

THE SONG FROM MY HEART

(Autobiography)

written by Charna Rieger, 1944

*Translation by Maurice D. Rieger, Ruthe Rieger Karlin, and
Fanny Schohet, © 1996, Ruthe Rieger Karlin.*

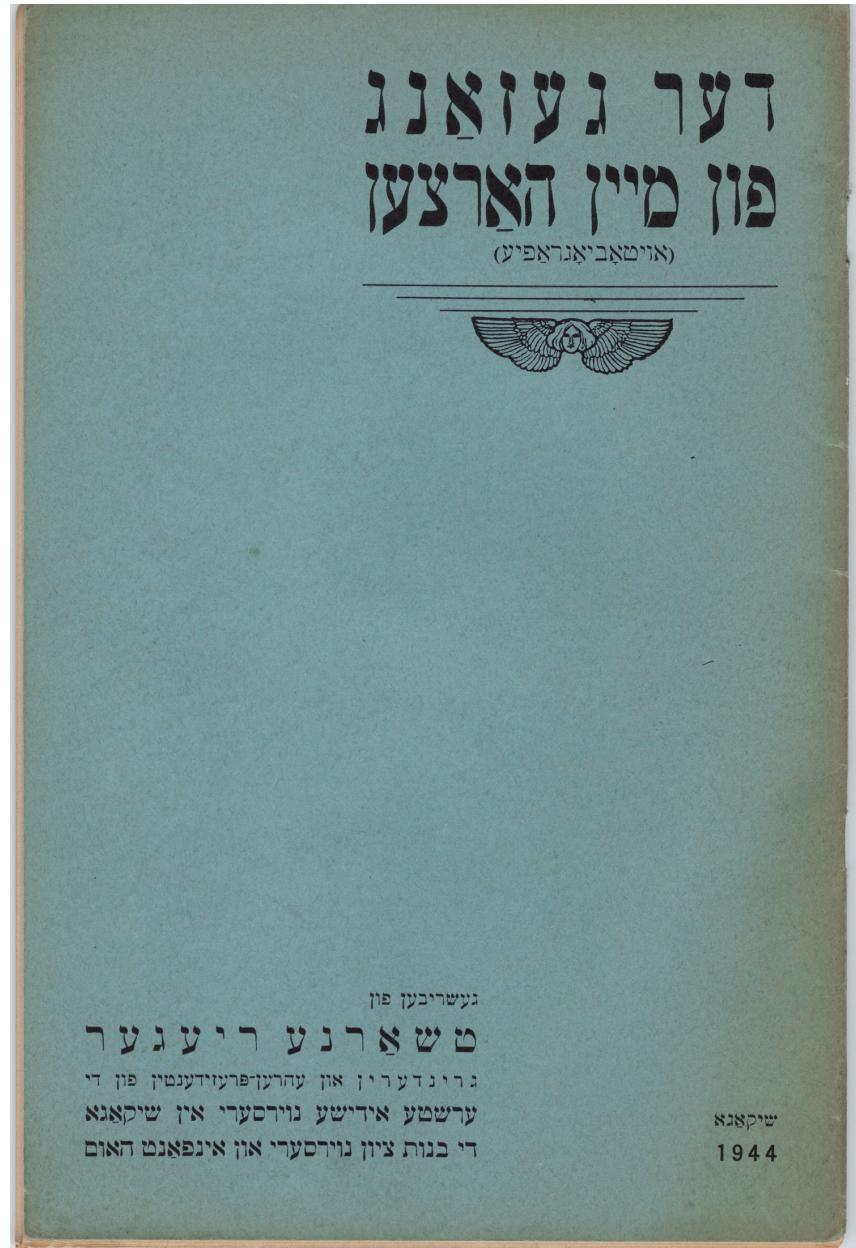


This memoir was written and published as a fund-raising device for the Daughters of Zion Infant Home and Day Nursery. It was published in 1944 by the Courier, a Chicago Yiddish newspaper.

Additional notes on Charna's life are from memoirs written by Aunt Flo, and Maurie, and additional notes and interviews collected in Chicago in 1989.

Who would not boast of having built something? ...
 When you erect a wall or portico of great elegance and
 adorn it with a door, columns, or roof, good citizens ap-
 prove and express joy for their own sake, as well as yours,
 because they realize that you have used your wealth to
 increase greatly not only your own honor and glory, but
 also that of your friends, your descendants, and the whole
 city.

On the Art of Building in Ten Books:
 Leon Battista Alberti, 1404-1472



The original book

Preface

“You are just like your grandmother.” I heard this from one or the other of my parents, at least once a week, for as long as I can remember. This was not a compliment, or a blessing. It was said to me every time I expressed an independent thought or did something they thought wasn’t ladylike—too smart, too independent. But I wasn’t just like Grandma. Charna was a powerhouse, a force of nature. As I go through all of the documentation I have collected about her life I am awe-struck. She organized people and events. She raised at least a million dollars at a time that was real money, often from people who had little to give. She built a building and a community. Documents issued by the Nursery had hundreds of names in them, all contributors and well-wishers.

Although Charna lived with us from the time I was six until I was fourteen, I never felt I knew her. How much can a child know, or understand, a complex woman sixty years her senior. I am not just like her. She was strong, confident, a leader. I was only being me. Now that I am the age Charna was when she came to live with us, perhaps I have begun to understand who she was.

This book is a compilation of all things Charna. I have put it together as much for me as for you, so I can better understand this woman who lived quietly in my mother’s house, and who inspired both devotion and hatred, in her community and in her own family.

It will necessarily be about other people as well. Charna was not isolated. She led, directed, depended on, loved and aggravated many people, my father, Maurie, Aunts Flo, Belle, Helen, Frieda, Rifka a.k.a Ruth, her husband Louis, to name the most important ones. I can only tell you about a few of them. Many will only be names in passing. I will try to include everything I know about Charna, a copy of her book, all of the pictures I collected and notes from interviews and materials I amassed from 1985 to 1989.

She was known as the Jewish Jane Addams, according to the obituary printed in the *Sentinel* in April, 1948, because of her unceasing devotion to alleviating the problems of the needy and unfortunate. Certainly, Charna Bodenstein Rieger was an exceptional Jewish woman. She was educated in religious and secular studies when few Jewish men and fewer Jewish women were given this opportunity. She became an achiever and a leader of her people. Arriving at the age of 43, she first learned English, then learned to maneuver in a society emerging from the constraints of the Victorian age, and where women had not yet attained suffrage, let alone thought about equality. In addition to the larger societal problem of being a woman, Charna was fighting with the entrenched communal leadership of German Jews, and later in her life, with the then current ideas about childcare and child protection.

Additional material, including scans of the entire original book, documents I collected, transcriptions of interviews, Maurie’s and Florence’s memoirs and supplementary reference materials will be found on the disk at the back of this book.

Ruthe Rieger Karlin, January 25, 2007



Foreword

With great thanks to the almighty, who allowed me to celebrate my 75th birthday and the 30th anniversary since I founded the Daughters of Zion Jewish Day Nursery and Infant Home; and with a silent, heartfelt prayer to give me years and strength to complete my undertaking for the unfortunate Jewish waifs and orphans; I will record my experiences from my childhood until this day.

I do this not as a testimonial for myself and also not without good reason to tell the world about myself, but with the hope that my experiences and chiefly my accomplishments for the poor orphans, will find a warm reverberation in the hearts of my readers and so they will add another hand to the holy and important work of the Daughters of Zion Nursery and Infant Home, which gives a good home and faithful motherly treatment to those whom fate punished by orphaning them.

And your help and support to the Daughters of Zion Nursery and Infant Home, of which I was the founder, will be my reward for the thirty years work that I have given to the home.

Mrs. Charna Rieger



My Early Years

In a village called Losche (Losie), between Gorlice and Jaslo, Galicia, I was born in March, 1869. It was the first time I opened my eyes and saw this wonderful world.

My father, Reb Shevach, son of [Klomnos] Klonimos Bodenstein of blessed memory, and my mother, Sarah, daughter of Shlomo Avrohom, may she rest in peace, welcomed their new born child with great happiness. No small thing, God blessed them with a new daughter!

The house I was born in was our own; my folks were people of means. In the house there was always plenty of everything cheese, butter, milk, etc. Outside of the house we had forests with a great estate. In the house there was always plenty of everything: cheese, butter, milk, etc. Our house was open for everyone, actually a hotel. Who went in hungry, came out full. Our house was always crowded with guests traveling rabbis passed through, talmudic scholars and ordinary poor men.

My father, may he rest in peace, was a cattle trader.¹ He went from market to market where he bought up animals. He was pious through it all. In the middle of the night he performed the midnight service. [He prayed all the time, into half the night.] He prayed with fervor and was God fearing. Frequently he had some prayer to say, psalms, special prayers, and so forth.

He was a tall, handsome man, very lively, by no means an idler. He looked everyone in the eyes and spoke truth and feared no one. He was very devoted to his wife and children. He kept tutors for his two sons and four daughters. He lent direction to the upbringing of his children; like the saying, to God and to people.

My mother of blessed memory was naturally very religious, but not fanatic. Her pleasure was to give food and drink to the poor and to give anonymous donations. She knew already who needed for shabos and who just needed bread and would supply them with it. She gave much help to poor pregnant women and poor widows.

When the cholera epidemic broke out in the village, God save us, there remained a number of poor, helpless orphans, I remember, they were separated in private homes there was no "infant home" my mother went to the homes where these waifs were cared for and she attended to combing and bathing them and giving such care that they didn't miss anything. When they were four years old a school was supplied and they were educated as good pious Jews.



From Aunt Flo's memoir

I should tell you about grandmother, my mother's mother. I think she was a great woman, for the time she lived in. She was the oldest of six children when both her parents died. Now in those days women didn't work to earn a living. There was no one to support her family, so she did the one thing that was not a disgrace. She became a dress maker to support her younger sisters and brothers, rather than take charity from the town. She gave them an education and married them all off. By that time she was thirty years old, unmarried and no money.

My grandfather Shevach (Saul) Bodenstein was just out of school, yeshiva, a Jewish college. He met grandmother and fell in love with her. He was six years younger than grandma. They were married. This was against all the rules of behavior in those days. Grandma had no dowry. And Grandpa had to go out and earn money right away. He became a sort of traveling salesman, going from town to town, taking orders for whatever people may want, then get the goods and deliver it. Their first two children were twins and they died at birth. Then grandma took an oath that if God gave her other children she would deny herself the pleasure of kissing them. Don't forget she was past thirty and in those days that was old. I can remember, even us kids, she would hug us, but we never got a kiss from her nor were we allowed to kiss her.

2 . . . In those days very few girls got an education, boys usually just a Hebrew education; but not my grandmother's family. They all got a very good education in Hebrew, Polish and German.



I was the first daughter. Four sons preceded me; only the oldest, Shlomo Avrohom remained alive; thus I was the prodigal daughter and very beloved by my parents, who thought I was talented and wanted me to be well brought up. When I was five years old, I already learned the bible and commentaries that I loved very much.

When I was six years old I started the Polish public school system, but I did not enjoy studying there because of its Christian atmosphere. I attended school until I was 12 years old and graduated from there with the best grades in Polish, German, and Ukrainian. (Hungarian, according to MDR).² I made very good friends amongst my classmates; they nicknamed me, Charnelle, the Yeshiva bocherte, because of my bible learning.

I remember how I used to love to walk in the fields and watch the workers. I loved to hear the beautiful songs they sang while they worked. The joy of their work, expressed in their singing and dancing, had great fascination for me.

From those days an event occurred that made a lasting impression upon me unto this day. In our village there lived a shochet, a very wise, learned man by the name of Mordchai Dovid Birenbaum, of blessed memory. His wife, Chanelle, of blessed memory, truly fitted the biblical allegory of the Aishes Chayil (the virtuous wife). They had four sickly children three sons and one daughter, who were always sick, especially the younger ones, three and five years old. They suffered from the English disease (rickets). I remember they used to walk around with swollen stomachs, malnourished, with yellow and black complexions. I loved this family very much, and it was mutual; thus I assisted Chanelle in caring for the children. Suddenly she became ill and took to her bed for over four weeks. Each day her plight became worse. Neighbors came in to take care of her, and I did what I could to care for the children. The husband had to travel to the various villages because he was the only shochet. One morning when I came to the house, I saw that she was very bad. Chanelle was already unconscious. Soon the neighbors came together, they had taken the children out of the house, and lit candles because they thought that Chanelle was expiring. I cried out and ran out into the field. I was afraid that Chanelle was dead. As I stood crying, I heard someone call me. Charnelle, how is Chanelle? I looked up, her husband was returning from a nearby village. Not willing to tell him the bad news I called out to him, Chanelle is much better.

With happiness he entered his house; when he saw the lit candles and the drooping faces of the people, he gave a loud cry, It can't be, Charnelle said that Chanelle is much better. When Chanelle, who was lying like a corpse, heard his cry, she arose

from her bed with a heavy breath and said, if Charnelle said I am better, then I am better. The people happily put out their candles and the gathering departed. Only a few remained to make soup for the patient and give her water. From that moment on, she fully recovered, thanked me for saving her life and lived another 25 years. She kept me as her good messenger and she told everyone that she was thankful to me that she was still alive. Her children outgrew their deficiencies and fully recovered.

I Became a Bride

I continued with my work: studying, sewing, knitting. I was quite tall and everyone said I was very pretty. When I was thirteen years old our neighbors proposed marriage contracts to my parents. My parents refused to hear about these proposals because I was too young. But not far from us lived a prominent man, a successful businessman by the name of Reb Shlomo Rieger,³ who dealt with woods and also had a large flour and saw mill, which he inherited from his first wife, Miriam Reich, who stemmed from the eminent Rabbi Moshe Teitelbaum.

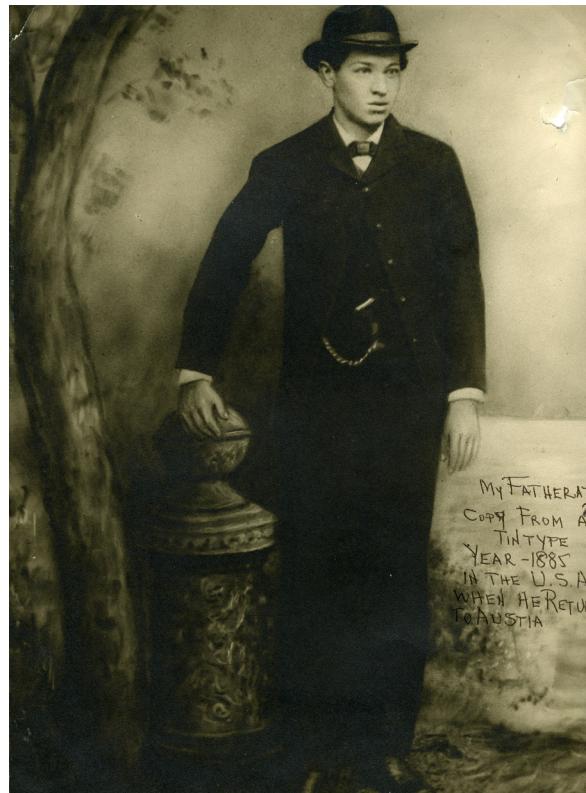
Reb Shlomo Rieger proposed a marriage contract between his son Eliezer and me. I was then 14 years old. My parents began to talk to me about this proposal. But I had nothing to answer them, not yes and not no.

Several weeks later my blessed Mother told me that the coming shabos evening there would be a party at the close of shabos (mlaveh malke) and a guest especially for me. She would not tell me who the guest was. You will soon see, she said. I soon realized who the guest was to be, and I was right. On Saturday evening many distinguished townsmen, headed by the rabbi, came to our house. Among the guests was the whole Rieger family. When I saw them I quickly secluded myself in my room and went to sleep. But my parents noticed my absence. They came into my room and argued with me to come out to the guests. They spoke to me for a long time but I did not give in. Finally they overcame my objections. I went out to the guests and they celebrated my engagement. All I had to do was take a corner of a kerchief in my hand. That's all it took and I was engaged to Eliezer Rieger. Inasmuch as the groom was a good looking, husky young man, older than me by six years, who was supposed to go into the military in the coming spring, they scheduled the wedding for shabos on Hanukkah. The wedding would take place three weeks later. After the wedding we were to leave for America. That night I couldn't sleep. I cried continuously, because I did not want to go to America. They brought me bridal gifts from the groom. But this did not change my position. The whole story did not appeal to me.

3 I also remember Grandpa Shlomo as an old man with a long white beard. I must have been about six years old and was visiting in his home. I remember so clearly Grandmother (Pa's stepmother) baking bread. They were in that business. She had a long paddle, I think about six feet. She would set a lot of breads on this paddle and in one shove they would be in the oven. Oh, it smelled so good. After a while she would take them out the same way. Then her son would hitch up a horse and buggy and take these breads to the towns around for sale.

Their house was like this: you came in to the first room which was the bakery. Next to this was a room the same length but very narrow with a desk at one end and I remember grandpa sitting at this desk counting money. Next to this room was the parlor with the same two beds at each end and table and chairs in the center just as all homes were then. Right next to this room was another flat just like it, occupied by their daughter, my step aunt.

Grandpa used to go in the parlor and peek under the beds and if there was a little dust there, he would raise hell. He scared me so that after I was there, I think maybe two days, I cried so that uncle had to hitch up the horse and buggy and take me home. Whatever they say about my stepgrandma, I think she was a very fine person and I'm sure I loved her very much and Grandpa I think mostly I was afraid of him.



Eliezer Rieger in Chicago, 1885

4 They tell about the time when my father was about twenty-one, married and two children. Grandpa decided he wanted to go to America to visit his daughters, so Pa went with him. Pa was deciding to stay here and sent tickets to Ma. She was supposed to leave in about a week, when all at once, he and Grandpa came home. It seems Grandpa didn't want to stay and so insisted that my father go back with him. My own opinion (now) is that Grandpa knew he had a good thing. His wife was supporting him. Here he would have to work.

5 My father certainly didn't take after his father. He is the one that worked hard. Maybe my mother was smart, all my life I never remember mother getting up in the morning to give us breakfast. Even in this country, Pa got up, made the coffee and gave us kids to eat. Even when I was sick, and that was often, Pa and Helen seemed to be watching over me.

Pa's real mother's name was Miriam Alexander. Her father and most of the men in her family were Rabbis and quite famous, too.

My parents had much heartache from my position. They kept trying to persuade me, that this was predestined and if I didn't want to go to America, no one would force me. They added that it is better and more noble to write a new parchment than to tear up an agreement. They continued in that vein and said, in the olden times, if a man and wife could not agree, they divorced, but they did not cancel a contract of marriage because it was a great sin.

I had to acquiesce and in the month of December our wedding took place. We had fine music and specially chosen guests, but a small wedding, because the wedding had to be kept secret. According to the law a young man had to fulfill his army obligation before he was allowed to marry.

I was not quite 15 years old; my husband was very good to me. Anything to please me was not difficult for him. Six months passed this way and he needed to do something about his military service. Since I could not bring myself to go to America it was decided that my husband and his father would go together. And so that's how it was. My husband and his father, who had a number of daughters and sons-in-law there, fled to America for six months.⁴ Exactly one year after my marriage, my first daughter was born. My husband in America went to the Austrian counsel and received a dismissal from military service. He and his father immediately returned to Austria to greet the new arrival; his joy was without end.

With the birth of my daughter, everything changed in my life. I had an immediate growing up experience; I became a good wife, mother and housekeeper.⁵ My husband was a fine scholar and an engineer contractor, who had built several establishments and earned much money and we had a happy, satisfied life. The years flew by; when I was 36 years old, I had 10 children. God in his wisdom took 5 of my children. Now I have 5 children⁶, 11 grandchildren⁷ and one great grandchild.⁸ May they have long blessed lives.

My First Community Undertaking

We had a very good life. In the house I had servants and I had plenty of time for community activities. There were no autos in those days, so my husband bought a nice horse and carriage for my use. I used to drive around to the outlying districts and made the acquaintance of many people; I helped to make peace between parties who had misunderstandings and between men and their wives who had squabbles.

