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MS-763: Rabbi Herbert A. Friedman Collection, 1930-2004.

Series I: Wexner Heritage Foundation, 1947-2004.

Subseries 1: General Files, 1949-2004.

Box	Folder
65	19

Scrapbooks. 1983-1998.

For more information on this collection, please see the finding aid on the
American Jewish Archives website.



Rhonda Barad
Eastern Director

June 18, 1998

Rabbi Herbert Friedman
Wexner Heritage Foundation
551 Madison Avenue, Suite 900
New York, NY

Dear Herb:

Thank you so much for the "congratulatory" call. I can't say I was disappointed that I missed it, I left for France the day after the Radio City event.

I know you must have an extensive photo collection but they do not include any from the Center.

Hope to see you soon.

Sincerely,

RB/ds
Enclosure

By air mail
Par avion

1984



POSTAGE

Dr & Mrs Herb. Friedman,

500 East 77 St. Apt. 2519,

New York, NY 10021

U. S. A.





ノーマンエデルシエイン
岡田幸胤

郵便番号 一五四

東京都世田谷区池尻四丁目十六番二号

Dr & Mrs Herb. Friedman

Mr. & Mrs. Yukitane Okada Mr. & Mrs. Norman Edelshain

*The pleasure of your company is requested
to celebrate the marriage of
Yasuko Okada*

to

*Martin Bernard Edelshain
at 6:30 p.m. on Monday, 30th April, 1984
at the Hotel Okura, Tokyo.*

*Dinner
Seiun Room
South Wing, 12th Floor*

*R. S. V. P.
by enclosed card*

謹啓 陽春の候ますますご清祥のこととお慶び申し上げます
さてこの度浅沼信爾様ご夫妻のご媒妁により

ノーマン 次男 マーティン
幸 胤 長女 泰 子

の婚約相整い結婚式を挙げることになりました
つきましては幾久しくご懇情を賜わりたくご披露旁々粗餐を差し上げ
たいと存じますのでご多用中誠に恐縮でございますがご光臨ください
ますようご案内申し上げます
敬具

日時 四月三十日（月曜日）午後六時三十分（開宴）

場所 東京都港区虎ノ門二丁目十番四号

ホテルオークラ別館 星雲の間

昭和五十九年三月吉日

ノーマン エデルシエイン
岡 田 幸 胤

お手数ながらご都合の程を四月十日迄にご一報下さいますよう
お願い申し上げます

March. 1984

We would be delighted if you could join our celebration, but we cannot expect you to travel all the way to Japan just for this reason. Should you, however, be planning a visit to Japan at the end of April, please let us know so that we may welcome you to our reception.

Yasuko and Martin

Mr. & Mrs. Yukitane Okada Mr. & Mrs. Norman Edelshtain

July 22, 1983

Golda Meir visits Denver



Taken during the 1950s, when Golda Meir visited Denver. With Golda, from left, are David Stein, Adolph Kiesler, Hy Friedman and Rabbi Herbert Friedman of Temple Emanuel.

Eddie Cantor supports Rose Hospital



The plans for Rose Hospital received a major boost as beloved comedian Eddie Cantor offered his support at a fundraising affair. All smiles were Rabbi Herbert Friedman, Max Goldberg, Joe Alpert, Eddie Cantor, Lou Cohan, Adolph Kiesler and Mark Shwayder.

Major figures in early Allied drive



It was due to the dedication and the perseverance of community leaders such as these that the early campaigns of the Allied were successful. These men not only gave generously, but by their example encouraged others to give also. Standing, Nat Rosenberg, Allied director, Edward Sheftel, Judge Lee Knous, unidentified, H. Goldman, Jesse Shwayder, Lou Cohan. Seated, l-r, Rabbi Herbert Friedman, Palmer Hoyt, Adolph Kiesler, unidentified, Moe Miller, Quigg Newton.

Baltic Memories

By MANUELA HOELTERHOFF

RIGA, Latvia — The faded snapshot shows a buxom, neatly dressed woman of about 50 years old holding a watering can in front of a house with a lace-curtained veranda. A hanging ivy tumbles down a sun-dappled corner. Oak and birch trees cast silvery reflections on the window-panes. The door is open.

