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Printed in the USA

The Library of Congress National Serials Data Program (NSDP), Washington, DC 20540,
which operates the US Serials Data System, has assigned the following International
Standard Serial Number (ISSN) to Rhode Island Jewish Historical Notes, a publication of the
Rhode Island Jewish Historical Association: ISSN 0556-8609.

FRONT COVER  Touro Synagogue
BACK COVER    Kahal Kadosh Zur Israel Synagogue, Recife, Brazil
RHODE ISLAND
JEWISH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

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EDITOR'S COMMENTS

In contrast to previous issues, let me begin by thanking many people who make this publication a source of communal pride and personal pleasure. I am grateful to the members of the publications committee, especially its chair, Stanley Abrams; Bobbie Friedman for her consistently creative graphic design; and to Signature Printers for its high standards. Anne Sherman, our office manager, helps in so many essential ways. Needless to say, our journal would not exist without dedicated and thoughtful writers and so many loyal readers.

The Notes are enriched by an endless variety of articles as well as an ever-increasing use of photographs, drawings, maps, and other visual materials. Indeed, many outstanding articles represent a marriage of text and imagery (or imagery and text). Beginning with this issue, I hope to introduce a regular feature: photo essays drawn largely from the Association's extraordinary archives.

This issue is also somewhat unusual for featuring a trio of autobiographical essays by non-native Rhode Islanders—individuals who have lived in our community for 20 years or longer. These essays raise the perplexing question: just who is a Jewish Rhode Islander (or, after how many decades does a transplant surrender his probationary status)? Conversely, does an individual remain a lifelong Rhode Islander no matter where he or she settles as an adult?

Since the mid-1970s, when Beryl Segal wrote a series of articles about his early years in Ukraine, our journal has presented autobiographical essays by transplanted Rhode Islanders. Indeed, beginning in the 17th century, the story of Jewish Rhode Island has often been the story of newcomers. As it is the story of the Diaspora!

George M. Goodwin
DOING MY UTMOST FOR UNCLE SAM, PART II

GERALD WEINBERG

This second installment of Gerald's World War II memoirs covers June through December 1944. It reveals a crazy quilt of experiences: a brush with death, physical exhaustion, scenes of vast suffering and destruction, impressions from sightseeing, gestures of kindness toward civilians, news from home, opportunities for prayer and Jewish kinship, and more than a few flashes of humor. During 1944, while based at the Capodichino Weather Station, near Naples, Gerald flew over many parts of the Mediterranean and North Africa. Despite the constant danger, he seemed reconciled to his fate.

JUNE

Our Weather Station, next to the Operations and Information Center, was always hectic and one of the best-equipped in the Mediterranean region, servicing B-24 and B-17 bombers, Air Transport planes and fighter planes. There was a shortage of observers and we were ordered to alternate observer shifts in addition to our forecasting shifts. The weather was very hot, so it was difficult to handle papers and maps.

On June 22, 1944, another GI and I went to the San Carlo Opera House in Naples to see La Bohème for 40 cents. The place was filled with local people and Allied Forces (I sat in box 10 on the 5th floor), and it was ornamented by velvet and gold drapes. The performance was great and the local people shouted for encores at renditions of the famous
arias. Hitler, Mussolini and prior kings of Italy, at one time or another, had seen operas from their royal box at the back oval of the theatre.

JULY
In July, I was given the assignments of writing the Capodichino Weather Detachment journal, a monthly for the Base, detailing all activities and of making Weather Route Checks everywhere in the North African, Middle Eastern and European regions for the Allied Command. As war securities allowed, I was permitted to cut my own flying orders which were countersigned by the Base Weather Officer. Everything I did was classified "Secret." The preprinted Forecast forms had sky, weather, visibility and altimeter settings up to 20,000 feet on the left side, and elapsed hours of route at the top. I had to draw in the various clouds, weather fronts, freezing level, pressure gradients, temperatures, air stabilities, direction of occlusions, times, and recommendations for flying weather at specific route points, whose data was relayed in code all over the route regions and weather stations.

In the fourth week of July, I took off with the crew of a B-17 for a weather route check to Algiers via Libya and Tunisia. I was busy documenting the weather over the Mediterranean and 200 miles inland over the desert. We landed at the large Maison Blanche airfield near Algiers. In Algiers I stayed at a friend's apartment, opposite the university. Dave Meyer was a forecaster, and we compared notes as well as with the Maison Blanche Weather Detachment staff. In three days I saw most of the city. The streets and avenues were crowded with military personnel, French and Arab peoples. It was amazing to see Arabs hanging from the sides and on the crowded roofs of streetcars. I could speak broken French quite well and was happy that some of my education had paid off.

On the night of July 28, I had dinner at Dave's apartment with his French girlfriend, Henrietta, and her sister. We had soup, lamb and wine. Three weathermen from the Station came over to visit with us. On the 29th, I slept until 10:30 on a real live mattress and spring. I went to the Maison Blanche camp, ate chow with Dave, returned to the apartment to clean equipment, walked around department stores, visited Dave's friend, Sgt. George Carver, who was recovering from an appendectomy in the Orangers Hospital atop one of the hills of Algiers. In the next few days, Dave went to camp and I
12 Nov
ORDERS FR. RAF S/C 9TH TO 7TH
13 ENTERED "WISCONSIN" AREA
455 REFL CO, 30 REFL BN.
15 ALERTED FOR SHIPMENT
16 MONEY CHANGED TO GOLD SEAL
21 ORDERS FOR SAILING

SAT 24
DEPART NAPLES, ITALY AT 1300.
FOR U.S. ON U.S.S. RANDOLPH
6500 MENS, SPEED 29-39 KNOTS
1160 CREW
25 GIBRALTAR AT 2130
26 ROUGH SEAS - FELL IN HEBE
27 WINDY, RAIN
28 WINDY - PASSED COLD FRONT
29 WINDY, COLD, RUGGED SEAS
30 WINDY, RAIN, SNOW, SWELLS - IN
CENTER OF OCLUSION - ROUGH SEAS
1 Dec COLD - DOCKED STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK
AT 1400 EST, DISEMBARKED 21000+ MENS
ARMY FERRY TO JERSEY CITY, TRAIN TO CAMPOKER, BRUNSWICK, N.J. ARRIVED 0:20
*CLOCKS TURNED BACK 1 HR EACH DAY AT
405
50X0 MERIDIAN GREENWICH - ZEPPEL TIME
2 Dec SLEEP AT 0:35, UP AT 0:35, BAGGAGE
1 CLOTHING CHECK AREA 5
3 Dec TO PT. DIN
shaved, washed and ate bacon, eggs and chicken with Henrietta and her sister. Henrietta obtained the food from the black market, where eggs were 7 cents apiece and cow’s milk was $100 per pint. (Very few cows, only goats and goat’s milk.) I walked around town, toward the casbah, saw a local French movie, bought some trinkets, but prices for leather items were very high (400 francs or $8). Back at the apartment, Henrietta gave me some wine and we had a long talk in French about her family. I said goodbye and left with my musette bag for camp.

AUGUST

On August 1, I left Maison Blanche airfield at 1010 in a C-47, flew along the North African coast at 5,200 feet, and cleared the coast at Bizerte. The weather was excellent, and I saw an 88-ship convoy heading east. We crossed the Mediterranean at the western tip of Sicily, ran into heavy cumuli along the west coast of Italy, had 5 miles of visibility, and landed at Capodichino airfield. (It took 4 hours.) In August the sun shone for 31 days with extreme heat brought up by the sirocco from Africa. We became ill frequently from the poor quality of the chow and the heat, which caused breakdowns of our equipment. We constantly had to improvise all of our repairs. In the middle of the month we were able to regularly schedule balloon runs up to 30,000 feet, were busy building plotting tables, fixing our jeeps, attending to duties, being bombed and strafed, and getting little or no sleep. As long as the Allied supply ships could make it, we were able to see improvement in our food, drinking water (from canteens), C rations and beer rations (a case a week for each GI).

On August 21, two GIs and I drove one of our jeeps 30 miles to Salerno, high on precipitous cliffs, where the big Allied invasions had recently occurred. On the way along the coast, towns and villages were still digging out of the lava ashes, which had buried them in March from the disastrous eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. We had to slow down, as streets, houses and doorways had 5 to 6 foot piles of lava and lava ashes. For three days, the wind had covered the countryside villages and fields for 100 miles with lava ashes and dust up to a depth of 3 to 4 feet. It was uncanny, like outer space, and the military had brought up heavy bulldozers to help. Though hundreds were killed, the eruption was only half the destructive force which buried Pompeii and Herculaneum in 79 A.D.
At Salerno there were large white crosses on the tops of the cliffs facing the sea, where German command posts and fortifications were knocked out at a terrible cost in Allied lives over five months. Inside an old cathedral, which had been torn away, an aged Italian woman took us below to see dank underground chapels and crypts with marble floors and mosaics and painted walls. One crypt was of the Apostle Matthew, with picture histories of his times (painted on the ceiling). The cathedral was 600 years old. Last summer the Germans shot many hostages there and confiscated everything. At a small café with two tables on stone, at the edge of a cliff, we had some vermouth and rolls and headed back to Base.

Fifth Army casualties and the injured continued to pour into the field by the thousands, from Red Cross and transport planes, ships and trucks. The badly injured and sick GIs were continually transported to the large military hospitals in Naples. The medics and MASH units were bustling, weary and sleepless. On August 27, we all had to give a pint of blood, and every six weeks thereafter, at the 300th General Hospital. It was positively bedlam and I thanked God the supplies of penicillin were coming, which saved many, many lives. Even the prophylactic stations throughout the region welcomed it, as it reduced the scourge of venereal diseases which still were rampant.

I was busy as hell giving weather clearances to bomber crews. Now, 30 or 40 of the large black B-24 bombers would take off to the east to join up with 30 or 40 bombers from Sicily and North Africa. The noise was deafening as they took off, one by one, and looked like an awesome swarm of locusts in a black sky. From the rendezvous over the Adriatic Sea, the armada of 60 or 80 bombers would saturate-bomb the cities of Germany, then land in Russia. At the same time, the Allied 8th Air Force bombers would take off from England, skip-bomb Germany and German-occupied countries and land in Russia. Our 12 Air Force bombers would repeat the action and finally return to our Base as well as to their respective home bases.

We were always hungry. I didn't mind the rotten chow and Spam, or washing our mess kits in barrels of warm dirty water, but I'd really fume when, at the serving line, the Italian POW servers would first plop in the pie, the next one would drown the pie with gravy, then another server would plop down the mashed potatoes on top of it, then the butter, then the bread, and the meat last. What a mishmash. We complained but the best we could get was
sympathy. At least it was food and we needed it for energy and thought for our duties.

SEPTEMBER
In September, because of the heavy overload of work and the briefing and clearing of the scores of pilots and crews for scheduled takeoffs, we put into operation an equipped satellite weather station across the field in the Air Transport Command building to handle the overflow. Forecaster personnel were alternated between the two stations. We received more men for our Climatology and Cryptology sections, who were transferred from Casablanca, Algiers and Tindouf (450 miles south of Casablanca in the Sahara desert).

On September 17, I attended Rosh Hashanah services in an Italian theatre in Naples. There was an overflow congregation of Allied troops—British, Canadian, French, Czech, Polish, Palestinian, Brazilian, American, Algerian and Tunisian. The service was conducted by a British-Palestinian Captain, who was a cantor and who gave the sermon in English and Hebrew. (Palestinian troops wore the Jewish Star insignia.) We were all wished a safe and happy New Year and it felt good.

I had received orders to go to the Rome AAF Rest Camp for three days, commencing on the 20th. On the 19th, 13 passengers and I took off at 1630 in a C-47 from Capodichino, flew 200 miles along the coast and touched down at Rome's Littoria Air Base at 1715. It was amazing that everything in Italy was in ruins, while Rome remained visibly untouched. I took a Fiat cab to the American Red Cross Club, where I dialed 03 for the Rome 12th Weather Switchboard and contacted my friend Watson (who was formerly at Naples). He arranged an overnight room for me in town. I paid a dollar (100 lire) for a clean room, bed and tile bathroom at Signora Olio's apartment, 38 Via
Viminale (2nd floor-opposite the Grand Opera). There was no electricity, only candles, and my flashlight was very handy.

On September 20, I took the American Red Cross bus tour of the city. We went into the Pantheon, where Raphael, the great painter, and King Umberto I and Queen Margherita (the parents of the present king, Victor Emanuel) were buried. The dome was the same size as the one at St. Peter’s. We stopped at the beautiful Palazzo Venezia, the King Victor Emanuel monument with marble colonnades and statues, and the palace balcony where Mussolini gave fiery speeches to the people in the square below. Nearby were the ruins of the old Roman Forum at the junction of all 7 hills of Rome, which houses the old Roman Senate, where Brutus killed Caesar on the Ides of March.

We went through the ruins of the Roman Coliseum, where thousands of Christians were fed to the beasts or slaughtered and their bodies buried throughout the catacombs beneath the city. The Coliseum, 4 stories high, was built by 400,000 Jews imported by the Romans from Jerusalem. Many of the marble seats still remain but the arena looked dirty and ugly. We also saw the Aqueduct of Claudius, the Temple of Venus, the Arch of Titus, the Arch of Constantine, and went down the solid brick Appian Way through the old Roman gates to the Church of San Sebastian.

A monk in robes with cropped hair was our guide, and spoke in perfect English. He gave us small yellow candles and we descended carefully into the narrow alleys of the catacombs, which were dark and damp and had side-branched alleys everywhere. It was easy to get lost for months, as was evidenced recently by two Italian boys who became lost here, died, and were found after three days of searches. While walking in single file, the monk detailed the history of the Christian martyrs here. We came upon the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul (who had been removed to their respective cathedrals) and thousands of bones and skulls of Christians left here to die. All the tunnels were covered with skeletal bones. Even in this generation, the genocidal Nazis, last March 2nd, had killed many Roman citizens in these same catacombs.

After walking through the catacomb tunnels two stories down for one-half mile, we emerged into the daylight to our bus, crossed the Tiber River and stopped at the huge square of St. Peter’s Cathedral and saw Cleopatra’s obelisk...
in the middle. We were awed by the immenseness of the Cathedral and its symmetrical colonnades. Walking inside, we were spellbound at the tremendous height, the ceilings of gold inlay and the walls of huge mosaic picture-histories, which looked like oil paintings but were actually inlaid with 18,000 differently colored stones. We saw the beautiful marble statues of the Pieta and of Moses with the scrolls and Ten Commandments in Hebrew letters by Michelangelo. Within the solid bronze pillars was the central main chapel (the tomb of St. Peter is underneath), which is used only three times a year by the Pope. At the far rear there was a huge bronze chair (supported by bronze statues of saints) where every new Pope is enthroned. We also admired the gigantic bronze statue of St. Peter whose toe was worn down by thousands of visitors kissing it over the years.

At 1300 we went into the Vatican, the hallways lined with Swiss guards dressed in red, blue and multicolored satin uniforms, holding large spears, like in medieval times. Upstairs in the large audience halls we joined the crowd of Allied soldiers. Then Pope Pius XII, preceded by Swiss guards, borne on high in a lofty carry-chair in a slow procession, touched his hand to the outstretched rosaries and crosses of the soldiers and blessed them along the line. After he was seated in the pulpit chair, he spoke in English, amplified by a loud speaker, prayed for peace and safety and blessed the audience. It was a nice experience.

I had dinner at an Allied Forces restaurant on the Corso Umberto, then walked around and bought souvenirs with packs of cigarettes (50 cents each) and some forceful “Italian” bargaining. I took a weapons carrier bus out to the Rest Camp and reported in. The Camp was formerly a military center of wondrous marble buildings for Mussolini's Youth and Young Fascists. I was assigned a cot in a marble room of 20 cots but everyone was in town. So I went to the Rest Camp Terrace Club on the Tiber River, had cake and coffee, played the piano, saw the movie The Magnificent Ambersons, directed by Orson Welles, then crossed the bridge to the Rest Camp and turned in, tired from a pretty full day.

The next morning I slept late, took the bus to town, ate dinner at a GI restaurant, walked through the many alleys and shops, bought a statue of Caesar, a bronze medallion, and a Roman fasces of wood in an antique sculpture shop. At St. Peter's Cathedral I climbed up to the dome and into the cupola
(on top of the dome) which was a hollow bronze ball 11 feet in diameter and very hot up there in that small space. In the church I went into the Treasury rooms, where precious stones, robes, Bibles and glittering ornaments were displayed. I spent more time on the upper levels of the Cathedral, then walked into the city to a modern theatre and saw a good Italian vaudeville show for 35 cents with a swing band and some risqué acts. I ate beef, pie and coffee at a GI restaurant and then looked for a room to sleep. Everywhere, the kids eagerly offered good places to sleep overnight.

A 12-year-old, intelligent boy who spoke broken English really convinced me that his apartment was A-OK. We walked 14 blocks and on the way he felt important that he was with an American sergeant. At the apartment, his parents couldn’t do enough for me to show their hospitality. There was electricity that night, rationed one night a week. I met their 23-year-old daughter, Anna, who was a tall, pretty brunette, who spoke French and English, had four years at the University here and worked as a typist for the allied Control Commission, Public Works. We conversed for a while and she showed me pictures of her 20-year-old brother who was in the Italian Army and now was a prisoner in Germany. I was given a studio couch in the parlor to sleep on and paid the mother $1 for the night’s lodging. I took the boy to the Red Cross for a night snack. It was pitch dark on the streets and it was a wonder the thousands of civilians didn’t bump into each other but they’re used to the dark. I had to use my flashlight everywhere. Back at the apartment I had a good night’s rest.

The next morning I washed in the tile bathroom, dressed and said Buon Giorno to Mrs. Lorengini and departed apartment #3 on the second floor of 111 Via Tirso. I walked around and through a large Galleria arcade of shops and came upon a wide square with hundreds of vendors selling cameos, ash-
trays, postcards and novelties. I noticed a woman about 45 to 50 at a stand selling billfolds, who was wearing a Jewish star pendant with Hebrew letters. I asked if she was Jewish and she said "yes" in Italian and was happy to relate to me that the Jews fled to the south, in time, and now most of them, especially the wealthy, have returned to their homes in Rome. We conversed in Yiddish and upon leaving she grasped my hand and said Shalom Alechem and I wished her Shono Tovo, a happy new year.

From there I went into the Church of the Immaculate Conception on the Via Vittorio Veneto where, downstairs, about twenty monks were praying out loud in Latin in a solid monotone next to the world-famous cemetery of the Capuchin Fathers. There were four large chamber halls artistically decorated on the walls and ceilings with bones, skulls and skeletons of monks who have been there for hundreds of years. It was cold and eerie but we couldn't imagine how such artistic work could make the bones unreal to the eye and appear beautiful in dazzling decorations. The thousands of skulls and bones belong to monks and Christians who had been persecuted. The cemetery was a masterpiece, a sight not to be seen anywhere in the world. I bought postcards for 5 lire, took the bus to the AAF Tiber Terrace Club, had coffee and cake, saw the movie Invisible Agent with Jon Hall and then to bed at the Rest Camp, knowing I'd be leaving in the morning. I had a wonderful time in Rome, mingling with the people and observing their culture.

The next morning I awoke at 0500, turned in my blankets, received my official Rest Camp certificate signed by General Eaker, had chow and departed for Littoria Air Base. I learned there were no planes or trucks going south that day (only north), so I returned to town and walked to Route 7 autostrada where I managed to get several rides to Naples in jeeps, trucks and armored carriers. For 200 miles through the mountains, the destruction was unbelievable. There were minefields marked on the battlefields and roads of rubble, towns in utter ruin, German tanks and artillery destroyed in gullies and fields, craters everywhere. Rats and mice were running over the ruins and in the sunlit streets unafraid. Women and children were covered with filth, lice and flies. Many of the people were missing a leg or an arm. Bridges were in tangled chaos. High-tension networks of towers across the mountains were toppled, their wires enmeshed and hanging.

In the sunny town of Terralini, which was completely shell fired and
bombed, not one house or building untouched, I went into a tiny wine bar. (I was always on the alert for enemy infiltrators, keeping my 45 automatic ready.) I drank a glass of marsala and conversed with a pretty 21-year-old girl named Audrey. She was studying for exams at a Rome university as well as English with Americans in her spare time. The Germans had taken all her family’s valuables and had strewn rubble everywhere. Many of the children in the village were bloated and deformed, playing in the filth, not realizing the full extent of the suffering and their own circumstances. On another ride I passed through many ghost villages in the hills, which were shelled three months ago and were completely empty. We had to go around huge craters and makeshift bridges and rubble. An apartment house in a large town had been blown up, torn to splinters, and was in a tangled mess. I passed Capua and Caserta and arrived at Capodichino Air Base at 1730. It had been a long day coming back.

On September 25, a lieutenant and I attended Yom Kippur services all day in an auditorium in Naples, fasting with the congregation of Allied troops. After the sermons by an American chaplain and a Palestinian officer in English and Hebrew, the lieutenant introduced me to the son of the famous author, Sholem Asch, who was world-renowned for his books, Three Cities and The Nazarene. After sunset, back at the Base, we broke the fast by having a rather full meal. The weather was becoming cooler.

Since my Italian was improving, I came to know a few wealthy families whom I visited regularly in their luxurious apartments. I usually brought some soap or dry food as they were stripped of everything by the Germans.

My favorite family was a mother and five children whose father had been a Standard Oil agent before the war but now was in the Italian army. I enjoyed the politeness of the children as well as having fun with them. One boy did excellent paintings and gave me one. The oldest girl played the piano for me and said they all are studying English in school. You can’t beat European hospitality. They’d give me hot soup and cognac and we’d listen to the radio and discuss things in general. Though they had been Fascists, they admitted they were happy that Mussolini was out and that everyone in Italy had followed their leader and his deceitful propaganda blindly. They also admitted there was no independent thought in the European mind and that the disease, destruction and starvation taught them a lesson. Nothing was left but people, flies and rats.
OCTOBER
At the Base I wrote letters home and received letters from relatives and my parents. On October 3 they celebrated 30 years of marriage. I learned that my father had circulation problems with a leg and that my brother Walter had flown up from Florida for the folks' anniversary, and that my cousin Jerry Farber was getting married. Many of the letters from home took three weeks or more to reach me. It was surprising that I received a letter from my close R.I. friend (formerly in my class at Brown University) stationed in Honolulu. It took only 18 days.

It was October, with the wet season coming and hopefully the slowing of the German advances in the north. Though our Air Base and Naples were still being bombed night and day with heavy losses of life, we could see that the might of the combined Allied armies, air forces and navies were beginning to take their toll on Hitler. Germany was bogged down in Russia, and in Western Europe it was slowly losing the war on all fronts. Everyone at the Weather Station kept extremely busy preparing forecasts to the north and clearing all the bombers for constant takeoff on the field.

I received Air Force military manifests ordering me on operational duty for eight days, from October 28 through November 4, as a flight crew member to relay weather to all combat regions in code, from Naples to Corsica, Marseilles, Algiers, Oran, Casablanca and return to Algiers, Tunis and Naples. Takeoff at Capodichino was at 0715. We came down at Borgo, Corsica two hours later for a 55 minute stop, flew low in the Gulf of Genoa under radar, through a cold front on the Ligurian Sea and landed at 1135 at Marignane Air Base, Marseilles, France, where it was a cold 45 degrees.

I submitted my detailed weather cross-sectional reports to Capt. Hughes at the Weather Station, took a bus 14 miles into the city to the ATC Headquarters, received a billet for the military Hotel Paradis on Rue Madagascar, changed 1,000 lire for 500 francs and visited the French Forces (FFI) Headquarters. The city was partially destroyed and there were pictures of de Gaulle everywhere on the crowded streets. I went into many of the beautiful but expensive shops and was surprised at the stocks of perfumes, stockings, radios and cameras which the retreating Germans didn't have time to loot. I saw the parks and the waterfronts of miles of cobblestone streets, open fish markets where vendors were hawking their catches, and hundreds of fish-
ing boats tied up at the street quays. I went into a French movie and then to sleep at the hotel.

The following day at the Air Base, we were airborne at 1315, maintaining a flight level of 2,500 feet from Marseilles to Algiers. I was kept busy all the way until we landed at Maison Blanche at 1630. I met a pilot named Turner who was a former AF Cadet bunkmate two years ago at Orangeburg, South Carolina. He told me that most of our class had been killed or shot down earlier this year. I was due to take off at 0320 for Oran but was weathered in and stayed at the Weather barracks.

The next day the crew of a B-17 bomber and I left Algiers at 1215 in heavy overcast and landed at La Senia, Oran one-and-a-half hours later. We took off from La Senia at 2020 heading south over the Atlas Mountains at 13,000 feet, above the freezing level, where our teeth chattered and the Plexiglas bubble atop the plane was encased in ice. I had trouble marking the weather data until we flew toward the hot Sahara Desert, over Tindouf and then north to Marrakech, Port Lyautey (now called Kenitra), and Rabat and into Cazes Air Base at Casablanca, Morocco, landing at 0115.

NOVEMBER
I slept at Camp Dushane, a large tent city three miles from the city, where there were B-26 crews from the China–Burma–India theatres who had been overseas there 32 months and were slated to go home on rotation. I took a bus to the airfield Weather Station then into town, where I had a haircut and snack at the Red Cross. The streets were crowded with mixtures of Arabs, Spanish, French and Italian natives and the open squares filled with squatting Moroccans in white tunics, barefooted, eyeing you with sly fox-eyes, dirty and filthy-looking. Military notices warned GIs not to walk alone but only in pairs. The Arabs were a bad lot, uneducated, and would kill you for a watch or cigarettes. They didn’t know how to be friendly and the only thing they understood was a bullet. The night before, an Arab was caught stealing tires from a jeep and the GIs shot him in the head repeatedly until he was dead.

Unwisely, I was walking alone in the streets when two young Arabs with fezzes on their heads asked for cigarettes. When I said “no,” as I had already given them out to the pestering kids, they danced around me, mocking me and pulling at my shirt and my watch. I couldn’t start anything as I was
surrounded by a sea of Arabs. They continued their guttural jeering and when one put his fingers in my pocket and the other starting to remove my watch, I cursed, yelling loudly, and instantly went at them with my trench knife. As they backed off, ten or twelve GIs poked through the crowd, out of nowhere, and scuffled with them but the swine quickly disappeared. The Military Police couldn't find them but they picked up four kids who had just robbed a Captain of his fountain pen and wallet. Though the Medina or Casbah was off-limits, four or more GIs were killed there every night.

Now, in the company of another GI, we went into some shops and stores, which are owned mainly by barefoot Arabs, and I bought a belt of Moroccan leather and a necklace of woven silver for 150 francs ($3.00). I had supper at the Red Cross snack bar, saw a movie Doughboys in Ireland, and slept at the Weather Station barracks at the Air Base.

The next few days we explored many parts of the city, took camera shots with a small black box camera, bought some spun silver trinkets and spent time at the Red Cross snack bar, where we met several British RAF pilots who just arrived from Gibraltar. They told us that the border guards on the Spanish frontier had been redoubled because of the revolution in Spain between the people and the Franco regime. Franco already lost his support from Germany and Italy and the people, who were in poverty and being killed and were sick of Franco's government.

At the airfield I spent time making reports and conversing with Weather personnel. At 0145 on November 3 our crew took off, flying at 13,000 feet over the Taza Pass of the Atlas Mountains, where we encountered rime ice and were actually freezing. We couldn't land in Oran as they had the bubonic plague and typhoid epidemics. We landed at Maison Blanche, Algiers at 0520. At 0645 we took off but had to return to the field as the airspeed indicator covers were still on and we couldn't gauge our air speed. We took off again at 0700 in heavy rain, across the Mediterranean toward Naples, where there was a cold front storm, tremendous turbulence, heavy rains and visibility zero. It was impossible to get through and we had to turn back, flying south over Sicily, the Mediterranean again and landing finally in Tunis, Tunisia at 1420.

I was exhausted from keeping on top of all the adverse weather systems. Our crew stayed overnight at a transient hotel in El Aouina and I slept from 1600 to 0600 the next morning, 14 hours. We all consolidated our
reports, took off at 0950, flew east over Tripoli, Libya, then north over the Sea of Naples, landing at Capodichino at 1125. We were happy to get back. In the eight days we had logged 3,675 air miles and 24 1/2 hours flying time to our credit.

After turning in all operational reports to Bari Weather Central, I was given a commendation by Air Force Weather Control, which forwarded copies of my weather data plus the commendation to the Air Transport Command, North African Division. That was an honor!

My parents were excellent at writing letters to me and I was fortunate to receive packages from them and from relatives, containing anchovies, sardines, canned fish, pressed chicken and fruitcake. The packages took a beating in transit. I learned that brother Walter (and his outfit) visited Cuba, was honored in Havana by President Batista, went home to R.I. on a short furlough and was sent overseas. His letters came from an APO in England. In December brother Eugene graduated Classical High School, was admitted to Bryant College for February entrance, bought an old contraption car for $45 and sold it weeks later for $75.

Our weather at the Base was rainy and colder and we were glad to be issued winter outfits. We were hard at work integrating our forecasts with Central European war areas as the mud, rain and snow were hampering the Allied Forces from breaking through German lines. Our barracks were terribly cold. Some of the fellows scrounged up a small stove but wood was scarce in southern Italy and we burned anything we could find to keep warm.

While reading or writing on our bunks, we didn't mind the field mice that would look up at you sadly and run up and down the floor like little kids, but we were agitated by large rats that had come to get warm and had been making a mess of our packages. At night, they'd nibble my arm and fingers while I was sleeping. One night, a big rat caught himself in one of our spring traps, woke all of us, running all over the place with the trap on him and yelling not very nice words. We encircled him finally, conked him on the noodle, gave him a lecture and threw him the hell out— just a dirty little Fascist.

The fellows and I spent a day boarding up the shell holes in the walls and open roof. I thought out some foolproof traps made up of three empty oil drums (which we rolled from the debris piles). We filled each drum halfway, put newspaper over it with four slits and held down by stones, hung bent wire
over the middle with bread inducing the evil scourge to jump, fall through and
drown. It was ingenious but we knew that their birth rate was greater than the
fast rate of killing hundreds of them each day. It was a losing battle but at least
our repairs in the barracks allowed us to breathe easier.

DECEMBER
I sent a package home of gift items for family and relatives – caneos, neck-
laces, pins, rings, handkerchiefs and small silver trinkets which I bought in
the many countries I had been in. The Sisterhood of my Temple Beth-Israel
sent me a Chanukah package of candy and utility items and my cousin Molly
(Weinberg) and Jules Goldsmith sent me a year's subscription to Omnibook
magazine, which I really appreciated.

Most of the GIs in our detachment were from New York but a few had
heavy New York accents. In one of the letters to my younger brother, Eugene,
I wrote: "I sointenly am irate when one of the guys, Hoiman (we call him Coily
because he's bald) receives five letters a day from his best goil, Moitle, whom
he's foiently crazy about. I says to him sarcastically, 'Hoiman, have you hoid
from Moit lately?' He says, as he toins around, 'quiet chump!' He tinks he's da
poil of the outfit but we know better. Boy, he literally boins when we call him
'flat-to' and hoils coises at us. We don't like him because he has a noive get-
ting five letters a day, thinks his poil is the only one in the world with coives,
is always raising his verse to us with a soiman for us and poiposely treats
everyone like doit. He don't have a cherce in anything because lately we have
been giving him the proovial boild, and making it poimanent. He'll loim
some day to show moicy but not until he gets hoit hard and shapes up in the
soivice."

We saw the movie Devotion with Olivia de Havilland, Ida Lupino and
Paul Henreid, which was excellent. I visited an old cemetery on one of the hill
slopes near our Base, interspersed with olive trees, and the tomb of the great
singer Caruso. Most of the cemetery was in rubble due to the bombings but
the tomb was intact. On Christmas night another GI and I visited a few Italian
families in Naples and brought them soap, cigarettes and candy and made the
children happy. They went crazy over the candy and gum. Easter, not
Christmas, is the most important holiday in Italy. After becoming high on
cognac and vermouth, we wished everyone a Buona Natale and danced with
some Italian girls at the Service Club.

At 5 AM the Neapolitans gave a parade on the wide Via Roma with all the trimmings and people dancing in colorful dress. The music was not too great. Everybody seemed happy that the war was easing up, somewhat.

All Allied troops were alerted that the Huns were dropping parachutists in American uniforms behind our lines. If they couldn't answer the question "Do you have a gift of gab?" they'd be shot at once. We were distrustful of everyone, everywhere, always.

"How is Gene and where is he these trying days - is he thru his training? I wrote 2 letters to Walter and he hasn't answered in a month. Where is he now? I'll write to Aunt Rose - but I'm busy and all over, with 62 headaches and don't find time to write anyone. We turned in our rifles and ammunition and keeping just the machine guns for a while. Things are improving little by little in Italy. Please take care. May I have a good vacation in Maine or the vote. My love to you always!!! Write! Your loving Son, Donald"
Albert at age 10 in uniform made by Henry
FOR RUSSELL:  
MY STORY,  
PART II  

HENRY SILVERSTEIN

The Silverstein family’s contented and comfortable life in Graz was suddenly turned upside down in March 1938, when Germany invaded Austria. While it is tempting to dwell on the suffering and evil found in the second part of Henry’s narrative, it is necessary to acknowledge much kindly and righteous behavior. In the following passages selected and lightly edited by Henry and Pepi’s son, Albert, no sense of bitterness is revealed. Indeed, the Silversteins continued to celebrate their rescue and rebirth through deepened commitments to family, Jewish community, and humankind. Their lives were made whole again.

PLANS TO ESCAPE
Almost immediately uniformed troopers- S.A.(brownshirts) and S.S.(black-shirts)- started to picket all Jewish stores. They carried huge signs reading J E W S and no one dared to cross such a picket line. A week later, four uniformed thugs came into the store and told us that our store is herewith confiscated and will be run by one of them, the “Cleansing Commissar.” We would be receiving a weekly minimum wage allowance (which was kept up for two weeks) and we had better not come near the store again! Since we were still Polish citizens, we called the Polish Embassy and were politely told that we were not the only ones in that boat, but that Poland is in no position to go to war with Germany on our behalf. They also advised us (off the record) to get out of the country as soon as possible.

We immediately wrote to my wife’s brother, Harry, and my sister, Frieda, to ask for help in coming to the USA, and received the necessary documents to fill out by return mail. We registered immediately with the US Embassy in Vienna for emigration visas and were told that because we were all born in Poland and the Polish immigration quota was so small it would
take at least a year before we could get those visas. We knew what had been happening to Jews in Germany and were now faced with the problem of finding a place where we could live safely for that time.

The place to look seemed to be Vienna, which was the nerve center of the country. Kurt, my brother-in-law, had two sisters living there and he went to look for such a refuge. One had to be very careful and selective because in such desperate situations there are immediately plenty of con-artists coming out of the woodwork to take your money and leave you holding the bag.

To add insult to injury, we also received an expulsion notice from the Graz Police Headquarters, telling us that we were no longer welcome to live there, since our presence is detrimental to the general population. I keep this notice as a souvenir because it is specifically addressed to each of the three of us by name, along with the dates and places of our birth. This shows that our son, Albert, was two and a half years old at the time.

Kurt Engel finally found a ranking official at the Embassy of Barbados who was willing to issue entry visas (for a price) to people with emigration papers like those we had for the USA. So we scraped together all the money we could lay our hands on and I was to meet Kurt the following day at the apartment of my wife’s cousins and then go together to the Barbados Embassy to get the visas. But fate had quite different plans in store for us.

