great error is to treat him half and half. Our punishment of the Indians is an example of the former, while the aid, help, and protection given to Germany and Japan are examples of the latter. The Versailles Treaty and the aftermath of the Civil War are the two times when we tried to do it half and half. This rule of thumb, valid as it may be, is difficult to apply in a guerilla war situation, since all participants, both the good guys and the bad guys, are in the same place, and you can't treat them all good or all bad since that will reward or punish the wrong party—especially since we have not won this war yet. So the result is that we do it half and half. We reward those who are for us, neutral, or willing to give up their arms to us (Chu Hoy-Open Arms). It is these for whom we create C.A. [Civic Action] projects like Phu Le3 where, in the initial phases, he can find protection from V.C. if not the legal governmental predators, (but at least now he only has one to pay off to), medical and dietary aid, schools, and simply a chance. We punish others, sometimes,

perhaps frequently, innocent others, by destroying their village (which is almost never done, and wouldn't have been in No Name 1 except this Company has lost over 70 men dead and wounded in it or just outside of it), burning individual houses from which we get fire, or just make life so intolerable for them that they have to move. Now they can either go into our protected hamlet or they can go somewhere else, in which case they are probably V.C. or V.C. [Viet-Cong]-influenced. Will it work? Wait and See.

As to the fair play bit, Dad, I am not sure what part of American history you're deriving it from. Sherman's march through . . . etc. makes a great deal of what we do here like an outdoor barbecue. The constant and consistent invasions of South American sovereign states had little to do with "traditions of decency", and the country which planned and perpetrated the fire bombing of Dusseldorf and Tokyo and the bombing of Nagasaki certainly can't claim any monopoly or tradition of "regard for mankind". We look out for our own interests, sometimes badly and occasionally well. As far as it being dreadful to have to participate here, it is dreadful being here; but as far as the participation, I personally have lost five to ten men in No Name, and was in fact, shot, myself, not 400 meters from it. This strategy may not be perfect, but it makes more sense than anything else I have heard lately, including atom bombing the place, trying to fight an orthodox war in a country which for the most part, is constructed to make that alternative a giant blood bath as Operation Prairie did and is proving, or kill all of them, a la Walther Hild in S.F.S. By the way, I don't know what the papers said, but the casualties to the 2/7 up at the D.M.Z. [Demilitarized Zone] were extremely heavy, with platoons of 10-15 men coming back, and all those who survived, to a man, having been hit by mortar fragments, all of which were infected. There was a real ass-kicking done up there, and although on paper we won, it was a hollow victory at best.

But what you're really worried about is what happens to the people if we aren't around to protect them. Although the cases are not exactly parallel, enough similarities exist to make Korea and Viet Nam comparable. Who in the world would have thought, 15 years ago, that the Koreans would have the second best army in the Far East, or that agricultural South Korea would become an industrial power as well? Villages like Phu Le3 have Civil Defense

troops, and sure, they are worthless at first, but they have improved before our eyes to the point where they stay and fight when attacked in their hamlet. Will they do so when we leave? Yes, if we give them long enough to develop and gain confidence. That may take years, but, Baby, we are still in Korea, and De Gaulle aside, we are still in Europe doing the same damn thing, more or less, and if you don't think Viet Nam is as important in the mid sixties as Korea was in the mid fifties or Europe in the late forties, then let me know, and I will write another manuscript on that subject. To be quite brutal about it, Pop, I would rather burn houses in No Name 1 than in Galveston. By destroying and killing with the one hand, and cultivating, encouraging, making more healthy and educated with the other, I am building a dike, and God help this country if we ever run out of people who are willing to sacrifice their fingers for such a cause!

I have not been able to secure the religious artifacts as yet. However, if I can ever track the local bingo parlor managers down, I will send a few tracers out on them. I have received all packages sent parcel post and air mail at the same time. I have received no magazines lately, but did get a Christmas box from the Stirlings which was full of good things and kind thoughts and was very much appreciated. In the next package could you include one can of saddle soap, one bottle of tabasco sauce, and about 100 notebook pages of the type and size I have included herein? By the way, your thinking on the packages is great: just when I am running out of things like soap, shampoo, etc., I get a box of them.

About a week ago, I and my trusty band of thieves came oozing in from a three-day patrol in which the rain never stopped, but which was, nevertheless, quite successful, (two carbines and a .38 Smith & Wesson, four V.C. killed, two wounded), and I crawled to the mess hall, such as it is, to partake of some hot soup and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches which had been cooked for us. Just as I was about to chomp down on an overflaming sandwich, all around me came cries of, "Jesus, look at the civilian truck," chomp, chomp, chomp, "Christ, look at the guys in civilian clothes,—it's a mirage," chomp, chomp, slurp, "Must be the damn Navy," chomp, slurp, chomp, "Sir, they are coming this way," chomp, chomp, slurp, slurp, chomp, "Maybe the war has ended," chomp, chomp, slurp, chomp. "Would you believe the

Army?" chomp, chomp—"Lt. Kempner, my name is Ragans. A mutual friend of ours in Houston asked me to look you up." A conspiratorial look clouded his rather dog-like face. I immediately squished to my wet feet, spilling over my soup (alphabet, of course) in the process, and found myself speechless (the peanut butter stuck my mouth together). (Enjoy, enjoy). With the finger of one hand trying to make a passageway through the matrix in my mouth so that some sound could come through, I stuck out my other one, which looked like it belonged to a successful 150-year-old man, which he pressed ever so lightly with his own fin, squishing just a few drops from its Rocky Mountain-like texture.

Thus I met Mr. Brown's man in Viet Nam. He looked as though he belonged as much in the construction business as Aunt Fannie, but he couldn't be nicer. He had evidently gone all the way up to the D.M.Z. to find me, where, but for the grace of the photographers and the deficient light in those regions, I would have been, finally going to Regiment where he queried the Regimental C. O. as to my whereabouts. That gentleman, Colonel Snoodly (would you believe it?) by name, who undoubtedly did not even know of my existence hitherto, now does, and is no doubt damn curious to find out what kind of black market operation I'm running in league with RMK-BRJ. Mr. Ragans came in a civilian truck with a security officer of the Chu Lai RMK-etc. operations named Roma Haynes, who is an All American boy aged 35 with a pot belly, plus an interpreter—none of them armed, and all dressed in loafers, short sleeved shirts, slacks, etc., with about six inches of mud in the dry spots. Mr. Ragans apologized for the absence of Mr. Allison, the head of Brown & Root, who was unavoidably detained in Saigon, but that he had so wanted to come and meet me! By this time, I had unstuck my mouth a little, and was able to make some sounds, all of which sounded like "chomp". They were extremely kind, offering me the refreshment facilities at their Chu Lai operation, and all the names of all the people to ask for there for that and various and sundry items of which I might find myself in need, which at that point ranged from dry socks, to a claw hammer, to a piece of ass,—and not necessarily in that order, but all of which they assured me were available. I merely said "Chomp, chomp." We gave them the 50 cent tour of the hill which included a tape recording of a fire fight we got into

one afternoon with a V.C. company, which sounds like No Man's Land on the Russian Front. They were quite impressed and fascinated. The Gunnery Sergeant was wheeling and dealing for a truck, tractor, or a piece of ass. I was soggy. They finally left, after a few pictures, and promises that I could have everything but the rock crusher, (no sweat, just give me the rock: I have a whole platoon of crushers), and off they went, unarmed and unafraid, over a road that has everything from a hand grenade to a 155 shell emplaced in it, plus about three ambushes since I have been here, and which only gets you to Highway I, where, three days ago, they found a 250-lb bomb in the road, ready to go off. Slurp!

Tell Mr. Brown that I don't know what he uses to get such response from his people, but if it's anything else besides money, I wish he would tell me so that I can use it on my people! Whatever he did, he obviously used the triple whammy instead of just an every day single or double, which is no doubt a direct result of the person who requested it in the first place. Please thank him for me, and tell him to have no fear, I have no intention of asking RMK-etc. for penicillin, etc. (where did you ever get that idea?)—just shovels (steam, of course) and the like. Thank you, Mom.

I guess this is all for a while, and although I may not write for a couple of days, it will take you a week to decipher this and to retype it, anyway.

Love,
Sandy

P.S. When is the baby due?

Oct. 20, 1966

Dear Aunt Fannie,

This morning, my platoon and I were finishing up a three day patrol. Struggling over steep hills covered with hedgerows, trees, and generally impenetrable jungle, one of my men turned to me and pointed a hand, filled with cuts and scratches, at a rather distinguished looking plant with soft red flowers waving gayly in the downpour (which had been going on ever since the patrol began), and said, "That is the first plant I have seen today which didn't have thorns on it." I immediately thought of you.

The plant and the hill upon which it grew, was also representative of Viet Nam. It is a country of thorns and cuts, of guns and

marauding, of little hope and of great failure, yet in the midst of it all, a beautiful thought, gesture, and even person can arise among it waving bravely at the death that pours down upon it. Some day this hill will be burned by napalm, and the red flower will crackle up and die among the thorns. So what was the use of it living and being a beauty among the beasts, if it must, in the end, die because of them, and with them? This is a question which is answered by Gertrude Stein's "A rose is a rose is a rose." You are what you are, what you are. Whether you believe in God, fate, or the crumbling cookie, elements are so mixed in a being that make him what he is; his salvation from the thorns around him lies in the fact that he existed at all, in his very own personality.

There once was a time when the Jewish idea of heaven and hell was the thoughts and opinions people had of you after you died. But what if the plant was on an isolated hill and was never seen by anyone: that is like the question of whether the falling tree makes a sound in the forest primeval when no one is there to hear it: it makes a sound, and the plant was beautiful and the thought was kind; and the person was humane, and distinguished, and brave, not merely because other people recognized it as such, but because it is, and it is, and it is. Beauty, they say, is only skin-deep, but true beauty emanates from the soul where it might not be recognized, seen, or appreciated as readily, but nevertheless is there, even more than the skin-deep variety.

The flower will always live in the memory of a tired, wet Marine, and has thus achieved a sort of immortality; but even if we had never gone on that hill, it would still be a distinguished, soft, red, thornless flower growing among the cutting, scratching plants, and that in itself is its own reward.

Love,
Sandy

29 October, 1966

Dear Art:

Thank you very much for the article on graffiti. It has been passed around the hill and enjoyed by all and sundry. We are all trying to figure out how to perpetrate similar bits of commentary in a way understandable to the Vietnamese. About the only thing we have thought up is to take the center picture in Playboy

Magazine and place it over the V.C. propaganda that we find on walls and signposts.

This is, of course, a strange war—constant patrolling, constant sniping, immense destruction, and killing on a piece by piece basis rather than the wholesale type of former wars; great emphasis on civic action programs and work, while at the same time placing a great amount of paper work, delays, and cooks in the deal, and thereby giving with one hand while taking away and slowing down with the other.

The most outstanding performances in the field are those done by the corpsmen who are always in the right place at the right time, and when someone is shot, manage to trample you getting to the man. The ones in the rear areas, strangely enough, are not very good, but perhaps that is to be expected.

Tomorrow is Halloween, and I guess you will come back to school all marked up with rotten eggs, etc. It sounds very childish here, but at dinner tonight the Staff was comparing stories of derring-do on this hallowed evening. For them it was quite real and important. I have no idea where Teddy Unbehagen is; I understand he is in the area.

Sandy

30 Oct. 1966

Dear Marion,

When I last saw you, you professed an interest in the Civic Action programs that were being pursued by the Marine Corps in general and my company in particular, or perhaps it was the company we were keeping at the time. At any rate, the program can be summed up in a short story. Remember your suggestion that sports was a great attention getter and teacher and easer of tensions between different peoples, etc., and my demurrer that although the statement was true enough, the getting of the gear was another matter entirely as it took a long time to get, facilities for its use were limited, replacement was difficult to impossible and continuity of personnel very rare, only to be disproven by Col. Casey stating that he had a basketball in his room and would be delighted to send it to me. It is always nice to have eagle colonels around to solve all your problems but it is not always possible and sometimes it creates more problems than it solves. Re: 1. the ball

arrived the next day with no air in it and we of course had no way to pump it up, and although we eventually found a pump, we had no attachment to insert into the ball with which to transfer the air from the pump into the ball; 2. during monsoons, you are lucky to be able to find ground hard enough to slide in, much less bounce a ball; and 3. the children prefer to play soccer with it; 4. it was a cheap ball and burst after a few weeks of use. Thus goes the C.A. program in Viet Nam.

Despite the importance placed on the C.A. program, or perhaps because of it, it is impossible to get the right stuff at the right time. To wit: we have a hospital in Phu Le3 and therefore we need medicine, right? right! CARE and numerous other organizations are begging to give you medicine, right? right! But first a few forms. Requests for medicine goes in once a month in a form that would take Houdini to unravel. Battalion cuts the request in half, Regiment halves that, then Division, then M.A.F., then CARE, and then God knows who else including the dock workers in Saigon who steal their share. How long does this take? If you are lucky, it takes 45 days from the time Battalion sends in its combined request (all the companies) to Regiment. If your company sent in its request in the beginning of the month, then the minimum is as much as 75 days. Have you ever had to tell a child with ulcers gaping at you from her arms and legs to wait two months at which time the richest country in the world may send some penicillin which is itself of a type no longer used and whose maximum date of use passed two years ago and which some pharmaceutical company managed to get rid of, gain a reputation for generosity thereby, and garner a tax write-off all at the same time?

So of course, you don't use the normal channels or at least you don't depend on them. You have career officers in the Marine Corps putting their careers on the line every time they send out troops to steal gear to be used for C.A. work; you have Navy doctors going through warehouses with a basket under their arms stowing boxes of Mercurochrome and bandages surreptitiously in their utilities and the basket like a shoplifter in a grocery store; corpsmen write to nurses to steal medicine from hospitals at home and send them to V.N.; S and G-5 personnel cumshaw, beg, steal, and abscond all kinds of gear which they hand out to C.A. people as if it were gold which, considering the trouble gone through to get it, might as well be.

Now I realize that the forms and some of the red tape is necessary; that no longer are we running aid programs on a "you say you want, we give" basis; that the necessity for and the proper handling and disposition for an article must be shown, but here we have gone to the other extreme and just about the only stuff you can get with any speed is gear donated by charitable or not so charitable groups, organizations, industries, individuals, etc., (which may not be what you want, or the caliber that is needed, or the type the need necessitates), or those articles that the Regimental S-5 can order without having to have a specific request for or for which he can fake a specific request (e.g., CARE carpenter kits). But a specific request to an organization created and in business for the sole purpose of fulfilling that request takes so much time that 80% of the time, the unit that requested it has moved on to greener pastures like the D.M.Z., and the C.A. program it left behind may or may not be being carried on with the same fancy aims in mind, or at all. What is needed is one man or one SMALL unit which can make the decisions on these requests (not all of which, in all candor, it must be admitted are legitimate) and then get them fulfilled and check up on their delivery and use. In short, you need an Eagle Colonel for every request, with a needle.

Then of course there is the Marine supply system but that is another horror story.

One of the most assuring things we have seen here to support what we hope we are trying to do here is the Koreans. In them I see V.N. in fifteen years, or at least the possibilities for V.N. and the knowledge that it has been done once and it can be done twice. As to the length of time it will take, as I wrote Dad on this subject, it took France well over 200 years to screw their country up and we are still in Europe doing the same thing we are doing here, to wit: trying to keep the political, religious, and military situation of this country in such a state so that the people may freely make a choice as to their own destiny. This coming from an embittered pessimist and a confirmed cynic. My reason for being here is because the Marine Corps sent me here, my willingness to be here stems from my belief that we are doing, if "right" is a word unusable when describing international politics and/or war, a "righter" thing by being here trying to give these people a chance and a choice, than if

we were either not in it at all or if being in here enough to keep the place from being taken over without a chance to say yes or no. (I recognize that most of these people couldn't care less, as long as they are left alone, but even so, communist regimes have never been known for letting the people in general, and farmers in particular, alone). Most of us here are willing to let V.N. go in whatever direction it wishes, but I for one, and most others I believe, want a guarantee that these people have a choice not (to gather in a slogan from a different but somehow pertinent NEANDERTHALIC mentality) an echo.

Love,
Sandy

January 12, 1967

Dear Sir:

This is the only type of paper I've found you can carry to the field and write on while it rains. That's where I am now and what the conditions are like. So I hope you'll excuse the informality of the paper and the henscratching.

I'm writing this in 3/7's tactical area of responsibility. Some military strategists call it the toughest piece of real estate in South Vietnam. As you know, the land here is generally flat, a maze of small rice paddies bordered by thick treelines. There is only one main supply route into this area and in the States it would be called a dirt road through the back woods. Scattered throughout the treelines are hundreds of hamlets, small clusters of thatch and wood one-room houses with dirt floors and chickens and children running all over the place. During the day traffic is heavy throughout the area with women shuffling to market with baskets of foodstuffs balanced on poles across their shoulders, or bent over planting stalks of rice in the innumerable paddies. Very, very few young men are to be seen among the thousands of inhabitants.

A high percentage of the population are dedicated Communists, who trained and lived in North Vietnam for several years between 1954 and 1964. Their strength and influence by 1965 had reached the point where the fall of Da Nang was imminent. This was the prime reason why the Marines were rushed ashore here and not some other place in March of that year. The going in this section, some 11 miles southeast of the center of Da Nang itself, has been

slow and agonizing. I know it personally only too well, having worked and fought here last June when a sister battalion to 3/7 had responsibility for the area. It was grim work then and it still is now.

There is one main problem—how do you identify the enemy? Which one of those villagers walking by will shoot at you or bury a mine tonight? The battalion I was with lost 200 killed and 1300 wounded, or over 150% casualties here in a year. In this section during the Indo-China War, the French had two battalions wiped out. One Marine battalion commander has been killed and another paralyzed in the past 16 months on the same hill.

Mines are the weapons of the enemy. They soon learned a year back not to engage Marines in open firefights, so they snipe and run and leave buried the terrible mines to do the damage. Mines account for 70% of our casualties in this sector. There is no easy defense against them.

We could, of course, sweep the area clean of people, crowd them into concentration camps, follow the examples of Carthage or Sherman—but is inhumanity the answer to inhumanity? The Marines have decided it is not. Your nephew certainly didn't believe it was.

Many of the people have left the valleys snuggled into the mountain ranges to the west and have migrated down to our sectors to escape VC control. Perhaps 3/7 and her sister outfits could have ignored the wretched condition of those refugees. In choosing to help them, they took on a second mission—to go back into the highlands and bring back and guard the refugees while they harvested their rice crops.

Your nephew, whom the men I have been speaking with called Sandy, was involved in both tasks. In this TAOR (tactical area of responsibility) he received his first Purple Heart. I suppose you know all about that. What you may not know is that he refused to stay in the hospital, so great was his concern for his platoon, and returned to his unit with the wound bleeding freely. His company commander had been wounded and the new captain, Kenneth W. Johnson, had to order him back to the hospital until the wound healed properly. Sandy led by example and never hesitated to expose himself to direct his troops or close with the enemy. The executive officer of the battalion told me he just met Sandy on

patrol—they engaged the VCs in a sharp flurry and the major said, "While I was ducking for cover behind some rocks, there was Sandy frowning over his map and pointing towards the VCs, standing bolt up, utterly ignoring the fire." He was what the Marine Corps calls a hard-charger. Both the battalion executive and his company commander thought he had the makings of a top officer and were hoping he would make the Marines a career. Johnson said, "He was exuberant and outgoing—He didn't hesitate to say what he thought and felt, even if it didn't follow the official line—He was fresh, eager and determined, just what a platoon commander should be. He left his mark on his troops and would have been heard from and would have been known throughout the Corps if he had decided to make it a career." Johnson is a hard, thorough, no-nonsense type of Commander. In my evaluation as a Marine officer, his words carry weight.

The exact circumstances of his death were recounted to me in detail and, as luck would or would not have it, that area of operations is also quite well known to me for very personal reasons. It is a river valley some 25 miles south of 3/7's base. Mike Company was sent down there in late November to perform a mission which we call civic action, as opposed to search and destroy. It is in Quang Ngai province (of which you may have heard) in the district of Bin Son, along the Song Tra Bong river, which is the main supply way for the Viet Cong in the mountains. The refugees had fled from My Loc, where the enemy build-up had caused an increased demand for rice and the villagers were pressed into service as coolies and serfs. In desperation, thousands of them had quit the area en masse, bringing literally nothing with them when they came walking into Tien Phu/Chulai. So the Marines decided to escort them back to their homes that they might gather their rice harvests and collect their belongings. The operation was called Golden Fleece 7-2. At Tien Phu Mike Company started a civic action movement which was so successful Sandy may have written you about it. But west of Tien Phu fighting continued to be heavy. Mike company knew the gathering of rice at My Loc would not be easy. When they escorted the people back, the Marines were like shepherd dogs casting continuously around their flock. At My Loc the pattern continued; the Marines kept an aggressive outguard moving to keep the enemy from closing in. It was on one such

patrol that Sandy was hit. He was leading his platoon and they were coming in west to east from a patrol of the outer paddies when they spotted a booby trap (a Chinese Communist grenade with a trip wire attached). This they disarmed. No sooner had they proceeded 30 yards when they saw another mine; this was a 35 pound high-explosive 105 mm. artillery round. Sandy disarmed it and then picked it up, placed it on his shoulder and told the patrol to move out toward base, where he would turn the round over to the G-2 shop. Some 200 yards farther they came to a fast running stream and cut north to a fording point. That too was mined and a Marine near Sandy tripped it—there was an explosion and Sandy and another Marine went down. Sandy directed the corpsman to take care of the other Marine first. When they examined Sandy, they found he had been struck in the abdomen by a piece of shrapnel. The 105 round had not exploded. He was conscious but in deep shock. He was not in pain at all but his coloring was not good. Within a few minutes, a helicopter arrived on the scene to medevac both Marines. His platoon sergeant, Staff Sergeant William Krajcigs, carried Sandy to the helicopter. During the flight to the hospital, he succumbed and his heart stopped beating. The crew members and corpsmen on board desperately tried to revive him with mouth to mouth resuscitation and massages but to no avail. Johnson was notified that his platoon commander was dead at 3 in the afternoon. (The patrol was returning at midday.) He immediately contacted the helicopter squadron and the doctors to find out what happened. They said they tried, they tried like hell but weren't successful. He had slipped away quietly and painlessly.

But, to write for a minute as a Marine, from talking to those who knew him in combat, I know he left something. He loved his men and watched out for them and cared for them. And they remember him and will continue to do so throughout their lives. They're not much for writing because they don't quite know what to say. It's what they sense and feel. Someone once said they're a band of brothers—they are. And in a special way I guess you have to be one of them to know what that means. Sandy was one—and more. He was one of their leaders. He will be missed and he will be remembered in these ranks.

His legacy is the legacy of all of us who fight. I personally think there is great significance in the fact that he was on a mission to

help and not to destroy. He was what we think a commander of Marines should be: professional but human, both very brave and compassionate.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) Bing,
F.J. WEST, Jr. Capt. USMC (R)

There are some related details that I think it best I relay to you verbally since Capt. Johnson and his men want to write a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Kempner when they get in from the field but did want me to check some facts for them, details of an administrative nature.

If I can be of further assistance while I am here, please feel free to write and I shall try my best.

January 20, 1967

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Kempner:

I recently received the news that your son and my friend Lt. Kempner was killed in Vietnam. No news could be more tragic. I am truly very sorry and wish to express my sincere sympathy for you and your family. The words come hard for I am sure that your shock and grief are beyond words, but I feel somehow that if I could tell you of some aspects of your son's life that you, perhaps, didn't know of, that somehow I could ease some of your grief.

I wrote to you once before when your son was in the hospital with a gunshot wound. Your son had asked Sgt. Dees to write to you but Sgt. Dees found it difficult and asked me to write a letter for him which I did; because Sgt. Dees had been asked to write we decided that he should sign his name. I'm sure that he and you will forgive me but because of this and your very kind reply to that letter, I feel that I know you and the love you had for your son.

My name is Ken MacLean, and I was the Company corpsman assigned to 1st platoon Mike 3-7. Lt. Kempner was my platoon commander, but he was also my friend.

Lt. Kempner was a very brave and capable leader. Many times he took risks that he wasn't expected to take in order to be in a position to oversee the situation about him. He had the confidence and pride that enabled him to be an effective leader. He also had a deep concern for his men. Once he went first through a particular-

ly dangerous area in order to find a safe way for the rest of us. When I reminded him that that wasn't his job, he reminded me that reminding him wasn't my job! Actions like this, men never forget.

I think that Lt. Kempner believed very strongly in what we were doing in Vietnam. He was concerned about the people and how they reacted to our presence. Your son went on many patrols that he didn't have to in order to gain a better knowledge of the terrain and also to see to the safety of his troops.

All of these things seem meager on paper somehow, but to the men who knew him and respected him they are very important.

