

May 22, 2007

As you read Maurie's story remember that there are many things in it that he could not have witnessed. He had a fertile imagination. There are some contradictions and mistakes in dates. Although many of these so-called facts may not necessarily be true of events in Loscie, they paint a picture of Maurie and how he thought. I particularly like all of his attention to food.

Although I have edited out some of his most disturbing ravings I've done very little editing of the text included here. The Hebrew and Yiddish spelling is, for the most part his and reflects his Galitzianer heritage; his English spelling was usually correct and his vocabulary was excellent. I don't think I ever appreciated it until I began working on this stuff.

Much of what he wrote was repetitious. As I worked on his document I remember how difficult he had become. His writing was difficult to collect into one document; he filled 16 copy books, not in any particular order, often repetitious. Fortunately his writing was beautiful and easy to read.

*Ruthe Rieger Karlin*

*Memoir* by Maurice D. Rieger

Written, at the age of 80, after seven weeks in a coma  
with Guillaume Barre Syndrome.

Now that I have partially alleviated my amnesia worries, I can begin to try to solve an unsolvable mystery; why my father returned to Europe in 1888. To achieve this end, I must recall whatever I heard from the age of four and upwards plus a bit of imagination and some happenings, real or contrived; therefore, I must start with the birth of my mother in 1869.

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 Reises, 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.

In my history book, vol. 1 of the *Talmud* by Michael L. Rodkinson, 1903; he writes of the black plague that occurred in Poland in 1865 and the Poles accused the Jews of poisoning the water wells and they started to make pogroms upon the Jews, killing many thousands and many Jews and Poles died of the plague. The Poles drove the Jews from their homes and robbed them of their worldly assets and killed those who resisted. My father's and mother's families escaped to Austria where they found peace and tranquillity under the rule of Kaiser Franz

Joseph II (God rest his soul) and the Hapsburgs.

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 lived 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 Losie, 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.

**The following is strictly conjecture and it may have no substance.**

*One wintry day he stopped at a missionary church on Division near Robey (Damen) streets to warm himself and in order to get out of the blizzard winds; the missionary leaders pounced upon him and brain washed him to become a proselytizer and preach on street corners nightly for two hours, for which he would receive the unheard of sum of \$50 weekly, plus \$5 for each convert. He had no success for a long period of time and the missionaries were becoming disgruntled and were threatening to dismiss him. He started to go to the pool rooms, where there were non-believer Jews and promised them \$3 for each one of them if they would come to the corner where he was preaching and then follow him to the missionary where they promised to convert. He collected and paid off and asked them to grow a beard and use a new made-up name and come back in four weeks. He used a number of poolrooms and his business was booming. His new name was Aba Bodee.*

*Abraham was a very good hearted fellow and he sent to his wife \$20 weekly and promised to bring her to the US before year's end; he also sent \$10 weekly to his parents and rumors started to spread that he was shoveling gold in the streets of America. Many members of the family came to the US and settled in Chicago. The missionaries caught on to Abraham's scheme and threatened to kill him unless he returned the money; instead he escaped to New York where he sent for his wife and son in the year 1885. How did this story become known? One of the poolroom hooligans became a repentant (Baal Teshuva) and he published an article in the Jewish Courier about the connivance of an apostate Jew named Aba Bodee and the New York Tageblatt picked up the story. When Abraham went to New York he opened a candy store and sold newspapers. His wife read the article and when she confronted him he admitted everything. That finally broke up their marriage. The name Avrohom Shlomo Bodenstein did not appear in the articles.*

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 Losie 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 anti-Semitism. On Christmas night all the Jewish children from 8 to 12 years would go outside the Christian homes 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 Eliezer Rieger in the year 1912. He told my mother that he would like to take me along with him.

In the year 1944, when we lived at 3722 Wilson Ave. on a Saturday afternoon, two couples in their 70's came to see my mother. One couple came to the US in 1936 and settled outside of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, where they became dairy farmers. The other couple arrived from Poland in the previous month. There appeared an article in the Sheboygan News that Charna Rieger was honored on her 75th birthday as the organizer and founder of the first Jewish day and night nursery in Chicago and it showed a picture of the building and my mother. The new arrivals remembered and recognized my mother although they hadn't seen her in 32 years and without calling they came to Chicago. (Maria's new husband's children were in Chicago in the iron business and when they called Chicago, the children told them that they did a big job on that building and Charna Rieger was a millionaire. They came to share the wealth. When Mother was in Benton Harbor this was the outfit that obtained the judgment on the nursery, when they put the screening on the rear porches the new nursery building, because a child fell thru the vertical bars of the railing and died. The cost was \$8000.)

When they rang the front doorbell I saw a woman handling a gold cross about 6" long with the crucifixion of Christ superimposed; my first impulse was to close the door because I thought they were missionaries. The other woman talked up and asked if Charna Rieger was home. As soon as my mother came to the door and saw the cross, she gave a loud shout, Maria! and they hugged and kissed for a 5 minute period. My mother gave that cross to Maria, because she was a favorite of the miller's wife, who left instructions with my mother to give the cross to Maria upon her demise. The other sister's name was Olga. They knew my mother since they were youngsters and went to

school together. Their father, Ignatz, worked for the miller and later worked for my father. The girls worked for us on the farm during the spring and summer seasons until the crops were all gathered. Olga spoke only Polish and was surprised how well my mother remembered the language. I understood most of what she said and answered in English, which Maria translated.

They told us that the mill and most of the village was decimated during World War 1. Poland was completely wiped off the map. Galicia became Czechoslovakia. When the Russian revolution started in 1917 the remains of the Polish army attacked Germany at Danzig and associated themselves with the Allies. After the war Poland became a country again and Losie was now in Poland. There were just eight Jewish families left and she named them. My mother began to cry; and when she told of the young men who were slaughtered by the Russians and by the Nazi Poles, we all began to cry. The two women were talking for three hours continually; the men didn't say a word.

In 1918, Maria's four sons were officers in the Polish army. Olga's first husband, her two sons and four daughters died in the flu epidemic that was ravaging Europe. The priest said that was God's anger for the people's transgressions. He died two days later. Kaiser Franz Joseph died that year and chaos and looting took place; the Jews being fair game. Many of the Jews who had relatives in America, wrote letters begging for a few hundred American dollars. With \$100 you could buy a two flat brick building in Germany; thus many Jews who lived near the German borders in Galicia, Poland and Russia flocked into Germany and became property owners. (My sister Rivka had a grocery store on Fowler Street. She went to the Morris Plan Bank and borrowed \$1000. They gave her \$900 and she had to pay \$100 a month for 12 months. She sent the money to her sister-in-law in 1918, to buy buildings. My sister paid off the debt and in 1919 she repeated the loan and sent it to Europe to buy more buildings in Germany.)

The German People were suffering terribly, the American dollar brought 2000 German marks. Kaiser Wilhelm and the Hapsburgs escaped to Holland, where they blamed the loss of the war on the Jews;

that the Jews stabbed them in the back so that chaos would be created in Germany and they could buy all the German properties at bargain prices with the American dollars which they controlled. A few of the English soldiers returned after the war and bought vast Austrian-Galician estates for a few thousand English pounds and became gentlemen farmer-land owners. They oppressed the Polish people.

In the 1930's there was continuous broadcasting out of Germany that the Jews were all of Germany's troubles. Poland and Russia jumped on the anti-Jewish propaganda broadcasts; they found a real scapegoat in the Jews. The Poles accused the Jews of poisoning the water wells and using Christian children's blood in the making of matzos. A Christian Catholic Pole saw the Jews using red wine in making *Shmura* matzos (a minimum of water is allowable for the ultra-orthodox) and since wine represents the blood of Christ, he reported to his priest that he saw the Jews use Christian children's blood. That gave the Poles and Russian Catholics an excuse to make pogroms upon the Jews and steal, kill, plunder and murder thousands of Jews (with the blessings of the governments).

This same Pole saw a Jew breaking a round *Shmura* matzo in half for the *Afikomen*; he reported to the priest that the Jews were destroying the host. The priest told his parishioners that he had incontestable proof that the Jews in their Passover Seder not only used Christian blood, but destroyed the body of Christ. (The round wafer that the priests place upon the tongue of their parishioners represents the body of Christ.) Maria told that in 1936, when their new priest, during the Easter mass repeated all these false accusations of the Jews, they confronted the priest after the congregation left and told him to pray for forgiveness for all the lies he spewed about the Jews. (Maria didn't tell mother that she left for the US to a pre-arranged wedding match with a dairy farmer in Wisconsin that her older brother arranged. It was her third marriage.)

She said that she remembered the snow blizzard that covered the entire Losie in 1908, a Jew by the name of Lozer Rieger fed the entire community for two months from his storehouse of potatoes, cabbage,

onions and depleted his livestock; equally with or without money. He supplied equal amounts for each person, Jew or Christian and was unbribable. The priest answered angrily that by accusing him of lying, they flaunted the church and the entire Catholic religion and he would excommunicate them after the holiday, so that they could never enter a church for communion or any church blessings. The only reason Lozer Rieger fed the community in 1908 was because he was a descendant of the disciple Lazarus; because of his name. Maria said that she never entered a church since that incident. She was offered a huge amount of money for the cross from the Polish museum in Chicago but she would never part with it because of nostalgia of her past and friendship with the Rieger family.

Olga started to speak in Polish and said that she and her family moved into our third home the same day we left for America. Maria got all red in the face and said Olga, you must be making a mistake, that it was a year later because their father took over the mill in 1912, when my father, Harold and Frieda left for America. My mother saw that Maria was uneasy so she said we left for America in the month of March, 1913. Olga said she lived there until the fall of 1918 when her husband and family died in the 1918 flu epidemic. She went to Warsaw to work as a maid for a man and his bed-ridden wife; they had no children. This man's wife died in 1919 and she married the husband in 1920. Warsaw then was known as the Jew city. The news was coming out of Russia that the communists were going to kill all the Bolshevik Trotsky Jews.

In the late 20's and 30's when radio broadcasting was taking place, after Stalin succeeded Lenin, the Stalinists were continuously broadcasting the Protocols of the Elders of Zion propaganda against the Jews and from Germany it was continuous propaganda that the Jews were communists, capitalists that controlled all the money in the world, the pariahs and blood-suckers, parasites who demanded their pound of flesh. Poland also was broadcasting a bunch of lies that the Jews were running away from the Polish Army and buying buildings in Germany and Russia, thereby impoverishing Poland. This went on day and night during 1938 and 1939 when Russia and Germany agreed to split

Poland in half and wipe Poland off the map. Maria's four sons were in the Polish army (their father was a captain in the Polish army and instead of going into the Austrian army they enlisted with the Poles in order to fight the Russians. They all received commissions and became career soldiers. They all married German women, had children and abandoned them when they came to the US.) and when the Germans came in 1939 they captured an entire Polish Brigade without firing a single shot. They offered the soldiers complete amnesty if they would join the German army and fight their Russian enemies. The Polish soldiers were given Nazi uniforms and a month furlough with a Polish-German book that contained all the military commands that they had to learn. The four soldiers returned to Losie to their mother's house, which was still operated by their grandmother. Their grandfather was killed in 1914 by the Russians.

Olga and her husband had a two story, 2 flat building; six rooms on each floor which they sold in 1938 to Jews escaping from Germany. Twelve Jewish families bought this building in Warsaw and paid from 6,000 to 10,000 marks per room; she and her husband returned to Losie to Maria's building. When Maria's sons came home they had a grand reunion. Before the month was up the four sons obtained the priests car and with the special license and window emblems, they drove to Switzerland without being stopped. They obtained false passports and discarded their Nazi uniforms and came to Sheboygan where their mother Maria lived with her new husband. The other husband had abandoned her many years previously. Olga started to mention Auschwitz and Treblinka. Maria got red in the face and told her to shut up. My mother was sure that it was Maria's four Nazi uniformed sons who killed the Jews and it was Olga who turned the Jews in, because she remembered their names and received their homes as a reward. She probably ransacked their h and sold anything of value and that was how the four soldiers got the money for all the bribery and plane tickets to the US.

Mom went to the kitchen when Olga started to speak in Polish. She made a real spread on the dining room table. Ruthe, Arvin and their baby sitter returned from the Admiral Theater, where they saw a

double feature Disney film. When we went into the dining room my mother showed them her bedroom off the kitchen and said to Maria, if her young days were the golden years, then these are her diamond years, living here with her son, daughter-in-law and grandchildren. All of us sat down to the table and had a fine dinner. Afterwards Mom packed a large box of cookies for their trip back home. They seemed quite anxious to leave to get back before it was dark.

When they left, my mother said that she never wanted to see or speak to them again as long as she lived and that if they ever came again or phoned, we should not admit them or speak to them. About 12 a.m. Sunday morning, I heard someone sobbing. I got off the bed and looked in on Arvin and Ruthe; they were both sound asleep, so I went into the kitchen and I thought my mother was crying in her sleep. I whispered and she answered me, to come in, close the kitchen door, put on the light so that she could tell me something; because she was wide awake and was afraid to go back to sleep because her hallucination would continue. She spoke in Yiddish continuously for a two-hour period, about her past life and what brought on the hallucination. In her hallucination she saw Maria's younger son chasing Harold thru the fields with a board in his hand and my brother yelling continually, help me, Mother; and she recalled that Maria's father, Ignatz, probably untied the rope that the miller tied to the tree before he went to the river side of the *Youasce*; so that if he slipped, he could pull himself up or the other person could help him; because in March the river was deep and the current swift. There had to be two men on that job, because each would carry two 4"x10"x12' planks about 4 blocks and each board weighed 50 kilos. One person would slide the boards over to the other person and the other person would fasten the riverside end to an upright. The miller tied his end of the rope around his waist and the other end to the tree, because he didn't trust Ignatz who was always semi-drunk. The miller must have slipped and Ignatz must have seen a chance to become the new owner of the mill, untied the rope and the miller was swept down stream with the current. Ignatz was sure that he would never see the miller again, so he ran home and drunk himself into a stupor.

When the miller didn't come home in the evening, his wife ran over to my mother's house to see if he was there. The two of them wanted to go to Ignatz's house; the bridge was completely under water so they figured that he was sleeping at Ignatz's house. My mother slept at the miller's house after she told her mother what happened. My father was in America at that time. When they were alone in that big house, the miller's wife told my mother the history of the creation of Losie, the mill and most all of the buildings in the village. After Bismark's victory, the Prussians began to redistribute and remake the map of Europe. Serbia was erased, Galicia became the northern part of Austria and the Hapsburgs became the rulers. Poland became like city-states and each municipality had its own army and the peasantry was uneducated serfs who could neither read nor write but had to work hard to eke out a meager living. The Jews had to dress like their princely masters and be the collectors for their rulers (the Chasidim continue to wear the same type of garb today), because the Catholic church forbade any Catholic to oppress or charge interest or usury to any other Catholic. That was the start of the peasants' hatred for the Jews. Kaiser Franz Joseph I spread word throughout Poland that any one could come into Galicia and receive a tract of land that he could transverse in a single day, free.

The miller's parents and grandparents and all their relations settled in a village nearby; just outside of Poland because of the river for fishing, the mountains for hunting, the fertile ground for farming and its picturesqueness. They named the village Losie after the man who induced them to leave Poland. His name was Losechwik. The miller's grandfather started to build the mill, because he worked in one similar to this one near Krakow. Since the whole village was interrelated, the men worked on the mill so that they could start building homes and the women plowed and seeded the ground in order to get a crop in for the winter. It was a real communal effort and the winter was a short, mild one; they were all very sure that God guided their destiny and they became very religious.

I asked Mother how come Harold got into the picture. She said that is how the dream started. In 1910, we already began to make plans to leave to America. Harold was working on the debarking set of saws

when he noticed that a large snake was caught in the stream and his body became entangled in the rope that was attached to the lift gate that could be lifted in order to stop the waterwheel, because the water would drop behind the wheel. He called to Maria's youngest son to come over that there was a snake in the water. The boy picked up one of the 1"x12"x10' boards and hit my brother on the back and my brother fell off the mill floor; his body hit the wheel axle housing and my brother was safe in the basement machinery room. He was sure that the Pole wanted to do him in. The Pole ran over and stopped the machines and started to look for my brother. He was quite sure that the waterwheel crushed my brother and he was looking in the water for my brother. My brother came up the front ladder and grabbed the Pole by the shirt, ran him to the front of the mill and threw him off, about a ten-foot drop. He ran home crying to Maria that Chiel tried to kill him. Maria and the Pole came running back to the flourmill and told Ignatz and my father that Chiel tried to kill him. They shut off the mill and came to the lumber side; my father was very angry and asked in Yiddish, What happened? My brother answered in Yiddish and told about the snake and how the Pole struck him with the board wanting to kill him and showed them the cracked board.

Ignatz looked at his grandson who was a year older than my brother, a head taller and about 50 pounds heavier, and started to laugh and said to him, You dumb Polak. (When my mother heard that expression she was sure that Ignatz loosened the rope.) The grandson insisted that he picked up the board to help my brother with the snake and he tripped on the pile of boards, accidentally hitting my brother. He ran over and stopped the water wheel and he could see my brother nowhere; until my brother grabbed him, and they all walked over where my brother threw him off the mill floor, and he never saw the snake. All of a sudden Ignatz jumped off the mill floor, he saw the snake wiggling towards the horse and the horse was kicking the rear of the stall. He must have landed on the head, because he grabbed the tail and flung it into the river. Ignatz was 77 years old at that time. He was a giant kindhearted man.

My father said we were friends before, let us be friends again. My



father and Ignatz started to build an enclosure door to the stall where the animals were. My brother told my mother that he heard the Pole tell Maria that he will never work for that Yid again. The following week the Pole joined the Polish Army. My mother continued; the miller's six and his wife's grandparents were all wiped out in the black plague of 1866. They were all living in house number two; they blamed the house and went to live in house number three with her parents. When my father started to drive the horse and wagon at the age of twelve and he came to the miller's to pick up the flour, the miller took a great liking to him, because of his blondish curly hair and his bluish green eyes, reminded them of the picture they had in their chapel on the hilltop near house number two of their lord, Jesus Christ; thus the love for my father.

I asked my mother how they came to own the mill. My mother told me that the following day when they went to see if they could cross the bridge, the water had already receded and the miller's body was laying on the bridge with the rope wedged between the uprights and tied to his waist. The miller's wife became hysterical and she ran over to Ignatz's house, she was ready to kill him. She accused him of foul play, that he untied the rope. Ignatz was laying on the floor, drunk in a state of stupor with the excrement in his pants and urine all over the floor. Ignatz's wife swore on the life of her children and herself that when she arose the previous morning he was home drinking continually. She could have been telling the truth, because the expedient time for repairing the *youasce* was before sunrise; that would melt the ice and the water would start cascading downhill.

The miller's wife told my mother, who went to live with her in house number two that because of her kindness, consideration and trustworthiness, she maintained her sanity. After the funeral for the miller, none of Ignatz's family attended, she told my mother that she would give my father the mill, that my father and mother were loved by her as she loved her own children. My mother wrote to my father. Within six weeks my father and grandfather returned home.

I was ready to go back to sleep, but my mother was reliving her past

and it was very interesting. My mother continued with the story when she first went to stay with the miller's wife and she was telling her how they planned to give the mill and all their belongings to Maria and Olga. When Maria married her Lieutenant husband in 1883, she was 15 and six months pregnant. As a wedding present, the millers gave them about 30 acres of land adjoining their farmland where they raised the early crops of radishes, onions, lettuce, wheat, barley and tomatoes that they fed to the pigs, hay and oats for the livestock. Ignatz and the miller built a log house for them.

Ignatz had seven sons before they had Maria and Olga. When the sons reached their 18th birthdays, they left for the USA and went to Minnesota and North Dakota where they tract out large fields of farmland for free. When the sons were asked why they weren't patriotic and joined the Polish army, they used to say that a Russian soldier sneezes, a Polish soldier catches pneumonia. My mother started to speak about herself and I became wide awake. When in 1888 her third child was stillborn, the miller's wife gave my father money and material to modernize house number two. My father knew about indoor plumbing from the USA. He constructed a shallow trough from maple, under the floor leading to the outhouses and the run-off water from the pump cleared the foul odor, so that it was almost like indoor plumbing. We had the pump from the well water near the stove in the kitchen and the three outhouses were connected by a corridor from the house so that we didn't have to go on the outside. The walls were either painted or papered. It became one of the nicest homes in the village. Helen was born in 1891 and the miller's wife just loved to fondle her and called her sweet little Chayala. Harold was born in 1894 and this was the first circumcision the miller's wife ever witnessed. She told my mother that these years with my parents were among the happiest years of her lifetime. In 1896 when Frieda was born, she told my mother that she felt that her end was approaching and left instructions with my mother about her funeral and to give Maria the gold cross and she showed my father the place in the mill where they kept their money hidden. My father was surprised because he thought he knew every nook and cranny in the mill. She died in 1897 and my mother grieved

for her. She was truly a righteous gentile.

The miller's wife did not speak to Ignatz and his whole family for 12 years. All of Ignatz's family came to the funeral, cried a river and begged for forgiveness. That is when my mother handed over the gold cross to Maria, in front of the bier; she did not even thank my mother. Belle was born in 1899 and Florence in 1901. I was born in 1904 and was the first in the family to receive a birth certificate from the state. My brother Shevach was born in 1906 and died in 1910 from diphtheria.

I asked my mother, since they came into money, a mill and three homes and a large farm, how come they came to America. She told me it was a long sad story of her own doing. After the blizzard of 1908, when they fed the entire village. Jew and Christian alike, because hunger knows no religion, even the seed for the new crops and all the livestock, except one horse, was gone and it had to be replenished; it took all of the miller's cache. Whenever the men came to pick up their potatoes, cabbage and onions, they always had their guns with them for they were all hunters; if a pigeon or a rabbit came out of its hiding seeking food, they became food. The men always asked how much and paid. We never raised the prices and my mother told each one, that their credit was good and they would get the same allotment without money. They should never be too proud and go hungry. My father did the same in the mill when he distributed the flour. The people always thanked and blessed my parents. However, the guns were somewhat intimidating.

My grandparents suffered for a few weeks until Ignatz was able to get thru with 10 bags of flour on a sled. Two ultra religious Jews from Gorlice came to Losie, 1909, because the news spread of my father's generosity, and told my parents that they had a machine (a *britchkele*) that would make them all rich. Mother said our troubles started in 1904 when Czar Nicholas II became the ruler of Russia. He was very ambitious and wanted to conquer the whole world. He thought the whole world would be a pushover like Poland. He conquered two Polish brigades without firing a single shot and he extended the

Russian border to Galicia-Austria. He shipped these soldiers into Siberia, where they were building a railroad up to the Pacific Ocean. Maria's husband was already a captain and he was among the captured army. She never heard from him again. The Russians were taking all the hard timber and making ties for the railroad tracks. The only way we could get any of the hard logs was to pay 3 *gulden* to the Russians who stole them and smuggled them into Losie; to the Poles we used to pay one *gulden* per log. It became almost as cheap to build with bricks, thus our business was slumping.

My father started buying soft pine logs and after the builders used them once, and their floors, ceilings and roofs would buckle, they refused to reorder. In order to have any business, we had to buy from the smugglers and they raised their price to 5 *gulden* a log. By 1905, we found out why the Russians were building the railroad. The Czar figured he could do to the Japanese what he did to the Poles. He sent many boatloads of Russian soldiers fully equipped with military gear and trainloads of soldiers and equipment. The Japanese became aware of the czars scheme and sent a fair sized army through the northern part of Siberia where the roads were practically impassable to cut the rails when the Russians attacked. They also mined the harbors where large boats could enter and as decoys they tied up some old large fishing boats in order to fool the Russians. When the order to attack came the Japanese were ready for them and the Russians found their graveyard on land and sea. A number of Polish stragglers came back to Gorlice and told what happened. It was a real slaughter.

When the next time the two Jews came, they brought with them six shingles, 3 red ones and 3 gray ones. They all were 30"x6"x3/4" with the ends painted black. They told my father to drive a nail thru them, which he did easily. Then they asked him if he had a piece of hard oak the same size, so he made one. Then they took a short timber, 4"x4", and put one end of the oak sample on the 4"x4" and the other end on the mill floor and the six shingles alongside of the oak board. Then Ignatz got a 5-pound hammer and struck each one an equal, hard blow. The oak piece shattered and the six shingles just bounced. My father, mother and Ignatz were amazed. The Jews told my parents to soak

them in water and they will find them waterproof. They told my father to make 36 shingles 30"x6"x1/4" and they would pick them up when they returned from the Sandzer rabbi, who lived 30 kilometers away, and they would make 12 shingles out of his pinewood the same as the sample that they left with him.

They told my father to write in ink on one side of each shingle so that they were sure of getting the same ones back. My father wrote in Hebrew, my mother wrote in Yiddish and Ignatz wrote in Polish. They all signed their names on them. They had to put them thru their *britchkele* and it would take three weeks. They showed my father and mother 50 *gulden* for the rabbi to sign 50 *kvitlach* (indulgences) with his blessings on them. They wanted to know if my father knew of a good Jewish *kraitchma* (inn) along the way because they didn't want to drive at night. My father told them that his father had a bakery 10 or 12 kilometers away in Klinkivka and had plenty of room to stay overnight; and if they would take 10 bags of flour they would save my father's stepbrother Wolf (Marvin Rieger's father), a trip. They were happy to accommodate, and Ignatz loaded their carriage.

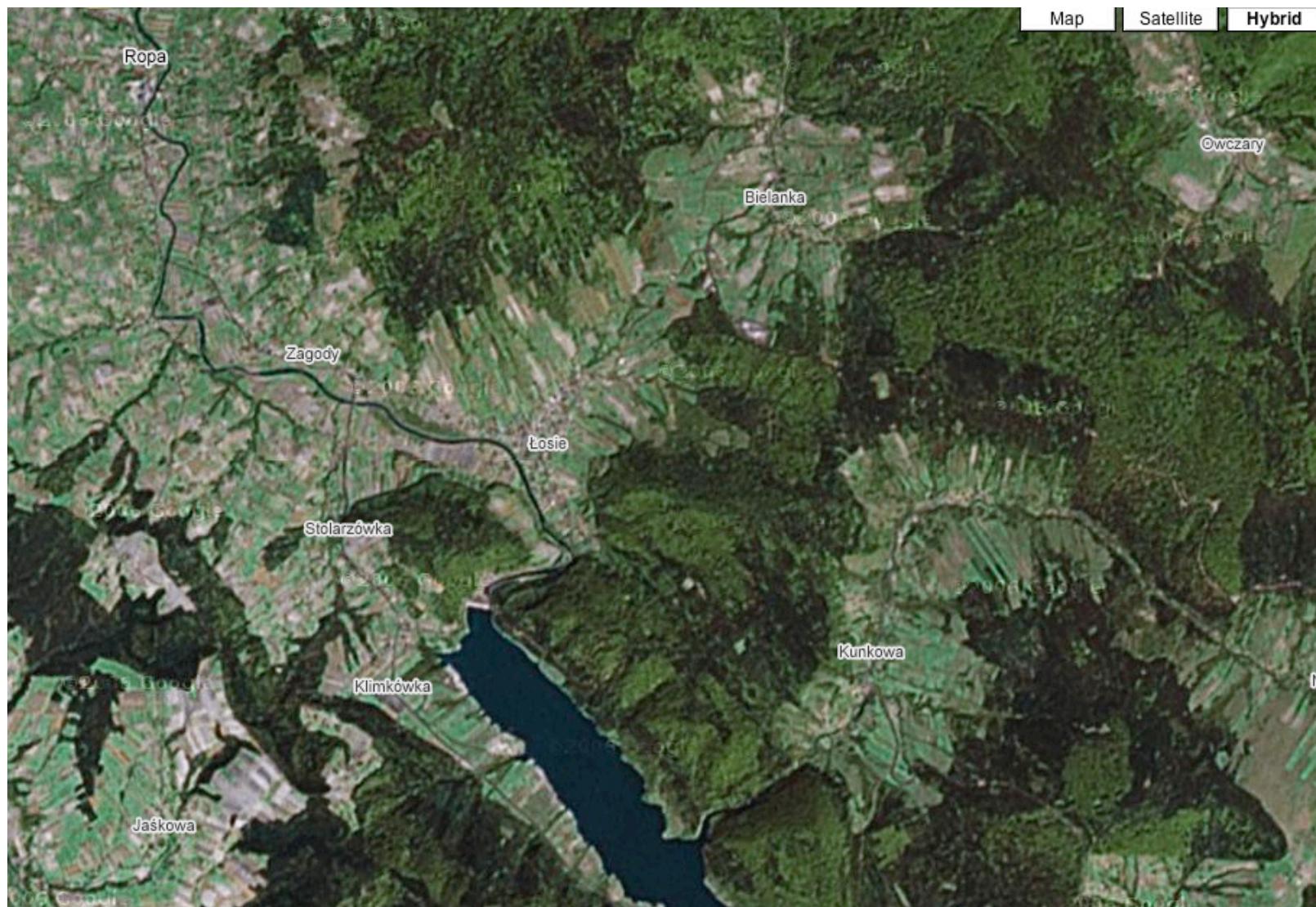
They returned in one month with 12 shingles; 6 red ones and 6 gray ones. Ignatz was positive that there was a steel plate in the center of each sample shingle, so he cut a red and grey one in quarters by hand saw. They found the outside pieces were 1/4" thick soft pine and the center, 1/4" hard maple with its grain in the opposite direction and they were fused together. He took a 10 pound sledge hammer on one of the shingles and it made a break like a bullet mark. Ignatz told my father to be sure to buy the *britchkele*. My mother was all enthused and said God sent them two angels to solve their problems.

When my grandfather came three days later for flour, he said those two men were angels. They stopped for the night after they returned from the Sandzer Rabbi and they showed him the blessings the Sandzer Rabbi wrote on the *Kvitlach*. When they left at daybreak the following day, they left 10 *gulden* on the table. (I rode back with my grandfather for the first time to Klinkivka. He stood behind the front seat all the way; he was about 85 to 95 years old, no glasses and had all his own

teeth. He looked just like Julius Rieger, a grandchild and first cousin of mine.) When they returned with the 12 shingles, my father, mother and Ignatz recognized their writings and marks on both sides of the shingles and he asked how much would the *britchkele* cost and what they expected. They told my folks to come with them to Gorlice and they would show them the whole works. My mother was impressed with the fine horse and carriage. On the way to Gorlice they told my father they expected to become partners in the business; that they could sell 1000 shingles daily and since my father had the mill and the sawdust to heat the kiln, the cost of each shingle would be exactly half of what it cost them. They said with their *britchkele* they produced only 100 shingles a day and sold them daily. Their income was 30 *gulden* daily; the cost to produce the shingles was 10 *gulden* daily and each one had a 10 *gulden* daily income. My folks were highly impressed.

In order to make a thousand shingles daily, they would have to have a *britchkele* ten times the size of theirs. They would get the cost and installation of that size *britchkele*. On the way they pointed out red and gray roofed shingles and said that they made those shingles. They stopped the horse and buggy at a large factory building; gave the horse a feedbag and entered the building. There was a machine room on the 1st floor and a large boiler that was running a big machine by steam. There were saws for debarking, lathes cutting all kinds of boards from all types of hardwoods and softwoods. It was the first time that my father saw birch and mahogany woods. They saw a large number of woods being soaked in a large tank. The Jews said they contained *krochman* (creosote). Then they came to a tremendous boiler and they said that is where they dried the woods in the *britchka* (kiln). They went upstairs where they saw *stolarsh* (cabinetmakers) making all kinds of furniture. They drove my folks home and spent the night at the house, where they made all kinds of plans to make a *britchka* about 1/3 the size of the factory's; because they had over 100 men working there. They measured out the space where the livestock was in the mill the following day and said they would return in about a month with all the plans and cost figures.

Six weeks later they returned with two impressive drawings and a sheet



Satellite view of Losie and Klinkivka (Klimkowka) from Google Maps.

of figures for the new *britchka*, Lozer Rieger, owner; work to start in three weeks after signing of contract with a down payment of 4000 *gulden* and 4000 *gulden* upon completion and good working of the *britchka*. My father told them he had only 1000 *gulden*. They said they had 1000 *gulden* but they were sure the bank in Gorlice would make them a 5000 *gulden loan* and they also would get a 5000 *gulden loan*. My father hesitated but my mother insisted and reminded my father of the two angels that came to Abraham and Sarah; to Chana who produced the prophet Samuel, to Samson's mother and to my father's father who called them angels and to the Sandzer Rabbi who blessed them. (After this experience it was the last time my mother believed in two legged angels.)

The four of them drove to Gorlice. My folks entered the bank with the drawings and contract. The two Jews said they would return in about two hours after they finished their business. The officer in the bank asked if they had collateral and a deed to the property and who their *advocat* (lawyer) was. My folks never heard those terms previously, and when they told him they had some papers in the house and he explained the meaning of collateral, deed and the necessity for an *advocat*, he decided to come out for himself and see the property. When the two Jews returned to take them home, they told my parents to be sure not to tell him, the banker, that they were going to take in a partner. Most of all not to show him the shingles because they had a new secret process. They told my parents that they had a lot of orders at home that had to be taken care of and they would be back in a month.

The following day the banker came to the mill. He was shown where the new *britchka* would be installed; he suggested to them that it would be better to build it adjacent to the mill because it had to have a concrete foundation and floor and a complete brick enclosure that would cost at least \$10,000 *gulden*, and since the mill was at least 75 years old and could be operated only nine months of the year, it would not warrant that kind of investment. He told them to go to Gorlice to the furniture factory and they would see how a furniture factory operated. They told the banker that they already were there. They

showed him the farm and house number two. When they showed him the miller's wife's paper giving my father and mother the mill, farm and house number two, the banker realized that both Poland and Austria had jurisdiction over that village. He told them that the most he could allow on all the holdings including the chapel, which he admired, was \$2000 *gulden*; providing his *advocat* would OK the transaction which would take about a month.

After about 6 weeks we received a letter from the bank stating that their *advocat* OK'd a 2000 *gulden*, two year loan at 4% interest payable in advance and that there were a lot of papers to sign because the deed would have to be registered both with the Polish and Austrian governments and to be sure to bring their *advocat* along. My father said let us forget the whole thing and my mother said no, that it was a chance of a lifetime and with the money the two angels had, they could possibly start building the *britchka*. When the two Jews came they told them that the bank would allow them only 2000 *gulden* on all their belongings and would have to pay 4% interest yearly in advance and to be sure to get an *advocat*. They showed the letter to the Jews. The Jews answered that was OK. They would supply their own 1100 *gulden* that would make 4000 *gulden* as collateral to the bank and the bank would make them a 4000 *gulden loan*, which they would leave at the bank. The Jews laughed at the letter and said that the banker probably had a nephew, an *advocat*, who would take three to four months to study the papers and then would charge 300 to 400 *gulden* for his services. They told my mother that she could read Polish and German and if she did not understand a thing, the banker, who does millions of *gulden* yearly business would not cheat my parents for a measly 2000 *gulden*; it was safe to sign anything they asked her to sign.

The Jews dropped my parents at the bank and told them they would be back in 2 to 3 hours after they completed their sales. They returned in 2 1/2 hours to pick my parents up. My parents told them that the banker was angry at them for not bringing an *advocat*. My parents told the banker that they trusted him fully; that they are sure he would not cheat them. My mother and father read the papers and told each other, in Yiddish, that there were a lot of words that they did not understand

but they did not want to show their ignorance, so they signed. The banker asked them if they wanted a check or cash, because that was a lot of money to carry around. My mother told him that there were two men coming for them and they felt safe; so they received 1920 *gulden* in cash.

When the men arrived, they asked my parents in Hebrew if they were *mazliach* (successful)? My mother answered, yes. All the way home they were figuring how much money they would earn that year and told my father to cut at least 5000 shingles until the *britchka* arrived. They slept at our house that night. When they came near the house, they asked my mother if that was a church. My mother told them that it was a chapel that the Poles stopped to pray; she took them into the chapel. They asked my mother if all that jewelry on the Madonna was real. My mother told them that the small pearl necklace and the two gold rings were real. All the rest was a cheap imitation.

The Jews told my father that they would leave before sunrise and when the sun would come up they would daven on the way, because they wanted to get to the bank just as it would open so that they could deposit the 4000 *gulden* and obtain a 4000 *gulden* loan which they could get and be responsible for, because they could use the 4000 *gulden* as collateral, and leave it at the bank and the bank would pay the manufacturer and installer of the *britchka*. My father rose early that morning, and made breakfast for these two Jews and bid them good luck; handed them 2900 *gulden* and they left.

My father *davened*, had breakfast and went out to milk the cow. He noticed the chapel door open and went to close the door so that no small animal could enter and hide. As he looked around on the Madonna, he noticed that the genuine pearl necklace and the two 14K.

gold rings that the miller's wife put on the Madonna, with my mother's help, were missing. My father woke my mother and told her what happened. My mother went with my father to see what happened. She took the long necklace and wound it twice around the neck and took two small rings, one from each little finger and tied them with a white thread to the small strand of pearls. My parents decided that it must have been some drunken Pole who would do a thing like that. While

my mother was having breakfast, they cooked up a story to go to the priest and tell him that the miller's wife left instructions with my mother that 12 years after her death, all the chapel's belongings, including the stained glass windows, should be installed in the church because there were 12 tombstones on the level part of the hill behind the chapel. The miller's wife instructed my mother to have two words besides her name, together forever, engraved upon her stone.

The priest was delighted, and Ignatz removed the stained glass windows and installed them in the church, while the priest and four of his congregants moved all of the icons and pictures to the church, and the cross above the door. When the chapel was empty, with the windows and door removed, my father said it looked like a beautiful outhouse. Two months had passed and there was no sign of the Jews, it was 1910. The 1908 blizzard dumped so much snow on the ground, that the ground was too wet and it delayed the 1909 plowing

and seeding for over a month and that made the harvest only 70% of previous years. The money for buying food from other places was gone and the future seemed very dismal.

My folks packed the 18 shingles and drove to Gorlice to see the banker. He did not know anything about the two Jews or their loan or the *britchka*. They called him out to the wagon, showed him the shingles and told him the whole story. The banker thought that he



Lozer Rieger

might be able to catch those crooks. My mother burst out into tears. The banker said, don't cry my little *advocat*, I may be able to get your money back. They rode in the banker's carriage about an hour and on the way, my mother pointed out some roofs with the same type of shingles. They stopped at a large factory on the outskirts of the city and my father carried the bundle of shingles. The banker and the boss knew each other well; by the warm greetings and handshakes. He introduced my parents and told the boss how my parents were taken in by two Jewish swindlers and showed them the shingles. The boss said that his factory made those shingles and he recognized them by the writing. He said they were not Jews, they were Germans; because he remembered them quite well and he described them. My parents agreed on this description of the men who spoke Yiddish so well and they were positive that they were Jews. The boss told the three of them that these two Jews came and asked for six shingles, three red and three gray. They could not speak Polish, only German and Yiddish. He called one of his Polish-German apprentices to translate for him and find out why they wanted those shingles; because the factory ceased to manufacture them four years previously and had a small reserve in the stock room. The shingles would come apart when they were exposed to the intensive heat of the sun or the zero cold of the winter.

The Jews told them that they could sell them to the Jews who lived in the shtetlach (small towns) of Russia. They would use them as parquet floors. The boss thought that he might find a new use for his shingles; he made them a present of 6 shingles and wished them success. There was just one thing that bothered him about the two Jews; they could not speak Polish and all Jews were very fluent in the Polish language. The young lad told him how he could tell if they were Jews. He laughed so hard at the young lad's suggestion that he gave him a three *gulden* raise. When the two Jews returned with the 36 shingles with the writing and the strange request that the writing should show on both sides of the shingle, the boss told them that he could make only about 12 at the most and he would have to charge them four *gulden* for each on account of the special handling, and he would have to supply the oak centers; the regular shingles were 25 *greitzars* (cents) each. He told

them they would be ready in two weeks and he invited them to have lunch with him. He said he always takes a dip before lunch in the river alongside the factory and since it was so hot and they looked all sweated up from the ride, perhaps they would like to join him, since there were separate cabanas alongside the river, they could undress privately. He handed them towels and they went to the river. They emerged from the cabanas, two bald, skinny guys, one with a red beard and the other with a black beard with uncut *putzkus* (sex organs) and they had a good dip. (the boss suspected they had wigs on.)

When they had lunch they ate the ham hocks that the factory served that day and they seemed to relish the food. (The boss knew that Jews don't eat pork.) After they left, the boss called the apprentice in and told him that he was right and that they were up to no good. The lad answered that he would find out soon enough. The banker asked the boss if he had their name and address and the boss told them that the lad told him to get their name and address and in all the excitement of his discovery, he forgot to ask. He said they will probably be back with another victim. He would have them arrested and get in touch with the banker. The banker told the boss that he could buy another mill, 80 acre farm, a beautiful four room summer home with a concrete, 20'x100' water proof cellar and most of all, his own chapel, all for 3000 *gulden*; the actual value 20,000 *gulden*. (The log house was struck by lightening and burned to the ground.)

The boss took them thru the factory and showed them a carload of logs on a truck waiting to be processed and when they went into the lathe room, the boss addressed one of the workers, Yakov, here are a couple of your landsleit. When they returned to the office, the boss asked the banker if he ever rode in a horseless carriage. The four of them drove about four miles into the country and the boss showed them a new plant being built for making petrol, kerosene and oil. He said the Rockefellers are drilling some new oil wells and are promising to install pipe lines in all of Gorlice so that every house will have gas for light, cooking and heating. Also, street lights on the main highway. They drove a little further and they came to a large sign, Amerikanski town. There were rows of two flat brick buildings. The boss said he

supplied all the lumber and the three-ply wood for the floors, walls and ceilings and stairways. He said he would work the factory three shifts as soon as the gaslights were installed. He said the German government is buying a lot of this three-ply wood in various sizes and shipping it to the boat yards at Danzig. He told the banker to buy the Rieger's property and give them a \$500 *gulden* advance and he and the banker would come out in December and close the deal and they could see the chapel and hunt.

He asked my mother how many children she had and what are their ages. My mother told him she had ten children; eight are alive, she named each of us and gave our ages. He asked my mother if she would allow Fradel and Chiel to come to Gorlice and live in Yakov's, the rabbi's house and help with the housework because his wife was a new mother, and Chiel would work as a lathe operator in his factory and he would pay him 15 *gulden* a week to start. My parents agreed. When they returned to the factory, he called Yakov in and told him that all his troubles are solved; that Fradel and Chiel would stay and help out at his house. Yakov thanked my parents and told them that he would give Fradel eight *gulden* a week and she would have her own room and he would treat them like his own children. He would teach Chiel to become a master lathe operator in one year's time and he would earn 45 *gulden* a week and will never have to work on Saturday and holidays. They will study *Gemora* every night for three hours until he gets his *smicha* (rabbinical license), then he won't have to go into the army.

When my parents returned with the banker he gave them 200 *gulden*. He told my mother, now, *advocat*, you can sign this receipt for 200 *gulden* as a deposit on your house, mill and farm and with either party having the right to back out of the deal and the money to be returned. Both of my parents signed. He said, if you run short of money, when you come to visit Fradel and Chiel, come to the bank and I will give you 300 *gulden*. When mother and dad returned home, she said she was sure the horse was flying, and when they told of all that transpired and the arrangement for Fradel and Chiel to live in the big city, they were thrilled and happiness returned to the house. My brother was happy to leave on account of the snake incident the previous month.

Chiel was almost 17 and Fradel was 14.

The next day when Grandfather returned for his ten bags of flour, my father told him the whole story. He insisted that everybody was wrong, because he read the *kvitlach* from the Sandzer Rabbi even though he was close to 100 years old and wore no glasses. He said that he would go to the Sandzer Rabbi the next day and check it out. The following day, he went to Sandz and asked the Rabbi if he wrote 50 *kvitlach* for two Jews within the previous three months.