**KRISTALLNACHT**
That night in November of 1938, when I took an overnight train to Vienna from Graz, was the infamous “Night of Broken Glass.” The Nazis burned and smashed all Synagogues in the Reich and arrested tens of thousands of Jewish men, brutalized them and shipped many to concentration camps in Germany and Austria. The excuse for this outrage was the shooting of a German diplomat in Paris by a Jewish teenager, but the plan had been in place for many months.

When I left our apartment that fateful night, everything was nice and quiet in our world, and I did not know what had happened until I phoned the cousin to tell her I was coming over to meet Kurt to go to the Barbados
Embassy. She told me what had happened over night and warned me not to come because their apartment was being watched and people were being rounded up and arrested right and left. They had personally been exempted because her husband was an important official with the Jewish Agency, which was responsible for running all Jewish affairs in the city. Needless to say I was stunned by what I heard and at a loss as to what to do. But I decided return to Graz immediately and find out what happened to our families.

As I started to go up to the train departures tracks located upstairs, two plainclothes policemen stopped me and showed me their Gestapo ID cards. They asked me if I was Jewish and after I answered yes they asked me where I was running to. I told them I was merely trying to go back home and showed them my return ticket to Graz. I also showed them other documents showing I really lived in Graz. They did not know what to do with me because they had orders to prevent anyone from escaping from Vienna. They finally decided to take me to their headquarters and let them decide. I was about to learn firsthand how the German Justice System works.

The Gestapo had converted a seven story plush hotel to their headquarters. There I was interrogated by two different officials for many hours and accused of all kinds of crimes, from which I could choose any one or more as long as I was willing to sign a confession. That was how it happened that every one of the arrested thousands and thousand of Jews wound up with a criminal record. I, however, refused to confess and sign anything at all and kept repeating that I only wanted to go home to see what happened to my family.

I cannot remember exactly how long they continued to try to break me down to confess. But suddenly they decided to strip and search me completely. Lo and behold, they found an American ten dollar bill which my sister had sent me as a Bar Mitzvah present years ago, and I had kept it as a good luck charm in a secret compartment of my billfold ever since. This discovery gave them the cause to charge me with attempted foreign currency smuggling.

I was immediately sentenced to "re-schooling," which consisted of being taken to the top floor of the building, given a bucket and scrub brush and told to scrub the entire staircase, from the seventh floor to the basement. On each floor I had to change the water and to use my overcoat as a mop. There were two uniformed S.A. men on each side of me kicking me constantly
for not doing a good enough job or being too slow or just for the fun of it. I must have passed out for I only remember getting down to the third floor. So the remaining steps must have remained dirty.

The next thing I remember is waking up, it seemed days later, and aching all over my body. I asked where I was and was told that I was in a holding cell in one the finer of Vienna’s City Prisons. There were about a hundred more inmates in similar conditions. Luckily, there was also a Jewish doctor who was caught in the roundup who tended to our wounds and ills with whatever he could find in the infirmary, which was opened by one of the OLD prison guards (evidently not a Nazi) at great risk to himself. All of the inmates who were still here were either caught after the concentration camps had been filled or, as in my case, “unfit for transportation.” I found this remark written on the outside of the folder holding my criminal record when I was finally released about six weeks later. That old prison guard turned out to be my guardian angel, protecting me from the Gestapo whenever he knew they were coming to raid his prison to fill more vacancies in the camps by giving me vital kitchen duties after my ribs had healed somewhat.

Meanwhile my wife had become frantic! She had phoned her cousin in Vienna who told her of our conversation and of my intention to go back to Graz. And they deduced from this that I had probably been caught and had landed in a concentration camp or, if lucky, in one of the city prisons. There were quite a few Jews who were killed in that action. So she and her sister, Claire, packed up what they could carry and came with their children to Vienna. My wife moved in with her cousin and Claire with one of Kurt’s sisters. While my wife was lucky enough to locate me in one of Vienna’s city prisons, Claire found out that her husband was caught while trying to cross the German border into Belgium and he was shipped to the Dachau concentration camp.

One of my wife’s cousins had a daughter working for a foreign service organization. This cousin told her daughter that she would have to furnish me with some document proving that I could get out of the country at once in order to get me released from prison. This daughter also told her where she could get such a document (a passage to Shanghai) for a price.

Luckily, Pepi (my wife) had also met an old friend from her hometown whom the Nazis had overlooked and who still had his lucrative import business.
He offered financial assistance and thus it happened that I received that passage in my prison mail and I showed it to the reviewing Gestapo officer at their very next raid of the jail. He ordered my release and told me to leave the country within 48 hours or else! That was on Christmas Eve of 1938. After more than six weeks as a jailbird I could walk the streets free.

I naturally went straight to my wife's cousin's apartment and saw Peopi and our son after what had seemed to be an eternity. I also found out what I had suspected, that my passage to Shanghai was a forgery, and it only served the purpose of obtaining my release from prison.

ATTEMPTED ESCAPES TO SWITZERLAND AND POLAND
We decided to try to smuggle ourselves into one of the refugee camps in Switzerland, and dressed up as skiers. We traveled by train to the Swiss border where a professional border guide was supposed to meet and take us over the border. However, he did not show up, and when we tried to cross over on our own, we were caught by Swiss border guards and forced to return to Austria. We were lucky that the Austrian border guards let us return to Vienna, since anyone caught trying unsuccessfully to cross a border was sent to a concentration camp. But the fact that we were a family of three with return tickets in our possession probably saved us from that fate.

While I had been in prison I learned that only the arresting agency can obtain a person's release from prison. So before we tried our luck as ski tourists we had bought another forged Shanghai passage and dispatched Claire to Aachen, the German/Belgian frontier town where Kurt was arrested, and she was able to get him released a short time later.

When we returned to Vienna from the Swiss border, I became so desperate to get out of the country that I decided to smuggle myself into Poland! I found out that there was a border town between the German coal-mining province of Silesia and Poland, where Polish miners crossed the border after each work shift. One could, for a fee and a passport photo, get an identification card and easily blend in with the traffic during a shift change, and I went for it.

However, when I got there I was informed that the entire operation had to be put on hold because of an incident in which a Polish smuggler had shot a German border guard. I tried to weather out the situation and found
refuge with the brother of one of my sisters-in-law, who happened to live in a nearby town with his family. This man had been partially disabled during World War I and was a highly decorated veteran, so he still had some kind of immunity from the Nazis. But after staying there for over a week, I found out that the entire smuggling operation had to be abandoned, so I decided to return to Vienna and “face the music.”

MY ESCAPE TO ENGLAND

Upon my return, I heard that there was a possibility of creating a refugee camp in England just for people needing temporary shelter, such as we were. I went to register for this project and found confirmation that indeed such a camp was being prepared in Kent, designed to hold 3,000 men eventually and that Austria was to get 1,000 of the entry visas. (At that time, the Nazis were still mainly arresting men.) By the time the project became a reality there were over 10,000 Austrian applicants for the visas, so the agency in charge begged the English commission to send a revue board to pick the lucky 1,000 to prevent riots from erupting. And so it happened that Kurt and I were standing in line waiting to be called before that commission, and I was the lucky one to get a visa and Kurt was rejected.

Kurt ultimately found space on an illegal transport ship and landed in Palestine. Claire followed him on the same route after sending Jossi to unknown foster parents in Sweden. But her ship got frozen in at a Romanian port for weeks and she narrowly missed being infected by a typhus epidemic that broke out on shipboard. Eventually, however, she got to Palestine and was reunited with Kurt.

I had to spend the last few weeks before my departure for England in hiding. I used my wife's friend's business which was located in the basement of an apartment house. I would go there just before closing time, pretending to be a customer looking at merchandise and remain there after he closed for the night. Finally, our transport train for England left on 31 March, 1939, and all 495 of us breathed a sigh of relief after crossing the German-Belgian border. But we really began to feel free and rejoiced when we were on English soil the next day.

The port authorities gave us all some kind of a throat test, which about a dozen men and I did not pass. We were all sent to a hospital located on one
of the “White Cliffs of Dover” for observation and further tests. After ten days, during which I gained at least 15 pounds, we got our health clearance and could join our group at the Kitchener Camp, named after the famous English General and located near the town of Sandwich in Kent.

This camp had been used during World War I as a staging area and abandoned after the war. It was now being rehabilitated as a refugee camp. When we arrived, there were only two huts ready for occupation, barely enough to house us. It became our first job to rehabilitate the rest with great speed, since the situation for the Jews in Germany and Austria grew worse by the minute.

I immediately contacted all available social agencies, trying to bring my wife and son over to England, but I was not the only one trying to do that. And there was a lot of red tape to deal with. Luckily, my nephew Joszi already lived in London, and he had a girlfriend working for one of the social service organizations there. She not only helped me with the red tape, but also advised me to advertise in the daily newspapers to look for a job for Pepi as a housekeeper or domestic helper.

And so it came to pass that a few days later a couple of distinguished old ladies came to our camp and asked to see me. They had misunderstood my ad and thought that Pepi was me. They were prepared to give her the job and take her along immediately. With the help of an interpreter I was able to clear up the misunderstanding and explain to them our plight and the dangerous situation. They agreed to apply to their Interior Ministry for a permit to hire a domestic helper from Austria. But they had to advertise for such a helper for three consecutive weeks to prove that they could not get one in England. They also told me that they could not take a child into their house as part of the arrangement, but I assured them that I would find foster parents for our child.

Originally, I intended to find a place where my wife could keep our child with her, but these two ladies made such a good impression on me that I was convinced Pepi would be treated well there. So I went the extra mile to find a foster home for Albert. As it turned out, they treated Pepi like a daughter and even fasted with her on the next Yom Kippur, though they were devout Protestants. Their names were Esther and Elizabeth Garbutt, and they lived in a lovely seaside resort town named Worthing in Sussex. They also volunteered to pay our passage from England to the USA in order to speed up our depart-
ture, because crossing the Atlantic became more dangerous every day. When we came to America, we reciprocated by sending them food packages every week after the Germans began to bomb England on a daily basis.

Finding foster parents for Albert was relatively easy. The first agency I contacted had one of its volunteers come to see me and he offered me two homes to choose from. One of these was with wealthy people in London who would hire a nanny. The other was with middle-class working people who had ten children, but only four still lived at home. The volunteer’s name was Tom Osbourne and he said he could personally vouch for this second family, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Walsh, who lived in his town, Southall in Middlesex. He was sure they would treat our child like their own. So I took his advice and they turned out to be truly wonderful human beings.

The Walshes lived with three of their daughters—Mary, Doris and Velma—and their son Arthur in a lovely two storey townhouse with a front and backyard, a little similar to the house we live in now. Their other children were married and we never met them, except for their son Albert, who was in the army and stationed in Palestine at the moment (and whom they renamed “Big” Albert when he came home on leave). We have been in contact with the surviving Walshes all this time and still exchange correspondence with Arthur.

**ALBERT AND PEPI ARRIVE**

By the latter part of July 1939, my wife informed me that Albert would be coming to England with “The Kinder Transport,” a project designed to rescue Jewish children from Germany and Austria. You might be able to imagine my excitement and joy when I met him upon his arrival at the Liverpool Street railway station in London! I was the only parent lucky enough to be present to meet a child on this train and to bring his child to his prospective foster home. All the other children were taken by social workers to their destinations.

Mr. & Mrs. Walsh and all their children were overjoyed to meet “Little”
Albert when I brought him to their house, but my joy started to diminish when I realized that Albert did not speak any English and that none of the Walshes understood German. I began to wonder how they would be able to communicate. However, Albert was so tired from the journey that we put him to bed right away.

Albert shared a room with Arthur and there was no room for me to stay there. So I was invited to stay overnight with the Osbourne family. I went back to the Walsh house the next morning and Mr. Walsh told me that Albert cried a lot when he did not see me when he woke up. But they managed to calm him down and he had scrambled eggs and milk for breakfast and was now playing with Velma in the backyard. Mr. Walsh also advised me that it might be better if I did not show myself to Albert again, otherwise he probably would begin crying again when I had to leave for camp.

I decided to observe him playing in the yard through the kitchen window for a while. Soon he asked Velma for wasser and she did not understand him. I was about to interfere when I noticed that he grabbed her hand and pulled her toward the kitchen door. So I ducked into one of the bedrooms, and sure enough he pulled Velma into the kitchen and pointed to the faucet and asked her for wasser again. Now she understood and I felt much better seeing how kids could be inventive and get along so easily.

I kept on observing them for the rest of the morning from a distance while Mr. Walsh asked me about Albert's likes and dislikes of food and other things. Mr. Walsh was the housekeeper of the family, being on a disability pension, while Mrs. Walsh and the two older daughters worked in a nearby candy factory. Arthur was in school that day while Velma stayed at home to play with Albert and help get him adjusted. The next day it was Arthur who had Velma's job of playing with Albert and teaching him English words, especially the meanings for foods.
About five weeks later Pepi finally arrived in London and I again got permission to leave the camp and went to meet her at the railroad station. But I could not find her, although I looked at every face in that crowd. She had volunteered to be a chaperon on one of the Kinder transport trains from Austria, and there was a lot of commotion at the station. But I finally recognized her voice and we met at last. She had lost a lot of weight and I had gained a lot and we did not recognize each other. It was pretty late when we finally got away from the station and all the children were safely headed for their destinations.

We stayed in London in a room which my nephew Joszi’s landlady rented us. We had a reunion with him and his mother whom he was lucky enough to have gotten out of Vienna only a couple of weeks earlier. Luckiest of all was Pepi’s escape, for exactly one week after her arrival— September 1— war broke out and no one could get out of Austria. Her train was the last of the Kinder transports to leave.

The next morning we took a train to Southall to see Albert and had another big surprise. Albert could speak ONLY English and could not understand his own mother since she knew only a few words of English at that time. However, he did recognize her and went straight to her handbag to see what she had brought for him. It is now 55 years since all this happened but I still get all choked up trying to describe how we felt at that time. I cannot remember whether we did more crying or rejoicing. I do remember, however, that the entire Walsh family was at home and they all laughed and cried with us all day long. The same thing happened during our monthly visits until we were ready to leave for the USA in June of 1940.

The next day we went by motor coach from London to Worthing for a meeting with the Garbutt sisters. They greeted Pepi like a long-lost daughter and had bought a German-English dictionary to help them bridge the language barrier. I was very happy seeing Pepi reciprocating their kindness and feeling at ease with them. I stayed with them overnight but had to leave for camp the next morning. I was sure I had left my wife in very good hands.
KITCHENER CAMP

Life in our camp was almost like that in any army camp, except that there was a tremendous spirit of cooperation, with everybody working almost feverishly toward the same goal: to rebuild the barracks speedily and make room for more men who would have the chance to try to rescue their loved ones in great danger. When the camp was completed it held almost 1,000 more men than it was designed for, and the majority were successful. Among the late arrivals were my brother Max's son, Otto, and his brother-in-law, Joseph. The latter was too late to rescue his wife and child, who perished along with the remaining Jews of Graz. Graz had become the first Austrian city to be completely "cleansed" of Jews.

Our camp also was helpful in many other ways, such as the transfer and updating of emigration documents from America and other final destinations for our counterparts in London. There were professional language classes in English, French, Spanish and Hebrew. There was an agricultural school, where we grew our own vegetables, for those who intended to go to Palestine. Since I grew up on a vegetable farm, I volunteered to work at that school and was promptly promoted to foreman. I kept up with my English classes at night too.

However, after several months on that job, stooping most of the time in that foggy and damp weather on the English coast, I wound up in our camp hospital with a bad case of lumbago. This was a lower-back malady with pain radiating into my legs. After several weeks of treatment with anti-inflammatory drugs and heat, I was still not much improved. I got a medical discharge from the camp and was then placed in a hostel in London, which was also maintained by the Jewish Agency. There I remained until we emigrated to America.

My conditions started to improve almost as soon I arrived in London and I experienced only occasional flare-ups during the following decades. It started bothering me again more frequently as I grew older and it does not seem to want to leave me now.

MY STORY: SILVERSTEIN

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TO AMERICA
In early May of 1940 we were invited to come to the American Embassy for medical and other examinations, and we received our emigration visas to enter the USA. With the help of my wife’s employers we were able to buy passage on a ship leaving early in June. The exact sailing date was kept a secret. Later we were told to report to the Cunard Line office in Liverpool by June 8. The three of us met at one of London’s railroad stations for our departure. Pepi came with both Garbutt sisters and the entire Walsh family brought Albert, who only agreed to come with us after the Walshes promised to follow us on the next available boat!

Although we had visited him at least once a month since my wife’s arrival in England, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh had become his Gramp and Granny and his attachment to them was very deep. We visited them several times after the war, and Albert went to see them on his honeymoon in 1957, though Amos Walsh had died by then.

On June 10, 1940, Pepi’s birthday, we started our voyage to the US on a lovely ship named Britannic. Among its passengers on that trip was the Governor General of Canada, who was protected by an armada of British warships. Albert was thrilled by the sight of the destroyers from the deck. After several emergency drills (U-boats were in the vicinity) we stopped at Halifax, Nova Scotia and then landed in New York on June 21, 1940.

Pepi had not seen her oldest brother, Harry, since 1918, and I had not seen my only sister for the same length of time, but we had no trouble recognizing them at the pier. My sister, Frieda, and her husband, Jack, took us with great pride in their beautiful new Pontiac to their home in Beachurst, Long Island, where they had prepared bedrooms for us in their lovely house and where we stayed until we left for Florida in early December. We became instant celebrities in the neighborhood and were very warmly welcomed by relatives, friends and neighbors who came to the house to greet us over the weekend.

Pepi’s brother, Harry, who lived in Brooklyn and had a small grocery store, also came to see us. We met his wife and two sons for the first time and on that occasion he told me that he had found a job for me with one of his customers and that I could start to work there the very next day. However, it turned out that that I had to spend about two hours traveling each way, riding
on three different buses, providing I did not miss a bus connection.

I worked there for about a week and then, while waiting for a bus connection in Jamaica, Queens, which was about half way to Brooklyn, I noticed a similar place of business. So I went in and asked the owner if he could use a helper and he said yes. And I walked out with a new job to start the following week with about half the traveling time and making more money to boot. I had made 50 cents an hour in Brooklyn and now got 60 cents an hour.

Everybody we met was very pleasantly surprised that we were able to speak English, and that fact gave us the confidence we needed to start a new life in our new country. However, the skies of our future began to darken a few days later when Albert suddenly took sick. And our future became bleak when his condition worsened and he was diagnosed as having rheumatic fever. Harry's family doctor got him admitted to the Mt. Sinai Hospital in Brooklyn and they did all they could to help him there. But the consensus was that only one thing would help him get well and outgrow that condition: we had to move to a warm climate like Florida or Arizona. Both places sounded like being on the moon! We also realized that we could not possibly accomplish all that on our own.

**RELOCATION TO FLORIDA**

We had tried to accomplish our relocation on our own, but that was not possible and neither side of our family was able to help us financially. We needed the help of an organization which had the means and the know-how to help. I was very lucky to find such an organization in New York called the United Service for New Americans, a predecessor to the United Jewish Appeal and the Jewish Federation, as we know them now. After checking all the facts and medical reports, the USNA agreed to try to resettle us in Florida, which was no small task, especially since Albert could not walk on his own and had to be carried.

So we began our journey into the unknown future on December 9, 1940 at the old Penn Station in New York. Pepi and Albert were provided with Pullman accommodations and I rode in the coach section of the train. When we arrived the next morning in Jacksonville, we were greeted by the local representative and taken to a hotel for rest so that Albert would not become too fatigued. We were treated like celebrities by the local delegation. They chaper-
oned us constantly, especially by the head of the delegation, Mrs. Myerson, who owned a beautiful jewelry store in town and who was exceptionally kind.

We had assumed that we were headed for Miami, but Mrs. Myerson advised us strongly not to go there, where we would be just another number. She suggested instead that we try Daytona Beach, where they had just successfully resettled another Jewish family from Germany and where we would be treated as individuals and have a much better chance to succeed. But if we should for any reason not like Daytona, the committee would move us on to Miami or any other place in Florida.

And so it happened that on December 13, 1940 we arrived in Daytona Beach and were very warmly welcomed by Israel Polanski and Betty Stamm who, with her husband and young son, had been resettled there recently. The Stamms had a secondhand clothing business and were happy and prospering in Daytona.

I remember clearly that it was a warm and sunny day and that we just left a train that had about six inches of snow on its rooftop. We began to feel good and welcome after we were taken to our furnished apartment and found that a pot of chicken soup with noodles had been prepared for us. I gladly accepted the invitation to come to the synagogue that very evening for prayers and to meet some members of the congregation. I somehow had the urge to say thank you and to pray for a bright future and a speedy recovery for Albert.

That very same evening we had a surprise house call. A young Canadian physician named Morris Seltzer who had opened a practice about a year earlier was told of our situation and he volunteered his services free of charge! After examining Albert thoroughly, he assured us that our son would be well soon and that all he needed was good climate, rest and proper care, and that he should be able to start school by next fall. Dr. Seltzer continued his house calls daily for the first week, then continued on a weekly and finally a monthly basis until Albert was well enough to start to go to grade school that very next fall.

Israel Polanski took me to a men's clothing store the day after our arrival and I started work there as a salesman on the spot. It was the week before Christmas so there was plenty to do. However, it was a foregone conclusion that I would not be able to support our family from such wages and therefore would have to go into some kind of business.
After the holidays we had a strategy meeting with the local committee and decided to apply to the resettlement agency for an interest-free loan to help finance a business venture. We invested the loan into buying a second-hand pickup truck and suddenly I was in the dry cleaning business, and doing rather nicely! But the nicest part of that time was that Albert gradually felt better and better and was able to walk again. We were able to register him for school in the fall.

As we began to prosper and compared our life in Florida with what we saw in New York and Brooklyn, we began to influence my sister and Pepř’s brother to come down and join us so we should not be without family and they would find a better way of life. I don’t think that it took us more than a couple of years before we had our loan repaid and my sister and Pepř’s brother and their families were settled comfortably in businesses of their own. And we had a large family.

After paying off our loan we were able to become contributors to the UJA as it was called then, and I also volunteered to raise funds from others for that worthy cause. Eventually I also became a member of the local board of directors. I still work in that dual capacity today, and I don’t think that it is sheer coincidence that Albert has been a volunteer for that organization for many years now.

Daytona Beach proved to be good for us in many other ways too. Albert’s health continued to improve steadily and by the time he was 11 he began to play tennis, which became his favorite pastime. On April 6, 1946, we became naturalized American citizens and I became legally known as Henry Silverstein.

After the war, another highlight occurred when Pepř’s brother, Joseph Doliner, and his recent wife, Asia, joined us here. Joe had been married to Asia’s older sister and they had an infant son. He was in the Polish army when the Nazis invaded Poland and he somehow
managed to escape to Russia and worked in Siberia. After the war he was repatriated to Poland and went to their hometown. But he found no survivors from his whole family.

On his way to the American Zone of Germany he happened to see and recognize Asia on a street in a German-Polish town. She was the only survivor of her entire family. Since she was blond and spoke fluent Polish, she could pass as a Gentile and had fled to Warsaw with false papers.

Joe somehow managed to hold on to my sister’s address in New York, where I had written to my in-laws before I left for England. I told them that this would be our destination if we were lucky enough to get out in time. And this helped him to track us all the way to Daytona, where he found us in a position to sponsor them to join us here. Pepi and her brother Harry traveled to New York to pick them up at the pier after they landed. They came to Daytona the next day and we all danced for joy. And while we celebrated we also began to teach them English and the mechanics of our business and after a few weeks we made them partners.

After Albert’s school closed for the next summer, we left Joe and Asia to run the store by themselves and we took off for Washington, D.C. We not only wanted to see our National Capitol, but also to lobby our Congressional delegation for emigration papers for Kurt and Claire Engel so that they too could join us. By that time they had already gotten Jossi back from Sweden and were struggling to make a living in Palestine. We came back with only vague promises of help, but the next January (1948) the Engels arrived in Daytona Beach.

Now all those who were left of our family were reunited and we were overjoyed. Since we were already partners in our luggage and leather goods store with Joe and Asia, we settled on the Engels starting a store of their own, which sold gifts and souvenirs. Our arrangement with Joe and Asia lasted until we retired in 1984.

ALBERT’S EDUCATION, CAREER AND FAMILY
Another highlight in our life and family began when
Albert was smart and lucky enough to choose to go to Cornell University after he graduated from high school. There he met and, after graduation, married a lovely girl named Myrna. And we could not help but also fall in love with her from the moment we laid eyes on her, and our love for her only grew over the years. She surely did her share to make us a loving and caring family, and for this we are thankful every day and sometimes even in our dreams.

After graduating from Cornell, they both went to Yale for masters degrees: Albert in psychology and Myrna in teaching English. And from there they crossed the continent to Berkeley, where Albert enrolled in the University of California's Ph.D. program. Myrna, meanwhile, was trained by IBM to become a systems analyst. So while Albert was studying human and animal behavior and statistics, Myrna was installing IBM systems into places like Pacific Gas and Electric, the University of California and the Livermore Radiation Labs. They both worked very hard during their five years there, but also took time to enjoy the scenic beauties of the area and the cultural life of San Francisco. They felt like they were living in a fairyland. They said that theaters, concerts and restaurants cost about half of what they did in New York, but by now this difference has disappeared. Busy as they were, they still had time to have their first child, Elisa, whom they always call their "Berkeley baby." Pepi and I were able to visit at least once every year while they were there.
Albert finished his dissertation on memory and forgetting and was awarded his degree in August of 1963. As much as they loved the San Francisco Bay area, both Albert and Myrna were eager to come back East and be nearer to family, and we naturally applauded that decision. Several job offers came Albert’s way, some in the Northeast, and the one they both found most attractive was at the University of Rhode Island in Kingston. The psychology department was just beginning its graduate program, so Albert would be in on the ground floor of that development.

Albert and Myrna were enchanted with Rhode Island’s countryside and Narragansett Bay. Our children could also take advantage of the culture in Boston and New York and enjoy the scenery in rural New England. Best of all, they were now much closer both to us and to Myrna’s family who lived on Long Island.

Although the city of Providence in those days had fallen on hard times, it did have a vigorous Jewish community, an immediate source of satisfaction for Albert and Myrna. The Jewish Federation was pushing at that time to install a Hillel Foundation at URI and Albert was pleased to get involved. He became the first president of its board of directors. He also soon became involved in Federation affairs, soliciting funds for the annual drive, joining the Community Relations Council and eventually becoming an area vice president. Myrna and some of her friends founded a chapter of Hadassah in Kingston. There was no year-round congregation where they lived, so they eventually joined one in Newport, another place that made living in Rhode Island so wonderful for them.

I’m going to brag some more about my family. Over the years, Albert advanced his research career with a number of publications, headed the University Honors colloquium, was promoted to associate and then to full professor and took several sabbatical leaves.

Albert and Myrna had two more children, Russell in 1965 and Jonathan in 1970. When the children got older, Myrna went back to graduate school in Albert’s department and got her own Ph.D. in school psychology. A position opened up right in the South Kingstown School Department and she has worked there ever since, helping children in trouble. I have heard that she has been enormously successful.

It has been a wonderful treat for Pepi and me coming up to Rhode
Island over the years. There is always something new to see and wonderful to do. Watching our family grow and prosper and become more deeply part of the Jewish community has been a real treat for us, especially once we retired.

LOOKING BACK

It was by no means my intention to write so much. I only meant to write two or three pages to add some personal history to our family tree which Russell asked me for. But I could not seem to stop once I started and I surprised myself because I have never done anything like this before.

Looking back over all these years, I am happy to say that in spite of the many hardships we had to endure, we never gave up faith in humanity and we still firmly believe that it is important to reach out and help others wherever help is needed and to “love thy neighbor.”

Editor’s note: Henry and Pepi Silverstein continued their annual visits to Rhode Island and to rendezvous with us for annual family reunion vacations through 1998, the year of Pepi’s death. Henry continued this tradition until his death in 2001. The family reunion vacations continue, honoring their memory.

Albert + Myrna’s wedding, June 16, 1957
THREE NEW WORLD SYNAGOGUES: SYMBOLS OF TOLERATION, PRIDE, AND CONTINUITY

BARRY STIEFEL + GEORGE M. GOODWIN

If only the past stood still! This article offers one more perspective on Touro Synagogue, a structure whose historical importance bears no relation to its actual size. Indeed, within the context of Newport, Touro seems dwarfed by the Chinese teahouse at The Marble House and the children's playhouse at The Breakers.

Barry Stiefel, a native of Ann Arbor, Michigan, was a Bar Mitzvah and a Confrimand at Temple Beth Emeth. He earned his bachelor's in environmental policy at Michigan State University, a graduate certificate in historic preservation at Eastern Michigan University, and a master's in urban planning at the University of Michigan. Presently a doctoral student in historic preservation at Tulane University, Barry is writing a dissertation on the history and preservation of synagogues in the Atlantic world. This past summer he studied synagogues in Curacao, St. Eustatius, and Suriname. Barry is employed as a preservation historian for ASM Affiliates, a cultural resource management firm in Southern California.

What could three synagogues in Brazil, the United States, and Canada have in common? Yes, Recife, Newport, and Victoria are ports, and all have sheltered tiny Jewish communities. Only two of the communities were established by Sephardic Jews, however. While only two of the congregations exist today, neither is Sephardic.

The synagogues in Recife, Newport, and Victoria share the distinction of being the oldest in each country. Indeed, they are the only Jewish houses of worship in those countries surviving from a colonial past. Furthermore, the preservation, designation, and use of these three synagogues have made them national and international symbols of Jewish continuity and the importance of
historic preservation.

The oldest of the sister synagogues is Kahal Kadosh Zur Israel (Holy Congregation Rock of Israel) in Recife. Built in 1640 by Sephardim in the Dutch colony of Brazil, it was the first synagogue erected in the Americas. Used for only fourteen years, it was abandoned to the Portuguese with their reconquest of the colony in 1654. The synagogue site was designated a National Monument in 1998, and an archaeological excavation followed. Both Jewish and governmental authorities were responsible for this preservation project.

The second synagogue, commonly known as Touro, was completed in 1763 by Sephardic Jews in the British colony of Rhode Island. This occurred more than a century after Kahal Kadosh Zur Israel had ceased to exist. Congregation Jeshuat Israel (Salvation of Israel) still exists, but it has not done so continuously since the building's completion. The structure, which was designated a National Historic Site in 1946, is the oldest synagogue extant in North America.

The youngest of the three synagogues, Congregation Emanu-El in Victoria, was built in 1863, a century after Touro. This congregation, founded by Ashkenazi immigrants in another British colony, is the oldest synagogue extant in Canada and is in continuing use. It was designated a National Historic Site in 1979.

The purposes of this article are threefold: to understand how these sister synagogues were preserved, how they were designated historic sites, and what such designations have meant locally, nationally, and internationally. Through a comparative approach, Touro Synagogue can be seen in a much sharper focus.

NATIONAL HISTORIC PRESERVATION MOVEMENTS
The modern concept of historic preservation derives from the 18th-century study of antiquities. Examples include the early excavations of Herculaneum and Pompeii in Italy, the Giza plateau during Napoleon's expedition in Egypt, and Eugène E. Viollet-le-Duc's studies of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. Typically, historic preservation has celebrated the wealthy and powerful, be they secular or religious authorities or a combination of both.
UNITED STATES
The preservation movement in the United States began in the 19th century with efforts to save historic places of patriotic significance, such as Independence Hall, in 1816, and Mount Vernon, in 1853. These early preservation efforts were private endeavors, led and financed by volunteers. The federal government’s first official act of preservation took place in 1889, when Congress voted to erect a protective pavilion over the 14th-century Casa Grande ruin in Arizona.

The 1906 Antiquities Act was the first law protecting historic, prehistoric, and scientific features of federal lands. It authorized the president to designate historic and natural resources as National Monuments. The 1916 National Park Service Act established the U.S. National Park Service, which is currently responsible for administering the federal government’s historic preservation programs, such as National Historic Sites and the National Register of Historic Places.

The National Trust for Historic Preservation, a private organization chartered by Congress, was founded in 1949. It owns and operates its own historic building-museums, often with local organizations, and promotes preservation awareness.

The most significant historic preservation legislation in the United States was the National Historic Preservation Act of 1966, which defined the roles and responsibilities of historic preservation for federal, state, and local governments and agencies. This legislation also created the National Historic Landmarks and National Register of Historic Places programs and led to the Secretary of the Interior’s Standards for the Treatment of Historic Properties and related activities.

In 1978, in a landmark case, Penn Central Transportation Company vs. New York City, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the legality of the city’s historic preservation ordinance, which restricted a private property owner from demolishing or significantly altering a historic building. In a 1990 case, St. Bartholomew vs. New York City, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that religious organizations are also subject to preservation ordinances and that such regulations are not violations of their freedom of religion.
CANADA
In the Dominion of Canada, historic preservation is known as “heritage conservation” (a term commonly used in Europe). It began in 1872 with the protection of Québec City’s fortifications. In 1919, Parliament established the Historic Sites and Monuments Board as an advisory council for government heritage conservation programs. Due to the decentralized structure of Canada’s federal government, heritage conservation law did not develop as rapidly at the national level as it did in the United States.
In 1956, Québec was the first province to create a heritage designation program. Heritage conservation also became strongest in Québec due to the province’s affirmation of its French colonial past. Buildings, like language, fired the political separatist movement of the Parti Québécois, which came to power in 1976. Partially as a reaction against Québec’s separatist movement, many provinces established heritage programs.
In 1970, the federal government established the Canadian Inventory of Historic Buildings. Three years later it established Heritage Canada to administer it and other federally-sponsored conservation programs related to culture and the environment. Heritage Canada is now a department within the Ministry of Canadian Heritage and Status of Women.
In 2001, the Canadian Register of Historic Places, the Standards and Guidelines for the Conservation of Historic Places in Canada, and the Historic Places Initiative were established as a federal-provincial collaboration of heritage conservation programs. These programs mirror America’s National Register of Historic Places, the Secretary of the Interior’s Standards, and historic preservation tax-credit programs.

BRAZIL
Compared to the United States and Canada, historic preservation in Brazil started very differently. Brazil’s interest in preserving its own material past began in 1922 with the centennial celebration of its independence from Portugal and the founding of the National Historical Museum in Rio de Janeiro. The Inspectorship of National Monuments was established through the Constitution of 1934, and the historic mining town of Ouro Preto received the first designation. It was intended to symbolize Brazil’s economic progress, an image eagerly sought by the national government.
In 1937, after instituting his New State (Estado Novo) regime, the dictator Getúlio Vargas created the Institute for National Artistic and Historical Heritage (IPHAN). At first highly regulated, IPHAN was often used to transmit government propaganda. IPHAN presently surveys, protects, and proposes national policies pertaining to the preservation of significant Brazilian monuments and architecture. In 1985, IPHAN and several other culture-related institutions were placed within the Ministry of Culture. This reorganization coincided with a return to civilian rule, after 21 years of another dictatorship.

Some of Brazil's four constitutions enacted during the 20th century have granted greater autonomy to state and municipal governments, allowing for the creation of preservation programs. This has been especially evident in the colonial areas of the northeast and in the mining areas of the southeast. In 1991, a law granted some tax advantages to Brazilian businesses that supported historic preservation.¹

The Brazilian Ministry of Culture is equivalent to the Ministry of Canadian Heritage and Status of Women, which is administered through the executive branch of government. The United States, however, lacks a cabinet position devoted exclusively to culture or heritage. Instead, the Secretary of the Interior, through the National Park Service, administers most federal heritage and culture programs.

