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GRAZ, AUSTRIA, 1933
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EDITOR'S COMMENTS

The central theme of this issue, like most others, is “surprises.” Given many familiar patterns, what are the variations and exceptions? How, for example, does a life unfold, and how does it make a difference?

Occasionally, I am surprised by a reader’s objection to an article. He or she may ask, “Why did you spotlight that person’s relative and not mine?” An article about your relative would be welcome. Now go write it!

Another occasional criticism is: “How could you publish such a fluffy article?” I believe that each issue of The Notes requires balance. These pages are intended to reflect the widest range of experiences and emotions. Indeed, a lighter approach can be more revealing than something ponderous and pedantic.

Some readers think that studying history resembles what they did in school. That is, history is essentially a chronological compilation of facts; it pays tribute to great men; and it shows humankind’s improvement and progress.

We Jews should know better! For too long, our people were orphaned by history. Even in America, Jews have often been missing from textbooks. And today, Jews are threatened by dogmas of political correctness.

Editing The Notes is a highly demanding and a wonderfully creative task. I enjoy challenging writers, readers and, especially, myself. So please continue raising questions, weighing evidence, and making judgments. Whenever possible, let’s surprise ourselves.

Once again, it has been a pleasure working with so many devoted colleagues. In addition to our generous contributors, these include the Association’s spirited publications committee, particularly its thoughtful chair, Stanley Abrams; our upbeat office manager, Anne Sherman; our splendid designer, Bobbie Friedman; and the professionals of Signature Press.

George M. Goodwin
The history of Newport's colonial Jewish community has been studied from dozens of angles, but never from the perspective offered here. Indeed, the time has finally come to focus on an aspect of Touro Synagogue that has been hiding for centuries within plain view and within hearing range. The authors' startling discovery may turn heads throughout America and perhaps elsewhere in the hemisphere.

A Hartford native, Herbert Meister served in the Air Force from 1950 until 1956, including two years as a senior weapons mechanic in Korea. After graduating from Bryant College, he became involved with the costume jewelry industry and was co-owner of Vogue Creations, in Providence, for two decades. He and his wife, Melba, are longtime members of Temple Beth-El. Herb is also a board member of Touro Synagogue, a volunteer for Jewish Eldercare, and is a past president of Providence Hebrew Free Loan Association. Currently a resident of Newport, Herb is the skipper of No Fish VIII.

A Brooklyn native, Martin Saltzman was an undergraduate at Brooklyn College and earned his doctorate in organic chemistry at the University of New Hampshire in 1968. Following a year of post-doctoral research at Brandeis, he became a professor of natural science at Providence College. He has published extensively on the history of chemistry. For more than 30 years, he has been an avid collector of American and British clocks. Prof. Saltzman and Herb Meister have been presidents of the Rhode Island chapter of the National Association of Clock and Watch Collectors.
In 1769, a ship from England dropped anchor in Newport harbor. On board was a crate to be delivered to Congregation Yeshuat (now Jeshuat) Israel, whose magnificent building, only the second synagogue in North America, had been dedicated six years earlier. This crate contained a wall clock. Engraved across its silvered dial is an inscription: “The Gift of Judah Jacobs of London Anno Mundi 5529.” This clock is the oldest surviving “Jewish” clock in the Americas. It is the second oldest “church” clock in Rhode Island.

Unfortunately, no reference to Judah Jacobs can be found in the published history of London’s Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue (“Bever Marks”). Such an absence raises the possibility that Jacobs was not a permanent resident of this imperial city. There can be no doubt, however, that he was a man of some means. In terms of both its case and its movement, a clock of this type would have been very expensive to purchase and to ship to Newport.

There was at least occasional contact between Yeshuat Israel (informally known since 1824 as “Touro”) and the London congregation, whose synagogue, also following Sephardic ritual, had been built in 1701. In 1759, for example, Newport appealed to sister congregations for funds to complete its building. In 1767, Bevis Marks responded with a donation of 30 pounds sterling, a modest sum. Ezra Stiles, the Congregational minister (and neighbor), who attended the synagogue’s dedication on December 2, 1763, wrote that the structure “already” cost 1,500 pounds sterling.

Was Judah Jacobs embarrassed by this small gift? Quite possibly, Judah did not belong to Bevis Marks. London had three Ashkenazi congregations, established in 1690, 1706, and 1761. Perhaps Jacobs was a merchant acquainted with Newport colleagues. Perhaps he was related to these British Jews. Ultimately, Judah Jacobs’ personal reason for donating a clock would remain a mystery.

Despite Jews’ fastidious attention to the passage of time—the days of creation, the intervals of prayer, the occurrence of holy days, and the establishment of their own calendar—the very idea of donating a clock to a synagogue seemed quite odd. What was it intended to measure? Surely not the beginning or end of Shabbat or the length of a service. If publicly displayed within a sanctuary, a clock would have been a distracting reminder of the workaday world. So perhaps the donation of a synagogue clock would have been as fitting and useful as the donation of a synagogue bell.
Unless, perhaps, the clock itself, through “Anno Mundi 5529,” symbolized the length of human (and Jewish) existence. In this sense, the clock was intended not to measure the passage of hours but, conversely, the Lord’s everlasting dominion and providence.

The making of clocks in England during the 18th century and for a good part of the 19th was a cottage industry. London, Birmingham, and Liverpool were major centers for the clock trade, and pieces of the Touro clock may have come from all three. Generally, one would purchase a clock from a person who advertised himself as a clock maker. The clock maker would rely on different suppliers for the various parts. He would put these together and, in many instances, engrave his name on the dial. When a dial is left unsigned, it is more difficult to ascertain a clock’s origin or at least its final assembly. If a special decoration or inscription was required, as in the case of the Touro clock, then a customer might hire an engraver.

Did England have a Jewish clock maker around 1769? Probably not. Between 1725 and 1837, however, it had 50 Jewish goldsmiths. Jews had been gold and silversmiths since biblical times. As Jews migrated from Eastern to Western Europe, and then to the Americas, goldsmiths may have branched out to watchmaking. Typical Jewish surnames related to goldsmithery are: Soref, Zoref, and Orefice (all meaning goldsmith) as well as Goldscheider (gold refiner), Goldsmith, and Goldsmid. Aaron, the patriarch of London’s Goldsmid family, arrived from Germany in about 1725 and died in 1782. His sons, Benjamin and Abraham, became major British financiers and Ashkenazi leaders.

The Touro clock’s inscription of the Jewish year, 5529, merits further consideration. Possibly, it was the handiwork of a Jewish engraver, for the Latin words “Anno Mundi” stand apart from the more common inscription, “Anno Domini,” which would of course have been invalid when juxtaposed with a Jewish year.

Yet, a counter-clue is found in the work of Myer Myers (1723-1795), New York’s leading silversmith during the colonial era and a prominent
member of Congregation Shearith Israel. Although the vast majority of his clients were Gentiles, he crafted a circumcision shield and three pairs of rimonim or Torah finials between 1765 and 1776. "Probably only one pair of rimonim, belonging to Philadelphia's Congregation Kahal Kadosh Mikveh Israel, was commissioned by a synagogue. The two other pairs, commissioned for family use, were eventually donated to Touro and Shearith Israel, respectively. While all of Myers' "Jewish" silver pieces bear his mark, none is dated or inscribed in any way.

There is still another possibility regarding the Touro clock's inscription: that it was made in Newport around the same time and by the same hand as inscriptions on other synagogue heirlooms. For example, the inscription on the Ner Tamid (perpetual lamp) reads: "Given by Samuel Judah of New York Anno Mundi 5525" (or 1765). Three of five brass candelabra bear similar inscriptions. The largest, with 12 branches, reads: "Gift of Jacob Pollock Anno Mundi 5529 (or 1769). One eight-branch candelabrum reads: "Gift of Naphtali Hart Myers Anno Mundi 5520" (or 1760). Another eight-branch fixture reads: "Gift of Aaron Lopez Anno Mundi 5530" (or 1770). A six-branch candelabrum, presented by a boy under 13, reads: "Gift of Abram of Jacob Rods. Rivera Anno Mundi 5525" (or 1765). Finally, one of six brass candlesticks, inscribed as a gift by Enoch Lyon, bears the year 5526 (or 1766)."

There is no mention of the Touro clock among the papers of Aaron Lopez, a Jew who was Newport's most successful merchant before the Revolution." The only published reference to the Touro clock, which appeared in 1936, mentions its location on the "western side of the balcony." (This is the women's gallery.) Unfortunately, the clock's original location within the sanctuary will never be known, for there have been many restorations, including those in 1827-29, 1956-57, and 1963. During the most recent restoration, begun in 2005, the clock was taken down for cosmetic care. The authors had the opportunity to examine the clock in detail, and we would like to share some of our observations concerning this marvelous piece of horological history.

For obvious reasons, the Touro clock belongs to a type of clock known as "dial" clocks. Made for public places, these clocks have prominent dials and simple designs. Dial clocks were made for over two centuries in England with few changes in design. The trend to a more utilitarian style, one without
embellishments, occurred gradually.

The Touro clock is made of mahogany, probably imported from the West Indies or Central America. It is approximately 18" wide by 20' long. The extra length was provided to secure the clock to a wall and to provide a door for access to the pendulum.

A carving at the top, which appears to be a pair of birds, possibly doves, embellishes the case. It seems unlikely that this is a reference to the dove in Genesis (8: 8-11), which brought Noah an olive branch. Further references to doves in Song of Songs (1:15 and 5:2), which represent beauty, innocence, and purity, also seem coincidental. Nevertheless, while lions abound, birds soar and roost throughout Jewish liturgical and folk art.

A feature enhancing the clock case’s appearance and cost is the wooden “bezel.” The bezel is the part of the clock that surrounds the dial and holds the glass in place. During the 19th century, when cast brass became readily available, the wooden bezel was replaced by a brass ring. The bezel can be locked to make sure no one tampers with the clock and the key to the bezel was found in the clock. Whether it is the original, we are not sure, but it is period in terms of its construction. The joining of the bezel to the case and the constant opening and closing of it have caused some damage as the original hinge was replaced in a crude repair. This has been remedied when the clock underwent restoration in 2005.

The dial of the clock is made of sheet brass, which shows signs of a silver wash used to create the effect of silver. Dials were engraved with various motifs, and numerals of Roman type prevailed during two centuries of manufacture. Black wax was used to highlight the numerals and engravings. The engraving may have been subcontracted, but it was not unusual for clock makers of this period to be expert engravers. The dial of the Touro clock has a
diameter of 14\(^\text{o}\), which adds to its utilitarian nature.

The other major visual elements of this clock are its steel hands. These would have been handmade by the labor-intensive process of cutting and filing, probably by an apprentice. The hands, which do not have identical patterns, are consistent with current fashions. The hands were blued to enhance their appearance.

One of the outstanding features of this clock, which unfortunately cannot be seen by the public, is its movement. The quality of its components demonstrate why, over more than two hundred years, the movement shows very little wear. There are no makers' marks on the movement, so it was probably assembled from suppliers all over England and assembled by the clock maker. The movement, made of brass and steel, is directly attached to the back of the dial by a series of pillars, which fit into holes drilled into the front clock plate. The pillars have a small hole in the end, and by the use of pins, the movement is secured. While brass is used for the gears, steel is used for the pinions and the axles. The use of two different metals was to minimize wear. This was caused by turning the axles in the brass plates, which hold the movement together.

Several aspects of the movement are of considerable interest. Before pointing them out, one must understand how a mechanical clock works. The timekeeping aspect of a clock depends upon having a source of energy – through either a weight or a spring – that is distributed by a series of wheels. These have teeth and pinions that look like miniature flywheels. The wheels and pinions mesh with each other in the gear train. This makes possible the efficient transfer of energy from the weight or the spring into the next major component, the "escapement."

The escapement controls the rate at which the energy is rationed by a stop-and-go mechanism that oscillates and beats the time. This produces the familiar ticktock we associate with a mechanical clock. The pendulum in turn controls the rate of oscillation of the escape wheel. The pendulum, being a rod
to which an adjustable disc is attached, can be raised or lowered. Raising the bob increases the number of oscillations and speeds up the number of beats. This, in turn, will make the clock run faster. Lowering the pendulum has the reverse effect. The idea of pendulum-driven clocks was developed by the Dutch physicist Christian Huygens in 1673 as a way to overcome problems with types of escape wheel regulation used since the 14th century.

Mechanical clocks, which began to appear in Europe during the 14th century, were used mainly in monasteries to call monks to prayer according to the canonical calendar. These were true clocks in the sense they had an additional mechanism that tolled the hours, so monks knew when to gather for prayer. These clocks, which used weights as the source of energy, would be the main method for 600 years. Although weight provides a constant amount of energy, it has the severe disadvantage of needing to be located far above the ground to get any reasonable length of run.

An alternative to using weights was the development of coil steel springs during the 16th century. One disadvantage, however, was the difficulty and cost of making springs. Another disadvantage is when springs wind down, the energy delivered starts to vary. This causes clocks to slow down.

The Touro clock is a spring-driven clock that incorporates in the movement a device called a “fusee.” This allows the spring to deliver its energy more evenly. The development of fusees led to a revolution in clock case design. Because weights did not need to fall, clocks became somewhat portable.

A fusee mechanism consists of two barrels, which are connected by a chain. Producing these chains was a highly specialized cottage industry in England, requiring great skill to make the tiny links that formed the chains. The Touro clock's chain must have been broken; a steel cable replaced it because the chain-making industry had died out. The cable does not detract from the clock's value, however. Presently, it is quite common to see cables in repaired clocks.

One of a fusee's two barrels contains a spring, usually 1-1/4" to 1-5/8" wide and at least seven feet long. Winding a coil in the barrel provided the
source of energy. The fusee itself was shaped like a grooved cone. In the process of winding the chain onto the fusee, the spring in the barre is wound. As the spring unwinds, a constant tension is maintained. This improves the timekeeping ability.

The Touro clock is wound using a key. The opening is visible just above the engraved word “London.” The clock runs for approximately eight days before rewinding is needed. But, for decades, who turned the key?

Services were discontinued around 1790, and the congregation’s Torahs were sent to New York’s Shearith Israel in 1818 for safekeeping. America’s mother congregation also gained ownership of Touro’s property and building. Touro was used for funeral services in 1830, 1832, and 1836, and services were held for summer visitors in 1850. During these intervals, officiating rabbis must have brought their own Torahs. Not until 1881, when a new congregation sought permission to use America’s oldest surviving synagogue, were Touro’s Torahs placed on loan. Two years later, when the synagogue was reconsecrated, some Torahs were returned. In 1887, another Torah was sent.

Thus, between 1818 and 1883, Touro’s clock may also have been kept in storage at Shearith Israel. The exceptional condition of the clock’s movement suggests this possibility. If kept in a dry and dust-free environment, the clock would not have suffered any damage.

By far the most unusual aspect of the Touro clock is its “escapement,”
which is crucial to the timekeeping ability of the movement. This “verge” or “crown wheel” escapement had been in use from the earliest days of mechanical clocks. What is so special about the Touro clock is its original escapement. Its excellent condition also suggests the possibility of storage. In many clocks of this period, the original escapement was removed in favor of a “recoil” or an “anchor” escapement. The recoil is a much simpler device, easier to make and maintain.

Introduced in about 1670, the recoil allowed for a much shorter swing as well as a longer pendulum. A pendulum 39” long will take one second to swing from one side to the other. All tall case or “grandfather” clocks have the recoil escapement. This is the same type of escapement found in millions of mechanical clocks made in America during the 19th century and in Connecticut during the early 20th century.

In the Touro clock, the pendulum is suspended from the back of the movement. A wire attached to the pendulum transfers the motion to the escapement. When an impulse is needed to start or stop the motion, there is a hidden door at the bottom of the clock to access the pendulum. This door shows signs of wear and damage when new hinges were added at an unknown time.

Another interesting feature of the Touro clock’s movement is an engraved brass disc on its front, which moves with the escapement. This disc can be seen through an opening in the dial just below the words “The Gift of.” Its motion shows that the clock is operating.

Congregations Jeshuat Israel is indeed fortunate to have this exceptional example of the art of clock making, preserved in its original condition for almost 250 years. With proper care, it, like Jewish communities throughout Rhode Island, should last indefinitely.

Endnotes
1 The earliest synagogue buildings in the Americas were: Recife, Dutch Brazil, ca. 1640; Bridgetown, Barbados, 1651; Willemstad, Curacao, separate structures in 1651, 1674, 1681, 1690, 1696, 1703, and 1732; Joden Savanne, Dutch Guiana, 1685; Kingston, Jamaica, 1704; New York City, 1731; and Sint Eustatius (Dutch), 1740. Of these, only the last synagogue in Willemstad is standing.
2 The second oldest “Jewish” clock probably belongs to the Curacao synagogue. Though made in the 19th century, there is little documentation about it. A silver Torah crown made in Amsterdam for Congregation Berakhah ve-Shalom in Joden Savanne, Dutch Guiana, may


The earliest Jewish settlers in Newport, who arrived in 1658 from Barbados, may have brought a Torah. The oldest Torah used by Yeshuat Israel was lent in 1760 by New York's Congregation Shearith Israel. It had belonged to Congregation Mickve Israel in Savannah. See: Morris A. Gutstein, The Story of the Jews of Newport (New York: Bloch Publishing Company, 1936), pp. 30, 94.

3 The oldest "church" clock was made for Newport's Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1732 by Newport's master clockmaker, William Cleggert. This wall clock, with an octagonal dial and a tailpiece, belongs to the Newport Historical Society. It may be America's oldest wall clock. See: Richard L. Champin, "William Cleggert and His Clockmaking Family," a supplement to the Bulletin (Columbia, PA: National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors, 1976), pp. 24-25.

4 Bevis Marks Records (4 vols.; Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1940-91). Dr. Phillip Miller, director of the Klau Library at Hebrew Union College in New York City, kindly examined these volumes.


7 Of course, Jacobs is an extremely common Jewish surname, but an Abraham Jacobs resided in Newport at the end of the 17th century. By 1749, when Freemasonry's St. John's Lodge was established in Newport, there were 14 Jewish members, including a Jacob Jacobs. By 1750, a Jacob Jacobs made payments to Yeshuat Israel. He was a silversmith who also served as shochet or ritual slaughterer. See: Gutstein, pp. 109, 168, 193, 214.

8 A most unusual synagogue clock, made in Pisik, Bohemia, ca. 1870, belongs to the former State Jewish Museum in Prague. It has seven faces, only the largest of which is an actual clock. The six smaller dials are set by hand to indicate times of prayer. Hebrew inscriptions indicate these times: morning and afternoon services, and welcoming the Sabbath; on the Sabbath, morning, afternoon, and evening services. See: David Altshuler, ed., The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections (New York: Summit Books, 1983), pp. 110, 244.


10 Beginning in 1679, Bevis Marks carried on a century-long, annual tradition of presenting a silver tray with sweetmeats to London's lord mayor. Most trays bear a central motif, the seal of Bevis Marks, which portrays a Tent of Assembly in the wilderness, a guard at its entrance, and a cloud of glory. Beneath the tent is an inscription: "The Arms of the Tribe of Judah Given Them by the Lord." A magnificent example of a silver repoussé and engraved Bevis Marks tray belongs to New York's Jewish Museum. John Rusen, who was active from 1556 to ca. 1715, crafted it in 1708-9. For 28 years, he provided Jewish liturgical objects to Bevis Marks. See: Maurice Berger and Joan Rosenbaum, eds., Masterworks of The Jewish Museum (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2004), p. 174.
11Barquist, pp. 152-62.
12Guttstein, pp. 104, 105.
13The largest number of Lopez’ extensive papers belong to the Newport Historical Society. See also: Stanley F. Chyet, Lopez of Newport: Colonial American Merchant Prince (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1970).
18Guttstein, pp. 240, 245.
How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea - that desert desolate —
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
The Jewish Cemetery at Newport (1854)
THE IBERIAN ANCESTRY OF AARON LOPEZ AND JACOB RODRIGUEZ RIVERA OF NEWPORT
BY RUI MIGUEL FAISCA RODRIGUES PEREIRA

This extraordinary genealogical study brings to life scores of individuals abandoned by history. A major contribution to the study of Newport Jewry, it could never have been completed by a researcher in America or one without an amazing personal dedication to his task.

Mr. Pereira is a doctoral student in astroparticle physics at the Instituto Superior Tecnico in Lisbon. This is Portugal's largest and most distinguished school of engineering, science, and technology. He is conducting research on the alpha magnetic spectrometer, which, when shuttled to the International Space Station, will measure the flux of cosmic ray particles.

Mr. Pereira lives in the city of Loures, adjacent to Lisbon and near the northern approach to the Vasco da Gama Bridge (Europe's longest). In addition to English, he has studied French, Italian, and Spanish. He has traveled widely in Western and Central Europe. Beyond genealogy, his interests include watching soccer and reading science fiction.

Readers will learn that an investigative breakthrough occurred when Mr. Pereira obtained, almost by chance, a copy of Stanley Chyet's biography of Aaron Lopez. Having been privileged to study with and get to know the late Prof. Chyet at Hebrew Union College in Los Angeles, I feel somewhat qualified to say that he would have been delighted by Mr. Pereira's accomplishment.

Though not his primary intention, Mr. Perier sheds light on the Inquisition's grim and haunting methods. Thus, it may be useful to point out that "auto-da-fe" does not necessarily mean the burning of a heretic. It can also refer to Inquisitorial proceedings.
INTRODUCTION

Small numbers of Sephardic Jews and descendants of *conversos* ("New Christians") established Jewish communities within the relatively tolerant Dutch and British colonies of the Americas. Before the Revolutionary War, one of the most prosperous in British North America was in Newport, Rhode Island. Its most prominent member was the merchant Aaron Lopez (1731-1782), who left a deep imprint during the almost 30 years he lived in the New World. His father-in-law and business associate, Jacob Rodriguez Rivera (1717-1789), was also of Iberian ancestry but born in America.

Around 1825, in response to a request from her friend Priscilla Lopez, Sarah Lopez (1747-1840), the daughter of Jacob Rodriguez Rivera and the second wife of Aaron Lopez, wrote the following genealogy, which is reproduced in its entirety. Originally published in 1894 by Max J. Kohler in *Publications of the American Jewish Historical Society*, it contains almost all the information from American sources on the origin of the Lopez/Rivera family. (This document is the basis of other genealogies, including the one in Malcolm H. Stern's *First American Jewish Families: 600 Genealogies, 1654-1888* (1991).)

This genealogy I cannot trace farther back than from my husband's father named Diego José Lopez, a man much respected and esteemed in Portugal where he was born and married twice. By his first wife (who was my grandfather Rivera’s sister) he had two sons and one daughter named there Jose, Michael [Miguel], and Elizabeth. José, the oldest son, from some unpleasant circumstances connected with the affairs of the Inquisition, supposing himself in danger of being imprisoned in that horrid place, quitted the country very young in his father’s lifetime, and went as I am informed to England, from whence he was the first of his brothers that came to America, where in compliance with our religious forms and customs he changed his name to that of Moses and married my grandfather's daughter Rebecca.

The whole family afterwards removed from New York to Newport, where they lived a number of years and there he died. He had eight children, three of them, Isaac, Daniel, and Abigail died, and his widow (your husband's mother) going finally from Newport to Charleston, and all her children, you well know that the whole family died there. By the second wife of my husband's father who was of the
Lopez family, he had three sons, named in rotation, Edward [Duarte], Henry, and Gabriel. Henry died quite young, and his brother Edward, the oldest who brought with him his other brother Gabriel, the youngest (now dead), were called here Aaron and David, they being the two next half brothers to Moses that came to America.

With the first brother Edward came also from Portugal his first wife and a young daughter, their names being there Anna and Catherine were altered for Abigail and Sarah, the marriage ceremony of our religion being on their arrival performed here between him and his said wife. By her he had seven children, who are all dead, excepting the youngest daughter named Rebecca Hendricks, a widow residing in this city [New York]. By my husband's second marriage with me we had ten children. Two sons both named Jacob died at Newport, and my daughter Maria Levy at Wilmington. The remaining seven now living are my daughter Hannah Rivera, a widow, Abigail Gomez, Juliet Levy, Samuel Lopez, married, Joshua, Delia, and Gracia, unmarried. The last that came in succession to America was another own brother to Moses, by the name of Michael, altered here to Abraham. With him came also his wife and three sons, the mother there being called Joana, took the name of Abigail, and the sons whose names were in rotation Edward [Duarte], Joseph [José] and John [João], were changed for Moses, Samuel and Jacob, their parents' marriage ceremony being also performed here.

The whole of this family is now dead, excepting Moses, who after the death of his brother Jacob at Newport not long ago, came to this city, and lives in my family. Elizabeth, who was own sister to Abraham and Moses, who having been married, was left a widow with four daughters and one son. The oldest daughter was my husband's first wife, who as before said came to this country. The mother and two of the other daughters were killed by an earthquake in Portugal in the year 1755, the house falling upon them, and the son, a worthy young man, was murdered in cold blood in his own house by a Spanish traitor who lodged there one night as his intimate friend, so that of the whole family, only one daughter was left living in Portugal, who would not quit it when the last brother came away. There were also left there several other near connections of the Lopez name.
As your own children's grandmother Lopez was originally a Rivera, and the two families of Lopez and Rivera are nearly connected both by blood and marriage, I will also give you some description of the latter, beginning with my grandfather of that name. He was born in Spain, where he married twice, being there much esteemed. By his first wife he had only one son, and by the second a son and a daughter. With this family he emigrated to America, and came to New York in which place was also performed the marriage ceremony, and had their names altered. He took that of Abraham, the eldest son was called Isaac, the other Jacob, and the daughter Rebeca, but what they were called in their country I cannot say. Some time after being settled here, Jacob, the second son, who afterwards became my father, went to Curacao, where he married my mother, a widow whose name before she had her first husband named Sasportas was Pemtel. With her he returned to New York, where I was born, and my grandfather losing his wife, he after some time married a third named Lucena, which he also buried in New York, having no children by her and the family then removed to Newport, the place of my brother Abraham's nativity, and finally the old gentleman and his two sons Isaac and Jacob died there. My mother came with me to New York (where she and my said brother ended their days). The latter left only his wife and his only son Aaron, now in Wilmington, to keep up the Rivera's name.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's questions acquire a new meaning after reading Sarah Lopez's text. Who were these Lopezes and Riveras? Where did they come from? What were exactly the "unpleasant circumstances connected with the affairs of the Inquisition" that made José Lopez leave Portugal?

It is seldom easy to document a trans-Atlantic, 18th-century connection. In the case of conversos reverting to Judaism, there is the additional difficulty caused by the adoption of new first names. In this case, however, Sarah Lopez not only indicates the Jewish counterparts of Christian first names but also mentions a few relatives who never left the Iberian peninsula. They were a few among many, as may be inferred from the explicit reference to "several other near connections of the Lopez name." Will it be possible, almost three centuries later, to find traces of those relatives in Portugal and Spain?

There are few geographical references to the precise origin of the
Lopez and Rivera families. Sarah Lopez indicates that the Lopezes came from Portugal and the Riveras from Spain. Other sources explicitly mention the Lopezes as being from Lisbon and the Riveras from Seville. Even if these data are correct, this will not be an easy search because the places mentioned are two of Iberia's largest cities.

However, among the Portuguese Inquisition trial records kept in Lisbon at the Torre do Tombo, Portugal's central national archive, one concerns a very wealthy merchant named Diogo José Ramos, arrested in 1720. At the time of his arrest, this merchant lived in the city of Beja, in the southern Portuguese region of Alentejo, but he was from the Spanish town of Osuna. His name should therefore be written in the Spanish form Diego, not the Portuguese Diogo. The records of his trial also mention that his father was Jerónimo Lopez Ramos. Could this Diego José Ramos, son of a Lopez, be the same person as Diego José Lopez, supposedly born in Portugal, who was the father of Aaron Lopez?

Sarah Lopez wrote that her grandfather, Abraham Rodriguez Rivera, was a brother of Diego José Lopez's first wife. Is there any information concerning a marriage in Diego José Ramos's record? Yes, one marriage is mentioned, to Rosa Margarida, who was arrested by the Évora Inquisition, one day after her husband. She died in prison on October 5, 1722. Diego José Ramos, who underwent an auto-da-fé in 1724, served a few months in the galleys before being freed due to poor health. He was by then a widower and still young enough to take a second wife and become the father of Aaron Lopez, who is known to have been born around 1731.

What is known about Rosa Margarida's family? Quite a lot. Like her husband, Rosa came from Andalusia. She was born around 1682 in Cóin. She had several brothers and sisters. Could any of her brothers have been Abraham Rodriguez Rivera? Obtained from an investigation of several trial records relating to the same family, the four brothers were: Miguel Rodriguez, Manuel Fabián de Rivera, Francisco Rodriguez, and José Lopez. Only Miguel's birthplace is known: the parish of San Martín in Seville.

Sarah Lopez wrote that from his first marriage, Diego José Lopez had José, Miguel and Elizabeth. The church records of Vila de Frades, a small town in the Alentejo region not very far from the city of Beja, mention the marriage of Diego José Ramos and Rosa Margarida, in 1699, as well as the baptism of
their six children, including José, in 1706, and Miguel, in 1713. This is in complete agreement with American sources, which set José's birth around 1706 and Miguel's between 1711 and 1714.

According to American sources, Elizabeth was the mother of Ana, alias Abigail, who was born around 1726 and became the first wife of Aaron Lopez. In fact, Diego José Ramos and Rosa Margarida had a daughter, Isabel (a Portuguese version of Elizabeth), whose baptism record could not be found. Nevertheless, in the church records of Castro Marim, a town in the Algarve region, there is a record of her marriage in 1725 to Manuel Freire. Sarah Lopez's story could be confirmed if it were possible to trace the existence of their four daughters, Ana being the eldest, and one son. In the church records of the town of Santiago do Cacém, in the Alentejo region, there are baptism records for three daughters and one son of Manuel Freire and Isabel Maria da Rosa. Their eldest daughter, Ana, was baptized on October 3, 1726.

The information presented here may prove, with a high degree of certainty, that this is the family from which the Lopezes and Riveras of Newport originated. The following data, obtained mostly from Inquisition trial records, tell the hitherto unknown European version of this family's history.

RUI PEREIRA
LOPEZ RAMOS OF OSUNA
(later LOPEZ OF NEWPORT)

1 – N... had the following children:

1.(II) – Jerónimo López Ramos see below.

2.(II) – Alejandro De Toledo, who in 1693 was a tobacco merchant and lived in Olvera.
He married D. Antonia De Rojas, born in Málaga, daughter of Manuel de Carvajal (see Carvajal). They had the following child:

2.1.(III) – Melchor De Toledo, born circa 1681 in Osuna. At the age of 12, "small-faced, white, thin-bodied, with short brown hair," he was a student and had been arrested by the Granada Inquisition on the accusation of heretic propositions, as stated in a letter sent to the Coimbra and Évora Inquisitions on 13-Mar-1693. Most of the information presented here on the genealogy of his parents, uncles and aunts, as well as the name of his grandfather Manuel de Carvajal, comes from that letter.

3.(II) – D. Leonor Lopez De Toledo, born circa 1660 in Osuna and a resident of El Arahal.
She married D. Francisco De Carvajal, a tobacco merchant in El Arahal and a son of Manuel de Carvajal (see Carvajal).
II - JERÓNIMO LOPEZ RAMOS, born in Osuna, a treasurer (contador) in a revenue office (Contaduria de Fazendas), was partly a New Christian. He married Ana María De Carvajal, a New Christian through both of her parents, and a daughter of Manuel de Carvajal (see Carvajal). They lived in Zaragoza. All these data appear in statements made to the Inquisition by their son, Diego. They had the following children:

1(III) - Diego José López Ramos, see below.

2(III) - D. Pedro Francisco López Ramos, born in Osuna. Around 1720 he was living in the Spanish Indies. He was a bachelor and an official in the Viceroy's Secretariat.

3(III) - D. Manuela De Carvajal, born in Osuna. She married Rafael Gomez. Around 1720 they were living in Santa Barbara, in the Archdiocese of Seville, and had four or five children, including:

  3.1(IV) - Jerónimo, who was the eldest.

  3.2(IV) - Ana Maria Gomez, born circa 1691 in Sanlúcar de Barrameda. In 1722 she was imprisoned in the jail of the Seville Inquisition. She was a resident of Moguer, "white and with an average body, with black, somewhat curly hair," and the wife of Melchor Gomez, a merchant.

4(III) - D. Leonor Maria, born in Osuna. She was married in Sanlúcar de Barrameda to Luis António De Torres, already deceased in 1722, by whom she had:

  4.1(IV) - Gaspar De Torres.

  4.2(IV) - Ana, born circa 1703, who was the youngest child.

5(III) - D. Josefa Maria, born in Osuna. She married José Francisco Gomes. In 1720 they lived in Messejana and in 1723 in Beja, where José was a tobacco administrator. They had the following children:

  5.1(IV) - Rafael, born circa 1703.

  5.2(IV) - Francisca, born circa 1705.

  5.3(IV) - Pedro, born circa 1709.

  5.4(IV) - Diogo, born circa 1714.

  5.5(IV) - Joao, born circa 1716.

6(III) - D. Antónia Mauricia, born in Osuna. She married N... De Leioa (?), already deceased in 1721. They had the following children:

  6.3(IV) - Simão, born circa 1707.

  6.4(IV) - Isabel, born circa 1709.

  6.5(IV) - Jerónimo, born circa 1711.

7., 8., 9.(III) - Three more siblings who died at a young age.
III - DIEGO JOSÉ LOPEZ RAMOS (called Diogo José Ramos in Portuguese documents and Diego José Lopez in Sarah Lopez's letter) was born in Osuna, although he initially told the Inquisition he had been born in Zaragoza. He also said, when he still claimed to have been born in Zaragoza, that he had been sent to Madrid, to the house of two gentlemen, D. Alonso de Córdova and D. Bernardo Solis Salamanca, who were contractors of assets and businesses. He lived in the home of D. Gabriel Buscara (?), close to the neighbourhood of Cava Baixa. He stated that he had been confirmed in Marchena by the Bishop of Seville, D. Jaime de Palafox y Cardona. As an adult he was a rent collector and later the general tobacco administrator for the judicial districts of Beja and Ourique, a position he held at the time of his arrest on 20-Oct-1720. The Inquisition confiscated all his property (in a long inventory, under tobacco income, reference is made to the sum of 28 million Portuguese reais, an extraordinary amount for the time). He also told the Inquisition he had been secretary to the Marquis of Nisa and Count of Vidigueira, D. Vasco da Gama (great-great-great-grandson of the navigator Vasco da Gama, who was the first Count of Vidigueira). When called to testify, the Marquis of Nisa confirmed that he had known the defendant very well, for over 25 years, from going many times to his home and having appointed him the factor of some of his property, and that he had requested his services on many occasions. However, he denied that he had ever held the position of his paid servant or secretary, and said he knew nothing of the defendant's ancestry.

Diego José Lopez Ramos was sentenced in 1724 to be banished for five years and to serve in the galleys during that period; after a few months he obtained his release due to poor health and in exchange was forced to wear a penitential garment. He then went to Sintra where he settled down with a married daughter. In 1726 he lived in Faro, where he was this city's tobacco administrator. He married twice: the first time on 26-May-1699 in Vila de Frades to Rosa Margarida, born circa 1682 in Coín, in Andalusia, a daughter of Diego Rodriguez Montalbán and Isabel Maria Vaz de Rivera (see Rodriguez Montalbán; the second time, around 1730, with N... Lopez ("the second wife of my husband's father who was of the Lopez family"). This is what Sarah Lopez wrote. It has not been possible to locate any document mentioning Diego José Lopez Ramos's whereabouts after 1726, and for this reason the name of Aaron Lopez's mother remains unknown. By his first marriage he had the following children:

1(IV) - D. Ana Maria Da Rosa, christened 18-Aug-1699 in Vila de Frades. She was arrested by the Inquisition on 04-Feb-1723. She underwent an auto-da-fé in Évora on 26-Mar-1724, as the result of a sentence that included the confiscation of all her property. On 08-Apr-1724 her prison sentence was commuted and she was sent to Santiago do Cacém to fulfill her penance there, which meant wearing a penitential garment. In 1726 she lived in Faro. She died no later than 1735, when her husband married for the second time. On 04-Oct-1717, in Vila de Frades, she married her first cousin once removed, Dr. Miguel Lopez Pereira, a medical doctor and a graduate of the University of Coimbra, born circa 1694 in Cahe de la Real, in Andalusia, a son of José Lopez de Rivera Calderón and Beatriz Lopez Pereira (see Lopez de Rivera). They had offspring.

2(IV) - Lourenço, christened 13-Oct-1701 in Vila de Frades.

3(IV) - Diogo, christened 07-Jan-1703 in Vila de Frades.

4(IV) - José Lopez Ramos, later Moses Lopez, christened 09-Sep-1706 in Vila de Frades, died 06-Apr-1767 in Newport. Denounced as a Judaizer by several of his relatives, who had been arrested at the beginning of the 1720s, he left Portugal around 1725, via London, and is documented in New York as early as 1727. He married his first cousin, Rebecca Rodriguez Rivera, who died 17-Oct-1793, a daughter of Abraham Rodriguez Rivera and Sarah ... (see Rodriguez Montalbán). They had the following children:

4.1(V) - David Lopez Jr, born March 1750 in Newport, died 15-Jan-1811 or 1812 in Charleston, South Carolina. He was married twice: the first time to his half first cousin Rachel Lopez, born 1758, died 26-Aug-1789, daughter of Aaron Lopez and Abigail Lopez (see below); the second time on 20-Sep-1793 in Charleston to prescilla
Moses (the recipient of the genealogy written by Sarah Lopez), born there on 19-Nov-1775, died 19-Sep-1866 in the same city, a daughter of Myer Moses and Rachel Andrews. He had a large number of descendants from his second marriage who are identifiable to the present day.

4.2(V) - Daniel Lopez.
4.3(V) - Abigail Lopez, died 10-Oct-1792 in Newport.
4.4(V) - Jacob Lopez, born 1755, died 1764.
4.5(V) - Aaron Lopez Jr., born January 1757.
4.6(V) - Abraham Lopez, who was still alive in 1811.
4.7(V) - Isaac Lopez, born 19-Feb-1762, died 21-Sep-1822 in Newport.
4.8(V) - Sarah Lopez, who was still alive in 1811.

5(V) - Jerónimo Ramos, christened 14-Mar-1711 in Vila de Frades. His godfather was D. Luís José da Gama, who is believed to be the brother of the Marquis of Nisa.

6(V) - Miguel, later Abraham Lopez, christened 19-Aug-1713 in Vila de Frades, died 26-Mar-1775 in Newport. He lived in Portugal until 1767, when he crossed the Atlantic aboard the ship America. His half-brother, Aaron Lopez, had sent it to Lisbon under the command of Jeremiah Osborne to pick him up. He arrived in Newport on 11-Jul-1767 together with his wife and their sons Duarte, José and João. He married Joana..., later Abigail. They had the following children:

6.1(V) - Duarte, later Moses, born circa 1740 in Portugal, died 01-Apr-1830 in Newport.
6.2(V) - José, later Samuel, born circa 1743.
6.3(V) - João, later Jacob, born 1750, died 18-Mar-1822 in Newport.
6.4(V) - A daughter, died 30-Mar-1767.

7(V) - Isabel Maria Da Rosa (Sarah Lopez calls her Elizabeth), born in Vila de Frades, died in the Great Lisbon Earthquake of 01-Nov-1755 together with two of her daughters. On 22-Aug-1725 she had been married in Castro Marim to Manuel Freire, born in Vidigueira, son of Francisco Freire and Maria Vaz. (American genealogies indicate Elizabeth/Isabel's husband as a Lopez, but this appears to be a mistake derived from the fact that the couple's descendants took their mother's surname). Most likely, this Manuel Freire is the same person as the Manuel Freire who was called before the Inquisition in 1721 as a witness for the defense in the trial of Rosa Margarida. He was a resident of Santiago do Cacém and a salesclerk in Diego José Lopez Ramos's employ. He is probably the same Manuel Freire, who, as an Old Christian, a candlemaker, and a resident of Vidigueira, was called in 1723 as a witness for the defense of Ana Maria da Rosa. They had the following children:

7.1(V) - Ana, later Abigail Lopez, christened 09-Oct-1726 in Santiago do Cacém, died 14-May-1762. In 1750 she married her half-uncle Duarte, later Aaron Lopez, born 1731 in Portugal, died 27 or 28-May-1782 in Smithfield, Rhode Island, son of Diego José Lopez Ramos and N... Lopez. They had offspring (see below).
7.2(V) - Diogo, christened 17-Dec-1728 in Santiago do Cacém. He may be the brother of Abigail that Sarah Lopez claims to have been murdered in his own house by a Spanish visitor.
7.3(V) - Luísa, christened 21-Mar-1733 in Santiago do Cacém.
7.4(V) - Maria, christened 09-Dec-1734 in Santiago do Cacém.
7.5(V) - Another daughter who would complete the total of four indicated by Sarah
Lopez, but whose baptism record was not located.

Diego José Lopez Ramos had the following children from his second marriage:

8 (IV) – Duarte, later Aaron Lopez, see below.

9 (IV) – Henrique, later Moses Lopez Jr., born 1746, died 17-Sep-1763.