I treated your son when he was wounded the first time, and he helped me when I was shot through the face on November 7.

If you can understand, there is a kind of love that you feel for men with whom you go through a little bit of hell with. I am sure that Lt. Kempner felt it for his men and that his men felt it for him. That is why it is difficult to express my sense of loss and to express my heart felt sympathy for your loss. And it is that love that makes me want to help ease your grief. Please forgive me if my effort is in any way adding to your grief.

I feel very helpless at this moment and I can only pray that your grief is not more than you can bear, and that you might know that your son's death was not in vain. His courage and sense of duty will be a source of inspiration to many of us who were associated with him.

Your son recommended me for the Silver Star for doing nothing more than what he had done many times. I shall always cherish that recommendation and the memory of the man that made it.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd) Ken MacLean

Margaret Sanger: The Turbid Ebb and Flow of Misery*

Margaret Sanger (1883–1966), a non-Jewess, is the social reformer most credited with the initiation of birth control programs in the United States which benefited, among others, poor immigrant Jewish women. In fact, it was Margaret Sanger who coined the term “birth control” in 1914 and made her cause a world-wide movement. This excerpt from Margaret Sanger: An Autobiography describes a tragic incident, involving a young Jewish family, which helped motivate Sanger to “change the destiny of mothers whose miseries were vast as the sky.”

Then one stifling mid-July day of 1912 I was summoned to a Grand Street tenement. My patient was a small, slight Russian Jewess, about twenty-eight years old, of the special cast of feature to which suffering lends a madonna-like expression. The cramped three-room apartment was in a sorry state of turmoil. Jake Sachs, a truck driver scarcely older than his wife, had come home to find the three children crying and her unconscious from the effects of a self-induced abortion. He had called the nearest doctor, who in turn had sent for me. Jake's earnings were trifling, and most of them had gone to keep the none-too-strong children clean and properly fed. But his wife's ingenuity had helped them to save a little, and this he was glad to spend on a nurse rather than have her go to a hospital.

The doctor and I settled ourselves to the task of fighting the septicemia. Never had I worked so fast, never so concentratedly. The sultry days and nights were melted into a torpid inferno. It did

* We are grateful to Dr. Grant Sanger, New York City, for allowing us to reprint the excerpt from *Margaret Sanger: An Autobiography* (1938), pp. 89–92.

not seem possible there could be such heat, and every bit of food, ice, and drugs had to be carried up three flights of stairs.

Jake was more kind and thoughtful than many of the husbands I had encountered. He loved his children, and had always helped his wife wash and dress them. He had brought water up and carried garbage down before he left in the morning, and did as much as he could for me while he anxiously watched her progress.

After a fortnight Mrs. Sachs' recovery was in sight. Neighbors, ordinarily fatalistic as to the results of abortion, were genuinely pleased that she had survived. She smiled wanly at all who came to see her and thanked them gently, but she could not respond to their hearty congratulations. She appeared to be more despondent and anxious than she should have been, and spent too much time in meditation.

At the end of three weeks, as I was preparing to leave the fragile patient to take up her difficult life once more, she finally voiced her fears. "Another baby will finish me, I suppose?"

"It's too early to talk about that," I temporized.

But when the doctor came to make his last call, I drew him aside.

"Mrs. Sachs is terribly worried about having another baby."

"She well may be," replied the doctor, and then he stood before her and said, "Any more such capers, young woman, and there'll be no need to send for me."

"I know, doctor," she replied timidly, "but," and she hesitated as though it took all her courage to say it, "what can I do to prevent it?"

The doctor was a kindly man, and he had worked hard to save her, but such incidents had become so familiar to him that he had long since lost whatever delicacy he might once have had. He laughed good-naturedly. "You want to have your cake and eat it too, do you? Well, it can't be done."

Then picking up his hat and bag to depart he said, "Tell Jake to sleep on the roof."

I glanced quickly at Mrs. Sachs. Even through my sudden tears I could see stamped on her face an expression of absolute despair. We simply looked at each other, saying no word until the door had closed behind the doctor. Then she lifted her thin, blue-veined hands and clasped them beseechingly. "He can't understand. He's

only a man. But you do, don't you? Please tell me the secret, and I'll never breathe it to a soul. Please!"

What was I to do? I could not speak the conventionally comforting phrases which would be of no comfort. Instead, I made her as physically easy as I could and promised to come back in a few days to talk with her again. A little later, when she slept, I tiptoed away.

Night after night the wistful image of Mrs. Sachs appeared before me. I made all sorts of excuses to myself for not going back. I was busy on other cases; I really did not know what to say to her or how to convince her of my own ignorance; I was helpless to avert such monstrous atrocities. Time rolled by and I did nothing.

The telephone rang one evening three months later, and Jake Sachs' agitated voice begged me to come at once; his wife was sick again and from the same cause. For a wild moment I thought of sending someone else, but actually, of course, I hurried into my uniform, caught up my bag, and started out. All the way I longed for a subway wreck, an explosion, anything to keep me from having to enter the home again. But nothing happened, even to delay me. I turned into the dingy doorway and climbed the familiar stairs once more. The children were there, young little things.

Mrs. Sachs was in a coma and died within ten minutes. I folded her still hands across her breast, remembering how they had pleaded with me, begging so humbly for the knowledge which was her right. I drew a sheet over her pallid face. Jake was sobbing, running his hands through his hair and pulling it out like an insane person. Over and over again he wailed, "My God! My God! My God!"

I left him pacing desperately back and forth, and for hours, I myself walked and walked and walked through the hushed streets. When I finally arrived home and let myself quietly in, all the household was sleeping. I looked out my window and down upon the dimly lighted city. Its pains and griefs crowded in upon me, a moving picture rolled before my eyes with photographic clearness: women writhing in travail to bring forth little babies; the babies themselves naked and hungry, wrapped in newspapers to keep them from the cold; six-year-old children with pinched, pale, wrinkled faces, old in concentrated wretchedness, pushed into gray and fetid cellars, crouching on stone floors, their small

scrawny hands scuttling through rags, making lamp shades, artificial flowers; white coffins, black coffins, coffins, coffins interminably passing in never-ending succession. The scenes piled one upon another on another. I could bear it no longer.

As I stood there the darkness faded. The sun came up and threw its reflection over the house tops. It was the dawn of a new day in my life also. The doubt and questioning, the experimenting and trying, were now to be put behind me. I knew I could not go back merely to keeping people alive.

I went to bed, knowing that no matter what it might cost, I was finished with palliatives and superficial cures; I was resolved to seek out the root of evil, to do something to change the destiny of mothers whose miseries were vast as the sky.

Rosalyn S. Yalow: An Autobiographical Sketch*

Dr. Rosalyn S. Yalow (b. 1921) was born to parents who lacked a formal education, but revered learning and scholarship. She embarked upon a career in nuclear physics, a profession in which few women were engaged. Despite open hostility and subtle discrimination by certain professors, Rosalyn Yalow did brilliantly in her studies. Her career, after her doctoral work was completed, is a notable one. For twenty-two years she worked with Dr. Solomon A. Berson during which time a number of important scientific discoveries and advances were made. Yalow received international awards and, finally, in 1977, the Nobel Prize for Medicine and Physiology.

I was born on July 19, 1921, in New York City and have always resided and worked there except for 3½ years when I was a graduate student at the University of Illinois.

Perhaps the earliest memories I have are of being a stubborn, determined child. Through the years my mother has told me that it was fortunate that I chose to do acceptable things, for if I had chosen otherwise no one could have deflected me from my path.

My mother, née Clara Zipper, came to America from Germany at the age of four. My father, Simon Sussman, was born on the Lower East Side of New York, the Melting Pot for Eastern European immigrants. Neither had the advantage of a high school education but there was never a doubt that their two children would make it through college. I was an early reader, reading even before kindergarten, and since we did not have books in my home, my older

* © The Nobel Foundation, 1978. We are grateful to the Nobel Foundation for allowing us to publish parts of the biography of Dr. Rosalyn S. Yalow which will appear in its yearbook, *Les Prix Nobel*.

brother, Alexander, was responsible for our trip every week to the Public Library to exchange books already read for new ones to be read.

By seventh grade I was committed to mathematics. A great chemistry teacher at Walton High School, Mr. Mondzak, excited my interest in chemistry, but when I went to Hunter, the college for women in New York City's college system (now the City University of New York), my interest was diverted to physics especially by Professors Herbert N. Otis and Duane Roller. In the late '30's when I was in college, physics, and in particular nuclear physics, was the most exciting field in the world. It seemed as if every major experiment brought a Nobel Prize. Eve Curie had just published the biography of her mother, Madame Marie Curie, which should be a must on the reading list of every young aspiring female scientist. As a Junior at college, I was hanging from the rafters in Room 301 of Pupin Laboratories (a physics lecture room at Columbia University) when Enrico Fermi gave a colloquium in January, 1939, on the newly discovered nuclear fission—which has resulted not only in the terror and threat of nuclear warfare but also in the ready availability of radioisotopes for medical investigation and in hosts of other peaceful applications.

I was excited about achieving a career in physics. My family, being more practical, thought the most desirable position for me would be as an elementary school teacher. Furthermore, it seemed most unlikely that good graduate schools would accept and offer financial support for a woman in physics. However, my physics professors encouraged me and I persisted. As I entered the last half of my senior year at Hunter in September, 1940, I was offered what seemed like a good opportunity. Since I could type, another of my physics professors, Dr. Jerrold Zacharias, now at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, obtained a part time position for me as a secretary to Dr. Rudolf Schoenheimer, a leading biochemist at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons (P&S). This position was supposed to provide an entrée for me into graduate courses, via the backdoor, but I had to agree to take stenography. On my graduation from Hunter in January, 1941, I went to business school. Fortunately I did not stay there too long. In mid-February I received an offer of a teaching assistantship in physics at the University of Illinois, the most

prestigious of the schools to which I had applied. It was an achievement beyond belief. I tore up my stenography books, stayed on as secretary until June and during the summer took two tuition-free physics courses under government auspices at New York University.

In September I went to Champaign-Urbana, the home of the University of Illinois. At the first meeting of the Faculty of the College of Engineering I discovered I was the only woman among its 400 members. The Dean of the Faculty congratulated me on my achievement and told me I was the first woman there since 1917. It is evident that the draft of young men into the armed forces, even prior to American entry into the World War, had made possible my entrance into graduate school.

On the first day of graduate school I met Aaron Yalow, who was also beginning graduate study in physics at Illinois and who in 1943 was to become my husband. The first year was not easy. From junior high school through Hunter College, I had never had boys in my classes, except for a thermodynamics course which I took at City College at night and the two summer courses at NYU. Hunter had offered a physics major for the first time in September, 1940, when I was an upper senior. As a result my course work in physics had been minimal for a major—less than that of the other first-year graduate students. Therefore at Illinois I sat in on two undergraduate courses without credit, took three graduate courses and was a half-time assistant teaching the freshman course in physics. Like nearly all first-year teaching assistants, I had never taught before—but unlike the others I also undertook to observe in the classroom of a young instructor with an excellent reputation so that I could learn how it should be done.

It was a busy time. I was delighted to receive a straight A in two of the courses, an A in the lecture half of the course in Optics and an A— in its laboratory. The chairman of the Physics Department, looking at this record, could only say “That A— confirms that women do not do well at laboratory work.” But I was no longer a stubborn, determined child, but rather a stubborn, determined graduate student. The hard work and subtle discrimination were of no moment.

Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, brought our country into the war. The Physics Department was becoming decimated by loss of

junior and senior faculty to secret scientific work elsewhere. The campus was filled with young Army and Navy students sent to the campus by their respective Services for training. There was a heavy teaching load, graduate courses, an experimental thesis requiring long hours in the laboratory, marriage in 1943, war-time house-keeping with its shortages and rationing, and in January, 1945, a Ph.D. in Nuclear Physics. My thesis director was Dr. Maurice Goldhaber, later to become Director of Brookhaven National Laboratories. Support and encouragement came from the Goldhabers. Dr. Gertrude Goldhaber, his wife, was a distinguished physicist in her own right, but with no University position because of nepotism rules. Since my research was in nuclear physics I became skilled in making and using apparatus for the measurement of radioactive substances. The war was continuing. I returned to New York without my husband in January, 1945, since completion of his thesis was delayed and I accepted a position as assistant engineer at Federal Telecommunications Laboratory, a research laboratory for ITT—the only woman engineer. When the research group in which I was working left New York in 1946, I returned to Hunter College to teach physics, not to women but to returning veterans in a pre-engineering program.

My husband had come to New York in September, 1945. We established our home in an apartment in Manhattan, then in a small house in the Bronx. It and a full-time teaching position at Hunter were hardly enough to occupy my time fully. By this time my husband was in Medical Physics at Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx. Through him I met Dr. Edith Quimby, a leading medical physicist at P&S. I volunteered to work in her laboratory to gain research experience in the medical applications of radioisotopes. She took me to see “The Chief,” Dr. G. Failla, Dean of American medical physicists. After talking to me for a while, he picked up the phone, dialed, and I heard him say “Bernie, if you want to set up a radioisotope service, I have someone here you must hire.” Dr. Bernard Roswit, Chief of the Radiotherapy Service at the Bronx Veterans Administration Hospital and I appeared to have no choice; Dr. Failla had spoken.

I joined the Bronx VA as a part time consultant in December, 1947, keeping my position at Hunter until the Spring Semester of 1950. During those years while I was teaching full-time, I equipped

and developed the Radioisotope Service and started research projects together with Dr. Roswit and other physicians in the hospital in a number of clinical fields. Though we started with nothing more than a janitor's closet and a small grant to Dr. Roswit from a veterans' group, eight publications in different areas of clinical investigation resulted from this early work. The VA wisely made a commitment to set up Radioisotope Services in several of its hospitals around the country because of its appreciation that this was a new field in which research had to proceed *pari passu* with clinical application. Our hospital Radioisotope Service was one of the first supported under this plan.

In January, 1950, I chose to leave teaching and join the VA full time. That spring when he was completing his residency in internal medicine at the Bronx VA, Dr. Solomon A. Berson and I met and in July he joined our Service. Thus was to begin a 22-year partnership that lasted until the day of his death, April 11, 1972. Unfortunately, he did not survive to share the Nobel Prize with me as he would have had he lived.

During that period Aaron and I had two children, Benjamin and Elanna. We bought a house in Riverdale, less than a mile from the VA. With sleep-in help until our son was 9, and part-time help of decreasing time thereafter, we managed to keep the house going and took pride in our growing children: Benjamin, now 25, is a systems programmer at the CUNY Computer Center; Elanna, now 23, is a third year doctoral candidate in Educational Psychology at Stanford University. She has just married Daniel Webb and is with us on part of her honeymoon.

But to return to the scientific aspects of my life, after Sol joined our Service, I soon gave up collaborative work with others and concentrated on our joint researches. Our first investigations together were in the application of radioisotopes in blood volume determination, clinical diagnosis of thyroid diseases and the kinetics of iodine metabolism. We extended these techniques to studies of the distribution of globin, which had been suggested for use as a plasma expander, and of serum proteins. It seemed obvious to apply these methods to smaller peptides, i.e., the hormones. Insulin was the hormone most readily available in a highly purified form. We soon deduced from the retarded rate of disappearance of insulin from the circulation of insulin-treated subjects

that all these patients develop antibodies to the animal insulins. In studying the reaction of insulin with antibodies, we appreciated that we had developed a tool with the potential for measuring circulating insulin. It took several more years of work to transform the concept into the reality of its practical application to the measurement of plasma insulin in man. Thus the era of radioimmunoassay (RIA) can be said to have begun in 1959. RIA is now used to measure hundreds of substances of biologic interest in thousands of laboratories in our country and abroad, even in scientifically less advanced lands.

It is of interest from this brief history that neither Sol nor I had the advantage of specialized post-doctoral training in investigation. We learned from and disciplined each other and were probably each other's severest critic. I had the good fortune to learn medicine not in a formal medical school but directly from a master of physiology, anatomy and clinical medicine. This training was essential if I were to use my scientific background in areas in which I had no formal education.

Sol's leaving the laboratory in 1968 to assume the chairmanship of the Department of Medicine at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine and his premature death 4 years later were a great loss to investigative medicine. At my request the laboratory which we shared has been designated the Solomon A. Berson Research Laboratory so that his name will continue to be on my papers as long as I publish and so that his contributions to our Service will be memorialized. At present my major collaborator is a young, talented physician, Dr. Eugene Straus, who joined me in 1972, first as a Fellow, then as Research Associate and now as Clinical Investigator.

Through the years Sol and I together, and now I alone, have enjoyed the time spent with the "professional children," the young investigators who trained in our laboratory and who are now scattered throughout the world, many of whom are now leaders in clinical and investigative medicine. In the training in my laboratory the emphasis has been not only in learning our research techniques but also our philosophy. I have never aspired to have nor do I now want a laboratory or a cadre of investigators-in-training which is more extensive than I can personally interact with and supervise.

The laboratory since its inception has been supported solely by the Veterans Administration Medical Research Program and I acknowledge with gratitude its confidence in me and its encouragement through the years. My hospital is now affiliated with The Mount Sinai School of Medicine where I hold the title of Distinguished Service Professor. I am a member of the National Academy of Sciences. Honors which I have received include, among others: Albert Lasker Basic Medical Research Award; The A. Cressy Morrison Award in Natural Sciences of the N.Y. Academy of Sciences; Scientific Achievement Award of the American Medical Association; The Koch Award of the Endocrine Society; The Gairdner Foundation International Award; American College of Physicians Award for distinguished contributions in science as related to medicine; Eli Lilly Award of the American Diabetes Association; First William S. Middleton Medical Research Award of the VA; and five honorary doctorates.

Rose H. Alschuler:
I Believe—*Today**

This excerpt is taken from Rose H. Alschuler's memoir, Bits and Pieces of Family Lore, which she presented to her family on the occasion of her 75th birthday, December 17, 1962. The actual excerpt was written about 1920.

Rose Haas Alschuler was born in Chicago in 1887. Her family was a cultured one, and her formative years included much travel across America and Europe. A graduate of Vassar College, Rose Alschuler was still a young woman in her thirties when she penned these stirring lines that reflect the essence of her thinking.

Life is a mirage and life is an effort—and the fullness of life for every individual depends on the strength and beauty of his vision and the strength and beauty of his effort.

And I would have my child know that one lives by truth—but that truth is only relative. That in this great world so full of positive impressions, sensations, and experiences, there is only one unchanging truth, and that is the spirituality of the world. This spirituality is evidenced in power—human and superhuman, in the re-creative powers of nature, and the creative powers of man.

I would tell my child and live for him an inner freedom—a freedom from fear, a freedom from the outlived traditions of the past, and from the futile allegiances of the present—a freedom which should enable him to think thru every experience, to act and to react freely, and to realize daily living with all the capacity of a free spirit.

I would tell him that life must be lived constructively, that love should be the motive power of action—I would have him know

* A copy of *Bits and Pieces of Family Lore* by Rose H. Alschuler is housed at the American Jewish Archives.

that hatred, envy, malice, evil in any form is a boomerang and consumes its begetter.

I would have him think that every human being has unrealized and almost unlimited possibilities which it is his joyous responsibility to fulfill. But I would have him keep his sense of personal accomplishment balanced by realizing that any individual accomplishment is infinitely small, if one thinks in terms of the cosmos—of what is being done, what has been done and what remains to be done.

And in time I hope he shall come to know that a talent for living consists in a capacity for adjustment, that happiness and fulfillment consist in realizing life to the fullest at every moment and in losing one's self thru giving one's love and one's power to the sum of human welfare.

Can we teach those things—appreciations of truth and beauty—understanding of inner freedom—the joys of world love and service? Probably not! One can only sense them and perhaps impart them thru the quality of one's own being.

Bertram Wallace Korn: A Message from Dr. Korn*

Bertram Wallace Korn (b. 1918) is the senior rabbi of Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, Elkins Park, Pennsylvania. He is among the handful of truly outstanding historians of the American Jewish experience and is the author of a number of classic works in the field. He is also a retired rear admiral in the United States Navy.

It is simply not possible to thank each person individually for loving thoughts and offers to help and expressions of care and concern. There is not sufficient time to write to each of you who have cheered me on. And I cannot pretend to be able to remember who sent me a get-well-card, who called the office to inquire of my progress, and who offered to help to reorient my life. But it all means more than it is possible to put into words; a warm, supportive feeling that life and health matter, that personal affection counts for a great deal, that the struggle to cope with physical disability is not a lonely one.

No one is immune to despair, fear, retreat from reality. They say that physicians make the worst patients, but they were the best “rabbis” for this patient. They were gentle and communicative and kind and consoling. They didn’t “baby” the patient, but they helped him over some very rough spots. Hospitals are said to be depersonalized factories where no one is valuable and everyone is a victim. Not so, at least for this patient. Nurses and other personnel demonstrated exquisite tenderness and concern; they understood how difficult it was for the rabbi to be the object of ministry rather

* We are grateful to Dr. Bertram Wallace Korn for allowing us to publish his letter. This essay was printed in the *Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel Bulletin* of March 15, 1978.



Dr. Bertram Wallace Korn, distinguished American Jewish
historian and senior rabbi of Reform Congregation
Keneseth Israel, Elkins Park, Pennsylvania

than the subject; they encouraged the patient to understand that what he felt was typical and characteristic, not a loss of wisdom or perception.

To one who has often had his mind on centuries past, occasionally on eternity, to one who attempts to trace the progress of humanity and our people through the ages, it is a challenge to live one day at a time, to do what one can and not feel inadequate in the face of all that cannot be done in one day or planned for many. To accept the limitations of a medical condition which must take insistent priority over all else, when one has been accustomed to functioning over a period of many months at a time, and sometimes years, is a psychological as well as physical shock. The hardest thing for the patient to learn is to be patient!

Rabbi [Stephen D.] Franklin has been a stalwart and calm and generous colleague during these weeks. A massive load of activity and expectation has been thrust upon him and he has responded to the demand in a wonderful way. I lead all of you in expressing appreciation to him for his willingness to shoulder these many responsibilities and burdens. All of the other members of our staff and leadership team have responded with great maturity and devotion to the need for maximum commitment at a very difficult time in congregational life, brought on by David I. Mitchell's death and my illness. I am confident that within a few months all of our requirements for additional staff personnel and leadership direction will have been received. Patience is called for on the part of the congregants too! But pitch in where you see an opportunity to offer assistance.

Where is God in all this? I do not hold to the theology which ascribes direct responsibility to God for illness. I do not believe that prayer would have helped me to avoid this affliction. I do believe that when all else fails within, when blackness and bleakness overwhelm you with despair, God gives you a little push upwards, imperceptibly, gently, with a reservoir of remaining strength which you did not believe you possessed, and in the form of a host of helpers who take you by the hand and lead you when you are utterly helpless. To trust in the good-will of others, to accept reality and be willing to take each hour as it comes, to be confident of the wisdom and dedication of physicians and nurses, is a way of being religious too.

I have crossed a great divide between what I was before and what I will be in the years to come. I can no longer hope to be able to do all the things that I once took in stride. But always, in all ways, I will hope to be able to respond to the most urgent needs, to perceive the places where help is most immediately required, to set a tone and goals and standards for the achievement of a vast variety of programs for the edification and ennoblement of our people and the community.

I have always felt that my life was filled with blessings extraordinary, with rewards and satisfactions I did not deserve, and with opportunities and honors I could never have earned. I still feel that way.

God bless you all.

Anonymous:
Nauseated by the Sights and Odors

The author of this letter, an American Jewish soldier, is unknown. He was among the first to witness the horrors of Hitler's Holocaust, especially in the concentration camp at Dachau. The letter remained hidden for many years and we are fortunate in having discovered it. We are driven to share it with others. The contents may perhaps help us to understand what Emil Fackenheim has described as the "commanding voice of Auschwitz." What that "voice" tells us is also what the voices of survivors in this letter tell us: "Jews are commanded to survive as Jews, lest their people perish. They are commanded to remember the victims of Auschwitz, lest their memory perish. They are forbidden to despair of God, lest Judaism perish. They are forbidden to despair of the world as the domain of God, lest the world be handed over to the forces of Auschwitz."

Munich, Germany
May 1945

Dearest Faigie:

There is much more to write to you about the Jews I have met here than I have already written—and there will be still more to write as I meet more Jews and hear their stories. At first the Jews I met were inside the concentration camps at Dachau and Allach, but later I met some who had sneaked out of the camps and I also met a few civilian Jews who had been permitted to live in Munich. I believe that I can write now with the feeling that those Jews with whom I've spoken represent the attitudes and experiences of the

* We are grateful to Mrs. Theresa Kaplan of Columbus, Ohio, for allowing us to publish this letter which was included among the Rabbi Harry Kaplan papers housed at the American Jewish Archives.

whole group of Jews here who have lived through the Judenrein pogroms.