**JEWISH NATIONHOOD**

The preservation of buildings within Jewish history is both an old and a significant concept. For example, the routine maintenance efforts of the First Temple are mentioned in *Kings* (II 12:10) and *Chronicles* (II 23:17, 24:4, 29:3, 29:17, 31:11, and 34:8). The best example of Temple restoration is described in the Hanukkah story, when the Maccabees sought to rebuild the Second Temple in 165 B.C.E.

Throughout the Diaspora, however, a Jewish community could never afford to maintain an old building for its own sake. Over centuries, synagogues were continually repaired and modified until they were destroyed by fire, flood or hatred. Thus, it is a stunning irony that Europe's oldest functioning synagogue is the *Alteuochul*, in Prague, which dates from about 1280.¹ It was preserved by Nazi conquerors in order to vilify a dead civilization.

Since its inception during the British Mandate, Palestine's Depart-
Department of Antiquities took a multicultural approach—preserving Jewish as well as non-Jewish historic sites. In 1948, with the establishment of Israel’s Department of Antiquities, historic preservation became a public prerogative of the Jewish people. Strengthened by the Antiquities Law of 1978, Israel’s preservation program applies to all human artifacts made prior to 1700. Access to and protection of Christian and Islamic sites have become daunting political and military responsibilities.

KAHAL KADOSH ZUR ISRAEL, RECIFE

In 1496, Portugal forced its Jews to convert or face expulsion. The Portuguese Inquisition, established in 1536, also banned Jews from all its colonies. During the Inquisition’s infamous, nearly 300-year reign, conversos (New Christians) as well as Crypto-Jews (secret Jews) were vigorously persecuted. Approximately 25,000 colonists in Brazil were tried, and 1,500 were executed. Another 400 “Judaizers” were tried, and most were imprisoned.

Beginning in the 1580s, largely through Jewish contacts with conversos, Dutch merchants traded with Brazil. Indeed, with a fleet of more than 100 ships plying the Atlantic, the Dutch were even more successful as privateers. In 1630, after having briefly occupied Bahia (today’s Salvador), the Dutch captured Recife from the Portuguese. With support from the Dutch West Indies Company, which included many Jewish investors, the Dutch sought not only to control Brazilian sugar production but to populate the colony of New Holland.

The Dutch colonial ruler, Johan Maurits van Nassau-Siegen, built the town of Mauritsstad (later known as Maurícia), on an island facing Recife. With 6,000 inhabitants, Mauritsstad was the larger settlement, but more Portuguese-speaking Dutch Jews built homes and businesses in Recife. By the 1640s, as many as 1,450 Jews lived in New Holland—up to half the civilian, white population and a number comparable to the entire Jewish population of Amsterdam.
Dutch rulers, who were Calvinists, extended religious liberty to Catholics, the majority of the colony’s inhabitants, and to Jews. Kahal Kadosh Zür Israel (a Hebrew-Dutch name) was founded in Recife in 1636. It was the first Jewish congregation in the New World. A synagogue was built in 1640. A second congregation, Kahal Kadosh Magen Abraham, was organized in 1648. The two congregations shared an inland cemetery. Rabbi Isaac Aboab da Fonseca (1605-1693), who traveled from Amsterdam to Recife, became the New World’s first rabbi.  

The Jews of New Holland were primarily merchants and sugar millers. Alas, some were slave traders. The colony, which failed to attract Dutch farmers, thrived by providing African slaves to Portuguese planters. During its 24-year-rule, the Dutch, who transported more than 25,000 slaves to Brazil, dominated the Atlantic slave trade.

In 1654, despite a garrison of several thousand soldiers in Recife, the Dutch could not repel a Portuguese attack by sea. Thus, following the Portuguese reconquest of northeastern Brazil, the Inquisition was reestablished. Once again, Jews faced death, expulsion or conversion. Most returned to Amsterdam. Other Jews fled to Curaçao and sister Dutch colonies in the Americas.

In 1808, when Napoleon’s army invaded Portugal, the Portuguese monarchy and the government bureaucracy relocated to Brazil under escort of the British navy. Soon the colony surpassed the mother country in economic and political importance. In 1821, with the conclusion of the Napoleonic Wars, King João VI returned to Lisbon and the Inquisition was officially abolished in Portugal and throughout its empire. The following year Brazil became independent and established a constitutional monarchy.

While recognizing Catholicism as the state religion, the Constitution guaranteed minorities the right to worship privately. Great Britain was granted special trading privileges, and Anglicans were allowed to establish churches and cemeteries. Such reforms would also influence Jews.

During the 1820s, Sephardim from Morocco
began immigrating to Brazil's Amazon River basin to take advantage of new economic opportunities in the rubber trade. In 1823, Kahal Kadosh Eshel Abraham erected a synagogue in Belém, the capital of the state of Pará. A second congregation, Shaar Hashamaim, was organized in 1826. A Jewish cemetery was consecrated in 1842. Nevertheless, the Belém community eventually declined due to a shortage of Jewish brides.

Slavery was not abolished until 1888, a year before Brazil became a republic. The new Constitution of 1891 guaranteed civil rights and allowed for civil marriages and nonsectarian cemeteries. By 1900, however, Brazil’s Jewish population, as measured in the six largest cities, was less than 400.

The Brazilian Jewish community was once again revived when significant numbers of Ashkenazim from Central and Eastern Europe settled in the southeastern metropolitan areas of Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, and Porto Alegre. In 1906, these immigrants also reestablished a small Jewish community in Recife, the capital of the state of Pernambuco. By World War I, there were perhaps 7,000 Brazilian Jews.

The flow of Ashkenazim to Brazil increased significantly following the United States’ Emergency Quota Act of 1921 and Immigration Act of 1924. During the 1920s, more than 10% of Jewish immigrants from Europe settled in Brazil. Between 1925 and 1935, the largest number of Jewish immigrants came from Poland. The Vargas dictatorship, which initially supported the Axis powers during World War II, established its own severe immigration quotas. Between 1939 and 1947, Brazil received approximately 13,000 Jewish immigrants, compared to approximately 8,000 in Canada. Between 1942 and 1945, however, only 235 Jews entered Brazil legally. After the Suez Crisis of 1956, a new wave of Sephardim, largely from Egypt, began arriving in Brazil.

Today, Brazil’s Jewish population is approximately 97,000, making it the fourth-largest Jewish community in the Americas (after the United States, Canada, and Argentina). It is also the tenth-largest Jewish community in the world. There are approximately 128,000,000 Brazilians, so the Jewish community represents less than .01% of the population.

Given the minute size of Brazil's Jewish community, why would government officials have taken much interest in Zur Israel? There are four underlying reasons, which demonstrate growing acceptance or at least
decreasing ambivalence toward Jews.

Brazilians have sought to ameliorate its anti-Semitic reputation, which was partially derived from sheltering Nazi fugitives (many from Argentina). Yet, even with the inclusion of antiracism laws in the Constitution of 1988, publications denying the Holocaust persist. Since 1948, moreover, approximately 10,000 Brazilian Jews have made Aliyah. And anti-Israel propaganda persists. Relations between Jews and Catholics, particularly at leadership levels, have improved. Henry Sobel, the American-born rabbi of São Paulo’s liberal Congregação Israelita, the largest synagogue in Latin America, deserves particular credit for this development. In 1981, while already a national spokesman for the poor and abandoned, he helped establish the National Conference for Catholic-Jewish Dialogue with the Brazilian Bishops’ Conference. Four years later, Rabbi Sobel, the Brazilian Bishops, and the American Jewish Committee held the first Pan-American Conference on Catholic-Jewish Relations, in São Paulo.

Fundamentally, Brazil’s miniscule Jewish community could no longer be ignored. More successful than many minorities, Brazilian Jews have become influential within financial, intellectual, and even political circles.

Finally, there was a much more practical reason for recognizing Recife’s historic synagogue: to strengthen the faltering, local economy through increased domestic and foreign tourism, especially by Jews. In 1992, municipal authorities began to revitalize its bairro (historic district). This effort followed historic preservation efforts in nearby Olinda, which was designated a World Heritage Site by UNESCO in 1982.

There were important complications involving the recognition of Zur Israel, however. The congregation no longer existed, and its building was no longer visible. Indeed, what had been called Jews Street (Jodenstrasse by the Dutch and Rua dos Judeus by the Portuguese) was now known as Rua do Bom Jesus (Street of the Benign Jesus). After the Dutch had abandoned Recife in 1654, Zur Israel’s synagogue was given to João Fernandes Vieira by Portuguese authorities for his assistance in retaking Brazil. In 1679, the Vieira family donated the property to the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Beginning in 1835, the former synagogue was used as an orphans’ school. In 1862, the building at 12 & 14 Rua do Bom Jesus became an asylum, the Holy House of Mercy.

THREE NEW WORLD SYNAGOGUES

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At the turn of the 20th century, the synagogue's former property was sold and the surviving building was demolished to build a bank, which was later used as an electronics store. The address was changed to 197 & 203 Rua do Bom Jesus.

Beginning in the 1950s, however, there was renewed interest among Brazilian historians— Jews and gentiles alike— in the Jewish presence under Dutch rule. For example, Arnold Witznitzer, president of the Brazilian Jewish Historical Institute, in Rio de Janeiro, wrote two key articles (in English) in *Publications of the American Jewish Historical Society*. His book, *Jews in Colonial Brazil*, was published in 1960 by Columbia University Press; a Portuguese translation was published in Sao Paulo six years later.

In 1962, Prof. José Antônio Gonsalves de Mello, an archaeologist at the Federal University of Pernambuco (UFDP) made a startling discovery: documentary evidence of Zur Israel's location. His synagogue study was not published until 1988, but a year earlier a bronze plaque was placed on the façade of the electronics store by municipal authorities and the state's archaeological institute. The plaque noted (in Portuguese): "On this site, between 1636 and 1654, stood the first Jewish synagogue in the Americas."

The year 1992 was important not only as the beginning of Recife's restoration efforts. As part of the international celebrations of the Year of the Sephardim, marking the 500th anniversary of the Jewish expulsion from Spain, another important book was published in Brazil. This was Elias Lipner's study of Izaque de Castro, a *converso* who in 1641 had been arrested by the Inquisition in Recife and was later tried and executed in Lisbon.

Also in 1992, Germano Haiut, president of the Jewish Center of Pernambuco, received permission from Mayor Gilberto Marques Paulo of Recife to erect a hand-painted, ceramic plaque on the façade of the electronics store. The text (in Portuguese) stated: "Street of the Beneficent Jesus formerly Jews Street 1636-1654."

This small act of commemoration set many others in motion. In 1994, Germano Haiut, Ernesto Margolis, and Dr. Bôris Berenstein (all residents of Recife) organized the Association for the Restoration of Jewish Memory in the Americas (ARMAJ), which was recognized by the Brazilian Institute of Historical Heritage. In 1994, leaders of ARMAJ and other members of the Recife Jewish community signed an agreement with Mayor...
Roberto Magalhaes Melo, the president of IPHAN, and Brazil's minister of culture to preserve Zur Israel's site.

In 1998, municipal authorities permitted Prof. Marcos Albuquerque of UFDP to begin an archaeological excavation beneath the former electronics store. On July 28 of that year, upon the recommendation of IPHAN, the synagogue site was designated a National Monument by Minister of Culture Francisco Woffort. In 1999, the city conveyed ownership of the site from the Holy House of Mercy to the Jewish Federation of Pernambuco.

The excavation, which continued through 2001, received financial support from the Ministry of Culture in partnership with the Inter-American Development Bank's Monuments Program, the city of Recife, the Jewish Federation of Pernambuco, and the Jewish Confederation of Brazil. It appears that the largest source of funding was a grant from the Safra Bank Foundation, which had sponsored cultural projects since 1993. Joseph Safra, a Jew who had emigrated from Syria to Brazil in 1952, is one of South America's wealthiest financiers.

The excavation of 750 (metric) tons of earth and debris revealed eight levels of human habitation. A Jewish treasure was found: the remains of a stone mikveh (ritual bath), which was either part of or adjacent to Zur Israel.

In 2001, architects José Luiz Mota Menezes and Luciana Menezes and engineers Bernardo and Amir Schwartz transformed the moldering commercial building on the synagogue site into a museum of Jewish history. Its ground floor provides views of the excavation as well as exhibitions of artifacts. The museum's upper floor is a hypothetical recreation of Kahal Zur Israel's sanctuary. Based on Amsterdam's Portuguese Synagogue, built in 1675, and Curaçao's
Mikve Israel Synagogue, built in 1732, this space can be used for prayer.

A major anthology about the Jewish history of Pernambuco, consisting of 13 articles by Jewish and gentile scholars, was published when the museum was dedicated.\(^9\) Except for the Inter-American Development Bank, the lavishly illustrated volume was funded by the same sponsors as the excavation.

The excavation of the Recife synagogue has already had an impact on Pan-American Jewish studies. In the fall of 2004, during the 350th anniversary celebrations of America’s Jewish community, the importance of Dutch Jewry was reaffirmed. Dr. Tânia N. Kaufman, an anthropologist at UFDP and the director of the *Arquivo Judaico de Pernambuco*, organized an exhibition, “Pernambuco/Brazil: Gateway to New York,” which was presented at New York City's Center for Jewish History.\(^9\)

It is not yet clear what impact the excavation and new museum will have on Recife’s declining Jewish community, which dates from the establishment of two synagogues in 1906 and the consecration of a cemetery in 1926. Dr. Kaufman, who published a heartfelt album of Jewish reminiscences and photographs in 2001, noted that the Jewish population of Pernambuco in 1987 consisted of 451 families.\(^9\) (Most lived on only two streets in Recife.) Although Jewish businesses and communal organizations have dwindled, Chabad House, established in 1990, is a force for renewal.

**TOURO SYNAGOGUE, NEWPORT**

In 1636, Roger Williams, a minister banished from Massachusetts Bay Colony, established Providence as a refuge for religious dissenters. In 1638,
Anne Hutchinson, another outcast from Massachusetts, established a colony on Aquidneck Island in Narragansett Bay. A year later, Newport was established on Aquidneck, and the entire British colony became known as Rhode Island and Providence Plantations (still the state's official name).

Beginning in 1658, about 15 Jewish families settled in Newport. They were Dutch refugees from Brazil who had sojourned in Curaçao. The earliest Jewish community did not survive, but in 1677 a Jewish cemetery was consecrated. Additional immigrants from Curaçao revived Newport's Jewish community during the 1690s. Although Jews Street was identified on a map published in 1712, a permanent Jewish community was not established on Aquidneck Island until the mid-18th century. Congregation Jeshuat Israel was founded in 1756, and property for a synagogue was purchased near the cemetery in 1759.

At its height before the Revolutionary War, Newport's Jewish community had about 200 members. Aaron Lopez and his father-in-law, Jacob Rivera, who became highly successful merchants, manufacturers, and traders, helped bolster Newport's prosperous economy. There were insufficient funds to construct a synagogue, however, so assistance was sought from sister communities in London, Curaçao, Jamaica, Suriname, and New York.

When Jeshuat Israel's leaders sought a design for their synagogue, they naturally turned to Peter Harrison. A Quaker by birth, Harrison had emigrated from England to the colonies in 1740. In Newport he became a successful businessman, converted to Anglicanism, and studied architecture. Well known locally for the Redwood Library (1747-49) and the Brick Market (1762-72), Harrison also designed churches in Boston and Cambridge. Working in neoclassical and Palladian styles popularized by Christopher Wren in England, he was one of the first and most distinguished professional architects in British North America. Harrison was a loyalist, however, so his drawings and library were burned by a mob shortly after his death in 1775.

For his design of Jeshuat Israel, Harrison could have turned to only one American synagogue, that erected in New York City by America's oldest congregation, Shearith Israel, in 1730. Harrison may have also been familiar with Joseph Avis's 1701 design for Bevis Marks synagogue in London, the oldest in Britain. Bevis Marks is still in use; only the last of Shearith Israel's five synagogues, dedicated in 1897, is standing.
The Newport synagogue, completed in 1763, epitomizes the Georgian style of architecture. The sanctuary is 39 feet by 45 feet, and the school wing is 28 feet by 16 feet; the entire building sits on a brown sandstone foundation. The walls are made of structural-supporting English red brick (later painted a buff color), and there is an ornamental brown sandstone belt course. A steep, hipped roof supports slate shingles.

The synagogue's main entrance is defined by an Ionic-columned portico (later painted a sandstone color), which stands on a sandstone pad. Paneled, double-doors open into the sanctuary. Above the doors is a wood fan with a carved sunburst pattern. All windows of the synagogue are double-hung with round-heads, and a twelve-over-twelve sash pattern is topped by a fan of eight lights. Beneath each window is a sandstone sill.\textsuperscript{56}

During the Revolutionary War, the British captured Newport and destroyed much of the town. As a brick structure, the synagogue was one of few buildings that survived. General Washington visited Newport in 1781 (when the synagogue housed the General Assembly and the Supreme Court) and returned as president in 1790, following Rhode Island's ratification of the Constitution.

Whether or not he entered the synagogue on his second visit, he responded to a letter addressed to him by Congregation Jeshuat Israel (and echoed some of its language). The Washington letter proclaimed (in part): "the Government of the United States, which gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance, requires only that they who live under its protection should demean themselves as good citizens in giving it on all occasions their effectual support." This was the most important expression of religious liberty before the ratification of the Bill of Rights a year later.\textsuperscript{77}

Primarily due to Newport's economic decline, the Jewish community shrank and dispersed. By 1822, Newport's last Jew departed for New York. Jeshuat Israel's six Torahs were transferred to New York's Shearith Israel. Ownership of the synagogue and its land, which had been retained by a small number of founding families, was deeded to Shearith Israel. Ironically, in 1817 the New York congregation had destroyed its first synagogue to build a second on the same site, and it would be forced to build again, elsewhere, only 17 years later.

But what was the New York congregation supposed to do as trustee of
Jeshuat Israel? Although Jewish law does permit an abandoned or unused synagogue to be sold (Mishnah, Tractate Megillah, Chapter 3), there was no precedent anywhere in the Diaspora for maintaining an empty synagogue as a historic site or establishing a Jewish museum within it. Indeed, there was hope, however, that a new Jewish community would eventually arise in Newport. Thus, Shearith Israel became the steward of a sacred trust.

Indeed, this sacred vision was shared by two brothers, Abraham (1774-1822) and Judah Touro (1775-1854), whose father, Isaac (1738-1783), had served as Jeshuat Israel’s first hazzan. In 1822, Abraham paid for a brick wall around the cemetery and for a caretaker. He also bequeathed $10,000 to the congregation. This fund was overseen by Rhode Island’s General Assembly and Newport’s town council. In 1824, in honor of Abraham’s bequest to repair and preserve Griffin Street (on which both the synagogue and cemetery were located), the town changed its name to Touro Street. This also became the name by which the synagogue is widely known.

In 1842, Judah Touro replaced the cemetery’s brick wall with a granite and iron railing. Using a portion of Abraham’s trust, Newport then erected a granite wall, a portico, and an iron railing around the synagogue in order to provide some protection for the property. In his bequest, which made him a pioneer of American philanthropy, Abraham made gifts to numerous Jewish and gentile organizations and charities. In recognition of his $10,000 gift to Newport to build a park, that park was named in his honor. An additional $10,000 gift left to the town council was for maintenance of the Jewish cemetery and to hire a “Reader” or “Minister” for the synagogue. Both Touro brothers, who in some sense can be considered pioneers of historic preservation, were buried in Newport’s Jewish cemetery with many relatives.

Beginning in 1850, the Newport synagogue was used occasionally for summer services attended by tourists. Toward the end of the 19th century, a new wave of Ashkenazi immigrants began settling in Newport. The synagogue was reconsecrated in 1883 under Shearith Israel’s supervision, and the Torahs were returned. Indeed, two Jewish groups saw themselves as the rightful heirs of Jeshuat Israel. Their lengthy legal battle was not resolved until 1902, however. In perpetuity, four of Jeshuat Israel’s nine trustees would be elected by Shearith Israel, and services would remain in the Sephardic (Orthodox) tradition.
Though Newport attracted relatively few Orthodox families (and virtually no Sephardim), the small congregation grew and prospered. In 1926, for example, the Levi Gale House of 1825 was transported to a site on Touro Street, opposite the synagogue, to serve as a Jewish community center. A second Orthodox congregation, Ahavath Ahim, was organized in 1917, but it closed in 1981.

In 1946, through an amazing combination of factors, Touro became the first synagogue designated a National Historic Site by the federal government. The person most responsible for the designation was Arthur Hays Sulzberger (1891-1968), the publisher and president of the *New York Times* between 1935 and 1961. Sulzberger, a descendant of the colonial-era Hays family but not an observant Jew, believed that the federal government should honor the sense of religious unity that prevailed during World War II. Beginning in 1944, he urged Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes (in the Roosevelt administration) to recognize historic houses of worship in the original thirteen colonies through the Historic Sites Act of 1935.

The key criterion in granting Historic Site designation, however, was the importance of a building to the development of American architecture-not its historical symbolism. Thus, Touro's approval by Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman (in the Truman administration) was based primarily on its design by Peter Harrison and only secondarily on its use as a State House at the close of the Revolution. Nowhere within the government's agreement regarding governance of the Historic Site was it mentioned that Touro was significant as the oldest extant synagogue in North America or that it symbolized religious liberty and toleration. As a further indication of the federal government's disinterest in religious history, Newport's Jewish cemetery was completely overlooked.

Congregations Jeshuat Israel and Shearith Israel remained Touro's owners, and the federal government assumed no financial responsibility for its care. After a National Parks official recommended the establishment of a nonsectarian organization to help support the property, the Society of Friends of Touro Synagogue National Historic Shrine was chartered in 1947. It became the major vehicle for championing the building's importance. The reading of the congregation's letter to President Washington and his reply became an annual ritual. Among numerous Jewish and gentile dignitaries
who have presided, the most notable was President Eisenhower in 1958. Associate Supreme Court Justice Ruth Ginsberg presided in 2004 during the 350th anniversary celebrations of the American Jewish community.

Touro has undergone a series of restorations to improve the condition and integrity of the building for congregants and visitors alike. These projects have been sponsored by the Society of Friends of Touro Synagogue, and the National Park Service has consulted on proper procedures and techniques. A major restoration was completed in 1963, and an extensive landscaping and outdoor seating plan resulted in the creation of Patriots Park. Most likely, Newport's Jewish population of a few hundred families peaked during this era.

In 1982, after two decades of appeals by the Society of Friends of Touro Synagogue, the U.S. Postal Service issued a stamp depicting the synagogue. Instead of honoring its architect, Peter Harrison, Touro was used to celebrate Washington's 250th birthday. The stamp bore the famous phrase from his 1790 letter: "To bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance."

In 2003, President George W. Bush's administration saw no conflict
between church and state when it awarded a grant of $375,000 to the Society of Friends of Touro Synagogue for an additional restoration, which was completed in 2006. Indeed, Secretary of the Interior Gale Norton went to Touro to announce the grant, which was cosponsored by the National Trust for Historic Preservation. Subsequently, the National Trust added Touro to its list of Historic Sites."

Though Newport's Jewish community has dwindled and remains precarious, the Society of Friends (more recently known as the Touro Foundation) has set a fundraising goal of $10 million for its grandest historical project. A visitors' education center, named for its lead donor, Ambassador John J. Loeb Jr., will be constructed besides Patriots Park. Nearby, an 18th-century home on Touro property will be restored and used for galleries, archives, and classrooms.

Meanwhile, the Touro Foundation has increased its educational programming, particularly for local schools. North America's oldest extant synagogue is now interpreted through the prism of "cultural diversity."

EMANUEL, VICTORIA
A decree of 1685 forbade Jews and Huguenots from living in French colonies. As early as 1750, however, Jews purchased land for a cemetery in the town that became Halifax, (British) Nova Scotia. Some of these pioneer Jews, such as Samuel and Rebecca Hart, were merchants from Newport. Jewish settlers in Newfoundland and Québec City may also have traded with Newport's most successful Jewish entrepreneur, Aaron Lopez."

Following the British conquest of New France in 1759, Jews began settling in Montréal. Canada's oldest Jewish congregation, Shearith Israel, was founded by Ashkenazim in 1768. Its first synagogue, erected in 1778 (only 15 years after Touro), stood until 1824, when it was demolished. (This was almost precisely the year that the last Jew departed from Newport.) In 1831, Canada had only 107 Jews. A second synagogue was constructed in Montréal in 1838, but it too was eventually demolished.

Like Brazil, Canada remained a Jewish frontier well into the 19th century. Its second congregation, Montréal's Sha'ar ha-Shomayim, was not organized until 1846. It did not erect a synagogue until 1860, moreover. Toronto's first synagogue, belonging to Sons of Israel (later known as Holy
Blossom Temple), was dedicated in 1875.

At the turn of the 20th century, Canada's Jewish population, centered in Montréal, was about 16,500. By 1960, however, Montréal and Toronto were home to the second and third-largest Jewish communities in the entire British Commonwealth. In 2001, Canada's Jewish population grew to about 370,500, making it the fourth-largest in the world (after the United States, Israel, and France). Jews are currently 1.3% of Canada's population.

Victoria, founded in 1843 as a trading post by the Hudson Bay Company and named for the monarch, became the center of the Crown Colony of Vancouver Island in 1849. Nine years later, as a result of the Fraser River Gold Rush in the Crown Colony of British Columbia, Victoria became a boomtown and Canada's principal Pacific port. In 1866, Victoria became the capital of the merged Crown Colonies.

Most of Victoria’s newcomers, including Jews, sailed from San Francisco. In 1858, these Ashkenazi immigrants from the United States, Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Germany, and elsewhere gathered for High Holy Day services in a home on Johnston Street. The following year they founded a Hebrew benevolent society and a Chevra Kadisha (burial society). A Jewish cemetery, consecrated on Cedar Hill Road in 1860, is still in use.

Jewish leaders, many of whom were clothing and drygoods mer-
chants, gathered on August 15, 1862 to establish a congregation, the first in western Canada. (Its charter, obtained from Vancouver Island’s Legislative Assembly in 1864, specified Orthodox practices.) Emanu-El’s cornerstone was laid on June 2, 1863, at the corner of Government Street (later known as Blanshard) and Pandora Avenue, only four blocks from the harbor. The site was one block east of Victoria’s first church, Wesleyan United (Methodist), which had been dedicated on Pandora Avenue in 1860.

The new synagogue was consecrated on September 14, 1863 (probably in time for the High Holy Days). A dedication ceremony, held on November 3, 1863, included a parade with units from the British Navy, the French benevolent society, the German choral society, and the Scottish St. Andrew’s society. The local lodge of Freemasons, which included several Jews as charter members, also participated.

The synagogue cost $9,196 (Canadian), perhaps an amount comparable to Temple Beth-El’s original building in Providence, which seated 495 worshippers and cost $14,000 in 1890. There were 242 Jews in Victoria or between 4% and 5% of the population, so each of 68 members, including 50 heads of families, made substantial donations. An influx of several hundred Jewish settlers was anticipated, requiring seats for as many as 500 worshippers.

John Wright (1830-1915), one of Victoria’s earliest architects, received the synagogue commission. Born in Scotland, he had immigrated to Canada as a teenager and then gained practical building experience. Soon after his arrival in Victoria in 1859, Wright received residential and commercial commissions and another for Wesleyan United Church. While working on Emanu-El, he also designed the First Presbyterian Church, which was built one block east on Pandora. By 1867, however, Wright relocated to San Francisco. A highly successful practice there included commissions for 14 churches.

Perhaps inspired by University College in Toronto, erected in 1856, Wright designed Emanu-El in a Romanesque Revival style— in contrast to the more popular Gothic Revival of Wesleyan United. An imposing structure nonetheless, the synagogue seated 550 worshippers on the main floor and 200 on the upper. The synagogue is notable for its red brick exterior, round-arched windows, and blind arcades. Like Touro, the front elevation is on the west side, on Blanshard Street, so that worshippers face eastward toward the
Ark and Jerusalem- the traditional direction of prayer. The façade has a tripartite partition with two decorated columns and flanking piers. A rose window and a heavy bracketed cornice provide additional ornament. The top of the building is capped by a combination mansard and peaked roof. Though not evident in 19th-century photos, a drawing made in 1923 shows a Mogen David at the roof's apex.  

The halcyon days of Victoria's Jewish community lasted only until 1866, when the Fraser River Gold Rush fizzled out. The synagogue's mortgage of $5,152, due in September, could not be paid. A new fundraising drive was launched, which met its goal within two years. By this time, however, the Victoria community had begun its steady decline.

Emanu-El, erected a century after Touro, is not only the oldest extant synagogue in Canada; it is the only one that predates the British North America Act of 1867, which produced the Confederation.

Although the Confederation recognized two official languages, it
neither established a state religion nor provided for the separation of church and state. Indeed, as early as 1864, Jews and Catholics objected to Bible study in Victoria's schools. The Confederation, moreover, permitted tax support for Québec's and Ontario's Catholic schools. This policy would eventually result in numerous complications for Jews, whose children would primarily attend tax-supported Protestant schools. In the 1920s, moreover, when Jews began establishing their own parochial schools, principally in Québec, they received no public funding.

Indeed, until a new Constitution was adopted in 1982, Canadians were widely considered either Anglo-Protestants or French-Catholics. Jews, who had been the largest non-Christian minority (other than native people), were denied equal religious rights.

After the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1885, Canada's Pacific commerce shifted to Vancouver, on the mainland. A Reform congregation had been established there in 1884. As Victoria's prosperity declined, its Jewish population fell to 38 families in 1899. A long interregnum began. By the 1940s, only about 15 Jewish families remained.

While particularly virulent in Québec, anti-Semitism remained a fact of daily life throughout Canada well into the 1950s. One historian has observed that anti-Semitism was shared "to varying degrees by all elements of the nation, from the top to the bottom." This York University professor also wrote that during the first half of the 20th century, Canada was "permeated with xenophobia."

In 1948, the year of Israeli statehood, Emanu-El decided to "modernize" its synagogue. Only $14,000 were available, however. Pews were replaced by individual seats. A small, one-story addition, housing an office, kitchen, and a furnace, was placed to the right of the main entrance.

The thrust of the modernization project, however, was to conceal signs of deterioration. All of the windows on Blanshard and Pandora were filled with brick, two doors were removed, and the facades were covered with green stucco. A false ceiling in the stately sanctuary reduced the cos: of heating but also concealed the upstairs galleries and a shallow dome with a circular skylight. As a result of these pragmatic changes, the historic structure practically disappeared.

By 1971, however, Victoria's Jewish community began to grow signifi-
cantly—to about 380 individuals. Allan Klenman and Dr. Allan Levin helped build interest within the congregation to restore the building to its former grandeur. Meanwhile, the concept of heritage conservation was gaining momentum in Canada.

The Committee to Restore Canada's Oldest Surviving Synagogue, formed in 1978, began fundraising toward a $370,000 goal. (All figures cited are in Canadian dollars.) Surely a stimulus for wider Jewish communal participation occurred in 1980, when Emanu-El officially affiliated with the Conservative movement. Additional donations included $20,000 from the Bronfman Foundation (of Canada), $30,000 from Vancouver's Jewish community, and $82,000 from the British Columbia Heritage Trust (a government agency). The City of Victoria contributed $5,000 in addition to landscaping improvements around the building. Some donations were also received from Victoria's gentiles.

Emanu-El's restoration project took more than two years and required contracting with specialized architects, carpenters, and craftsmen. Among numerous improvements, the three wooden front doors were recreated, the false ceiling was removed, the gallery railings were replaced, and the rose window was restored. The restoration project received awards from several government agencies and from heritage conservation and Jewish organizations.

A rededication ceremony took place in 1982, the congregation's 120th anniversary and the year of Canada's new Constitution. Many of the organizations present at the 1862 dedication participated in the rededication.

In 1979, Emanu-El's synagogue had been designated a National Historic Site by Heritage Canada. The building was not "plauded" (with an English and a French text) until 1983, however. Emanu-El was recognized primarily as the oldest synagogue in Canada and secondarily for its architectural quality. The synagogue's historic designation preceded those of four Protestant and Catholic churches in British Columbia, all of which were recognized only for their architectural distinction and all of which were younger. Currently, there are 81 National Historic Sites in British Columbia, the largest category being colonial-era fortifications.

By 1981, Victoria's Jewish population reached 930, and it doubled within a decade. To accommodate the congregation's growth, an addition was
built that mimicked the massing and materials of the original building. It differed in its architectural detailing, however, so that it could meet Canada's standards and guidelines for the conservation of historic places. The addition houses a library, multipurpose classrooms, and a kitchen.

Today, Emanu-El is a thriving congregation of over 215 families. Victoria's metropolitan area has approximately 2,500 Jews. Although a Chabad House was established in about 1990 and a Reform congregation in 1997, the majority of Jews are unaffiliated. With a population of approximately 22,000, Vancouver's Jewish community has become the third largest in Canada (replacing Winnipeg but trailing Toronto and Montréal). So despite its impressive growth, Victoria's retains some of its character as a frontier Jewish outpost - but without the cohesiveness of its early years.

**AFTERMATH:**

**NATIONAL PATTERNS OF SYNAGOGUE DESIGNATION**

Because Brazil's Jewish population remained minuscule until the 20th century, few synagogues can yet be considered historic. An exception is Shaar Hashamaim, in Belém, built in 1828 by Moroccan immigrants. Indeed, it was the first synagogue built in post-independent Latin America.

Canada has far more opportunities for synagogue heritage conserva-
tion than does Brazil. Following Victoria’s Emanu-El, three synagogues have been listed on the Canadian Register of Historic Places. Beth Israel, in Willow Creek, is the oldest synagogue in Saskatchewan. Built in 1908, it is also one of the few remnants of Jewish agricultural colonies in western Canada. Tiferes Israel, in Moncton, New Brunswick, was built in 1927 but was designated because of its notable Gothic Revival architecture. Shaarei Zedek, in Saint John, New Brunswick, is coincidentally listed on the Canadian Register. Erected as a Presbyterian church in 1871, it was purchased by the Jewish community in 1919.

Is it peculiar that the only Canadian synagogues recognized nationally are located in smaller Jewish communities? Three key buildings have been overlooked: Holy Blossom, in Toronto, built in 1897; Adath Jeshurun, in Ottawa, built in 1904; and Poale Zion, in Montréal, built in 1910. The majority of Canada’s older synagogue buildings were constructed as recently as the 1920s. Fortunately, many of these have been designated by local authorities.

In 2006, 40 years after its creation, America’s National Register of Historic Places lists scores of synagogues across the country- either individually or as contributing properties within historic districts. According to the American-based International Survey of Jewish Monuments, there are approximately 75 synagogues, among 34 states and the District of Columbia, listed on the National Register. Because the International Survey is not directly linked to the inventories of state and territorial Historic Preservation Offices, the number of synagogues on the National Register is most likely higher. Including Touro, there are now six synagogues designated as National Historic Landmarks and/ or National Historic Sites.

CONCLUSION
Who could have ever imagined that the historic preservation movement, championed by the federal governments of Brazil, the United States, and Canada, would one day embrace colonial-era synagogues? That these small sanctuaries would evoke positive meanings for Jews and gentiles alike? That these fragile structures would symbolize both Jewish decline and renewal?

Something phenomenal—perhaps miraculous—has happened! Old bricks and stones have bounced back to life.

