



Abba Hillel Silver Collection Digitization Project

Featuring collections from the Western Reserve Historical Society and
The Jacob Rader Marcus Center of the American Jewish Archives

MS-4787: Abba Hillel Silver Papers, 1902-1989.

Series III: Personal Correspondence, 1914-1964, undated.

Sub-series A: Chronological, 1914-1964.

Reel
140

Box
49

Folder
273

Personal correspondence, 1955?.



Nathaniel Bloomfield

WRHS



DEAR RABBI SILVER,

[1955?]

BECAUSE WE KNOW THAT
YOU PREFER TO HAVE THIS
"FEE" DONATED TO CHARITY,
SUE AND I WOULD APPRECIATE
HAVING THIS GIFT ADD A SMALL
PART TO THE EFFORT OF
THE RELIGIOUS SCHOOL EXPANSION
PROGRAM. MANY THANKS
ACCOMPANY IT.

2919 Kitchfield Rd
Cleveland 20, Ohio



[1955]

Dear Rabbi,

Bruce asked me to see
that you received the enclosed
check, and to Thank you again for
starting them out on married
life so beautifully.

Sincerely
Kathleen Lerner

Dear Rabbi Silver,

[1955?]

As you probably know,

Barbara Bing and I announced
our engagement this past month

It was only a few years ago
that you confirmed both Barlow
and me, and now we would
like very much and consider
it an honor if you would

SIDMON J. KAPLAN



perform our marriage ceremony.
We have discussed possible dates,
and it is almost certain that our
wedding will be June 30th at 8:00 or 8:30.

We realize your many other
commitments, and I do hope
that you have no other engage-
ments for this date.

Sincerely
Sid Kaplan

Dear Rabbi:

..... [1955?]

It is very difficult at a time like this to put in words the things we like to say. But may you know that I appreciate very much the service you rendered at the Cleveland Temple Memorial for my late departed husband

Manning J Glick.

I am enclosing a check which I presume you will use to which ever fund you desire.

Thanks again

Respectfully yours

Mrs Mae Glick

1724 Middlehurst
Rd

Oct. 18

We wish to acknowledge

with sincere thanks

the kind expression of

your sympathy

Mrs. Mae Glick

(over)

[1955?]
Dear Rabbi and Mrs. Selove;

A note to let you know
of my successful completion
of my studies at the College.
The Temple was the fertile
grounds wherein my desire
to enter the rabbinate was
born, and your leadership
remains the guideposts to
set me's life by.

With my thanks and
good wishes, I am:

Sincerely yours,
Morton Kontler

Dear Uncle Abba,

[1955?]

We imagine you're all set for the holidays after the Canada vacation. Here's to a happy, healthy New Year for you and your now "complete" family. I'm sure you'll find this approaching year one of the most joyous ever, with the lovely additions to the Silver clan to help make it so.

Ann and I wish to take

this opportunity to give
you our thanks for con-
ducting the very touching
ceremony for your great-
nephew, Kurt Matthew - משה!

It was a fine way to start
him off, and with such name-
sakes as models, we hope he
will grow to live up to all of
our fondest expectations for
him as an American and a
Jew.



Our best to you and all
the family now and always.

Affectionately,
Naomi and Arvey

WRHS



15 Clark Court
Oberlin, Ohio

[1955]

~~375, PARK AVENUE~~

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bayard Swope, Sr.

announce their removal from the above address
to

1060 Fifth Avenue

New York 28, N. Y.

Telephone: Templeton 1-2321

Temporary Address for the Summer Months

Sands Point
Port Washington
Long Island, N. Y.

Telephone: Port Washington 7-0160

AIR MAIL

ג'תשנ"ה

1955

EMER HOTEL POSTCARD
תל אביב-יפו Ltd.
CORRESPONDENCE

כתובת
ADDRESS

Jerusalem Nov. 6th 1955

Warm regards & best
wishes from the city
of David. Am deeply
thrilled to breathe
again the exhilarating
air of this eternal city.
It's wonderful to be home
on leave.

Sincerely
!מאזנאל
Simcha Pratt

Printed by Joseph
אברהם יוסף

Rabbi

A. H. Silver
The Temple
Cleveland, Ohio

U. S. A.



This is not a repetition of
1951 but the congress is dull
and the star performers on the
weak side.

Most cordial regards

James T. Murphy

[1955]

Printed in Israel - Copyright by

WRIT



VIA AIR MAIL

Dr. H. Abba Hibel Silver
The Temple
P. 105 St. & Ansel Rd.
Cleveland, Ohio
U. S. A.

(1955)

Dear Rabbi Silver,

Please accept the
enclosed check made out to you
in person as a donation to the
Temple Fund.

This is just a small
token of my appreciation for performing
such a beautiful ceremony - and
your kindness to chaperone us to New
York the following morning!

Many thanks -

Sincerely,
Alan Friedman

[1955]

To Goodbody & Co
Nat'l City E 6th

5715.68

Put in note saying this

for

100

shs

Inspiration

Copper

in

A/c

R.D

and P.L. Silver

[1955]

orig. sent to
CDS 8/3/55

C O P Y

Commission on Rabbinic Placement

3080 Broadway
New York 27, New York

Rabbi Wolfe Kelman
Director

Dear Dr. Silver:

I am taking the liberty of writing this letter to you to call your attention to a Rabbi Sholom Silver who has been visiting a number of communities for the purpose of obtaining a position and claiming that he is a relative of yours. I would not be questioning this statement except for the fact that he has also mentioned my name as an acquaintance in several communities although I do not recall ever meeting him.

I have been informed by Claremont, New Hampshire which he most recently served that their relationship was a most painful and unhappy one. I need hardly tell you that most communities would be deeply impressed by the prospect of obtaining a relative of yours as their rabbi and if his claims are unfounded, you might consider it proper to disavow these claims.

Please do not hesitate to communicate with me if I can be of any assistance to you in this matter.

With every good wish, I am

Sincerely yours,

/s/

Wolfe Kelman

[1955?]

Mrs. J.B. Robinson
3682 Latimore Rd.
Cleveland 22, O.

Dear Rabbi Silver;

Would it be possible to obtain a ticket for your Yom Kippur Service for an ex service man who is visitng in Cleveland?

He will be at the above address. If there is a charge we will be glad to pay for it.

With best wishes for a Happy and peaceful New Year, and many thanks,

Sincerely yours,

Mrs J B Robinson



*ok
Muhler Feld.
Ticket.
LB.*

[1955?]

4062 Sibley Road
University Hts., 18,
Ohio

Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver
Silver's Temple
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Rabbi Silver,

I am a junior high school student. Our algebra class would be interested in knowing if algebra has helped your career in anyway. We were wondering if we would have any use for it in our later lives. Did you ever take algebra? If so how has it helped you? We would appreciate an answer.

Thank you
Sincerely yours
Judith Miller

[1955?]

MARVIN A. KANE
1666 East 40th Street
Cleveland, Ohio

During my visit to Mexico City on March 2, 1953, I had an interesting experience meeting and talking to the chief of the Indian-Jews of Mexico --

Senor Laureano B. Ramirez
Donceles 98,
Mexico, D. F.
Mexico

I felt this experience would be of interest to others. I asked Senor Ramirez a number of questions to which he replied in writing. The following are the questions asked and Senor Ramirez' answers:

1. Does your synagogue have a Rabbi?
2. If it does have a Rabbi, is he himself of Jewish-Indian lineage?
3. Where did he receive his theological training?
4. How are your services conducted?
5. Does your synagogue conduct a school for the religious education of your children?
6. How many Jewish-Indians are there in Mexico at the present time?
7. Is your synagogue building in Mexico City the only one of its kind for persons of Jewish-Indian stock?
8. When was the Jewish-Indian community of Mexico founded, and what is the history of your people in Mexico?
9. Are the people of the Jewish-Indian community engaged in the same occupations as the general Mexican Communities in which they live, or are they in specialized occupations?
10. Is your synagogue a member of the Jewish Community Center in Mexico City which is known as the Comité Central Israelita de Mexico?
11. What prayerbook does your congregation use, and is it in Hebrew or Spanish?
12. Was the late President Madero Jewish by religion or just by ethnic background?
13. Is it true that his wife was a practicing Jewess?
14. Are a great majority of your people adherents of Zionism?
15. Please let me have the name and address of your synagogue.