I saw Dachau before V-E Day and before the correspondents and official sight-seers came, and only our group of GIs and officers were there. We had become pretty accustomed to seeing dead and mangled bodies, but even the GIs were appalled and nauseated by the sights and odors at Dachau. People were still dying and moaning and were so far gone that there was nothing that could be done to save them. We saw the piles of dead bodies, the common graves into which both living and dead were thrown, the torture chambers and the gas chambers, and while we were there some exploring GIs opened a box car and found it piled full of prisoners, dead and dying. The picture of the dead lying in formless heaps of naked and starved, the moans of those not yet dead and the stench of those already dead was more than nightmarish. For even in a nightmare this couldn't be envisioned. I had my camera with me, but I was so overwhelmed, so awed, appalled and nauseated, that I didn't want any pictures to keep for a personal reminder of this visit.

The prisoners at Dachau were too near death to enter into conversations. But at Allach, where I took the snapshots I'm sending, the prisoners still held enough life in their skinny bodies and broken hearts to show their happiness at the coming of the Americans and to want to learn what would happen to them now. I asked to be given a guard post inside the section of the camp which was designated for the Jews, and for the three hours at a time when our company pulled guard I was able to speak with many Jews from Hungary, Poland, Rumania and most of the other countries of central Europe. We spoke in Yiddish and I was surprised that we understood each other so well despite my use of American "Plain Yiddish" at times and their use of their own idioms. In these conversations, by the way, I got a better idea of what is meant by the various regional pronunciations.

Every Jew with whom I spoke had his own story of horror and bestiality to tell. And before one has finished his story of the brutality which has remained most vivid in his mind, the next will begin to tell of his experience which to him is still more inhuman and horrible. What are all these stories? Some day they will be written in a book and the book will be hidden so that children do

not find it and read it, for if they were to read it they would be afraid and have nightmares. This book will be like the picture books of soldiers lying dead on the fields, their arms, legs or faces blown away which people buy in order to satisfy some mild sadism they have in themselves and to remind them that the world is far from civilized. The story that I could not believe was of the SSer who took Jewish infants by the feet and smashed the babies against a wall until they were just a mass of flesh and bones and blood. But the young Jew who told me this became so angry when he saw that I hesitated to believe him, that I knew that he wasn't telling a lie—that he couldn't have made up such a story.

I was told of Jewish women who were raped; bearded Jews who had their beards torn out; marches in all sorts of weather forced on young and old alike, and when anyone complained of being ill and unable to march he was beaten to death. Large groups of Jews were given instructions to dig trenches which the Nazis said were to be used by Wehrmacht soldiers against the Allied Armies, and when the trenches were dug the Jews were ordered to jump in—then other Jews were forced to throw dirt into the graves and bury them alive. Those who resisted in any of the tasks to which they were assigned were led away to even more horrible tortures. The whole world knows of the furnaces in which thousands of Jews—and Poles and Russians—all the members of the lower and slave races, were cremated. Some were dead before they were slid into the furnace, others were but unconscious from exhaustion and still others had been beaten into unconsciousness. You have certainly read about the torture chambers, the mass murders, the rides in the cattle cars, the gas chambers for which everyone was prepared by being given a towel and told that he was to receive a shower (because the gas works better on wet flesh), and all the rest of the fiendish methods of extermination the Nazis spewed—well, I talked with the Jews who managed to escape.

There are a precious few who managed to escape. I don't know the statistics, and I doubt whether any one else does with final authority. The figures given to me by the Jews I've met are from five to seven million Jews in Eastern Europe, excluding the Soviet Union before Hitler started his Judenrein pogroms. . . .

The Jews I've met here have shown a remarkable will to survive which must be the contemporary expression of the long-recognized

will-to-live. This will has manifested itself in different ways at different times and may have shown itself in different ways at the present time, but the Jews I have met who have managed to survive have done so by being passive and dependent. Jews have fought back—as the heroic battle of the Warsaw Ghetto proves, but I still think that it is true that the passive and dependent Jew is alive today. But even this passivity arose from a strength, for it would have been so easy to submit to death by the SSers or to commit suicide merely by taking hold of the electrically charged fence. A Rumanian girl of 17 who had been a prisoner for four years told me that there were many times when she felt that it would be easier to die once by electrocution at the fence than to die the thousand deaths the SSers inflicted upon her and the others every day. It took courage not to die. (I marked this girl on the snapshot with an X—an intelligent and healthy girl, and she used to know when I came on guard and wait for me.)

Very quickly it was learned that the Nazis most feared the aggressive, fighting Jews, and it was this Jew who was first exterminated. When one's own life and the life of a whole people is at stake there is no place for heroics—for if everyone would become a martyr who would be left to pay homage to the martyrs? So the Jews became meek and foolish and afraid, but with cunning and with wisdom, and with all their wits alive and working. For it took trickery added to the pretended lack of sense and understanding to keep alive.

When a roll was called it was necessary to learn in a moment what was going on. Was it wisest to be present or to hide (and where to hide and how well), or to be ill (and what sort of illness and how serious), whether to produce papers or to hide them—and a million other little things that might mean the difference between life and death. And when a Jew was caught in the moment in which he had not yet decided what was the best thing to do, he was dumb, he didn't understand, he apologized for not having done as he was told to do—and all the time his mind kept figuring what is the best thing to do—quick!

Most of the Jews were not able to get away with either trickery or courage and were destroyed. But some have come out alive and I wondered whether their experiences did not change them in some way. Just as they are undernourished and will carry the effects of

their undernourishment for the rest of their lives—as they will their serial numbers which were tattooed on their left arms, will not those conditions under which they lived and which have caused permanent physical changes also leave permanent emotional changes? If there are such psychological changes, and I believe that there are, they must be found out, understood, and considered in making plans with these people. And this must be done quickly if constructive planning is to take place here. For work with the displaced people—the former slave laborers, prisoners, etc.—is now in a stage where large numbers of those people are being sent home to the lands from which they were brought here. And as the Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Yugoslavian nations return to their countries, the problem of the stateless Jews will grow in proportion, for they will become the largest single group needing attention.

What are these psychological changes? I don't know. I can't know because I did not know these Jews before their experiences at the hands of the Nazi murderers, but I would guess at the following: The pattern of dependency has grown deep. There is a burning hatred of the Nazis that cannot be understood by Americans who have merely read and seen news photos, and thus there is a deep desire for revenge. There is a feeling of resentment against all those who did not suffer as they did, and perhaps against the Americans particularly because we were never harmed by the Nazis. There seems to be a need to tell of their experiences that springs from the feeling that if they tell enough people, some of the pain they felt will be relieved. There seems to be a feeling of: now we are alive, we have done this much—what will you do now? There seems to be a tendency to take advantage of their position—and why shouldn't they?

For some reason the following sticks in my mind: I had a package of food which some of us made up and which I was delegated to bring into the women's compound. The GIs had been particularly moved by the story of one family and the food was intended for this family; if we couldn't find these people then anyone could have the package to share with the others. When I came inside the gate everyone saw me with the package and watched me very carefully, and finally one or two came up hesitantly and asked for chocolate, oranges, candy—but not for

bread or coffee. And one middle aged woman, who, I later found out, had been a prisoner for three years and survived all sorts of hardships, came up to me and said, "I must have a bonbon; if I don't I'll faint away." What she wanted was a Life-Saver or Charms such as we get in our rations and were giving away, but her system of values was so out of balance that she had to tell me that she would faint away if she did not get one lemon drop. I believe that this illustrates to some extent the point about the extreme dependency which has developed.

A few of the men with whom I spoke said that their greatest wish is to be given the command of a camp for captured SSers, or to be given positions where they can make the German people pay for their crimes against the Jews. One young fellow said that unlike the Germans he would not torture aged, women and children—but woe unto all the others. When I answered that if we Jews treat the Germans the way they treated us and the other peoples of Europe, then we will be guilty of the same crimes and horrors and rank with them as fiends, the whole group became angry with me. They answered that if we fail to treat the Germans cruelly it will only be a sign to the Germans that they were right that we are cowards and a lower nation of people, one that should be subjugated, enslaved and destroyed. There is a burning anger and an almost overwhelming desire to destroy the Germans, and yet from others I got the typical shrug of the shoulders and the question-reply. "What *will* we accomplish if we do treat the Germans as they treated us?"

Just like other people, the Jews had their Nazi collaborators too. There must have been more outside the concentration camps than there were in them, but those who were in the camps created a special problem. First, they were Jews, remained Jews, and intended to remain Jews and were not so lost to the Jewish community that they escaped the concentration camp entirely. But in the camp they found that they could best survive if they did little favors here, reported something there, and generally made themselves useful—but only in a little way—to the SSers. These Jews of course won the abuse of the others, and were ostracised. And occasionally, when the opportunity presented itself, they were beaten up. But when everyone learned that the Americans were coming, even these collaborationist Jews were happy—for weren't

they Jews? and weren't they considered dangerous enough to be put into concentration camp? and aren't all Jewish lives doubly precious now? So what were the other Jews to do? I don't know what the answer was.

If I thought that the blows of their common horrible experiences had hammered these Jews into a common form, I was mistaken. Since we came and liberated prisoners from the camps here, a wide variety of individual activities have appeared. Some of the Jews sneaked out of the camp and made their way into town. Some came into the heart of Munich just to see what it was like, and how much damage the Allied air forces had inflicted, and just to get away from the camp; while most of them stayed in the suburbs and outlying neighborhoods. It seems that the first thought was to get away from the camp and then to get clothes which would not advertise them as former inmates of the camp. All of them wore blue and grey vertically striped pajama-like uniforms (which you can see in the snapshots) and getting out of them was a first step toward rehabilitation. After they got better clothes they explored deeper into the city, nearer the seat of authority and government to find out what would happen to them next—but the confusion is so great that there is no useful information.

Numbers of the Jewish men found their way to GI company kitchens where Jewish GIs or sympathetic GIs in general gave them food. There always seemed to be an American GI in the company who could speak Yiddish with them and understand what they needed. The GIs also took care of clothing of these men and went into the homes of Nazi Party members who had run away when we came, and took out closets full of clothes for the Jews and the other people to wear. Many of these Jewish men had become too accustomed to living with the limits of an authority of some kind, that they could not bear to stay in one place for any length of time, and wandered about from one kitchen to another, and it seemed as though some old nomadism came back to them. But just as there were transients, there were also some who found the loose organization of the GI kitchens here to their liking and stayed around as helpers, doing KP and whatever else they could in order to have a semi-permanent place to eat and sleep outside the camp.

Whenever I'd talk with those Jews either at the camp, around our company area where they worked in the mess hall, or in town,

I'd try to find out what their plans and intentions were. But no matter how they were approached, they would always tell the harrowing story of their experiences. Their first question was always, "Do you know how we lived for the last five years; do you know how we were tortured, harassed, killed?" And if I replied that I had spoken with others, that even before coming into Germany I had read about Dachau and Buchenwald and Nordhausen and Oszenwein and the others, they answered that they had lived through more than had been reported. It seemed to me that they were so pleased to find an American Jewish soldier who could speak a comfortable Yiddish with them, that they had to go through a complete recital of the terror under which they lived—as well as the psychological values this has for them.

A sidelight: I wear my Combat Infantry Badge and with natural curiosity I am asked what it stands for. I tell them that it means that I am an Infantry soldier who has been on the front, one who has been in the front ranks shooting at the enemy. They are surprised—really, a Jew in the front lines shooting! They don't seem to recognize that there is a strong relationship between our being here as soldiers and their being out of the camps, and although they want the Jews to help them they don't see their fellow Jews as fighters for them. And this attitude, too, is a dangerous one to carry into the new world we want to build for it shows a negation and a denial of the real world we live in. But I think that when the Jews have something to fight for, they will become front line soldiers—determined and capable ones.

When I first heard the stories that I was told, they upset me greatly. I felt close to these people who suffered for being, like I am, a Jew, but one who had not suffered as they did, and I wondered how they had come through such horrors and how they could be avenged. But hearing the same stories of impossible fiendishness began to have a monotony about it, and I became impervious to their stories. Then I was angry with myself for feeling so impersonally about their suffering and for feeling that perhaps they even got some pleasure in being able to tell me how they had suffered or that the telling helped to relieve feelings they could not express while they were suffering. I was upset that their terrible pain that these people lived through was becoming an "interesting experience" to me by their telling me of it. But these were my feelings and I became impatient with them and myself, and almost

forced the conversation from their story of horrors to their hopes and plans.

I would ask, "What do you intend to do now?" And they would answer, "What do we intend to do now? After what we have gone through how can we know? Do you know what we lived through?" And again the story of horrors and terrors. But my persistence and perhaps the feeling of awe and courtesy toward an American Jew who really fought in the war with a gun—one who had the chance to shoot Nazis and SSers to avenge them—helped bring them to the question I wanted answered.

The first hope of almost all the men and women to whom I spoke is to come to America. America is still a golden dream, and too many believe that they can come to the United States with the ease of dreaming. Practically everyone has a relative in America and they all believe that all that is necessary to secure their entrance into the States is a declaration on the part of the relative that he will be responsible for them until they are financially independent. This was part of the policy followed when German Jews were admitted from Nazi Germany, and too many believe that this is the only requirement for admission into America. They are unaware of quotas, restrictions, etc., and so, innocently dream of America as their future home. Without shattering their hopes, I try to explain some of the difficulties and realities, but to people who have survived the hardships here, these are as nothing. I got a better picture of how much of a Jewish metropolis New York is from the number of people here who have relatives there; and there are others who have people in all sorts of cities in America whose names they struggle to pronounce. Others have no idea of the immensity of America and ask whether I know a particular family whose name they give me.

Perhaps the second largest group is interested in Palestine. I am glad that this is so for it seems to me more than ever before that a national home is necessary for Jewish survival. But these people don't appear to be inspired or enthused by the building of Palestine as a Jewish state where the culture and life of the Jews will grow and flourish, but merely as a place where they can make a living and live without fears of anti-Jewish pogroms. This is extremely important in itself, but I would like to see a greater feeling of inspiration about Palestine. Again, without breaking down their illusions, I try to present some of the realities about Palestine,

particularly the restrictions on immigration; and many of the Jews with whom I spoke appear to have some understanding of the place of Palestine in Britain's imperial policy.

The third group wants to go to Russia, and it seems that this group is least aware of the difficulties that it faces. Many pose questions about Russia, questions which indicate that the propaganda which has been funneled into them in the Central European countries and in Germany has made them afraid of Russia, and at the same time they are aware that the Jews in Russia suffered no pogroms or concentration camps, and they are confused. When Germany declared war on Russia and the Russian frontier in Poland was closed, no Jews were permitted to cross into Russia—and neither were Russians. I was told here by Jews who witnessed this that the security guard was so strict that even Russian civilians and soldiers were not permitted to cross into Russia—and only those who could show membership cards in the Communist Party were permitted to cross. I remember that back home Russia was damned for this action, but the people here, the ones who suffered by it (for in Russia they could retreat before the advancing Germans and be safe), understand that this was a necessary war-time measure. Some of these Jews have heard of Biro-Bidjan and some are interested, but most of those who are interested in Russia want to settle in the cities of Western Russia. They don't have a clear idea of what they want to do and seem to have the feeling that once they get into Russia they will solve this problem.

Although all of the Jews in those three groups want to go to America, Palestine or Russia, all of them also want to go back to their homes in Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Latvia, Lithuania, Esthonia, etc. in order to find out what they can about their friends, their homes and their families. Most of these people express the hope that if they find their families and homes they will settle there again. But they are suspicious that the democratic governments which we hope will rise in their home countries will not be so pure that Jews will be able to live peacefully as a citizen equal to all other citizens. There is a strong call to their homes, and although they have been torn away, the roots still remain, and with a guaranty of equality they will return to build a new life there. Because of the impossibility of admitting any great numbers into America, Palestine or Russia under existing regulations and

policies, it appears that as long as these regulations and possibilities do exist, their original home countries will remain the greatest home for European Jews. Thus it seems that our major job in long scale planning is to work toward the modification of laws which will permit the settlement of Jews in the three major countries to which they want to go, and to insure that the new governments of their original lands will indeed be democratic and progressive where the Jews can live with equality in peace and security.

A last group is interested in South America, Australia, South Africa and such European countries as France and Sweden. A few Jews have said that they have been in these countries at one time or another on business or that they have relatives there and would like to make their homes there. Two or three Jews said that they thought it would be wise to remain in Germany—since occupation by the Allied Armies would be an assurance that there would be a democratic government here.

So, with some effort, I have gotten them to say what they hope and plan—but very quickly they are back to the tortures and horrors. But I insist—the future, the future! What has been is terrible, but what of the future? The plans are to find out whether any members of their family are still alive—and that is all. How to find out? To go back home and see: an impossible job, both they and I know. We must wait for the representative of the Jewish organizations—but why are they so long in coming? They will come soon. And so, through a simple catechism I try to give them an understanding of the official situation which must develop here before they can expect real action, and then try to urge a little patience on them. When they complain of neglect I try to tell them that they are regarded as infinitely precious by world Jewry—that every Jew who has lived through the Judenrein pogroms is a priceless treasure to the Jews over the whole world who will soon be at his side in one form or another. But the concern of the other Jews for him is not only because he has lived, but because he will live, because he can help to bring a new life to Jewry, because he will father a generation of new and strong Jews who will learn the lessons of their fathers and never fall into the same hell. But my eloquence is mostly for myself—they are much more (and rightfully so) interested in where their next meal is coming from—and whether their families are alive.

**Isaac Bashevis Singer:
Native American Masters of Judaism***

(translated by EUGENE MIHALY)

Isaac Bashevis Singer (b. 1904) is the greatest living secular Yiddish writer of our generation. This was recently acknowledged when Singer was awarded the 1978 Nobel Prize for literature. Below are the impressions of this outstanding representative of old world "Yiddishkeit" as he examines the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion in Cincinnati, truly the historical home of a particularly American but untraditional form of "Yiddishkeit" or Judaism. The translator of this article, Dr. Eugene Mihaly, is the Executive Dean of the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion and Professor of Rabbinic Literature and Homiletics at the College-Institute's Cincinnati campus.

What motivates a Jewish student born in a fully assimilated home, a young man who is a third or fourth generation American, to study for the rabbinate?

This is a question which has interested me for years. I have just spent a week at the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati and had the opportunity to speak and to spend time with tens of students of this sort. In order to enter the Hebrew Union College, a young man has had to have earned his bachelor's degree. A number of students have even followed courses of study which prepared them for medicine or engineering. These students have decided to become rabbis not because this profession is easier or will earn them more money. To study Hebrew, Bible, History, Talmud,

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Isaac Bashevis Singer, Nobel Prize
laureate in the field of Yiddish literature

Midrash is far from easy for students who were raised in Jewishly estranged homes. It is certainly not easy for them to prepare sermons for sabbaths, holidays, every sort of religious occasion. A rabbi will also not become wealthy. But the Reform Jews in America have a rabbinical seminary with four branches where hundreds of such young men study. I say "young men," but most of the students have wives. One marries early in America today. Colleges no longer discourage students from having wives. I wanted to hear from these students that they came here to study because they were religious, believe in God, in the Torah—but American students are sort of embarrassed to engage in such talk. They answer: Oh, I don't know myself; or: I am interested in social work; or: I spent some time in Israel and I have become interested in Jewish life.

However strange this may sound, most of these students were, to a lesser or greater degree, discouraged by their parents. The American Jew's dream is not to have a son who is a rabbi, as was the case with our fathers and grandfathers. The American Jew wants his son to be a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, a businessman. The resolve of a son to become a rabbi often evokes in many Jewish homes angry opposition. The wheel has turned: the son wants to be a rabbi and the father demands that he become a doctor. Not infrequently does the mother make a tumult and becomes hysterical when her son tells her that he has determined to study Torah instead of medicine or jurisprudence.

Because these young men are not inclined to confess what is in their hearts, to reveal their deepest motives, they represent somewhat of a riddle.

Superficially they appear and conduct themselves like all other students. You see them playing football. You see them walking from one lecture to another like the students in the neighboring university: young men who must spend years of study to earn a title.

You know, that from the point of view of the Orthodox and even the Conservatives, these young men are not only not rabbis, but they are not even religious Jews. They shave their beards; they write and ride on the sabbath. They eat non-kosher. They are also aware how they are looked upon by the others. But just because everything is so full of doubts for them, so uncertain and un-

protected by tradition, there often is in these young men a humility that the others do not have.

These young men have not found God like other candidates for the rabbinate. They search for God. They search for God with the fear of the blind in a labyrinth. Often they do not even give account to themselves that they are searching. They read all kinds of books. They are not certain like the Orthodox that the truth is found in the *Shulhan Aruch*. They read Bergson, Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Sartre. When a speaker comes to them who gains their confidence, they overwhelm him with questions. If the speaker himself stems from an Orthodox home, they are particularly curious about his opinions.

The thinking Reform Jew is always at the beginning (the A, B, C's). He is never sure about the foundation upon which he has to build and the axioms from which he must draw conclusions. When one assumes that there is no proof that God really revealed Himself to Moses on Mount Sinai and gave the Israelites the written Torah (and also the oral Torah and everything that the later students would discover)—what makes a Jew a Jew? What constitutes his Judaism? And what does a rabbi of such a congregation preach? The Reform Jew—if he thinks about Judaism—is a sort of religious skeptic. He is walking on a bridge uncertain whether it will soon collapse. He speaks to a God whose existence he often doubts. He conducts ritual without knowing whether it is necessary for anyone or whether it makes sense at all. But this skepticism has in it, at times, more religion, more thirst for God, than the self-certainty of those who believe that they know everything and that a golden throne is awaiting them in Paradise.

Like the students, so are the professors. The teachers in this College are among the most learned Jews in America. One scholar is greater than the other. But there is in these scholars not only great knowledge but also great tolerance. They are ready to listen to other opinions. They show respect to those who are less than they in knowledge. There is totally absent here the type of intolerant scholar who knows everything better than anyone else and is certain that he and God are a unique pair.

This College has convinced me of something else: that the legend to the effect that scholarship, erudition, profundity, knowledge of Hassidism and Kabbalah were possible only in the

“old home,” is really no more than a legend, a product of “old world” chauvinism.

I am convinced that the Jews of Eretz Yisrael, of Babylon, of Spain, of France, of Germany also had the same illusion. I know that even in my own time a number of Jews in Lithuania suffered from the same illusion. It was assumed that only in this or that region real scholarship exists. It is interesting that the famous rabbi of Kotzk did not share this illusion. When he was told about the immigration of Jews to America, he said: The Torah wanders.

Yes, I spoke with American-born Jews who are at the same time great scholars, magnificent masters of Bible, Talmud, of Jewish history. The President of the Hebrew Union College, Dr. Nelson Glueck, is not only a famous archaeologist but also a tremendous master of Bible—a mastery which is linked not only to words but to values and facts hidden behind the words. His excavations in Etzyon Geber, in a number of other places in the Negev, and in other areas, have not only enriched archaeology but have explained and illumined many passages in the Bible. How this person who is in his sixties can do all the work that he does is really a mystery. The answer can only be: a feeling of great responsibility, an iron discipline and a mighty creative drive.

The time when Judaica was the monopoly of German Jews is over. Many Judaic scholars are native Americans, some of whom are grandchildren and even great-grandchildren of Jewish immigrants. Yes, American children, the sons of native Americans, are experts in the Gemara with commentaries, have an exhaustive knowledge of Jewish sacred literature, speak an excellent Hebrew, are innovators in Jewish history. They understand the Gemara, the Midrash and the Zohar no less than “our” Jews, and at times even better, because they study more systematically.

An example of such a scholar is Dr. Spicehandler, a native American who teaches Hebrew literature at the Hebrew Union College. He knows Yiddish and also Talmud. He is factually an expert in all matters related to Judaism. It is true that his father was throughout the years a devotee of Hebrew literature, and himself a Hebrew writer.

A second American-born scholar of Judaism is Dr. Rivkin, Professor of History. His book on Leo De Modena is a classic in Jewish historic literature. Dr. Rivkin knows Yiddish well. He has a

very high opinion of Dr. Mahler, Dr. Shatzky and a number of other historians who wrote in Yiddish. Dr. Rivkin's brother-in-law, also a native American, is the librarian of the College, a library which is, incidentally, tremendously rich in Yiddish works. Well, and the dean of Jewish historians, Dr. Marcus! And Dr. Sandmel! And Dr. Epstein! And Dr. Katz! I could continue to enumerate and enumerate.

I had the honor and the pleasure to spend an evening in the house of the Hungarian-Jewish scholar, Dr. Mihaly, literally a genius in Talmud, in Jewish philosophy and in all matters pertaining to Judaism and not only to Judaism. I also had the opportunity to meet Professor Guttmann, who is one of the greatest Talmudists of our time. The Yiddishist world does not understand and does not properly appreciate the treasures of Judaism, Yiddish knowledge and love for Yiddish hidden among these modern rabbis and scholars. The negative attitude towards Yiddish is long gone. I gave a lecture at the Hebrew Union College on the "Autobiography of Yiddish" and both the students and members of the faculty demonstrated great interest in the problems connected with Yiddish and Yiddish literature. Among those who participated in the discussion was the artist Nata Kozlowski, who was having an exhibit in Cincinnati.