It is true that only a remnant of the Recife synagogue has survived
and that the Newport and Victoria synagogues survived without government intervention. It is also true that Jewish leaders and organizations provided the majority of financial support for all three restoration projects. But it is also undeniable that these projects would not have succeeded without the authority and validation provided by federal, provincial, and local governments.

It can be argued somewhat cynically that the synagogues in Recife, Newport, and Victoria were recognized for a curious combination of reasons—not necessarily a love of Jews. Touro, for instance, was designated a National Historic Site because of its architectural distinction—not because it is America’s oldest extant synagogue. Conversely, Emanu-El was designated a National Historic Site primarily because of its age and secondarily because of its architectural quality. Aside from its historical and scholarly importance, Zur Israel was designated a National Monument to help refurbish a depressed neighborhood and bolster tourism.

Thus, today it may seem ironic that Touro was designated a National Historic Site for relatively narrow, technical reasons. Yet, America, unlike Brazil and Canada, has traditionally sought a separation between church and state. Zur Israel and Emanu-El may have been recognized with greater enthusiasm, but in countries where Jews have enjoyed fewer religious liberties and where anti-Semitism was commonplace.

Touro would not have been designated without the determination of one individual, Arthur Hays Sulzberger. By contrast, Zur Israel’s and Emanu-El’s designations resulted from the efforts of many Jews and gentiles.

Indeed, neither Zur Israel nor Emanu-El would have been designated without the influence of much larger political forces. Both Brazil and Canada have sought new national identities that accentuate diversity and multiculturalism. Canadian Jews living beyond Québec have in some sense benefitted from this reaction against the separatist movement. Yet, Canada, far more than Brazil, has neglected opportunities to designate additional historic synagogues.

Are there dangers of exaggerating the importance of cooperative projects between Jewish congregations and government agencies? Of course most citizens and many officials are unaware that such symbolic gestures even exist. These gestures may also obscure far more perplexing social issues. And there is always the possibility, even in the United States, that leaders of
one political party are merely seeking advantages with Jewish voters.

Ultimately, the designation of historic synagogues transcends political expediency and technical considerations, however. Historic synagogues are sentinels of truth and conscience. While once easy to ignore, their existence can never be fully erased.

Yet, even to Jews, the designation of historic synagogues may also seem a somewhat futile task. Throughout the Diaspora, Jewish congregations and communities are in continual flux: ever moving, splintering, merging, growing, and hanging on a precipice. What is old in one state or province is young in another. What is old in one country is young in another. What is old in one empire is young in another. In order to survive and prosper, Jews perpetually reinvent themselves.
ENDNOTES


8  Wirm Kloster, The Dutch in the Americas, 1600-1800: A Narrative History with the Catalogue of an Exhibition of Rare Prints, Maps, and Illustrated Books (Providence: John Carter Brown Library, 1997), p. 20. Much of the following information about Dutch Brazil is derived from this source.


11  Klooster, p. 32.

12  Sachar, pp. 351-64. Egon and Frieda Wolff reject the widely held notion that 23 Jewish refugees from Brazil arrived in New Amsterdam (later known as New York City) in September 1654.


14  Cytrynowicz, p. 145.

15  Cytrynowicz, p. 145.


18  Canada had “the worst record of any country in the Western world” regarding the admission of Jewish refugees. Daniel J. Elazar, Michael Brown, and Ira Robinson, Not Written in Stone: Jews, Constitutions, and Constitutionalism in Canada, Religion and Belief Series, ed. by Robert Choquette and Peter Beyer (University of Ottawa Press, 2003), p. 7.

19  Lesser, p. 168.

20  Lesser, p. 172.

21  Cytrynowicz, p. 142.

22  The nine largest Jewish communities are: United States, Israel, France, Canada, United Kingdom, Russia, Argentina, Germany, and Australia. American Jewish Year Book 2003, CIII (New York: American Jewish Committee, 2003), p. 608.
This propaganda is partially due to the fact that such Middle Eastern countries as Saudi Arabia and Iraq are major sources of oil imports, and millions of Brazilians are of Arab descent. More explicitly, reasons for anti-Israel propaganda derive from Brazil's weapons sales to Arab and Muslim countries and the presence of a PLO office within the Arab League embassy in Brasilia. Brazil has also condemned Israel's "occupation" of Palestinian lands at the United Nations.

Lesser, p. 337.


Wiznitzer, p. 129.

Alberto Dines, Francisco Moreno-Carvalho, and Nachman Falbel, A Fenix ou O Eterno Retorno: 460 anos da presença judaica em Pernambuco (Brasilia: Ministerio da Cultura e de Programa Monumenta, 2001), p. 64.

Dines et al., p. 68. This is the source of most of the following chronology.

Egon and Frieda Wolff, Documentos IV: Uma Amostragem documentaria e fotográfica (Rio de Janeiro: Instituto Historico e Geográfico Brasileiro, 1989), 78. There is no discussion of the events leading to the placement of the plaque, which occurred on November 17, 1987. There is a photo of the plaque, however.

See: Dines et al.


de Sola Pool, p. 48, 55.

Europe's three oldest synagogues have been maintained as museums. Two are in Toledo, Spain. The Great Synagogue, built ca. 1205, became the Church of Santa Maria la Blanca. It was designated a national monument in 1848 and was restored in 1856. The private Abulafia synagogue, built in 1360, became the Chapel of the Dormition of the Virgin. It was designated a national monument in 1877, restored in 1880-83, and became a Jewish museum in the 1960s. The synagogue of Tomar, Portugal, was built before 1497. A Jewish mining engineer from Poland purchased it and gave it to the Portuguese government. It was dedicated as a Jewish museum in 1939. See: Krinsky, pp. 334-38.


Lewin, p. 305.

The state's Jewish population in 1960 was approximately 24,400 individuals, which was a decline from approximately 29,500 in 1937. American Jewish Year Book 1960, LXI (New York: American Jewish Committee, 1960), p. 10; American Jewish Year Book 5700, XLI (Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America, 1939), p. 186.


Louis Rosenberg, "Two Centuries of Jewish Life in Canada," American Jewish Year Book 1961, LXII (New York: American Jewish Committee, 1961), p. 29. Many of the following facts about Canada's colonial Jewish history are derived from this source.

66 For a detailed analysis of its relationship to its American counterpart, see: Jay M. Eidelman, “Kissing Cousins; The Early History of Congregations Shearith Israel of New York City and Montreal,” in Elazar, pp. 71-83.


68 Gerald Tulchinsky, “Canada,” Encyclopædia Judaica, 2007 ed., IV, p. 412. The following demographic information is derived from the same article.


70 David Rome, The First Two Years: A Record of the Jewish Pioneers on Canada’s Pacific Coast, 1858-1860 (Montreal: Caizerman, 1942), p. 30. The following dates are from the same source.

71 The name Emanue-El has been capitalized in various ways. The current use is derived from the revised Constitution and By-Laws of 1993. See: Elazar, pp. 263-70.

72 Seebert J. Goldowsky, A Century and a Quarter of Spiritual Leadership: The Story of the Congregation of the Sons of Israel and David (Providence: The Congregation, 1989), pp. 106, 110. The cost of Emanu-El’s land is unknown. Israel and David’s land was $6,500.

73 Tulchinsky, Taking Root, pp. 87, 89.


76 Mills and Maitland, p. 20.


79 Mills and Maitland, p. 16.

80 Rome, 103. In 1860, when Selim Franklin, a Jew from Victoria, was elected to Vancouver’s Legislative Assembly, he refused to take an oath “upon the true faith of a Christian.” After weeks of controversy, the colony’s chief justice exempted Franklin from the oath, and he served until 1866. (Franklin was later elected mayor of Victoria, the first Jew in a large Canadian town or city.)

81 Rosenberg, p. 44.


83 Tulchinsky, Taking Root, p. 90.

84 Tulchinsky, Encyclopedia, p. 408. Jews experienced greater acceptance during the 1960s, especially in Quebec, when Jewish schools received taxpayer support.


87 Tulchinsky, Encyclopedia, p. 413.

88 Vertical files of the Jewish Historical Society of British Columbia, Jewish Community Archives, Cyril E. Leonioff subject files, File #22.


70 “Time Machine,” British Columbia Archives.
77 Tulchinsky, Encyclopedia, p. 413.
78 Tulchinsky, Encyclopedia Judaica, p. 413.
80 "Database of the Jewish Communities, Shaar Hashamaim Synagogue, Belem, Brazil," Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora, 7 December 2006 <http://www.bh.org.il/Communities/Synagogue/brazil.asp>.
82 For example, the site of Vancouver's oldest synagogue, Schara Tzedek, built in 1912 and demolished in 1980, was commemorated by a local preservation group in 1987. See: "Time Machine," British Columbia Archives.
PROVIDENCE'S JEWISH PLUMBERS AND ELECTRICIANS BEFORE 1950:
A LIST FROM CITY DIRECTORIES

ANNE SHERMAN

Manufacturers, retailers, and professionals have not been the Jewish community's only breadwinners. In order to acknowledge the skilful work rendered by Jewish tradesmen, Anne has focused on plumbers and electricians. Although some plumbers and electricians were no doubt active in small towns, she has concentrated on Providence before the period of major suburban expansion. The identification of Jewish tradesmen may be somewhat faulty; it is based on Jewish-sounding names as well as obituaries and memberships in Jewish organizations.
As she demonstrated with furriers, Anne shows that Jewish plumbers and electricians were typically self-employed. Whether based in storefronts or in residences, they also tended to move frequently, particularly during the Depression. While some plumbers and electricians found a measure of security and success, others sought livelihoods elsewhere. Like some furriers, some plumbers and electricians could not work satisfactorily with relatives, so they became competitors. If the Dickens brothers were not confusing enough, how did customers differentiate between the brothers in the Matzner plumbing dynasty? As with furriers, most plumbing and electrical businesses survived for one or two generations. The Matzner family, however, has survived for three.

Why were there significantly more Jewish plumbers than electricians? There is no obvious explanation. Could it be that costs were lower for plumbers or that there was an abundance of electricians? Whatever the answer, Anne's study suggests that many Jewish plumbers and electricians were much appreciated, especially during emergencies!
PLUMBERS

Arnold Block
American Plumbing
1901 56 North Main Street
1913 sold business

Robert Berry (perhaps Jewish)
1898 459 Smith Street
1916 482 Smith Street
1917 453 Smith Street
1940 453 Smith Street
(died March 17, 1940)

Albert Bookbinder
1921 1028 Broad Street
1936 1036 Broad Street
1942 50 Homer Street
1961 retired
(died January 8, 1991)

Benjamin Cohen
1936 25 Tyndall Avenue
1939 22 Donelson Street
1953 68 Tyndall Avenue
1976 retired

Maurice Dickens
1915 241 Chalkstone Avenue
1919 241 Chalkstone Avenue
1921 293 Rochambeau Avenue
1924 M. W. Dickens 165 Willard Avenue
1924 son, Charles, enters business
1925 Dickens & Co. 374 Willard Avenue
1927 628 Broad Street
1936 36 Donelson Street
1943 Charles president of International Engineering and Supply
1945 Maurice at 36 Donelson Street
(Maurice died September 10, 1946)
(Charles died May 15, 1985)

Abraham and Louis Dickens
1929 listed separately
1930 Pembroke Plumbing & Heating
1932 90 Douglas Avenue
1940 135 Holden Street
1944 Abraham president of Universal Supply & Equipment
1954 Abraham president of A. Richard Dickens
1974 retired
(Abraham died February 22, 1978)
Max Fish
1939  17 Bogman Street
1946  44 Pond Street
1976  retired
      (died July 27, 1989)

Isadore Gederman
1933  95 Charles Street
1940  Harry joins business as I. Gederman & Son
      91 Charles Street
1943  156 Oakland Avenue
1948  Harry leaves business (died 1994)
1949  son, Harris, joins business
1953  Isadore retired
1954  Harris becomes president
      (Harris died October 2, 1964)

Adolph Gold
1921  334 Prairie Street
1922  Goodwin & Gold 334 Prairie Street
1923  247 Public Street

Max Goldberg
1928  168 Somerset Street
1932  31 Bogman Street
1934  170 Dudley Street
1936  5 Weiss Court
1938  228 Ocean Street
1939  32 Mystic Street
1943  99 Emerson Street
1944  53 Staniford Street
1950  112 Porter Street
1955  retired

John L. Goodwin (perhaps Jewish)
1907  326 Willard Avenue
1915  57 Baxter Street
1922  Goodwin & Gold 334 Prairie Street
1924  partnership dissolved
      Goodwin at 61 Baxter Street
1934  8 Norwich Avenue
1940  8 Norwich Avenue
      (died November 13, 1940)

Rubin Gorman
1914  21 Robinson Street
1916  262 Plain Street
1929  262 Plain Street
1934  222 Blackstone Street
1946  77 Broad Street
1963  1064 Eddy Street
1965  108 Mitchell Street
1973  retired

EXAMINE...
THE BATH TUBS QUOTED ABOVE,
THEY ARE FINE THINGS.

PLUMBERS AND ELECTRICIANS 73
Louis Katzman
1909 281 North Main Street
1913 365 North Main Street
1914 25 Mill Street
1922 419 North Main Street
1926 97 Lippitt Street
1932 son, Peter, joins business
(Louis died December 19, 1935)
Peter continues as Central Plumbing
1938 6 Pratt Street
1939 77 Camp Street
1950 90 Camp Street
1951 30 Chalkstone Avenue
1990 retired
(Peter died October 29, 1997)

Louis Kortick
1913 238 Chalkstone Avenue
1920 243 Chalkstone Avenue
1934 241 Chalkstone Avenue
1960 retired

Joseph Kushner
1913 37 Goddard Street
1915 20 Douglas Avenue
1917 219 Plain Street
1920 57 Bowen Street
1923 56 Randall Street
1926 20 Hayden Street
1928 291 Fountain Street
1929 61 Bowen Street
1934 121 Longfellow Street
1940 151 Longfellow Street
1947 retired

Simon Licker
1920 182 Prairie Avenue
1922 Licker & Soren 283 Willard Avenue
1926 Licker only 181 Prairie Avenue
1928 Licker & Soren 206 Prairie Avenue
1932 192 Prairie Avenue
1936 181 Prairie Avenue
1940 Licker only
1943 son, Morton, joins business 87 Glenham Street
1949 son, David, joins business
1950 215 Prairie Avenue
1955 Simon still in business moves to Warwick
(David died December 28, 2006; owned Sharon Plumbing)
Henry Matzner
1909 92 Charles Street
1917 32 Beron Street
1919 son, Joseph, joined business 92 Charles Street
1923 89 Charles Street
1924 H. Matzner & Sons (Joseph, William, Sydney, Jerome)
258 Orms Street
1935 51 Orms Street
(Henry died June 17, 1937)
1938 351 Douglas Avenue
1950 351 Douglas Avenue
1960 William started own business
1979 Joseph retired
(Joseph died July 8, 1992)

Jerome Matzner
(son of Henry)
1945 plumber over 40 years
1977 joined brother William in B & J Matzner
(died November 23, 1985)

Sydney Matzner - Matzner Plumbing (son of Henry)
 began at H. Matzner & Sons
 (died December 6, 1983)

William Matzner - Bill Matzner Plumbing
(son of Henry)
 began at H. Matzner & Sons
1960 started own business
1977 joined by brother Jerome in B & J Matzner
1990 retired
(died June 15, 1993)
William's son, Joel, currently in business

Abraham Mistofsky - Standard Plumbing
1905 289 North Main Street
1914 289 North Main Street
1922 18 Goddard Street
1923 362 Douglas Avenue
1924 40 Orms Street
1935 doing business as Mistofsky Plumbing
1942 52 Goddard Street
1944 1427 Westminster Street
1952 retired
(died May 28, 1967)
Abraham and Maurice Rotman - Providence Plumbing
1905 Maurice co-owner with Frank Scoliard
351 Point Street
1909 Abraham joins and Scoliard leaves business
1912 Abraham and Maurice 351 Point Street
1920 Abraham leaves business
1922 business sold to Louis Regine

John Salter (perhaps Jewish)
1909 372 Weybosset Street
1915 22 Winslow Street
1926 22 Winslow Street

Simon Schaffer (perhaps Jewish)
1919 14 Robinson Street
1924 84 Willard Street

Frank Scoliard - Guarantee Plumbing
1905 co-owner with Abraham Rotman Providence Plumbing
351 Point Street
1912 Guarantee Plumbing 219 Plain Street
1948 19 Plain Street
1949 assistant inspector of plumbing, City of Providence
(died July 17, 1953)

Elisha Scoliard - Service Plumbing and Guarantee Plumbing
1927 Service Plumbing 82 Glenham Street
1943 82 Glenham Street
1946 president of Service Plumbing
secretary of Guarantee Plumbing
president of both companies
1968 president of Guarantee Plumbing
(died 1973)

Jacob Silverman
1939 2 Caswell Street
(died January 12, 1943)

Aaron Soren
1947 289 Melrose Street
1950 15 Longfellow Street
1955 41 Homer Street
(died August 3, 1998)

Max Soren
1922 Licker & Soren 283 Willard Avenue
1926 Soren only 259 Willard Avenue
1928 Licker & Soren 206 Prairie Avenue
1941 Soren only
1945 Max Soren & Son (Robert) 237 Melrose Street
1964 Max retired
(Robert died October 25, 1991)
ELECTRICIANS

Samuel Bookbinder
1911  45 Saniford Street
1913  133 Dudley Street
1921  76 Douglas Avenue
1927  76 Douglas Avenue

Irving Coken
1936  233 Richmond Street
1944  16 Greene Street
1949  499 Cranston Street
1980  499 Cranston Street
1981  retired
(died November 6, 1988)

Max Gertsakov - Silver Lake Electric
1923  20 Hayden Street
1927  Silver Lake Electric 229 Pocasset Avenue
1936  229 Pocasset Avenue
1937  Silver Lake closes
1939  leaves electrical business

Louis Goldberg
1917  276 Charles Street
1920  353 North Main Street
1923  56 Randall Street
1924  99 Charles Street
1927  211 Orms Street
1965  211 Orms Street
(died May 20, 1966)

Louis Goldstein - East Side Electric & Appliances
1945  77 Burlington Street
1965  77 Burlington Street
(died October 15, 1965)

Nathan Gordon - Columbus Gas & Electric
1917  49 Pratt Street
1925  264 North Main Street
1931  Columbus closes
1937  70 Goddard Street
1948  221 Oakland Avenue
1963  221 Oakland Avenue

Marcus Hockman - Stanford Electric
1929  111 Westminster Street
1934  4 Westminster Street
1937  Stanford closes
1940  235 North Main Street

PLUMBERS AND ELECTRICIANS 77
George Hockman (not son of Marcus)
1944 948 Narragansett Avenue
1960 948 Narragansett Avenue
1962 inspector for City of Providence
1978 retired
(died March 26, 1990)

William Kelman - C + K Electric
1926 632 Broad Street
1933 46 Ship Street
1941 son, Harold ("Harry"), joins business
(William died March 22, 1963)
1980 Harry retired
(Harry died September 23, 1994)

Louis Sackett
1916 113 State Street
1920 Louis Sackett Electrical Fixtures
1928 428-430 North Main Street
1928 185 North Main Street
1932 185 North Main Street

William Shulansky
1920 68 Dartmouth Street
1921 resides in South Providence
1940 until death
(died February 8, 1945)

Herbert Wagner
1944 140 Jewett Street
1955 60 Eaton Street
1973 60 Eaton Street
1975 553 Wayland Avenue
1980 107 Lauriston Street
1986 retired

Joseph Weinstein
1932 49 Brownell Street
1933 221 Smith Street
L'CHAIM TO HERB FINK

MICHAEL FINK

Although he has been an editor of and an occasional contributor to these pages, Michael is better known as a writer of ephemera. Indeed, he has written for nearly every Rhode Island periodical that can be perused while sipping a cup of coffee. A devoted ornithologist, Michael has often and quite accurately described himself as a hummingbird. He is indeed a restless and weightless creature, found on land and in water, who's drawn to beauty and sweetness.

Herbert Lewis Fink was born in Providence on September 8, 1921 and died in Rockport, Maine, on September 4, 2006. He discovered very early in his boyhood that he had inherited artistic talent and skill, perhaps from his ingenious mother, Clara, or maybe also from his father, Harry, a fine, London-trained upholsterer.

My Uncle Herb and Aunt Edith were the first members of our family born in Rhode Island. Both attended Summit Avenue Grammar School, Nathan Bishop Junior High, and Hope High School. Although Herb's teachers always recognized and encouraged his dexterity and lively workmanship, his immediate relatives could not foresee that there might be a profitable and promising vocation for him as an artist.

After attending RISD on a scholarship and studying briefly at the Art Students League in New York City, Herb went to work as a draftsman at the Walsh-Kaiser Shipyard in Providence. Poor sight would have exempted him from military service, but he volunteered for the Army during World War II.
Herb served in the infantry with General George Patton's 3rd Army, earning three Battle Stars and a Purple Heart. While recovering from wounds in a military hospital in Belgium, he sketched the people and horrors he had witnessed. I became further acquainted with his amazing experiences through detailed letters home.

Thanks to the GI Bill, Herb resumed his artistic training at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh and then returned to RISD, from which he graduated in 1949. While still a student, he was hired as a teacher. Herb said, "It's possible that the faculty was afraid of veterans or was impressed by what we knew and what we had been and done."

While working part-time at RISD, Herb was also studying and teaching part-time at Yale. He received his M.F.A. degree there in 1956. Herb and his new bride, Olive "Polly" Norton, who had also been a RISD student, were living in Glastonbury, Connecticut. While an undergraduate at Yale, I visited them occasionally on weekends. In 1952, for instance, we saw the new movie Moulin Rouge (starring José Ferrer and Zsa Zsa Gabor).

Polly often proclaimed that RISD paid young professors so little that it was impossible to support a family, which now included two sons, Peter and Nicholas. Consequently, Herb traveled greater distances to accept faculty positions. In 1949 he taught at the University of Kansas, and in 1950 he went to the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo. He resigned the latter position when he won the highly prestigious Chaloner Fellowship to study and work independently at the American Academy in Rome.

Herb always bolstered his income through commissions. Perhaps as a legacy of the Depression's Works Progress Administration, murals came easily to him. He painted them in bars and restaurants. Herb recalled his sojourn in Rome on the walls of an Atwells Avenue dining room. He took a magic marker and in an afternoon illustrated a room in Toppi's Gaylord Diner on Main Street. This being the Corinthian Room, it overflowed with Grecian goddesses of myth and legend.

The houses and yards of Rhode Island figured prominently in Herb's landscapes—be they pen-and-ink sketches, watercolors or etchings. He por-
trayed the stones on Oakland Beach and the milkweeds of Summit Avenue. But Herb became primarily known as an interpreter of the human figure—both nude and clothed—especially through printmaking. By 1979, for example, he had produced nearly 300 etchings.

Between 1958 and 1961, Herb was a visiting critic in drawing and printmaking at Yale. Then he and Polly finally decided to leave Providence and let the past bury its own nostalgia. Like his RISD classmate, the printmaker Sidney Chafetz, he found a professional home at a state university in the Midwest. In the fall of 1961, Herb became a professor at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale. This turned out to be a propitious move. He eventually chaired the Art Department and became dean of the College of Communications and Fine Arts. At the time of his retirement, in 1987, he was SIU’s first Distinguished Professor of Art.

Herb enjoyed considerable recognition and critical success, particularly midway through his career. His work was published in many national magazines, including Newsweek and Life. Perhaps a Guggenheim Fellowship awarded in 1965 was the most notable symbol of his professional accomplishment. Many of Herb’s paintings, drawings, and prints were acquired by important museums. In addition to the collections at RISD, Yale, and Harvard, his work is found in the Baltimore Art Museum, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Philadelphia Art Museum.

His prints were acquired by the New York Public Library and the Library of Congress. Surprisingly, the largest cache, 68, belongs to the Georgetown University Library. These prints were donated by a Jesuit collector and by a graduate of Southern Illinois University.

Although Herb also enjoyed some commercial success, he gradually lost interest in the art world’s fads and fashions. As his work grew less fashionable, it probably became more intense. For better and for worse, he remained both a virtuoso and a traditionalist—keenly attuned to craftsmanship and inspired by the likes of Leonardo and Rembrandt. An academician in the finest sense, he was elected to the National Academy of Design in 1974.

Beginning in 1970, Herb, Polly, and their daughter, Sarah, summers in Rockport, Maine. The Finks settled there permanently in 1992. No doubt he enjoyed the magnificent vistas as well as the solitude.

Uncle Herb figured throughout the course of my life in a variety of
ways. For instance, he was the ring bearer at my parents’ wedding at the Edgewood Yacht Club in 1926. I wore his old clothes, as I wore the hand-me-downs of all my relatives. That was the way it was. But the day I put on Herb’s Boy Scout uniform—a doughboy hat and knickers—I felt a special attachment. He made fine wooden toy sailboats and rowboats for me. When he was only 16, he painted pirate murals throughout the cellar of our new home on Creston Way, just downhill from his own (at the corner of Creston and Summit).

As a child I took Uncle Herb’s art classes at the “School of Design,” although he knew that my painterly talents were very limited. But in 1957 he brokered a much more important relationship between RISD and me. By introducing me to President John Frazier, I was able to teach in the liberal arts division while a graduate student uphill at Brown. This past May, thanks in part to Herb, I completed a half-century on the RISD faculty.

In 1998 I brought Herb back to RISD for a retrospective show at the Roitman Gallery, on South Main Street, and to talk to students. Three years
later I visited Herb in Rockport with a crew of videographers to capture his image and his personality for the RISD archives. I showed the video recently to the Leisure Club at Temple Emanu-El.

Herb lost both his boys born in Rhode Island. I have two older brothers, Edward and Charles, but I believe that I became a kind of substitute son. I could be trusted to keep the faith, guard the words and the photographs, and display some of his creations in my home.

Shortly after Herb’s death, I received a series of phone calls. One was from Jan Howard, the curator of prints, drawings, and photographs at the RISD Museum, who thought that I was Herb’s son and heir. She asked if I would accept a call from a “collector” in New Orleans. A man named Semmes said that he and his brothers, who were longtime contractors, had acquired an excellent group of Fink illustrations of Mardi Gras, circa 1971. “We found them under a mattress in the house of a woman who died in Hurricane Katrina. We invite you to come and have a look.”

I flew down as a pilgrimage. But the Semmes family was so very busy
Being, 1955 [etching]
cleaning up and restoring a number of properties that I had only a glimpse—a fabulous glimpse— at the large pictures. They promised to send photographs of the entire collection.

When my wife and I drove to visit Polly and Sarah in Rockport, to place a pebble as a symbolic (and silent) *Kaddish* at Herb's grave, Aunt Polly said, “Herb's work is everywhere. I have no memory of his journey to New Orleans.” So this sojourn to Louisiana is still a mystery for me.

There are other mysteries. Although Uncle Herb was a Bar Mitzvah at Temple Emanu-El, he did not participate as an adult in any organized Jewish community or partake in Jewish rituals. Yet, he was a deeply spiritual Jew.

In Bible stories the main characters act but they do not pose for pictures. At the touch of Herb's magic wand, however, the Bible comes to life. Whether using pen or pencil, etching needle or brush, this artist, with limited sight, found intimacy within scripture.

“I am Job,” said Herb, more than once. In his youth and in his retirement, for differing reasons. He and Polly also became Adam and Eve. Herb himself figures as Isaac, amid the sheep and ram of a cabalistic landscape.

I toast a *L'Chaim* to the legacy of Herb Fink. Though not an artist who stayed in the limelight of celebrity, he was idolized by many artists, who acknowledged his superb—even supreme—skill, which was imbued with humor, wisdom, and *neshome*. I drink too to a kind and supportive uncle, who reminds me of the glory of my heritage. Herb’s wry inheritance is primarily a melancholy beauty, but an endless inspiration to which I have dedicated much of my own life.
Alice and Sidney Goldstein in their Maxcy Hall office, 1978

Brown's sociology and anthropology faculty, 1955; Sid is in first row, second from right
PROFESSOR SIDNEY GOLDSTEIN
OF BROWN:
WORLD RENOWNED DEMOGRAPHER

Born and reared in nearby New London, Sidney Goldstein was Bulkeley High School's valedictorian in 1945. After earning his bachelor's degree in 1949 and his master's in 1951 at the University of Connecticut, he entered the University of Pennsylvania, one of America's leading centers for demographic training. Having completed his doctorate in only two years, he remained at Penn as an instructor in sociology.

In 1953 Sidney further displayed his brainpower by marrying Alice Dreifuss, a new graduate of Connecticut College for Women. A Holocaust survivor from Germany, she had settled with her parents in New London in 1941. The opportunity to live closer to his parents and in-laws was a major factor in Sidney's decision to join the faculty of Brown University in 1955. In the initial stages of developing a specialization in population studies, the sociology department sought a rising star. Little did Brown officials know that they had recruited an entire constellation.

Goldstein served on Brown's sociology faculty for 47 years. In 1957 he was promoted to associate professor; three years later to full professor; and in 1977 he was named the George Hazard Crooker University Professor. From 1966 until 1991, he directed Brown's Population Studies and Training Center. In 2005, in recognition of Goldstein's key role in establishing the Center's worldwide stature, a new conference room was named in his honor.

Prof. Goldstein is an international expert on problems of urbanization and population movement, especially in developing countries. He has served as a consultant to numerous agencies and organizations and has received awards from the Guggenheim and Fulbright Foundations as well as the Institute of Population Studies of Chulalongkorn University in Thailand. In 1976-77, he served as president of the Population Association of America. Needless to say, the Brown professor has been a prolific author.

Goldstein's expertise has been invaluable to the American Jewish community. His pioneering demographic study of Rhode Island's Jewish community, sponsored in 1963

SIDNEY GOLDSTEIN
by Federation, led to the publication of *Jewish Americans*, which was co-authored with his Brown protégé and colleague, Prof. Calvin Goldscheider. For many years, in addition to directing numerous community population surveys, Goldstein chaired the National Technical Advisory Committee for Jewish Population Studies of the Council of Jewish Federations (now the United Jewish Communities). In this role, he oversaw the development, implementation, and analysis of the 1990 National Jewish Population Study. Sidney and Alice coauthored several studies, including *Jews on the Move; Conservative Jewry, 1990: A Sociodemographic Portrait; and Lithuanian Jewry: 1993*. For his contributions to Jewish demography, Goldstein has been honored by the Council of Jewish Federations, the National Foundation for Jewish Culture, and the Institute of Contemporary Jewry at Hebrew University.

Residents of Warwick for half a century, the Goldsteins have been active members of Temple Am David. Their ongoing commitment to our community is demonstrated through service to Federation and many of its agencies. In the spring of 2007, for example, both Sidney and Alice were recognized as “Builders of Jewish Education” by the Bureau of Jewish Education.

Sidney was of course a distinguished member of our Association’s board from 1966 to 2001. Both he and Alice wrote a number of significant articles for *The Notes*, and their students have written others.

The Goldsteins have three children: Beth, a professor and chair of educational policy at the University of Kentucky in Lexington; David, a professor and chair of biology at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio; and Brenda, who is a public health official for Lifelong Medical Care in Oakland, California. While mindful of their considerable scholarly and Jewish communal achievements, Sidney and Alice believe that their most valuable legacy is their seven grandchildren.

On March 30, 2005, Sidney received the Laureate Award from the International Union for the Scientific Study of Population at a gathering in Philadelphia. Founded in 1918, the IUSSP has about 2,000 members—one third from developing countries. The Laureate Award is given annually to a distinguished population scientist who also demonstrates outstanding service to the IUSSP and the profession. Presented here are highlights from the speech delivered by IUSSP’s president, Jacques Vallin, a scientist at the National Institute for Demographic Studies in Paris.
Dear Professor Goldstein,

On behalf of the council of the IUSSP, I have the great honor and the great pleasure to present to you the Laureate Award for 2005.

I do not know how great the event is for you, but probably you do not know how sad it is for me. Indeed, giving this IUSSP award once a year to a brilliant colleague is one of the most agreeable parts of the role of President; alas! you are my last opportunity to enjoy the delicious time of giving some warm words toward one of the best demographers around the world. Last but not least, fortunately!

In fact, there is another way to consider the event. I will probably be the most lucky IUSSP president: despite the theoretical limits of a four-year mandate, you are the eighth laureate to whom I present the IUSSP prize! For that, I thank my predecessor, José Alberto Magno de Carvalho, very much, who asked me to do it, on his behalf, for Sam Preston, eight years ago, and then for Paulina Makinwa, Norman Ryder, and Dirk van de Kaa, before playing my own role for Ronald Freedman, Paul Demeny, Henri Leridon, and now you.

Furthermore, if you think that the IUSSP prize is an old institution and that the list of past Laureates is now a long one, you would probably be surprised to know that, including you, I will have delivered more award speeches than I have missed. Prior to the eight I have done, there have only been seven ceremonies, starting with Louis Henry, in 1991, followed by Nora...
Federici, Anthony Wrigley, Nafis Sadik, Jorge Somoza, William Borrie, and Nathan Keyfitz. In fact, even if it is my last one, I am very happy! Dear Sid, I am very happy to have you to close my own series.

That first glance at your curriculum vitae stunned me: how is it possible that the most internationally recognized scholar of urbanization and population mobility could be one of the least mobile American social scientists, spending all his long career in Providence?

But it is not at all the case. Yes, any demographer around the world knows Brown University as a temple of migration studies, because of your long attachment to that university. But you also know about everything that matters in the field of migration all around the world. Not only were you interested in comparative studies and devoted a lot of your time to the analysis of specific country situations, comparing them to each other, but you also visited many of these countries. Especially, at least three times, you took the opportunity of sabbatical leaves to immerse yourself into other universes, quite different from those of the East Coast or even the whole United States. Each time, you used the Honolulu East-West Center as a bridgehead before undertaking very active scientific tours: first in Australia and New Zealand in the 1970s, then in Southeast and Eastern Asia in the 1980s, and, finally, in the Mediterranean world (from Bellagio to Jerusalem) in the 1990s.

Actually, since I’m far from being a specialist of migration studies, I’ve picked up a lot of the following information from the beautiful letter of nomination we received for you from Frances K. Goldscheider.
There were three main reasons why you were selected by the Council of the Union for the 2005 Award. The first one is obviously your tremendous role in the development of urban and migration studies.

In the 1950s, beginning with your dissertation research, you pioneered work in the use of administrative and other records to complement officially collected data (censuses and vital statistics). By using city directories in conjunction with survey data and vital records, you identified the importance of repeat migration in high mobility rates. That work on a United States population was extended to Denmark, where the registration system enabled you to corroborate your earlier findings. You documented the assumption that large in- and out-migration streams lay behind the much smaller level of net migration, and that repeat migration accounted for a substantial proportion of all mobility. Moreover, gross migration flows played a critical role in changing the socio-demographic characteristics of locations.

From the mid-1960s, you increasingly turned your attention to the situation in developing countries, focusing on population redistribution and urbanization, then a highly innovative approach to population problems and policy. In Thailand, where you served as the Population Council’s Demographic Advisor to the newly developed Institute of Population Studies at Chulalongkorn University, in Bangkok, you guided a national longitudinal study of population growth. One of its key components was attention to migration.

Your research in Thailand resulted in a series of studies that explored the interrelations between migration and many social and demographic char-
acteristics, and the impact of migration on urban growth. Using data that spanned 25 years, you were able to demonstrate that as urbanization proceeded, temporary migration replaced more permanent mobility as a major component of economic adjustment. Your attention to the effect of migration on fertility tested both the disruption and adjustment hypotheses. You also explored the complexity of the migration process, demonstrating the oversimplification of the migrant/non-migrant and urban/rural dichotomies.