SEÑOR LAUREANO B. RAMIREZ
Donceles 98,
Mexico, D.F.
Mexico

1. Yes
2. Yes
3. In Mexico City between the years 1917-1922, by a Jewish-Spanish professor, the late Francisco Rivas, a teacher of Greek, Hebrew, Latin and French in the University. He was our first President in our General Committee of Congregation.
4. The services in the synagogue are conducted in both languages, Hebrew and Spanish. All the "Berajoth" are in Spanish; "Shema" in both languages and chanted with organ music; "Kadish", "Michamocho", "En Keloheno", "Ma Tov", "Eli Eli", "Vigdal", "Kol Nidre", are chanted in Hebrew with the organ. There are 35 songs in Spanish written by me, but chanted with Hebrew music. These beautiful songs are chanted on high holy days.
5. Our synagogue conducts a school twice a week for religious education of our children. This preparation is in the Spanish language. Besides this education, every child attends Hebrew schools in town.
6. We count at present 3,000 persons in all the Country. We have, in Mexico City, 50 families.
7. In Mexico City is the only synagogue of its kind. In other towns in the country, services are held at private homes.
8. During the penultimate decade of XVI Century, our so much mourned Don Luis de Carvajal y de la Cueva was commissioned in Spain to enforce peace on the natives who were in revolt against the Spanish Crown. These natives lived in a vast zone along the Gulf of Mexico, which comprised the territory from Tampico up to New Orleans. He fought the Indians; he took the children away from their mothers, and their husbands were sent to the South of the country.

It is well known that during the XVI Century, the Israelites were continuously persecuted. Forty-thousand families of the Tribe of Juda, and ten-thousand of the Tribe of Benjamin settled in Spain in the times of Adriane, and founded synagogues and magnificent schools in the country which sheltered them, thus contributing to the intellectual development of the Spanish people. The people of this country could hardly be called warriors and had consequently even forgotten the use of weapons.

The envy and selfishness of the Roman-Catholics soon plotted nigh the throne of Fernando and Isabel, and obtained from the Spanish Court, the publication of the famous Decree of March 31, 1492. Said Decree warned the Israelite families to abandon the kingdom immediately and intensified the persecution in such a way that the expelled people from Spain could not enter the territory of the Indies without previous permission from the high authorities of the Roman Church.

Notwithstanding the difficulties and prohibitions established in New Spain, many Israelite families went to the World of Columbus and there lived an isolated life, hiding their religion, concealing their own relatives and, in many cases, disclaiming their own parents on account of the peculiar conditions prevailing in New Spain.

In 1580 Lorenzo Suarez de Mendoza, Conde de la Coruna was named Viceroy of New Spain. On June 14, 1579 Don Luis de Carvajal de la Cueva was appointed, through a royal decree signed by Felipe II at Toledo, to go to New Spain to appease the aforementioned region which had risen in rebellion. A fleet was therefore ordered by the Catholic King to leave Spain at once, transferring the new Viceroy, accompanied by Don Luis Carvajal de la Cueva.

This brave man, considering that this commission offered him a magnivicent opportunity in favor of his persecuted people, obtained from the Spanish authorities, a special permit to transfer one-hundred Israelite families, who did not travel surreptitiously, since they were on the same ship as the Viceroy de Mendoza and Carvajal de la Cueva. The royal decree stated the agreement with the Spanish authorities, that when Carvajal went to New Spain with the one-hundred Israelite families, he found a special territory where the said families would be accommodated. To this effect he was granted an area of 702,244 square kilometers; that is, eight hundred and thirty-eight kilometers on each side. It was Senor Carvajal y de la Cueva's aim that those Israelites who had left Spain should settle down in these lands, since he undoubtedly foresaw the persecution of which his brothers were going to be the object of in some other parts of the planet. He wanted to maintain his people united, providing for them a new way of living that would protect them and contribute to the development of the family of Israel. The area comprised what is now the States of Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon, Coahuila, part of Zatecas, part of Burango, northern part of San Luis Potos, Nayarit, Sinaloa, Chihuahua and the State of Texas.

The appointment given by the King of Spain to Senor Carvajal y de la Cueva empowered him to become Governor of the New Kingdom of Leon (the City of Monterrey) and at the same time to name as inheritor whomever he pleased. It must be stated that the one-hundred families who were immediately to be transferred, did not have to prove whether they were Jews or not, or recently converted Moors. This appointment as Governor is strange enough when considering the cruel stubborn times and the fact that one had to deal with such a frantic monarch as Filipe II. In said appointment, it was clearly specified to conduct one-hundred families without proof of whether they were Israelites or not.

Don Luis Carvajal y de la Cueva was born in the year 1537 of Israelite parents, and was a native of Villa de Mogodorio, Portugal, having landed in New Spain for the first time in the year 1567. In fact, it is known that Senor Carvajal came to New Spain several times, therefore, he knew the land where he devoted his life in the breeding of animals in a small ranch near Panuco, Veracruz, by the name of "Santa Lucia".

With a profound knowledge of the place he was going to conquer for his people, and with two-hundred soldiers which were furnished him by the city of Mexico, from Tampico he penetrated the territory he had dreamed of as a land for his brothers of Israel. He went so far in his wanderings as to found the city of Leon, New Cerralvo; then he founded New Almaden, New Monclova in the State of Coahuila, and finally he founded San Luis in commemoration of his birthday in the midst of the jungle of the hot country. The place was later called Monterrey, in honor of the Count of the same name who was viceroy of New Spain.

In all of the aforementioned places he settled Jewish families, for which reason there are, even today, in the northern part of the country, people by the name of Perez, Montemayor, Soriano, Lopez, Moreno, Rodriguez, Carvajal, Luna, Nunez, Trevino, Medina, etc. Diegonde Montemayor was the first mayor Mr. Carvajal named in the city of Monterrey, and he was an Israelite of direct lineage.

When Don Luis de Carvajal y de la Cueva left Spain, his old country, he brought with him nephews and many other relatives. Having left his wife, Guiomar de Rivera, in Seville, he settled his nearest of kin in the City of Panuco, Veracruz.

At this time, and prior to it, there were two merchants living in Mexico City who, upon being informed that Mr. Carvajal's relatives had arrived in Tampico, made haste to go to that city for the purpose of inviting the Carvajal's family to come to Mexico City because of social environment and furthermore, because there was a better guarantee for continuing the practice of their Israelite religion. The Carvajal family consented to move to Mexico City, and very soon Don Luis' two sisters contracted matrimony with said two rich merchants in this Capital. On the occasions of the betrothals and marriages, metropolitan society learned that the family, together with the aforementioned merchants, was Israelite, and immediately denounced them to the Inquisitions Tribunal. The several trials against the Carvajal family are very well known; so much so, that we can say with entire frankness that it amounted to a real tragedy in which the greater part of the members of this unfortunate family lost their lives.

The Governor, Don Luis de Carvajal y de la Cueva had already had some serious difficulties with the viceroy provoked by jurisdictional competence, since Carvajal himself had started a suit before the Courts of Mexico.

The Count of La Coruna, Lorenzo Suarez de Mendoza, resentful at having lost the suit Carvajal had brought against him, and taking advantage of the circumstance of denunciation made at the time of the marriage which was celebrated by the Governor's relatives, investigated the genealogy of Carvajal with the help of a Jewish prisoner who had been brought at this time from the Huasteca el Potosi, and the necessary steps were taken to have the Tribunal receive the official denunciation; it being immediately ordered that a judge set out instantly with one-hundred and fifty soldiers to seize the Governor of the New Kingdom of Leon on the charge of being "judaizers". It was known that Don Luis de Carvajal was in Tampico, instructing the Israelites as to what they should do in the event that he be seized by order of the Tribunal of the Holy Office. These instructions, in as far as we know about them from tradition, were that they (the Israelites) should concentrate in Monclova. That is to say, in New Almaden, or finally in Monterrey, because in these two places Don Luis had the most friends and, they judged, he would be safer from probable religious persecution.

The judge, with his retinue of soldiers, arrived in the city of Leon (Cerralvo) where the lieutenant Diego de Montamayor received him, and having seen the commissions and the severe order he carried, accompanied the judge and his men to the village of Santiago del Saltillo, and from there, guided by Captain Morlette, they went to the village of New Almaden (Monclova) where they found Mr. Carvajal y de la Cueva who, upon being informed of the order of which they were bearers, allowed himself to be seized. He was then taken to the jail of the court and later to the secret jails of the Inquisition of Mexico. A long trial accompanied by torture, condemned him to six years banishment from the Indies, but he could not leave because of another trial against him resulting from differences he had with the Viceroy over jurisdiction. He was condemned on the 24th of February, 1590, and the possessions of his sisters, nephews and other relatives were all confiscated. He died of grief while still in jail.