10 (IV) – Gabriel, later David Lopez, died 19-Dec-1797 in Boston.

IV – DUARTE, later AARON LOPEZ, born ca. 1731 in Portugal, where he lived until 1752, when he traveled to America with his wife and one daughter. They arrived on October 13 in Newport, Rhode Island, where his half-brother, Moses, was already living. Within a few years, he built an extraordinary commercial empire and become known as a “merchant prince.” With several other members of his family, he helped establish Jeshuat Israel congregation and build its synagogue. Having been denied naturalization as a British subject in Rhode Island, he obtained it in Massachusetts on 15-Oct-1762. The War of Independence forced him to leave Newport with his family and destroyed his business. At a time when he was trying to restore his activities, Aaron Lopez died tragically at Scott's Pond, Smithfield, Rhode Island, on 27 or 28-May-1782. He drowned before his family when the horse pulling his carriage had gone down to the water to drink but went too far. He was buried at the Jewish cemetery in Newport.

He had married twice: the first time in 1750 to his half-niece Ana, later Abigail Lopez, christened 03-Oct-1726 in Santiago do Cacém, daughter of Manuel Freire and Isabel Maria da Rosa (see above); the second time in 1763 to Sarah Rivera, born 1747 in New York, died 06-Jan-1840 in the same city, a daughter of Jacob Rodríguez Rivera and Hannah Pimentel (see Rodríguez Montalbán). From his first marriage he had the following children:

1(V) – Catarina, later Sarah Lopez, born in Portugal. In 1766 or 1767 she was married in Newport to Abraham Pereira Mendes, son of Samuel Pereira Mendes and Leah ... . They had offspring.

2(V) – A son, born May 1753.

3(V) – Esther Lopez, born 1753 in Newport, died 03-Jan-1811. She married Moses Mordcai Gomez Jr., born 1744 or 1745, died 29-May-1826, a son of Mordica Gomez and Hester Rachel Campos. They have descendants up to the present day.

4(V) – Joseph Lopez, born ca. 1755, died 22-Nov-1822.

5(V) – Rachel Lopez, born 1758, died 26-Aug-1789. She married her half first cousin David Lopez Jr., born March 1750 in Newport, died in 1811 or 1812 in Charleston, a son of Moses Lopez and Rebecca Rodríguez Rivera (see above).

6(V) – Rebecca Lopez, born 1760, died 20-Feb-1844 in New York. In 1787 she married Uriah Hendricks, born in the Netherlands, died 27-Sep-1797 in New York, the widower of Eve Esther Gomez and a son of Aaron Hendricks.

7(V) – Miriam (Maria) Lopez, died 22-Jul-1812 in Wilmington, South Carolina. In 1805 she married Jacob Levy, who would later marry her half-sister Juliet Lopez, below. They had offspring.

From his second marriage Aaron Lopez had the following children:

8 (V) – Deborah Lopez.

9 (V) – Judith Lopez.

10 (V) – Jacob Lopez, born March 1762, died 27-Sep-1762.

11 (V) – Jacob Lopez, second child with the same name.

12 (V) – Hannah Lopez, born 1767, died 22-Mar-1848 in New York. She married her uncle Abraham Rivera, born December 1762 in Newport, died 10-Jan-1823 in New York, a son.
of Jacob Rodriguez Rivera and Hannah Pimentel. They had offspring (see Rodríguez Montalbán).

13(V) - Joshua Lopez, born 31-Mar-1768, died 31-Dec-1845 in New York. He was married twice: the first time on 18-Mar-1828 in New York to Rebecca Hays Touro, born 1779 in Newport, died 19-Dec-1833 in New York, a daughter of Rabbi Isaac Touro and Reyna (Malcha) Hays; the second time on 29-Jun-1836 in New York to his niece Mary Ann (Marianne) Gomez, born 03-Mar-1799 in New York, died there on 15-Nov-1847, a daughter of Isaac Gomez Jr. and Abigail Lopez, below. He had offspring from his second marriage.

14(V) - Abigail Lopez, born 1771, died 02-Aug-1851 in New York. On 26-May-1790 she married Isaac Gomez Jr., born 28-Jul-1768 in New York, died there 05-Dec-1831, a son of Moses Daniel Gomez and Esther Gomez. They have descendants up to the present day.

15(V) - Juliet Lopez, born 1772, died 04-Mar-1852 in New York. She married on 31-Dec-1823 in New York to Jacob Levy, the widower of her half-sister Miriam (Maria) Lopez, above.

16(V) - Delia Lopez, born 1773, died unmarried on 10-Nov-1843 in New York.

17(V) - Gracia Lopez, died unmarried on 12-May-1839 in New York.

18(V) - Samuel Lopez, died 01-Mar-1831 in New York. On 04-Mar-1806 he married Judith Seixas, born 1777 in Newport, died 05-Nov-1829, a daughter of Moses Seixas and Jochebed Levy. They had issue.

CARVAJAL of Osuna

I - MANUEL DE CARVAJAL, who died before 1681 in Osuna, is the only one of Aaron Lopez's great-grandparents whose identity is known. He had the following children:

1(I) - D. Ana Maria De Carvajal. She married Jerónimo Lopez Ramos, a treasurer (contador) in a revenue office (Contaduria de Fazendas), born in Osuna. They have a large number of descendants up to the present day (see Lopez Ramos).

2(I) - D. Antonia De Rojas, born in Málaga. She married Alejandro De Toledo, a tobacco merchant. They had offspring (see Lopez Ramos).

3(I) - D. Francisco De Carvajal, a tobacco merchant in the town of El Arahal. He married D. Loenor Lopez De Toledo, born in Málaga (see Lopez Ramos).

4(I) - D. Luisa De Carvajal, born ca. 1664 in Osuna. She married a pharmacist whose name is not known. In 1693 she was living with him in Campillos, near Antequera.

RODRIGUEZ of Mérida

I - N... had the following children:

1(I) - Leonor Rodriguez, born in Mérida. Around 1689 she was arrested by the Granada Inquisition and then reconciled to the Christian faith. She married Miguel Lopez, a New Christian merchant. They have a large number of descendants up to the present day (see Lopez de Rivera).

2(I) - Maria Rodriguez, see below.

II - MARIA RODRIGUEZ, born in Mérida. She married Manuel Carrasco, a tanner. They lived in Almeida in northern Portugal. They had the following children:

1(II) - Diego Rodriguez Carrasco, a merchant, born ca. 1652 either in Ameida or in Osuna, "tall, white, with brown hair." In 1696 he was a resident of Fuentes de Oñoro, close to the Portuguese border, and was under arrest by the Llerena Inquisition. He
married Maria Nunes, born in Almeida, a daughter of Jorge Rodrigues and Maria de Miranda. According to the Inquisition, by 1696 he was already a childless widower. However, it is known from a later source that from his marriage to Guilomar Nunes (it is unclear whether this was his second wife or the same person as Maria Nunes with an incorrect first name) he had the following children:

1.1(IV) – Benjamin Carrasco. In 1729 he was married and living as a Jew in Bordeaux, France. He had offspring.

1.2(IV) – Abigail Carrasco. She married N... De Campos. In 1729 she was living as a Jew in Bayonne, France.

2(III) – Miguel Carrasco, a businessman, born ca. 1658 in Almeida. He married Joana

3(III) – Isabel. She married her first cousin Francisco Lopez, a candelmaker, who died not later than 1703, a son of Miguel Lopez and Leonor Rodriguez (see Lopez de Rivera). They lived in Almeida.

4(III) – Francisco Lopez Carrasco, a businessman, born in Almeida. He married Isabel Maria, born in Granada, reconciled to the Christian faith by the Granada Inquisition, and a daughter of Duarte Mendes and Catarina Mendes. They had the following son:

4.1(IV) – Manuel Francisco De Miranda, a businessman, born ca. 1682 in Granada and christened in the parish of Madalena. In March 1723 he escaped to England with some of his relatives (considering the date, Moses Lopez and Abraham Rodriguez Rivera might be two of them) and lived in London for a few years as a Jew before returning to Portugal, where he appeared voluntarily before the Lisbon Inquisition on 09-Mar-1729. He heard his sentence on 12-Apr-1729 at the Holy Office’s Chamber and was allowed to go home four days later. In May 1729 he requested permission to travel to Rio de Janeiro, but the Inquisition refused to grant it. He married Leonor De Mendonça, born in Faro, a daughter of Miguel Marques Ferro, a New Christian, and Maria de Mendonça, an Old Christian.

5(III) – Gaspar Carrasco, born in Almeida. He died unmarried in the Kingdom of Murcia.

6(III) – Another daughter whose name is not known.

LOPEZ DE RIVERA of Seville
(later LOPES PEREIRA, LOPES RAMOS and TORRES)

*= 1

1 – Miguel Lopez was a New Christian merchant, perhaps born in Seville, known to have had a brother, António. He married Leonor Rodriguez, born in Mérida (see Rodriguez). According to their granddaughter Rosa Margarida, one of them (Leonor?) was an Old Christian. They lived in the town of “Bellis,” in the Kingdom of Castille (probably Vélez-Málaga), and Leonor would have also lived in Santiago do Cacém. They had the following children:

1(II) – José Lopez De Rivera Calderón, see below.

2(II) – Antonio Lopez Calderón, see *= 2.

3(II) – Francisco Lopez, a candelmaker and a resident of Almeida. He married his first cousin ISABEL, a daughter of Manuel Carrasco and Maria Rodriguez (see Rodriguez).

4(II) – Juan Antonio Lopez Calderón, born in the Kingdom of Castille, was a merchant. In 1703 he lived in Tomar, where he had a grocery store. He married Leonor Henriques, who is very likely the Leonor Enríquez, aged 30, born in Antequera and a resident of Cádiz, “with an average body, white-faced, with blond hair.” On 11-Mar-1691, in the auto-de-fé that took place in the Convent of Saint Francis, in Seville, she converted to
Catholicism and was sentenced to have her property confiscated, to wearing a penitential garment, and to be imprisoned for life without remission. (Her name appears immediately before Isabel de la Torre's in the list of persons who underwent the 1691 auto-da-fe.) They had the following children:

4.1(III) — Constantino, christened 24-Mar-1697 in the town of Coruche.
4.2(III) — Another son, born in Coruche.
4.3(III) — A daughter, born in Coruche.

5(II) — Gaspar Francisco Lopez De Rivera, see # 3.

6(II) — Isabel Maria Vaz De Rivera (usually called Isabel Vaz or Isabel Maria in Portuguese documents, and Isabel Maria de Rivera in Spanish documents), perhaps born in Seville, died in Lisbon, in the parish of Socorro, on 31-May-1701. She married Diego Rodríguez Montalbán, perhaps born in Seville, a son of Miguel Lopez (?). They have a large number of descendants up to the present day (see Rodríguez Montalbán).

7(II) — Ana Lopez Rodríguez. She married Francisco Cevallos, a businessman. They lived in Caña, in the Kingdom of Castille. They had the following children:

7.1(III) — María.
7.2(III) — Isabel L.

II — JOSÉ LOPEZ DE RIVERA CALDERÓN, a merchant, born ca. 1661 in Marchena. He was arrested and reconciled to the Christian faith by the Seville Inquisition in 1689. He underwent a private auto-da-fé on 18-Dec-1689. Afterwards he moved permanently to Portugal. He lived in Santiago do Cacém and occasionally passed through Lisbon and other towns when there was a fair. He was arrested again by the Inquisition in 1703, accused of Judaism. He always denied that he had returned to Judaism after 1689. Since the evidence was not strong, he was sentenced on 28-Mar-1705 to hearing his sentence at the Holy Office's Chamber, to be imprisoned at the discretion of the Inquisitors, to be instructed on the Christian faith, and to spiritual punishment and penance. He was allowed to go home on 04-Apr-1705, unable to leave Portugal without authorization. In 1721 he still lived with his wife in Santiago do Cacém. He married Beatriz Lopez Pereira, born in Gríñon, on the outskirts of Madrid, a daughter of Manuel Pereira and Leonor Lopes Carvalho, New Christians from the Portuguese town of Mogadouro. They had the following children:

1(III) — Leonor Rodríguez, christened on 12-Aug-1686 in Granada, in the parish of San Nicolás de Bari. On 08-Nov-1711, dangerously ill and already anointed, she was married at her parents' home in Santiago do Cacém to her first cousin Miguel Francisco De Torres, born 01-Jun-1683 in Granada and christened in the same parish of San Nicolás de Bari, a son of Gaspar Francisco Lopez de Rivera and Isabel Maria Rodríguez de la Torre. They have descendants up to the present day (see below).

2(III) — Dr. Miguel Lopez Pereira, see below.

3(III) — Francisca Lopez Pereira, born in the Kingdom of Castille. In 1721 she was still unmarried and lived with her parents.

4(III) — Maria, christened 28-Apr-1696 in Santiago do Cacém.


6(III) — Ana, christened 16-Aug-1698 in Santiago do Cacém.
III – DR. MIGUEL LOPEZ PEREIRA, a graduate in medicine from the University of Coimbra, was born ca. 1694 in Cañete la Real, Andalusia, and moved as a boy to Portugal, where he remained. He was arrested by the Holy Office in 1720, accused of Judaism. In the beginning he denied all accusations, painting a comprehensive defense. He said, namely, that the witnesses accusing him of professing Judaism were his enemies. After several admonitions he eventually confessed his guilt. He underwent an auto-da-fé on 20-Oct-1723 in the church of São Domingos, in Lisbon. Later in October 1723 he was released and sent to Santiago do Cacém. He went insane after being in prison, and his state continued to deteriorate in spite of cures in Lisbon and in the Algarve. However, he was still the public medical doctor of Castro Marim, a position he still held in 1736. He was also involved in business. In 1723 he had leased, together with his father and another associate, the taxes ("dilizemos") for honey, wax and beehives of the parish of São Domingos, in Santiago do Cacém. He married twice: the first time on 04-Oct-1717 in Vila de Frades to his first cousin once removed D. Ana Maria Da Rosa, christened 18-Aug-1699 in Vila de Frades, a daughter of Diego José Lopez Ramos and Rosa Margarida (see Lopez Ramos); the second time on 18-Apr-1735 in Castro Marim to D. Leonor Maria De Almansa, born either in Faro or in Gibraleón, a daughter of António Rojas de Almansa and D. Francisca Pereira. He had the following children from his first marriage:

1(IV) – D. Filipa Josefa Rosa, or D. Filipa Micaela Rosa, born in Setúbal. On 23-Jun-1749 she was married in Castro Marim to her second cousin Félix José Lopes Ramos, an Army Major (Sargento-Mor de Ordenanças) and a businessman, born 16-Sep-1723 in Sintra, in the parish of São Martinho, a son of José Antonio Lopez and Josefa Margarida (see below). They had offspring.

2(IV) – José Lopes Ramos, born ca. 1720 in Setúbal. He married his cousin Catarina Josefa, born in Montemor-o-Velho, a daughter of José António Lopez and Josefa Margarida (see below). They had offspring.

3(IV) – D. Rosa Bárbara Pereira, born in Faro, in the Cathedral parish. On 24-Feb-1744 she was married in Castro Marim to João Monteiro Da Fonseca, a New Christian, born ca. 1709 in Lamego, in the parish of Almacave, the widower of Engrácia Maria and a son of Manuel Monteiro and Inês Maria. João Monteiro da Fonseca, a tailor sentenced by the Inquisition in 1734 and banished to Castro Marim, later had a remarkable rise in his social standing, becoming a notary, an administrator of the Count of Soure’s Comenda (estate), an Army Major (Sargento-Mor), and a Councillor for Castro Marim and Vila Real de Santo António. He was the first Councillor chosen for Vila Real de Santo António, a new town of which he was one of the builders, and one of the two Councillors selected as town representatives to go to Lisbon to kiss the hand of King Joseph as a sign of gratitude. They had offspring.

From his second marriage, Dr. Miguel Lopez Pereira had the following children:


5(IV) – António Lopes Pereira, born in Castro Marim. On 29-Jul-1765 he was married in Castro Marim to D. Teresa Maria Da Fonseca, born in Tavira, a daughter of Captain Jerónimo da Fonseca e Sá and D. Verónica Teresa de Brito. They had offspring.
II - ANTONIO LOPEZ CALDERÓN, a son of Miguel Lopez and Leonor Rodríguez (see *1. I*), was born in Granada. A businessman and a merchant, he lived in Santiago do Cacém and also in Lisbon, on the Rua Suja, and died in this city around 1701. He married Bites Manuel, a New Christian, born in Granada, a daughter of Duarte Mendes and Catarina Mendes. They had the following children:

1(III) - Catarina Francisca Lopez Calderón, born ca. 1687 in Granada, in the parish of Madalena. At the age of 9 months, she moved to Portugal, where she remained. She lived in Lisbon, Grândola, Santiago do Cacém, Cuba, and Serpa. She was arrested by the Inquisition on 31-Oct-1715 after having been denounced by her husband. At this time she lived in Serpa. After confiscation was ordered, she stated she had nothing left of her own because everything had already been confiscated at the time of her husband’s arrest. After undergoing an auto-da-fé, she was released on 21-Feb-1716. In 1721 she was living in Mértola. She had married ca. 1702 Pedro De Torres, a contractor (contratador) and tobacco merchant, born ca. 1677 in Alcalá de Henares, and arrested by the Inquisition in 1713. They had the following children:

1.1(IV) - António Lopes, christened 12-Aug-1703 in Santiago do Cacém. In 1729 he was living in Bordeaux.

1.2(IV) - Isabel Maria, christened 21-Sep-1705 in Santiago do Cacém. In 1729 she was living in Bordeaux.

1.3(IV) - Duarte Lopes, born in the Alentejo region. In 1729 he was living in Bordeaux.

1.4(IV) - Miguel.

2(III) - José Antonio Lopez, christened 30-Jun-1694 in Santiago do Cacém. He was a tobacco merchant and lived in Sintra. He married Josefa Margarida, born in Antequera or Seville. They had the following children:

2.1(IV) - Félix José Lopes Ramos, born 16-Sep-1723 in Sintra, in the parish of São Martinho. He was an Army Major (Sargento-Mor de Ordemças) and a businessman. The origin of his surname Ramos remains unexplained, unless it comes from his mother’s side, whose ancestry is still to be traced. He was married on 23-Jun-1749 in Castro Marim to his second cousin D. Filipa Josefa Rosa, or D. Filipa Micaela Rosa, born in Setúbal, a daughter of Dr. Miguel Lopez Pereira and D. Ana Maria da Rosa (see above). They had offspring.

2.2(IV) - Catarina Josefa, born in Montemor-o-Velho. She married her cousin José Lopes Ramos, born in 1720 in Setúbal, a son of Dr. Miguel Lopez Pereira and D. Ana Maria da Rosa (see above). They had offspring.

2.3(IV) - Violante Rosa Felícia, born in Montemor-o-Velho. She married her second cousin José Lopes De Torres, Alferes (military rank higher than sergeant and lower than lieutenant), born 29-Aug-1740 in Castro Marim, died there on 31-May-1802, a son of João de Torres and D. Isabel Josefa Fajardo (see below). They had offspring.

3(III) - Leonor Josefa, christened 22-Mar-1699 in Santiago do Cacém. She married Francisco Javier, a contractor (Contratador) and tobacco merchant, born in Encinasola, who underwent an auto-da-fé in Évora on 16-Dec-1725, a son of Simão de Campos and Ana Lopez (full sister of Beatriz Lopez Pereira, wife of José Lopez de Rivera Calderón). In 1721 they lived in Beringel, in 1725 in Arraiolos, and in 1729 in Alter do Chão.
II — GASPAR FRANCISCO LOPEZ DE RIVERA, a son of Miguel Lopez and Leonor Rodríguez (see *1, f.), born in the Kingdom of Castille, was a businessman. He married Isabel Maria Rodríguez De La Torre, a New Christian born in Valencia. She was “small-bodied, black eyes and black hair” and a daughter of Antonio de la Torre. Sentenced on the accusation of Judaism, her property was confiscated and she underwent an auto-da-fé in the Convent of Saint Francis, in Seville, on 11-Mar-1691. They lived, at least, in Granada, Ubrique, Santiago do Cacém, Pernes, and Bordeaux. They had the following children:

1(III) — Maria, born ca. 1683 in Ubrique. She married Fernando Cortizos, a New Christian merchant, born in the Kingdom of Castille. They lived in Salamanca.

2(III) — Leonor, born ca. 1685 in Ubrique. She married Francisco De Mendoza, a New Christian and a businessman in Salamanca, and lived there.

3(III) — Miguel Francisco De Torres, born 01-Jun-1683 in Granada and christened in the parish of San Nicolás de Bari. He lived in Ubrique (where he claimed he had been born, but the certificate included in the documentation submitted by his grandson in order to become a Roman Catholic priest tells otherwise), Madrid, Bordeaux, Santiago do Cacém, Beja, Torres Vedras, Mértola, and Castro Marim. He was also in Rome, perhaps to obtain the permission he needed to marry a first cousin. Around 1716 he was working for Diego José Lopez Ramos. In 1721 he was the tobacco administrator for the judicial district of Torres Vedras. He appeared voluntarily before the Inquisition on 26-Oct-1723 and, after denouncing a few people, on 09-Nov-1723 he was granted permission to go to Castro Marim to assist his wife, who was seriously ill. In Castro Marim, Miguel Francisco de Torres had a general store, and on 06-Dec-1741 he was appointed to the office of factor (fisiot) of the town’s customs office. He was also the rent collector for the Count of Soure’s estate (Comenda). On 08-Nov-1711 he was married in Santiago do Cacém to his first cousin Leonor Rodriguez, a daughter of José Lopez de Rivera Calderón and Beatriz Lopez Pereira (see above), who at that time was so critically ill that she had already been anointed. She recovered from both periods of illness because this couple had the following children:

3.1(IV) — José António Carlos De Torres, christened 06-Apr-1714 in Santiago do Cacém. From his father he inherited the job of factor of Castro Marim’s customs office.

3.2(IV) — Ana, christened 15-Nov-1718 in Santiago do Cacém, died at a few years of age.

3.3(IV) — Brites, born by 1723.

3.4(IV) — Duarte Lopes De Torres, born 31-Mar-1723 in Castro Marim. He was a notary clerk (escrivão do geral) in Mértola, and was admitted as a member of this town’s Misericórdia (a Roman Catholic charitable institution) in 1775. A search through the Misericórdia’s record books, together with some knowledge of the local families, shows how New Christians only started to appear as members in the late 18th century. Duarte appears to have been the first to achieve this. On 30-Dec-1748 he married in Mértola Cipriana Jacoba Rufina Navarro Preto De Arnedo, born in Mértola, a daughter of Fernando Navarro Preto and Isabel Josefa de Arnedo. They had offspring.

3.5(IV) — Luis Francisco De Torres, a pharmacist, born 25-Aug-1729 in Castro Marim. His godfather was D. Luis de Lugo Benitez, Marquis of Florida. On 30-Aug-1760 he was married in Castro Marim to his first cousin Mariana Josefa De Porciúncula, born 02-Aug-1737 also in Castro Marim, where she died and was buried on 28-Mar-1812. She was a daughter of João de Torres and D. Isabel Josefa Fajardo (see below). They have descendants up to the present day.
4(III) - Ana, christened 23-Jan-1695 in Santiago do Cacém.

5(III) - Franciscas, christened 12-Mar-1697 in Santiago do Cacém.

6(III) - Pedro, christened 25-Sep-1699 in Santiago do Cacém.

7(III) - João De Torres. On 24-Apr-1735 he was married in Castro Marim to D. Isabel Josefa Fajardo, born ca. 1721 in Tavira, in the parish of Santiago. She was a daughter of Rodrigo Alonso Nuñez, a New Christian, a merchant and a registry official (Feitor do Assento) of the town of Castro Marim. (He appears to have been the last family member to have problems with the Inquisition, from 1738 to his death in 1744.) Her mother was Helena de Castro de Sequeira. They had the following children:

7.1(IV) - José, born 02-Mar-1736 in Castro Marim.

7.2(IV) - Mariana Josefa De Porciúncula, born 02-Aug-1737 in Castro Marim, died in the same town where she was buried on 28-Mar-1812. She married her first cousin Luís Francisco De Torres, a pharmacist, born 25-Aug-1729 in Castro Marim, a son of Miguel Francisco de Torres and Leonor Rodrigues (see above). They have descendants up to the present day.

7.3(IV) - Joaquina, born 03-Jan-1739 in Castro Marim.

7.4(IV) - José Lopes De Torres, born 29-Aug-1740 in Castro Marim, died there on 31-May-1802. On 17-Jun-1770 he was married in Castro Marim to his second cousin Violante Rosa Felícia, born in Montemor-o-Velho, a daughter of José Antonio Lopez and Josefa Margarida (see above). They had offspring.

7.5(IV) - Francisco José De Torres, born 17-Sep-1742 in Castro Marim. On 29-Sep-1766 he was married in Castro Marim to D. Maria Joaquina, born in Castro Marim, a daughter of Captain Francisco da Cruz and Francisca Nogueira.

7.6(IV) - Gaspar, born 01-Dec-1743 in Castro Marim.

7.7(IV) - D. Joaquina Antónia De Torres, born 23-Apr-1746 in Castro Marim. On 11-Apr-1764 she was married in Castro Marim to José Lourenço Justinião, an Army Major, born in Faro, a son of Dr. Cláudio José Xavier Mendes Henriques and D. Teresa Josefa Henriques. They had offspring.

7.8(IV) - D. Rosa Gertrudes Xavier De Torres, born 29-Feb-1748 in Castro Marim, died in the same town where she was buried on 10-Dec-1817. On 04-Oct-1764 she was married in Castro Marim to Dr. Matias Mendes Henriques, born in Faro, a son of Dr. Cláudio José Xavier Mendes Henriques and D. Teresa Josefa Henriques. They had offspring.

7.9(IV) - António, born 12-Jun-1756 in Castro Marim.

7.10(IV) - João De Torres, born in Castro Marim. He married Catarina Josefa, born in Cadiz, a daughter of Juan Garrido and Maria Fornes (?). They had offspring.

7.11(IV) - Antónia Joaquina, born in Castro Marim. She married Manuel José Henriques, born in Faro, a son of Dr. Cláudio José Xavier Mendes Henriques and D. Teresa Josefa Henriques. They had offspring.
RODRIGUEZ MONTALBÁN of Seville
(later RODRIGUEZ RIVERA of Newport)

1 -- DIEGO RODRIGUEZ MONTALBÁN, an Old Christian and a businessman, perhaps born in Seville. He could have been the son of Miguel Lopez. He married Isabel Maria Vaz De Rivera, perhaps also born in Seville, a daughter of Miguel Lopez and Leonor Rodriguez (see Lopez De Rivera). They lived in Seville, Vila de Frades, Torres Vedras, and in Lisbon in the neighborhood of Mouraria, close to Santo António dos Vintens. Diego Rodriguez Montalbán is also mentioned in 1703, as being a tobacco merchant in Vila Franca de Xira. They had the following children:

1(II) -- Miguel Rodriguez, born ca. 1675 in Seville in the parish of San Martín. He was arrested by the Inquisition on 17-Mar-1703, accused of Judaism. At the time he was a tobacco merchant and lived in Benavente, in Portugal, where he had moved only a few months earlier. He had previously lived in Torres Novas. He had been introduced to Judaism 11 years earlier, in Gibraltar, and had already traveled widely in the kingdoms of Portugal and Castile. He underwent an auto-da-fé in the church of São Domingos, in Lisbon, on 09-Sep-1703, and he had all his property confiscated. He married Leonor Josefa.

2(II) -- Manuel Fabián De Rivera, born ca. 1680 in Alora (?), in the Diocese of Málaga. He was "tall, dark-skinned, with thick black hair and thick beard, and a large flat nose," a merchant, and lived in Arcos de la Frontera. In 1722 he was imprisoned in the jail of the Seville Inquisition. He is supposed to have married Inês De Torres.

3(II) -- Francisco Rodriguez, born ca. 1683. He died a bachelor.

4(II) -- José Lopez, born ca. 1691. He died a bachelor.

5(II) -- Abraham Rodriguez Rivera, see below.

6(II) -- Mariana De Montalbán, born ca. 1672 in Granada, "tall, thin, dark-skinned with black hair, large eyes and long nose." She married Luis De Victoria, born ca. 1670 in Madrid, who had worked for Diego José Lopez Ramos and later became a merchant. He was "tall, thin, white-hair and balding, white-bearded, dark-skinned," a son of Rodrigo Alvarez and Francisca Lopez. They lived in, among other places, Ayamonte and Arcos de la Frontera. In 1722 they were both imprisoned in the jail of the Seville Inquisition. They had the following children:

6.1(III) -- Rodrigo De Victoria, born ca. 1689 at Gabrín (?) in Spain, "tall, dark-skinned, black eyes and black hair, long-nosed," a merchant in Arcos. In 1722 he was imprisoned in the jail of the Seville Inquisition. He married Guionna De Miranda, reconciled to the Christian faith by the Seville Inquisition, and a daughter of Antonio de Miranda and Beatriz....

6.2(III) -- Ana De Victoria, born ca. 1700, "not very tall, dark-skinned, dark-haired." In 1722 she was imprisoned in the jail of the Seville Inquisition.

6.3(III) -- Leonor De Victoria, "dark-skinned, with a good body, and black hair." In 1722 she was imprisoned in the jail of the Seville Inquisition.

7(II) -- Rosa Margarida, born ca. 1682 in Coim, died 05-Oct-1722, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the cells of the Évora Inquisition, where she had been held since her arrest on 21-Oct-1720 after confiscation of a long list of goods. Her sentence, read during the auto-da-fé in the church of São João Evangelista, in Évora, on 10-Sep-1730 determined that: she would be absolved of the accusations, she would be given a Christian burial, her confiscated goods would be turned over to her heirs, and the Inquisition court expenses would be charged to her estate. She had married on 26-May-1699 in Vila de Frades to Diego José Lopez Ramos, born in Osuna, a son of Jerónimo Lopez Ramos and Ana Maria de Carvajal (see Lopez Ramos). They have a large number of descendants up to the present day.

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8(ii) – Ana Maria De Rivera, born ca. 1675 in Ronda, “dark-skinned, tall, plump, grey-haired, long-nosed, small-mouthed, with small round black eyes.” She was married to Lorenzo Garcia Correa (or Lorenzo Garcia De Sandoval), an Old Christian who made a living from his business. He had eloped with her when she was 14 or 15 years old. They lived in the town of Arcos, in Castille.

9(ii) – Josefa Maria. She died unmarried.

II – ABRAHAM RODRIGUEZ RIVERA, whose Christian first name is unknown, could be one of the above-mentioned sons of Diego Rodriguez Montalbán and Isabel Maria Vaz de Rivera, or possibly an additional son not mentioned in the Portuguese Inquisition trial records. He was born either in Spain or in Portugal but when still in his youth he left the Iberian Peninsula, moving to England and finally settling in North America, where he was already living in 1726. He died in Newport on 07-Jul-1765 and his house, which still stands, is today one of Newport’s tourist attractions. He married three times: the first time on 06-Jul-1712 in London to Palomba Mizrachi, a daughter of Jacob Mizrachi; the second time to Sarah..., who died 17-Aug-1727 in New York; and the third time to N... De Lucena.

From his first marriage he had the following child:

1(iii) – Isaac Rodriguez Rivera, who died in Newport. He married Judith Pardo, a daughter of Michael Pardo.

From his second marriage Abraham Rodriguez Rivera had the following children:

2(iii) – Jacob Rodriguez Rivera, see below.

3(iii) – Rebecca Rodriguez Rivera, died 17-Oct-1793. She married her first cousin Moses Lopez, previously known as José LOPEZ RAMOS, christened 09-Sep-1706 in Vila de Frades, died 06-Apr-1767 in Newport, a son of Diego José Lopez Ramos and Rosa Margarida (see Lopez Ramos). They have descendants up to the present day.


5(iii) – A stillborn child on 17-Aug-1727.

Abraham Rodriguez Rivera also had the following son, but it is not known from which one of his marriages:

6(iii) – Daniel, naturalized in New York in 1740 or 1741.

III – JACOB RODRIGUEZ RIVERA, born 1717, died 18-Feb-1789 in Newport. He was naturalized in New York on 21-Jan-1746. He was a merchant and had run some partnerships with his son-in-law, Aaron Lopez. He was dubbed “The Honest Man.” He is buried in the Jewish cemetery of Newport, as the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow noted. In 1741 he had married Hannah Pimentel, born February 1720 in the island of Menorca, died 04-Nov-1820 in New York, a daughter of Samuel Rodriguez Pimentel. They had the following children:

1(iv) – Sarah Rivera, born 1747 in New York, died 06-Jan-1840 in the same city. (She is the author of the text found in the introduction to this article). In 1763 she married Aaron Lopez, previously known as Duarte, born ca. 1731 in Portugal, a widower of Abigail Lopez and a son of Diego José Lopez Ramos and N... Lopez (see Lopez Ramos). They have a large number of descendants up to the present day.

2(iv) – Abraham Rivera, born December 1762 in Newport, died 10-Jan-1823 in New York. He married his niece Hannah Lopez, born 1767, died 22-Mar-1848 in New York, a daughter of Aaron Lopez and Sarah Rivera (see Lopez Ramos). They had offspring.
EXPLANATORY NOTES

In earlier baptism records, dates of birth were usually not given. In such cases, this article indicates the date of baptism instead. Children were usually christened about one week after birth. The date of baptism may therefore be used as a reliable source to evaluate a person's age. Similarly, some death records do not state the date of the person's death but only the date on which the person was buried. This usually occurred on the same or on the following day.

Both Portugal and Spain, traditional strongholds of Roman Catholicism, adopted the Gregorian calendar (New Style dates) immediately after its introduction by Pope Gregory XIII in 1582. Britain and its territories did not adopt the new calendar until 1752. Dates presented in this article are as recorded at their source. Therefore, reference to American dates prior to 1752 may be presumed to fall within the Old Style category. With respect to 18th-century dates, this means an eleven-day discrepancy.

The "D." before many women's names stands for "Dona," a form of address in old times given in Portugal only to women of a high social rank. The "D." before a man's name, which stands for "Dom," had an extremely limited application in Portugal, where it was a title restricted to the highest-ranking nobility and clergy (unlike the Spanish "Don," a simple form of address which also appears occasionally in this article). In this article only two Portuguese men are referred to as "Dom": the Marquis of Nisa and his brother, who were members of Portugal's highest-ranking nobility.

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Many Association members know Anne by her friendly voice. Others, who have worked closely with her, also know her quiet attention to detail. She knows precisely where to find something—often before a researcher or a board member asks. Here she has synthesized a vast amount of information, producing a highly useful reference tool. You will probably see this printed version before she does. Customarily, Anne saves her favorite reading for the beach.

Alaska Fur Shop  Samuel + Harry Weinberg (brothers)
1923-25  419 Westminster Street
1926-31  466 Westminster Street
1932  Samuel left and opened S. Weinberg Fur Shop;
      Harry also left; business purchased by Morris Goldstein
1937  Harry opened Harry Weinberg

American Fur Company  Benjamin Goldstein + Samuel Grossman
1911  220 Weybosset Street

Bander Fur Shop  Gitman Bander
1931  874 Broad Street

Boston Fur Shop  Jacob Kerzner
1937  169 Weybosset Street
1938  renamed Mrs. Lillian Kerzner Furs
      39 Broad Street
1940-44  renamed Boston Fur Shop; Lillian owner
      20 Chestnut Street

Bromley Fur Shop  Muriel Bromley
1936-41  388 Sayles Avenue

Canadian Fur Shop  Hyman Weinberg
      brother of Nathan, Harry + Samuel and nephew of Abraham +
      Harry Tolchinsky + Morris Levine)
1920-23  461 Westminster Street
1924-38  419 Westminster Street
1928  renamed Weinberg's Canadian Fur Shop
1931  renamed Canadian Fur Shop
Canadian Fur Trading Company  Samuel Dick
(also owned Modern Fur Company)
1920    38 Empire Street
1921-24  38 + 42 Empire Street
1925    42 Empire Street
1927    432 Westminster Street
1928    432 Westminster Street + 40 Empire Street;
opened Samuel Dick at 10 Broad Street
1929-30  432 Westminster Street and 40 Empire Street
1931    432 Westminster Street
1934    renamed Sam Dick's Canadian Fur Trading
1942    Samuel died and wife, Rose, took over
1951    final year

Carl Churnick
1935-41  1189 Eddy Street

City Fur Store  Samuel Goldberg
1943-45  116 Eddy Street
1946-48  466 Westminster Street

Albert Coken
1939-44  38 Empire Street
1945-49  51 Empire Street
1950-53  482 Westminster Street
1954-65  488 Westminster Street
1966-73  126 Union Street

J. Coscock  Jacob Coscock
1912-30  37 Broad Street
1931-45  350 Westminster Street

Crown Fur Shop  Max Simons
1905-22  212 Union Street
1922     renamed M. Simons
               212 Union Street
1923-25  357 Westminster Street
1929-36  25 Mulberry Street

Fashion Fur Shop  Benjamin Salk
1916    109 Washington Street
1917-21  upholstery business
1922-25  also owned Salk Fur Shoppe
               76 Broad Street
1926    both stores at 14 Broad Street
1927    Fashion Fur Shop closed but Salk Fur Shop continued
Gever's Fur Shop  Harry Gever  
1926-29  76 Broad Street

Goldstein + Tolchinsky  Morris Goldstein + Harry Tolchinsky
1921  290 Westminster Street
1922-33  Goldstein worked for William H. Harris
         Tolchinsky worked for Morris Levine
1933  Goldstein's Alaska Fur Shop owned by Morris Goldstein
         466  Westminster Street
1934-37  433 Westminster Street
1938  Goldstein worked for Jacob Cossack

Goodwin Furriers  David Gubernick
1929-33  446 Westminster Street
1934  see Hudson Bay Fur Company

R. Gross Inc.  Rubin Gross
1933  290 Westminster Street

Harris+ Jacques  William H. Harris + John Jacques
1921  482 Westminster Street
1922-23  William H. Harris; Harris & Jacques (two companies)
         482 Westminster Street
1924-41  became William H. Harris
         482 Westminster Street
1942-80  400 Westminster Street
1956  William died and son, Harold, took over
1980-2003  641 Bald Hill Road, Warwick
         business sold to Michigan Speciality Realtors Corporation

Hudson Bay Fur Company  David Gubernick
1926-33  461 Westminster Street
1929  also owned Goodwin Furriers
1933  Gubernick died
1934  renamed Bay Fur Company
         461 Westminster Street
1935  renamed Goodwin Furriers, Rebecca Gubernick owner
1938  Irving and Alfred Goodwin also owners
1941  Rebecca moved to New York City
1944  Irving opened Trevor's
1944-64  Alfred remained at 461 Westminster Street

Hudson Cold Storage  Hyman Levine (son of Morris and nephew of
Abraham + Harry Tolchinsky) + Milton MacIntosh
1939  101-113 Cranston Street
1945  Levine became sole owner
1968  renamed Hudson Services
1975  Levine retired
1983  owned by Steven Levine
1986-  owned by Gerald Palmer
Hudson Fur Cleaning  Hyman Levine
  1948  101 Cranston Street
  1968  merged with Hudson Services

Hudson Fur Repairing  Hyman Levine
  1948  101 Cranston Street
  1968  merged with Hudson Services

Hudson Fur Store  Abraham Levine
  (brother of Harry Tolchinsky + cousin of Hyman Weinberg)
  1966- 101 Cranston St
  1986- owned by Irene Wolanski

Hygrade Fur Store  Morris Wasserstein
  1923  19 Broad Street
  1924-26 14 Broad Street

Imperial Fur Shop  Max, Nathan + Samuel Greenbaum
  1939-41 334 Westminster Street
  1942-43 172 Mathewson Street
  1947-64 169 Weybosset Street
  1949  owned by Nathan and Samuel
  1951  owned by Nathan, Samuel, and Sidney
  1954  owned by Nathan and Sidney
  1956  owned by Sidney
  1965-94 236 Westminster Street

Samuel Levin
  1929  49 Arcade Building

Levine's Fur Shop  Harry Levine (brother of Morris Levine + cousin of Martin Tolchinsky)
  1927-32 768 Broad Street
  1935  388 Sayles Avenue

M. Levine  Morris (Tolchinsky) Levine (brother of Abraham
  + Harry Tolchinsky and father of Hyman)
  1919-26 10 Broad Street
  1927-31 22 Broad Street
  1932  419 Westminster Street
  1933  466 Westminster Street
  1934  444 Westminster Street
  1935-52 522 Westminster Street

Little Fur Shop  Max Potter
  1908-44 212 Union Street
  1921 second store at 171 Weybosset Street

Martin Tolchinsky (cousin of Harry & Morris Levine)
  1933-45 worked with father, Morris, at Tolchinsky Fur Shop
  1946-55 owned Martin's at 350 Westminster Street
  1956-60 returned to Tolchinsky
M. Masover Morris Masover
1931 7 Wayland Square
1932-36 9 South Angell Street

Modern Fur Shop Samuel Dick
(also owned Canadian Fur Trading Company)
1917 334 Westminster Street
1920-21 449 Westminster Street
1923 432 Westminster Street owned by David & Samuel Dick
1924-27 owned by Samuel

New England Fur Shop Esther + Max Snow
1922-25 185 Westminster Street
1931 76 Broad Street
1932 10 Broad Street
1934-38 renamed Rebecca Snow
1938-40 renamed New England Fur Shop; owned by Max
1940-50 587 Broad Street

New Process Fur Cleaning Hyman Levine (son of Morris +
nephew of Abraham + Harry Tolchinsky)
1933-35 165 Weybosset Street
1939 opened Hudson Cold Storage

Okun Fur Shop Hyman Okun
1926 350 Westminster Street
1927-33 139 Mathewson Street
1934 63 Empire Street
1938-39 236 Broad Street

Providence Fur Store Abraham Tolchinsky (brother of Harry Tolchinsky + Morris Levine)
1923-73 860 Broad St
1951 son, Nathan, became owner

Quebec Fur Company Isabelle Silverman
1926 522 Westminster Street

Morris Rosenberg
1907 435 Westminster Street
1909 433 Westminster Street
1908-11 27 Aborn Street
1912-14 435 Westminster Street
1915-25 118 Mathewson Street

Salk Fur Shop Max Salk
1926-30 14 Broad Street
1941-63 256 Westminster Street
Benjamin Saltzman
1935-45  446 Westminster Street

Scott Furriers  Irving Goldberg
1930-32  309 Westminster Street
1933-51  217 Westminster Street

Siberian Fur Store  Max Fligler
1924    17 South Angell Street

H. Steiner  Harry Steiner
1909-14  168 Broadway

S. Strong's  William Strong
1927-43  44 Empire Street
1943-50  422 Westminster Street
1951-52  44 Empire Street

Tolchinsky Fur Shop  Harry Tolchinsky (brother Abraham Tolchinsky + Morris Levine)
1921-25  Goldstein + Tolchinsky partner with Morris Goldstein
         290 Westminster Street
1926    Tolchinsky worked for Morris Levine
         Goldstein worked for William H. Harris
1928-30  Tolchinsky Fur Shop
         487 Westminster Street
1931    168 Dudley Street
1932    22 Broad Street
1933    1478 Broad Street
1937-44  466 Westminster Street
1945-47  454 Westminster Street
1948-64  450 Westminster Street
1965-86  187 Mathewson Street
1972    son-in-law, Sheldon Ellman, took over
1986-   Garden City, Cranston; later with son, Scott

Towne Fur Shop  Samuel Solomon
1946-48  333 Thayer Street
1949    worked for William H. Harris

Trevor's  Irving Goodwin
1944-47  172 Mathewson Street

Uffer Fur Shop  Pincus Uffer
1925-26  86 Broad Street
1927-29  472 Westminster Street
1930-31  449 Westminster Street
1932-38  38 Empire Street
1939-44  75 Empire Street
1945-54  357 Westminster Street
Harry Weinberg (brother of Nathan, Hyman, + Samuel)
1937 63 Empire Street
1938-48 385 Westminster Street
1948-56 Harry Weinberg + Sons (Hyman and Marcus)
1956-57 290 Westminster Street

S. Weinberg Fur Shop Samuel Weinberg (brother of Nathan, Hyman, and Harry; nephew of Abraham + Harry Tolchinsky and Morris Levine)
1932-51 290 Westminster Street
As early as the ninth century, Jews were actively involved in the development of the fur trade. Business ties and family contacts throughout Europe and the countries bordering the Mediterranean Sea provided access to sources of supply. In addition, their participation in commercial fairs, particularly in Central Europe, enabled them to become important agents in the international fur trade.  