As a result of your work in Thailand, you became firmly convinced of the importance of considering all forms of movement when studying migration: from permanent resettlement to temporary short-term mobility to commuting. Some years later, you conducted a more specific investigation of temporary mobility in Southeast Asia. During this period, you also played a key role in developing a comprehensive methodology for studying migration using sample surveys. The United Nations' Economic and Social Commission for Asia and the Pacific (ESCAP) developed a sampling strategy, questionnaire, and analysis protocol for undertaking migration surveys. As a consultant to ESCAP, you were closely involved in this project; the ensuing manuals serve as the model for migration surveys internationally.

With the opening of the People's Republic of China to Western social science researchers, you were drawn to the challenge of undertaking migration research in a nation with an official policy strictly controlling population mobility and almost no available statistics on migration. Furthermore, because China was poised on the edge of modernization, the dynamic context within which population mobility could occur provided a unique opportunity to study internal migration at a critical point in national development. You convinced key Chinese researchers and policy makers of the importance of internal migration in China and were instrumental in helping to develop a number of migration surveys. Using data from those surveys as well as census materials, you provided the definitive analysis of urbanization and migration in China in the 1980s. Particularly noteworthy are: *Urbanization in China: New Insights from the 1982 Census and Population Mobility in the People's Republic of China.*

Paralleling your work in Asia, since the 1960s you have also brought your expertise to the demography of American Jewry. You have become internationally recognized for this work. While exploring all the demographic
processes as they pertain to a small religious and ethnic population, you have continued to focus on migration as a key variable in explaining the levels of cohesion or assimilation of that group. Your decennial review articles on the demography of American Jews represent benchmark statements in the field.

Time being short, I will be much shorter about the two other reasons for the Laureate Award, even if they are no less important.

In addition to producing an opus of sound and innovative research, you have been an inspiring teacher and administrator. Under your guidance, the Population Studies and Training Center at Brown University grew into one of the outstanding population centers in the United States. Since its inception, it has emphasized interdisciplinary approaches to demographic research, and it has gained special recognition for its leadership in the study of urbanization and migration. You have served as mentor to well over 100 doctoral students from around the world. They currently hold key positions in governmental and international agencies, universities, and research institutes. The principles of intellectual integrity that you have personified have guided their professional activities.

And here is the third point: you played a determinant role in the development of IUSSP’s scientific activities. At a crucial point of your successful story, you actually reshaped the research direction of the IUSSP as chair of the first Committee on Urbanization and Population Redistribution. Under your leadership, a massive project emerged in the 1970s. It was truly an international demographic effort, solidly exemplary of the best of the IUSSP. You brought in

with Brown graduate students, 1979

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and coordinated scholars from all continents, including the important participation of a group of Soviet scholars, as well as a solid group of African demographers. You published no less than four volumes (coedited with David Sly*) under the aegis of the IUSSP. Two volumes were methodological, and they have set the standard for defining the data that are needed as well as the measurements and projections that are critical for understanding urbanization trends in different parts of the world. These volumes were followed by a two-volume set of comparative country studies. The detailed studies provided the concrete illustrations for your Presidential address to the Population Association of America in 1976, which was a ringing endorsement of the need to broaden attention to migration in all its aspects. The paper has served as a guide to researchers ever since. And I must tell you that nobody has ever published more IUSSP books.

Before concluding, with your permission, Sid, I would like to also address a thought to Alice who is with you tonight, as she has been for so long. It is remarkable to note how many publications you coauthored. As we can think of Pierre and Marie Curie in physics, or, closer to us, of Jack and Pat Caldwell in anthropological demography, for migration studies, we certainly can think of Sid and Alice Goldstein. I would like to tell Alice that as the Union honors Sid today, it also honors her.

Dear Sid, based on your prominent role in the development of migration studies and more generally in population sciences, you have already received many honors and distinctions. You received awards and medals from universities within and outside the United States, including those in Thailand and China. You have also received several distinctions from national and international Jewish institutions for your valuable contribution to the knowledge of Jewish population. By presenting you tonight the 2005 IUSSP award, I am just adding to the others, but I hope that you will enjoy becoming our 15th Laureate.

Congratulation!
PROFESSOR GOLDSTEIN'S ACCEPTANCE SPEECH

Before I address my comments to Dr. Vallin, I would like to express my sincere appreciation to my colleagues at Brown and to all my former students who spoke this evening for their warm and moving comments about Alice and me. Their remarks give strong testimony to the reasons that teaching is such a wonderful and rewarding experience. They also help provide the answer to Dr. Vallin's curiosity about why, although I concentrated my research on migration, I myself migrated so rarely in my career; the rewards of teaching such a stimulating and highly motivated group of students always gave me a strong incentive to stay at Brown despite opportunities to migrate elsewhere. And I've never regretted that decision.

Thank you, too, Dr. Vallin, for your very generous comments. Words cannot adequately express my gratitude for the great honor which the IUSSP, through you, has bestowed on me by naming me its Laureate for 2005, especially when I realize that my name is now being added to such a distinguished list of world demographers who have been given this recognition in previous years.

The award has special meaning not only for me, but also, I believe, for the discipline of population studies as a whole, because I think I am correct in saying that I am the first demographer who has focused on the topic of migration to receive such recognition. And so, by honoring me, the IUSSP is also recognizing that migration as a field of study has indeed assumed its rightful status as a major area of demographic concern, along with fertility and mortality.

This award is significant to me in still another way. Since the award was first announced several weeks ago, I have received a number of congratulatory messages from friends, professional colleagues, and especially former students whom I have helped to train in migration studies during my fifty years at Brown. I am very pleased that a number of them are here this evening. In acknowledging those messages from former students, I wrote them that I interpreted the award as much a recognition of the important contributions

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that they individually and collectively have made to migration research, as it is a personal recognition of my own contributions to the field.

So I hope that both those alumni who are here tonight, and those who could not attend this meeting, will feel as happy as I do about this award and that, like me, you will now feel that our field of research—migration— is no longer the stepchild of demography, as I described it in 1976 in my presidential address to the Population Association of America.

When Mary Kritz called to inform me that I had received the Laureate Award, she generously indicated that I had several weeks to decide whether to receive the award in July at the IUSSP General Assembly in Tours, France, or here at the Population Association of America in Philadelphia. I must admit that I wavered in my preferences as I discussed the choice with Alice. In the end, as you can see, I decided that it would be most appropriate to hold the ceremony here. The reasons were several:

Coming from France, Dr. Vallin especially and perhaps some of you, too, may be amused to learn that, as a freshman undergraduate, my intention was to major in French (a language I enjoyed studying and learning while in high school). What changed my mind was an elective course in population that I took with the late Dr. Robert Burnight. The material he covered in the course proved to be so interesting and so relevant to the world’s problems that I decided to pursue a program of individual study with him and eventually went on to earn my Master’s degree under him with specialization in population.

Dr. Burnight had received his Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania studying there under the mentorship of Dr. Dorothy S. Thomas, then the world’s leading expert on migration. It was only natural that, when I indicated that I also wanted to earn a Ph.D. in population, he encouraged me to enroll at Penn and do my studies with Dr. Thomas. I was indeed fortunate to be able to do so, not only because of her expertise in migration but also because, at the time of my enrollment at Penn, she was in the process of organizing an experimental graduate interdisciplinary seminar on technological change and social development. Funded by the Ford Foundation, it was designed to encourage interdisciplinary research, study, and communication.

Dorothy invited me to join that seminar, which became popularly known as “The Norristown Seminar” after the seminar’s field site outside Philadelphia. That interdisciplinary seminar gave me the opportunity to work
and study intensely not only under Dr. Thomas, but also under such science giants as American historian Thomas Cochran, Nobel Prize-winning economist Simon Kuznets, and cultural anthropologist Anthony Wallace. It was their joint influence that led me throughout my professional career as a demographer to view population problems from a multidisciplinary perspective, greatly enriching the insights I was able to gain from my research in migration and urbanization. At this point, I especially want to remember Dorothy Thomas, who not only served as my mentor but also as the mentor of several of you here tonight. Her memory as a leading, innovative scholar in migration research will always be an inspiration.

Given my decision to enroll at Penn and to come to Philadelphia, you can well understand a major reason why I chose to have this award ceremony held here in Philadelphia. Especially at this stage of life, coming back to receive this award within a short distance of where I began my professional career has very special meaning for me. Philadelphia has added significance for both me and Alice because it was here in Philadelphia that we started our married life together, had our first child, and began to collaborate professionally. Alice helped me sort the McBe punch cards (predecessors to IBM sorting machines) which were used to analyze the Norristown migration data, and that was the beginning of a wonderful, rewarding collaborative joint research experience that has continued to this day.

There is still another reason why I chose to have the award ceremony here this evening—because this session is being held in conjunction with the annual PAA meeting. The PAA has played a key role in my professional life. I initially served on its Board of Directors. In 1974, I was elected Vice President, and the next year, I was elected President. Indeed, I think I have the distinction of being one of the longest serving presidents of the organization, not because I did such a good job, but rather because, in the midst of my 1976-77 term, a change in the constitution altered the PAA’s administrative year to the calendar year instead of the period between annual meetings. This resulted in my having to serve until the end of 1977, when the newly elected president could officially take office. I was greatly honored to have been elected to the PAA presidency and to have been able to serve the organization in this role. And so, it seemed quite appropriate to hold this award ceremony here in conjunction with the PAA meetings.
In 1971, the IUSSP recognized that the increasing urbanization of the world's population and the social and economic implications of this development merited greater attention by demographers. They theretofore organized a Committee on Urbanization and Population Redistribution and invited me to chair it. I was most fortunate in having as other committee members a very expert group of international demographers: Dr. Eduardo Arriaga (U.S. Bureau of the Census), Ashish Bose (Institute of Economic Growth, New Delhi), Dr. John Grauman (United Nations Population Division), Dr. Simeone Ominde (University of Nairobi), Dr. Kalman Tekse (World Health Organization), and Dr. Hilde Wander (Institut für Weltwirtschaft, University of Kiel). Dr. David Sly, one of my former students at Brown, who was then on the faculty of Florida State University, served as research associate to the committee and coauthor of the resulting volumes. The logistic support of IUSSP staff, especially Bruno Remiche and Marc LeBrun, was particularly valuable.

Reflecting my own multidisciplinary orientation, the committee decided, as its major goal, to undertake a series of intensive comparative studies of urbanization patterns in selected countries of the world, representing different geographic areas, varied stages of development, and different types of urbanization problems associated with their particular size and social, economic, and political orientations. Among the twelve countries included in the comparative analysis were the United States, the Soviet Union, Mexico, India, Hong Kong, Australia, Japan, and Nigeria. The committee also published two basic documents focusing on how to do research on urbanization. I have always been most grateful to IUSSP for the opportunity to work on this committee. The experience helped me greatly to better understand both the intricacies of measuring urbanization and the major ways in which urbanization was a byproduct of demographic processes and related to social and economic development.

I am grateful to IUSSP for a second reason: when our committee was deciding which countries to include in the comparative analysis, we very much wanted to have a case study of China. As Chair, I made a concerted effort to establish contact with Chinese scholars, but had no success in doing so. At the time, the United States did not have diplomatic relations with China, and China itself was under the control of the infamous "Gang of Four," which scorned social science.
However, after the Gang of Four had been disbanded, I received a letter from one of my Chinese contacts of years earlier. In it, he apologized for not answering my letter sooner, blaming the six-year delay on the then existing political situation in China (after all, six years was not long in the context of Chinese history). He ended his letter by inviting me to visit China on my next trip to Asia, indicating that Chinese scholars very much wanted to discuss how China's urbanization patterns compared to the world urbanization situation and to learn how both the IUSSP project and my own research on migration in Thailand might be useful to Chinese scholars. The visit in itself and the follow-up is a long story. I'll only mention here that it eventually led me to become associated with the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences in a joint effort to assess urbanization and migration in China and to train Chinese scholars to continue that line of research.

So I am most grateful to IUSSP for the key role that my involvement in its Committee on Urbanization played in providing the basis for some of the twenty most interesting and challenging years of my professional career, those involving research on urbanization and migration in China and, eventually, using the Chinese training and research model to undertake parallel projects in the 1990s in Vietnam, Ethiopia, Guatemala, and South Africa. Together, these undertakings enabled me to realize in a very limited way the hope I expressed in my 1976 PAA presidential address, that a series of specialized national migration surveys would be developed to lay the basis for an eventual World Migration Survey, similar to the World Fertility Survey.

In ending my remarks this evening, I want to stress again, as I did in 1976, the need to take advantage of every opportunity to incorporate attention to migration in all systematic efforts to collect data on the dynamics of population change, not only for the insights that such data will provide on migration itself, but also, for the insights that will be gained into the impact that migration has on development, on population growth generally, and on urbanization in particular. Such research should provide the basis both for comprehensive assessments of all aspects of population movement and for evaluation of existing migration and urbanization policies as well as the formulation of new ones.

In 1976, when I gave my presidential address, two demographic milestones had just been passed: 1) the world's population had just reached four
for the first time in world history, a majority of the world’s urban population dwelt in less developed nations. Today over 6 billion persons inhabit planet Earth, and four out of every five of these persons live in less developed regions. In fact, of the total growth in the world’s population since 1975, almost 70 percent has occurred in urban places, helping to explain why the world’s level of urbanization has risen in these last thirty years from only one-third of the total world population to almost half this year. Moreover, virtually 100 percent of all population growth expected by the United Nations for the world in the next 30 years will be concentrated in urban areas, almost all of it in developing countries.

No wonder then that today, even more so than in 1971, when IUSSP first focused on urbanization as a key area for research, we need to give our highest priority to rural-to-urban migration in the overall urbanization process, especially in developing countries. Particularly as scholars, we must make certain that the study of redistribution, which suffered all too long from neglect within the profession and on the part of governments, foundations, and international agencies, receives the attention it so seriously deserves. This is the challenge the IUSSP, the PAA, and all of you assembled here this evening must face in the years ahead. I strongly urge you to meet that challenge.

Again, my sincere thanks to IUSSP for naming me its Laureate for 2005 and to all of you for participating in this award ceremony.
Endnotes

1 Magno de Carvalho is a professor at the Federal University of Minas Gerais, Brazil.

2 The institutional affiliations of previous Laureates are: Preston, University of Pennsylvania; Makinwa, Nigerian National Institute of Social and Economic Research; Ryder, Princeton University; van de Kaa, Netherlands Organization for Scientific Research; Freedman, University of Michigan; Demeny, Population Council, New York City; and Leridon, National Institute for Demographic Studies, Paris.

3 The institutional affiliations of these Laureates are: Henry, National Institute for Demographic Studies, Paris; Federici, University of Rome; Wrigley, Cambridge University; Sadik, United Nations; Somoza, Faculty of Economic Science, Buenos Aires; Borrie, Australian National University; and Keyfitz, Harvard University.

4 Goldscheider is a Brown professor emerita of sociology and was an affiliate of the Population Studies and Training Center.

5 Sly was a professor of sociology at Florida State University and directed its Center for the Study of Population.
"CLICK, CLICK, CLICK":
THE SOUND OF MAH JONGG

GERALDINE S. FOSTER

If you ever wondered why your grandmother or mother never lost her shirt playing Mah Jongg, you'll soon discover the answer. Jerry takes a close look at an American Jewish institution, explaining its enormous appeal across many generations of Rhode Islanders. She demonstrates with some amusement that the rules of playing Mah Jongg are far less complicated than the rituals and regimens that players impose on themselves and on one another. The game is far more than a temporary diversion from child care, work or a listless day at the beach. Gentlemen, some words of warning: don't monkey with Mah Jongg!

GAMES OF SKILL AND CHANCE

Playing games of various sorts has been part of Jewish life since ancient times. Mentioned in the Talmud are games involving nuts, fruits, eggs, balls, bones, and stones. Certain games using nuts and apples were played by women on Shabbat. Other games mentioned with approval in the Talmud were early forms of dominos and checkers. According to a traditional view, King Solomon invented chess.

Throughout the ages rabbis frowned upon professional gambling. Nevertheless, some permitted occasional indulgences in games of chance. Restrictions on gambling were relaxed on many festive occasions: Purim, Hanukah, the intermediate days of Pesach and Sukkot, and Rosh Hodesh.

Rabbis also made distinctions between games of chance (fromed
upon) and games of skill and mental challenge (smiled upon). A further distinction was made in various Responsa literature between gambling for personal gain and that in which a part was given to charity. In recent decades, synagogue sisterhoods have frequently sponsored card parties as fundraising activities. These have been regarded in a more positive light.

HISTORY OF MAH JONGG

The roots of the game of Mah Jongg may be traced far back in time. A card game played in 9th-century China bears some similarities to the game played today. Chinese players had to collect pungs, chows and kongs. They used cards that resembled the actual money of that era.

The first mention of Mah Jongg in any language other than Chinese appeared in 1895 in a paper by the American anthropologist Stewart Cullen. It was formally introduced to the United States through Joseph Park Babcock's book, Rules of Mah-Jongg (sic). Babcock, who worked for Standard Oil Company, was transferred to Suzhou (Soochow), China, in 1912. He and his wife learned how to play the Chinese tile game there. They enjoyed it so much that Babcock simplified the rules and produced the volume familiarly known as The Red Book.
In the United States, Mah Jongg was touted as a game whose “origins were shrouded in the mists of time.” However, most books on the history of the game indicate that it dates from the late 19th-century. It was, according to these sources, developed in the Ningbo area of China, whence it spread to the international colony of Shanghai, and from there it was introduced into the West. It should be noted that there are many versions of Mah Jongg, depending on the Far Eastern country in which it is played.

By all accounts, the American version is derived from Babcock’s Red Book, in which there are 152 tiles in a set. There are three suits, Crak, Dot, and Bam, numbered one through nine. One of the Bam tiles looks different from the others in its suit. It is called “1 Bam” and is to be avoided. There are eight Bonus tiles consisting of eight Flowers and eight Jokers. The tiles are arranged face down to form a square of two rows. East begins the play. To win, a player must complete one of the hands shown on the card published each April by the National Mah Jongg League. The amount the winner receives is determined by the value of the hand as displayed on the card.

Mah Jongg became all the social rage. It was not unusual on Mah Jongg night for homes to be decorated with Chinese motifs or for participants to dress in Chinese fashion. There were Mah Jongg clubs; one was organized in July 1923 at the Black Rock Fishing Club in Newport. Humorous songs about Mah Jongg by well known writers and singers became popular recordings or were featured in skits. Today their bigoted lyrics make one cringe.

The rules of the American version of the game, taken up mainly by women, underwent many revisions. Standardization occurred in 1937, when the National Mah Jongg League published its rulebook, Maajh: The American Version of the Ancient Chinese Game. Although Mah Jongg originally appealed to people of many ethnic backgrounds, it eventually became known as a Jewish women’s game. The National Mah Jongg League had been founded mainly by Jewish players. It is interesting to note that the League still distributes a portion of its earnings to a variety of charities. Additionally, it introduces its new card of permitted hands and standards in the spring before Passover.

**WHY MAH JONGG?**

There have been no definitive studies as to why so many Jewish women were attracted to Mah Jongg and why it became known (erroneously) as the leading...
Jewish women's game. One can only speculate.

By the 1920s and '30s, the preponderance of American Jews had come from Eastern Europe. Although they frowned upon frittering away time, which could be better served in study, men played cards. This is borne out by references in Yiddish literature. As a rule, however, Jewish women did not play cards. Card playing had not been part of their world—either in shetls or in cities. Nor did women have free time to spend a few hours at a card table.

Mah Jongg was not considered card playing, however. It was exotic, challenging, part of America, and not difficult to learn. Betting, which was part of the game, involved minimal amounts of money. Mah Jongg provided an opportunity for a sociable interlude with neighbors while children were at school, or perhaps an evening out, if husbands were willing to sit with children. The game was also the basis for friendships that grew and continued long after children had grown.

Generally, in the years prior to World War II, the world of American Jewish women was circumscribed by family, neighborhood, and community. Except for the wealthier few, most did not drive. Once again, with few exceptions, married Jewish women did not work outside the home, except perhaps to help in a family business. To use a once popular phrase and a cliché, Jewish women were “the chief cooks and bottle-washers who kept the home fires burning.”

In the ensuing years, life changed in many ways. A Jewish woman had more freedom from household drudgery and perhaps even a car at her disposal. If her husband was successful, there was no need for her to work outside the home. Nor was she expected to do so, unless she had a career. In many circles, her working was taken as a sign of financial need or failure.

With her free time, a Jewish woman could volunteer for one or many of the more than 50 women's organizations and sisterhoods then extant in Rhode Island. After taking care of her home and husband, she still might have time to indulge in her favorite game of Mah Jongg, which required skill and mental agility.

According to Ruth Unger, a past president of the Mah Jongg League, there are two reasons why the game has been so popular among women. The American version did not call
for heavy betting, and there is a philanthropic aspect. Each year the League supports a foundation that gives sizable donations to hospitals and other charitable agencies throughout the country.

MEMORIES OF MOTHER’S AND GRANDMOTHER’S GAME

“Click, click, click.” This sound is one of the most familiar memories of Mah Jongg. As a little girl, Dorita Ponce (Goldstein) heard this sound before going to sleep. Her mother, Jessie Ponce, loved the game. Betty Basok (Kotlen) also recalled her mother’s games as very noisy. “There was the clicking of the tiles and laughter. They enjoyed themselves a great deal.” Sayre Litchman remembered his mother, Charlotte, and her close friends playing in the living room. “I heard, ‘r Bam, 2 Crak,’ and the click of the tiles.” “It was not just a game,” he added, “but friendships and socializing.”

Caryl-Ann Miller (Nieforth) recalled going from John Howland Elementary School to the home of her grandmother, Betty Wattman. “Inevitably, she would have a game going on in her sun room, and I would hear the ‘click, click, click’ of the tiles.” Mrs. Nieforth continued: “It looked like such fun. I can just picture Grandmother and her friends. They were all dressed up. This was a ladies’ afternoon out. Whenever I came in, they would give me hugs and kisses.”

When she played the game, Beatrice Wattman Miller found the noise of the tiles annoying. This is one of the reasons she gave up playing Mah Jongg and became a master bridge player.

“The famous Mah Jongg games!” Melvin Hyman recalled. He believes that his mother, Diane, and her friends taught themselves. “They all had these big cards in front of them and referred to them all the time.”

Hyman’s younger sister, Roseanne (Litchman), never knew to which home she would be delivered after her day at Lincoln School. It was always a surprise. Mrs. Hyman played Mah Jongg regularly on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and often on other afternoons as well. She arranged for a cab to pick up Roseanne and bring her to a home on the East Side. She would go to a side door, a maid would let her in, and she would be given milk and cookies in the kitchen. Mrs. Hyman would come in between hands, greet her, and tell her to sit quietly and
do her homework. "I was told I could not talk to her during the game, even if I had a question or wanted to know when we were going home. I could talk only when I heard the tiles being 'shmooshed.'"

Mrs. Litchman fondly remembers the women in her mother's circle; they became her "aunts" because she saw them so often. They dressed, she said, in the height of fashion— even wearing furs. Two women wore enormous pieces of jewelry. Mrs. Litchman explained, "When they 'shmooshed' the tiles, the bracelets would clink together, and the rings would catch the light and sparkle."

**FREQUENCY AND FORMAT OF GAMES**

Although the membership in Mrs. Hyman's Tuesday and Wednesday games was fixed, her other games were always in flux. According to the rules of her circle, no talking was allowed while a game was in progress. A "talker" would not be invited to become a regular. If one player took a tile and another player thought it was an error, then she could not comment or show displeasure. When a game was over, however, the second player could say what she wished. If a woman broke the rules, she would be asked to play only as a substitute or she might be expelled from a group.

Regular players in Mrs. Hyman's core group had no wish to teach novices. Of course, regular players had to memorize the card of the National Mah Jongg League, which contained the official standard hands and rules.
Numerous phone calls were required to see who would be invited to join the “club” and which day members would play. Additionally, each group played for a different kitty. So there would be a flurry of calls at the end of each season to determine what to do with the kitty. Should players go out to dinner? If so, where?

Unlike Mrs. Hyman, most women played only once or twice a week with the same groups; nor did they have such rigid rules of conduct. For example, Reva Lewis’s mother, Tessie Steingold, played in two games: one on Thursday afternoons, another on Wednesday evenings. Customarily, Mah Jongg groups rotated homes, so that each player had an opportunity to serve as hostess.

Mrs. Steingold’s evening game began when her children were young; the afternoon game began when they were older. Reva Lewis recalled that women came to games beautifully dressed; it was an “occasion.” Players put aside money each week to treat themselves to a special luncheon at the end of the year, perhaps at The Little Red Hen (on East Avenue at the Providence-Pawtucket line).

Most of the afternoon games began with lunch. Tables were set with lovely linens and the “good” china and silver. The food was seldom commonplace because new recipes were tried and evaluated. At all games, day or evening, players could snack on a nearby dish of candy or nuts. There was also an ashtray for smokers.

Halfway through each game, there was a time-out for conversation, coffee, and cake. These were homemade, not store-bought, such as pastries, fancy cakes or pies. “Pick-ups” were tiny desserts served from doilies on silver trays.

One of Mrs. Nieforth’s pleasant memories of her grandmother’s games was being allowed to sample all the goodies once the ladies had finished their kaffeklatch. Mrs. Litchman recalled that when it was her mother’s turn to act as hostess, she made very fancy little cakes. These were reserved for company—not family.
SUMMER GAMES

Summers at the beach were an ideal time for Mah Jongg. Whether a home was rented or owned, telephones were few, transportation was limited, and TV was nonexistent. Even before the summer season began, groups were formed to help while away the leisure time. There were also "pick-up" games, organized with neighbors on the spur of the moment, especially on rainy days.

Florence Dix Waxman remembers the games in Conimicut in the years before World War II. Her sister-in-law, Sarah Trostanoff Dix, loved to play cards, but especially Mah Jongg. She always had a game going. When she and her friends needed a fourth on weekends, Florence was asked to fill in. "I felt so important," she commented. "I was in my teens, and they were much older." It was the only time she played, however.

Mah Jongg was also popular among those who summered at Narragansett Pier. A lovely young lady explained that before her parents bought a home there in 1970, they rented the second floor of a three-decker house. She recalled, "Like all renters at the time, we 'roughed' it. There was no telephone, no TV, just sun and sand and an evening walk to watch the sunset. And one movie theatre."

The lovely young lady remembers that a woman who lived on the third floor had a friend, Chana, who lived on the first floor of the house next door. Several times a week the upstairs neighbor would call down from her kitchen window, asking if Chana wanted to play Mah Jongg. Sometimes Chana would call up to her friend with the same question. The answer, usually yes, would then bring about a discussion of plans. "It was like listening in on a party line," the young lady said.

Esther Altsman Kantor remembers a rainy, summer day, after she had retired and had joined the Seekonk Swim Club. The rain did not look like it would let up, so someone suggested going somewhere to play Mah Jongg. One woman had a set in her car, and Mrs. Kantor volunteered her home. She
provided tea, coffee, cake, nuts, and candy, and somebody else patiently explained the rules and the procedures. Mrs. Kantor thought that the ladies had enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon.

As her guests were leaving, Mrs. Kantor heard one woman say to her friend, “Don’t ever do that to me again; don’t ever make me play with someone who doesn’t know what she is doing.” The friend replied: “ Didn’t you have a good time? You certainly ate well.”

That was the last of Mrs. Kantor’s Mah Jongg experience.

Foul Weather
Many women were known to proclaim, “We played no matter what the weather.” For these committed players, the usual quitting times were 4:30 in the afternoon or 10:30 at night. Despite frantic calls from husbands, it did not matter that a storm was becoming ever more serious or that fog was becoming almost impenetrable.

Betty Kotlen’s mother, Charlotte Basok, had a weekly game. One day during the 1950s, after Mrs. Basok served lunch, the players were oblivious to branches flying about and shingles flying off roofs. After the electricity went out, the players lit candles. Mr. Basok had to walk from downtown to his home on the East Side because his car was underwater. When he arrived, he could not believe what he saw. How was he going to get the women home? “Somehow they managed,” Mrs. Kotlen chuckled. “We had no overnight guests.”

The Next Generation
The next generation of Mah Jongg enthusiasts included many women who began married life in the early postwar decades. They too began playing regularly in the evenings, when their children were very young. Once again, the reason was very practical: husbands could babysit. Housewives could socialize and unwind from the endless routine of bottles and diapers. After children entered school and women began or returned to their careers, evenings remained the preferred time for the games.

Very seldom, however, did daughters learn Mah Jongg from their mothers. Usually, a friend taught them.

“My mother always played,” Rosalyn Cohen Factor said, “but she did
not teach me. I never paid much attention to her game, which met during the day.” Mrs. Factor began playing Mah Jongg soon after her marriage in 1948, probably two nights a week because she played with several groups. She still plays twice a week. “I enjoy the game because I am relaxed when I am playing. It is a nice evening out. Where can you have so much fun for four dollars?” she said. This is the common amount of “the pie.” If a player loses all her money, she can continue playing and even win back some of her losses.

“In our younger days,” Mrs. Factor related, “we never wanted to quit playing. We could play and play until all hours of the night.” Her husband, Max, and other husbands issued a challenge: “You can’t seem to get enough of Mah Jongg, but we know you couldn’t play all night.” “Yes, we could,” they answered. So they set up a game.

Mr. Factor knew a policeman whose beat included the neighborhood where the all-night event was to take place. He had his friend check in on the women during the night to make certain that they were not sleeping. Mrs. Factor recalled, “By dawn, we could not think straight, but we played until the time came to get the children ready for school.” After that, straight to sleep!

Betty Kotlen took up Mah Jongg when she was 24 and living in Worcester. She played every Monday night, until 10:30 or 10:45, with a break around 9:30 for coffee and pastries. When Mrs. Kotlen returned to Rhode Island, she filled in when asked. It had to be a night game because she was working full-time and had a child.

Mrs. Kotlen became a regular member of a group when another player moved away. This group began with one member living in Bristol, two in Seekonk, and one in Cranston. She lived on the East Side. The group put money away each week until a member died.

Mrs. Kotlen has taken a traveler’s Mah Jongg set on all her family’s extensive travels. It has never come out of its box, however. The closest she came was finding two other players.

Caryl-Ann Miller Nieforth was living in the Boston area when a friend invited her to play Mah Jongg. Because she and her friends had very young children, it was difficult to have a regular game. When her children were older, Mrs. Nieforth was invited to join another group, consisting of two sets of twins. If one member could not play, there was still a game. If all five were present, one rotated as “the bettor.”
Since returning to Rhode Island, Mrs. Nieforth has not had a regular game. She has played at the Jewish Community Center when games were held on the day she could come. This has put her at a disadvantage. If new cards come out in April, then regular players have them memorized by May. Mrs. Nieforth's mother, Beatrice Miller, recalled frequent objections to her play because they were not "permitted" according to the newest Mah Jongg card. These interruptions influenced her decision to give up Mah Jongg.

Mrs. Nieforth's daughter, Debi Bloomberg, was never interested in the game until her children were born and she no longer worked. When someone asked her to play, she asked her mother for one of her Mah Jongg sets. She practiced at night and played every day. All her phone conversations with her mother were about Mah Jongg. "I got a kick out of that," Mrs. Nieforth said. "She is the fourth generation in our family to play."

Harriet Kriss (Saltzman's) teacher was Ruth Gorman, who asked the friends of her 18-year-old daughter, Sylvia (Geller), if they wanted to learn the game she had found so enjoyable. The young women accepted her invitation. Mrs. Geller believes that her mother was an early member of the National Mah Jongg League.

Mrs. Geller has played for close to 50 years. In addition to one afternoon and one evening game per week, she occasionally fills in when asked. At one time, the groups with which she played saved a kitty for a special dinner at the end of each year, but that tradition was discontinued some time ago.

Harriet Saltzman has also played for nearly half a century. While her children were young, her game took place at night, and only refreshments were served. Then she and her husband participated in a "Mr. & Mrs. Club," at one time a popular kind of get-together. After enjoying dinner, it was cards for the men and Mah Jongg for the women. The club continues to meet, but only once a month.

Sarah-Ann Foster started playing about five years ago, when good friends invited her to join their group. "They did not mind that I knew nothing about the game," she stated. Ms. Foster lived in Barrington, so Mah Jongg was a good way to keep in close touch with her friends in Cranston. It was also a relaxing way to end a busy workweek.

"I started playing about five years ago," Ronnie Saltzman Guttin explained, "after my mother BEGGED my sister, Marcie Karp, and me to the sound of Mah Jongg
learn. We grew up telling our mother, Harriet, that it was a game for old ladies, and that we had no time for this.” One day Marcie called and said reluctantly that she had begun playing and found it quite fun. So a new Mah Jongg group began with Mrs. Saltzman, Marcie, Ronnie, and Tina Parness Fain. Then Sarah Foster joined the group, which plays religiously on Sunday nights at Mrs. Saltzman’s home. They use a Mah Jongg set she received as a gift when she was 21. Only snacks are served at nearby tables, so no time is taken away from Mah Jongg.

“I enjoy playing with a hand until the last possible moment,” Mrs. Guttin reported. “I put off calling as long as I can, so I do not have to be committed to a particular hand.” Mah Jongg, she believes, is a game of strategy. “Yes, chance is involved, but you also have to practice making good decisions and figuring probabilities,” she pointed out.

Mrs. Guttin’s daughter, Sari, a recent college graduate, also plays Mah Jongg. Sari is not part of a regular group, however, because her contemporaries do not yet play. When the Saltzman family group became desperate for a fourth player, they taught Sari’s boyfriend the game. And now he enjoys it.

Dorita Ponce Goldstein may have learned Mah Jongg from her mother, Jessie Ponce. When her children were small, Mrs. Goldstein played in the evenings, but gave up the game when she became a communal volunteer and then worked full-time. She resumed playing one afternoon a week about five years ago. Sometimes she and her friends get so caught up in conversation that they forget whose turn it is.

After learning Mah Jongg from friends, Sue Kravetz Suls, the adult activities director of the Jewish Community Center, suggested starting classes there. “The game,” she reported, “has become very hot and appeals to all ages.” During the winter, there are several groups and levels of experience at the JCC, but no money is exchanged. While many close friendships develop, some new players start their own groups.

Many members of Mrs. Suls’s group are employed, so it meets every few weeks, first for dinner and then Mah Jongg. She explained that when illness or death occurs, the players form a natural support group. Mrs. Suls’ daughter has also learned the game, so she has become a fourth-generation player.
THE TEMPLE AM DAVID PLAYERS

Dorita Ponce Goldstein's daughters, Lisa Labitt and Carol Card, now play Mah Jongg. They learned the game after work, at Am David, while waiting for their children to finish Hebrew school. Mrs. Labitt and Mrs. Card’s teachers were Blema Forman, Paula Lazar Katzman, and Paula Greenbaum Oliveri. Mrs. Katzman had already begun teaching her daughter, Gayle Wilner, and some of her friends, in her home.

“Luck plays a large role,” Mrs. Katzman stated, “but you still have to use strategy.” She learned the game about 45 years ago, when she needed an outlet. Her mother, Mildred, began playing Mah Jongg in the 1940s as part of a foursome that included her father and another couple. They played in the sun porch of their home on Marion Avenue in Providence.