Another trial was instituted against Carvajal's nephew, also named Luis de Carvajal, charging him and all his relatives with being backsliders, and delivering him and them to the stake. We venerate Luis de Carvajal (the younger) as the first martyr in America. His memory is sacred to us even to this day, and we believe that eternal honor and glory are his for having died in the glorious faith of Adonai.

After the imprisonment of Carvajal y de la Cueva, the Jews of Panuco, Tampico, some places in Tamaulipas, sought refuge in the city of Monterrey in accordance with the instructions of their chief. Almost all of them changed their names to evade, in this manner, persecution from the Tribunal of the Inquisition, but in spite of these measures the number of these tried was one-hundred and twenty. Very soon the settlers of the New Kingdom of Leon, New Almaden (Monclova), Ciudad de Leon (Cerralvo) abandoned their lands, and most of them found generous refuge in the city of Saltillo, Coahuila, but the Inquisition, in its work of persecution, found them even there, whence they headed toward the river "El Salado" lead by Castano de Sosa.

They then followed the "Los Cedritos" river until they reached the great cities such as Aguascalientes, San Luis Potosi, Guadalajara, Morelia and some others in the South, touching in their voyage the principal gold mines. In said places they settled for a long time.

There exists the special circumstance that in those places that Don Luis de Carvajal pacified, many of the aborigens became converts to Judaism, thus engrossing the families and forming the different communities in the places where they found themselves.

Another special circumstance which exists is that after having dispersed from the places where they lived so long, we gradually find that it was necessary that new routes be followed in order to evade the persecution of the Tribunal of the Inquisition. One of the measures adopted and which yielded magnificent results was to arrive at the larger towns passing as Christians, attending Mass every Sunday, and some of them had to appear to be such thorough Christians as to receive Holy Communion from the hands of the Catholic Priests.

After the Inquisition was ended by decree in 1821, on the occasion of the consumation of Independence, the descendants who had kept the faith in spite of the thousands and thousands of persecutions, started to organize each Saturday, the former gatherings to extole the Creator of the universe, only God of Abraham, Isaac and of Jacob, and again they were persecuted without anyone being held to an inquisitional trial or his case being con- signed to any competent authority. Under these conditions this period became completely unfavorable, their women and children were delivered to Roman Church elements to be indoctrinated in the ways of Christianity. It is a truly difficult task to find out exactly how our people lived and how they developed fater their stay in larger cities. The general condition of the country made them adopt in the different groups, some special measures intheir faith, in the training of their children, some special proceedings in their private life and some peculiar manners in their exterior life. The fact is that, in spite of the difficulties, in spite of all their persecutions, in spite of all the debasement to which they were subjected, the descendants of Israel conserved more than vestiges of the religion of our forebearers. The language (Hebrew) was lost because of the poverty to which the group was subjected, being reduced to an infinitesimal number and placing it in the lowest social condition.

Our luck changed in the last 40 years, helping the revolution headed by one of our brothers, Don Francisco I. Madero, the magnificent contingent to the revolutionary forces given by our group, moved the directors of the revolution toward the expedition of laws which should effectively bring out the liberty of conscience which had been proclaimed by the President of the Republic, Benito Juarez, in 1857.

In 1830 they called a general meeting with a good part of their members. This meeting was held in Mexico City. In that assembly was discussed a kind of platform which was submitted to the liberal government of that epoch, in such platform they proposed to the Federal Government, freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, civil marriage and some guaranties in penal proceedings. When the catholic people knew all about the decisions of such convention, they said that our people were "crazy". In spite of such things, they met again in 1833, elevating their petitions to Federal Congress, and in 1857 they obtained all that they had been asking before. Until today, these high principles are in our Federal Constitution of the Country. We consider this task as an inheritance from our forefathers to the Mexican people.

For the past 95 years our fathers have been suffering to obtain a complete organization of all our people in different parts of the country, having succeeded in the year 1917 in organizing our first committee in Mexico City and having celebrated in the city of Saltillo our first convention honoring the fact that that city sheltered our fathers in the time of trial and pressure.

This meeting took place in 1925. We consider Saltillo as a place blessed by the Most High in virtue of having enabled our forefathers to recover, make new decisions to prosecute their pilgrimages through the country, banished from humanity only because they carried within their hearts a jewel a thousand times precious and sublime THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL.

The festivals of Israel, such as New Year's Day, Day of Forgiveness, Sukoth, Purim, Hanucca, Passover, have been preserved among us with rigorous scrupulousness. We are familiar also with the day of mourning called "Tishabeab", though we do not observe it on any determined day because, for us in this country, our "Tishabeab" has not ended and we are mourning in our hearts the blood of our forefathers infamously shed exactly 345 years ago.

In the year 1925 we obtained a lot in Colonia Vallejo. Then we acquired from one of our already deceased sisters, the means to erect the synagogue as it stands today. It is just to say in passing that the condition of the few elements that remain standing need special preparation in the intellectual sense. We lack the indispensable elements to again incorporate them in Israelite life just as it has been in the past. We fight for the present generation, so that we can form them within the grounds of Hebrew philosophy. That is to say, the problems we have upon us are so numerous and so complex that anyone who comes to live among us will be taken aback to think of the enormous load that has been deposited upon our backs by our fathers.

Our general committee is in charge of watching over the moral necessities of our people who are scattered over the various districts of the country. We help them with advice and moral indications, and in our struggle for organization, we stumble against endless obstacles. In spite of everything, we have won so far.

In the last 18 years which have elapsed, we have maintained relations with groups that have been established in this country, even when we have received no moral encouragements from said groups. Nevertheless, the facts regarding our own existence have been publicized by means of radio and the press throughout the world. The consequences are that, while some have admired us, others have criticized our way of being, making demands upon us which we have ignored because of the facts which we have mentioned.

At present we have in our group, Lawyers, Medical Doctors, Public School Teachers and Engineers, besides the young people of whom we expect something in the near future.

9. Our people in the country are small merchants, farmers and cattle raisers.
10. We don't belong to "Comite Central Israelita" and the reasons are in my exposition of question eight.
11. Our prayer book is in both languages, Spanish and Hebrew, according to the custom of the Spanish Jews. It is in one page the Hebrew and in the opposite page the Spanish.
12. The late President Madero was of Jewish ethnic background.
13. Sara Perez, the Madero's widow, is in New York, but we ignore if she is a practicing Jewess.
14. All my people in the country consider the Zionism as our second religion. We know very well the teachings on the matter of Theodore Herzl.
15. The name of our synagogue in Mexico City is a Hebrew name, "Kahal Kedosh Bene Elohim", 254 Caruso Street, Colonia Vallejo, Mexico, MEX D. F.

(Signed) Laureano B. Ramirez

Dear Rabbi Silver:

[1955?]

I have a newspaper clipping before me. It was written on the occasion of your 60th birthday. It says: "Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver began in the Herzel Lion Club, one of the earliest boys groups in the history of American Zionism formed in 1904 the year of Herzl's death"

"Years later the Club was celebrating the Bar Mitzvah of the President. Its President then and its natural Leader for years after was Abba Hillel Silver. " A natural Leader the best Great Jew.

Dear Rabbi Silver now it is a question of Life and Death that you, who has the best mind of all living Jews, to start to work without one minute delay to save Israel. Go to the President of the U.S.A. Go to the U.N. to Ben Gurion, ^{everywhere} Do as only You can do everything to save ~~from~~ destruction Israel, and from the terrible sufferings and death those poor Jews there, who went through hell already, and still have the strength to build up Israel. They work harder than any nation ever. As you write about the Diskin Bephan Home Jerusalem "It is the ^{most interesting} finest condition of our people. Its cleanliness, orderliness and efficiency should inspire the generosity of Jews the world over "

You yourself are the greatest inspiration.
We get letters every day from Israel
They are full of ambition, their
spirit, their moral is wonderful

You have the brains to find out
a solution. The leaders in Israel
are good, but tired and too close
to the whole situation, you as
the prophets, have the God given
correct judgment to know what
to do to save Israel.

Please! please! no modesty
should keep you back from
acknowledging that you have
the best mind of all Jews today,
put it to work and you'll see
you will save Israel.

If it needs money as every
enterprise needs I'm sure we Jews
will give as much as we can and more
! Hurry! Hurry! Time is very short
Every Jew should give more than ever
You, please give what no other Jew
has, the great heart of a great mind
When England was in trouble they called
Churchill, now you should help in ~~the~~ our
greatest trouble. Thanks thanks yours sincerely
Mrs. Anton Stein! 1096 Waterman St. Detroit Mich

[1955]
July 20, - Sept. 28, 1955

Senator John W. Bricker
124 Senate Office Bldg.
Washington 25, D. C.