I would say that just because the Reform Movement is full of doubts concerning man's relationship to God, it is diligent in rectifying our historic failures in the relationship of man to man. Therein lies Reform's strength and its future.

Rebecca Cohen:
Rebecca Cohen Loses Her Baby*

Rebecca Phillips, who married Jacob Cohen, Jr., in 1836, was the daughter of Zalegman Phillips, a very successful Philadelphia lawyer and leader of the Jewish community. Zalegman was the son of Jonas, the Revolutionary War merchant and militiaman. Rebecca seems to have been an unusually attractive girl for she had a number of beaux; she finally decided on Jacob Cohen, Jr., a member of a notable Charleston family and a veteran of the Seminole War of 1836.

The following letter describes her anguish at the death of an infant girl. Two years later Rebecca herself died; she was not yet thirty-three years of age.

* * * *

Charleston, Sept. 19th 1838

My dear father:

I would have written to you ere this had I been able but my feelings would not let me, and I requested my dear husband to write which he did about a week since. I am now thank God quite well, a little weak, but when able to take exercise will be entirely renewed. I do not go out on account of the [yellow fever] sickness it being more prudent to remain entirely within doors. The fever does not rage as violently as represented in the Northern papers; it is greatly on the decrease and only the intemperate and those exposed to the sun and night airs are victims. The doctors understand the treatment of it and few die who have medical advice in time.

Doubtless, dear father, you have heard how I have been afflicted ('tho not one word from home has been rec'd since my loss). I can scarcely bring my feelings to write to you, how heavily I

* This letter is from the personal papers of Dr. Jacob Rader Marcus.

have felt the blow 'tho to submit is our lot. This is the second time I have been unfortunate and this time more heavily than the last, for the dear angel was with me for only eight days and the feeling she had created was so delightful a nature that to be deprived of it I was not prepared for. Had you have seen her you would have pronounced her an angel; she was perfectly beautiful, small, well-made and had she been spared to us you would have been proud of her. We had already from the hour of her birth named her, 'tho at the end of the month she would have been named in synag'e. I had called her after my sainted mother and had promised myself she would have resembled her in all her virtues, but as God wills all for the best I must not or ought not to murmur.

I hope, my dear father, this may meet you and all of the family well, and my congratulations to you on the birth of your grandson. Love to Frances (my sister-in-law] and hope she and the child are well. As this is the first time I have taken pen in hand it will not be prudent for me to write much, but as our New Year is approaching let me, my dear father, wish it may be to you and all I love a propitious one; and that all your wishes may be gratified and a complete restoration of your health prays

Your affectionate
Daughter,
Rebecca

Z. Phillips Esqr.

Phila.

P.S. I suppose ere this [brother] Naph has arrived it was fortunate he left as he could not avoid exposure. Love to [my brothers and sisters] Henry, alt[a mount], Ellen, Emily, Aunt S. & R. and all in which my dear husband unites. Write soon. R.C.

Lena Pearlstein Berkman: A Tragic Voyage*

These reminiscences were written in 1931 by Lena Pearlstein Berkman, who was then 82 years of age. This excerpt is from a larger memoir, a copy of which is on deposit at the American Jewish Archives.

When we first left Tresteny, Russia, my birthtown, it was in the fall of 1855, after Sukkos, near Chanukah. We started out in a covered wagon bedded with straw at the bottom, with feather beds and pillows. Mother tried all she could to make us comfortable, as no doubt, all mothers do. Those that were with us were: my dear mother, then about 34 years of age, my oldest brother, Louis C., about 18, my uncle, Jacobs, 16, my oldest sister, Fagah Etta, 14, Miriam Rose, 11, brother, Samuel Wolff, 9, I—Baile Leah, not quite 7, sister Sarah Hyah, 3, and my brother Louis's baby boy, not quite a year old, who died in Berlin, Germany. Brother Louis was divorced from his wife, and she refused to keep the child though she was given every insurance for its support and hers. I can not perceive how a young mother would part from her first child, or any of her children. My dear mother often remarked that she—my good, pious mother—was punished for taking the child from its mother, but there was no alternative left her. Even the grandparents on the mother's side refused to keep the child. The weather was bitter cold. I well remember we got as far as the town of Stavicks and Gryeevy. We could go no farther and had to return back home till after Pesach. Remember so well that Saturday night when we again left the dear home, relatives and friends, all that were near and dear. I also remember my dear mother would not let

* We are grateful to Mrs. Morris J. Frank, Beacon, N.Y., for allowing us to publish excerpts from her grandmother's journal.

her mother know she was leaving that night. (The grief of parting was far too great to go through again). So, my dear old grandmother did not know we had left that night never to see each other again. My Uncle Jacobs was her youngest son, just 16 years of age. My dear old grandmother did not live very long after; she died heartbroken. I think she lived about two months after we left. I cannot remember where we went from the last towns, but recollect we were in Koenigsberg, Danzig, Berlin—all German towns. Also Liverpool, England, and London. I fail to remember where we sailed from, but think it was from Liverpool, England. We were to sail in a steamship with a captain, a very nice and good man, a German. But when we got to the pier, it was another—a sail ship, not Captain Witting of the steamship. We returned to our lodging place waiting for Captain Witting. My poor dear mother went to the wharf for several days and each time it was the same, ill-fated ship that we were destined to take after finding out that Captain Witting had already sailed for the States. We were on the sail ship eleven (11) weeks. My poor mother was sick nearly all the time. The ship was an English one. The only one that could speak German was the mate. My mother asked for some food that she could make a soup or gruel. So the mate and captain gave her a grain that was prepared for rats. Of course they did not mean to do harm and yet they did not take the precaution they should. My mother saw when they put some of the grain on their tongues, that showed a doubt they had. They should not have given it to cook without further proof.

My oldest sister, Fagah Etta, cooked the broth and while cooking must have undoubtedly tasted as to its seasoning that it had a quicker effect on her than on the others that had partaken of it. I noticed my mother bringing up the food she ate. I distinctly remember her telling me not to eat any of the food or the Irish potato that came out of the soup. Of course, I did just the opposite, went down and ate some of the potato that was on a pot cover and ate some. Evidently did not eat enough to hurt, as I did not get sick as the others did. My sister could not bring up any of the food though she was given emetics. It had no effects as to produce vomiting. She died that night lying next to me. I asked her to get me a drink of water, she got up, got me some water, I drank it. She again lay down and in about half an hour or so, I again woke

her to give me more water but she failed to answer me. With that I, as young as I was (only six and a half years of age) woke my mother and told her Fagah is dead, Fagah is dead. I remember so well I repeated it twice. As soon as the officers found she was dead they immediately took her from us and my mother never saw her again though she begged and implored of them to let her dress her as becomes one of our kind, but all her beseeching was in vain. The officers and crew threw her in the ocean. . . . That was sometime in August, 1856. My younger (second) sister, Miriam Rose, who was 11 years old, died the next day about sunset. I remember so well every detail of her death, witnessed her dieing and what she said before she died. Remember telling my poor mother don't delay her death, does she not see her grandfather waiting on her and they must not tarry and keep them waiting and also so many distinguished people waiting to take her, etc. etc. I noticed (her) closing her eyes and she was no more. A few minutes before she died, I saw my mother motion to those that were standing behind her to step back; as soon as they did, breath left my darling sister. My mother dressed her, or rather wrapped her in a clean white sheet. Some of the men on board tied her on a board with a large rock on each end, put it on the railing of the ship and shoved her overboard. I can see everything now as then after more than 75 years. The splash I shall never forget if I live to be a 1000 years. Years after when I would see my poor mother weeping, I would say to her, Mother, why are you crying. Her answer was My dear child, haven't I got lots to cry for. My poor dear mother. My great and sore regret shall always be, as long as I live, that I was not good enough to my suffering mother as I should have been. . . . I've been praying and begging her forgiveness ever since she died. She was so good to everybody, and particularly to me, that I feel sure she has forgiven me. The Lord rest her soul in peace. Amen. I know she was received immediately after death by the good angels into Heaven and feel sure her dear, good, pious ancestors were there to meet her.

Morris S. Lazaron:
As I See Him*

Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron (b.1888) is the distinguished rabbi emeritus of the Baltimore Hebrew Congregation. An outspoken opponent of Jewish political nationalism and the founding of a Jewish national state, Dr. Lazaron was a driving force in the creation of the American Council for Judaism. He was also a pioneer in the furtherance of a permanent and meaningful dialogue between American Christians and Jews. Although written for the most part in the third person, this excerpt is autobiographical.

He found it hard to accept the fact that he was an old man; that he could no longer get to work right after breakfast, work 'til lunch and on after 'til dinner, and take an engagement for the evening. His knees somehow would not be steady; he could not get to sleep without a pill, two pills, sometimes three. "Damn it," he said, "I used to be able to." Poor old fellow! He does the best he can, considering.

We were sitting in a room made warm by rug, shelves of books, furniture and pictures whose color values blended into harmonious beauty. Evening was coming on. The air outside was golden. A magic light fell on city and countryside. Day noises lessened, diminished. A stillness came upon the earth. Dark, darkness, night.

He was speaking.

"As I walk toward the inevitable silence, there are a few things I want to say to my brother Jews, my brother Christians, my brother Americans of all kinds, creeds, colors, classes. I've lived ninety

* We are grateful to Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron for allowing us to publish excerpts from his work, *As I See Him* (1978), pp. 7-9.



Rabbi Morris S. Lazon, distinguished rabbi emeritus of Baltimore Hebrew Congregation and pioneer in the field of American Christian-Jewish relations

years and now, as the end of my time on earth draws near, I wish to sound the Shofar, a sort of last blast of the incorrigible maverick I've been."

He smiled as he continued.

"I know there will be those who without reading will forthwith condemn what I write. 'There's Lazaron again!' I can hear my critics say—'risen from the ashes of the obscurity to which we assigned him. Can't he keep his big mouth shut? He's old enough to know better and too senile to be listened to.' They will say, 'There he goes again. I thought he was dead. He's ninety years old and has learned nothing. He's nuts! Don't listen!' Or they will condemn me as an apostate, as a traitor, as a 'self-hating' Jew! No, my brethren, no, my fellow citizens, but like Porgy, I'm on my way and I've got my Lord!

But maybe, just maybe, they will sit down and read and think reasonably and quietly and let the Divine Shechinah (the Holy Spirit) help them in the silence come to some more reasonable conclusion.

All his life he had spoken and written what he believed. He knew he had offended many and hurt some and he regretted this. He had always tried to speak and write in such a way as to be inoffensive and unabrasive.

"But," he said, "I hope I have helped some and heartened some. Above all, I have been true to myself. Yes, what I said and wrote many times brought me criticism and sometimes abuse and boycott. But I have had the satisfaction of being myself. I was no other man's man. I was my own man. And the satisfactions from such an attitude cannot be measured. They are inner, they lie in the quietness of soul and the serenity of conscience which give a man the strength to bear all things."

He stopped talking. The night sounds came into the room through the open windows—two cats brawling in the bushes, a neighbor's dog barking, the steady hum of distant traffic broken occasionally by the honk of a horn, joyful young voices from a car speeding down the road.

"I make no pretense," he continued, "to original or profound scholarship. I speak only from the experience of an active ministry and a long life. I want to say some things before I walk up to the cashier's desk to check out for the privilege of living. This book is

part payment. The interesting thing is that my check will be accepted without any verification. The universal bank of life is the only institution of its kind. And whether we know it, accept it or not, our final check is paid there."

"I believe with the rabbis that life itself is such a gift that for every day of it and every breath we draw, we should thank God. Anything less is a desecration of it."

Jennie R. Gerstley:
The Jewish Woman, The Jewish Home,
The Ideal Achieved*

In 1931 Mrs. Henry (Jennie Rosenfeld) Gerstley (1859–1937) sat down to write her memoirs that her children might know the rock whence they were hewn. She was a remarkable woman; in no sense was she typical of her generation. She had begun her career as a school teacher and as she grew older she devoted herself to social work in the general and the Jewish community. While yet young she had founded a Young Ladies' Aid Society, a group dedicated to hospital visiting (1883). This was to become the Chicago Woman's Aid, a Jewish women's civic and welfare association that reached out into the general community. In a way it was a precursor of the later National Council of Jewish Women. Mrs. Gerstley was a founder of the Maxwell Street Settlement, of a Red Cross auxiliary, of summer recreational centers and kindergartens. She was a woman of high intelligence, in truth an intellectual with a capacity to express herself with clarity and vigor. In an address she made in 1915 before the plenum of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations she addressed herself to the feminist movement. In the speech she made this statement: "The feminist movement is in its incipiency. . . . As we gain momentum, women will press their way into every line of activity."

The following pages from her manuscript memoirs are presented here because they give the reader an insight into the Jewish home, into the family life, at its best. Unwittingly Jennie Gerstley has

* We are grateful to Mr. Paul Gerstley, Santa Monica, California, and Mrs. Margaret Benjamin, Chicago, Illinois, for allowing us to publish excerpts from Jennie Gerstley's memoirs, a copy of which is housed at the American Jewish Archives.

written a beautiful apostrophe to herself and to the American Jewess of the last two decades of the nineteenth century.

I cannot bring this screed to a close without speaking of the deepest and most sacred memories of my life.

Uncle—my more than father—who held out his hand to my mother when my father died—in her helplessness. He took us three fatherless children, and gave us a home, clothed us, fed us. Much more, he gave us the best schooling available at that time, because there was no university, and only one High School miles away. Still more, we were the intangible gainers thru the conversations of the learned men who were always at our house. I had a better schooling than most of my friends, although compared to what is offered to-day, it was simple indeed.

I think in time Uncle grew fond and rather proud of us. We used to go out with him and passed as his daughters. I was always addressed as Miss Gerstley. As I grew older, there was a silent friendship between us. He was so wise I used to ask his advice when I was faced with problems, and he liked it I know.

It is a great comfort to remember that my turn came, when he was old and ailing and needed care himself. He was never robust physically, altho' his strong character and self-control made him a tower of strength to those who sought his counsel and his aid. He was often a sufferer and confined to his bed. Henry and I took turns watching him during the night. I would be with him until midnight, then Henry would stay until morning. My mother and I were at his bed-side during the day. He was always a silent man, outwardly stern, inwardly tender. Twice, as he was lying on the sofa, half-asleep, half-awake, he murmured "There is nothing like a woman." They were words that I cherish to-day, because I know that in a faint way I had returned a little of his kindness. He was always tender toward the weak or the poor, and the aid is his monument.

When the end came, the congregation he had led for 32 years asked to have the services from the Temple. So far as I know, he was the first man to receive that honor. I am told that among the extreme orthodox, it is the custom for a funeral to pass the Temple, but I have never seen it done. Uncle gave us shelter and opportunity—we gave him unquestioning and complete gratitude.

Aunt Sophie. She and my mother left the old world as young girls. They never returned. For two months they were on a sailing vessel, and when they reached America, Aunt Sophie went with Uncle to Chicago, while my mother was left in an uncongenial home with Uncle Morris, in Philadelphia. Our own good uncle, on his frequent visits east, saw she was unhappy, and brought her to Chicago. She and Aunt Sophie were both simple and guileless, good to their souls, and I am glad that for the rest of their lives, they had one another. My mother was a great invalid, and her devoted sister came every day. It must have meant all the world to them to be together.

Her gratitude and devotion to Uncle were immeasurable. She gave her whole life to him. I used to see her, when I was a young girl, lying on the floor beside Uncle's bed, when he was ill, so that no movement he made would escape her. It was my privilege to care for her. I felt sorry that Carrie, who had moved to Phila, couldn't have that comfort.

What can one say of a mother? And can I ever forget Aunt Sophie's simple kindness? I was with them both very much and I thought as much of Aunt Sophie as I did of my own mother. She turned to me a great deal toward the last.

Henry. There never was a minute of my life he didn't share. When I was a tiny little girl, hardly of school age, I was conscious of his comings and goings. Our home was very unpretentious, and he used the side door. He came in with a smile and a happy word, and the room became bright; he left with a laugh and a jest that lingered till he came again. He was always wonderful. Later when I was older, I appreciated him more—his clean life, his scintillating wit, his wise judgment, his patience, his unflinching, comprehending goodness. No words were necessary between us—a look was enough. Our companionship was perfect. We shared the joy of parenthood together, we shared the darker days of sorrow and anxiety. I wish our children had been old enough to really know what their father was—a man of clean hands and a pure heart. To have known him was a blessing.

And my sister—Carrie—whom I adored all my life. She was so entirely lovable—so sunny, so winning as a child, so gay; and in the dark days that came later, so womanly, so brave, so devoted, so strong in spirit. She had wonderful, innate charm, and in every

relation of life, she might have been a model. She was much brighter than I, much quicker and keener, and tho' I was two years older, I knew her judgment was good, and she always influenced me. To be near her was to be content. She and Henry always joked while I, who was always heavy, listened in admiration, because I'm not witty at all. If I had loved her less, I would have been jealous, but I was always proud and happy when people loved her. What she was to me, no words can express—the best half of myself. I remember a tombstone in our cemetery that used to amuse one. A lady lost a grown-up son, and his monument described him as the brightest gem in her diadem. I understand her grief better to-day. It is truth to say that Carrie was the light that shone upon my life, and warmed me. There was a strange union between us, almost an uncanny one, we were so entirely united and understanding and devoted. My children loved her, but never could gauge her goodness. It was their unrealized loss when fate took her to Philadelphia.

The night before she died, I dreamed of her. I saw simply a dense, dark cloud, but in the middle, I saw her face clearly. Her eyes were bright, her glance straight, but her look different. It was no longer suffering, it was in a way commanding. I can't define it, it was so clear. When I woke it, I knew the end was near. It was like a farewell. She died the next day—my sister—in my arms, as she had wished. She used to say I was more mother to her than sister but to me she was the world, with all its loveliness. I followed her while she lived, and I draw a sort of strength from the dream, since life parted us. It comes to me nightly. It seems to me I'm sort of mute since she left me.

I think my love for all these was not selfish. There was too much to do to think of myself. Uncle and my mother were ailing so many years, there were the children and the big house to manage everything to keep me occupied. It was life to work and to give. With Simon, my best of brothers, it was different. He lived with me, he did everything for me. He was gentle and very warm-hearted and helpful. He was always doing kind things in a quiet unobtrusive way. He took me to dancing school and to lectures, took my friends home at night, tied my bundles, helped move the chairs when there was company. It was so natural—I was so used to it, that I took it all for granted, and didn't realize how devoted he was, in his quiet way. On the rare occasions when I was ill, it was

he who made the coffee and toast for me, who brought the magazines, a flower or a bit of choice fruit. As I depended on Carrie, he depended on me. It was only when he and I were the only ones living, that I understood the depth of his devotion. He was in the hospital five months, and it was my turn to bring the coffee from the hotel to him. I visited him every day, and his face brightened when I came. He was lonely, I was lonely, and we drew closer to one another. I am glad to recall the affection between us. I know it meant much to us both, until the final summons came for him. And little Frankie, the little curly-headed baby whom I loved so deeply. I had no shoulder on which to lean, and he filled my empty arms.

My eyes are blurred as I write—they all meant so very very much to me. My heart cries out to them—beloved.

I have a strange feeling that I have been alone, in a darkened theatre—it seems as if the curtain rose on a play that was about people who lived, and things that had happened long ago—a play that bore me into the past. It seems as if when the curtain descended, I rose, a little unsteadily because I was deeply moved, and with the illusion of living in the past still gripping me, I groped my way along the dim aisle, until I reached the door, and passed into the shining light of the Present.

The Present—yes, it is shining. For here are Jews and Adelaide, and Margaret & Claude—my children and my children's children!

I should like my children to know that I have loved them devotedly, that I tried, with all that in me lay, to lead them to cherish what was fine and good, and to seek to be worthy of the good name they inherited. I should like them to know that their love and kindness have filled and sweetened these declining years of my life.

They have asked for my memories. Memories, memories, what are they but the unacknowledged history of one's life?

Time goes, you say? Oh, no!
 Alas! Time stays, we go;
 Or else, were this not so,
 What need to chain the hours,
 For youth were always ours?
 Time goes, you say?—Oh, no!
 How far, how far, the past lies behind our feet.

Jane M. Bloch:
To Peter on His 15th Birthday*

Jane M. Bloch was born on February 28, 1926, and passed away on September 7, 1967. A native of Kansas City, Missouri, she attended Westport High School in that city, and graduated from Vassar College in 1945. She moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, with her mother in the early 1940's.

The following excerpts are from Jane Meinrath Bloch's typescript account of her iron lung experiences that began in 1949, when she contracted polio, and lasted for almost twenty years. In simple but poignant prose she tells her son—and now the world—how she was able to cope with the knowledge that she would never again be able to live without an iron lung. Nevertheless, Jane Bloch never despaired; she learned to read Russian, studied Plato and constructed a philosophy of life that is both instructional and ennobling. This remarkable document, written in 1963, is the testimony of a remarkable woman.

May 4, 1963

My dear Peter:

I have wanted to write you a special letter for a very long time.

I have wanted to tell you about all the things that have happened these past fourteen years—starting from the hot August days in 1949 when the hospital ward was filled—sometimes with death or physical destruction, or sometimes miraculously with returned health. These were the days of the polio epidemic.

I want to take you with me through those dim summer days and then through the many that followed in increasingly shining succession.

* We are grateful to Jane M. Bloch's family for allowing us to publish excerpts from her work "To Peter on His 15th Birthday," a copy of which is housed at the American Jewish Archives.

There are two reasons why I wish you to know about this time. Your father lived through it with me with gallantry and courage, and what I want you to know is the part that you played in the opening of my world and granting me the privilege of a close and cherished companionship.

My second reason is that I want you to know from those despairing, demi-lit days when I was first in a respirator, to this beautiful spring that I see from my own quiet room at home, it has been a journey always moving toward greater happiness and tranquility.

There have been mountains and cold little valleys, but always I have moved toward sunshine and this same plateau of peace.

I will tell you about this journey, and if I seem to write with unsparing detail, it is because I respect you too much to write with anything less than the greatest honesty that I can call forth.

Sometimes I may write with pain, but never with sadness. I feel that because I lived and so many others didn't, that these years have been a gift. I have treasured this time. I have been granted this time to watch you grow. You have great strength. You will continue to grow in every way, and from this letter you will know that a spirit may be reclaimed and a world regained. You have given me great joy, and you have started on your own splendid journey. You too will have your mountains and your cold little valleys, and you too will move toward sunshine.

Along the way take nothing for granted. Treasure the weeks, the months, the seasons and the years. Time is a gift. To be loved is a gift. Both of these I have had, and so this letter is my legacy to you.

The time now is yours. Love is yours. I do not wish you the best of everything—that would be an empty wish. I can only wish you Godspeed—Bless you. And now let me begin from the beginning.

I

It was August 9, 1949. I don't believe that anything will ever erase from my mind those early morning hours. Later, the day was lost in grey mists, then twilight, and then irretrievably in inky darkness.

But I can still see the early August sky, and the saffron and rose-colored clouds streaking through the pale blue. I can still see the mussed little apartment and feel the heat pressing in slowly from

the open windows. And I can still see the sharp-eyed doctor hastily tying a surgical mask over his nose and chin—a modern reenactment of an ancient rite to ward off evil spirits.

The doctor had asked your father if he could speak to him privately, and Herbie had answered very quietly—there was nothing the doctor could say to him that he couldn't say to me. And so I learned I had polio, although a spinal tap was to be made at the hospital to confirm the diagnosis.

While we waited for the ambulance, I laboriously packed a small suitcase. Many months later they teased me about that suitcase, because I had packed, either with indifference or some intuition, a comb, a toothbrush, and a bottle of toilet water—nothing else.

I moved with great difficulty now, feeling listless and weighted down. Herbie helped me into a robe, and we walked very slowly into the brightness of the living room. Our young maid holding you, Peter, in her arms, was standing wide eyed in the middle of the room. She had just seen the big buff ambulance draw up to the curb.

When I left you that morning, Peter, I left with an unaccountable certainty that no matter what happened, you would be all right. I can't explain this feeling. Perhaps Nature striking with one hand, with the other hand benignly soothes us. I don't really think that was the reason. I think that even then I knew you were a staunch little boy and that you and your father would face whatever was necessary. I did not know then you too had polio.

The ambulance drove slowly through the morning traffic, down the long familiar streets. Herbie sat next to me, and we both began to feel the oppressive heat. We passed mother's house in a few minutes, and with startling clarity I can still see it, sitting back on a small, shaded plot of grass—a small frame house that looked cool and composed. I wondered briefly when I would see it again. Four years later I had my answer.