The Sandzer Rabbi informed my grandfather that neither he nor his father ever wrote a *kvitel*, because his grandfather, who was a *Chasid*, who lived in Vilna, became a *mithnagid* after the black plague when most of the Jews in Vilna came to him to intervene with God, by writing *kvitlach*. The Poles started to accuse the Jews of poisoning the water wells and started to make pogroms. There were two ways only for the Jews to escape death, either to escape or go into the Catholic Church to convert. Thousands of Jews, with the *kvitlach* in their hands flocked into the church and became Catholics and paid a yearly tithe of their earnings to the church. The grandfather, of blessed memory, disassociated himself from the *Chasidim*, he called them crazies, became a *Mithnagid* and made a vow that neither he nor his descendants would ever write a *kvital*. He was killed by the Poles and the son and grandson escaped to Sandz where they became rabbis.

They walked over to the Yeshiva where the Rabbi taught, and the Rabbi asked my grandfather if he knew of a nice Jewish girl for one of his students by the name of Arye Schachter: my grandfather said that he had a granddaughter who was a beauty and could speak, read and write fluently in six languages. They arranged that Arye would drive the following Friday to pick up the *Challahs* and bakery goods for the Yeshiva and my sister Rivka Liebe would be there to serve him. Wolf Rieger came for the flour the next time and told my father everything that transpired between the rabbi and their father. When the rabbi asked Shlomo if he handed a *siddur* to the two strangers to read the blessings upon entering a stranger's house, my grandfather became sick and attributed it to his old age. He could have spotted them immediately as non-Jews. My father got red in the face for he also

forgot about the blessing and he was less than half the age of his father. My father ordered Rivka to return with Wolf to Klinkivka to help in the bakery because grandpa was sick. When Arye came for the *challas*, rolls and cakes, my grandfather feigned sickness and lay in bed. Arye came into the bedroom and wished him a speedy recovery with God's help. My sister waited on Arye and Wolf came to the front and told Arye that the *challas* won't be out of the oven for at least two hours. Arye said that he would like to see Klinkivka, and if Rivka would act as a guide, he would appreciate it. They returned three hours later and Rivka helped him load the carriage. My sister was two inches taller, thirty pounds heavier, and two years older than Arye, but something clicked and both were walking on air. Sunday morning Arye returned with a long face, as though he hadn't slept for two nights, and asked Rivka if she could accompany him for a little while, because he had something very important to tell her. They went for a little ride and stopped to talk. He told her when he returned to the yeshiva Friday, there was a letter from his father waiting for him.

The father wrote that a calamity had befallen their house and he could no longer afford to keep him in the yeshiva. He told Rivka that she was his *zivig* (destined one) and Rivka agreed. They concocted a code of numbers for each letter of the alphabet and each one had a copy. They corresponded for four months and only they knew what was said in those letters; to the rest of us it was just a maze of numbers. After four months of correspondence, Arye and his father came to Losie from Merish Austro, to write up the (*tnoyim shiduch*), a contract for a marriage. The father wanted to know how much of a (*naden*) dowry Arye would get; Arye spoke up that he wanted no *naden*. My father said that he would give 200 *gulden* and three years

(*kest*) room and board. The father was very disappointed and started to put his hat and coat on and said, with such a rich house and a big lumber mill, he expected at least 2000 *gulden* and five years *kest*, and started for the door. Arye got off his chair and said to his father, if you don't want to sign, go in good health; I will stay and sign that I want no dowry or *kest* and work in the mill for my keep. The father yelled at him and called him an (*azuz ponim*) lack of respect. He removed his coat, signed and they wished each other *Mazel Tov*.



Shlomo Rieger

They arranged for the wedding to take place the first Sunday in May 1911, thirty-three days before *Shavuot*. They left and Arye kissed Rivka; unheard of in those days. On the way home the father asked Arye what he thought of the show he put on, and said that with such a talent and beauty that Rivka was, he would have been contented to sign for 100 *gulden*. Arye apologized for his rudeness. Happiness again reigned in our house, but it was short lived.

July 1910, my younger brother Shevach, 5 years old, got up one morning with a sore throat and very feverish. My mother tried all the home remedies but to no avail. My mother told Belle to run to my father, who was at the mill; to fetch the old German retired doctor, who hadn't practiced in twenty years. He was 88 years old and couldn't walk, but there was no other doctor in the village. My father carried him over to the house. He looked into Shevach's mouth and showed my mother the white blister in Shevach's throat (diphtheria) and told her to put cold compresses on his forehead to reduce the fever

and if he would live through the night he would be all right. He told my father to pray.

My father carried the doctor back home; went to Reb Aba's *shul*, lit

candles, gathered a minyan and said *tehilim* (psalms) for an hour. They opened the ark from the Torahs and Reb Aba gave my brother a new name, Alter Shevach. Nothing helped, by seven o'clock he was dead. In my mind's eye I can still picture him lying in bed, a blond, curly headed, strong youngster with greenish blue eyes, a little taller than me, who was my protector. It was a real trauma to me; I knew what death meant. I was six and one half years old. For six months after his death, in my dreams we played together and I would wake up crying. Chiel used to get up and soothe me and we would say the *krishma* together. Up to this time I used to faint whenever I saw blood. Shevach taught me not to have fear.

The Sunday before *Rosh Hashana*, the boss, the banker and my brother and sister drove up in the horseless carriage. The whole town came to the house to see for the first time what a carriage without horses looked like. The banker told my parents that they came to close the deal.

When the boss saw the chapel boarded up and loaded with onions he was ready to call off the deal. My mother told them what happened to the pearl necklace and the two gold rings, and how she went to the church and the church was happy to receive the entire contents of the chapel. The four of them walked over to the church and the priest showed them the entire contents and the icons. They were amazed. The priest asked the banker and the boss if they were Catholics and they confirmed; he asked them to come into the confessional. There they saw the stained glass windows and the picture of Christ and the two angels flying above his head. The priest told them that the two blond, blue-eyed angels looked exactly like Shevach, the youngest son that we lost in July to diphtheria. He told them to get a good look at the Christ picture and see the strong resemblance to Lozer. They each gave the priest a 50 *gulden* bill. The priest told them how my folks fed the entire village in the snow blizzard of 1908. He told them that the peasants had no money left and my father gave them all the food they needed on credit. He told them that my father was a living saint.

1910 was a banner year for the crops. Even the flour in the mill was piled to the ceiling. When they came back to the house my father showed them the cellar loaded with potatoes and cabbage and excused

himself for loading the chapel with onions. My mother prepared a meal, which they all relished. The boss started to kid my mother. He told her if she knew how to cook pork, he would hire her as a cook. They never took their eyes off my dad. My dad told us later that he felt squeamish. After lunch they went over to the mill and the boss saw all the sacks of flour. The banker asked about the log house and my father told them how it was struck by lightning and burned to the ground.

They returned to the house and closed the deal. The boss told the banker to give dad an extra 200 *gulden* for getting rid of the log house. After the deal was completed, the boss said that now those two German crooks stole his jewelry from the Madonna; any Polish judge would give them life imprisonment. He was hoping they would come back for more shingles. When they were leaving they told Chiel and Fradel that he would return to pick them up after the holidays and their pay would go on as if they'd worked. The boss asked my father if he knew about winter wheat. My father never heard of that. He told my dad that Russia had been getting an extra crop yearly with that special seed. Ignatz was spreading the manure on the farm. The boss told my father that he would be back the day after Yom Kippur with a team of special large horses and two plows that make a deep furrow and a wagon full of seed, enough for the two farms. He asked my father for the use of the barn at house number two and the two farmers would bring a week's supply of food and stay at the *kraitchma*. My father told him they could stay at our house and they would have their own stove and outhouse and be very near the horses. The boss asked if there were large snakes in the surrounding hills. (The horses had a great fear of snakes.) My father assured him that he never saw a snake in the entire vicinity.

The day after Yom Kippur, two large wagons drawn by two extra large horses pulled up to the farm. The boss left his car on the highway and walked across the bridge. My father and Ignatz introduced themselves to the two farmers. They warned my father and Ignatz never to walk behind the horses unless the horses had their blinders on; never to pat them on the rump (an expression of affection) because the horses would kick. They hitched the plows and Ignatz showed them the stakes

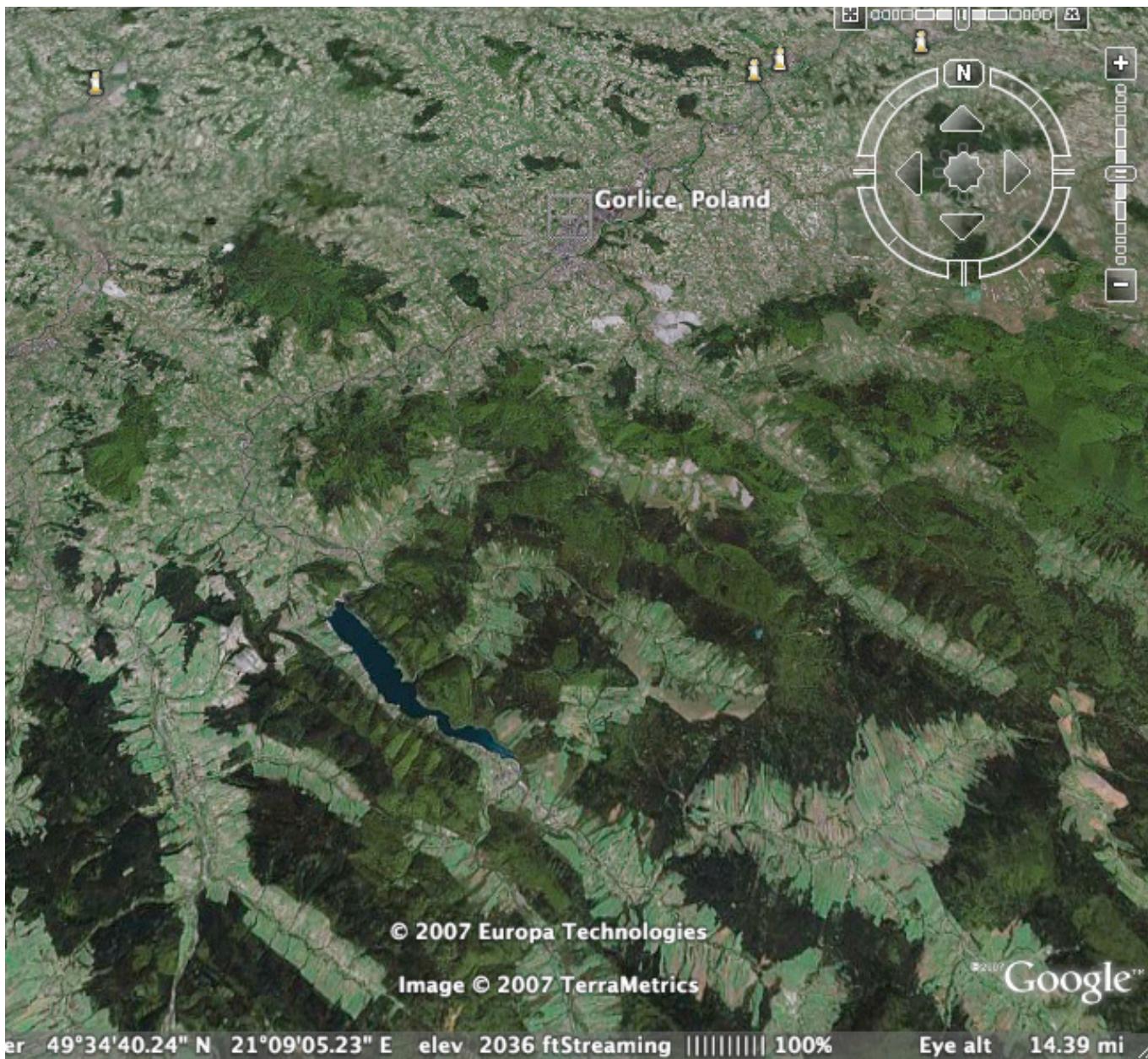
that my father and he drove in, separating Maria's and our farm. The horses were Clydesdales, each one weighed about 2800 pounds. Our two horses looked like ponies by comparison. When my father asked the farmers why they carried the guns on their shoulders, the farmers answered that in deep furrow plowing they uncover large snakes. The boss wanted to see the various kinds of flour that the mill ground. On the way to the mill the boss told my father that he had a lot of news to tell him when he returned for Fradel and Chiel after the holidays. He did tell him that there would be a railroad going to Gorlice from Hungary thru Austria Galicia all the way to Danzig and it would stop in Losie. (Austria and Hungary were loosely federated, ruled by the Hapsburgs.)

My brother and his friends wanted to see the mill so they crossed the bridge to come to the mill. When my brother saw these horses he ran over to pat them on the rump. Ignatz and the farmers yelled, No! No!, but it was too late. The horse kicked and broke the crossbar that's attached to the leather straps. The cross bar hit my brother in the stomach and knocked him unconscious. Ignatz told the three friends of my brother to run to the house and bring three *paraninas* (quilts, about three inches thick filled with goose feathers). He told them that two of them should come running back with the quilts and one should bring my mother, not to tell her what happened. He ran to the mill, started the cross cut saw, cut two 10'x12"x1" boards into 6' and 4' lengths and started to nail them together. My father and the boss heard the pounding and came over to the sawmill to see what was going on. Ignatz told them what happened and told my father to get the heavy rope. The three of them ran back to the farm. The two lads were there with the *paraninas*. They lifted my brother, very carefully, on top of the two *paraninas*, which were on top of the stretcher and covered him with the third and Ignatz and the two lads wound the rope loosely around my brother so that he could not fall off. Ignatz, my father and the two lads picked up the stretcher at each corner and ran across the bridge: the boss preceded them. He turned the car around. My mother and the third lad had arrived to the car. The four men with the stretcher put one end on the back of the front seat and the other

end on top of the back of the rear seat. My mother was in the front seat and my father in the rear seat and held on to the board. As they started to move, Ignatz burst out into tears and they heard him shout, *Bojemu, Bojemu.* (My God, my God).

On the way to Gorlice the boss told my father and mother not to worry that Chiel was very strong and he would become well. He told of a happening in August when he had three open carloads of pine logs on track and all at once there was a cloudburst of rain coming down. He sent 30 of the young workers to the platform to unload the cars to the sheltered part of the platform. About ten minutes later, Stashu, the young apprentice, came running and said, boss, come down to the platform, you will see a miracle. He saw Chiel cradling a log in both hands and stacking them four logs high. He walked over to Chiel and said, Samson, where did you learn to do this? Chiel replied that Ignatz, when he was 75, two years ago, showed him how to do that. The boss told Stashu and Chiel to unload the logs together. My father began to recite the psalms, in Hebrew, aloud. At the end of each psalm, my mother said, Amen. The boss also repeated, Amen. This continued until they arrived at the hospital.

About 45 minutes later, they arrived at a hospital in Gorlice. The boss and my father took the stretcher with my brother on it and entered the hospital. My mother held the doors open. Two doctors and nurses came over and the boss explained what happened. My brother's stomach had swelled up. The doctors inserted a glass catheter thru the penis and were happy to see that no blood was being expelled. Chiel began to open his eyes and was saying something in Hebrew that my father did not understand. The boss left for his office and told my parents he would be back for them at 8 p.m. He left word with the nurse to phone him, and gave his number, if there were any drastic change. The nurse showed my parents what a phone looked like and she told them that she could talk to the boss or to any body who had a phone anywhere in the whole world in just a few minutes. She said there were just 50 phones in all of Gorlice with a population of 20,000. She told them that this was the only hospital in Gorlice with 50 beds in two rooms upstairs and 20 beds and one operating room and offices



on the first floor. That they performed only minor surgery and major surgery was performed in Vienna, only. She admired the board that Chiel was delivered on and said that it made more sense than the soft stretchers they used, where there were broken bones. My father told them to keep it.

At 6 p.m. Yakov, arrived at the hospital with a basket of food for my parents. They started to eat. Yakov went over to Chiel and listened to his mumbling. He told my parents that he was reciting a chapter from the *Gemora, Chulin*, which they were studying before he left for home. Yakov asked him if he knew where he was, in Hebrew. Chiel answered, in Hebrew, *B'olam adimyoh* (in a nether world). When my mother heard this she became hysterical and fainted. The nurse heard her scream and came running over and the three of them carried my mother to a couch in a different office. The nurse administered smelling salts and my mother came to and asked where she was. The nurse told my mother to lay on the couch and sleep. My father was so exhausted he fell asleep in the chair. When the boss arrived at 8 p.m., he saw Yakov sitting at my brother's bedside. He asked where my parents were and was told that they were in the nurse's office, asleep. He asked my brother how he was. My brother answered, Thank you, sir. He told him he would see him the next day. The boss drove Yakov and my parents to Yakov's house and told my parents not to go to the hospital before one p.m. because they allowed no visitors in the morning. The Yakovs invited my parents to stay for the Succoth holidays. My parents accepted.

The boss told my parents that he would have to go to Losie to bring a new crossbar that the horse broke and he would be happy to take them along at 12 p.m. They thanked him and agreed to accompany him. Ignatz told Rivka what happened to Chiel, when my mother didn't return, and she was overcome with grief. In order to maintain her sanity, she continued baking the bread that my mother started and made cakes and cookies all day long. She also churned butter. When the two farmers returned towards nightfall, the aroma in the entire house was overpowering. They knocked on the door and asked Rivka if she heard anything from Chiel. They were sniffing the air and asked

Rivka what smelled so good. She took one of the *razava* breads and a cake and a variety of cookies and put them on a platter and gave it to the farmers. *Razava* bread is a light brown color that is made from the kernel of the wheat after the chaff is removed in the first grind. It has a walnut flavor. This was my mother's invention. In cakes and cookies she used three different grinds of flour, and it was a three-color cake or cookie. They were usually topped with honey, nuts or wild strawberries, in season. She made *povidla* (prune butter) filled three-cornered cakes. Rivka also gave them a pitcher of buttermilk and a dish of butter and cut a few large white radishes into slices and salted them. After they ate they knocked on the door, thanked Rivka for the most delicious meal they ever ate and said they envied the man she would marry, blessed her and our whole family and said that they would pray for Chiel's recovery. They went to the barn to remove the feedbags from the horses and filled the water buckets so that the horses could drink and left hay for them. They returned to the house, my sister said that she heard them harmonize in some sad songs. They doused the kerosene lamp and went to sleep.

Succoth was just two days away. Rivka rose early and started to make challas that would last thru the holiday the following week, two batches of *razava* bread and enough cakes and cookies for the entire holiday, because she had no idea when Mom and Dad would return. Mom and Dad walked in at 12:30 and all the baked goods were out of the oven. As they ate their lunch they were packing all the bakery goods into two large boxes. They told Rivka that they were going to be at Yakov's thru the entire holiday. They took the full butter churn. One of the farmers showed the boss how Ignatz fixed the crossbar by boxing in the break, in less than 30 minutes. They told him that it was an easy ground to plow and they figured it would take just four days. He said that the horse must sense that he did something wrong by kicking, because he is working harder and faster than the other horse.

When Beile Esther, Feige and I returned from school we ate. I went to *cheder*. Beile helped Rivka with kneading the flour and Feige went out to milk the cow and churn the butter. It was a regular family project. By the time the farmers returned they had a fresh *razava* bread, fresh

butter and buttermilk and *perogies*. They were truly grateful.

When my parents returned to the car, the boss and the two farmers were eating the lunch that Rivka prepared. The boss was raving about the *razava* bread. My mother asked him if he would like a bag of flour. He said yes and my father ran to the mill and he and Ignatz brought two bags of *razava* flour. On the way back they asked the boss to drop them off at Yakov's house. He did and my dad took one sack of flour, the box of *challas*, bread and cookies and the butter. They told the boss the other box and the flour was for him. He thanked my folks and took the merchandise home. Fradel and my folks took the horse drawn tram to the hospital. Chiel was happy to see them. He was completely coherent, but he had to be catheterized. He ate very little and was very weak. The nurse came over to my folks and said that too much company was tiring and overtaxing Chiel's strength. She said that if he sleeps, he will recuperate faster. Fradel and my mother took the tram back to Yakov's to do some baking and preparing for the coming holiday. My dad took a three-hour walk around the city and found Yakov's house. At five in the afternoon, my parents took the tram back to the hospital.

When the boss came at eight o'clock, Chiel asked him how everything at the place was. He answered, Thank God, everything is fine, only we miss you. He kissed my brother on the forehead. They left for Yakov's house. He asked my mother if she could be ready by 7 a.m. He wanted to take her to teach his wife and children how to bake the bread, *challas* and the other goodies. He said there wasn't even a crumb left. My mother agreed. My father said he was worried that he did not have enough money to pay the doctor and hospital bills. The boss told him not to worry, that all doctor and hospital bills were already paid because Chiel was an employee of his. He said all his employee's and their families are insured. He asked my father if he would like to be an employee of his and he would pay him 30 *gulden* a week to begin, and work in Losie. He told my father to make Ignatz an employee of his and he would receive 15 *gulden* a week and he and his wife would have hospital insurance. My father agreed, so he was told to be ready by 7 a.m. and he would take Yakov, also.

The boss arrived promptly at 7 a.m. and the three of them were waiting outside. He dropped my mother at his house and introduced her to his wife. It was love at first sight. She introduced my mother to her two daughters, three daughters-in-law, the housekeeper and her oldest son, who was crippled and retarded. She said three of her youngest children studied at the University of Leipzig. Her daughter and youngest son were studying medicine and the other son was about to graduate as an *advocat*. My mother was completely overwhelmed by the size and luxurious furnishings, the gorgeous carpeting and a beautiful piano. When they came into the kitchen they showed her the new gas stove and how it operated. They had an old wood stove on the order of ours and my mother asked if they could start a fire and heat it up because she was accustomed to it. All the women put on aprons and had breadboards and rolling pins to get to work. In the pantry they had a sack of the *razava* flour, a sack of white flour and a sack of oat flour. My mother showed them how much *razava* flour to take and knead it by hand. She showed them the amount of yeast, sugar, salt, cinnamon and other ingredients, such as caraway and poppy seeds. They were amazed because my mother didn't add any butter or lard. My mother showed them how to knead it by hand in order to get air in. Then to make it in the shape of a bread. They put four in each oven and went back to make the three colored cake and cookies. When the boss, my father and Yakov arrived at the factory, the boss called Stashu in and told him that my father was a new employee, to show him the entire operation and then take him to his secretary to get the complete employee information. My father told Stashu that he was Chiel's father. He did not know of Chiel's injury. My father filled out his application and Ignatz's also. The boss told him that they would work in Losie and he would pay them. My father thought that he could never work in a factory like this, with all the noise of the machines and motors and the continuous hustle and bustle of all the men. He assisted Yakov until noon.

My father and the boss returned to his house and he told my father not to worry about eating, that he would be served Kosher only, on new glass plates that Yakov uses when he eats there and he is a rabbi.

The lunch consisted of *razava* bread, *challah*, schmaltz herring, baked potato with sour cream, mother's three-colored cake with chocolate topping and chicory. After dinner the boss asked my father if he wasn't going to make the blessings Yakov made. My father translated the blessings into Polish, the entire family had tears in their eyes, when my father said, bless this house, the father, mother the children, the children's children, their parents and grandparents and peace on earth as it is in the heavens. The boss answered, amen. The boss wanted to drop my parents at the hospital. My mother asked him to drop them off at Yakov's which was on the way.

My father walked to the hospital, which was about two miles distance. He passed the *shul* and saw the *shammus* preparing for the holiday, which started the next evening. He introduced himself and told him that he had to go to see his son at the hospital. The catheter was removed and my brother was sleeping soundly. The nurse came over to my father and told him that Chiel was very weak, that he only eats soups and he was doped in order to sleep. My father asked if it was allowable to bring some food from the house. The nurse answered, yes, but no fresh fruits or acid food. My father walked home to Yakov's. My parents returned on the tram after 6 p.m. with a bag of food that consisted of 4 slices of hot buttered bread, a few *perogies* and an assortment of cookies that Fradel and my mother baked that afternoon. They called the nurse and showed her the food that they brought. She said that everything was OK except the hard crust on the bread. She went for a knife, cut the crust and tasted it and ate all the crust. She wanted to know what the flour was called and where it could be bought. My mother promised to bring her a bag of *razava* flour when Chiel would be discharged from the hospital. My brother asked the nurse to accompany him and she was happy to grant his wish. He ate a half slice of bread and a half of a *perogie*. After my folks left my brother told the nurse that the first grind of the wheat discarded the chaff, which was used for animal feed. The second grind was called *razava*, which was fed to the chickens, sheep, horses and cows. During the great snow of 1908 when people could hardly trudge thru the snow and it looked like all the flour would be gone, my mother started to

experiment with *razava* flour. The first batch she used a rolling pin. My father said that she invented a new shoe leather. The cow ate it. The second batch she kneaded by hand and put yeast, sugar, salt, cinnamon, poppy and caraway seeds and various other ingredients and, eureka, it was the only type of bread that we ate. And topped with a salted slice of white radish, it was manna from heaven. She experimented further with three colored cakes, toppings and fillings. My Klinkivka step grandmother, a baker, came to learn from my mother.

The boss came at 8 p.m., told my brother to get well fast, that he had great plans for him. On the way home he told my parents that he had a great deal of news to tell them about what was happening in Germany, that his children were writing in their daily letters. He told my folks that he would go to Losie Sunday, after the holiday, about 12:30 p.m. to pay the two farmers. The next morning the entire household rose early to complete all its chores so they could finish early and dress to welcome the holiday. Fradel hung all the decorations in the *sukka* with great joy while my father completed the *sukka*. My folks arrived at the hospital by one on the tram. My father brought a *machzor*, a *yarmulke* and a bag of bakery goods. My mother brought a small container of chicken soup with shredded chicken, wrapped in a towel to retain the heat. Chiel drank the full contents of the soup and ate a *perogie*. The nurse was happy to assist him and told my mother (kidding) that if she continued to eat the *razava* bread, she would become strong as a horse. They left at 3 p.m. and promised to walk to the hospital after the evening service. They promised to bring more soup and other goodies. For the first time my parents kissed Chiel on the forehead, wished each other a *chag somayach* (happy holiday) and as they were leaving, heard my brother crying.

Rabbi Yakov conducted the services and honored my father with the final Torah and chapter reading from the prophets (*maftir*). My mother was proud as a peacock; she told my father that his voice just thrilled the congregation. Rabbi Yakov told the congregation that he would give his prepared speech about the meaning and usage of the *ethrog* and *lulav* the following day. That, today, the Rieger's demonstrated the true meaning of the word faith. He went on for half an hour talking

about the deception the two Yiddish-speaking Gentiles posing as Jews perpetrated upon them and the loss of their youngest son and about Chiel, the prayer he made for him for his speedy recovery. How my parents withstood all these tribulations and still maintained their faith. At the conclusion of the service the whole congregation wished Chiel a *chag sameyach* and a speedy recovery.

My father was surprised at the pasted-in page of the blessing in Hebrew, Yiddish and Polish for the ten righteous gentiles (*Gehr Zedek*). They were Kaiser Franz Joseph, the mayor, the banker, the *stolarsh*, the boss, three of the hospital doctors and two lawyers who were upright in the defense of the Jews. A special blessing and honor for the judge and chief of police of Gorlice. After dinner, my father, mother and Fradel went to visit my brother at the hospital, each one carrying a package. They were delighted to see my brother sitting on the bed for the first time. When my folks returned from the hospital, Yakov explained to my father what services each of those gentiles did for the Jews. Yakov told my mother that his wife Chana informed him that my mother knew the entire *succoth* service by heart. Chiel had her *machzor*. My father proudly spoke up that she knew not only this service, but every Saturday, daily, the five holiday services, including the *Tzena-Uvrena* by heart. Fradel confirmed it. The *Tzena-Uvrena* is a book of the entire Torah with commentaries of Rashi, who made the elucidation and explanation of the contradictions in the Torah about 900 CE, translated into Yiddish. Each Saturday, for many years, 5 to 15 women would bring their books in the afternoon and read aloud the weekly portion. I used to sit in and listen regularly to my mother make additional commentaries. My mother always prepared five bowls of *nahit* (chickpeas) and *bobes*, which the ladies nibbled.

The second day of *succoth*, Chiel was taking a few steps, with the nurse's help. My mother, father and Fradel brought a repeat of the first day's menu. Chiel seemed to relish the food more and the nurse said she enjoyed our holidays. The boss arrived Sunday at 12:30 and my parents and Fradel left for home. The boss told them that with such a rich soil there would be a bumper wheat crop around April. He asked my parents if there was another home available, because he

wished to make house number two into a warehouse to store the wheat. My father told him that house number three, which belonged to the miller's parents, had been vacant for seventeen years. The boss wanted to see it. He told my parents to put a sign in front, The Riegers, and put a few furnishings on the inside and to be sure to let the neighbors know that the house was occupied by the Riegers (possession was the law). My father asked to stay at house number two until after Rivka's wedding. He answered, you can stay until October, until the new crops are harvested. He kept on talking. The wheat is no longer harvested by scythe and sickle but by a new machine that can do the work of fifty men and women, with no backache. He doubted if my father would be able to obtain any logs, because the mills are paying six *gulden* for softwood logs and ten *gulden* for hardwood logs. He told us to prepare ourselves with kerosene stoves because we would have little barkwood trimmings to keep the stoves burning all winter.

The doctors told him that Chiel would probably be discharged from the hospital by the following Sunday after the holidays, providing that the internal stomach bleeding ceased. He will send a wagon load of plywood lumber on Monday so my father and Ignatz can start a thorough remodeling job on house number three. Monday, he will get in touch with the banker to send a surveyor and draw up deeds to file with the Polish and Austrian governments because there is a dispute about Galicia. He will bring Chiel home the coming Sunday and pay my father 500 *gulden* for the house and 600 *gulden* for wages for Chiel, Ignatz and my father, until after the first of the year.

He said the tracks thru Losie will be laid sometime in November, it will take one or two days and to be sure to warn all the neighbors not to watch them, especially the Jews and women. Keep the doors locked on the inside and not open them to strangers. The rail workers, over a thousand of them, are hardened criminals and are guarded by just 24 men with large dogs. If one tries to escape, they are shot on the spot, not to be frightened if they hear shooting. A good marksman with a gun would be good protection in a house, but he knows that Jews have no guns. After the wagon with the lumber is unloaded, he would appreciate six sacks of *razava* flour, providing they allow him to pay.

My mother asked if they could put on one for Yakov. He said sure, it's not out of the way. He said that his three sons-in-law and sons will start taking over his duties in the factory, starting Monday, and he will train them for one week. Yakov will replace his son as head of the lathe and finishing department. He said they are planning to drive to Leipzig University the following Monday and spend a month with their three children. Then they will drive to Danzig for a few weeks stay and from there to America for a few months. He expected to return by April to harvest the wheat crop.

Rivka prepared a nice dinner for everybody. My mother and Fradel returned to Yakov's house with the boss. The boss told my mother not to mention Yakov's promotion to him because he and his sons wanted to surprise him. The two farmers completed their task and left Saturday at noon. They left the stable and house spotless. They left a note for Rivka, with five *gulden* for a wedding present and wished her good luck. (The boss never told us that it was his 2000 acre farm and his horses, and the two farmers were his hired hands. We found it out in February to March 1912 when my father, Chiel and Fradel were leaving for the US.) The Reiss's went to live in Hungary and my mother's mother came to live with us. She was 83 years old, sickly and very forgetful. She had to be watched constantly and be reminded to go to the toilet. She actually became a religious burden.

The lumber arrived early Monday morning. My father and Ignatz started to reinforce the roof and covered the outside with new roofing paper. They covered all the floors with the 5000 shingles that my father cut for the *britchkela*. They made various floor designs. My father, who was just a little over half of Ignatz's age said that Ignatz laid almost twice the number of shingles in a most beautiful design. They completely renovated the outside and started to build new outhouses adjoining the kitchen. The boss sent a second wagon of lumber, enough to complete the ceiling, walls and flooring. (The boss wasn't aware of the shingles.) The boss, mother and Fradel stopped at the hospital and were happy to see Chiel progressing. He looked very anemic and was very weak. When he laid down in bed, the three of them returned to Yakov's house. The boss told Chana to tell Yakov to come a half-hour

earlier on Monday. The 15 Jewish employees worked every Sunday. Most of the gentile employees also worked on Sunday to earn extra money and to catch up on their work. The factory was very busy and prices were rising rapidly.

Mother brought along six pigeons that the *shoichet* slaughtered Sunday morning. Rivka cleaned them and baked some bread and rolls that Mother took along for Chiel. At 5:30 Sunday, Fradel and Mother took the tram to the hospital. Mother brought a pigeon and pigeon soup in one of Chana's containers with a towel wrapper to retain the heat and Fradel brought a small variety of bakery goods. Chiel enjoyed the soup and a small portion of the pigeon and said that he would eat the balance later. If he ate too much at one time, he would get severe cramps. Later, Fradel and my mother left at 6 p.m. On Sunday the trams ran until 6:30; daily they ran from 6:30 a.m. until 8 p.m. For the next four days my mother would cook and bake in the mornings, visit with my brother from 1 p.m. until 5 p.m., bring him his lunches and suppers and was happy to see a daily improvement in his condition. My mother told Chiel about house number three and what an angel the boss was. Chiel told mother that angels have wings, sometimes the wings get singed. Only two years later, my mother realized what a prophetic statement that was. *Shmini Atzereth* fell on Thursday and my brother recited the *yizkor* for Shevach and cried with bitter tears. The nurse tried very hard to calm him. When Yakov, my mother and Fradel came at 1 p.m., having walked with his chicken and soup dinner, the nurse asked my mother what was in the prayer that made him weep so bitterly. My mother told her that it was a prayer for the death of his younger brother in July of that year. The nurse said she understood.

Friday was *Simchat Torah*. My brother marched around his bed seven times and sang the *Kufoth*. When Yakov, Fradel and my mother came with Chiel's dinner, the nurse told my mother that Chiel had a sweet singing voice and marched around his bed many times without her assistance. She said if there is no blood in his excrement on Saturday, she will call the boss and he will take him on Sunday. When the three of them came on Saturday, the nurse informed them that the doctor would discharge Chiel on Sunday. The boss arrived at Yakov's house at

12:30 Sunday, my mother and Fradel accompanied him to the hospital where Chiel was waiting for them. My mother asked the nurse for her address, that she would send her a bag of *razava* flour with complete instructions on how to bake the *razava* bread. My father and Ignatz met the car on Sunday with a chair that they fixed up to tie my brother in and carry him to the house. When they arrived at the house, Ignatz thanked the boss for making him an employee. The boss handed my father an envelope with the money he promised him. They walked over to house number three. When the boss saw the amount of work they accomplished in such a short time, he said that if his factory workers worked that fast, he would be the richest man in the world. They didn't tell him that five of the neighbors assisted them. He asked my father where he got all the shingles for the floor. My father admitted that he and Ignatz prepared 5000 shingles so that they could put them thru the *britchka* that the two Germans told them to prepare. Ignatz talked up that it was his fault that Lozer bought the imaginary *britchka*. Lozer was against buying it. The boss was amazed at all the beautiful intricate patterns and he complimented them as being real artists. My father said that Ignatz laid the whole flooring while he constructed the outhouse. The boss showed them where to dig a trench from the kitchen to the creek (2' wide x 3' deep) and another from the new outhouse to the old outhouse (3' wide x 2' pitched to 3' deep). He took a pencil and paper and marked 10 meters 6" tile and 60 meters 4" tile. He told them that he would send a tile setter on Tuesday and he would connect a water pump from the kitchen to the creek and from the new outhouse to the old pit. He marked a 4"x4" water pump, a new top and oven for the stove, 20 gallons brown paint for the outside walls, 20 gallons white paint for all the ceilings, kitchen and bedroom walls, 15 gallons dark walnut stain for all the floors, 5 gallons light walnut stain for the living room walls, 3 gallons of turpentine and 6 sixteen centimeter brushes. He said it will all be on a wagon on Tuesday about 8 a.m. He told my father to hire six men to do the digging and help the tile setter with the work so that the trenches should be ready by Tuesday. In case of rain to delay one or two days.

My father should start painting the outside with two brown coats of

paint, then the inside ceiling two coats, the walls two coats white paint and one coat light walnut stain on the walls of the living room, then one coat of varnish. The last thing one coat of dark walnut stain on all the floors and finish them with two coats of varnish. He told my father if he is short of anything after he leaves on the trip, he should write to his son Janush and he would have to drive to Gorlice three days later to pick up the material and money for the extra help. He bid them adieu and went for Fradel.

Ignatz and my father completed the carpentry work on Monday and the five workers completed the two trenches Tuesday. By 8 a.m. the wagon arrived with all the material and the eight men unloaded the wagon by 9 a.m. The tile setter and two of the older helpers completed laying the 4" tile by 1 p.m. and the tile setter put the water pump in place while the two workers completed the 6" tile. The final connections were made and the pump worked perfectly. There were no leaks in any of the tile connections. The tile setter cemented the stove and top in place. He left at 4 p.m. and the two workmen replaced the dirt on top of the tiles. They all left at 6:30 p.m. with the first outside coat of paint completed. The paint job was completed by Friday at 4 p.m. My father paid them and gave each one a sack of flour and potatoes. Sunday, my father, Rivka and Beile Esther moved my father's and my beds over to the new house. My father started to make an open cupboard. After church, Ignatz and his wife dropped in to see the new house. He gave my father a few suggestions, which my father liked. His wife talked up that when they were first married, he was a *stolarsh*, until he started drinking. A *stolarsh* is a cabinet and furniture maker and finisher. Ignatz told my father that he would be back after dinner, he would change his clothes. For the next two months they made tables, chairs, shifferobes and new beds. My brother started to help by the end of November. They used up all of the wood that the boss sent for flooring to make new furniture. Ignatz showed my father how to make new beds. My father said that Ignatz's old talent returned. Everything was beautiful. It resembled modern colonial.

The train started to run on December 1, 1910. It stopped at the post office at 6 a.m. for 10 minutes and it returned at 6 p.m. My brother

went to Yakov's house on the third day, for his first train ride. He arrived at Gorlice in 20 minutes and visited with Fradel and Chana, then he walked to the factory. He saw the yard almost filled with barkwood lumber, he got in touch with Janush about a job. Janush told him he could work in the factory or he could work inside the new homes helping to complete them. He told my brother he could become an apprentice *stolarsh* at 15 *gulden* a week or a factory worker at 25 *gulden* a week. The factory is working two shifts and he would have to work on the night shift. Chiel told him that he would have to talk it over with his parents. Janush told Chiel that he could take all the barkwood he wished for free, because the kiln used kerosene heat because it was more uniform. He warned Chiel not to start out if it looked like snow and said that there would probably be a week before the heavy snows would come. Chiel walked back to Yakov's house and then returned to Losie with the 6 o'clock train. Chiel told my father all that transpired and said that he would leave about 5 a.m. to Gorlice to get a load of barkwood. My father said he would accompany him and walked over to Ignatz's house to tell him of the free barkwood. Ignatz suggested that they inform all the neighbors who had a horse and wagon to come along. My father stopped at 5 of the Jewish homes and Ignatz visited 10 of the Christian homes and informed them of the free barkwood.

At 5 a.m. a procession of 12 wagons and about 30 men started out for Gorlice, with my brother leading the pack. They all put the feedbags on the horses and they arrived at the yard by 9 a.m. and started to load the wagons. Janush came out and asked my brother what he had decided. He told Janush that my father convinced him to become a *stolarsh*. Janush congratulated him and told him that he had a good heart because he informed the Polish neighbors of the firewood. He told my brother the next time he comes he should bring 6 bags of *razava* flour. At 12:30, when the factory workers were through with their dinner they came out in the yard and helped loading the wagons for 15 minutes. The caravan started to return to Losie. Chiel brought 7 bags of *razava* flour and dropped one bag at Yakov's house. The other 6 bags he unloaded at the factory. They repeated the caravan for

four days in a row and everyone in Losie had firewood for the winter including the church. On the fourth day the priest came along in his carriage. Chiel introduced him to Janush. The priest went thru the factory sprinkling it with holy water and blessing the workers. The workers dropped on their knees and crossed themselves. It was a very solemn occasion. When the priest returned to bless Janush for his generosity, for giving heat to all of Losie, Janush answered, the credit goes to Chiel, and gave the priest 50 *gulden*. The priest thanked him and said, Chiel is one of our saints.

The four days of hard work were a bit too much for Chiel, he stayed in bed for two days and decided that steady daily work would be overtaxing his strength and waited until January 2, 1911 before he returned to Gorlice. March 1911, all of us moved over to the new house with the new furniture. My sister Rivka returned daily to house number two to fix it up for her wedding. There was enough paint and varnish left from house number three to paint house number two. Rivka did all the painting. Chiel was working as an apprentice *stolarsh* and like it very much. He started to pay *Aba* Yakov eight *gulden* a week instead of 5 *gulden* he paid previously because all prices were rising rapidly. Once a month on a Sunday they would return home by train and return the next day with bakery goods, as big a package as they could carry.

Every Sunday the train would bring Jewish newspapers to Gorlice. The paper was a weekly printed in Yiddish in Krakow. Fradel would pick up the paper when *Ema*, the two children and Fradel would go grocery shopping. (Chiel and Fradel called Yakov and Chana, *Aba* and *Ema* [Hebrew] and my parents *Tate* and *Mama* [Yiddish]. They learned what was happening in the world to the Jewish people.

In a March paper the German government had an ad stating that young Jews could become architects, engineers, lawyers and doctors. They had to be in good health, 16 to 20 years old, be a graduate of a college (*gymnasia*) or a high school (*hohshule*) and enlist in the army for a six year period and take out German citizenship papers upon signing up for the course. They would be required to wear the military uniform

at all times, the first six months of military training, three and one half years of class work and practice in the chosen field and two years in the army in their chosen field. A 3 1/2 point average out of 5 was the minimum requirement, with the right of the government to dismiss one at any time. They would eat and sleep in government barracks and go to government appointed schools.

In Russia, any Jewish student, no matter how brilliant, who wanted to study for any of the professions, had to be baptized into the Catholic religion.

No Jew could join any of the guilds or any of the mechanical professions. No Jew was allowed to own land or be a farmer. He was not allowed to live in Russia proper only in the small *shtetlach* at the periphery of the border. He was forced into the army where he would be a private from 5 to 25 years. Between 1865 and 1912, 2,000,000 Jews left Russia and Poland for the US. In Poland, only 1% were allowed to enter the profession out of a 6% population of Jews in the population. Up to 1910 in Germany, 3% out of a 2% Jewish population, from 1910 to 1914 they allowed 15% from Russia, Poland and Austria and Germany. Austria was the only country without quotas. In the US there were 5% to 10% quotas until 1944 at major colleges and universities. Fradel looked back to the earlier papers up to the first papers they received in the month of December and they found the same ad appeared once a month. This ad appeared in the Yiddish newspapers in Russia, Poland, Austria-Galicia and Hungary. The boss's three children were writing letters to their parents that 50% of the students in their class were German-Jewish soldiers, some wore black skullcaps the same as their bishops red ones and most of them were very brilliant and it was very hard to keep up with them scholastically. Tens of thousands of Jewish students became German citizens, not knowing that it became a new opportunity to die for the fatherland in World War I.

The boss returned from the US on March 28. He came to Losie April 3 and saw that around the periphery of the farm there were about six rows of wheat stalks. He walked over to the mill, saw my father and

Ignatz grinding some of the wheat that they cut with a scythe. My father told the boss they tried digging up some of the ground that was covered with manure. The manure accelerated the seed to germinate and the stem broke thru the ground by February and froze. The boss said that was the first year he tried winter wheat. He said one must pay for their college education. He took 3 sacks of the 3 grinds of the new wheat and said that he would send a wagonload of wheat to be ground the following week. He asked my father to remove the 100 bags of old wheat to the cellar at house number two, because he did not want to mix the old and new wheat. He said the farmers would plow the field and plant the potatoes, onions and cabbage seed.

Rivka Liebe's wedding was a gala affair. The entire village came at 1p.m. We had a violinist and an accordion player (*klezmorim*) and a *badchon* (joker) and everyone drank, ate and danced until eight o'clock. Arye's parents remained for a week at house number two and it was a seven-day wedding with the *sheva brochos* (seven blessings) and feasts. Arye's younger brother, who had a small, reddish-orange beard looked almost like an identical twin to Arye who had a dark reddish small beard. One of his sisters came and she danced up a storm. They left Monday morning. Arye was supposed to receive his rabbinical *smicha* in 1911. He could never receive the *smicha*, because his sister was impregnated by a Cossack. Arye became a Hebrew teacher in a yeshiva in June, 1911.