Dear Senator Bricker:-

If your Honor will be so kind as to recall that each person's affairs are most important to himself, you will forgive the intrusion of this letter upon your most valuable time and, since my affairs have now become a matter of life and death, I pray that you will pardon the writing and have patience with the reading of it. (Especially the first part but which has a bearing on the latter and more important part.)

I know that in return, I shall set down here nothing but the truth however, much of what has happened to me during the past six years shall have been forgotten and much shall have to be omitted in order to save time and space.

Partly because I wouldn't take anything from anyone but mostly because my husband was very much influenced and dominated by his mother, my marriage to Mr. Sam Engel was not a success. The fact is that every time we had argued (whether it was my fault or his own) he would stop talking to me and leave without giving me any money for food. It was during the depression and I was not working. Often two or three weeks would pass in this way and I would simply go to my parent's home for my meals. "Maybe we would get along better if we had a child," said my husband to me one day. "Maybe," was my reply.

The winters in Cleveland, Ohio are sometimes pretty rugged and since our son Bernerd was only a few months old and still at

my breast, it wasn't very convenient to dress us both and go to my mother's to eat and not knowing where to turn, I telephoned a Mrs. Lee who ran a daily column in one of the newspapers advising many people on various problems. She advised that the Domestic Relations Court would help and a few days later, a very nice elderly man spoke to us both and ended up by telling my husband to support his family. From there I went to pick up the baby and upon my returning home, I found my husband packing. He had taken his mother's wedding gift, torn our wedding pictures (taking the half that he was on) and had gone back to his mother's house. "I am not going to live with a woman who takes me to court," was his answer to my father.

From the time my son had been one week old, he had had a continuous cough and when he was about 4½ years old, a specialist said that he couldn't give him any medication but that if he would be living in a warm climate, he would probably grow out of his bronchial condition. It was in 1936 when I drove to Los Angeles with him in an old model T Ford.

He was a good child and I knew he wouldn't get into trouble but when I had to go to work and Mrs. Bornstein didn't show up to take care of him, I locked him in the house in order to keep him off the street and told him that when the clock rang, he was to eat his lunch which I had prepared on the table.

The Out-Patient Department of The White Memorial Hospital was wonderful in helping us out with all his childhood diseases and I myself had gone there with a skin disorder on my hands, a vaginal discharge, the removal of some growths and other minor things.

In addition to his schooling, my son was busy with his music lessons and recitals and at twelve when he was asked to practice his piano four hours each day, he gave up the entire project. He then slid into preparations for his Bar Mitzvah at the local Synagogue. After delivering his Confirmation speeches, his teacher Mrs. Deutsch turned to me and while hugging and kissing me, she said "Mrs. Engel, that boy is a born actor." I laughed it off. "I have trained boys for many years and I know," she continued.

I had never meant to make an actor of him but at this time, since he had nothing but his school work to attend to, I enrolled him in a Theatre Workshop thinking that instead of hanging around street corners, he would learn to work with others and to memorize things etc. Teachers and directors seemed very impressed with his ability and began to star him in many plays. "Mrs. Engel, promise me that you will never take this boy off the stage for he is a natural," said one and "He's born for the stage," and "He has stage presence," were explained by still others. I didn't like the whole thing and when I told them that I no longer could afford to pay the \$60.00 a month, they begged me to let him continue without charge. During his graduation semester, he was starred in a \$4,000 production at Hollywood High School.

His father who had sent some support for him during all this time and who had come out to Los Angeles on three of his vacations to see the boy, paid his first year's tuition at Western Reserve University in Cleveland. Mr. Engel had married a widow who was some years older than himself; she had two sons, a good sized Kosher Delicatessen (Perkal's) business and some other properties.

"Your son is talented Mrs. Engel," said Dr. Leatham (Dramatic Arts Director) to me when I stopped in Cleveland on my way to New

York to live with a friend of mine who was also divorced and with whom I had been corresponding since we had both graduated from a school in Cleveland.

It was in 1950 and I was working for Michaelban's Insurance Agency in Manhattan when Mr. Engel phoned me to come to Cleveland to see that Bernie got back to school for he had quit in the middle of his second semester. Bernie was majoring in Drama and his father wanted him to study something else. "You know the circumstances son," I said to Bernie. "We should consider ourselves lucky that your father wants to pay for your education and I do believe you ought to try something else." (In my heart I felt that the boy should be given an opportunity at what he had his heart set upon.) I could get nowhere with Bernie on the subject. "Teachers and directors spoke very highly of his talent and so many people cannot be wrong," I said to Mr. Engel. "Please give him a chance Sam and one day when he finds out for himself that it does not pay, he can still go into business or something." (Since the entire term had been paid for, the boy returned to school on the original basis.)

Seeing a real problem on my hands, I decided to remain in Cleveland and took a small apartment. Eddington St. consisted almost entirely of two story, two family houses with most of them having converted the attics (even though they were fire hazards) into two or three housekeeping rooms. Mine was furnished, lacking only refrigeration. It was very hot up there under the roof and Mr. and Mrs. Goldfisher (the landlords) were looking around for an ice box. A few weeks later they decided not to invest in one however, they had no objection to my buying one myself.

In the meantime, I got fired from the Freiberg Insurance Agency without even giving me the benefit of a reason for this action. (I

might have realized at this point that my life was being tempered with for, I had never been the kind of employee who needed to get fired.) My son pointed out later that a jeweler who was in the immediate neighborhood of the Freiberg Agency, was a brother of Mrs. Perkal Engel, his father's wife.

When the Sears men were about to install the frigidaire, the Goldfishers didn't allow them to bring it up. (They had become afraid of the Law, they said, although they knew that the authorities looked the other way on these matters now since housing was so scarce. "In addition," they said "We will have to shut off the gas too." Although Bernie still lived at his father's house, he took many of his meals in my apt. and remaining without gas at this time, caused me to be quite distressed. I called upon Mr. Engel to help. "Bernie has a home," was his reply. In due time I was deprived of my lights as well. (If only I had known to take my son and leave Cleveland then.)

Thanksgiving came with a snow so deep that one could not tell where there was a car at the curb and where there was not. The city was paralyzed. There was hardly any food in the house for I had been eating out. There was no heat since there was no gas in the kitchen stove. The heater I had bought had simply been removed. "Electric heating, too expensive." I would however get my heater back when I moved. Mr. Engel phoned "Are you keeping warm?" Mrs. Goldfisher came up with a glass of steaming hot coffee "We are all only sinners," she said,

By next summer, I had lost two more jobs and Bernie was doing Summer Stock in Meadville, Pa. Mrs. Sanford Nudelman, a friend of mine since our teens, got me an apartment in an uncle's place. Here, I was to know some peace for the next three years.

Bernie was hurt over the fact that although his father and step mother had gone to visit him at Meadville, they never stopped to see

any of the plays even though he was starred in quite a number of them.

All along, Mr. Engel kept on reminding us that he was not going to pay for another semester at school. It was at this time that he himself in person came to deliver Bernie's mail to me - - - It was from the Draft Board. "You and I have never been divorced in Jewish," he said to me. "I know it," I replied (not aware at the time that he had obtained it many years earlier ^{from Rabbi Genuth} without my knowledge or permission.) "That means that you and I can still live together as man and wife," he continued. "I have heard that your wife is a very remarkable woman but I still cannot imagine myself in the background of her," was my reply. "I find your proposition insulting Sam because I am your son's mother, remember?" I added.

Mr. Engel has two philosophical theories:

- (1) - "Money can buy anything and everything."
- (2) - "If you don't push the next fellow around, he will push you around."

To the letter, Bernie had once answered: "Let him push me around, I like it better." And as for the former, I know it to be a fact that bribing people are the first as well as the last thoughts to enter his mind. During a part of the two years and eight months we were married, my father had made us a small pawnshop store. At regular intervals a detective would come to check upon articles we had taken in and if he had found that they had been stolen, he would take them to the police station. I saw my husband push cash into the man's hand time and again in order to keep him from reporting the articles. (I had never seen my father do that in his own store.)

I had thought it a coincidence when I saw a brand new box of cigars of my husband's brand on my attorney's desk when I was trying to get my divorce but, when the man began to double talk, I knew and I did

change my attorneys.

On August 28, 1951, Bernie enlisted in the Navy. He was the only one of all his school friends to have failed his College Qualification test - - - The army meant two years, the Navy meant four. The boy was at a loss as to what to do and his father who had had a brother and two nephews in the Second World War, refused to discuss the matter and to advise him.