This woman is my grandmother. In 1941 she tended the roses and geraniums, ivy and hedges for the last time in her house here. Many years later, following stops in Altenburg, Schwerin, Lodz, Berlin and Hamburg, she died, uprooted and unhappy, in the U.S. Eventually, there will be none left who remember her.

So it is with Latvia and the other Baltic States: Estonia and Lithuania. The data exist, but every day these small countries, tucked away between the northeast corner of Poland and the Soviet Union, slip more from the collective memory. Increasingly only those with family ties can point to their place on the world globe and remember their histories.

Latvia's fate stuns even in a century numbed by mass destruction and death. The country—about the size of Belgium and the Netherlands combined—lost about 250,000 people in World War I and a bloody battle of independence fought in 1918 against the new Soviet regime and Germany. In 1939, after a mere 20 years of freedom, Latvia was consigned to the Soviet sphere by the Hitler-Stalin Nonaggression Pact. Then, in 1941, the Nazis declared war on the Soviets and invaded Latvia, where they killed 90,000 people, primarily Latvians and Jews, at the camp in Salaspils, a short drive from Riga. Three years later, the Soviets "liberated" Latvia and gobbled it up: one of the many bloody morsels tossed to Stalin at Tehran.

A Journey to Riga

Lithuania and Estonia, whose experience with freedom proved similarly brief, were also forcibly incorporated into the U.S.S.R. Some 600,000 Balts were deported to Siberia or murdered between 1941 and 1949. The U.S. has never formally recognized the annexation of the Baltics, but treats it as a *fait accompli*.

Of our family friends or relatives who stayed behind, none survived the juggernaut of fascists and communists. Still, I had this photograph and like my mother, who is now in her 70s, often wondered what had happened to the house and garden. Together we journeyed this fall to Riga, whose nickname, she insists, was "little Paris."

Such journeys are potentially maudlin. Reality rarely stands up to memories. But after one shaky afternoon, Mother put away the handkerchief and calmly surveyed a city in which she was a total stranger. Anger and amazement took the place of sentimental reveries. Unlike in most other towns of the Western world (and Riga, however distant, was once part of it), the changes are not so much brought on by modernization as by primitive Sovietization that seeps into every nook and cranny of the 800-year-old city.

Visiting Riga was like visiting an archaeological site: Beneath the gloomy layers of socialism that choke the city like soot, there are vivid signs of a once sophisticated society.

Riga's statue of liberty—a slender damsel—still holds aloft her three gilded stars, though she now has a statue of Comrade Lenin to keep her company and the street's name has been changed from Freedom Boulevard to Lenin Street. But the street is still handsome—lined with trees and elegant *belle époque* mansions, and even big red banners do not completely disfigure the classical-style opera house (whose

company Richard Wagner once directed).

In the old section of town, two well-kept guild halls remind the visitor of Riga's mercantile past. Already in the 13th century, a Bremen bishop and troupe of Teutonic knights set up a trading station here on the banks of the river Duna, also called Dvina and Daugava, depending on whether you spoke German, Russian or Latvian—one of the oldest European languages. After several flourishing centuries as a city-state with a dominant German upper class, Riga was incorporated in the 18th century into Czarist Russia, which, however, avoided throttling Latvia's individual cosmopolitan mixture of different peoples and religions.

Our family grew up bourgeois, trilingual and eating enormous quantities of bread, butter, bacon and eggs—the Baltic States were a major exporter of grain and dairy products particularly to England and Germany. A few years ago, Latvia experienced a milk shortage.

"The struggle of man against power is the struggle of memory against forget-



ting," writes Milan Kundera, the Czech emigre, in "The Book of Laughter and Forgetting." Few know this better than the Soviets, and decades ago they implemented a policy of Russification to dilute memories of better, long-gone days that an embittered older generation might pass on to the next. So many Soviets have been sent to live and work in Latvia that Riga's population is now only 35% Latvian (53% in the entire country). Russian is the language of the bureaucracy.

When the Soviets are not shipping people in, they are shipping them out. The major newspaper, *Rigas Balss* (Voice of Riga), recently ran an article describing how 400,000 young people up to 40 years of age throughout the Soviet Union are annually impressed to help industrialize far-flung areas of the empire, Siberia in particular. The article does not mention that the native Balts are often prevented from and certainly not encouraged to return home.