The new couple remained in the house until June and then they moved to Merish Austro. Rivka was pregnant with Hersh Mailach, to be. A scandal broke out in Vienna that almost rocked Austria in July, 1911. The military and financial advisers to Kaiser Franz Joseph were buying vast forestlands in Poland and Galicia under a blind trust that was called Rothschild and Untermeyer Forest land reclamation. Rothschild and Untermeyer were very wealthy Jews in England and were very friendly with King George of England. They started to raise the price of timber in Austria-Galicia, Poland and Germany. When they raised the price to the Russians, who were building a railway up to Turkey in the Ottoman Empire, the Russian Government sent a brigade of Cossacks up to the Galician border and the Polish frontier. The largest

cavalry in the world were the Cossacks. They were the most feared soldiers in all of Europe. To be a Cossack you had to be Catholic, 6' tall or more, be an excellent horseman, strong, agile and be hard-boiled. With the one-foot fur hats they were 7' tall. The tale circulated that a Cossack, riding like the wind could cut a 5" sapling tree with a single blow with his sword. They hated the Jews but hated the Poles more.

The military adviser told Kaiser Franz Joseph to send an army up to the Galician border. When the Kaiser refused, the price of timber for Russia was rolled back to less than the original price. The Polish paper, *Zgoda*, started to publish headlines, *The Zidis* (nasty for Jew) are holding up Poland and Austria with their prices. The London papers started to publish headlines that the Rothschild Untermeyer Corporation was buying up all the forest land in Poland and Austria, quoting *Zgoda*. Messrs. Rothschild and Untermeyer approached the King and informed him about what was being spread about them in the Polish and Austrian papers. The King suggested to them to draw up a bill of sale of all their holdings, money in the Austrian banks and all other property in Austria and Poland for the sum of one *gulden*.

This included all the forest lands. The king said he would place his seal on the documents and send it by special courier to Kaiser Franz Joseph. The Kaiser's security police checked out the corporation completely. They found out that the names of Rothschild and Untermeyer were a blind front and all the money went to the bank that was controlled by his security advisers. He had the security advisers, all bank officials and people knowledgeable about the scheme arrested. The bank was closed for a while. All accounts not dealing with the two crooks were honored. All the wealth of these two crooks, their wives holdings including jewelry, were confiscated by the Austrian government. The Kaiser rolled back the price of all timber and published in the papers that all peoples in all commodities who were profiteering would be arrested and charged with sedition. This created much unrest in Austria and Poland. The Polish papers didn't publish a word about the Kaiser or his pronouncements. The Kaiser appointed a German as his military adviser and a Jew, by the name of Heinrich Gold as his legal adviser. *Zgoda* had a big headline, *The Senile Jew King and German*

*Militarists are Going to Govern all of Austria-Galicia and Hungary.* The *Zgoda* continued its tirades against the Austrians with the same headlines daily and they flamed the fire against the *Jidis*. Losie was receiving the Jewish and the Polish papers. We were beginning to know what was happening to the outside world. The friendly feeling between Jews and Poles was widening apart.

After reading Mother's autobiography, I now realize that Father and Mother fell for that swindler's pitch of buying that vast forest land that became available in November 1911, when Kaiser Franz Joseph arrested the two crooks. Now I know where the boss's 1200 *gulden* went. October 1, 1911, Chiel received a letter from the Austrian government that he had six months to put his affairs in order and report to the army. Chiel showed the letter to the boss in order to give him notice of his leaving, that it was not his choice. The boss asked my brother if he intended to go to the US. My brother answered he had no plans. The boss said, that is the way all *Jidis* repay their government's kindness. (none of the boss's sons or sons-in-law or grandsons were ever in the army). My brother said goodbye to the boss and left. He walked over to Yakov's house. He was crying. He told Fradel and *Ema* what happened and said that he would never work for that anti-Semite again. He returned home at 6 o'clock and told my parents that he was kicked again by a horse, the boss.

Maria asked mother what Chiel and Lozer were doing. My mother told them that after her mother died, in December 1912, we had our passports to leave for the US from February 1912 when my father Chiel, and Fradel left for the US and because she didn't want to leave her sick mother, we left in February 1913 for Bremen, where we were detained for six weeks because Beila and Feiga developed iritis. The whole family, including my grandmother, were supposed to come in 1912. Sam Bodenstein and Harry Geller, God bless their kind souls, loaned Helen \$500 to buy the ship's cards and transportation money. They were repaid when my father, Harold and Frieda started to work. After they left for America, Ignatz used to visit us every Sunday after church. He kept us supplied with potatoes, cabbage, onions and leaf lettuce and flour for the entire year. When we were leaving Losie in

February 1913, Wolf and Mendel came to our house at 5 a.m. Each had a horse and wagon and loaded everything that they wanted. Before leaving for Klinkivka, they told the Voitcheks to take everything they wanted for their house.

In 1913, Harold (Chiel) developed blood poisoning and was in the hospital for two weeks. My father and Chiel became carpenter contractors and were doing well. Chiel was drafted into the army in October 1917. He was discharged in one month's time, he lost 100 lbs. November 5, 1917, he entered the North Chicago Hospital, which was located at Clark and Deming Place. The hospital was started by two Viennese brothers, doctors, in 1912. Their names were Dr. Carl Beck and Dr. Joseph Beck. They performed an exploratory operation on November 19, 1917. After they found what was wrong they sewed him right up. Dr. Carl Beck told my parents that he would not live more than a month because he was full of cancer and could take no food. He wanted to know if he was ever kicked by a horse, because there was a large horseshoe mark of dried up blood on his stomach and that started the growth of the cancer. We buried our brother on December 17, 1917. When we returned from the funeral we ate the customary food, a hard-boiled egg and a hard bagel. Within a half hour my father started to scream with pain. He was rushed to Saint Elizabeth Hospital on Leavitt and Division Street. They operated on him for an obstruction of the bowel and he died on the table. He had never had a sick day in all his life. He was buried December 18, 1917. He was 54 years old and Chiel was 23 years old. Maria burst into tears; she could hardly finish her ice cream. We all had tears in our eyes, except Olga, who sat there stoically with no emotion whatever. My mother was beginning to get drowsy and asked me if I had noticed how many times Olga had used the word *jidi*. My mother was positive that Olga and Maria's four sons were the murderers of Losie's Jews. I returned to bed at 5 a.m.

The story I have just concluded has no beginning nor an ending. Rashi taught me how to elucidate and explain fiction that contains elements of facts. The suppositions are parts of my defective, detective work.

Ruthe asked me to describe our earlier years at Florence Seligmann's

party in 1980; thus I dedicate this story to her. Arvin would like for me to occupy the rest of my remaining years by making a family tree, starting with my maternal and paternal grandparents. I hope that God will grant me the years to fulfill his wish.

The story I have just concluded came very easily to me as though some one was dictating it to me and I was writing down the words. Each time I dust my father's picture, I ask myself, why did my father and grandfather return to that cursed land called Europe after only three months from this golden land called America. How does a nice Jewish boy, whose father and mother are bakers, go into a gentile lumber business and become the owner of a huge lumber mill and a flour grinding mill; the huge grinding stones alone must have cost more money than ten generations of my grandparents could accumulate. Between my mother's story and Helen's corroboration of the various incidents, especially the *britchkele* story, that she told me during the time of her stay at the Northwest Home for the Aged, where we visited her daily for a period of five years. A bit of imagination and the addition of some facts added up to the story.

My great grandparents contributed to the purchase of those stones, for which they received their homes. Since I read and translated my mother's autobiography, which verifies my writings, I now realize that it was my great grandfather, Avrohom Reich who was the main supplier of the money which paid for the mill's grinding stones. My father's mother, my real grandmother, Miriam was married to my grandfather Shlomo Rieger, and when she died giving birth to the tenth child, Grandpa Shlomo inherited the mill and within six months her remarried. The story of my uncle, my mother's oldest brother, is a figment of my own imagination. There were some true incidents and conditions of that period in time, starting from the conclusion and reading backwards, evolved that story.

My sister's Belle and Florence were in the millinery business for quite a while. In 1932, when they had the store at 551 Diversey Parkway, their business went down to nothing. They decided to sell out and try their luck in Los Angeles. As they were walking on Hollywood and Vine

they noticed a young fellow from the Hare Krishna sect, preaching from a soap box with the name of Aba Bodee on it. He had that funny haircut and bright colored robe on. Upon coming closer, Florence said he looks just like Sol Bodenstein. They walked to his head and Florence whispered, Solly. Sol was Sam Bodenstein's second son and grandson to Avrohom Shloimo, my mother's older brother, whom he never met. He looked down at them and spoke in Yiddish. Don't say anything, I must see you tonight at eleven o'clock. Write down your address, it is very important. When he came he had two bags in his hand. He told them he joined the Hare Krishna sect six months earlier and he became a trusted officer handling the cash income daily, that he deposited the following day. The amount varied between \$800 and \$1200 daily. He poured the two bags of change into a drawer and told the girls to keep the change with them at all times, not to leave it in the room. He said he had \$1100 in bills and he will catch the midnight train to Chicago. Florence told me that he left \$128 in various denominations from five cents to one dollar silver coins.

The very first time I heard of my mother's older brother was in February 1932, when I went looking for an architectural job in New York. Dave Katz, Mom's brother, wrote to us that his father-in-law was a big wheel with the politicians and he would be able to get me placed. My mother told me to look up her older brother, named Avrohom Shlomo Bodenstein. After two weeks, when no job presented itself, we went to visit Avrohom Shlomo. He was very nice, a kind elderly gentleman who became a *baal teshuva*. He took a bag of candy and we went for a six-block walk. I told him I came seeking an architectural job. He advised me to return to Chicago, because NY had a changing population problem and crime was running rampant.

When we arrived in the heart of a Jewish ghetto neighborhood, there was a bearded Jew on a soap box proselytizing. My uncle said hunger will drive a person to sell his soul; he knows not what he is doing. We returned by the subway. Mr Blumner, Dave's father-in-law, got me a job in a fruit store as a delivery boy. I worked six days and received \$18. Sunday, I told Mom, this I can do in Chicago. We took the bus back to South Bend, where I removed two pistons from our Stutz Bearcat and

drove home to 1029 N. Sacramento at 10 mph.

One Saturday, in 1911, when my mother was reading the *tzenoh-uvrenoh*, she came to the chapter discussing (*mashimuds*) renegades, and (*Apikorsim*) proselytizers; she told a story of a sincere good-hearted young man who went to America and struggled to make a living. After about a year he started to send, weekly, \$20 to his wife and \$10 to his parents. This lasted for a period of eight months. He sent a ship card ticket for his wife and son and continued sending the \$10. Four months after her arrival, she was pregnant again. The husband decided to move to NY. When the missionaries started looking for him she found out how he was making a living. She went to NY and lived behind a candy store and never let on what she discovered. He became repentant. When the Chicago story appeared in the NY Tageblatt, he confessed and said he did it because he knew that she, her son and parents would starve without his help. He told her that God forgave the people of Sodom and Gomorrah when they were sinners; he forgave the city of Nineveh in spite of Jonah's rebellion and he surely will forgive him, because he became a *baal tshuvoh*.

They fought constantly and, after the birth of a second son, they separated. He no longer sent the \$10 weekly to his parents. She wrote the whole story and the cause of their separation to his parents. The parents went to the rabbi for advice. He told them to bring seven black candles on Thursday when the Torah is read, to start fasting the evening before and all morning until after the reading of the torah and lighting of the seven black candles. The sinner would be excommunicated from the Jewish people. After the services they should return to their home, eat the customary after burial meal, put a tear in their outer garment and sit *shiva* for a week as though he were dead and never to speak or get in touch with him. The son was never notified of this action. Whenever the parents received a letter they threw it in the fire without reading it. His European brother and sisters did likewise. My mother started to cry and so did all the women. Nobody suspected that mother had any connection with the story.

When Mother returned from Palestine, in 1933, she met with

Henrietta Szold, the Hadassah leader, in NY, and they discussed the dire straits that all the Jewish institutions were experiencing. She met my uncle, Avrohom Shlomo, for the first time in fifty years, and she felt the agony, despair and flagellation he lived with all these years. She must have asked herself whether noble intentions were worth the price. She returned home a sad person, not because we lost 1029 N. Sacramento Blvd., but because of her NY experience and the slaughter of the 70 rabbinical students by the Arabs, in the year 1929, in Hebron, Palestine. She induced her nephew, Sam Bodenstein, to visit his father in 1934, although he could ill afford the bus fare. His father introduced him to his second wife, a noble woman, as his brother. When he returned from the trip, he became a *baal teshuva*, in an extremely orthodox manner.

In later years, when he lived on Waveland near Broadway, Mom and I visited him every Wednesday. We brought him two kosher chickens, butter and eggs and bakery goods. He trusted only us, with kosher food. Sam was a highly intelligent person; it was a pleasure to speak to him as it was to his father. He actually was too smart for his own good. He had a pants making shop on the third floor at the SW corner of Augusta and Ashland Avenue. He had 40 machines and 55 workers. He moved to a first floor shop on Milwaukee and Leavitt Street. He increased his shop three-fold.

In 1926, he discovered the stock market. The market was advancing rapidly and he was becoming wealthy on paper. His reasoning was very logical; he compared his own case to the stock market. When he moved, he bought 40 new sewing machines and 10 new pressing machines on credit. Over a period of time, he paid them off and now he could keep that money and his profit tripled. He said it was the same with the stock market, now that their equipment is free and clear. To prove his point, he said, how could you buy stock at 10% down, if the market wasn't a sure thing. A brilliant cousin of ours, Sam Wenig, who built 60 new garages that could accommodate 200 to 1000 cars, and was only 32 years old, found that reasoning plausible; he wanted to become a young multimillionaire and invested a quarter of a million dollars. Sam was satisfied to become a millionaire and he invested only

a hundred thousand dollars. Their green was growing daily without watering.

Came October 29, 1929, the skies opened up and the selling wave began. The brokers were calling for more collateral. In New York, you could not walk on Broad and Wall Street, because people were jumping from the windows at all levels. Sam Wenig was saved by his garages and recouped even more than before. Sam Bodenstein's shop stopped manufacturing. People had no money. There was no welfare, no business, no work, the banks closed. The veterans went to Washington to collect their bonuses that were promised to them. Instead, Herbert Hoover, the engineer genius, turned water cannons on them. The veterans in Chicago were selling apples on all downtown streets for a nickel apiece. The garbage cans behind restaurants were continually picked clean for any discarded food. The amazing thing was that crime was at an all time low.

My job as architectural superintendent for Conley and Carlson, architects, petered out at 5000 Cornell on December 1, 1929. Charley Erlich, the owner, bought all the outstanding gold bonds on the building for ten cents on the dollar. He had a most modern reinforced concrete building, 22 stories high, consisting of 44 four room apartments and 44 five room apartments with valet and other shops on the first floor, with a large lobby. The construction cost of the building was one and one half million dollars; his total cost was \$75,000.

At that time six flat buildings sold for ten to fifteen thousand dollars, gasoline was ten cents a gallon, postage, two cents for a letter, one cent for postcards, carfare was five cents. With \$1000 down you could buy many six-flat buildings that had a \$50,000 depressed valuation. Many members of our family bought buildings and not only became wealthy, but snobby, haughty and a complete change of character. They no longer socialized with their downtrodden relations.

I was transferred to superintend the construction on the Conkey Co. in Hammond, Indiana. That job lasted until July 1, 1930. No other job was available. The miracle of all this was that the people remained passive. Anywhere else in this world there would have been

a revolution. Mom and I went into the grocery business. These are the prices in that period of time, from 1931 to 1935. A new Chevrolet, \$435; prime steak 17 cents a pound; eggs, 10 cents a dozen; bread, 8 cents a pound; a man's three piece suit, \$17.

Daily, the regular school lasted from 8 a.m. until 1 p.m. Shevach started the Hebrew class at 9 a.m., when he was 3 years old, until noon. We would both return to my Hebrew school at 2 p.m. He would act as my protector. When the gentile kids would pull my *pais* (side curls), he would swing his small fists into their faces and these 6 to 8 year olds would run home and cry and tell their mothers that Shevach beat them up; this gave me the courage to start swinging. By becoming braver I stopped fainting at the sight of blood. When the women came over to complain about Shevach's rude behavior, instead they picked him up and hugged and kissed him and called him my little angel, because he resembled the picture of the angels flying above the Christ picture in the church and chapel. I think I was a bit envious and jealous.

We studied in Chumash about Jacob and the ladder; angels that were ascending and descending. On the way home, daily, we would see flames blowing in many directions over the hills about three miles distant. I was sure that those were angels flying around the mountains. That is what I told Shevach and he believed me.

May 31, 1989 I carried Eli Joseph from Ruthe's car into the house. The way he looked at me with his bright blue eyes and blond hair, I felt I was carrying my younger brother Shayvach, an identical look-alike.

Now I believe that those flames were the run off gas from the Rockefeller oil wells. Their oil wells were very near the surface. I believe the boss and the banker took my parents for a couple of country bumpkins, in spite of their generosity, must have known about the Rockefellers and the oil in our vicinity.

The snake story; the kick from the horse must have been visible on the outside. The doctor, the boss and the nurse must have seen it. My folks never saw him without clothes. Dr. Carl Beck confirmed it when he operated on Harold and saw the horseshoe mark on his stomach and was sure that started the growth of the cancer.

I wrote a letter to Ruthe when she was in Israel with Robin, that when she went to visit various parts of Europe, she should visit Losie and take some pictures. She wrote back that when we both visit Israel, we can stop in Europe. I didn't realize that Gorlice is now in the south eastern part of communist East Germany.  When I finally located it on the map I lost all the desire to go there. I saved a minimum of \$6000. When I still worked on the truck in 1968, I had the nostalgic urge to view the sights of my adolescent years. I drove around 2025 Evergreen Ave. where my father and brother died and I hated the sight of that building. I drove around Fowler St. where my sister had her grocery; a new building arose there. I drove to 1441 Wicker Park Ave. where the Daughters of Zion Jewish Day Nursery was conceived by my mother; I got a warm glow out of that sight. I drove to 1525 Wicker Park Ave.; I recalled how Frieda took care of me for a week when I had the flu in 1919. I drove past 1029 N. Sacramento Blvd. and it was a bag of mixed memories, both good and bad.

Whenever I drive around Hirsch and California Avenue, I can visualize how my mother worked day and night, all the happiness and sadness, the energy, effort and money that she and our family contributed to the Daughters of Zion Jewish Day Nursery and Infant Home. For what?

I finally located a bread that resembles razava bread, the color, texture, taste almost have the same conformation with three missing ingredients; (it is called Old Homestead), the missing ingredients are, baked with love, a bit of hunger and that youthful voracious appetite and new taste buds.

The first five times that I read what I wrote, I had the warm feeling of reliving my young golden days. The next three times I reread my synopsis writing I had to add notes on the adjoining pages. As I reread it now, it dawns on me that it was not the wondrous youthful days of nostalgia. It was a cursed land, that the blood of my ancestors fertilized the ground. It was the cause of the death of my two beloved brothers Chiel and Shevach.

After Shevach died, the Voichteks, who lived about 100 feet behind house number three, made their son, Walachek, who was two months

older than me and a head taller, come for me to take me to school. We were in the same class in school. He was one of the boys that used to pull my *pais*. Each time he came for me Rivka used to give him a cookie, thus he even escorted me to *cheder* and we became the best of friends. None of the other children bullied me but became very friendly with me. One day he asked me if I wasn't afraid to pass house number three after dark, because the devils were there at nighttime. He told me that his grandparents, who lived with them, saw them there one midnight, in 1897, when they returned home after the wake for the miller's wife. I told him whenever I was afraid of anything, I would recite the *Krishma* real fast and no devils could harm me. I always wore an amulet and a small prayer shawl (*arba kanfot*). He asked me to teach him the *Krishma*. I promised to teach him, providing he told no one else, or it wouldn't work for him. He promised. I told him you have to keep on repeating "*Shema Yisroel*" real fast as long as you are in danger. The next evening, he walked with me all the way home to house number two and Rivka gave him a bag of cookies to take home. When he called for me the following day, I asked him if he wasn't afraid to pass house number three in the dark. He told me that when he went to the outhouse the previous evening he decided to pass the haunted house and say the *Krishma* and he no longer was afraid. His mother came over to our house and thanked Rivka for the bag of cookies. She said that Walachek told her that I was his very best friend.

How did the story that house number three was haunted start? When my father and mother married, they lived in log house number one. One year later, the first child was born. (It died shortly of scarlet fever.) My grandfather Shlomo told my father that some of his daughters were writing from America that one could earn a nice living by being in business in this country. He also saw that his brother in law, Avrohom, was sending \$30 weekly and my father was to report to the army for induction. They decided that when the mill closed for the winter in December of 1885, they would leave for America, and shovel some of that gold that was supposed to be in the streets. My mother was six months pregnant with the second child so she moved back to her parents. The miller's wife came to my mother's house, because

the miller did not come home and it was quite late, so my mother accompanied her to look for the miller. When they approached the river they saw that the bridge was covered with water. That is when my mother and the miller's wife returned to house number three and my mother remained there until my father returned in March 1886. My mother told the miller's wife that the miller was sleeping in log house number one, because he couldn't cross the river. They spoke almost the whole night. The miller's wife seemed to have a premonition that something had gone awry and she had that foreboding feeling. Thus she spoke continuously to keep her mind from dwelling on the possibilities. My mother was an avid listener.

The following day when they saw the miller's body on the bridge, the wife flew into a rage and ran to Ignatz's house; she was ready to kill him. When they entered the house, he was laying on the floor in a drunken stupor with his rubber hip-boots on, his clothes disheveled, the smell of excrement and urine all over the floor. She kicked him in the face; he couldn't be aroused. Ignatz's wife came in. She was milking their cow, and she told them that he had been that way from the previous day and she swore that he had been in the house the previous day. She had been to Maria's house to get help from the two grandsons because he was a huge man. When the miller's wife accused Ignatz of killing the miller, Ignatz's wife told the miller's wife and my mother to get out of her house and never to speak to her. None of Ignatz's family came to the miller's wake or funeral and were not on speaking terms with the miller's wife. After the funeral Ignatz went to the church and confessed to the priest. The priest told him that he should have come to the wake and made that confession in front of the open coffin, because he, the priest, was now bound by the religion not to reveal anything he hears during confession; only Ignatz had to confess to the widow only, what really happened.

My father returned from America at the end of February 1886. Rivka was born in house number three. When he heard what happened he went to Ignatz's house and pleaded with him to come back to help him repair the *youace*. Ignatz swore to my father, by everything that was holy, that he had no part in the miller's drowning, that the priest told

him not to confess to anyone, only to the miller's wife first, so that she wouldn't hear it second hand. When they came to the *youace*, my father saw the six boards, the two hammers and rusty nails on the ground. They repaired the *youace* and my father begged Ignatz to come and work for him. He agreed. When my father and mother went to *shul* on Saturday my father told my mother that he was positive that Ignatz was telling the truth, that the priest forbade him to tell anyone except the miller's wife what really happened. My mother told my father not to mention to the miller's wife or anyone else about his conversation with Ignatz or to get involved in the dispute, because they would blame the Jews, my father being in America. When my parents returned from *shul* and had their dinner, the miller's wife gave my parents a letter turning all her property and monies over to them. She took them to her room and showed them her trousseau chest. She removed the contents and turned the chest on its side. She unscrewed the four legs and the bottom came out and there was a metal box screwed to the bottom. It was 6'x2'x4" deep. When she opened the box, all the papers from the Polish and Austrian governments giving title to the various lands and buildings to the millers. There was a quantity of paper money from the German, Polish and Austrian governments strewn about the box. My father handed the letter to the miller's wife and told her that if she ever changed her mind, she could destroy the letter.

After reading Mother's autobiography, I realized the following: My father was 2 years old when his mother, Miriam Reich Rieger, died in giving birth to the 10th child in 1865. Shlomo Rieger inherited the mill. He married the new Bubie six months later, a baker's daughter in Klinkivka. They had the first son one year later, called Henry. They must have made a deal for the mill in exchange for flour. Ignatz knew my great grandparents, my grandparents and the whole family and the deals. That is why he raised no objections. Also, *Mamushka* knew about the deal and all our ancestors, influenced her greatly, and the love for my parents whom she loved as her own children to give them all her possessions. My parents found the agreement in the mill chest, when the banker came to Losie to make an estimate of all the properties and found that Shlomo Rieger was the real owner of the

mill. When *Mamushka* died, mother gave the chest to her parents, Sorah and Sheyvach Bodenstein. When lightning struck the stable in 1906, everything turned to ashes, including the chest with a vast amount of paper money that both sets of my great grandparents and grandparents accumulated. Grandma Sorah sold the ground lot, about 600 acres, to the church for \$3000 *gulden*. The miller's wife replaced everything into the chest and told how her grandfather, a sheet metal worker, constructed the chest for her grandmother. After the miller's wife replaced everything it was impossible to tell that there was a false bottom. There was a hugging and kissing party to celebrate the holy Saturday.

This chest had a history of its own. It made poor people out of my grandparents, who were the richest Jews in Losie. When *Mamushka* died in 1897, Mother gave the chest to her parents, who used to hide their money under the floor, or in the walls, because there were no banks or police in Losie and no such thing as insurance. When lightning struck the hayloft in my grandfather's stable in March of 1906, the stable, the animals, the house and all its contents became a pile of ashes, including the chest with the metal false bottom, became a blob of molten metal.

Mother had her third child in 1888. It was born prematurely and died within the hour. She, the miller's wife, gave to my father \$500 *gulden* and told my father to fix house number two. My parents called the miller's wife *Mamushka*, mother dear. We moved to house number two in 1889. Helen was born in 1891, Harold, 1894, Frieda, 1986, Beile Esther, 1899, Florence, 1901, me, Marcus David, 1904, Sheyvach 1906. The priest told Ignatz that it was his last opportunity to confess to *Mamushka* at her bier during the wake, in 1897. At the wake, Mother handed the gold cross to Maria and told her it was *Mamushka*'s wish for her to have it. The mass began and my folks left for home.

At the conclusion of the mass, the priest said, *Mamushka*, open your heart and ears and forgive. Ignatz has something to tell you. Ignatz knelt at the bier, genuflected and started to cry. He begged for her forgiveness and told exactly what happened to the miller. Ignatz

made a vow to *Mamushka* that he would never drink liquor again. He completely abstained from alcohol. The people in the church began to cry and the Voichteks, who were in their 90's started to return to their house, which was on a hill overlooking house number three. When they arrived home, they saw house number three lit up and it looked like Christ in a long white tunic floating in the room. They ran back and told the priest what they saw. The priest and the entire congregation hurried back and saw the same vision. They all dropped on their knees, genuflected and sang the Christmas chants for the resurrection of Christ. They prayed for an hour and the room became dark. They returned to the church, got drunk and the priest thanked *Mamushka* for showing a sign that she forgave Ignatz. Within the year both of the Voichteks died and were buried alongside of *Mamushka*.

Maria came over to our house the next day and told my mother how thankful she was for receiving the gold crucifix, after treating *Mamushka* so shabbily for 11 years. Ignatz told the whole congregation that when they arrived at the *yuasce* they saw that they needed six boards to do the repairs and since he was 25 years younger than the miller, he walked back for the two boards and another rope. When he returned there was no sign of the miller. He kept on calling for the miller, while he ran back in the water trough. With his lamp he was searching the waters; there was no sign of the miller so he went home and got drunk. Maria told how house number three was all lit up and a large cross was on the floor and Christ and the angels in white tunics were floating in the air.

Christmas eve, 1907, it started to snow and it kept on snowing continually on the 26th, 27th and 28th of December. My father decided that he would stay at log house number one, near the mill, until the snow subsided. They had not seen that much snow in the village at any time. My father and Harold carried the *paraninas* for the beds and the kitchen utensils and food. Rivka carried me and a sack of potatoes, cabbage and onions and bakery good. I carried a pitcher of milk.

There are some poignant memories that stay with you all the rest of

your life. Harold, although he was only 14 1/2 years old, carried two bags of flour in all that snow, all the way back to house number two. When I arose late, the following morning, I went to sit down for a bowel movement on the cock-teppel, a porcelain covered metal pot, about 12" in diameter with a 3" wide brim and 10" deep, with a handle on one side, similar to a bed pan. Rivka yelled, "No, no, a boy who will be 4 years old in two weeks, and knows how to read in the *siddur*, should use the outhouse." She shoved me out of the door in my underwear. As the cold air hit me, I had to let go, and dirtied the front entrance and my underwear. I started to cry and scream. She opened the front door and saw what happened; she started to cry. She undressed and washed me and put me to bed and brought me a glass of milk and a cookie for breakfast and begged me to tell no one what happened. She had to wash my underwear and clean the floor inside and out of doors.

December 30th, the snows started with a vengeance. Ignatz shoveled a narrow path from his house up to the mill. He told my father that if the snow kept on at this pace for another 2 days, no one would be able to leave their homes and would starve. He had an idea for a plow that could be powered by his mule and our two horses. My father thought it was a splendid suggestion and they started to build the plow. They completed the plow on the sawmill floor and when they went to lower it to the ground, they couldn't budge it. They realized that the lumber weighed over 900 pounds. Ignatz went for his two grandsons. When he came to his house the grandsons were there. They had made a path from their mother's (Maria) house to the grandparents. Ignatz took his mule and the three of them came with shovels in hand. Ignatz tied two ropes to the center U bolts. The two grandsons and my father cleared a path for the mule. Ignatz tied the other ends of the ropes to the mule's harness and they lowered the plow gradually. Ignatz wasn't sure that the ice on the river was thick enough to support the weight of the sled, the three animals and four men in motion. He decided to hitch the mule to the plow and a rope around the belly of the mule. The other end of the rope he attached to the harnesses of our two horses and they were to remain on shore. If the ice should crack, they were to back the horses up to save the mule.

The mule pulled the plow with ease. The two side bars undercut the snow and the V shaped front erected two side walls; it was a perfect 4' high trench, 6' wide. My father hitched our two horses to the rear bolts and walked behind the horses with the reins and Ignatz guided the mule. They plowed a path on the *Kaiserweig* to the church and the *shul*. Then they started on the side roads to make a path to the water wells, which were on both sides of the creek. The two grandsons were shoveling paths for the homes of the widows who remained with young children. Their husbands were amongst the Polish soldiers who were captured by the Russians and shipped to Siberia during the 1905 war between Russia and Japan. There were eleven widows and thirteen old couples. They couldn't get to the well for water so they were melting buckets of snow. When they plowed around the well, which was near house number two, they also plowed a road to our cellar entrance.

Harold saw them and he joined the grandsons. Ignatz was singing, in a very loud voice, praises to his mule. The people looked out of their windows, grabbed shovels and dug paths up to the tunnel road. The whole village came to life; every man was out digging paths. There was a real feeling of brotherhood, regardless of religion. By twilight, every house had a path. The mule, horses and people were completely exhausted but were very happy. Ignatz was worried about *Zydee* (my grandfather) in Klinkivka, so he told my father that he would plow a road on the *kaiserweig* to Klinkivka the next day, January 1, 1908.

That evening, the entire Christian community attended a mass and New Year's celebration at the church. The priest spoke of the brotherhood that was created in time of fear and stress and hoped that it would continue thru the entire new year. He had a special blessing for Ignatz and his two grandsons and Lozer and Harold Rieger. He blessed the mule and our two horses for parting the snows even as God parted the Red Sea in freeing the Israelites from bondage. Early the next morning, Ignatz, the two grandsons, my father and Harold, with shovels in hand, and the plow team, started to plow the *kaiserweig* to get to Klinkivka. They encountered new problems; the village was a breeze compared to the open road. Every few hundred feet there were deep snowdrifts and they had to shovel by hand to reduce their depth,

in order for the plow to continue. After two kilometers, they and the animals were exhausted and decided to return. My father was ready to abandon the effort. Ignatz had different thoughts. He saw how the extensions of the sideboards undercut the snow. He decided to fasten two boards to the top of the vertical posts, in the form of a large scissors. He was sure it was going to work and told my dad that he was going to attach the sled with 5 bags of flour and feed and water for the animals. Harold brought a basket of food and a pot of chicory. For another kilometer the scissors cut thru the snow drifts as if they were paper; they didn't use the shovels even once. After that kilometer, the snow gradually diminished and when they arrived in Klinkivka there was just one foot of snow. They were happy to get the flour and said that Wolf and Mendel, my father's half brothers, made an effort with their sleigh; when they came to the first large drift they returned home. The grandparents made a large dinner for everybody. My brother brought in the remains of the basket of food. The step grandmother (they all called her *Bubey*) ate some of the *razava* bread and said that the next time their sleigh came to Losie she would come along to learn how to make that kind of bread. Her father had a large bakery in Bobev and she knew the bakery business.

On the return trip they plowed an additional three feet from the mountainside. The *kaiserweig* had a 9' wide clear path from Losie to Klinkivka. When they returned to the mill a few customers were waiting for flour. Ignatz and the grandsons were going to bring out the sacks of flour. The older grandson noticed that a few of the roof joists had a slight buckling in the center. He called to my father and showed him. The four of them took 4 posts and boards and jacked up the center of the long side of the roof. They walked to the outside and saw a block of snow 4' deep and 100'x40' on the roof from the mountainside. The pitch of the roof was at an angle of 20 degrees. The river side of the roof was all clear; the roof angled at 60 degrees. The sawmill roof was all clear. Both sides were at a 45-degree angle. The younger grandson started to kid around and said, don't worry, we have the plow, we will clean it in 5 minutes. This job was left for the next day. When my father arrived at the mill the next morning Ignatz

was plowing the snow from the mill facing the mountainside and the rear of the mill. The two grandsons were on the roof making a 2 foot path in the valley where the roofs from the saw and flour mills met. My father reinforced the shoring in the center of the long roof in the flourmill side. The two grandsons took a 12-foot log with the bark on it and tied a double length rope to one end and a single rope to the other end. Ignatz disconnected the plow from the animals, connected the long rope to the wood cross bar of our 2 horse team and drove over to the far end of the mill. My father had charge of the horses. Ignatz connected the other rope to the cross bar of the mule. Ignatz gave my father a signal, both teams started to move simultaneously until the roof had a 12-foot clear swath. They repeated this operation 4 times and the roof was clear of snow.

Friday morning a sleigh pulled up to house number two. *Bubey*, Mendel and Wolf came in. That was the first time that I saw them. Rivka greeted them and *Bubey* told my mother that she came to learn how to bake with *razava* flour. My mother asked her to stay and they would bake on Sunday. Father and Harold came in and we all had lunch. After lunch they all drove over to the mill. Ignatz, Mendel and Wolf loaded 10 bags of flour and said they would be back on Monday and take *Bubey* home. Sunday, our house became a bakery. Mother baked three colored *challahs*, cakes, cookies and bread; she used mostly *razava* flour. When Wolf came on Monday he took *Bubey* and most of the bakery goods. They drove to the mill and loaded 5 bags regular and 5 bags *razava* flour. The third week in February there was a cloudburst at midnight, lightning lit the sky and the thundering was continuous. We couldn't sleep we were so afraid. My father started saying a prayer pertaining to thunder and lightning. The rain cleaned the snow and the *Potik* and river became deeper. The next day, when they went to the mill, they saw 20 sacks of flour were water logged and the rain was dripping in under the valley where the two roofs met, where the grandsons were shoveling the snow and where they shored the ceiling joists. The five of them moved the flour to the other end of the mill. Harold and the grandsons loaded the 20 bags of flour and they drove to Klinkivka and told my grandfather to use them; no charge. My

grandfather gave Ignatz's grandsons two *gulden* each and said that they would work all night in order to save the flour. Ignatz and my father measured the entire roof over the flourmill. The roofing paper was very old and they decided to recover the entire roof. They concluded that 50 rolls would cover the entire roof.

My father told Ignatz that he knew Yitzchak Teitelbaum in Kremnitz, 45 kilometers away, who was in the roofing materials supply business. They would have to sleep on the wagon one night and each should bring *paraninas*, pillows, and covers, a two days supply of food for themselves and the horses and a few buckets of water. Ignatz thought that each roll would cost two *gulden*. My father took along 150 *gulden*. The next day at 5 am, my father brought along his supplies, *tallis* and *tfillin*. Ignatz had his supplies and two buckets of water, two bags of oats, a bale of hay and his gun and two kerosene lamps. At the crack of dawn they started out. Ignatz held the reins and sang out loud, funny songs, some sad ballads. My father and the horses seemed to enjoy his songs. He never used the whip; he just spoke to the horses. After two hours, my father took the reins and he serenaded the horses with *zmiros* and Jewish songs. He took the whip in his hand and Ignatz said, No, no, Lozer. My father replaced the whip into the holder. When the sun was setting, Ignatz untied the horses from the wagon, removed their harnesses, gave them water, tied them to the rear of the wagon and put the feedbags on them. He lit a kerosene lamp and hung it on an upright on the side of the wagon. My father prepared the meal. When they completed the meal, Ignatz made his bed on the front seat; my father slept on the wagon with the gun alongside of him. Ignatz told my father to awaken him immediately and hand him the gun, if anything disturbs him or the horses become restless. They were completely exhausted and fell into a sound sleep. At dawn, my father arose, washed, put on his *tallis* and *tfillin* and started to *daven*. A farmer's dogs saw him and started to bark. The farmer came over to the wagon and invited Ignatz and my father to come in for breakfast. They took the horses to the stable; the farmer watered and fed them. The wife boiled a dozen eggs and they ate bread, butter eggs and chicory. My father brought in two loaves of *razava* bread. They were curious to

know about the black boxes that my father had on his head and hand. My father explained to them the meaning and contents of the *tfillin* and that with the *tallis* it encompasses the actions of the heart, head and hands to do just deeds.

They told Ignatz and my father that they were happy to see people for a change, that their children worked in stores and factories and lived in Kremnitz, which was four kilometers away. They knew of Teitelbaum's roofing supply and gave them complete instructions to get there.

My father gave them 3 *gulden*, which they tried to refuse but Ignatz insisted they keep and promised to stop in his way back home. They resumed their trip and Ignatz told my father that is the way all children do to their parents. His seven sons, when they were supposed to go into the army, went to America where they received free land in Minnesota, Dakota and Wisconsin. Ignatz's sons used to deliver the flour. This must have taken place in 1875, because that is when my father started to drive to Losie to pick up the flour. He had 46 grandchildren, 22 great grandchildren and 6 great great grandchildren whom neither he nor his wife will ever see. He started to cry and said that she is worse off than he because they are only 5 kilometers away and his children are 15,000 kilometers away and never see their children and grandchildren.

To change the subject my father told Ignatz that he knew Yitzchak Teitelbaum from meeting him at the *shul* once a year before Passover. He stopped overnight then continued to the Sandzer Rabbi the following day. They arrived at a building that was a block square, surrounded by a large fenced yard. They drove to the front entrance door and my father entered and asked for Mr. Yitzchak Teitelbaum. He came out of the office and said, *Shalom*, Elozor. My father told him that he needed 50 rolls of roofing paper for his mill. Yitzchak told him to drive over to the side entrance and he will meet him there. When they came to the entrance, Yitzchak and two men were waiting there. He showed my father the medium weight rolls and said they will cost two *gulden* a roll. My father started to pay him. He told my father that he wanted to talk to him and he can pay in his office. He instructed the helpers, out of my father's hearing, to put 60 rolls of the heaviest

roofing paper on the wagon. Yitzchak took my father's 100 *gulden* and gave him a receipt in Hebrew for 60 rolls, #18 roofing paper, 240 *gulden*, paid in full. He told my father that he didn't want to make a profit on him but he needed the duplicate receipt for his inventory.

Yitzchak told my father that when he stopped in Losie before Passover, 1907, he slept at Herschel Weinstein's *kraitchma*. When he arose the next morning he saw lice in his hair and beard. Even the two helpers that were with him, who are completely bald and clean-shaven, found lice in their pubic hair. My father told Yitzchak that we have a very large house and he would be a most honored guest at our table and his have his own room, including his two helpers. We also have a furnished, empty log house near the mill and his helpers could have complete privacy. A stable behind the house is empty and has water troughs. The horses could have as much hay and oats as they like. They can stay as long as they wish; just mail a letter to tell us when they are coming. My father told Yitzchak that Herschel Weinstein has been trying to sell the *kraitchma* since 1905, when the Cossacks came to the Galician border. They bring *nafkes* (whores), including Jewish girls, get drunk, rent rooms for the night. He has neglected the place and it is deteriorating rapidly. He lives above the saloon with his wife and three grown daughters and fears for their safety. Ignatz and one of the helpers came to the front office, after loading the wagon, and said, Lozer, you owe for 10 more rolls, they loaded 60. Yitzchak answered, thanking him, and saying they are all paid for. He told my father that Ignatz was a *gebr zaidek* (righteous gentile).

They started back for home. Ignatz suggested that they stop at the kind farmer to rest and feed the horses and have their own lunch. The farmer lady insisted that they have lunch with them. Ignatz shared some of their ham, my father took a few slices of *kez* and dried goat cheese pressed into the shape of a one inch thick triangle, and the remains of his *razava* bread. They washed it down with chicory. The farmer said, if I knew you were going to buy roofing paper, I would have given you money to buy a roll, because after that terrible snow, his roof was leaking. My father said we have two extra rolls and for our new friends, no charge. The farmer lady filled four small glasses of

liquor for a toast; to our new friends (*nazdrovyeh*), to your good health. Ignatz was happy to part with the two rolls. He said now that the load is half as heavy, we will get home twice as fast.

My father kept on sniffing the alcohol on Ignatz's clothes. Ignatz explained that when she made the toast, *Mamushka* appeared before his eyes; he spilled the drink on the inside of his sweater. They returned home at 2 a.m., unhitched the horses and slept in the log house. A few weeks later, we received a letter that Yitzchak would be at our house Sunday evening, the 21st of the month of *Adar*, with his two helpers, and would appreciate sleeping accommodations. When *Zydee* heard that Yitzchak was coming, he wanted to meet him. My father invited *Zydee*, *Bubey* and *Wolf* to spend Saturday and Sunday, the 19th and 20th of *Adar*, with us. We completely cleaned houses number one and number two and added four beds to house number one. Ignatz loaned to us the *paraninas*, pillows and covers. Mother, Rivka, Helen and Frieda busied themselves with cooking, baking and straightening everything. Friday afternoon, Mother put two pots of *cholent* in the stove oven. The woman who lived in the house to our left was a war widow, with three children. She received a meager, yearly stipend from the Polish and Austrian governments; we supplied her with food. She and her children helped with the work, especially on Friday, Saturday and holidays. Her 11-year-old son, *Jarush*, took care of the pigeons we had in two pigeon houses on the roof of the stable. Daily, he would clean the stable, feed the cow and two goats. After school, he would go to the mill, feed the chickens, water and feed the horses, clean the stable and would ride one up to Maria's house, who always had cookies for him. He would then go to church school for another two hours.

The 15-year-old girl, *Teresa*, was learning how to be a seamstress for *Menachem Mendel*, the ladies tailor. The younger daughter, *Ednatchka*, went to school, helped my mother and her mother. Friday, the 19th of *Adar*, *Bubey*, *Zydee* and *Wolf* arrived in a carriage with a front and rear seat and went directly to house number two. My mother went out to welcome them. *Harold* and my father came home from the mill for lunch. They washed and dressed. We had a holiday lunch. After lunch, Father, *Zydee*, *Wolf* and *Harold* drove over to the

mill. *Zydee* didn't think the mill was as large. When they passed the debarking saws, Ignatz's younger grandson said that he wished that he was born a Jew because of all the holidays. They all had a good laugh.