I found my work in Pathology at Mt. Sinai Hospital a God sent. I loved the work and the people. The Administration as well as the Laboratory heads Drs. B. S. Kline and Harold Gold, were grateful for my putting in four-five hours daily beyond my regular eight hour day. I was glad to remain at the hospital after five o'clock for to go home meant to eat alone and to worry about my son. In addition, I was learning a new field and at the same time, clearing up many Surgical Specimens for which the books and files showed no final diagnoses. Also, there were about 300 Autopsies that the seretaries had never gotten around to. Many months later when most of this work had been put into order, I undertook to go "charting" two-three nights weekly. This meant to go into all the wards after five o'clock and record into patient's charts all tests done that day by the various Labs. This had to be very accurate work, was paying nicely and had always been done by Medical students or Lab. technicians.

Upon completing his basic training, Bernie was assigned to remain at Great Lakes, Illinois. Lt. Gene (Eugene) Whiteman, Iowa (Navy) and he were to supply shows for the Service Personnel and their families. Together, they had visited me as well as his father's house in Cleveland on several occasions. In due time, Lt. Whiteman introduced my son to a Capt. and Mrs. James Oliver (Marine). They were from San Francisco and had a little girl and were also residing at the Base. "What do you

think I ought to get Mrs. Oliver for a gift Mom? She has insisted that I stay at their house and has nursed me through a bad cold," said my son to me one day. "Don't get her anything personal dear for she is a married woman," was my answer. He did as I had asked and got her something for the house. Next, Bernie was allowed to produce the Tennessee Williams play "The Glass Menagerie." He designed the set, supplied the music and chose Bette (Mary Elizabeth) Oliver to star as 'Amanda.' At this time, although still married to Jim and living in his house, Bette began to go out on dates with my son. Later, in my own son's words, Jim and Bette "staged" a reason for divorce by having a couple over to their house to witness Jim's striking her in their presence. Bette (seven-eight years older) and Bernie were to be married. On his side, Jim has simply handed Bette and his child over to Bernie 'on a silver platter' as the saying goes, and has remained Bernie's best friend in the bargain. Need I explain what anguish I went through over this situation?

As was his habit, Bernie brought all his mail home on a week-end and as was not my usual habit, I read Bette's love letters to Bernie. They were full of love and assurances - - - "Your parents will come around, you'll see, etc." Without my having invited her, Bette was coming to spend a few days with me in Cleveland. "Mrs. Engel," were her first words to me "I thought I would never get him. He paid no attention to me whatever." I found her very beautiful and very intelligent and after a few days, very likeable. Feminine and graceful; the kind that most men would like and who would make her life easy. She was married to a Captain and could easily do as well for herself again and I frankly wondered what she saw in Bernie, a plain Seaman and one who needed to continue with his schooling when he got out. They were to be married in September and upon inquiry by mail, I found that the Courts of Chicago

nor its suburbs had any record of such a divorce having taken place. I made a noise about this and on a special trip to Chicago, I found that an insertion, not in line with the others had been made in the books of the Main Court House in Chicago. I was told that their letter to me to the contrary was an error on the part of the clerk. Mr. Engel summoned us to a Rabbi Genuth before whom he wished to discuss the matter. The Rabbi talked and talked and gave example after example where such marriages did not work out. ^{upon my suggestion} His father promised a \$5,000 education fund and a new Pontiac Catalina Convertible. "Can you give me one good reason why you want to marry this woman?" asked the Rabbi in conclusion. "Can you give me one good reason why I should not?" asked my son. "She isn't Jewish for one thing," said the Rabbi. "I wasn't taught to discriminate among people," said Bernie.

His father came to tell me that he was cutting Bernie entirely out of his will and also that his wife's doctor was surprised that he, Mr. Engel, ever had a son inasmuch as he was quite sterile. (All this in spite of the fact that Bernie resembles him to such an extent that when he was behind the counter in his father's store, people called him "Sam.")

My son was good enough to invite me to his wedding which took place in New Rochelle, New York in September, 1953 where he was taking a short course in journalism just before going over-seas.

My working troubles began when that wonderful man Dr. B. S. Kline (The Kline Serology Test) retired to do some Research and Dr. Harold Gold became the temporary head of the Labs. The first thing that Dr. Gold did was to surround himself with all young girl employees. One, Miss Barbara Berman, began to train herself into my job. She was smart enough to practice tactics instead to doing a day's work. All kinds of

things went on behind Dr. Gold's back (it seemed) while I plugged away with the work that had to be gotten out. After two odd years in the office, I suddenly got a reputation of being 'slow! "Just because you've got your eyes in your work all day, doesn't mean that you do more work than they do," said Dr. Gold. I became an out-sider, and a scape-goat; was never given the benefit on any issue and to top it all off, Pathologist Dr. Gold took it upon himself to make a Psychiatric diagnosis in my case saying that I suffered from a 'persecution complex.' He knew then the kind of things that would befall me therefore making me a reputation in the first place and now, who would believe me rather than a doctor? (Right here was a clear case of harming an innocent person for the material gains available because the man really had nothing against me personally.) Figuring that the charting paid approximately \$223.00 a month, while in Pathology I was earning only about \$180.00 and in order to ease the tension in the office, I told Dr. Gold I would resign as a Medical Secretary if he could arrange for me to do all the charting. He welcomed the idea and said he was sure it could be done. (It never occurred to me to have to discuss the salary since I knew what the charting was paying me per two-three nights a week.) In due time, I was to learn that charting six evenings a week meant a regular job with vacations and sick leave and which was to pay me only approximately \$168.00 per month. I was heart broken and shaken by the blows dealt me by Dr. Harold Gold.

Bernie was over-seas and Bette came to spend a season at the Cleveland Play House. We spent quite a lot of time together, often in the company of Lt. Joseph Lambardo (Army) who had asked me to marry him. At first, Bette and I both tried not to tread on each other's toes and later, I had thought that we had even become fond of one another. That winter, I found that I had lost the following: Lt. Lambardo's friendship, a part time job with Michigan Surety Company, ^{Only Bette knew of this job.} the insurance policy to

Bernie's car and all the love letters Bette had written to Bernie. (Could she too be working for the Perkal-Engels?)

With additional work from Chemistry, my charting began to take me from one to two hours longer each evening. I said nothing for about eight months but when prices went to higher amounts and I couldn't cover any more, I explained the situation to Dr. Gold and asked for a raise. "Nothing of the sort can be done," was his answer. I never saw a man so angry as when Dr. Gold realized that the Administration had granted me a \$15.00 a month raise.

From this point on to this day, events began to take on the kind of shape the mere mentioning of which would have landed me in an Insane Asylum: Time and again in the Cafeteria of the Hospital, I suddenly found myself surrounded en masse, by Internees, Fellows and Resident doctors. Dr. Sol Gross, a few years my junior and the most coveted bachelor in the Jewish Community, began to pay romantic attention. He never said anything but ^{Perkal's Delicatessen entered the conversation when I got there} as I was passing with my tray one day, he beckoned me to sit at his table and when I no sooner sat down, "I am looking for a housekeeper," he said to the others sitting at the table. He and one of his older brothers who is Mr. Sam Engel's Doctor and Surgeon, began to watch every step I took. In short, (without a word) I was crowded out of the Cafeteria.

Friends I had made at the Hospital began to question me on personal affairs; acquaintances became anxious friends; Lab people began to reverse figures on routine tests making it up to me to catch the error or record them incorrectly while charting. Members of the Staff began to pay particular attention when I came to the Wards to do my work; nurses even tried to make me mis-behave or be loud in the Wards by trying to antagonize me into arguments and trouble. The colored help who were cleaning the Labs after 5 o'clock with whom I had always exchanged,

cordial and respectful words, began to hover around my desk while I was trying to assemble my work and to follow me whenever I went anywhere outside the building. They had never done that before and this made me exceedingly nervous. "When are you going back to wherever it was you came from?" said one of them to me out of a clear sky.

At home, during these trying times at the hospital, only two things of an adverse nature happened: I came home from work at 2:30 a.m. and found my door unlocked. This seemed odd to me as I had always taken precaution in locking it since I was living in a poor neighborhood. I may have been careless, I thought; I then tried to remember to be careful each time as well as to try it before leaving. It happened again and when in addition I had found my dish rag which I always hung on the stove handle to dry, dry on the platform of the sink with the imprint of the stove handle still in it, I phoned my friend Mrs. Sanford Nudelman about it. "Is anything missing?" she asked. "No, Ethel," I said. "It isn't that they want to steal anything from me; their aim is to drive me crazy." (It is a great pain in the heart to know that people are walking around in your home while you are out trying to make a living for yourself. You begin to have to be careful where you place what etc.)