We approached the General Hospital through back streets. It was the only hospital in the city prepared to admit and treat polio cases. I came to know and deeply respect the hospital, but our first meeting was hardly auspicious. The ambulance swung up to the rear gate, and for just a moment I observed a scene of remarkable grimness. A great wrought iron fence stretched as far as I could see, thrusting rusting black iron spears against an arching blue sky.

A neat black and white sign on the gate read *Contagious Ward—Do Not Enter*. Beyond and to the right of the heavy gate a small brick building bore a sign discreetly marked *Morgue*. So full of menace was the scene and so macabre that it lost reality for both of us. It was an overdone stage setting, and we swept confidently through the gate

The ambulance stopped in front of one of a series of brick buildings. This was Contagious Ward H. I was carefully lifted out, and then because the receiving ward was jammed with new admissions, they left me briefly waiting on the stretcher in the hot sunshine. I remember tilting my face up to the blinding light and some long ago learned lines from *The Ancient Mariner* came back to me.

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon,
Above the mast did rise and stand
No bigger than the moon.

It was a hot and copper sky, and for some unmarked period of time after that it seemed to me that I was pursued by relentless heat and light—that there was a blazing, inescapable brightness, and that even in the blackest night glinting light and heat refracted from me. And again and again those four lines circled through my mind.

Inside the receiving ward there was organized bedlam. It was here that for the first time I met Dr. Frank Stevenson. He came into the room, a tall stooped man, wearing a surgical cap, mask and gown. I could see only his eyes, which were bright and encouraging. Dr. Stevenson was in charge of all contagious diseases, and so I came to know him well. For many years he was my friend, my doctor and, in many ways, my guide. He was a dedicated and beloved man.

That morning, however, it took only a cursory examination before he said to me, "I think we had better keep you here awhile." I felt no fear and no dread. Herbie was to return to the apartment to see about you, Peter, and I was wheeled through cavernous tunnels, and than taken up to Ward H.

It is curious that, of all the memories stored, the physical appearance of Ward H has always been blurred. I cannot really see it

now, nor could I really see it the first time my bed was moved onto the ward. I remember a line of perhaps a dozen respirators in operation. I saw them with peculiar detachment. Where the impact should have been severe, I felt none. The ward simply seemed to be full of hurrying doctors and nurses, and the ward then and forever after lost all of its physical structure to me.

Two brisk young women introduced themselves as physical therapists. They quickly and neatly put footboards at the foot of the bed—to keep my feet from dropping, they explained—and departed. The time seemed to pass, and an attendant wearing a green uniform brought a cup of tea. I drank it slowly, and remembering its pale amber color, my day began to dissolve into a fluidity of time and events.

I found myself looking intently at a group of medical students. Dr. Stevenson was with them. “How do you like being in the end room?” he asked cheerfully. I hadn’t noticed until then that I had been moved and was sharing a private room with a pretty young woman. After the students left she told me that she was the wife of an athletic coach and was paralyzed from her waist down. “I think you’ll be luckier than I was,” she said to me—“You’re doing fine.”

Then again came a time lapse. The room seemed hazier now, although I could still see the cracked ceiling and exposed pipes. I could also see that I was alone—there was no other bed in the room. The young woman was gone. I drifted gently and then slept.

This time I awoke to see a patch of twilight darkness outside of my window. Lights had been turned on in the room, and I discovered simultaneously that I was wearing a hospital gown and that a young man wearing a white intern’s jacket was standing with folded arms in a corner of the room. I tried to see him more clearly, but found that I was being slightly hampered by the large oxygen tent in which I had been placed at some unknown time.

I was having some difficulty breathing now, and since I was half turned on my left side, I decided to see if turning to the right would improve matters. I found that I had to turn very, very slowly indeed. I was held down by invisible weights, and even when I accomplished the turn my breathing remained the same. I rested on my right side, facing the door, and it was then that I saw the tall, masked figure of Dr. Stevenson standing back from the door, but unmistakably watching.

I turned back again to my other side. My breathing was labored now, and the lights were bothering me. It was a relief when they were suddenly switched off, and I could feel strong, careful hands lifting me. There was one breathless, suffocating moment before I felt the cold, hard rubber of an oxygen mask being clamped across my face.

From far, far off I could hear the rhythmic pounding of the surf—steady, unchanging, rolling gently in against some strange and foreign shore. There was no light, just the soft, even sounds of a midnight tide rolling in. I could breathe now too—deep, wonderful breaths that seemed to follow the soft sibilance of the waves.

From somewhere behind me I heard a voice say, "These poor bastards, they ought to pull out the plugs and let them die." It didn't matter. I went to sleep.

III

My days were patterned now, and I had grown accustomed to limiting my world to a narrowly circumscribed area. I knew each crack in the ceiling, each spot of chipped plaster, and the now familiar faces of nurses, doctors and attendants.

It was my little world, and beyond it there was fear and uncertainty. The impact of facing a larger world was more than I could face. My mail went unread, or at best, I would hear a few paragraphs and then close my ears against the unwanted sounds. However, I had to make a beginning, although when it came I didn't recognize it for what it was.

Mother was patiently trying to interest me in my mail one afternoon when Dr. Stevenson came by. He ruffled through the letters, picked one up, and holding it in front of him, suggested that I read it myself. I immediately rebelled. I was tired, and the writing already looked blurred and pinched to me. I hated him for his suggestion, and I could feel my forehead dampening with perspiration. The effort was too much. But he stood there quietly, holding the page in front of me, and so I read. I read the first page while my hands were clammy, I read the second page, and I hated the kind and sympathetic words. I didn't want sympathy. Still I read, and when I reached the warm signature, I was grateful in spite of myself. It was such a small victory, but I had won. Each day after that I read my letters with interest and growing ease, remembering now that there was an outside world and old and fond friends.

A short time after that, Dr. Stevenson approached me, carrying what appeared to me to be a polished metal rectangle in his hands. It was a mirror—a mirror that was to be attached to the respirator so that I could see behind and around me. Again I balked. I was contented with my limited view, and the thought of bringing into focus the hurried activity of the ward was unbearable to me. But the mirror went up. I kept it attached for ten minutes that first day and again felt my hands grow clammy with the impact of the people, and the sights, and the unfamiliar scope of my vision, all reflected a bit disproportionately in the uneven surface of the metal. I looked at myself for the first time in many, many weeks, and while I studied the unchanged face, I simultaneously asked for a lipstick. This was, I guess, another beginning, and each day I wore lipstick and powdered my nose.

The days were going by quickly, and each day I became more acutely aware of the fact that I couldn't swallow. In the beginning I had simply taken it for granted—an inconvenience that would rapidly disappear. But the inconvenience remained, and through each day I would try to sip some water, tea, or just hold cracked ice in my mouth. Although I would try very hard to swallow, the muscles wouldn't respond. Some days I developed a great thirst, and I can remember falling asleep one afternoon and dreaming of frosted pitchers of grape juice. I was so thirsty and the dream was so vivid that they brought me small icy glasses of grape juice to try, and still there was no response. I even dreamed of food, and I was permitted to try scrambled eggs, jello, and puddings. Nothing helped.

And so Saturday 18th arrived. It was our anniversary, and Herbie came jauntily down the ward, carrying a splashy, beautiful orchid. It was not a sad day, and it was further enlivened when they told me that I was to be moved from my little cubicle to the large, airy solarium at the end of the ward. The solarium proved to be a blessing, surrounded by windows on three sides. It gave the impression of space and light, and the freshly scrubbed tile floor glistened each day. I was always grateful that I could be there and half apologetic that my friends on the ward weren't there with me. These were the days of Indian Summer, and I could watch from my windows the clear sky and the branches of trees already shedding their rustling brown leaves.

Dr. Stevenson was visiting me two and sometimes three times a day. And one beautiful fall afternoon while we were talking, I can remember asking him if I would ever dance again. He showed neither surprise nor hesitation when he answered very simply, "No, you will never dance again, but there are many other things that you will do."

And so the beautiful October faded into November. Swallowing was still impossible, but we continued to work each day, hoping, always hoping.

I could watch the cool, slanting sunlight fill my room, and Thanksgiving Day rolled around. That night Mother and Herbie came to the hospital together, carrying a plate of thin little turkey sandwiches. It seemed to me that I had never been this hungry, and I took a bite of one of the little sandwiches, and I swallowed. It didn't seem possible, but I had done it. And then there were sips of water, and we were elated and happy. It was Thanksgiving Day, and we needed no reminder. We were thankful.

VI

The dream was always marked by a sense of fierce heat and light. It always began the same way. I was riding a galloping horse across the endless, barren plain in blazing hot sunshine. Behind me twenty horsemen galloped in an even line and clouds of dust rose from their horses' hoofs and spread across the vast, flat land, to raise choking clouds around my face. I started slipping from the saddle, choking from dust-laden air, and seeing the dry, baked earth rising to meet me. I held hard to the reins, but it did no good, and I fell to the ground. The line of horsemen galloped over me, but the dream horses did not hurt me, and their passing was marked only by a thicker, more torturing cloud of dust. As I lay there, I could hear the men calling their horses to a halt. They were returning. And now I could see they had gathered around in a circle. I heard the saddle leather cracking, and the heat and dust were unbearable. The dust choked off my breath. I could hear voices and murmurings, and from deep inside of me I could hear my own voice saying, "I'm choking! Hurry. Won't you please hurry?" And my chest was raw from the smothering dust. The faces of the riders were dim and far away from me, but I could see their boots. And while I tried to keep breathing, I saw one of the grimy,

dustcovered riders reach down and very carefully take the spur from his boot. He held it up in the sun. Its sparkle was of such radiance that I watched too, and it seemed to have sharp, glistening points. Then I knew that there was very little time left, and they must hurry faster than they had done before. And the rider holding the glistening spur dismounted, and coming across to me, he held the spur against my neck.

Suddenly and miraculously the sun went down. The plain seemed cool and empty, and the smothering dust gave way to soft, clear air. The horsemen gently lifted me and strapped me carefully to the back of my own riderless horse. And the horse bearing me walked slowly to a patch of cool, green grass. I can still remember the cool air and the peace.

And so it was this dream that haunted me week in and week out. Sometimes I would dream it two and three nights at a time, and sometimes it left me for a week, or if I was very lucky, sometimes for two weeks. But it always came back, and in the daytime I found myself preparing for the exhausting, tormented journey that might be mine that night.

It was on an October afternoon about two years later that I became aware of unusual activity on the ward. I knew the ward sounds very well by now. I knew the sound of the early morning bustle, and I knew the quieter sounds of the afternoon. I also knew the sounds of emergency. And this was an emergency.

My respirator had been pulled out a little further than usual into the center of the room, and so I had a clear view down the ward. A bed had been pulled half-way out of its cubicle, and a respirator was being made ready down the ward. I watched with a strangely overwhelming fear, while a group of doctors, masked and gowned, surrounded the bed. I could not see the patient, but I saw the blazing lights being brought in and lowered so that an emergency tracheotomy could be performed. And so, without warning or preparation, I lived again my dream. Perhaps I lived not only my dream, but someone else's as well.

I knew now with perfect clarity, from beginning to end, that my dream had been reality. The desperate breathing, the silver tracheotomy tube, the riders now gowned, as they must have been then, in white—all this I knew and all this I could see before me. It was as though that afternoon a play had been presented for me

and me alone. The dream was stripped and the play was too cruel to be a play. But I had my answer. The dream was gone; the play was reality. And thereafter, through many, many nights, the dream was lost to me forever. Although sometimes troubled dreams did take its place, the truth spared me any further bitter trespassing.

This discovery that was so important to me was recorded in the medical notes in this way:

Entered hospital - August 9, 1949
Entered respirator - August 11
Tracheotomy performed - Saturday,
August 13, 6:30 p.m.

There will always remain questions. Does the will to survive exist so strongly that all but a final unconsciousness permits its being? And having once been cloaked in close death, can one ever again regard life without a backward glance at the unwanted specter?

Whatever the answers, the nights again have brought peace.

VIII

It was October 23, 1950. Dr. Stevenson had made arrangements for my respirator to be moved onto the long porch at the end of the ward so that I could see you, although you were not to be brought up to the ward for several days. You were not even to be brought up to the porch on that first visit. You would have your first glimpse of me from the fresh, grassy plot spreading across that side of the hospital.

I was trundled down the long ward early that afternoon, and before reaching the open door to the outside, I could pass and say hello to my friends. Each patient, nurse, and attendant was interested in our meeting. We had all come to know each other very well, although some of the patients I had never seen. We were bound by a chain of comradeship that lasted for a few or many, many years.

As I passed, it was a little boy by the name of Billy who captured my attention the most. I knew a great deal about him, and we had exchanged messages, but I had never seen or spoken to him before. His face, reflected in his mirror, was pale, and his skin seemed

almost luminous. His large eyes glowed briefly as we said hello, and then I continued my own journey.

It was a perfect fall day; the air was cool and brisk, but warmed by the early afternoon sun. It had been a year since I had been outdoors, and the fresh air and sunlight were bracing and exciting. I was moved over close to the porch rail, and then I saw you for the first time since entering the hospital. You were playing happily with some toy that I could not distinguish, while Mother watched you. You darted in and out among the bushes, sometimes looking up at the porch where your father stood next to me. And so, we surveyed each other long distance that first time—I delighted and amused by your sturdy appearance and ebullient behavior.

That was the beginning of many visits. A few days later, Herbie, swinging down the ward hand in hand with you, brought you back to visit me in the solarium. You showed bright-eyed interest and curiosity, but never fear. You watched me with steady blue eyes in the mirror, and then busily set to work, crosslegged on the tile floor, putting together a chain of brightly painted miniature trains. The chain snaked in and out along the floor, suffered head-on collisions, wound among chair legs and onto laps while we watched and enjoyed your pleasure.

I had steeled myself against the emotions of our first close meeting. Instead, I felt as though there had been no time lapse at all since the morning I left our apartment. It was a natural, unaffected reunion, and with Herbie's and Mother's careful guidance, we achieved at that meeting what would always earmark our relationship—warmth, affection and honesty.

And while the weather remained beautiful, I saw you frequently on the porch. In the winter, we spent time together in the solarium, and then the first warm day of spring I met you again on that now familiar open gallery. The whole outdoors rang with your laughter and the sound of your tricycle hurtling down that long span in a flash of silver, while I watched, and we became reacquainted.

These visits were a tonic. After each meeting I felt a renewed vigor. I felt new hope, and the fresh air and light breezes brought me a sense of well being and revitalization. Sometimes I would have a faint sunburn, and sometimes I was amused to find my dark glasses pushed back to the top of my head just as I had done it myself so many hundreds of times.

And coming in and out down the long corridor, I found myself watching Billy carefully each time. From early fall to late spring I watched him with a growing sense of foreboding. His skin seemed increasingly transparent, and his long, dark lashes seemed to rest heavily against faint shadows that smudged and grew darker as the months went by.

As the sun brought warmth and health to me, Billy seemed drained and worn. And while I returned to the solarium invigorated and happy, proud of my son, and feeling certain that I would live, because I had so much to live for, I knew that Billy's life was slowly fading away. I was born under a brighter star, but when Billy died some small part of me was changed forever. My star was still there, and his was darkened by a tragic destiny. He was a fine and wonderful friend. I shall never forget him.

After Billy died, things were changed for me. I missed his presence on the ward. I missed hearing about him. As the days went by, my hope seemed a little blunted, and there was a pervasive sadness that wouldn't leave me.

My visits with you, Peter, were now few and far apart because the ward was full and there were several contagious cases.

So there began for me a period of rapidly increasing depression. I found that I was unable to hold back the tears, and a sense of grief and loss stayed constantly with me. In the morning, when breakfast came in, I can remember fighting to control the tears. Finally one afternoon when Dr. Stevenson came in to see me, I could control myself no longer. We talked many hours that afternoon, and he decided that some kind of change would be good for me. If I had tried to guess the choice he would make, I could not have done so.

The next morning the order came through—I was to be moved from the solarium. Believing that I needed a change of surroundings, Dr. Stevenson ordered that I be moved temporarily back to one of the End Rooms. So the respirator was pushed noisily down the ward, followed by my books and few belongings, and, by some terrible irony, when I was most vulnerable, I found myself in the End Room where I had originally known those last hours of freedom.

The cracked plaster, the exposed pipes, and the peeling paint were all there. I saw them now through a mirror, and the walls

closed in so that briefly there was a suffocating panorama of my earlier hours. This seemed to me to be, as it was named, the End Room.

I asked to be alone, and in that room, for the first and last time, I was shaken by a bitter grief and a destructive melancholy. In that End Room, alone, I faced the truth of what I was and what I might be, but more than that, I faced the pattern that my life must assume. I had never been able to bring myself to use the words "iron lung," and after that day, I could never permit myself the use of the word "invalid."

For a solitary hour the appearance I had tried to maintain was temporarily gone. I had been shaken by pressures and fears with which I couldn't cope. When it was over and the senses had been violently exposed, then it was over. I would never forget the clanging harshness and the profound turbulence of those weeks and that hour, but I would never again be beset in quite the same way. I was never to be afraid of the End Room again, although, once more, I was destined to return to it, and this time in that room my life would be saved, and I would then forever owe it a double debt.

That night Dr. Stevenson decided to return me to my own place of sun and air and space. And I returned with a quietness of spirit and a great calmness. I was refreshed, and I looked out my windows to see the twilight settling softly. I would, through many years, know many emotions, but always thereafter I was to be spared that enveloping melancholy.

And the trees rustled softly outside my window, and the soft night told me that before too long you and your father and I would visit together again. The soft night told me too that you were perhaps at that moment chasing glittering fireflies across a darkening lawn. And that's the way it should have been, and that's the way it was. The twilight told me too that before long I would watch you on a dusk-hidden lawn. And because I knew that the night spoke truthfully to me, I rested.

X

It was Dr. Stevenson who brought me the news that I was to go home for a week's visit in November. It was 1952, and after three years this was to be the beginning of a final, permanent move home.

It was typical of Dr. Stevenson that he chose to arrange two short visits at home before he would permit my final dismissal from the hospital.

In the three years that I had known Frank Stevenson, he had become a dearly loved friend. He had given me hope and great impetus. Watchful, protective, reassuring, he brought to every patient on the ward a feeling of tomorrow's brightness. Sometimes scoffed at by younger men for overly-meticulous procedures and lack of administrative ability, he was profoundly loved by his patients. He was a humanitarian and a doctor who gave himself completely to his profession.

When I first had seen him in the Receiving Ward he had seemed to me to be a giant of a man and almost machine-like in his cool appraisal of that crowded room. For six months after that I saw him only masked and gowned, and for six months only his eyes, observant and a little distant, gave me a clue to his face. Behind that mask it seemed to me there would be a face with exceptionally strong features, perhaps even craggy in appearance.

This was not so. When he stood in front of me without his cap and his mask, I was startled to see a face marked by an unusually gentle expression. The eyes were the eyes of a very tired man who had felt too keenly for too many years, who had experienced more than a sympathetic spirit should, and the deep lines betrayed a sensitive and saddened man.

I saw this quickly, and then his face broke into a smile, and the eyes smiled too. It was this same Dr. Stevenson, whom I saw day in and day out, week in and week out, month in and year out, who gave to me his gift of medical knowledge, his support, and his understanding.

In 1952, Dr. Stevenson underwent major surgery, and in the months that followed the word gradually filtered through the ward that he was stricken incurably with cancer. He returned, however, to his hospital routine, but there was a difference. I recognized in his quiet, now almost impersonal presence, his determination to withdraw gradually from those of us who loved and depended upon him so that, when it was all over, we would be hurt a little bit less.

I knew this and respected it, and knew too that the quickly moving plans for a visit home were to be his legacy to me. And so, with

matter of fact precision, each of us knowing his role, the plans were completed for my return to mother's house for Thanksgiving week.

XI

I don't know how to describe the excitement and the happiness of coming home. It was a bleak, sunless, November day when the ambulance spun into the driveway. We had asked that the sirens be turned off a block or two before we approached the house so that you, Peter, wouldn't have to hear the wailing, earsplitting sound.

I was settled into the waiting respirator, and my first vivid memory is seeing you scrubbed and shiny and smiling. The years melted away as though there had been no separation, and it was a very precious moment. I felt as though all of the clocks in the world would stand still for just that one minute and thereafter that one minute would be always reserved for me—a single crystal drop of time, priceless, and never to be lost. But I stored my treasure quietly away while I listened to and watched the hubbub of our happy reunion. I was staying in the dining room, which was the largest room downstairs and the only one that could be closed off for privacy. It was a warm room, and gay now with the sounds of our voices and laughter.

That night we all had dinner together for the first time. The round table was set behind me, and in my mirror I could see reflected the faces of you, and your father, and Lulu. It was wonderful and heartwarming, and it was a scene that was to be repeated hundreds of times over the next years. I never ceased to enjoy that hour of the evening when everyone collected near me to share the day's experiences.

Dr. Stevenson asked that no visitors be allowed on this first trip, and so we spent a great deal of time together, and you were a cheerful, understanding companion. We threw aside hospital routine, and I knew once again the great peace and joy of being with my family.

Strangely enough, I cannot remember that first Thanksgiving Day with you. I remember many we have had together since then, but that Thanksgiving Day in 1952 was just another wonderful day in a wonderful week. The details elude me, except that the entire week is set aside in my memory.

We parted knowing that we would meet again at Christmas. When the big ambulance drove up for my return to the hospital, you watched with sparkling interest, and I could only hope that the time would speed by so that I could return.

XIII

My visit at home was ended. It was January 2, 1953. A new year had started, and I was to return to the hospital that morning.

We were all a little quiet at the breakfast table when the sound of the phone broke through our conversation. It was very early, about eight o'clock, and I knew before the phone was answered that something was wrong.

It was Mrs. Stevenson calling to say that Dr. Stevenson was not feeling well and would not be able to accompany me on my ride back to the hospital. Dr. Stevenson wanted to know if I wished to return without him, or if I wanted to wait a few days until he was feeling better, to make the return trip. The question hung briefly in the room, but very briefly, because I knew what he wanted me to do and because I knew that he had prepared me carefully for this moment. I returned to the hospital that morning.

The ward seemed cold and gray to me, and I was heavy hearted thinking again of the possibility of many more months of separation. They had decided to put the solarium into use for other patients, and I was grateful that I had been able to occupy it so long. I moved into a cubicle on the ward and prepared to wait out the necessary time.

The weeks seemed to go very slowly, and it was March when Herbie came one evening with an even jauntier step than usual and a photograph in his hand. We had a new house! Holding the photograph in front of me, Herbie carefully described it. The house was ideally suited for our needs, and above all, it sat high on a hill with a broad sweep of the river gently spread below it, and the hills of Kentucky rising across the far bank. The house was to be altered and would be ready for us by the first of August. In the meantime, I would return to Washington Avenue until August and then make a final move home.

On April 2, 1953, I left Ward H for presumably the last time. It was very quiet when I left—there were very few patients, and a few students whom I didn't know. We called our goodbyes, and I had

no way of knowing that I would be back on the ward again in three months time.

Still, as I left, it didn't seem possible to me that four years of my life had been spent on that ward. It seemed more impersonal and more removed from me that morning than it had ever been. I would miss the fine people, the good friendships, but being moved out into the cool April air, I could say my deepest thanks to everyone who helped and then feel nothing but the beautiful morning, and know that it was spring, and know that I was coming home where my heart had been for many years.

XV

I was back again in the End Room, but this time it had no special meaning for me. The respirator was placed so that I could watch the busy corridor, and I found that there were still old friends to see.

I would not, however, have Dr. Stevenson with me this time. He had died on the 9th of July. It would be strange, but I would be forced to meet my greatest challenge without him. Looking back I sometimes think that fate deliberately overwhelmed me so that in surviving this next near-tragedy, I would be stronger for having to face it without his support. And, concurrently, I sometimes think that in the twilight reaches of the unconscious, after his death I perhaps reached all unknowingly for mine.

Whatever it was, I had been in the hospital a matter of hours when I became aware of a harsh and persistent pain each time I breathed. By late afternoon Dr. Simon had been called and my good friend Dr. Blase. They arrived at about the same time. I remember seeing them, and then I was swallowed into total darkness.

Later the darkness lifted and shifted a bit, and I began to grow accustomed to a single pair of unfamiliar but sure-moving hands. These hands were different from all the others, and I learned to wait for them, feeling an instinctive confidence in their ability. Occasionally a face appeared dimly above me, and I knew that the face and hands belonged together.

I awoke to find the lights turned on and your father sitting behind me on a tall stool. His face looked lined and tired, but he

spoke cheerfully and quickly told me that I had been unconscious for three days while they fought to keep bronchial pneumonia from taking my life, but that now I was safe and doing well. Although I did not immediately realize it, I would never again regain even limited use of those carefully trained chest muscles, and the work of four laborious years was lost to me forever.

I write about this because, as so often happened in these years, out of the greatest despair a great good would come.