They drove over to the *shul*. *Reb Aba* and *Zalman the Shamus* were cleaning and readying the *shul* for the honored guests, and the Sabbath. *Zydee* asked *Harold* which *Gomorra* he was studying. *Reb Aba*, *Harold*'s teacher, said that they completed *Baba Kama* and *Baba Metzia*. *Zydee* took the *Gamorra*, *Baba Metzia*, off the shelf and said that 80 years have passed since he completed that *gamorra* and he would like to refresh his memory. If *Harold* would be good enough to make a discourse, he would look in the book. *Reb Aba* said that was the year he was born. In their minds Father and *Harold* figured that *Zydee* was either 93 or 94 years old. *Harold* started; two persons who hold a *tallis*, and each of them claims that he found it. A biblical oath is given only when there is an admission in part from the defendant. If the plaintiff claims a hundred and the defendant says only fifty, and here they are. If one claims a hundred, and the other denies all, and there are witnesses for fifty, what shall the oath contain? When one of the two holders overcame the other and took it away, what is the law? *Zydee* interrupted, by what authority was the law regulated? *Harold* answered, quoting the authority, line, page, verse and chapter. He continued for another hour with many interruptions by *Zydee*. *Harold* wasn't flustered at all but continued his soliloquy until the end of the first chapter. *Zydee* gave *Harold* a 20 *gulden* note; he was beaming with pride. *Reb Aba* and my father were just glowing; they were enthralled. *Zalman* just marveled.

They drove to house number two. *Zydee* took a nap. *Harold* and *Wolf* went for a stroll thru the entire village and *Wolf* admired the blossoms of the various trees. *Harold* told him which tree bore which fruit. *Bubey* busied herself in the kitchen. She was quite a few years older than my mother and taught her the proper way to make *cholent*. *Zydee* had nine children, eight girls and my father. *Bubey* *Miriam* died at the age of 40 after the last child was stillborn. *Zydee* remarried after six months and had five more children. Our new *Bubey* was considered an old maid and was less than half of *Zydee*'s age. We all loved the new *Bubey* and

her children and made no distinction. The names of my new uncles and aunts were: Henry, Celia, Wolf, Mendel and Rivka Liebe. My fathers sisters names were: Cavule Geller, Rae Rieger, \_\_\_\_\_ Trachman, Fannie Sawislak, \_\_\_\_\_ Fabian, \_\_\_\_\_ Fabian, \_\_\_\_\_ Schotland, \_\_\_\_\_ Gross and my father.

Gossip spread like wildfire throughout the village that the millionaire, Yitzchak Teitelbaum, was coming to stay at our house. All the Jewish men, except Herschel Weinstein attended the Friday night and the Saturday morning services. Reb *Aba* honored my grandfather by allowing him to conduct the evening and the Saturday's *musaf* service, by acting as cantor. He also was honored with the *Mafir*, where he donated the unheard sum of 50 *gulden* to Reb *Aba* and 10 *gulden* to the *shul*. The entire *shul* was invited by my father for *kiddish*. They all came for *laikach* and *bronfen* (sponge cake and liquor). Reb *Aba* stopped to see Herschel Weinstein. He thought he was sick because that was the first time that he did not attend the services, being the only *Kohen* in the entire village. He told Reb *Aba* that he was angry with Elozor Rieger because he took some business away from him. Reb *Aba* told Herschel that there were 99 other seats; also, when he was his student, they studied in the *Gamorra Ein Yankov*, that a *Kohen* was not allowed to become angry with any Jew. It was against the law and he could lose the privilege of blessing the Jews during the various holidays. Herschel Weinstein came to our house and apologized to my father for becoming angry with him; he begged for forgiveness. My father said he was forgiven providing he joins us for dinner.

Early Sunday morning, Wolf picked up 5 bags of flour and with *Bubey* returned to Klinkivka. The *shoichet* came over to our house and slaughtered 12 squabs. My sisters removed the feathers and cleaned the pigeons. Harold went to the mill because they had some orders to get out. After mass, Ignatz and the two grandsons joined him. A black carriage with gold trim and golden side lamps, drawn by two white lippazan stallions, pulled up alongside of house number two. My father walked out and invited Yitzchak Teitelbaum and his two drivers to come in, that our home was their home. The drivers brought in a small trunk and placed it in the rear large bedroom. My mother brought in a

towel, a pitcher of water and a white porcelain pan and told Yitzchak to freshen up from the road and she would have lunch ready for them. As he passed the front bedroom, Yitzchak noticed *Zydee* napping on a large bed and two cribs in the room. My father closed the door, told Yitzchak that it was his father who was in his middle nineties and came from Klinkivka, especially to meet Yitzchak Teitelbaum, who signed the checks for the bakery supplies to the Sandzer Yeshiva. My mother and sisters prepared a *milchige* (dairy) lunch, fit for a king. There were three kinds of cheeses, fresh butter, schmaltz herring, sour cream, three colored breads, rolls and cakes, a full pitcher of buttermilk and a glass pot of chicory. Yitzchak asked, what is that enticing smell? My mother showed him the 12 squabs roasting in the oven that would be their dinner. The two drivers spoke in German. They told my mother that was the best food that they had ever eaten. They were surprised that all of us were so fluent in the German language. *Zydee* heard us speaking and Shevach yelling *susi, susi*, Hebrew for horsy, horsy. He washed, came in, was introduced and joined my parents in partaking of cake and chicory so that he would have the honor of *bentching*, saying the after meal blessing with Yitzchak. One could sense the invisible bond between the two great grandfathers.

Yitzchak asked *Zydee* to sleep in his room tonight because they both had much to reminisce about. Yitzchak told my father that in all his 83 years my father was the first Jew that he heard owned a lumber and flour mill; he was very anxious to see it. Yitzchak, my father and the two drivers got into the carriage and headed for the mill. My father told the drivers that the only place they could cross the river was between the two ropes that spanned the river, 30' apart. Even though the water was murky from the clay, it was only one foot deep to the stone road underneath the water. The water was four feet deep alongside of the ropes. When they started to descend on the ramp, Yitzchak remarked, look at the gray haired man lifting that large log to the floor where the saws are located. My father said, that is 75-year-old Ignatz. When the horses saw the water, they balked; they refused to enter the water. Ignatz saw the horses descending on the ramp; he knew that they would not enter the water unless they could see the

bottom. He slipped on his hip boots and took the large cloth that we used for that purpose and crossed the river. He threw the cloth over the horses' faces, held on to the reins near their mouths, walked the horses down the ramps and across the river. They drove over to the far end of the mill, where the new roof was on the mill. My father and Yitzchak got out of the carriage; Ignatz got in. My father told Ignatz that they would like to practice crossing the river so that the horses would lose their fear of the water. After four crossings, Ignatz removed the cloth; the horses seemed to enjoy crossing the water and no longer had any fear.

My father showed the entire mill to Yitzchak and where we kept the horses and chickens. Yitzchak asked what is that sled with the big scissors alongside of the sawmill. My father told him how Ignatz thought of the idea and how they plowed the village roads in a single day in January and the large scissors demolished the 7' highway drifts. Yitzchak told my father that they had only a one and a half foot snowfall but the entire city of Kremnitz came to a complete halt. His warehouse was closed for two weeks. He went out and studied the construction carefully. When Ignatz returned after teaching the horses to cross the river and saw Yitzchak inspecting the plow, he began to laugh and said, I'll sell it cheap. When I return from Sandz, after *Shavous*, I will give you 100 *gulden* and you will deliver it to my warehouse in Kremnitz, Yitzchak replied. Florence escorted *Zydee* to the *shul*, towards twilight. My father and Yitzchak arrived a few minutes earlier. Harold and the two drivers returned to housenumber two where they unhitched the horses. Harold showed them how to draw the water from the well for the troughs and where the feed for the horses was kept. They started to groom the horses.

Harold washed up and walked back to the *shul*. He saw *Zydee* giving 60 *gulden* that he donated on the sabbath and Yitzchak was handing Reb *Aba* 100 *gulden* for himself and 50 *gulden* for the *shul*. My father gave Harold 20 *gulden* and told him to go to Herschel Weinstein to get wine and liquor for Monday morning's *kiddush* for the entire congregation. Then go home and tell Mother to bake two large *laikachs*, honeyed sponge cakes, for the *kiddush*, which he would donate. Herschel

Weinstein refused to take money from Harold and said that he would donate all the wine and liquor that was needed. Harold returned to the *shul* for the *mincha* and *maariv* services, which Yitzchak conducted beautifully. The men returned from the services to the greatest surprise. The table was set in holiday fashion with a white tablecloth, a candelabra in the center with seven branches and candles in each, eleven chairs and one high chair surrounding the table. Our neighbor and the two daughters wore white caps and aprons; they looked like maids and Jarush had his Sunday best on. Our five, and the neighbors three kerosene lamps, lit the entire house.

My mother concocted her own prayer for the occasion. As she lit the candles, all of us surrounded the table. She said, blessed art thou, oh Lord, who has graced our house with the presence of our two beloved grandfathers, until 120 years, who create a holiday spirit in our hearts, amen. We all answered, amen. All the men rinsed their hands, said the blessing before the meal and sat at the table. The two grandfathers sat at the front and were served first. The four neighbors did all the serving and cleaning up. They started with the pigeon soup. Everyone received a whole squab except Belle, Florence, Shevach and I; we each received a half. After about seven courses we all washed it down with chicory and cake. A finger bowl with water was passed around for the men to rinse their fingers. My father started to say the after meal blessings, with all the men responding.

The dishes and the crumbs were removed; Yitzchak asked *Zydee* if he operated the mill. *Zydee* answered that his father-in-law was a baker and he became a baker and remained in Klinkivka. Two of his brothers and a sister went to America; one brother by the name of Eliezar went to Palestine and they never heard from him. His grandfather came from Riga, where they were bakers. His father and mother came to Klinkivka after losing their first five children to the black plague. They bought the bakery for a very low price because the baker became sick and was bedridden. Yitzchak asked, Elozer, how did you get into such a hard working business? My mother answered, it's a long uninteresting story, tell us about yourself. Yitzchak began, I am the fifth generation in the business; I may be the last of the Teitelbaums. My son, Meyer, is

in Chicago, America. When he was eighteen, he was supposed to enter the army. We were very friendly with the mayor. We knew that he got some boys, who were not studying for the rabbinate in the *yeshivas*, released from army service with a doctor's medical certificate. We asked him what it would take. He hesitated, and then said, Harold, my two boys are very tired, why don't you show them their bedroom. Harold took a lamp and said, we have the log house to ourselves so all of you have pleasant dreams, and left. Beila put Shevach and me into our cribs and returned to the table.

Yitzchak continued, the mayor told them, it would take a thousand *gulden*, cash. They gave him the money and the following week a doctor came to examine Meyer. After a complete examination the doctor said, if I gave Meyer a disability certificate and another doctor would examine him, I would lose my license as a doctor. Sorry, I cannot help you. Yitzchak went to see the mayor. The mayor told him the next higher up is the colonel; you can't approach him with less than 10,000 *gulden*. Meyer said, with 10,000 *gulden* I can open a large roofing supply in Chicago, where his friends were, and not be obligated to do the bidding of some ignorant Poles. Eight to ten weeks later they received a letter from Meyer in Chicago. He was working for a baker on Ashland and Augusta Street in Chicago. The baker's daughter, a very pretty young lady, sends her regards. They were married two years later. We were going to go to the United States but we received a letter from the Sandzer Rabbi, who was my rabbi in Kremnitz, before he moved to Sandz, inviting my wife, my oldest daughter, who was 24, Meyer and myself to his son's receiving his *smicha*, diploma to the rabbinate. We went to the graduation and received a big surprise. He was a head taller than his father, red hair, beard and beautiful *pais*, side curls, with large blue eyes. He was very gracious in addressing us, but kept his eyes on our daughter and she was gazing at him in a complete trance. Within three days we consummated a marriage contract. I promised to build a *yeshiva* and dormitory for him. They were married before *Paisach* and now I am going alone to the marriage of my granddaughter, before *Paisach*.

My wife, of blessed memory, passed away three years ago of an

unmentionable crank (cancer). He started to cry and Rivka started to sob out loud and went to her room. He stood up, took a 10 *gulden* note, went in to Rivka, handed it to her and said, this is a wedding present; you will be married within two years. They both came back to the table. He asked Rivka for some writing paper and a pencil, which she gave him. He peeled off seven 10 *gulden* notes and handed them to Chaya (Helen) and said, Hand one to each of the children. Whoever gets the *afikomen* must save it for him, when he returns. He thought that Harold was 17 years old because he was so big. He said to Chaya, when you get to be 18 years old, go to America. I will write a note of introduction to my son Meyer and he will treat you properly. He wrote a note, in Yiddish, to his son and handed it to Helen. He continued, my five sons in law are working in my business. Our six daughters learned our business thoroughly, by taking care of the books and the bills. They got to know their future husbands before they married because we selected the young men from various *yeshivas*. We knew their background and offered them temporary employment between *Paisach* and *Shevous*, during their vacation period. We learned their character and our daughters got to know them. Everyone isn't that fortunate. When the boys reach 18 and don't study for the rabbinate, they must go into the army, except the cripples. Therefore most of the young men leave for America. That puts a heavy burden on the young ladies.

Now I have talked enough and I have something to discuss with my *chaver*, Shlomo, so I suggest we all go to sleep. But I want Shlomo, Bubey, Elozor and Charna to be guests at my granddaughter's wedding this coming Sunday. You will stay at my daughter's house from Friday until Monday, just before *Rosh Chodesh, Nisan*. (No Jewish weddings are permitted until after Pentecost, except on the 33rd day of the counting of the *Omer*.) They went into their room and closed the door. My father told my mother that it was midnight when their lamp was turned off. *Zydee* asked Yitzchak if he wasn't afraid to travel through the forests with so much cash, with the two gentile drivers. He answered that he trusted them as his own children. They lived at his house for over 12 years. Their father and grandfather worked in the

business. When the twin boys sang soprano in the church choir they decided, as 14 year olds, to become chaste priests. Their father, being a deacon in the church, decided to permit them. The priest suggested that they be castrated in order to remain sopranos. The deacon gave his permission. Two months later, they became completely bald. The deacon regretted his action and kept on castigating himself. His work in the plant was shoddy; he seemed to be losing his mind. One night he went to sleep with a cigarette in his mouth. The wooden shack burned to the ground. His three young daughters, his wife and he were cremated by the fire. The twins jumped from the attic window where they slept. The priest took them into his house and tutored them for the priesthood. After four years, they decided they no longer were interested in the priesthood and they came to look for jobs at the Teitelbaums. For the next 10 to 12 years they lived at Yitzchak's house and learned how to speak Yiddish fluently and wanted to convert to Judaism. Yitzchak told them no rabbi would convert a eunuch because they cannot procreate. He asked them not to speak Yiddish nor let anyone know that they understood the language. If anyone would make a derogatory remark against them they should apprise him in secret. In his own mind he wanted no Jewish girl to be deceived by them.

Shlomo, the thing I really want to talk about is my will. Do you think I could get Elozor to act as the executor? My three younger sons in law are very sharp salesmen; they can twist the two older ones around their little fingers. So long as I am around to hold the reins, everything runs smoothly. Meyer wrote that he wants no part of Galicia. He has 15 wagons delivering bakery supplies all over Chicago and 20 bakers working in the bakery. (The Augusta Bakery) Any Jew who lifts 300-pound logs to earn an honest living fulfills the tenets of the ethics of our fathers and must be trustworthy and honest. Elozor is young enough and wise; he is the one who could fulfill my hopes and desires. Please convince him and let me know on Friday. His stipend will be the equal and same that my sons in law receive and I will be sure that the Yeshiva will survive. Also, there are four student teachers who remain at the dormitory during the vacation period; perhaps he can make a *shiddach* (marriage) for Rivka. If I receive a yes answer when we

meet on Friday, I will proceed with the will on *chal hamoid*, the interval between the first and the last two days of *Paisach*. We have an *advocat* at the *yeshiva* who teaches comparative jurisprudence between the *Gamorra* and English jurisprudence, which evolved the Magna Carta in 1225. He will, in a legal manner, assist me in writing my will.

Yitzchak was honored at the Monday morning service by acting as cantor and *baal koreya*, reader, of the Torah. He and the two drivers returned to the house for a big breakfast and a large box of food for their lunch. They departed for Sandz with many blessings for a good trip. *Zydee* informed my father and mother what transpired the previous night and said, your answer must be yes. My dad got cold feet and said, How am I going to get to Sandz, by horse and wagon, when everyone will arrive by carriage? *Zydee* answered, you and Charna come to Klinkivka on Thursday. Bring 10 bags of regular and 5 bags of *razava* flour and the three of us will get to Sandz early Friday morning with my horse and carriage. *Bubey* has to help out in the bakery. Dad hesitated, Mother insisted; she loved to rub shoulders with the *hoi polloi* and all those rabbis from Olpine, Turnev, Bobev, Ropshitz, Cracow, Sandz, Gorlitz, Chemnitz and Premysil.

They met Arye. Mother said all redheads have a nasty temper; furthermore he is three inches shorter than Rivka. Three years later we found Arye to be the most kind, generous person, in spite of having a red beard and *pais*. Height had no significance.

The only kissing and affection that I recall was from father and Rivka. She toilet trained both Shevach and me. I used to faint often, mostly when I saw blood or if anyone got hurt. Rivka would grab me, run to the *Potyik* and dunk my head into the creek; this would revive me immediately. I have been told that in April of 1904, my mother went to Gorlice to watch Kaiser Franz Joseph drive by in a coach in a parade. Rivka had to carry me about 6 blocks to be fed by Maria's breast. She had to do this six times that day. Two years later Maria lost her only daughter to scarlet fever and the Cossacks captured her husband.

The boss asked my folks, in 1911, if we had a place to move, because he wanted to make a warehouse out of house number two. My father

said yes, to house number three. The boss and my father went over to inspect it because it had stood unoccupied since 1897. The boss told my father to remodel the entire house, inside and outside. He would supply all the material. He also gave my father 500 *gulden* for the deed. This was the only house that the boss had the deed because it had an additional 100 acres of wheat land. He had the deed to 500 acres of land on which the mill and housenumber two but not to the buildings because the real owner of the mill was my grandfather Shlomo Rieger, which he inherited from his first wife Miriam, whose father, my great grandfather Avrohom Elozer Reich supplied most of the money for the grinding stones and had the title to the flour mill. The boss told my father to show that the house was occupied by putting a sign on the door, Rieger, a table and a chair and leave a lit lamp for a few hours after dark. There were beds in the house. When my father came home my mother yelled, are you crazy, the devils live there; Maria and everybody from the church saw them in 1897. I would sooner live in the fields. Dad said, at first you believed in the two angels that stole the shirt off our back, now you believe in the *Buba maisa*, fairy tales, of devils. I am going to sleep there tonight.

He went to Reb *Aba*'s store, bought 5 *mezuzas* and a crayon. He returned to house number three, nailed a *mezuza* on each doorpost and on each window. He printed *RIEGER* on the front door and returned home for a small table and chair. After supper, Dad, Rivka and I took our *paraninas*, pillows and covers, Dad took his *tallis*, *tfillin* and lamp and we went to house number three. Rivka and I slept in the bedroom. As soon as it got dark we retired. Dad dragged his bed into the living room, lit the lamp and sat down to read in the *Chumash*, Bible. He doused the lamp and retired for the night. About 11:30 p.m., the living room started to light up. My father awoke and saw a large cross on the floor and a shadowy figure in motion. He grabbed and donned his *tallis* and started to say the *krishma* out loud. He walked over to the window facing the Voichtek's house that was on a small hill about 10 feet higher than our house and our room darkened. He stepped away from the window, our room lit up and the shadows reappeared. He again looked out of the window at the Voichtek's house and realizing

what was happening he burst out into a loud laughter that woke Rivka. She entered the living room; my father showed her the source that made the devils appear. She started to laugh and said that she is going to wake Mother and show her. She walked barefoot across the bridge over the *Potik*, woke Mother and told her, Father is playing with the devils. Mother slipped into her shoes, grabbed a lamp and started to cross the bridge. From the *Kaiserweig*, the two night watchmen saw two white-garbed figures with a lamp and the ghost house lit up. They started to run towards the bridge, about a block, with lamp in hand, the Jew saying *Krishma* out loud and the Pole fingering the cross that was on a chain around his neck saying the rosary. They fearfully approached the bridge, heard my father blessing the full moon in the open doorway with the room all lit up. They became very brave when they heard my mother and sister laughing out loud. They walked towards the window, saw the full moon reflecting brightly from the mirror that was on the rear wall of the Voichtek's house thru their window into our window. The crossbars of the window that separated the four small windowpanes cast a shadow of a perfect cross on the floor. The wall statue of the Christ figure from Voichtek's house cast a huge, moving shadow on our floor when the moon was moving higher in the sky and a cloud was approaching. The shadow on our rear wall looked like Christ floating with a large tunic behind him. Within 15 minutes the house became dark; all the devils disappeared except the laughter.

Early the following morning, my father returned home to *daven*, had breakfast and went to the mill. He loaded 4 rolls of roofing paper on the wagon. When Ignatz arrived and asked my father what he was doing, he answered that he was going to reroof house number three. He told Ignatz that when you put a new roof on a house the holy books state that you can chase the devils out. Come tonight about 11 p.m. and I will show you; I will sleep there. They loaded a keg of roofing nails, two cans of sealer and 5 ladders. Voichtek [who was 95] and four of the other neighbors saw the roofing paper on the wagon and Ignatz told them to bring a hammer and help. Within a half hour there were five men on ladders nailing the roofing paper. Ignatz told them my father was going to chase the devils out tonight at 11 p.m.

They all agreed to come and watch. Rivka brought lunch for all of them. The roof was completed by 5:30 p.m. The boss sent a wagon, loaded with lumber, twice the size of ours. The two farmers, who knew my father and Ignatz, unloaded the wagon in one hour. The farmers with the Clydesdale horses returned to Gorlice. Harold wanted to get in on the fun. He took along a *siddur* to bless the full moon and slowly accompanied my father. It was a two day *Rosh Chodesh* month of prayer, *hallel*. They took along a lamp, opened the front door. When the full moon appeared in the sky they read the prayers. When they were finished they left the lit lamp in the open door and waited.

About 11 p.m., they could see six men crossing the *Kaiserweig* by the light of the full moon. Chiel, who was still in pain, groaned somewhat from sitting in that hard chair too long. As the men were approaching the house, and heard the groan, the room was starting to light up with dark shadows creeping on the floor. They were ready to run away. They heard Chiel calling to them; they became brave and entered the house. They noticed the cross moving towards the rear wall where the lumber was stacked. My father took them to the window and showed them the full moon reflecting in the mirror in Voichtek's house. When Ignatz saw the Christ on the cross reflecting in the mirror he said to Voichtek, that was the statue he carved for them as a wedding present and he affixed it near the window wall. My father brought along a bottle of whiskey and eight small glasses. All except Ignatz, drank a toast to Harold's speedy recovery. My father asked all of them to come on the morrow and help him rebuild the entire house and each one would be paid. They heard the laughter as the men departed.

Within a week everyone in the entire village knew that the Riegers chased the devils out. The church was half empty on Sunday; those that came put 10 *gritzer* (10 cents) or 25 *gritzer* in the offering basket. Ignatz was the only one who put a half *gulden* in the basket. When the priest spoke the people fidgeted and were restless. He knew that he had to do something drastic. He told the congregation that he would have a revelation the following Sunday about people who he thought of as saints, who were really devils, taking instructions from an old woman who has continual conversation and contact with the devils. Persons

who have contact with devil purveyors will end up in the fires, hail and brimstone of purgatory. It was up to the entire congregation to see that the sinners who did not attend church this Sunday must attend the following Sunday and confess their sins or Jesus Christ will punish the entire community with a plague.

After church, Ignatz, his wife and Maria came to house number two. Rivka fixed a nice lunch, which they all enjoyed and were happy to see that Harold was capable of assisting Dad at the mill. They heard a horseless carriage pull up to the house. The boss entered and sat at the table and ate some cake and chicory. Maria said that the cake left a better taste in the mouth than the priest's ravings. Mother sent me to the mill for Dad and Harold. The boss asked what the sermon was about. Maria answered, about hell's fires and purgatory, about people who associate with those who communicate with devils. The boss seemed perplexed and Ignatz told the whole story about the devils. He told that the priest, who at one time thought of my father and brother as saints, without mentioning names, referred to the Rieger family, especially the senile grandmother, who spoke in different tongues, as the contact with the devils. Mother's mother lived with the Reisses before she came to live with us. They spoke Hungarian, Rumanian, Yiddish, German and Polish in their house. Rivka went daily to Reiss's grocery for merchandise, brought cookies and other goodies to *Bubey* and learned Hungarian and Rumanian until she was fluent in speech and was *Bubey*'s favorite granddaughter. She spent two to three hours daily with her; it was a mutual love.

When *Bubey* came to live with us Rivka watched over her like a mother hen. They spoke in the various languages. When the Polish girls heard that, they thought they were speaking about them. They spread gossip that *Bubey* was speaking in tongues and was senile. When Rivka was a young girl in the sixth grade she had a Serbian teacher who was married to a Russian. The teacher inspired the children to learn many languages so they can become banker assistants, which had a dignity rating just below doctors and lawyers. The entire class became fluent in the Serbian, Russian, German and Polish languages, in reading, writing and speaking. In addition to the above languages Rivka

spoke Rumanian, Yiddish and had a fair knowledge of Hebrew and Hungarian.

The boss asked my father, after he finished his lunch, how house number three was progressing. The boss, Ignatz and my father walked over to house number three. He said he never knew 2 men who could accomplish that much in a week's time, not knowing about the 5 helpers. He continued, Lozer, I see you shut the devils out by removing the window from the Voichtek's side and placing it near the front door. He admired the parquet style floors that Ignatz laid from the shingles. He said that when he returns home he will call to Teitelbaum's warehouse to come out to look at the shingle floors because they were stuck with over 10,000 roofing shingles from when they were in vogue; perhaps it was a new idea for their use and they would compensate my father and Ignatz.

On his way home he will stop at the Bishop and tell him all about the devils and threats of hell and purgatory. He said to be sure to tell Maria and all the people to come to church next Sunday to hear the new priest. He took an eye measurement of the amount of tile and paint that was needed to complete the house. He gave my father instructions because he would send a tile setter, paint and varnish, a pump and an oven, on Tuesday morning. He continued; 450 years ago we had a tyrant pope who put out an encyclical that the world was flat and the sun rotates around the earth; whoever deviates from that will be tried as a heretic and put to death. We had a great Polish scientist, Copernicus, a genius, who published a pamphlet and showed drawings of how the earth, like a ball, and other planets, rotated around the sun, yearly, in a God given order. He was persecuted as a heretic. Now you have here a senile priest who insists that shadows are devils and sows discord between good, honest people. God, soul, faith, emotions and Messiah are at one end of the spectrum of the mind; logic, science and reality are at the other end. Who knows? Does the Messiah come to each one of us when we die?

Mom keeps on asking me why didn't you write this before? There are two main reasons. The first, the Dr. Levy experience, where I am trying

to sharpen my ability to recall. The second, the Florence hallucination; and since, in the last two years, I have had ten aberrations. I pray and hope that I am not becoming schizophrenic.

My first memory that I can recall in a hazy manner was, when I started *cheder* at the age of 3 1/2 years, in the summer of 1907. My *belfer*, teacher, was a cousin by the name Dovidel Gross. Rivka used to escort or carry me most of the way and then went to the Reiss's for groceries and a two hour visit with Bubey, daily from 9:30 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. The reason the memory is so vivid is because at the conclusion of each lesson the teacher would hand to each student an *andrut*, a cookie about 1"x2"x1/4", consisting of 2 outer layers of yellow cake perforated by small squares and a chocolate center. When I told Rivka what I learned each day I got a hug and kiss from her and she would carry me home. After reading Florence's autobiography I realize that Mother was trying to make a match between Dovidal, who was 17½ and Rivka, who was 20½. That is one reason for carrying me to *cheder*.

My next memory was the deep snow of 1907-1908, the plow and all the excitement. My mother selling potatoes, cabbage and onions, Yitzchak Teitelbaum, the two white Lippizan stallions and Shayvach yelling *soosi, soosi* (horsy, horsy). The ten *gulden* paper money, which I gave my mother to keep. Jarush, who took care of the pigeons, starting to cry when they handed him a half of a pigeon and the pigeon soup. The only thing that soothed him was the 10 *gulden* note that Yitzchak handed to him.

My recollection, in 1909, when the two Jews came to sell to my parents the *britchkala*. The colorful Madonna and the Christ picture in the chapel. When Chaya (Helen) left for the US, in 1910, and all the tears that were shed by each one of us. The death of Shayvach was my first real, heart-rending blow. *Bubey* coming to live at our house. My many fainting spells. When Chiel was kicked by the horse. Walchek escorting me to school and *cheder*. Some of my school teachers. The parades, every Sunday, after mass; the colorful clothing and banners. The singing; most of the village people following in the procession. House number three and the ghosts that everyone in the village

laughed at, when it was mentioned. The bookcases that Ignatz made in house number three. When my folks went to Gorlice for Harold's hospitalization they bought two sets of leather bound *machzorim*, five in each set, which I have at home on the upper shelf. They were our pride on the shelves of the hutch in house number three. Harold and Frieda left for the US two days after *Simchas Torah*; that was the second week in October 1911. Father left for the US in February of 1912. *Bubey* dying in Dec. 1912.

Florence graduated from the sixth grade in primary school on Feb. 15, 1913. Our departure at the end of February 1913. Our six weeks stay in Bremen because Belle and Florence had iritis. Our 15-day boat trip in third class and all the lice. The only item that we took along when we left Losie was the seven branch solid silver candelabra; that was handed down from *Bubey*'s grandmother. This partly paid for our seven week stay at the reform rabbi's hotel and *shul* in the basement, that contained the restaurant. For the last Friday's supper we were served pig knuckles. My mother recognized the pig knuckles because Maria used to raise 15 hogs yearly and she used to feed them the chaff and *razava* flour, until Mother discovered the use for that flour in 1908. With the caraway seed flavoring it became unforgettable bread. The hogs seemed to thrive on the *razava* flour and it became a necessity because of the shortage of the regular flour. In exchange for the flour, Maria provided us, from her farm, with leaf lettuce, cucumbers, radishes, carrots, peas and beans. There never arose the argument that one owed the other more.

Mother confronted the Rabbi, about what he was serving to the Jews. He readily admitted that it was pig knuckles and he said that they were strictly kosher because they were from the front part of the pigs and strictly kosher.

We saw the statue of liberty in New York harbor but we docked at Baltimore, where they handed us bananas. Everyone took a bite with the peel on and threw the balance into the water. When we saw some people peeling it we knew we made a mistake. It was the first time we saw black people. Florence told me that their skin turns black

because they never washed. I believed her. When Doctor Carl Beck, from North Chicago Hospital on Clark and Deming Street told us the finding when he made the exploratory operation, all of us used to cry every night. My father regretted ever meeting the boss, the banker and especially the two angel Jews who were going to make us rich. He said he should have clipped their wings with a 2 x 4. My father was a religious man, not fanatic, in Europe; he became more religious in this country, probably because he saw so much irreligiosity. I believe that he doubted the belief in the hereafter because I heard him remark, "*noch dem toit, macht men a plot*," Yiddish for, after death they erect a fence for you.

Since the death of my brother, December 16, 1917, and my father, December 17, 1917, I can recall most incidents which are lackluster and lackadaisical; therefore, I shall not write about them. Every name, village, city, town, rabbi and friends are real; 90% of the incidents occurred, 20% of the entire writing is of my own knowledge, 20% is what Mother told me in 1944, 10% is what Helen imparted to me in our daily visits for five years. The balance is from hearsay, construction and imagination. After my father left for the US, Ignatz became boss of the mill. There were locks put on all of the doors in the mill and house number two, which became a warehouse. Ignatz and the boss were both sharpies. When they compared notes about the two drivers, Ignatz must have told him about the two crosses that the drivers wore when they returned from Sandz and the conversations in German with the grandsons and Maria and the boss telling about the two wigs. They must have concluded that they were the guilty crooks. After all they were all Catholics and it was only a Jew that was robbed. The boss made a good buy. There was oil in the entire vicinity that the Rockefellers were exploring. That is when Maria told Olga to shut up; she was about to reveal, in Polish, what actually happened.

Wolf told my grandfather, in 1908, that after the seven day wedding in Sandz, Yitzchak Teitelbaum got a stroke and lasted until the second day of *Pesach*. He was buried alongside of his teacher, the original Sandzer rabbi. My father's dream of becoming the executor of Teitelbaum's was dissipated. He began having visions of returning

to the US. The boss's attitude to Harold, when he showed him his induction notice, and not wishing to harm the boss, was the final convincer that we had no obligation to remain in Europe, especially with the continuing war talk and writing in the Jewish weekly newspaper. We thought we had escaped our destiny but my brother and father met their creator all too soon. We, the rest of us, were more fortunate in escaping the bestiality of the Christian, Nazi madness. Our Jews in the village and 40% of our relations were not so fortunate.

Never forget the names, Auschwitz, Dachau, Treblinka, Babi Yar, Torquemada, Bergen Belsen, Maidonek, Therezin and many other concentration camps where 6,000,000 innocent Jews, whose only crime was being born of Jewish parents, were either shot, gassed, starved, tortured or hung by their heels and slaughtered as kosher cattle were slaughtered, and a sign, KOSHER KILLED, by Archbishop Trifa of Rumania, and by the Christian Nazis of Germany, Poland, Ukraine, Latvia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Croatia, Italy, France, Quisling of Norway and many other Nazi henchmen of the Catholic, Protestants, the mufti of Jordan and 120 various denominations of the Christian and Muslim religions. The children who had a parent or a grandparent who was Jewish were considered a Jew; there were 1,000,000 additional souls who met their maker by zykon gas in the concentration camps. When the Catholics realized that Hitler had enough gas, because they were next in line for the ovens, World War II began in earnest.

The boss came to Losie, the following Sunday in October, after Harold and Frieda left for the US. He had notes written on a piece of paper, in order not to forget what he wanted to tell my father. The first thing he wanted was to apologize to Harold for the way he spoke to him. He said he received a letter that morning from his daughter, from the Leipzig Gymnasia, that everyone at the university had to become a German citizen and enlist in the army for a three-year period, upon completion of their chosen vocation. The elder son, who was graduating as an *advocat* had to enlist in order to receive his diploma. He said he became terribly upset and when Harold walked in and showed him his induction notice, he took his anger out on Harold, who he loves as his own sons. He handed my mother a 50 *gulden* note

for Harold and begged her to write a note of his apology. Harold received the letter Nov. 24, 1912. He answered immediately thanking him for his generosity and said that the kind of news that he received from his daughter, about the German army, could upset the holiest of men. He sent regards from Meyer Teitelbaum, who the boss looked up when he was in Chicago. Harold told how he was working as a *stolarsh* for Meyer, in the new bakeries that he was opening. Harold wrote a regard to *Aba* and *Ema* Yakov and asked the boss to show this letter to Yakov because he wrote in Hebrew that now he understands why the Jews bless the boss on all holidays, for he is truly a righteous gentile. Frieda also sends regards and she misses the hugs and kisses from the children and Ema.

The boss asked if Beile could help the Yakovs with the children. My mother answered that Beile was only twelve years old and has to help at home because the *Bubey* is bedridden. The boss said that all the twelve-year-old girls, in Gorlice work in the clothing factories, making uniforms for the Germans. The boss told my father that he wanted to clear the woods and shrubs from the hill that had a ten-degree incline in order to obtain an additional 200 acres for potato planting in the spring of 1912. He gave my father and Ignatz a 10 *gulden* weekly raise and told my father to hire about 25 of the neighbor farmers to help. The fruit trees he wanted to dig up with the roots to be replanted where house number one had stood. The gooseberry and wild grape shrubs the farmers could use for firewood. The two farmers and the Clydesdale horses would stay in *Mamushka*'s barn and room at house number two. They will bring chains and other digging equipment on Nov. 1. My father was to pay each worker 25 *gulden* a week. He gave my father 1,000 *gulden* cash to be used for wages. He bought our two horses for 200 *gulden* and he gave Ignatz 100 *gulden* for his mule. He told my father to work the sawmill and the flourmill until the river freezes over. He should use all the hardwood and softwood trees that were salvageable because lumber was becoming expensive. The farmers will bring an outdoor, moveable stove with a high chimney. The fire should be kept burning all day and doused at night and the workers should warm themselves frequently. The farmers are expert in land

clearance and with the five animal team and a strong chain they can uproot the sturdiest oak tree. The land should be cleared by the new year and fertilized with manure. In case of heavy snows, the snowplow will come in handy.

The mass at the church ended at noon. Maria noticed the boss's car parked in front of house number two. Ignatz, his wife and Maria came over to our house; they did this every Sunday, to see if everything was OK. They wanted to know whether Harold and Frieda were on the boat. The boss asked Maria how she liked the new young priest. Maria said that he was wonderful.

He offered absolution to all the young widows from the Russian-Japanese war, because after seven year's abandonment by a spouse, whether he is dead or alive, the church declares him legally dead. The widow can remarry and receive all the sacraments of the church. The priest said that he has to come and bless the house where the Christ and devils appeared and he would like to talk to the woman who spoke in tongues. The boss laughed and suggested to Ignatz that he should assemble the caravan and take enough barkwood to last through the winter. Dad and Ignatz said that they would be there Monday and would bring the priest along for luck. They all had a good laugh. Earlier, Mother had whispered to Florence and Belle to prepare lunch because she knew that Ignatz's family would drop in. The girls boiled 24 eggs, cut up 4 herrings, cheese, sliced bread and cake, boiled a pot of chicory and a pitcher of buttermilk. They put a tablecloth on the table and prepared a beautiful lunch, which everyone enjoyed.

The boss asked my dad who the *stolarsh* was that made the beautiful furniture and my dad replied, Ignatz. Ignatz said that all he did was to sand it down, used pumice stone to get the gloss, stained, painted and varnished it. He painted the ends white and when he varnished

it, it looked just like inlaid ivory. He said that Lozer and Harold built the furniture and corner niches (hutches). The boss left, said he would return on November 1 with the farmers and they would go over all the plans.

He handed the paper with the memoranda to my father. Dad told Ignatz the plan and work the boss had for them. Ignatz started to sob with bitter tears; he could hardly control himself. He told how, when he was a youngster, the grandparents completed the mill. The women had cleared the land of stone and shrubs where our and Maria's farm were located. They tackled the job of clearing the hill, that the boss wants to make farmland, of large boulders that made the 30 foot path for the horses and wagons loaded with lumber to cross the river with ease. They planted the gooseberry and wild grape wine bushes and thirty apple and forty pear trees, with cuttings they brought with them from Krakow where they had worked on a similar mill and farm. When people asked them why they planted so many sapling fruit trees, at their age, they would never live long enough to eat the fruit from those trees, they answered that their grandparents planted the fruit trees from which they ate and they are repaying their grandparents by planting for their grandchildren. They put new topsoil on the entire hill by dredging the

river of the washed down black soil and hauled it up that hill. It was a monumental task that entailed blood, sweat and tears. It took 75 years of constant attention and fed everyone who wasn't too lazy to pick its fruit and never asked for compensation. It was truly a garden of Eden.

The boss never built that woods but he wants to destroy it so that he could make a few extra *gulden* to leave to his grandchildren to fight over or perhaps he expects to find oil. He asked my father to go to the Jewish families who had a horse and wagon and he would go to the



Belle, Florence, Maurie

gentile farmers and ask them to inform their neighbors to meet in front of the church at 5 a.m. Monday morning. At that time a 26 wagon caravan started out for Gorlice, led by Ignatz's mule, at a trotter's pace. Our 2 horses could hardly keep up. They arrived at the factory at 8 a.m. and started to load the wagons. My father and the priest knocked on the front door because the factory was closed and there were no workers there and all the machinery was stilled. The watchman came to the door with a gun; he was going to chase the intruders who were loading the wagons with barkwood. The priest and my father told him that the boss was in Losie Sunday morning and told my father to gather all of the village people with horses and wagons to come for the barkwood for free. The boss left Losie at 1:30 p.m.

The watchman told my father and the priest that the boss was killed Sunday at 2 p.m. in front of his house when he got out of his car and was sideswiped by a drunken driver and crushed his head. He phoned to the boss's house, spoke to Janush and told him that there was a priest and a Lozer Rieger in the office and an army of wagons and men loading barkwood in the yard. Janush told the watchman to send the priest and Lozer to the house and he should load my father's wagon. Dad told Ignatz that he and the priest would go to the boss's house, because he was killed. Ignatz told my father not to mention the hundred *gulden* that he received for his mule, nor to mention anything about the boss's plans for the forest unless he is asked. My father drove the priest's horse and carriage because he knew the way. The priest introduced my father to the Archbishop who appointed him to the church in Losie. The archbishop told my father that he knew him, from what the boss told him about all his kindness to the people in Losie and how he fed the entire village in 1908, and that under his hat he had yellow curly hair just like their lord's picture. My father removed his hat and everyone gasped. The boss's wife and family came over to my father and told him that they speak often about the blessing he made after the meal at their house. My father expressed his condolences to this most generous family, upon whom hundreds of people depend for their livelihood. Janush asked my father to be a pallbearer at the funeral on Wednesday at 1 p.m.

Dad returned home at 3 p.m. He told my mother what happened and that Janush wanted him to be a pallbearer at the funeral on Wednesday. My mother said that she wants to accompany my dad. After having his lunch, Belle, Florence and my dad unloaded the wagon behind house number three. I went to *Cheder*; we were studying *Gemorra, Buba-Metzia*. The caravan returned for another load on Tuesday and Voichtek and my father shared part of their load with the church. The priest came out to help. He told my father that he was going to attend the funeral on Wednesday and he would appreciate if my dad would accompany him. My father agreed and said that my mother wanted to pay the last respects to the deceased.

The priest drove and my mother talked. She complimented the priest on his humanitarianism by giving absolution to all the widows. She said that even Maria and Theresa, our former neighbor would like to remarry. My mother read, in the Sunday Jewish paper, that Germany was retiring many noncommissioned officers and soldiers who reached the age of 35. With the priest's permission she would like to place an ad for marriage partners, in the *Spiegel* a weekly magazine, in Berlin. The priest said that he could not speak the German language. If my mother would compose a letter, in German, he would take it to the archbishop in Gorlice and if he OK's it, all the surrounding newspapers would publish it as church news, for free. He told that he was a Magyar from Hungary where they spoke Hungarian and Rumanian and he learned Polish when he studied in the seminary in Poland. Mother said that her mother, who is bedridden, talks to herself in Hungarian and Rumanian so as not to forget the languages; Rivka used to speak to her before she left for Marish Austro. The priest asked what was my grandmother's last name and where does she stem from. Mother told him that her maiden name was Alexander. Her father was in the horse-trading business and she was the youngest of twelve children. She was born in Budapest, Hungary. When she was sixteen years old her father took her to a *Yerid*, a gathering place for horse traders, outside of Gorlice. There they met a horse trader by the name of Bodenstein. He had his eighteen-year-old son with him; he was teaching him the business. *Bubey* and *Shevach* Bodenstein took a shine to each other and

the fathers signed a marriage contract, *tnoyim*. My great grandfather offered him three years (*cast*) food and shelter at his house, 200 *gulden* and 5 horses to start in business. His father told him that he would give him 10 horses and a carriage. The priest said, so that is the woman who spoke in tongues. He would like to talk to her after the funeral.

They came to Saint Peter's Church in Gorlice where the boss's body lay in state. The priest greeted the Archbishop and sat down in the front pew. My father saw Reb Yakov and they sat alongside of him. The church was filled to capacity with hundreds of people standing on the outside. Janush asked Reb Yakov to start the proceedings with a short eulogy and the Archbishop would deliver the main eulogy. My mother went to the front pews where the family sat and expressed her condolences. They thanked her and kissed her; they were very happy that she came. There were about 50 Jews with yarmulkes in the church. Reb Yakov went up to the front podium and told the congregation that the boss's name would be inscribed in all our prayer books (*machzorim*), from which we read in all our holidays. His name will be mentioned with all our holy ancestors for he was truly a holy man as described in Chapter 2 in the *Fruits of our Fathers*, the holy books that we read every Saturday, which states that a good heart outweighs all other attributes. The boss had an understanding heart and the lord will surely take him under his wings and place him with the most worthy. Amen. He left the podium with tears in his eyes; the entire congregation was electrified and all were wiping the tears from their eyes.