Early in October I was summoned to California by my sister Mrs. Steven Brown to attend our mother's sudden illness and passing. From here I wrote Dr. Harry Goldblatt who had since taken over the management of the Labs. to please grant me a leave of absence until after I saw my son whose ship The U. S. S. Hornet was due to be in San Diego in January. He was very fine about helping me. Not wanting to bother the hospitals in California with a three months' job, I decided to try my old time occupation of doing waitress work which I had done when I first came to Los Angeles during the depression. It was with pleasure that I found a lady hostess with whom I had worked before. She proceeded to

give me the same opportunities as the other girls had. (This was at McDonnell's Farmhouse Restaurant on Huntington Drive.) A few days later this lady was fired and the gentleman who took her place, would never put any customers on my station or if he did, when the entire house was full, he told me that he thought that Mildred ought to take them. He just wouldn't give me a chance and when I told him that I wasn't making anything except my salary of 75 cents an hour, I suddenly found myself the next day with the entire place to myself where ordinarily, five girls were occupied. Now, with this man and I having been strangers until we met here and coupled with the fact that I wasn't the oldest nor the most unattractive nor the least experienced nor the least courteous of his girls, there was no reason why I should have gotten such treatment from him. I began to wonder if he too wasn't being bribed through Mrs. Perkal Engel's eldest son Rudolph Perkal who resided here in Los Angeles. (His name was in the phone book in 1954; removed in 1955.)

Bette was in San Francisco with her parents and her little girl. Jim too, lived there. She had stopped writing to me. I still don't know why. Suddenly I began to get angry letters from Earnie - - - Why did I follow him to the West Coast? He didn't want me to meet him coming off the ship; Bette and her parents were meeting him. Bette and he want to live away and apart from me when he came out of the Navy. This didn't sound like Bernie at all. God only knows how respectful we had always been toward one another. We had always been able to discuss any problem. I wondered what lies he was then being told for indeed, all his letters before and since, (although she still doesn't write me) have been kind and considerate.

In December, back in Cleveland, the final blow, one which I could not ignore nor fight with, has been dealt me. This above all, your Honor will probably find impossible to believe. (My brother, Mr. Max Benyo-

itz in Los Angeles cannot believe it for he is religious; my son cannot because he is in love and my sister will not believe it for fear that I will be put away.) People who will do these kind of things however, cannot afford to leave proof around and I therefore have no proof except what seems a permanent injury to my chest and a hollowness in my stomach and which is at 46 accompanied by a weakness and webbling befitting an 80 year old. I can only say in my defense that like many other 20th Century city dwellers I too can probably do with a round of Psychiatric treatments but God only knows that the appalling, outrageous actions against my health which I am about to relate, are true and have nevertheless actually taken place:

Inasmuch as Mr. David Zussman (a friend) whose phone number can be found under his sister's name Jennie Zussman in Cleveland, invited me to dinner after Services and lecture at Rabbi Abba H. Silver's Temple on Sunday, I had invited him to dinner at my house on Wednesday. Saying that he preferred milk to coffee, I placed a full quart carton of milk beside his plate. After dinner, as usual, I cleared everything away and went to work at the hospital. At approximately 2:00 a.m., as usual, I came home and drank a glass of milk and went to bed. At about 3:30 a.m., I woke up with a terrible burning in my chest extending through my upper back and shoulders and down my arms to my elbows. From my belt to my neck, I was burning up; a dry cough accompanied by hot air came from my mouth. Walking around, meant to cough up the taste of the milk; to lie down meant restlessness, inability to relax (as if the body was suspended in mid-air) insomnia, palpitations of the heart, extreme heat and fluttering inside, throbbing and twitching of the muscles and exhaustive napping accompanied by horrible nightmares. Being up and around was easier however, the heat continued on into the stomach, through the bowels and even during the process of elimination about 48 hours later, the heat could be felt

around the walls of the rectum. What followed was a heaviness and dull ache of the shoulders, a general weakness throughout, a wobbling of the knees, shakiness and lack of control in writing, a smarting of eyes followed by impaired vision and chapped lips.

On the third day I was quite well again and I was glad I hadn't taken the rest of the milk to Chemistry; glad I hadn't made a noise and gone to a doctor. About ten days later, not having forgotten the attack but not knowing exactly what to accredit it to, I suddenly turned toward Mr. Zussman while sitting next to him at a drug store counter when I noticed him drawing his closed fist away from over my cup of hot chocolate; when I looked at him, I saw his neck turn red above his collar. Since I worked nights, I was often lonely in the day time and when Mr. Zussman phoned sometime later to come and have lunch at his friend Nate's store, I accepted and there, got my second dose. Then I knew that I must not see Mr. Zussman again.

At the hospital things had been going on just like they had before I had gone to California, with the exception that now, little groups of people would gather here and there talking together and ever glancing in my direction. To have remained my friend would have meant to have lost favor with the rest or even to have lost their job. There was nothing to do but to resign. Outside, it was the same story: At the Temple, outside men (doctors of the staff at Sinai) looked in my direction with amazement; my barber suddenly wished me all kinds of good luck, my landlord looked like he'd seen a ghost when I walked into his store. ~~When I first left for California with my little boy, the Engels had made it known in Cleveland that I had run off with a 'Wop' and when years later, my father passed away suddenly of a heart attack complicated by acute indigestion, they told Cleveland Jews that Dad had committed suicide because Mom, my older brother and myself~~

had gone off to California. (My younger brother and my sister were with him.) Now, what third reputation am I being accredited with? No one would tell me and I do not know to this day.

My third attack came from a piece of spice cake graciously served me by the head nurse in Ward L. My fourth, at the Evangeline House near the hospital (I saw Dr. Gold hurrying toward it one day) where I had gone to stay after having put in my proper resignation notices. My fifth, at Clerk's restaurant near the hospital where I was taking a meal and my sixth attack was such that I couldn't stand up on my feet without my knees giving way; it was accompanied by a weakness around the heart area. This was administered on my last night at Sinai by a man who was a D. P. from Europe and who worked as an orderly at the hospital. He had walked in and talked to me at Hoffman's where I was having a bite to eat. I literally crawled on all fours to get behind the wheel of my car to leave Cleveland.

Back in Los Angeles (by invitation from my sister-in-law Violet) I rented the small suite our mother had occupied in my brother's house. I would help myself to whatever there was for breakfast, ate lunch at work and since my sister-in-law cooked dinners for my brother and their son Dan, she assured me she didn't mind cooking for me as well. I therefore took and paid for my two daily meals.

Explaining that I was a rapid typist and that I took medical dictation directly on the typewriter or from dictaphone, Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles welcomed me with open arms. The salary was better than what I had been earning at Mt. Sinai. I was to be occupied in the Record Room however, I would be called to take dictation in various departments of the hospital. All was well, this was Utopia. Two-three days of getting acquainted and then I realized that I had no desk nor machine of my own. Well, I thought, this was common in a hospital what

with volunteer workers etc. I also found that I wasn't being given any work to do. "Oh I've so much work for you on my desk but haven't the time to get to it," the head, Mrs. Finley would say. "See if Mrs. Fern has anything." Each day I had to go begging for something to do and often, there was nothing. Six or seven weeks passed and I was never called to take any dictation anywhere. This idleness made me restless and nervous; guilty on pay days. "You need shorthand here," Mrs. Finley would say whereupon I gave up my Chemistry class to brush up on my shorthand.

Now something happened to astound and mortify me. Yes, I was going through another attack - - - Identical with those in Cleveland; the same symptoms, same effects, same results! I was eating nowhere but in the hospital or at home. I said nothing but gave up my lunches at the hospital and ate canned foods in my car and then took my dinners at home. One Wednesday evening about ten days later, my 19 year old nephew Dan made a wry face and went to bed without eating his dinner. (My sister-in-law never took her dinner with us since she was doing waitress work and was not at home.) My brother and I ate a good many of the cheese rolls Vi had made. Shortly after lunch the next day, I got very sick at work with another attack and went downstairs to see a doctor. He gave me some pills for nerves and sent me home for a couple of days. Arriving at home, I found that my brother too, was ill and that he hadn't gone in to work at all that morning. "I was so shaky and weak with palpitations all night that I couldn't put my hand up to my mouth to take a sleeping pill, Vi had to feed it to me," he said. Having neglected to tell Vi that I wasn't going in to work the next morning, I got up and came and sat at the table while she was busying herself in the kitchen. Dan came in and placed a bowl of cold cereal in front of his usual seat. He next placed there the bottle of milk that was only one-fourth full and went to the

sink to make himself some orange juice. The darkest clouds on earth came into Vi's eyes and over her face when she saw that milk near Dan's cereal. (I was always first to eat mornings when working). She became very nervous and ran from sink to stove and back again and with "I don't know why I am so nervous lately," she ran to the frigidaire and in desperation, took a full quart of milk and placed it on the table next to the other started one. At about this time, my sister too, who lives with her husband in another house had been given a dose. "I don't know what had happened to me, it was frightening," she said. "I have never had anything like that," she finished. Dan began to make excuses for not eating at home while Vi kept on cooking for Mack and myself. During the weeks that followed, when you'd ask Mack how he felt, he'd nod his head and say "Yes, and No." I guess I felt the same way - only a general weakness was present. Sometime later some hamburgers came through that carried the whole ingredient. Here, I decided to give up eating at the house in order to save my brother's if not my own health. (He has been well and working ever since.)