Mrs. Katzman, who had stopped playing Mah Jongg when she went to work, recently resumed. She belongs to a weekly group but also fills in during the winter when a member of another group goes to Florida. She enjoys tutoring a group of Italo-American ladies, who saw the game being played in Florida and then decided to learn.

Mrs. Olivieri took up Mah Jongg about 15 years ago. Though her mother, Miriam, played, she learned the game from another player at the Temple. Though also a bridge player, Mrs. Olivieri enjoys the special challenge of Mah Jongg. “You really have to focus and think about nothing else during those hours,” she commented. “It gives you a good feeling if you win and a sense of aggravation or frustration if you lose, but it is all part of the enjoyment.” Like Mrs. Katzman, Mrs. Olivieri belongs to a weekly group but also helps fill in.

In October 2006, Mrs. Forman suggested holding a Mah Jongg tournament at Temple Am David. By May, the new players were ready to play. The tournament was an outstanding success, which brought together masters and novices without any friction or complaints about the pace of the game. Plans call for further tournaments at six-month intervals.

A FEW VIGNETTES

Mr. Hyman remembered his mother’s beautiful set of ivory Mah Jongg tiles in their white leather case. “It stayed in the back of my closet for many years until it finally went to the Jewish Home. When my kids were really young, they
played with the tiles and used them to build things like you do with Lincoln Logs.”

One woman who plays in a game other than those described above brings her own bag of candy each week and keeps it in her lap. She will not share or even show it to anyone. No one knows why she does this or the contents of her stash.

The old Mah Jongg sets always included blank tiles, in case one should be lost or damaged or there was a change in the requirements of the game. Mrs. Neiforth has a blank that became a joker by adding a decal of Elsie the Borden Cow on its face.

Mrs. Factor and her mother drove to Grossinger’s Hotel in the Catskills for a tournament. They had a wonderful time, even though they were robbed. Someone had broken into their car and taken the Green Stamps from the glove compartment—but nothing else. There was no damage to the car.

One weekend Mrs. Olivieri’s group went to New York City with money they had saved each week. They stayed at a hotel, went to the theatre, had dinner, and then played Mah Jongg all night. “I loved the marathon,” she commented.

Mrs. Katzman and her friends also participated in a similar marathon at a bed-and-breakfast in Newport. For two days there was time cut only for meals and a bit of sightseeing.

**IN CONCLUSION**

For generations of Jewish women, Mah Jongg has been a fast and a challenging game. Unlike bridge, it did not require a partner—only one’s own abilities. Similarly, Mah Jongg did not require four permanent players; somebody could always fill in. Playing Mah Jongg did not exclude other games. For example, many younger women also played Canasta.

As interesting and attractive as Mah Jongg was to those interviewed, it did not (with one exception) dominate all other activities. The women interviewed held jobs, raised families, and participated in synagogues and other communal service organizations. Mah Jongg was not their only social outlet, but it was an important and pleasurable one.
INTERVIEWS
Rosalyn Cohen Factor
Sarah-Ann Ritch Foster (by telephone)
Sylvia Gorman Geller (by telephone)
Dorita Ponce Goldstein (by telephone)
Ronnie Saltzman Guttin
Sari Guttin
Melvin Hyman (by e-mail)
Esther Altsman Kantor (by telephone)
Lisa Lesht Katrell
Paula Lazar Katzman
Betty Basok Kotlen
Reva Steingold Lewis
Roseann Hyman Litchman
Sayre Litchman
Beatrice Wattman Miller
Caryl-Ann Miller Nieforht
Paula Greenbaum Olivieri
Harriet Kriss Saltzman
Sue Kravetz Suls
Ruth Unger (by telephone)
Florence Dix Waxman (by telephone)

ENDNOTES
2 Ibid., p. 367
3 www.Mahjongg.com/history.
4 Ibid.
5 Ibid.
6 Ibid.
8 A bower is a small disc with numbers corresponding to the players in the game. If there is a fifth person sitting out a hand, she may bet on the one she thinks will win. She's allowed to see the hands once the initial tiles have been chosen.
9 S & H Green Stamps were given out as premiums by certain stores. Once a book was filled, it could be redeemed at a Green Stamps store for merchandise.
SIX DECADES
OF CELEBRITY VISITORS,
1915-1976:
PHOTOS FROM
THE ASSOCIATION'S
ARCHIVES

Our Jewish organizations and synagogues are nourished by a never-ending stream of celebrity visitors. They generate excitement, deepen awareness, and inspire support for a variety of causes—none more important than Israel. Some celebrities, however, have visited Rhode Island with the less onerous tasks of entertaining and schmoozing. In a few instances, members of our community have welcomed celebrities on behalf of the state or have encountered celebrities in their travels. The selection of images presented here, which excludes a flood of Rhode Island's elected officials, are drawn entirely from RIJHA's vast and marvelous collection. Whether they document an institutional milestone or a personal adventure, the Association always welcomes donations of new materials.
Israel Bonds dinner, ca. 1960:
formal President Harry Truman,
Dr. Ilie Berger, and
Col. Jacob Avery

Visit to Beth-El, Passover, 1915: former President William Howard Taft and Mrs. Taft escorted by Col. Harry Cutler, a Temple leader
Women's Division of General Jewish Committee with Elliott Roosevelt, wartime aid to his father, ca. 1946

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 6, 1989

Dear Harvey:

Many thanks for your warm letter and for enclosing the picture from our ball playing days. It's great to hear from an old rival and to know you have such a fine scrapbook of your time in the Brown outfield. Our baseball careers may not have taken us to the major leagues, but I'm glad we each have a wealth of happy memories and wonderful friendships that will last a lifetime.

Barbara and I send best wishes, with appreciation for your support.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Harvey Lapides of Brown and George Bush of Yale, May 1, 1948
foreign dignitaries


Lord Mayor Robert Briscoe of Dublin (a Jew) with unknown group, April, 1958
Zionist rally, ca. 1946: 
Rabbi Stephen Wise, president of both American and World Jewish Congresses, with Archibald Silverman, Alvin Sopkin, and Joseph Galkin

President Chaim Weizmann of World Zionist Congress with Archibald Silverman, location unknown, ca. 1941
Israel Bonds dinner, ca. 1965:
Karl Foss, Knesset leader Menachem Begin, and Ernest Nathan


Israeli officials

Israeli Ambassador to U.S., Abba Eban, and Alvin Sopkin, June 30, 1952
Eddie Cantor with Archibald Silverman, ca. 1940

Van Cliburn, Helen Shein, and Cecile Low, Beth-El, November 19, 1961


Carl Sandburg, Beth-El, March 17, 1957
Jewish Orphanage dinner, March 31, 1940: Max Grant, superintendent Maurice Stollerman, Father Edward Flanagan of Boys Town, and Dr. Archie Albert

Harriet Levy with Capt. Joshua Goldberg, the Navy's highest-ranking Jewish chaplain, April 23, 1954

Israel Bonds dinner, ca. 1962: Miss America of 1945, Bess Myerson, with Essie Einstein, Chaya Siegel, and Dr. Ilie Berger
THAT DISTANT SHTETL CALLED BROOKSVILLE:
MEMORIES OF BROOKLYN FROM THE 1920s

STANLEY M. ARONSON

This is Dr. Aronson's seventh article for The Notes. His most recent, in 2004, was a study of his alma mater, City College of New York, and its importance to the leadership of Brown University. The current article is largely a prequel, focusing on the author's early years. A bittersweet recollection, it portrays hardship and hope, ignorance and compassion. Remarkably, Dr. Aronson's article rings true with generations of Jews—in Brooklyn and beyond.

My childhood unfolded, some 80 years ago, in a place called Brooklyn, a place that had been but no longer is.

Childhood memories tend to be charming but inevitably they become distorted and selectively sanitized. We remember fragments of our early youth but not full scenarios: and, with time, even these isolated fragments become hazy, elusive and are no longer trustworthy. With the inevitable doubts come the fears that these memories are little more than a mixture of embellished fantasies, disjointed recollections and unrealized hopes. Still, what lingers in the mind might be worth sharing—keeping in mind that recall is not the same as replay.

A BIT OF BROOKLYN HISTORY
Brooklyn, sometimes called Kings County, is a borough of New York City measuring 74.1 square miles and, in 1928, had a diverse population of some 2,350,000 souls. In those days, Brooklyn was more than a congested urban
center. With its many European cultures, it was a city of many villages; and a state of many minds.

Brooklyn's historic roots extend back to 1646, seven years before the founding of New Amsterdam, when the Dutch West Indies Company authorized the creation of a village to be called Breuckelen. In time, the village grew, incorporating six neighboring towns including Bushwick, Gravesend, Flatbush and Williamsburgh until, by the mid-19th century, it reached its current geographic limits. In 1883, Roebling's monumental suspension bridge joined Brooklyn to Manhattan. Fifteen years later, Brooklyn became the fifth borough of New York City.

Brooklyn, just before the onset of the Great Depression, was a congested incubator of humanity, with about 32,000 Brooklynnites packed into each square mile. Brooklyn was the home of Murder Incorporated, the incompetent Brooklyn Dodgers, a tawdry beachfront called Coney Island, endless stretches of wretched tenements and remarkably few trees. Brooklyn was a tapestry of ethnic enclaves populated typically by first-generation families with little evidence, yet, of melting pot homogeneity. There were definable communities ("the old neighborhoods") that were almost exclusively Italian, Irish, African-American, German or East European Jewish. And the only evidence of marital intermixing was an occasional family where one parent was a Galitzianer and the other, a Litvak.

From its 17th century onset, Brooklyn has been burdened by an unsavory reputation. To have a Brooklyn accent (a speech impediment with largely Dutch-Yiddish syntax, Irish intonation and a trace of working-class vocabulary) was to be identified as certifiably poor and socially inept. Brooklyn, like Jersey City or East Chicago, was a place that you came from, not where you go.
THE LOCAL STORES OF BROWNSVILLE

There were, of course, large downtown stores, but shopping was essentially a neighborhood enterprise. In Brownsville, a solidly Jewish community in the center of the borough, clusters of stores were always available within walking distance. The careful zoning restrictions, which currently characterize large cities, were not evident then. Nor were there food stores offering a wide variety of produce. The fruit stores were separated from the vegetable stores while the grocery stores tended to carry dairy products, eggs, herbs, canned foods, tea, sugar, flour and coffee (usually sold as unpackaged beans with an available coffee bean grinder, brightly colored red, probably the only electricity contrivance in the store). Packaged white bread was available but fresh loaves of rye could only be purchased in a bakery. The modern bakeries boasted of a bread-slicing machine.

Other neighboring stores included a barber shop with a red-and-white striped pole in front, a kosher meat and poultry shop, a laundry—often managed by immigrant Chinese—and a shoe repair store (with booths to wait, since the shoes undergoing repair were the customer’s only ones). What was called a candy store was an emporium that sold cigars, cigarettes, candies, newspapers, magazines and lottery tickets for the Irish Sweepstakes. A candy store was the nether margins of respectability since its interior was the gathering place for those with ill-defined occupations and those who could take racing bets or direct one to the nearest speakeasy. Another local store that was cast as a place of exotic mystery by children was a beauty parlor, more often than not staffed by non-Jewish women.

THE CORNER DRUGSTORE

And if a candy store was the epicenter of a neighborhood, a pharmacy, called a drugstore, was the community’s symbol of rectitude and respectability.

In the days before strip malls and mega stores, after the decline of the medieval alchemist’s establishment but before the emergence of health-related chains, there existed the neighborhood drugstore. In upscale communities, they were called pharmacies or even chemists, but in Brooklyn, it was merely the drugstore. This place was often the anchor store of the neighborhood, frequently situated at the corner.

The drugstore windows usually held a few medically oriented symbols
such as large ceramic mortars and pestles, a scattering of empty beakers, perhaps an ancient microscope and large bulbous-shaped glass containers, three or more feet in height, each filled with vivid green or amber-colored solutions. Many drugstores illuminated these amphorae with backlight so that the otherwise drab display window spoke unmistakably of a functioning pharmacy within. The hours when the store was open were prominently displayed as well as a listing of available services such as urinalysis.

The drugstore, often the oldest establishment in the community, was owned and operated by a white-coated, registered pharmacist whose father probably managed the store before him.

Entering the store brings one into a poorly illuminated room with the Bell telephone booth, in somber mahogany, to one side. Since most neighborhood families had no home phones, this booth became an indispensable part of the local culture. A phone call, in those days, was never a frivolous happening. It was used to summon the family physician or to notify relatives of the birth, death or mortal illness of a loved one. And so, when a call came, the pharmacist would dispatch one of his children to beckon Mrs. Schwartz who lived down the fourth floor, back apartment in the second tenement around the corner. There were few events more disquieting than being summoned to the drugstore telephone by the pharmacist’s boy.

The pharmacy had poorly illuminated counters displaying home health products such as lower abdominal belts (called rupture-supporters), bandage, tape, splints, dentifrices, laxatives, pills for ill-defined kidney ailments, complex tonics for “women’s problems” and a handful of pre-packaged nostrums.

Behind the counter sat the pharmacist’s wife, her notebook, her pencil, her ancient Remington typewriter and the cash register. In the back room was the pharmacist with his mortars, pestles, an array of empty bottles, a scale to weigh powders, a microscope for urinalyses, a hand press to make pills, and an assortment of elixirs, decoctions, dried herbs and placebos to fill the complex formulations of physicians’ prescriptions.
PREScriptions and WHISKY
The nearly illegible prescription was hand-delivered with trembling hands to
the pharmacist’s wife who then informed you of the cost and the time interval
before the medication became available. Through experience, one learned that
the clicking of the typewriter signified that the prescription was momentarily
available.

Prescriptions were mysterious commands, written in Latin and
understood solely by the physician, the pharmacist and their Creator. They
frequently required formulation (that is, a concoction of multiple powdery
substances, mixed and then packaged in folded slips of wax paper). Rarely,
during those Prohibition days, when the sale of alcoholic products for non-
therapeutic purposes was forbidden, a rare prescription ordering Spiritus
Frumenti (whisky) or even Spiritus Vini Vitis (brandy) was sanctioned for reviv-
ing flagging appetites or depressed spirits. There were said to be 24,000
speakeasies in the City of New York, but none that we kids could determine in
our Brownsville neighborhood.

In Jewish neighborhoods there was a persistent tale that if a child had
clear handwriting his fate was to become a pharmacist; if his handwriting was
illegible, then his destiny was to be a practicing physician; and if he could not
write at all, then his success was assured as a politician.

The neighborhood drugstore persists as a receding memory for those
who lived during the Great Depression. The pharmacist, or his wife, rendered
sage advice to those who could not afford a visit to a doctor, and practical help
on a variety of health problems, some as innocent as what medications to take
for rheumatism, but some as profoundly unsettling as counsel for the young,
unmarried woman who had missed two consecutive menstrual periods.

The neighborhood pharmacy, along with the storefront shul, the local
elementary school and the public library served to stabilize a turbulent inner
city Jewish community, providing it with basic resources, a sense of identity
and a fragile sense of security.
REAL ILLNESSES
Except for a genetically enriched patriarch here and there, most people in the neighborhood rarely lived beyond 60. Death, more often than not, was a private matter taking place in the home, sometimes with a physician in attendance, but usually not. There were no visible means of communication between the tenement apartments yet somehow it became known whenever death was imminent in some corner of the building. First came an influx of strange relatives arriving from places as distant as the Bronx, then the children of the floor became subdued and finally, an ominous signal: there were no clothes drying on the laundry line leading from the kitchen.

The illnesses of the adults were many; some due to inadequate care, some due to workplace accidents and many the result of cardiovascular disease such as heart failure or stroke. Cancer was widespread but customarily identified only by inference rather than by explicit name.

There were many childhood diseases, particularly the communicable ones such as measles. But an aggressive Board of Health had its zealous agents abroad instantly to quarantine the apartment as soon as a case of chicken pox, measles, mumps, diphtheria, scarlet fever or infantile paralysis was diagnosed. A large sign was then pasted upon the door declaring that the premises were under strict exclusion from the outer world until the child had recovered. A quiet pageant then unfolded. The adult males in the apartment then departed to live, for a few weeks, with relatives, while the mother, by tradition, stayed with the children—both the actually afflicted one and those not yet infected. By sundown, the other women of the tenement quietly left pots of food, chicken soup for example, by the quarantined apartment door so that the ostracized would not starve.

For those who could not care for these sick children, each borough had its own infectious disease hospital. In Brooklyn, it was called the Kingston Avenue Hospital, a formidable institution of forbidding appearance just north of Kings County Hospital. No visitors were allowed and when a child recovered sufficiently to be discharged, a policeman would leave a note at the child's tenement apartment telling the parent when and where to retrieve him or her.
MANUFACTURED ILLNESSES
One would think, with all of the illnesses oppressing the Brownsville community, that people would not voluntarily seek out new maladies. And yet in the early decades of the 20th century, imaginative minds in the advertising industry cobbled together human maladies which had never existed. Madison Avenue genius, enhanced by the Brooklyn public's infinite credulity, gave these spectral maladies life, much like the golem of Jewish lore.

Consider, for example, the problem faced by the pharmaceutical companies providing oral health care products in the early 1920s. There were toothpastes, all virtually indistinguishable except for the coloring and flavoring agents; and mouthwashes differed principally in their packaging. In 1921, the embattled Lambert Drug Company asked itself a crucial question: since all mouthwashes are essentially identical, what unique characteristic could its mouthwash claim? Bad breath, they concluded, was more than a passing unpleasantness. It must be a virtual disease, a social calamity that they named Halitosis. And for the next decade, their advertisements stressed the morbid consequences of this dreaded affliction: marital discord, fraternal alienation, employment handicaps and social ostracism.

Not to be outdone, the maker of Lifebuoy bath soap elevated an unaesthetic phenomenon caused by excessive sweat gland secretion to a major infirmity called Body Odor. To be accused of B.O. was to guarantee one's isolation in society.

The natural flaking of the skin of the scalp required an inventive soap company to convert it into a major offense to humanity. Dandruff on one's jacket was a sure ticket to a lost date since it signified some corrupting malady of the scalp. The litany of new diseases first identified in those years included that curious dermatological disorder manifesting itself as Ring-Around-The-Collar.

But few of these concocted disorders ever touched the lives of Brownsville children of the 1920s. Their health-related concern was more about such mundane things as diphtheria or poliomyelitis. Yet I vividly recall from my childhood that our mothers were told of a terrible affliction, which might befall their growing children. This was an awesome bodily malfunction called Fallen Arches. If a son were needlessly allowed to grow up without the purchase of special shoes, he might become flat-footed, socially ostracized and
ineligible for jobs. And for a potentially flat-footed daughter, the future was even bleaker: inability to dance, slumped shoulders, sallow complexion and ultimate spinsterhood.

A company called Arch-Preserver Shoes came to the rescue and made the rounds of the tenements telling the anxiety-prone mothers that they were on a mission of mercy, showing how their children could be protected from the malign consequences of flat-footedness. (And indeed, there was an element of truth in their warnings since certain civil service jobs did list flat feet—along with hernias and hemorrhoids—as diseases that precluded employment.) Many an economically challenged Jewish mother needlessly spent money on excessively priced shoes, which sustained her maternal instincts more than the arches of her children.

THE TENEMENT KITCHEN
Adults remember the outsides of things like buildings; children tend to remember the interiors such as kitchens. The kitchen that I remember was the central room of the flat, a space dominated by a large, coal-burning cast-iron stove, the sole source of heat and hot water for the apartment.

I vaguely recall a scene, back in the 1920s, when I was seated at the kitchen table with little appetite for the meal placed before me. My mother, in an exasperated voice, then exclaimed, “Eat it; there are thousands of children in China who are starving!”

How does a six-year-old with no formal training in Talmudic dialectics respond to this commandment? And further, how does this innocent six-year-old, not yet wise in the convolutions of moral exegesis, learn to handle the burden of Jewish guilt engendered by the certain knowledge that the nutritional state of thousands of Chinese children depended solely upon his idiosyncratic eating habits somewhere in the depths of the Brownsville district of Brooklyn? (And the further impertinent thought: “If cousin Shmuel can’t find our tenement in broad daylight, how will the Chinese know precisely where I eat and what I eat?”)

What urgent thoughts must have scurried through this youngster’s largely vacant brain as he pondered the global ramifications of his inconstant appetite? “How did the Chinese ever find out about my less-than-enthusiastic appetite?” And, “If I eat only some of my string beans, would it at least help
a few of the hungry Chinese children?” And belatedly, “If I forced myself to
eat all of the string beans, where will the food come from to feed all of those
starving Chinese children?” And finally, “If the Chinese really had all of that
food close by, why did they not just feed their children rather than make me
complicit to their starvation?”

Responses like this, from the mouth of a six-year-old, would have been
more an uncharacteristic act of impertinency than a logical rejoinder.
Obedience, at least until the age of adolescence, was taken for granted in those
days. Furthermore, hunger in the 1920s was not something to be discussed
frivolously or taken lightly. But yet, to this six-year-old, just learning the
labyrinthine ways of how things worked in this world, his mother’s declaration
sounded incomplete.

Only years later, when both the realities of parenthood and interna-
tional food shortages finally dawned upon me, did I realize that my mother
was not bereft of logic. In haste, she was merely conflating three separate and
causally unrelated thoughts: a verity about chronic food shortages in East Asia;
a concern about her child’s periodic anorexia; and a prompting to me to con-
sider how fortunate I was to have adequate nutrition three times a day. And if
she had time and patience, then, she might have declared, “Please eat your
vegetables; and while doing so you might wish to reflect upon those unfortu-
unate children, living elsewhere, who do not have the luxury of adequate food
for each meal.” Mothers, in those days, had more important things to do than
parse and reconstruct their sentences.

For many inner-city children growing up in the Golden Land, the
kitchen was their center of gravity, the place of warmth, their source of suste-
nance and the first of many classrooms where the lessons of life were learned.
In the years before the curse of television anesthetized many households,
memories of the kitchen tended to dominate the recollections of childhood,
certainly more so than any other room in the home. Family rituals, conversa-

Where there is a will, there is a way.

Lucky Numbers 49, 28, 33, 21, 43, 22
tions, and even Uncle Moe's ominous prophesies concerning the stock market may be barely recalled unless they took place in the kitchen. If so, they tended to be deeply imprinted in a child's memory. Thus, if a rule or a declaration had been said repeatedly in the kitchen, over many years, it gradually assumed a canonical status and graduated to become a household aphorism.

HOUSEHOLD SAYINGS OF BROWNSVILLE
No culture or profession is without aphorisms. Medical school classroom studies until the 18th century were largely exercises in the memorization of those succinct statements by the ancient physicians such as Hippocrates, Galen, Dioscorides and Maimonides. Every physician, somewhere along the way, learns such precepts as: "First, do no harm," or "Art is long and life is short" or "With rain and southerly winds come much hectic fevers" or "Let me ever behold in the afflicted and suffering, only the human being."

In the face of grim reality, the immigrant Jews of Brooklyn devised their own adages—so many dealing with failing resources, failing health and failing hopes. For example, "Der doctor hot a refueh tsu alz, oder nit tsu dales." (The doctor has a remedy for everything but poverty.) Or a proverb to describe medical treatments: "Oder es helsf nit oder men darf es nit." (Either it doesn't help or we didn't need it.) And the ultimate Yiddish proverb: "Altsding lozt zich ois mit a gevain." (Everyting ends in weeping.)

Kitchen aphorisms, certainly among immigrant Jewish families, tended to be more health-related than environmental. There were the more famous ones such as "Starve a fever and feed a cold" and "Don't eat ices in the summertime because you will then get infantile paralysis." They tended to be ominous, prognostic and emphatic, leaving little doubt of the grave outcome.

In the current age with its abundance of antibiotics and numerous relatives with M.D. degrees, these kitchen-generated sayings now appear amusing, even quaint. But they were uttered, decades ago, by anxious elders whose primary concerns were the welfare, indeed the survival, of their immediate families. And they represented their unique way of helping children to exercise caution in a perilous world; and further, to rid their children of the curious notion that burdens most youngsters, the folly of thinking that they are immortal.

The kitchen of the dawning years of the 21st century is no longer the
primary classroom of life. It is now a palatial enclosure with marble floors, expansive refrigerators, wet bars and granite counters, where meals are hastily consumed by children before they run off to soccer practice. Somewhere, though, a faint echo may be heard of an anxious mother saying, “Don't eat that candy bar; you teeth will rot and fall out.”

A TREATMENT MADE IN HELL
One of the most memorable Yiddish adages is: “Es vet helfen vi a toyten bankes.” (It will help as readily as a cupping will revive a dead body.) And contrary to persistent recollections, cupping was not invented expressly to punish children living in the ghettos of Brooklyn. Cupping actually represents a crucial therapeutic modality in classical Chinese medicine, which was adopted by practitioners of Arabic medicine a millennium ago, and persists today in many parts of Asia.

In the decades preceding the development of antibiotics, cupping was prescribed for children with lung inflammation. Imagine then the following scenario. A younger develops croup with fever and a nasty cough. The physician making a house call recommends cupping; and the mother, or an older sibling, then goes in haste to the local barber shop to summon the barber skilled in cupping. The barber arrives at the apartment carrying his special satchel. He places a lighted candle on a side table and silently applies some lubricant oil over the child's chest and back. He carefully heats each cup over the candle flame and quickly presses the heated cup upon the child's chest and holds it there until the air within the cup cools and thus draws up the skin. A typical cupping treatment consists of six cups applied to the chest; but when the fever is high, 12 cups are applied (double cupping). The cups are removed after about an hour, leaving circular burn lines where the hot cup-rim had
been in contact with the skin. The distinctive smell of scalded skin and grilled Vaseline lingers in the room for hours; and the wretched memories of the terror of cupping lasts a lifetime.

The value of an adage as an educational instrument depends on its clarity and effectiveness as a metaphor rather than as a literal statement. Why then would this ancient aphorism about the merit of cupping have such enduring merit, even for a modern population that would never dream of submitting their children to cupping? For one thing, it has vivid imagery. Think of the utter absurdity of employing an antiquated procedure on a moldering corpse. There is in this scene pathos wedded to irony enhanced by typical Yiddish hyperbole. And finally, what makes this adage Yiddish in spirit as well as in words? When it is insightful, poignant yet humorous; when it resorts to preposterous, implausible poetic equivalents that defy reason, much like the floating figures in Marc Chagall's paintings seem to defy gravity.

**BROOKLYN'S MANY CONTRIBUTIONS TO HUMANITY**

Maligned Brooklyn, the butt of a thousand ill-conceived jokes, has nonetheless survived decades of sarcasm and belittlement. From its teeming streets have come a stream of immortals who have enriched the substance and character of this nation. Writers such as Walt Whitman, Arthur Miller, Norman Mailer, Neil Simon, and Isaac Asimov; entertainers such as Mae West, Clara Bow, Rita Hayworth, Lauren Bacall, Barbra Streisand; comedians such as Eddie Cantor, Jackie Gleason, Mel Brooks, Buddy Hackett, and Woody Allen; and musicians such as Aaron Copeland and Beverly Sills; and quite a handful of Nobel laureates. To grow up in Brooklyn during the first half of the 20th century, as the kids say, is truly "cool."

What else can Brooklyn take pride in?

Prognostication, the art of prophesying the future, is confined largely to the realm of diagnostic physicians and political commentators. But there is yet another instrument of revelation with roots in Brooklyn. It was an honored tradition in the Brooklyn before World War II to break the fast of Yom Kippur with a meal at the a local Chinese restaurant; and at the completion of the meal came the inevitable Chinese fortune cookie. And no matter how many college degrees one possessed, the message within the cookie was always read. It was as though, somewhere in the Himalayas, a wise old prophet sat and
wrote a prediction for each fortune cookie recipient. In Brooklyn, you don't spit on the sidewalk; you vote Democratic and you read your fortune cookies with obsessive care.

But what does Brooklyn have to do with these prognostic Chinese cookies? There is a factory in western Brooklyn that has a virtual global monopoly in the manufacture of fortune cookies. And whenever a person finishes a satisfying Cantonese meal in Woonsocket, Wichita or Walla Walla, the fortune cookie that will reveal the future comes from Brooklyn. So rather than disparage this great borough, we should acknowledge that somewhere in the grimy factory district of Brooklyn lie the dim prognostic outlines of our future.

**VIVA BROOKLYN**
The old tenements— with hallways reeking of Jewish cooking and home to a generation of striving kids and struggling working-class parents— have since been burned by arsonists, razed by city planners or abandoned to the homeless. But Brooklyn, still alive today, is the now proving grounds for new masses of immigrants from places such as Haiti, Cambodia and Guatemala. Like their Jewish predecessors, they are impoverished but piously seeking ways out of their poverty. “Got half dem oreman: er farhit im fun te’erh avaires.” (God helps the poor man: He protects him from extravagant sins.)

Many a Rhode Islander, living comfortably now on the East Side of Providence or in one of its suburbs, has roots within the immigrant enclaves of the gateway cities of America. These crowded waystations, such as Brooklyn, witnessed the miraculous transformation of impoverished Jewish families, speaking little more than Yiddish, to their current status as contributory members of the middle-class community.
ADDENDUM

While this journal's editor enjoyed some of my reflections and remembrances, he nonetheless believed that the article lacked a personal touch, an autobiographical quality. I responded to his concerns by agreeing completely with him. To myself, though, I recalled one of the lessons of life that I had absorbed in that distant shtetl called Brownsville: avoid at all costs the use of the pronoun, "I." But now that I've reached the exalted age of 85, I may chatter immodestly about my family and myself without incurring the Anglican wrath of my elementary school teachers.

So— to use a Yiddish syntactic opener— and still with some hesitancy, I will tell you a little about me, my family of blessed memory, and such other extracorporeal incidentals that may aid in fleshing out this commentary.

I was born in Brooklyn—where else?— in May of 1922 and dwelt during my infancy and early childhood in a succession of tenements lining Pennsylvania Avenue. (It was only years later when I learned that words such as Pennsylvania or Vermont were geographic rather than Talmudic terms.)

My father, who was 40 when I was born, came from the town of Suwalki in that forested European territory which, in recent history, had been variously Lithuanian, Polish or Russian. My mother was born in the city of Czernowitz, in eastern Romania. Both parents, on separate ships, arrived in the guldineh medina years before the Ellis Island immigration facility had been established.

My Brooklyn household consisted of my two parents, my brother Martin, myself and occasional distant relatives who had recently arrived from "the old country". It was a quiet household, some might say a depressing one, modest in its furnishings, limited in living space but rich in the number of books filling the living room. And while my parents were consistently law-abiding citizens, they were filled with an unrelenting fear (transmitted effectively to their sons) that any transgression, no matter how slight, would result in the family being shipped back to the precincts of Tsarist Russia.

Our apartment, called a flat in those days, was too small to play in so the street and particularly the alleys and backyards of the tenements became the customary children's playgrounds. The sky, as viewed from these backyards, was a narrow rectangle of blue interspersed with the fluttering of clothes on the clotheslines, stretching from kitchen window to kitchen win-
dow. And so, between the concrete surface below and the drying clothes above stood the precious domain where the Jewish children of Brownsville—much like the playing field of Eton—learned the pragmatic rules of the street, the meaning of fair play and the grim dimensions of competition.

My father, who made a meager living as an insurance salesman, was nonetheless a quiet scholar; and by this I mean a man who never completed high school but was learned, through self-education, in philosophy, political economy, the writings of the socially-conscious playwrights such as Ibsen and O’Neill, a lover of grand opera and a compulsive reader of newspapers and socialist tracts.

Despite my father’s rigorous religious training in his childhood, he was a sturdy advocate of cultural assimilation for his sons and a very secular form of Judaism. So secular, in fact, that I was not given a Bar Mitzvah nor did we celebrate any of the High Holy Days except for Yom Kippur. There were a few synagogues in our neighborhood, mainly storefront enterprises, but none that might nurture a sense of abiding respect of reverent awe in the youngsters who watched, uncomprehendingly, the elderly Jews dovening without obvious purpose.

My parents lived by four fundamental principles: pay all bills on time; worry about the Jews in the old country still encountering pogroms; vote Democratic, especially since Roosevelt, governor of New York, was about to run for the presidency in 1932; and make certain that their two sons attended college.

Life in Brooklyn did not tolerate long-range planning. We lived, day-by-day, seeking pleasure in our street games, in building model airplanes, in absorbing as many books as the public library would allow, in following the antics of the Brooklyn Dodgers without ever actually seeing them play, and in hoping that the monthly rent will be paid.
with Grandparents, Harry + Bessie Bush, 1941
CONTRADICTIONS AND CURIOSITIES:
BECOMING JEWISH ON CHICAGO’S NORTH SHORE - AND BEYOND

JOHN BUSH JONES

This article is unusual not merely because of its engaging, conversational tone. Seldom have writers in these pages revealed their spiritual journeys, which may include sidesteps and missteps as well as leaps and breakthroughs.

John Bush Jones arrived in Rhode Island 20 years ago, when his wife was a graduate student in Slavic languages at Brown and he was a professor of theatre at Brandeis. He proudly proclaims that the Ocean State, compared to a dozen previous homes, is “the most congenial place I have ever lived.” “BJ,” as he is known to close friends, not only savors the menus of local restaurants. Having lived in Chicago under the first Mayor Daley, he developed a keen appetite for political theatre, which knows no intermission here.

Similarly, Jones has not yet become saturated by Brown’s scrumptious libraries. Presently working on his third book for University Press of New England, he has moved in an ever-widening circle: from stage to song to print. His new study is All-Out for Victory! Magazine Advertising and the World War II Homefront.

NAMES
What’s a nice Jewish boy doing with a WASPY name like John Bush Jones? It’s a question best answered right at the start of this essay or no one reading it will even believe I am Jewish. Which I am, unequivocally, on both sides of my family.

From fairly early childhood, my parents let me know that my Old World heritage was a mixed bag, to put it mildly: Russian, Polish, Bohemian Czech, German, and English. My father’s grandfather, Julius Jonas, came to America from England, and his mother was of German descent. During the 1940s, my great-aunt, Martha, was still living in Brighton-by-the-Sea but never
came to this country.

According to my mother’s birth certificate, both her parents were born in Russia. It took decades for me to figure out where the Bohemian Czech factored into this hodgepodge, and, for the life of me, I still don’t know definitively where the Polish came in, though I strongly suspect it was somewhere behind one or both of my “Russian” maternal grandparents.

Only in 1989 did all the pieces of the puzzle fall into place. Claudia, my former wife (and still my best friend), and I spent a good part of the summer in what is now the Czech Republic. I discovered that a fairly common surname for Czech Jews and non-Jews alike is Jonás. Aha! Suddenly everything came clear. It’s easy to see that when great-grandad’s family immigrated to Great Britain, Jonás (pronounced YONE-ahsh) was Anglicized to Jonas (pronounced as spelled).

One might assume that Julius’s transatlantic crossing resulted in the transformation of Jonas into the very American Jones. This was not one of the legendary Ellis Island foul-ups, however, but a deliberate choice of his own, and fairly late in his life at that. As evidence, I have among my few family treasures the deed to a cemetery plot sold by the Free Sons Cemetery Association in Chicago, of which he was a member, to Brother Julius Jonas. It’s dated January 21, 1898, when my grandfather was almost 21 years old. Sometime later my great-grandfather changed his name to John Jones, and I’m named after him.