Your father identified the pair of hands that I remembered so well, and that is how I came to know Dr. Kenneth Clark, who was then Chief Resident in the Department of Medicine. I saw him just one more time that I remember while I was in the hospital, but it is an unalterable fact that while for a doctor saving lives is a skill and a profession, for the patient whose life has been saved there is forever established a bond and a debt of gratitude. So it was with Dr. Stevenson; so it was with Dr. Clark.

We kept track of Dr. Clark the next few years, although he was out of the city a great part of the time. In the dismal summer of 1958, which for other reasons I must later write about too, Dr. Clark was again called in, and for ten months he acted as consultant. When he left on a hot July day to assume another position in another city, he left me a great deal stronger and with renewed self confidence. He made a great contribution to my well-being. I know that now he is making that same contribution to other equally fortunate people.

I remained in the hospital ten days, each day growing more and more impatient to return to our new home. You, Mother and Herbie were settled in now, and I longed to be with you.

I was dismissed from the hospital on a Sunday. All the plans had again been made for my ambulance ride home, but now it was a routine, matter-of-fact business. When we emerged from the entrance of Ward H, it was an unusually cool August day. The sky was clear and pale, and I thought briefly about the copper brilliance of that other sky four years ago when I had first entered the hospital.

It was noon as we turned into the drive, and I could hear chapel bells ringing out the hour. And again fate had chosen to spin a strange silvery thread. I had left our apartment on August 9, 1949; it was now 1953, and the date was again August 9.

XVI

My room was fresh and waiting. The respirator was placed at the far end of the room, and in my mirror I could see through the double doors all the way across the river to the quiet green hills.

I can't tell you my sense of wonder those first few hours. The room was full of sun and light and a faint scent of freshly-cut lumber. The doors stood open, and the air was as clear as mountain air. A breeze sent small swirls of sand across the warm bricks of the terrace. I could see white caps on the gleaming river surface, and each time the chapel bells rang the hour I felt that I was in some remote and enchanted hill town.

Nor did this enchantment leave me for days and weeks. I awoke each morning with a new sense of beauty and peace. You pattered barefoot across the cool tile floor and left traces of sand that should have come from some secret and unknown beach.

I was taken carefully through the rooms of the first floor, but I returned to my room always happily. It looks now much as it looked then, long and cool, but holding within its four walls warmth and protection.

How well we've come to know each other over the years, my room and me. I've learned each changing light and shadow of the day and loved its many moods. I've watched the giant trees, dark limbed, turned into a delicate tracery of beauty through slender bamboo blinds. It is a room that has known more laughter than tears and more happiness than sorrow. It has been my haven, my refuge, and the only temple I have ever known.

I have learned many things in my room. I have learned about patience and love and have come to believe that to accept that which we can do little to change is not submission, but often a very positive effort toward self-discipline. Any acceptance which I have achieved has been accomplished through the great and kind direction of those around me. And so, within these walls, I looked for a gentle austerity of spirit to guide me.

Still I did not want my room to resemble in any way a hospital room, and it didn't. There were comfortable chairs, and bright colors, and walls to be lined with books or records.

During the first two weeks we fell into an easy, comfortable routine, and the years have changed it very little. All of our meals were served in my room, and there have not been many times that we missed having breakfast together, with the sun spilling in over

the table. In those early weeks, after dinner, I was often moved out onto the terrace, and we would spend a few hours watching the deepening dusk, and then seeing the river spring into light again as the tiny brilliant lights came on over the city, and the river bank seemed to wear its own sparkling necklace.

I could watch you, as I knew I would, skipping after glittering fireflies and then disappearing briefly behind the dark shape of an ancient lilac bush.

I have not tried to write about my earlier years as a young girl or married woman. I know that you are very familiar with this part of my life. However, after I came home and time moved gently on its way, it seemed to me that I wanted to share with you, first, those four years of separation, and then our later happier years. I have left so much unsaid until this moment. Now, looking back over these pages, I hope you can see, through disappearing mists, those shiny summits and in-between darkneses of which I spoke in the beginning. I have felt no sense of drama in writing this, but only the hope that in following this story you will at some later time view your past bathed in the light of our good fortune.

We have been fortunate. But coming home to those I love was the beginning of an enchanted time. This time and all of these later years you have shared with me. Now I know that those four years long ago that lay unspoken and hidden belong to you too.

Remember them or forget them, but the good that came from them is your heritage, and I know that you will use your heritage well.

In looking back from the time I came home in 1953 up until this very present moment, I can write of ten very happy years. I will come back to these years again, but first I must chronicle the one dark and brooding span that occurred during this time. I write about it because with its passing, again fresh vistas opened for me.

Beginning early in 1958 I felt tired and plagued with nameless anxieties. The days were a burden for me, and as the months passed I found myself waking in the morning sick with fear and unable to face the day. At night I plunged into a sleep so deep that I longed not to be aroused from its protection by the early morning light. I groped endlessly through the days, and as the hot summer months wore along, I fell into an abyss of the greatest fear that I had ever known.

The three months of that summer are as clear to me now as they

were to me then. It rained for days at a time, and the hot, humid earth seemed to steam; outside of my doors a thick tropical mist hung heavily across the landscape so that my beautiful river was hidden from me for days at a time. Inside, dark patches of mildew clung to the bamboo blinds, and our light was turned on early in the morning against the blanketing fog.

And so the fears haunted me. I gave up reading, visitors, and all the contacts that would so have warmed me. Behind the fog and the rain I lived and waited, and finally in the late August I could feel the beginning of a cool curl of northern air coming from the forests of your northern camp; and then you were home, and Herbie was home, and the summer was coming to an end.

I know now why this trouble-haunted summer possessed me. I know now why I faced the days with near panic, why I was pursued by those grey phantoms of my own imagination. It is this I must tell you about.

This was the summer of another assessment. Just as I had faced in the End Room many years before a terrible truth, so now I faced another truth. Then I faced the reality of an acute illness, and now I faced the truth of a chronic illness. I would from now on be happy with you, my family, and my friends without seeking to push again toward a more active world—a world beyond my room. This was my decision: I would from now on bring a smaller world to me.

In the early days, there had been doctors who said that I would be able to be free of the respirator. There were other doctors who had said that this was the most remote of possibilities.

Whatever the truth may be, I can accept the possibility of a personal failure and the fact that I could well have increased the scope of my physical activity. It was my conscious decision to leave behind the hospital disciplines and to adopt a less routine and far easier pattern of living.

And, my dear Peter, it is the greatest triumph of understanding that never by those who love me was I judged. Whatever my failures, whatever my capabilities might have been, they have given me only encouragement and belief.

It is for this that I am writing to say: Never judge too harshly any other person. For those grieving and burdened with the weight of many years or suffering long and lonely illnesses, who knows

what private battles they have fought? Who knows what trials of spirit and mind and body they have suffered? And who among us can judge his victories or his failures? We should never forget that there are those who have passed with wordless courage through great barriers; there are faceless numbers who have achieved private summits only to find unloving, unwanted faces turning from them.

If each man must some day face alone a final darkness, then each man should be privileged to have recognized by others a knowledge that any lifetime has held some courage, some inner victory of the spirit. And let no man go unmarked by you, for each has some achievement, and each has some small glory, or some great glory.

Know this; understand it. And if a spirit sometimes fails, let there be sympathy and love. This I want you to remember.

There has never been a question in my mind that whatever strength I had, whatever small success I have had in my adjustment, has come because my family have given me the greatest love and assurance that could be given.

I saw too often in the hospital the faces of those who alone and lonely had to meet disaster. It was these people who found no refuge, but only despair and heartbreak. Courage is often given to people from the outside, and without this magnificent support, who of us could survive?

So, my dear, you have grown, and in your growth I have grown, and you have brought me many riches. I choose to kaleidoscope in my writing of these many years, for you know them as well as I, and of this sunlit span there is only one other thing I must tell you that you do not know.

This year, on August 9, I will be sending you a letter to the wooded hills of Connecticut. Each year I had pretended that there was no August 9 marked on the calendar. This was the day I had lost so much, and so I played an endless game. I was the only winner or the only loser. And when August rolled around, I would find myself carefully skipping over the date, and sometimes the next day too. I had forgotten that there was another August 9 that marked a beginning for me.

This will be the first year that I won't play a cheater's game. It will be August 9, and it will be stripped of any unpleasant mean-

ing. I can't change the calendar. I would never want to again. And so I played to lose, but by chance I have won my small victory, and August is again complete. We cannot tamper with the time that has been given us, and the game must be played by rules other than our own.

XIX

We have not spoken together, you and I, much about God. Because I have felt so deeply, I have remained silent—too silent. And if you have felt, because my life has had little formal religion, that I have removed myself from deep belief, you would have been given reason to have concluded this.

I can only tell you that I have felt very close to God. In the very early days of my sickness, half-destroyed and understanding little, I began a prayer, and each night the same simple words returned again and again to me: "Grant me the strength, the courage, and the wisdom." There was no ending to the prayer, just those words, and the feeling that some spirit far greater than mine would hear me, and help me. And in my room over the years, this belief has grown stronger.

Although I know that there are disbelievers, I doubt that there are many men among us who in time of darkening trouble do not feel the need to turn to an unknown, but omniscient presence.

And in my room, thinking and believing, I have been restored. I share with you your deep feeling, and in a larger sense, like that calendar of time which I once feared, I am no longer torn when I acknowledge the force of my feelings. I have learned what I might not have learned had the hand of destiny not guided me into this very different life. Or was it, perhaps, the hand of God?

XX

And so, Peter, dear, the chapters come to an end, but the story continues. There are just a few things left to be said.

When the time comes, as it inevitably must, that you and I will again be separated, I shall meet this with the greatest possible freedom of spirit, because I know, despite our closeness and great affection, you will be equally prepared for any separation. You are young, and independent, and strong, and you will find temporary sadnesses breached for you by your own freedom of spirit. You

will always go ahead, even while welcoming the memories of what I hope is perhaps a uniquely experienced and enriched past.

I know now the hurdles of the years that you have passed, and so I know too the hurdles you will pass in the future, and by this knowledge I am freed.

And so, we will continue to enjoy our tomorrows, you, and your father and I, each of us prepared in our own way for the future, and each of us supported by the bonds of our united pasts.

I have chosen to end my writing on an especially sun-warmed, summer day. The leaves are moving slowly in the beautiful tree outside my window, and the golden morning light throws shifting patterns into my silent room.

There will be many happy, sundrenched days ahead, and I will see you tomorrow and each sun-filled tomorrow thereafter.

And when there are no more tomorrows, we will have shared a splendid bond. And so as I began, with love, I end for now.

Book Reviews

Diner, Hasia. *In the Almost Promised Land: American Jews and Blacks, 1915-1935.* Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, 1977. xvii, 271 pp. \$17.50.

Hasia Diner's *In the Almost Promised Land* breaks new ground within the growing field of scholarly and popular literature on the history of black-Jewish relations in the United States. Since she draws her information with equal sensitivity from both the Yiddish and Anglo-Jewish press as well as from the correspondence of major Jewish leaders with their counterparts within the black community, her work is the first full-length delineation of the attitudes of both immigrant and Americanized Jewish leaders towards blacks in the two decades spanning the death of Booker T. Washington and the Harlem Riots of 1935 and between the lynching of Leo Frank in 1915 and the rise of Nazism's specter upon the world scene twenty years later.

Diner opens her investigation by describing and documenting Jewish newspaper reactions to the various attacks and problems which troubled blacks. She also fully chronicles the role Jews played in the civil rights and black labor movements. And she is quick to note not only the pronounced volume of concern which Jews articulated, but also that Jewish sympathies towards and levels of participation in black causes far exceeded those of other white groups in America. Altogether her findings lend strong credibility to the commonly held but, until now, unsubstantiated perceptions by and of Jews as unique in their long, unbroken history of support for black crusades.

But Diner is out to do more than simply to chronicle what Jews did. Her major concern is with understanding why Jewish leaders were so uncommonly committed to solving problems not their own. Here she rejects the standard view of the roots of Jewish support for the civil rights movement—both in its early phases and in its heyday of the 1950's-1960's—as exclusively an outgrowth of that group's deep sense of altruism and humani-

tarianism growing out of its prophetic tradition of social justice advocacy and its own millennia-long history of suffering. Jewish leaders of the 1915–1935 period, Diner argues, most certainly paid lip-service to high moral ideals, but beneath the rhetoric lay a well-defined set of group interests being promoted.

Advocacy of black crusades, she argues, provided American Jewish leaders with a medium for confronting “certain dilemmas engendered by their own ambiguous position within the United States” (page XV). When Jews, for example, addressed themselves to the problem of the black’s economic and civic disabilities, they were speaking to issues which affected not only the gravely-troubled black but the marginal Jews as well. The Jew’s declared struggle for another’s civil rights permitted him to strike out indirectly against anti-Semitic manifestations without opening the Jewish question to public scrutiny and debate.

Similarly, the Jewish financing of black self-help institutions served as a means through which Jewish leaders hoped to dispel the prevalent stereotype of Jews as “greedy, clannish misers, always out for themselves.” (p. 154) Finally, the championing of black causes was a way in which Jews sought to deal with the rising tide of second generation assimilation. Through the race issue, Diner argues, leaders attempted to illustrate Jewish moral and ethical superiority to those becoming estranged from the ritual and immigrant cultural forms of the faith.

It should be emphasized that Diner is in no way critical on moral or ethical grounds of what she sees as the primary rationale for the Jewish position on black issues. Her argument is solely with those who would depict Jews as motivated by social and cultural impulses fundamentally different from those directing other minority and interest groups.

If self-interest motivations drove Jews towards blacks in the earlier period, it also directed the contemporary retreat from full-hearted involvement. Jews, Diner argues, did not leave the civil rights movement solely or primarily because blacks turned separatistic, redefining Jewish humanitarian assistance as paternalistic, unwarranted and unnecessary. Rather, the end of Jewish participation was dictated as much by changing trends from within the Jewish group as from without.

The decline in Jewish insecurity and timidity in confronting

their haters here in post-war America has—according to Diner—obviated their need to use blacks as surrogates in fighting domestic anti-Semitism. More importantly, the experiences of the Holocaust and the troubled history of the State of Israel have had the combined effect of turning Jewish interests inward, of redirecting their priorities, energies and emotions to their own group's concerns. The avowed anti-Zionist outlook adopted by some Third-World Black groups has certainly not strengthened Jewish ardor for support of civil rights. But even more important is the changed Jewish view of their role and position in the world and their redefined set of self-interests to which Jews now admit but which (for Diner) have always dictated their position on black problems in the United States.

But how does one prove that a hidden agenda of self-interest lay beneath the tide of altruistic and humanitarian rhetoric? This difficulty inherent in any study of leadership activity is a problem which Diner, unfortunately, fails to confront adequately. Rather than search for the crucially important, internally directed documentation or the private memoranda, letters and statements through which leadership expressly sets for itself or explains group policy, Diner is content simply to ascribe specific sets of social, political or psychological motivations to individuals and groups unsupported by the necessary hard evidence. Diner observes, for example, that despite their general anxiety about urban violence, Yiddish journalists consistently avoided speaking out on the subject of black crime against Jews and sought—in general—to soft-pedal all instances of black anti-Semitism. She attributes this tendency to either the political unwillingness or psychological inability of writers and editors to admit that tensions did indeed exist between their community and blacks. But she offers not a single statement from any spokesman from the Jewish dailies articulating, either publicly or privately, their supposed anxiety over the effects of black attacks upon the course of intra-group relations to buttress her explanation. It may well be that the hard evidence called for here simply does not exist. The fundamentally important minutes of Jewish press editorial board meetings bearing on this question are no longer extant—if such records were ever available. But this does not absolve the historian from seeking alternate forms of documentation. And

Diner's meagre attempt to demonstrate Jewish press consternation over anti-Semitism by merely showing how deeply committed the press was to promoting group harmony is no real substitute.

This inability to provide real proof for her characterizations is seen most graphically in her method of determining that self-interest dictated the marching orders for Jewish participation in civil rights campaigns. Here, unable to produce a single contemporary source seconding her position, she offers as evidence the unsubstantiated contention that advocates of universal equality and brotherhood were actually sincere in their rhetoric, but unaware of the often subconscious self-serving drives motivating their pronouncements. It is only in retrospect, Diner argues, by studying the patterns of what Jewish leaders did, that historians can perceive what truly pushed Jews to support causes not their own. As a result of this and other similar weaknesses, the reader emerges from *In the Almost Promised Land* feeling that Diner is probably correct in her understanding of the roots of Jewish civil rights activism, but unable to tell for sure.

It must also be noted, additionally, that in limiting her study to the statements and actions of recognized Jewish leaders, Diner has overlooked or omitted other contemporary voices which spoke out and acted explicitly in favor of an entirely different set of Jewish self-interests. Jews of that era, like those of today, were never monolithic in their approach to America's black question. And there were those within the Jewish community—like those residing in this country's first racially changing northern neighborhoods—who perceived blacks as early as 1900 not as friends, clients or allies but as definite threats to their economic and social positions. They included, for example, the Jewish members of New York's West Side Improvement Association, who sought to block blacks from settling in Upper Manhattan. These landowners were pilloried by the Jewish press for placing land values ahead of human values, but they were apparently unmoved by the censures. Their story and that of those who may have sought to solve their own Jewish question by linking themselves with native-white and other ethnic groups in opposing black aspirations remain to be examined fully to complete the study of the multiplicity of Jewish attitudes towards blacks during the early years of this enduring intergroup encounter.

Whatever its methodological problems and limitations in scope, *In the Almost Promised Land* remains, however, a most significant work. It is a landmark volume marking the emergence of a new attitudinal approach on the part of writers examining the course of Jewish-black relations. Ms. Diner's is the first major contribution to an emotion-laden field of historiography which remains remarkably clear of either self-effacing apologetics or self-serving polemics. She succeeds, where others have failed, in avoiding all common didactic or polemical pitfalls which have plagued this discipline. She stays free of discussions of how Jews should have acted in the past or ought to act now towards blacks. And she adroitly side-steps the common temptation to project from her limited evidence any simple solutions to the complexities of Jewish-black relations. She harbors no illusions and demonstrates no pretensions that her work will or should alter popular attitudes on this most perplexing social dilemma. Most importantly, by arguing self-interest as a constant in the Jewish approach towards blacks, Diner has demonstrated that at least for one writer, the era of scholarly advocacy of the tendencious commonality of fate concept linking Jews and blacks has finally ended. She has made us aware of and has charged us to study further the complexities of intergroup encounters and the often competing aspirations of minority groups. It is in this last context that *In the Almost Promised Land*—with all its lacunae—makes its most enduring scholarly and social contribution.

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Singerman, Robert. *Jewish and Hebrew Onomastics: A Bibliography.* New York & London: Garland Publishing, Inc., 1977. xii, 2 L., 132 pp. \$17.50.

This is an exhaustive survey of the literature on Jewish and Hebrew personal names, a superb reference tool for anyone

interested in pursuing this intriguing subject. Its value is enhanced by the appended index to the surnames whose origins are discussed by Norbert Pearlroth in his "Your Name" column in *Jewish Post and Opinion* from September 7, 1945, to September 24, 1976. The bulk of this slender volume is a cataloguing of all books and articles dealing with names used by Jews. Unfortunately, the compiler gives us no evaluation of the titles he lists. His aim has been to give us as complete a catalogue as possible of the subject. As such, this book serves as a useful supplement to Benzion C. Kaganoff's *A Dictionary of Jewish Names and Their History* (New York: Schocken Books, 1977), which tells us much more of what an average reader wants to know about names, but contains only a limited bibliography. It also supplements Dan Rottenberg's list of family names to be found in archives and encyclopedias which make up the bulk of his helpful *Finding Our Fathers* (New York: Random House, 1977).

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Friedman, Saul S. *The Incident at Massena. Anti-Semitic Hysteria in a Typical American Town.* New York: Stein and Day, 1978. x, 216 pp. \$9.95

Massena was a relatively unimportant border community in upstate New York. Its Jewish population was small and lived in peaceful coexistence with its Christian neighbors until the night of September 22, 1928. It was then that a small Christian child was reported missing and an intense search for her was begun in a wooded section of the town. After several hours of searching, the trail remained cold. Shortly thereafter, someone, it is not entirely certain who although evidence points to an immigrant Greek ice cream shop operator, introduced a watered-down version of the blood libel—the allegation that Jews murder Christians in order to obtain blood for the Passover or other rituals.

The town's rabbi was called in for questioning by irresponsible

public officials and Jewish businesses were searched. All of this occurred on the eve of Yom Kippur, the Jewish holiday of atonement. Even when the missing child reappeared, after having lost her way and having spent a long and chilly night sleeping in the open, Jewish men and women on their way to synagogue services were taunted by a few local citizens who persisted in the blood accusation.

It is to Professor Friedman's credit that he has been able to place the Massena incident within a wider context and has been able, therefore, to survey the history of the blood libel charge from its early European medieval beginnings. It is unfortunate, however, that the publisher has chosen to subtitle this volume as "Anti-Semitic Hysteria in a Typical American Town." There was no hysteria apparent in the Christian community and only nervous anxiety in the Jewish one. There were, in fact, only a small number of misguided townspeople caught up in the midst of the blood rumor. Neither was Massena a "typical American town," if "typical" is the description of Massena provided by Professor Friedman himself: "Massena was a volcano of economic jealousy, prohibitionist and anti-prohibitionist fanaticism, anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, and assorted mesozoic hatred." Granted, some of these attributes might well be found in any number of Middletown, U.S.A.'s. The overall description, however, is more befitting of a "typical" town in Germany at the height of the Third Reich.

There are also a number of statements in the book of a highly questionable nature. For instance, it was not, as is stated, "assimilationist elements" of the American Jewish Committee who "walked out" in 1942 "to establish . . . the American Council for Judaism" (p. 177), but rather anti-Zionists of the Central Conference of American Rabbis who had laid the groundwork for the American Council months before. One is also left with the impression from reading this book that Rabbi Stephen S. Wise was already in the pulpit of New York's Reform Congregation Emanu-El when he "broke with the board of trustees in one of those perpetual fights over who really should lead the congregation" (p. 150). While still a rabbi in Portland, Oregon, Wise actually refused to accept the call to Temple Emanu-El because he was not assured freedom of the pulpit.

Finally, there is the question of continuity which Professor

Friedman has raised with regard to American Jewry's silence and ineffectiveness during the murderous years of the Holocaust: "What happened in 1928 between the two principal Jewish groups and their leaders presaged future events: the anomie and friction, the backbiting and conniving that would deprive American Jewry of effective action during the Holocaust" (p. 176). What he is referring to is a conflict between Louis Marshall of the American Jewish Committee and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of the American Jewish Congress as to which national Jewish organization would be the "official" voice of American Jewry in the Massena incident. But the gravity of the charges is so great, the implication of American Jewry's guilt so traumatic, that more is needed than simply a listing of undocumented charges by Professor Friedman against various prominent American Jews.

Was Massena an important event in the history of American anti-Semitism and the American Jewish experience? It is interesting to note that the author first learned of the incident while reading a footnote in Joshua Trachtenberg's *The Devil and the Jew*. Massena does not rank in importance with the Hilton-Seligman affair, or with Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent*. It simply demonstrated another example of certain lingering tendencies in American society: ignorance, ineffectual and irresponsible public servants, medieval anti-religious mythologies. It was to the credit of American Jewry's national organizations that they protested the Massena event loudly and with prolonged vigor.

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Brief Notices

Berger, Graenum. *Black Jews in America*. New York: Commission on Synagogue Relations. Federation of Jewish Philanthropies of New York, 1978. xiv, 218 pp. \$5.00

American followers of the Israeli social and political scenes know that one of the most troubling issues nagging at the social fabric of Israeli life is the question of "who is a Jew?" This was vividly demonstrated in the 1960's by the arrival in Israel—by way of Liberia—of several dozen black Americans from Chicago who called themselves "Black Hebrew Israelites" and claimed all the benefits of Israel's Law of Return. They were not recognized as Jews by the Israeli religious authorities, but allowed to remain indefinitely, probably because the Israeli government did not wish to become involved in charges of racial discrimination.

The "Black Hebrew Israelites" form only a small part of the amorphous group known as Black Jews in America. Graenum Berger has written a very useful documentary history of the existence of Black Jews in American life since pre-colonial times. Very little is known about the Black Jews in a scholarly sense. Berger investigates the varying claims that many of these black groups have made concerning their professed origins as Falasha Jews in Ethiopia, as converted slaves of Jewish slave-owners, or as "original" Hebrews who did not need to prove their Jewish origins. It is disheartening to read of the bitterness expressed by those blacks who have received proper conversion to Judaism towards white Jews who have been less than hospitable to their co-religionists. Dr. Berger has written a book which will no doubt cause scholars of the American Jewish experience to research many of the areas only briefly mentioned in this documentary, especially the reactions of Ashkenazic and Sephardic Jewry to the phenomenon of Black Jews in America.