The Archbishop approached the podium and there was a hushed silence in the church. He said that since Reb Yakov's eulogy was the same as his prepared text he would speak from the heart because the boss and he went to primary, secondary and the *Gymnasia* together. They were always the best of friends. The boss entered his father's business as an apprentice *stolarsh*, while he enrolled in the seminary and became a priest. The benches that you are sitting on, he made and donated. Even this podium was made by him. His presence permeates this church. While he was not a regular Sunday attendant, he was the most religious person he ever met, because he fulfilled all the tenets and obligations that the church requires from us. He spoke for an

hour mentioning all the attributes of morality, honesty, generosity and humility. The boss informed him, that he enjoyed going to the village of Losie because true religion was practiced there. Every neighbor was concerned about the welfare of his neighbor. They need no locks on their doors. There is no envy, jealousy, deceit or cheating and deceiving each other. They avoided the seven deadly sins. Everyone who came into contact with the boss was enriched by his presence; their problems became his problems. He seemed to find a simple solution and help in solving their problems. He continued in this vein for another 20 minutes, without being repetitious. Everyone began to sob; there wasn't a dry eye. The Bishop concluded his sermon with the seven blessings. The entire congregation knelt, except the Jews remained standing, and prayed. The audience genuflected. The bishop and Reb Yakov led the procession. Seven of his grandsons and my father carried the coffin on their shoulders, and the family walked behind the coffin to the hearse. The cemetery was three kilometers outside of Gorlice. There must have been at least 50 cars of various makes and 30 horse drawn carriages.

Yakov introduced my father to a member of his congregation who dealt with large forests. This man told my father that Kaiser Franz Joseph's organization were liquidating vast forest lands for 10 *greitzers* on the *gulden* and he wanted my father to become a partner in a large purchase, Oct. 1911. My mother insisted that this man was the paragon of honesty, even Reb Yakov agreed, thus my father acquiesced.

My father drove on the way back from the cemetery. The priest and my mother sat in the back seat. They seemed to have much to talk about, especially *Bubey*. The priest said he would love to reminisce with *Bubey* about Hungary in Hungarian, for the sake of nostalgia of his youthful days and in Rumanian, which he had to learn when he went to the secondary school. When he entered the seminary he had to learn the Polish language. When he was at the seminary he wanted to learn the Hebrew language so that he could read the bible in the original Hebrew. My father talked up, you have the best Hebrew teacher sitting alongside of you. She knows the entire bible by heart. The priest said he will come over to see *Bubey* everyday and he will start his first lesson on Thursday, and he wishes to pay a reasonable rate. My mother said

it is an honor and a privilege to teach the bible to anyone, especially a priest, without remuneration. He suggested that my mother, in her ad, should mention that here are a score of young, beautiful war widows between the ages of 25 and 35 years and some have well behaved children. They would like to meet eligible, responsible men for the purpose of marriage. They all own their own homes and are very dignified. If any gentleman is interested, he can get further information by writing to Charna Rieger, Losie, Austria Galicia. An enclosed photograph would be appreciated.

A special get together mass will be held Sunday, December 3, 1911, at 8:30 a.m., at the church, which is a few steps from the railway station. The train stops there at 6 a.m., in Losie, and the deacons and the father will be happy to welcome you. Luncheon will be served after mass by these lovely young ladies. The priest insisted that father should drive over to the house because he wanted to meet grandmother. When he came into the house he introduced himself as the Magyar priest and spoke to her in Hungarian. *Bubey's* eyes just lit up and she sat up by herself. Belle knew that the folks would come in half starved so she prepared a beautiful luncheon. Mother insisted that the priest join them and he was delighted to accept the invitation.

At this point I must back track, and know why I am writing this portion. What *Bubey* told the priest, I had heard many times as a youngster. When I wrote those biblical stories for Ruthe to read to Arvin (1941), I was debating with myself whether to write the *Bubey* stories or to expunge my anger at the Hitler Nazis. Now, July 18, 1982, new stories of Nazi Protestants of various denominations, Catholics, Muslims and scores of other denominations, not only indigenous to Germany, but the entire world, especially the Ukraine, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Latvia and Bulgaria, are and were vicious and ruthless. The facts are emanating now and implicate Roosevelt, Eisenhower, Dulles and Nixon. May they all meet in hell.

Ruthe wanted to know about our life in Europe but I doubt if she will ever read this; although her genes and character come through loud and clear. Arvin wanted to know our roots. I have dated them back to

325 BC, to the time of Alexander the Great, who almost converted the Hebrews to the Greek religion. When Dad and the caravan returned on Thursday for more barkwood, Janush came out to the wagon with Stashu. Stashu loaded my father's wagon. Janush and my father returned to his office. He thanked my father for being a pallbearer. He said that he knew that his father would want him to act as a pallbearer for him. He told my father that the Rieger family was the main topic of conversation after they returned home from the funeral.

He asked how many bags of #1 flour were at the mill and house number two and how much flour would the village need until the winter crop was produced. My father told him that there were 1200 bags of #1 flour at the mill and at house number two there were 700 bags of #1 flour, 900 bags of number two flour and 1100 bags of *razava* flour. He checked it against his ledger and he said, you have a perfect memory. He told my father to hire 20 of the younger men to work Friday and Saturday to load the flour from the mill onto three cars that will be at the train siding. We should use our horses and wagons and the workers should use their horses and wagons to convey the flour over to the train. He told my father to pay each worker ten *gulden* per day and give each a bag of flour each day. He knew that father doesn't work on Saturday. He thought that the job could be finished by Saturday evening; gave my father 50 ten *gulden* notes and told my father to split with Ignatz the hundred *gulden* balance. He said that the flour would be sent to Danzig into the German government warehouse.

The priest came on Thursday at 10 a.m. He wanted to know how my grandmother had the maiden name of Alexander. She told him that as far as she knew, it dated back to 325 BC, when Alexander the Great came to Jerusalem. He wanted to put a statue of Zeus in the Temple and sacrifice some pigs in his honor. When the high priest, Jochanan came out to greet Alexander, the general got out of his carriage and bowed down to the priest. The priest told him to rise, that one bows only to the one God in heaven. He said that it is forbidden to put a statue in the Temple and pigs are an abomination to God. The Jews have a great regard and respect for the general and every new man-

child that would be born in that year would be named Alexander. The general was highly pleased and made a large gold donation for the upkeep of the Temple and promised that no soldier of his would harm any Jew. The captains asked Alexander why he bowed down to the high priest. He told them that in his dream the previous night he saw the high priest, who told him that he would be successful in all his wars and our God was with him.

That year was a bumper crop of man-children who were named Alexander; in order to distinguish one from the other, they added the suffix, *ben*, (son of) the father's name, and at time, *ben*, the father's name, plus *ben*, the grandfather's name. *Bubey* and the priest spoke in Hungarian thus Beile and Mother did not bother to listen but prepared lunch. The priest asked where she learned to speak Rumanian. My grandmother told him it was a long story and when he comes on Monday for his Hebrew lesson she will be happy to tell it to him, in the Rumanian language. For the first time in weeks she got off the bed by herself and came to the table for lunch.

After lunch, my mother handed him the letter for the ad in both German and Polish. The priest thought it was a masterpiece. She also prepared a paper with the printed Hebrew alphabet and underneath in Polish, the sound of each letter, each consonant and vowel and pronunciation. My mother handed him my primer Hebrew book as a present and they went over the alphabet and pronunciation many times until Florence and I returned from school. He left and promised to return on Friday morning for a fast review, just for a few minutes because he knows that Mother is busy preparing for the Sabbath. The priest came in at 1:30 on Friday and reviewed what they learned. Mother had baked and cooked all morning and the aroma was overpowering. The priest was sniffing the air; Mother said she had a carton of bakery goods for him and the Archbishop. *Bubey* walked in and handed him an *ayer kichel*, egg cookie, and said, this is a reward for all little boys who learn their lesson. He blessed *Bubey*, this house and its occupants; he left for Gorlice to the Archbishop's mansion.

The priest told the Archbishop all that transpired at the Rieger

residence and all the kindness and consideration that he received, even from the old lady who the former priest accused of speaking in tongues, who was fluent in Hungarian, Rumanian, German, Polish, Hebrew and Yiddish. He gave the bishop the ad paper in both Polish and German. The bishop thought it was a gracious and charitable idea. He said that his secretary would make a number of copies, which he will sign, affix his seal and mail to the various nearby newspapers and weekly magazines as church news. The priest showed him the primer and paper with the transliteration. He read from the book while the bishop watched the paper. When he finished the bishop asked him if he was planning to convert to Judaism. He told the bishop, as a youngster of twelve, when he sang as a soprano in the choir, his folks told him that the pope converses daily with Jesus Christ and the priesthood is the greatest honor a person can achieve. He had high illusions of becoming a messiah or a pope; when their priest approached his parents, if they would permit an operation for him to remain a soprano, and as long as he studied for the priesthood, they left it up to the youngster. He did not know what it entailed and he pictured himself conversing with angels; he agreed. He asked the bishop if he was aware that Jewish rabbis will not convert a eunuch. The bishop answered, no. So he told him, now you are sure that I will never leave the church. His main reason for wanting to know the Hebrew language was to find out for himself if there was derogatory writing against the Catholic religion, as in Matthew, Luke and the Pauline papers against the perfidious Jews. The bishop warned him that if he goes too often to the Rieger house, the Catholic people will talk that the priest wants to become a Jew and the Jewish people will say that the Riegers want to convert to Catholicism, and he will get the brunt of both sides. The priest told the bishop that the women were very poor and had only old tattered clothes and the children had no shoes. The bishop thanked the priest for giving him a subject for his Sunday sermon. He told the priest to drive out Wednesday and he will have a carriage full of fine ladies and children's clothing and shoes. The priest thanked the bishop for giving him a subject for his Sunday sermon, Manna from our beloved Archbishop. The priest returned on Saturday to prepare the sermon.

Monday, at 9 a.m., the priest walked in and greeted *Bubey* in Rumanian. He said he came early to hear the long story. *Bubey* said she is an 85-year-old woman and if she repeats herself it is because of her age. She continued; my great grandfather's name was Kloynamos Bodenstein. (Clarence Lipman was named after him.) When he was 18 years old, his father Moishe took him to various *Yerids* (markets) and taught him all about horses, their condition, temperament, and age, by opening the mouth and counting the teeth. They scraped a bit of saliva with a wood stick from the tongue. By the odor and feel they had a knowledge of the inside condition. They spoke to the horse and they knew about the hearing. They watched his eyes if he was following their movement, and by the pelt and gloss on the fur they had a very educated guess of the condition of the animal. Moishe stood by to see how his son evaluated a yearling horse. All went well until the scraping of the saliva. The horse clamped his mouth on the stick because Kloynamos let go of the lower jaw, and three fingers of his hand got slashed badly and he was bleeding profusely. Moishe bandaged it with his scarf in order to stop the bleeding and they rode hurriedly to the Jewish doctor in Satu-Mare. He cleaned the wound, painted his hand with iodine, bandaged it properly told him that he was fortunate that he bled well because of the sleeping sickness and told him that it will all be healed before he becomes a groom. They returned home to Borislav, ate and attended the evening service at Rabbi Israel Halberstam's synagogue. About 5 a.m., Kloynamos awoke screaming from pain and burning up with fever. Moishe made a 2 horse hitch to his carriage and galloped to Satu-Mare in half the regular time, arrived at the doctor's house and woke him. The doctor grabbed his examining kit, some medication jars and a bottle of leeches and the horses galloped all the way back to Borislav; they seemed to sense the urgency. When they returned, Kloynamos was sleeping soundly, his fever was receding but his mouth was shut tightly and he could not be roused. The doctor set 8 leeches on his back and within a few minutes the leeches dropped off, dead. The doctor tried various treatments, to no avail; Kloynamos just could not be roused. The pupils and iris of the eyes were turned to the top and he was completely comatose. All

his medical treatment and knowledge was in vain; nothing helped. The doctor told Moishe to go for Rabbi Halberstam to bring a Torah and *minyan* from his *Yeshiva* in order to give Kloynamos a new name. The wife lit candles.

The Rabbi and 10 students returned with the Torah and they read the chapter from *Mzoret*, about sores, leprosy and their cure. The Rabbi gave a new name of Yechiel to Kloynamos and he called up to the Torah; nothing happened so the Rabbi read from the prophets, how Elijah brought the child back from the dead by mouth to mouth resuscitation. The doctor and Moishe, a tall, powerful man forced the jaw of Kloynamos Yechiel open, the doctor pulled his tongue forward, gave him mouth to mouth resuscitation and he started to pant slowly. The Rabbi, in a very loud voice called Kloynamos Yechiel ben Moishe to the Torah. He opened his eyes, got off the bed, took a skullcap and made the blessing over the Torah and fully recovered and was called Yechiel, which stands for, the first letter Yod is the synonym for God; the next two, Chi, to life; the last two, El, means ascending to heaven. When Mohammed was writing the Koran, in 606 AD, he was using the Jewish bible as a guide and he called God, Allah, from the last two letters, AL. The doctor became a disciple of Rabbi Halberstam, and on the Sabbath, he made a speech in the Satu Mare synagogue of the miracle the Rabbi performed. His prominence was repeated throughout Rumania, Galicia, Austria, Hungary and Poland. Every Jew knew the name of Rabbi Israel Halberstam, although he was only 28 years old. The Rabbi received a large shul in Luan and the doctor moved to Luan and became the Rabbi's devotee.

*Bubey* continued, my father Shayvach and my husband's father Yechiel Kloynamos Bodenstein were both horse traders. They dealt mainly with large workhorses. The people used to say that the reason they used those large horses was because they both were very tall men, over 6'4". They met often at *Yerids* and exchanged horses. Yechiel Bodenstein lived in Rumania. One day they both met at a *Yerid* in Krakow, in 1832, and they sold all their workhorses to a group of Poles who banded together to leave for Austria, because Kaiser Franz Joseph I was giving away free land. The leader's name was Losechwik. My great

grandfather Yechiel, (my brother was named for him), decided to go to Losie and stake out some land. His land was from the *Kaizerweig* to the river, and from the church to the mountains and forests. The sawmill just started operating; he made a deal with the miller that he would supply him with 50 horses when he needed them for building a stable to accommodate 50 horses, cows, goats and chickens and a wooden house with six rooms.

The Alexanders (when last names became imperative in the 1600's my ancestors made their last name into Alexander, thus it was handed down through the centuries) moved to Losie within the year after her marriage. Yechiel's older son's and daughters went to America when they became 18 because of conscription to the army. His middle son, Shayvach, who became my grandfather, was studying at the *yeshiva* in Bobev. When he was seventeen years old tragedy struck their household. Each Friday, Yechiel used to go to the Bobever Rabbi's house; he belonged to the *Chasidim* and he would spend time with his son and checking on what he learned.

Saturday, about 4 a.m., Yechiel's wife heard a great commotion in the stable. She grabbed her whip; she thought that snakes got into the barn because the horses were neighing and kicking. The kerosene lamp lit the house and she accidentally left the door open. As she approached the barn, a man with a lit torch was running towards her. She swung the whip and the steel ball caught his head. She ran after him and she noticed a man running from the house with her baby. Yechiel taught his wife how to use the whip. The whip had a 15-foot rope with a steel ball at the end of the rope. The ball was the size of a golf ball. They kept one in the house that was used to kill snakes and wolves, which were abundant in Rumania. She became very proficient with the whip with constant practice. Yechiel killed many wolves and snakes when he passed through the woods near the highways when he had to drive after nightfall. All the Jewish horse dealers used the whip; the Christian dealers carried rifles and were sharpshooters. Chana woke her 14 year old son (Shmuel), told him what happened, to get dressed fast, ride one of the horses to the police station and tell them about the kidnapping, beg the police to come immediately and return the horse.

He should run over to the railway station and catch the mail train to Bobev and tell Father and Shayvach what happened. She gave him 10 *gulden*. He took the horse bridle and ran over to the barn. He came running back and told his mother that there was a dead gypsy laying near the door. Both ran back and each one took hold of a leg and dragged him out of the barn. She told him to tell the police to bring a wagon and haul him away. Two policemen, with a wagon and Yechiel's horse tied to the rear, came within a half hour. Chana told them what happened. The police wanted to know how they could recognize the child. She told them the child was six months old, circumcised, blue eyes and reddish hair. They put the corpse into the wagon. Chana gave them a horse blanket to cover the corpse and a box of bakery goods and food to have for the road. They said that they would ride from camp to camp to see if anyone would recognize and claim the corpse; they might find the baby. All the little children in the camps run around naked. If they see any little boys who are circumcised or little girls who don't look like gypsies, would Chana give them a home? She said yes.

Shmuel arrived in Bobev at 8:30 a.m. He knew the way because he had spent a number of Fridays with his father at the Rabbi's table. He came in when they were saying the *shachris shmoine esrey* and everyone was saying shh, shh, because you are not allowed to speak at that time. Shmuel grabbed his father's hand and said aloud, Kalmon was kidnapped by the gypsies. Chiel called to Shayvach, come on, we are going home. The Rabbi and the entire congregation kept on slapping their siddurs and kept on yelling *Shabbas hayom*, Saturday, today. Shayvach ran over to the Rabbi and gave him a hard slap in the face; he must have knocked some teeth out because he was spitting blood. Chiel told the *Shammus* that he must have his money in order to get his horses and carriage. The *shammus* answered, *Shabbas hayom, Shmoine esrey*. Shmuel grabbed him by his gray beard and yelled, give my father his money. He pulled half of his beard out because he was yelling from pain, *shygatz derech eretz!* (I have used the Galitzianer pronunciation of the Hebrew and Yiddish words because as I relive my young years, that was the correct pronunciation.) Shmuel kept on pulling the beard and pulling to the anteroom where they kept the

money. The men grabbed the benches and were about to hit Shmuel. Chiel and Shayvach grabbed benches and started to swing on the students who were going to help the *Shammus*. Benches were breaking and students were bleeding from their noses. The Rabbi ran out of the *shul* yelling, *meshuganas, meshuganas*. The men and students were running out yelling *Shabbas, hayom*. Shayvach was yelling *Zaar bal chaim* (mercy on the living). They heard the *Shammus* yelling murderer. Thus they knew that Shmuel was handling himself well.

The *Shammus* insisted that he did not know where the Rabbi kept the money. Shmuel grabbed him by the *pais* and pulled the left one out with the skin. He started to bleed and said that he was dying so Shmuel started to yank the beard until he had a handful of hair. He finally told him that the box was behind the *Gamorra* books and he showed him where it was hidden. There was a hanging lock on the box; Shmuel wanted the key. He told him that the Rabbi had the key in his pocket. Shmuel took the box and said that he would send him their money after Father took his. The *Shammus* lunged for the box as Shayvach was opening the door. Shayvach gave the *Shammus* a slap in the face and the *Shammus* fell under the table. Chiel, Shayvach and Shmuel started to run to the stable, which was two miles away. Chiel asked Shayvach what that *zaar bal chaim* was all about. Shayvach told him that he was sworn to secrecy never to tell what happened the previous month. Now that he sees that the Rabbi is a charlatan, the oath is no longer binding. Five weeks ago, on Saturday Rosh Chodesh Shvat, (the new month of March), the farmers son, who fed the animals and did other work on Saturday, came running to the shul, told the *Shammus* that the cow was in the water. The Rabbi answered *Shabbos, hayom*. The *Shamus* said, but the cow is yours. The Rabbi answered, *zaar bal chaim* (mercy on the living).

The Rabbi called Shayvach, who was a head taller than the other students, to go out and see if he can save the life of the cow because to save a life of God's creatures is a sacred *Mitzvah* and supersedes all sabbath regulations and everything is permissible. Shayvach sized up the situation, told the lad to bring his father with a team of horses to pull the cow out. He ran over to the barn, removed all his outer clothes

and shoes; he was left in his underwear. He took a 100' rope, fashioned a large noose, ran back to the cow, which had a rope tied around her neck and the other end to a tree about 50' away, and was sitting in the clay mud on a steep hill overlooking the Vistula river. There was a rotted old wooden fence near the edge of the cliff that the cow must have knocked over and the cow's hind legs started to slide down hill. She was stopped by the rope tied to the tree, which was choking her. Shayvach hung on to the rope, slid down, threw the noose around the rump and climbed up by holding on to the taut rope. The farmer and the lad returned with the team of horses, sized up the situation, started to laugh out loud, saying you are the dumbest Jew I ever met. You should have called the gypsies to come for the cow. That cow is 18 years old, blind, gives less than a liter of milk and the meat isn't fit to eat. You risked your life; who was so stupid to send you out to rescue that animal. They tied the two ropes to the horse's harness and the horses started to pull; the cow stood up and started to walk. She came to the top of the cliff, the farmer thanked God no legs are broken, I don't have to go home for the gun to shoot the cow. Shayvach washed up in the barn, put on his clothes, returned to the *shul* in time to finish the last prayer. The Rabbi asked Shayvach to sit in front alongside of him because he wanted to honor him with the *bentching* (after meal blessing). After the meal, the Rabbi asked Shayvach to accompany him to the *shul*. He placed his right hand on the *Aron Kodish* (the Holy Ark where the Torahs are ensconced) and asked him to swear that he would never tell anyone about the cow incident. Sunday, the *shoichet* came and butchered the cow. Shayvach refused to eat the meat or soup from that animal and for the next five weeks he became a strict vegetarian.

They spoke about how they would drive home, Shayvach and Shmuel would ride bareback on the horses. He would buy two whips and bridles and he would tie five horses to the rear of the carriage and every hour they should change horses, and each horse should get a workout and each one of them should drive the carriage for an hour since it was a six hour return trip. They would stop at every gypsy camp, tell them that they came in peace; they are looking for their baby. Whoever finds it will get a 500 *gulden* reward. Should anyone aim a gun at them

they should use the whip and aim the ball for the head. Keep a sharp lookout at every man and if they see any babies or women nursing babies, Chiel would look at the baby. They knew where each camp was located because there would be a brightly decorated fortune telling booth facing the highways and there would be a grassy path leading to the camps that were not visible from the roads because of the trees. They slept in covered wagons, usually ten to twelve wagons comprised a camp and there was a constant fire where they cooked, in a clearing in the center of the camp. Each camp had 40 to 50 people. The men wore bright colored, red or green trousers, a yellow shirt, a large earring in the ear and usually played the violin or accordion at weddings or parties. That is how they earned their living and a woman sat in the booth, told fortunes for a stipend. No one ever found out about their religion or morals.

People used to call them to haul a dead horse or cow that died of a disease or was shot because of a broken leg. The gypsies would eat carrion, like the vultures. They were noted for their thievery and would sit around the campfires till all hours of the night and sleep late during daylight. During the fall months, they migrated to the south and in the springtime, they came back to the same camps up north. Soon as they crossed the border into Rumania, they found the first camp. Yechiel told them they came in peace and offered a reward of 500 *gulden* for the recovery of their child. About 20 men and boys gathered around the carriage and admired the horses. One of the older men spoke up and said, gypsies no longer kidnap children, it is a sacred law since 1807 when 150 gypsies were hung to trees by the Rumanian armies, because of a young prince who was kidnapped by a group of gypsies who expected a handsome ransom. Instead, King Chesque sent out his army and they started to hang two men to trees in each camp and were told that everyone in the camp would be hung when they return, if they don't find the prince. They were very interested in the reward, asked for permission to ride to other camps to see if they can find the baby. They said each camp is a kilometer apart and with their fast horses, and 12 men riding, they could cover four camps by the time we arrive at the next one. Chiel said that it was a good idea. They rode off. We looked

around the camp; there were six pregnant women, three 2 to 3 year olds running around naked, a few year olds but no new babies.

Shmuel started to talk in Yiddish. We made a terrible mistake; we will never come home alive. We must take a different road home. The twelve men admired our horses with lust in their eyes; they know we have 500 *gulden*. When they come to the next camp they will have 30 men with guns against our three whips. We better go back to the border to get the police. Yechiel said, you speak with more sense than Shayvach and I. Before we start back, you two ride down a little ways and see if there is a lookout. If not, ride back real fast and I will start out for the border. Yechiel gave the police captain 25 *gulden* and told him about the kidnapping and about the fear of being attacked. He called out three young policemen, who patrolled the highway regularly, told them to put on bandoliers and side arms and escort and look into each camp for a new baby and report to Chiel who will remain on the highway. Should any gypsy fire a single shot, ride back quickly and I will get the army to finish the job that King Chesque didn't complete.

At twilight, don't stop at any camp, drive straight to Satu Mare where Chiel lives and he will put you and the horses up for the night. Put four buckets of water and six feedbags of oats into the carriage. Chiel will give each one 25 *gulden*. Any camps you don't visit today, visit on the return trip tomorrow. Good luck. They skipped the first camp that they already visited. When they came to where the second camp was supposed to be they lost sight of the three police, because their horses were so much faster. It seemed out of nowhere the three police appeared. The gypsies abandoned the camp, doused the fire, left no signs of having occupied the site. They cautioned Chiel to be careful of a trap. When they came to the next camp, the booth was gone. The police rode in, all the wagons had disappeared but there were about 30 men sitting around the fire talking in the gypsy language. Two of the police pulled their rifles, the third one came out to the highway and told Chiel and Shayvach to come in with their whips and search the trees, if they see a gypsy up in a tree with a rifle and they can't reach him with the whip, they should call to him in Polish and he will be right over with his rifle. Shmuel should watch the horses, if any gypsies

come running out, use the whip and yell for help in Polish. The gypsies told them in Rumanian not to shoot. They were going to visit all the camps all along the highway tonight. If that baby is anywhere in any camp, it will be returned tonight to the border police. The women and children left for Hungary; they are afraid of the army. They haven't forgotten King Chesque. They visited six more camps with no success; there were no babies and there was no resistance. It was six o'clock and they had eight more kilometers to Satu Mare. Chiel suggested that they would ride to the house and come back on Sunday to the rest of the camps. They rode three kilometers and they met the two policemen from Satu Mare, who knew Chiel well. They showed the two corpses, covered by the blanket. Three little boys and two little girls were sitting in the wagon.

The Satu Mare police told Chiel that they picked up one of the gypsies in his yard. He was kicked and trampled by the horses that they were going to steal and Shmuel dragged him out by the feet, into the yard. The other gypsy corpse they picked up on the highway. He must have fallen off his horse and his temple must have hit a small stone. The three little boys they picked up in three of the eight camps and the two little girls in another camp. Gypsies don't circumcise their children, nor do they have blond or red haired, blue-eyed children. When we took the children the gypsies didn't object and no one could recognize the corpses. They are bringing the children back to Chana because she promised to take care of them. When we get back to the station, the captain will check his ledger for kidnapped children in the last two or three years, and if the description matches, the parents will be notified. A 23-wagon caravan of gypsies passed about an hour ago, headed for Hungary. None of them could identify the two corpses and they had no babies in the wagons, which we checked thoroughly. Chiel invited all of them to come home to his house for supper, potluck, which they were happy to accept. He paid 25 *gulden* to each of the 5 policemen. The Satu Mare police invited the border police to spend the night at their homes and the horses would receive excellent care at the police stable. They told Chiel that they would start out at 6 a.m. and it was not necessary for him to come along. Should they be fortunate enough

to find the baby, they would return him on Sunday. In the meantime you have 5 new boarders. They did not tell that they would stop on the way at the church to report about the two little girls who looked like Christians.

The *Bubey* called Beile that she had to go someplace. Just then my father came home for lunch. They all had lunch together; *Bubey* came to the table for the second time in months and had her lunch. My father told the priest to come for lunch every day because he had a therapeutic influence on *Bubey*. The priest told about the clothes and his conversation with the bishop. He said he was driving to Gorlice on Tuesday to give the Bishop a hand with all that would develop and he would probably return on Friday. My father returned to work, Beile helped *Bubey* back into her bed and Mother and the priest started to sound out the words in my primer. When Florence and I came home from school, one and a half hours later, he was reading. He said, I can read the Hebrew but I don't know the meaning of a single word. Mother answered, you are not the only one, there are Jews with long beards who read beautifully and don't know the meaning of a single word. She said when you are in Gorlice you can go into the Lemberg bookstore. She showed him our *Machzorim* in the hutch, with a Yiddish translation and she said they must have *sidurim* with either Polish or Hungarian or Rumanian translation. You can get a dictionary with Hebrew Polish, Rumanian or Hungarian words into Hebrew. I am sure that they will be able to help you. If they can't, I will translate for you when you return. Mother wrote down the address from the front page.

When I completed my lunch we both walked together. He asked me how tall I was. I told him I did not know. He put his arm on my head; I came up to his armpit. He entered the church. Walchek was waiting at the door and I went on to my Hebrew school. The priest returned Friday, at 3:30 pm. He brought three large paper cartons and three books with him. He went in to greet *Bubey* who was sound asleep. He showed Mother the three books he bought. One was a dictionary with Hungarian words and Hebrew meaning and the same book, when you start from the rear, with Hebrew words and Hungarian translation.

The Siddur was in Hebrew and under each word a Hungarian transliteration and under that, the meaning. Genesis was the third book, exactly as the *Siddur*. The owner, Ychezkil Kohn, came from Hungary, showed him the complete sets of *Gammorah*, Talmud, Bibles, *Tanach* and *Machzorim*, all translated in the Hungarian language. He gave him a 20% discount and told him that the Archbishop was one of his best customers. My father came home at 3:30 p.m. to get ready for the Sabbath. The priest opened the two large paper cartons that the boss's wife sent; a new dress for my mother and a new suit for my father. The third box had three pairs of boots, for Beile, Florence and me. He said that Maria is sorting out the clothes in the rectory; he brought a carriage full of clothes and shoes that the congregation brought in after Sunday's appeal, that the bishop made. He said that the boss's wife and children brought a trunkful of almost new clothes, which are tied to the top of his carriage, and he has to hurry back to help Maria with the trunk. He took the three empty cartons with him.

When *Bubey* awoke toward evening, Beile helped her dress. My father and I left for *shul*; Mother told her about the new clothes that the priest brought from Gorlice. *Bubey* said that she was happy that she missed him because she didn't want to tell him about the priest and the holy water that Chiel spilled and she was worrying about it since Monday, when she called Beile that she had to go. My mother told her to say, if he asked her, that Kalmon was never returned and she doesn't remember what else happened. *Bubey* lit her Friday night candles and we all ate the Friday night meal together when we returned from *Shul*. After we completed the *Zmiros*, Friday night songs, Beile helped *Bubey* back to bed and my father told my mother to write to Helen, on Sunday, to buy a ship's card for *Bubey* because she is feeling much better and we will all come together.

After the Sunday morning mass, the priest announced that the Archbishop of Gorlice, and his congregation, gathered together almost new clothing for the widows and children of Losie. Maria will be at the rectory five days a week, from 1:30 to 4:30 p.m., and each one should make an appointment with Maria who will distribute the clothes. Remember, pride is a cardinal sin, don't any of you be guilty of that. I

will inform the three ladies who couldn't attend today's service. Sunday, after mass, the Ignatzes and Maria came to the house to see the miracle that the priest told them about the *Bubey* coming twice to the table by herself and having lunch with him, after being bedridden for over two months. They were not aware that 1:00 a.m., Saturday morning, *Bubey* gave a very loud scream in her sleep. When my father and mother ran in to see what happened, they couldn't rouse her from her sleep. Maria and my mother changed *Bubey*'s nightgown while Beile and Florence changed the bed sheets. *Bubey* didn't stir at all; her head was cool, breathing normal and her facial color good. We all had lunch. Maria opened the large paper carton. There was a beautiful dress for Beile and Florence and a suit for me; stockings and patent leather shoes for each of us. Maria said when she opened the boss's trunk and she saw these beautiful clothes that would fit her two nieces and nephew that sucked her titty (she always kidded me), she couldn't resist bringing them. We ran over to the Ignatzes and Maria, hugged and kissed them; we truly loved them and it was mutual. She told the priest that it was for her beloved family. The priest said, take them in good health and remember me to *Bubey*. When they were leaving they said they would inform the priest; perhaps he could help. My father and mother went with them. They went into the church and my folks went to the old German doctor.

The doctor told them not to force any food or water on her, just moisten her lips every 15 minutes. She probably had a small stroke in her head and she will be comatose for three days and she will come out of it. You must be prepared that she might not be able to speak, or it may be fatal. There is nothing I can do for her so there is no use of my seeing her. When the folks returned home the priest tried to rouse *Bubey*, but to no avail. He said he would study the bible by himself and if a problem should arise, the Riegers would have to help him. He hoped *Bubey* would be all right because he loved her and admired her intelligence.

The village of Losie came to life with excitement. The three Jewish tailors had more alteration jobs than they could handle. The shoemaker was loaded with work, stretching shoes and putting on new heels.

As you passed a neighbor the smile and greetings were effervescent. Ignatz said it either takes a happy event or a calamity, as in 1908, where everyone was snowbound and rescued, to make people act as brothers and sisters.

Early Sunday morning, when my father was *davening* out loud, *Bubey* opened her eyes and was watching my father; her lips were moving, no sound was emanating. Father called out loud to Mother. We all woke up; we thought *Bubey* was dead. Florence said *Bubey* wants water. Beile started to give her the water with a small spoon. She had a hard time swallowing but she drank a half of a glass. We all got dressed. Beile went over to Voichteks and milked one of the cows, Mother boiled the milk and put tiny pieces of soft *challabs* and cooled it. (We gave the Voichteks number two flour and Beile milked one of the 2 cows, daily, and sometimes one of the goats, from which we made cheese, *Sprinza*, a sour cheese, and *kez*, butter, from the cow's milk.) *Bubey* ate it in tiny spoonsful and she smacked her lips. Florence was the only one who could read *Bubey*'s lips and *Bubey* would affirm what she was saying with a nod of her head. She told Florence that she would like some chicken soup. Father stopped at the *Shul* on his way to the mill and asked the *shoichet* to come over to the mill to slaughter two chickens. He told Beile to come to the mill and remove the feathers and take the chickens home to be koshered. Beile fed her the chicken soup with tiny shredded pieces of chicken breast and she smacked her lips. With her right hand she pulled Beile's hand to her lips and kissed it. Her left hand and foot she couldn't budge; her mouth was twisted to the left. (Florence put my *greigar*, noisemaker, at her right hand side to call us, if she needed anyone. When *Bubey* completed her mini-meal Beile went into the kitchen, closed the door and started to sob with bitter tears. Mother heard her crying, she went in and said you should be laughing with joy. Beile said, today is the happiest day of my life.

Friday after lunch, Maria stopped at the post office to see if there was any mail for Charna Rieger from the *Spiegel* magazine, in Berlin, Germany. The postman handed her eight letters and hoped they are lucky. He also handed her a letter from Olga. Olga was 6 years younger than Maria. When she was 17 years old she ran away with an Austrian

soldier to the southern part of Austria, on the border with Sarajevo, Serbia. This was the first letter Maria received in 6 years. When the priest entered the rectory she was reading the letter and crying. She handed the letter to the priest. He told her to get on the train because that woman needs her desperately. She told the priest that the only way to get there is by horse and wagon; it is 60 kilometers away. The priest told her to take the two winter coats and all the clothing and shoes that were left. They packed six paper cartons and carried them over to the mill. Ignatz and my father read the letter and said that he would accompany her. My father suggested that he should make it a covered wagon with the large horse blankets, like the gypsies. Ignatz and Maria went home to show the letter to his wife. She insisted that she wants to go. She begged Ignatz not to come along because he would get very angry and kill the husband. Ignatz returned with the mule and wagon. Within two hours they made a covered wagon and loaded it with 5 buckets of water, 2 bags of oats and 3 bales of hay and a 5-gallon can of kerosene. With a *paranina* it could become a bed.

My father left for home to prepare for the Friday night services. He told Ignatz that he would write a letter to Wolf and Mendel in Klinkivka to get directions to the best road to Sarajevo. He also wrote the directions and sign on the Bakery, Rieger, off the *Kaiserweig*. He wrote in Jewish to give them a good breakfast. Dad told Mother about the letter. While he washed and dressed, Mother wrote the letter. She introduced Ignatz's wife and daughter to Wolf, to treat them well and Maria would mark down his directions. She packed a box of bakery goods and a *kesel*, dried goat cheese. Father and I took it over to the mill and we left for the *shul*. Ignatz came on Sunday after Mass. His eyes were all red and bulging from crying. He told how thankful they were to the Riegers for being so considerate. They left Sunday, at the crack of dawn, at 4:00 a.m., and they should be in Klinkivka by 7:00 a.m. Maria took the new army rifle and a bandolier of bullets and enough food for a week. They both were crack marksmen and the new rifle was semi-automatic. The priest told the congregation, after his regular sermon, that he would catch the Monday morning train for Gorlice, to see what luck the bishop had. Charna received eight letters

from Germany, where her name and address was in the ad and the bishop's address was in the other papers.

Maria arrived at Olga's farm at noontime on Tuesday. She had never seen such a rundown shack for a home. The stench and filth was overpowering. The children were dressed in rags. Olga stank of liquor. Olga went to fetch her husband. Now that the ground was prepared for the coming spring plowing and planting, a few of the neighboring farmers were making their own alcohol in a hidden mountain alcove. Maria warmed water in one of the metal water buckets she had on the wagon. She gave the two year old a bath in the bucket and dressed him in some clothes that she brought. She washed the other three; the grandmother found clothes that nearly fitted them. Olga, her husband and fifteen-year-old daughter staggered in. She hardly recognized her own children. After the introductions, Maria and her mother went out to the wagon, brought in the balance of the clothing, the box of bakery goods that *Bubey* from Klinkivka gave them and the balance of their food that they had in the wagon and they all had a fine lunch. After lunch, the husband fell asleep on the bed with his clothes on.

The fifteen year old found clothes that she liked. She warmed up the bucket of water, walked to the outside, completely undressed, washed around her whole body, put on the new clothes and came into the house. Maria and the grandmother hugged and kissed her and told her she looked like a fine young lady. When they handed her one of the winter coats, she burst out into tears and said, this is the first winter coat I ever had. If I would have had such fine clothes, I wouldn't have been ashamed to go to school. Maria told Olga that they should sell the farm, come to Losie with them and she will give them her farm which is 10 times as large, her house, and she will move in with her parents because her four sons married German wives they never met; Poles they consider as trash, and the children will get a good education. Olga said, I considered writing to you hundreds of times but my pride wouldn't let me after what I did to all of you. Her husband woke up, sobered up. He heard what they proposed and said it is a wonderful generous offer. I will go to Stanislaw, their neighbor farmer and offer the farm, house and horse for 100 *gulden*. He returned to his room,

dressed in his old army uniform and returned. They all started to laugh. He took down his rifle from a shelf and started to march around the room. Maria said, no wonder the poles lost all the wars to the Russians. With each shot they had to reload the rifles. With the new rifle they can fire 25 shots and reload with a new magazine in 10 seconds. They didn't tell him that her youngest son stole the rifle from the army when he came home on furlough. He answered that he never saw that type of rifle. Maria went out to the wagon and showed him the gun. He said that it is dangerous to keep that kind of a gun in the wagon because the children might find it and accidentally hurt themselves. Maria brought the gun into the house and put it on the top shelf.

The grandmother gave him 25 *gulden*, told him to buy a new suit and shoes for himself in one of the stores in Sarajevo. He asked for permission to use the mule, the grandmother said yes. Wednesday morning, he drove to the Jew store in Sarajevo, bought a suit and shoes, came back and handed 2 *gulden* to grandma. He said it was the change. She went for her purse on the top shelf. Maria and Grandma brought their purses in from the wagon, took out another 10 *gulden* and handed it to him, told him to keep it in case they get separated on the return trip to Losie. She said that the children would return in their wagon and Olga and he in his wagon. They would stop two nights at the same farms where they stopped when they came. He went to the cove to offer the farm to Stanislaw for 100 *gulden*. The other three cronies spoke up that it was worth only 50 *gulden*. Stanislaw spoke up and said, as long as you are going to take that bag of bones that you call a horse and save me the trip of going for the gypsies, and that rickety wagon, I will give you 80 *gulden*, because of your water well. They shook hands. All five of them returned to the house as witnesses and Maria wrote up the bill of sale. They all went over to Stanislaw for the 80 *gulden*. He handed the 80 *gulden* to Maria and said, a good honest mother-in-law like you are, I can trust with my money. She went over and hugged and kissed him. They returned to the house, had dinner and started to prepare for the trip home. He put on his old clothes, greased his wagon, loaded it with a few buckets of water, hay and the balance of oats for his horse and readied three kerosene lamps.

They boiled a whole sack of potatoes and baked bread for the return trip, while he replenished the water in the buckets and refilled the kerosene lamps. After supper they agreed to start out at daybreak, 5:00 a.m. When night approached Maria and her mother went out to the wagon to sleep on the hay with the *paraninas* as a mattress and covers. About 3:00 a.m., the grandmother awoke. She thought she heard the mule galloping. As she stood up she saw a lit lamp disappearing in the dark. She woke Maria and wanted to know where the gun was. Maria told her on the top shelf. They ran into the house, felt the top shelf, no guns, no purses. They lit a kerosene lamp; Olga and her daughter woke up. He was gone, the guns and purses were gone, including his new clothes and uniform. Grandma had to go to the outhouse, took the lamp. On the seat both purses were emptied out. All their money, their rosaries and the directions for their trip were gone. Grandma put the stuff back into the purses, returned to the stable and the mule was gone. He even took a bucket of potatoes and bread and the 80 *gulden* that was in the jar, their entire cash, was all gone. They got dressed. Olga thought that Stanislaw might help them. They had breakfast and watched for a lit lamp to appear at Stanislaw's house. They came to the Stanislaw's, both were in their underwear; they felt embarrassed. Maria told them what happened and started to cry. Stanislaw said, now is no time to cry; we must figure out a way to help you. I suspected that a thing like this could happen because when he got drunk he used to say, if I had 500 *gulden*, I could break every gambling joint in Sarajevo and have all the young whores in town. He told them to take his horse, that he would appreciate giving him the exercise because he really didn't need the animal until spring. He gave them 2 bales of hay and a bag of oats. He gave them 20 *gulden* to have on the road. Stanislaw said that he was happy he cheated the louse out of the 20 *gulden*. He asked Maria to write down her name, address where she could be reached, if the police found him. He was going to get dressed and hoped that the bag of bones, called a horse, could get him to the police station in Sarajevo. He would tell them that he stole the mule, 500 *gulden* in cash, has a soldier's uniform with him, 2 rifles, one he stole from the army, and a complete description of him. Also, to be careful, because he is

a dangerous armed man. He stole the mule, worth 300 *gulden*, which is a major offense punishable by death. Also, that he loves to gamble, saloons and whore houses. If they should find him they should arrest him and get in touch with him to testify.

Since the captain is a Catholic and knows the significance and the moral value of the rosary, he stole their two rosaries. Maria took off the gold chain with the cross and left it with Stanislaw as an act of good faith, that she would return in a few weeks with his horse. She said she would never part with that cross for all the money in the world. Each time that she touches it, she feels that *Mamushka* is guiding her destiny, from whom she inherited it

Stanislaw's wife brought out a large pail of fresh milk for the children and a smoked ham to have with their bread. She hoped that they would arrive home safely. He brought his horse with a harness and attached him to their wagon, wished them bon voyage and hoped that the police would be lucky in apprehending that criminal, if he was in Sarajevo. The trip back home lasted 3 days and 2 nights and they stopped at the same farms as before. Olga and the children slept in the wagon; the grandma and Maria slept in the house. For the 3 days, Olga spoke continually. The first day she told how wonderful her marriage was for the first ten years. A Russian ex-soldier bought the farm alongside of Stanislaw's farm from an elderly couple who no longer could do any work. During the winter months the four neighbor farmers would hunt and divide the game. When the game became scarce they started ice fishing; that too petered out shortly. One day in 1907, the Russian received a letter from his sister, that his parents were found shot to death, by unknown people, and he should come home to divide the property. As his share he received some old clothes and a still. His parents were making illegal alcohol and it must have been a disgruntled customer who perpetrated the killing. He smuggled the still, a few bags of sugar and barley under a load of hay. The border officials thought it was some crazy Serbian bringing hay into Austria, where the Austrians were selling hay and grain to the Serbians so they shooed him across without inspection. It was illegal to have a private still in Austria. There was a cave in the mountain bordering his farm. He drove there,

gathered three of the neighbor farmers. They unloaded and set up the still and experimented with the production of alcohol. The first batch they allowed to ferment for a few weeks and they needed a taster. They decided to introduce Olga's husband as the official taster. He liked the product and became a different person in his behavior to Olga and the children. When he was drunk he began to fondle his thirteen-year-old daughter and Olga made her sleep in bed with her for almost two years during the winter months when he would drink.