An incident occurred that had great consequences which I will note here. Many people remember the great blood libel (Bilbul), that occurred in Tiszaeszlár⁹, a city

in Hungary, not far from my birthplace. Ashochet was accused of killing a Christian child so that he could use the blood in his Passover services. They arrested him and a trial began. I was then a young lady, in my blossoming years, and this shochet's wife came to me crying and with a heavy heart to talk out about the calamity that befell her husband.

It is understandable that the Jews did not keep quiet about this matter: a major catastrophe; a blood libel. Rabbis, wise men, lawyers and prominent men were consulted. After various conferences, it was decided that the shochet's wife should go to Vienna to the Kaiser Franz Joseph to plead for mercy. It was also decided that I should go with the wife. A committee of prominent Jews were assembled, which hired the then prominent attorney Goldhamer from Tarnof. I participated in all of the discussions and in the meantime prepared for the journey to Vienna. But just before leaving for Vienna my child became ill with scarlet fever, and my parents would not let me travel. When I told the lawyer what happened another woman was appointed to travel with the shochet's wife. The Kaiser granted an audience and listened to her plea. Several weeks later the shochet was freed. This brought great rejoicing to all Jews and particularly in our neighborhood. But it bothers me, even today, that I could not accompany the shochet's wife to Vienna. I was greatly disappointed for missing the opportunity of meeting the Kaiser; however, years later I saw him on maneuvers in our town.

I want to relate another happening in our town, which reflected the life of contemporary European Jewish communities and which remains in my memory to this day. We had an exceedingly pious, wise rabbi, who was highly respected by all. When he died, his son, also a very learned, wise rabbi, was expected to succeed him. But there arose two parties. One wanted to hire the dead rabbi's son and the second wanted to bring in a different rabbi who was also said to be a great, wise, learned man. A fiery feud broke out in the town. Each group had their rabbi appoint their own shochet and one side would not eat from the shochet of the second side; one rabbi outlawed the shochet from the other side. Each side recruited boorish men who insulted the rabbi and the shochet from the other side in a very hostile way. The argument made peace impossible.

There was a young man who was a traveling salesman. He sold various trifles in the villages. He belonged to the old rabbi's son's group which promised, if he became the successor, to make him the beadle (gabi) of the shul, if he would incite them by calling all of them names and insulting the rabbi and the shochets. This

6 Helen Sprung, Frieda Schliselfeld, Belle Seitler, Florence Rieger, Maurice David Rieger

7 Mary, Louise, Herman Schachter, Louis, Aaron Sprung, Florence, Louis Schliselfeld, Merle, Hedda Seitler, Ruthe, Arvin Rieger

8 Leon Schachter

9 In the Tiszaeszlár blood libel, the Jews of the village Tiszaeszlár were accused with the ritual murder of a fourteen-year-old Christian girl, Eszter Solymosi. The case was one of the main causes of the rise of anti-Semitism in the country. The accused persons were eventually acquitted. From Wikipedia: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tiszaeszl%C3%A1r_blood_libel



Shlomo Rieger in Chicago, 1885

We lived in a small town in (Austria) called Losia in Galicia. This was really a beautiful spot. There was a mountain, foliage covered at one end, perhaps a hundred feet away a river ran thru the town. When the river was low one could cross it on the jutting rocks but in flood time it always carried the bridge away. It was a torrent across the river.

Between two hills a dirt road ran thru the town. The main cross street further up was called the Kaiserweg (Kings row). On this dirt road was the village store owned by Reb Abbe. A store was called a gevelb. Here you could buy imported fruits, bread,

man's wife, a close friend of mine, who was a very honorable and genteel person, pleaded with her husband not to get involved in the controversy. But her words did not help. If he wants to be the beadle, he has to curse them. His wife came to me and asked me to reason with him to stay out of the argument. I pleaded with him but even my words had no effect. On Sabbath, because of this, a huge quarrel broke out between husband and wife and the shabos was spoiled. He went to the second rabbi's shul and insulted and cursed the rabbi and the slaughterers with the vilest language.

But Saturday evening he came home with a high fever and complained about a terrible headache. A skilled doctor decided the sick sufferer had pneumonia. Three days later he died, leaving a widow with two children, 3 and 5 years old. The town said that this is a punishment from God because of his offense to the rabbis and men of learning. This episode left a lasting impression upon me, to this day.

I Leave for America

As it is said, I was in the very end of my blossoming years. My husband was busy with his business in the country and often only came home for the Sabbath. I reported to him what was happening in our town, which pleased him greatly with my meandering. He constantly brought home guests to our table. Often distinguished, eminent wise men and rabbis came to us for discussions, and I did everything to provide for them in the best way. Twice the honored guest was the famous Shinever Rabbi, Lishala Halberstam, a Chasid; my husband was a protege of his.

Gradually I became sick of my husband's constant absences from home and I persuaded him to change his occupation. We bought a saw and flour mill in our town which we enlarged and my husband bought small forests and produced lumber. We employed 140 workers and we had a good business. I was the bookkeeper and cashier. We continued in this way for fifteen years.

Suddenly as in a novel, a noted lumber dealer asked my husband to become his partner. He said he wanted to purchase a big forest, tens and tens of thousands of rubles and although he is rich and has good credit, he does not want to purchase this large forest alone. My husband came home and told me the story and told me how lucky we were.

Truth to say, I was not enthusiastic about this story; I simply was not satisfied. But my husband's words convinced me and I finally agreed to the partnership. The great forest was purchased. We had to pay cash, but did not have enough so we

signed a promissory note. I said that I was strongly dissatisfied with the whole deal. I thought that it set us up for a calamity. But the partnership was working, in particular, the business was going well, growing more and more until it reached the hundreds of thousands. We were shipping carloads of timber to France and Germany. This continued until the year 1912.

Suddenly in that year everything got very bad. There was talk about a terrible war; there was a great crisis. Businesses were closing, banks were recalling loans, commodities remained standing in train cars and were not sold, the train companies demanded extra money for storing goods and it became worse and worse.

In addition, we had another great worry. We had a very wonderful son 19 years old and we were afraid that he would be taken from us. My husband started to talk about leaving for America. I was naturally against this, to let my husband and son travel alone to America; because my roots were entrenched in this town, and I continually hoped that times would reverse themselves and conditions would improve.

Alas, for us my hopes were not realized, our situation became worse from day to day. We no longer even had money to pay the workers and so, soon after Pesach, 1912, my husband and son left for America.

I remained at home, seeing to the business as long as I had strength. Our partner worked day and night to put everything back, but it is not happening. The wheel of fortune did not turn for me. The six months since my husband went to America were bitter for me, only bitter. Truly, I had a large house with furnishings, but you couldn't eat furnishings and selling them was impossible. No one was willing to let money out of the house because of the crisis. Who had some money held it clutched tightly. I remained without a cent and my troubles were not pleasing. I did not have any other help I could depend on, I remained alone, helpless with small children on my hands, and even my oldest daughter, who was married to a very good man, was living in Merish Austro and already had a child, was having bad luck and could not earn a living. My heart within me was crying. Leaving such a nice home with beautiful furnishings did not please me. but I hated my suffering and six months after my husband and son went to America, I wrote to them that I was ready to emigrate to America and they sent me tickets for the trip.

When my husband got my letter, in which I reported all my "sorrows," he was drunk with happiness and soon sent out ship tickets for me and the family and also expense money for the trip.

candy, simple drugs, all the way up to yard goods.

A little further up was the schul, where all Jewish life centered. At the corner was the church and graveyard. Next door was the school, two rooms, one for boys the other girls. Our teachers were a husband and wife team. We had to study three languages, Slavick which was spoken in our town, Polish for a town next to ours and German the national language.

Across the street of the church was the Kretchma, a saloon operated by a Jewish woman whose husband was a scholar. I don't believe he ever did anything but study Torah.

A little further up on the Kaiserweg was the priest's home (Russian Orthodox). The town went sort of up hill to the Kaiserweg then down hill on the other side and the dirt road continuing. On the right hand side were a few homes. We once lived in one of those, in fact my sister Rifke got married there.

The left side rose in a hill with homes we also lived in one on top of the hill. Then there was a rivulet running along this hill that emptied into the river on one side and went into a deep ravine on the other and the other side of the rivulet were more hills and homes. The town tailor, a Jew, lived in one of those homes.

Then continuing from this center of the town were the farms and grazing lands. There were some rolling meadows where we used to graze our cows, we usually had two. This was a beautiful green spot, the grass like velvet. As children we liked to come here and romp around. When we needed to pee, we usually did it in front of a cow and they would love to graze in this spot. This place was called the lonkes. One side of the lonkes was the deep ravine, past it was a road. I never did know where that led to. There were farms all around.

Between these farms was a fruit orchard which we owned at one time. I remember a big tree at the entrance to the orchard. It sort of had a heavy trunk that divided in two. This was a fine place to sit in. I used to love to go there to read, when I got hold of a book, usually from school.

In front of the mountain was a saw mill and a flour mill that my father owned. There was a canal that ran along side of the mountain for about a mile, at the head of which they built a dam. Where the river curved opposite the mountain was a very high cliff and where the mountain sloped down were the woods where my father got the logs to be cut at the saw mill. The water thru the canal supplied the power.

After the river flooded the dam usually had to be rebuilt. Also, there were times when father and my brother Harold would shut off the dam at night and the next morning there would be enough fish for the whole town.

The flour mill which stood next to the saw mill was a square

room. In the center there was a big vat, a sort of wheel shaped concrete block on top of that and another vat on top of that. They poured the grain in the top vat, the wheel would go round and round grinding the grain and the flour would pour into the lower vat. This too was run by the water coming from the canal.

Our house was also at this spot. There were two rooms, the kitchen was a long, narrow room. At one end was built in the



Belle, Florence, Maurie in Chicago

cook stove of concrete and the oven next to it, sort of a cave, rounded at the top and a door made to cover the front to keep the heat in. On top of the oven which was squared off, it formed a niche, was the bobke and this was our favorite place to sit on when it was cold, for this was deliciously warm. The fuel was wood.

The other room was very large. In the center was a huge table and lots of chairs, all made by hand. On each side stood a very large bed. We all slept in these two beds. In the morn-

I also had my mother of blessed memory, who was already 85 years old, I went to her and asked her to come with me, and although she could not bear parting with me and my children, her grandchildren, she could not be persuaded and wished to remain where she was. She felt that she was too old and when she dies wants her remains buried alongside of her husband, my father. In addition, she had other children--my brother and my sister. I finally had my fill; six months after my husband's departure, I was ready to emigrate to America. I sent a request for ship card tickets, which my husband had already acquired and mailed along with money for the trip.

I should have emigrated in December, 1912. On the eve of Hanukkah my mother became ill and on the second Hanukkah light she gave up the last breath of her pure soul. Her wish was fulfilled. She was buried next to my father.

I telegraphed to my husband that he should postpone the ship cards for thirty days, but it could not be done and within the week my family and I left for Bremen. Even in Bremen, I was overcome with considerable aggravation. My three small children had an inflammation of the eyes and we had to remain until their eyes were clear, two months we stayed in Bremen at a hotel, I recall the name, Warshover Hotel, that it was called, and went with my children to an eye doctor.

On the fifth day of March, 1913, the doctor told me that my children were healed and I could continue on to America. Describing my joy at this moment is not possible with words. I went quickly back to the ship's office to ask when I could leave. I found out that a ship was leaving in the morning and if I wanted I could leave with the ship.

When I went to the hotel and asked for the bill, everything went black before my eyes. The hotel owner explained to me that the whole thing was eight hundred mark. He wanted to be well paid. Who could give me such a sum? The money that my husband sent was long gone. But we must continue traveling. I offered my jewelry as a pledge, worth much more than the bill. He would not accept. He said that I would have to pay him cash money. But he gave me some advice; he suggested that I see a Dr. Block, who would loan me the money on my assets.

I took the address and went to Dr. Block, I told him the whole story of what had happened and begged him to loan me the necessary eight hundred mark on my jewelry and told him that I would send him the money when I arrive in America.

Dr. Block thought for a while, then said, since you are traveling with small children,-- he was concerned -- no, you can't travel with empty hands, on the way you

might need to buy something. Then he gave me a thousand mark, eight hundred to settle the hotel and two hundred for the trip. So listen to me, I did not have to give my jewelry for a pledge. I could just take the thousand mark loan and repay it when we arrive in America. I stood there and didn't know what was happening, was this an angel of the messiah? But Dr. Block said nothing; he just gave me the money. I returned to the hotel and settled the bill and told him what happened with Dr. Block.

There I got a smile: Ah, you don't need to repay him -- he said. It is not his money. Dr. Block has a charitable fund to help immigrants. I stood there in confusion. The nerve of the hotel owner infuriated me. He said charity -- Did I understand him -- I was not going to take charity, only a loan, and I would certainly repay it.

I went into my room and prepared to travel in the morning. Around midnight someone knocked on my door -- a telegram. I opened the telegram; my husband had sent me a thousand dollars. I did not sleep anymore that night and the next morning, very early, I went back to Dr. Block and, with thanks, repaid his thousand mark, explaining to him that I had received a thousand dollar telegram from my husband.

That afternoon, in peace, I began the journey to America with a swift ship; five days later we arrived to America. On the fast of Esther, thirteenth of March we were in Chicago, where we had my husband, my son and a large number of friends.

My Greenie Days in America

My first few weeks in Chicago were tumultuous. The nicely furnished residence that my husband prepared for me was filled with visiting friends, who came to inquire about me and about the old life, which they had not forgotten. I tried to see everyone and speak to them and was busy each day until late in the night. This, together with the previous experiences and the exertions of the trip, had heavily undermined my health and I was sick in bed for several weeks.

Gradually I became myself, good efforts from the doctors and the good care I received, restored my health. I began to go out into the street, met with friends and acquainted myself with American Jewish life, and so forth.

One time, about three months after I arrived in Chicago, a committee of women I knew came to me and asked me to become president of the ladies auxiliary of the Ezras Yisroel Shul, thinking they said, of my activities in the old home and that they wanted to have my cooperation in these activities here. Being yet, as it is said, a greenie, I naturally did not accept their proposal to become president of the auxiliary. I did promise to come to the next meeting.

ing these beds were made up, the pillows against the wall and covered with very fancy bed spreads. This room was called the tzimmer, and used for company. The floors were wood and had to be scrubbed. The walls white washed. Every home you went to was furnished exactly the same way.



Charna, shortly after arriving in Chicago

One day Pa went to Leipzig and brought back a machine to make concrete roofing shingles. Pa also built houses. He built a small shed and even we kids used to operate this machine. It was lots of fun. We had no toys, I never had a doll. We did have bows and arrows that Pa made for us. To make the shingles we

mixed water with the cement, put it into a mold, put this mold in the machine, then pulled the top down, which formed grooves. We put these on the floor around the shed to dry and harden, then paint the shingles red or green. This was like playing with toys, but useful, too.

Between our mills and the river we had a small farm where we raised potatoes and other vegetables. These were worked by some of the peasant women hired by mother. No Jewish girl was allowed to work away from home, at least not until she was married.

As I remember, the farmers, their wives and kids were a happy lot, they owned their land and must have been fairly well off. The women wore full pleated skirts made of a printed material, with either black or white background and small flowers in an all over pattern, white full blouses and weskits that laced in the front. When they worked in the field they always sang.

In the winter time they made linen thread out of the flax they grew, made this into cloth, yards and yards of it. Then in the summer they would stretch this cloth along the bank of the river opposite our mill. Then they would step into the water and splash the material. When it would dry they repeated the operation. This would bleach the linen down to a snowy white. Everybody washed their clothes at the river, too. They would wet the clothes put it on a rock then beat it with a paddle. This would really make it clean.

The Jews in this town got along very well with their gentle neighbors. Of course, they had equal rights under a very benevolent king, Francis Joseph. They had the right to vote. I can remember Mother talking about voting for a certain goy to be the mayor and postmaster of the town. We used to go to his house for the mail. He had a nice house across the Kaiserweg.

One day I went for the mail and right on the front stoop was a soldier. There were some in our town, for even then, about 1912 they were preparing for war. Anyway this soldier was laying on top of the shiksie. I didn't know what was happening but it bothered me for a long time.

In the next town, called Ropa, the story was different. This was a Polish town and many's the time I heard them threaten that the Jews were only safe as long as Francis Joseph lived. How right they were. This was a very prosperous town. They had kerosene and tar wells. The derricks looked very impressive.

To go to school we had to cross the river, of course. The girls had the lady teacher and the man for the boys. At recess we went out. There was a shallow ditch a few feet away from the school; there on one side the girls would crouch down and pee. We wore no pants, just lifted our dresses and let go. The boys were on the other side; we couldn't see them.

A few days later another committee of women came to me and I went with them to their meeting, where I found a couple of hundred men and women, the president introduced me to the group and demanded that I say a few words. After that they repeated the request from their auxiliary that I should become president.

I again refused their request, explaining that I had not been in this country long enough and therefore could not accept this office. But as a member of the auxiliary I joined them. This was the beginning of my involvement with community enterprises in Chicago. A few months later, about the time of Rosh Hashanah, in a meeting, I was again asked to be president of the auxiliary and although I didn't want it, I did not know how to refuse the heartfelt pleas from the members and so took the office of president and of chairman to visit sick members.

I took my office seriously, I threw myself into the work and really had the auxiliary accomplishing much. We attracted many new members. Later when the shul bought a building and transformed it into a beautiful shul, the nicest of its time in the neighborhood on the northwest side, the auxiliary contributed greatly to it.

At one of the meetings, in February 1914, a member reported the illness of another member. My duty was to visit her and give her encouragement. Since the meeting was conducted during the daytime, I went directly to visit the sick member who lived on Chicago Avenue, between Hoyne and Leavitt. Walking back towards Robey Street (Damen Avenue) I saw, gathered in a lot, a large number of children and I saw they were Christian. I became interested and went there to see what I could find out, as this is a children's institution, a sign on the building read, 'Little Wanderers Nursery.' I stood and wondered about the building and tried to observe what was going on around it.

Suddenly, a woman came out of the building holding two children of about 6 and 8 by the hand. The children were chewing something and then crossed themselves. I looked at the woman and recognized her, this was the wife of my former milkman, who was killed a short time before, when a streetcar hit his wagon because of his negligence. I attended his funeral. I asked this woman if she became a Christian, because I saw the children crossing themselves. She cried with bitter tears and told me, that she had to work to earn a living for herself and the children, and because she had no one to care for the children when she worked, she had to leave them in this nursery, even though she had many heartaches because the nursery is Christian and the children are forced to conduct themselves in the same way as the Christian children.

On my questioning why she put her children in an Irish nursery she explained that there was no Jewish nursery in the neighborhood. How I felt at that moment words cannot describe; that Jewish children who are fated to remain without a father and whose mother must go to work have no other shelter than a Christian nursery where they fall under the Christian influence because there is no Jewish alternative. What a tragedy! Where are our Jews? Isn't there something Jews can do? These and similar thoughts were working in my brain.

When I returned home, my husband, who was there already, was literally afraid of the look on my face. What has happened, he asked? What has hit you and troubled you? I told him everything with tears in my eyes. My husband told me to be calm and he suggested that I go to the Jewish Courier and ask the editor and publisher, Reb Moishe Fishel Ginzburg, for a solution.

My First Work for a nursery in Chicago

In the morning I went to the Courier and had a conversation with the publisher Reb Moishe Fishel Ginzburg, of blessed memory. I told him the whole story about my encounter with the widow of the milkman and her two small children and asked him how a Jewish community like Chicago did not have a Jewish nursery.

With a sigh Reb. Moishe Fishel Ginzberg, listened to my story. He explained to me that no Jewish nursery is in Chicago and suggested that I go to Mr. James Davis, the then president of the Orthodox Federation of Charities and tell him everything that I had seen. I took his advice and I was soon with Mr. Davis, explaining the story to him. Mr. Davis listened to me with kindness, and also sighed and explained to me that it was deplorable that the necessity for such a Jewish institution as a nursery never occurred to anyone.

I had categorically declared to Mr. Davis that I would not rest until this institution was established in Chicago. Mr. Davis handed me \$5 as the first donation to the first Jewish nursery, and wished me luck in my labors. I went home and told my husband everything that occurred. My husband gave me strong encouragement for my work and also gave me \$5, as his contribution to the nursery.