Coppa, Frank J., and Thomas J. Curran, Edited by. *The Immigrant Experience in America*. Boston: Twayne Publishers (A Division of G.K. Hall & Co.), 1976. 232 pp.

This collection of nine essays on the general topic of immigration evolved from a series entitled "The Immigrant in American Life" produced by the Summer Semester television program in 1973. Among the questions with which the essays deal are the following: "Why did millions of immigrants, most voluntarily, some involuntarily, decide to leave their homes and resettle in the United States? What conditions drove them from their roots to a foreign land? How were they received in the New World?" Included in these essays is one entitled "The Jews: From the Ghettos of Europe to the Suburbs of the United States" by Morton Rosenstock.

Cumming, John. *Little Jake of Saginaw*. Mount Pleasant, Michigan: Rivercrest House, 1978. x, 142 pp.

Jacob Seligman, the "Little Jake" of this book, was one of many German Jews who emigrated to America in the period immediately following the German Revolution of 1848. Little Jake was a clothing merchant who became something of a folklore

figure to his fellow citizens of Saginaw, Michigan. "Little" was a term that could be applied to his name only, for the rest of Jacob Seligman's activities may be described as grandiose, larger than life. He was a promoter of magnificence, turning the image of Little Jake's Clothing Store into one which rivaled the size and activities of the greatest department stores of his time. Marching bands, give-aways, tremendous newspaper advertisements were only some of the promotions employed by this master showman to drum up a little business. "Little Jake" surely deserves a niche in the historical record of the Jews in America. We are fortunate that John Cumming has secured it for him.

Dimont, Max. *The Jews in America*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1978. 286 pp. \$9.95

Robert St. John has stated with regard to this book that "Dimont, the iconoclast, has shattered a hundred myths, challenged a lot of wishful thinking, and made thought-provoking predictions." The author has made good use of his secondary sources, but apparently has not consulted much in the way of primary materials. His "shattering of myths" and challenges to a "lot of wishful thinking" must be evaluated in the light of this approach to the history of the American Jewish experience.

Eichhorn, David Max. *Evangelizing the American Jew*. Middle Village, N.Y.: Jonathan David Publishers, 1978. v, 210 pp. \$12.50

While scholars have long been aware of the missionary attempts by Christians to convert American Jews, little has been written on the subject which allows us to understand fully the nature of these efforts as well as the groups and individuals involved. Dr. Eichhorn's book is an important step in this direction. It describes the activities of Christian missionary societies from the pre-colonial period to the present, and includes a chapter on such current groups as Jews for Jesus, Bnai Yeshua and the Messianic Jews.

Eisenberg, Azriel, and Hannah Grad Goodman, Edited by. *Eyewitnesses to American Jewish History. Part II: The German Immigration, 1800-1875*. New York: Union of American Hebrew Congregations, 1977. viii, 148 pp. \$3.00

Some years ago, Professor Jacob R. Marcus divided American Jewish history into four periods: Colonial Period and Sephardic Immigration; German Immigration; Eastern European Immigration; and the American Jew. The editors of this volume have accepted this division and have set for themselves the goal of publishing a volume for each period.

This volume has been designed for schools, adult study circles, and for the home. The personal observations of the characters selected for this book are not only contemporary but they serve to produce a useful portrait of an important period in the history of the American Jewish experience.

Gartner, Lloyd P. *History of the Jews of Cleveland*. Cleveland and New York: The Western Reserve Historical Society and the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, 1978. xv, 385 pp. \$15.00

With the publication of this *History of the Jews of Cleveland*, the distinguished historian of American Jewry, Lloyd P. Gartner, has once more solidified his reputation

as the foremost scientific chronicler of local Jewish community history. As with his previous histories of the Jews of Milwaukee (with Louis J. Swichkow) and the Jews of Los Angeles (with Max Vorspan), Professor Gartner has utilized the approach which attempts to tie together social, cultural and communal history. The result is a solid, scholarly account of Cleveland Jewry from 1840 to 1945. No doubt Lloyd Gartner's work will remain a model for future undertakings of this kind. And future local histories must be written, if only because they are the necessary foundations for the superstructure known as American Jewish history. Professor Moshe Davis makes this point clear in the *Afterword* to this book: "By isolating those elements which invest the Jewish community of America with its special significance . . . one can grasp more profoundly the meaning of the larger Jewish experience in America."

Goldman, Edward A., Edited by. *Jews in a Free Society: Challenges and Opportunities.* Cincinnati: Hebrew Union College Press, 1978. xi, 175 pp. \$10.00

The articles in this volume are based upon a group of lectures presented by the faculty of the Cincinnati School of the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion to the general community during the College Centennial year. Because of the convergence of the College Centennial and the national Bicentennial, each contributor used the insights provided by his own academic discipline to assess the situation of contemporary Jewish life in America.

Gordis, Robert. *Understanding Conservative Judaism.* New York: The Rabbinical Assembly, 1978. xiv, 235 pp. \$12.50

With nearly two dozen published works to his credit, Robert Gordis is a most prolific and distinguished author. Professor of Bible and Rapaport Professor in the Philosophies of Religion at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, Dr. Gordis is a longtime spokesperson for the Conservative Jewish movement. Certainly there are other spokespeople as well, and names such as Agus, Bokser, Greenberg, Kadushin and Siegel serve to demonstrate this point. But Rabbi Gordis' work is consistently among the most praised interpretations of a Conservative ideology. This book is no exception. It is a clear and precise statement on Conservative Judaism, its fundamentals, ideals and goals.

Greenberg, Simon. *The Ethical in the Jewish and American Heritage.* New York: The Jewish Theological Seminary of America, 1977. xvi, 327 pp. \$15.00

Dr. Greenberg's book discusses the ethical component in human life and the role it has played in both American and Jewish history. He contends that the "still small voice" which aims at assuring that America remain "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal" and that the Jewish people remain "a kingdom of Priests and a Holy People" continues to revitalize the moral responsibilities of both.

Hacker, Louis M., and Mark D. Hirsch. *Proskauer: His Life and Times.* University, Alabama: The University of Alabama Press, 1978. xiii, 232 pp. \$16.25

This book is a well-written biography of Judge Joseph Mayer Proskauer, one of the most influential and distinguished American Jews of our time. Joseph M. Proskauer was many things during his long life: a lawyer, a New York State Supreme Court judge, a firm supporter of the policies of Alfred E. Smith, the "Happy Warrior" of the

Democratic Party, a president of the American Jewish Committee, an important liaison between Chaim Weizmann and Harry Truman, and, finally, at the age of eighty-eight, an emissary to Pope John XXIII and Vatican II. The authors consulted numerous important primary and secondary sources in the writing of this book, and it is to be regretted (for those interested in scientific scholarship) that they or the publishers did not choose to employ footnotes to document their work.

Jewish Book Annual, Volume 36 (1978-79). New York: The JWB Jewish Book Council of America, 1978. 236 pp. \$10.00

The new edition of the *Jewish Book Annual* contains interesting articles by, among others, Ruth R. Wise on the ghetto poems of Abraham Sutzkever, Lawrence Marwick on the Hebrew Collection in the Library of Congress, and Yaffa Eliach on the Holocaust in Hebrew Drama. There are also numerous bibliographies of new books on Jewish subjects.

Konvitz, Milton R. *Judaism and the American Idea*. Ithaca, N.Y., and London: Cornell University Press, 1978. 223 pp. \$9.95

Professor Konvitz is convinced that there is still an "ideal America," one that "is deeply concerned with inequalities of opportunity; an America that wants to wage war on poverty, to remove its root and branch; that seeks equal dignity and opportunity for women; that desperately seeks to find ways to become color-blind. . . ." At the heart of these noble, still to be completed tasks, is the "American idea," a term given shape and substance by such early American thinkers as Ralph Waldo Emerson and Theodore Parker. The American idea "of inalienable rights, the equality of all human beings, equality of opportunity . . ." is unique, argues Konvitz, for who thinks of an English idea or a French idea or a Brazilian one? No one questions the right of these nations to exist. "But there are two exceptions," states Professor Konvitz, "the Jewish people and the Americans." The right of the Jewish people to possess their own national existence has always been open to challenge and the American nation has always aroused the curiosity of the world as to the question of its moral meaning. This study seeks to demonstrate that Jewish values and American ideals have worked together in order to create the promise of a just and righteous nation.

Levinson, Robert E. *The Jews in the California Gold Rush*. New York and Berkeley, California: KTAV Publishing House and the Commission for the Preservation of Pioneer Jewish Cemeteries and Landmarks of the Judah L. Magnes Memorial Museum, 1978. xvii, 232 pp. \$15.00

At the turn of the twentieth century many Eastern European Jews came to America with the image of a land whose streets were paved with gold. What they found instead constitutes a great deal of the Jewish immigrant experience in our nation.

Nearly half a century earlier, other Jews, mostly immigrants from the German states, also came to America drawn by the image of gold. Unlike their Russian and Polish counterparts, they were not disappointed. Gold was to be found in California in 1849. Robert Levinson has relied on numerous primary and secondary sources to reconstruct the history of the Jewish Gold Rush community as it existed in the small inland communities of northern California. Professor Levinson demonstrates that these individuals turned almost at once from mining gold in order to become

retailers and clothing merchants and eventually to establish themselves as leading citizens of their communities.

Martin, Bernard. Edited by. *Movements and Issues in American Judaism. An Analysis and Sourcebook of Developments Since 1945.* Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, 1978. vi, 350 pp. \$19.95

"All specific predictions about the future of the American Jewish Community are hazardous," Bernard Martin rightly states in his worthwhile introduction to this volume. But certainly, after reading the thoughtful and comprehensive essays in *Movements and Issues in American Judaism*, the reader is in an excellent position to make a very educated guess. Topics discussed concerning American Judaism after 1945 include Jewish demographics, Jewish communal and philanthropic organizations, the various religious "denominations" within Judaism, the Israeli state and America, Canadian Jewry, Jewish education, anti-Semitism and intermarriage. Among the authors whose essays are featured here, one may find Michael A. Meyer, Daniel Jeremy Silver, Sidney Z. Vincent, Eric Rosenthal, Eric Friedland, W. Gunther Plaut and David Polish. There is also a highly useful selected bibliography at the end of the book.

Miller, Randall M., and Thomas D. Marzik, Edited by. *Immigrants and Religion in Urban America.* Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1977. xxii, 170 pp. \$12.50

This collection of essays was originally presented as part of a series of symposia entitled "Religious Freedom: Churches and Ethnic Communities in the American City" held at Saint Joseph's College in Philadelphia. The essays in this volume reflect the integrating theme of the symposia, namely "the relationship between religion or religious beliefs and the ethnic experience in post-Civil War urban America." Included in the essays is one by Maxwell Whiteman entitled "Western Impact on East European Jews: A Philadelphia Fragment."

Mirsky, Norman B. *Unorthodox Judaism.* Columbus, Ohio: Ohio State University Press, 1978. xiv, 213 pp. \$12.00

Rabbi Norman B. Mirsky is a Reform rabbi with a Ph.D. in humanistic sociology. He is also a Jewish father and an American Jew who, as he puts it, is "worried about the future of Judaism and the Jewish people, yet longing for his children's self-fulfillment as American Jews." In this respect, he is like many young American Jews who are products of the tumultuous 1960's and 1970's. He is thus aware of a crisis (or crises) in the non-orthodox ranks of American Jewry fostered by the tremendous social and religious upheavals of the last two decades. The very important question that Professor Mirsky raises at the outset of this book, "how the Jew remains a Jew against the immense magnetic forces emanating from the larger non-Jewish society around him," is the oldest sixty-four-dollar question in the anguished psyche of Diaspora Jewry. Heretofore in Jewish history the answer may have been to withdraw further into the ghetto mentality, to become a secret Jew, or to face forced extinction. These answers do not solve the needs of today's "now" generation of American Jews. Jewish souls in conflict, continuing "to wrestle within and without to preserve their mystical covenant," is what Rabbi Mirsky's book is all about. All the "Jewish souls in conflict" unwilling to look back into traditional orthodoxy as a means of preserving their Jewish identities, are urged to look ahead with Rabbi Mirsky at the various

roads to unorthodox Judaism which are being created in the latter part of the twentieth century. The decision to enter upon one of these roads may be the most important choice that they as twenty-first-century American Jews may ever have to make.

Namias, June. *First Generation. In the Words of Twentieth-Century Immigrants.* Boston: Beacon Press, 1978. xviii, 234 pp. \$12.95

This book is described as being "the first collection of oral histories that deals with the American immigrant experience from a multi-ethnic approach." The volume focuses not only upon immigrants, those coming to another nation of their own free will, but upon refugees, who often had to flee their native land in order to avoid racial or religious persecution. There are several immigrants or refugees of Jewish background who describe their lives before and after their arrival upon American shores.

Noveck, Simon. *Milton Steinberg: Portrait of a Rabbi.* New York: KTAV Publishing House, 1978. xii, 353 pp. \$15.00

Rabbi Milton Steinberg made a deep and lasting impression upon the American rabbinate and upon the Conservative Jewish movement to which he belonged. It was not only the quality of his theological essays, writings which remain relevant to our present day, but also his "quality of genuineness," as Abram Sachar described it, which merit a full-length biography of Rabbi Steinberg. Rabbi Simon Noveck, Steinberg's successor at the Park Avenue Synagogue and his former student, has written a perceptive and sympathetic book detailing the life and thought of a gifted Jew and human being.

Postal, Bernard, and Lionel Koppman. *Jewish Landmarks of New York: A Travel Guide and History.* New York: Fleet Press Corporation, 1954, 1978. 287 pp. \$5.95

This revised edition of *Jewish Landmarks of New York* is in a way, as Jacob R. Marcus states in the *Foreword*, "... the only complete history of the Jews of New York—the chronicle of more than three centuries of our people in one of the greatest cities in the world."

Urofsky, Melvin I. *We Are One! American Jewry and Israel.* Garden City, New York: Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1978. xv, 536 pp. \$10.95

In many ways this book is the successor volume to Professor Urofsky's acclaimed *American Zionism from Herzl to the Holocaust*. It relates the history of American Zionism since 1942, interprets the relationship of American Jewry to Israel since that date, and attempts to "examine the complex set of relationships which form the unique bonds between the world's two largest Jewish communities."

Walters, Judith Allison. "Documents and Charts Relating to Certain Jewish Families . . . In Particular Grynszpan, Kmiotek, Melcer, Mycnamacher, Pyszna, Rozen, and Wejntrop, in the Towns of Przasnysz and Ciechanow, Warsaw, Poland." Order from Judith Allison Walters, P.O. Box 129, Bothell, Washington 98011. 58 pp. \$6.75

This ambitious undertaking was completed with help from Polish authorities and the microfilm holdings of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City.

1978

Selected Acquisitions

Congregational and Community Records and Histories

- Argentina.** "Recent Developments in South American Jewry: Argentina," presentation delivered by Rabbi Roberto Graetz, at Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1977; *Tape Recording; Restricted*
(Received from HUC-JIR, Cincinnati, Ohio.)
- Charleston, S.C.,** Beth Elohim. Report of committee approving charter petition, 1791; program for dedication of Archives Room, 1969; Hymnal of Edgar M. Lazarus, 1842; report in *The Charleston Evening News* of a confirmation service at Beth Elohim, 1855; and list of additions to the congregation's archives, 1977; *Manuscript and Printed; Hebrew and English; Photostat and Xerox copies*
(Received from Solomon Breibart, Charleston, S.C.)
- Charleston, S.C.,** Shearith Israel Congregation. Petition for incorporation, 1847; *Manuscript; Photostat copy*
(Received from Solomon Breibart.)
- Chicago, Ill.,** Sinai Congregation. Extracts from the Annual Meeting and special meeting, including recommendation that circumcision need not be required, that Hebrew readings and prayers be abolished, and that holidays should be celebrated on the Sunday preceding or succeeding the day fixed by the calendar, 1885; *Printed; English, Hebrew and German*
(Gift of Jacob R. Marcus, Cincinnati, Ohio.)
- Greenville, Miss.,** Hebrew Union Congregation. Congregational minutes, 1922-1939; financial records, 1927-1939; cemetery records, 1904-1938; records of Olympia Club, including a visitors' register, 1900-1928; and financial records, 1919-1926; *Manuscript and Typescript; Microfilm*
(Received from Hebrew Union Congregation.)
- Henderson, Ky.** Death record of Jews, 1883-1947; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Jewish Historical Society of Indiana, Fort Wayne, Ind.)
- Houtzdale, Pa.,** Sons of Israel Congregation. Charter, 1874; *Manuscript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Jacob S. Feldman, Sharpsville, Pa.)
- Indianapolis, Ind.,** Indianapolis Hebrew Congregation. Minutes, pew lists, burial cards, bulletins and publications, 1956-1974; and copy of Rabbi Morris M. Feuerlicht's "Chronicles of a Hoosier Rabbi," which details his early rabbinical career, 1879-1959; *Typescript, Manuscript, and Printed; Microfilm*
(Received from the Indianapolis Hebrew Congregation.)
- Madison, Ind.,** Congregation Adath Israel. Open letter requesting financial aid, 1891; *Printed; Xerox copy*
(Received from Irving I. Katz, Birmingham, Mich.)
- Madison, Ind.** List of Jews buried in the Springdale Cemetery, 1863-1976; *Typescript and Manuscript; Xerox copy*

- (Received from the Indiana Jewish Historical Society.)
- Marshall, Tex.** Transcript of a speech, "The History of the Jewish People in Marshall, Texas," by Louis Kariel, n.d.; *Typescript; Xerox Copy*
(Received from Mrs. Louis W. Kariel, Jr., Marshall, Tex.)
- Meridian, Miss.,** Congregation Beth Israel. Death record book, 1852-1940; list of grave plot assignments and letter of requirements for having a plot, 1937; and letter of requirements for having a plot, 1937; and letter from committee on the cemetery, stating regulations for the removal of bodies from their graves, 1897; minutes, 1942-1961; correspondence, 1960-1961; and records of special funds, 1960-1961; *Typescript, Manuscript, and Printed; Microfilm and Xerox copies*
(Received from Leo E. Turitz, Meridian.)
- Newport, R.I.,** Congregation Jeshuat Israel. Constitution and bylaws, 1897; *Printed*
- Port Gibson, Miss.,** Temple Gemiluth Chesed. Historical data collected from tombstone inscriptions and temple records of the Jewish community of Port Gibson, ca. 1800-1976; and letter to Beth El Congregation, Detroit, Mich., requesting aid for building a Temple, 1889; *Manuscript and Typescript, Original and Xerox copies*
(Received from Leo E. Turitz and Irving I. Katz.)
- Richmond, Va.** Mode of Regulations for the Society for Ezrat Orchim, 1790; and contract between Congregation House of Israel and Reverend Dr. A.L. Mayer, 1866; *Manuscript; Xerox copies*
- Sacramento, Cal.,** Temple B'nai Israel. Minutes, correspondence, and miscellaneous reports, 1900-1957; *Manuscript, Typescript, and Printed; Microfilm*
- (Received from The Pacific Center for Western Studies, University of the Pacific, Stockton, Cal.)
- South Carolina.** Transcriptions of the names and dates on the tombstones in Jewish cemeteries in Camden, Charleston, Columbia, Georgetown and Orangeburg, S.C. compiled by Barnett A. Elzas, 1910; *Printed; Photostat copy*
(Received from Solomon Breibart.)
- Stockton, Cal.** List of congregational presidents, 1905-1956; genealogical information, and miscellaneous articles, n.d.; and bylaws, minutes, correspondence, and miscellaneous reports of Temple Israel, 1900-1957; *Printed; Typescript and Manuscript; Microfilm*
(Received from The Pacific Center for Western Studies.)
- Sumter, S.C.** "The Jewish Cemetery at Sumter, S.C.; A Transcription of the Names and Dates on the Tombstones 1874-1942," by Harold Moise, 1942; *Printed; Photostat copy*
(Received from Solomon Breibart.)
- Uniontown, Pa.** Charters of Congregation Tree of Life and Temple Israel, 1874; *Manuscript; Xerox copies*
(Received from Jacob S. Feldman.)
- Wichita, Kan.** History of the Jewish community, which includes biographies, and a booklet on the Wichita Historical Exhibit, 1969 and 1977; *Typescript; Xerox copies*
(Received from Mrs. Samuel H. Marcus, Wichita.)
- Wilmington, N.C.** Paper, "An Historical Community Study of Wilmington Jewry, 1738-1925," by David J. Goldberg, 1976; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from David J. Goldberg, Chapel Hill, N.C.)

Records and Papers of Societies and Institutions

- American Jewish Press Association.** Minutes, and correspondence, 1949-1977; *Typescript and Manuscript; Microfilm*
(Received from Robert A. Cohn, St. Louis, Mo.)
- Birmingham, Ala.** Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society. Constitution, 1888; *Printed; Photostat*
(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)
- B'nai B'rith.** Constitution and bylaws, 1858; *Printed; German and English; Xerox copies*
(Received from Solomon Breibart.)
- Brooklyn, N.Y.** National Council of Jewish Women, Brooklyn Section. History, 1977; *Printed; Xerox copy*
(Received from Esther Clayman, Brooklyn.)
- Canadian Jewry.** Peretz School Curriculum, Winnipeg, Manitoba, 1927-1947; twenty-fifth anniversary book of the "Sholem Alaichem School," 1921-1946; Achdus Free Loan Association minute book, 1932-1964, twenty-fifth jubilee souvenir book, 1949, and Israelite Press article, 1954; Jewish National Workers Alliance concert programs, 1921, 1928, 1929, 1931, 1949, 1955, 1959, 1962, and 1965; miscellaneous documents pertaining to the Jewish Orphanage and Children's Aid of Western Canada, Winnipeg, Manitoba, 1914-1935; Labor Zionist Organization convention papers, Toronto, Ontario, 1954, and convention publication, 1960; minute book of Ladies Auxiliary of Congregation Adath Yeshurun, Toronto, 1929-1931, and lists of members and contributions; burial society minute book of B'nai Israel Synagogue, Brandon, Manitoba, 1936-1950, and its burial register, 1925-1952; minutes of the Canadian Jewish Council, 1942-1945; and minutes of first Canadian Jewish Congress meeting, Montreal, Quebec, 1919; *Manuscript, Printed, and Typescript; Yiddish and English; Microfilm*
(Received from the Provincial Archives, Winnipeg, Manitoba.)
- Charleston, S.C.** Society for the Relief of Orphans and Children of Indigent Parents. Petition to State Senate for incorporation, 1802; and memo from the Committee on Incorporation granting the Society an extension of its charter, 1810; *Manuscript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Solomon Breibart.)
- Chicago, Ill.** Constitutions, membership lists, and minutes of various 19th century Orthodox congregations, 1879-1901; *Manuscript; English, Yiddish, and Hebrew; Microfilm*
- Claiborne, Ala.** History, and tombstone inscriptions of Jewish population, n.d.; *Manuscript and Typescript; English and Hebrew*
(Received from Martin I. Hinchin, Alexandria, La.)
- Cleveland, Ohio.** American Hebrew Benevolent Society. Constitution and bylaws, 1929; *Printed and Manuscript; English and Yiddish*
(Received from Arnold Shankman, Rock Hill, S.C.)
- Columbus, Ohio.** Ladies Lodge of the Daughters of Zion. Act of incorporation; *Manuscript*
(Received from David Goldman, Cincinnati.)
- Denver, Colo.** B'nai B'rith, Denver Lodge No. 171. Minutes, 1872-1962; *Manuscript and Typescript; Microfilm*
(Received from The Center for Judaic Studies, Ira M. Beck Memorial Collection, University of Denver, Denver.)
- Helena, Mont.** United Hebrew Benevolent Association. Constitution and bylaws, and membership list, 1885; *Printed*
- New York, N.Y.** Mount Neboh Cemetery. Cemetery deed, 1913; *Printed and Manuscript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Lawrence M. Colton, Freeport, N.Y.)
- New York, N.Y.** New Era Club, Inc. of The

- Educational Alliance. Minutes of general meetings, 1900-1933; minutes of Board of Directors, 1900-1908; and scrapbooks, 1910-1976; *Manuscript and Typescript; Microfilm*
(Received from New Era Club of The Educational Alliance.)
- New York, N.Y.** Maccabee Lodge No. 22, Order Keshet Shel Barzel. Bylaws, 1873; *Printed; German*
(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)
- Oconomowoc, Wis.** Ma'ayan. Report on the Ma'ayan program, 1976; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Theodore Gordon, Merion Station, Pa.)
- Oregon-Jackson County.** "Minorities of Early Jackson County, Oregon: The Chinese, The Negroes, The Jews," material prepared by Kay Atwood of the Intermediate Education District, 1976; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Robert E. Levinson, San Jose, Cal.)
- Philadelphia, Pa.** Female Benevolent Society. Constitution, 1825; *Printed; Xerox copy*
- Philadelphia, Pa.** Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, Jeshurun Lodge No. 59. Bylaws, 1865; *Printed; Photostat*
(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)
- Philadelphia, Pa.** Jewish Hospital Association. Resolution calling for a Jewish hospital, 1864; constitution of the hospital, 1866; and fund-raising letter, 1871; *Printed and Typescript; English and German*
(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)
- Reno, Nev.** Nevada Association For Reform Judaism. Letter to the Clerk of District Court, Washoe County, Nev., referring to the appointment of Joseph H. Gumbiner as rabbi of Nevada Association for Reform Judaism; and a copy of this organization's constitution, 1940; *Typescript*
(Received from Joseph H. Gumbiner, Orinda, Cal.)
- St. Louis, Mo.** Jewish Hospital Association. Announcement of plan to erect a Jewish hospital, 1878; *Typescript; Photostat*
(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)
- San Francisco, Cal.** Chebra Achim Rachmonim. Constitution, 1872; *Printed; Photostat*
(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)
- Stockton, Cal.** Bylaws, minutes, correspondence, and miscellaneous reports of B'nai B'rith, Hope Lodge No. 126, 1867-1929; minute books of Hadassah, 1927-1932 and 1941-1944; and minutes, correspondence, and records of the Jewish Community Center, 1925-1951; *Manuscript, Typescript, and Printed; Microfilm*
(Received from The Pacific Center for Western Studies.)