During the spring and summer months they covered the still with tarpaulins and hay over it, so that it looked like a haystack. They continued with their plowing, seeding and all other farm chores, until after the harvest. The manufacture of alcohol started in October and lasted until March. The farmers agreed to sell their product to other farmers or to village people but to stay out of Sarajevo because they could get in trouble with the police; it was illegal to manufacture alcohol. They used to split the profit and that way they had enough money for the ingredients, a bit of extra cash and an ample amount of happy juice for themselves. One day a client of one of the whores died in her room; the police were called to get the body. They found empty bottles, without labels, strewn around the room that had the odor of alcohol. The whore told the police that a man comes around every day at 10 a.m. and she buys four bottles for a *gulden*. The police took the body and reported to the captain the information they had. He decided that they would follow this character to see where he obtained this cheap liquor. The following day two plain clothes policemen followed this character all day, saw him buy a bag of sugar, barley and a box of other ingredients, followed him with their binoculars. All at once the wagon disappeared into the woods from the highway.

The two police stopped at the gypsy booth, inquired of the fortuneteller if she saw a man with a horse and wagon drive by. She told them, you must mean that soldier who drives thru their camp at 8 a.m. and returns at 4 p.m. You must be careful, he always carries a gun. He must have crossed the creek into Austria, about 2 kilometers away. She walked with the police and showed them the zigzag road where the creek was only two feet deep. By time the police crossed the creek

they realized they no longer were in Serbia but in Austria where they had no jurisdiction. They rode around for half an hour until they found the highway. They lost their direction to Serbia and were heading deeper into Austria. They noticed smoke rising from the mountains. They figured it was a farmer; to their surprise they came upon a still with no one in sight. They spilled the contents of the boiling large container on the fire, wrecked the still and pot completely. Down the road they saw a soldier riding in a wagon, asked him for the direction to Serbia; he pointed in the opposite direction. He knew they were police because they had a hatchet and a rifle in the slits in the saddle that held the equipment.

When the farmers came in the evening to the equipment to bottle their product they thought that it was the Austrian police who had wrecked the still and smashed the wooden container that contained their product. The farmers hurried home, took all their filled and empty bottles to the stables and hid them in the lofts under the hay. They expected the Austrian police to come in the evening to search the houses of the various farms; nothing happened. Olga's husband was completing the manure spreading on his farm; the daughter was cleaning the stable. All at once she heard the daughter screaming. She grabbed the gun and ran out to the stable because she thought that there was a snake there. When she got to the stable the husband grabbed the gun from her, pointed it at her and said he didn't know who to shoot first, the horse or her, they were both bags of bones. He shot the gun thru the roof and started to laugh. Olga and her daughter started to cry. On the way to the house the daughter said that he was drunk and tried to attack her. That was when she decided to write the letter and plead for help. She said that the reason she ran away, in the first place, was because of the Jidi Riegers, who stole the mill and the houses from her father who was a first cousin of *Mamushka*. Maria explained to Olga that were it not for the Riegers they and the entire village would have starved to death in 1908. Maria said that Charna was closer to her and the parents than any relative. If the Riegers had a single loaf of bread left, they would share it with them and when they return, Olga should go over to Charna to ask forgiveness for the evil

thoughts she harbored.

Mother started to open the letters from the ad in Germany. They all expected to find a maid for their households. They were all widowers with children. A letter from Hungary, from a Maxwell Landis, she liked. He told that he was a 55-year-old widower for the past three years, a professor of medicine at the University of Budapest; his three sons were also professors of medicine at the university and resided on the campus with their families. His two daughters are married to businessmen and lived in Germany and he lives alone in a big house. His picture was pleasing but he looked short.

Mother wrote back and invited him to come to our house, the Saturday after the Jewish New Year which was the first Saturday in October, because there was a wonderful, beautiful woman with the gentleness of a saint and the looks to match and she enclosed the address. Maria and Olga returned Saturday evening. They told Ignatz what happened. He decided that he and Maria should return Monday morning. He would ask Lozer for the team of horses and they could get there in two days and one night. They should drop in on the Riegers on Sunday for lunch as Charna has some very important news to tell Maria and they are expecting all of them. Ignatz and Dad came home daily for dinner and supper and knew all about the letter, with his permission and blessings, to Maxwell Landis. He said that it was high time that Maria had a little happiness in her life. The priest delivered a beautiful sermon of the relationship of men and women and the sanctity of marriage. He told that he received marriage certificate documents that he could fill out and the Archbishop would register them with the state. That sometimes you can live with a person all your life and never get to know the inner thoughts and feelings or the temper of your mate. At other times you can get to know a person in a single day, as if you had known him all their life; your soul will inform you.

After mass, the eight members of the Ignatz family dropped in for lunch and we all got acquainted with the Olga family and gave them our first, second and third grade books in Polish and German. We promised to assist them whenever we had free time. Florence told the

older girl to come over to our house every day and she would teach her both Polish and German. When the new term starts on February 15, 1912, she could register in the sixth grade and receive her diploma in a single year. (In July of 1912, Mother forbid Olga and her daughter to come to our house. She forbid Florence and Belle to speak to them because they became regular patrons of Herschel Weinstein's *kraitchma* and the Cossaks.) Mother showed Maria the letter from Maxwell and his picture. With Ignatz's permission she invited him for the coming Saturday. Ignatz's wife said that she would return with him to return the farmer's horse, the 20 *gulden* and retrieve the cross. Maria said that she only had old clothes and nothing that the priest brought back fitted her. Mother brought out the new dress that the boss's wife sent to her. Maria tried it on and it fitted her perfectly, only it was too short. Mother sent me over to fetch Theresa's daughter who was working for the Jewish tailor. She returned with me and told Maria that she could lower the hem by eight inches and it would fit her perfectly, and it was the latest style. Maria walked up to Mother, hugged and kissed her and said, I feel like the richest person in the world because I have such a good, true friend. Saturday, October 14, 1911, the priest and Maxwell Landis walked in at 1:30 p.m. My father and I were studying the *Pirke Avot* (Fruits of our Fathers). Maria, Mother, Beille and Florence were feeding *Bubey* and freshening the bed when the two gentlemen entered. The priest did the introductions; when he introduced Maxwell to Maria they just grabbed both hands as though they never would let go. He saw *Bubey* lying in bed and said, it looks like this lady had a mild stroke. What kind of therapy and medication is she getting; who is her doctor?

When mother told him that her doctor no longer could walk, that he had been retired for over 25 years, she mentioned his name. Maxwell was surprised to hear that this doctor is still alive. He had to be in his upper 90's because he was the head medical instructor when he was a student at the Heidelberg Gymnasia, 40 years ago. He said that he would love to meet him, to see if he remembered him. Maria offered to take him to meet his old acquaintance. Maxwell and Maria returned to the church to take their car and asked the priest to convey

to the Riegers that they would return early Sunday morning with new medication that could help *Bubey* to regain her voice, possibly. They returned to Budapest to a magnificent mansion, one room was filled with books. They went into the kitchen, where an elderly woman was preparing the supper meal. She spoke Hungarian only. Maxwell told her to show Maria around the house, and how everything worked because this was all new to her, so that Maria could freshen up from the trip while he called his children to come over to meet Maria. He also told her to prepare a fast snack after supper for all of them.

The three sons and their wives came about 7 p.m. with snacks. After the introductions they sat down in the living room, established that German was the common language for all of them. The oldest daughter-in-law asked Maria what life was like in a village in Austria. Maria started to speak. I hope that I am not dreaming for I never want this dream to end. I feel that I am born again for today is the first time I saw people talking to each other miles apart by a phone, my first experience of riding in a carriage that wasn't drawn by horses, not only that but hot and cold water coming out of pipes. But most of all an outhouse inside that cleans itself. Maria started to laugh and all of them went into hysterics with laughter. She continued with her past week in Serbia and her sister Olga. She never experienced that type of deceit. All her life she only knew Losie where each neighbor was concerned about the welfare of the family neighbor, and the honor, respect and devotion, not only children, but grandchildren have for their elders, especially a Jewish family that I have in my mind, who cater to a paralyzed old lady, and their Mother even gave me her new dress that I have on, with the best wishes. I thought that only in a small village, where everyone knows everyone else could such magnetism and devotion possibly exist. I feel that this same feeling exists in this room. As the priest quoted in last Sunday's sermon, you can know the entire person's character in a short space of time, as if you had known them their entire lifetime. I hope this dream never ends. Maxwell said, Charna. Maria answered, yes. There was a lull in the conversation, as if everyone was left stunned. The youngest son arose from his chair, walked over to Maria, took both her hands in his, kissed her on both

cheeks and said, welcome to the fold, Maria. They all started to laugh. Maxwell talked up, as long as you are forcing me to marry the lady, we will get married in the church in Losie, Galicia, Austria. Let us start out at 6 a.m. because I would like to see *Bubey* first, and see if the three of you could suggest treatment. I will take along the examining kit and you take along the medication. They all left at 8:30 p.m. to make preparations.

Sunday morning at 9:30 a.m, Maria, Maxwell and his three sons walked in. They checked *Bubey* from head to toe. When they heard that she was 85 years old, they were amazed at her resilience. The oldest son gave her two shots, one in the buttocks, on the left, and one in her left arm muscle. The youngest, who specialized in eye, ear, nose and dentistry, sprayed her throat, and put some kind of medication on the teeth and told all of us not to feed her or give her any kind of liquid until he returns, after the wedding. The middle son showed Beille how to exercise the left hand and foot each time on the hour and put a hot moist towel and a dry cover on the hand and foot after the exercise. Maria asked Mother and Dad to come to her wedding ceremony at 11 a.m. I went to the mill for Dad.

The wedding was outside in front of the church; all the village people Jews and Christians were there. Everyone was fond of Maria because she was very generous. The three sons and their wives, Ignatz and his wife, Mother and Dad, formed a circle on the podium by holding hands and marched around Maria, Maxwell and the priest, with a hand held on the heads of the new couple. They marched seven times to the right and seven times to the left, while the priest was singing the blessings in Latin, with a beautiful high pitched voice. When he finished he gave Mother and Father a pen to sign as witnesses on the marriage contract. He then pronounced Maria and Maxwell as man and wife. Everyone started to applaud and throw rice and candy. Mother and Dad returned home, ate and went back to the mill.

The entire family came to the house at 4 p.m., after the wedding, introduced themselves, and wanted to know where the washroom was. They formed a line. I kept on working the water pump in the kitchen

that would clear the toilet. Each one emerged laughing. The youngest doctor fed *Bubey* some lukewarm milk with a dissolved sugar cube by putting a half teaspoonful on the top of her tongue and asking her to swallow. The four doctors started to speak in Hungarian and they noticed that she was moving her tongue and lips, as if she was trying to respond. They asked her if she understood Hungarian. She nodded, yes. He put seven small fillings in her teeth and told us not to feed her for three hours. Upon their departure, Maxwell handed to Mother a 100 *gulden* bill and said, for my wife's dress, *danke schaen, Schadchente*, thank you matchmaker. Two weeks later, we received a letter from Budapest, from Maria Landis, telling my mother how thankful and grateful she is to my mother because in her middle age, for the first time in her life, she has found contentment and happiness. If her first husband was tall, Maxwell is a giant by comparison.

She wrote that Maxwell's grandfather was a Jewish atheist and when his father was born, his mother's heart gave out during childbirth but they saved the baby. He married his Catholic housekeeper and she raised him as a Catholic. Maxwell was baptized and married a beautiful Catholic woman. She died in her middle 50's of a blood disease. Maxwell can speak *Yiddish* fluently. Maxwell is receiving a year's sabbatical with pay. They are going to travel around the world and Mother should not write, because their itinerary is not completed as yet, and they are leaving by the end of November. Please inform my parents that we will be in America, where we will visit with her older brothers in four different states. Bless all of you and *Bubey*.

The priest dropped in on Monday morning to see if the doctors helped *Bubey*. He told that when he went to the Lemberg bookstore the Archbishop accompanied him and spoke in Hebrew to Ychezkil Kohn. The Archbishop knew the talmud and bible in Hebrew. He told the priest to come daily by train and he would teach him Hebrew. He said that he had very much to tell him about the priesthood.

My father hired four of the younger farmers to start cutting down the maple trees at the periphery of the forest, in order to fulfill the boss's wishes, because he wasn't sure whether Janush knew about the boss's

plans or the 1200 *gulden*. The third Sunday in November, about 2 p.m., Janush, for the first time, drove up to the church in Losie. He gave the priest 100 *gulden* as a bequest in his father's memory. He and the priest walked over to house number three where he met Ignatz for the first time. I ran to the mill to fetch Dad. He admired the furniture and wanted to know who was the *stolarsh*. Ignatz answered that it was Lozer, Chiel and himself. My father walked in, he was expecting him to mention about the land clearance. Janush wanted to see the mill. They walked over to the mill. After they crossed the bridge, he said that the woods looked like a man made forest. Ignatz talked up and told how his grandparents planted every tree and bush and dredged the river for top soil, in order to make that forest bloom, especially the apple and pear trees. When they came to the mill Janush remarked that the maple lumber was all #1. He asked my dad where he obtained the lumber and the cost. My father told him that they came from the farthest rear edge of the forest. Janush told my father not to destroy that forest. My father gave a sigh of relief because Janush knew nothing of the boss's plans, especially when he remarked that the entire estate was fully cleared.

My father asked Janush's permission to sell Zydee 100 bags of #1 flour. Janush OK'd it and said that he should keep the 600 *gulden* as wages for Ignatz and himself until March, when he will return. If he should run short of money, he should come to Gorlice for more, or he can use the additional money from the balance of the flour. He asked when does the river freeze over solidly so it is safe to cross with a heavy load because those Clydesdale horses are very expensive. Ignatz said that by the 20th of December the ice is as strong as it will ever be. He said there usually is a foot of snow on the ground. Janush asked Dad to hire more workers to cut down as many maple trees as possible, perhaps 20 tons. My father said that if there was more, he would bring it with his sled and team of horses. Janush asked Ignatz how many of the younger farmers would like to come to Gorlice and return daily by train. He would supply the commuter tickets and pay them 25 *gulden* a week for a 5 day, 8 hours daily. They would receive their lunches and snacks, daily, and complete hospital insurance. Ignatz said there are 40 to 50

farmers, between the ages of 25 to 50, who would be happy to work until spring. They returned to the church; more than half of the village people were admiring the new car. Ignatz said, here are many of your new employees. Janush announced that he would give each one a ride beginning with the 25 to 50 year olds, 8 at a time. He took them for a two-mile ride and explained his job offer, if they were interested, they should meet Ignatz at the 6 a.m. train station and he will pay their fare. Ignatz told the children to hurry home to tell their fathers about the job offer. All the young men remained; they were anxious for the new jobs.

The news spread like wildfire. About 60 additional farmers, of all ages, came running to the church. The priest opened the church doors; he saw new faces for the first time. Ignatz started to tell them what Janush wanted. Janush explained the work and he wanted men between 25 and 45 because you have to stand on your feet. The rest of you can cut down trees; get in touch with Ignatz. Lozer will pay you daily. You must bring your own axe and saw. If you have a two man saw, pick your own partner. The priest marked down each name and was given a 5 *gulden* note for the weeks train fare. Janush came to the house, told my father that he would have about 20 men to cut down trees and he should pay them daily. He handed him 500 *gulden* and he returned to the church. The priest signed up 45 men and handed 25 *gulden* back to Janush. He refused to take it back and told the priest to keep it for his effort. Monday at 11 a.m., Wolf drove over to housenumber two, where the flour was stored; there was none left at the mill, walked over to house number three and started to talk to *Bubey*. She started to whisper her answer that was barely audible. Beille went to the mill for Dad. They had lunch and Wolf told a sad story with tears in his eyes. The Sanzer *Yeshivo* is about to close, the only supplier they have left is the bakery. Their bill hasn't been paid in six months, only *Zydee* does not want to stop deliveries because he says it's an *averoh*, sin. The Tourner *Yeshivo* closed down completely, the students with wealthy parents leave for New York *yeshivos*. This is true of all the Austrian *Yeshivos*.

The Teitelbaum's sons-in-law are fighting between themselves and they will bankrupt their business. With six *gulden* a bag of flour their

business is choked from both ends. Father said, there is a God and He will help. Tomorrow, I will send a wagon full of lumber. Ignatz and six men will come with their tools and insulate the living room and it will become a warehouse for 100 bags of #1 flour, which we will deliver on Wednesday and Thursday, for one *gulden* a bag. Wolf walked over to Dad, hugged and kissed him, and said, you are our Joseph. The Biblical Joseph gave grain to his father and brothers (Exodus). Wolf and Father walked over to housenumber two, helped load 10 bags of #1 flour and 5 bags of *razava* flour, took no money and said, for the kindness you have extended to Ignatz's family. I asked Mother why *Bubey* did not finish the story to the priest. Mother said it almost caused a calamity then, and there is no sense in stirring up an old sore.

Mother then told the following: at 9:30 p.m. Saturday night, there was a loud knock on the door. Everyone was asleep at Chiel's house. The continuous knocking woke Chana. She woke Yechiel. He grabbed a whip, unlatched the door. There stood the priest with a lamp in one hand and a pitcher in the other hand and tried to force his way into the house in order to baptize the children. Simultaneously Yechiel was stepping out because he did not want to disturb the household, for everyone was exhausted. The priest fell backwards, dropped the metal pitcher of water, the top of the lamp came off and the kerosene was spilled on the priest's clothing and the lit wick ignited his clothing. Yechiel grabbed the pitcher, poured it on the fire and started to roll the priest on the grass to extinguish the remaining flame. The priest yelled you 'Jidi' Jew, you poured out the holy water. Chiel helped the priest to arise and said, that water must have been holy because it extinguished the flame, or else you would have been burning in hell. The priest took his pitcher and the remains of his lamp and walked away in the dark cursing. Chana said you had better get up early and tell the police captain what happened; I hope we don't have trouble. Chana and Yechiel arose at daybreak, *davened*, had breakfast, drove to the police station. He told the night captain what happened the previous night. The captain looked through his ledger, found no kidnappings; told Yechiel that he would go to church and tell the priest that Yechiel was sorry for the previous night's incident and would be in to pay for

his ruined clothing. The five police and day captain came in for the day shift, heard the story and advised Yechiel to take the children to the Austrian border police because the gypsies told them that the boys were kidnapped from Austrian Jews. The gypsies who returned from Carlsbad were afraid to return with them to Austria and the two little girls from Hungary; the Rumanians took them off their hands. The captain said, what is wrong with you Jews. If a Christian child is kidnapped, they go to church, form a posse, get their guns and a sheriff and shoot up every gypsy camp until they find the child. No Christian children have been kidnapped in over 25 years. If the police find Kalmon, you will have him back tonight. We have to get rid of the two stinking corpses by tonight.

Yechiel returned home, told Chana what transpired at the police station, got the children ready for the trip to Austria, took along enough food for a five-hour trip. Shayvach went along to take care of the children. Yechiel told Chana that he would spend the night at his cousin's house, Rabbi Israel Halberstam, which is in Luan, near the city of Gorlice. He would attend the *yerid* on Tuesday, then go to Losie to see how his building was progressing. He may be gone the entire week and not to worry, because we are always in God's hands. Sunday at 11 a.m., the night captain came over and told Chana what transpired at the church. The priest, in his sermon, said, a miracle happened to me last night. I went for a walk last night with my lamp in one hand and my holy water chalice in the other hand. I was frightened when I noticed someone standing in his doorway and slipped on the grass. My lantern fell on top of me and the kerosene spilled on my clothes and the lit wick ignited my clothing and I became a ball of fire. A mysterious hand grabbed my chalice with the holy water and extinguished the flame. He opened his outer frock and showed the burned clothing. The entire audience fell into a mesmerized silence. The deacons passed the wicker offering baskets. Everyone put a half *gulden* in the basket and a paper *gulden* they handed to the deacon for a new suit for the priest. The night captain was so disgusted with the fraud and sham that the priest pulled on the audience that he decided to walk out before the blessings and the completion of the singing of the mass.

He said, I don't trust that senile, bastard priest. That is why I quit the church 20 years ago when he became the new priest. His sermons were always threats of purgatory, hell's fires and brimstone. He even mentioned to some naive parishioners that on various occasions he spoke directly to Jesus Christ. The fairy tales that parents tell their children is that only the pope has the ability to rise up to heaven and converse with the Christ. He continued, I will have my night patrol keep a special look out for your place because I don't trust that rascal. Shmuel, it would not hurt if you watched until midnight; if you see more than two lamps approaching your house, ride over quickly by the back road, in the dark, to the station. I and some of my police will ride and shoot our guns into the air; that will disperse any crowd with satanic motives. Be at the station Monday morning, in case the priest gets any crazy inspirations for he is not a forgiving person.

Shmuel came to the station at 8 a.m., Monday morning. The captain told him that he just missed the priest, who was trying to swear out a warrant for the arrest of Chiel for kidnapping five children. The captain told the priest that he instructed Chiel to take the children to the Austrian police because the gypsies told the police that they were Austrian Jewish children. The priest insisted that it was possible that the children could have had a Catholic parent, and if they were not baptized, they would die in purgatory. The captain told the priest to go home and invent some more miracles for his Sunday sermon. Jesus Christ will instruct him, since he talks directly to the Christ. The priest got angry, accused the two captains of being heretics and in his sermon he will excommunicate both of them. He will be back on Wednesday to see what the Catholic judge has to say. The captain told him if he shows up on Wednesday, he will be jailed with the rest of the criminals for disturbing the peace; after all we are not living in the middle ages. He said that he will write to their bishop requesting a new priest to replace their present trouble making senile old priest; all the police will sign it. In the mean time, if you can get in touch with your father tell him to stay away for a week. Should anything unforeseen develop, I will get in touch with you.

Shmuel told Chana what happened at the station. He is going to ride

their fastest horse, use a *paranina* as a saddle, and take enough oats for the horse and a little food for himself. He thought he could get to Luan in about three hours and return before it gets dark. When he arrived, the rabbi introduced him to Shayvach and Sorah Alexander. He saw them playing with the children; he remarked to his brother, if you two were married, you could adopt these children and be a happy family. Sorah said she would like that very much. Chiel said, My *Shloime Hamelech*, King Solomon, always has an instantaneous proper solution. The Rabbi said, but there is a hitch, both their first names are Shayvach, and it is not permissible. (Sorah's father's name was Shayvach Alexander.) Shmuel said, why not commemorate the thousands of Jews whose first names were Alexander, and call the *mechutin*, (father-in-law), Alexander Shayvach Alexander. Sorah went over and kissed him. Her father shook his hand and said, you are truly *Shloime Hamelech*. Shmuel said, it is not noon yet, I have not *davened*. Bring in six of the *yeshivo bocherim* and we can have a *minyan*. We can read from the Torah and Rabbi, you can give a new name to our honored guest. The Rabbi said, start *davening*; I will return with a *minyan*.

That evening, Chiel and Alexander Shayvach Alexander wrote up the *tneyim*. Sorah, Shmuel and Shayvach started to return with Chiel's horse and carriage. Chiel told them to leave 100 *gulden* with Chana and bring the box with the cash hidden under the front seat of the wagon. Make a double hitch to the front of the wagon and tie the other six horses to the rear of the wagon. Shmuel should go over early to the police station and see if there was any news about Kalmon, hand the police captain 25 *gulden* and say that is what Chiel owes you, and ask for a police escort up to the Austrian border. Shmuel should remain at home. Prepare food for the entire Tuesday, for themselves and the animals. Then they should drive directly to the *yerid* near Gorlice. He will meet them there; try to be there by 8 a.m.

On the way home, Shayvach told them that when they arrived at the Austrian border, the police captain refused to take money. They told him about the five children that were kidnapped by the gypsies and told that the three boys were from Austrian Jews and the two girls

were from Hungarian Jews. He looked into his ledger of the previous two to three years and he found that eight young baby boys and five girls were kidnapped in the previous three years. Chiel told the captain that he will try to leave the children with Rabbi Israel Halberstam, in Luan. The captain told that he knows the Rabbi very well and he is positive they will be in good hands. He said, we have no facilities to keep children here. I can write letters to the parents and describe the children and they can get in touch with Rabbi Israel Halberstam in Luan. Chiel told about his son, Kalmon, being kidnapped by the gypsies a few days ago, and about the two corpses in the police wagon. The captain wanted to know what color shirts they had on. Chiel answered, black. The captain said they were Rumanian gypsies and he should not worry because they will return him for a reward. The Austrian gypsies wear red, Polish, green and Hungarian gypsies wear yellow shirts.

The captain continued, what is wrong with you Jews that you allow the gypsies to kidnap your children for a ransom. If a Christian child is kidnapped, they form a posse, shoot up a number of camps, kill a couple hundred gypsies. Nobody gets prosecuted, every gypsy hears about it and no Christian children ever get kidnapped. Even a good dog to sound an alarm will keep the gypsies away. Another thing, why don't you register births and marriages with the state. You get married by a rabbi. If you desert your wife and children, you cannot be prosecuted by the state for bigamy. The husband goes to America, sends his wife a divorce through the mails and marries another woman legally. In this parish, we have eight women in that predicament. No wonder that many Poles accuse the Jews of being bastards. I will try my best to locate the parents of these children; my heart bleeds for them.

Alexander and his neighbor rancher, who lived outside of Budapest, and dealt with work horses, and Chiel, sold all their horses within two hours. They did not know that the Prussian government was building railroads throughout Germany, with slave laborers who were captured. The Polish government under King Casimir did not have the cash for redeeming his soldiers. The king made it known through the various newspapers and word of mouth, that Jews could receive full citizenship

and equal privileges with the Poles. One million Jews flocked into Poland; Warsaw became known as the Jew City. Chiel bought a gelding to pull his wagon back to the Rabbi's house.

The neighbor told Alexander and Chiel that he has to move because the city of Budapest is expanding its borders and appropriated his land. He wanted to know if Alexander also was notified. There were two cities in Hungary divided by the Danube river, called Budah and Pesht. The government of Hungary decided to unite these two cities into one as its capitol, called Budapest. Finally, the Hungarian Magyars made a pogrom on the Jews and the Alexanders escaped with their lives to Losie. Chiel said that he wanted to sell his establishment in Romania because he is having a new home built in Losie. The rancher was very interested. He and Shayvach drove to Satu-Mare and the rancher was very interested in the house, stable, and livestock; wanted to know an approximate price. Shayvach told him that he was being married this coming Sunday at the home of the Alexanders and he could talk price to his father. The rancher told Shayvach that he knew Sorah from the first day she was born. She is highly educated and is knowledgeable in more languages than anyone in Hungary. The rancher and his son stopped at the Satu-Mare police station to inquire about Chiel's character and dealings. The captain told him he equates his honesty with their Lord's. The rancher said, meet your new neighbors.

Shayvach and Chana left on Wednesday for Budapest. They stopped at the station to inquire if they heard anything about Kalmon. She offered a 1000 *gulden* reward for his safe return. The captain said that he would notify every policeman in Romania of the reward and he is sure that he will be found, if he is still alive. He congratulated Shayvach on his coming marriage and Chana on selling their home. He was sorry to see them leave (it was news to them). Alexander, Sorah and Chiel returned to Rabbi Halberstam's house. Chiel left his box of money with the Rabbi for safekeeping, asked the Rabbi to go to his friend, the Austrian captain, and offer a 1000 *gulden* reward for the safe return of Kalmon and they took the two little girls in the Alexander's carriage to return to Satu-Mare. Sorah kissed her aunt, the Rabbi's wife, who wished her good luck and happiness in her coming marriage on Sunday. Alexander

and Chiel realized that they were related through the Halberstams. Chiel drove the horse and wagon. Alexander, Sorah and the two little girls rode in the carriage back to Chiel's house for introductions and lunch. Chiel and the Alexanders drove in his carriage directly to Losie and spent the night at Reb *Aba's*, who had his first pulpit in Losie at the age of 24, and they discussed the various events of Losie. Reb *Aba* informed Chiel that his house was completed, and they are working on the stable. Wednesday morning, Alexander and Chiel went over to inspect the new house. They liked it, went over to see how the stable was progressing. The miller, Ignatz, and three of his young sons were working on the stable. The miller told Chiel that they ran into trouble at the mill. They are short 2000 *gulden* for the stones to grind the flour and if they could possibly come up with the money, he could forego the supplying of 50 work horses and they would return some of the money when they earn it. Alexander talked up, build me a home just like Chiel's, a bit further away from the stable, and each one of us will give you 1000 *gulden*, now. They shook hands and the miller said that he would have his home by spring, after they complete the mill. Alexander said to Chiel, partner; they became partners in the horse-trading business.

(The Bodenstein {stone house}, name must have had its source in the Netherlands. The Jews were expelled from the Netherlands in 1050, during the period of the crusades. The Clydesdale working horses emanated from the Netherlands. They sold Wellington and Clydesdale working horses only. In those days, the sons always went into the same business as the father. This makes it possible to trace the ancestry to 1225, when the Jews were expelled from England, because the Wellington work horses were native to England and the Alexander's roots must have stemmed from there, also the name.)

Austria, Hungary and Galicia were a loose federation of states governed by the Hapsburg family, under Kaizer Franz Joseph the first. Everyone was sure that Budapest would become the official capitol. The speculators were buying up the surrounding farms and ranches. Those who had political clout influenced the city to use its expropriation influence in condemning property for expansion

purposes. Alexander told Chiel, on his way to Hungary, that now there was a load off his mind, he feels safe to hold out for a higher price for his property. He did not know that the Hungarians made a pogrom upon the Jews and expropriated their homes and lands. They stopped at the police border patrol and reported the two kidnapped Jewish children that were recovered from the Rumanian gypsies. The police took pictures of them, said they would advertise it in the various papers, Jewish and Christian, and anyone claiming them must have a birth certificate or a picture and get in touch with the border police. The children are cared for in a responsible home. The police also sent letters to all Hungarian people who reported missing girls within the last two to three years that were recorded in the police ledger.

The wedding of Shayvach and Sorah Bodenstein took place in the *shul* on Sunday. There were over 100 people present because on Saturday, when Shayvach was called up to the Torah for *maftir, Aufrufung*, the Rabbi announced that the wedding will take place on Sunday at 1 p.m., for the couple will fast, and everyone is invited to the *chupe* and wedding. After the *maftir*, Shayvach was pelted with nuts and candies and all the children made a mad scramble to retrieve them. The Bodenstein family returned to Rabbi Halberstam who told Chiel that the three little boys were found by their real parents. Chiel gave the Rabbi 500 *gulden*, in case Kalmon was found, otherwise he should use the money. He returned to Rumania with his cash box. The Hungarian horse trader came the following Monday; they concluded their transaction of his home and the livestock, loaded his wagons with his furniture and belongings, stopped at the Satu-Mare police station, gave 25 *gulden* to each captain, and told them they would receive 1000 *gulden* to the one who would find Kalmon. They left for their new home in Losie. Every policeman in Rumania and Austria was searching for Kalmon; they never found him.

The following spring Alexander Shayvach Alexander, the new couple Shayvach and Sorah, and the rest of the family arrived to their new home in Losie, just one block from Yechiel.

A new organization sprung up in Warsaw, Poland, by the name of

Lovers of Zion, in 1880. By word of mouth, every Jew became aware of its existence. The purpose of that organization was to reclaim the land of Palestine for the Jews, by their own labor. Nathan Rothschild of England was the financial sponsor. Thousands of young men and women between the ages of 16 and 25 enrolled to meet the challenge and left to Palestine. Shmuel, Chana and Necha Bodenstein were among the first immigrants. The three of them, because of their sturdiness and large size, were sent to the Huleh valley, near Lebanon, to help drain the swamps. All three were struck with malaria in the year 1883. Sam Bodenstein was named after Shmuel. Chana kept on grieving constantly for Kalmon; when she heard of the untimely death of her three children, she became bedridden.

Her two oldest sons, when they became 18, did not want to go to the army. They left for the US and she never heard from them. During the black plague period, from 1860 to 1867, she lost three daughters. The Jews were driven from many Polish villages, because the Poles accused them of poisoning the water wells and made pogroms upon the Jews. Yechiel moved to Rumania with his family. My great grandmother, Chana, died in 1884. Only Yechiel, Shayvach and Sorah, my grandparents, were left in that large seven room house. My great grandfather begged them to come to live with them, in order to remove the brooding and loneliness that was cast upon them, due to tragedy upon tragedy that struck them. The trauma they experienced was overwhelming. The two great grandfathers and great grandmother Alexander lived to their nineties, in the 1890's. My brother Yechiel was named after my great grandfather, in 1894.

My grandparents, Shayvach and Sorah sold Chiel's house to the retired, crippled German doctor. There was a great rainstorm, with continuous thundering and lightning, in Feb. 1906. The large hayloft of the barn was struck by lightning. The hay was burning uncontrollably. It started at 3 a.m. My grandparents, the two watchmen that patrolled the village at night, were trying to save the four Clydesdale horses, but the fire was too hot. The alarm spread through the entire village; fought the blaze, could not control the fire with their buckets of water. When the heavy rains finally doused the fire, all the animals, the barn and the house,

with all its contents, were piles of ashes. The chest with the hidden metal box, that Mother gave them in 1897 was loaded with Yechiel's and Alexander Shayvach's and Shayvach's money, became ashes and molten lead.

Grandpa Shayvach and Grandma Sorah went to live in our house number one. Grandpa Shayvach contracted pneumonia, from exposure to the elements, and died within a month's time. My youngest brother Shayvach was named after him, in 1906.

The above stories were told to me by my Grandmother, *Bubey* Sorah, my mother and Helen. All the above happenings occurred before 1910; from that time I remember them, by myself.

The reason for writing the Olga story was my mother forbidding Olga and her daughter for coming to our house and Florence and Belle not to see or speak to them, after my dad left to the USA in February 1912, because they became regular patrons to Herschel Weinstein's *kraitchma* with the Cossacks. I was too young to realize the significance. Mother was positive that it was Olga and Maria's four sons who murdered the Jews of Losie.

I would be hard pressed for words that could more thoroughly define the character of Bessie Rieger; except the experience of being married to her for 52 years and 9 months this Aug. 17, 1982. She is the very best thing that happened to me. Since as individuals we all have our own idiosyncrasies and stubbornness we have to learn to see the viewpoint of the next person and their feelings. This method I learned during the great depression of 1930 to 1933 where people of ability and learning became like whipped dogs, many did not recover from that experience; others showed their teeth.

After the death of my father and brother, Harold, on Dec. 16 and 17 of 1917 I had to do the janitor work; bank the stove at 9 p.m. The great fear of going out into the pitch darkness of night was a traumatic experience; I recalled the advice I gave to Walchek and I started to recite the *krishma* very rapidly. After a week's time it no longer bothered me to get up in the dark at 5 a.m. to poke the fires.

I was in the seventh grade at the Wicker Park School, which was directly across the street. At 6 a.m. I went to the Wood Street *shul* and would study the *Tanach* (the Prophets) for an hour under the tutelage of a cousin, Ben Zion Friend, for a period of two years. After the services, I had breakfast and returned to school. I graduated in June of 1919. We sold our home at 2025 Evergreen Ave. and moved to 1525 Wicker Park Ave.

I graduated from Crane Technical High School in 1922 because I attended three summer school sessions. We formed a junior membership club of the nursery called the Amigos (Spanish for friends). I was the president; we had a 1922 new years party; my friend Dave Robbins brought a cute chick by the name of Bessie Katz. I monopolized most of the dances with her and asked if I could take her home. I drove a Wescott. After taking Dave Robbins, Dave Potasky, Phil Gardner, and Simon Agranat (he became president of the Supreme Court of Israel) home, I drove Bessie to Gary Place near Broadway. I asked for her telephone number and promised to call her.

We went to the movies a few times, then she asked me if I would like to go to a picnic on July 4 with her friends, the Einhorns. I accepted, we went to the Labaugh woods, near Dam number three. A friend of hers, nicknamed Eaglebeak, because of his huge nose, who had a shoe store near the Einhorn's shoe store on Lincoln Ave., asked her if she would like to go canoeing; she accepted. After one hour I told the Einhorns I was going home. They told me that they would return with Eaglebeak. I left and never called her again.

After graduating from high school in 1922, I found a draftsman job with the Commonwealth Edison Co., where I worked until August 30, 1924. In November of 1922, an Edison coworker named Joseph Ott and I formed a partnership after working hours. We were making and selling Erla radios. They had a crystal detector and a two tube amplifier. Radios were just coming into vogue; the very first started in 1920. We sold three sets to his family for \$150 each, and one to his cousin, Johnny Weismuller, who was a champion swimmer and just starting in show business, for our cost, \$110. We sold three sets to my

family, Ma, Helen and Frieda for \$150 each. Mother told Mary Segal how much she enjoyed listening to the radio from various stations in the U.S. Mary Segal called me to give her a demonstration. Joe Ott and I went over one evening in early December when it was raining very hard and a lot of thunder and lightning. He set up the radio and storage battery and I strung the aerial across the yard. I didn't realize that my shoes got all muddied up and I dirtied her carpets. She was the richest one in our family, lived on Pierce near Hoyne Avenue where millionaires lived. We figured if she would buy, then the whole family would follow suit. We received station KDKA from Schenectady, NY, KYW from Pennsylvania and other eastern stations. We couldn't bring in Iowa or any western stations. Mother told me later that she couldn't get any western stations. The following day there was an article in the radio section of the Herald Examiner that due to the electrical storms in the western part of the US, reception was completely blacked out.

The following evening, on the way to Joe Ott, to show him that article, I was driving east on Augusta Avenue, a thru street, a drunken driver going north on Francisco Avenue hit me in the rear right wheel. The car flipped over on its top and landed against the corner building. The California top collapsed completely and I was pinned on the inside. It was like an invisible hand pulled the front seat from its mooring and cleared the heavy jack and a complete set of mechanics tools from inflicting any damage on me. When the great audience who up righted the car, expecting to find a dead person underneath were surprised to see me step out without a scratch. I still wonder today if it was a guiding hand that controls my destiny.

The following day I called up Mary Segal to tell her to read the article in the radio section about the electrical storm; we would be happy to give her another demonstration. She said, "Don't bother, a salesman just walked in with a radio set, a present for Marshall."

I gave the case to my cousin Louis Rieger, attorney; the other driver was the president of the Portage Park Bank; he was completely drunk. A bystander, who was one of my witnesses, drove him home. The repair cost was \$600. Six months later, I went up to Herman and Louis

Rieger, attorney's office; I offered to pay the cost of filing the lawsuit. They told me those cases take 5 to 6 years before they are heard. Today I am sure that they collected and settled the case because of the similarity of our last names.

August 1, 1924, I was working on a drawing for the Edison Company, for the past nine months, on a sheet of cellulose drawing cloth, that was 4' x 30', of every city street, alley, pole, size of wiring, AC or DC, to scale. At that time AC was replacing DC. The large buildings in the loop had their own generators and engineers. They all had DC current. The Edison could supply the same amount of current for one third of their cost and they started to convert the wiring to AC and buying it from the Edison. That is why my drawing assumed importance.

There were 80 draftsmen in the room. Every one either chewed tobacco or smoked; that was the status symbol of being a draftsman. That fatal day I was standing on a rung of my stool, in order to reach the top of the drawing board. It broke, I fell and accidentally shoved the ashtray with the lit cigarette that landed on the drawing. It was consumed completely in an instantaneous flash of fire that singed my eyebrows and the hair on my head.

I stopped smoking and from that day on there were "No Smoking" signs in every room and corridor of the Edison Company. The chief draftsman, Desneaux, asked me to work two hours extra every evening and all day Sunday until I completed that drawing on my own time. Instead of the two weeks vacation at the end of August, that was coming to me, I worked and completed the city outline and the location of many of the poles.

Mr. Williams became the new head of the electrical division. Friday, August 31, 1924, he called Mr. Desneaux, who had 40 years seniority in the department, and with some slight disagreement, fired him on the spot. I realized that the Edison was not for me, so I went into Mr. Williams office, told him that I had to leave in two weeks because I was going to Armour Institute to study electrical engineering. He was very gracious and wished me luck.

Florence said, "You will be an electrician." Belle said, "Why don't

you study architecture, you can draw and you received all A's in mathematics and Peter Leichenko may employ you in his office, Leichenko and Esser." Belle was very friendly with his sisters, Mary and Celia, who he supported in gracious style and Belle had a crush on him.

I began the study of architecture and managed to get a summer vacation job as a draftsman for Jacob Lewis, architect. His chief customer was an outfit by the name of Sam Molner and Eddie Glatt. They built a new six, twelve or eighteen flat building on the south side, one a week, for a period of two years. I used to make duplicate drawings on buildings with similar sized lots.

One day in February 1927 Dave Robbins called to invite me to a surprise party. I had a Stutz Bearcat car and he and his friends needed a chauffeur. (It was a used car that the girls bought from a customer of theirs at 1100 Diversey Ave. They paid \$1,100). It was at 4932 N. Magnolia Ave. The surprise was on me when I met Bessie Katz again. The 1922 spark was reignited and I started dating her every Sunday. We were supposed to get married in 1928. Flo and my mother nixed it, because Belle and Florence had seniority according to Jewish tradition.

I managed to find excuses by taking on every evening and Sunday jobs, with Finkle Brothers, Store Fronts and Fixtures; Drawing and Designs. A new architectural firm by the name of Conley and Carlson liked my lettering and asked me to come to work for them parttime. Our dating became confined to Sundays from 7 to 11 p.m.; we managed somehow to hold together because we were both honest and sincere.

October 1927, they broke ground for 5000 Cornell. Conley asked me if I would like to be the architectural superintendent of construction. Charley Erlich was the owner. I accepted and switched my main subjects for completing the semester, to night school. I did not return to school to finish the last semester because I figured that the practical experience was more important than theory and a B.S. diploma. A few years later I realized the mistake I made. I had no idea of a depression that could possibly take place at the end of 1929.

We set our wedding date for November 1928. My examination for an

architectural license took place Nov. 1, 1928. It was a three-day ordeal; I passed everything except mill construction. Nobody uses that heavy timber construction; they use either steel or concrete reinforced with steel bars. I could have taken that portion over the following year and still received my license, if I could pass that subject.

March of 1929, a new job came into the office of Conley and Carlson. The Bahai temple drawings were just started for the erection of the temple when the architect, name Bourgeois who had his office on Sheridan Road in Wilmette, across the street from the temple site, died. Conley needed a mechanical engineer. The structural engineer, Shapiro, suggested Robert E. Hattis who was just starting out in business for himself and working out of Shapiro's office. Mr. Hattis asked me to do his drafting work, after my superintending job at 5000 Cornell. I accepted with the result that I was working 16 hours a day, seven days a week until November 1929. I had not studied for my November 1, 1929 architectural examination and passed up the chance for receiving my license.

We were married on Sunday November 17, 1929. We were married in a small room at the Parkway Hotel, 30 people attended, Rabbi Taxin officiated. Harry Zee was the violinist and his sister, Faye, played the piano and sang. Helen was pregnant with Arnie and Ann Katz was pregnant with Phyllis. Charley Simonson was the MC. We heard the news that Dave Provus's first wife Lily died that day.

We took a one-room apartment at 840 Montrose Avenue. The stock market crash came on October 29, 1929. My job at 5000 Cornell was almost through, just the final paint coat was missing. Conley asked me to superintend the alteration job of the Conkey Company, a company in Hammond, Indiana, the third largest printing company in the US. Mom and I spent a three day honeymoon, in December 1929, at the Broadway Hotel, on Broadway and Conkey Avenues, in Hammond Indiana, just three blocks from my job where I went to work daily from 8 to 4 pm.

An outstanding thing happened on March 30, 1930. It started to snow at noontime, the radio kept on warning of an approaching blizzard.

By 4 p.m. it was three feet deep. The train station was across the street from the Conkey Co. The steam locomotive kept on pushing the snow for about ten miles, until we came to the hilly region where ten foot snow drifts appeared and the train wheels kept on spinning without making any headway. There were 22 men and 30 women in the passenger car. They had six shovels. We took fifteen-minute intervals of hard shoveling for each man until we got down to the train catcher where the train could manage. We repeated this procedure two more times until we reached Hegwisch, then we transferred to the electric I.C., which managed, with great effort, to get to the I.C. station on Randolph St. I called mom on the phone, told her what happened and hoped that I could arrive at home by 2 a.m. by the el train which was running on schedule.