In the morning I began to work. I spoke encouragingly with women and later called together a number of women. I related to them with heated words what I had seen and about my decision to establish a Jewish nursery and implored them to help me in this holy work. The assembly gave a great warm response to my proposal. We immediately organized a committee and designated Mrs. Meyer Teitelbaum as trea-

We wore no shoes except in the winter. No wonder all the kids had worms from time to time. They gave us small pink candies to eat so we could pass lots and lots of white worms.

One day I went to school in the morning, crossed the bridge, all was fine. While we were at school it started to storm. When I got to the river to go back the bridge had washed away. A goy came along on a horse; he took me across. The horse had to swim, the waters got so high.

Incidentally, education was compulsory under the king's edict. If parents didn't send their children to school, they were subject to arrest, and school, at least the lower grades were free. No wonder the Jews loved this king.

I don't remember my mother too well when I was a child, she was away too much of the time. I remember people telling how when Francis Joseph was to appear in a public parade, my mother left two little children at home (at that time she had only Ruth and Helen) and went to this distant city to see the parade. Of course, in those days my family must have been well off as they always had a couple of shikses in the house to do the work.

It must have been January. We got the tickets to come to America; Mother, Belle, Maurice and I. Rifke, Arye and Herman stayed in Losia to follow us later. Ma used to make a delicious syrup out of raspberries, so she made a gallon of it to take to America. I remember on the train, when we crossed the border into Germany, Ma made me sit on this gallon so my dress covered it because you were not supposed to take it to another country. We stopped in Berlin and stayed in a hotel over night, carrying this precious syrup. The next day we got on another train to go to Bremen, always so careful with it. In Bremen in the hotel, one day while we were out, it was broken and syrup all over the floor.

I think when we got off the train in Berlin I skipped a hundred years. I had never seen a building over three stories. The new school in Losia was a three story brick building that was just being finished so I had never been inside it. Of course, it was the first time I had ever been on a train, also. I had never seen a street car or electric light and inside toilets in the hotel. I'm sure I was awed.

When we got to Bremen we had to go thru a medical examination. It was found that Maurice and I had something wrong with our eyes, we had to stay in Bremen for a month. Mother, Belle, Maurice and I stayed in Bremen in the Warsaw Hotel. We even got to ride on a streetcar. We went to the zoo and it was a thrill to see all the animals, especially exciting were the kangaroos with their pouches and the little ones heads sticking out. As I remember Bremen was a beautiful city. We used to love to look in the store windows, always something new to see. I remember seeing a bunch of bananas in one window; nobody knew what

those things were. Ma bought me a new dress; it was black and white checks and had a big bow in the back. I just loved it. I also got a new pair of shoes, tan oxfords. Was I dressed up.

Then one day the doctor said our eyes were all right and we left at last to come to America. There must have been hundreds and hundreds of immigrants that got on that boat [Wetsavele ?] I think they called it third class, it was below deck. There were bunks all along the walls, about three high and jammed full. Most of the time everybody was sea sick. Maurice and I were fine and we used to go up and get food. All I remember was boiled potatoes; there must have been other things, too. I think we got the food for everybody in our section of the boat. One day Ma took us to a different part of the boat where she paid for a bath for us. In Losia we used to go swimming in the river every day, so we didn't need any baths. Of course in the winter we had to go to the mikveh to take a bath. I think by this time everybody smelled pretty badly. I don't remember exactly, but this boat trip took about three weeks.

Our destination was Baltimore, but the ship made a stop in New York harbor to unload some cargo. When we stopped I went on deck and there for the first time I saw a negro. I had never been so scared in my life, I ran down to Ma screaming. I had heard of Indians but never of black men. We finally got to Baltimore on a Friday afternoon. We got on the train. Mother said it was permissible to ride on shabos as long as we got on before the sabbath. We got to Chicago Sunday and went to our new home on Division Street.

Helen, Pa and Frieda had furnished it. We had three bed rooms, dining room, kitchen and inside toilet, gas light, oh this was luxury. It wasn't long before I discovered it was really a slum upstairs of a grocery store.

surer. I had already gathered together \$100 for the cause, because whomever I spoke to responded with warm approval, became a member and gave a contribution.

It was not long before we had a hundred members. Every member contributed one dollar dues. When we obtained the hundred members we called a general meeting and elected officers to determine who were willing to do intensive work as fast as possible to realize our goal of a Jewish nursery in Chicago. At the meeting I was elected president, Mrs. Lena Rose and Katy Konefsky, vice-presidents, and Mrs. Mary Segal as chairman.

At this meeting we had an honored guest, Rabbi Meyer Berlin, the then President of the World Mizrachi Organization, who was in Chicago. He came with a committee of distinguished men to visit our meeting and suggested that we should join the Mizrachi. We took his suggestion and each member gave ten cents, we also accepted his suggestion to work for the Mizrachi convention which would be convened at the end of 1914 or the beginning of 1915. This would later cost us over \$500 and we handed over to the Mizrachi organization a little of the money we collected for our cause. Naturally, we did not give up our work for the nursery because of our activity for the Mizrachi, we just worked harder and longer. When we gathered \$1000, we started to look for a place to open a Jewish nursery.

When we called our general meeting to decide on the question of a place for the nursery, a committee of three prominent businessmen told us that on the corner of Hirsch Boulevard and Rockwell Street is a large German institution whose building could be bought very cheaply. We should buy the building in partnership with them. Half of the building would be for the nursery and half of the building would be for a Talmud Torah, which the neighborhood needed badly. We accepted the suggestion. We told the committee how much money we had, the committee bought the building in their name. We gave them our money as a deposit.

It was really necessary to have ten thousand dollars. I called for a large assembly to create a charter. I chaired the meeting together with Attorney Louis Rieger. I sold the honor of having the name on the charter and that brought in \$2500. We had the building remodeled and furnished. (By the way, we did this in 1915 and now in 1944, they are using the same furniture.) Now we were working for three causes: the nursery, the Mizrachi organization and a Talmud Torah.

My First Disappointment

Soon after we purchased the building I went to see Mr. James Davis again and

congratulated him about all the things that we had accomplished because of the \$5 bill that he handed me. How surprised and disappointed I was when he told me that he regrets giving me the \$5 bill because there are many opponents against this nursery and it will not be permitted to open. I recovered from my shock and answered, Mr. Davis we are asking for no one's advice but we will continue with our work, no matter what. It did us no good because news spread that the nursery would never be opened.

When we approached the committee of rabbis and demanded our half of the building they told us that influential people came and demanded that they should not allow a nursery to be established, because it was demeaning to follow Christian ways by opening nurseries.

We threatened to foreclose and other means, but to no avail. The Talmud Torah organization stood steadfast and rejected all our demands and actually evicted us in 1916; a total loss of two years of work and money. They just implored us to assist them. Before my eyes, stood the two little children of the tragically deceased milkman, and this encouraged me to continue working and made me determined not to give up the idea of establishing a Jewish nursery in Chicago.

Our officers at that time were: Mrs. Samuel Segal, chairman of the board of directors, Mrs. Lena Shapiro, treasurer, Mrs. Samuel Gratch, finance secretary, Mrs. Leah Ross, recording secretary, Mrs. Zoot and Mrs. Henner, vice presidents, Mrs. Holland, 2nd treasurer, Mrs. Louis Lipman and Mrs. Rae Rieger, trustees.

Since people knew that I was strongly interested and devoted all my time to establish a Jewish nursery, they often came to me with various requests about anxious, unfortunate children, who needed to be in a nursery, who needed supervision when their mother was working. Early one morning a certain Mrs. Rosenfeld, from Potomac Ave. came running to me with great alarm. In her building a young man with two small children tried to commit suicide with gas because he would rather die with the children than to go to the charities--She barely rescued them.

I went back immediately with Mrs. Rosenfeld and found this young man in a bitter, horrible condition. The previous evening, his wife was taken in an ambulance to the county hospital, and he, the father could do nothing for the two children six months and a 2 1/2 year old. He couldn't go to work because he had no one to care for the children and he couldn't care for the little ones. Had it not been for Mrs. Rosenfeld smelling the gas, the three of them would be dead.



Florence, about 17 years old

The young man was truly desperate. The County Hospital told him that his wife would have to remain in the hospital for several months. He had a good job but what was the use, because he couldn't go to work while he had no place to leave the children.

We encouraged him. We persuaded him that soon a nursery would be established, and would care for his children. In the meantime, Mrs. Rosenfeld would take care of the baby and the older one I took to the Little Wanderers Nursery, and informed them that it was a Jewish child and not to teach her the Christian ceremonies.

They refused to take the child with my conditions. "If you want your children brought up in your way," they informed me, "Open your own nursery. We have certain ways of educating our children and we make no exceptions." I brought the child back.

The mother remained in the hospital for three months, and I helped Mrs. Rosenfeld rear the two waifs while the husband worked. But when the mother returned home her condition had not changed. She was melancholy and made several attempts to commit suicide until she was committed to Elgin. Later she was released and we endured much until everything was back in order. A book can be written about this family's troubles.

But this story convinced me and my coworkers to continue working for the establishment of a Jewish nursery. To go back to the Talmud Torah was an impossibility. The board of directors were vehemently against the establishment of a nursery and refused to return any of the money we contributed for the building. Our treasury was left with \$1.30.

In spite of this betrayal, we were not dismayed in our determination for the nursery. A distinguished woman, Rochel Leah Adams, of blessed memory, donated a gold watch and chain. We took advantage of this gift to create a fund. The enterprise was successful for us and we collected a thousand dollars. Truly, the leader of the Talmud Torah made every effort to extort the thousand dollars. They tried every possibility to work on Mrs. Adams that she should order us to give up the thousand dollars, but their efforts did not help, Mrs. Adams remained with us and insisted that the money should go for the nursery.



Late in 1916, we had a great mass meeting at the Wood Street Educational Alliance. About a thousand people, men and women, came. We discussed questions about the nursery and what name the nursery should have. After much discussion my motion was accepted that the nursery should be called Daughters of Zion or in Hebrew, "Bnos Zion Day Nursery."

After the meeting, which was in every detail very enthusiastic and successful, we approached attorney Louis Rieger, my nephew, to get a new charter for us, with the name, Daughters of Zion Day Nursery and Infant Home. This is our third charter; the first was Mizrachi Nursery, the second was Day Nursery Kindergarten.

But it was not easy for us to get the charter. Certain powers were working against us. A certain social worker started a fight against giving us a charter--a fight that lasted a long time, because in Springfield they decided to make a complete investigation, and Dr. Warden, State Investigator, who was also assistant secretary of state in Illinois, did the investigation himself. But even when Dr. Warden had reported in Springfield a very favorable account of our good work and about the necessity of this nursery and had recommended that we should be given a charter, the late millionaire, Julius Rosenwald, announced that he was against us. His complaint was that he did not believe that Jews needed this nursery and we could not support it, because we, that is the group who were working for the nursery, were not rich enough. The secretary of state let us know through a letter, which is in our possession and suggested that we call a mass meeting. At this mass meeting Dr. Warden will be present and he will decide if there are enough people to support the establishment of a nursery and whether a charter should be issued. Upon receiving this letter, Atty Louis Rieger and I invited Dr. Warden to come to an assemblage at the Sabin School auditorium, where over a thousand people gathered, including prominent women and businessmen, who promised to support and uphold this institution. We received our charter thereafter.

At the beginning of 1917, a committee, headed by Mr. Inzel and Mr. Leavitt suggested that we purchase the house at 1441 Wicker Park Ave., from Dr. Mesirov, because it was suitable for a nursery. According to the decision of the board of directors we purchased the building. We had the house remodeled and with luck opened the nursery -- the first Jewish nursery in Chicago.

I said that the nursery was opened as soon as we bought the building, and that is true. although it took time to have the building remodeled, because as soon as I received the keys to the house, I took in the five poor Jewish children whom I myself

Memoir by Maurice D. Rieger

My mother was the fifth child for my maternal grandmother. The eldest was a boy, named Avrohom Shlomo. There were four other boys before my mother arrived; that would make the eldest eight years older; because in those days the bearing cycle of children was two years apart. There was a circulating story, and it can be verified by Sadie Bodenstein and the Reisses, that my grandmother, who was a very affectionate, loving woman, hugged and kissed her youngest and within three days the child died. Out of grief, she wanted to make sure that the others would be safe, she hugged and kissed the next youngest and that child died. The same thing happened to the third child and that one died. She blamed herself for the demise of her three children and made a holy vow that she would never hug or kiss any child or grandchild. That vow was handed down to her children and the result was that I never saw my mother, her sisters and brothers display any affection to their children and grandchildren. This occurrence must have taken place between the years 1865 to 1867.

My father's last name must have been acquired by his great, great, great grandparent, when last names were required by law and they lived in Riga which was then in Poland. This must have taken place about 1650. They made it Rieger which means from Riga.

My father's family were in a small town called Klinkivka, where they operated a bakery. My father would drive his horse and wagon, about 10 kilometers to a mill where they ground the wheat, barley and oats into flour. The miller liked my father very much and showed him how the mill that sawed the lumber and ground the flour operated. During the spring floods, the dam that allowed the water to flow to the mill would break. He also helped to repair the wooden gears and waterwheel when needed. He knew the workings of the mill thoroughly and the miller's entire business. The miller always told my father that he would make him a partner since he had no children of his own.

There were no telephones in small towns those days and when the miller had trouble with the mill or the farmers didn't bring in the grain, my father's family knew that my father would stay and eat in the house of my mother's family. Whenever he would stay over, he would bring a bag of flour. He was a very welcome flour guest, and my mother was very sweet on him; she was 14 years old and my father was 20. The two families got together and arranged a wedding even though my mother had no dowry (unheard of in those days, 1883).

This town was called Losche, in Austria, Galicia. After the wedding my father built a log house on the miller's farmland, adjacent to the mill. The miller and his wife were staunch Polish Catholics and they treated my parents as their children. They

learned the laws of kashrut and respected my parents, who strictly observed all kosher laws and observances. My mother's older brother Abraham was married in the year 1881 and their first child, Sam, was born in 1882. Abraham came to the United States in the year 1883. He struggled very hard that first year and could hardly make ends meet.

That year, 1887, my oldest sister Rivka Liebe was born. My father and grandfather came to the US to shovel some of that gold. They were here three months when they received a letter that the miller was dead and his wife wanted my father to come back and run the mill. (He drowned accidentally. He was a sturdy 74 year old young man, always drunk.) The miller's wife moved in with my mother and took care of her and the new baby; my mother being just 16 years old. She lived with my parents for twelve years until 1897 when she died of old age at 82. The miller built two other homes about three blocks from the mill. He did not complete the second home and barn which had a concrete cellar 100'x20' where they stored the potatoes, cabbage and onions for the winter's use. My father finished the inside and wall papered it completely. The miller and wife lived in the third house until he drowned.

When spring came the miller's wife and my mother would go into the woods behind the mill and they would pick mushrooms, wild strawberries, gooseberries and raspberries. The miller's wife taught my mother how to differentiate between edible mushrooms and toadstools; she showed my mother how to can in glass jars, various fruits and preservatives and how to dry prunes and mushrooms and hang them on strings. Six cherry trees were adjacent to the chapel. When Rivka was six years old, she used to tag along with my mother and the miller's wife, by the time she was ten she took over the gathering and preserving of mushrooms and various fruits.

In the cellar of house No. 2, they kept shelves with over a thousand glass jars of preserves. Helen learned from Rivka. Frieda and Belle also learned from Rivka. Rivka was tall and lean, a real beauty. In the village of Losche there lived 60 Catholic families, four German Protestant families and 40 Jewish families. (They dwindled yearly; by 1913 when we left, 16 families remained.) Everyone knew each other on a first-name basis. There was no crime and no locks on any door. Once every month on the first Sunday, the male adult population would meet and decide by popular vote what had to be done for the welfare of the village. They decided that one adult Jew and one adult Christian would walk through the village at night and spread any alarm if there was a fire or any other calamity. One night in every two months gave them the opportunity to get better acquainted. My father was elected mayor from 1897 to 1901. There never was the feeling or sensing of antisemitism. On Christmas night all the Jewish children from 8 to 12 years would go outside the Christian homes

have taken to a Christian nursery and they remained in the building. The worthy Leah Schneider, of blessed memory, took care of them while the building was completely remodeled and fit out for a nursery.

With joy and pride, we have finally achieved our aim and have created in Chicago a beautiful corner for poor Jewish children, who must have supervision from strangers because one of their parents is sick or not there, God forbid, and the other parent must work to make a living. We have opened wide the doors to the needy.

Who can describe the splendid feelings that came over me at that moment?

Where is the poet who can sing of the great happiness which overfilled my being? I have now known my greatest spiritual pleasure expressed with the tears that flowed from my eyes -- tears of joy, tears of satisfaction for hard years and strenuous work and fights, tears which come only in the highest moment of holy spiritual ecstasy -- at that very moment I first understood worthiness, the meaning of the words mitzvah – mitzvah; the reward for a mitzvah is the mitzvah. This moment was my reward for all that I withstood and held firm since I met the two young children of the milkman who inspired me to create a Jewish nursery for Jewish poor children. Truly a great reward and now I thank God for each moment of happiness and joy, that I have lived through, blessed be his name.

The First Jewish Nursery in Chicago

At last, we have a Jewish nursery in Chicago; those were my thoughts when first we opened the doors of our institution at 1441 Wicker Park Ave. I really thought that would never occur, after so much terrible misfortune and aggravation and obstructionists along the way; but with my devoted associates, we can see a brighter future.

Exactly on the third day after we opened a sheriff came and wanted to arrest me for opening a nursery without a license. I told him the circumstances, and showed him what we were doing. He expressed sympathy for me and my work, but said that he has to arrest me, unless I promised to appear in court the next day to which I agreed. I immediately got in touch with Attorney Louis Rieger and with a few of my other friends we appeared in court the next morning. When the judge heard about our work I was released with honor and also obtained a license. And the second Sunday after this occurrence we publicly celebrated the dedication of our institution.

Rabbi Budzinsky opened the ceremony with a blessing. In his speech he suggested that the institution be called with my name, but I objected because I knew well that

in this world there is plenty of hatred and jealousy. I feared that it could harm the nursery if it was called by my name. Therefore I suggested that we use the original name, Daughters of Zion Day Nursery and Infant Home, and only the kindergarten should use my name. For this honor my family and I donated \$2500. The kindergarten was called The Charna Rieger Family Kindergarten.

A Personal Tragedy.

My happiness was short lived. A personal tragedy robbed me of my joy. My loving son Yechiel, a well learned, personable young man, was taken into the army and there; he became sick and was in an army hospital for a ten week period, then they discharged him and sent him home. We called the most prominent doctors, spared no expense with the hope that his health would be restored. To my great sorrow and pain, unfortunately, nothing helped. We could not save him, and Hanukkah 1917, he was dead. His beloved father, my husband, could not overcome the pain and two days later he also departed from this world.

These two horrible blows almost cost my life. For four weeks time I was beside myself. I had no desire to see any body and everything including my life became superfluous. The Almighty wanted me to continue the holy work that I began in Chicago. Gradually I realized this and gradually I went back to my work for the nursery. Indeed there was much work to be done.

At the beginning of 1918 the great horrible flu epidemic broke out. People dropped like flies. Young fathers and mothers died overnight, leaving small children without protection and without help. Hundreds of these unfortunates came to the nursery. We did not have the room to take them all in. We did all that we could and more than we could to find homes for these unfortunate orphans. I myself took in, at night, five children from one house. We sent children to neighbors and tried to do the best for them. But it was hard to satisfy all the requests for assistance.

It is worthwhile to note an incident from that time. An elderly woman, with cane in hand, brought two of her young grandchildren to the nursery, and with tears in her eyes, she pleaded and begged that the children be admitted because both of their parents were sick in bed and very poor. The sight of the brokenhearted grandmother tore my heartstrings in pieces; but how can a place be found in an overfilled institution?

As we were speaking, a neighbor, Reb Avrohom Aba Finkelstein entered. When he heard the grandmother's pleading, he was heartbroken and said, Mrs. Rieger,

and sing Christmas carols. Each one would receive a Greitzar (a penny).