As for Bush, that’s the easy part; it was my mother, Dorothy’s, maiden name. No one ever seemed to know what her father’s name was in the Old Country, but here in this country he was Harry Bush. So, putting it all together, I was blessed with the name John Bush Jones.
THE JONES FAMILY

My father, who was born in 1905, was married three times, the first and second times to gentile women. The first time he wed quite young. When the divorce court found his wife to be an “unfit mother,” Dad, not yet 21, could not take legal custody of his young son, Aaron, so my grandfather adopted him until my father came of age. This means that for a few years, my father and his son were brothers! Trust me, I couldn’t make this up if I tried. Dad’s second wife died of cancer when only 29.

My father and mother weren’t just happily but blissfully married for 30 years, until my father died in 1968. My mother followed him just three years later, almost to the day. And each died without seeing the fulfillment of fondest dreams: for Dad, seeing me receive my Ph.D.; for Mom, having a grandchild (though my first wife was pregnant at the time). Yet, for all their rare compatibility, from the standpoint of their Jewishness, Mom and Dad would appear to have been as hopelessly mismatched as pastrami and mayonnaise.

The Joneses were a family of strictly secular Jews. Just a look at three generations of names is enough to see how far they were beyond the bounds of Jewish custom: my grandfather was Aaron J. Jones Sr.; my father was Aaron J. Jones Jr.; and my much older half-brother was Aaron J. Jones III. Dad would often say that his father, a prominent theatre owner in Chicago, never set foot into a synagogue except for the funeral of a relative or business associate.

Yet, grandfather made generous gifts to Jewish philanthropies and was a trustee of the Associated Jewish Charities (the predecessor to Federation). Sometime during the 1930s, he was recognized in Chicago as B’nai B’rith’s “Man of the Year,” and his photo appeared on the cover of its magazine. All of which goes to show something I’ve always personally believed: there are many good ways to be Jewish.

My grandfather, whom the family called “Pumpa,” died in 1944, but I still have vivid memories of “Nana,” my grandmother. Ella Tevan Jones was a tiny woman (my father’s whole family was short), warm, smiling, kind, and, above all else, elegant. And a little bit pampered, too. After Pumpa’s death, Nana lived in the elegant Windermere, an apartment hotel on Chicago’s then-elegant South Shore, where a number of her widowed lady friends had also taken up residence. She was a woman so used to being taken care of that she didn’t know how to boil water. Indeed, she didn’t even know where to find the
kitchen.

But Nana’s plutocratic incompetence was more than made up for by her personal charm. She surrounded herself with all the necessary household help, of whom I best remember Frank, her chauffeur. He always had a supply of very tempting chocolates in the car’s glove compartment. How could a small boy ever forget that?

THE THEATRE BUSINESS

My father grew up in the proverbial lap of luxury, on his father’s estate adjacent to the predominantly Jewish Idlewild Country Club, in Flossmoor, south of Chicago. Aaron Jones Sr. had amassed his fortune entirely through the entertainment industry. In 1905 he and his partners, Adolph Linick and Peter Schaefer, opened White City, an opulent amusement park at 63rd Street and South Parkway (now Martin Luther King Drive), which lasted until 1934. But long before then, indeed upon the advent of the nickelodeon, my grandfather and his partners had also begun building and operating silent movie houses, then theatres for the “talkies” as well as vaudeville palaces. According to my father, by the time of the Depression, the firm of Jones, Linick & Schaefer owned or managed more than 50 movie theatres in Chicago and its suburbs.

During the dark days of the Depression, my grandfather’s firm started to sell theatres to its archrivals, Balaban & Katz. (These were the five Balaban brothers and Sam Katz. In 1936, Barney Balaban left Chicago for New York to become president of Paramount Pictures.) By the time I was born in 1940, when my father and his brother, Johnny, were running the theatre business, their holdings were down to only three. Ultimately, only one remained: the

[Image of people and a car]
flagship of the fleet, The McVicker's, near the corner of State and Madison. Built in 1922 to accommodate 2,500 movie fans, this movie palace was actually the fourth McVicker's erected on that site.

The last time I went to look at the theatre was in the early 1980s, after I had moved East. I was in Chicago to give some lectures, and there I stood at that corner in a three-piece suit, briefcase in hand, sobbing uncontrollably. I was staring at just a hole in the ground on its way to becoming a parking garage.

THE BUSH FAMILY
Then there's my mother's side of the family. Talk about a study in contrasts! Both of Mom's parents were immigrants. Her father, Harry Bush (called "Pa" by everyone), was a tailor. Her mother, Bessie, was a housewife who bore and reared five children. Their apartment was in the then largely immigrant-Jewish enclave near Humboldt Park on Chicago's North Side, and their home-life was at least nominally Orthodox.

My earliest encounter with anything formally Jewish was sometime between when I was four and six. I'm sorry to say that this encounter was not a particularly happy one. For whatever reason Mom decided to take me with her to a High Holy Day service at her father's shul in Chicago. The place itself was rather small, cramped, and spare, with stark wooden benches (with or without

Parents; Grandfather's auto + home in Flossmoor

CONTRADICTIONS AND CURIOSITIES
backs, I can't remember) on either side of the main floor's center aisle. Of course Mom and I had to sit upstairs with the few other women who were there. Because Mom had forgotten to bring a hat for me, she made me wear one of her small lace handkerchiefs on my head. I had no idea why this was necessary.

Even though I was a small child, what I heard and saw below unnerved me. At the front were several men (one presumably the rabbi), intoning something in a language I'd never heard and didn't understand. The congregation of old men, wearing not yarmulkes but fedoras, would occasionally mumble some sort of response.

The strongest impression that has stuck with me is a sense of the men's disrespect. A majority of worshippers were seemingly paying no attention to the service at all, but milling about in the aisle and chatting with their cronies. Even though I then had no idea what was going on, I found their behavior very offensive, as I would today. For a kid between four and six, the experience was baffling, uncomfortable, and even a bit spooky. To my best recollection, that exposure to an Orthodox *shul* and a few incomprehensible seders, read entirely in Hebrew at Pa's apartment, were my only experiences with Jewish religious observance until I turned twelve.

**PARENTS' EDUCATION**

Mom's two brothers were *B'nai Mitzvah*; the three girls were, well, girls. My mother's older siblings may have completed high school, but Mom, in order to help support the large family, had to drop out at 16. This was the first year of the Great Depression, and she was never able to return. Years later, while working in the box office of one my father's theatres, she met my Dad.

My father had attended a prestigious boarding school, Culver Military Academy, in Indiana. He was the shortest cadet (at just 5' 6") and the only Jew, but he graduated valedictorian. He received both a commission to attend West Point and an offer to become an aide to General John Pershing. Instead, he took courses for a while at the University of Chicago, mostly just to mark time before entering his father's theatre business.
For a businessman, Dad was something of a closet scholar. He had a passionate interest in President Lincoln and the Civil War. It was said that Dad's collection of books on Lincoln and the War Between the States was one of the finest in the Midwest. The books didn't just decorate our living room; he actually read most of them more than once.

CHILDHOOD ON THE NORTH SHORE
Mom and Dad married in 1938 and the following year moved into a house in Wilmette, a suburb on Chicago's North Shore (not to be confused with the city's North Side). I came into the world at 3 P.M. on August 3, 1940, a particularly hot and muggy day, at the Michael Reese Hospital, a Jewish landmark on the South Side of Chicago, near the University of Chicago.

Before continuing my narrative, let me say a few words about Wilmette and its sister suburbs. Following Lake Michigan's shoreline straight up from Chicago, one comes first to Evanston, a full-blown city and the home of Northwestern University. Next comes Wilmette, Kenilworth, Winnetka, Glencoe, and Highland Park. When I was growing up, all of these North Shore suburbs, except Evanston, were solidly upper middle-class. Resembling the East Side of Providence and most sections of Newton, Massachusetts, they had
large homes, in a variety of styles, surrounded by lush lawns and gardens. During my formative years, Highland Park and Glencoe had the largest Jewish populations, with Winnetka following, and Wilmette almost next to none. Kenilworth stood alone because it was a "restricted" community. In other words, No Jews Allowed.

Since I never thought to ask, I still don't know why Dad decided to buy a home in Wilmette. (No doubt he knew the North Shore through the theatre business, but he preferred being close to the city.) Quite simply, the price was probably right for a house in the still-newly-developing section of West Wilmette, as opposed to the more established and posh East Wilmette, east of Ridge Avenue. I do know that Dad got quite a house for $13,000 in 1939. He sold it for triple that in 1960, when he retired and my parents moved to Bay Harbor Island in Miami Beach.

I also know for sure that the move to the least Jewish of the North Shore suburbs was not out of any desire to assimilate or, worse yet, hide from the family's Jewishness. Not only were all of Dad's business associates Jews, but all of my parents' large circle of friends were Jewish. Mom and Dad belonged to a Jewish country club, and they sent me to two day camps for Jewish boys. Mom also did volunteer work for ORT and some Jewish-supported hospitals.

In terms of observance, however, my parents were twice-a-year Jews, and my father only under duress. Mom attended only High Holy Day services, but as she said repeatedly, had to drag Dad to go with her. He rarely did.

My half-brother, Aaron, was already in high school when I was born. As secular as our father and grandfather were, he was nevertheless twice married to Jews.

My social and cultural roots suggest to me that there is something deeper about Judaism than religious observance, customs, or rituals. Yet, I openly confess that for as long as I can remember, we had a Christmas tree. And, as I discovered in high school, so did the families of many of my Jewish friends. Mom took me to see Santa Claus every year at the fabled Marshall Field department store in Chicago, and I found heaps of presents under said tree every Christmas morning. We also colored Easter eggs, Mom hiding them and I duly finding them (or most of them). As far as I can make out, all of this was merely for the fun and the color and the cheerfulness of it all. As with
Halloween, there was no religious significance attached whatsoever.

Needless to say, there was no Jewish concern about celebrating Thanksgiving. When my mother’s quasi-Orthodox siblings, their children, and then their children gathered annually at my parents’ suburban home, there was always a ham as well as a turkey. There were also mountains of shrimp among the appetizers, which included the most amazing chopped liver I’ve ever eaten. Members of Mom’s side of the family devoured everything in sight.

THE WAR
What I most remember from my years before entering kindergarten in the fall of 1945 was World War II, and the images remain as vivid for me now as they were then. Of ongoing, daily things, I most remember Mom’s prewar blue Ford and her bundling me into it with her pocketbook stuffed with ration coupons. Between us sat a clunky Zenith portable radio (the car didn’t have one), always tuned to WMAQ. This was an all-music station from which I began to learn and love the wonderful songs of the big-band era, including those specifically related to the war. I wrote about these songs in my book, Songs That Fought the War: Popular Music and the Home Front, 1939-1945, which was published by University Press of New England in 2006.

Thanks to rationing, I learned to love some foods other kids hated: calf and beef liver and canned salmon. I still enjoy these foods today!

The picture of the Victory Garden that Dad (an inveterate flower-gardener) and some neighbors carved out of two vacant lots across the street is as clear to me now as when I was a four-year-old. I’d meander across the street, saltshaker in hand, to pick and eat a luscious sun-ripened tomato off the vine. And believe me, tomatoes have never tasted as good since then.

Then there were my four and five-year-old friends and I trooping up and down the neighborhood, singing at the top of our tiny lungs: “Whistle while you work; Hitler is a jerk; Mussolini is a weenie; whistle while you work!” We probably had no clue as to what the war was about, but at least we were darn sure we were on the right side.

As for striking, monumental moments from the war years, I mostly remember two. One gray fall day as I was playing in the front yard, a squadron of bombers from nearby Great Lakes Naval Air Station flew quite low over our
house, opened their bomb bay doors, and released what must have been thousands of brightly colored handbills. Each had the familiar picture of the 'Minuteman on it, and the words, writ bold, were simply: BUY WAR BONDS! This was a thrilling but also a scary sight for a four-year-old.

Late in the war, on April 12, 1945 to be precise, while listening to the kids' radio program Captain Midnight, I remember an announcer breaking in with the news that President Roosevelt had died. Because all networks featured children's programming at that hour, it's been said, and probably correctly, that the children of America were the first to learn of FDR's death.

**MY SENSE OF (NOT) BEING A JEW**

And now to the real business at hand: my rocky, uneven road to defining my sense of being a Jew. Though I knew at a very young age that I was Jewish, being raised in a totally secular home I had no idea of what it meant to be Jewish until around the time I entered junior high school.

Up until then I only knew I was somehow different from my two best friends on Chestnut Avenue, who were Catholic. They went to church every week; I didn't. They didn't eat meat on Friday; I did. And that was about it. Since I had no Jewish friends until much later, I didn't even pick up anything Jewish by osmosis. To give you some idea of how un-Jewish West Wilmette was in the 1940s, I was the only Jewish kid in the entire Harper Elementary School until the second semester of sixth grade, when Jimmy Florsheim's family moved to town.

In sixth grade came one of the most mortifying experiences of my life and the beginning of enlightenment. Sometime in December 1951, my wonderful sixth-grade teacher, Mrs. Knecht, planned for the class to give presentations on various ethnic or national ways of celebrating Christmas, based on family traditions. Knowing I was Jewish, though I never knew how she knew, she asked me, mercifully not in front of the entire class, if I would give a presentation on Hanukkah. With uncomfortable embarrassment, I had to confess (not in the ensuing words of course) that I was raised in a secular Jewish home, we didn't celebrate Hanukkah, and I knew absolutely nothing about it.
NORTH SHORE CONGREGATION ISRAEL

Wham! With that, lightning struck, bells rang, and a red flag went up for my parents, and not just my mother. The following fall, as I entered my first year of junior high, I also found myself enrolled in the Sunday school (yes, that's what they called it then) of the nearest Reform temple, North Shore Congregation Israel, in Glencoe. (Founded in 1920 as a satellite of Chicago's Temple Sinai, it was the oldest synagogue on the North Shore.) And that's when everything turned around.

Almost from the moment I walked in, I took to religious education like gefilte fish takes to horseradish. I loved it; I ate it up. Even with everything else I was involved in, I couldn't get enough of it.

Entering junior high and religious school at the same time definitely broadened my horizons. Wilmette Junior High took in the entire village (not technically a town), so I gradually discovered there were other Jewish kids. I had a hopeless crush on one named Linda. Of course I met many other Jewish kids in Sunday school. One girl in my class was Sara Lee Lubin, after whom a coffee cake and cheesecake were named, her dad being the company's founder.

Needless to say, when I began Sunday school, I was way behind my classmates. But I quickly made up for that through my interest, enthusiasm (which many kids lacked), and whatever of an intellectual bent I have carried with me all through life. I rarely missed a class, did all the reading and assignments along with my regular school homework, and, through the abbreviated religious services that normally took up a small part of each Sunday's activities, I finally began to become acquainted with Reform religious observance.

The services were mostly in English but enough was in Hebrew that I began to learn the prayers and other portions of the liturgy strictly by rote. My parents didn't send me to Hebrew school, and I never learned it elsewhere. Whatever I know of it today is from sheer memorization and from reading English transliterations in the Union Prayer Book.

When I entered New Trier Township High School in the fall of 1954, I met Jewish kids from Glencoe, Winnetka, and Wilmette. Indeed, the student body of 3,600 was almost evenly divided between Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. All my close friends were Jews, as were all the girls I dated (with one or two very brief exceptions).

The Temple youth group was open only to high school students, so as
a freshman I jumped into its activities. So much so that I was elected religious vice president for my junior year and president as a senior. In those capacities I helped plan, write, and conduct youth services for the High Holy Days and organize annual interfaith seders with students from several nearby Protestant churches. (This was years before Vatican II, so Catholic students did not participate.)

I was confirmed at the end of my sophomore year. Although I have no recollection of previously attending Friday evening Shabbat services, I soon began to do so on an almost weekly basis. There were several reasons. While I genuinely enjoyed and was often quite moved by the services, the Temple was also a great place to socialize with my peers, meet girls, and have some excellent refreshments at the Oneg Shabbat (though it was never called that at North Shore).

One of the most moving events of my Temple life came in my junior year of high school, not at a religious service but on a Saturday night, when Eleanor Roosevelt spoke at North Shore. I can't remember what she spoke about, but I do remember that I was riveted to her words and personality for the entire hour of her lecture. I kept thinking to myself, “This woman’s ideas are decades ahead of her time.” Secular though the experience may have been, it was also a religious one for me.

CONSIDERING THE RABBINATE

I indeed was so involved and became so immersed in my newly discovered Judaism that sometime in my senior year I actually considered becoming a rabbi. I went so far as to discuss the matter with our Temple’s very erudite rabbi, Edgar Siskin, who held a Ph.D. in anthropology from Yale. When I told my mother, she said, “Oh, great. You’ll attract a congregation through sheer curiosity. Come hear Rabbi John Jones!” Not that she or Dad disapproved, or if they did, they didn’t say so. Rather, I think they were merely struck with disbelief, considering where I had come from. In some strange sense, I was a convert to Judaism.

My rabbinical considerations did not last long, however, because sometime during the second semester of senior year I experienced a crisis of faith, or, if not that precisely, a crisis in my feelings about organized religion. As I continued to attend Friday evening services, I became acutely aware that
at least every second sermon was a fundraising pitch of one kind or another. Being a young and naïve idealist, I got fed up with what I then perceived as the materialism of it all. (Now better understanding the financial pressures on non-profit organizations, I have a rather different view of course.)

The last straw came one Friday evening when the rabbi asked the congregation to meet after the service in the social hall for a special dedication ceremony, which we all duly did. He then proceeded to name the benefactors of a pair of bulletin boards, which were to be affixed to a wall in the lobby. I literally had to suppress a guffaw when he pompously intoned (and he was nothing if not pompous), “And they shall become messengers unto the congregation.” To put my 1958 thoughts into 2007 language, I was saying to myself, “I’m outa here!” And I pretty much was, though I finished my term as youth group president, but with nothing like the heart and enthusiasm I had poured into my prior temple activities. I guess I never actually lost my faith, just my interest in any organized, communal observance of it.

THEATRE
I began writing songs (lyrics not music) in second grade and fell in love with everything theatrical. And, of course, though he’d deny it if he were still here, it was all Dad’s fault. In 1945, when I was five, he took me to see the Chicago production of Oklahoma! I was hooked, permanently, irrevocably hooked. Also in Chicago, I saw South Pacific and The King and I in rapid succession. Fortunately we had recordings of other shows at home, or I might have believed that all of musical theatre consisted of Rodgers and Hammerstein.

My introduction to Broadway didn’t come until spring break of my senior year in high school, when a friend and I went to New York. It was not a bad introduction, either: West Side Story and The Music Man on successive nights. But long before then my own active involvement in things theatrical had begun.

The seeds of my being a theatre critic for the Kansas City Star, the Boston Phoenix, and the Boston Herald were planted as early as eighth grade. While watching a play performed by seventh-graders, I could not help but notice that the girl playing the lead was especially believable, sensitive, and skillful. Annie and I became good friends during high school, when we were in a couple of shows together and I often drove her to school. Years later, little
Ann Margaret Olson of Wilmette went on to fame and fortune in Hollywood as Ann-Margaret. So much for name-dropping.

In high school I met a couple of wonderful student composers, who set my words to music; together we wrote songs for the annual, original student musicals. I also wrote lyrics (mostly parodies of existing songs) for a couple of shows put on at various Temple youth group functions. On a more serious note, I wrote two cantatas that were performed as part of services.

My interest in theatre extended to directing (where I was considerably better than acting). Years later, I directed numerous plays and musicals at the University of Kansas, Brandeis University, and in many other community and professional theatres. I am proud to have directed the Jewish Theatre of New England's premiere production, \textit{Vagabond Stars}, a revue (in English) of songs and scenes from the Yiddish theatre.

Nevertheless I did do my share of acting as well, performing in a number of plays and musicals at both the Temple and at high school, culminating my senior year in my favorite role, Ali Hakim, the phony "Persian" peddler, in Rodgers and Hammerstein's \textit{Oklahoma!} I devoted a long section of

When the time came to choose a college, I was torn between theatre and a liberal arts education. The latter won out for the moment. Having been rejected by Brown, I spent my freshman year at Harvard, where by the middle of second semester I was thoroughly miserable. So I transferred to Northwestern, where I received my undergraduate degree in theatre. Contrary to the lyric, "There's no business *like* show business," my theatre-owning father kept telling me, "There's no business *in* show business." So, while seeing nearly all my "professional" theatre friends nearly starve to death, I earned an M.A. and then a Ph.D. in English at my beloved Northwestern. Just to have "something to fall back on."

The upshot of falling back was 38 years of academic life: three years as an instructor at Northwestern, 13 at the University of Kansas teaching English, and 22 at Brandeis University teaching theatre. I retired in 2001. Ultimately, I pursued my love of theatre and still managed to get a regular paycheck and eat three meals a day. So perhaps Dad was half right.
MARTIN BUBER
The story of my search for a sense of Jewishness continued well beyond my formative years on Chicago’s North Shore. Sometime during 1958-59, one of the required readings for my otherwise disastrous freshman English class at Harvard was a paperback, *Four Existentialist Theologians*, which contained excerpts from the writings of Jacques Maritain, Nicholas Berdyaev, Paul Tillich, and Martin Buber. Though their prose was often dense and murky for a college freshman, I also became deeply inspired by what I read. Here were four brilliant thinkers—one Roman Catholic, one Russian Orthodox, one Protestant, and one Jewish—each of whom had come to a virtually identical, new, and profound way of looking at the relationship between God and humankind (“mankind,” as it was known at the time). Remarkably, each theologian had reached this understanding without consulting the others. I was “floored,” saying to myself that if these four men of four different faiths could arrive at the same conclusions, there really must be something to this.

I went on to read quite a few of Buber’s books and essays, both then and in later years, especially his classic, *I and Thou*. I even used this text when teaching freshman English at Northwestern.

What Buber had laid out for me in his elegant, compelling, and often mystical prose was that the core of any religion, Judaism included, lies in one’s deeply personal relationship with the divine. It was, then, this profoundly spiritual and individual sense of Judaism that became embedded in me and has carried me through most of my life.

RABBI ALBERT AXELRAD
Lawrence, Kansas had no synagogue or rabbi—just a very small Jewish Community Center. What I most remember about it are Hanukkah latkes and blintz brunches.

But then in the winter of 1979, when I began teaching at Brandeis, some major changes occurred. Not only was I in the company of more Jews (students and faculty alike) than I had ever been in my entire life, but I grew close to the man who brought me back, in many ways, to the fold of Reform
Judaism. The Hillel rabbi, Albert Axelrad ("Rabbi Al" to everyone who knows him), is without question the most charismatic, deep-thinking, warmly human, and universally humane rabbi I have ever known. Rabbi Al is only two years older than I, so in some sense I found a spiritual brother, and, even more than that, a true friend.

I regularly attended Rabbi Al's awe-inspiring High Holy Day services and occasionally attended Friday evening services. He officiated at my marriage to Claudia and at the memorial service for her mother. I, in turn, was a major player in speaking at the celebratory "roast," when he retired from Brandeis to accept an adjunct professorship at Emerson College in Boston.

If memory serves, when I heard he was retiring I openly wept and simply couldn't think of Brandeis without him. I still can't. What he gave back to me of my Judaism and Jewish heritage I will cherish forever.

During my years at Brandeis, I gained some additional insights. Though I never became a rabbi, the stage and the classroom lectern became my pulpit. I sought not only to provide entertainment and impart information but, to the best of my ability, offer inspiration. In a profound but elusive way, artistic and spiritual experiences often intersect and enrich one another.

MY JEWISH SELF
In Edward Albee's two-character play, The Zoo Story, one character says to the other, "Sometimes a person has to go a very long distance out of his way to come back a short distance correctly." I think that pretty accurately describes my own wanderings in search of my Jewish self. As I said earlier about my paternal grandfather, "There are many good ways to be Jewish." It may have taken me some time, but I think I finally, and comfortably, found mine.
THE STORY OF
Disneyland
with a complete guide to

FANTASYLAND
TOMORROWLAND
ADVENTURELAND
CIRCUSLAND
MAIN STREET, U.S.A.
Early in February, a few days after Anna Nicole Smith's death, I was having coffee with friends. We joked about how many men were claiming to have fathered her infant daughter. Indeed, one such claimant was married to Zsa Zsa Gabor, a star so long forgotten that nobody knew if she were still living.

Then I mentioned my own Zsa Zsa story from my childhood in Los Angeles, when spotting stars was as common as noticing billboards for mortuaries. Because there were no sidewalks on the West Side of town, my twin brother and I were required to ride yellow buses to school. In 1960, once Theo and I entered junior high school, we considered a few alternatives. Biking would have been dangerous, so one day, upon leaving school, we decided to try hitchhiking. Nobody stopped for us, so we walked closer to our home north of Sunset Boulevard and west of the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA).

We stuck out our thumbs again. Much to our surprise, a gleaming black Rolls Royce pulled over and its driver, who was wearing dark glasses, invited us to rest on her plush back seat. Theo and I recognized Zsa Zsa at the same moment, but we didn't want to say anything, so we pointed to her as if we were playing charades. She didn't say anything either, but when she spied our gleeful expressions in her rearview mirror, she
flashed a feline smile. A few minutes later, when Zsa Zsa dropped us off near home, she didn't bother delivering a warning about the perils of hitchhiking. Instead, she murmured, “See you around, boys.”

**OUR NEIGHBORHOOD**

Theo and I laughed at our good fortune, but we did not feel starstruck. A few celebrities lived in our own neighborhood. Mel Tormé was down the street, near the school bus stop. Jack Haley's daughter lived a few doors up the street. And James Garner, the rising star of the *Maverick* TV series, lived on the hillside behind us. He warmly greeted Trick-or-Treaters, and we knew his shy daughter, Melinda, from the school bus. Robert, another kid on the bus, a year or two younger than we, never stopped clamoring for attention, however. In 1963 he became particularly agitated when his father, Allan Sherman, had a hit comedy album, *My Son, the Folk Singer*.

My favorite story about celebrities during our grade-school years was not about George Reeves' appearance as Superman at a friend's birthday party. Rather, it was the day when a second or third-grade teacher asked what our fathers “did.” A boy seated beside me explained that his father flew long distances, often to Australia. When the teacher asked if his dad was a pilot, John replied that Jack Kramer played tennis.

I can't imagine that I knew much about most friends' parents or their siblings. One Saturday afternoon, for instance, my buddy, Brian, and I went to the movies to see *The Shaggy Dog*, starring Fred MacMurray. Because we couldn't walk to a neighborhood theatre, somebody's parent, usually a mother, had to drive. Mrs. Berry wasn't available to pick us up that day, so she sent her older son, Jan, a kid who played in a garage band with his friend, Dean. I hadn't yet heard any of their "45s" or albums, which would be compared to The Beach Boys'.

Who knew that Jess Fielding's father, Lewis, was a psychiatrist? Not until 1971 did the world learn that his patient was Daniel Ellsberg and that Dr. Fielding's office had been burglarized by President Nixon's "plumbers."

A few more days after the news of Anna Nicole Smith's demise, I bumped into one of my coffee klatch friends. A devotee of the movies, he told me how much he had enjoyed the Zsa Zsa story. So I told another about my favorite Broadway musical.
THE MUSIC MAN

When Theo and I were 9 or 10, Dad went on a business trip to New York City and brought back an album from a show starring Robert Preston. While drawn to the snappy songs, I felt enchanted by the kindly characters and the sugary story. Coincidentally, I was learning to play the flute, and Theo (known in those years as Teddy and later as Ted) was practicing the clarinet. I don’t think I cared so much for music, but I loved watching marching bands, especially at UCLA football games. At one half-time show in the Coliseum there were 1,076 trombone players; a photo of them appeared on the Life magazine cover of December 22, 1958.

By the time the movie of Music Man was in production, Theo and I were playing in Mr. Umber’s marching band at Ralph Waldo Emerson Junior High. Kids from many such bands were invited to appear in the movie as “extras.” I was saddened when only the most talented kids were selected. Ironically, however, union rules prevented them from actually blowing horns, pounding drums or crashing cymbals. But some of our friends did turn up in the movie’s final scene, marching behind Professor Harold Hill and beneath the screen credits.

I have always enjoyed musicals, especially after seeing Bye Bye Birdie during its first run on Broadway. I can also easily recall my utter amazement by the stage design of West Side Story when it came to the Biltmore Theatre in Los Angeles. But my favorite show remained Music Man.

Sometime during the 1970s, my father, who was a lawyer, had to pay a call on Meredith Willson, Music Man’s composer, lyricist, and playwright. When Dad asked if I wanted to go along to his home in nearby Brentwood, I grabbed the opportunity. But I was crestfallen when “Mr. Willson” didn’t want to hear any of my compliments. He was a curmudgeon!

I couldn’t let go of Music Man, however. When Betsey and I were married in 1983, I selected Till There Was You for our first dance. Then, in 1985, when we drove across country to new jobs in Minnesota, I insisted on a detour to Mason City, Iowa, Willson’s boyhood home, which the world knew as “River City.” There weren’t any traces of a train station, Marian Paroo’s library or a footbridge in a park. We couldn’t even find a town square in this grubby little place! Angered, I was determined to get an explanation.

After lunch at a restaurant back near Interstate 35, I struck up a
conversation with the hostess. I asked her nicely if anybody in Mason City cared about my favorite musical. She replied, “Please! I’m the high school’s music teacher, and we have to do that damn show every year! If I have to do it one more time, I’ll shoot myself.”

Nevertheless, my mania for *Music Man* did not perish in Iowa. Once our children, Molly and Michael, were old enough to sit still for a few hours, Betsey and I took them to see a community-theatre production near Boston. They liked the show (not nearly as much as I did), so I bought them (really me) a video of the movie.

Soon thereafter, when the kids were around seven and six, we were visiting family in Los Angeles. We were having lunch in a coffee shop (a few blocks from where Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman would be murdered), and I spotted Buddy Hackett and Louis Nye eating together. So I suggested to Molly and Michael (Betsey would never have consented) to go over to “Mr. Hackett” and tell him how much we loved his performance as Marcellus in *Music Man*. The kids weren’t interested, but I insisted. I thought that these two faded stars, ignored by other diners, might enjoy some attention. So I took Molly and Michael by their pudgy little hands and walked over to the comedians’ table.

After apologizing for the interruption, I told Hackett how much “we” enjoyed the movie. He replied, “You don’t take your kids to the movies very much, do you?” As a matter of fact, I did, but I had no idea where his remark was leading. Then he proclaimed, “I was the voice of Scuttle in *Little Mermaid*. Didn’t you see it?” Yes, we had seen it, and I had purchased the video, but I momentarily forgot about that annoying bird. Sheepishly, I brought the kids back to Betsey.

After telling my *Music Man* saga in February, I thought that I should jot down some other memories of my upbringing in Los Angeles, at least those related to celebrities. Honestly, this had never occurred to me because I never considered myself a celebrity hound—let alone a stalker. This essay, which gives short shrift to the nurturing and adoring women in my life, is not
an autobiography, however. As a collection of vignettes, it resembles a leisurely and meandering ride through the Santa Monica Mountains.

A PHONE CALL
Let me begin by telling a story about what, I thought, was my disinterest in celebrity. It occurred on a December evening in 1992, when we were living on Laurel Avenue in Providence. Molly was four and Michael was three; they were sitting on plastic furniture and flinging chicken fingers and spaghetti when the kitchen phone rang. As Betsey was fumbling with pots and pans, I was attempting to read one more article in the morning paper. After grabbing the receiver and turning the color of marinara sauce, she proclaimed, “The call’s for you. The guy says he’s Jonas Salk, so I must be Princess Diana.”

But it was the Nobel Laureate! In March, I had written to him at his research institute in La Jolla, California, asking about his experience working with the great American architect, Louis Kahn. Salk, who had declined my request for a phone interview, evidently changed his mind! Too bad that I had forgotten most of my questions. Indeed, I had forgotten to even mention this correspondence to Betsey. Salk surprised me once again by answering my letter two months later.

GRANDFATHER GEORGE
My maternal grandparents, George and Marion Rosenthal, lived in Cincinnati (pronounced Cincinnata) but spent at least part of each winter with us in Los Angeles. We loved such reunions. The Rosenthals happened to be “non-resident” members of Hillcrest, Los Angeles’ oldest and best-known Jewish country club, so we occasionally dined there and spotted celebrities (or at least those recognizable from TV). The most familiar faces were such kings of comedy as Jack Benny, Milton Berle, George Burns, and Groucho Marx. Eventually, we encountered younger entertainers, such as Alan King, Shecky Green, Steve Lawrence, and Eddy Gorme as well as the game-show host, Monte Hall. Hillcrest also had a smattering of gentile members, such as Danny Thomas, Burt Lancaster, and Sidney Poitier, who always behaved kindly.
toward interlopers.

I believe that my Grandfather George was occasionally starstruck on his winter vacations in L.A. One of his closest friends was Carl Laemmle Jr., whose father had founded Universal Pictures. In his final years, "junior" was bedridden at his hilltop villa, but this never prevented him from throwing lavish, lobster-strewn New Year’s Eve parties. For many years, my grandfather and he shared box seats at Santa Anita Race Track. "Junior" was unable to attend, but I tagged along once in a great while to watch the horses, jockeys, and buglers.

More than an avid sportsman, Grandfather George was a bon vivant. Nevertheless, he adhered to a strict dress code, which required a dark suit, a white shirt, cuff links, a tie, a fedora, and garters— even at the track. He was a gentleman in an old-fashioned sense, especially when it came to the care of my sickly grandmother.

Of course my maternal grandfather was himself something of a Jewish celebrity. Having been born on February 22, 1893, his name was George Washington Rosenthal. You can guess the birthday of his cousin, Benjamin Franklin Rosenthal. George and Benjamin’s grandfather, Samuel, had immigrated from Germany to Cincinnati in 1859. Though married, he joined the Union Army and saw combat at the Battle of Antietam and in the Wilderness Campaign. Subsequently, Samuel founded a printing and publishing company, S. Rosenthal, which was inherited by his son, Henry, and then by my grandfather. The business still exists, but is no longer family-owned.

My grandfather was also something of a Jewish celebrity for having graduated from Cornell (Class of 1913), trained as an ensign at Annapolis during World War I, served on a ship in the Canary Islands, lectured about employee relations at Harvard Business School, and been president of Cincinnati’s historic Plum Street Temple (the birthplace of the Reform movement). Perhaps his proudest claim to fame, however, was
being the brother-in-law of Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, who led Wilshire Boulevard Temple in Los Angeles from 1915 until his death in 1984.

**RABBI MAGNIN**

"Uncle Edgar," which my mother and we children always called him, was one of America's most prominent congregational rabbis. He had been largely responsible for erecting Congregation B'nai B'rith's third home, a magnificent, domed edifice on Wilshire Boulevard, which opened in 1929. (The Temple was located only a few blocks west of the lavish department store, I. Magnin, a chain launched in San Francisco by his celebrity grandparents.)

Though never a proselytizer, Uncle Edgar used radio broadcasts, newspaper columns, self-help books, and 500 graduation ceremonies to portray Judaism as a modern religion and Jews as a neighborly and patriotic people. To some degree disdainful of Jewish scholarship and the fraternity of rabbis, he considered himself "a poet of the pulpit," who could rhapsodize, extemporaneously, about literature, philosophy, history or any contemporary topic. Whether trumpeting his loyalties or whispering sweet sonnets, he enthralled audiences. Indeed, his outstretched arms, clenched hands or pointed fingers told eloquent stories.

Not merely comfortable with his natural charisma, Uncle Edgar quite adored it. For decades he and our Aunt Evelyn were honorary members of Hillcrest Country Club, where they hobnobbed with movie moguls and traded jokes with Eddie Cantor and George Jessel. The Magnins welcomed countless dignitaries to Los Angeles, a great many as Temple speakers. Perhaps the best-known photos of Uncle Edgar, taken in the 1930s, show him bicycling in Santa Barbara with Albert Einstein.