The Conkey job came to an end July 1, 1930. I wrote 400 resumes of my qualifications and I received 150 answers, that as soon as things improve they would use my services. A Chicago real estate outfit, Lang, Weise and Sella, located on Lincoln near Sheffield called me to come in for an interview because they were sure they could place me with Mr. Christiansen, the architect for the city of Chicago.

I went to see Mr. Lang, who thought that I was a relative of George Rieger, a German real estate broker in Evanston. I told him I heard of that gentleman. Mr. Lang made some Jewish remarks, which I ignored completely. (That S.O.B.) He said he would call me after he speaks to Mr. Christiansen. (BS)

Mom and I started in the grocery business in May 1931, we lived behind the store on California Ave. near Logan Blvd.

September 1931, Sam Molner called me to make the drawings for a King Kold Refrigerator. With the assistance of Walter Wachs, a refrigeration engineer, I made the drawings and learned the working parts of a refrigerator. I became the foreman of the shop at \$35.00 a week. I had 20 men working under me at \$15.00 to \$20.00 a week. We were selling many refrigerators for \$45.00. Sam Molner used his father's credit rating with Dun and Bradstreet; the Molner Company, which was AAAAA. For eight months, he did not pay a single

supplier, and the creditors started to send threatening letters. One day Sam Molner bet \$100,000 on a sure horse. It lost; the company went bankrupt.

A German fellow named Karl Ardens bought the place. We started to make new Freeze King Refrigerators for a four month period. Zero King was the next name we used. Business was bad, the place closed. We sold our grocery a few months previously. I had no job, again. Mom went to work for Meyer on Milwaukee and Belmont Avenue in his grocery. We moved back to mother's house at 1029 N. Sacramento. When Bessie's father died before Thanksgiving of 1932, I took care of Meyer's route. I had success, and that is how I started in the chicken business.

November 1938, Sam Molner called me to make drawings of a certain loading craft for the merchant marine; a U.S. Government contract. I turned him down because I had no faith in him and I was earning a nice living. I recommended my former assistant Slim Fugenshaw.

In 1946 I met Slim at Hoe Sai Gai. He thanked me for recommending him; told me that he was retired, without financial worries, and Sam Molner became a multi-millionaire. His first partner Eddie Glatt bought the Morrison Hotel. That is the way the ball bounces.

May 1, 1945, I separated myself from the Watertown Poultry Co., and I rented a room at Monarch Cold Storage, where I operated as More-E Poultry Co. The months of July and August 1945, were my banner months of the year; the first and only time in my life that my weekly income from commissions was in four figures. Monarch Cold Storage was wrecked in 1949; I moved to Mercury Cold Storage. Arvin came with me every Saturday, and he used to back my 1½ ton truck a whole block up to my platform in front of my freezer, at the age of 11 years.

Louis Sprung wanted to know what the poultry business was about in 1951. When he realized the heavy work that was involved he said, "This is not for me." The next day Arnie wanted to learn the business. Abe Sprung, Arnie's father accused me of enticing Arnie away from the dry goods business by paying him \$60.00 a week. I paid that amount to

Jack Naines who became the assistant superintendent to Ole Olson, of Mercury Cold Storage.

David Katz had a heart attack in 1952. He asked me to take over 2620 Sheffield because he felt sorry for the owner, Mrs. Zingor. He no longer could continue to pay the rent. I had a new floor and 220 wiring put in and moved to 2620 Sheffield Avenue. Bernard Seitler, Aaron Sprung and I operated trucks out of that place until 1960 when Bernard had a run-in with the Board of Health. I took a room at the Chicago Cold Storage warehouse on 38th Street and Halsted until I bought the warehouse at 2936 W. Chicago Avenue.

Arvin came to help me every day for a period of three years, after class at the U. of C. He had his own route every Wednesday; he would serve about 20 Chinese restaurants. When he received his BS and MA, and CPA degrees he turned the route over to Arnie.

Some true incidents along the way; the names are fictitious. In the year 1910, when money became a scarce commodity for the Rieger family, Helen used to mail a \$20 bill every fourth Friday of the month, which was sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. An ultra religious member of the family, who had a red beard down to his belly button, who used two pairs of *tefillin* for his daily prayers at the synagogue, went to the post office for his mail. The postman said to him, there is a letter here from Chayale, (Helen); would you be good enough to drop it off at the Riegers.

He decided to open the letter on the way home, found a \$20 bill in it; decided to become a millionaire. He decided to return to the post office to bet the \$20 on the following week's government lottery. The lottery was a number guessing game. If you bought a one *gulden* ticket and bet with two consecutive numbers that were stipulated by the government, and appeared on your betting slip, you would receive 20 *gulden*. The \$20 had an equivalent value of 40 *gulden*; which he bet on five consecutive numbers that would return on his winning bet 800,000 *gulden*.

He was sure of winning because in his dream the previous night his dead father and his rabbi appeared to him and told him that was

the date of the coming of the messiah and those were the winning numbers. When he opened the letter, the \$20 bill fell to the ground, thus he figured that God dropped it in front of him, because of his dream. We never saw that letter. Mother wrote to Helen that the letter was probably lost in the mail and Helen should register and insure the mail for whatever amount she put into the letter. It took a whole month to receive a letter from the U.S. or from Europe to the U.S.

We kept on going to the post office for the letter we were expecting. The postman told my mother that he gave the letter from Chayale to our relative to drop it off at our house. When my mother confronted the relative he denied receiving it; told my mother that he can not continue to extend credit because he has to pay for his groceries. The messiah didn't come. My mother returned to the postman and told him that this relative received no letter and swore on the life of his children that the postman did not give him any letter for the Riegers. He took his lottery book and showed my mother the number on the \$20 bill that he bet on the lottery. He told my mother that he has to mark the number of every U.S. bill because many are counterfeit and he marked the number on a piece of paper and told my mother to write to Chayale, if she marked the number down, he would be happy to be a witness and send that crook to jail for the rest of his life. My mother confronted the relative with the above information, in front of his wife. She became hysterical and wanted to kill him, with his schemes of getting rich quick, and the money he swindled from her mother. We never returned to the grocery for anything. He moved after that incident to Hungary, where his folks lived. The grandmother came to live with us.

Mother organized the Bodenstein (1913-1914) family club in order to bring members of our family to the US who were in desperate straits. The first one they brought over was the above character. He became a *shamus* (beadle) in the synagogue and managed, with the help of the club, to bring the rest of his family to the US. The club also brought Mendel Hochberger, son of my mother's sister in Olpine. Mother spoke to Nathan Bodenstein to bring his father, Joseph Hersh Bodenstein, and his brothers and sisters to the US, which he did.

Nathan Bodenstein and Sam Adelman formed a partnership in the pants manufacturing business. (1918) They had government contracts for uniforms; they were doing exceedingly well. Helen and Frida were supposed to be partners with Nathan and Sam Adelman, who insisted that Frida and Helen should receive one half of the amount of wages that Nate and he would receive, because they had families to support; although they had to invest an equal amount of money. Helen nixed the deal; she went to work for Harry Geller, who had the Royal Cloak and Millinery Store on Milwaukee and Paulina Streets. Helen worked in the millinery department for \$18.00 a week (48 hours). Belle worked for Mary Segal, who had a cloak, suit and millinery store, called the Empire, on Milwaukee Avenue one block east of the Royal, across the street from Wieboldts. Belle became a millinery trimmer after 4 years; she received \$18.00 for a 48 hour week.

Mother found a store on Potomac Avenue and Uncle Joseph Hersch was in the chicken business. Mother received \$4000 insurance money for the death of Harold and Pa. The *shamus* heard about it; he came over and told mother that she could become very rich with that amount of money. His parents were in the liqueur making business in Hungary; they used *Wainshel* (large black cherries smoked with oak wood), and they could be bought for \$50 a barrel, with the import duty and transportation it would cost \$75 a barrel. The same product sells here for \$200 a barrel. Mother offered him \$100 to buy a barrel, sell it at a profit, and get orders for more. He began to laugh; he said in order to do business, you have to buy at least 100 barrels. Mother told him the same as the lottery. He went away angry. He did manage to entice a member of the congregation, who was indirectly a member of our family. They imported a few hundred barrels and sold them to a distillery. The finished product was too strong in taste and they quit buying, because the local product was hickory smoked and much milder. The investor divested himself of \$15,000. History as I remember it and how it pertained to our immediate family.

When Bubey passed away in December 1912, we were ready to leave for America, after a week of *shiva*. We received a letter from my father, not to travel on the ocean during the months of December, January,

and February, because the waves of the ocean were very large and rough and we would become very sick. Dad enclosed a business card, which read, "Louis Rieger and Son, Carpenter, Contractors." Thus we waited until the last week of February 1913. In the meantime Florence received a diploma as a graduate from the sixth grade.

The news of the war was becoming ominous. Helen took a nice six room apartment above a store on Division and Lincoln Street. Mother had trouble manipulating the stairway (there were 20 stairs and we had only gas lights); after two months we moved to 1225 Lincoln Street (we had new electrical light), where we lived for a three month period. My brother became sick with blood poisoning and spent 2 weeks at the North Chicago Hospital.

September 1913, we bought a two-story residence at 2025 Evergreen Avenue. Mother was dusting Helen's room and she found a savings book with \$200 that Helen was saving. She made her withdraw her savings; we brought Arye, Rivka and Herman from Merish Austro. Pa and Harold fixed up a three-room apartment in the attic. They arrived in December 1913; Rivka was pregnant. Arye helped Pa and Harold with the little inside work they had; in March he went on the wagon with Uncle Savislak to learn the junk business.

Mother had organized the first ladies auxiliary to the Wood Street *shul* with great praise and success. That was the impetus that started Charna Rieger to more relevant challenges.

The wife of a milk deliveryman who was killed came to mother in February 1914, for an *aytze* (advice). She had become a widow in January. She had a small boy and girl that she took daily to a nursery, called the Little Wanderers on Chicago Avenue, west of Robey Street, now called Damen Avenue, while she made his route deliveries, six days weekly. When she was feeding them on Saturday they crossed themselves. She told them that Jews don't cross themselves. The children said that the mother superior told them that if they did not cross themselves they would choke on the food and she would not give them food because she did not want it to happen there. She had to pay \$5 a week for their keep. Mother went with her to the nursery; she told

the mother superior that it was against the Jewish law to genuflect. The mother superior said to mother and the milkman's wife, "You Jews have a Jewish Congress but you want the Catholics to raise your children. As long as they eat here they must genuflect, in order not to corrupt the other children."

Mother told her to bring the children to our house and Rivka would feed and take care of them for the same \$5 weekly and she would teach them Jewishness. She agreed and thanked my mother.

That evening mother went to the Lincoln Street *shul* to meet the rabbi and the president, Mr. Hanok who was dabbling in real estate as a side line; a very rich man. She told them what occurred that morning and asked them for advice. Mr. Hanok told my mother to write out a speech, including what she told them and add a few heart throbbing, tear jerking thoughts and show the speech to him by Friday and he would call on her on Saturday, after the Torah reading, and he would make an appeal for money so they could buy a three floor building at 1441 Wicker Park Ave. and start a day nursery and kindergarten for Jewish children only.

Mother started to speak; the whole audience started to giggle, some made remarks (on account of the accent), a Galitzianer. Mother put the prepared speech down, looked up at the audience and said, Our bible teaches us that all Jews are brothers and sisters, so it is not my accent; please listen to what I have to tell you, then you can laugh with blood and tears in your hearts. She told them what transpired the past week and then she tore into the audience by telling them, all of us are a bunch of *kune lemels* (no guts), we depend on the generosity of the gentiles for that which we can accomplish ourselves. She quoted the remonstrations from the psalms and the incriminations from the prophets. She challenged them to rise up to the situation and conquer their inhibitions. The rabbi started to cry, the entire audience was sniffling and wiping the tears from their eyes.

President Hanok stood up and said, I donate \$1000 to the establishment of a Jewish day and night nursery. Every person in the audience rose and announced a donation. President Hanok asked the

audience to bring in their offering on Sunday; even as the audience did in the holy temple.

Sunday, Mr Hanock collected \$2500, went over to Dr. Mesirov, at 1441 Wicker Park Ave. told them that he sold their building for the establishment of the first Jewish Day and night nursery in Chicago. The Mesirovs lowered the price from \$15,000 to \$10,000; wished the entire Jewish people good luck and promised to donate their time for medical, dental and medication, free to the nursery, when they could move.

Mother wrote out her entire speech that she made at the Lincoln Street *shul* and the donations and purchase of the building at 1441 Wicker Park Ave. as the first Jewish day and night nursery for indigent young children whose parents have to go to work. She would appreciate the help and assistance from all the synagogues, in order to have a Jewish upbringing. For further information to call Charna Rieger, at our telephone number. This article appeared on the front page of the Jewish Courier on Wednesday; our phone kept on ringing continuously, from people who wanted to help and others who needed help.

Early morning mother went to the North Avenue nursery to get some pointers and experience on running a nursery, from the mother superior. Mother superior came from Poland and enjoyed speaking Polish for a change. Mother reminisced about life in the old country and it evoked fond memories to the mother superior. She taught my mother how to operate a nursery, ask for donations, the proper timing in making appeals and the use of psychology and psychiatry in dealing with people and most of all a good proper command of the English language. They established a very friendly rapport; mother told her about the archbishop of Gorlitz and her donation of the chapel near our house in Losie, to the church. She agreed to meet mother at the 1441 building, early Monday morning, and suggest all the necessary requirements of taking care of young children; she said that she would be happy to continue and help in establishing the first Jewish day and night nursery in Chicago.

On Sunday the *Mercaz Rabbonim* met, they invited Mr. Hanok and Mother. Mr. Hanok told Mother that the Mesirow's could not vacate the building for at least two years until their new center was completed. The Mercaz Rabbonim was dickering on a church school building located on Hirsch and Rockwell Street that could be converted to a Hebrew school and half of it to a day nursery. They needed the \$2500 as a down payment. President Hanock thought it was a good suggestion; Mother agreed; they used the \$2500 for the purchase of that building. The Jewish charities took exception to the article in the Courier. The following Monday they published an article in the Courier repudiating the necessity for a nursery. They placed the Jewish indigent children in Jewish homes where the children received tender, loving care. The appeal by Charna Rieger was just a scheme to raise money. That the Jewish charities with its methodical bookkeeping and placement services was the proper way of handling Jewish children. That nurseries deprived children of the love they so desperately need. Mother formed a ladies auxiliary and named it Daughters of Zion Jewish Day Nursery and *Gan Yelodim* (kindergarten). They worked heart and soul for the Associated Talmud Torahs to establish classrooms and offices in that building. The rabbis assembled and decided to build meeting halls, which they could rent in order to have income for that institution; they used the side of the building that was to become the nursery.

My mother objected to those shenanigans; they no longer contributed to the upkeep of the premises but accumulated \$2000 in their own treasury. There became continuous infighting; the rabbis claimed that the Jewish charities supported and placed Jewish orphans in private foster homes where they received excellent care. Mother showed them that the foster home was just a means for some women to have additional income, that most of the unfortunate waifs suffered from malnutrition. Mother threatened to have the building sold at auction because of the \$2500 down payment she helped garner for a day nursery. Mr. Hanok soothed mother by saying that both institutions were necessary to the Jewish people. The auxiliary received \$130 from the rabbis and they parted company.



Bessie Katz, Maurie Rieger

Mother went over to the Mesirows at 1441 Wicker Park Avenue and finalized the sale with a \$2000 down payment and a promise to pay the \$8000 balance soon as they could accumulate the money. This took place in November 1916; the

ladies auxiliary held its meeting the first Sunday in November 1916 in the hall on the third floor at 1441 Wicker Park Avenue. Mother praised and flattered the Mesirow's for their understanding, good heartedness. Mrs. Mesirow thanked mother for her devotion to those poor indigent orphans and promised to supply all the medical, dental and pharmaceutical supplies and services to the nursery for free. Meyer Teitelbaum offered \$10,000 to the nursery if they would name the nursery the Yitzchak and Yetta Teitelbaum Nursery. Mother nixed the idea and won. The name Daughters of Zion is mentioned in the Song of Songs, chapter 3, line 11.

Mother superior and Mother went over every nook and cranny in the building with mother marking down every suggestion. Then they approached the various supply houses for the required materials. The Gerber Plumbing Co. promised Mother 30 baby toilets and all the pipes and traps necessary for their installation and they promised to speak to Mr. Hening, a plumbing contractor to install them. The Joseph Bros. Lumber Co. supplied all the wood, the Samson Electrical contractors all the electrical supplies and installation; everything was done for free. Pa and Harold did the carpentry work for free. The publicity was worth the effort.

They became very busy. Every tradesman learned that good publicity was good business. Mother realized the charisma that mother superior exuded. When they boarded a streetcar the conductor refused to take the 5 cent carfare from Mother superior or my mother whom they called sister. Mother superior told my mother not to accept any children until the building was completed and operational; then to apply for a state charter. Mother should organize a ladies auxiliary and she should be the president. When they have 100 members, Mother would receive a state pass that would enable her to travel on all conveyances for half fare, including boats; all rabbis, clergy, leading politicians, also.

The nursery opened April 1917. They had 15 children between 3 and 5 years of age. The following Sunday Mother Superior was the honored guest. Florence helped Mother with the introductory speech in English

(translated euphonically with Polish letters). Mother said that Mother Superior was the inspiration and conception for the first Jewish day nursery in Chicago and every piece of equipment in the building was donated thru the goodwill and behest of Mother Superior. Therefore she proposed an honorary membership for Mother Superior to the Daughters of Zion, forever. The entire audience gave a 15 minute standing ovation and approval for Mother Superior.

Mother Superior approached the podium to thank everyone for their graciousness and was delighted with the honorarium. She was choked up with emotion and tears were coming from her eyes and said, she heard of people being so highly honored by their eulogy but she intended to continue to work for the nursery with the love and help of the audience and God.

Mother called on Vice-president Lena Shapiro to finish conducting the meeting in English because in the presence of Angels all thoughts fly out of her mind and she remains speechless. Mrs. Shapiro called for new business, Mr. Shapiro stood up and said, I wish to have the honor of paying the Mother Superior's dues for the next 120 years. He wrote out a check for \$360. Mrs. Shapiro said, I also want to donate \$100 in honor of our Mother Superior. Mary Segal of the Empire Cloak, Suits and Millinery on 1234 Milwaukee Avenue, \$500. Each businessman gave a substantial donation and a plug for his business. They raised \$3200 at the close of the hectic meeting. Mother thanked everybody for their generosity and for their good luck charm, Mother Superior.

The nursery was growing by leaps and bounds in the year 1917. The fights with the United Jewish Charities were becoming vehement. Mother Superior told my mother that Mrs. M. Lewis, who had no family and knew the nursery business would make a wonderful live-in superintendent for a minimum wage. Bertha Miller was hired as a secretary.

Thousands of hurried Jewish marriages were taking place in order to have a child so that the young men could be exempt from the draft, which was advancing rapidly. Boat loads of young men were leaving daily for the European front. The factories and war making industries

were operating at three eight hour shifts, prices were rising, wages quadrupled; many people worked two shifts, women started to wear pants and worked in machine shops. Thievery, rape and murder carried severe punishment including the electric chair. There was no pampering of criminals, who lost all rights; with the publicity in the newspapers the families of the criminal would be disgraced and ostracized.

The nursery took in 10 infants for day and night and they had 60 day care children. The demand, the weeping and crying of mothers and fathers who wanted to place their children in the home was becoming heart rending but there was absolutely no room even, for the care of another emergency child. Mother assembled the women in the Douglas Park area and started the Douglas Park Day and Night Nursery; she did the same on the south side, which helped alleviate the pressure on the Wicker Park Nursery.

Soldiers who were wounded, gassed and crippled were returning from the European war; they brought the flu back with them and it started to ravage New York towards the end of 1917. The entire continent of Europe, England and the Balkans were struck by the flu plague in 1917 and 1918. Harold was drafted Oct 7, 1917. He went to Camp Grant in Rockford. He was 5'8", weighed 250 pounds, very muscular, no excess fat; in perfect health. He was discharged November 10, 1917; he lost 100 pounds and went directly to the North Chicago Hospital where he died December 16, 1917. Father died December 17, 1917.

Two months after the shiva we sold the house to the upstairs tenant and moved to 1525 Wicker Park Ave. Mother received \$1000 equity we had in the building and \$4000 insurance money from the Metropolitan Life for the death of Pa and Harold. She put it into a savings account at the Milwaukee and Division Bank (2% interest). A few of our uncles and cousins had offered Mother some get rich quick schemes if she would loan them the money. The flu came to Chicago in 1918 with a vengeance. Many families lost children, parents and dear ones. Mother Superior was among the first to succumb to the plague in 1918 and Mother grieved deeply for her. The doctors prescribed a hot

bath. Those who followed orders had their funeral in two days. There was no time to grieve.

The demand on the nursery to expand was becoming overwhelming. In 1919, I graduated from grammar school, Florence graduated from the Metropolitan Business school located on Pierce and Robey (Damen) Streets and got a job as a bookkeeper. Helen insisted that I get a steady job. I was working as a stock boy for Rosenberg's Cloak and Suits, on Milwaukee and Wood Streets three days a week on Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 6 to 10 p.m. and Saturday from 1 to 10 p.m., for which I received \$8 weekly. Belle insisted that I should go to high school, thus I enrolled for the summer vacation at the Crane Tech High and took algebra, English and biology and at the end of the two months I received three A's; I became a student.

Mother went over to Hirsch and Rockwell to see if there was space available at the Talmud Torah building. The halls did not rent and it looked like the entire operation was folding. They were happy to see mother and offered her half of the building for \$25,000. She walked over to California Ave. to take a streetcar back home when she noticed a lot for sale on Hirsch, from Fairfield to California Avenue and 50 feet wide. She walked over to the real estate office on North and California to inquire the price. She was told \$40,000. She offered \$20,000 and told them that it was to be used as a Jewish day and night nursery instead of the one they had on Wicker Park Avenue. The real estate outfit was owned by Jews and the salesman told her that the owner would be in the following Monday and he was sure they could work out a deal. Mother remembered to call an attorney, Louis Rieger.

They consummated the deal for \$20,500 and the real estate company would receive the building at 1441 Wicker Park Avenue after they abandoned it as a nursery. The real estate company wanted a \$5,000 deposit as earnest money. They drove Mother and Louis Rieger to the bank at Milwaukee and Division St. where Mother withdrew \$5000 from her savings account. Louis Rieger went over to the Royal and told his sister, Fannie Geller, what Mother just accomplished. Harry Geller called his sister Mary Segal, owner of the Empire, and told her

the news. Fanny went over to Helen who was working at the Royal and said, your mother must have a lot of money, she just bought a block long lot for \$20,500 and gave a \$5,000 deposit. I suppose she will donate it to the nursery.

Helen threw up the lunch she just ate and told Fannie that she was sick and had to go home. She walked over to the Empire and asked Belle to walk her home, because she was sick. Mary Segal congratulated Helen on Mother's purchase; Helen told her that she was very sick and wanted Belle to walk her home. Mary said, if she goes now, during the season time, she doesn't have to come back. Belle told Helen she already knew of Mother's purchase. She just decided to quit her job and they should open a store of their own. Helen agreed and gave Fannie a week's notice. Helen looked thru Mother's dresser drawers but could not locate the bankbook.

Mother came home at 4:30 and went to prepare supper; I had already prepared a salmon salad and potato soup. Helen asked Mother where she put the bankbook because she needed \$2000 to open a store because they both quit their jobs. Mother said, since when do I have to give you an account where I put the bankbook. Helen dished out the soup, Mother started to eat, Helen excused herself because she had to go to the washroom. Instead she went into Mother's room, looked thru her purse, found the bank book, saw the withdrawal, slipped the bankbook into her apron pocket, went to the washroom and flushed the toilet, returned to the table and finished her supper.

I went to *shul*, it was the last month of *Kaddish (yahr zeit)*; Florence and Belle did the dishes, mother went into the living room to read the Courier. (Florence told me what happened. I think is was a shortened version of what actually transpired.) Helen and Frieda joined Belle and Florence in the kitchen, showed them the bank book. Mother heard the girls, she heard that Belle quit her job, so she went into the kitchen and she saw Florence looking thru the bank book. She grabbed the book from her hand and shouted, you thief. Helen said, you are the thief. Florence, Belle, Frieda, Morris and I worked and saved that money. When Rivka asked for her share of the inheritance you told her, there are five other children who need a future and you only want

it so that you can send it to your sister-in-law in Germany, so that she can buy more buildings. Helen said, you are the one that ruined your husband, with your angels and get rich quick. From now on you will get a \$5 weekly allowance like all of us. Helen said that she would be in charge of paying the bills and taking care of the money. Mother started to shout, you are a bunch of thieves and devils. I am going to live at the nursery, I never want to see any of you as long as I live, you can all go to hell. She went into her room, crying out loud, took her night shirt and some more clothes and slammed the front door shut.

I returned from *shul*, all of them were crying. Helen took our two suitcases, packed Mother's clothes, put it into the living room, went down to the corner drug store, bought a room for rent sign and placed it into the living room window. Mother told Mrs. Lewis that Helen threw her out of the house and she wanted to share her bedroom for the night and would sleep on the chaise lounge. Superintendent Lewis told Mother that she was happy to see her because she had to go over to the North Avenue Nursery to straighten out some matters; she would be gone about two hours. She walked over to our house, saw the sign in the window; she wanted to know what happened. Helen told her what happened including the shouting and name calling and told Mrs. Lewis that she and Belle were planning to open a millinery store and now we are left with \$75 for rent and food and the rent is \$85 which is due in two weeks. Mrs. Lewis was stunned; she thought we were rich people. She told Helen that in Sunday's paper she saw a store for rent at 3337 Lawrence Avenue, (rent \$75 per month) that she thought was a good location for a millinery store because it was a new neighborhood. She had \$25 in her purse, which she gave to Helen and told her that she has \$1,000 in the bank which she will loan to Helen and she can return it when they are able. We all hugged and kissed Mrs. Lewis; Helen told her that she was a truer mother to us than our own.

Mrs. Lewis returned to the nursery and told Mother she had good news. Since Mother superior died they were having trouble and want her to come back to straighten the operation. Ma should get used

to sleeping in her bed and she would sleep on the lounge because every four hours the babies would cry, they would have to be fed and changed. Mother started to cry; Mrs. Lewis told her in that case she will start packing immediately because she had to get some sleep. She told Mother, with her there, she won't get any rest. Mother pleaded with her; she agreed to remain providing Mother went home into her own bed. Mother had her comeuppance. First Helen and now Mrs. Lewis. She came home at 10 p.m., walked into her room, saw the sign and all of her clothes out of the room. She went to sleep; all of us were in our own beds. We heard her close the bedroom door and crying.

I arose at 6 a.m. to go to *shul* for *Kaddish*. I heard Mother telling Louis Rieger on the phone that she made a terrible mistake and must get her money back. (He was very angry with Mother because she woke him so early.) Louis Rieger told her it was impossible, she signed a legal deal; he thought it was nursery money and she had the \$20,000 balance in the bank, and she signed away the nursery building. He told her that she must find a customer for the lot for \$40,000 or she would be liable for a jail sentence. He suggested that she should try Mr. Teitelbaum, who wanted the nursery in his parent's name.

Our front door bell rang at 8 a.m. Helen went to the door. A gentleman named Mr. Hirsch, wanted to see the room. He liked it and paid Helen \$30 for a months rent and said that he would move in immediately. He told Helen that he was a waiter at the Occidental Restaurant for the past 13 years and she could get references about him from his boss. The Occidental was a high-class restaurant just west of Milwaukee and Robey Street on North Avenue. It was a gathering place for the Milwaukee Avenue businessmen for dinner and supper. The men waiters always wore white gloves. Frieda and Florence left for work, Ma left to the nursery, I left to go to school. Helen called Fanny Geller that she was sick and could not come to work. Helen gave Belle \$35 to stop and buy a folding bed to be delivered that day and then to take the street car to Lawrence Avenue, look the neighborhood over and, if she likes it, to give a \$25 deposit on a three year lease.

Mother called Meyer Teitelbaum from the nursery and told him that

she has some very important news for him. He told her to come to his office at 2 p.m. When she got to his office he introduced her to his niece and that she just passed the bar examination; now she is a new lawyer and takes care of his entire business. She said that she remembers Mother from her wedding in Sandz (1908); she was the woman who slept in the maid's room and the maid had to sleep in the men's dormitory while the students were on vacation. She wanted to know if my father was a converted Pole, because of his greenish blue eyes and curly blond hair; even her grandfather had some doubts when he saw him lifting 300 pounds. She hated Mother in Sandz, because she deprived the maid of her room and her cavorting with all the rabbis and trying to impress them with her knowledge. When Mother showed her humbleness and humility, Teitelbaum's daughter became one of the most ardent workers in the nursery.

Mother told them what happened to Pa and Harold and the lot she bought for a new nursery that would be called by her grandparents name; she showed them the papers. After she looked over the papers she wanted to know how much commission the lawyer received, either from Mother or the real estate outfit with whom they had business dealings. Mother told them that he received no remuneration and that was last dollar that she gave as earnest money. Meyer Teitelbaum asked Mother if she would like to sell the lot to him; she agreed and he wrote out a check to Charna Rieger for \$5000. Mother signed all the papers that the niece drew up and felt that she was alive again. Meyer told her to listen in on an extension phone and not to say a word; he will show her how to deal with a *khazer* (pig). He called the owner of the real estate, who he knew very well, told him that he thought of him as his best friend and now he has doubts. Meyer wanted that lot for a bakery and garage building for his trucks; when he offered \$25,000 he wouldn't sell it to him and now he bought the lot for \$15,000. The real estate man said that the deed isn't recorded yet and he will sue that crooked woman and foreclose on the nursery and put her in jail. Meyer said to him that it was a legal document because his office notarized the deal and that he will be able to foreclose on the nursery in 120 years because there is no date mentioned in the bill of sale, when the

nursery has to be turned over to him. Meyer said, bring your Rieger lawyer to my office at 10 a.m. tomorrow and we will close the deal.

Mother came home at 4:30 p.m. with a big, happy smile on her face, which turned into a frown when she was told not to go into her bedroom because it was rented to a nice gentleman and she would have to share the bedroom with Helen and Frieda. Belle and Florence were transferred to the rear bedroom, which I occupied. The Humboldt Park elevator station was the end of the line on Robey near Milwaukee Avenue. It took the girls two weeks to get used to the elevated noise and lights that passed by the rear window every 15 minutes at night. I slept on the folding bed in the dining room. Mother handed the check to Helen; told her that \$1000 should go to Rivka but not at the present time because she would send it to her sister-in-law in Germany, just when she was in great need. Without knowing it she was a prophetess.

The following year Rivka sold her grocery store on Fowler Street; Julius Rieger was her lawyer. He received the \$700 for the store, went to a gambling house and lost the money. Rivka was left penniless. A few days after Julius robbed Rivka of her last cent, her four and a half year old, Shirley, had an appendicitis attack (1921). The doctor refused to operate unless he received \$50 in advance. Rivka came running to us, we were left penniless with Mother's shenanigans. Gertrude Geller was the only one to loan Helen the \$50. The doctor operated the next day; the appendix burst and Shirley died. Helen repaid the \$50 to Gertie, Harry Geller gave Rivka \$200 and his basement below his store for Rivka to open an apron store. After two months it was robbed. Helen gave her the \$1000. They moved to Artesian Avenue opened a grocery in the living room and lived in the rear rooms.

Helen opened a checking account in the Albany Park Bank on Lawrence and Kimball Avenue. The streetcar line went to Central Park Avenue on Lawrence Avenue. That was the city limit; the woods started north and west. They named the store Helen LaBelle. Frieda, Florence and I helped out every day after work and school and all day on Saturday and Sunday. Business was thriving.

We were cramped for space on Wicker Park Avenue. Helen did not want to tell Mr. Hirsch to move because he was so nice and considerate and we hardly ever saw him. One Sunday Celia Leichenko was playing for the Humboldt Park tennis championship. Helen and Belle went and saw a For Sale sign on a residence at 1029 N. Sacramento Blvd. They wanted to make Mother regain her ego, self importance; they told her to look into it and if she felt that it was a good buy, she should give a \$100 check as earnest money. Helen signed and gave her the check. She bought the building from a doctor's widow with a \$3000 down payment and a \$17,000 mortgage for 20 years at 4% payable in yearly installments of \$1000. The Milwaukee Division Bank carried the mortgage. Mr. Kowalski was the president.

The firm of Dubin and Eisenberg, architects and engineers, won the design contest for the new building. Quite a number of firms submitted plans. Ground was broken in March of 1921. Many wealthy, influential people saw the great need for the nursery, wanted to donate large sums to have the name of the building in their parents name. Mother promised and insisted on the name Yitzchak and Yetta Teitelbaum Jewish Day Nursery and Infant Home and Louis and Herold Rieger Gan Yelodim. After much bitter bickering and argument the final decision was that the building should be called according to the architects design, The Daughters of Zion Jewish Day Nursery and Infant Home. The top meeting hall was to be called by the Teitelbaum name and the basement kindergarten by the Rieger name.

In September of 1921, Mother bought a new car from the firm of Rowe, Young and Cooley, who were located on Washington Blvd, near Cicero Avenue. Mr. Louis Shapiro, who had much dealing with the outfit, got a \$300 discount on a large six cylinder, eight passenger, California top, Westcott. Mother paid \$1,200. The total driving instructions I received from Mr. Cooley, were, how to start and stop the car, how to back up, on what side of the street to drive and twice around the block. They gave me an instruction book that showed the maintenance and driving tips of the automobile.

Mother had a new worry in 1921. There were two Jewish girls for every Jewish boy. Many remained single all their life and given an added stigma by being classed as old maids. Helen was reaching her 30th birthday and Frieda her 25th and all they knew was work; no dating. Mother recalled the success she had in 1911 with the ads she had placed in the various papers for a matrimonial partner, she decided to place an ad in the Courier.

The Sunday following the appearance of the ad a gentleman by the name of Abe Sprung called. Mother spoke to him, told him that she would return home by 4:30 and he should come over to our house at 1029 N. Sacramento at 7 p.m. Helen did not know about the ad in the Courier. Mother told Helen to dress after supper; that a young man by the name of Abe Sprung was coming over at 7 p.m. to meet her. Frieda, Belle, Florence and I decided to go to see Aaron Lebedeff who was playing at Glickman's Palace on Blue Island and 12th Street. We left the house at 6:30 p.m. He came promptly at 7 p.m. and brought a box of candy. After Mother introduced him to Helen he said that he had two tickets for Aaron Lebedeff's premier opening at Glickman's Palace and he would like the pleasure of Helen's company. She accepted; he called a cab. We had seats in the balcony. Florence noticed Helen with a young man being seated near the front on the main floor.

During the intermission we went down to the lobby, we bumped into Helen and met Abe Sprung. I told them that I would take them home. He insisted that we stop at his cousin's restaurant on Division and Wood Street for their home made cheesecake and coffee. On the way over, in the car, Florence started to sing Lebedeff's new song, Rumania, Rumania. Helen chimed in; between the two of them they remembered every word even though that was the very first time that it was sung.

The restaurant was crowded at 11:30 p.m. We met Sadie Lipman, Sadie Bodenstein, Nathan Bodenstein and Aaron Ader in one of the booths for four. Uncle Henry Rieger with his future wife to be (Janet) were there. The cheesecake and coffee that Mr. Sprung ordered hit the right spot. We all had a delightful time. He remained with his relatives. He said he lived nearby and he would assist his relatives with some of

the work. He called Monday night for a Wednesday date.

Within six months (1922), they were married. He invited his best friend, Abe Schliselfeld to be a witness to his wedding and he has a beautiful, goodhearted sister in law that would make a wonderful wife for him. Abe Schliselfeld worked in New York as a tailor. Sprung also worked in the same tailor shop, they became inseparable friends. Both were *Galitzianers*. Abe Schliselfeld came to the US in 1918; he served in the Austrian army the previous four years. He and Frieda became enamored of each other and were married within six months (1923). Abe helped Arye fix up his grocery and learned the buying and the grocery business. They lived with us for six months and then they bought a grocery store on 16th St. near Kedzie Avenue; they lived behind the store.

Helen and Abe Sprung took a one bedroom apartment on Maplewood near Augusta Street. Abe was working in a tailor shop. Helen took \$2000 as her share of the business and Florence became a partner. They called themselves Flo La Belle in 1923. Helen was pregnant with Louis who was born in 1924. Helen suggested to Frieda to become partners in a dry goods business. Frieda and Abe sold their grocery; they came to live with us for two months. They found a store on 26th Street near Crawford Avenue with a six room flat above. They took a two-year lease and developed a good business. Louis Sprung was an infant, Helen took care of him, did all the cooking. Frieda and Abe Sprung were in the store (they learned the Slavic, Bulgarian, and Bohemian languages. All four of them were fluent in the Polish and German languages.) Abe Schliselfeld worked in a tailor shop. When the lease was coming due the landlord doubled their rent. Abe Sprung heard of a store and flat above on Ashland near 48th Street for less rent than they were paying on 26th Street. They took a five-year lease and moved. Florence was born in 1927. Frieda did the housework and took care of the children. Abe Sprung bought a Chevrolet and started to go to auctions. They increased their business and profit. Aaron was born in 1930. They bought the store and building at 4916 S. Ashland and moved. There was a misunderstanding and Abe Schliselfeld found a

store with an apartment above on North Avenue near Rockwell Street. They all prospered after a rough beginning.

There were two single girls supporting their widowed mother living at 2021 Evergreen Ave (we lived at 2025 Evergreen), who worked in the millinery department for Mary Segal. Hannah was the chief hat trimmer; she was teaching Belle to become a trimmer, she had a club foot. When Helen and Belle opened the store, Hannah and her sister Irene would come every evening after work, from 6:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. to help the girls. There was a store at 3333 Lawrence Ave. selling cheaper dresses and he worked up a big business. His lease came due in May of 1923; the landlord raised him from \$75 to \$250 a month. He decided to move. The sisters saw that we bought a home and a new car; they decided to go into business for themselves. They took a three year lease at that store, told my sisters that they could no longer do the evening work. The following week there appeared a large sign in the window: Watch for our grand opening of the Famous Millinery Designer's Moderate Priced Hats. The Saturday of their grand opening they were giving out one dozen roses with each hat purchase.

Belle had a large sign in her window: 50% reduction on all hats. They both did a bang up business with a small margin of profit. Mother's crony, Mrs. Kotchever, was pumping Mother about the girl's business; innocently, Mother exaggerated somewhat. The following month Mrs. Kotchever's daughters opened a reduced price millinery, directly across the street from the Flo La Belle store. The three-year lease was coming due in November 1924. The landlord saw that block becoming the busiest block on Lawrence Ave., decided to raise their rent to \$300 a month. He was sure that the girls would remain; the girls kept on stalling him, even though they leased a store, and were having it painted and new fixtures installed (wrought iron cushioned chairs and tables with marble tops). October 1924, they put a large sign in the window: Lost our Lease, everything must be sold. The landlord placed a For Rent sign in the window. A hat manufacturer of cheap hats, rented the store, gave the girls a fair price for the fixtures and stock.

The Flo La Belle moved to 551 Diversey Parkway, notified their better

customers by mail. One of their best customers was Toby Provis; she bought a new expensive hat every month. Amy also became a customer. I started to work full time for Conley and Carlson, architects, in July of 1927 and began to give my mother the \$75 weekly check to deposit in a mortgage account. She would give me \$25 cash for my weekly expense. Each October 1 we had to pay \$1000 as a prepayment on the mortgage. The nursery was starting to have its troubles in meeting its obligations in 1928; Mother started loaning money to the nursery, from her mortgage account. She was friendly with the president of the bank and he postponed the payment until November 1, 1929. She would have to pay \$2000, then.

I started to work for Robert Hattis after working hours, as a superintendent. He paid me \$1.50 an hour; by working all day Saturday, evenings and Sunday, I managed to give Mother \$175 to \$225 weekly and I still took \$25 from her every week. (I worked during my paid vacation.) Mother did not pay the \$2000 due to the bank on November 1, 1929. The bank foreclosed on the building at 1029 N. Sacramento Avenue. Meyer Teitelbaum's niece represented us in court and managed to get an 18 month extension, free of rent until July 1, 1932. The bank closed in March 1931 and they lived there until 1934.

I confronted Mother, where the money went. She started to yell at me. She called me a *mamzer* (bastard). I told her in that case she must have been a whore. She said that she was not coming to the wedding. I said fine. She called me an (*Azuzponim* and no *Dayrech Eretz*) outcast who dares question his mother with no respect for her judgment. I stopped speaking to her and never gave her another cent. I did not want her to come to our wedding on November 17, 1929. Belle and Florence worked on her and me not to show our antagonism in public. She gave us a \$300 wedding present.

George Katz came to our house at 840 Montrose, told Bessie that unless he can get \$500 immediately they will have to lose their new truck. Bessie went to the Sheridan Trust and Savings Bank on the corner of Broadway and Lawrence Avenue and withdrew \$500 for George. The balance was \$525. When I was out of work in 1931,

Meyer and George gave us all the grocery fixtures to open a store on California Avenue near Logan Blvd, for the \$500. The two Abes loaned us \$500 for stock, which we repaid within the year.

When I went to New York to seek work we withdrew \$50. The cashier asked us not to take it all out so that we should have something to start with when we return. When we came to New York we saw in the paper that the Sheridan Bank closed and the Foreman Bank took over its assets. One year later we received from the Foreman Bank \$47.50 for our \$475.

David Katz started to write to us in 1933 that his father in law lost his restaurants and he did not know which way to turn, for he had no money at all. Dave begged Meyer and George for some help but they ignored his plea. Bessie sent a \$50 money order and we told him to come to Chicago and try his hand in the chicken business. He was on the truck with me for two weeks; I gave him my Buick and my twenty stops on Howard and Morse Ave. He picked up a few new stops by himself. I gave him my truck and bought the truck from the Shore brothers who were in the butter and egg business on Lawrence Avenue. Rose and Gilda came to Chicago six weeks after Dave arrived and they took a one bedroom apartment on Avers near Lawrence.

Bernard came with me on the truck in 1935. I gave him twenty-two stops on Madison and Lake Sts. The one stop he obtained by himself was Kelly's Butcher shop on Parkside Avenue. I had the downtown stops, Hoe Sai Gai, Shangri La, Mink's, W&R and Romas, Jimmy Wong's and stops on North Avenue and Madison Street. Meyer and I were partners in two restaurants downtown, the Shangri La and Hoe Sai Gai. We each earned from those two stops \$100 to \$200 weekly from 1941 to 1945 when I went for myself.

Mother came to live with us in 1938 on Avers Avenue. None of her children really wanted her, including me. Bessie Rieger extended an invitation to her and she gave us the honor of coming to live with us. We froze there during the winter months. We moved to 3722 Wilson Avenue on October 1, 1939 [more likely 1941]. She never did a stitch

of work in our house. She usually left in the morning at 8:30 a.m. and returned at 5 p.m. when she found supper waiting for her. We were fortunate to have good helpers to assist Bessie with the housework.

Florence came to live with us in August 1947, when Mother became bedridden; she slept in the dining room on a folding bed.

February 1948, Mother called Bessie and Florence into her room. She told Florence that she had two \$500 US savings bonds, one for Belle and one for me. She told Florence that whatever was left in her checkbook was hers. She took the two diamond earrings from her ears, gave them to Bessie, kissed her and said that she was the finest person in the whole world.

In January 1932, the nursery reached its lowest point. The help wasn't paid in six weeks and were threatening to quit; many of the suppliers no longer could supply the food without being paid. The only two suppliers that did not clamor for money were the Western Dairy and Mrs. Silverstein's Augusta Bakery. Mother went to Frieda and Helen. She was beside herself. All the energy and work was slipping down the drain rapidly. She was crying with bitter tears that she had to have \$700 immediately. She promised to repay it in July when her \$2000 endowment policy was maturing. Frieda and Helen loaned her the \$700, which she repaid in July.

In the previous books I wrote about Rivka's and Arye's marriage; and Helen and Abe Sprung's marriage, Frieda and Abe Schliselfeld's marriage and mine and Bessie's marriage. I would be remiss if I didn't tell you about Belle and Bernard's marriage.