The only time the Poles and their children would show hatred and contempt to the Jews was at Easter time when the priests spoke of the perfidious Christ killing Jews. The Jews kept on praying to return to Jerusalem on the wings of the Messiah. The only one person that I ever heard of going to Palestine was my grandfather's brother's son Eliezar Rieger in the year 1912. He told my mother that he would like to take me along with him.

Maurie wrote: "Her speeches were ad libbed. She never used preparatory notes and she could sway an audience from smiles to tears. I regret that there are no tapes or written memoranda of some of her speeches, for she used the bible and expressions in Hebrew and she left the audience in a state of adulation. She was a spellbinder and she learned how to move an audience to action or voluntary donations."

To illustrate he told the following story: "One of the vice presidents, a woman of means passed away and at her funeral the family asked my mother to give one of the eulogies. My mother asked if they would object to an appeal for funds to name a room in the nursery as a memorial. The family saw no objections.

"The chapel was filled to capacity. Four rabbis made their eulogies; they seemed to go on endlessly. The crowd became fidgety and restless. Then Mother took the podium and spoke about the holiness of the departed woman, the vacuum her death had created, concluding that the obligation now rested with the community to carry on her holy work. Mother actually cried with tears and there was not a dry eye in the entire audience. You could feel the grief and tension in the air. Mother walked over to the casket and placed a ten dollar bill upon it. The audience, without prompting, arose and placed their contributions next to hers. To my amazement, even the mourners contributed, in spite of being grief stricken."

Weekly Sunday meetings were business, social and fund raising affairs. The meetings were held every Sunday from 2 to 5 pm. Approximately 100 women and 30 men were regular attendants. Charna asked members to emulate the women of bygone years who would sacrifice by bringing their jewelry to further the Jewish causes and demonstrate their allegiance to Judaism. The following day, many of the women brought their gold chains, rings, watch pieces and other jewelry.

These items were raffled off at each weekly meeting and the income was donated to the new building fund. Other fund raising devices were the sale of brick certificates, bazaars, membership subscriptions and theater parties.

Charna's oldest grandchild, Herman Schachter, recalled his mother selling brick certificates at their grocery store. "Panney Kolskie, one of our Polish customers, wanted to buy a \$10 gold brick certificate. But she did not have any money to pay for it at the time. The store sold groceries to some of our customers on the book, meaning on credit. Panney Kolskie was one of those customers. So my mother agreed to put one dollar each week, for the next ten weeks, on Panney Kolskie's charge account. Rivka Liebe, my mother, then inscribed the Kolskie family name on a \$10 gold brick certificate and gave it to her. This made Panney Kolskie very, very happy."

you must take these two children in and I will pay for their upkeep. I will go to every synagogue, every happy or God forbid, sad event, and I will raise money for the nursery. Naturally, I took in the two children and Reb Avrohom Aba Finkelstein kept his word. As long as he could walk around he collected money for the nursery. Honor his memory.

A second happening that I will note, that impressed me greatly, occurred in 1920. A Mrs. Samson, a noble woman, who lived on Paulina St., told me that a young couple with a four year old lived in her building. The couple died and the youngster was placed in a Christian institution on the south side. For a long time Mrs. Samson, an old woman, went regularly to visit the child. She is weak and can no longer go to visit him but she wants him to remain a Jew. Now this child is 11 years old. She removed three gold rings and an old diamond ring, begged that we raffle or sell them and use the money to do whatever we could for the youngster.

I took the address and begged her to go with me to see him. She wanted this but could not, because she was crippled. She finally said that her son would take us with his car. A few days later we went to this Christian home. I spoke to the superintendent, and begged her to give us this child. We were willing to pay \$200 to the home for his upkeep. She was agreeable but when she called the youth and explained the request he refused to go with us, and decided to remain in the home. Naturally, I could do nothing, so I gave the story to the newspapers. They published the article and, as luck would have it, the youth's uncle, in Cleveland, saw the article and took the boy from the home.

At that time we hired a superintendent, Marie Lewis. She came from Hull House and she was friendly with the well-known community leader, Miss Jane Adams. She introduced us to this unusually gifted liberal woman and this acquaintance brought much benefit to the nursery. More than once I went to Miss Adams for advice, and she gave me much encouragement in my activities and often helped with her wise practical advice.

We Build a New Home

The extraordinarily great numbers who came asking admission to the home at the time of and after the "flu", were physically impossible to accommodate, in addition to those orphans that lost their mother we were asked to raise, convinced me of the necessity; not only for the nursery, but also an infant home. This thought of building a new large nursery and infant home never left me. The question was only

where to find a suitable place for this institution.

One night I dreamt that I was walking on Hirsch and California Avenues, and there before my eyes was a beautiful large building that took an entire block.. When I asked the people what sort of building this is they answered, this building is the new Daughters of Zion Day Nursery and Infant Home. Early the following morning, I called up Mr. Louis Rheingold, of blessed memory, who always helped us raise money with his practical plans and good speeches, and I told him of my dream and asked him to meet me at the corner of Hirsch and California Avenues. Mr. Rheingold examined the neighborhood and advised me to buy the lot between Fairfield and California Ave. I went home with the resolution to recommend to my sisters and friends that corner for an infant home and thought already about giving a deposit. But, where to get the money? Our treasury must hold every cent for the nursery expenses. Then where will we get a deposit?

With God's help, on that same day there was a bris at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Himmelstein, on Robey Street, and I was called by Mr. Himmelstein to grant him the honor of attending. I went to the joyful occasion and told them about my dream and my decision that we could not touch the nursery treasury, because we had to cover nursery expenses; and if Mr. Himmelstein would give me the first hundred dollars for a deposit, it would be a sign of good luck. He and she happily gave me \$120 and the family gave me another \$140.

The next morning I went over to the real estate agent, Mr. Durschlag, who found the owner of the land and bargained with him until he sold the land to us for \$20,600. Mr. Durschlag donated his entire commission to the home.

The rumor that the Daughters of Zion Day Nursery would build an institution for Jewish babies, orphans, aroused the enthusiasm of all Jewish women. We already had the following organizations: Rebecca Fox, Elmer Siegal, the Juniors, who were organized in 1917, Humboldt Mothers, who organized in 1918, Logan Square Auxiliary, who organized in 1919 and the Central auxiliary in 1917.

The announcement of the new infant home brought forth new auxiliaries. Not only women, also many men wanted to become members and help us in our noble work. But our charter and bylaws did not allow men as members, so we created an advisory board of 50 distinguished businessmen whose purpose was to give us practical advice and help raise the necessary sums for our building fund. They organized a tag day and a large concert at the Medinah temple and a campaign for subscription



membership. At the end of 1920 we had \$36,000 in the building fund treasury.

We immediately organized a committee to start building the institution. Since neither I nor my associates had the necessary experience to build such an institution, I decided to go to New York to visit the Jewish nurseries and infant homes there, and I went directly on my own expense to New York, where I had three week's time to visit all of the Jewish orphan institutions, especially the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, which cost over a million dollars and had room for a thousand children. I returned with the plans and much information about the New York institutions and as soon as I came back to Chicago a building committee was appointed of 21 men and women with attorney Louis Rieger, as chairman, Louis Shapiro, vice chairman, Golda Young, secretary, Meyer Teitelbaum, treasurer, A. Epstein, executive chairman, and the following men and women: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Weinberg, Mr. and Mrs. H. Konefsky, Mr. and Mrs. I Koenigsberg, Dr. Louis Bloch, Mrs. S. Segal, Mrs. S. Wenig, Mrs. L. Katz, Mr. Louis Rheingold, Mr. Louis Shapiro, Mr. Joseph Rusnack, and Mr. Benjamin Berris. I reported to the committee about my visitation to the New York institutions and showed them the plans; they unanimously agreed to build a home to accommodate 500 children. They said that if New York can support a home with 1000 children then Chicago can certainly support one for 500 children and be a jewel to Chicago and all Jews.

The committee invited a number of architectural firms to make the plans. Six drawings were sent to us. All were wonderful, beautiful and good so we submitted the drawings of the six competing firms to the board of county architects and they recommended the plans of Dubin and Eisenberg, Architects and Engineers, in the month of June, 1921.

The excavation was begun, and on the second Sunday of September of the same year, 1921, we had a celebration of laying the cornerstone with a parade of all the auxiliaries and hundreds of friends and thousands of spectators and three bands of music. The marshall of the parade and the organizer was Louis Rheingold.

Another meeting at the nursery.



Our Friends and Our Enemies

Soon as we started to build the home, men and women started to help us raise money for the building fund by selling 'brick' certificates, making bazaars, selling membership subscriptions, etc. The board of directors decided to inscribe the names on marble slabs in the vestibule of the main entrance on California and Hirsch Blvd., of each member who would sell \$1000 or more brick certificates. The following were among the first to be inscribed: Mrs. R. Israelson, Annie Lipman, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. S. Segal, P. D. Kahn, Mrs. Malawski, Rose Cohn, Mrs. Weinberg, Mrs. Reisberg, Lena Rose, Lena Finder. I sold \$2500

At the same time, our false, deceitful enemies put roadblocks in our holy work, with false rumors and personal insults against me, prosecuted through various intrigues. I suffered in silence because I understood that if I resigned from the presidency and went away from my work, the infant home would never be completed. I swallowed my pride with bitter tears, and kept on collecting for the building fund.

But the greatest obstacles to our work came from Julius Rosenwald, James Davis and the Federation of Jewish Charities, who were vehemently opposed to our institution for babies. They called us to a conference, and told us to stop building the infant home, because, first, it was not practical to raise babies in an institution, but in private homes; second, there is a Jewish Finding Society that takes care of poor Jewish babies. We answered them, that the Jewish Finding Society only takes in babies whose parents are citizens but we accept all babies in need regardless of citizenship papers. First we help, then we ask questions.

We also informed them of the necessity of raising the poor orphans in a Jewish manner with heart, soul and understanding; in order to rescue the Jewish child for the Jewish people. The committee that came with me to the conference were Mrs. Samuel Segal, Chairlady of the Board of Directors, Atty. Louis Rieger, Chairman of the Building Fund, Mrs. Golda Young, Secretary of the Building Committee, and Mr. A. Epstein, Consulting Engineer and true friend of the Daughters of Zion Nursery.

The state issued a charter, with a letter of recommendation, which praised our noble work for the unfortunate babies and promised help and assistance in our worthy cause. This galled and enraged our enemies, greatly. The officers of the charities sent letters to noted persons, and statements to all newspapers, blaming and accusing us of gathering money, and requested that our cause be condemned and no one

The father of one of these babies related the sad story of his wife's death, in 1937, two weeks after the premature birth of the baby. The nursery accepted his baby and cared for it for about a year until the father was able to get himself together and get facilities at his home so, "I could take the baby out and make room for other needy children."

The day care center was housed in the English basement, accepting children up to school age and then often providing lunches and after school care for older children of working parents. The still unfinished building was home to many children, particularly during the Second World War when so many women worked outside of the home.

A woman who had been in the day care center of the nursery during the early thirties recalled "...the care was wonderful. The teacher was caring. You knew that she was. If you didn't know something, she helped you. You understood it. She went to everybody and there was time for everyone."

should help us morally or financially.

Our general contractor, Mr. Harry Kaplan, continued with the work, until he reached the roof. We had no money left in the building fund. The gossip of our internal enemies together with the war waged against us by those outside had locked the hearts and pocketbooks of all our contributors.

It was impossible to take money from the treasury of the Wicker Park Nursery because the current expenses were \$2000 monthly. We could not leave the building without a roof over the winter because the walls would be ruined. I approached my friends for loans, to raise the \$25,000 that was needed. The first friends to loan me the money for this were Mr. and Mrs. I Koenigsberg, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Weinberg, Mrs. Samuel Segal, Mr. A. Epstein, Mrs. Berris, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Shapiro, Dubin and Eisenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Konefsky, Dr. Gurevitch, Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Shore and many others. With all of our strength and effort we continued our work; by making a bazaar in our new building under the chairmanship of Mrs. Isadore Shore; a concert in Medinah Temple under the chairmanship of Mrs. Edwin Romberg; a Cantor for the High Holidays in the infant home, but there was not enough money for the expenses of the Wicker Park Home and continue with the building program. I remained stunned and beaten by the poison purveyors in the mother body, which I organized, who incited and poisoned the minds of various members, who drained my blood. Instead of giving me courage, fresh inspiration for new fund raising to complete the home, they drained my blood and cried that so long as I was president, the home would not be completed.

I understood that the only way to complete the home was early repayment of the debts, removing all the liens on the building. I knew that if I am not the president, the debts would not be paid and the building would be sold at auction. Therefore, like a faithful captain of a ship, I remain firm at my post until all debts are paid, thanks to God; or like a general on a battlefield against an enemy, until all debts are paid. The fact that I was right in not resigning from the president's office can be seen by the following fact: In August 1926, I went to Benton Harbor for a vacation. Suddenly I received a call from Chicago that three companies to which we were indebted for eight or nine thousand dollars obtained a judgment against us, and if they are not paid within 24 hours, the building will be sold.

I returned home late at night, and knocked on the doors of my family and good friends and begged with tears in my eyes to have mercy and lend us the amount for the creditors and did not go home to sleep until I raised \$9000, which paid the debts

with interest.

But my strenuous work did not silence the angry tongues against me. It reached a point where Jewish businessmen no longer would support our undertaking let alone the established nursery, so long as I was president. Knowing that I brought in hundreds of dollars to pay the bills for the treasury of the established nursery, I felt clean of mistaken suspicion, so and innocent of the rumors. I wrote a letter to the Agudath Hakehilloth, (an organization of Orthodox Rabbis and prominent Jewish leaders), requesting them to investigate our operation and books. This letter was published in the Courier, June 24, 1926 and reads as follows:

The Kehillah Should Help Complete the Building
of the Daughters of Zion Nursery.

Dear Editor, As the leader of a great Jewish institution that is made up of 5000 Jewish women, I take the honor of greeting the Agudath Hakehilloth. With great happiness we read in your newspaper of the work of the Kehillah and about the plans made at the kehillah convention that decided about the question of Jewish upbringing.

We, the Daughters of Zion Jewish Day Nursery and Infant Home, are raising 75 Jewish children. To persevere at this costs about \$2000 a month. We have a home in which is already invested a quarter of a million dollars. For the last ten years, since the nursery was founded, we paid special attention to the upbringing of Jewish children as a priority. Miss Maxsiman was our Hebrew teacher for the first five years; she went to New York with her brother. Miss Kevin, our present Hebrew teacher has served for the last five years. She is a highly qualified instructor, who imparts a hundred percent Jewish feeling and learning to the children.

Another meeting at the nursery. Charna is represented by her portrait, done by a prominent Chicago artist, John Doctoroff.



Now the time has come for the Kehillah to take an interest in this worthy institution. We are not asking for money from the treasury of the Kehillah, but in different ways to help finish the building because the abandonment thereof is a sin. Our obstructers are determined; therefore, the strong well organized Kehillah must help in sympathy with the Jewish women. We are seeking peace and righteousness according to Jewish law. The Kehillah must support us and when they fulfill their obligation the wish will materialize of the ex-president of the Kehillah, "Blessed be the Holy one, who blessed the work of our hands."

Thanking you for printing this letter, with watchfulness,

Charna Rieger, President, Daughters of Zion Orphan Home and Kindergarten.

The Agudath Hakehilloth took notice of my letter. After this they inspected all our books and our work; found them in order, mailed statements to us and the office of the Courier.. The statement read:

Daughters of Zion Home most worthy institution states the Agudath Hakehilloth. All rumors and charges against management of this institution proved false and groundless by a thorough investigating committee. Dated October 29, 1926. We the orthodox Agudath Hakehilloth of Chicago, posts notice in the worthiness of the many, that a special committee, appointed by us and the chairman, Mr. H. Hackman, has visited the Daughters of Zion Infant Home and Day Nursery, inspected all business transactions of this institution; heard and investigated all rumors and charges against the institution management. This committee concluded:

1. The Daughters of Zion Day Nursery and Infant Home, a most honorable and worthy institution, is conducted in the best and exact order.
2. That all business transactions of this institution are transacted with honesty and orderliness.
3. That all rumors are groundless including the charges against management of this institution and the people who comprise the management are outstanding, honest and most worthy in our community, in truth.

We, the orthodox community of the Agudath Hakehilloth of Chicago feel ourselves most obligated to ask the majority of Jewish people to support

and help the Daughters of Zion Jewish Day Nursery with all possible help to the management to finish the new building on California and Hirsch Boulevard, where \$250,000 is already invested by the sweat of the Jewish workers of conscience.

Aba Goldblatt, President Harry Hackman, Chairman of Investigating Committee A. Katz, Secretary.

When the above article appeared in the Jewish papers, there was an influx of money to pay all the bills and debts; I decided to take a rest, I had no strength left to continue with the strenuous work. I decided to resign from the presidency, and Mrs. Edwin Romberg took over in 1928.

At this opportune time, I would like to reminisce about the memory of the renowned Lomzer Gaon (the highest ranking rabbi), Reb Yehuda Leib Gordon, and the encouraging words that he gave me when I came to him for advice, especially the holy blessing that he bestowed upon me, which endowed me with the courage and energy and strength to proceed with my work for establishing the home. This occurred when out of anger and bitterness I asked him, Holy Rabbi, from where will we obtain the help to rescue the unfortunate children who must have a nursery and an infant home? The rabbi, of blessed memory, thought awhile and then answered in a steady loud voice: "God will bring you success. I wish that you do not become faint of heart from your work, what you sow with tears you will reap with joy." This blessing still clings in my ears, whenever I am aggravated, and constantly encourages me and stimulates my energy and determination.

Again I was drawn into the work

As I mentioned before, I decided to resign the presidency and rest in 1928, but I could not carry out my decision. My nearest, truest, most devoted coworkers, who always stood with me and helped me in the work, did not stay away from me for a minute and begged that I should continue with the work. Furthermore this institution is my life's ideal, for which I have already invested my strength and hard years of indefatigable labor, so I allowed myself to be talked into coming around to the Humboldt Boulevard Auxiliary of the Infant Home and went back to the work with new courage and fresh strength.¹⁰

10 Mother had to be the president of any organization, or at least some kind of officer in the many organizations she founded or she would lose interest. A few years later, when the Humboldt Mothers elected my sister Rivka as president, unanimously, Mother came home crying, to think that my daughter did this to me. It was the first time that she held no office. **MDR**



11 I have no memory of this occurrence, it seems to me she is trying to put the onus on her children for her shortcomings.

Mrs. Garfinkle, Helen's neighbor on Ashland Ave., told Helen that my mother must have a bundle of money stashed away that she steals from the nursery. Helen came over on a Sunday and told Mother of the gossip that was being spread on the south side.

Helen was the only child that bugged mother to give up her nursery work. **MDR**

Again, I began to collect money for the upkeep of the old institution and to complete the new building. By day I was not calm, at night I could not sleep, and knew no rest until, with God's help, we lived to see the building completed and we have not only transferred the children from Wicker Park Ave. to the new home, we have taken many new applicants. True, the home is not yet entirely completed, but this, I hope to God, will be finished quickly. The fact is, however, that the DOZ is functioning and is one of the most beautiful Jewish institutions in Chicago; with the most modern equipment that any institution must have to give orphans a home. Our institution is my pride, and the pride of Jewish Chicago. I hope and am confident that Chicago Jews will recognize and appreciate and will help the nursery not only maintain and even to expand its operation, but also help to perfectly complete the building. My returning to the work after resigning the presidency was the second period of time that I started to work for the nursery.

The first time I resolved to stay away from the work was at the request of my children in 1925, in the month of November. Many of those who were my enemies because of my successful work tried every ruse and subversion to dirty my name. But when they saw their dark schemes did not work they approached my children and told them that I am bringing shame to my family. "The whole city is against your mother, they told my children, because she does not back off from her work, and it is up to you children to hold her back so that it should not come to shame." My children met without my knowledge and in conversation decided to speak to me at an evening gathering, and demand that I give up my activity for the nursery. When the appointed evening came and I met with my children in this unheard of manner, they immediately told me that I must give up my activities for the nursery.