Most congregants felt privileged to bask in Uncle Edgar's optimistic and joyful aura. Many staff members remained at the Temple for decades, if not their entire careers. Even Harry MacDermott, who gleefully welcomed kids to religious school, became a celebrity custodian.
Although Rabbi Magnin was regarded by many admirers as Southern California's "Jewish Cardinal," he never wore a skullcap. (Indeed, he forbade Theo from wearing a kippah at his own wedding.) But Uncle Edgar knew many Cardinals, whose official residence was behind St. Basil's, adjacent to the Temple. Consequently, the Magnins and Rosenthal grandparents were able to participate in a small audience before Pope Pius XII at the Vatican.

Given his celebrity stature, particularly in California, Uncle Edgar officiated at both of Richard Nixon's presidential inaugurations. A better reason for admiring our esteemed relative, however, was his acquaintance with Walt Disney (another anti-Semite). Thanks to Uncle Edgar, Theo and I received complimentary tickets to Disneyland's press preview on July 17, 1955 (a year after our sister, Betty, was born).

For his own safety, however, Premier Nikita Khrushchev was not allowed to visit Disneyland. But one September day in 1959, our neighbors and I watched his convoy of limousines speed westward on Sunset Boulevard.

UNCLE GEORGE

Another family member gained celebrity, though he could not be fully appreciated during his short lifetime. My mother's brother, George, who also worked at S. Rosenthal, had numerous interests. Reform Judaism was not among them, though Nelson Glueck, the president of Hebrew Union College, and his wife, Helen, lived just two doors away. Uncle George had a legion of friends, many of whom played cards, chewed cigars, sipped gin and tonic, listened to jazz, watched Oscar Robinson play basketball, and took a rain check on child care.

Having majored in poker at Stanford, Uncle George was not allowed to return for his sophomore year. But following naval service during World War II, he studied for a
summer at László Moholy-Nagy's New Bauhaus School in Chicago, where he began to develop an extraordinary eye for modern art. Already a skillful photographer, Uncle George persuaded his father to publish a hugely expensive magazine devoted to innovative graphic design. Then George S., as he was sometimes called, went to New York and hired Alexey Brodovitch, the legendary designer of *Harper's Bazaar*, to moonlight for him. Alas, *Portfolio* ran for only three issues, between 1949 and 1951, before going bankrupt. Today, however, the magazine is considered one of the most breathtaking and influential publications of the post-war era. A national treasure!

Uncle George's career as an art collector, and later as an art dealer, arose from the ashes of *Portfolio*. He had purchased a small oil painting by Fernand Léger to use on a front cover, but Brodovitch thought that it was already passé. Thus, stuck with a painting he liked, Uncle George looked for a few others. His curiosity and discernment led to paintings and sculptures by such Americans as Josef Albers, Harry Bertoia, Joseph Cornell, Willem De Kooning, Man Ray, Reuben Nakian, and Jackson Pollock. His choices among European artists included Hans Arp, Jean Dubuffet, Lyonel Feininger, Alexi Jawlensky, and Picasso as well as an astonishing group of 13 collages by Kurt Schwitters.

Even though Grandfather George eventually bought paintings by Man Ray and Victor Brauner as well as lithographs by Léger and Miró, he thought that Uncle George had lost his marbles. Indeed, he considered it totally irresponsible for a father of three youngsters to be squandering his resources. Then, in 1963, George S. spotted some paintings of soup cans by a relatively unknown artist in a Los Angeles gallery, and he shelled out $300 for *Pepper Pot*. Today, that diminutive Warhol, which belongs to my cousin Henry and perhaps one day will belong to his son, George, is worth several million dollars.

Uncle George passed away in 1967, at 44 years of age, the same age as his acquaintance, Pollock. Fortunately, my Aunt Jean and her husband, Herb, have retained much of the art collection, and they have allowed me to feel part of it.
GRANDFATHER MIKE

My paternal grandfather's given name was Israel, but he anglicized it to Isadore and was better known as Mike. (Hence, our son’s first name. His middle name, Edward, was derived from Edgar.) Mike was born in Iasi and grew up in Costanza, Romania. Fleeing conscription, he followed his mother, sisters, and older brother through the Golden Door.

After completing his greenhorn-ship on the Lower East Side, Mike moved to New Haven and then to Hartford, where he continued to practice his trade as an industrial engraver. Although he was a short man, he had hands like vises and an even stronger will.

Mike's bride was Sadie, who was born in Ukraine and came to America as an infant with her parents and paternal grandparents. So three generations of Yiddish-speaking Feingolds resided in Hartford when my father was born there in 1915.

Toward the end of his long and restless life, Mike too became a celebrity. He was cast as himself in a short documentary film, *Number Our Days*, which won an Academy Award in 1976. This was the story of the old Jews of Venice, California, who had been born in Europe’s *shtetls* and ghettos and lived modestly as widows and widowers at continent’s end. Mike's loquacious girlfriend, Bertha, was also cast as herself.

DAD

On June 13, 1927, my father and his family went to Manhattan to watch Charles Lindbergh parade down Fifth Avenue, but he knew only one celebrity
during his boyhood. This was his great uncle. Gustave Feingold, who was one of the first Jewish graduates of Hartford's Trinity College and earned a Ph.D. in psychology at Harvard. Although he never found work as a professor, he did become Hartford's first Jewish high school principal, a source of continuing family pride.

There is another celebrity story related to my father's childhood in New Britain, Connecticut. Among his chums were the Ribicoff boys. Abe, the elder, would be elected governor, a Congressman, and a senator, and would serve as the first Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare in the Kennedy administration. Dad had met JFK at a fundraising dinner in Los Angeles, and the president's framed portrait resided on our TV console for three decades. Dad was closer to Irving Ribicoff and his wife, Belle, with whom he remained in contact.

In the summer of 1930, Mike, Sadie, and their four children drove across country, on Route 66, to join the Feingolds who had already begun new lives in Los Angeles. Dad finished high school there, ushered at the 1932 Olympic Games, graduated from UCLA, and then law school at the University of Southern California.

He spent his career with a firm specializing in entertainment law. It began when a few Jewish friends, all sons of the Depression, rented offices in the Equitable Building, at the northeast corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine. Eventually, after constructing two office buildings in Beverly Hills, there were more than 70 partners and associates— a very large number during the 1970s, especially for a Jewish firm.

Dad was married both to Mom and his profession. He worked routinely from Monday through Saturday afternoon, including a few evenings. Other than carrying a heavy briefcase, sitting behind an enormous desk, writing with a fountain pen on large yellow pads, and speaking into a Dictaphone, it was not clear to us children what he actually did. Whatever I imagined was based on the popular Saturday night TV show, Perry Mason, and the Erle Stanley Gardner mysteries upon which it was based. Indeed, I remember being scolded by my sixth-grade teacher, Miss Kivel at Bellagio Road School, for not reading "better" stories.
It was not in fact accidental that Theo, Betty, and I knew so little about Dad’s work. He and his partners, who were more “solicitors” than “barristers,” behaved as if their livelihoods depended on attorney-client privilege. Which they did! This was obviously long before lawyers hired publicity agents, operated Web sites or became talking heads on cable TV. Thus, in a strange sense, Dad was an “anti-celebrity.”

Of course I would not have recognized the names of many of his firm’s clients, be they producers, directors, agents or even studios. I learned more about them as an adult, however. This was during my first job as an archivist, when I helped distribute or destroy the firm’s 40,000 paper files.

Some names I knew well as a kid were Jack Wrather, a businessman, and his wife, Bonita Granville, a former actress. In the early age of black-and-white TV, they created several successful children’s shows, especially Lassie, but also The Lone Ranger and Sergeant Preston of the Yukon. The Wrather Corporation became a tenant in the law firm’s first building, on Cañon Drive, and a screening room was built in its basement. Theo and I had a birthday party there; we saw Lone Ranger movies and shook hands with its masked star, Clayton Moore. Although he did not bring his sidekick, Tonto, played by Jay Silverheels, we had already met Iron Eyes Cody, another TV Indian.

Once a Texas oilman, Jack Wrather struck another gusher as the owner of the Disneyland Hotel, which grew from a modest motel to a high-rise complex with its own monorail stop. During August 1960, on our first family visit to New York, we stayed in the Wrathers’ tower apartment in the

Disneyland Hotel

Dear Men
If I never have the privilege of coming back to Disneyland I’ll be a much better sport than I was. In fact, I won’t care at all.

Saturday 7–28–60

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Hotel Pierre. So this was how rich people lived! I also vividly remember visiting his glass-walled office in the new Seagram Building, for it probably initiated my fear of heights, which led to my fear of bridges.

I remember my childhood confusion over two of Dad’s clients. Were they Billy Wyler and William Wilder? I probably knew more about William Wyler because in 1959 my parents, who occasionally went to studio premieres, brought home a souvenir booklet from *Ben Hur*. Given my love of toy soldiers, Halloween costumes, and the Temple’s biblical murals, I was begging to see this movie, but Mom and Dad thought that it was far too violent. For the same reason, I missed the first run of *Spartacus* a year later.

In 1962, after seeing *Lawrence of Arabia* with Dad and Theo, I became infatuated with spectacles. For years David Lean was one of my favorite directors, but I later discovered far larger epics: American history, art history, architectural history, and Jewish history.

In 1965, no effort was made to conceal the identity of one of Dad’s clients, Rita Hayworth. We had already planned our first family trip to Europe, which included a visit to Paris to see the firm’s new office on the Place de La Madeleine. Hayworth’s daughter, Princess Yasmin, who was almost exactly my age (and Theo’s), needed an escort across the Atlantic. I never knew if Hayworth was ill, but the Princess’ father, Prince Aly Aga Khan, had died in France a few years earlier. So Yasmin’s limousine came to our house, she and Betty watched some TV together, and then the Princess and Dad sped away. We rendezvoused the next day at the Hôtel Crillon, where I encountered a very strange plumbing fixture.

As a rule, my father did not socialize with his partners. They saw all
too much of one another. Probably for a variety of reasons, he seldom socialized with clients. Many, it was clear, were ugly people. Nevertheless, Dad did enjoy Yul Brynner, Danny Kaye, Gene Kelly, Burt Lancaster, Jack Lemmon, David Niven, and Robert Young, among others. He may have lunched with them once in a while at the Brown Derby restaurant, but he never made a fuss about having done so. A much closer friend (and client) was a producer, Bobbie Cohn, whose uncle, Harry, had run Columbia Pictures.

As a specialist in estate planning, Dad tended to represent an older generation— for example, the agent Paul Kohner, the producer Pandro Berman, and Edith Goetz, a daughter of Louis B. Mayer. Dad also aided younger widows, such as Rod Serling’s and Peter Finch’s, who required constant reassurance.

Although Dad had a fine sense of humor, he was not a serious movie fan and hardly ever watched TV (because he awoke before dawn and fell asleep shortly after dinner). Besides weekly rounds of golf (which once resulted in a hole-in-one), he enjoyed dry martinis (with a twist of lemon), smoked meerschaum pipes, read The New Yorker and Book-of-the-Month-Club selections, collected antique weights and scales, danced a smooth fox trot and a bouncy cha-cha, and traveled the world with Mom. Because he loved Jaguars, Beefeater gin, Dunhill tobacco, Church’s shoes, Acquascutum raincoats, and had a nearly lifelong lady friend in London, Dad was unmistakably an Anglophile. It was only a coincidence, however, that he had grown up in New Britain!

My hunch is that Dad was often “outside the loop” when it came to rising talent. I remember his story about one day noticing a gorgeous starlet in an elevator. When his friend commented that this was Elizabeth Taylor, Dad did not recognize her name. Likewise, it was a mystery to him why an English client, Richard Lester, was making a documentary film, Help, about four modish rockers.

Fortunately, Dad and his partners held no illusions about creating culture. The firm, which made “deals,” thrived on hits and crazes. For instance,
the producers Harry Saltzman and "Cubby" Broccoli launched a series about an Ian Fleming hero. The Mirisch brothers produced such films as *The Magnificent Seven*, *West Side Story*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, and *The Pink Panther*. Next came Norman Lear, but Dad preferred *Upstairs, Downstairs* to *All in the Family* or *The Jeffersons*.

Fortunately, Dad could joke about some of the firm’s miscalculations. Though it was less involved with music, a secretary once suggested that her bosses take interest in her friend, who performed in a duo called The Everly Brothers. They didn’t.

**UNCLE MARVIN**

Dad had an older sister, Ruth, who was a kindergarten teacher, and two younger brothers: Marvin, a pediatrician, and Warren (known as Bill), who practiced immigration law in Hollywood. Marvin was the most influential sibling. Why? Because he had married Uncle Edgar and Aunt Evelyn’s daughter, Mae, and she introduced my father to her first cousin, Madeline Rosenthal. So Uncle Marvin’s sons, Marv and Dave, were both my first and second cousins and companions at Wilshire Boulevard Temple.

After beginning his medical practice as an associate to a senior Beverly Hills pediatrician, Uncle Marvin cultivated his own colorful image, which extended far beyond his scrappily beard, rumpled hospital gowns, Triumph sports car, and accordion-playing. After all, how many physicians kept a pet llama on an office balcony? Even on the Sunset Strip, this had to be unusual!

Uncle Marvin, however, was another Goodwin workaholic, who made house calls wherever and whenever. (Such a frenzied pace led to his demise before 60 years of age). Needless to say, many of his patients were children of such celebrities as Pearl Bailey, Abbe Laine, Hope Lange, Eva Marie Saint, and Raquel Welch. In fact, some patients were celebrities— the Jackson Five, for example.

Uncle Marvin became a celebrity too. He attracted such comics as Don Rickles and Norm Crosby to his circle. He occasionally went to gigs with a stand-up named London Lee, who required medication before flying. Uncle Marvin and Shirley Jones were particularly close. (Yes, my lovely Marian from the *Music Man* movie.) She and her husband, Jack Cassidy, attended a dinner
party in our home, which my parents hosted in Marvin’s honor.

Uncle Marvin cared for many families regardless of their ability to pay. In one ordinary home, a father could never stop practicing trumpet. He was Herb Alpert, who hit the big-time with his band, The Tijuana Brass, and founded A & M Records.

Despite the fact that he once owned a white Bentley, Uncle Marvin enjoyed playing Robin Hood. One night when I went with him on house calls, he stopped at Connie Stevens’ Sunset mansion. Uncle Marvin remarked to me that despite its brevity, he would have to charge for a full visit. Then I foolishly asked, “How much?” He replied, “What’s the difference? The money means nothing to her.”

Uncle Marvin owned a speedboat and enjoyed waterskiing on Lake Mead, behind Boulder Dam. When Theo and I were 14 and 15, we went along with Uncle Marvin, Marv, and Dave. While staying in the village of Boulder, we would spend a few evenings in Las Vegas, where we had front-row seats in the showrooms, courtesy of “patients.” One of the most memorable visits backstage was to greet Bobbie Darin and his wife, Sandra Dee. Unfortunately, Darin later hired cousin Marv as a songwriter, and this led to decades of false expectations and heartbreak. No, Marv did not become the next Bob Dylan, but he’s still chasing his dream.

I can’t remember if it was before his second or third marriage when Uncle Marvin was dating starlets. Probably both. His third young wife, Kay, had been married to the TV comedian Tom Poston. And Poston wanted her back! So after divorcing Uncle Marvin, she remarried the sitcom star.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS
Despite Uncle Marvin’s eccentricities, he wanted the best education for his sons. Indeed, he was among a very small number of Jewish parents whose children gained admission to the exclusive Bel Air Town & Country School (later known as John Thomas Dye), which ran from nursery school through eighth grade and taught French at every level.

Through Uncle Marvin’s foothold, my parents were able to enroll my reading-ready sister, Betty, at a very early age. I can’t remember her having any Jewish friends at Dye, but she knew several children of celebrities and movie executives, such as Pat Boone’s daughter, Cherry; Tom Ewell’s son, Tate; John
Forsythe's daughter, Brooke; Ken Murray's daughter, Janie; Robert Taylor's son, Terry; and Charles Wick's son, Doug. Cherry and Janie participated in the Blue Bird troop led by Mom, which camped out once besides the Boones' pool.

Having occasionally accompanied Mom when she drove Betty to and from birthday parties, I met some of these families. The most colossal Bel Air estate, on St. Cloud Road, belonged to Anne Ryan's father, Jack, an engineering wizard at Mattel. He had a few ideas about designing a doll named Barbie. (Ryan was momentarily the sixth of Zsa Zsa Gabor's nine husbands.)

Of course our family attended outdoor Christmas concerts at Dye School, and we participated in annual "country fairs," which were fundraising events held around Easter. The fair in 1965 was particularly memorable. One father wore a cowboy hat, blue jeans, a blue gingham shirt, and a red bandana. With a strong handshake, a gee-whiz grin, and plenty of blarney, he exuded self-confidence and sold hundreds of hot dogs. This was Patti and Ron's father, a guy named Reagan, whom I knew as the host of a canceled TV series, *General Electric Theater*.

Ronald Reagan's orbit and mine intersected two more times. We became "brothers" through a national college fraternity, and for a few years we shared Sam, a Beverly Hills barber. He swore on many occasions that Reagan's hair color was natural.

Knowing that discrimination would prevent Betty from attending a local private high school, my parents withdrew her from Dye after the sixth grade. She too was sent to Emerson Junior High (which had been designed in the 1930s by the celebrity modernist and Jewish émigré, Richard Neutra).

Although Theo was relatively happy at University High, I felt lost within a student body of 2,000. After expressing a desire to go elsewhere, my parents encouraged me to begin a search. Military schools were obviously unsuitable, so it meant finding a "civilian" institution and one that accommodated Jews. I went with Uncle Marvin and cousins Marv and Dave to visit a ranch school near Sedona, Arizona, but I disliked the emphasis on horseback riding and stable chores. My cousins enrolled at Verde Valley, but I also wanted to be closer to home.

The only prep school that I could find was Chadwick, both a country day and a boarding school on the Palos Verdes Peninsula, about 35 miles south of Sunset Boulevard. All of its Jewish kids were boarders, and more than a few
boarders were from entertainment families. I did not know it when I enrolled, but Maureen Reagan, Liza Minnelli, and Christina Crawford were alumnae. When Crawford’s autobiography, *Mommy Dearest*, was filmed, some scenes were shot on the rustic, hilltop campus. Oh, yes, Jan Wenner, the publisher of *Rolling Stone*, was a few years ahead of me, and John Branca, who became Michael Jackson’s attorney, was a year behind.

My senior-year roommate, Steve, and his younger sister, Terri, were victims of a Hollywood marriage. Their new stepfather was an elderly studio boss, who wanted nothing to do with teenagers. He did lend a pre-release print of Hitchcock’s *Torn Curtain* for a senior-class party, however. (Earlier that evening, when Steve and I took our dates to dinner at the Beverly Hilton Hotel, we sat near Gregory Peck— a nice touch.)

**THE NEIGHBORHOOD REDUX**

By now, I have decided not to bring my yarn closer to the present. There are many more celebrity stories, involving art collectors, museum directors, actors, architects, university presidents, and politicians, but these will have to wait.

Let me conclude by returning to our family home on Thurston Avenue, which my parents had built and where they resided for nearly half a century. The good news is that Betty and Keith updated the construction, redesigned the gardens, and are living there quite happily.

Unfortunately, my nephew, Aaron, was turned away from the Dye School, but he has done well at the public school on Warner Avenue. Bellagio Road School closed for lack of children, a reflection of astronomical real estate prices. Chadwick, by the way, did away with boarding, so Aaron’s parents will have to look elsewhere for junior and senior high schools. Indeed, as my prep school became politically correct, the number of Jewish students dwindled.

While secure in who I am—and truly thankful for countless blessings—I’ll mention one other kid who spent his boyhood just north of Sunset Boulevard, in an area now overshadowed by the Getty Center. I can’t resist telling still another celebrity story.

Peter lived up the street with his mother, stepfather, and older sister,
Pam. I never met their father, an executive with the Playboy empire in Chicago who later built Morton's, a highly successful chain of steakhouses. Peter was a poor student and a bus-stop bully, who was never sent to Hebrew or religious school. He was allowed to play Little League games on Saturday mornings and probably smoked. Indeed, Professor Harold Hill's warnings about a pool table in River City were prophetic!

Although I never saw Peter after junior high, I am aware of his phenomenal business success. In 1970, he and an American friend opened a hamburger joint in London, The Great American Disaster, which they later called The Hard Rock Café. The chain conquered the world. By 1979, Peter returned to Los Angeles, where he opened still another restaurant, Morton's, which became a star-studded West Hollywood oasis. A decade ago, Peter built the Hard Rock Hotel & Casino in Las Vegas.

**CODA**

Exactly one week after the coffee klatch that I mentioned at the beginning of this reminiscence, a friend and I were seated at the same table. A woman whom neither of us knew came over to greet us. She said to my buddy, “You’re the RISD professor,” and to me, “You were president of the Jewish Historical Association.” Both of us were amazed to be recognized. Then the excited woman proclaimed, “Oh, this is so Hollywood!”

In the city where I grew up, nearly everybody was a celebrity, yearned to be a celebrity or had encountered a dozen. While there was nothing wrong with movie and TV stars—indeed, they were enjoyable to have around and helped make possible my privileged upbringing—there was nothing superior about them, either. As Uncle Edgar used to quip, “I know where everybody is headed.” Landing in the right place at the right time, most celebrities had been struck by a bolt of good fortune. As had I!

with Johnny Depp, Madonna, Dolly Parton, and Bono, 2007
RHODE ISLAND JEWISH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

53RD ANNUAL MEETING

Sunday, April 22, 2007

Michael Schwartz chaired the meeting at Temple Beth-El, which was attended by more than 100 members and guests. President Stephen Brown reported on the year’s accomplishments, which included better access to the company that maintains the Association’s Web site, a collaboration with the Jewish Genealogical Society of Greater Boston, and a new facilities committee, chaired by Jack Fradin, which will search for the Association’s new home. Additionally, Kenneth Abrams will become the new editor and designer of The Newsletter, succeeding Dr. George Goodwin, who served as editor for five years, and George Levine, who served as designer for 12 years. President Brown also reported that Mr. Schwartz will chair the membership committee.

There were several more brief reports. Stanley Abrams, chair of the publications committee, thanked Dr. Goodwin, Bobbie Friedman, and Anne Sherman for their successful work on the latest issue of The Notes. Treasurer Jack Fradin reported on the Association’s balanced budget. He cautioned that a new home for the Association would increase operating expenses, requiring greater fundraising from national as well as local sources. Dr. Goodwin thanked Prof. Paul Buhle for his service as a board member and notable contributions to the Association. He and his wife will retire from Brown and relocate to Wisconsin. Melvin and Janet Zurier have donated a set of Prof. Buhle’s new trilogy, on American Jewish popular culture, to our library.

President Brown highlighted the second annual Florida meeting, which was held on January 22 in Boynton Beach. More than 120 members, former members, and guests attended the lecture and reception at Temple Shaarei Shalom. Prof. Marvin Pitterman, a former Association president, planned to chair the meeting but unfortunately passed away. Eugene Weinberg, also a past president, reported for the nominating committee, and Mr. Zurier installed the new officers and board members.

The afternoon’s guest speaker was Marcy Brink-Danan, assistant professor of anthropology and Dorot assistant professor of Judaic studies at Brown. She gave a lively presentation about her experiences studying the Turkish Jewish community. A highly enjoyable collation was coordinated by Sandra Abrams, Susan Brown, Lillian Schwartz, and Anne Sherman.

Respectfully submitted,
Maxine Goldin
Secretary
NECROLOGY OF MEMBERS
OCTOBER 16, 2006 – OCTOBER 15, 2007

BERNSTEIN, ROBERT L., born in Boston, was a son of the late Bernard and Kate
(Goldman) Bernstein. He graduated from the University of Massachusetts.

In 1956 Mr. Bernstein was the founder of Hope Chemical Corporation
and in 1973 became the owner of Hope Travel Agency. He was a district manager
of Kemper Financial Service and was also a branch manager of Great American
Advisors, Inc.

Highly involved with the Reform movement, he was a board member of
Temple Beth-El, president of its Brotherhood, an officer of the North American
Federation of Temple Brotherhoods, and a life member of the Jewish Cha
tauqua Society. Additionally, he was a supporter of Ben Gurion University of the Negev.

Mr. Bernstein was a member of the Redwood Masonic Lodge and the
Rhode Island Shrine. A life member of Kiwanis International, he was a past gov-
ernor of the New England district and received its Tablet of Honor.

He is survived by his wife, Lillian, sons Roderick and Joel, and daughter
Sheryl Silverman.

Died in Providence on November 21, 2006 at the age of 79.

COHEN, ELAINE, born in Boston, was the daughter of the late Samuel and
Marcia (Dexter) Levine.

She is survived by her husband, Harold, and daughter Hilary C. Zwicker.


GLASSMAN, SAMUEL H., born in Cumberland, was a son of the late Nathan
and Goldie (Saslawsky) Glassman. He attended Northeastern University. Mr.
Glassman was an executive with Brooks Drugs, formerly Adams Drugs, for 44
years.

He was a member of Temple Emanu-El, St. John’s Masonic Lodge, and
the Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design.

He was the husband of the late Stella Glassman and is survived by son
Paul and daughters Ruth Feder and Nancy Glassman.

Died in Providence on October 7, 2007 at the age of 98.
GOLDIN, EDWARD, born in Providence, was the son of the late Samuel and Celia (Chambers) Goldin. He graduated from the University of Rhode Island and Boston University Law School.

Mr. Goldin, who practiced law for more than a half century, was a founding partner of Pucci & Goldin, now known as Goldin & Tutalo. He was a member of the American Bar Association, the American Trial Lawyers Association, and the Commercial Law League of America. He also belonged to the Rhode Island Bar Association and was a life fellow of its Foundation.

Mr. Goldin was deeply involved in politics. A Providence City Councilman from 1962 to 1974, he also chaired his ward committee and senatorial district committee.

His additional communal endeavors included trusteeships of the Providence Public Library and the Groden Center as well as membership in the Masons. Mr. Goldin was a president of Temple Beth-El from 1979 to 1982.

He is survived by his wife, Maxine, and daughters Ellen, Sherry and Donna.

Died in Providence on October 4, 2007 at the age of 77.

GORDON, EDITH, born in Central Falls, was the daughter of the late Jacob and Anna (Wicknin) Sonkon. She graduated from Rhode Island College.

Mrs. Gordon was a life member of Hadassah and served as a campaign chair of the Jewish Federation of Rhode Island.

She is survived by her husband, Albert I., son Dr. Michael, and daughter Dr. Nancy. She was predeceased by two children, Jeffrey and Arlene.

Died in Florida on April 25, 2007 at the age of 88.

GORIN, JEREMIAH H., born in Boston, was a son of the late Samuel and Anna (Greenglass) Gorin. He graduated from Christobal High School in the Panama Canal Zone, Duke University, and Harvard Law School. He served in the Navy during World War II.

Mr. Gorin was a member of the American and the Rhode Island Bar Associations, Temple Emanu-El and was a president of the Jewish Community Center. He was a life member of RIJHA.

He is survived by his wife, Rosalind, and sons Stephen, Lawrence, and David.

Died in Providence on January 11, 2007 at the age of 89.
JAFFE, ALFRED, born in Newport, was a son of the late Max and Bertha (Nass) Jaffe. He was educated at the University of Rhode Island and Columbia University Dental School. During World War II, he served as an Army captain and was stationed on Okinawa.

Dr. Jaffe was Rhode Island's first university-trained orthodontist. He practiced for 45 years in Providence and Newport. He was a member of Temple Emanu-El and a life member of RIJHA.

Dr. Jaffe is survived by his wife, Betty, son David, and daughters Miriam and Sarah.

Died in Providence on March 12, 2007 at the age of 88.

LITWIN, DEANA, born in Providence, was the daughter of the late Sigmund and Anna (Viner) Robinson. She was the wife of the late Paul Litwin. A graduate of Rhode Island College, she taught in the Providence school system.

Mrs. Litwin was a member of Temple Emanu-El and a founding member of Temple Beth David in Narragansett. She was a member of the Miriam Hospital Women's Association, Hadassah, and the National Council of Jewish Women.

She is survived by sons Alan and Frank and daughter Jane Litwin-Taylor.

Died on June 24, 2007 in Providence at the age of 83.

MORGENTHAU, RUTH, a scholar, political activist, and humanitarian, was born in Vienna. She was a daughter of the late Osias and Mizia Schachter. Having fled the Nazis shortly after Kristallnacht, her family lived in England and Cuba before reaching America in 1940. She graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Barnard College, received a Fulbright scholarship for study in France, and earned a doctorate in politics at Oxford University.

A specialist on French-speaking Africa, Dr. Morgenthau taught at Boston University before becoming the Adlai Stevenson Professor of International Politics and the chair of the politics department at Brandeis University. She was also the founding director of Brandeis' graduate program in international sustainable development. In addition to studies of Africa, she wrote a biography of Senator John O. Pastore (published by the Rhode Island Historical Society in 1989).

Dr. Morgenthau was a policy adviser to Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Carter and was a member of the United States delegation to the United Nations. She was also an adviser to the presidential campaigns of Michael Dukakis, Paul Tsongas, and Bill Bradley. In 1988 she was an unsuccessful Congressional candidate against Claudine Schneider in Rhode Island.

Dr. Morgenthau was the founder of Food Corps International, which helped alleviate hunger in Africa, Latin America, and Asia. She also chaired the
board of Pact, a hunger-relief program active in 20 nations.
Survived by her husband, Henry Morgenthau III, sons Dr. H. Ben and Kramer, and daughter Sarah M. Wessel.

Dr. Morgenthau lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts and in Saugus- town. She died in Boston on November 4, 2006 at the age of 75.

NEMZOW, JACQUELINE SHIRLEY WIESEL, born in Providence, was the daughter of the late Louis and Helene (Tanenbaum) Berger. She was the wife of the late Charles A. Wiesel.

She graduated from Pembroke College and Rhode Island College and taught kindergarten.

Mrs. Nemzow was a life member of the Miriam Hospital Women's Association, Brandeis University's Women's Association, Hadassah, and the National Council of Jewish Women. She served as an officer of ORT and the Jewish Federation and was a member of Temple Emanu-El.

Survived by her husband, Simon, son Marty, and daughter Sally A. Esakov.

Died in Providence on July 3, 2007 at the age of 81.

PITTERMAN, MARVIN, born in Buffalo, was the husband of the late Pearl (Miller) Pitterman. He was educated at Buffalo State University, the University of Michigan, and received his Ph.D. from New York University. He served as an Army chaplain during World War II.

A professor in the University of Rhode Island's College of Business from 1947 to 1977, Dr. Pitterman chaired the department of finance and investments. He was a Fulbright scholar at the London School of Economics in 1960-61. After retiring from URI, he taught over 20 years at Palm Beach Community College.

Dr. Pitterman was a member of Temple Beth-El for a half century. He and his late wife were youth group advisors for many years. The Pittermans also belonged to Temple Beth Torah in Wellington, Florida. He was active in B'nai B'rith, the American Jewish Congress, and the Masons.

A life member of RIJHA, he served as president from 1979 to 1982.

He is survived by son Dr. Arthur B. and daughter Dr. Joy Ellen Pitterman. Died in Florida on January 18, 2007 at the age of 95.
PRESSER, JOSLYN J., born in Providence, was the son of the late Isadore and Rose (Hecker) Presser. He was the husband of the late Betty Goldin Presser. He served in World War II.

Mr. Presser taught mathematics. He was a member and a teacher at Temple Beth-El, Temple Emanu-El, and Heska Amuna Synagogue in Knoxville, Tennessee.

He is survived by his wife, Marilyn, sons Robert and Sheldon, and daughter, Anne Franklin.

Died in Knoxville on March 12, 2007 at the age of 88.

PRIMACK, SAMUEL, born in Providence, was a son of the late Max and Sara (Medder) Primack. During World War II, he served as a Seabee in the Pacific.

For nearly 50 years Mr. Primack was a manufacturer's representative for several menswear companies. Devoted to reading, music, and travel, he was also known for his philosophical outlook.

He was a member of Temple Torat Yisrael and a past president of its Men's Club. Also a past president of Temple Emanu-El's Leisure Club, he was a member of B'nai Brith, Jewish War Veterans, and the World Jewish Congress.

He is survived by his wife, Charlotte, son Mark, and daughters Sara Friedlander and Ellen Primack.

Died in Providence on August 8, 2007 at the age of 91.

SALK, NORTON E., born in Providence, was the son of the late Louis and Belle (Feingold) Salk. He was the husband of the late Phyllis (Moverman) Salk. He graduated from the University of Michigan and Brown University and served in the Army during World War II and the Korean War.

An architect in private practice, Mr. Salk volunteered his professional services for many organizations. He was a member of the Jewish War Veterans.

Survived by his wife, Evelyn, son Howard, daughter Linda Heckman, and stepchildren James and Linda Kurtz.

Died in Providence on August 3, 2007 at the age of 79.
SALTER, HELENE, born in New Haven, was a daughter of the late Grace and Herman Yale. She was the wife of the late J. Lee Bonoff.

A graduate of the Rhode Island School of Design, Mrs. Salter worked as a jewelry designer for many years. She did volunteer artwork for the RISD Museum and the Providence Public Library, and was a volunteer art teacher at the Martin Luther King, Jr. Elementary School.

She was a member of Temple Beth-El.

Survived by her husband, Elliot, son Douglas Bonoff, daughter Lauren Fessenden, and stepson Robert Salter.

Died in Providence on July 8, 2007 at the age of 77.

SAMDPERIL, CHARLES, born in Providence, was the son of the late Isadore and Sophie (Forman) Samdperil. He attended the Philadelphia Textile Institute and served in the Army during the Korean War.

Mr. Samdperil was president of the Providence Yarn Company and the Yarn Outlet, which were founded by his father.

A stalwart of the Jewish Federation of Rhode Island, he served as a campaign chair and a treasurer before assuming the presidency from 1985 to 1987. Mr. Samdperil was also a board member of Temple Emanu-El, a founding member of its Men's Torah Class, and a participant in the daily minyan.

Survived by his wife, Ruth, son Stephen A., and daughters Debra L. Samdperil, Terry E. Schuster, and Karyn S. Rosenfield. He was predeceased by his son Henry David.

Died in Narragansett on December 12, 2006 at the age of 75.

SILVER, ALENE F., born in New York City, was the daughter of the late Benedict and Anna (Hirschfield) Freudenheim. She received her bachelor's degree from Barnard College and her doctorate from the University of Illinois.

Dr. Silver was a research biologist and a professor at Brown University from 1961 to 1970 and then taught at Rhode Island College.

She is survived by sons John and Ben and daughter Phebe Goodman.

Died in Providence on December 22, 2006 at the age of 90.

Died in Providence on November 27, 2005 at the age of 82.
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CORRECTIONS TO VOLUME 14, NUMBER 4

PAGE 601: The photo shows Thelma Shein, a close friend of
Helene Bernhardt.

PAGE 713: The photo of Camp Centerland was probably taken ca.

PAGE 727: The four Brown graduates belonged to the Class of 1918
rather than 1917.

PAGE 733: Ruth Saltzman was the harpist of the Rhode Island
Symphony from 1954 to 1983.

PAGE 734: In addition to serving as a trustee of the Rhode Island
Foundation from 1987 to 1999, Melvin Alperin was board