Upon their arrival in 1654, New Amsterdam's Jewish settlers sought permits from the colony's authorities to engage in the pelt trade with Native Americans. However, the Dutch settlers wanted to retain this lucrative business for themselves; permission to participate in the fur trade was thus denied by Governor Peter Stuyvesant. Although directives from the West India Company granted Jews the right to travel and trade in New Netherland, it was not until 1655 that their right to participate in the fur trade was reaffirmed. Jewish fur traders ventured as far south as New Jersey and Delaware and up the Hudson River.  

There is no evidence to suggest, however, that the 18th-century Jewish merchants of Newport partook of these ventures.

During the late colonial and early federal periods, Jewish fur traders
crisscrossed America. For example, during the 1760s, Chapman Abrams was a trader in Detroit, the most important British outpost on the Western frontier. Beginning in the early 1790s, Jacob Franks, a trader from Montreal, bought pelts from Native Americans in the territory later known as Wisconsin. Meyer Michaels, who was born on Long Island in 1760, traded with Native Americans and shipped pelts down the Mississippi, up the Atlantic Coast, and across the St. Lawrence to his base in Montreal. Joseph and Jacob Philipson began trading in St. Louis in 1803.

By the mid-19th century, Jewish fur and hide traders were active throughout the West. Indeed, many of these fur traders were influential in America's purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867. Perhaps the most successful was Joseph Ullman, who arrived in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1854 and began selling liquor and groceries. By 1900, his fur and hide business, headquartered in Germany, became one of the world's largest.

Since the 1820s, the manufacture of men's clothing was one of New York City's major industries. By 1858, it employed 32,000 workers. The manufacture of furs, an offshoot of women's clothing, did not accelerate until the 1880s, however. This of course coincided with the flood of Jewish tailors and furriers from Eastern Europe. By 1890, New York City had 232 fur manufacturers employing about 4,500 workers and producing goods worth $10,700,000.

The first Jewish furriers' union, a division of the United Hebrew Trades, was established in 1892 but soon collapsed. The second union, established in 1906, was active only in New York. By 1910, most fur manufacturers were Eastern European Jews, as were most workers. In 1913, following a successful strike by its 7,000 Jewish and 2,000 gentile members, the Furriers' Union went international.

In 1926, following a 17-week strike, the International Furriers' Union won a 40-hour week and a 10% wage increase. The furriers remained one of the most militant unions, known for violent confrontations with both policemen and thugs, and accepting Communist (rather than Socialist) leadership. In 1936, the IFU joined the Congress of Industrial Organizations, but by the end of the decade its influence had peaked. As late as 1951, however, there were still 25,000 Jews among 40,000 unionized furriers.
PROVIDENCE

During the first half of the 20th century, Jews were highly visible among Providence’s furriers, especially along upper Westminster Street (west of Empire Street). Jewish furriers were most numerous during the 1920s, 1930s, and 1940s. Ironically, the largest number of Jewish-owned fur shops existed between 1935 and 1937, during the depths of the Great Depression. Keep in mind that prices ranged from $69 for a mouton coat to $3,000 for a mink. Furs lasted many years, if not decades, and middle-class customers could purchase them on monthly payment plans. Only a few Jewish-owned fur shops lasted two generations, however, and only one has survived until the present day.

The story of Providence’s Jewish furriers, told primarily by relatives of shop owners, does not include the struggle of organized labor. There were probably never enough fur craftsmen to unionize, but many shop owners were also craftsmen.

As Anne Sherman’s list demonstrates, Jews have been furriers in greater Providence for nearly a century. Morris Rosenberg, who came here in
1907, was probably the first, but he soon relocated to Woonsocket. A year later, Morris Levine opened a business at 435 Westminster Street. William H. Harris also began selling fur coats in 1908.

A study of Sherman's list reveals a large number of Levines, Weinbergs, and Tolchinskys, who immigrated to this country during the first decades of the 20th century to escape the pogroms and upheaval that swept through Russia. Tailors and furriers, they all came from Medvedyovka, the same town in the Ukraine, and all were related.

**LEVINE FAMILY**

A passenger list from Ellis Island shows that Morris Tolchinsky arrived from Europe in 1904. According to one source, Morris, while waiting in line at immigration, heard the person ahead of him answer a question by saying "Levine." When Morris's turn came, he was so nervous that he too answered "Levine." More likely, someone of that name probably arranged for his entry into the United States. However, Morris's two brothers, Abraham and Elek (known commonly as Harry), kept the Tolchinsky name. Both opened tailor/furrier businesses: Abraham in Providence and Harry in Pawtucket.

At first, Morris Levine lived in New York City. His son, Abraham, explained, "There was a park where many people from the old country congregated when they had no work. One day a representative or an owner of Angell & Cash, a company in Providence, came to the park looking for a furrier. They were taxidermists who wanted to get into the fur business. That was how my father came to Providence."

Morris Levine opened his own shop in 1919, according to the Providence City Directory. Eugene Weinberg recalled that a huge, stuffed brown bear stood in front of the store. Abraham Levine added that his father used to lend it to Brown University students for football games and special events. "When they ruined it, he bought a smaller version, and they borrowed that one too," he said.

Abraham continued: "In those days, my father used to buy a lot of skins - muskrat, raccoon, fox, and mink - from trappers. The muskrat pelts
were dyed black and called Hudson seal. I walked into a place in Kingston, and
the owner said, 'Levine, I used to sell skins to your father!' This fellow origi-
nally had a place on Reservoir Avenue. There was a stream nearby where
muskrat and mink were caught. Sometimes trappers came to my father with
their pelts; sometimes he went to them. He was well known. My father also
bought pelts in New York, where he used to go a lot. He made fur coats begin-
ning with a pattern and went through the whole process. He also bought coats
from wholesalers."

Abraham Levine grew up in the fur business, in both the wholesale
and retail portions. He worked for his father, for his uncle Abraham
Tolchinsky, and for the Shepherd Company. After naval service during World
War II, he realized that he could not make a living doing only repair work, as
he had been doing, so he opened Hudson Fur Store. His brother, Hyman, was
already doing business as Hudson Fur Cleaning and
Hudson Fur Repairing. Because of Morris Levine's
beginning, the Hudson advertisements could truly
say "Furriers since 1908."

Abraham retired in 1984. He said he received
calls from many of his old customers asking him to
make repairs or restyle their coats, but he refused. He
valued his leisure time.

WEINBERG FAMILY
In 1905, Nathan Vanacourov arrived from Europe and
changed his name to Weinberg, as Morris Tolchinsky
had changed his name to Levine. When his younger
brother, Hyman, arrived in this country in 1908 at age
17, he too became a Weinberg, as did his other sib-
lings on their arrival. For a short time, Hyman lived
with Nathan, who was a member of the tailors' union.

Nathan came from a family which, in order to eke out a living, had
done many things, including tailoring and fur work. Hyman, however, had
only rudimentary skills in those areas because he had been a yeshiva student
in Europe. In America, he tried his hand at many different occupations; none
proved successful. Eventually, Hyman came to Providence to work in Morris
Levine's shop. Here he learned his craft and was most influenced to become a furrier, according to his son, Eugene Weinberg.

In 1920, with his own savings and help from Hebrew Free Loan Association, he opened a small shop, Canadian Fur, at 461 Westminster Street. The Great Depression brought an end to the business in 1932. However, Weinberg reopened in 1939 and continued until 1953, when he closed his shop and went to work for his brother, Harry.

Hyman Weinberg could make a coat from pelts, but as his business became more substantial, he preferred to work mainly in sales and employed others to work in the atelier. However, he inspected garments to make certain that the work was done to his specifications and satisfaction.

As a teenager, Eugene Weinberg worked in the second Canadian Fur Shop. He learned how to sew but nothing that could be sold. However, sewing was a skill he put to good use when he went to Boy Scout Jamborees. He made neckerchiefs out of leopard skins, which he then traded for souvenirs from other Scouts. Canadians were particularly delighted with them. At his father's shop, Eugene cleaned the back room and helped out in the office when needed. During his college years, he delivered coats to or returned them from Hudson Fur Storage. Eugene Weinberg recalls going with his father to New York to the fur market. They went overnight via a Colonial Line ship, which was very elegant, or by sleeper train. Eugene carried the heavy boxes of pelts. On several of these trips, he met Harold Harris, who was also helping his father. Unlike the younger Harris, Eugene did not continue as a furrier.

Samuel (Vanacourov) Weinberg came to this country at age 13. After a stay in New York, he came to Providence, where he opened a shop on the fourth floor of the Alice Building. Like his brother Hyman, Samuel did mostly custom work. Another brother, Harry, opened his own shop, as did his son, Mark. Samuel's daughter, Gussie Weinberg Baxt, recalled that her mother, Rose, went to the store every day. "She was the PR person," she said, "who spoke to the ladies while my father was working in the back. He did not
enjoy that part, dealing with the ladies.” Gussie worked in the office while still in school. “I volunteered to come in and help out,” she explained.

**TOLCHINSKY FAMILY AND ASSOCIATES**

Sheldon Ellman is the owner of the only Jewish, family-owned fur shop still in existence. His wife's grandfather started the Tolchinsky Fur Shop. Morris Tolchinsky, a member of the Levine/Weinberg/Tolchinsky family, had learned his craft as furrier in Europe. According to the Providence City Directory, he was already a resident in 1918. It is likely that the presence of so many relatives enticed Morris to come. According to Ellman, he opened a loft where he made coats to order as well as for stock. Before 1940, Ellman stated, most furriers operated out of lofts.

Ellman bought the shop from his father-in-law Harry Tolchinsky in 1972 and moved from Matthewson Street to Garden City in Cranston 16 years later. His son, Scott, is associated with him in the business. Ellman's brother-in-law, Stanley, originated the name “Tolchinizing” to refer to the cleaning of fur coats, a separate part of the company. Harry Tolchinsky's brother, Martin, also owned a fur shop under the name of Martin's.

When he first came into the business, Ellman said, shipments of furs would often come by bus. When he needed something, he would phone his supplier who would bring it to the bus station in New York, and then he or an assistant would pick it up. In a matter of hours, he would have his merchandise.

Ellman spoke of a gentleman by the name of Dobey Harrison, who was a custom peddler in furs and who obtained his merchandise from Tolchinsky. Harrison, he said, would call on hairdressers on Mondays and Tuesdays. Mondays the salons were closed and Tuesdays were usually slow days, so there was time to show his wares. Those were also the days he called on undertakers. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, he traveled to the farming communities in nearby Connecticut. On occasion Ellman accompanied him.

Ellman stated that a finisher made certain that a garment was indeed finished and ready for a customer. For 32 years (1949 to 1981), Henry Abramovitch worked as a finisher in the Tolchinsky Shop. He had survived four years in Auschwitz. Beginning at age 15, he apprenticed to a tailor/furrier for five years. His father told him at the time that when he was older and
planned to marry, knowing this trade would allow him to “make a living and put food on the table.”

Abramovitch said that after spending time in a displaced persons camp, he came to America in 1949. He arrived on a Thursday and started work the following Monday. He worked in only one establishment for 32 years but was often consulted by others in the fur trade. Afterwards, because of his expertise, he was able to work from home. He was, in his words, “a troubleshooter who knew how to fix things.”

HARRIS FAMILY
William H. Harris Furs began when a young immigrant sold lace blouses from a pushcart, his daughter-in-law, Nancy Siegal Harris, stated. In 1908 he added a few fur coats to his inventory, and he continued with them as a sideline for a number of years.

According to Abraham Levine, his father supplied Harris’ merchandise. As told to him, Morris Levine was leaving on one of his frequent trips to New York City and left five coats with Harris. At least one other furrier also lays claim to having left coats with Harris in the early spring, at the end of “the season.”

Not long afterward (1911, according to the Providence Directory), Harris and a partner, John (Jean) Jacques, opened a store at 308 Atwells Avenue, where they sold lace and dry goods. Two years later, they removed their shop to Westminster Street. In 1922, according to the City Directory, William H. Harris Furs came into being. Jacques moved on to other interests.

Neither Harris nor Jacques was a furrier by profession. However, Harris was known even among competitors as a master salesman, an astute businessman who knew how to find skilled craftsmen and make the best use of their talents.

Harold Harris began working in the family business as a salesman at age 16, while still in high school. At age 27, he took over the business when his father passed away.

Nancy Siegal had a great deal of experience in many facets of the retail business. After her marriage to Harold, he built a ready-to-wear women’s clothing store on Route 2 in Warwick for which she had full charge. Mrs. Harris saw the potential of the area, so William H. Harris Furs moved from
the Caesar Misch Building at 400 Westminster Street to the enlarged building on Route 2 that housed both shops.

In 2003, Harold Harris sold his business to the Michigan Specialty Realtors Company, which operates the fur store. He passed away two years later.

WILLIAM STRONG

William Strong began to learn his craft as a ten-year-old apprentice in England. Born in Romania, he had come to London with his parents, probably in 1905, to visit an aunt. When the rest of the family returned, the young boy remained with his aunt.

Strong's apprenticeship taught him how to design as well as make a fur coat. His expertise served him well when he came to the United States shortly after World War I. He had met a young man, Henry Bloom, in a pub in London. Their friendship grew, and Bloom invited Strong to come to Woonsocket to meet his younger sister.

When the young man came to America, he spent some time in New York to learn about the fur business in this country and then moved to Providence, where he worked for Samuel Dick. As a fur designer, he did very well. When he visited Woonsocket, he fell in love not with Bloom's younger sister but with Lida, his older sister, whom he married.

Strong opened his store and factory at the corner of Empire and Westminster Streets. The first floor was a fur salon with coats brought in from New York. The second floor was his atelier, where he made custom coats, mainly mink but also broadtail and chinchilla, according to his daughter, Esta Strong Kornstein. Mrs. Kornstein recalled the bundles of furs he brought from New York so that his customers could choose the pelts they wanted. Then the customers put their initials on the back of the skins for identification.

From the time she was about a year old, Mrs. Kornstein had a fur coat.
The first was white rabbit with a matching muff and hat. She had a leopard coat at age six. “I remember all the way up through college, he made coats for my sister, Iris, and me. The linings were beautiful hand-woven fabrics,” she said.

However, William Strong’s dreams were rooted in Palestine. The family moved there, probably in 1936, according to Mrs. Kornstein. He owned several citrus groves, and by this time his mother and sister were also living in Palestine. Strong kept his business in Providence and traveled back and forth several times a year. However, Mrs. Strong did not like the living conditions and the family returned to Providence. When Strong retired, he went to the University of California to study horticulture. It remained his dream – unfulfilled – to return to Israel and be a farmer.

MAX SALK
Max Salk came to the United States alone at age 14 from a small town near Petrograd, Russia. His daughter, Lois Salk Halperin, said that there were already family members in this country to arrange his passage. He knew about tailoring because his father had been a tailor for the Czar. When Salk arrived at Ellis Island, he had warts on one hand. Having heard that any illness or deformity was cause to be sent back to Russia, he put on gloves to hide his problem. He was not asked to remove his gloves.

Salk found employment in New York City as a tailor, working countless hours per week. He came to Providence to work for a cousin, briefly opened his own fur shop, and then became chief furrier at the Outlet Company for ten years. Mrs. Halperin recalled seeing her parents sitting at the kitchen table figuring out how he could open his own shop. Salk opened his shop and atelier in 1941.

Mrs. Halperin stated that Salk worked mostly with fine furs and sold only what he made. Each year he would pick up his customers’ coats and bring them to Hudson Cold Storage. She also remembered going with him to a convent where nuns would embroider a customer’s initials onto the lining of a newly completed garment.

The window of Salk’s Fur Shop was dressed with a tree and a stuffed animal, probably a squirrel. Each night during “the season,” Mrs. Halperin recalled, he would spread mothballs on the floor at closing time.
PINCUS UFFER

Pincus Uffer was a tailor before opening his own fur shop. Lois Salk Halperin believes that her father taught him the trade. He became very well known, according to his great nephew, Martin Uffer. Pincus Uffer’s brother, Morris, also a tailor trained in Russia, continued to practice his craft as a “ladies tailor,” as listed in the Providence Directory.

GREENBAUM FAMILY

Max Greenbaum was born in Boston in 1908. In 1926 he went to work for Hibet Ludwig, a well-established furrier in that city. Ludwig trained him to become a nailer (see Appendix). Evans Furs of Chicago, a company that leased fur salons in leading department stores, recruited Greenbaum.

In 1934, after managing the fur salon at G. Fox in Hartford, Connecticut, Greenbaum was transferred to the Shepherd Company in Providence. In 1939, he and his brothers, Nathan and Samuel, opened Imperial Fur Shop on Westminster Street but soon moved to Matthewson Street. Their window featured a neon sign showing a seal throwing a ball in the air and catching it on its nose. According to Molly Greenbaum Pasternak, the brothers had immediate success with fur capes made from coats taken in trade. They sold for $12.95. Max Greenbaum applied the knowledge of retailing he had learned at G. Fox and Shepherd’s and had frequent fashion shows.

With the advent of World War II, all three Greenbaum brothers were subject to the draft, and the shop was closed. However, Max was rejected and went to work for Bristol Manufacturing Company making aviator jackets, boots and hats out of sheepskin.

After the war, Nathan and Samuel Greenbaum reopened Imperial Furs on Weybosset Street, and a younger brother, Sidney, joined the firm. Max
established a plant manufacturing shearing slippers for children. Samuel and Nathan eventually left the fur shop, leaving the business with Sidney. He moved the shop to the Alice Building and retired nearly 30 years later.

**DOING BUSINESS**

Furriers did their major business during "the season," early fall through winter. The hours were long, often seven days a week, from morning until midnight. One observer noticed that many a night the lights in William Strong's workshop were still on at 4:00 AM. This indicated that he, too, was working at that hour.

Although they were all competitors, Gussie Weinberg Baxt noted, the three Weinberg brothers remained very close. Even those furriers unrelated by family ties socialized frequently. There was also a cooperative spirit among the shop owners along upper Westminster Street. If, for example, a customer was coming in to see a particular kind of coat but the owner had but one piece to show, he could arrange to "borrow" others to offer a choice. It was a reciprocal arrangement.

Several of those interviewed had similar stories to tell about the habits of some customers. In one version, a customer would come in with an entourage of lady friends and/or relatives and try on a coat. Each lady would offer a criticism: one sleeve is too long, one shoulder is higher, the hem is uneven, the collar isn't right. The owner would make note of the comments and ask the customer to return at a later date. If justified, alterations would be made immediately. More often than not, it was a case of those in the group acting as "critical experts." After all, such a large purchase should not be made on the spot. When there was really nothing wrong with a garment, as was usually the case, the coat would be taken to the back room and left there until the customer returned. This time the coat would be pronounced "perfect," and the ladies would leave feeling satisfied and vindicated.
WOMEN'S ROLES

Women participated in many ways. In addition to his wife, Rose, and his daughter, Gussie, Rosalind Levine worked in Samuel Weinberg's business. She was a prize-winning stenographer, who took care of the office and helped out in the shop.

Lida Bloom Strong had had experience in the clothing business in Woonsocket before her marriage. She had worked at Robinson's, a well-known women's shop. Esta Strong Kornstein announced, "My mother left the house every morning all dressed up, her hair done, looking very classy." Mrs. Strong had charge of the first floor fur shop, where ready-made coats bought in New York were sold. Mrs. Kornstein recalled that her mother accompanied her father on frequent trips to New York City to choose merchandise for the downstairs salon.

Molly Mistofsky Salk was the bookkeeper for her husband's shop. She went into the store one day a week, Lois Halperin said, but took a great deal of work home. Since the fur business was cyclical and summers were generally very slow, Mr. and Mrs. Salk purchased rental property in Narragansett Pier. They renamed it Salk's Manor. Mrs. Salk managed the property each summer with only part-time help from her husband.

After her husband's death in 1933, Rebecca Gubernick became president of Hudson Bay Furs, which was later known as Goodwin Furriers. This was the name chosen by her two sons. Mrs. Gubernick retained a presence in the firm until she moved to New York in 1941.

Bernice Greenbaum and Grace Fain were models for many fashion shows that Max Greenbaum held at Imperial Furs. When the business passed to Sidney Greenbaum, his wife Sarah, known as "Sootchie," picked up the coats for storage and delivered them to customers in the fall. Molly Pasternak commented that women waited for "Sootchie" to come and chat. "She was 'Mrs. Imperial Fur Shop'," Mrs. Pasternak explained.

Although Nancy Harris was not actively involved in the fur salon, she and her husband worked closely together. They had adjoining offices at Harris Furs in Warwick, and the door between them was always open.

CHANGING TIMES

Most of the older generation of furriers, Sheldon Ellman said, bought skins
and made coats for special orders as well as for stock. However, making a coat is very time-consuming as well as expensive (see Appendix). Tolchinsky's is one of the few shops (perhaps five per cent) which still does its own work from a complete atelier in the back of the store. This was also true of William H. Harris when the family owned the business. Most furriers send their work out and depend on ready-made stock.

Gone are the days when the purchase of a fur coat was a rite of passage marking a significant milestone in a young woman's life. For high school or college graduation, she may have received a mouton or sheared beaver coat. For a first job, she may have received a broadtail lamb coat. Marriage, however, required Persian lamb or seal. For a special birthday or anniversary, a woman was presented with a mink coat or stole or perhaps a silver fox jacket. There are other ways now of celebrating such occasions.

Jewish women no longer display their furs, hats or gloves at High Holy Day services, weddings or B'nai Mitzvah. Balls and banquets, which are now infrequent, are also less formal affairs.

Henry Abramovitch said that women once bought fur coats to keep warm. He believes that organizations like PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) have changed perceptions regarding the wearing of furs. However, Sheldon Ellman disagreed. He feels that changes are due to younger, affluent women going to warmer climates during winter months. They have no need for a long fur coat in Florida. Nancy Harris commented that women are no longer buying coats for warmth but for fashion. As designers once again include fur in their collections, the emphasis now is for "fashion over function."
APPENDIX: STEPS IN MAKING A FUR COAT

1. A pattern is made according to the measurements and desired design of the customer.
2. The number of pelts needed for the coat are chosen and matched in color and luster.
3. The fur is sliced on the leather side (approximately 125 cuts per skin) and then resewn to gain length.
4. The skins are joined once again after the sewing is complete. The garment is soaked in water and then nailed to and stretched on a board to match the form and design of the pattern.
5. Once the coat has dried properly, the pattern is marked. Imperfections are removed, and the fur is steamed to fluff the fur. The sleeves and collar are attached.
6. The finisher puts together all the inner facings, closures and lining to finish the coat properly.


ABRAHAM LEVINE GLAZING A COAT
INTERVIEWS
June 29, 2006: Sheldon Ellman
July 10: Henry Abramovitch interviewed by Cary Eichenbaum
July 11: Eugene Weinberg
August 10: Esta Strong Kornstein
August 15: Abraham and Rosalind Levine
August 16: Gussie Weinberg Bax
August 16: Martin Uffer via telephone
August 17: Nancy Siegal Harris via telephone
August 18: Marilyn Altman Salk via telephone
August 18: Rose Salk Grossman via telephone
August 19: Lois Salk Halperin via telephone
August 25: Molly Greenbaum Pasternak via e-mail

ENDNOTES
4 Encyclopedia Judaica, p. 224.
5 Marcus, p. 101.
8 Howe with Libo, p. 339.

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AVRAM ZYLBERSZTAJN, HIS SON HENRY, AND HENRY'S NEPHEW JOSZI, KIELCE, POLAND, 1931
FOR RUSSELL: MY STORY
PART 1
BY HENRY SILVERSTEIN

The author made his home in five places, but never in Rhode Island. Beginning in 1964, when his son, Albert, became a professor of psychology at the University of Rhode Island, he visited often, however. This memoir was written in 1993 at the request of Albert's second child, Russell, a native Rhode Islander who was preparing a family history. Albert, who wrote about Sherlock Holmes and Rhode Island in our 2004 issue, selected the following excerpts. Very few sentences have been modified. The second part of Henry's memoirs will highlight his escape from Austria, his temporary refuge in England, and his new life in America.

MY FAMILY
I was born on December 28, 1908 in Kielce, Poland, as Chaim Zalman Zylbersztajn. (This is the Russian spelling of our family name). Poland did not exist as a country at that time and the part we lived in was occupied by Russia. I was the youngest of five brothers and a sister, and the only child of my mother, who was my father's second wife. His first wife died many years before my father remarried; hence all my siblings were quite a few years older and they all loved and even tried to spoil me. The word "stepbrother" was not in our vocabulary.

My father, Avram, may he rest in peace, was a vegetable farmer by trade and so was his father, who was already retired and living with us when I was born. My father had five brothers, but no sister. Only one of my uncles was also a farmer. One was a furrier and the rest were tailors. All of them had large families and I knew each and every one of them. We had very close relationships, and all but one lived in the town where I was born.

My grandfather was a tall slim fellow, who believed in exercise and hard work. My father sought his expert advice for growing and preserving the harvest. One day, during the turbulent days of World War I, when we had often three governments in one day, some retreating Cossacks grabbed my grandfa-
ther during his walk. They beat him badly and cut off his beard. He got over the beating, but he could not overcome the loss of his beard. He was ashamed to go out on the street again and kept his face covered even indoors. He seemed to have lost his will to live and passed away a few months later, toward the end of 1915.

I never knew my paternal grandmother or maternal grandfather since they were both dead when I was born, but I knew my mother’s mother and her second husband very well. They fed me lunch during my grade school years. We had ten-hour days, six days a week, year round, with morning hours devoted to Hebrew and the afternoon to secular studies. (My native language was Yiddish.) There was only a one-hour break for lunch, which was not enough time for me to get home, since we lived on the outskirts of the town near the fields we leased for our vegetable farm. My grandparents lived, however, only three blocks from my school where they operated a small poultry business. They treated me like a prince and I loved them dearly. They both died of old age within one week in 1923.

My mother had an older brother who lived in a nearby town. He was married and had a son and two daughters. They often came to our town on business and I often saw them and was very fond of them. Mother also had two younger sisters. One was single and the other married a shoemaker and had two daughters living in our town. My mother also had a brother who lived in the U.S.A. He lived in Waco, Texas, but later moved with his wife to California. We met for the first time after World War II when we had settled in Florida. Not a single one of my very large family who lived in and around our town when the war broke out survived the Holocaust, I am sorry to say.

There were some survivors among the children of my father’s oldest brother, who lived in Lodz. They somehow managed to escape to São Paulo, Brazil and to Australia. I even met one of them in a kibbutz in Israel. My nephew, Otto, who lives in California and constructed our family tree, managed to track them down and even visited them in Brazil and brought back some snapshots. He had found their addresses among his mother’s papers after she passed away in 1974. Otto’s mother was also one of the children of my father’s oldest brother. She married my second oldest brother, Robert, so she was my cousin as well as my sister-in-law and one of the favorites of all my relatives. We are still in touch with her Brazilian and Australian siblings.
MY SIBLINGS AND THEIR CHILDREN

My oldest brother, Samuel, was very outgoing and loving, helping anybody who needed help, who truly believed that the most important commandment was to love thy neighbor as thyself. He was a tailor for ladies’ garments, who went to Paris to work and study fashion design. His wife, Yetta, was a most charming and beautiful woman whom he had met on a blind date arranged by her brother. Sam met her brother while on a train coming home for a visit. On their honeymoon they happened to come to Graz and liked it so much that they decided to settle there. That was in 1908, the year I was born, and two years later their only son, Joszi, was born.

Joszi was to become a lifelong friend. He studied medicine in Graz, which had a famous medical school, and went on to Italy to specialize. He met his wife-to-be there and the two of them fortunately went to England to practice shortly before World War II. After the concentration camps were liberated, he volunteered to go to Germany to help Malben, the medical arm of the Joint Distribution Committee, rehabilitate survivors and bring them to Palestine, as it was then called. Joszi and his wife, Simcha, went on to Israel, where he became director of rehabilitative services for the Ministry of Health and she opened a pediatric practice. They also managed to have a daughter who became a distinguished medical researcher. We have visited Joszi and Simcha a number of times in Israel, and he has visited us during assignments and study missions in the United States.

My brother Robert and his wife Fella had three children: Otto, the oldest I already mentioned, Melanie had the same gentle and kindly nature as her mother, and then came Sam, the youngest. They all managed to escape Hitler’s wave of terror and wound up in the United States. Robert and Fella lived near us in Daytona Beach, Florida until he died in Boston just before the birth of his first grandchild. Then Fella worked for us in our store for many years until her death.

The next oldest sibling was my brother Max, who went to live in Graz, Austria where Sam was already living. He made medical history by being the first person in that region to survive colon cancer surgery. Max came home in 1918 to marry a local girl who lived across the street, and went back to Graz with her where they had two children. The older child was a very beautiful girl, Melanie, who married a graduating medical student from Romania whose...
father was a Supreme Court judge there. When World War II broke out, they went to Russia and were lost there. The younger child, Otto, escaped from Graz to the same refugee camp in England where I was. He was an accomplished violin player and went to Melbourne, Australia where he played with the symphony orchestra. After the war, his mother went to Australia and persuaded him to join them in Florida where Max and she lived.

The next sibling was my sister Frieda. She married Jack Rothenberg, a very handsome guy nicknamed “Jack the Dancer,” and lived with his family across the street from us in 1912. I can remember attending their wedding! Jack immigrated to the United States a few months after the birth of their first child, Molly, hoping to send for them as soon as he was established here. But World War I broke out and Frieda and Molly had to live with my parents, grandfather and me in a one-room and kitchen basement apartment during
the war. We all lived in perfect harmony there, but without electricity, indoor plumbing or running water. Still, this basement apartment turned out to be a blessing in disguise during 1914 and 1915 since our town was virtually a battlefield and all our neighbors sought shelter in basements. Frieda and Molly managed to join Jack soon after the war ended, and they were instrumental in bringing us to the United States, as well as my brothers Max and Robert and their families, when the Hitler Nightmare swept across Europe.

The youngest sibling was Shlomo, the brother I loved and admired the most. He was very kind and considerate and had a lovely singing voice. He lived all his life in Kielce and did cantorial duties at our local synagogue. He had lost the use of his left arm in an accident as a child, but managed to hold a very important job as a bookkeeper and production manager in a mining company which employed over 100 workers. I only knew him after he was married. He had a very sweet natured wife and four adorable children. Shlomo died of pneumonia in 1937, but his wife and children perished in the Holocaust. I am still searching for someone who might know of some of our very large family who might have survived. But those former residents from our city, whom I have found in Israel and Canada, have only confirmed that none did.

**MY EDUCATION**

I had started going to the heder I mentioned at the age of three. There was one teacher (rabbi) at the school, and he had several assistants (belfer), who brought the children to school and took them back home. This was of course before school buses were invented. I can remember now that a belfer sometimes had to carry me on his shoulders when the snow got too deep or I got too tired to walk. I attended that school for two years, 8 hours a day and 6 days a week, learning only Hebrew. From there I went to a "Talmud Torah" that was 10 hours a day, 6 days a week, where we learned Hebrew half the day and the rest was for secular studies. There I could go for lunch to my grandparents' houses not far away. I really loved that school and all the teachers. After three years, I graduated to a "Mizrahi" school with the same secular divisions, but an 11-hour day.

I loved every minute of it, but I remember having one problem on the first day. There was another pupil with the very same first, middle and last
names. Our school’s principal suggested that one of us should take the name Heniek (Polish for Henry), and since neither of us volunteered we had to draw straws. I got the shorter straw. That stuck me with the name Henry, which I officially adopted together with the English spelling of Silberstein when we moved to Austria.

I still have my report card from the 1919-20 school year with 8 As and 2 B+s. However, after four years there was no higher grade, and my parents could not afford to send me to a private gymnasium. So we decided that I should join my older brothers in the “western world” for further education and a career. This was very hard on them since I was my mother’s only child and they would miss my help in the fields and selling in the market.

We were far from affluent, but we always had food to eat except when first the Germans and then the Russians confiscated our stored crops. We stored everything after the last main harvest in the fall and then protected it from frost and spoilage in the winter, which was a full time job. But I also remember other times when we ran out of salable vegetables toward the end of winter and had to borrow money on interest until the spring crop could go to market. We had a good credit rating and there were plenty of money lenders.

MY MOVE TO GRAZ
To travel to Graz where my older brothers lived, I had to travel by my little own self, “like a big hero.” I went from Kielce to Cracow, where I obtained a visa from the Austrian consulate and a transit visa from the Czech consulate through to Vienna, where I had to stay overnight in a hotel for the first time in my young life. I arrived in Vienna at the north railway station and had to go to the south railway station on the opposite side of town. Bright and early the next morning I boarded the train to Graz for a seven-hour ride through the most gorgeous mountain scenery I had ever seen.

When I arrived and came out of the railway station, I could not believe my eyes. It was as if I had landed on a different planet, so marvelous did it seem. I decided to walk to Sam’s house, which took more than two hours instead of the usual 20 minutes. The city is surrounded by large mountains and has a good size mountain smack in its middle called “The Schlossberg,” with beautiful drives and walkways to the top and even a cable car. There is
indeed an ancient castle at the top which had been turned into a restaurant and entertainment complex. My brother used The Schlossberg for his daily constitutionals in the morning before work.

Graz also boasted a lovely city park with a rapidly flowing river through the middle crossed by ornamental bridges, fountains and cafes. There were two concert halls as well as two, huge year-round theaters, one for dramatic works and the other for operas and operettas. All these facilities were run by the city. I’ll never forget the very first opera I saw. It was “Aida” and I wept bitter tears at the end when I saw the two lovers sealed into the cave to die. I signed on as a stage extra soon after, so I could get a pass to any performance and sit in any unsold seat. I have been a theater and opera lover ever since.

I had picked up a little bit of the German language during the Austrian war occupation and I also studied it during my last school year. When I came to Graz I enrolled in a nine-month crash course of the German lingo, with my entire family as tutors! So I soon started to talk like a native. Well, almost. I still had an accent. After that I enrolled in a three-year course as an apprentice to learn the tailoring trade. At the very same time I enrolled in an evening school for business administration, also for a full three years without any summer or other vacation. After graduating from both schools, I was treated to a vacation trip home to see my parents and relatives. I had been away almost four years. Everybody seemed to admire the “big shot” I had become, but I felt like a stranger! When I returned to Graz, I felt I’m back home again.

UPHEAVALS IN GRAZ AND KIELCE

In 1924, shortly after my return, things began to get very turbulent and disturbing for all of us and especially for me. My oldest brother, Samuel, who was always my hero and mentor and solved all my problems, whether real or imaginary, suddenly got seriously ill. He had to be operated on and then died within three months. I felt the world had suddenly come to an end, and I am sure the rest of our family felt the same. Everything I wrote about until now I could recall very clearly, but it seems to me that I lost a few months of history at that time.

What I do remember clearly is that a few months after Samuel died,
his widow, Yetta, formed a business partnership with my other brothers, Max and Robert, turning the old fashion salon into a regular retail business of manufacturing and selling all kinds of clothing and dry goods for cash and on installment plans. I worked for them as assistant bookkeeper and credit manager and salesman all in one. There were also other changes. The manufacturing workshop had been moved to a building across the street. I had been living with Samuel and Yetta but then moved to a furnished room all by myself.

And just about that time I met Kurt Engel, who was in a situation similar to mine, working for his married brother. We shared likes and dislikes, including tastes in girlfriends, theaters, movies, and music. He had a lovely singing voice and he introduced me to a Jewish choral society, which doubled as a social club. The main function of the club was to provide music for Shabbat and holiday services, but we also gave concerts of Jewish music with our cantor and held dinner dances in other towns, mainly resorts, in Styria.

Graz had a large and vibrant Jewish community with two synagogues, one for use on weekends and holidays and a smaller one for weekday services, twice a day. The smaller one was in a two story building which was also used for an accredited six grade day school with a fully equipped gym. The compound had a beautiful riverfront location and was almost totally destroyed during Kristallnacht.

Just as things seemed to be going so well for me again in Graz, I received a wire from my father telling me that my mother was critically ill and I should come back immediately. Needless to say, I was on the next train and 30 hours later at my mother's bedside in the hospital. She was so very happy to see me and so cheerful that I began to take hope for her complete recovery. However, her doctor told me that her situation was hopeless because her lungs had given out. The second night after my arrival, she passed away in her sleep while holding my hand.

It then became very obvious that our father could not manage to run the farm and the household by himself. We decided to give it all up and move him to Graz to live with us in full retirement. Naturally I stayed on in Kielce for the fall harvest, and we liquidated all we could sell, giving the rest away to charity. Then I returned to Graz with my father and he lived with us for a while and we all chipped in to give him a pension. But there was a big problem with the lack of kosher food there. So after a few weeks of trying to make do, he
asked to move to Vienna where there was plenty of kosher food and easy access to a yeshiva where he could spend his time with studies of higher learning and also teach which he loved to do. This made him happy and we visited him frequently, whenever one of us had to go to Vienna for business.

NEW BUSINESSES
While I was in Kielce liquidating my father’s household, I also visited all my other relatives and some of my old schoolmates. A schoolmate’s parent had a business of processing and exporting goose feathers, and he asked me if I happened to know people where I lived who might be interested in buying products wholesale. If so, he would give me samples and price quotations and if they bought I could make a nice commission. Well, I did this and it turned out to be a nice profitable arrangement for several years as well as boosting my ego by being a VIP in the importing trade.

But at this time there were also problems that arose in the business partnership of my brothers and sister-in-law, which persisted. As a result, Robert left the company and went into business for himself. He asked me to join him in his new venture and run the business part of the enterprise. I declined because the future of his company looked iffy at best while Max and Yetta had a sure thing going on a solid foundation. But Robert got my father to persuade me to join him because he “needed my help” in getting started. I simply could not refuse my father’s pleas, and so suddenly and against my better judgment I became chief cook and bottle washer in Robert’s store, managing every aspect of the business. I did all this at a very low salary, which barely covered my living expenses. There was a chronic cash flow problem, but I stayed with the promise of a double salary as soon as “things get better,” which never happened.