"We know Mother," they said, "that everything said about you are lies -- inventions of jealous, small people. You know that you cannot change the world. That's the way people are. They even approach us and don't give us a rest. Have pity on yourself and us and give up your work. Give us your hand and promise to fulfill our request, we know that to you a handshake is holy."

I started to clarify to them what the nursery meant to the downtrodden, and I recalled episodes of misery and pain that I see with my own eyes daily, but the children remained firm and with tears in their eyes they pleaded that I should halt my work for the nursery. Several hours later the talk stopped and not being able to make them see the aggravation they were giving me, I promised to obey.¹¹

My married daughter went to her own home and the unmarried, naturally, re-

mained at home and went to sleep while I, alone, remained bitterly seated for a long time. About 5 o'clock, daybreak, suddenly the doorbell rang like a fire alarm. Frightened, we arose from our beds and rushed to the door, certain that a fire had broken out, or why would anyone wake us so early? But when we opened the door, we saw a young man, with three small children, the oldest five, the second three years old and a two-month-old baby and all were crying. Outside it was cold and wet, we took them into the house and the young man told us the following: his wife was taken to the hospital at night in an ambulance, she had been sick since the birth of the baby. He does not have the means for help and he alone cannot take care of the children.

I listened to him and told him to go to the nursery and explain to them, as I no longer go there. He started to cry and said he knows that without me they will not take his children into the nursery and he will not depart from the house until I help him in his misfortune. My children stood around me, looking upon that unfortunate person and his helpless children, looking upon me, and suddenly they called out:

"Mother, don't you think that if you go now with this man to the nursery, they would let you in with the children" "Naturally," I answered, "they will let me in." My daughter ran to the telephone, called a cab and, "Mother," she called out, "go with the man and the children and help him and do everything possible."

Since that event in November 1925, they never said anything more to me, but to the contrary, they help me as much as possible with my work for the home. And thus have I continued all along working in behalf of the nursery every day with the exception of the month that I spent in the land of Israel.

My Trip to the Land of Israel

This happened in the year 1932, I felt over-worked from my continuous work, continuous campaigning, continuously witnessing pain and suffering, continuous worry about supporting the home, continuous aggravation from my detractors and no pleasure, and I decided to take a vacation. I decided to make a visit to the land of Israel to see with my own eyes this land of our fathers and this land of our future.

I made all the necessary preparations and soon I departed from Chicago. The trip to Jaffa lasted 12 days; the ship on which I traveled was a floating palace, equipped with every comfort; the finest and best foods. For Jews there is a kosher kitchen, dairy and meat separate. In the Jewish section were people from all classes, including several rabbis. Traveling such a long time on the ship, I naturally made the acquaintance of some of the passengers and started to discuss various subjects about

This was 1946. That winter as usual Ma went to Hot Springs. In January 1947 she got sick there. I went down there for two weeks, she had a bad cold and couldn't get rid of it. Then Helen came down for a month and I went home. Helen brought Ma home the end of February. She went into the hospital, the verdict leukemia. The doctors told us it would be a matter of a year or a year and a half.

Ma seemed to improve then, this is what they call a remission. She started again with her nursery, also, we had some cousins in Europe. She managed to get all the family to donate money and brought them to the United States. Then that summer she started failing again. She was just getting weaker all the time and had to be in bed a good deal of the time. We got a practical nurse but Ma wouldn't let her do anything for her.

So I quit my job and went to live with Maurice. I slept in the same room with Ma, on a folding bed that we opened at night. I don't know why we never thought of getting a hospital bed for Ma. I used to give her a bath in bed every day which was a back breaking job. Yom Kippur was in October that year. Ma insisted on getting out of bed to daven. She fasted all morning. I finally got her back in bed. She ate and seemed to be all right. The next day as she was having a bowel movement in bed the stool got stuck and couldn't come out or back in. Bessie called the doctor. He came at once and used a rubber glove and with his hands opened the rectum.

Mother was very weak but she did eat a little and fell asleep. By nightfall she went into a coma and it seemed like this was the last. I don't remember exactly, it was either three or four days that she was in this coma. Then on Wednesday we had gotten a notice that one of the radio stations was going to dramatize a part of the Charna Rieger story that afternoon. About noon Ma opened her eyes. She was hungry, she wanted to see the papers and couldn't understand how she lost those days. Anyway, she heard the broadcast and said I thank God that I lived to hear this. It was uncanny, she was much better after this. I tried to tell her that this was the crisis, that when she got better we would go to Hot Springs or Florida. She told me she knew she wouldn't get better but when things were all over I should go to Florida. She felt bad because I still had to bathe her in bed. Then she developed tremendous bowel movements. I used to put a sort of a diaper around her and newspapers underneath. One day she said to me, when you were little I had to wipe your tushie so now you have to wipe mine. Only the way I heard it it was Rifke and Helen who raised me.

Every Sunday Helen and Frieda would come over and Louis (he was now out of the navy) would take me out for a ride. This was the only time I would leave the house, except one evening for Mary's wedding on July 3rd and Ruthe took care of Ma.

Jewish life in America and the whole world. Because of one of these acquaintances, I later had the rare opportunity of meeting the Shomronim, but about them later.

Arriving near Jaffa, we had to wait 12 hours on the ship until we were allowed to land. As soon as the ship stopped, far from port we had to go on another boat for half an hour until we safely came to the dock, where we went thru various inquiries. Then we entered a receiving room, where a few hundred Israeli Jews came to wait for friends and relatives and also various representatives of organizations who give instructions, in a friendly manner, to those who have arrived.

From Jaffa, we traveled about 2 hours to Jerusalem by automobile. To describe the feeling that I experienced, by my coming to Jerusalem, is beyond my strength. I know that I am not the first one to feel this, that I cannot restrain this feeling of joy and enthusiasm when we step upon the earth of this holy land. From childhood on we constantly heard, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, next year in Jerusalem," and now I am in Jerusalem! Now I am in the land, which the Jewish people have already longed for 2000 years. Now I am in the city where once the holy temple stood. I can hardly believe that such things are possible. It often seems me, that there is no such pen that could describe the stormy feelings that I have experienced.

This is not the place to write about everything that I have seen in the land of Israel, in the time that I have been there. I will, however, emphasize that I have seen almost everything in the land of Israel. I tried not to miss anything of interest and what is not interesting in the land of Israel? I will try to tell you about a portion of the institutions I visited.

Among the first places I visited, naturally, was the Western Wall (I was there a number of times.) The feelings that arose within me when I came there are as stormy as when I first stepped on the ground of this holy land. The Western Wall—the wall that remained from the holy temple! Oh, how I would want to give to my many friends, what one lives for when you arrive at the wall. At the wall you always see hundreds of people, from all classes, rich or poor, standing alongside of the wall, saying the psalms, some with exalted cries, one cries out with a grieving heart, you cry because of your own troubles, you cry because of community troubles. I also visited the tombs of the kings. The remains of our ancient kings rest there. There you descend steps and enter a room that was carved out of stone. Around the walls there are great dark caves. Whoever wishes may enter them. They give wax candles to everyone who wants to go into the caves. I saw there the mikvahs carved into the stone. The mikvahs were already thousands of years old. The water is filled with



Charna at The Brothers Grave, Israel, 1932

moss. I also visited Hebron and there paid a visit to the Yeshiva, where in 1929 a pogrom occurred, made by Arabs, and 70 young students were killed by the hands of Arab murderers. I visited the grave of these 70 young men. The grave is called, The Brothers Grave.

Naturally, I visited the graves of our ancestors the cave of the machpelah, there stands a large church. To descend to the cave, you are only allowed the seven stairs where a guard is stationed and does not allow you to go further. On the road we stopped at Mother Rochel's grave, there stands a large tent and a synagogue, where there hangs a large chandelier illuminated with some 200 oil lamps. Whoever enters can light a lamp for a few cents which supports a large yeshiva. We also stopped in Bethlehem. I had great pleasure when we visited the Dead Sea where I saw the factories where salts and potash are processed to fertilize the land. It is simply impossible for me to enumerate all the institutions I visited. I visited the Nathan Straus Center, one of the most wonderful establishments, that would even be the pride of the big, rich America. I visited the beautiful Diskin Orphan Home, which takes young orphan boys, from 5 years old, and they stay there until they become self-sufficient. They teach them the bible and various trades for which each is capable. I also visited a similar establishment for orphan girls. I visited the Bikur Cholim Hospital, an institute for the blind and many other similar institutions. It gave me a particular pleasure to see the national institutions of the National Fund offices, where I saw the Golden Books, where they inscribe the name of everyone who brings in certain sums for the National Fund for this cause. I also had my name inscribed there. I also saw the Herzl room there, where Dr. Herzl's furniture is to be found. I went to the Hadassah Hospital, for which I do not have enough words to describe my admiration. An exquisite, rare, unforgettable impression was also made upon me by the various colonies that I visited. The pioneers work there with self-sacrifice. You realize the sacrifice when you see the young Jewish men and women doing all that work with great vitality. Here I wish to recall particularly my visit to a worker's farm where Rochel Bat Zvi is the leader. I heard about this organization in Chicago, because the *Ladies Volunteers of Zion* organization work to support this Meshek Hapoalot with Mrs. Morris Schachter, President; Mrs. Samuel Gratch, Honorary President; Mrs. Y. Shapiro, Secretary; Mrs. Hymanson, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Pearl, Finance Secretary; Mrs. Barnett, Chairman of Affairs; and Mrs. Mollie Mandel, Treasurer. This colony stands on a high mountain. The work that is performed here is amazing. They take in newly arrived young ladies that we would class as greenies; and they teach them how to plant fruit and flowers and how to raise chickens. The girls plow

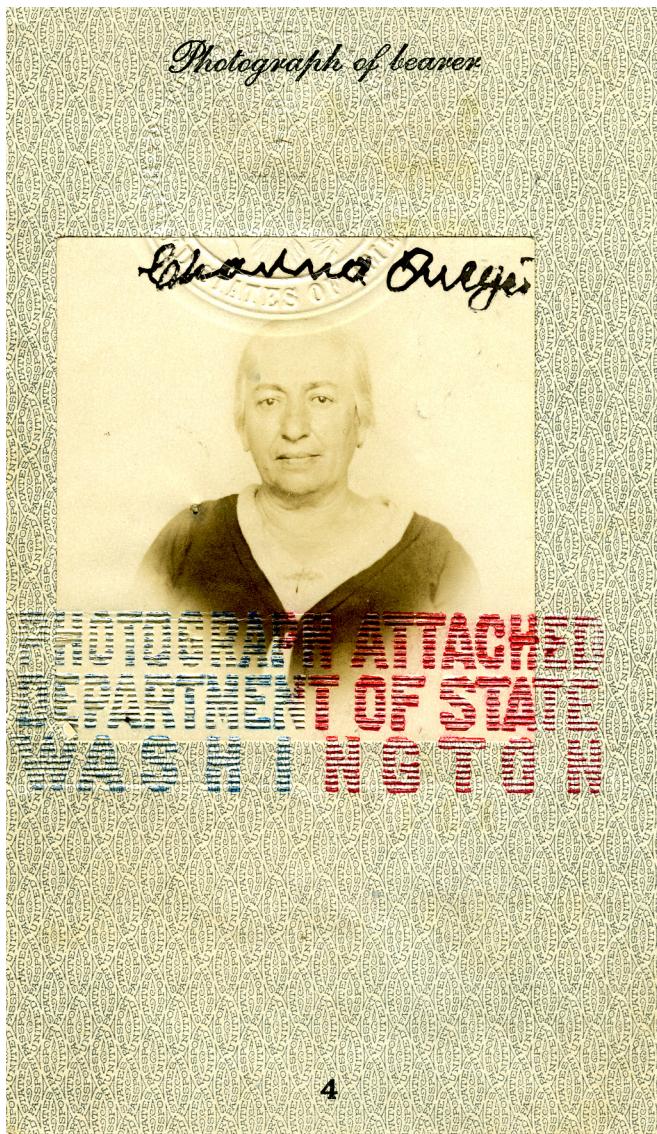
While we were gone Ma had to urinate. We had a commode next to the bed so Ruthe helped her to get on it. Then Ma got stuck and she had a terrible time pulling her off. When we got back she laughed so hard telling about this.

February first, Arie died suddenly, just exactly six years after Rifke. I told Ma about it even though I was advised against telling her. After the kids got up from shiva they came over to see Grandma and I can still hear the lecture she gave them, how by the Jews the mourning period is 28 days. After that those that are living must go on as before. That is why we wear a cut ribbon to show they are separated from us and must not interfere with our lives after they are gone. To me this was a touch of greatness.

Then one Friday night Ma asked me to sit her up. She then said send in Maurice. He came and sat on a chair facing her for a few minutes. She said for him to leave and send in Bessie. The same thing happened, she said send in Ruthe, again the same then Arvin. Then she put both her hands on my face and said put me down. Again I think she showed greatness. She fell asleep. Saturday when I tried to feed her she wouldn't take anything, nor would she open her eyes, she just lay there so quietly. Then on Sunday she went into a coma.

Sunday night I opened the bed in the dining room and slept there? Monday, oh it was so quiet and Monday night Bessie wouldn't let me sleep in the dining room, we put the bed in the living room. I think Tuesday morning we got up very early, Mother was gone. I held a mirror in front of her face, nothing. Bessie called the undertaker. They came, I didn't see them take her out of the house but I looked out the window and saw them wheeling out a contraption upright. They most likely strapped Ma into this. If I didn't faint then I never will, why don't they take people out on a stretcher. This vision will stay with me always, and the fact that I didn't stay right close to her will always bother me, I guess. This was March 9, 1948.

Florence Rieger



A page from Charna's Passport

and sow, cultivate and plant the ground there. With great thrills and enthusiasm I followed their work and considered myself lucky that I observed all this with my own eyes. I also visited the well known synagogue, Makor Chaim in Jerusalem, which was built by the wife of the Lomzer Gaon, of blessed memory, with the assistance of Chicago's Agodoth Noshim Machazikai Torah, (Organization of Women who Embrace the Torah), of which Mrs. Sara Sandow is president.

As I said before, I also had the opportunity to meet the Shomronim (Samaritans). And this occurred in the following way. During the time aboard ship and meeting with various passengers I happened to meet there a *rabbi*, who told me that he has a brother in law, a *high priest*, who is very wealthy, who had a large estate and is a widower. Since he heard that I was a widow he made a plan that I should marry his brother in law. I had given no thought about marriage, but what interested me was the expression *High Priest*. I knew that since the destruction of the holy temple, we Jews did not have any high priest and he constantly repeated that expression. I decided to inquire and learn about this, about what it meant to be high priest of the Shomronim. And he invited me to visit this high priest. I accepted his invitation.

This so-called rabbi probably thought that he could arrange a marriage, he told his brother in law, the high priest and, actually, the morning after I arrived in Jerusalem, a carriage came with two horses hitched to it. In the carriage was a young woman, the wife of the rabbi and sister of the high priest. She introduced herself and invited me to accompany her to Samaria. Her husband, the rabbi also came along. I accepted the invitation with great interest and satisfaction. Around noon-time, we arrived in Shomron, and went directly to the high priest. There was already prepared a beautiful meal, to which I was invited. The high priest, a tall, husky man, was dressed with a high fur hat (spodik), and three velvet robes. He informed me, that in Shomron, they have a holy temple and people bring sacrifices there.

After the meal, he invited everyone to visit the holy temple, in which one cannot go around in shoes. The temple is a one story structure and looks like a small American synagogue. But the carving there was wonderful. In the shul there is a well from which one draws water up with a golden chain and a golden pitcher. In a small hall there is a carved out a piece like a basin, where the sacrifices are brought. The impression that all this made on me will not be forgotten my entire life.

About the wedding, naturally, nothing happened, but to see the Samaritans was a great experience. On that same evening I was back in Jerusalem.

My Hope and Ideal

I was in Jerusalem for a couple of months and everyday was interesting and fulfilling for me. From Jerusalem, at the time of Elul (August-September), I went to Tel Aviv, where I met with various leaders and guides, and also, many Americans. I could tell very much about this wonderful great Jewish city. I could also tell much about the colonies that I visited around Tel Aviv, also about Haifa, Safat, etc, but this is not the place for it. I remained in the land of Israel until after all the Jewish holidays, when I returned home. On my return trip, I visited Cairo, Egypt, where I spent three days, and in the meantime saw the beautiful pyramids. I visited Alexandria. It would take a whole book to describe what I saw there. Everything is interesting, actually heart-grabbing. You travel back thousands of years, a forgotten old world stands before your eyes, dresses itself with blood and flesh and becomes alive in your mind.

From Alexandria, I returned to America with the ship. The trip to New York took 6 days, where I arrived Friday evening and Sunday, with the second Hanukkah light, I arrived in Chicago, spending the holy Saturday in New York. My friends, especially my co-workers in the nursery, welcomed me with great joy and open arms.

Twelve years have passed since my trip to the land of Israel and from then on I continued unceasingly in my activity for the nursery. There was much more resentment and aggravation that came to me throughout the time. Disturbances came from all sides. Some from internal enemies, some from outside. The maintenance of the nursery is tied to great heavy work. But I have also very much nachas, very great satisfaction when I enter the nursery and see the children, see how they are given the best supervision, see how Jewish orphan children have a home and a Jewish home, and not like the children of the milkman, whom I encountered so many years ago, who gave me the first incentive to create a Jewish nursery. The pleasure outweighs all the trouble and worry that I have withstood and every day I thank and praise God, who gave me the years and strength to perform this holy work.





The Dome of the Rock and Mount Zion as Charna would have seen them in 1932

My only ideal and hope now is to see the building of the Daughters of Zion Day Nursery and Infant Home, perfectly completed. I beg the Master of the world to present me with the years to carry thru his command. Now, as these lines are written, we are planning to carry out a campaign to complete the building. I am sure that every Jewish man and every Jewish woman in Chicago will help us make this campaign a success.

And with certainty, I express my thanks to the blessed one for the many favors that he did for me, and also thanks to all of you who have helped me in my work in all of the years of my activity and who made it possible to fulfill my ideal. All of you have a hand in this great institution and I am only a messenger from the Master of the world, that in this great city Chicago, unfortunate Jewish tots should not be desolate, but should have a Jewish home if their own home, pity, was demolished. God should strengthen the hands of all these true workers and helpers. and my heartfelt request to all of you Jewish men and women of Chicago is: help us to complete the building of the nursery, help me in fulfilling my ideal and hope, now. May the blessed one from above give us the energy to continue with our life-giving holy work.

Translation by Maurice D. Rieger, Ruthe Rieger Karlin, and Fanny Schohet, © 1996, Ruthe Rieger Karlin.

Charna's story ended on page 37 of her book, but the book went on to page 48. Maurie began translating page 38 and ran into trouble. So I begin with his translation of page 38, then put in scans of the remaining pages. Page 38 and 39 are her musings on The Woman of Valor. Subsequent pages are testimonials to her.

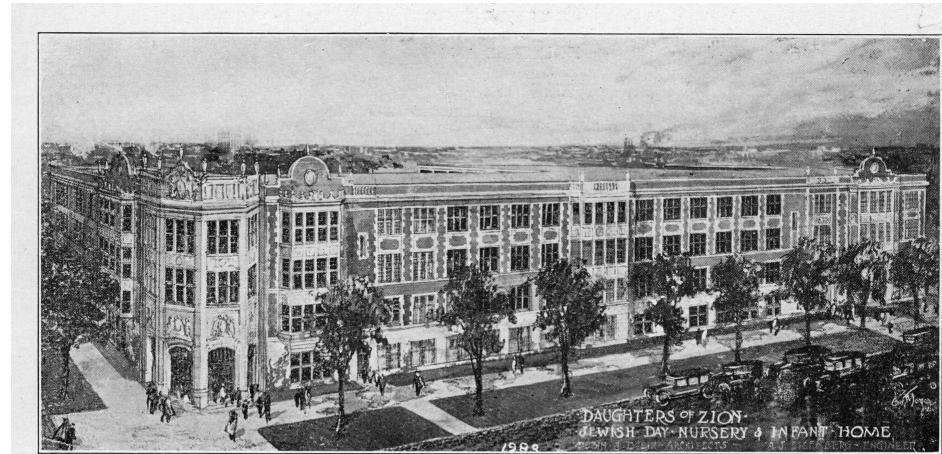
Charna resigned the presidency of the nursery in 1928 but spent the remainder of her life trying to raise the money to finish the building. Her fight with the Jewish charities continued for more than 30 years with much rancor on both sides. She died March 9, 1948. Shortly after Charna died, almost as if it were over her dead body, and with the excuse that very few Jewish babies needed institutional care at that time, the Daughters of Zion was converted to a home for senior citizens, the Parkview Home, and finally brought under the aegis of the Jewish charities.