Documents

- Aaronsohn, Jonathan Burrell;** Cincinnati, Ohio. Appointment as Second Lieutenant, Regular Army of the United States, 1961; *Printed*
(Received from Dora Aaronsohn, Cincinnati.)
- Adler, Liebman;** Chicago, Ill. Last will, stipulating that his funeral be simple, that his family should hold together, and that they practice Judaism in the best manner of their time, n.d.; *Manuscript and Printed; English and German; Photostat*
(Gift of Jacob R. Marcus.)
- Eiseman, Simon;** Dakota Territory. Citizenship paper, 1870; *Printed and Manuscript; Xerox copy*
(Received from William B. Eiseman, Jr., Ladue, Mo.)
- Heidenreich Family;** Bad Axe, Mich. A memorial certificate for Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heidenreich, members of the Palestine Agricultural Colony in Bad Axe in the 1890's, 1927; and a certificate of merit issued to Sam Heidenreich by the public schools in Bad Axe, 1901;

Printed; English and Hebrew; Xerox copy

(Received from Temple Beth El, Birmingham, Mich.)

Niederman, Morris; Deadwood, S.D. Appli-

cation for liquor license, 1904; *Printed and Manuscript; Xerox copy*

(Received from Al Alschuler, Miami Beach, Fla.)

Letters and Papers

Aaronsohn, Aaron; Washington, D.C. Letter from Aaronsohn to Julius Rosenwald urging support of Zionism, 1917; *Manuscript; Photostat*

(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)

Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith; Chicago, Ill. Letter from Anti-Defamation League to Jacob R. Marcus regarding articles in *Outlook*, and offensive vaudeville acts, 1945; *Typescript*

(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)

Anti-Semitism. Materials concerning Sir Oswald Mosley and James H. Madole, 1967 and 1972; and letter from Robert Stinner, claiming that Franklin D. Roosevelt was of Jewish descent, 1977; *Typescript, Manuscript, and Printed; Original and Xerox copies*

(Received from Gordon D. Hall, Boston, Mass. and Robert Stinner, n.p.)

Arvey, Jacob; Chicago, Ill. Letter to President Harry S. Truman concerning the partition of Palestine, 1948; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

(Received from Morton M. Berman, Kfar Witkin, Israel.)

Baum, Albert G.; Alexandria, La. Correspondence of Rabbi Baum as the representative of the Army and Navy Committee of the National Jewish Welfare Board, 1941-1942, along with a summary of one of these World War II cases, 1977; *Manuscript and Typescript*

(Received from Albert G. Baum, New York, N.Y.)

Benjamin, Judah P.; New Orleans, La. Letters from Benjamin to President James Buchanan, and letter from Buchanan to Benjamin regarding the Office of Minister to Spain, 1858 and 1859; *Manuscript and Typescript; Photostat*

(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)

Browne, Edward B.M.; New York, N.Y., and Columbus, Ga. Correspondence from Theodore Roosevelt concerning Roosevelt and the Jews, 1895-1901; letter of thanks from Thomas Edison, 1913; correspondence with Isaac M. Wise, 1871 and 1873; and miscellaneous correspondence dealing with Browne's rabbinic experience, efforts to have a Jewish chaplaincy in the military and involvement with political figures, 1867-1927; *Manuscript, Typescript, and Printed; English and Hebrew; Yiddish and German; and Xerox copies*

(Received from William Rothschild, Cincinnati.)

Burns, Arthur F.; Washington, D.C. Letter of congratulations to Elliot N. Stone on his Bar Mitzvah, 1976; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

(Received from Stanley J. Garfein, Tallahassee, Fla.)

Calisch, Edward N.; Richmond, Va. Letters to Rabbi Calisch relating to conversion of W.E. Todd to Judaism, 1896; *Manuscript*

(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)

Chyet, Stanley F.; Cincinnati, Ohio. Correspondence with Israeli writers, 1973-1976; and his poetry, 1962-1975; *Typescript and Manuscript; English and Hebrew; Microfilm*

(Received from Stanley F. Chyet.)

Davis, Celia; Waco, Tex. Letter from her daughter, Mrs. Mordecai Podet, listing some of her mother's recollections of her involvement in Judaism in America, 1973; *Typescript*

(Received from Mrs. Mordecai Podet, Waco.)

Einstein, Albert; Berlin, Germany. Letter

- from Einstein to the Yiddish Scientific Institute, applauding the individuals involved in the Institute for their dedication to the perpetuation of Judaism, 1929; *Manuscript*; German with English translation
- Englander, Gertrude**; Cincinnati, Ohio. Scrapbook tracing her career as a pianist and teacher, 1915-1943; *Printed, Typescript*, and *Manuscript*; English and German
(Received from A.L. Villensky, Cincinnati.)
- Ezekiel, Moses J.**; Rome, Italy. Letters from Goldwin Smith to A.D. White regarding Ezekiel, and letters from Ezekiel to Smith, 1905; *Manuscript*; *Photostat copies*
(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)
- Freehof, Solomon B.**; Pittsburgh, Pa. Sermons, 1927-1930; *Typescript, Original and Typescript copies*
(Received from Frederick C. Schwartz, Chicago, Ill.)
- Goldbaum, Meshulam Faitel**; Kuznitzrah, Poland. Letter from Goldbaum to his sons, Herman and Louis, imploring them to observe the Sabbath, 1876; *Manuscript and Typescript*; English and Hebrew; *Xerox copy*
(Received from Aaron Rosenberg, Cleveland, Ohio)
- Gottschalk, Alfred**; Cincinnati, Ohio. Press conference held upon his return from the Jerusalem Solidarity Conference concerning United States foreign policy and Israel, 1975; and open letter to colleagues and friends concerning his observations on post-Entebbe Israel, and on matters of importance to the various activities of the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion, 1976; *Typescript*; *Tape Recording*
(Received from Alfred Gottschalk.)
- Harby, Isaac**; Charleston, S.C. Cash book for private Preparatory School, 1819-1820; *Manuscript*; *Xerox copy*
(Received from Solomon Breibart.)
- Jastrow, Marcus**; Philadelphia, Pa. Letter from Jastrow to Sabato Morais regarding request for aid by Morris H. Rose, convict in Eastern Penitentiary, 1878; *Manuscript and Typescript*; *Photostat and Typescript copy*
(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)
- Lehman, Herbert H.**; New York, N.Y. Correspondence with Dr. Jacob R. Marcus, concerning American Jewish Archives Civil War poster of his father, Mayer Lehman, 1960; *Typescript*
(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)
- Livingston, Aaron**; Bloomington, Ill. Letter from Isaac Mayer Wise, concerning prohibition of images in synagogues, 1888; *Manuscript*; *Xerox copy*
(Received from Mrs. H. Livingston, Bloomington.)
- Maas, Samuel**; Houston and Galveston, Tex. Personal and business correspondence and papers concerning Maas' family, education, and business, 1835-1850; *Manuscript*; English, French, German, and Spanish; *Microfilm*
(Received from The Library Archives, University of Texas, Austin.)
- Magnes, Judah Leon**; Brooklyn, N.Y. Resolution of censure by the Board of Trustees of Temple Israel, Brooklyn, regarding Rabbi Magnes' published appeal for contributions to purchase weapons for the defense of Russian Jews, and recommendation that Magnes' resignation not be accepted, 1905; *Typescript*; *Xerox copies*
(Received from A. Stanley Dreyfus, Brooklyn.)
- Margolis, Max L.**; Cincinnati, Ohio. Miscellaneous correspondence, reports, and articles, regarding the clash of Margolis and Kaufmann Kohler over Zionism, 1907; *Manuscript, Typescript*, and *Printed*
(Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)
- Mark, Julius**; New York, N.Y. Death and marriage records kept by Rabbi Mark, 1922-1970; *Manuscript*
(Received from Henry Fruhauf, New York, N.Y.)

- Mordecai, Moses Cohen;** Baltimore, Md., and Columbia, S.C. Correspondence to son-in-law, Edgar M. Lazarus, concerning business matters, 1864-1867; *Manuscript and Printed; Xerox copies* (Received from Solomon Breibart.)
- Neusner, Jacob;** Providence, R.I. Scrapbooks relating to his activities, 1974-1977; *Printed, Typescript, and Manuscript; English and French; Microfilm* (Received from Jacob Neusner.)
- Otterbourg, Marcus;** Mexico City, Mexico. Letters from Otterbourg regarding Mexican affairs and assassination of Abraham Lincoln, 1863 and 1865; *Manuscript; Photostat copies* (Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)
- Petuchowski, Jakob J.;** Cincinnati, Ohio. Material used in his congregation in Welch, W. Va.; responsa to halakhic questions; and correspondence relating to his various publications, 1950-1977; *Manuscript, Typescript, and Printed; English, Hebrew, Yiddish, French, and German; Original and Typescript copies* (Received from Jakob J. Petuchowski.)
- Plaut, Elizabeth;** Toronto, Canada. Letter from Mrs. Plaut to Dr. Jacob R. Marcus concerning the authors of the *Settlement Cookbook*, including an excerpt from the 1901 edition, 1977. *Printed and Typescript; Xerox copy* (Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)
- Schneerson, Menachem M.;** Brooklyn, N.Y. Letter stating his position as an Orthodox Jew towards Reform and Conservative Judaism, 1950; *Typescript; Xerox copy* (Received from Arthur J. Lelyveld, Cleveland, Ohio.)
- Spivak, Charles D.;** New York, N.Y. Correspondence regarding Spivak's 1920 trip to Poland for the Joint Distribution Committee, 1919-1920; *Manuscript and Typescript* (Received from Jacob R. Marcus.)

Autobiographies, Biographies, Diaries, and Memoirs

- Bamberger Family;** Jerusalem, Israel. Biography and bibliography of Seligmann Bär Bamberger, and genealogical material concerning his descendants, 1964; *Printed and Manuscript; English and Hebrew; Xerox copy* (Received from Mrs. Julian Lesser, Los Angeles, Cal.)
- Baroway, Solomon;** Baltimore, Md. Miscellaneous material concerning the life and work of Baroway, 1894, 1905-1906, and 1976; and lecture delivered by Dr. Moses Aberbach, relating the life of Baroway in Russia and America, especially his Zionist and social work efforts in Baltimore, ca. 1890, 1977; *Typescript, Manuscript and Printed; Xerox copies* (Received from Aaron Baroway, New York, and Moses Aberbach, Baltimore.)
- Blatt, Solomon;** Barnwell, S.C. American Jewish Archives autobiographical questionnaire, 1976. *Typescript* (Received from Solomon Blatt.)
- Bridge, Herbert Marvin;** Seattle, Wash. Press clippings, and autobiography of Admiral Bridge, 1977; *Printed and Typescript* (Received from Herbert M. Bridge.)
- Butzel, Fred M.;** Detroit, Mich. Autobiographical material, 1974; *Printed; Xerox copies* (Received from the Jewish Historical Society of Michigan, Detroit.)
- Cohen, E. Alex;** Kentucky. "We All Remember," and "Life of E.A. Cohen to 1919," by Evelyn Wein, n.d.; *Typescript; Xerox copies* (Received from Mrs. Evelyn Wein, Greenville, Ky.)
- Cohen, Mrs. S.J.;** Holly Springs, Miss. Memoir Of My Life, written by Mrs. Cohen, 1859; *Printed; Photostat*
- Fraenkel, Jacob.** Diary containing mis-

- cellaneous notes dealing with Judaism and material on the Ten Commandments, 1867-1870; *Manuscript; German and Hebrew*
(Received from Murray Saltzman.)
- Kalter, Bella Briansky;** Cincinnati, Ohio. Unpublished articles by Kalter concerning a trip to her birthplace, Grajewa, Poland ("The Grajewa Dead"), and a trip to her childhood home, Iroquois Falls, Canada ("Railway and Synagogue Streets"), n.d.; *Typescript; Xerox copies*
(Received from Mrs. Bella Briansky Kalter.)
- Levin, Morris G.;** Cincinnati, Ohio. American Jewish Archives autobiographical questionnaire, 1977; *Manuscript and Typescript*
(Received from Morris G. Levin.)
- Lipshutz, Robert J.;** Washington, D.C. Biography of career up to appointment as counsel to the President, 1977; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Robert J. Lipshutz.)
- Moise, Penina;** Charleston, S.C. Biographical sketch by T.J. Tobias, 1964; and anthologies of Moise's poetry including "Leaves From My Historical Scrap Book" by Barnett A. Elzas, 1908; *Typescript and Printed; Xerox copies*
(Received from Solomon Breibart.)
- Moses, Eliza M.;** Charleston, S.C. Extracts from the journals of Moses and Albert Moses Luria, 1881-1882, with forward, notes, and comment by Stanford E. Moses, 1932; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
- Rubin, Harris;** Philadelphia, Pa. *The Autobiography of Harris Rubin, 1847-1931*, translated from the Yiddish by Benson N. Schambelan, 1977; *Typescript; Phototype copy*
(Received from Benson N. Schambelan, Philadelphia.)
- Solomons, Edward A.;** Hawaii. Summary of naval duty assignments and responsibilities, and miscellaneous material relating to his activities, 1918-1958; *Typescript, Manuscript, and Printed; Xerox copies*
(Received from Julius J. Nodel, Honolulu.)
- Sonneborn, Henry;** New York, N.Y. Biography written by his son, Henry Sonneborn, Jr., relating his experiences in 19th-century Germany and in America, where he founded the firm of Henry Sonneborn Co., 1977; *Typescript; Xerox copies*
(Received from Henry Sonneborn, III, New York.)
- Strauss, Therese A.;** Cincinnati, Ohio. Memoirs, 1947; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from William Strauss, Cincinnati.)
- Warm, Jacob;** Cincinnati, Ohio. Interview relating his experiences as a carpenter in Europe, ca. 1895; and his activities in the United States, 1974-1976; *Tape Recording*
(Received from Louis Warm, Cincinnati.)
- Willowski, Jacob David;** Israel. Biographical material relating to him (called The Ridbaz) and his son-in-law, Rabbi Joseph Konvitz, 1908-1973; *Typescript and Printed; English, Hebrew, and Yiddish; Xerox copies*
(Received from Milton Konvitz, Ithaca, N.Y.)

Genealogies

- Cohen Family;** St. Louis, Mo. Family history, compiled by Scott Waddington, 1977; *Manuscript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Arthur Meyers, St. Louis.)
- Delgado Family;** Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies. Genealogical information, 1725-1973; *Printed and Manuscript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Arthur J. Lindo, Republic of Panama.)
- Fidanque Family;** New York, N.Y. Genea-

logical information, 1729-1956; *Printed; Xerox copy*

(Received from Stanley Fidanque, Republic of Panama.)

Kaufman Family, New York. "The Descendants of Boruch Ber Kaufman," compiled by Robert H. Weiner, 1795-1976; *Printed*

(Received from Robert H. Weiner, Chevy Chase, Md.)

Schnadig Family; Chicago, Ill. Genealogical information, 1806-1956; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

(Received from Richard Fechheimer, Highland Park, Ill., and Robert S. Adler, Chicago.)

Oral History

Cohen, Emma; Hartford, Conn. Interview on the occasion of her fifth anniversary as president of the Jewish Historical Society of Greater Hartford, 1976; *Tape Recording*

(Received from Mrs. Edith Cooper, Jewish Historical Society of Greater Hartford, Hartford.)

Ehrlich, Rae; Washington, D.C. Interview concerning her experiences as a hostage during the terrorist seizure of the B'nai B'rith National Headquarters in Wash-

ington, on March 9, 1977; *Tape Recording*

Kaplan, Jan; Ohio. Interview with Ms. Kaplan, a former member of the Unification Church of America ("Moonies"), 1977; *Tape Recording*

Litwack, Charlotte; Raleigh, N.C. *Recollections*, by Litwack, consisting of interviews with members of the Jewish community of Raleigh, 1976; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

(Received from Charlotte Litwack.)

Theses

Alpert, Rebecca Trachtenberg. "From Jewish Science to Rabbinical Counseling: The Evaluation of the Relationship Between Religion and Health by the American Reform Rabbinate, 1916-1954," Ph.D., Temple University, 1977; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Greenebaum, Gary T. "The Jewish Experience in the American College and University," Ordination thesis, HUC-JIR, 1978; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Hill, Amy. "The State of Israel and American Protestant Theology," Bachelor of Arts thesis, Smith College, 1975; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Karol, Stephen A. "Recent Efforts to Convert American Jews—The Unification Church, Key 73 and Jews for Jesus,"

Ordination thesis, HUC-JIR, 1977; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Kleiman, Berenice Elkin. "Jewish Reaction to the Ethel and Julius Rosenberg Case," Master of Arts thesis, Ohio State University, 1976; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Kumar, P. Shiv. "The Jewish Character of Bernard Malamud's Works," Master of Literature thesis, Osmania University, Warangal, India, 1974; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Langer, Jeffrey Ira. "White-Collar Heritage: Occupational Mobility of the Jews in Chicago, 1860-1880," Bachelor of Arts thesis, University of Illinois, 1976; *Typescript; Xerox copy*

Miscellaneous

- American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee;** New York, N.Y. Transcript of meeting held at the home of Felix M. Warburg, concerning the efforts of Frank F. Rosenblatt in Siberia, 1920; *Typescript; Typescript copy*
(Received from HUC-JIR, Klau Library.)
- Artists and Art.** Collection of greeting cards by Jewish artists and photographers, 1961; *Printed*
(Received from Ellick Wasserman, Cleveland, Ohio.)
- Atlas, Samuel;** New York, N.Y. Remarks of Professor Leonard Kravitz in memory of Professor Atlas, 1977; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
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- Baltimore, Md.** Term paper, "The Economic Life of the Jews in Baltimore as Reflected in the City Directories: 1819-1840," by Lance Sussman, 1977; *Typescript*
- Blank, Sheldon H.;** Cincinnati, Ohio. Remarks made by Rabbi Sanford Rosen commemorating Dr. Blank's eightieth birthday, and fifty years as a member of the faculty of HUC-JIR, 1976; and worship service and luncheon in honor of Dr. Blank. Cincinnati, Ohio, 1976; *Typescript; Tape Recording*
- Bogen, Boris D.** Photo album of Bogen's activities with the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee in Poland and Russia, 1919-1923. (Microfilm also includes Inventory to the Bogen Manuscript Collection housed at American Jewish Archives); *Typescript, Manuscript, and Photographs; English and Hebrew; Microfilm*
- Canadian Jewry.** Paper on "The Provincial Archives of Manitoba and the Jewish Historical Society of Western Canada," given by Barry Hyman, 1978; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from the Jewish Historical Society of Western Canada, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.)
- Coleman Family;** Deadwood, S.D. Declaration of candidacy for Justice of the Peace of South Deadwood, Dakota Territory, by Nathan Coleman in the *Black Hills Daily Times* and the paper's endorsement of him, 1879; announcement of the wedding of Anna Coleman to Maurice Niederman, 1903; and letter from Representative Wilham H. Parker appointing Blanche Coleman his private secretary, 1907; *Typescript and Printed; Photostat and Xerox copies*
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- Goldman, Robert Philip;** Cincinnati, Ohio. Eulogy delivered by Dr. Samuel Sandmel at the memorial service in the HUC-JIR Chapel, 1976; *Tape Recording*
- Hebrew Sabbath School Union;** Cincinnati, Ohio. Pamphlet, describing the proceedings of the first conference of the Union, held in Detroit, 1899, including a copy of their amended constitution and bylaws, 1889; *Printed*
(Gift of Jacob R. Marcus.)
- Hess, Seymour L.;** Pasadena, Cal. First direct meteorological data from the surface of Mars, compliments of Dr. Hess, chairman of meteorology team of Project Viking, 1976; *Typescript, Photograph; Xerox copy*
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- Hilton, Henry;** New York. Draft and final copy of a petition by merchants of Cincinnati, Ohio, expressing intention to boycott A.T. Stewart and Company due to Judge Hilton's anti-Semitic policies, 1877; *Manuscript; Xerox copy*
- Inquisition;** Mexico City, Mexico. Transcripts of the proceedings against Jorge

- de Almeida and Ana de Carvajal before the Inquisition, 1590-1609; *Manuscript; Spanish; Xerox copy*
(Received from Martin A. Cohen, New York, N.Y.)
- Intermarriage.** "A report on Jewish intermarriage rates in Canada and the United States," by Morton Weinfeld, 1975; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Morton Weinfeld, Cambridge, Mass.)
- Kibbutz Yahel,** Israel. First-day cover of the first Reform Jewish kibbutz, 1976; *Printed*
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- Levy, Marcus H.;** New York, N.Y. Invoice and sales book, 1862-1866; *Manuscript; Xerox copy*
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- Lyon, Lewis;** Curacao. Account book, 1819; and accounts of the ship "Conway" trading to Curacao, apparently on behalf of Lyon, 1813-1814; *Manuscript; Xerox copies*
(Received from J. Sunshine, London, England.)
- Mielziner, Moses;** New York, N.Y. Memorial address for Salomon Jehuda Rapoport, 1867; and sermon on Ishmael, 1867; *Printed; German and Hebrew*
(Gift of Jacob R. Marcus.)
- Mihaly, Eugene;** Cincinnati, Ohio. A responsum, "Marriage On The Sabbath," and reaction to it by Dr. Ben Zion Wacholder, Dr. Robert L. Katz, and Rabbi Walter Jacob, 1976-1977; *Typescript; Mimeographed and Xerox copies*
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- Mosse, George L.;** Madison, Wis. "Reflections on Modern Jewish History," seminar presentation and discussion at the HUC-JIR, Cincinnati, 1977; *Tape Recording*
- Ragan, Fred D.;** Greenville, S.C. "The Sage of Hickory Hill's Jewish Lawyer: Tom Watson, Harry Weinberger, and World War I," paper written by Ragan, 1977; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
(Received from Fred D. Ragan.)
- San Francisco, Cal.** Term paper, "Jewish Life in San Francisco 1897-1899 As Depicted in Jacob Voorsanger's Weekly, *Emanu-El*," by Mark Hurvitz, 1977; *Typescript; Xerox copy*
- Sanger Family;** Texas. Article regarding the demolition of historic buildings from the early years of the Sanger family's activities in Dallas, Tex., n.d.; and birthday greetings to Sam Sanger of Waco, Tex., 1915; *Printed; Xerox copies*
(Received from Mrs. Philip A. Sanger, Waco.)
- Spicehandler, Ezra;** Jerusalem, Israel. Interview conducted by Michael A. Meyer regarding the early years of the Hebrew Union College Biblical and Archaeological School's Religious Studies Program, and Dr. Spicehandler's appointment as Director of Religious Studies, 1972; *Tape Recording*
- Weinberg, Werner;** Cincinnati, Ohio. Article, "Wundergang," describing the Weinbergs' recovery of their daughter after the Holocaust, 1950; and chapel address on the anniversary of the Crystal Night, 1976; *Typescript and Printed; English and German; Xerox and Printed copy*
(Received from Werner Weinberg.)
- Wolff, Egon and Frieda;** Sao Paulo, Brazil. Articles concerning seventeenth-century Jews in North and South America, 1977; *Typescript; Mimeographed copy*
(Received from Mr. and Mrs. Egon Wolff.)
- Yulee, David Levy;** Washington, D.C. House of Representatives report #450 concerning Yulee's claim to United States citizenship, and the right to maintain his seat in Congress, 1842; *Typescript; Microfilm*
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The American Jewish Archives
on the Cincinnati Campus of the
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Alfred Gottschalk, *President*