The only good thing I can remember from that time is that Kurt Engel and I became very close friends and moved in together. We each had had a furnished room and had gone to public bathhouses to take showers. We found that for the same money we could have a flat with a private entrance and a private bath and a small living room as well as a large bedroom. So after agreeing to some basic ground rules about dating and entertaining we became an odd couple.

After working for Robert for four years and doing everything and get-
ting nowhere, I decided to go into business for myself. I had a little nest egg saved up from my goose feather business and a good reputation in town with suppliers and customers, as well as a good credit rating. I started selling door-to-door to good customers I knew, all kinds of merchandise from samples which I got from wholesalers and manufacturers. I was able to compete in the business well since I had no overhead expenses. Thus I only bought pre-sold merchandise on installment plans and collected the payments, which kept me in touch with my customers. But as an economy measure I had to give up my motorbike, which I had used while working for my brother. After being very frugal for the first six months, I began to do rather well and had more leisure time than ever before.

**MY MARRIAGE**

Like all good things, my ideal life style came to an end in the summer of 1931, when my roommate, Kurt Engel, told me that he had to go home to see his aging parents whom he had not seen for many years. This vacation lasted more than three months and when he finally returned in September he brought his new wife, Claire Doliner. That meant I had to give up our "pad" and go back to a furnished room. We began to drift apart socially, for I did not feel comfortable tagging along with a young married couple. We saw each other only at club functions or theater performances.

After about a year, I received a special dinner invitation, asking if I would be willing to escort a cousin of Claire's who was scheduled to visit them shortly. They showed me Pesel's picture and since she was very pretty, I agreed. Shortly before the cousin's arrival, Kurt, Claire, and I went to a variety theater and our table won the door prize of a bottle of champagne. Claire suggested we wait to open it for her cousin's arrival and then celebrate. "Who knows," she said, "maybe there will be some chemistry between them and we will be able to make an engagement party out of it?"

When I met Pesel the following Sunday, I liked what I saw very much. It also happened that I was in between "girlfriends" at the time. I went out with her for three days in a row and on the third evening asked her to marry me. You guessed it; she said "yes." When we told the Engels of our decision, they confessed to a conspiracy. The girls were really sisters instead of cousins. Their excuse was that they did not want me to feel obligated in case things
between us did not click. I found the situation very funny and could not stop laughing for several days whenever I happened to think about it. This all happened in the fall of 1932, and I have now been married to this woman for over 60 years.

Pepi went back to Stanislavow, Poland, to tell her parents and get their approval to move abroad. My references must have been good enough, for we were married on Sunday, March 5, 1933 by the chief rabbi of Styria in the small synagogue of Graz. Both of my brothers attended and my father came over from Vienna, but from my wife's side only Kurt and Claire attended.

A few months later we went on a delayed honeymoon to Poland to meet my new in-laws. On our way back we stopped over in Vienna and visited my father. He asked me to arrange for him to return to Poland because he was not getting any younger and would like to live the rest of his life among relatives. So we arranged it for him to live with my brother Shlomo and his family, where he was loved and revered by everyone.
ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Kurt, my friend and brother-in-law, had become a junior partner in the business where his older brother was managing director. But this business began going downhill, so I advised him to pull out fast and work for himself as I did. I also introduced him to my suppliers and even vouched for him when necessary. So we became friendly competitors, living the life of Reilly!

In January of 1935 I received a telegram from Shlomo saying that our father was critically ill and was asking for me. So all the other relatives and I went back to Poland and spent the last week of my father’s life with him. I also visited my wife’s family and parents on my way back to Graz. Little did I know then that I would never see any of them again.

Slowly things got back to normal as we resumed our comfortable way of life. The Engels and we were known as the “indivisible foursome,” although we had many other friends with compatible tastes and interests who also belonged to the choral society.

Around the middle of May, however, we found out that Pepi was pregnant. Since the Engels and we were known to do things in unison, we were not surprised to find out 10 weeks later that they were in the same boat. Our son was born on December 25, 1935, a bitterly cold night. On March 16 of the following year, the Engels came up with a boy. He was born in the same maternity clinic— even in the same bed. We named our son Albert and they named their son Jossi. We are not surprised, even took it for granted, that the two cousins have remained such close and devoted friends through all these turbulent years. We expect this never to change.

My ambition had always been to change from an installment business to the retail cash-and-carry trade, where customers came to you instead of my traveling door-to-door. But the most essential condition was a good location on a business street. Possibilities sometimes came up, but they were always faulty in some way. My brother-in-law and I decided to pool our financial and manpower resources to venture into the retail trade as equal partners. Since both my brothers had businesses with the name Silberstein on this same street, we decided to name our new venture “Wahrenhaus Engel.”

The apartment we rented had eight rooms, so we decided to use the front four for our store and save the rest for eventual expansion. It took three months for the renovations to be completed, but we needed all that time for
our preparations and merchandising. We kept our separate installment businesses going by hiring Kurt's brother to run them for us. This enabled us to start our new venture without having to draw salaries right away.

All our hard work paid off when we opened the store for the fall season of 1936. We immediately began expanding to include all eight rooms, using the old kitchen as an office. Things kept getting better for us in every respect, and we all felt on top of the world until the late spring of 1938.

We woke up one morning and found ourselves invaded and occupied by Nazi Germany. We and everybody around us found that what we thought could not really happen had happened. The whole world stood by, saw what happened, and did not lift a finger or utter a word of protest! Our own personal nightmare began.
Our journal has presented numerous reminiscences by World War II veterans. Gerald Weinberg's account, completed in 1987, is by far the most comprehensive. An epic story of about 50,000 words, it is also one-paragraph long! Thus, the Weinberg saga has been shaped to emphasize key events and observations.

The first third of the narrative has been deleted. It deals with Weinberg family history, Gerald's youth, his education at Cranston High School (Class of 1933), and his decision to leave Brown for lack of funds. There are additional sections about working for his father at Canadian Fur Shop, attending night classes in accounting at Boston University, and moving to New York City in 1937.

Weinberg's reminiscences are so fascinating because of multiple vantage points. For example, while showing an accountant's devotion to detail, surely based on journals and letters, he conveys a sense of the entire war. When surrounded by death and destruction, he also serves as an eager tour guide, commenting on all the sites he visited. Gerald's story is also moving because of its unflinching honesty.

The first part of the narrative ends in southern Italy in June 1944. While focusing on the continuing bombardment of Nazi strongholds from the Capodichino Air Base, the second and third parts will include snapshots of his deployments in Britain and France. Perhaps the most notable characteristic of Weinberg's story is the absence of any claim to personal heroism.

The United States and the world were electrified when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. President Franklin Roosevelt, on the radio to all Americans, gave warning that this day "will live in infamy." America was now in World War II and on December 11, Germany declared war on the United States.

On February 6, 1942, I received my classification notice of 1-A from
local Selective Service board 158, Reid Avenue, Brooklyn, and on February 24 took my physical exam. I was determined to be in the U.S. Air Force and didn't want to be drafted into the Army Infantry. In the subsequent days I applied for enlistment in the Air Force at its headquarters in downtown Manhattan. I took three days of IQ tests, physicals, and rough interviews. Out of 5,000 applicants, I was accepted as one of the 10% who passed the qualifications for air cadet.

On March 9, Selective Service gave me the mandatory 10 days to close all of my affairs and report for immediate duty at Whitehall Street, Manhattan. New York was magnanimous in granting all law school seniors their full law degree and acceptance to the Bar Association as attorneys. However, though the accountant seniors were granted full accounting degrees, they were not given CPA certificates. I was furious and tried all political avenues, without success. I contacted the dean of City College and arranged that my father could pick up my college degree, which he did when he came to New York for business. That degree was very precious to me.

Meanwhile, my uncle Nathan Weinberg, at 58, was dying of skin cancer in Miami, and I was determined to see him before his end. I said goodbye to all my associates at I. J. Skolnick & Co., where all my friends felt very badly that I was not able to take the CPA exams and become a partner in the firm.

On March 15, I entrained on the Atlantic Coastline to Miami, arriving 30 hours later. Nathan was in bad shape, with his hands bound so he wouldn't scratch his body. Many relatives were there and I said "so long" and told him I had to go into service in a few days. He was a wonderful man with a wonderful family.

I came back to New York on the 18th, and on the 19th reported to Whitehall Street for induction as a private. We were transported by 2-ton trucks to Fort Dix, Wrightstown, New Jersey, for basic training and assigned to the 1st Battalion, company G. At some point, I knew I would be transferred to the Air Force. We lived in tent rows, the winter was brutal and the snow deep, very cold, four to a tent. Being in the last tent wasn't a good thing. All four of us had to report for KP (Kitchen Police) at 2 a.m., peeling onions and potatoes to fill 50-gallon vats of milk and diced clams for battalion chowder. At 6 p.m., after 16 hours, we collapsed on our cots, dog-tired, and tried to get some sleep before the big USO show with celebrity Deanna Durbin. At 7:30 p.m., we were
awakened by the same regular army corporal and told we'd have to report again for KP at 8 p.m. We were furious and explained to him we just finished 16 hours and that others, out of thousands, should take their turn. He was nasty, argued, and gave no reason for his unfairness except that we were in the first tent.

At KP we were advised by the commissary sergeant to formally present our complaints to the U.S. Morale Board located on the base. After our 32 hours were over (and we had missed Deanna Durbin's show), I telephoned my attorney friend, Mr. Dyett, at my accounting firm and related our story and viciousness of this corporal, who was despised by almost everybody in the battalion. Mr. Dyett called the commanding general to see that justice would be done at Fort Dix. There was a war on and no reason for mistreating new GIs. Several days later, my tent-mates and I were summoned to the Base Morale Court, comprised of the general, two captains, and a lieutenant. We detailed our mistreatment in front of the corporal (who had been in the regular Army over 20 years). He gave no reason for his gross misconduct or his lies about us except to say that “new recruits have to be stomped in the dirt.” He was certainly mental. The Court gave him a choice of a “dishonorable discharge” or a “reduction in rank to private.” He was “busted.” After that, the former corporal was very kind to us but he was never to be trusted again.

In the third week I was moved to the 2nd Battalion, where I was paper-transferred to the Air Force and appointed a cadet. I continued regular basic training until orders came to move by army trains to Miami Beach, where I was assigned to the 575th Technical School Squadron. Miami Beach was an armed camp with all the hotels evacuated by civilians. On May 3, 1942, I was quartered on the 4th floor of the old Waldorf Towers Hotel on Ocean Drive, part of the 40th Training Group. During the five weeks in Miami Beach, I marched to classes where I learned Air Force basics and technical training.

Early one morning, from the hotel window overlooking Lummus Park, there was a snowstorm of pure white moth-butterflies. It was a plague of millions, which flew up the Florida Keys. When we opened a window, hundreds flew into the room, all over the beds, in slippers and closets. We were told this phenomenon happened every seven years where the butterflies flew north to die. The street and ground outside were covered and solid white.

During recreation time, I taught elementary mathematics to the
troops in the park near 16th Street and Lincoln Road. I was provided with a large blackboard from which I instructed the trainees squatted on the green grass. It was very hot. At the 1st Street USO hall dances, I enjoyed playing the piano (by ear) with the band to such renditions as “Tangerine” and “There I Go,” popular at that time. The City of Miami was off-limits to all personnel. All causeways from Miami Beach were guarded by military police at checkpoints at both ends.

A friend and I made a deal with a taxi driver to conceal us in his cab and take us to the largest and most modern bordello in Miami. He was an expert in this, covering us up in the rear seat with blankets and quite a number of suitcases and valises. He drove over the Venetian Causeway to Miami, slowed through the checkpoint and dropped us at a flashy, emblazoned entrance. Upstairs were very large, thick carpeted rugs, chandeliers, liquor hostesses, gambling tables and over a few hundred people milling about. The girls wore gorgeous finery. For servicemen, the charges were surprisingly reasonable. We had a few drinks in the main areas and were picked up by our taxi driver at the prearranged time. He drove back to Miami Beach and checked through with no problem, dropping us about five blocks from our hotel.

It was daybreak and we had to run through bushes and alleyways to avoid the MPs on the streets. Almost home, we were spotted by an MP who questioned us as to our being out. We told him we were visiting friends in nearby hotels. I gave him the name of Ver Vaist (which means “who knows” in Jewish), and my friend gave him the name of Ver Gehoggit (which means “drop dead”). We spelled out the names for him and he admonished us and let us go. Fortunately, the MP did not know Yiddish.

On June 10, I was transferred to Tyndall Field, near Panama City, Florida, and assigned to the 80th Air Group. Our tents were on reddish dusty sand with Lister Bags on tepee poles at the junction of each tent row. The drinking water from the Lister Bags was horrible and smelled like sulphur. The weather was extremely hot and humid, being on the Gulf of Mexico. In town we frequented the USO dances and found the June bugs, as big as palmettos, very annoying. They would fall from trees into our collars. Many of us came down with yellow jaundice and were hospitalized for a week. We were told that the sickness could have originated from the drinking water. It spread throughout the base, which was quarantined. We couldn't understand this
since we had been immunized and vaccinated in March and April for smallpox, triple typhoid, and tetanus.

On June 29, we transferred to Maxwell Field, Alabama (near Montgomery) and assigned to Group 17, Squadron D for intense Air Force physical examinations and intelligence, speed, psychological, coordination, and dexterity tests. At the end of a week I was officially classified as an AAF pilot at the pay of $75 per month plus $30 per month for rations. (My army pay had been $21 per month, out of which I had to pay out 20 cents a week for laundry.)

I had not had a furlough since March and on July 9 was authorized a five week furlough until August 16. Back home at 112 California Avenue, my mother, father, and brothers were very glad to see me. My parents were very concerned about me in flight training. Walter was 19 and anxious to join the Air Force. Eugene was 15 and still hitting the books at school. I spent time with many of my friends (some of whom were being drafted), went to the beach and on dates, spent time at Temple Beth-Israel services, and did considerable reading.

At the end of the furlough, I reported to Maxwell Field Pre-Flight School, Group VIII, Class 43D for intense training. Like West Point, we observed strict disciplines of the cadet corps with all meals served by nicely attired colored girls. There were no passes for a month. Our training subjects were detailed, thorough, and included Aerial Photo Maps, Aircraft & Naval Vessels, Physics, Mathematics, Aural & Visual Codes, Chemical Warfare, Air Forces & Communications. My grades in every subject were from 90 to 100. I was made a cadet corporal, marched to classes and did guard duty, and graduated.

On October 21, I reported to the Hawthorne School of Aeronautics, in Orangeburg, South Carolina, for fighter pilot training and assigned to the 58th AAFFTD Group, Squadron B. Here we concentrated on Aerodynamics, Meteorology, Thermodynamics, Navigation, and Gunnery. We had to take airplane engines apart and reassemble them, practiced flying takeoffs and landings with instructors on double-wing Stearman PT 17 planes. An instructor would take me up to 10,000 feet, do 2-barrel rolls and immelmans, turn the controls over to me and have me do the identical maneuvers. I learned to balance wings and ailerons, maintain thrust, and lift power. While I was flying,
the instructor would shut off the engine and have me select three sites for sudden-death landings, in cornfields and clearance areas. I really had to sweat. Coming in for landings at the base, I had to maintain the correct flight equilibrium and air speed, as well as the altimeter height, also correcting for wind drift and air gusts, on the long glide approach. Per schedules, we marched to the flight lines in our heavy flight suits and stood in front of our assigned planes, awaiting our instructors. I really loved to fly. It was another world in the skies.

On November 12, in a Boeing Stearman 22OH PT 17 Continental airplane, I took off in plane 10 at 17:40, alone, and for 32 minutes flew 2-turns, barrel rolls, immelmans, dives with and without power, and made four landings. I passed with “flying colors” and, having soloed, became a member of the world-famous “Short Snorter” Club in 10 hours and 43 minutes of logged flight time. I possess a “Short Snorter” silver Certificate Dollar bill detailing the event and signed by 23 cadet classmates. I continued flying alone and with instructors but within two weeks things began to deteriorate for me. Several of my scheduled flight days were fogged in, and I was forced to wait for better weather. This held up my required flight hours accumulation.

After flying solo in the next ten days to recoup hours, there occurred another setback. I took off on a beautiful November day at 15:30 and when I was returning, I somehow followed the wrong RR tracks and telephone wires and could not pinpoint my location on my map. It was getting dark and I was running out of fuel. I looked for an emergency area to land, when I saw the Atlantic Ocean far in the distance. I headed for the coast and luckily came upon the large Charleston Naval Air Base. I had no radio and headed in on my base leg, making sure there were no other aircraft in my path. As I came down, two naval personnel waved me off, but I was determined to land. I parked, with permission, next to the large naval Tornado seaplanes. The next morning a major and a captain came for me in their jeep, and the major flew my plane back to our base. I was grounded for another three days until the board of review met to hear my story.
I continued flying but was behind in hours, which I had to make up before the end of November. The weather was unseasonably bad and a great many of my classmates were having trouble. The day after Thanksgiving was unreal for me. Just as my wheels touched ground, a wind gust from the rear, under the wings, upturned the plane with the propeller in the ground and the tail up. Luckily, I wasn't hurt and climbed down, very bitter. Another five days elapsed until the review board could read my lengthy report and explain the cost of the damage (of the nose and propeller) to the Air Force. I was sad and couldn't possibly fulfill the required flying hours now. On December 3, with over 20 flying hours to my credit, I washed out on my own volition. I was the 38th in a class of over 90 to wash out. In my life's challenges, whenever I fell down, I always got up again to face new and unknown experiences elsewhere.

The review board was sympathetic and gave me the choice of waiting for the next class coming in four weeks or transferring to navigator, bombardier or meteorological schools. I was impatient and chose Air Force meteorology. Weather always intrigued me. It could be a bane or a blessing for all
endeavors.

On December 19, our entire class was transferred to Moody Field Advanced Flying School in Valdosta, Georgia. The cadets who made it trained on basic fighter planes and the "has beens" were made privates. From the letters I received from close friends in my class who earned their "wings" and had gone into combat in Europe, almost all were killed or never came back.

On January 13, 1943, I was assigned to the 4th Weather Squadron, Base Weather Station for training. On January 25, I applied for Officer Candidate School, met with the review board, passed all qualifications but was informed that there were 500 applicants with a quota of only 26. I could reapply in 60 days. On March 21, I was certified as a qualified weather observer, and on April 3 was made corporal at $66 per month. I made sergeant on June 3 at $78 per month. Valdosta was only 30 miles from Jacksonville and 350 miles from Miami, where I spent my 15-day furlough seeing relatives and family friends. The Air Force gave me 56 cents per day ration money.

On July 12, 20 of us entrained for Chanute Field Forecasting School in Rantoul, Illinois, for 22 weeks in meteorology. I was assigned to the 7th Technical Squadron, taking courses in hangar 3 every day (except weekends) from 12:30 to 18:30. Shift B attended daily from 06:00 to 12:00. I studied physics and drew weather maps of weather systems of every quadrant of the planet. In shift B there were 400 students, three blackboards, monitors, and loudspeakers. In November, while marching from the barracks to the hangars, my knees wouldn't hold me and my head reeled. I fell to the ground unconscious and woke up in the hospital, where I spent 10 days with a high fever. I was told that over one-half of the base had influenza and hundreds had to be sent to off-base hospitals. The weather was fierce with heavy snows. I qualified for carbine and marksman medals in 7 degree-below-zero temperatures. On some weekends we'd take the train to Chicago, 100 miles north and have some good times in the Windy City.

After final exams, which were tough and included drawing exact weather maps around the globe, I graduated on December 11 as a certified meteorologist. Over 60% of my class failed to pass. I was granted a two-week delay enroute to my new air base in North Carolina to enable me to go home to Rhode Island to see my father, who was very ill with the flu. I was glad to see the family and friends.
On January 3, 1944, I reported to Pope Field, Fort Bragg, in Fayetteville, as a weather forecaster for the Base Weather Station's Troop Carrier Command, which flew C-47s, gliders, and all base aircraft. I drew weather maps, as we used synoptic meteorology, and issued weather clearances to pilots before they could take off. Pope Field was a large air base with heavy air traffic and activity.

One night, on my rotating night shift, a first lieutenant requested clearance to take off for Raleigh, some 70 miles north, to see his girlfriend. Heavy soup fog enveloped all of the Carolinas, so the station was deadly quiet and nothing flew, not even a bird. I refused to give him weather clearance as it would be suicide to fly and he'd never be able to land. He was very demanding but I told him "no" flat out. The weather observer under my command said that the lieutenant was unrealistic or crazy. The silence of the heavy fog was broken when we heard the lieutenant's plane take off into the pea soup with no clearance. We prayed that he would make it but within an hour he crashed into the woods north of Rocky Mount. At the military inquest, after all the facts were examined, our actions in refusing clearance and attempting to stop the deceased from taking off were affirmed and commended.

On February 4, I was elevated to staff sergeant at $96 per month. By orders from Atlanta, I was furloughed from March 14 to April 14, so I went to New York City and to Providence. My parents were fine. My brother Eugene planned to work at the Kaiser shipyard building Liberty ships and wanted to get his own car. Walter's education was interrupted at the University of Michigan and he entered the Air Force for cadet-pilot training, later earning the rank of second lieutenant.

On April 15, I reported to Overseas Replacement Depot, 304th Wing, at Greensboro, North Carolina, for in-depth training and tests in rifles and carbines, maps, propaganda, malaria, physical fitness, chemical warfare, and drill alerts. I received five shots: triple typhoid vaccine, tetanus, yellow fever, typhus, and cholera, and was issued dog tags and full clothing outfits followed by lectures on service record classification and the Red Cross in combat.

After nine days, we shipped by train to Camp Patrick Henry in Newport News, Virginia, arriving at that point of embarkation on April 25. With full gear, we were on alert as troop ships took up positions for five days on the open ocean. By night we were ferried out to the ships, and I boarded
the S.S. *Hannis Taylor*, one of 112 Liberty ships carrying the 5th Army and the 82nd Airborne Division.

On May 1 at 07:00, the large armada, consisting of seven lanes of ships, 16 ships in each lane, including a Red Cross ship, left for destination unknown. Most of the troops aboard our ship were 5th Army Japanese-Americans, Brazilians, and Canadians. We were on the ocean 20 days, zigzagging and exploding mines in our path laid by the enemy. We slept in tier-hammocks, always in our clothes, and couldn't shower except with salt sticky water. One benefit we had was butter, which the Nisei didn't eat. They ate rice. We sunned ourselves on deck and had many "abandon ship" drills in case German torpedoes would strike us. Many times we'd sit on the ocean for days and travel slowly only by night. We didn't know where we were or where we were going, but most rumors indicated the South Pacific and Australia. It was awesome to see so many ships, each following about a mile apart, especially when the convoy would turn slightly, prefaced by naval blinker light codes, from ship to ship, in unison. There were several scares by enemy subs, which were driven away by exploding depth charges from the "ash can" ships on the outside lanes and the 5" guns.

At 15:00 on the 20th day, we sighted land, and the convoy stopped before the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar. In the dark of night, the convoy regrouped and proceeded into the Mediterranean Sea, hugging the North African coast of Morocco at a snail's pace, watching for enemy planes and subs, staying out of reach of enemy radar, in formations of 28 ships in each lane of 4.

On May 21, we landed in the port of Oran, Algeria, and 5,000 troops from nine ships were ferried ashore for search and destroy operations of the coastal towns and villages, which still harbored German troops and sympathizers. We were up to our ankles in red mud as we filtered through the vill-
lages, building by building, commandeering hundreds of Italian, German, and Algerian partisans and taking them prisoner. On the next day, the convoy moved slowly to the city of Algiers, then to Bizerte, Tunisia on May 24, and on to Pantelleria on the 25th. This small island between Tunisia and Sicily was a heavily fortified German stronghold and had been bombed for 20 straight days by the Allies until it fell. Many of our convoy left us for other destinations in the Mediterranean in need of Allied troops. The Allies captured Sicily, Bari, and Naples in the fall of 1943. Fighting was still raging in Italy until Anzio fell at the end of May and Rome was captured in June 1944.

The convoy crossed the Straits of Sicily and we anchored at the port of Siracusa, on the eastern side of the island, on May 26. The Sicilians gave us a tremendous welcome with folk dances on the docks. From the deck of our ship we threw coins and watched divers retrieve them. Hundreds of Sicilian men and women came out to the ships in small boats and serenaded us with guitars and singing. From our deck they looked really tiny down below.

During the next two days, we continued up the east coast of Italy, in the Adriatic Sea, and landed at Bari on May 28. We all disembarked and were assigned to the 22nd Replacement Battalion, Allied Forces. Heavy fighting raged throughout Italy and our situation was precarious. As hundreds of boatloads of troops were disgorged from the convoy vessels, heading toward shore in assault formations, we were fascinated by the shoreline of pink and white stucco buildings and the aerial balloons over the city. Then hell broke loose everywhere, as Allied shore batteries repeatedly fired “ack-ack” guns in ear-splitting bursts at the German fighter planes from Yugoslavia. The skies turned black as molten pieces of flak fell around us and enemy strafing attacks turned into a bloodbath for us. A great many troops and landing boats were destroyed, but my boat made it to the coast. All of us were fighting-angry and sick about the losses.

For the next week and a half, we had lectures on our handbook, *Occupation of Enemy Territory*, the contents of which were: Your Assignment, Your Attitude, They are the Enemy, Respect for Property, Contacts with Women, Protecting Your Health, Use of the Language, Financial Wisdom, How They Got That Way, The Nub of Fascism, Common Sense Rules, Italian Geography, and Sicily.

We rode on Bari’s beautiful boulevards, which Mussolini had built,
but bombed-out buildings were everywhere, and we were restricted to specified main avenues. The Italians were very friendly but we trusted none. It was weird to see only women in abundance and very few aged men, as the Germans had taken almost all of the men to fight in Russia and other countries for the Germans. From our trucks through Bari, we saw the crowded population, including British, Yugoslav, Greek, Polish, and American troops everywhere. Three miles south of the city, we were put into tents and were issued cots and mosquito bars and nettings. Bari had been a seaside resort but was now a mess, the docks in ruins with English and American Liberty ships in the harbor, destroyed and half-sunk by enemy bombs.

We had Allied-Italian paper lire to spend (one lira was equal to one cent). We visited a few bars and bought an Italian-English dictionary, a mirror and souvenir photos of Bari. In the city, on some of our visits, we ate tea and cakes at the British Officers' Yacht Club on the waterfront, met many Italians and spoke broken Italian to them, saw Hindu-British soldiers, Polish WACs, kids everywhere begging for money, gum, and cigarettes, saw the dark filthy alleys of the bombed-out slums, anti-aircraft guns on rooftops everywhere, open public urinals on street corners, and an old fortress surrounded by a moat. We bathed on the public beach, which was almost cleaned up. Lightning from a sudden thunderstorm struck the cables of 19 barrage balloons over the city, and 10 of them burned and fell to the ground. We saw an American movie at the Impero Theatre, which had Italian words running beneath the screen.

At camp it was announced that Rome had just fallen to the Allies and the invasion of Europe, on June 6, was in progress. 17,000 paratroops, 11,000 planes, and 7,000 warships were crossing the English Channel to Normandy.

On June 7, we shipped out of Bari in 40 x 8 railroad cattle cars into the interior, through the Apennine Mountains and arrived at the staging area of Bagnoli, high on the hills overlooking Naples. It had taken us 27 hours to go 220 miles. Much of Naples was in ruins as well as the Piazza Gaetibaldi railroad station, which had been burned and destroyed. The bombing continued all around us.

On June 9, I arrived at the large Capodocino Air Base, 6 miles from Mt. Vesuvius and 15 miles from Pompeii, and was assigned for duty as a forecaster-meteorologist at the Base Weather Station, 12th Air Force, which now had a complement of 14 forecasters and 16 weather observers. The air base
was tremendous and completely served the heavy bombers (B-24s and B-17s) of the ongoing Allied invasions in Italy, Europe, and North Africa. Our quarters were at the edge of the field in bombed-out concrete buildings, no roofs and the sides falling and hanging like cement vines, surrounded by rubble, mounds of debris, and rats. The buildings were formerly used by the Italian Air Force and Mussolini's cadets. The backs of our quarters faced an inner airfield road beyond which was a high cement wall and the backs of 3-story apartments. We slept on army cots protected by mosquito netting to keep out the rats and mosquitoes.

We were continually under heavy enemy bombardment, much more at night. At the sound of the sirens, we dashed into our muddy foxholes with all the rats and had to fight them off with our trench knives. The hundreds of foxholes on the field's edge were a godsend, as red and white flares lit up the skies and bombs fell around us, making huge craters. The white-hot flak rained on us from the batteries of big Allied, ear-splitting guns everywhere on the base. This continued for many months, and I consider myself very lucky I was not hit. One GI in my foxhole was killed by hot flak, which severed his skull. (The heat was so oppressive, he had unexpectedly removed his helmet, and blood spurted out.) We dragged him over to piles of rubble and spread the word to get the medics, but they couldn't save him.

Another night, we didn't have time to dive for our foxholes and had to press ourselves against a wall of a building. A GI standing right next to me let out a terrible scream as large metal flak pieces went through his shoe and severed three toes. We always prayed but friends of mine were continually being killed or injured by the Germans. We lost a great number of weather personnel and after a while faced an overburdened shortage, which necessitated transferring weathermen from our detachment on Mt. Vesuvius and from southern Italian bases.

Our weather station on the field's perimeter was a major one and fully equipped. On single and sometimes double shifts I drew weather maps, had weather observers read the instruments and fill large silver balloons, which were let go to determine cloud heights from the theodolite instrument angles, prepared forecasts, gave weather clearances to military crews, and relayed and received weather data in code on our teletype to and from weather stations throughout Italy. We operated on generators, as there was no electricity.
I went into Naples, which smelled awful, like latrines, as the air was positively putrid. There was lack of food everywhere and no drinking water except in the open cobblestone square, where there were long lines of people waiting to fill jugs from single spigots provided by the military. All through the city I noticed the women had open sores on their legs, as dysentery, malaria, typhoid, and typhus were rampant. At the harbor I saw the huge barrage balloons hanging over the city and saw half-sunken cruisers and battleships in the bay. The Germans had destroyed 22 Allied ships there when we arrived.

The Italian people seemed extra courteous to me, and many would salute me or call me generale because I was a sergeant. It was strange to me.

After night shifts on June 13, a friend and I hitched a ride in an Army 2-ton truck to the ruins of the old city of Pompeii, 15 miles from Naples. The
entire length of the *autostrada* was lined on both sides with dead bodies awaiting pick-up and guarded by military police at kilometer intervals. Before I landed in Italy, General Mark Clark and the Allied Forces suffered thousands of casualties at Salerno, the Rapido River, Monte Cassino, and Anzio. They were bloodbaths.

Back at the base, I learned that my friend, Philip Reif (from New York City), a weather observer who slept across from me in the barracks, had broken his back swimming on June 14 and had died. On June 16, we all went to the funeral at the Allied military cemetery outside of Naples, where there were row on row of crosses and Jewish stars. It was a sad sight. Eight of us carried the casket, taps were sounded, and the quartermaster's grave detachment buried him there.

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**PRAYER FOR HOME**

Far from home and those I love, I find my thoughts turning to them with affectionate longing. O Thou who art with my distant loved ones even while Thou art here with me, who hearkenest to their prayers even as Thou hearkenest to mine, bless us and keep us united in spirit until we meet again. Let my memory hold them in such loving embrace that I be cheered by their imagined presence. Keep me under the influence of the ties that bind me to them, so that even in strange surroundings I may conduct myself in ways that do them honor. Keep me gratefully mindful of the blessing of their love and let me not give way to loneliness or despondency. Help me to bring cheer to my comrades, who like me are separated from their dear ones. For Thou, God, art the Father of all; Thou art the source of all love. None who puts his faith in Thee need ever feel friendless or forsaken. Amen.

Utilize the fourth page of this bulletin for a letter to your home and friends.
PUNTING ON THE CAM,
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY,
1953
GROWING UP IN MID-CENTURY ENGLAND: MEMOIRS OF AN ANGLO-JEWISH SCHOOLGIRL
BY JUDITH ROMNEY WEGNER

Thanks to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Prof. Albert Silverstein, the author and your editor met in November 2005 at the annual banquet of The Cornish Horrors, Rhode Island’s legendary Sherlock Holmes society. Judging by her elegant accent, I thought initially that Prof. Wegner had flown over from London for the occasion. I soon discovered, however, that she had been living in New England for 35 years! It was her story about Rhode Island Reds, however, that convinced me that she should write an article for our journal.

Compared to Henry Silverstein and Gerald Weinberg, Prof. Wegner was untouched by the maelstrom of World War II. She was of course 25 years younger than the Austrian victim and 18 years younger than the American hero. Her story, however, is a tribute to a strong central government: one with the power to protect minorities but also one with the foresight to provide opportunities. Indeed, during the immediate postwar era, it is difficult to imagine a more enlightened nation.

Prof. Wegner’s next article will focus on her careers as an attorney and as a scholar of Judaic Studies. It will further portray her evolving family and religious life as well as her ongoing ties to Great Britain.

I was born the year Hitler came to power – in the very month that the Nazi party won a “democratic” majority in the Reichstag.’ The spin-offs from that historic event – the War, the Holocaust, the establishment of the State of Israel – ended up shaping my entire Jewish life, as it did for so many in my generation.

ORIGINS
Growing up Jewish in mid-20th century England was a far cry from growing up Jewish in Germany or Eastern Europe. My friends are often astounded by
the contrast between the lives of my 19th-century ancestors and their own. My late mother, née Minnie Marks (z"l), was descended from 18th-century Dutch Jews who settled in London and produced generations of "Englishmen of the Mosaic persuasion"—some of whom went out to colonize Australia and New Zealand in the mid-19th century, while others were destined to give their lives for their adopted country on the battlefields of Bloemfontein and Gallipoli and Flanders. My Marks ancestors volunteered to serve at a time when their East European counterparts were emigrating in droves to avoid conscription into the Czar’s army.

My father’s family came to England from a background more familiar to American Jews. My paternal grandparents, Yankel and Masha Rumianek, arrived in 1902 from a small town near Warsaw, bringing with them three-year-old Szmulek and one-year-old Yosek (who would later become my father). They came, like most Jewish immigrants, without a penny in their pockets or a word of English in their mouths, to settle in the crowded and poverty-stricken immigrant community of London’s East End, where they produced three more sons and finally a daughter. Sadly, due to the rigors of immigrant life, both their firstborn son and their only daughter succumbed to fatal illnesses; but my father and his three younger brothers grew up as educated Englishmen. Though raised in a Yiddish-speaking home, they spoke English with a better accent than my own, which is tinged with the not-so-dulcet tones of my mother’s Cockney family. Except for an odd word here or there, no Yiddish was spoken in my home, as my mother, more than 100 years removed from the original ancestor who settled in London, neither spoke nor understood it. (My own limited acquaintance with mamaloshen comes from years of studying German and Hebrew.)

Jewish-Americans sometimes imagine life was as difficult for Jews in England, France and pre-Nazi Germany as in Poland, Russia or the Ukraine;
someone once told me my life must have been pretty awful back home. Most American Jews, being of Eastern European ancestry, suppose that persecution and oppression in the “old country” was the universal lot of Jews throughout Europe. But in Western Europe (with rare exceptions like the Dreyfus case), that changed soon after 1800. The Enlightenment brought emancipation to Western European Jews and a steady improvement in their condition—until the rise of Nazism in the 1930s and the outbreak of World War II. By that time, English Jews in particular had enjoyed a steadily increasing measure of acceptance for almost 300 years.

At the official level, Britain has extended equality to Jews for at least 150 years. Their emancipation in England dates from the “Jew Bill” of 1858, which enabled Lionel Rothschild (like numerous Jewish Members of Parliament since then) to take his seat in Parliament without first swearing an oath “on the true faith of a Christian”—perhaps reflecting the same historical Zeitgeist that within a few short years would see the emancipation of the serfs in Russia and the abolition of slavery in America. Except for street rioting in the East End, incited by Mosley’s fascist “Blackshirts” during the 1930s, antisemitism in modern Britain rarely involved actual physical attacks or political persecution; rather, it manifested itself mainly in social snobbery of a kind rampant also in pre-war America, as depicted in Elia Kazan’s Oscar-winning 1947 film, Gentleman’s Agreement.

English Jews, typically residing in large cities, probably had better access than most Britons to education, professions and business opportunities. In my childhood this was true even for new immigrants; Booba and Zaida had left Poland penniless and illiterate in English, yet my three uncles gradu-
ated from London University and entered professions: one
doctor, one lawyer, and one industrial chemist, during the
very period when Nazism was spreading throughout
Europe, including Sir Oswald Mosley's British Union of
Fascists in England. (My father, the eldest, had to start earn-
ing as soon as possible to help support the family, so he
became a salesman and bookkeeper in the rag trade.) Even
more significantly, in the next generation, six out of eight
grandchildren (including myself and my much younger
brother Paul - a "Victory Baby" born just one week after VE
Day in 1945) made it all the way to Oxford or Cambridge -
thanks to high scores on competitive entrance examinations plus generous
state aid to cover tuition fees. Jewish students, who ranked disproportionately
high in national examinations, benefited hugely from mid-century Britain's
pursuit of meritocracy - a fact that highlights the virtual absence of serious
antisemitism in the British cultural and intellectual establishment.

One concrete measure of Britain's acceptance of Jews in the 1930s can
be seen in the Government's implementation, following Kristallnacht in
November 1938, of a parliamentary resolution urging political asylum for
Jewish children from Nazi-occupied Europe (then comprising Germany,
Austria and Czechoslovakia). No other country - not even America - was willing to admit these children; but Kindertransport trains began running to
England within a month of Kristallnacht and continued until the outbreak of
the war in September 1939. Were it not for this British initiative, my husband
Peter, who reached England with a Kindertransport from Vienna on April 27,
1939, would not be here today; he would have suffered the same fate as two
ten-year-old cousins, deported from Vienna in 1941 with the rest of his father's
family to Kovno, Lithuania, where they were unloaded at the infamous "Fort
IX" and machine-gunned into a mass grave nearby. (And without Peter, who
came to Brown as a professor of computer science in 1969, I would not be sitting here in Providence writing this memoir!)

When we came to America in 1937, married just one year, I was only
24 years old. Thus my reminiscences of life in England cover mainly my childhood, teenage and undergraduate years, focusing on the period immediately preceding and following World War II.
MY EARLY YEARS

Not surprisingly, many of my memories of “growing up Jewish” involve the educational system and its impact on Jewish children. This included both pros and cons. In the 1940s, most Jewish children attended state schools, where one feature not entirely friendly to religious minorities was mandatory school prayer. In primary schools, this took place in the homeroom at the start of the day. Although I can’t say this bothered me personally (Judaism was scarcely practiced in my very secular home during my early years), it could cause discomfort to any child whose family did not belong to the established Church of England—not only Jews but Christian non-conformists and Catholics too. Most “R.C.s,” as we called them, sent their kids to parochial primary schools, after which, if sufficiently wealthy (most were poor, blue-collar Irish) they might attend élite Catholic private schools, just as in America.

Jews of my generation rarely had that option even if they could afford it, as few Jewish private schools existed in England before World War II. Today they are thick on the ground; my niece’s husband is headmaster of the highly-regarded Menorah Grammar School in London. More than half a century ago, I worked briefly as a teacher’s aide in the Menorah Nursery School in Golders Green—so I guess what goes around comes around! But in those days, I recall only one prestigious Jewish boarding school—for boys only—Carmel College near Oxford; there was also one “public” school (as the English quaintly call their élite private schools for boys), Clifton College in Bristol, which since the 19th century had boasted a Jewish “House”—in the Harry Potter sense of residential dormitory. Polack’s House had a synagogue and kosher dining room, and I was saddened to learn that it closed down in 2005 for lack of sufficient patrons. Carmel College closed its doors some years ago for similar reasons—a victim of the ever-increasing polarization of Anglo-Jewry (like Jews worldwide) between strictly Orthodox and ultra-secular, at the
expense of the modern Orthodoxy that tries to implement Samson Raphael Hirsch's recipe of *Torah im Derekh Eretz* by providing a quality secular education along with Jewish studies.⁶

Most Jewish children attended local primary schools, required by law to start the day with prayer. Many English Jews, despite nominal membership in the Orthodox United Synagogue, lived very secular lives and never set foot in synagogue except for High Holy Days, weddings or bar mitzvahs — and many who did attend Sabbath services parked tactfully out of sight around the corner! It would never have occurred to them to have their children excused from school prayer, where Jewish kids stood in respectful silence; some even joined in reciting the Lord's Prayer (which actually contains nothing offensive, since every word of it comes directly from Jewish talmudic sources).

**IT TAKES A VILLAGE...**

With the outbreak of war in September 1939, my exposure to religion at school took an unexpected tack. I was about to enter “standard two” (second grade). Like many families, mine had moved out of London to avoid the Blitz that everybody saw coming. We rented a small house in the village of Park Street, 20 miles northwest of London, near my father’s army base; at 38 he was beyond the cut-off age for “call-up” (the draft), but after a stint in the Home Guard he volunteered for the Army. Too old to be sent abroad, he remained in England throughout the war — unlike his younger brothers, who served in Italy and North Africa, ending up in Palestine.