AN ESSAY ON THE WOMAN OF VALOR

composed by Mrs. Charna Rieger

What does *woman of valor* mean in the holy Torah. The excellent woman who does her duty to her household and to the downhearted needy, to the orphans, to the sick and to the poor, prevents her own mouth, God forbid, from backbiting and envying another, this woman is known to the Torah and is called the woman of valor. She also knows how to conduct herself with the holy sabbath.

One who is holy and remembers the seventh day,
Observes the rules of Shabbos with his body and fortune
Is very much rewarded with God's full hand.
Each to the extent of his position;
Those who love God from the depths of their heart,
Will see the building of a sanctuary and be kept from all pain
Enjoy the Shabbos with spirit and apprehension
As those who stood to welcome the torah.
Raise up your hands with holiness to God,
Who has given us Shabbos repose to pray;
Abraham's children, who investigated God with toil
They held the Shabbos until late and started it early;
Thank the learned Moses for sabbath repose,
It shines like a bride among the commandments of God.
The holy sages went with fire and sword,
To know that God had created them between heaven and earth,
The day is holy from the beginning until the last minute;
Children of Israel honor him with great boldness
Rest, eat, drink with Jewish joy.
In the whole world only the Jews are disbursed,
Almighty God extend your mercy to those who know you;
Although they are their tables.
With them build a sanctuary to please each one,
us with help from your face that shines,
Help those that guard the seventh day very strictly!
They rest in it even if it is the time of year of the market.
Those that observe the sabbath and eat three meals and make small steps,
Shall be rescued by the appointed one from injury in the city of hell,
For all of these will shine with their rectitude,
Just as the first seven days of God's creation.
God of Israel how do you have your people live,
God of Israel see your help given to all of us.
Repose and joy a bright pleasure to the Jews,
Is their dear shabbos, and all its satisfactions,
(line missing)



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Architects rendering of the building from 1936 publication.

**Script from the radio broadcast mentioned
by Aunt Flo.**

To be broadcast Thursday, October 2nd, 1947
RADIO STATION ON WCFL

3:09 ½ --3:14

MUSIC: INTRO

ANNCR: If there is anyone listening who doesn't love children - then maybe he won't like the story we're about to tell. But if you - the listener have ever seen a little child smile - if you have a child of your own... or want one of your own. If you have a big kind heart - then you should like our story. It's about the Daughters of Zion Infant Home and Day Nursery...a house that was built for children.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

NARR: About four o'clock one morning in 1925 - a Mr. Lewis was fast asleep in his own brownstone house in Chicago. He was fast asleep, that is, until the steady pressure of someone's finger on his doorbell...brought him sleepily to his front door. Opening it, he said grumpily, "Well who are you and what do you want?" A woman's voice came to him from out of the darkness. "Sir - it's important that I talk to you. Please let me in." Before he could shut the door in her face, Mr. Lewis suddenly realized the woman had walked by him and seated herself in his living room. He followed her there dazedly.

"I'll be quick," she said. "My

א טהעמא אויף אשת חיל

פארפאפט בוי מרם. טשארנע ריעגער

אשת חיל מילינט מען די היילינג תורה. די הערליך פרוי וועלכע האלט איהרע פלייכטען צו איהר הוויניך אוון צו דעם געפאלענען אבויו, צום תיומ, צום קראאנגען צו דער אלטמא, פאארהיט איהר אינגען מועל נישט חרילא איזו זינגען צו האבען צו באראידען אוון מנקה זיזי א צויזיטען, די דאזונען פרוי איזו גענלייכען צו דער תורה אוון וווערט אאנגערכטן אשת חיל. זיז וויס אOID וויס דעם היילינג שבת זיך צו פיהרען.

ווער עם היילינג איזו געננטק איזו זיבערטען טאגן. חיט די דנעם פון שבת מיט זיזי קערפער איזו פרטמאן — איז דער שדר זעהר פיעל פון גאנטס פולע האנד. יעדר נאך זיזי מרדגא איזו זיזי בעשטאנדרן. די ואס ליבען אאט פון טיפען האראען, וועלען זעהה בני החקדש איזו בעהרט וווערט פון אלע שמערטען פרויט זוד מיט עט שבת מיט ניסטס איזו מרא, זיז די ואס זענגען געשטיינגען בוי קבלת תורה. הובט איזו איעירע הענט מיט היילינגיט צו גאט, ואס האט איזו שבת דוח גענבען ענבראטן; אברהאַס יונדרה, ואס פאראשען גאט מיט מיה — זיז האלטן דעם שבת ביז שבעט איזו נעמון איזם איז פריה; געדענטק תורה משה פון שבת ביז דאס נעכטן, זיז שיינט וויז א כלה צוישען די מצוות פון גאט. די היילינג צראקזים גענאנגען איז פיער איזו שוער, צו זיזוינט אאט האט אט האט זיזו זונען היומל ערד, דער טאגן איי היילינג פון אנטאנגען ביז די ליעצעט מינטן; קינדרער יישראַל ניבען איזס בבור מיט נרויט מוט — רוחען, עטען, טרינקען מיט אידישקיט זיך געפעריט. איז דער נאצעער וועלט וואו נאך אידען זיזען צושפעריט, אלמעטיניג נאט ציז איזו זונען צו די ואס זוילען די זויסטען; אפילו זיזוינען נטז מיטים זוכר ושמור ביז זוערט טישען. מיט דעם בני המקדר עפרדי איזו אלע יינニアען, ערלייז אונז מיט הייל פון דיין פנים דעם שיינען, העלה די ואס היטש דעם זונען טאג זונער שטארק! זיז רוחען איזו איזם איפלו וויז איזו ציז פון זאחר מארט. די ואס היטש שבת איזו עסען דיין סערודת איזו מאכען קליען טרייט, ווערען פון חבלו משיח מדרינה של גיטות אפגעהייט, פאר די אלע זאל שיינען זיער גערעכטניגיט. איזו וויז דיז ערשות וויבען טאג פון גאנטס ליכטיניגיט. גאט פון יישראַל זיז דיז האט איזו פאלק ליעב, גאט פון יישראַל זעה דיין הייל איזו אונז אלע גיב. רוח איזו פריד — ליכטינער פאאנגען צו איזוינען, איז דער ליבער שבת, איזו אלע זענגען צופרידען, ערדות קענען זאנגען די זיז היטש איזם איזו וויז געשטעלט,

או איז די זעקס טעג האט הש"ה בעשאפען די גאנצע וועלט —
דען היומען, די ערדר, דעם ים, די טיבען —
דען גאנצען איבען נשלדר — אלעס דאס גלייבען.
דרער מאנשן אונן אלע טיעערן זוינען עדות וועלטן.
או מיט דעם היילוינען שם האט ער בעשאפען אלע וועלטן.
ויננט נשמת כל חי און נרייך מיט גרויסע געפיהעלן.
דרערנאר עסטע מיט שמחה
מיט דאפאעלט חלות מיט געפיטע פיש מיט דעם גרויסען קידוש דערבי
אוון מאכלי מטעהים מיט פערגענינען אונן דערצדו גרייסט פררי.
זוי וועלען זוכה זיין צו פיעל גאניק און גונטעס גאלע.
צום גאנאל צדק זום עולס האָה וועלען זוי שפֿלען אָראָלע.
וּוֹ לְיַעַב, וּוֹ פְּרִינְדְּלִיךְ אָיוֹן דִּי דִינְעַ.
די פְּרִינְצְּסְפּוֹן די שבת די פְּינְעַ.
דעָרָום געגען דָרְ פְּוִיסְעַן מִירְ אָלָע.
קָוָם, מִירְ וּוֹאָרָטָן אָיוֹף דָרְ גַעַפְוִינְטָרְ כְּלָהְ,
מעוֹן קְלִיּוּטָם זָדְ שְׁעָהָה זָוְ לִיכְבָּשְׁנָעָן אָזְן מַאֲכָעָן אַבְרָהָם.
אָלָע גַעַפְטָעָן אָוּוּקְגָעָלִינְגָן, מעוֹן מַהְוָת קִיּוֹן מַלְאָכָה.
מיט שעָהָנָע טִישְׁטָבָרְ אָזְן קָפְאָהָהָרְ צָמְשָׁגְעָנְרִימְ.
מיט גאנַל אָזְן זְלָכְבָּרְ דָרְ טִישְׁ בְּאָפּוֹצָטְ.
געַשְׁמָאָקָעְ מאָכְלִים אָזְן אָרְיוּמָעְ לִיְּטָ בְּיָם טִישְׁ בעַנוֹצָטְ.
מיט זְלָכְבָּרְנָעְ לִיְּכָטָעְ אָזְן עַמְצִיְּיָן, פָּאָרְגְּנְעָרְבִּיָּטְ די פָּאָרְגְּנְעָנְיָנָעְ.
אָשְׁכָר וּוֹן גַעַנְעָן האָט מעוֹן דָרְפָּאָרָה.
שְׁבָת שְׁעָצָעָן אָרִים אָזְן רִיּוֹן די גָאָלָה וּוֹעַט זָוְן דָרְ שְׁכָרָה.
צָוְ חַשְׁבָּנוֹת אָזְן בִּזְנָעָס טָאָר מָעָן זָוְן נִישְׁתְּ צְוּרָעָן.
עַס אָזְן עַרְלָוְבָּטְ פָּאָר טִכְעָטָרְ שְׁדָכָמִים אָסְמָצָעָהָרָוְ.
אוּבְ אַירְ וּוֹילְטְ נָאָר גַעַדְעָנָעָן אִיעָרְ הַוִּזְנָדְרָ אָזְן זָוְן אָלִיּוֹן.
וּוֹלְעָן עדות זְאָגָעָן אָיוֹף אִירְהָרְ הַיְמָלָאָן אָזְן עַדְלָוְ שְׁטָוְיָן.
אִיעָרְ פָּאָרְעָנְטְּפָּעָרְעָן זָוְן דָאָס אִירְהָרְ האָט גַעַהְלָטָעָן רִיּוֹן אִיעָרְעָן וּוֹעַט
וּוֹעַט מעוֹן אִירְ זְיִינָעָן בִּכְעָרָה, וּוֹאָס אִירְהָרְ האָט פָּעָרְשָׁרְבָּעָן מיט
איְיעָרָעָהָה.
געַדְעָנְקָט אָזְן דָעַם גַעַפְאָלְעָנָעָם מיט אלָעָ מַעְלִיכְקִיטָעָן — דָרְלָאָנָגְטָן
אָהָם אַחָנָדָן;
וּוֹלְטָ אִירְהָרְ מִיטְנָעָמָן אִיעָרְנָעָן נָאָמָעָן, וּוֹאָס וּוֹעַט גַיְיָן אִיבָּעָרָן.
דָעַם גַעַנְצָעָן אָזְן נָאָמָעָן, זָוְן זָוְן דָעַם גַעַנְצָעָן לְאָנָדָן.
עַס אָזְן נִיטְ קִיּוֹן קָוְנִץ צָוְ גַלְוִיבָּעָן דָאָס מעוֹן בְּרוֹכְטָקְ לְעָבָן בְּלוֹוִיְ פָּאָרְ זָוְן.
וּוֹיְ דָאָס טָהָוָן אִירְ אָלָעְ בְּהָמוֹת אָזְן עַס קָוְמָט אִירְזָוְן יְוִי אָפְלִיךְ.
דָעַם מַעְנְטָשָׁעָנָם לְעָבָן — אָזְן כּוֹרְץ אָזְן וּוֹי אָחָלָם שְׁוּעָבָטָן.
שְׁטָאָלְצִיּוֹת נִיטְ מִיטְ אִיעָרְ רִיְכָטָם וּוֹעַט אִירְהָרְ הַיְסָטָעָן גַעַלְעָבָטָן.
גַעַבְיוֹרָעָן זְעָנָעָן מִירְ קִיּוֹן, אָרִים אָזְן פָּאָלְטָרְפָּטָן וּוֹיְדָן;
אוּבְ אִירְהָרְ וּוֹעַט אִירְזָוְן צָוְ נָאָמָעָן זְוָהָרָעָן וּוֹעַט אִירְהָרְ לְעָבָן רִיּוֹן.
אִיעָרְ נָאָמָעָן נָאָמָעָן וּוֹעַט אִירְ אִירְזָוְן מִיטְנָעָמָן צָוְ דָרְ עַוְוָנָעָרְ וּוּלְטָן.
זִוְיטְ זְיִכְעָרָ דָאָס וּוֹאָיְלְטָעְגִּינְקִיטָן קָעָן מעוֹן נִישְׁטָ אִיבְּרָצָהָלָעָן.
מיט קִיּוֹן גַעַלְדָן:
הַעֲרָתְ אִירְקָ צָוְ יְעָדָעָן גַעַטָּעָן וּוֹאָרָט — נִעְמָט עַס פָּאָר זְיִכְעָרָן,
דָרְ טְרוֹיְעָרְ וּוֹעַט פָּאָרְשְׁוּוֹינְדָן — די יְשָׁועָה וּוֹעַט קְוָמָעָן וּוֹאָס גַעַכְעָרָן.
גַעַנְמָרָ אָמָן.

name is Mrs. Rieger. And by 9 o'clock this morning, I must raise \$9,000"

Now, Mr. Lewis was fully awake. A tremor of shock passed through him, and he gasped. "Nine thousand dollars! Mrs. Rieger, surely you don't expect..." Mrs. Rieger laughed. "No., I don't expect to get nine thousand dollars from you, sir. After ringing doorbells all night long, I almost have that amount. But before I leave this house, I am sure you will give me what I need to make it complete."

She said it so confidently that Mr. Lewis grew pale. He was not a wealthy man...but he had enough to make him extremely cautious.

Then, Mrs. Rieger plunged into her story.

MUSIC: SOFTLY IN BG

NARR: Back in 1914, Mrs. Rieger happened to be walking down the street one day when she met a poor, dejected widow, leading two small boys by the hand. The widow had a sad problem. She could not look for work until she found a place to keep her sons... or someone to look after them. She could not afford nursery care...yet, unless she found it...she could not take a job...and she needed the money badly. Mrs. Rieger realized then that there was a great need for another charitable home for children in Chicago. And so, she began a campaign that was to cost her - time and effort - heartbreak and embarrassment ... but it was a dream she had to

make real!

MUSIC: OUT

NARR: With the help of friends, Mrs. Rieger organized the Chicago Day Nursery ...and almost at once, they received a fine offer...the use of half of a school building for their Nursery. The women went to work raising funds...and they turned over several thousands of dollars to the owners of this building. Then, the offer was withdrawn. They were told ...

ANNCR: There is no need for this charitable day nursery in Chicago!

MUSIC: CHORD

NARR: Yes, of the thousands of dollars they had collected...they were allocated only \$450 as their share. The dream seemed destined to fail. But Mrs. Rieger, eyes flashing, rallied the spirits of her little group and started them out again. In three years, they were able to buy a building...which they called, "Daughters of Zion" - a biblical name meaning "blessed," (PUNCH THIS) Three days after they opened their doors, trouble struck again!

ANNCR: Mrs. Rieger...you are under arrest for operating without a license!

MUSIC: CHORD

NARR: Before the judge...Mrs. Rieger made a stirring plea. There was a dire need for that nursery! The Judge was convinced. The necessary license was theirs!

א אידישע מאמע

טומרט. טשרנגן רינגען איזן שיקאנז נאָר אַינְגֶן טעַג, אָזָן ווּאָרֶפֶט
זיך באָלֶד אַרְיָן אַיזּן צְדָקָה אַרְבָּיִת. אַיהֲרָ גַּרְוִיסָּר אַוְיָפְטוּ פָּן בְּנוֹת
צַיּוֹן אַינְסְטִיטּוּצְיָע.

פונן ג. ב. קאמיביקא

פָּרָעָה עַנְתָּלִיכְתָּ אֵין קוֹרְיָעַר מְאַנְטָגָן דָּעַם 10 טָן מַאֲרַטְשָׁ

מיט איזינגע טאג צוּרִיךְ, האבעוּ פְּרִינְט אַזְוֹ פָּרָעָהָרָרְ פָּזְ מָרָסְ טְשָׁאָרְנִי רְעָנָנְר, גְּרָנְדְּרָרְזִי פָּזְ דָּרְ בְּנָוֹתְ צָוֹן דִּי נְיוֹרְסְמִירִי, עֲפָרְיָעָרְטִ אַהֲרָן יְהָרְהָרְנוּ גְּעַבְּרָטְמָטָגְן אִין פְּרָאַכְּפְּטָלְוָעָן זָאַלְ פָּזְ דִּיְזָוָעְ אַנְשָׁטָאָלָטְן. 72

וּזְעַן מִיר בְּלָעַטְרָעְן דָּרְדְּ דִּי גַּעֲכִטְעָן וּזְיִזְרָעְלָן דָּרְדְּ הִגְּעָר בֵּית מֶשֶׁב קְקָנְמִ, דָּרְדְּ בֵּית יְתּוֹמָם אַזְוֹ אַנְדָּרְעָן פָּזְ אַנוֹנְעָרְ וּוּכְבִּינְגָן אַנְשָׁטָאָלָעְן, וּזְעַלְכָּבְדִּי וּזְעַרְבָּנְגִּי גַּטְבָּנְגִּי, אַזְוֹ אַנְדָּרְעָן דִּי אַדְּרִישְׁ טְשָׁאָרְטִים, אַזְוֹן דִּיְרָנִי דָּעָם, גְּפָנְבָּשְׁוָרְגִּי וּזְעַרְבָּנְגִּי וּזְעַרְבָּנְגִּי בְּנָוֹתְ צָוֹן אַנְשָׁטָאָלָטְן. דִּי פְּנָדָאָצְעָסְמִן וּזְעַנְגָּן אַזְוֹדְ גַּלְעָלְמִן גַּעֲוָאָרְעָן דָּרְדְּ פְּעָנִים אַזְוֹ דִּיְמִים. שְׁפָעָטְרָאָבָרָה, שְׁפָעָטְרָאָבָרָה אַזְוֹגְעָשְׁטָאָלָעְן אַיְינְ.

עַלְעַנְגָּן פְּילָאָנְטָרָאָפָעָן מִטְּ גַּעֲמָעָרָעָן בְּיִשְׁתְּרָעָנוֹגָעָן. אַיְכָרָהָאָס שְׁלִימָעָרְ פָּזְ דְּבָרְיָוָק אַיְזָאָה, האָטָם בְּיוּשְׁטָמִירָעָטָרְטִים זְוָאנְצִיגְן טְוִינְגָן דְּלָאָרְ צָמְמָוָשְׁ זְקִינִים. דְּשָׁוְלוּיָם אַזְוֹנוֹנָאָלְ מִיטְ אַזְוֹ סְמָכָן צָוָם בֵּית יְתּוֹמִים. נָאָרְ צְלָעְלָנְרָעָן, אָבָעָרְ בְּאַדְּמִיטְעָנְדָעְ סְמָעוֹן דָּרְנָעָרְנָעְמָרְבָּדִים, אַזְוֹעָרְ גַּעֲהָאָלָפָעְן.

פְּאַזְוּיְלָרְגְּרָעְן דָּאָס בּוּזְעָן הוּוּ אַזְוָלְכָעְ אַנְשָׁטָאָלָעְן.