I never did get any chance to do any work at Cedars and at the end of about three months, from Mrs. Findley, I received a discharge notice that didn't state any reason for firing me. My letter to Miss Coon in Personnel remained unanswered; his secretary would not admit me to Dr. Mazur (the Med. director) and in the hall, he appeared not to notice or to purposely avoid me. I don't know why they ever hired me for on my application, I had said that my shorthand was slow; I don't know why they gave me no work to do nor why they fired me. I do know however, that a discharge by Cedars made it more difficult for me to obtain Medical work elsewhere.

Unexpectedly and surprisingly, a letter from Allstate together with a ^{deducted} return premium check arrived cancelling my auto insurance. I had answered all the questions on their application truthfully; I have driven for 25 years without any serious mishap; I have never been cancelled by any other company; there were no other drivers ~~other~~ but myself; I had paid

the entire year's premium and had never put in any claim. Why did they write the policy? Why didn't they issue a notice of cancellation? Why did they take a premium? Why did they cancel? Why can't they give me the reason for cancelling? On the telephone I was told by a Mr. Kice that they cannot give me the reason for cancelling but that they will give the reason, if they phone, to the next company who is about to issue auto insurance to me. I was very aggravated over this unjust situation and they have since made some restitution. (More of Perkai-Engel bribing?)

If the city was not as large as it is, I would probably run out of places to eat by now. I kept on getting doses right and left until I realized that I couldn't eat in the same place twice. I tried to work at the Glass House Restaurant on Main at 6th Sts. in L. A. The first day, my meals went through fine; on the second, I ate a waffle and paid for it with an attack that night. On the third day, I drank three or four glass sized cartons of milk - - - I was alright that night but a repetition of same on the morrow, was not as successful. I got a better job in the Ideal Coffee shop on Santa Monica Blvd.; here, I took my lunch in the girl's dressing room - it consisted of a tiny can of tuna, another can of peas and still another of fruit and never took a morsel of food on the house. One reason I quit about six weeks later was because I no longer could stand to see that poor Mr. Frank Olson's troubles. He took all his meals at our place and having been ^{on} a milk diet, he took from 10 to 15 glass sized cartons of milk daily. His eyes were getting red and itching and almost sightless and he complained of weakness and inability to sleep at all.

To get three meals was to drive three times daily into different sections of the city and I was getting tired of it. I began to buy food in markets, it was cheaper and nearer however, even the smaller quan-

titles couldn't be consumed at one time so, I began carrying packages about with me. In my purse, I carried a can opener, a small glass and one tea spoon and salt and sugar. In my medicine cabinet in my washroom I discovered that my red colored Lavioris mouthwash had been discolored white; since then, I also had to carry it, my tooth brush and paste and all medicines which had to be taken internally, along with me. To my brother and indeed to myself now, I actually appeared like a crazy one carrying around a shopping bag everywhere I went. Could I do otherwise in trying to avoid ~~summer~~ attacks? (I knew I could not take too many more.) How does one look for a job or go to work on one with a perpetual shopping bag under his arm? Could I continue to throw food away as I had done when I gave up my apartment in Cleveland? My son is due out of the Service and I am sitting around eating up the few hundred dollars I had managed to save. I do not know if and where this will ever end but I do know that there is a God who sees all this and from whom can come many surprises. Oh to go to my own ice box one day and take out a cool and wholesome bit of food and to be thinking and occupied with other things than one's food.

Seeking medical aid, I re-registered at the White Memorial Hospital. I approached them with complete confidence for I remembered the wonderful care Bernie and I had received there; I still believe it to be a good hospital however, I do believe that the two or three doctors who interested themselves in my case now, "had been reached," ^(my first need to cough) during the few days I ^{followed their present chest X-ray} had waited for my appointment to come up. (I wouldn't blame you if at this point you thought me completely crazy or if you wondered why I believed myself as important as all that) but it is true nevertheless that no stone was left unturned, that everywhere I went, every dealing big or small I had with anyone, anywhere, was touched upon. So help me God that that is true and someone's just got to believe me. The doctors kept me

to be the last person examined that day - - - As was expected, they pulled my old chart. ^{Helen Engel Kolons} One doctor began reading my old history aloud and everything checked but when he came to some old Electro-cardiogram sheets I told him that there must be a mistake for I was sure I never in my life had one taken. (All my life I was unusually athletic and participated in strenuous sports and I am sure that no allusion had ever been made to my heart except for the palpitations I experienced during these recent attacks.) I was doubly sure something was wrong when he said that I had also come there for Psychiatric treatments. At the time my son and I had been connected with the White Memorial, I never even knew the word Psychiatry existed - - - It was many years later at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital that Bernie and I had taken some such treatments because my sister and brother-in-law were taking them as they were great believers in the new field. They advised that I was in need of such treatments now and I don't doubt that I am but there is positively too much else wrong with my life at this point. With some help, I am sure it can be found. Although all those people could use the extra money, they all couldn't have wished me ill. (Max, the man who runs the butcher shop in the Rampart Market at Rampart Blvd. and 6th St., in L. A. was much happier when he sold me the first pound of liver than he was when he sold me the second pound a week later and which was so loaded that it left a permanent injury to my chest and stomachs.

Even in some foods bought in markets now, there are doses - they know what I usually buy and simply beat me to it. I do not know which way to turn. Who will consider a poor and helpless woman instead of accepting a substantial bribe? - I am sure there must be some but I do not know where to find them. I drove up to San Bernardino one day and ate three fine meals in a restaurant and slept well that night. And eating again in the same restaurant the next day, I came down with an attack the

second night. Can it be that I was actually followed there? On Sundays I have the most trouble for hardly any markets and only a very few restaurants are open. To keep food without ice for the next day is also not good. On Sunday morning, I drove in a new section; it seemed a colored neighborhood. Finding a coffee shop which was a part of a bowling alley with only two people there, I felt good and relaxed and ate a hearty breakfast. The rest of the day, I ate only canned foods and that night, I nearly went crazy with an attack. Had they preceded me to this cafe when they saw me driving slowly along Vermont Avenue in search of an open one?

Agencies and authorities in the Community have probably been satisfied even before I was ever given the doses and will therefore not help me - - - Just as the police in Cleveland Heights did nothing when the Goldfishers deprived me of heat, hot water, light and other necessities.

I have become a person without health, without a job, without friends, without chances, without a voice, without the ordinary right and privileges of every human being and every American citizen. My son and I need help your Honor; we need it badly and urgently. If it is found that I need to be committed to an institution, I wish to be gotten into a place where honest hands will take care of me and serve me nothing but routine food and routine treatment and with a chance equal with others to be able to come out again some time. If it is God's will that I be helped otherwise, I pray that a man interested enough in Justice so as not to take a bribe be assigned to check upon these matters; if not for myself any more, for that solitary, innocent and unsuspecting son of mine who has returned from the Navy to his wife and school in Meadville, Pa. and I hope that a similar fate does not await him there (Only two hours from Cleveland) The doses fed to me had necessarily to be in recognizable quantities as they had to catch me first; in Bernie's case however, doses could be

small but constant so that he would really never know what hit him in the long run. Can we work around him without his knowledge so that his life (if it is really as it should be) nor his studies would suffer?

The source of our trouble can only come from the Perkal-Engel House in Cleveland - Mr. Engel ~~was~~ was disappointed in Bernie and myself and never cared for Mrs. Perkal's two boys, has no other use for his money but to ~~do us harm~~ ^{do us harm}, or else, Mrs. Perkal Engel would like to deprive Bernie of becoming heir to Mr. Engel's estate. (I can see no other people nor any other reason for my unhappiness.)