My early education proceeded in a local village school — the only one within walking distance. There were no school buses back then, and few families owned a car; if they did, the dads were mostly away in the service and the middle-class mums had never learned to drive (unlike all those upper-crust society gals Miss Marple encounters in the BBC *Mystery* series).

As it happened, the village school, one-and-a-half miles away, was not a state school but a Church of England school, which began the day with a lot more than the mandatory prayer. Along with the Lord's Prayer, we recited the Anglican Creed (which I can still rattle off by heart) and of course we sang hymns — not to mention Christmas carols in season. To this day I know more Anglican hymns than most Episcopalians! I love hymns; the melodies are really catchy, and the words mostly paraphrase Hebrew Psalms and thus don't
offend Jewish sensibilities. (Mind you, I do remember belting out “Onward Christian Soldiers” with the rest of the class — long before I discovered what “the Cross of Jesus” meant!) The teacher read to us from the New Testament, so I learned the Gospels in some detail — knowledge that stood me in good stead forty years later, when I gave up the practice of law to become a professor of religious studies. At Christmastime we performed a Nativity play — and guess who got the starring role? Though presumably chosen for my recitation skills, I have since realized that the only Jewish virgin in the class was actually the best qualified for the part! My parents raised no objection; my mother, a dab hand with an old Singer sewing machine, even designed my costume — right down to the halo — after studying popular depictions of the Mother of God. No one at school objected to my selection; and no one ever accused me of killing Christ.

The most important consequence of my stint at the Church school stemmed from the fact that, in the manner of little girls, I developed a “crush” on an older girl — I was six and she must have been all of ten years old. I came home one day begging my mother to buy me “a necklace like Wend’s.” When Mummy asked what kind of necklace, I replied: “A crucified-dead-and-buried necklace!” Wendy wore a gold crucifix, and I had conflated the word with an entire phrase from the Creed we recited every day! I now wonder if it was this request, rather than the cessation of the Blitz, that prompted our family’s return to the capital in the midst of war — that and the fact that my mother was fed up with having only cows to talk to?

BACK TO LONDON
We returned to London at the end of 1942, renting a house in the suburb of Wembley (whose famous Empire Stadium would six years later house the first postwar Olympiad — indeed, the first since the notorious 1936 Games in Hitler’s Berlin). It was in Wembley that I acquired my first connection to Rhode Island. We were at war, with almost all foods severely rationed — not only meat, but also staples like milk, eggs, sugar and flour; and everyone was exhorted to “Dig for Victory!” in support of the war effort by growing vegetables, to compensate for the farm hands who were off fighting in Africa or Italy or other distant lands. London suburbs featured small houses with large gardens, normally devoted by now-absent fathers to cultivating velvet lawns and
rose bushes and other floral displays, which could readily be converted to a vegetable patch or a chicken run.

My mother chose to raise hens; and guess which breed she selected? Believe it or not, Rhode Island Reds! I used to collect the eggs from the henhouse when I got home from school. My mind's eye still sees the reddish-brown plumage that gave the birds their name; and my nose still recalls the disgusting smell of the mash we cooked up for them in a huge pot on the stove several times a week. No one ever told me Rhode Island was one of the United States; I suspect my parents didn't even know that — an educational lacuna shared with many Americans who still believe it is part of New York!

When we returned to London I was still in primary school, with two more years to go before starting secondary school. In Wembley we lived within walking distance of the local state school, where I was one of four or five Jewish children in my class, all of whom joined in the mandatory daily prayer. This, however, was limited to an occasional hymn and the relatively innocuous Lord's Prayer, which was not seen by our parents or ourselves as a serious threat to our Jewish identification.

Nor, more importantly, did Jewishness pose problems for our secular education. Perhaps the most important feature of Anglo-Jewish status in mid-20th-century Britain was the fact that access to a quality education was not impeded by ethnic or religious identity — indeed, in my experience quite the contrary. Let me describe my transition from primary school to secondary grammar school (as Britons call academic high schools). Grammar school began at age eleven for the 20 per cent of children who passed a national competitive test known as the "Eleven-plus." The 80 percent who did not pass that test would be assigned to non-academic "secondary modern" schools or to technical schools where boys could learn a trade and girls could acquire job skills like typing to prepare themselves to leave school at 16 and start work — as most Britons back then expected to do.

Most Jewish parents took for granted that their children would qualify for the academic high school; and a high proportion of Jewish children did
pass the test, thereby gaining a free place at their local secondary grammar school – roughly equivalent to getting into Classical High School in Providence. During my teenage years, when most of my friends were Jews, I rarely met a child who was not in grammar school; those who had failed the test attended private, fee-paying grammar schools if their parents could afford it; and many Jews of that generation could, though my own parents would have been hard put to find the money.

**NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**

Children who anticipated a high score on the Eleven-plus were encouraged to apply for admission to the highest-ranked grammar schools (not necessarily located in their neighborhoods) and usually chose the best school that offered them a place. Jews were disproportionately represented in these élite schools – reflecting the relative absence of discrimination in the state educational system. If Jewish quotas existed (I never got that impression), they were certainly very generous. I was fortunate to be accepted by the best girls’ grammar school in London, as was my sister two years later; today, sixty years on, I am told that it still holds that rank. Those who made it into North London Collegiate School commuted from all over the city – which for some entailed an hour’s ride each way on the “Tube.” This was not as bad as it sounds; one could at least do one’s homework on the train. Luckily for me, Wembley is not far from Edgware (the location of NLCS), so my daily commute took just half an hour – including the walk to and from the train stations.

The English school year begins in mid-September, shortly before the Jewish New Year. In 1944, Rosh Hashanah fell less than a week after school opened. My parents, anxious lest I start out on the wrong foot by missing two days at the outset, decreed that this year I should skip school only on the first day. But, guess what? To my astonishment, on the opening day of school the form mistress (homeroom teacher) handed out a typed list of all the fall festivals (Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur, the first two days of Sukkot, plus Shemini Atzeret and Simhat Torah), asking Jewish students to check off precisely on which of those seven dates they would be missing school! The purpose was to inform teachers how many would be absent on each date, so that they could adjust their lesson plans to ensure that absenteees not miss important new material; the method also demonstrated the school’s awareness of varying
levels of observance in the Jewish community!

During my time there, the school (founded with 38 students in 1850 as “The North London Collegiate School for Ladies”) had an enrollment of 700, about 100 of whom were Jews. This was five times the percentage of Jews in London’s population, then numbering some 250,000 out of eight million. That Jews could comprise 15 percent of the enrollment at the most prestigious girls’ school in London speaks volumes. The headmistress, Dr. Kitty Anderson (later “Dame Kitty” when she received the female equivalent of knighthood for her services to education), was a Doctor of Divinity, and knew more about Judaism than most Jews. She was especially fond of her Jewish girls, who swelled the ranks of North Londoners accepted at “Oxbridge” (at a time when few girls attended university at all), thus helping to maintain the school’s high academic reputation.

The religious climate for Jews at NLCS (as at many other grammar schools, including some of the highest-ranked boys’ schools) was very favorable. As in all government-supported schools, the school day began with mandatory prayers; at NLCS, Jewish girls could attend a separate prayer service led by a Jewish teacher. Miss Senator conducted Jewish prayers daily, except on Mondays, when all students had to attend Assembly in “Hall” (the school auditorium) and the teacher in charge took care to select ecumenical hymns based on Old Testament Psalms with no Christian content. During the recitation of the Lord’s Prayer, I usually murmured the words of the Shema’ under my breath. Jewish girls were excused from rehearsals for the school’s annual carol service; and when that day came, we got the afternoon off (even so, I knew all the carols by heart, having learned them years before at the Church school).

Bible instruction was likewise required by law, but as this included New Testament, Jewish girls were excused from Scripture classes, receiving instead writing assignments based on the Hebrew Bible (in English translation, of course) supplied to the school, so I learned recently, by the London Board for Jewish Religious Education. Biblical Hebrew, by the way, was actually included in the list of subjects from which grammar school pupils nationwide had to select five or more for the National School Certificate examination at age 16 (the legal school-leaving age for those who did not choose to spend two more years preparing for university entrance). The ten subjects I ended
up taking at School Certificate level included Hebrew – which the headmistress suggested that I and one other girl (who as the daughter of an Orthodox rabbi had had considerable exposure to classical Hebrew) might like to take just for fun! NLCS offered no Hebrew instruction, but I had learned Hebrew (in various Jewish settings to be described later), so taking that exam was a snap. The inclusion of classical Hebrew at the national level as an academic high school subject is yet another indicator of the favorable climate for Jews, especially in London and other cities with substantial Jewish populations, where Hebrew instruction was readily available. And this, let us not forget, in a country with an established religion in which Church and State were intertwined!

LOFTY HALLS OF ACADEME

After taking the School Certificate, I stayed on for two years in what British grammar schools call the “Sixth Form” (equivalent to 11th and 12th grade, but rather more high-powered academically) to prepare for university entrance with Oxford and Cambridge in mind.

Here I should explain how I could even have considered Oxbridge an option, especially for a girl from a family of modest means and at a time when comparatively few girls, even from wealthy families, attended any university at all. The wealthy sent their daughters to “Finishing School” to learn the polished graces of the upper crust; but most poor families expected daughters to leave school at the first opportunity and get a job to eke out the family budget. And Oxbridge, a bastion of privilege with tuition fees proportionate to today’s Ivy League or other high-end American universities, was surely beyond the realm of possibility. Yet I recall “knowing” ever since the age of ten that that was where I was headed. It was somehow taken for granted in my family and it never occurred to me to do anything else.

So far as I know, mine was the first generation of my mother’s family to get a university education – and only the second generation in my father’s family. In 1950, many Anglo-Dutch Jews, despite having lived in England 150 years or more, seem to have aspired no higher than to become middle-class shopkeepers, owning or managing groceries or ladies’ dress shops and lacking the passion for higher education that characterized more recent, Eastern European immigrants. In my father’s family, by contrast, my dad was the only
one who for financial reasons did not make it to the university, but his younger brothers all went to Queen Mary College of London University in the 1920’s. QMC, located in London’s East End, was the “poor Jews’ Oxford” (the British counterpart of CCNY, the “poor man’s Harvard”) and was crammed with Jewish students, who could live cheaply at home and work part-time to earn the tuition fee. All my uncles earned first-class degrees – equivalent to graduating summa cum laude – and then studied further to qualify for professions. A cousin told me recently that her dad, my Uncle David, actually won a scholarship to Balliol College, Oxford in 1930 – an unheard-of achievement for the child of Polish-Jewish immigrants; but, alas! his mother (my Booba) wouldn’t hear of her baby leaving home; so he had to settle for London University instead.

By the next generation, the educational scene had changed dramatically. Going to university had been an impossible dream for most people until the advent of the Welfare State. But Socialism was far from a dirty word in postwar Britain, and the Labour government that came into office then was committed to promoting meritocracy. From 1946 onward, there was free secondary education for all, and higher education became available for the first time to many who previously could not have aspired to it. The Government paid full tuition, room and board for any needy student who scored high enough in the Advanced Level School Certificate examinations to win one of the coveted State Scholarships (and many Jewish students did, myself included).

Even without a state scholarship, poor students admitted on merit could obtain substantial government support. Amazingly, this encompassed my future husband – a Jewish refugee who was not yet a citizen! Britain was truly the land of opportunity then, for anyone with scholastic aptitude. As an orphan with no means of support, Peter qualified for complete tuition plus a generous living allowance, first at London University and then during a postgraduate year studying computer science at Cambridge, where in 1954 he became one of the first three people in the world to earn a postgraduate diploma in computing (equivalent to a master’s degree before such a thing existed in that fledgling field). So Peter and I have the British Government to thank both for our education and for the fact that we met one another at all!

In my first year at Cambridge, I studied economics (along with my classmate Amartya Sen, a future Nobel laureate in that subject!), but then
decided to switch to law. I would have preferred Judaic Studies, but the prevailing popular wisdom insisted that such an unmarketable skill was *nisch für yiddische kinder* (“no job for a Jewish boy – much less a girl!”). This was before Judaica became a respectable subject of academic study in England and America. Even so, it was possible to take an undergraduate or graduate degree in Hebrew literature. Native-born Judaica scholars like Drs. Cecil Roth, Raphael Loewe and David Patterson, and foreign scholars like Dr. J. L. Teicher and Rabbi Dr. Alexander Altmann (pre-war refugees from Nazi Germany) or Rabbi Dr. Leo Baeck (who came to England after being liberated from Theresienstadt) were readers or lecturers at Oxford, Cambridge, London, Manchester and other universities. Two of my fellow-Cantabrigians who studied Judaica later became noted rabbis at opposite ends of the spectrum, one Orthodox (Rabbi Norman Solomon) and the other Liberal (the late Rabbi John Rayner, CBE, who became Senior Rabbi of the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, an Anglo-Jewish branch of Judaism which stands slightly to the left of American Reform). I have never forgotten the day I encountered John Rayner pacing up and down in the Jewish Society dining room, hatless, with his nose in a volume of Talmud! It was the first time I had seen a bareheaded man reading a Hebrew religious text. Back then I knew as little about the English progressive Judaisms (Reform and Liberal) as about Conservative and Reform movements in America.

At Oxbridge, Hebrew Bible and related topics had for centuries been subjects of academic study by gentiles; in fact, until the late 19th century, Hebrew was required for admission, because in earlier times most Oxbridge applicants aspired to ordination as ministers in the Church of England and were required to take entrance exams in Hebrew as well as Latin and Greek. (In my day Hebrew was no longer an actual requirement, but applicants still had to take an exam in either Latin or Greek, though not both.)

Readers may wonder why I chose Cambridge over Oxford. The answer is, for an embarrassingly frivolous reason: Cambridge had a more active Jewish Society, with a flourishing social and cultural program and a kosher kitchen that served Shabbat dinner after the service. The synagogue was run entirely by students (well, male students; women sat in a special box behind the men and took no active part). As a Friday night regular, I proudly surveyed the backs of male heads adorned with *kippot* in college colors,
crocheted by yours truly to match their college scarves! The ratio of men's to women's colleges at Cambridge at that time was ten to one, so I thought of those boys as "me and my minyan."

In the 1950s, there were only two colleges for women: Newnham and Girton. Girton was on the outskirts, too far away to walk to synagogue – which was one reason why I settled for Newnham; but the main reason was that my headmistress at NLCS steered me there. The Principal of Newnham was Miss Ruth Cohen, a well known economist (her brother Sir Andrew Cohen was governor of Uganda). The fact that Newnham had a Jewish principal may be why Dr. Anderson advised me to apply there; several Jewish schoolmates had preceded me. (The social distinction between Newnham and Girton was similar to that between Harvard and Yale; Girton, like Yale, was perceived as more upper-crust; there may have been less of a "Gentleman's Agreement" at Newnham, which had far more Jewish students than Girton.)

During my three years at the Cambridge University Jewish Society, I held every post on the executive committee – from the humble post of Suppers Secretary (responsible for collecting money owed for Shabbat meals, which for obvious reasons could not be paid on the spot) all the way up to President during my final year, when my main task was to preside over meetings and introduce speakers. I still have a copy of a letter I sent out in January 1955, telling members that "the highlight of the Lent term... the Solomon Schechter Memorial Lecture, will be delivered on Sunday February 27 at 3 p.m. by Dr. J. L. Teicher, who has kindly consented to read a paper on The Cairo Genizah."

Many Jewish scholars and other personalities addressed CUJS during my time there; the one who springs most vividly to mind was Reform Rabbi Dr. Leo Baeck, who as mentioned earlier had come to England after his internment in Theresienstadt; I recall sitting on the floor of a crowded room in a professor's house gazing spellbound at this distinguished elderly gentleman who had miraculously survived the Nazi persecution.

HEBREW SCHOOL
Let us now backtrack to 1942, when my family returned to London in the middle of the war and my Jewish education began. My parents enrolled me and my younger sister Marion in "Hebrew Classes" (as the United Synagogue Hebrew School was called) at Wembley Synagogue. In retrospect I'm sure they
sent us there to counter the subliminal influence of the village Church school experience.

My parents were non-observant, though my Dad had been raised Orthodox and knew Hebrew well, having attended Talmud Torah every day after school for years; and even Mummy recalled being forbidden to pick up a pencil or a needle on "Shobbes"—as Anglo-Jews pronounced it. We didn’t keep kosher (many Jewish families had lapsed due to wartime meat rationing); my mother didn’t light Shabbos candles, and I don’t recall either parent setting foot in shul except for Kol Nidrei or weddings or bar-mitzvahs. In fact, my earliest synagogue memory dates back to August 1939, when my cousin John became a Bar Mitzvah; I remember watching, totally bewildered, from high up in the Ladies’ Gallery.” My parents did however step inside the Wembley Synagogue Communal Hall to attend the Annual Prize-Giving, where Marion and I picked up awards for “excellence in Hebrew studies” with monotonous regularity.

The one Jewish ritual we did observe faithfully was the family Seder, held every year at the home of my Polish grandparents. One of my most vivid childhood memories is watching Zaida and Daddy and my uncles shokl back and forth as they gabbled their way through the Haggadah, each at his own pace yet somehow all miraculously reaching Had Gadya at the same moment! Another memory of those Seders is the nap Marion and I took beforehand in our grandparents’ beds, which in place of sheets and blankets had overstuffed eiderdown comforters, presumably brought from the Old Country. These were utterly foreign to us—though destined to make a big comeback decades later, masquerading under the trendy name of duvets!

By Anglo-Jewish standards in the 1940s, girls, being ineligible for the Bar Mitzvah ceremony, didn’t need Hebrew school at all; and many never attended. Back then, I never dreamed I would one day read from the Torah or conduct a prayer service; this is still taboo in the British United Synagogue, where, as in Europe generally, women still sit in the “ladies’ gallery” barely able to follow proceedings in the sanctuary below. Most girls of my generation never learned to read Hebrew—so I owe a huge debt to Wendy and her crucifix! (My brother Paul would attend the same “Hebrew Classes” years later, to prepare for his Bar Mitzvah—though with very different results; he did not choose to become an observant Jew.)
Feeling “left out” when my male peers entered Bar Mitzvah class, I coaxed one boy into teaching me the trope for Torah cantillation – even though I knew I hadn’t a snowball’s chance of so much as touching a scroll! None of us had heard of Conservative Judaism; nor could I foresee that I would marry a computer scientist who would emigrate to America as part of the postwar “brain drain” and that I would one day become the first woman to chant the Torah portion in the special Rosh Hashanah trope in the main sanctuary of Temple Emanu-El in Providence, Rhode Island!

One thing is certain: had we not been sent to Hebrew School to counteract our immersion (metaphorically) in the Church, Marion and I would never have reached the point on the Jewish spectrum where we find ourselves today. From Day One, I fell in love with the Hebrew language; as a 10 year-old, my bed-time reading included (entirely by choice) the verb tables in Davidson’s Hebrew Grammar – which was above and beyond anything Hebrew School expected of us! The United Synagogue Hebrew Classes actually expected so little that I usually got bored after five minutes on a Sunday morning, was frequently kicked out for talking, and spent the morning riding around on one of the boys’ bicycles “borrowed” from their parking spot outside the shul. In fact, that’s how I learned to ride a bike in the first place; I never owned one until I was about 15, as we could not afford such luxuries! My first bicycle was bought secondhand from a neighbor – with money earned at my after-school job teaching at the same Hebrew Classes where I had learned to ride!

Had we not chosen to attend Shabbat services regularly, Marion and I would never have heard of the Zionist youth group that met at the synagogue, and would have grown up completely secular. At services we two – being only 10 and 8 years old – were regularly invited to forsake the women’s section at the back of the sanctuary (a temporary structure with no ladies’ gallery, as the war had put all building plans on hold) and sit up front with the top-hatted gabbyim in the “Wardens’ Box.” That was their response to the phenomenon of two little girls who came to shul every week despite the fact that their parents never showed up at all!

RETURN TO ZION
I am often struck by the fact that most American Jews of my generation don’t seem to have engaged in the Zionist youth activities that comprised the most
formative Jewish experience of my teen years. Nobody I have met during four decades in Providence seems to know the dozens of Hebrew songs I acquired through participation in youth movements during the immediate postwar years. Yet this was precisely the period when Zionism in England was reaching fever pitch, as the prospect of a Jewish State came ever closer. My conclusion is that the actual proportion of American Jewish kids actively involved in those movements at that time must have been far smaller than the proportion of British Jews. The youth group – usually it was Habonim or B’nei Akiva – held weekly meetings at the larger London synagogues, mostly on Sunday afternoons, and many local youngsters joined as a matter of course. It was far more interesting than the synagogue’s social youth club – at least to my girl friends and me, who hated having to dress up in lipstick and nylons and uncomfortable high heels to be dragged around the floor by some clumsy boy while Sinatra crooned “I’ll be loving you, always” on a scratchy seventy-eight. We preferred wearing our slacks or shorts and dancing Israeli folk dances in the blue- or white-shirted uniforms and kerchiefs of the Zionist youth group of our choice.

My love affair with Israel began at age 10, when I joined Habonim (the
youth branch of the secular Labor Zionist movement Hehalutz; but my allegiance shifted a couple of years later, when a dynamic Orthodox family moved into Wembley with two handsome teenage sons who organized a B'nei Akiva group (the youth branch of Hapo'el Hamizrachi, the religious Labor Zionists). In those days, B'nei Akiva was far less strict about segregating the sexes; boys and girls sat together, danced Israeli folk dances together, and even went off for walks in the woods during summer camp—and nobody raised an eyebrow! We met weekly to learn pioneering skills, study Torah, and sing Anu 'olim artzah! and endless other songs about "going up" to rebuild our ancient Homeland. B'nei Akiva also influenced Marion and me to strike a blow for kashrut at home; we simply refused to eat meat until Mummy gave in and agreed to patronize the kosher butcher. (I realized only in retrospect how this must have strained her weekly food budget.) Marion recalls occasionally putting a superannuated Rhode Island Red in a shopping bag and carting it on the Tube all the way to the East End to be slaughtered by a shohet—a gruesome task that for some reason fell to her and not me.

Besides weekly B'nei Akiva meetings and summer camps, I also attended summer and winter schools held during vacations by the Jewish Youth Study Groups. This was a national organization for Jewish grammar-school students, which held regular interfunctions all over London to bring teenagers together to continue studying Judaism and Jewish history (everyone had left Hebrew Classes at age 13). At 15, I passed the London Board's preliminary examination for Hebrew School teachers. At 16, I began attending seminars run by the Zionist Federation, where I learned far more Hebrew than I ever had at Hebrew school: classical grammar from biblical texts and modern Hebrew vocabulary from all those pioneering songs about reclaiming the Promised Land. (Even in the twilight of colonialism, no one gave the Arabs much thought; we were going on Aliyah to populate our empty desert homeland and make it blossom as the rose.) In the end, I never made Aliyah, in part because I was only 15 when the State of Israel was established in 1948; but many of my older B'nei Akiva friends (including at least one girl from NLCS) did go then—some even giving up newly-acquired University places in favor of splitting rocks to found a religious Kibbutz on a hilltop in the Lower Galilee. Kibbutz Lavi's main enterprise today is a superb guest house with excellent cuisine, which I can recommend wholeheartedly; my old schoolfriend still
lives there with her husband.

In 1951, the year before I went up to Cambridge, my part-time Hebrew teaching job qualified me to participate in a specially subsidized teachers' trip to the fledgling Jewish State, which would be the first of many. The entire six-week trip, including room and board as well as air fare, cost me the princely sum of £50 (about $250 at the time)! It was the first time I ever boarded a plane. In that pre-jet age, the trip took almost 24 hours, stopping three times to refuel in France, Italy and Greece! Even more primitive were the conditions we encountered in Israel, especially on Kibbutzim, many of which were still making do with cold water showers and outdoor latrines — something I had previously experienced only at those Zionist summer camps, where we had slept under canvas on straw mattresses; but that was only for two weeks, whereas the Halutzim in Israel were living that way all the time.

In the years preceding the establishment of the State, there was no political impediment to Zionist activities in England. Habonim rented the Golders Green Hippodrome, a theatre in Northwest London (where many Jews had migrated before or after the war) for its 15th anniversary celebration in 1944, and I read a proclamation in Hebrew — I had and still have a voice that projects well. That led in turn to my selection to take part in a broadcast (recorded at the main BBC studio in Great Portland Street) from Jewish children in London to the children of Ben Shemen, an Israeli moshav near Lydda. I remember having to insist that it was not pronounced “Ben Shee-mer” as the producer had supposed! Anyhow, these very public Zionist activities encountered no objection from the Government, which still held the mandate for Palestine.

Not even Britain’s Palestinian debacle during my teenage years (which coincided with the final years of the Mandate) unleashed antisemitism in England, though the British Government was never as friendly to the idea of a Jewish State as the Balfour Declaration of 1917 may have implied. Despite Arthur Balfour’s statement to Lord Rothschild in 1917 that “His Majesty's
Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people,” most British diplomats were more partial to Arabs, whom they viewed through the rose-colored spectacles of “Lawrence of Arabia syndrome.” Today, with antisemitism in Britain on the rise, British officialdom continues to distinguish clearly between Zionism and Judaism. As recently as 2003, the late David Patterson (z”l), Director Emeritus of the Oxford Centre for Hebrew and Jewish Studies, was recognized in the Queen’s Birthday Honours for his “services to Jewish Studies” and invested with the CBE at Buckingham Palace. Thus did a former youth leader in Habonim become a “Commander of the British Empire”!

THE “JEWISH CHURCH OF ENGLAND” AND FREEDOM OF RELIGION
Civic honors in recent years have gone also to Chief Rabbis of the British Commonwealth. The late Rabbi Israel Brodie (z”l) received a knighthood; and his successor, the late Rabbi Immanuel Jakobovitz (z”l), was elevated to the peerage as Baron Jakobovitz (predictably, the herald mangled his name, introducing him to the House of Lords as “Baron Jackovitz!”). The present Chief Rabbi, Sir Jonathan Sacks, has already received his knighthood while still in office.

The official post of “Chief Rabbi of the British Empire” was instituted in 1844 with the election of Rabbi Nathan Marcus Adler; and the United Synagogue was established in 1870 by Act of Parliament – a fact to which American Jews sometimes react with First-Amendment horror! But that Act did not mean that the State controlled the Synagogue; it simply gave the United Synagogue official status as the established Jewish Church. As mentioned earlier, most affiliated Anglo-Jews belong to the United Synagogue – where they may rarely show up, but at least they know which synagogue they don’t go to! On State occasions such as coronations or royal weddings, the Chief Rabbi represents the Anglo-Jewish community just as the Archbishop of Canterbury represents the Anglican Church.

The Jewish and Zionist enterprises I have described illustrate the vast gulf between mid-20th century Jewish life in England and what was happening in Eastern Europe. While Jews in Nazi-occupied countries throughout Europe were being transported to gas chambers for their ethnicity alone, involvement in Jewish activities in England, including membership in
Zionist youth groups, incurred no penalty, no police harassment, no government interference, no British version of the House Un-American Activities Committee, no infiltrators recording our names in a little black book. During the last years of the Mandate, when resistance groups like the Irgun and the Stern Gang resorted to violence, I recall no reprisals against the Jewish community in England— not even in 1946, when the Irgun blew up a wing of the King David Hotel occupied by the British Army.

So far as I know, no restrictions were ever placed on British Zionist activities. We even sang songs that poked fun at the mandatory authorities— without the slightest fear that someone would come and "get" us for this! One song, to the melody of a popular Israeli folkdance, went something like this:

British p'liceman walking slowly down a Palestinian street,
British p'liceman walking slowly, walking slowly on his beat.
All the Irgun haverim
Round the corner wait for him.....

Had the Soviet Union been the mandatory authority, can we imagine Jewish teenagers chanting this at Zionist meetings? It would have earned them a lifetime in the Gulag— or worse yet, a life suddenly cut short. Or, supposing America had been the mandatory power, try to picture Zionists singing this song during the McCarthy era! For me, this says it all for Jewish political and cultural freedom in mid-20th century Britain.

ANTISEMITISM ON THE FRINGES
In light of the current resurgence of antisemitism throughout Europe, people often ask me about the situation in England when I was growing up. So far as I recall, antisemitism never touched me personally; or if it did, it was never so overt that I could pinpoint it as such. For instance, a tall, skinny boy in my primary school class in Wembley, with the unspellable and unpronounceable name of John Niemiec, often tried to push me around in the playground. I didn't know then what I know now, namely, that Niemiec is a Polish name (it's the Polish spelling of Nimitz— which paradoxically means "German"!) and that this boy may have heard hostility to Jews expressed at home. At the time, I thought he was just a big bully, but now I wonder with hindsight if he picked on me because he resented a Jew outranking him in class.
Of course, as I grew older, I did become aware of the existence of antisemitism as a social phenomenon. Let me illustrate this by a personal anecdote from my Cambridge days. One day, while walking along King’s Parade (the “Harvard Square” of the real Cambridge!) I overheard two students conversing behind me. One said to the other, “I say, old chap, how do you feel about Jews?” His friend replied, “Well, actually, I don’t personally know any—but somehow I’ve never liked them. Don’t really know why.” If these “chaps” noticed me at all, which I doubt, they certainly knew nothing about me; my presence within earshot was pure coincidence.

What’s the point of the story? Those Gentleman’s Agreement characters may have disdained me socially; but there I was, a Cantabrigian like themselves – albeit lacking their blue-blooded privilege and coming from a lower-middle-class family devoid of money or social position. So when I heard them bad-mouthing Jews, frankly, Scarlett, I didn’t give a damn! Incidentally, the Cambridge examiners who accepted my application knew I was Jewish, as I had included Bible quotations in Hebrew in one of the essays I wrote for the entrance exam – thoughtfully providing translations, of course! The Oxford examiners likewise knew it; but it can’t have bothered them either, as I was accepted there too.

Ironically, the attitude of those two students was not shared by a group of wealthy Arab law students who had come to Cambridge from some part of the Empire on which the sun had not yet set, and whom I encountered regularly in my classes (law being an undergraduate major at British universities). They knew I was Jewish, though I don’t recall exactly how. This was in 1953 – shortly after the establishment of the State of Israel but long before Arab residents of Palestine started to call themselves Palestinians. Far from manifesting hostility, those Middle Eastern students would greet me in a stage whisper as I walked into class: “Look, here comes our little cousin!” And I would grin happily back at them; neither side could see 50 years into the future. Today I often wonder where their children and grandchildren stand on the Palestine/Israel question. Did any of them become suicide bombers?

JEWS OF PRIVILEGE

Finally, a few words about the status of 20th-century British Jews in the upper echelons of society may be in order.
Many Anglo-Jewish notables had preceded me at Cambridge. I remember making a serendipitous discovery in a boyfriend’s room at Magdalene College: we found a postcard wedged behind the mantelpiece. It was dated about 1930, signed by “Aubrey Eban” of Queens’ College (who later on, as Abba Eban, would become Israeli Foreign Minister) and addressed to Bernard Waley-Cohen at Magdalene College – scion of a prominent Anglo-Jewish family, who would later become Lord Mayor of London. I no longer recall the subject matter or what happened to the postcard; but I wish I had taken better care of it, as it might have some historical value today.

Jews had held high positions in British government posts since the 19th century, the Sephardi Benjamin Disraeli, Queen Victoria’s favorite Prime Minister, being the best-known (though not a practicing Jew, as his father had had him baptized instead of bar-mitzvahed at age 13 following a disagreement with the Bevis Marks Synagogue); the highest office ever bestowed on a Jew was held by Sir Rufus Isaacs, later created Marquis of Reading, who was Viceroy of India from 1921 until his death in 1935. Marquis – pronounced “mar-kwiss” and not “mar-kee” as Americans generally suppose – is among the highest ranks in the realm, coming right after Prince and Duke and before Earl. (Even Disraeli received only an earldom, becoming the first Earl of Beaconsfield.)

Most Jews prospered economically in postwar Britain, and as their financial success was often matched by their philanthropy, Jewish millionaires often received recognition from the Palace. Even before the war, several had made fortunes in the retail business: Sir Jack Cohen of TESCO stores, Sir Isaac Wolfson of Great Universal Stores, and at least two Lord Sieffs of the Marks & Spencer family, to name but a few. However, in my own family, the only one who ever made serious money was my mother’s Uncle Hymie. Born into the dire poverty of the East End (London’s “Lower East Side”), he made a fortune on the Stock Exchange and sent all five of
his sons to Eton College, the most prestigious of England's "public" schools. I often wonder if they comprised the entire Jewish contingent in the 1920s! Luckily for them, their schooldays were over before the Stock Market crashed.

As it happens, I have another – far more intimate – connection with the Princes of the Blood. Prince Charles was circumcised by the same mohel who inducted my own firstborn into the covenant. Fifty years ago, with the medical profession just beginning to endorse the health benefits of circumcision, the Palace routinely engaged the services of mohelim – these being the sole experts in the field at that time. It is sobering to reflect that the responsibility for ensuring the Royal succession once rested literally in the skilled hands of the Rev. J. Snowman!

In closing, let me say that I have never ceased to bless my good fortune in being born in a country so welcoming to Jews as was Great Britain in the mid-20th century. Apart from the United States, it was one of the few places in the world where a Jew born in the era of Hitler and Stalin could confidently expect to survive intact, not only without the experience of persecution but with a measure of success in life; and not only to succeed in life, but to do so on the basis of one's own abilities, rather than merely by virtue of birth into bastions of wealth and privilege.

JUDITH AND PETER, DURING ENGAGEMENT, 1956
ENDNOTES

1 The last “democratic” election in pre-war Germany took place on March 5, 1933. I was born three days later.

2 Bloemfontein in South Africa was a principal battlefield in the Boer War (1899-1902); Gallipoli in Turkey was the most famous battle of World War I (1915); and the soldiers of both sides were literally bogged down in the trenches in Flanders (a Belgian province) for many months during 1918, fighting indecisive battles back and forth over a few yards of terrain with huge numbers of casualties suffered on both sides.

3 Technically, a Cockney is someone born in the City of London within the sound of Bow Bells. For Americans, probably the best-known example of Cockney speech is the stellar performance of Audrey Hepburn as Eliza Doolittle in My Fair Lady. I myself was born at the City of London Lying-In Hospital for the Respectable Poor, at 102 City Road — not far from Central London but not technically within the historic “City of London” itself.

4 As I write this memoir, Anglo-Jewry is celebrating the 350th anniversary of the Jews’ return to England under Cromwell; they had originally been expelled by Edward I in 1290.

5 Some years ago, while on a professional trip to a computer science conference, Peter visited Fort IX and a nearby Holocaust Memorial to the 30,000 Jews (both Lithuanian and from other countries) who were slaughtered by the Lithuanian Nazis. At the time he did not know that the victims included his grandmother, two aunts and two cousins; this we discovered only in recent years after Austria finally opened its Holocaust records to survivors seeking information about the fate of relatives.

6 The biggest yikhus in my family is the fact that my sister married a great-great-grandson of S.R. Hirsch, founder of modern Orthodoxy in mid-19th century Germany.

7 Ironically, Park Street has today become part of the fast-growing Jewish area in England — with synagogues, day schools and kosher butchers in nearby Radlett, Hertfordshire.

8 One of my favorite hymns was “Morning Has Broken.” Decades later I was appalled to learn that most Americans seem to think this is an original composition by Cat Stevens! We sang it frequently in primary school 60 years ago, with exactly the same words (written by the poet Eleanor Farjeon) and exactly the same melody.

9 Miss Caroline Senator, who taught French and German, was the only Jewish teacher at NLCS during my years there; this was due not to discrimination but rather to the fact that in those days women teachers were still more or less expected to remain single — whereas Jewish culture resolutely steered all its daughters towards marriage. Today, from her surname and appearance, I would judge Miss Senator to have been of Sephardic extraction; London had a sizeable Sephardic community, headed by the Haham Dr. Solomon Gaon.

10 Many of the refugee professors later emigrated to Israel or America and continue their academic activities at universities in those countries.

11 In those days, I knew of Schechtman’s work on the Genizah at Cambridge but nothing of his subsequent career as Chancellor of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York.

12 My cousin John Ingram, who just turned 80, now lives in Washington, D.C. Our mothers were sisters, and he was among family members who came to Providence from all over the United States, as well as from England and Israel, to join Peter and me in celebrating our Golden Wedding anniversary in August of 2006. John originally came to America at age 14 in 1940, under a program whereby some generous American families undertook to become foster-parents to British children whose parents sent them to America for safety when the war broke out. John lived with a Jewish family in San Francisco, where he went to high school and subsequently to Stanford University. Not surprisingly, the end result of that educational process was that he had no desire to return to England and elected to settle in America. His parents and my mother’s two remaining sisters later emigrated to the Bay Area, but my parents remained in England.
FLORENCE, HOWARD (10 MONTHS), AND SIDNEY, JUNE, 1951
OUR TRAILER, OUTHOUSE, AND CHICKENS: MEMORIES OF RHODE ISLAND STATE COLLEGE
BY FLORENCE WAXMAN

Florence Dix and Sidney Waxman grew up in South Providence. She was educated at Sons of Abraham, a new Orthodox congregation on Potters Avenue. He spent summers at Hashomer Hatzair, a social Zionist camp in Bridgewater, Massachusetts. Both understood Yiddish, and Sidney could speak it to a limited degree. Florence received special permission to attend Hope High School (a long walk and two trolley car rides from home) and graduated in 1946. Sidney, who had taken business courses at Central High, graduated five years earlier. He worked as a pipefitter at the Groton submarine base before enlisting in the Navy.

In 1946, Florence and Sidney met at a party in Riverside. She was working as a bookkeeper, and he was taking college preparatory courses with the hope of eventually benefiting from the GI Bill. He called her Fay (from the Yiddish Fagya), and they were married by Rabbi Abraham Chill at Sons of Abraham in June of 1948.

Sidney and I began our married life in a 27-foot trailer. It was parked in the back of the Rhode Island State College campus (later known as U.R.I.), in an area set aside for returning, married veterans. The GI Bill provided tuition and living expenses. If I remember correctly, we received a check for $105 every month. The College charged each student $5 per month for renting a trailer lot. That included electricity and water hookup.

In retrospect, 27 feet by 8 feet of living space seems very small, but for us it was an exciting solution to a daunting housing problem. Our trailer actually seemed quite luxurious when compared to other couples' trailers, which were 16 and 17 feet. We were looked upon as the "wealthy ones" because in addition to a bedroom with a 3/4 size bed, a tiny but very well designed kitchen, a living room that housed a sofa bed, a dining table with a drawer unit as a base, and two drop-down leaves that opened to seat six, our unit had a tiny shower stall with a fold-down basin for a sink. The trailer was home, large
enough to entertain friends and even have weekend guests.

In the woods behind our trailer, we had an outhouse, which was a bit cold in the winter months. Carrying some sort of noisemaker at night, lest we surprise the skunks that lived nearby, was just a fact of life. We were newlyweds, and life on campus and in our trailer offered experiences and challenges that we relished.

Life was never dull. Sidney went to classes and did his homework, and I worked in the horticulture department office. The College offered GI wives many opportunities, such as taking free classes. I took piano lessons from Ruth Tripp, one of the music critics of the Providence Journal. While Sidney was in the library studying, I was at the music department practicing. At a prearranged time, he would come for me at the music building and we would slowly walk across campus to our trailer home. At that time of night, the campus was quiet, but the buildings were still ablaze with lights.

At the end of the road where our trailer was parked, there was a very large pond named Thirty Acres. It was on College land and available for our use. As soon as the weather was warm enough, we walked down the lane to swim and picnic, always meeting other trailer people seeking to unwind after classes and work.

We did all sorts of things to make ends meet. Sidney had a summer job working on the College farm, which provided us with fresh vegetables. There were enough to can and thus help feed us through the winter months. Canning in the tiny kitchen was a challenge until Dorothy, a trailer wife who worked in the home
economics department, persuaded officials to allow us to use its canning facilities. Working together, the four of us sliced, diced, and packed vegetables into tin cans and sealed them with the department's equipment. Having never done that before, we thought it a marvelous advantage. Along the way, we did a lot of tasting and a lot of laughing.

What did we do for storage? If memory serves me correctly, we packed the cans into boxes and stored them under the trailer.

While working at the farm, Sidney decided it would be a good idea to raise chickens so we could have fresh eggs. He brought home a dozen, day-old, yellow chicks that just fit in the palms of our hands. They were cute as could be. We kept them in a cardboard box in the trailer and watched them eagerly, as a light bulb strategically hanging over the box kept them warm. As the chicks grew, their chirping became louder each day. One day we came home for lunch only to find chicks flying all over the trailer - in and under the furniture and in the sink - feathers everywhere. Sidney thought it time to build a cage for them outdoors. The chicks became chickens, including a rooster or two that loudly woke us and all our neighbors each morning. We did
indeed get eggs – enough to feed us and our neighbors.

We were happy, life was good, and we always looked to the future. An indication of how someone else looked at our way of life occurred after our first year on campus. We were going to California to spend the summer with my family. Sidney's cousin, Herb, was getting married, so our gift to the newlyweds was the use of our trailer as a summer vacation home. Sidney carefully whitewashed the outhouse so things would look bright and new. Alas, Roz wouldn't use it. Instead, she made her husband walk her across campus at night to use the dormitory facilities. The couple was also obliged to take care of our chickens. But Roz, very much a city girl, never collected eggs from the nest. Refusing to eat them, she gave them away to neighbors and shopped for eggs in a store. It seems that “roughing it” was not for everyone. But we never considered our life “roughing it.”