גאנץ אנדרש, איז אבער די געשיכטע פון דער בנות צויז די נוירערס. די גאנדריןן מס. ריעגען, האט עס אונגעאנגען דורך פערניש. נאך היינט, וועז דער אונשטאטל האט שווין דאס ווערט פון א האלבען מיליאן דלאהאר, פורי פון אונטנייניזושען ווערטס עס איז פיאנסנטס רודד קליינע נדובות. ווי איזו פונזונדר ערעלגענד ערפליאָד, זונען די יאָל זיהערען אונגעאלטמען געוויאָרען דרכֿ פערניש איז דויימס, קען גענטפערט ווערטן: וועז מ. טשרנוי ריעגען האט די מיטניינער. איזטס זונען אלל פאָרץוווינט איז 1914, 1915, 1916, פון עעה מיטניינער. איזטס זונען אלל אונגעאלטמען זונען איזטס זונען פון טויזונט פרויען, וועלכע שטיעצען דעם אונשטאטל.

איך גדרענעם, וועו איז יאהר 1914 איז מרים. טשארנצע ריענער, צום ער-שטען מאל געקומוין איזן רעדאקטיע פון "קוריער" זיך באראטטען מיט דעם פאלביישער ר' משה פישן גאנזבורג ע"ה, וועען נראנדען און דיו ווועסער, און יידים אווח דער נארטווועסט, וואו אידישע מושענער פלאגען דורך טאג בריינטערן אויבס איזן ריסטעלען, ליטל' וואנדאנדרער" ברי שטאָפַּן

בדער ארוייסגעבר פון "קוריער" וועלכער האט דורך זיוו ליעבען, נגעגע בעו אינספיראצייע צו אנדרער אונשטאלטערן, האט אויך נגעבען מוטץ צו די

פָּרוֹ, וְעַלְכָּא אַיְן גַּעֲוָעָן אַיְדָה צִוְּתָא אַיְן לְאַנְהָרָה, אַוְן שְׁוֹן טַעַמְּגָא אַיְן דָּעַר עֲזָרָת יִשְׂרָאֵל שְׁוֹהָה, אַוְן עַסְטָרִיךְ גַּלְעִיזְרָאָן גַּלְעַדְסְּלִיטָה. רַעֲנָגָע מִיטָּא אַיְירָה פָּאַרְשָׁאָרְבָּעָנָם מָאוֹ אַלְעָנָה, אַוְן מִיטָּא דָּאָזְוִילְעָדָה קְלִינָעָן כִּינָּבָרָה, וְעַיְינָעָן דָּאָגְבָּעָמָן פָּנוֹ רַזְבָּאָנוֹגָן וְוַיְוַיְסָטָה בְּנוֹ סְרָאָנוֹן.

ברם. ריגנער ערצעעהלט וו איזו מה. דושייםם דיוויס, באקאנטער
כל טווער אוו יהארו לאנג דירעקטאר פוז די טשאטריט, האט ביינערטראָ
גען דע עשלשע פֿנְהָ דָּלָהָ, צו איזה אונטגענעהונג, נוּט אַכְטַנְדְּגָה דָּאָ
דרוּוֹ וָאָסְטַנְדְּרָעָהָ פּוֹ זְיוֹן פִּילְאַנְטְּרָאָפְּשָׁעָה סְבִּיבָה
אָזָן אַיְנוּמָנוּזָאַט.

אליך געדעניך, ווי איז זיך האט זיך אויפונגעשטעלט אונז גענאנט:
 "מיינע פְּרִינְדָּע! לְאִמְרָדָן קָנְסָנוּ נָאָט, וְאַסְרָר הָאָט אָנוֹן גַּעֲרָאָכָט דָא
 אַיִן פְּרִיעִין לְאַנְדָּה. לְאִמְרָדָן פְּאַרְגְּנָעָסָנוּ אַלְעָגָלָה לְעַנְדָּעָר, וְאַהֲרָה מַעַן הָאָט אָנוֹן
 תָּמִיד גַּעֲמָכָט צָו שָׁאָנְדָּא אָנוֹן צָו שְׁבָטָם. אַבְּעָר אַיְיָן לְאַנְדָּה, דָּאָס לְאַנְדָּה פָּוּ
 אָנוֹזָעָר אַבְּוֹתָה, מַוּעָן מִיר אַלְעַגְעָנְקָעָן. אַיִן אַנְבָּאַטְרָאָכָט, וְאַס אָנוֹנָעָר
 גַּעֲלָאָנָעָן אַנְסִיסְטִוִּיזָע, וּוְעַט גַּעֲוָונָעָן דַּי אַינְטָרָעָסָנוּ פָּוּ מַעַרְעָרָעָעָפָוּ
 אָנוֹזָעָר שְׁוּעָטָטָר וְוי אָנוֹזָעָר בְּרִידָר, וּוְעַלְכָּבָן זַיְעָן בָּאַזְאָרָטָן מִיטָּפָּרָנָה,
 בָּרוּם אַיְזָה",

אייהר פארישלאג איז אונגענוןמען געוווארען.

六

1917 גודענפּ פּוֹן דער גְּרוֹסְעָר מאַסְעָנְפּ אַרְזָמָלָגָגָג, ווָאַס אַיְן יָאָה
געוּעוּן אַיְן סִיבְּין פְּאַבְּלִיכָּס סְקוֹלָה, ווָאוּ מְוָס. רַיְעַנְגָּר האַט שְׂוִין גַּעַחַט
דיַיְעַלְּגִיכְּיָס צָו פְּרַיְוּלְּגַעַנְיָס צָו יְיָוָן פְּאַרְזָעַנְדָּר. ווָאוּ עַס שְׁמַחַט
שְׂוִרוֹת האַט עַנְהָאַט יְהִי פְּרַיְוּלְּגַעַנְיָס צָו דְּיוּזָעַנְדָּר. ווָאוּ עַס שְׁמַחַט
אַיְצָן צָו תְּמִידָר חַרְחָה "אַיְן דָּאָן גַּעַוּעוּ אַדְיִיטְשָׁע סְפָהָלָה. דיַי בְּנָות
צִוְּיָה, צְוָאָמָעָנוּ מִיטָּאָדָעָן ווָאַס האָבָעָן זִיד פְּאַרְאַינְטְּגַעַרְעָסִיר אַיְן חַנוֹן, האָז
בְּעַוְּן דִּיְעַבְּרַע גַּקְיָפְּט בְּשִׁוְתָופּוֹת. אַהֲלָבָע גַּבְּרַיְדָע אַיְן גַּעַוּעוּ פְּאַרְנוֹרִי
מעַוְּן פּוֹן "עַבְּנָה" אַיְן דָּעַר צְוִוְּיָתְרָה הַלְּפָטָה, האַט דיַי בְּנָות צִוְּיָה אַנְגָּעָן
פְּהִירָת אַיְהָר טַעַטְגִּיקְיָעָן.

בוי דער מאָסענְפָּרָאָזְמָלָןְגָּה האָט שווין מְרָק. רַוְעַנְדָּר אַרְוִיסְנְבָּרָאָכָּט דעם גַּעַדְאָנָּק, אָז דָּאָס הַלְּפָטָט פָּוּ דָּעַר "בְּנָהָה" אַיְזָה קְלִיָּוּ פָּאָר דִּי אַרְבִּיטָט פָּוּ גַּזְיַלְדִּים, דָּרְדָּר דִּי עַנְגְּרִישׁ אַרְבִּיטָט פָּוּ דָּעַם באָקָאנְטָעָז צְיוּוֹסָטָה. שְׁטִינְצָן בְּגָרָג, דִּי פָּאָדְשָׁטָאָרְבָּעָהָןְגָּה. לְגַעַטְמָרָאָה, אַיְזָה דָּעַם פָּוּ צְחָאָט מַעַנְדָּל דָּאַלְיָזִינָּה, דָּוָרְקָעַנְגְּזָרְבָּעָהָןְגָּה, אָנוֹ נָאָד אַנְדָּעָהָרָעָה האָט זָוְדָה דִּי צָחָלָהָהָן תְּלִימְדִים אַיְזָה "גְּבָהָה" אַוְיד פָּאָרְדָּעָהָרָעָה. פָּאָר בִּירְעָה מַעֲטִינְגִּיטָּעָן אַיְזָה שְׂוִין מַעַהָר לְיָוִין, בְּאָז עֲזָוָןְגָּזְמָרָה אַיְזָה דָּאָבָּה.

דער פלאז איז דא באשרענעם. איבערעוצונגעבען פון די גרויסע שועז ריגאנקיטען וואס מרט. ריענער האט געליטען די אלע 27 יאהר, בייז דער אן שטאלט האט דערגרויסיכט דעם היינטיגען ערפאלאג.

NARR:

It took a lot of hard work to establish the nursery...but now, with all facilities ready...where were the children to be cared for? They came in so slowly that Mrs. Rieger almost doubted the need for the nursery in that neighborhood. Then a great flu epidemic struck Chicago... and suddenly there were hundreds of babies - of all creeds and color - needing care because their parents were ill and dying. The Home was busy now...day and night...caring for these babies...and not only that... opening a soup kitchen and even carrying food into the homes of the stricken families. The Daughters of Zion had, indeed, fulfilled its purpose!

MUSTC:

KEEP SOFTLY IN BG

NARR:

After the epidemic...with their reputation for kindness and skill in caring for children firmly established...the Home was ready for expansion. Ground was purchased, and in three years - the new Daughters of Zion Infant Home and Day Nursery stood ready - a proud house...a house that was built for children.

MUSIC

OUT

NARR:

And now, Mrs. Rieger - her lips trembling a bit, finished her story. "When my dream seemed to at last have come true, I left town...to take a rest my doctor had ordered. Yesterday, I learned that three companies had taken a lien on our new building and that it is to be auctioned at nine o'clock this

morning...that we had to have nine thousand dollars to pay "on account." I rushed back here to raise the money. I'm hoping yours was the last doorbell I have to ring...because, you see, I am very, very tired."

Mr. Lewis got up out of his chair and looked out the window. It was beginning to grow light. His own clock on the mantel said it was five o'clock. Suddenly, Mr. Lewis went to his desk, drew out a checkbook, and wrote in it. He tore off a check and handed it to Mrs. Rieger.

"You've only got a few hours to raise your nine thousand dollars, he told her..."and all I can give you is twenty-five. Frankly, I don't think you'll make it."

Mrs. Rieger stood up and faced him — her dark eyes glowing with a bright triumph. "Why, bless you," she cried. "This does make it. Because, you see, when I rang your bell... all I needed to make nine thousand dollars...was exactly twenty-five."

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

ANNCR: And so it is that the Daughters of Zion Infant Home and Day Nursery, at 1401 N. California Avenue in Chicago, is in existence today to give food, shelter and kindness to children of any race, creed or color. Yes, the work of Mrs. Rieger is being carried on today in the home that is "blessed" — not only in name, but in the knowledge that it is giving in generous measure. Why don't you visit this home, at 1401 North California

אוֹף הוֹרִיש אָזֶן קָלִיפָרְנַיּוּעַ עָוֹונָיו, שְׁמַעַת דִּי פְּרָאַכְטְּפּוֹלָעַ עַנְבִּידְעַע,
וְאַס אַיְזָא שְׁטָאַלְעַז פָּאַר דָּעַר אַיְדִישְׁעַר גַּמְיַנְדָע פָּוּ שְׁקִינָא. יַעֲדָר צִינְגָּל
אַיְזָא דִּי וּוֹעַנְטַ פָּוּ אַנְשְׁטָאַלְט, דָּעַרְצָהַלְטַ פָּוּ אַיְדִישְׁעַר טָאַכְטָעָר, אַגְּקָוּ
מְעַנְעַ נָאָר אַיְזָא יַאֲהָר אַיְזָא אַוְנוֹעָר לְאַנְדָע פָּוּ מְעַנְלִיכְיִסְטָעַן, וּוּלְכָעַ האָט זִיד
בָּאַלְדָע גַּעַנְוּמָעַן צַו זִיּוּ דִי נְיַינְדָעָרִיּוּ פָּוּ בְּנֹות צִיּוּ דִי נְיַירְסְעָרִיּוּ.

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בריעף און באַנְיַיסְטָנְגָעַן

אַיְזָא קוֹיָה פָּוּ דִי 30 יַאֲהָר טָעַטְנִיקְיָוּט מִיּוֹנָעַ פָּאַר דָּעַר נְיַירְסְעָרִי, זִיּוֹנָעַ
אַנְגְּקָוּמָעַן אַוְנוֹאַלְדִּינְגּוּ רְנוּסְעַ צָאַחַל בָּאַנְגְּרִיסְטָנְגָעַן, גַּוְתְּהִיְסְטָנְגָעַן אָזֶן עַרְמָוּ
טִינְגְּנִסְטָן בְּרִיףּ סִיּוּ צַוּ מִיר פְּרָעַזְנְלִידּוּסּוּ פָּיּוּ צַוּ דָעַר נְיַירְסְעָרִי. זִיּוֹנָעַ גַּעַר
קְוּמָעַן אַיְזָא דָעַר פָּאַרְמָעַ פָּוּ בְּרִיעַפּוּ אַזְוּ טָלְעַנְרָאַמְעַסּוּ סִיּוּ פָּוּ פְּרָאַמְיַנְעַטּוּ
פְּרָעַזְנְלִיכְיִטְעַן סִיּוּ פָּוּ אַרְגְּנָאַיְצְיָאַגְּנָעַן. פְּרָאַעַפְּנְלִיכְיָאַגְּנָעַן וּוּיְאַלְעָמָעַן אַיְזָא
פְּשָׁטַט פְּיוֹזִישּׁ נִיטּ מְעַלְדָר. עַס וּוּאַלְטָק גַּעַרְאָרְפּטּ פְּרָאַרְנָהָמָעַן הַוְנְדָרְטָעַ אַיְזָא
הַוְנְדָרְטָעַ זִיּוֹטָעַן.

אַיְזָא חָאַב דָּעַרְפְּאָר אַוְיסְגְּעַלְבָּעַן אַבְּגָרְנִיצְעַטּוּ צָאַחַל פָּוּ אַט דִי צַוּ
נְשִׁיְקָטּוּ קָאַמְּנִינְיִאַצְיָעַסּוּ אַזְוּ גּוֹבּ זִיּוֹ דָא וּזִיּוֹנָעַ אַזְוּ שְׁטָהְבָּעַן חַזְוּנָעַ
שָׁוּם קָאַמְּמַנְטָרְדָעַן, וּוֹיֵלְדִּירְדִּינְגּוּ פָּאַר אַזְדָעַ, נְאַטְרְלִידּוּסּוּ זִיּוֹנָעַ גַּעַרְשָׁרִיּוּ
בְּעַוְּ אַיְזָא עַנְגְּלִישּׁ אַזְוּ דָא וּוּעַרְטָמָעַ נְעַנְגְּבָעַן אַזְוּ אַיְבְּרָעַצְוּנָגּוּ, בְּמַעַט אַלְעַלְפָעַן פָּוּ זִיּוּ
זִיּוֹנָעַ אַיְזָא צְוָאַמְּעַנְהָאָגּוּ מְטַמְּנַיּוֹן 72 מְטַמְּנַיּוֹן 70 מְטַמְּנַיּוֹן 67 מְטַמְּנַיּוֹן 65 מְטַמְּנַיּוֹן 63
בְּעַרְמָרָם. שְׁרָה אַיְדָרָעַ אַזְוּ אַיְצְטּ פְּרָוְיְדָעָנְטָיּוּ אַזְוּ מִירְהָטָמָעַן בְּעַהְרָתּ
מִיטּ דָעַם פָּוּ עַהְרָעַן פְּרָוְיְדָעָנְטָיּוּ פָּוּ דָעַרְהָאָמָעַן פָּאַר לְעַבְנְלָאָגּוּ.

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אַ בְּרִיעַפּוּ פָּוּ מְרָכֶזֶן הַרְבָּנִים דְּשִׁיקָּאָגָּא

עַבְרוֹאָרִי 26 טָעַנָּה, 1941
מְרָסּוּ. טְשָׁאַרְנָעַן דִּיעַנְגָּר
בְּנֹות צִיּוּ דִי נְיַירְסְעָרִי אָזֶן אַיְנְפָאַנְטָהָאָמָ, קָלִיפָרְנַיּוּעַ אָזֶן הַוְרִיש
שִׁיקָּאָגָּא, אַיְלִינְגָּאָזֶן.

אַיְזָא נְאַמְּעַן פָּוּ מְרָכֶזֶן הַרְבָּנִים דְּשִׁיקָּאָגָּא וּוּלְיָעַן מִיר אַיְדָרָעַ אַוְיסְדְּרִיקָעַן
אַוְנוֹזָעַר הַאֲרִצְיַנְטָעַ בָּאַנְגְּרִיסְטָנְגָעַן אַזְוּ בְּעַסְטָעַ וּוּינְנַשְׁעַ צַוּ דָעַר גַּעַלְעַנְהָאַיִת
פָּוּ אַיְיָעַ צַוְּוִי אַזְוּ זִיּוֹנְגַּסְטָעַן גַּעַבְּרָוְטָסְטָאָגּוּ, וּוּלְכָעַן צַוּ בְּנֹות צִיּוּ דִי
נְיַירְסְעָרִי אָזֶן אַיְנְפָאַנְטָהָאָמָ, פָּוּ אַזְוּ דָעַרְהָאָמָעַן פָּוּ וּוּלְכָעַן
אַזְוּ שְׁטָאַלְעַזּוּ.

אַיְהָרָה האָט אַוְעַקְגְּנַעַנְגָּבָעַן פְּיַעַלְעַ יַאֲהָרָעַן פָּוּ אַיְיָעַ לְעַבְנָעַן צַוּ דִּינְנָעַן אַזְוּ
וּזְרָפְּלָק אָזֶן סְפָעַצְיָעַלְעַ צַוּ דִּינְנָעַן דִּיזְעַן הַוְמָאַנְעָם אַנְשְׁטָאַלְטַ פָּאַר וּוּלְכָעַן
אַיְהָרָה האָט אַזְוּ אַיְפְּרָגְּנַעַן גַּעַלְעַנְגָּבָעַן אַזְוּ אַיְהָרָה האָט גַּעַלְעַנְהָאַיִת
בְּיַיְהָרָה אַזְוּ אַיְנְפָאַנְטָהָאָמָ, מִיר זִיּוֹנָעַן וּכְבָעַר אַזְוּ דִי טְרָאַרְצִיאַנְגְּנַעַלְעַ אַיְדִישְׁקָיִטּוּסּוּ וְאַזְוּ אַיְפְּכָבְוִיּוּסּוּ
דִּיזְעַן וּוּלְכָעַרְבָּאָרָעַן אַנְשְׁטָאַלְטַ לְטָבָתּ דִי קִינְדְּרָלָאָרְ, וּוּלְכָעַן זִיּוֹנָעַן אַזְוּ

ברחמנות' דיג אוווקגנעריסען געווארען פון עלטערן אוויפזיכט און אוויפפער
סונג

מיר זיינען שטאלץ מיט איער בייז איזטיגע דערנגייכונגען און מיר
דרויקען אונס אונזער האפעונגונג, איז איערעד אונערמידליך באומיהונגען פאר
דען אונשטאלאט וועלען ערפאָגריך פֿאָרטגעעָצְט ווערעה, איז דערעלבער
נייסט פון טראדייציאָנעלער אידישקייט וועט דארט הערשען.

מיט נרויס אקטוניג

אַרטַּמַּאְדַּקְּסִישָׁרְּ רַּאְבִּינָּאָטְּ פָּוּן שִׁיקָּאָנָּא

אָונְגַּטְּעַרְּנְשִׁירְּבָּעָן אַוְפָּן אַרְגְּוֹנָאָל
הָרָב יְהוָה דָּנָאָלְמָאָן, עַקְוּבְּסִיּוֹן סַעְרָעָפָּאָר
אַוְפָּאָ אַרְגְּוֹנָאָל גַּעֲפָנָט זִיד דָּרָע אָונְגַּטְּעַרְּשְׁוֹפְּטָט פָּוּן הָרָב מְנַחְמָבָּן, זָאָלָס.