Even though my sole occupation now consists of nothing but watching every piece of food intake, I still get attacks - If there are only two or three attacks in a week, I can still get back to myself but if they occur on two or three successive nights, I cannot stand up any more. From the X-ray Unit in Cleveland, Ohio I have an X-ray card showing that my chest was in excellent shape and now, six months later, I can hardly breath and my chest following any coughing spell, pains me for hours. Because my chest from these attacks has become accustomed to so much heat, the slightest breeze on my chest or back sets me coughing. I cough up a string-like substance which when rolled together, has the appearance and the consistency of a colorless jello.

In trying to do something for myself and in order to avail myself of a few square meals, I left Los Angeles; it took me ten days driving to get to Baltimore and indeed, I have had no attacks all the way except one in Albuquerque and this one may have been due to some food I ate which I had in my car and which I had bought in Los Angeles.

In Baltimore I took up residence with Mrs. Edith Berman at 5451 Fair-lawn Ave. During my week's stay I had not written anyone of my where-

abouts and yet, on the third night, I went through one of the worst attacks I have ever had (equal only to the three I had suffered at the hands of my brother-in-law while taking some meals at my sister's house. He simply could not eat because of his ulcers and while my sister told me she hadn't felt well herself the first time, denied that she was ill afterwards or maybe he had guessed which steak would be mine. This attack in Baltimore lasted from about midnight to 7:a.m. (I had eaten in the neighborhood.) Every muscle in my body twitched and fluttered and my wildly palpitating heart seemed clamped. When I tried to lie on my left side, a heat came up to my head and face and I couldn't breathe. God in Heaven, I thought because for the first time, I had really become frightened, what's to become of me? Because of Steve, I am cut off from my sister; I cannot write freely to my brother because of Vi; my son? What is Bette up to?

For four days in New York, I felt quite fine, ate plenty, gained weight and no more coughing up that jello-like substance. Mrs. Goldberg 70, at 2225 - 64th St. in Brooklyn with whom I had found residence, seemed kindly and I felt at home with her. On the fifth night, I felt the usual symptoms of an attack but it was slight. For the next five days, while Mrs. Goldberg was away for the holidays, I ran around seeking Medical employment and eating in new sections all the time and feeling fine and getting fatter. Upon returning home from her son's, Mrs. Goldberg insisted that I eat some pastries she had baked and brought me from New Jersey. I was glad to see her and I ate the cakes. An attack followed that night and also the next two nights. I was too ill and exhausted to consider the positions offered me and I came to Washington determined to try to do something about my endless plight.

Now, I feel that I must know about my health before I even attempt to get a job or establish any social contacts. Also, I believe I would

be better off not to check upon my health until such a time when the people who are checking it, can see that there is another interest besides my own in the findings.

There is nothing I can do now except wait and hope and pray that your Honor can see your way clear to help me.

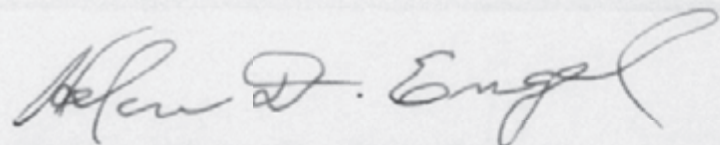
I can think of two or three loopholes where, upon proper investigation, proof can be obtained.

May God bless you and your family for your patience and kind attention and help.

Respectfully submitted,

I am

Yours very sincerely



Mrs. Helen D. Engel

~~a/o Miss Frances Jacobs~~

~~5117 Illinois Ave.~~ 1525-16th St.
Washington 25, D. C.

WRHS



[1955?]

Dear Rabbi Silver-

Henry & I would like to take this opportunity to wish you a Happy New Year for the forthcoming year.

We spent our New Years in Greensboro with Henry's family and attended our services at Temple Emanuel.

Mr. & Mrs. Henry Isaacson
238 W. C. Cawley St.
Chapel Hill,
N. Carolina

We would also like
to take this opportunity
to tell you again how
greatly we appreciated
your giving us such a
beautiful ceremony.
Believe me, it would
not have been the same
without you.

Please extend our
best wishes and thoughts
to Mrs. Silver and the
family. We hope all are
well. Sincerely, Alice & Hank



[1953]

Prof. I. REICHERT

HEBREW UNIVERSITY, JERUSALEM
AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH STATION
REHOVOT

פרופ. י. ריכרט

האוניברסיטה העברית, ירושלים
התחנה לחקר החקלאות
רחובות

Jerusalem, September 26,
1953
27 תשרי 1953

Dear Dr. Silber,

At the end of our ^{high} year
we wish to send you and Mrs. Silber
our cordial wishes for a happy and
healthy year. May your help there
contribute with to the deliver-
ance of Israel from its material
and spiritual troubles. We re-
members you meeting in Sweden
with great affection.
With kindest regards and wishes
Yours sincerely
Israel Reichert

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Silber
Also from my part best wishes
for the coming New Year.
Greet you both

We still remember you and
speak often about you in
very warm words and
feelings.

Truly yours
Nadia Citrington
Recher



[1955?]

MRS. JOSEPH C. AUB
233 PROSPECT STREET
BELMONT 78, MASSACHUSETTS

My Dear Rabbi Silver:-

My wife and I are very happy indeed that you will marry our engaged young people. We were all so anxious that you would undertake this, even though we knew what this meant in time and effort to as busy a man! But you have already given much peace of mind to all of us! Fanny was overwhelmed by your understanding and kindness and came home simply delighted by her experience with you. What it meant to Fanny goes without saying.

Now we old folks want the privilege of getting to know you. We realize your many commitments, but we would like nothing better than to have you

MRS. JOSEPH C. AUB
233 PROSPECT STREET
BELMONT 78, MASSACHUSETTS

and Mrs Silver^{stay} here as long as you can; - but
surely we hope you will come the day before the
wedding to meet the family - Tommy is marrying into,
and to help us celebrate on Thursday night. I am
sure it would also mean much to Harriette and Joe.
We would be happy of course to put you both
with one of our close friends. We very much hope
that you can do this - it would give us all much
added pleasure.

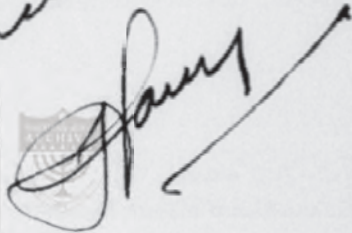
Very sincerely yours

Joseph Aub



Dear Rathi
Wish this in good
health.

Sincerely



WRHS
6666
6666

with the



Season's



Greetings

I take pleasure in sending you herewith your NBC Studio pass for 1955. May you find frequent opportunities to use it, and may its use be a source of much enjoyment.

Cordially,

Lloyd S. Guder



1955

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

A SERVICE OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

EXTENDS THE COURTESIES OF ITS STUDIO SECTIONS TO

Rev. Abba Hillel Silver

D. C. Weaver

PRESIDENT

NBC

CERTAIN STUDIOS AND THEATRES ARE CROWDED TO ALLOWABLE LIMITS. THEREFORE, IT IS NECESSARY TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS IN ADVANCE FOR TICKETS TO SPECIFIC BROADCAST PERFORMANCES. WHERE THIS HAS NOT BEEN DONE, THIS PASS SHOULD BE PRESENTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE GUEST RELATIONS MANAGER WHERE SUCH SPECIAL COURTESIES AS ARE POSSIBLE WILL BE ACCORDED.

Walter D. Gordon

COUNTERSIGNED

THIS PASS IS NOT TRANSFERABLE

Gottson Russell TG

~~Gottson Russell TG~~

WRHS



AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES



Can you

CONTENTS: MERCHANDISE
POSTMASTER: THIS PARCEL
MAY BE OPENED FOR POSTAL
INSPECTION IF NECESSARY.
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED.

FROM M. Unger
3165 Decker Ave
Brooklyn 67 N.Y.

TO Rabbi Abbe H. Silver
The Temple
Cleveland 6, Ohio

\$20 sent 1/11/55

The Chassidic World

Rabbi and Mrs. Maurice N. Eisendrath

are now residing at

*37 E. 64 Street
New York, N. Y.*

Apartment 129

Telephone: Rhineland 4-0202

January, 1956



AMERICAN
TECHNION
SOCIETY

1000 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.
Telephone: TRafalgar 9-8400

1955

This is to certify that

Dr. Abba Hillel Silver

is enrolled in the AMERICAN TECHNION SOCIETY as a
Contributing Member

Cleveland

CHAPTER

J. W. Mensch
National President