After the first year, the College moved our trailers to an apple orchard. It was a wonderful spot, with lovely shade, and enough space so that some students living in the very tiny trailers were allowed to build small additions. The trailers were placed in a circle, which gave us a real sense of community. As GIs came to school and adopted trailer life, there were many more trailers, some larger and more elaborate than ours.

The friendships we made during that time were cherished. All of us faced the same challenges of making ends meet, but somehow we never felt

WITH 1939 PACKARD

![Image of a man with a 1939 Packard car]
deprived. Life was fun. Besides work, study, and exams, we spent many hours on Narragansett Beach during the summer months. In winter, we walked among the estates and dreamed of days to come.

Rhode Island State College was famous for its Rams basketball teams. Attending games was a must, as was cheering until we were hoarse. Afterward, we would usually meet at one of the trailers to revisit a game.

The College was also well known for its Agriculture School. The dairy barn, and especially the resulting ice cream shop, were favorite haunts. When family and friends visited from Providence, we delighted in shepherding them through, as if this was our private domain. Chocolate, always, for Sidney; black cherry or pistachio for me. The portions were huge, the prices very low.

During Sidney's junior year, we bought our first car, a 1939 Packard with fold-up (monkey) seats in the back. It cost $100, but driving that huge auto made us feel wealthy beyond belief.

One day on our way home from grocery shopping, the car suddenly gave out. It just stopped in the middle of the road. We had neglected to put in oil. Who knew about such things? The crankshaft burned out, so there was nothing to do but have the car hauled away for junk.

Sidney was reluctant to give up the car entirely, so, being the innovative man he was, he salvaged the wheels for a required course in agricultural engineering. He built a trailer that served us well for 15 years. For that agricultural...
tural engineering project, he received an A+

Before too long, veterans began having families. Our first child, Howard, was born in 1950, when Sidney was in his senior year. (Deborah was born in 1953 and Paul in 1955.) Being pregnant had necessitated more frequent trips to the outhouse—often in the dark. Sidney did not like my walking through the woods alone at night, so he would accompany me, sometimes freezing in the cold as he waited patiently. Then he decided that there had to be a way of installing a toilet in the shower stall. Ah, such luxury. Now we could (had to) sit on the toilet to wash, shave or take a shower.

Having babies changed our life style in the trailers somewhat. Instead of playing tennis and going for bike rides, we visited each other and played board and card games. Canasta was a favorite. Of course we babysat for each other.

We were young, we were busy, we had friends, and the campus was a welcoming place for young GIs returning from the service. We had no idea where the future would take us, but Rhode Island State College was a wonderful place to begin our married life and to get an education. Without the GI Bill, most of the returning veterans would not have had a chance to go to college. That first step opened the door to opportunities that we could never imagine.

Sidney went into the Agriculture School because the Engineering School, his first choice, was full. He planned to do his freshman year in Agriculture and then transfer to Engineering. But fate sometimes has a way of

![50th Wedding Anniversary, Narragansett, 1998](image-url)
stepping in. In this case, it was some required courses and his summer job at the College farm, where he was introduced to various aspects of agricultural research.

Irene Stuckey, one of his instructors and an accomplished research professor, thought Sidney had a lot of potential and urged him to continue in Agriculture. She encouraged him to apply to Cornell for graduate work, and he was accepted. So in June of 1951, after he graduated with honors, we hitched our trailer to the back of our car and moved with baby Howard to Ithaca, New York.

The following addendum by the editor is based on an obituary in the February 20, 2005 issue of the New York Times and a profile in the June 12, 2005 issue of the Hartford Courant. These and other materials about Sidney were donated by Florence to the Association’s archives.

In 1957, after earning his doctorate in horticulture at Cornell, Sidney became a professor of plant science at the University of Connecticut. He retired from teaching in 1991, but continued his research in the university’s nursery, which he had created.

Sidney was known nationally and internationally as a propagator of such dwarf evergreens as Sea Urchin, Blue Shag, and Sand Castle, which eventually adorned countless suburban homes as well as the Storrs campus. Since 1963, he cultivated 40 varieties of plants, most from “witches’ brooms,” which are abnormal growths on pine trees. Every fall, Sidney and Florence traveled throughout New England in their quest for exceptional examples. He would often shoot them from treetops with a .22-calibre rifle, and she would scramble to gather the cones. In later years, the Waxmans hired tree climbers and even chartered seaplanes to bag their elusive quarry. It could take eight or nine years and 10,000 seedlings to develop a viable cultivar.

As demonstrated by University of Connecticut Gold and Connecticut State evergreens, Sidney derived enormous pleasure from naming plants. Florence, their children, and grandchildren were also namesakes of cultivars. Unless it was Soft Touch or Old Softie, Sidney did not name a plant after himself; however. In 2004, this honor was bestowed by the New York Botanical Garden, which dedicated the Sidney Waxman Plant Collection within its newly refurbished Benenson Ornamental Conifers Collection. The Norway spruce became Sid Starfish.
RABBI GERALD, HESKE, GIDEON + SALO
ZELERMYER IN WEST HARTFORD, CA. 1985
MY JOURNEY:
FROM CURAÇAO TO HOLLAND
TO BOSTON TO CRANSTON
AND BEYOND
BY HESKE L. ZELERMeyer

Not merely a place, our Jewish community is a set of experiences. It travels as far and wide as its former residents. Although the author has not lived in Rhode Island for 23 years, she still sounds like a dear friend and a close neighbor. While continuing to joke about the vast distance between Providence and Cranston, she shares a seasoned perspective.

Mine is not your typical rebbetzin story. As a matter of fact, I do not think Curaçao produced a rebbetzin before or after me.

FAMILY
My father, Benno M. Levisson, was born in The Hague, the Netherlands, in 1916. His family had always been high up within the echelons of The Hague Dutch Jewry. His oldest uncle, Salomon Levisson, had been known as the Talmud Chacham of his community. My grandfather, Levie Levisson, brought Conservative (or liberal) Judaism to the Netherlands. In recognition of his contributions to pre- and postwar Jewish Holland, the liberal synagogue in The Hague was named Beit Yehuda.

My father was being groomed to take over the family printing business, Drukkerij Levisson. In 1940, he was in New York City, learning a new printing process, when immigration officials informed him that his visa was no longer valid. He was told to leave America and return to Holland for a renewal of this important document. When my father called his parents, he was warned about the impending war. He was told not to cross the Atlantic but go to the closest Dutch colony, Curaçao. That is what he did. By the time his papers were processed, however, Holland had been invaded and had capitulat-
ed. His funds from home were frozen, and any plans to return to New York were thwarted. This, however, turned out to be the beginning of his “next” life. As a result of multiple “coincidences” — if those exist — he met my mother, and the rest is history.

My mother’s ancestors had settled in Curaçao because of an earlier Jewish disaster, the Inquisition. Her maternal family, Lopez Penha, came from Braganca, Portugal, and fled as conversos to Amsterdam. Perhaps as early as the 1650s, via a roundabout route, they ended up in Curaçao. My mother’s paternal ancestors came from Udine, Italy. The first ancestor, Dr. Joseph Capriles, came to Curaçao by an even more convoluted route.

With this background of Ashkenazi and Sephardi traditions, I was born in Willemstad in 1944 and was named after my father’s only sister, Heske Levisson. My father had no way of knowing whether any of his relatives had survived the slaughterhouse of Hitler’s Nazidom. It turned out that barely one percent of the Levisson/Simons families survived. Miraculously, my grandparents, two uncles, and my Aunt Heske had survived!

In 1947, my proud father took his bride of three years and his firstborn to meet his family in Holland. Despite my young age, I still have some vivid memories of that 36-hour trip. I have one mental snapshot of sitting on my Opa Levie’s lap.

I spent my formative years on that gorgeous, sunny island in the Caribbean. I learned English in the 5th grade and later Spanish and French. My parents had been married in Mikve Israel, Curaçao’s historic synagogue, and I attended services there with my aunts. Nevertheless, the lay rabbi of Temple Emanuel, the liberal Sephardic synagogue, was a friend, so our family joined his congregation. (The two congregations merged in 1964.) Emanuel is where I became a Bat Mitzvah and where my sister was named.

My family in the Netherlands would later instill in me more knowledge of Jewish traditions and a higher level of observance, but it was my youth and upbringing in Curaçao that better prepared me — and with relative ease — for beginning my life as a rebbezin. I call Curaçao my “monopoly board.”

My mother’s family lived primarily on one street, the Penstraat. This is where my sister, Maureen, was born in 1948 and where our brother, Frans, was born in 1954. The Penstraat is also where social graces were instilled in all the young ones of our clan. We were expected to attend social functions, par-
ticipate in conversation, and chitchat with folks who were by far our seniors. We learned to live with what assorted relatives claimed was “only supportive criticism”—nice wording for critique! Behavior that did not fit society’s norms was discussed in various settings and under various microscopes. This did not always make growing up in such a close society easy, but it did create an armor of sorts, and it did allow young children to be watchful for what was acceptable and what was expected.

THE HAGUE
I was fortunate enough to have spent my influential, teenage years in The Hague. I first lived with my Aunt Heske and her young and growing family and then with my “foster” family, the Bijlstras. In 1962, I graduated from the private secondary school my grandparents had helped found, the Nederlandsch Lyceum, where I studied literature and business. (I was ahead of my classmates in English, but had to catch up to them in German.) Because I could not quite decide what to study in a university setting, my father insisted that I take a course at the famous Schoevers Secretarial School.

By this time, my parents and siblings had also left Curaçao and returned to my father’s birthplace, The Hague. He rejoined the family printing business, and we as a family joined the Levissons at Jewish and family occasions.

Upon completion of the secretarial course, I decided to take “a break” and accepted a temporary position at the Israeli embassy in The Hague. Somewhere “inside,” however, I had kept an “unfinished” feeling about Curaçao. So when my temp job was completed, I went to Curaçao to investigate whether I could spend more time on the island I had left at a very young age. Fate had a different tack in store for me, however. After a wonderful five months, the Israeli ambassador to the Netherlands invited me to rejoin his staff on a permanent basis. With a better feeling for my future plans, I once again left Curaçao for the Netherlands.

BOSTON
After completing my education in Holland, I realized that there were not enough Jewish men to meet or marry. Their number had been severely diminished by the war, and few were born during those years. So I had to put myself
in a location where there was a vibrant, young Jewish population that had been less affected by Hitler’s cleansing program. I had seriously considered making Aliyah, but my less-than-fluent Hebrew seemed an impediment to such an emotional step. Boston seemed attractive for a variety of reasons: a wealth of positive recommendations, a plethora of medical schools, and a historical setting that would remind an immigrant of Europe.

The way I like to put it: “My Mayflower landed in good ol’ Bean Town.” Beginning in 1969, I spent five wonderful years in Boston, working at Boston University’s School of Medicine. I was the secretary in the pharmacology department under Dr. Edward Pelikan and then the administrative assistant to Dr. Ruth R. Levine in the doctoral program.

MARRIAGE

I had gone to B’nai Moshe to say Kaddish for a friend from Curacao, when I met Gerry, its rabbi. Born and bred in greater Boston, he was a real New Englander. Gerry had gone to Buckingham Browne & Nichols School, in Cambridge, and then to Middlebury College, in Vermont. His years in New York City at the Jewish Theological Seminary had been his most “daring excursion” from the familiar.

Gerry and I were married at B’nai Moshe on June 23rd, 1974. In order to avoid a “rabbinic” three-ring circus, we were married by one rabbi, Manuel Salzman, but three cantors – Shelkan, Schiffman, and Hammerman – also officiated. My parents flew in from Holland, as did two of my aunts from Curacao. Like true New Englanders, we honeymooned in Stowe, Vermont.

I was five months pregnant when Gerry and I decided that our next step had to be taken. We both loved Boston, but it was time we spread our newlywed wings. We had just bought cemetery plots in Sharon, a very romantic first real estate venture, and had basically decided that New England was the area for us to raise our family. I was ready for anything.

So when the pulpit of Congregation Beth Torah, in Cranston, became available, Gerry applied. It was not too far and not too near. It was both exciting and somewhat scary to someone who by then had discovered that the life of clergy could often be compared to living in a “fishbowl.” But when Gerry was offered the position, Beth Torah seemed right and logical for us.
OUR NEW HOME

And so in the summer of 1975, Gerry, “tummy,” and I moved to 42 Roger Williams Circle. It was a lovely white, multi-level house with a finished basement, front and back yards, in a lovely neighborhood, and a short walk from Beth Torah. Ours was a quiet street not too far from Roger Williams Park and its cute little zoo.

I lovingly remember the glass-enclosed porch, where the playpen and later the toy box lived. The porch was covered with awful tiles until I undertook to lay my own linoleum.

My emotions go to the backyard, where I built a gigantic sandbox for the boys. It gave them the freedom to build castles and move sand-filled dump trucks from one end to another. Now adults, they both informed me not too long ago that such a sandbox would be a high priority for their future offspring.

The yard had an enormous pine tree. Its lower and inner branches were trimmed to create a “secret” living room where two little boys could play. I also lovingly remember the corn, tomatoes, carrots, and radishes we planted and cared for, so the boys would not think that produce grew in supermarkets.

I have deep emotional ties to our first house. This is where all four of us grew into a family. The kids had a wonderful toddlerhood, and I was allowed to grow into a rebbetzin as well as a stay-at-home-mom with volunteer opportunities. In writing this down, I feel strongly that I was lovingly facilitated by Sarah Greenberg, Evelyn Nussenfeld, Evelyn Parness, Evelyn Cohen, Sylvia Orodenker, and Susan Sidel, to name but a few. These Cranston women allowed me to remain true to myself and yet fulfill a need that existed for an active rabbinic couple – rather than just the rabbi in a separate role from his family. Both Gerry and I were warmly received, and the boys grew up with multiple sets of grandparents.

If there was a “negative” side to this, it was an abundance of boys’ Chanukah gifts. These were a bit contrary to our philosophy, but not an issue that needed to be addressed.

Fortunately, the Zelermeyer grandparents were a short drive away, and Logan airport was a manageable distance for us to pick up my parents when they visited from Holland.

I never experienced what the world refers to as “cold New Englanders.”
From my days as a single in Boston to Cranston and later to Connecticut, I have found that New Englanders respond positively to any kind of warmth. There are of course exceptions, but in Cranston too, I felt that most of the time, for every ounce of love offered, we received a pound in return. And so, Sylvia Oronker became the friend who twice helped me by removing leftover C-section stitches, and she took Gideon for the day when Salo was born in 1978. Evelyn Nussfeld became the first to babysit for Gideon, then for Salo. From the moment they were able to talk, they dubbed her “Nussie”—a name that has stuck. Some of these friendships were forged for life!

There were assorted Cohens: Oscar, who brought candy for the kids; Cohens who brought hand-me-downs from Danny; and still other Cohens whose triplets also contributed to the “general store” in our basement, where our sons could “shop” for clothing.

There were many other caring congregants. Those who babysat helped spoil the kids and love them to pieces. Bunny and Beverly Adler took Gideon for his first circus experience. Dear Burt Margolis taught me how to tie a Windsor knot so I could dress Gideon for his “shul outfit.” When the boys were older, they visited congregants at work to learn about their professions.

People were excited that we opened our home to them. They were happy that we invited them into our sukkah from the very first Sukkoth.

THE SYNAGOGUE
Beth Torah, renamed Torat Yisrael after the merger in 1981 with Providence’s Beth-Israel, had a fabulous, red ladies’ room. I thought that it was the coolest ladies’ room in town. Beth Torah also had bingo in the social hall on Sunday evenings. For the boys there was no greater thrill than stopping in for pizza
(parve) and hotdogs. Which brings me to one of my all-time favorite Gideon stories.

Shortly before Salo's birth, which was the day after Rosh Hashanah in 1978, my mother, Maudie, had flown in from Holland to take care of little Gideon and help me adjust to having two little Zees. I walked my mother and Gideon over to the synagogue, where a special room had been outfitted with two TVs. One showed the rabbi, and the other showed the cantor. Long before the computer era, these “high-tech” innovations had been Gerry's brainchild for parents of toddlers, who could attend services with their little ones without fear of disturbing the peace. We had decided that what was good for the goose was definitely good for the rabbi's family.

Upon noticing one TV, 33-month-old Gideon loudly proclaimed, "Mom, look at Pap on Sesame Street!" This remark was soon followed by, "This is not the sanctuary — I can't daven here!" Very young, very vocal, and very determined, he forced us into the expanded social hall, which now formed the rear of the sanctuary.

As soon as we were seated, Gideon's high-pitched voice could be heard. "This is not the sanctuary, either," he declared. "This is where they play bingo, and I can't daven here." Pointing to the main sanctuary, he exclaimed, "I have to be there."

More commotion followed until an usher found us a seat in the "real" place. People chuckled, and Gideon settled down quietly with his prayer book on his knees. Quiet as a mouse, he sat through the rest of services. I should have known then that one day he would become the cantor in an enormous synagogue of his own (where there is no bingo).

The congregation allowed me to be me. It allowed me to grow into my new roles and develop a style of my own. I guess that the previous rabbi's wife had not been very active, and there had not been little "PKs" (preacher's kids) in the congregation for a while. So we arrived at the right time for the congregation and in our lives.

Soon I started my "talking tours" to groups all over Rhode Island. My topic was: "All That You Never Dared Ask the Rabbi: Now You Can Ask His Wife." These groups not only had real questions, but they understood that, like me, they had the tools to find answers. I was able to give proof that I had a lot to learn when I married a rabbi. It was important to show that I was
approachable. Not that Gerry was unapproachable, but many women were reluctant to ask their rabbis about ritual baths and birth control. Then there were mundane questions like: "What's in the tefillin box?" or "May I try blowing the shofar?"

**JEWISH FAMILY SERVICE**

My biggest joy, however, was my involvement in Jewish Family Service. Norman Orodenker introduced me to this wonderful organization, and Paul Segal, its wonderful director, encouraged me to become active. I still recall with pride that I was invited to become a vice president. I had to decline, however, because I felt that my possible ascent to the presidency might be compromised by my husband's role in the community.

These were the days of Soviet-Jewish emigration, and for a while I chaired the resettlement program. Another of the agency's successful programs was Passover meals for mental patients and prisoners.

The Passover Committee had been in existence for many years before I was asked to join. Though elderly, Mrs. Cohen and Mrs. Rosenthal were still very active and capable. With funds raised by *Moes Chitim* during Purim, we purchased Passover candy, treats, and matzo and delivered meals to an assortment of places.

Rabbi Jacob Handler (z"l) of Beth-Israel conducted Seders. As soon as Gideon was old enough, I took him with me to ask the Four Questions.

A group of lady volunteers and I prepared and served a meal in one of the state institutions. Mr. Siegle, the owner of a kosher butcher shop and dry goods store, who donated many items and charged us minimally for others, had cooked it. All we had to do was open cans, warm food in hot-water pans, and serve. It was a lot of work but the team atmosphere was wonderful. I learned so much from the ladies whom I later led.

I did the prison trek by myself. I used to joke that I would enter maximum security and leave the same day. But there was something behind the banter. I felt tense about entry and exit – a certain feeling of "what if." But I came out each time! I want to clarify that I did not deliver full meals to the maximum-security prison; I brought matzo and Passover candy to those who identified themselves as Jews.
LEAVING CRANSTON

I can say with a full heart that the kids had a happy youth in Cranston. We drove to grandparents in Boston. Every summer we went to the beach and drove out to Cape Cod to visit relatives. We also summered in Waterville Valley, New Hampshire. We were loved and felt secure.

Both boys went to kindergarten in Providence at the Jewish Community Center, and Gideon attended the Solomon Schechter Day School at Temple Emanu-El. This meant that all their friends were a “trip” away on Interstate 95. Having led a rather international life style, it was not much of a problem for me. But Rhodies considered the drive to Cranston a trek of major proportions. Perhaps they resembled my relatives who had grown up on a tiny island in the Caribbean.

And so the day came in 1983, after almost nine years in Cranston, that we decided to move on. Though not an easy decision, it was a natural next step in our family’s and Gerry’s professional development. We felt that we needed to broaden our horizons.

Temple Emanuel, in West Hartford, seemed the right move for us. After Gerry and I made the decision to accept its offer, we felt good and the pieces fell into place.

Leaving Torat Israel was a different story, however. The reality of our plans created tensions we did not anticipate. In the midst of our departure, we needed to pour out our hearts. One of Gerry’s very dear and elder colleagues, who is no longer among the living, listened to us. Then he said these wise words: “In my long rabbincic career, I have noticed that congregations—no matter how large or how small, no matter how old or how young—consciously or in their collective subconscious view their rabbi as a sort of father figure. Rabbis are not always aware of this symbiotic relationship, but it is real.” He continued: “At the end of a normal relationship between a rabbi and his congregation, it has been my experience that congregants felt better if they were the initiators of a separation rather than feel that their rabbi was abandoning them.”

Unfortunately, there were some congregants who could not wish their spiritual leader well or success on the next leg of his career. Life does go on and pain moves to the hinterlands of the memory bank. So I never quite forgot those I had been close to. As the French say, “Malgré tout” (in spite of)—
Cranston will always have a special place in my heart.

The handful of people with whom we have remained in touch keep returning the love we have for them. They have kept on adding to our life. The boys' beloved "Nussie" came not only to their B'nai Mitzvah, but also to Salo's wedding. Susan Sidel, who once followed me to Curaçao, came to all the simchas and shared sad moments. She remains one of our dearest friends!

Sometimes I wonder how Cranston friends who are still part of our lives feel when they see what their rabbinic family has become. The little kids matured into a married chazzan and a married lawyer, and a young rabbi and a bewildered rebbetzin have aged into a white-haired couple with many rich memories. We attended our friends' weddings, shared their nakhos of grandchildren, and attended funerals. And all this became part of the tapestry of our lives. It is that which has made us, "us."

We went back a few times to see "our" house. I still miss my outings to Third Beach. Maude Street, the birthplace of both of our blessings, will always be a spot I fondly remember. Not having been back lately, we have not seen all the magnificent changes in Providence. Occasionally I wonder what the little sapling looks like that was planted the day of Gideon's B'rit Mila, now thirty-one years ago. But I will not miss my many tours of duty—driving on 95!

WEST HARTFORD

The move to West Hartford was the right one for us. The children had a rich eight years at the nurturing Solomon Schechter School. Its loving principals were Moshe Zwang and Mervyn Danker. The boys moved on to William H. Hall High School, where the dynamic and talented Lori Cetto introduced them to singing. It was also where Salo met his Lisa when both were seniors.

Can I compare Cranston and West Hartford? Not really. We had good lives in both communities, and we experienced highs and lows. It would not be right to compare congregations. Curaçao, Boston, Cranston, West Hartford, and Bexley, Ohio— all have a special place in our hearts. Each congregation came with its unique set of experiences. Each nurtured a different part of us at different stages of our lives.
SIX TALES
BY PHILLIP MILLER

This is Dr. Miller's third article for The Notes. He claims that he wrote about Cantor Jacob Hohenemser and Rabbi Louis Newman to avoid the daunting task of having to address his own “unexceptional” childhood on Providence’s East Side. Phil, a natural storyteller, has the gift of turning the ordinary into the extraordinary! Though an accomplished scholar, he reminds us once again that scholarship, in its yearning for truth and objectivity, can be as dry as dust.

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL,
DECEMBER 13, 1959

Met Star to Sing Here

RICHARD TUCKER’S VISIT
On Tuesday evening, December 15, 1959, Richard Tucker (1913-1975), one of the greatest tenors ever to grace the opera stage, appeared in a concert-recital in Providence. As an observant Jew, he delighted in finding local synagogues, where he could pray and have an opportunity, however brief, to meet the local community. On Wednesday morning, he took a cab from the Biltmore Hotel to Temple Emanu-El for the Shaharit service.
As Tucker entered the chapel, he was recognized immediately by the men gathered for prayer. The venerable sexton, Mr. Solomon Field (1883-1978), approached the "stranger" with "Sholem alechem," and asked if he was saying Kaddish or was observing a Jahrzeit. When Tucker replied in the negative, Mr. Field asked why he had come. "Why, to pray," was the reply. Mr. Field then asked him his name in Yiddish, to which Tucker answered, "Rieven Ticker."

"Well, Reb Rieven Ticker, how would you like to lead the service (davven fur'n omed)?" (At this point it would not be inappropriate to point out that leading the daily services was one of Mr. Field's duties, except when he could get someone else to do it for him.) Tucker put on his tallit and tefillin and
proceeded to the reader's desk at the front of the chapel. Mr. Field took his accustomed place at the side of the desk, where he typically waited for the person leading the prayers to make an error, which he would then loudly correct.

Tucker prayed the service “in voice,” the walls reverberating. The congregation, totally enthralled, was so oblivious to the prayers that no one responded “Baruch Hu u-barukh shemo” or “Amen”!

Poor Mr. Field, he stood there dumbfounded, for the “stranger” had made not a single error, something generally unheard of!

At the end of the service, Tucker shook hands with everyone in the room and left. The minyan crowded around Mr. Field and asked what he thought. “A Yid—Ticker. Er davent gut.” (A Jew named Ticker. He knows how to pray well.)

(This story was told to me by Mr. Sayre Summer (1916-1996), a friend of my parents who was an eyewitness.)

THE FRENCH CLASS
In 1960, as a sophomore at Hope High School, I began studying French. My teacher’s name was William Gugli, a delightful gentleman who left the year after I studied with him in order to teach at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, where he remained until his death, in 1991.

In the first week or so, Mr. Gugli asked one young woman (who shall remain anonymous) to read aloud from the textbook. When she came to the word, oui, she paused and said, Oy! (Yes, those of us who knew better, laughed out loud.)

Mr. Gugli looked at her and began to speak Yiddish (which for 99.9% of us was unknown, a relic of our grandparents). When we all stopped laughing, he showed her how oui in French was always “u” or “w” and the word was to be pronounced as the English word, “we.”

Thereafter, whenever the word was encountered in class, he would stop and point at this young woman, to which the class would loudly respond Oy!

Perhaps nowadays this would be seen as harassment, but for us, at that less contentious time, it was a sign of gentle teasing and love.
THE BOOKKEEPER

In the summer of 1961, a young Sephardic Jew, a refugee from Castro's Cuba, arrived in Providence. Through the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, my great-uncle, Samuel Rosen (1894-1978), gave him a job at School House Candy, where he worked until he was able to get on his feet and find a position as a bookkeeper, which is what he had been in Cuba. (I must also add that Uncle Sam's son, Harris, who managed the plant, was most generous in allowing this young man time off with pay in order to find that job.)

One day, a few months after his arrival, the young man applied for a position with a small business in Cranston and had an interview scheduled for around noon. When he arrived, he saw that he was the last applicant to be interviewed, and from the offhanded manner of the man interviewing him, it seemed obvious that the position was already filled and that this interview was merely pro forma.

Indeed, the offhanded manner was even rude, the person conducting the interview barely concealing his disinterest. "Well, I gotta cut this short. I gotta go pick up my family and drive up to Boston for a Bar Mitzvah." Then teasingly he said, "You don't know what a Bar Mitzvah is, do you?" "Yes," replied the young man. "Yes, you know or yes, you do not know what a Bar Mitzvah is," said the interviewer, who was now giving the young man his back as he put on his overcoat.

At this point, the young Sephardic Jew softly began to chant his Haftarah.

Slowly the interviewer turned and faced him, his mouth agape. The cigar that had been clenched between his teeth lay upon the floor. "You're Jewish?"

"Yes."

At that point the man leaned over his desk and hit the button on his intercom and said, "Mary, that letter I dictated to you this morning? Tear it up. I found the man I want to fill the position."

(The Cuban gentleman told me this story.)
THE WEDDING RABBI

Rabbi William G. Braude (1907-1988) occupied an important place in my family’s heart. My father was an undergraduate at Brown when he first met Rabbi Braude, not long after he came to Providence, probably in the early 1930s. My father, a spiritual but not a religious person, was drawn to Rabbi Braude’s intellect and depth of knowledge.

My mother, who was reared at Temple Emanu-El, came to know Rabbi Braude when she was a senior at Pembroke. She needed just one elective to graduate and saw that Rabbi Braude was offering a Hebrew course. “It ought to be a snap,” she told me later, because she had gone to heder as a child. What she did not expect was a survey of modern Hebrew literature, with selections in Hebrew. Names like Bialik and Tchernikovsky were totally foreign to her, as was their language. She thought about dropping the course rather than failing it. But Rabbi Braude convinced her to stay, and she narrowly passed. My mother had such affection for him that one could not say his name in her presence without her adding, “I love Rabbi Braude.”

When my mother accepted my father’s proposal of marriage, he immediately called Rabbi Braude and asked him to perform the ceremony. Charles Rouslin, my maternal grandfather, protested. He reminded his prospective son-in-law that there was a war going on, that there would be no more than a handful of persons attending, and that it would be held in his backyard on Wayland Avenue. Moreover, Rabbi Israel M. Goldman of Temple Emanu-El would be officiating because he was the family’s rabbi. My father, who did not find Rabbi Goldman as personable as Rabbi Braude, was disappointed, but did what he was told.

During the civil rights era, many years after leaving Temple Emanu-El, Rabbi Goldman was arrested on a freedom march, and a photograph of him in jail with other protesters circulated nationally. My father showed my grandmother the photograph and said, “You see! They finally got him where he belongs!” She was not amused.

(My father, who always maintained a deep affection for Rabbi Braude, was deeply honored when Rabbi Braude, learning of my father’s background in classical Greek, invited him to join his weekly Torah study circle and be the resource for the Septuagint.)
LUNCH IN NEW YORK

During the mid-1970s, when visiting me at the library of Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion in New York City, Rabbi Braude invited me to lunch. "I hope you like Indian food," he said. "I simply love it, but Penina (Mrs. Braude) does not know how to prepare it and there are no Indian restaurants in Providence." As the waiter took our order at a vegetarian Indo-Pak restaurant in midtown, Rabbi Braude asked the waiter to spice up the food, to make it hotter. He said he had eaten there earlier, and while the food was good, it was not spicy enough for his palate.

The waiter said that the chef did not like to modify his recipes, but suggested a tray of Indian pickles. Rabbi Braude immediately picked up a large skinny green chili pepper and took a big bite out of it. I was alarmed and asked if he knew what he had bitten into! Rabbi Braude munched away on the pepper, smiling and nodding that he did. Suddenly a look of alarm swept over his face, and I saw countless little veins appear in the whites of his eyes. With a cough, he took his glass of water and drank it all at once. Then he reached for mine and drained it in one gulp. His eyes thoroughly bloodshot and with tears running down his cheeks, he whispered harshly, "Maybe we should order some beer."

I related this story to his son Benjamin many years later. He told me that his father did this wherever he went, that he had the same experience with his father in Oxford, England. He had not eaten at the restaurant before, but he thought he could handle any spicy food.
THE JOURNEY HOME
My father was in the habit of taking an evening stroll from his house on Savoy Street, down Elm Grove Avenue to Wayland Square, and back. On Friday evenings he would walk a little farther, to Temple Beth-El, where he would stay for the service, have a cup of tea, and then walk home.

On one Friday evening, Rabbi Braude made his first visit to the Temple since his stroke. My father said that at the Oneg Shabbat after the service, Rabbi Braude was mobbed by well-wishers. As he slowly shuffled across the room, this large crowd seemed to follow him.

My father decided to leave the Rabbi alone but to call him Saturday night. As he was sipping his tea in a corner of the hall, he saw a mob slowly converging and essentially cornering him. It was Rabbi Braude and his fans. Rabbi Braude came through the crowd and approached my father. "Shabbat Shalom, Ya'akov," said Rabbi Braude. "Gut Shabbes," replied my father. (He never took to the Hebrew phrase and only used the Yiddish.)

Turning to the crowd Rabbi Braude said, "You probably know this gentleman as Yaakov Miller, a member of the congregation. But he is more than that! He is the father of Shraga Miller, the director of the library at our seminary in New York City."

My father did not walk home that evening. He floated, his feet never touching the ground.
MY LIFE AND TIMES IN RHODE ISLAND LAW, POLITICS, AND JUSTICE

PART II: MY FIRST YEAR AS ATTORNEY GENERAL
BY HONORABLE RICHARD J. ISRAEL

As this installment of his memoirs further demonstrates, Richard Israel is a "take-charge" kind of person. Indeed, as he plowed through his first year in office, he has plowed through numerous careers. Initially a lawyer in private practice, he has been a government official, a lawyer with a large firm, a military officer on active and reserve duty, a Superior Court judge, an arbitrator, and a Jewish communal leader. Far from retiring, he ever confidently asserts and defends his opinions. Through his powers of persuasion, Dick Israel could prove or resolve almost anything. If only his hound would stop jumping on visitors.

In November 1970, I was elected attorney general of Rhode Island by a margin called "surprising" by the political pundits, but not by me. When the returns were in on election night, I commented, "I didn't get into this thing to lose." On January 4, 1971, I was sworn into office, the 66th attorney general since the office was established in May 1650 under the Royal Charter brought to Rhode Island by Roger Williams in 1644. I was the first Jew.

Sometimes people wonder if my being a Jew made any difference. Yes, indeed! I believe that Jews must take justice seriously. We are commanded to pursue justice as if our lives depended on it. Acknowledging that justice is not easily perceived, we must pursue it as if it were deliberately trying to elude us. In addition, our tradition teaches us to respect and obey the law.

As a Jew, I always endeavored to enforce the law with a sense of justice. Sometimes the strict terms of the law did not accord with my sense of
justice. In such cases, I tried my best to exercise discretion. Whenever possible, I interpreted the law in a way to benefit the least powerful segments of our society.

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE
When general officers were elected to two-year terms, it was especially important for me to set a tone and impose my own style of management during my first year. In this brief essay, I will discuss many of my goals, successes, and disappointments during that crucial year, though not in strict chronological order.

No stranger to the office when I was installed, I had been an assistant attorney general and the chief prosecutor of organized crime for four years during the administration of my predecessor, Herbert F. Desimone. Although the office had been competently managed, I was determined to improve its effectiveness, particularly in the area of criminal prosecution. This included routine criminal violence and organized crime, but also drug offenses, which threatened to overwhelm law enforcement and the courts.

Another problem that I sought to address was the application of constitutional rulings by the United States Supreme Court to everyday police activity. Many law enforcement officers were uncertain as to how those rulings affected their performance on patrol and in the investigation of crime. Consequently, some offenders could not be effectively prosecuted because evidence had been seized unlawfully or confessions had been obtained improperly.

Besides the usual duties involving civil litigation, I was responsible for enforcing the Unfair Trade Practice and Consumer Protection Act. This law required my office to investigate consumer complaints and to take action against businesses engaged in deceptive trade practices or fraud. I resolved to expand the activity of the consumer protection unit and to assign a special assistant to that unit to deal with an increased caseload of consumer complaints.

During my first year, only one lawyer on my staff was Jewish. I especially admired Irving J. Brodsky for his extraordinary trial skills, but also for his inveterate hope for the Boston Red Sox. “His memory is for a blessing,” as my grandfather used to say. Later, there were two other Jewish staffers: David Leach of Providence and Alexander Teitz of Newport. Many members of my
staff continued their distinguished public service as judges and as town solicitors.

The General Assembly had failed dismally to provide adequate compensation and staffing for the effective operation of my office. My salary in 1971 was $22,000, and my 13 special assistants' and seven assistants' salaries ranged from $8,000 to $16,000. It was a constant struggle to make do with what we had. To be sure, state revenues were tight and would remain so until the personal income tax would begin to bear fruit in later years, but part of the blame for legislative stinginess lies in partisan politics. The Assembly was dominated by a Democratic majority, which did not relish the prospect of a popular attorney general elected under the Republican Party label.

Looking back, I can scarcely recognize the Republican Party to which I belonged in the 1970s. Economic conservatives, we also supported free enterprise's regulation in the public interest. We also favored the limitation of government power over private lives. But we were social liberals as well, believing in equal civil and political rights for all and recognizing an obligation of government to protect and provide for those of us unable to do so for ourselves. We railed against racism, sexism and ageism and stood for conservation of natural resources and protection of the environment.

**PROPOSALS TO THE GOVERNOR AND GENERAL ASSEMBLY**

Governor Frank Licht and I had been elected under different party labels, but we managed usually to get along well together. Of course, we differed on some policy matters, but with majority support in the General Assembly he invariably prevailed. Personally, I liked the governor. I came to respect his courage, especially when he proposed and won a personal income tax for Rhode Island at the cost of his own political career. "May his memory, too, be for a blessing."

As the state's only elected Republican general officer, I was the titular head of the party. As such, I was provided with a monthly expense account of $200 and became a frequent luncheon, dinner and after-dinner speaker at political, civic, religious, and social gatherings throughout Rhode Island. As the chief law enforcement officer, I never hesitated to address gatherings of law enforcement personnel or discuss problems of crime and law enforcement.

January 4 marked not only the inauguration of the governor and the other general officers, but also the opening of the annual session of the
General Assembly. Without delay, I sent a package of proposed legislation to improve my office and to deal with problems of crime and law enforcement. The most important proposal, in my mind, involved the creation of a Rhode Island Department of Justice, modeled on a very small scale on the United States Department of Justice. I proposed that all prosecution in Rhode Island be centralized in the attorney general’s office. Under the procedures then in effect, most persons accused of crime were arrested by local police and presented in court by local prosecutors, not under any control by the attorney general. Only when serious criminal misconduct was presented to a grand jury in Superior Court or when a misdemeanor was appealed to Superior Court did my office become involved. This overlapping of state and municipal prosecution was unnecessary and inefficient.

Although my proposal was never approved, I was eventually able to deal with the problem in other ways. Late in the year, I began a program in cooperation with the Providence Police Department to bring persons arrested for felonies directly before the grand jury in Providence Superior Court for indictment, therefore bypassing any proceedings in the lower court system. Some years later the grand jury system itself was eliminated except for the most serious crimes. Thereafter, the attorney general was authorized to proceed directly against most accused felons in Superior Court. Grand jury indictment is now required only for crimes punishable by life imprisonment. None of these changes has affected juvenile charges in Family Court or misdemeanor charges in District Court, however.

On August 11, the Rhode Island Supreme Court ruled that persons accused of misdemeanors were entitled to trial by jury in Superior Court. That ruling presented me with the prospect of an enlarged caseload, which had formerly been prosecuted by local prosecutors in the lower District Court. At once, I asked the governor to recall the General Assembly into session to consider the proposed Department of Justice legislation. He declined.

In rare circumstances, the arrest powers of municipal police ended at a town or city boundary. I proposed legislation to permit local police departments to enter into voluntary mutual support and cooperative agreements on a regional basis. Within a few years, this proposal became law.

Another proposal I submitted to the General Assembly was part of a budget request. Following the Department of Justice concept, I sought to cen-
ralize all state legal services within the office of the attorney general. At that
time, hundreds of thousands of tax dollars were spent to pay lawyers (some
part-time) to work in many state offices. My proposal represented a savings of
at least $200,000. Because this proposal could result in the loss of many
plush political patronage jobs held by Democrats, it was dead on arrival and
firmly rejected by the governor.

On August 12, I did receive a $35,000 grant from the Law Enforce-
ment Assistance Administration of the U. S. Justice Department to establish
a planning and research unit in my office. This unit was needed because of
increased caseloads resulting from a Supreme Court opinion about misde-
meanor jury trials and my determination to try more cases, including those by
part-time lawyers. The federal grant also provided for the publication of a law
enforcement newsletter and a training manual for Rhode Island police.

The prevalence of crime related to drug abuse was deeply troubling to
me. The possession of and trafficking in drugs were serious crimes in them-
selves, but many crimes of violence and property crimes were related to the
means to acquire drugs and the protection of drug markets. It appeared to me
that government in general and law enforcement specifically were not doing
enough.

We needed to recognize the clear distinction between the addicted vic-
tims and their families and the criminal vultures who preyed on these victims.
Legislation I proposed to the General Assembly would have mandated mini-
mum jail sentences for non-addicted professional drug pushers. It would also
have provided rehabilitative treatment without incarceration for addicts.
Although not adopted as submitted, these proposals eventually became part of
the Rhode Island Controlled Substances Act.

Several other proposals I submitted to improve criminal law and state
procedure were eventually enacted, but not as part of any package. For ex-
ample, I proposed that the state adopt the Uniform Post-Conviction Relief Act so
that convicted defendants could test the constitutionality of their convictions
through a simplified system. This proposal had to wait for adoption until 1974
with Democratic sponsorship. In addition, I proposed the adoption of the
Interstate Compact on Detainees, so that a person accused of a crime could be
promptly brought to trial in a state other than the one of his confinement.
This proposal also had to wait until 1974 to be adopted.
Bribery of a public official had been a misdemeanor, punishable by up to one year in prison. I proposed that it be made a felony, punishable by up to five years in prison. Governor Licht joined me in supporting that legislation. For reasons I dare not guess, however, that legislation was not adopted until many years later. Now the maximum penalty is up to 20 years in prison.

Another piece of legislation that had the governor’s support, but which nonetheless failed, involved Rhode Island’s gambling laws. For years, the Common Gambler Law made it a felony to keep a place for illegal gambling. In 1971, however, the Supreme Court held that bookmaking and numbers-betting operations were not included and thus were punishable as misdemeanors. I proposed that they be made felonies. The General Assembly refused to pass this law, the leadership deeming it “too harsh.” Eventually, second convictions under these statutes were made felonies.

**SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE**

When I took office, I inherited from the DeSimone administration a case pending argument in the United States Supreme Court involving church-state relations. In 1969, Rhode Island had enacted a statute authorizing local public school districts to supplement the salaries of non-public schoolteachers who did not teach religious subjects. The vast majority of teachers eligible for these supplements of up to 15% of their salaries taught in Roman Catholic schools. The law had been declared unconstitutional in a unanimous, three-judge ruling by the United States District Court. The supplemental salaries were seen as a violation of the prohibition against the establishment of religion found in the First Amendment.

In 1970, Rhode Island appealed to the United States Supreme Court. Attorney General DeSimone had appointed Charles Cottam, a special assistant attorney general, without compensation, to brief and argue the state’s appeal in Washington. Even though I felt that the statute was unconstitutional and would not survive appeal, I continued Mr. Cottam’s appointment as an easy way to discharge my duty to defend in court the constitutionality of every statute duly enacted by the General Assembly. I attended the arguments in the Supreme Court on March 3, 1971, as my first, last and only appearance as counsel in the court.

Leo Pfeffer, a distinguished First Amendment scholar, presented the
argument for the opponents of our legislation. Milton Stanzler, a prominent civil rights lawyer from Rhode Island, now a fellow congregant at Temple Beth-El, assisted him. On June 28, 1971, with a single dissent, the Supreme Court struck down the statute in a famous case known as Lemon v. Kurtzman, named for the litigants in a companion case from Pennsylvania involving the same issues.

One of the almost immediate repercussions of the Lemon decision was to call into question the so-called “semi-public school” plan in some of Rhode Island’s cities and towns. Under this plan, a public school district could hire and compensate teachers in non-public schools, mostly Roman Catholic, to teach secular subjects. I expressed my serious doubts publicly about the constitutionality of this plan in light of the Lemon rule against “excessive entanglement” between church and state.

In an attempt to avoid the ruling of the Supreme Court, a number of public school committees adopted “semi-public school” plans. Despite Mayor Joseph A. Doorley’s public misgivings, the City of Providence proposed spending $200,000 to finance “semi-public schools” during the 1971-72 school year. Six Providence taxpayers brought suit in United States District Court to have the plan declared unconstitutional. Allen Shire, today a distinguished insolvency lawyer and a fellow congregant at Temple Beth-El, represented the taxpayers. Because the plaintiffs had joined several state officers as defendants, I had an ethical duty to defend them in court – whether or not I approved of the plans.

Although I have no memory or record of the outcome of the litigation, I believe that the plan was never implemented in Providence. Such plans seem to have continued in East Providence and Central Falls until 1976, when they were abandoned by the diocese under threat of a further lawsuit by the ACLU.
FREEDOM OF SPEECH
My personal philosophy of government tilts heavily in favor of freedom of speech. I believe that without it, democratic government is impossible. I also feel it is most important to protect speech that offends even a majority of the population. After all, speech that offends no one, benefits no one. My philosophy was sorely tested when I was urged to enforce a recently enacted statute, which forbade the commercial display of indecent material, including nudity, in any place frequented by minors.

On October 18, 1971, in response to numerous complaints, I announced that any business place displaying the November issue of Playboy magazine ran the risk of prosecution under the law. My purpose was to educate shopkeepers and the public about the requirements of the law. I had no intention of conducting any investigation or of initiating any prosecution. Such enforcement was clearly the responsibility of local government.

Virtually all magazine vendors removed copies of Playboy and similar periodicals from display and concealed them under counters or behind panels. I made clear that the prohibition applied only to business establishments and not to public libraries, as some zealots were claiming.

Needless to say, I sparked the ire of the ACLU, which urged magazine sellers to defy my caution and display the offending magazines prominently. I was also strongly criticized by anti-smut advocates for excluding public libraries from the ban.

My own impression is that the law may well have violated the First Amendment protection of speech by limiting access to these magazines by adults as well as by minors. As far as I know, the law remains on the books, and copies of prurient magazines are not openly displayed in places of business in Rhode Island. I do know that I never prosecuted or tried to prosecute anyone for a violation of this law.

WORKERS' RIGHTS
Early in 1971, President Richard M. Nixon suspended the operation of the Davis-Bacon Act, which had in effect required all contractors and subcontractors on federally funded contracts to pay union rates to the trades. Rhode Island had an equivalent law, which could not be suspended by the President. State agencies charged with letting contracts faced a dilemma, however. My
opinion was sought as to which law the agencies should follow. I advised that following the state law ran the risk of losing federal funding. Reluctantly, the governor accepted my advice. Fortunately, President Nixon lifted the suspension on March 30, 1971, to everyone's relief, including mine.

I met President Richard M. Nixon on only one occasion, during the campaign of 1972, when a group of Jewish Republicans met with him in the White House. I never met Attorney General John Mitchell, but I was friendly with the leadership of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration in his Department of Justice. At that time Watergate was just an office building in Washington, D.C. It had not yet become the scandal that would bring down a presidency.

WELFARE AND HOUSING RIGHTS
A funding problem arose when the General Assembly proposed eliminating $1 million in supplementary housing benefits to welfare recipients. I advised that such a cut would jeopardize federal funding of the state's welfare program. Pursuant to my advisory, the people of Rhode Island were treated to the spectacle of the Republican minority in the General Assembly opposing cuts in welfare proposed by the Democrats. The cuts never made it into law.

Later in 1971, the State Director of Social and Rehabilitative Services requested my advice to resolve a dilemma. The Brooke Amendment to the Federal Housing Act of 1969 provided that no welfare recipient in public housing could be required to pay more than 25% of family income for rent. Officials of the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development had advised the director that the Brooke Amendment conflicted with certain other aspects of housing law, which forbade special consideration for welfare recipients. I advised the director that any conflict in the statutes should be resolved favorably for the intended beneficiaries of the legislation. I proposed that eligible beneficiaries be granted rent credits, which, sad to say, did not please beneficiaries, who expected cash benefits. The renters received such benefits after federal bureaucrats finally realized the error of their ways.

ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION
In the spring of 1971, I took an action with substantial portent as to future activity by attorneys general. In a pending lawsuit commenced against
Narragansett Electric Company by my predecessor, I sought a court order to compel the utility to have emissions from its stacks tested, at its own expense, for pollutants by an independent testing agency. The action was taken in response to numerous complaints of acid fallout from the stacks damaging paint on nearby parked vehicles. When I was questioned about why I had not coordinated my action with the air quality division of the state Division of Natural Resources, I explained that the attorney general had plenary powers to act in cases of public nuisances and did not need to coordinate with any other agency of government. I have heard echoes of my position in recent lead poison cases.

VOTING RIGHTS
During countless public appearances in 1971, I urged the General Assembly to ratify the proposed Twenty-Sixth Amendment to the United States Constitution, which would lower the minimum age for voting to 18 years. The Amendment was ratified by Rhode Island and enough other states so that it was adopted on July 5, 1971.
Soon afterwards, however, questions arose as to where college and university students between 18 and 21 years of age could vote: in their hometowns or in their school towns. The state Board of Elections rendered an opinion that students could vote only in the places of their legal residence. That ruling, initially interpreted by the press as requiring students to vote only in their hometowns, was actually ambiguous. Local governments, which were responsible for registering applicants, needed to know whether they could apply any special tests for college or university students and what evidence could be taken if a prospective voter’s residency were questioned.

On September 14, the South Kingstown town council voted to request my formal opinion, which would require serious research in election law. Although my opinion was binding only on South Kingstown, all other towns and cities could follow it.

On October 19, when releasing my response, I emphasized that students at the University of Rhode Island could not be treated any differently from any other voter applicants in South Kingstown. The town had a duty to register any applicant of sufficient age who claimed to be a resident. It was my opinion that the question of residence was a matter to be considered when canvassers published the voting rolls shortly before election day. Then any registered voter could be challenged for lack of residency, but the burden of proof would be on the challenger. I also suggested some of the evidence that could be considered in the event of a challenge. My advice was accepted by the secretary of state, the Board of Canvassers, as well as by Governor Licht, who decided not to request a formal opinion from the Rhode Island Supreme Court.

WOMEN’S RIGHTS
State laws concerning the sale of intoxicating beverages forbade women from tending bar in liquor establishments. When asked for an opinion by the Human Rights Commission, I resolved the conflict between that law and the law prohibiting employment discrimination in favor of the right of women. Press reports shortly afterward indicated no surge of female applicants for jobs tending bar.

The sorest test of the conflict between my personal beliefs and my respect for the law had to do with the prohibition of abortion. In 1971, abort-
tion was legal in New York. It was, however, illegal in Rhode Island, except to preserve the life of the mother. Abortion counseling was also illegal here.

Early in my first year as attorney general, I was sued by a women's group calling itself Women of Rhode Island, who sought to have the law against abortion declared unconstitutional and to have me enjoined from enforcing the statute. The group also initially enjoined the state director of Social and Rehabilitative Services and the Providence Lying-in Hospital (later known as Women and Infants). Subsequently, this case was consolidated with one brought by a group calling itself Rhode Island Abortion Counseling Service, which sought the same relief from the law prohibiting abortion counseling. These cases, like the religion cases, were referred to a three-judge court, because they sought to declare a state law in violation of the United States Constitution. I had a solemn duty to defend a duly enacted law of Rhode Island irrespective of my own opinion, and there did appear to be a reasonable legal basis for the law, whether I agreed with it or not. The case attracted little publicity in the press and was moving without public fanfare toward trial in the late fall of 1971.

At the same time, however, cases challenging abortion laws in Texas and Georgia were about to be argued in the United States Supreme Court. These would be decided in January 1973 in *Roe v. Wade*. The opinion in those cases would be dispositive of the constitutional questions raised in the pending cases in Rhode Island, so I was in no rush to get a premature decision in the case against me.

On November 1, 1971, the chief of staff of Providence Lying-in Hospital disclosed publicly that the hospital had performed 32 abortions in the previous year in violation of "the letter of the law," as he put it. An unidentified spokesperson for an undisclosed family planning agency revealed that the agency had referred almost 500 women to legal abortion clinics in New York. These disclosures were obviously intended to be provocative. It was no coincidence that a trial date for the cases pending against me was scheduled within a day or so of the publication of these disclosures. I believe that these statements were intended to provoke me into threatening prosecution so the plaintiffs could prove that they needed the protection of an injunction from the federal court.

When I was asked for my reaction, as they must have known I would,
I responded that I had no complaints from anyone that the hospital or any family planning agency was violating the law. I refused to speculate on whether I would or would not prosecute in the event of any hypothetical set of facts. When asked whether I intended to track down any instances of apparently illegal abortions in Rhode Island hospitals, I responded that I had not given that idea any thought. I explained, “I would assume that the licensed physicians and licensed hospitals are not breaking the law.” When pressed for comment, Governor Licht was reported to have said that I was investigating the matter and that it was up to me to act. I have long since forgiven him.

No longer able to ignore the ensuing public uproar, I announced on November 26 that I would investigate the report by Dr. Buxton of illegal abortions at his hospital. I promised that my investigators would exercise the highest sensitivity and cause the least possible publicity. Dr. Buxton promptly announced that abortions would no longer be performed at the hospital and that the president of the hospital promised full cooperation with the investigation. Like it or not, I was being dragged into a controversy I did not relish. I hoped that I had bought enough time for the matter to cool down and for judicial events to wend their slow way to ultimate justice.

As we now know, the U.S. Supreme Court did find abortion statutes like those in Rhode Island to violate the Constitution. Because our statute was properly adjudged unconstitutional, I did not need to be enjoined from enforcing it. The investigation into local abortion practices was taken to a Providence County grand jury. Its lawyers, who took the matter to the Rhode Island Supreme Court, opposed a demand for Lying-in Hospital’s documents. The grand jury eventually obtained the documents and found that the hospital had committed no indictable offenses in 1971 or 1972.

ORGANIZED CRIME
The imprisonment of Raymond Patriarca did not end the problem of organized crime in Rhode Island, as I was reminded by the testimony of Vincent “Big Vinnie” Teresa before a congressional committee studying organized crime in the United States. He testified that he had heard of crooked state and local officials “by the ton” in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, and that mob money bought protection from local police in both states. Although I publicly assured Rhode Islanders that my staff and the police we worked with were
“untouchable,” I arranged to interview Teresa to see whether he had any information I could use. On July 30, when I interviewed Teresa at great length, I determined that he had no particular information that would shed light on the current activity of organized crime in Rhode Island. But I did feel his testimony was useful in keeping us aware of the threat posed by organized crime.

On August 18, I received a grant of $73,000 from the federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration to fund the organized crime unit in my office. This unit was staffed by lawyers and some retired agents of the FBI experienced in organized crime investigations. On August 26, 1971, with wiretaps obtained by members of my staff and from secret indictments obtained by assistant attorneys general from grand juries in Kent and Washington Counties, the state police conducted several predawn raids. More than 125 men and women faced charges of conspiracy to violate gambling laws. Colonel Walter Stone, superintendent of the state police, claimed that this roundup was one of the largest ever of defendants involved in organized criminal activity. I was satisfied that the raids and charges effectively disrupted a criminal gambling operation with annual revenues of more than $100 million. My interview with “Big Vinnie” had confirmed my understanding that income from illegal gambling was the lifeblood of organized crime in Rhode Island.

DINER CASE
I have always known that one of the weaknesses of government is a potential for corrupt influence, by which I mean any influence other than for the public good. While a government of democratically empowered officers is most likely to be able to resist or remedy corrupt influences, it is clearly not immune from them. Rhode Island in 1971 was a good example. The true story that follows shows how well-placed political figures can improperly affect the legitimate operation of government for personal gain.

The strange saga of the Peter Pan Diner, a well-known landmark on Reservoir Avenue in South Providence, began on March 11, 1971. The owners had bought the restaurant at auction and had applied to the state Properties Committee for permission to locate it on prime state property in the fishing village of Galilee in the Town of Narragansett. Their application came before the committee, but no action was taken. On March 11, relying on what they
considered assurances that the committee would approve leasing the property to them, they moved the diner to the property without official permission.

It turned out that the state needed the property for the construction of a sewer pumping station to serve facilities in the village, which was then, as now, a popular tourist resort. The diner was obstructing the progress of the work. Although my representative on the Properties Committee had raised the issue of the proposed lease on a number of occasions, the chairman, the state director of administration, a Democrat, squelched him on each occasion. On two occasions over the summer I wrote to the director of the state Department of Natural Resources, who had charge of developing the property in question, telling him that I was prepared to take legal action to remove the diner.

Late in July, the issue began to heat up. Town officials began to wonder publicly what the governor was going to do about the diner, whose operation they had forbidden. I stated for the public record that I was ready to bring legal action to remove the diner, saying, "All the director of natural resources has to do is say 'go'." When he was asked why he did not, he responded, "That's a good question — I can't answer." The governor himself was away on a well-deserved vacation, but his office issued a statement that the diner reached Narragansett "through a comedy of errors." The director of administration conceded in an interview that political considerations were among the principal reasons that the state had failed to take legal action to remove the diner. Two of the owners' lawyers were influential Democratic Party leaders.

Narragansett brought suit to get a court order to compel the owners to remove the diner. Mrs. Justice Florence Murray of the Superior Court in Washington County dismissed that suit on September 23, 1971. She ruled that as the owner of the property, only the state had legal standing to compel the owners to remove the diner.

During August and early September, I had a number of conversations with the governor's executive counsel. I repeated that with financing from the governor's office, I would remove the diner. At that time, I had no idea what I would do with the diner, but I was confident that I could work something out. Finally, on September 20, the governor formally requested that I take legal action on behalf of the state to remove the diner. On September 24, after Governor Licht and I observed Rosh Hashanah, I brought suit in Superior Court to compel the owners to remove the diner or permit the state to remove
it at the owners' expense. By that time I had some prospects of a location to which I could move the diner for a minimum transportation and storage fee, but nothing was definite and no municipality wanted the diner located anywhere in its jurisdiction.

On September 30, after conferences and hearings, Judge Murray issued an order for the owners to remove the diner within 30 days or the state would be permitted to remove it at their expense. Having been rebuffed by both Narragansett and South Kingstown, I realized I would have to place the diner in a town with little or no land use regulation. Also, I did not want to stir up a confrontation with local police. Exeter had no zoning ordinance and no regular police department, and the chair of its town council served as the town sergeant.

With the help of Henry Almonte, Jr., a political aide, I found a member of Exeter's Republican committee, Winfield Tucker, who gave us permission to locate the diner in one of his potato fields without any charge. Mr. Tucker was sworn to secrecy, and he kept his word.

I entered into a contract with Pelletier Trucking of Pawtucket, professional riggers and haulers, to move the diner from its present location to a dummy location in Peacedale, so as not to disclose the actual destination of the diner. October 30 came and went, and the owners were unable to find a place to relocate the diner. On November 1, I directed Pelletier to go to Galilee and prepare the diner for movement. They loaded the diner in sections on three, low-bed trailers. I maintained a strict "no comment" posture in response to persistent press inquiries about my plans. I obtained an open permit from the director of transportation to allow the movement of the tractor-trailers over any state highway. No destination was disclosed. In the meantime, the Narragansett police maintained a 24-hour vigil at the site.

On Thursday, November 4, I alerted Pelletier Trucking to be ready to move the diner just before dawn the next morning. I also requested a state police escort at the head and behind the convoy of tractor-trailers transporting the diner. At approximately 4:30 a.m. on Friday, November 5, the diner was moved to Tuckahoe Farms under some trees bordering a potato field without any interference from Exeter. Afterwards, the town council did claim that the owners had violated the town building ordinance, but that claim sputtered out after some litigation. For all I know, the diner is still where I left it on
Tuckahoe Farms. Exeter has since adopted a zoning ordinance and now has a full-time, uniformed police department. Thus ended that sorry saga.

SUMMING UP
As I look back on my first of four years as attorney general, I believe that one of my more memorable accomplishments occurred outside the court system – even beyond Rhode Island. In December 1971, at the annual convention of the National Association of Attorneys General in Hollywood, Florida, I introduced a resolution calling for religious freedom in the Soviet Union. Further, the resolution urged that country to allow free expression of ideas, an end to discrimination against minorities, and the right of its citizens to emigrate freely. Finally, the resolution asked President Nixon to bring these matters to the attention of the representatives of the Soviet Union. The resolution was adopted unanimously.

For me, 1971 was a year of extraordinary challenges. I worked hard to improve the criminal justice system, strengthen the separation between church and state, protect freedom of speech, and preserve and extend welfare and housing rights, voting rights, and women's rights. Among many other major issues, I was also determined to eradicate organized crime and fight political corruption. Sometimes I could work openly and directly toward those goals. Other times I had to use more resourceful approaches. I believe, however, that there were many more steps forward than backward. By year's end, as I prepared a new legislative and action program for my administration, I resolved to build upon my successes and learn from my setbacks. Undaunted, I cherished more opportunities to serve the people of Rhode Island.
Perhaps the best way to understand one Jewish community is to compare and contrast it to another. This, then, is the first effort to see Providence and Hartford through each other’s reflection.

While illustrating the vitality of both Jewish communities, this study neither proves nor refutes an hypothesis. Consider it a descriptive research tool with which many more detailed and analytical studies can be built.

This effort would have been inconceivable without two landmark references. Rabbi Morris Silverman’s *Hartford Jews: 1659-1970*, published in 1970, is the equivalent of a contemporary database. Profs. David G. Dalin and Jonathan Rosenbaum’s *Making a Life, Building a Community: A History of the Jews of Hartford*, published in 1997, provides a critical perspective and contextual analysis. To these authors and several individuals recognized at the end of this article, I am deeply grateful.

My study attempts to both update and expand the notion of Jewish community. Nevertheless, there are probably numerous errors of omission—perhaps some glaring examples. No disrespect was intended. Due to insufficient information, moreover, such important topics as the labor and civil rights movements could not be included.

Both the Providence and Hartford Jewish communities began within the shadow of a state house. Both communities resulted from rapid industrial and commercial growth during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Both communities benefited from unfettered immigration and close proximity to
New York City. Indeed, during the 1920s, these two Jewish communities were of comparable size.

In Providence and Hartford, Jews built successful businesses and gradually achieved prominence within professional organizations. In both cities, Jewish students, professors, and college administrators have enjoyed growing acceptance. Both in Providence and Hartford, Jews have been increasingly welcomed on the boards of major educational, cultural, and philanthropic institutions. For example, both symphonies are replete with Jewish string players!

Beyond size and stature, however, there are striking differences between these cousinly communities. While Providence's Jews have declined and dispersed, a nucleus remains within city limits. Today, there are tiny numbers of Jews residing in Hartford proper, so its community, stretching across 30 towns, is to some degree a happy illusion or a clever marketing device. Yet, Hartford has struggled to compensate for its 70-year outward migration by building and recently expanding its community campus. Unlike Providence, it has continually strengthened its social services, particularly for the elderly.

The two Jewish communities differ in other fundamental respects. For example, beginning a century ago, Providence has produced several Jewish leaders of national importance. Hartford, by contrast, nurtured a leading Israeli diplomat. Although both communities have elected numerous state leaders, Hartford enjoys the considerable distinction of electing and reelecting several Jews to federal offices.

So is one community warmer, more cohesive or more worldly than the other? Does one have richer traditions or a brighter future? Unfortunately, a research tool such as this cannot possibly measure such variables. Indeed, a rivalry between the two communities has never existed, so there is no need to designate a winner. Given such close proximity, however, it seems remarkable that the Jews of Providence and Hartford are not better acquainted.
DEMOGRAPHICS

P 1636 founded by Rev. Roger Williams, banished from Massachusetts Bay Colony;
1663 royal charter provided religious liberty; (Jews lived sporadically in Newport
   ca. 1658-1822)
1838 Solomon Pareira probably 1st permanent Jewish settler
1877 ca. 500 Jews in Prov/Pawtucket
1905 8,000 in Prov
1924 ca. 25,000 in state
1927 21,000 in Prov
1930 ca. 30,000 in state
1951 15,700 in Prov; 19,700 in state or 3.9%
1963 11,000 in Prov; 19,500 in state or 3.3%
1987 7,000 in Prov/Pawtucket; 17,000 in state or 1.8%
2002 7,100 in Prov/Pawtucket; 18,400 in state or 1.8%

H 1636 Connecticut founded as Congregationalist colony by Rev. Thomas
   Hooker, representing Massachusetts Bay Colony
1659 "David the Jew" fined for illegal trading
1662 royal charter established separate colony (and absorbed New Haven)
1667 "Jacob the Jew" was horse dealer
1669 Jacob Lucena defended by Asser Levy from New York
1788 references to "Jew Street" last until 1802
1818 new constitution ended Congregationalist government but did not
   provide religious freedom
1843 Jews granted right to form congregation
1851 50 families
1865 150 families
1880 ca. 800 individuals
1900 ca. 2,000 individuals
1910 more than 5,000 individuals or 5% population
1915 more than 3,000 families
1920 ca. 18,000 individuals
1950 majority families resided beyond city proper
1965 new constitution deleted references to Christians and Christian sects;
   state abolished county government; city population ca. 100,000
1970 ca. 30,000 in greater H (more than 8,000 families);
   1,200 families in city; 3,400 families in West H;
   15th largest Jewish community in US
1982 26,000 in greater H (includes 26 towns); 1,900 in city
1993 26,000 in greater H
2002 32,800 in greater H (includes 30 towns)

P = PROVIDENCE
H = HARTFORD
**CONGREGATIONS + SYNAGOGUE BUILDINGS**

- **1854** first congregation, Sons of Israel
- **1875** Sons of Zion first congregation of Eastern European Orthodox
- **1877** Sons of Israel & David joined Reform movement
- **1890** Sons' first synagogue building, in central city; Reform leader Rabbi Isaac M. Wise spoke at dedication
- **1896** Beth Jacob organized; 2006 is last in North End
- **1911** Sons of Israel and David built second synagogue, in South Providence
- **1921** Beth-Israel first Conservative congregation, in South Prov
- **1927** Emanu-El, Conservative; first synagogue built on East Side
- **1952** Cranston Jewish Center, Conservative, first synagogue built in suburban West Bay
- **1954** Beth-El erected on East Side; only congregation ever built three synagogues
- **1954** Shaare Zedek formed from merger four Orthodox congregations in South Prov; bought former Beth-El building
- **1979** Chabad organized; 1984 transforms building on East Side
- **2006** Shaare Zedek, last congregation in South Prov, closed; 7 congregations in Providence; 9 elsewhere in state

- **1847** first congregation, Beth Israel; 1856 bought First Baptist Church on Main St. (built 1830); 1865, when building enlarged, Rabbi Isaac M. Wise spoke at dedication
- **1862** Beth Israel second congregation in U.S. to confirm boys and girls
- **1876** Beth Israel built first synagogue building, Charter Oak Avenue; used until 1935; still standing as Charter Oak Cultural Center
- **1877** Beth Israel joined Reform movement
- **1884** Adas Israel first congregation of Eastern European Orthodox; 12 others by 1919
- **1899** Adas Israel's first synagogue building
- **1919** Emanuel first Conservative congregation
- **1924** Oriental Hebrew Society, Sephardic congregation
- **1927** Emanuel built first building, in North End
- **1928** Emanuel introduced Bat Mitzvah
- **1936** Beth Israel first congregation moved to West H
- **1953** Beth-El, offshoot of Emanuel; 1956 built in West H
- **1959** Emanuel began build West H; 1967 services ended in city
- **1962** United Synagogues formed from merger four East Side Orthodox congregations; 1967 moved to West H
- **1970** 22 congregations in greater H
- **1976** Chabad organized; 1988 built in West H
- **1984** Ahm Segulah, gay and lesbian congregation
- **1986** Adas Israel, last Orthodox congregation in city, closed;
- **2006** 36 congregations in greater H
RABBIS

P 1877-78 Jacob Voorsanger, Beth-El, first American-ordained rabbi (Reform)
1880-99 Nathan Rabinowitz, Ahavath Sholom, first Eastern European Orthodox rabbi
1911-40 Itzhik Levin, Beth David, third longest rabbinate (Orthodox)
1932-74 William Braude, Beth-El, longest rabbinate (Reform)
1946 Israel Goldman, Emanu-El, national president Rabbinical Assembly (Conservative)
1968 Eli Bohnen, Emanu-El, national president Rabbinical Assembly
1970- Susan Miller, Beth-El, second longest rabbinate
1988-90 Susan Miller, Beth-El, first woman rabbi

H 1859-67 Isaac Mayer first European-ordained rabbi (Orthodox)
1893-35 Isaac Hurwitz, “Chief Rabbi” (Orthodox)
1899-38 Cemanch Hoffenberg, Adas Israel, second longest rabbinate (Orthodox)
1919-22 Abraham Nowak, Emanu-El, first American-ordained rabbi (Conservative)
1923-61 Morris Silverman, Emanu-El, third longest rabbinate
1925-68 Abraham Feldman, Beth Israel, longest rabbinate (Reform);
1947-49 national president Central Conference of American Rabbis;
1957-59 national president Synagogue Council of America
1985-89 Jody Cohen-Gavrian, Beth Israel, first woman rabbi

Myer Noot
1849 born NYC
1869-71 secretary of board, Ados Yisroule, Hart
1877-86 secretary of board, Sons of Israel & David, Prov; sold crockery then hats
1886-87 acting “rabbi,” Sons of Israel & David
1888 returned to Hart
1896-06 lived Troy, NY
1907-09 “rabbi” in Roanoke, VA
1909 lived Hazleton, PA
1912-14 “rabbi” in Williamsport, PA
1916 died Williamsport

Gerald Zelermyer (Conservative)
1975-83 Beth Torah, which became Torat Yisrael, Cranston
1983-02 Emanuel, West Hartford

L: RABBI HENRY ENGLANDER, TEMPLE BETH-EL, CA. 1905
R: RABBI YEHOSHUA LAUFFER, CHABAD HOUSE, 2005
NATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS

1870 B'nai B'rith
1888 Redwood lodge, Masons
1906 National Council of Jewish Women; 1908-11 Marion Misch national president
1909 Workmen's Circle
1917 Harry Cutler national president, Jewish Welfare Board
1923 Hadassah
1933 Selma Pilavin national chair, UJA Women's Division
1965 Sylvia Hassenfeld national chair, UJA Women's Division
1966 Malcolm Tarlov national commander, Jewish War Veterans
1972 Norman Tilles national commander, Jewish War Veterans
1988 Sylvia Hassenfeld national president, Joint Distribution Committee
1990 Roberta Holland national chair, UJA Women's Division
1995 Norman Tilles national president, Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society

1851 B'nai B'rith
1867 Lafayette lodge, Masons
1902 Workmen's Circle
1910 National Council of Jewish Women
1914 Hadassah
1918 American Jewish Congress
1947 Milton Richman national commander Jewish War Veterans
1948 American Jewish Committee

JEWISH WAR VETERANS, NARRAGANSETT HOTEL, 1948

YANKEE COUSINS
712
LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS

1849  cemetery consecrated on New London turnpike
1877  Montefiore Ladies Hebrew Benevolent Association
1897  Miriam Lodge cares for sick; envisions hospital
1898  YMHA; 1900 YWHA
1903  Hebrew Free Loan
1908  Jewish Orphanage of RI opened North End; 1924 moved to East Side; 1942 closed
1912  Jewish Home for Aged opened North End; 1932 moved to East Side; closed 1993
1920  Va’ad Hakashrut; 1969 reorganized
1925  Miriam Hospital opened on West Side;
      1952 moved to East Side; several expansions
1925  JCC opens on Benefit St.; 1952 moved to East Side; 1971 new quarters on East Side
1929  Jewish Family Service
1934  Ladies Hebrew Free Loan
1937  Jewish Orphanage of RI, Camp “JORI,” Point Judith
1947  Providence Hebrew Day School; 1962 moved to East Side
1953  Bureau of Jewish Education
1978  Alperin Shechter Day School; 2006 became Jewish Community Day School of RI
1980  Sholom Apartments (for seniors), Warwick; 1996 expanded
1983  mikveh at JCC
1988  Holocaust Memorial Museum
2001  Jewish War Veterans memorial, Lincoln Park, Warwick
2003  Camp “JORI” moved to Wakefield;
2003  Siperstein-Tamarisk senior assisted living residence, Warwick

JCC’S CAMP CENTERLAND, CA. 1960
LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS

1852 Deborah Society (women)
1866 Hebrew Widows and Orphans Society
1892 Hebrew Benevolent Association (men); Young Ladies Hebrew Association
1901 Hebrew Institute (Talmud-Torah)
1907 Hebrew Ladies Old People's Home on Wooster St.;
      1919 moved to Washington St.; 1925 annex
1912 United Jewish Charities; 1940 became United Jewish Social Service
1912 Hebrew Home for Children on Wooster St.;
      1928 moved to North End; 1941 closed
1915 YMHA & YWHA
1918 Abraham Jacoby Hospital; 1923 opened as Mount Sinai Hospital on Capitol Ave.;
      1944 moved to Blue Hills Avenue; several expansions
1921 Hebrew Ladies Sheltering Home; 1969 closed
1926 Hebrew Free Loan
1940 Yeshiva of Hart second day school in New England;
      1969 became Hebrew Academy
1942 JCC opened on Vine St.; 1948 moved to Asylum Ave.
1947 Va'ad Hakashrut
1947 United Jewish Social Services absorbed Hebrew Home for Children
1950 UJSS became Jewish Children's Service
1952 JCC Camp Sholom (day camp), New Hartford
1956 Hebrew Home for the Aged built on Tower Ave.; 1962 and 1968 additions
1962 JCC moved to West H
1968 JCS became Jewish Family Service
1970 Schechter Day School
1973 Hebrew Academy moved to Bloomfield
1989 Mount Sinai Hospital only Jewish agency remaining in city; 1990 merged with
      St. Francis Hospital & Medical Center; only merger of Catholic and Jewish
      hospitals in U.S.
1989 Hebrew Home & Hospital moved to West H, becoming Hebrew Health Care
      Campus; 2005 main facility named in honor of Rosenberg family
1996 Hebrew High School of New England housed in Agudas Achim, West H
2000 SummerWood senior assisted living residence at University Park, West H
2004 Chai: Center for Jewish Life, Farmington Valley
2006 Weinberg Community Services Building on Zachs Campus, West H
HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS

P 1951  Rhode Island Jewish Historical Association
H 1971  Jewish Historical Society of Greater Hartford

TOURO ORGANIZATIONS

P 1898  Touro Cadets
1903  Touro Guards of American Zionists
1918-  Touro Fraternal Association
H 1856-76  Touro Hall, home of Beth Israel
1901  Touro Club

BOXERS

P 1921  Maurice "Young Montreal" Billingkoff
        challenger for world bantam-weight championship
H 1925  Louis "Kid" Kaplan world feather-weight champion

TOYS

P 1923  Hasbro founded by Henry & Helal Hassenfeld brothers;
sold textile remnants and manufactured pencil boxes;
relocated to Central Falls and then Pawtucket
1952 introduced "Mr. Potato Head"
1964 introduced "G.I. Joe"
1984 through acquisitions became one of world's largest
        manufacturers toys and games
H 1923  Coleco founded by Maurice R. Greenberg as
        Connecticut Leather Company;
sold leather supplies to shoemakers
1970s manufactured video games
1983 introduced "Cabbage Patch Kids"
1989 Coleco, nation's third largest toy
        maker, acquired by Hasbro
**JEWISH PRESS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year(s)</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1984-96</td>
<td><em>Rhode Island Israelite</em> (Yiddish + Anglo)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1895-98</td>
<td><em>The Organ</em> first congregational bulletin (Reform)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1919</td>
<td><em>Providence Jewish Chronicle</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1920-22</td>
<td><em>Rhode Island Jewish Review</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1922-31</td>
<td><em>Jewish Review</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1927-64</td>
<td><em>Pesach Blott</em> (Passover Journal) of labor Zionists</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1929-02</td>
<td><em>Jewish Herald</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1973-02</td>
<td><em>Federation Voice</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2002-</td>
<td><em>Federation Voice-Herald</em> (merger)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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**H**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year(s)</th>
<th>Title</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1898</td>
<td><em>Hebrew Leader</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1905</td>
<td><em>Yiddishe Shtimme</em> (Jewish Voice)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1908</td>
<td><em>Connecticut Hebrew Record</em> (monthly)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1913</td>
<td><em>Connecticut Jewish Advocate</em>, a local edition of a Boston weekly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1919</td>
<td>second <em>Yiddishe Shtimme</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1929-</td>
<td><em>Jewish Ledger</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1942-</td>
<td><em>Die Zeit</em> (Times)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ANGLO PRESS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year(s)</th>
<th>Staff Members</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1927-72</td>
<td>Selig Greenberg, reporter and medical specialist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1966-</td>
<td>M. Charles Bakst, reporter and political columnist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1971-96</td>
<td>James Rosenthal, assistant and managing editor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1978-</td>
<td>Alan Rosenberg, reporter and entertainment editor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1979-</td>
<td>Mark Patinkin, reporter and human interest columnist</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**H**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year(s)</th>
<th>Staff Members</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1872-12</td>
<td>Dr. Nathan Mayer, drama critic, <em>Hartford Times</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1826-51</td>
<td>Moses Berkman, reporter and political columnist, <em>Hartford Times</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1946-76</td>
<td>Allen Widem, arts writer and critic, <em>Hartford Current</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**COUNTRY CLUBS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year(s)</th>
<th>Club Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1932</td>
<td>Ledgemont, West Warwick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1948</td>
<td>moved to Seekonk, MA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1922</td>
<td>Tumble Brook, Bloomfield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1959</td>
<td>Cliffside, Simsbury</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ZIONISM BEFORE ISRAELI STATEHOOD

P
1890s Solomon Smith family lived in Palestine
1917 Marion Misch witnessed Gen. Allenby’s triumphal entrance to Jerusalem; American-Palestine Improvement Company
1919 Providence Zionists Assisting Association
1920 Alter Boyman national leader of Poale Zion (labor Zionists)
1921 Chaim Weizmann visited State House
1923 Ida Silverman’s first visit to Palestine; became national and international speaker; 1929 began annual visits; 1973 buried Mount of Olives
1927 United Palestine Appeal began
1933 Joshua Bell family lived Tel Aviv; friends with Ben Gurion family
1935 Doris Kelman competed World Jewish (Maccabee) Games, Palestine
1936 national convention, Zionist Organization of America
1938 UJA campaign began
1938 Betty Woolf, widow, kept journal in Palestine
1947 Rabbi Stephen S. Wise spoke at rally; first of three ambulances donated to Mogen David

H
1898 Zion Guard; 1902 escorted President Theodore Roosevelt when spoke in Pope Park
1908 Samuel Glotzer visited Palestine
1914 Jacob and Rivke Sherry made aliyah
1918 four men fought with Jewish Legion in Palestine
1921 Chaim Weizmann and Albert Einstein visited; 15,000 attended parade; $75,000 raised; Samuel Krivitsky was Weizmann’s lifelong friend from Russia
1933 Zionist Regional Union of CT + RI; purchased land to settle “colony”; Samuel Hoffenberg president
1933 anti-Hitler rally in Bushnell Park target protest in CT Jewish history
1934 Rebecca Affachiner, known as “Betsey Ross of Israel,” made aliyah at 50 years
1938 UJA campaign began
1948 May 16, mayor proclaimed “Jewish State Day”; 3,000 attended rally a: Emanuel
1948 Golda Meier visited to raise money for arms

FEDERATIONS’ SISTER COMMUNITIES IN ISRAEL

City of Afula + Gilboa region

H
DORE GOLD
1953 born Hartford
1980 made aliyah
1997-99 Israeli ambassador to the United Nations president, Jerusalem Center for Public Affairs
FEDERATIONS AND THEIR PREDECESSORS

1894-98 United Hebrew Charities

1945-75 General Jewish Committee located downtown;
        Joseph Galkin executive director same years

1948 campaign raised $1.1 million

1964 publication of first demographic study by Prof. Sidney Goldstein of Brown

1967 campaign raised $2.6 million

1969 Jewish Community Relations Council established

1970 Jewish Federation of RI founded

1973 campaign raised $3.5 million

1975 office wing connected to JCC;
        Endowment established; 2005 reached $48 million

1985-88 Project Renewal in Israel campaign raised $2 million

1990-95 Exodus I + II campaigns for Soviet émigrés raised $5.2 million

1995 50 annual campaigns raised $121.8 million

2000-05 Janet Engelhart second woman executive among 40 largest communities

2005 campaign raised $4.1 million (100 Lions of Judah)

H

1930s Jewish Council coordinated fundraising

1940s Jewish Community Council coordinated fundraising

1945 Welfare Fund & Council merged to form Federation;
        1943-68 Bernard Gottlieb executive director

1948 campaign exceeded $1.4 million; $2.5 million capital campaign to complete
        Mt. Sinai Hospital, build JCC, and expand Hebrew Home

1958 Barney Rapaport's gift of $110,000 largest to date

1963 Federation moved to West H

1967 Federation raised $3.6 million ($2.5 million for Israel)

1972 Endowment established; 2005 reached $69 million

1992-29 Cindy Chazan first woman executive among 40 largest communities

1993 Federation expanded throughout central CT

1989-93 campaign declined 38% ($8.1 million to $5 million)

1989-94 donors $100,000 or above declined from 17 to 3

1999- Catharine Schwartz fourth woman executive among 40 largest communities

2005 campaign raised $6.5 million (140 Lions of Judah)
LAWYERS

1883 Daniel Fink first Jewish lawyer
1952 Arthur Levy founding editor RI Bar Journal
1953 Jacob Temkin U.S. Attorney
1959 Milton Stanzler founder ACLU affiliate
1978 Richard Zacks national treasurer, ACLU

RHODE ISLAND BAR ASSOCIATION presidents
1950-51 Arthur Levy
1957-58 Judah Semonoff
1972-73 Julius Michaelson
1976-77 Harold Soloveitzik
1978-79 Ralph Semonoff (son of Judah)
1982-83 Melvin Chernick
1989-90 Susan DeBlasio
1991-92 Alan Flink
1992-93 Bruce Pollock
1993-94 Mark Mandell
1999-00 Deborah Tate
2000-01 Robert Oster
2005-06 Philip Weinstein

H
1895 Josiah Levy probably first Jewish lawyer Hart County
1964-69 Jon Newman U.S. Attorney
1977-81 Richard Blumenthal U.S. Attorney
1991 Richard Palmer U.S. Attorney

HARTFORD COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION presidents
1940 Morris Bernert
1949 Solomon Elsner
1964-65 Harold Koplowitz
1967-68 Max Savitt
1974-75 Maxwell Heiman
1979-80 Milton Krevolin
1999-00 Michael Peck
2003-04 Steven Greenspan
JUDGES + JUSTICES

P
1919-31  J. Jerome Hahn, Superior Court;
1931-35, Supreme Court
1932-63  Alfred Joslin, Superior Court;
1963-79, Supreme Court
1982-86  Bruce Selya, U.S. District Court;
1986 – Court of Appeals;
2005 – Foreign Intelligence Court of Review
1984-01  Richard Israel, Superior Court
1986-    Robert Krause, Superior Court
1994-    Michael Silverstein, Superior Court
1994-    Netti Vogel, Superior Court
1993-02  Victoria Lederberg, Supreme Court
2003-    Michael Silverstein, Superior Court