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אַ בְּרִיעָפְּ פָּוּן הָרָב שְׁלָמָה בָּאָנִי

בָּעוֹה "שׁ יּוֹם ד' פ' בְּמִדְבָּר, תְּשִׁבְבָּה

זְיוּנָרְ חַשּׁוּבָּעָ טִשְׁעָנָעָן רִיעָנָעָן:

אַיד בֵּין נָאָר אַלְעַ אָונְטָעָרָן אַיְינְרוֹקָן פָּוּן מִין באָזָר אַיְנָר פְּרָאָכָטָר
פּוֹלָע נִוְרָסְרִי הַיּוֹם אָוֹן בֵּית יְתּוֹמִים. עַס אַיְזָן באָמָת אַגְּאָנְטִישׁ שָׁאָפָּוֹנָגָן.
אַז אַיְבָּוּגָרָן מָאָנוּמָעָנָטָן, אַשְׁטִיקָן גּוֹטְסְקִיָּטָן, וּאַסְּ בְּלִיבְּבָטָן אַיְבָּוּגָן. עַס אַיְזָן
גַּעֲפָנָט אַז וְעַהָּעָן דִּי סְלִינְעָן קִוְּנְדָּעָרְלָאָדְמָאָכְּוּלָאָד — אַיְזָן יְיָ וּוּרָה
בָּעָרָע דְּיָינָע בְּעַטְּעַלְאָד וּזְיִזְיָהָעָן זָוְדָמִיטָן וְיַעֲרָע הַעַנְטָעָלָעָד אַזְוּ פִּיסְעָדָן
לְאָד אַזְוּ קִיְּלָזָן וּזְרָשְׁבָּלְעַדְגָּן אַזְוּ אַזְטָקִיָּטָן אַזְוּ צָוְלִידְגָּנָקִיָּטָן. יְיָ, אַיהֲר
חַאְטָט גַּעֲשָׁאָפָּעָן אַגְּרִוְּעָסָן זָהָה, בָּאַטְּשָׁ אַיְנָר וּוּגָן אַיְזָן גַּעֲפָנָט מִיטָּדְרָעָנָר אַזְוּ
שְׁטָעָרָנוּגָן.

אַיהֲר הַאְטָט גַּעֲשָׁאָפָּעָן אַזְוּ שְׁלָא כְּדָרְדָּה הַטְּבָעָן, אַיבָּעָר דָּוּ כְּחָותָן, נָאָר
נְסָטָהָט אַמְּהָהָטָה, רְבָּתָה, רְחָלָה, וְלְאָהָה.

וְאַל אַיְדָן גִּטְּ הַעַלְפָּעָן לְהַבָּא אַזְוּ אַיהֲר זָאָלָט מָאָרוּד יִמְּמָס וְשָׁנִים זָוּ אַזְוּ
גַּעֲזָוָנָט אַזְוּ נָחָת.

בְּרָגְנְשִׁי כְּבָודָן, הָרָב שְׁלָמָה בָּאָנִי



Avenue in Chicago? Or, if that is not convenient — write a penny post card to the Daughters of Zion Infant Home and Day Nursery, care of Station WCFL — that's Station WCFL — Chicago — for a free booklet containing pictures and other information about the Children of the Daughters. Listen again next week — same time — when you will hear another heartwarming story about the Children of the Daughters.

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

Around 1950, the nursery became the Park View Home for the Aged. Later in the decade, with almost no Jews left in the neighborhood, it became, and remains, Casa Central, a home for Hispanic elders. The building is located at 1401 North California Avenue, Chicago.



באגיריסונגעו פון אינסטיטוט צייעס צו מרכ. טשאָרנע ריעגער

הארצינטשעanganirsונגען צו דיווער גרויסערanganubנעהיט איז איעיר בעבען. איעיר גרויסער ארכיטיט פאר דער נוירסער האט געוואונגען אכטונגן אוון באואונדערונג פון יעדרו איזונען איז שיקאנז. זאָל ניט איזיד געבען נאָר פיעילע יאָהרוּן גוּרטען געזונט איזו נילַס אַהֲרָן אַלְטָט פָּעָן פָּאָרְטָעָן אַזְמָעָן לְבָעָרְבָּן כִּינְ

בית מדרש לתורה, הרב שאל זילבער

טשרנגייע ריענער!

איך באדרוייער זעהר וואס איד קענו ניט זיוו מיט איד. הדעה באגראטיסט איד און דרייקט אוייס די האפענוןונג, או איהיר ווועט נאד פאר פיעלע יאַהְרָעָן ייזון שטאטראך איזן ניסט, איזן קערפֿער איזן נעדאנק איזן קענען פֿאַרטוּעָצָן אַיעָרָן. זיין לְיִסְטוּנָנָן צו אָונְגָעָר פֿאָלָק.

מרם. ה. **סאכארהף**, פרעון, פון שיקאנגא הדרה

* * *

פָּנָגָנָרָאַטָּוְלְדוּרְגָּן צָו אַיְלָעַ 72 טָעַנוּ נַעֲבָרְטְּסְטָאָגָן, זָוָלְטָ אַיְהָרָ נָאָדָ פְּיָעַ-
עָנוּ פְּיָעַלָּעַ פְּיָעַלָּעַ מַעָּהָר אַזְעַלְבָּעַ נַיְקָלְיכָעַ גַּלְעַנְגַּנְהִיטָּעַן.
דָּאַגְּלָאָטָם פְּאָרָקְ דִּי אָוּןָ נִיְּתָ נְוִיסְטָרָיָן.

טרם. הערמאן פראנק, פרעוז.

六

א בוקט פון בעטטע ווינשונגען צו איינער 72-76ן געבורטסטען. זאל ערדר וויטערדיינער געברוטסטען אייד צונגעבען פרויד און כה צו שענען ארטומזעטען איינער וויכטיגע ארכיטיט.

דָּתָה עַרְטָס אָו דָשְׁיַקָּאָב,
דָּרָאָו לְיוֹאָזִי, פְּרָעָן. אָנָא וּוַיְוַנְתָּהָאָל, עַהֲרָעָן פְּדָעָן.

2

באנדריסוןגען צו איעיד געבורטנטאגן אוון אויפריכטינע ווינשע פאר
יעיל מערד צו קומען).

נארטה הוועט סידר סיסטערס אוו טשאראיטין,
מרט. ה. פירסאן, פרעזידענט *

2

איך פארארייןינג זור מיט דער גרויסעדר מאסע פרוינט איעערע אידן אוויזערדייקען דע' הארכציגנטע באגראסונגנען צו איעיר 7076 טען געבורטסטען, אונז די 25 יאָרגען אַנוּוּרטסאָרִי פּוֹן דער נְרִינְדוֹן פּוֹן דער אַינְסְטִיטְוּזְעַץ,



וואר די פיערונג קומט מוט רעכט פאר אלס א מאונטמענט פון איער אויס דוייער און מוטה. זאל נט איד בענטשען מיט פיעלע פיעלע מעיר יאהרען איהר זאלט קענען פארטועצען איער איסגעיציכענט ארכיט.

אדאלף קאפלאנד, פרען. שיקאנא ברענטש פון „האייסם“

**

באניסונגע צו איער גברטטאג, בעטטע ווינשע צו אלע בעאטטע. דריש טוב גמלת חסיד לירדים אוקזילערוי

מרם. א. פiomual, פרעזידענט

**

נאר א יאהר, נאר א ליכט און אונזער מיליאנען ווינשע צה דעם ניליכטטען גברטטאג.

ליידיעס אוקזילערוי עסטוריידנאליציען קאנרגענישאון.

מרם. דושענוי קאהען, פרעזידענט

**

מיר שליסען זיד און איזיער פילע פרינד צו באניסען איד היינט אווענט.

ליידיעס אוקזילערוי פון דער נארט ווועסט סייד גומלי חסיד של אמת.

מרם. מאלי מאנדעל, פרעזידענט

**

באניסונגען צו דיעזער צויפאכינער פיערונג פון איער זיבצעיג טען גברטטאג און זילברגען זבלעאום פון בנות צוין די נירסרי און אינפאנט האם, מיר דרישען איד איס אונזער ואידטטען ווינשונגען. געונט, נלק און פראפטעריט. זאל איד נט העלפונג צו פיערערן דעם גאל-דענען זבלעאום פון די בנות צוין צואמען מיט א ניליכיען גברטטאג. ליידיעס אוקזילערוי בית יהודת תלמוד תורה.

מרם. בעסיע אלען, פרעזידענט, מיט שורלי זוינער, סעקרעטאי

**

נאר זיבצעיג יאהר פון אונזעלכטזיצטיגע איבערנבענהיט צו אנדער רע, סאלוטרערן מיר איד וואס איהר האט דערגריבט און אנדער מילשטיין. איער אינספיראצייע מיט אונז זיין פאר פיעלע יאהרען צו קומען.

שייקאנא קאנסאטפיטיוו איד סאסייטי אוקזילערוי נומער 10.

מאקס הענאק, פרעזידענט, ליבע קאלקי, סעקרעטאי

**

באניסונגען צו איער 72-טען גברטטאג. זאלען די סומנדע יאהר דען איער גבענטשט זוינ מיט וויטערדריגען ערפאלאג און איער העכט איסגעיציכענטער טעטינקייט.

טשאטלם שיינבאוּם טשארטאי קלאָב





A satellite view of the Nursery, from Google.
The building with the white roof

ואל ג-ט איד געבען נאך פיעלע יאהרעו פו גוטען געזונט, איהר זאלט
קענען פארטועצען איעיר גוטע ארכיביט פאר די נווטליידענדע.

נארטוועסט דיסטריקט פון הדסה,

מרס. דושייקאָב בעדנָא, פרעוזידענט

**

באנדריסונגנען אוּוּ בעסטע ווינשע צו איעיר געבורטסטען, זאלט איהר
האבען נאך פיעלע מעהָר גליקליכע געבורטטען.

גָּשְׁמוֹאָל אָקוֹזְיָלָעָרִי בֵּית מְדֻרְשׁ לְתֹרָה,

מרס. ב. מ. מילעה, פרעוזידענט

**

באנדריסונגנען צו אונזער טיעורסטען צו איהר 727טען געבורטטען,
הלוֹאי זאלען מיר מיט איד פיעערען פִּילָע, פִּילָע מעהָר
ריינגרָרְ פָּאָמִילְיָהָ קְלָאָב

**

הארציגטען באנדריסונגנען אוּוּ בעסטע ווינשע פאר פִּילָע, פִּילָע מעהָר
גְּלִיקְלִיבָע גַּעֲבּוֹרְטָסְטָעָן.

ליֹידִים וּוְאַלְגּוֹנִיטִים אוּוּ זַיְצָן

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הארציגטען באנדריסונגנען צו איעיר 727טען געבורטטען, זאל איד
גיט געבען געזונט אוּוּ נִיכְךְ צו קענען פארטועצען איעען גַּבְעָלָע אַרְבִּיבִּיט.
סִיסְטָמָרָם אָן הַעֲלֵפִינְגְּ הַעֲנָדָה, מְרָס. דּוֹשָׁאָהָן לְעַזְוָאנָט, פְּרָעָם.

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באנדריסונגנען צו דעם אַפְשָׁלָוּן פּוּ נָאָר אָ יָאָהָה, זאל יְעַדְעָם קְוּמְעָנְדָעָר
יָאָהָר זַיְן מְעָהָר פָּאָרְגָּעָנִינְגָּעָנְדָר פָּאָר אַיְדִּיט.

קִשְׁרָ יִשְׂרָאֵל לְיֹידִים אָקוֹזְיָלָעָרִי, דָּעַלְיָה סּוֹטְקָעָר, סַעְקָרְעָטָאָרִי

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באנדריסונגנען אוּוּ בעסטע ווינשע צו איעיר 707טען געבורטטען אוּוּ
-25 גְּזַעְגַּע אַנְיוּוּרָמָּאָרִי.
סָאוֹתָ סִיד לְיֹידִים אָקוֹזְיָלָעָרִי פּוֹן בֵּית הַמְּדֻרְשׁ הַגָּדוֹלָה, אָ. דָ.
מרס. ב. נִוְתְּנָסָטָן, פְּרָעָם.

What I remember

Charna came to live with my family when I was six years old. We moved from a two-bedroom, first floor apartment on Hard- ing Avenue to a three-bedroom, second floor on Avers Avenue, one block away, to accommodate her. A year later we moved to another three-bedroom, first floor, on Wilson Avenue, and I had to change schools. I remember all of this, but I don't remember exactly how old I was. Charna would have been 71 or 72, the age I am now. I regret that I don't remember more about her. She did not spend very much time at our apartment. Every weekday she walked three blocks to the streetcar. She probably had to transfer two or more times, then walk another couple of blocks to get to the nursery. Every Saturday morning she walked a half block to the Albany Park Hebrew Congregation (Beth Hamidrosh Hagadol) for Shabat services. I think she spent a lot of her weekend time nearby at one of her daughter's (Belle) homes.

I have several vivid memories of Charna. When she was home she was usually reading the paper. I can still see her hands, black with ink from the newspapers. She read both Yid- dish newspapers, *The Courier* and *The Forwards*. Although she spoke English very well, I don't think she was comfortable reading it. This was wartime. I can still see her sitting next to the radio listening to the news: Gabriel Heatter and H. V. Kalten- born. My other vivid memory is her teeth. I often watched her remove them from her mouth, clean them and put them in a glass for the night. I think I envied her; my teeth always needed something and I hated the dentist. I don't recall her ever complaining about her false teeth, or saying she wouldn't eat something because of her teeth. I don't remember her ever complaining about anything. Until she developed leukemia, I don't remember her ever being sick, not even with a cold. Of course, that may just have been a child's lack of attention. She taught me to say the Schema. She said it was the most impor- tant prayer; I should say it every night, even if I said no other. She was pleased when I learned to sing Sholom Alechem and Hatikvah.

I think that living in my mother's home must have been very difficult. My mother was enormously invested in cleaning and cooking, and would not have brooked competition from another woman. Fortunately, Charna was focused elsewhere. She cooked once; made us matzah brei. Another time she made

בעסטע ווינטשע פאר א נליקויבען נבערטסטאגן.

סיפטערם אוּן העלפינָג הענד

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בעסטע ווינטשע צו דיזער גליקויבער געלעגענָהוּיט, זאל ניט אוּיד געד
בעו געונט אָוּן נְלִיכָּה דִּי קָוָעָנְדָּע יָהָרָעָן.

טָנִיעַ דּוֹשִׁין קָהָב, דּוֹשָׁא נְרִינְשְׁטָאָט, פֿרְעִיְּדָעָנְטָ

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בָּאָרְזִיסְוָנָנָעָן אָז בָּעַסְטָע וּוַנְטָשָׁע סֵי צָו 70 טָעָן אָז סֵי צָו 72 טָעָן
נְבָרְטָסְטָאָג וַיְנָעָן דָּרְרָהָאָלְטָעָן גַּוְאָוָרָעָן פּוּ פָּאָלְגָּעָנְדָּע אָקוּיְלָעָרִים פּוּ
דָּעָרָהָאָוָםָן:

בָּאָנָּעָר אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

בָּעַסְטָע בָּעַנְדוֹשָׁאָמָן אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

רָאָזָא דּוֹשִׁיקָּאָבָּס אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

הַילְמָאָן לְ. דּוֹשִׁיקָּאָבָּסְאָן אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

מַאְקָם הַוִּרְשָׁ אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

הַאָמְבָּאָלְדָּט מַאְהָהָרָם אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

לְאָגָּן סְקוּוּעָר אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

מִזְדּוֹעָסְטָ אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

מִזְדּוֹעָסְטָ דּוֹשָׁנְאָר אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

עַלְמָעָר סִינְגָּל אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

סָאוֹטָ סִיד אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

דּוֹשָׁעָרָטָם עַ. סָעָקָם אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

סָעַנְאָר אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

רָעַבְעָקָא פָּאָקָם אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

וּוְעַלְפָעָר אָקוּיְלָעָרִי

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אַתְּהִיְלָ בָּאָרְזִיסְוָנָנָעָן פּוּן יְהִידִים

הָאַרְצִינְסְטָע בָּאָרְזִיסְוָנָנָעָן צָו אִירָד אָז צָו דָעָהָיִם, זַאלְט אִיחָר פָּאָרָטָי
וּבָעָוָן אִיעָר אַוְיְנָעִצְיִיכָּעָנְטָ אַרְבִּיטָטָ פָּאָר פִּיעָלָעָ מַעְהָר יָהָרָעָן.

טָרָס. פָּה. גִּינְזְבּוֹרָג אָז פָּאָמְלִיעָן

a challah. I appreciated both efforts; she was a good cook. But my mother must have said something; she never did it again.

During the Pesach seders she and Daddy both read the service, sounding almost as if they were in competition to see who would finish first. To my Cheder trained ears, their Galitzianer accents made their Hebrew sound as if they had stones in their mouths.

באנדריסונגען צו איער 07טען געבורטסטאגן. איהר זאלט דערלעבען צו פיעריען איער הונדרט איהרגיען געבורטסטאגן אונז אנהאלטמען איער גוטע ארביזט.

מארום זיסקינד, לייבאָר עדיטאָר פון „פֿאַרְוּעַרְטָמָּן“

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צו דער געלגענהייט פון איער 70טען געבורטסטאגן דרייקען מיר איזס צו איזיד נט נאר אונגער דאנק, נאר די דאנקבאָרקייט פון דער גאנז צער פֿאמִינִיטִי פֿאָר אַיעָר אַיבְּרָעָנְגְּבָּעָנְהִיטִי צו דעם וואָס אַיזו גָּטְפָּאָר דער גָּעָזָלָשָׁאָפָּטָם. זאל אַיךְ גָּטְפָּעָן נאר פֿוּלָעָל אַהֲרָעָן פון גָּעָונָט אַזְוָנָט אַזְוָנָט עַלְשָׁאָפָּטָלָכָעָר טַעַגְּקִוִּיטִים.

בָּאָרְד אָזְוָן דִּירְעַקְטָּאָרָם סִינִי אָזְוָן כָּשָׂר סְטָאָר וְאוֹרָשָׂתָ פָּאָרְקִיעָן

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אַ גְּלִיקְלִיבָּעָן גַּעֲבָּרְטָסְטָאָג צו אַיךְ, זאל גָּט אַיךְ גַּעֲבָּעָן נאר פֿוּלָעָל מַהְרָא אַהֲרָעָן פון גָּעָונָט אַזְוָנָט נְלִיךְ פֿאָר אַיעָר אַיבְּרָעָנְגְּבָּעָנְהִיטִי צו דעם אַירְאָלְפָּאָר די אַומְגְּלִילְבָּעָעָקְנְדָעָרְלָאָר אַזְוָנָט אַיעָר אַונְגְּמָדְלָעָבָּעָר אַנְשְׁטְּרִינְגְּגָנָגָן צו הַלְּפָעָן נְיוּם. זָאַלְעָן די קְוָמְעָרָעָא אַיךְ בְּרוּנְגָן שְׁלָוָם אָזְוָן צְפְּרִידְעָנְהִיטִי צו אַיךְ אָזְוָן כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל.

מַר. אָזְוָן מַרְמָ. א. עַפְשְׁטִיִּין

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בְּאָנְגְּרִיסְוּנְגָּעָן אָזְוָן בְּעַסְטָע וּוּנְטִישָׁע צו דער פֿוּרְוָנָגָן פון אַיעָר 70-טָעָן גַּעֲבָּרְטָסְטָאָג אָזְוָן 25-טָעָן אַנוּוּרְסָאָרִי פון דער נְוָרְסָעָרִי, וְוָס אַיהֲרָה האַט גַּעֲרִינְגְּדָעָט, זאל דָּרָע אַלְמַעְכְּטִיגָּר אַיךְ גַּעֲבָּעָן כָּה אָזְוָן מַוְתָּה פָּאַרְטָצְזָוּעָעָן אַיעָר נְאַבְּלָעָל אַרְבִּיטִיט פֿאָר פֿוּלָעָל אַהֲרָעָן.

חָרָב אָזְוָן מַרְמָ. יְהוּדָה דָּוָד גָּאַלְזָבָאָן

The bell of the Gion Temple tolls into every man's heart to warn him that all is vanity and evanescence. The fading flowers of the sala trees by the Buddha's death bed bear witness to the truth that all who flourish are destined to decay. Yes, pride must have its fall, for it is as unsubstantial as a dream on a spring night.

The Tale of the Heike