The Latvians we met (mostly friends of emigres) seemed determined to postpone their ethnic disappearance, but resentment mixed with resignation. "Our only form of protest is to not speak Russian and to remember the facts," said a technician who was born during the last war. Other forms of protest are summarily dealt with. A 1982 report on the implementation of the Helsinki pact in Latvia (published by the World Federation of Free Latvians) lists long prison terms for dissidents guilty of the usual "crimes against the state" and reports various botched assassination attempts (such as showing a former political prisoner under a snowplow).

Every day we made deliveries, rolling out of the hotel, all bundled up and looking like the onion-domed cupolas on the Russian Orthodox Church (now a planetarium) outside our hotel window. In cars and apartments we would strip off one coat or two sweaters, mufflers and gloves for our new acquaintances or pull out of our

pockets ampules against arthritis. (Few packages reach Latvia these days, since the Soviets, in another move to cut off the Latvians, no longer permit the sender to pre-pay the exorbitant duty.)

And all the time, the city's physical past indicted the impoverished present. How often during our melancholy walks would my mother stop in front of a building and remember an era as remote as paradise. The 17th-century building in which she worked for a thriving cement company (and once occupied by Peter the Great); the boarded-up shop where my grandmother sold far better things than the stuff we had carted with us; the gloomy cafes, or the 16th-century castle that is now partly occupied by Pioneers—a kind of scout outfit that turns little boys and girls into pillars of communism.

In a recent Pioneer publication (reprinted by the U.S. Latvian News Digest) a local educator explained to his perplexed little brood why Soviet stores are empty while those in capitalist countries are full.

"People in capitalist countries do not earn enough money to buy such products and therefore they remain on the shelves," wrote the patient pedagogue. "The income of the Soviet peoples has been rising steadily so that now they can buy everything they desire. It is the buying power of the Soviet people that keeps the store shelves empty."

Like Night and Day

The empty-shelf syndrome might have something to do with the forced industrialization and militarization of this agrarian land. Instead of expanding Latvia's proven potential as a breadbasket, the Soviets are building factories and military installations (exploiting Latvia's proximity to European targets). Visitors cannot stray beyond the Baltic capitals, but it is no secret that two of the Soviet Union's eight airborne divisions are stationed in the Baltics; and, given the number of nuclear submarines, large and small surface warships, transport ships and amphibian landing units said to be parked here, it is surprising they are not bumping into one another.

Still, the Latvians hoe and grow as best they can. We ate well at an atmospheric, tiny restaurant in back of the cathedral (inaccessible to the ordinary Latvian without connections). And in the market halls the difference between the products coming from the collective farms and the tiny private plots worked by those who have filled their quota was like night and day. One cheerful cow owner happily treated us to a tasting of cheese samples; another old woman sold us a dripping piece of honeycomb. "The best," she said to her elderly customer, "the best. You remember."

Fortified by such tidbits, we slowly drove to the suburb of Imanta, near the once famous Riga beach and knocked on a peeling door. The lace curtains were gone; the ivy had died long ago. Once one small family had lived here; now there were four mailboxes and clearly no new plumbing. The bathtub my grandmother had just been ready to install more than 40 years ago, was standing in front of the veranda, filled with plywood and dirt.

After a few minutes, a young man in striped pajamas came down a dilapidated staircase. Martians wouldn't have surprised him more. When we told him who we were, he carefully buttoned his top, smiled and introduced himself as Litvinov of the Soviet air force. Then he walked over to a tumbledown thicket and gave his visitors two roses.

Ms. Hoelterhoff is the Journal's arts editor.

11.28.84

Dear Francine and Hubert,

Thank you very much for all
the affection and love you have
given me and for making
me feel like a member of
such a wonderful family. Everything
you do for me leaves me speechless,
because a simple thank you does
not reflect my feelings and I can not
put them into words.

Love - Vadim



לשנה טובה תכתבו

Happy New Year

לשנה טובה חתבו

Dear Francine, Herb, David and Charles!

We started last year with Love in our close family and it has been a very happy year for all of us, full of achievements and good luck.

Today as we are celebrating together the coming of 46th year I want to thank you for all that you have done for me and to wish all of you good health, good luck, happiness and success. May the coming New Year in your new undertakings. There is to another great be one of joy and fulfillment year.

Love, Vadim & Lillian
for you and your loved ones