H
1921-23  Solomon Elsner, Police Court
1930-50  Abraham Bordon, County Court Common Pleas;
1950-61 Superior Court;
1961 Supreme Court
1953-66  Louis Shapiro, Superior Court;
1966-70 chief judge;
1970-75 Supreme Court
1957-72  Joseph Kla, Superior Court
1958-61  Samuel Mellitz, Supreme Court
1961-88  M. Joseph Blumenfeld, U.S. District Court
1965-73  Leo Parskey, Superior Court
1965-73  Michael Radin, Superior Court
1967-75  Samuel Googel, Superior Court
1967-75  Jay Rubinow, Superior Court
1972-79  Jon Newman, U.S. District Court;
1979-93 Court of Appeals;
1993-97 chief judge, Court of Appeals
1973-81  Robert Berdon, Supreme Court
1978-83  David Borden, Superior Court
1983-90 Appellate Court;
1990- Supreme Court
1978-83  Ellen Peters, first woman justice Supreme Court;
1984-96 chief justice Supreme Court
1989-92  Joette Katz, Superior Court;
1992- Supreme Court
1993-    Richard Palmer, Supreme Court
### BUSINESSES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1824-32</td>
<td>James Jacobs perhaps first Jewish dry goods merchant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1844</td>
<td>John Nathan first Jewish advertiser (for clothing store)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1854-60</td>
<td>Jacob Hershorn and Raphael Frank first Jewish tenants in The Arcade (built in 1828 and still standing)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>Fain’s Carpets oldest continuing Jewish family business</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1885</td>
<td>National Tubing one of earliest Jewish textile manufacturers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1892-08</td>
<td>Caesar Misch chain of 10 clothing stores (including Hart); (office building, erected 1903, still standing)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1894-84</td>
<td>Outlet Company leading downtown department store; later suburban chain; radio and TV broadcaster</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1895-46</td>
<td>Henry Lederer &amp; Brothers, one of earliest Jewish jewelry manufacturers; (office building, erected 1897, still standing)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Paramount Greeting Cards; 1946 relocated Pawtucket; no longer family owned; third-largest card company in North America</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1911-70</td>
<td>Coro (Cohen &amp; Rosenberg) jewelry manufacturers, one of world’s largest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1924</td>
<td>Benny’s auto and home supplies; now 30 stores</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1932-78</td>
<td>American Tourister luggage manufacturing, a world leader</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1932-86</td>
<td>Adams pharmacies; 430 stores in Northeast and sixth-largest chain in country</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1949-04</td>
<td>Harvey Lapides last Jewish haberdasher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1952</td>
<td>Ross-Simons jewelry and gift stores; 1981 began publishing catalogue; now over 60 million per year</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1958</td>
<td>Robbins Properties developer and manager of hotels and office buildings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1984-92</td>
<td>George Graboys CEO Citizens Bank</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1992</td>
<td>Lawrence Fish CEO Citizens Bank, one of largest bank holding companies in country</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MORRIS VILLAR, BOGMAN STREET, CA. 1915**
BUSINESSSES

1851 50 Jews in "thriving" businesses
1841 G. Fox leading downtown department store;
      1938-65 Beatrice F. Auerbach president; became suburban chain;
      1965 sold to May Company;
      1967 store opened in Rhode Island Mall, Warwick
      1992 chain became Filene's and Hart downtown flagship store closed;
      2005 Federated Stores purchased May Company; Filene's became Macy's
1853 Louis B. Haas one earliest Jewish tobacco growers for cigar wrappers;
      1970 still in business
1890 H. P. Kopplemann a leading newspaper and magazine distributor
1895 Max Weiner early Jewish fruit and produce wholesaler
1898-50 Wise & Smith department store
1904 Cullman Brothers tobacco; 1961 became General Cigar; now Culbro Co., in
      New York City, world's leading manufacturer and marketer premium cigars
1909 Suismen & Blumenthal scrap metal; 1988 became Aerospace Metals,
      specializing in titanium; 1998 became MTLM Aerospace
1914-29 Joseloff Brothers' Economy Grocery chain; one of state's largest before merger
      with First National
1927 A. I. Savin Engineering; projects throughout country
1929 Advo System a leading direct-mail company; 1969 merged with KMS Industries
1935-44 Alexander Keller vice president and general sales manager, Pratt & Whitney
1946 Gerber Scientific, a leading manufacturer of precision instruments and systems;
      H. Joseph Gerber held 675 patents
1950 Casual Corner chain of 800 women's stores; 1970 sold to U.S. Shoe;
      1995 sold to Luxottica Group
1955-56 Chester Bland president, Colt Firearms
1960 Message Center Beepers telecommunications, 13th largest in U.S.;
      1995 sold to Airtouch (became Verizon)
1967 four Jews among 307 officers & directors of 6 largest banks; four Jews among
      421 officers & directors of 15 largest insurance companies

JAMES WINSTON,
PRESIDENT OF
PARAMOUNT GREETING
CARDS, CA. 1983

YANKEE COUSINS
PHYSICIANS + HEALTH PROFESSIONALS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1875</td>
<td>Bernard Cohen first Jewish physician</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1888</td>
<td>Benjamin Jacobson first Jewish dentist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1912</td>
<td>Anna Topaz first Jewish woman physician</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1915</td>
<td>Esther Kane first woman grad RI College Pharmacy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1930s</td>
<td>Dr. Joseph Smith headed Prov Health Deptartment</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

RHODE ISLAND MEDICAL SOCIETY presidents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>President</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1962</td>
<td>Samuel Adelson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1970</td>
<td>Stanley Simon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1976</td>
<td>Nathan Chaset</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1984</td>
<td>Melvin Hoffman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1987</td>
<td>Herbert Rakatansky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1995</td>
<td>Charles Kahn</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

RHODE ISLAND DENTAL ASSOCIATION presidents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>President</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1935</td>
<td>Morris LeBow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1946</td>
<td>James Krasnoff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1981</td>
<td>Irving Kaplan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1986</td>
<td>Edwin Mehlman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1991</td>
<td>Paul Segal</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

MIRIAM HOSPITAL, 1952
PHYSICIANS + HEALTH PROFESSIONALS

by 1860 Nathan Mayer and Daniel Poll first Jewish physicians
1893 Fanny Radom first Jewish woman physician
1942 Rosalind Bender first Jewish woman dentist
by 1956 Morris Tuch delivered 4,000 babies

HARTFORD COUNTY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION presidents
1949 Charles Schechtman
1960 Benjamin Salvin
1966 Charles Polivy
1970 Benjamin Wiesel
1972 Max Goldstein
1975 Isadore Friedberg
1978 Merrill Rubinow
1984 Morris Seide
1986 Howard Wetstone
1989 R. Leonard Kemler
1994 Arthur Blumer
2003 Henry Jacobs

HARTFORD DENTAL SOCIETY presidents
1933 Morris Bernert
1939 Charles Bailyn
1945 J. Watler Malkinson
1949 Joseph Nassau
1953 Sidney Shapiro
1956 Hersh Bobrow
1960 Robert Bernert
1962 Calvin Mass
1964 Sidney Norwitz
1966 Herbert Basch
1968 Melvin Raskin
1970 Sidney Sucoll
1972 Howard Mark
1974 Jack Opinsky
1976 Stanley Holzman
1978 Morton Goldberg
1981 Seymour Melnick
1983 Edward Karl
1985 Robert Schreibman
1987 Michael Perl
1989 Benson Monastersky
1991 Joel Goodman
1993 Scott Merkelson
1996 Martin Ungar
2000 Steven Herschopf
2004 Victor Wallock

YANKEE COUSINS
SCHOOL OFFICIALS

1904 Belle Boas first Jewish elementary school teacher
1925-39 Marion Misch first Jewish member board of education
1955-67 Max Millman first Jewish principal, Perry and Bishop Junior Highs;
     1968-72 principal Mt. Pleasant High
1967-70 Lila Sapinsley chair, trustees of state colleges
1968-70 Max Flaxman principal Hope High; 1970-76 principal Greene Junior High
1969-72 Louis Kramer acting superintendent
1973-92 Marcia Rebak president Providence Teachers Union;
     1992- president RI Federation of Teachers and Health Professionals
1992-95 Richard Licht chair, trustees of state colleges
1995-98 George Graboys chair, trustees of state colleges

ELECTED OFFICIALS

1884 Isaac Hahn first Jewish state representative
1899-21 Jacob Easton state representative from North End
1920-24 Mindel Bordon first Jew elected board of education
1923 Annie Fischer first woman district superintendent; 1934-45 first woman principal
1927-48 Dr. Gustave Feingold first Jewish principal, Bulkeley High

STATEWIDE OFFICES

1969-73 Frank Licht governor
1971-75 Richard Israel attorney general
1975-79 Julius Michaelson attorney general
1985-89 Richard Licht lieutenant governor
1989-93 Bruce Sundlun governor
1993-99 Jeffrey Pine attorney general
1992-98 Nancy Mayer treasurer

L TO R:
BRUCE SUNDLUN
CAMPAIGN BUTTON,
DAVID CICILLINE,
RICHARD LICHT
ELECTED OFFICIALS

1860  Marcus Herlitscheck and Alexander Rothschild
      first Jewish members Common Council
1903-11  Herman Koppelman first Jewish member City Council;
        1911 president; known as “Father of East Side”
1905  Henry Jonas first Jewish alderman
1912  Herman Koppelman first Jew elected House Representatives; 1919 State Senate
1917  Abraham Bordon alderman; 1918-20 president
1941  Louis Parsky House Representatives; 6 terms majority leader before 1953
1951  Louis Shapiro House Republican majority leader
1952  Gertrude Koskoff first Jewish woman House Representatives
1998-02  David Pudlin House Representatives majority leader

STATEWIDE OFFICES

1955-61  Abraham Ribicoff governor
1956-60  Mildred Allen secretary of state
1983-88  Joseph Lieberman attorney general
1986-87  Richard Blumenthal attorney general
1990-  Joan Kemler treasurer
1995-98  Miles Rapoport secretary of state

FEDERAL OFFICES

1934-47  Herman Koppelman House Representatives; served 5 terms
1934-36  William Citron House Representatives
1949-53  Abraham Ribicoff House Representatives
1961-62  Abraham Ribicoff Secretary Health, Education + Welfare
1963-81  Abraham Ribicoff Senator
1981-01  Sam Gejdenson House Representatives
1989-  Joseph Lieberman Senator; 2000 candidate for vice president
HIGHER EDUCATION

BROWN UNIVERSITY (founded in 1764 as Baptist men's college)

1891 Biblical Hebrew offered on regular basis
1894 Israel Strauss first local Jewish grad
1897 Clara Gomberg first local Jewish grad of Women's College (later Pembroke College)
1913 Louis Newman graduate who became rabbi (Reform); 1942 honorary doctorate
1915 Menorah Society
1916 Phi Epsilon Pi fraternity
1937 Tower Club
1946 Israel Kapstein first Jewish professor granted tenure
1947 Hillel Foundation
1953 Judaic studies program begun by Ernest Frerichs
1957-70 visiting professors include Gershom Scholem, Salo Baron, and Yigael Yadin
1959 compulsory weekly chapel attendance terminated
1963 Rapaporte Hillel House opened
1964 Joseph Ress '26 a recipient Bicentennial Medal
1968 Jacob Neusner, Hart native, appointed Ungerleider Distinguished Scholar
1968 Irving Fain helped establish affiliation with Tougaloo College, Mississippi
1969 Supreme Court Justice Alfred Joslin '35 first Jewish member Board of Fellows; 1972-82 secretary of Brown Corporation
1971 Richard Marker first Jewish chaplain Ivy League
1972-81 Stanley Aronson founding dean Medical School
1976-90 Maurice Glicksman dean of faculty and provost
2002-06 Robert Zimmer provost
2004 Hillel's Weiner Center opened
2004- Neil Steinberg vice president for development
2006- David Kertzer provost
2006- Eli Adashi dean Medical School
2006- about 25% of 6,000 undergraduates are Jews

BROWN CLASS OF 1917: MAURICE MOSKELL, SAMUEL SILVERMAN, HERMAN WINKLER, WALTER ADLER
HIGHER EDUCATION

RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN (founded in 1877)
- 1890 Edward Lederer perhaps first Jewish student
- 1915 Joseph Jagolinzer perhaps first Jewish graduate
- 1947-60 Ernst Lichtblau design professor
- 1947-61 Herbert Fink printmaking professor
- 1957- Michael Fink, English and film professor known as “Mr. RISD”
- 1961-91 Joseph Ress trustee
- 1964-04 Howard Lewis trustee
- 1966-96 Norman Fain trustee
- 1971-76 Aaron Siskind master photographer and professor
- 1973-86 Sidney Greenwald trustee; 1992-95 chair of board
- 1977-94 Barnet Fain trustee; 1995-98 chair of board
- 1987 Sol Koffler Gallery
- 2000 about 10% of 1,900 undergraduates are Jews

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
(founded in 1917 by Dominican Friars as men's college)
- 1930 Siegfried Arnold first Jewish graduate
- 1935 peak Jewish enrollment: 64 of 686 students (9%)
- 1960 Morton Fineman first tenured Jewish professor
- 1964 Joseph Ress first Jewish member President’s Council
- 1969 Rabbi William Braude received honorary doctorate; Biblical Hebrew taught at graduate level
- 1974 Robert Riesman first Jewish member Corporation
- 1979 Koffler Hall of Business Administration
- 1982 Rabbi Menachem Mendelowitz earned master’s degree
- 1993 Feinstein Institute for Public Service in Feinstein Academic Center
- 1995 Rabbi Leslie Gutterman received honorary doctorate

RAABTI NATHAN ROSEN AND HILLEL LEADERS, CA. 1950
HIGHER EDUCATION

TRINITY COLLEGE (founded in 1823 as Episcopalian men's college)

1911 George Cohen, Gustave Feingold, and Alexander Trachtenberg
first Jewish graduates (all from Hart)

1911-42 Jews were 25% of valedictorians and salutatorians; 16% of members; Phi Beta Kappa

1915 Leon Spitz first graduate who became rabbi (Conservative)

1916-17 Jewish enrollment: 31 of 236 students (13%)

1942-48 Feodor Theilheimer, mathematician, first Jewish professor

1951 Rabbi William Cohen, Hillel director

1953 Rabbi Abraham Feldman received honorary doctorate

1956 Beatrice F. Auerbach endowed G. Fox Professorship of Economics

1957-90 Leroy Dunn, economist, first tenured Jewish professor

1964-89 Daniel Alpert first Jewish trustee

1965 compulsory Sunday chapel attendance terminated

1969 Prof. Norman Miller, sociologist, first Jewish department chair

1973 H. Susannah Heschel first woman editor student newspaper
in first coeducational class

1974 Dorothy Greenberg first woman graduate in engineering

1983 Dr. Gershon Cohen, chancellor Jewish Theological Seminary,
first rabbi to deliver baccalaureate sermon

1987-84 Jan Cohn first Jew and woman dean of faculty

1990-96 Alfred Koeppel chair, board of trustees

1996 Leonard E. Greenberg '48 established and later endowed
Center for Study of Religion in Public Life

1998 Greenberg received honorary doctorate; Jewish studies major in religion department

2002 Zachs Hillel House dedicated

2002-03 Richard Hersh first Jewish president

2006- Rena Fraden dean of faculty; Henry Zachs '36 received highest alumni honor;
about 10% of 2,000 undergraduates are Jewish

UNIVERSITY OF HARTFORD
(founded in 1957 as nonsectarian and coeducational institution)

1920- Moshe Paranov co-founder and later president, Hartt College Music, which
joined University 1957; 1970 vice chancellor for performing arts

1957-64 Dorothy Auerbach Schiro and Rabbi Abraham Feldman members, board of regents

1957-97 David Komisar chair, psychology department and university professor;
1966-80 dean faculty, vice president, and provost

1960 Morris Auerbach Lecture Hall

1965 Carol Joseloff Taub Hall (art building)

1967 a second Auerbach Hall

1968 Joseloff Gallery of Art

1970-75 Judge Jon Newman chair, board of regents

1977-78 Joel Trachtenberg first Jewish president
HIGHER EDUCATION

1985 Arnold Greenberg endowed Maurice Greenberg Center for Judaic Studies
1988-89 Hartzel Lebed president
1989 Hillel Foundation
1998-03 Arnold Greenberg chair, board of regents
1998- Walter Harrison president
2001- David Goldenberg dean, Hillyer College
2006 about 30% of 4,700 undergraduates are Jews

HARTFORD SEMINARY
(Founded in 1833 by Congregationalists)
1994-97 Rabbi Stanley Kessler trustee
1997-06 Rabbi Stephen Fuchs trustee and adjunct professor
2003- Rabbi Yechezkel Landau scholar-in-residence

UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT LAW SCHOOL
(Founded in 1921 as Hartford College of Law; 1948 merged with University of Connecticut)
1942-46 Lawrence Ackerman acting dean
1950- Nathan Levy, Jr. first Jewish faculty member
1952 Beatrice F. Auerbach Scholarship
1967-72 Howard Sacks dean
1974-84 Phillip Blumberg dean

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE LEADER JOSEPH RESS WITH ARCHIBALD SILVERMAN, 1961
ART MUSEUMS

MUSEUM OF ART, RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN
(galleries opened 1892)
1942-52 Heinrich Schwartz curator prints & drawings
1946-53 Rudolf Berliner curator decorative arts
1954 exhibition of Jewish ceremonial art for American Jewish Tercentenary
1965-71 Daniel Robbins first Jewish director; developed Albert Pilavin Memorial Collection of 20th Century Art
1967-71 Stephen Ostrow chief curator; 1971-78 director
1976 Gail Silver annual lectureship began
1979-80 Florence Friedman curator antiquities
1984-95 Daniel Rosenfeld curator paintings
1993 Daphne Farago Wing
1997 Paula & Leonard Granoff Galleries for European Art
2005 Dr. Joseph & Helene Chazan's collection of contemporary art and crafts exhibited; many pieces donated

WADSWORTH ATHENEUM MUSEUM OF ART
(galleries opened 1844)
1916 Moses Fox donated a painting, probably first by a Jew
1922 early Jewish members included Jacob Fox, William Haas, and Seymour Kashman
1931 Morris & Lillian Joseloff began decades of loans from their collection
1952 top benefactors included Beatrice Fox Auerbach and Lillian Joseloff
1955-60 Philip Hammerslough trustee; 1973-78 honorary trustee; 1983 silver collection bequeathed after longterm loan
1956-58 Alexander Keller trustee
1963 Beatrice Fox Auerbach made major gift to fund library in honor of her two daughters
1968-97 Georgette Auerbach Koopman trustee; 1991 received Goodwin Medal, museum's highest honor; 1997-04 honorary trustee
1969-98 Andrea Miller-Keller curator contemporary art
1970- Arnold Greenberg trustee
1973 Joan Joseloff Kohn became trustee; later served as vice president; 1991 received Goodwin Medal
1973-97 Patricia Garland painting conservator
1974-76 Mark Rosenthal associate curator
1975 Sol LeWitt third artist in MATRIX exhibitions of contemporary art
1981-04 five LeWitt wall drawings acquired
1982- Linda Roth curator European decorative arts
1982- Stephen Kornhauser conservator
1982-03 Cindy Roman assistant curator European art
1994 Kohn Gallery dedicated in memory of Morris and Lillian Joseloff
1998- Eric Zafran curator European paintings
2001- Joanna Marsh acting curator contemporary art
THEATRE COMPANIES

TRINITY REPERTORY COMPANY (began as amateur theatre group at JCC)

1964-1967 Milton Stanzer founding chair and lifetime board member
1964-1973 Norman Tilles trustee; 1995-2005 honorary trustee
1964-1999 Barbara Orson a founder and leading actress
1965-1989 Marion Simon assistant to Adrian Hall, founding artistic director
1973-1978 new theatre complex named for Lederer Family
1984-1989 Bruce Sundling chair of board
1990-1995 Stephen Berenson actor & Conservatory director
1996-2005 Steven Sorin director of development

HARTFORD STAGE (founded 1963)

trustees
1966-1975 Belle Ribicoff
1966-1975 Michael Suisman
1967-1975 Arnold Greenberg
1972-2000 Janet Suisman;
2000 endowed artistic director’s position, largest gift in Stage’s history
1975-1978 Elliot Gerson; 1991-1993 president
1987-1995 Beverly Greenberg
1995-2004 David Klein; 2001-2004 president
2004- Elsa Daspin Suisman

BARBARA ORSON,
A TRINITY REP
STAR FOR 35 YEARS
SYMPHONIES

RHODE ISLAND SYMPHONY (founded 1945)
1948-98 Florence Nadien Weintraub violinist;
   Sylvia Nadien Rosenthal principal cellist
1962-64 Muriel Stevens president of board;
   1964-86 executive director
1970-98 Sam Chester violinist
1978-   Sophie Herman violinist
1980-83 Frank Licht president of board
1981-   Barbara Lefkowitz violinist
1986-98 Perry Rosenthal co-principal cellist
1990-   Michael Simmons violist;
   Charles Sherba concertmaster
1995-   Larry Rachleff music director
2001-   David Wax executive director

HARTFORD SYMPHONY (founded 1934)
1936-38 Jacques Gordon conductor
1947-53 Moshe Paranov conductor
1947-65 Beatrice F. Auerbach benefactor
1948-55 Rubin Segal concertmaster
1953-62 Fritz Mahler conductor
1964-85 Arthur Winograd conductor (and conductor laureate)
ca. 1958 Alexander Keller vice president of board
1969-   more than half musicians are Jews; 8 board members are Jews
1969-01 Bernard Lurie concertmaster
1975-   Morton Handel board member; 1987-89 president of board
1983-85 Robert Birnbaum president of board
1989-91 Arthur Handman president of board
1996-99 Prof. Margery Steinberg president of board
2004-   David Roth president of board
2005-   Leonid Sigal concertmaster

PROF. MARTIN FISCHER,
SYLVIA N. ROSENTHAL,
FLORENCE N. WEINTRAUB, 1955

[Image: Trio of musicians playing violins]
PHILANTHROPIC ORGANIZATIONS

RHODE ISLAND FOUNDATION trustees
1972-87 Norman Fain
1973-87 Frank Licht
1987-99 Melvin Alperin
1999- George Graboys; 2006- chair
2004- David Hirsch
1994- Ronald Gallo, professional president

HARTFORD FOUNDATION FOR PUBLIC GIVING
1952 Edward & Samuel Suisman established endowments, first by living donors
1947-65 Albert Marks, Sr. trustee
1966-79 Michael Suisman, 1976-78 chair
1981-85 Hartzel Lebed trustee
1984-93 George Levine trustee
1986-95 Jon Newman trustee
1989-05 Michael Bangser, professional president
1997-01 Ellen Peters trustee
1996-02 Blanche Goldenberg, chair 1999-02
2005- Beverly Greenberg

UNITED WAY OF RHODE ISLAND campaign chairs
1964 Joseph Ress
1968 Merrill Hassenfeld
1972 Robert Riesman
1984 General Leonard Holland
1985 Bruce Sundlun
1989 Melvin Alperin
1993 George Graboys

UNITED WAY OF CAPITAL AREA
1944-50 Solomon Elsner chair of board
campaign chairs
1962 George Gershel
1991 Bernard Fox
1995 Peter Goldfarb

ROBERT RIESMAN + GENERAL LEONARD HOLLAND
MARK TWAIN (1835-1910)

P Melvin Zurier (born 1929) distant relative of Ossip Gabrilowitsch (1878-1936),
Twain's son-in-law
1997 Andrew Hoffman's biography of Twain published

H 1871-91 Twain resided at 351 Farmington Avenue
Frederick Opper friend and frequent lunch guest

GREENER PASTURES

P WRITERS who established careers elsewhere
Stanley Fish scholar of literature and law
Leslie Gourse jazz
Jane Kramer The New Yorker magazine
Joan Nathan cookbooks
S. J. Perelman humorist, novelist, and screenwriter
Nathan West novelist and screenwriter

H ENTERTAINERS who established careers elsewhere
Tottie Fields comedian
Harry Goldfield big band trumpeter
Norman Lear TV producer
Louis Nye comedian
Harold Rome Broadway composer
Sophie Tucker singer

DEADLIEST FIRES

P FEBRUARY 20, 2003
The Station Nightclub, West Warwick
100 fatalities (no Jews)
Jeffrey Pine defense attorney for one of co-owners for three years preceding trial
Mark Mandell co-lead counsel for victims

H JULY 6, 1944
Ringling Brothers Circus, (July 4 performance was in Prov)
Esther Kavalier & daughter, Sandra, among 167 fatalities
Beatrice F. Auerbach sent food and clothes
July 7 special service for victims at Temple Emanuel
July 10 Rabbi Morris Silverman participated in interfaith funeral for unidentified dead
Edward Rogin receiver of Ringling assets
Solomon Elsner chair, investigating committee
BOY SCOUTS

1914 Walter Adler one of earliest Boy Scouts
1914 Myer Schwolsky organized Troop 21

PRESIDENTIAL VISITS

1915 former president William Howard Taft spoke at Temple Beth-El
2001 former president William Jefferson Clinton spoke to Hebrew Health Care supporters at Bushnell Auditorium

JEWSH COMMUNITY CENTER, 1929

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
Shelly Benedict, United Way of Capital Area; Rev. Dr. Steven Blackburn and Charlotte Bloch, Hartford Seminary; Dean Philip Blumberg, University of Connecticut Law School; Ann Brandwein, Eugene Gaddis, and Stephen Kornhauser, Wadsworth Atheneum; Toby Davis and Jennifer Turner, Hartford Stage; Gabriel Fishman; Robert Fishman, JFACT; Eleanor Fiske, Sarah Laub, and Margaret Mair, University of Hartford; Joseph Fox; Dr. Betty Hoffman; Karen DeGrace, Morton Handel, and Bernard Lurie, Hartford Symphony; Prof. Samuel Kassow and Peter Knapp, Trinity College; Rabbi Stephen Fuchs and Laurie Leader, Congregation Beth Israel; Dr. Howard Mark; Belle Ribicoff, Betsy Richards and Cathrine Schwartz, Jewish Federation of Greater Hartford; Henry Zachs. Thank you one and all.

Those who assisted with research in Providence are too numerous to acknowledge individually. I am deeply grateful for all your help.

A FAMILY NOTE
My paternal great-great-grandparents, Samuel and Miriam Feingold, who spent their final years in Hartford, are buried in Zion Hill Cemetery. Their son, Gustave, was one of the earliest Jewish graduates of nearby Trinity College. My daughter, Molly, is currently a student there. I have never lived in Connecticut, however.
The name of Mrs. Abraham Horvitz first appeared in the 1972 issue of The Notes as a member-at-large of the executive committee. The issue's lead article was a history of the Jewish Community Center of Rhode Island, which she wrote. It marked the beginning of her career and invaluable service to the Rhode Island Jewish Historical Association as an author, librarian and archivist.

Eleanor did not leave us a curriculum vitae. Had she done so, it no doubt would have mentioned her husband Dr. Abraham Horvitz, her son Leslie, her education at Pembroke College and Washington University in St. Louis as well as her experience as a teacher. It would have included the more than 30 articles she researched and wrote on facets of Jewish life in Rhode Island during the 20th century. Two of these articles have been anthologized, and others have been cited in an encyclopedia, Jewish Women in America. In addition, she coauthored a pictorial history, Jews of Rhode Island: 1658-1958, and wrote dozens of profiles and vignettes for the Federation Voice and the Rhode Island Jewish Herald.

Research to Eleanor was exciting detective work. It was never dull or tedious. Whether answering a query or working with a student, she enjoyed the search. She could answer many requests for information from her own
vast knowledge of the Association's archives. Over the years, she kept careful records of new acquisitions on note cards and in journals. Given her guidance to and encouragement of students, it was fitting that on her retirement in 2002, the Association established the Eleanor F. Horvitz Award for an outstanding paper by an undergraduate or graduate researcher.

At every annual meeting and at most mid-winter meetings, Eleanor saw to it that there was a display of some of our holdings. They were the kind that people lingered over, as they appreciated the subject matter. And at each annual meeting, Eleanor prepared a report of new acquisitions – sometimes in verse, sometimes with a story – but never as a dull recital.

Eleanor passed away on November 17, 2005. She was the Association's devoted gatekeeper: the gentle greeter who sat at the desk by the door, the curator and custodian of our riches. She has left an empty space in our hearts.
RHODE ISLAND JEWISH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

52ND ANNUAL MEETING

Sunday, April 30, 2006

More than 120 members and their guests enjoyed a stimulating afternoon at Temple Beth-El. Philip Segal chaired the business meeting. President Stephen Brown highlighted the year's numerous accomplishments, including a hugely successful January program in Boynton Beach, Florida, an ongoing workshop for genealogists, an expanded web site, and a pilot program for high school students offered through the Bureau of Jewish Education's Elkin Midrasha. Mr. Brown emphasized the need to recruit new members and launch additional educational programs.

Treasurer Jack Fradin reported on the Association's balanced budget. Past president Stanley Abrams, reporting for the publications committee, praised the new issue of The Notes. Past president Eugene Weinberg reported for the nominating committee. Melvin Zurier introduced and installed new board members in his customarily witty fashion.

Chairman Segal introduced the afternoon's authoritative and engaging speakers (and Association members), Professors David M. Gitlitz and Linda Kay Davidson of the University of Rhode Island. They gave a powerpoint presentation about their newest book, Pilgrimage and The Jews, which resulted from their travels throughout the Jewish world.

During a festive collation coordinated by Sandra Abrams, Susan Brown, Lillian Schwartz, and Anne Sherman, the authors autographed copies of their intriguing study. Mr. Zurier was congratulated on his special birthday.

Respectfully submitted,

Charlotte Penn
Acting Secretary
NECROLOGY OF MEMBERS

ADLER, CARL, born in Providence, was a son of the late Fred and Esther (Kotlen) Adler. He served with the Army in the Pacific theatre during World War II. With his late brother, Irving, he was co-owner of Adler’s Hardware Store on Wickenden Street in Providence.

Mr. Adler was a member of Temples Emanu-El and Torat Yisrael, serving as a minyaneer at both congregations. He volunteered at the Miriam Hospital and was a Life Member of RIJHA. A supporter of Hadassah, he visited Israel numerous times.

Mr. Adler is survived by his wife, Betty, and a son, Marc.
Died in Providence on December 9, 2005 at the age of 87.

BLACKMAN, GLORIA C., a daughter of the late Jacob and Rose (Botvin) Blackman, was the wife of the late Edward Blackman and the late Max Siegal.

For more than 50 years, Mrs. Blackman was the owner-operator of Siegal Oldsmobile in Woonsocket. A member of the Rhode Island Auto Dealers Association, she retired in 1995.

She was a member of Temple Beth-El and its Sisterhood, a life member of Hadassah, the Jewish Home for the Aged, and the Miriam Hospital Women’s Association.

She is survived by a daughter, Linda Siegel.
Died in Providence on November 9, 2005 at the age of 94.

BOMBA, ROSALIE, born in Providence, was the daughter of the late Sylvia and Samuel Jacobs and the wife of the late Benjamin Bomba.

A graduate of Classical High School, she was a licensed underwriter who worked with her husband in Bomba Insurance. Former residents of Pawtucket and Providence, the couple moved to the San Diego area in 1972.

A life member of Hadassah, Mrs. Bomba visited Israel as well as numerous European countries and Turkey, Panama, Australia, and New Zealand. She was an avid reader.

She is survived by three sons, Kenneth, Steven, and Irwin.
Died in Escondido, California, on July 21, 2006 at the age of 77.
BROMBERG, RUTH S., born in Providence, was a daughter of the late Esmond S. and Lena (Levin) Borod.

Mrs. Bromberg was a tennis and golf enthusiast. She was a member of Temple Emanu-El and Congregation Beth Sholom.

She is survived by her husband, Malcolm, and two daughters, Linda and Joan Wattman.

Died in Providence on October 15, 2006 at the age of 80.

COHEN, PATRICIA R., born in Springfield, Massachusetts, was the daughter of the late Sol and Claire (Samperil) White. She received a bachelor's degree from Rhode Island College and a master's degree in counseling from the University of Rhode Island.

Early in her career as a community activist, she was a co-founder of Volunteers in Cranston Schools.

Since the 1970s, Mrs. Cohen was a leader of the Jewish Federation of Rhode Island and its Women's Alliance. Having chaired numerous planning and allocations committees, she was also a member of the editorial board of the Jewish Voice & Herald. In 1987, Mrs. Cohen received Federation's Merrill L. Hassenfeld Leadership Award.

She was a vice president of Temple Beth-El and a board member of the Bureau of Jewish Education and Brown-RISD Hillel. Mrs. Cohen was a president of Hadassah and a member of the Miriam Hospital Women's Association. As president of the Jewish Seniors Agency from 2003 to 2005, she oversaw the development and construction of the Siperstein Tamarisk Assisted Living Facility.

She is survived by her husband, David, two daughters, Andrea Reiser and Meredith Fried, and a son, Michael.

Died in Providence on December 27, 2005 at the age of 63.

COHN, NEWTON B., born in Providence, was a son of the late Albert A. and Ida (Klemer) Cohn. He graduated from Bryant College.

A Certified Public Accountant for more than 50 years, Mr. Cohn was a life member of the American Institute of CPAs and the Rhode Island Society of CPAs, whose tax committee he chaired. He was a president of the Estate Planning Council of Rhode Island.

He was a lifelong member and an honorary life trustee of Temple Beth-El, a member of Redwood Masonic Lodge, and a Life Member of RIJHA.

Mr. Cohn is survived by his wife, Rosalea, and two daughters, Ellen, and Anne Pitegoff.

Died in Providence on December 15, 2005 at the age of 81.
COKEN, KATHARINE "KITTY," born in Providence, was a daughter of the late Max and Mary (Mitofsky) Mushnick and the wife of the late Charles Coken.

She was a member of Temple Torat Yisrael and its Sisterhood, the Knights of Pythias, and the Women's Association of the Jewish Home for the Aged. Mrs. Coken was an avid knitter for many charitable organizations.

She is survived by a daughter, Rosalind, and a son, Morton.

Died in Warwick on October 23, 2005 at the age of 97.

FRIEDMAN, SAUL, born in Rock Island, Illinois, was a son of the late Benjamin and Rebecca (Lieberman) Friedman and the husband of the late Estelle (Moverman) Friedman.

An Eagle Scout, he graduated from the University of Rhode Island and received his law degree from Boston University. He was a lieutenant in military government during World War II.

A partner in Friedman & Kessler, he was a member and a fellow of the Rhode Island Bar Association. He served as probate judge of Cranston from 1959 to 1977 and became a charter member of the National College of Probate Judges and was its Rhode Island representative. In 1998, Mr. Kessler was inducted into the Hillard Society of Boston University Law School. He was a president of the B.U. Club of Rhode Island.

Mr. Friedman was a founding member, a president and an honorary president of Temple Torat Yisrael.

He was a board member of the Rhode Island chapter of the American Cancer Society and served as a commander in local posts of the Jewish War Veterans and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Mr. Friedman was a life member of the Military Officers Association of America. Active in Republican politics, he had been a delegate to the 1960 national convention. He was also a president and a chairman of Warwick Musical Theatre.

He is survived by two sons, Dennis and Shelly.

Died in Scottsdale, Arizona, on November 11, 2005 at the age of 90.
GOODMAN, ELLIOT RAYMOND, born in Indianapolis, was a son of the late Lazure L. and Esther (Miller) Goodman. He received his bachelor's degree from Dartmouth College and both his master's and doctoral degrees in international relations from Columbia University.

He taught at Brown University from 1955 to 1987, becoming a full professor in 1970. He was a Guggenheim Fellow and a NATO Research Fellow in Paris from 1962 to 1963. Professor Goodman published *The Soviet Design and The Fate of the Atlantic Community* as well as numerous articles in scholarly journals.

He is survived by his wife, Norma, a daughter, Laura Humphrey, and two sons, Jordan and Roger.

Died in Providence on November 27, 2005 at the age of 82.

HELLMAN, RICHARD, born in New York, was the husband of the late Violet Grace (Zeitlin) Hellman. He graduated from Columbia University, where he was a Pulitzer Scholar.

During World War II, he was a gunnery officer in Admiral Halsey's carrier task force in the Pacific. He served as a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserves.

Mr. Hellman had a wide-ranging career as a research economist for the federal government before becoming a professor of economics at the University of Rhode Island in 1970.

He is survived by a son, Peter, and two daughters, Elizabeth Cooper, and Caroline.

Died in Kingston on November 7, 2005 at the age of 92.

HORVITZ, ELEANOR, born in Providence, was a daughter of the late Louis and Ada (Zinn) Feldman. She attended Pembroke College for three years and graduated from Washington University in St. Louis. She also received a master's degree in education from Brown University.

Mrs. Horvitz was the librarian-archivist of the Rhode Island Jewish Historical Association for 31 years, retiring in 2002. She was the most prolific author of articles for this journal, and the Association's annual student research and writing award was named in her honor. Her countless contributions to Rhode Island Jewish history and our Association will be valued for generations.

Mrs. Horvitz was a member of Temple Beth-El and its Sisterhood, a member of the Miriam Hospital Women's Association, and a Life Member of RIJHA.

She is survived by her husband, Dr. Abraham Horvitz, and a son, Leslie.

Died in Providence on November 17, 2005 at the age of 86.
KONICOV, MONTE, born in Liverpool, England, was a son of the late Hyman and Marie (Bredsky) Konicov. He received double bachelor's degrees from Wayne State University and his Ph.D. from the University of Maryland.

Dr. Konicov served in the Army Reserves with the rank of captain.

He was the owner of Glendale Pharmacy in Pawtucket and taught in the University of Rhode Island's School of Pharmacy. A member of the American Pharmaceutical Association, he also served on Rhode Island's Pharmaceutical Formulary Commission.

Dr. Konicov was a member of Temple Am David and Touro Fraternal Association.

He is survived by his wife, Shirley, three sons, Marc, David, and Howard, and a daughter, Ellen Kaufman.

Died in Warwick on August 26, 2006 at the age of 83.

LEWIS, HOWARD R., born in Lewiston, Maine, was a son of the late Nathan and Dora (Finklestein) Lewis and the husband of the late Shirley (Brier) Lewis. He was a graduate of Bryant College.

During World War II, he served in the Army Air Corps in India.

Mr. Lewis, a realtor in Providence, was a board member of Rhode Island School of Design for 40 years.

He was a member of Temple Beth-El.

Mr. Lewis is survived by his wife, Eleanor, two daughters, Nancy and Deborah, and two sons, David and Peter.

Died in Providence on July 10, 2006 at the age of 83.

SADLER, HAROLD M., born in Medford, Massachusetts, was a son of the late Phillip and Katherine (Wolfe) Sadler. He graduated from the University of Rhode Island in 1943.

Mr. Sadler, an aeronautical engineer, designed aircraft under Igor Sikorsky and for Curtis Wright Aircraft Corporation. He was a vice president of manufacturing for American Insulated Wire for over 40 years and was a member of the Providence Engineering Society.

Mr. Sadler was a founder of Temple Sinai and a member of Touro Fraternal Association. He was a Cub and Boy Scout leader and a Life Member of RIJHA.

He is survived by his wife, Frances, three sons, Carl, Philip, and Alan, and a daughter, Shirley Stewart.

Died in Providence on March 15, 2006 at the age of 84.
SPEAR, ESTHER, born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, was a daughter of the late Anna D. and Julius Marcus and the wife of the late Alfred Spear. She lived in Providence since 1901 and was predeceased by two children, Evelyn and Arthur.

Mrs. Spear and her husband were early supporters of Temple Emanu-El, Miriam Hospital, the Jewish Orphanage, and the Jewish Home for the Aged. She was also active in Hadassah, Jewish Family Service, and the Jewish Federation of Rhode Island. She was a Life Member of RJJHA.

Mrs. Spear is survived by three sons, Harvey, William, and Gerald.
Died in Providence on December 24, 2005 at the age 107.

SWEET, JENNIE Z., born in Providence, was a daughter of the late Barney and Fannie (Bliviss) Zukroff and the wife of the late Louis I. Sweet.

Mrs. Sweet was a financial secretary and a treasurer of our Association. She was also a member of Temple Beth-El and its Sisterhood, the Women’s Association of the Jewish Home for the Aged, and the Louisville chapter of Hadassah.

She is survived by a son, Bernard.
Died in Louisville, Kentucky, on November 20, 2005 at the age of 95.
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SIDNEY + FLORENCE WAXMAN,
RHODE ISLAND STATE COLLEGE, CA. 1950
Far from home and those I love, I find my thoughts turning to them with affectionate longing. O Thou art here with me, who hearkenest to their prayers even as Thou hearkenest to mine, bless me and keep us united in spirit until we meet again. Let my memory hold them in such loving embrace that I be cheered by their imagined presence. Keep me under the influence of the ties that bind me to them, so that even in strange surroundings I may conduct myself in ways that do them honor. Keep me mindful of the blessing of their love and let me not give way to loneliness or despondency. Help me to bring cheer to my comrades, who like me are separated from their dear ones. For Thou, God, art the source of all love.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy comes in the morning. Amon.