Mother was an extrovert and was the smartest one in our family; followed closely by Helen and Florence. They were brash, outspoken, could belittle anyone without regard or consideration for their sensitivity or feelings. Mother had a perpetual love affair with Charna and whatever she thought and said was gospel and had to have her own way; because she helped to create her own children she felt that her children were perpetually indebted to her and she could use them as her scapegoat and have complete dominance over them.

Helen was the first one in our family to talk back to Mother and put her in place. Mother took on a hatred towards Helen for her outspoken brashness. I was the second one in 1929, when I asked her what she did with the money I gave her in 1927, 1928 and 1929. The result was that we did not speak to each other for three weeks before my wedding. She was ill at ease with me from that time on because she knew that I wouldn't take her gaff quietly. Florence thought she could use me as her eunuch to obey her commands. When I quit my job at the Edison I wanted to open a radio store with Joe Ott as my partner. Florence said that I could not sell \$10 bills for \$5. I told her that she also could not sell \$10 bills for \$5 because everyone would think that they were counterfeit. I proved her wrong when in 1932 I went into the poultry business because I had no alternative.

In 1924 Belle insisted that I return to college and this was the second time I received an education due to her effort and support. During my junior and senior years of high school at Crane I worked 40 hours a week at the post office, after school, Saturday and Sunday.

Father, Rivka, Harold, Frieda, Belle and I were definitely introverts. Some would call it reserved, bashful, shy or perhaps stupid; because we did not insult or talk back in order not to hurt any ones feelings. We did not stick up for our rights.

Belle received four marriage proposals. The first, 1921, Mother and Mrs. P. D. Kahn, who had a large butter, egg and cheese establishment on Division and Rockwell Street had a nephew, Gitlitz, who was managing the business. Florence had a very strong unhealthy influence upon Belle and she nixed the arrangement because he had a pockmarked face from chicken pox. She would deride him with remarks, like, when you look at him in the morning you will become miserable and sick to your stomach. The second one was from Sam Finder who was peddling fruit and vegetables from a wagon, 1922. Florence nixed that one because she said that he will always smell from horse manure and Belle would have to support him in winter when he couldn't peddle. Two years later he went into the automobile business with his brother in law, a Pontiac salesman. They became the largest

Pontiac dealer in Chicago, the Cole-Finder Pontiac. The third one was in 1923. Sam Grossinger became a partner to Sam Wenig in a garage that Wenig built on Lawrence and Monticello Aves. He was a new arrival from Europe and he became enamored with Belle, who was beautiful and quite a good businesswoman. He used to take her to deliver hats and they became very fond of each other. Florence nixed it with derision of his foreign accent. She said, he will be talking like a kike and you will be ashamed to go out with him. Later on he became Grossinger Pontiac on Lawrence Ave; the largest Pontiac dealer in Chicago. The fourth one was in 1932 in Los Angeles. Mother refused to loan her \$1000 they needed to go into business. Mother ignored Belle's letter.

Florence took a dislike to Bessie in 1928 when she raised a rumpus when I asked Bessie to be my wife, that Belle had seniority according to tradition. Her hatred increased when I took Bessie in 1928 to the senior formal prom from our fraternity, the Rho Delta Rho, and Armour Institute. This was the first time I took someone else, besides Flo, to any affair.

Belle and Florence made an engagement party for me on Nov. 10, 1929 at our house at 1029 N. Sacramento Avenue. Florence invited a hat salesman by the name of Al Witt, whom she liked. After dinner Bessie started to take the dishes to the kitchen and this Al followed her. He asked Bessie to ditch me and go away with him. He didn't see Florence directly behind him with more dishes and heard his proposal. He left in a huff and never entered their store again after this incident.

Helen had a *shul* acquaintance from Ashland Avenue who asked her if she knew of a nice Jewish girl for a roomer of hers, a nice Jewish boy, who was very lonely. This was in 1934. Belle went to Helen's house and met Bernard Seitler, who was working for Albert Pick for \$14 a week. They had four dates. Florence did not run him down because he seemed Americanized with his knowledge of the batting average of every Cub and Sox player. On the fourth date he told of the lumbago he acquired in the trenches of the Austrian army and other stupid talk. Belle no longer wanted to see him and was always busy when he called

for a date.

Mother, Belle and Florence had to move from Sacramento Avenue in 1934 and they moved to 3800 N. Pine Grove Avenue into a 5 room apartment. Belle and Florence were working for Mr. Smith who had bought their Lawrence Ave. store.

Cora Seitler got after Helen again after the Jewish holidays in 1935. Helen went over to Belle on Pine Grove Avenue and started to convince Belle that she should see Bernard because his brother Herman, a furrier, took Bernard into his shop to teach him the fur business and was paying him \$35 weekly. The \$35 a week convinced Helen without knowing anything about this Bernard or how many other Jewish girls fell for Cora's line. She told Belle that she was approaching her 36th birthday and if she intended to have children she would be too old. Belle had an idea that children born of elder parents were geniuses. She told Belle that the baseball talk was to impress Belle with his Americanization; and when he learns the fur business Belle and Bernard could open a fur and millinery store. Helen spoke so long, until Belle agreed to see Bernard. They married in 1935 in Rabbi Abramovitz's chapel. They all lived on Pine Grove Avenue and Mother had to share her bedroom with Florence. She was not happy with that arrangement.

Mother and Bernard started to fight continually. Bernard would stink up the house with his continuous smoking. She asked him not to smoke in the house on Friday night and Saturday. He told her if she didn't like it, she could move out of his house. Belle did not put him in his place. Mother was trying to break up their marriage. Belle was going thru a metamorphosis stage, a complete change of character, she was becoming just like Bernard. What a pity.

Bernard and Herman Seitler had a terrible fight in February 1936, and Bernard was out of a job. Helen asked Belle to come to live with them on Ashland Avenue, and she would teach them the dry goods business and perhaps they could open a store. Bernard and Mother were fighting continually but they needed Belle's paycheck to help

pay the rent. Mother and Florence were left alone in the apartment and Florence suggested that they take in a boarder. Mother objected because it was below her dignity.

Abe Sprung got fed up with Bernard's smoking and stupidity and asked them to move out, after 2 months. Abe told Helen that Bernard was an unteachable moron and Helen realized the mistake she made by convincing Belle to marry this moron. Abe Schliselfeld tried to teach him the dry goods business on Saturdays and Sundays but gave up in a month's time and agreed with Sprung that Bernard was an unteachable moron. Helen realized her mistake, thus she pressured stupid Morrie, who loved Belle, because of her generous devotion to me, and I was it. The crying act Helen put on deserved an Oscar. Belle never asked me to help Bernard. Helen came to our house, when we lived at 4932 N. Harding Ave., and reminded me that I had an obligation to Belle for the education I received and it was Belle who supported me through college. I agreed to put him on the truck as a helper and pay him \$50 weekly; I did not realize the rope I was putting around my neck for a 27 year period. Belle took a 5-room apartment on Central Park and Wilson Avenue.

Every Sunday morning, for two hours, I would teach Bernard how to drive; it took me seven months. I wanted Bernard to get a little self-confidence so I stopped giving him wages but I would give him the profit from 22 of my stops on Madison and Lake Street all the way to Harlem Avenue in Oak Park and on Fullerton and Milwaukee Avenue. After he learned how to drive, that was in 1937, he took care of the stops and I made sure that he was earning \$70 to \$80 weekly, by not charging him for an occasional barrel of chickens.

He must have thought that I was stupid; because in October 1937, he said to me, Florence said that I should make him a partner. I told him, I already have a partner that I was married to, there are six of us working out of 2620 Sheffield Avenue and there are no partners. Belle had to quit her job, because she was pregnant with Merle Ann to be, in 1938, and she had to lay in bed much of the time.

It would take 200 pages to describe some of his antics; once, out of pure stupidity, he managed to shut down Watertown Poultry Co. for a whole month in 1941, and we were fined \$100, which I paid. We were almost closed because chickens were very scarce. Manpower became very scarce in 1941, because of the draft. Bernard got a job as a shipping clerk helper. He caused a bad accident and his boss and he were sent to the hospital for stitches on his chin and upper lip. The scars remained permanently.

Two weeks after Belle's demise in 1963, I removed the rope. I am satisfied that I translated Mother's autobiography for the following reasons: I discovered one of my great grandfathers, Avrohom Alozor Reich, who was a very rich man and supplied the money for the mill's grinding stones and received title to the mill. He must have been a sick person, because he received the tacked on name of Avrohom, and he had an only child by the name Miriam, who was married to my grandfather, Shlomo Rieger. My mother was born in 1869, four years after Grandma Miriam died; yet she labeled her as a *myacheset*, which means a coquette, snob, princess, spoiled brat. She must have heard this from her parents. The above is an excellent description of my mother. My father was named after her father in 1863, (Alozor) and she died in 1865 giving birth to the tenth child. Grandpa Shlomo inherited the mill and a vast fortune. May they all rest in peace.

May 1, 1971

Dear Arvin, Ruthe, Robin, Ronnie and Stevie and all grandchildren. I want to tell you about your grandmother and great grandmother because she was a great lady. About ninety nine percent of the people who live their full measure of years contentedly or otherwise seldom have the opportunity to come in contact with a person of greatness. During her lifetime, as I remember her, I loved her, disliked many of her actions, admired her accomplishments and detested many of her

tactics. Now that I am a man of leisure I can, in retrospect evaluate, judge, measure, weigh, transpose and enumerate every possible external situation; for that is as close as one person can know every thought and action of a parent.

I had the opportunity of close contact with my mother between the years of 1921 when we got our first car, until 1929 when I was married; for I took her and called for her wherever she went. During the previous years, I only attended the main functions or theater benefits that the nursery sponsored.



Maurie, Frieda

God's gift to some, such as a beautiful voice, great strength, a coordination of hands and eyes to be able to create art, to have a positive direction; example, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Moses or to be able to think and formulate clearly as in Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton or Albert Einstein; or having greatness bestowed upon one after demise as in Christ, were not the blessings my mother was endowed with; to her greatness came because of allusions to grandeur or probably delusions of grandeur. She had charisma. As President Nixon would say, "Let me make it perfectly clear."

I was told, prior to my period of remembrance, by my sisters and in the book of my mother's autobiography, that my father had a thriving lumber business and a measure of wealth. Although I was nine years old when we departed from the old country, I can hardly recall

her actions from that period; except the bread and challas that she baked. I can never recall any display of affection for anyone. It is odd for I recall vividly the topography, the mill for sawing lumber and grinding of grain, our three homes that we lived in, the school and *cheder* and my teachers and friends and neighbors and the various games and many other experiences.

My sister Helen was the first one in our family to leave for America in 1910 and I hazily recall her departure. Within two years she sent a ticket for Frieda and Harold and Dad and the three of them brought

the rest of us within the year of 1913. My mother was forty-five years old and she was in the process of going through the change of life and as a result she was constantly sick. One Saturday when we were to the services at the Wood street *shul* the rabbi made an appeal to the ladies to make new mantelpieces and coverings for the ark and podium covering for the table. The following week, with the urging of my father, Mother and eight other ladies formed the first ladies auxiliary in conjunction with a synagogue. This idea caught on like wildfire and within the year every synagogue and church had a ladies auxiliary (1914).

When the vestments were completed the *shul* had a Sunday gathering to sell the honors of placing them on the Torah scrolls and the ark; Rabbi Schochet of blessed memory delivered the salutary address in which he compared Mother to the *Aishes Chayil* chapter in Proverbs. A woman of valor who can find? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. And he hath no lack of gain. *She doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life.* etc. Mother was floating on cloud nine, especially when all eyes were turned on her; for she was the innovator of many original ideas for raising money for the synagogue. This was the impetus that started Charna Rieger to further and more engaging exploits.

Why am I writing this for you? Because I believe that in your composition you may have some of the positive and some of the negative attributes and you may wish to enhance or enlarge or overcome them. Whether you read this synopsis doesn't really matter; but her manipulations affected the lives of her children and therefore I will have to include them and for me this writing is therapy; to vent some pent up emotions. Amongst the first innovations that Mother conceived, that I was consciously aware of, was the Jewish Theater benefit performance. Not only did this create money for the *shul*, but it created business on slow theater days and it created a better outlook for the orthodox Jews upon the theater, for they had previously frowned upon the performances.

The innovation and the following through to a successful conclusion was but a single facet to her greatness.

There are people who will try to achieve a goal by various means such as exaggeration, flattery, coercion, lying, deceiving, adulation and exhortation. Whereas a person may not be totally lying, will enlarge or diminish a happening by a percentage commensurate with their makeup. The autobiography my mother wrote had my dad doing tens of thousands of dollars business. I would venture a guess that it was ten thousand dollars. She would enlarge a happening or magnify it because she believed that would enhance or increase the volume of a transaction, and it would also elevate her ego. This is what I referred to as delusions of grandeur. She would cultivate the friendship of people of means and would go to bat for the poor and downtrodden and make their problems her problem.

My father, on the other hand, was completely truthful and could not possibly bring himself to deviate an iota. Whereas in his generation it was axiomatic to discipline their offspring with a cat-of-nine-tail whip; I was the brunt of his anger; but it was done with love. In retrospect I believe he inflicted himself. My dad was content to go along with my mother to the various meetings and bask in her glory. She completely dominated him and her wish was his command.

I can name a minimum of twelve organizations that she created or helped to formulate and sponsor to a successful incubation; for she was either the president or an influential officer of that society. Her speeches were adlibbed. She never used preparatory notes and she could sway an audience from smiles to tears. I regret that there were no tapes or written memoranda of some of her speeches; for she used the bible and expressions in Hebrew as a backstop, and the tone of her voice left the audience in a visible hypnotic state of adulation. She could speak for hours without being repetitious and keep her audience from being restless. Most of the women literally worshipped her and many of the men came to her for advice and consultation on various projects. She was a spellbinder and she learned how to move an audience into action or voluntary donations. That was another factor of dominance.

I must recount here two of her many exploits before I backtrack to

the genesis of how it began. One of the vice presidents, a woman of means passed away and at her funeral the family asked my mother to eulogize the demised. My mother asked if they would object to an appeal for funds in order to name a room in the nursery after the demised. The family saw no objections. The chapel was filled to capacity. Four rabbis made their eulogies; they belabored Psalm 23 and exhortations to loftiness. This made the crowd fidgety and restless; after listening for about forty-five minutes of murmuring, Mother took the podium next and after ten minutes of espousing the holiness of the demised and the vacuum the deceased had created; 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 electrification in the air and Mother walked over to the casket and placed a ten dollar bill upon it. The audience, without prompting, arose and placed their contributions upon the bier. To my amazement even the mourners contributed, in spite of being grief stricken.

When the ground-breaking ceremony for the construction of the new day nursery, which is located on the Northeast corner of Hirsh and California Avenue was taking place, Mother in her speech exhorted the 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 elderly women brought their gold chains, rings, watchpieces and various types of trinkets. This created two definite results. The regular Sunday weekly meetings ended with one of the trinkets being raffled, which created a commensurate weekly income for the new

building fund. The meetings were held every Sunday from 2 to 5 pm. Approximately 100 women and 30 men were regular attendants. Mother knew every one by name and in her memory had a complete file of every person she ever met, which helped to create a friendly atmosphere. Mother conducted the meetings in complete dictatorial fashion with no rules, with her own decisions being the ultimate result. She would distribute 2 tickets to about 20 of the poor women who she felt could not afford the \$1 expenditure for the raffle tickets, for she did not want them to feel embarrassed. This practice when it was discovered also had some repercussions.

The other result showed the ugly head of jealousy arise, since Mother was the keeper of the trinkets. Rumors began of Mother's dishonesty. She immediately went to bat to squelch the false accusations by listing every donor and their donation in the Daily Jewish Courier and by having a complete audit of all contributions by a firm of certified public accountants who published their findings in the Courier.

The worm of mistrust had been implanted in the minds of many who had previously had complete faith in the integrity of my mother. This is a real test for greatness. A mere mortal at this junction would throw up his hands with disgust and say, why should I suffer such abuse? I know my fidelity; I can devote my energy to a self aggrandizing project; I can demonstrate loyalty to my own

without the viciousness and *bilbul*s bestowed upon me. However, these are the distinctions that separate mediocrity from the chosen few. I secretly believe that she was gloating in the belief that by pursuing her endeavors she was galling her enemies and rumor mongers.



Rose and Dave Katz

What makes a person tick? Why do people do things without material gain? These questions seem incongruous by today's standards; therefore you have to look back to the morality of yesteryear to have a meaningful understanding of Charna Rieger.

You must know the moral and ethical behavior of our common ancestry. Our high priests (*kohen gadol*) devised a system for perpetuating their income by means of sacrifices and by making the populace vie for the honors so that their souls would be immortalized. When the prophets decried the above practices the priests enacted a system of circumventing the Sabbath injunctions of no business or work by selling indulgences and the honors for the Torah readings and the opening of the holy ark and monetary donations for mentioning the names of loved ones or for the healing of the sick. Many of today's synagogues, in addition to the above practices, allow a half payment of their vows for members. The purpose of this is to shame nonmembers to enlarge their offerings. Most people accept these practices as morally correct. They were a challenge to Mother and she would devise her own mode of raising funds.

In the year 1924, the new building was nearing completion. They had a large convocation and about three thousand people attended. Mother was the final speaker and she made a heart rending, tear jerking appeal for funds and she started if off with a \$100 cash donation. The response was tremendous and a social secretary was marking down the pledges and cash donations. They called out all donations and would give a plug for the business of the donor. One enterprising furniture dealer, a Mr. N. of Milwaukee Ave. called out a \$500 donation at six different intervals in order to impress his business address upon the gathering. When the secretary announced the total of cash and promises she included \$3000 for Mr. N. and the total was \$28,500. The following month, at the reading of the minutes of the previous convocation, the secretary announced that \$26,000 had been raised. This left a \$2500 discrepancy that Mr. N. did not pay. While very few were conscious of Mr. N.'s deception, some rumors were spread that Mother pocketed the difference. Mother did not squelch the ugly rumors by exposing Mr. N.'s contrivance. Instead, she pressed him for

additional donations. This too adds luster to the facet of greatness.

The phenomenal growth of the institution and its membership detracted from the income of the Jewish Charities of Chicago and it brought on the wrath of their leaders; most prominent of all was the great Julius Rosenwald. He called Mother for a caucus of the most prominent leaders of the charities and tried to dissuade Mother from her activities. When she rejected all their arguments and persuasions, they threatened that the home would never receive a charter and therefore could not be licensed to operate.

Mother did not fully understand their implications and ramifications, for they, the elite, used words beyond her ken (knowledge), so she resolved to improve and enlarge her vocabulary. Psychology and psychiatry were a latent built-in talent of hers and thus within the year she made her speeches mostly in English with Hebrew and Yiddish intertwined that would be the envy of a professor of English.

The threats by the apostate, Julius Rosenwald, brought on additional difficulties for the home for he was a large political contributor and the flunkies obeyed their master's voice. The more pressure he exerted, the greater was the influx of new influential people to the cause for the nursery and a comparable reduction of money to the Jewish Federation Fund.

Rosenwald had Mother completely investigated and when he found that she never had more than \$500 in her checking account, no savings accounts, no vault boxes, no stocks or bonds, a \$20,000 two flat building with a \$15,000 mortgage, he was so amazed and ceased his debasement of her. He wanted to convert the building for a home for nurses or a home for the Jewish aged and he figured that the immense overhead would eventually crumble the establishment and the charities would pick up the pieces. He was right; within one year after her demise it became a home for the aged.

The controversy was comparable to a David and Goliath conflagration. Mother and her nephew, attorney Louis Rieger, went to Springfield for a meeting with Secretary of State Lowden. When Mother explained the shenanigans of Mr. Rosenwald to State Secretary Lowden, he

immediately issued a charter to the nursery. Louis Rieger was so proud of Mother that he adopted her as his mother. Today in the year of 1971, there are approximately 10,000 men and women between the ages of 25 and 55 years who spent their infancy in the DOZ.

During her lifetime I could not fully evaluate the end results her activities created. The positive side eliminated boredom; a necessity to live and accomplish the next day's activities were already delineated and the anticipation for tomorrow's activities was adamant. These elements demeaned the necessity for psychiatric and psychotic treatment. For the elderly women it was a complete blessing and for the middle aged and young women it created a challenge.

The negative aspects the activities created were the neglecting of homes, families, husbands and children in order to compete for the limelight. Many who could not afford, gave of their own substance and deprived their own for they felt it was an obligation.

Mother had the ability to inspire others, except her children, to do things beyond their true measure. I will give you a for instance; at a special meeting to determine the size and special functions of the new building and its financing, the pros and cons were becoming vehement and in anger Mother said, if you are not with me, you are against me. Meyer Teitelbaum, a tycoon baker, took exception and when he ran short of argument he said, Charna, you are a *momser* (bastard). Mother immediately replied, Meyer when you are in a toilet don't complain about the odor, for you help to contribute to it. He got the significance of the statement and went over to her and kissed and shook her hand and apologized for his rudeness. The 500 people gave her a ten-minute spontaneous, standing ovation.

The giddy atmosphere was conducive for Mother to say, let's take the first step to complete our home. Meyer Teitelbaum arose and said, I will lend without interest \$25,000 to the completion of the home. Not to be outdone Mr. Koenigsberg also loaned \$25,000. Mr. Benjamin Berris of the American Glass Co. donated all the glass for the entire building. After an hour of pledges which came to some \$150,000 Mother threw the Sunday punch; she said, now we have the finances

to complete the building, but I need pledges, not monetary, to sustain the upkeep of the home and she would be pleased if any bakers or dairy suppliers or wholesalers would donate a monthly supply of their product so that she could call the month of the year by their name. It would be a monument for life.

Mrs. Silverstein of the Augusta Bakery assumed the January yearly supply of bread and rolls, Mr. Teitelbaum assumed the February supply and joked about his bargain for he had 2 days less. The Western, the United Dairies each took on a monthly supply. The meeting concluded on a very friendly and happy feeling with accomplishment as a basis of fact.

Mother was religious without being fanatic. She never dictated the do's and don'ts that religion required of us. She knew the complete daily and holiday services by rote and when the women who were standing along side of her and heard her murmuring the prayers without referring to the book, they became enthralled. She was morally firm to the dictates of the bible, but felt that which was permissible to others applied to her also. Her power of recall was fantastic, not only to biblical quotations but to her daily activities. I have seen her distribute 500 theater tickets to three hundred women and when she came home in the evening, she would mark down which tickets she gave to whom. Many women thought that by not marking down the tickets at the time they received them, Mother was operating a private enterprise. Some thought they could neglect paying but when at the performance Mother broached them for the money, many felt insulted and spread rumors that Mother was a silent partner to the nursery's money.

What prompts a person to make false accusations? I have seen the actions of these rumormongers. As a rule, it is a jealous person who seldom donates and uses the excuses to ease their conscience. An intelligent human being could observe the style and mode of living, the dress and jewelry one wears; could have an educated guess of the income of the person. Mother's complete jewelry was a gold wedding band, a \$15 wristwatch and a \$25 set of earrings. My sisters bought my mother's clothes and while they were in good taste they never were

ostentatious. Mother made a trip to Israel, which was then, in 1932, called Palestine. She had a ten-year endowment insurance policy for \$2000, which came due. This gave the rumormongers more fuel to add to their adder tongues. Even our immediate family had doubts of Mother's veracity.

A brother in law of hers, who lost a huge sum of money trying to expand his business was trying to make 30 day loans from Mother for \$500. It was a regular comic opera that lasted for a two-year period. She would loan the money to him and at the end of the month collect it from him. That family who latched on to Mother's popularity was sure that Mother was becoming wealthy from the nursery.

Mother came to live with us in 1938 upon the urging of your mother. I believe that it was the first time in her life that she received regular balanced meals daily without any effort on her part. She would leave the house at 8 a.m. and return at 5 p.m. daily except Saturday when she attended Saturday synagogue services.

Her popularity was waning with age and she hesitantly relinquished the presidency of the nursery (1928) to the wealthy, sophisticated Mrs. Edwin Romberg. The annual banquets the nursery sponsored depressed her. While she was lauded for her work, the kudos, accolades and flattery that enhanced her ego, were deafeningly silent. Her posture was stately erect, her health was excellent, her memory was good, but the lack of praise, adulation and lauding from her cohorts, was depressing her. At the age of 78, leukemia started to invade her body and she lingered unto her 79th year, March 9, 1948.

This should complete a very brief sketch of your grand- and great grandmother but for a brief happening 20 years after her demise. A number of our California relations were gathered at their usual gossip mongering meetings. My mother was the brunt of their adderous tongues. They concluded that Mother concealed in vault boxes a cash horde of a quarter million dollars and that I was the heir thereof. I wish I knew where the boxes were located.

The funeral bill and tombstone came to \$843, which my sisters Helen and Frieda and I shared. Her estate was composed of, in its

entirety, two \$350 Series E bonds, \$432 in the checking account, a gold wedding band, a \$15 wristwatch and a pair of earrings, which she insisted that your mother keep. (*yerusha*)

My mother married at 14 1/2 years of age. She had 10 children.

1. Died at birth
2. Rivka Liebe (Ruth Schachter) died 1942
3. Died at birth
4. Chaye (Helen Sprung)
5. Yechiel (Harold) died at 23 years of age, December 1917 (2 Tevet) (Dad died 18 hours later, 4 Tevet)
6. Fradel (Frieda Schlissel) died age 59. 1955
7. Baile Esther (Belle Seitler) died age 64, 1963
8. Faige (Florence) died
9. Mordchai Dovid (Maurice David)
10. Shaivach died 5 years old, 1910

Mother died March 9, 1948, age 79.

An incident that happened to me in the year of 1948 when I was saying *Kaddish* for my mother has made a lasting impression upon me, to think before making an accusation of and upon another person. At the *shacharit* service on a Thursday, while I was reading from the Torah, a woman from the audience became hysterical and she approached the podium and begged of me to forgive her. I told her that I was sure that the almighty would surely forgive a pious, virtuous woman like her for all her sins and transgressions. After the service I approached her and asked, why me? This is the story she told me.

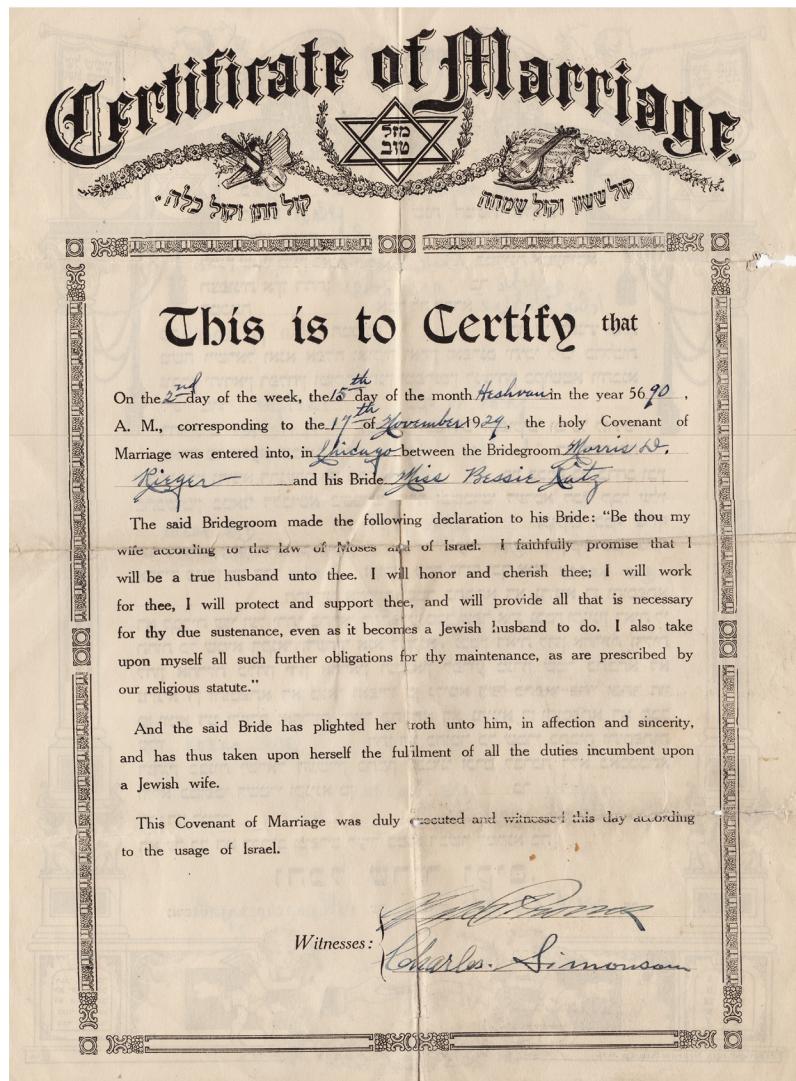
One morning, in the year 1939, she was riding on the Sheridan Road bus and she saw my mother get off the bus at Touhy Ave. Because it was the first of the month, she was sure that my mother was going to collect the rent from her apartment buildings on Sheridan Road. This she mentioned to some of her lady friends; since it was just gossip, she paid little heed to it.

In the year 1947, she was on the Sheridan bus on the way to the Evanston Hospital where her son (36 years old) was being operated upon for a cancer of the voice box; she heard some women in front of her pointing to some apartment buildings that Charna Rieger owned. She paid little attention to them for she had her own worries. Six months after the operation her son passed away and she started to come to *shul* every day to say *kaddish*. While I was reading in the Torah it occurred to her that she was guilty for her son's death of throat cancer because she spoke falsely against Charna Rieger and when she heard these women gossip on the bus and she did not implicate herself as the creator of that story and set them right, God surely punished her with the omen of the voice box cancer.



Maurie, 1964?

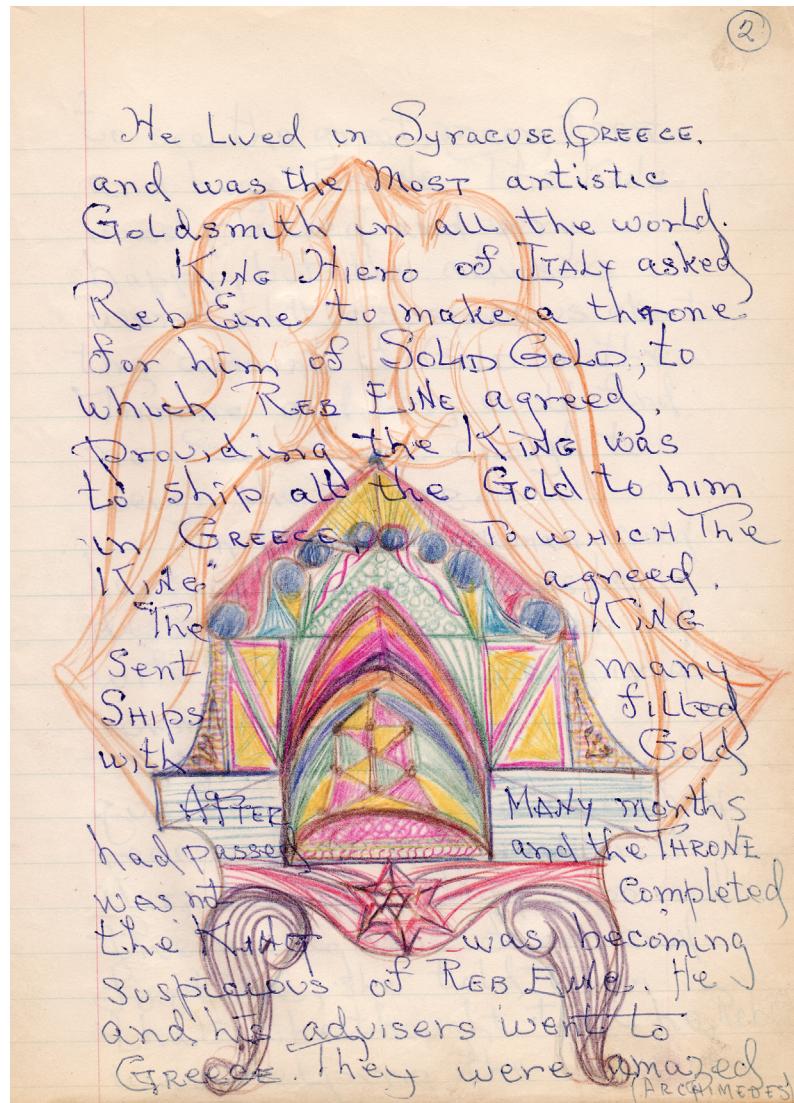
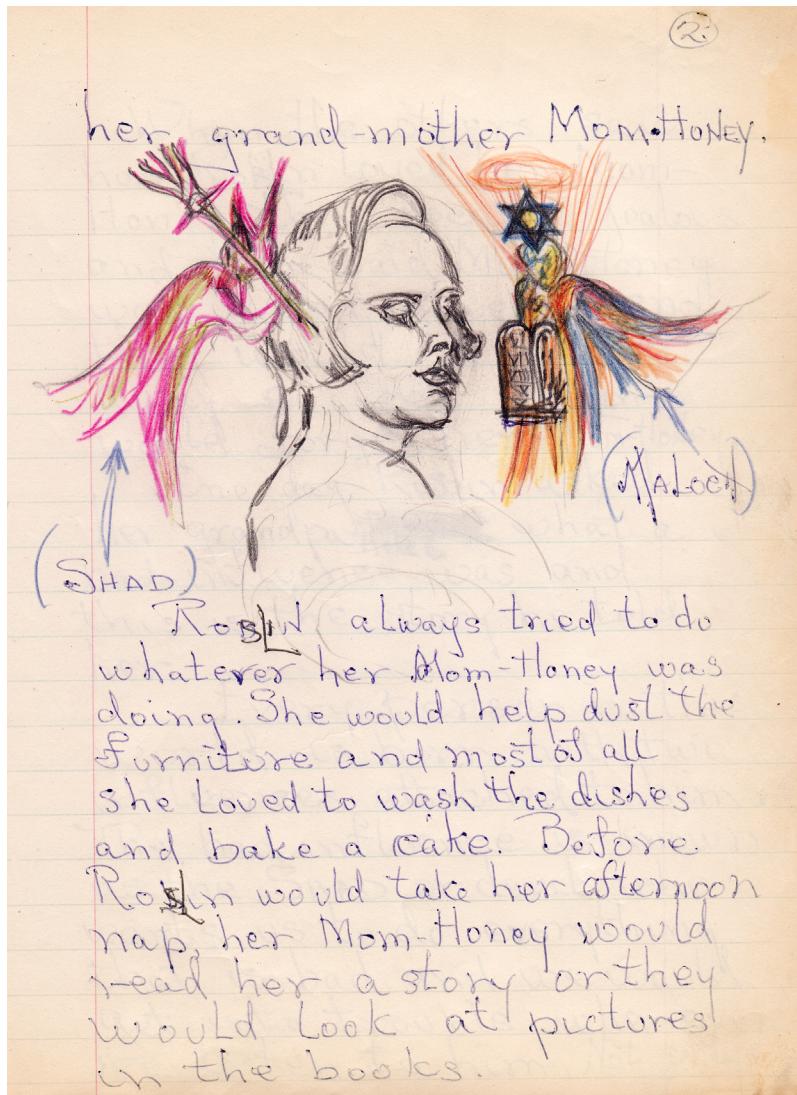




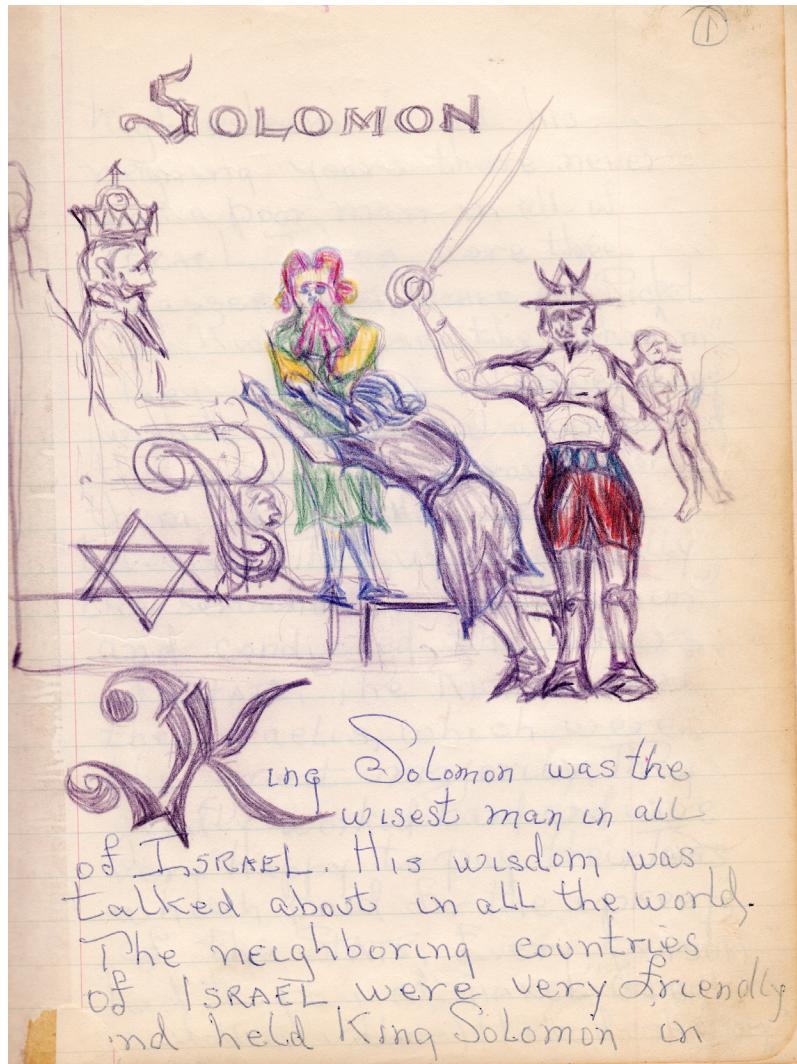
## Ketuba: Maurie and Bessie

Clockwise from top: Maurie, Arvin,  
Ruthe, Bessie, about 1948 or 1949





Drawings from Maurie's books



## • ANECDOTES •



• HEAR No EVIL • SPEAK No EVIL • SEE No EVIL •

### A Dog Story

ONCE UPON A TIME, I had a dog by the name of QUEENIE. SHE WAS A GERMAN SHEPHERD BREED and when SHE stood on her hind paws she would put her front paws on my shoulders and would look me straight in the eyes. SHE would watch over STORE and would keep all PROWLERS away. During the day we would take her on OFF trucks and no one would come

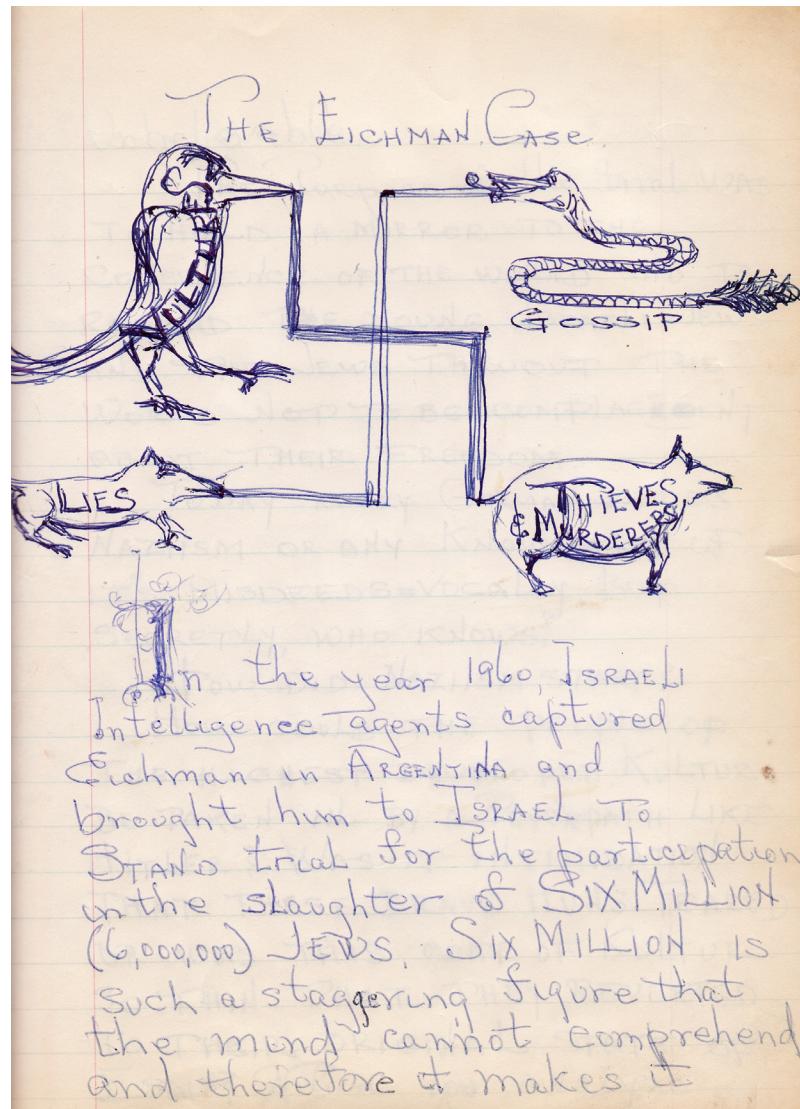
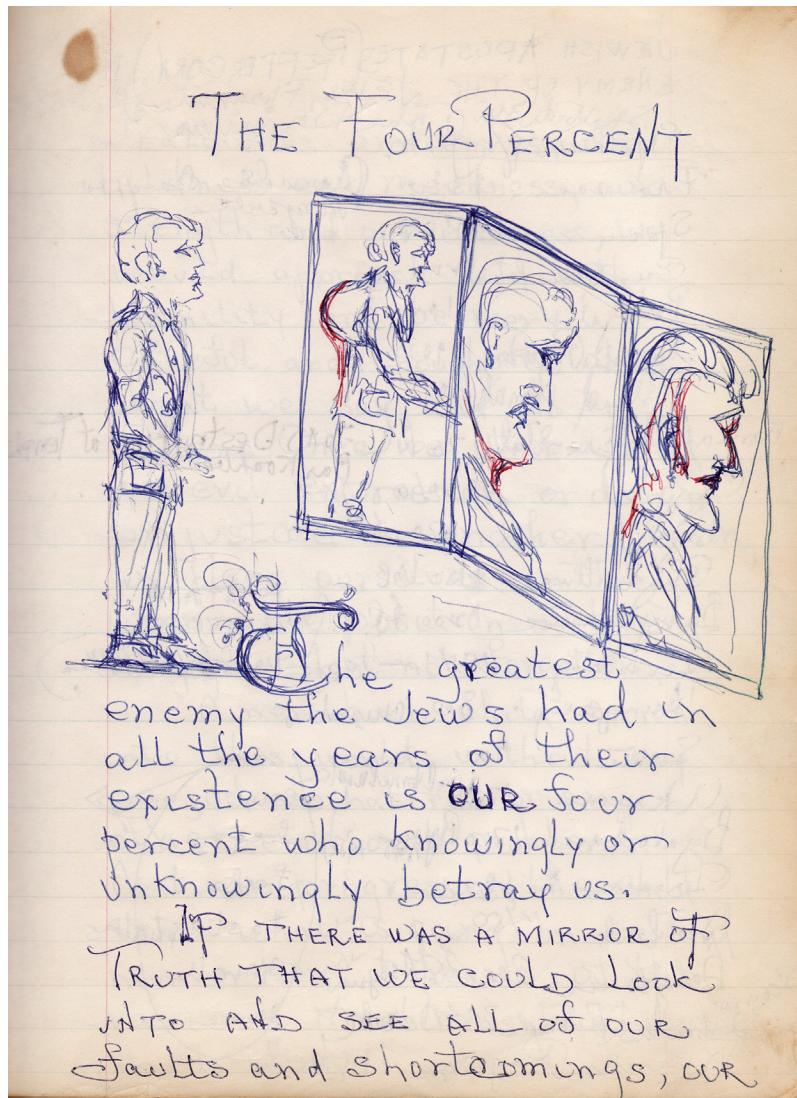
## YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

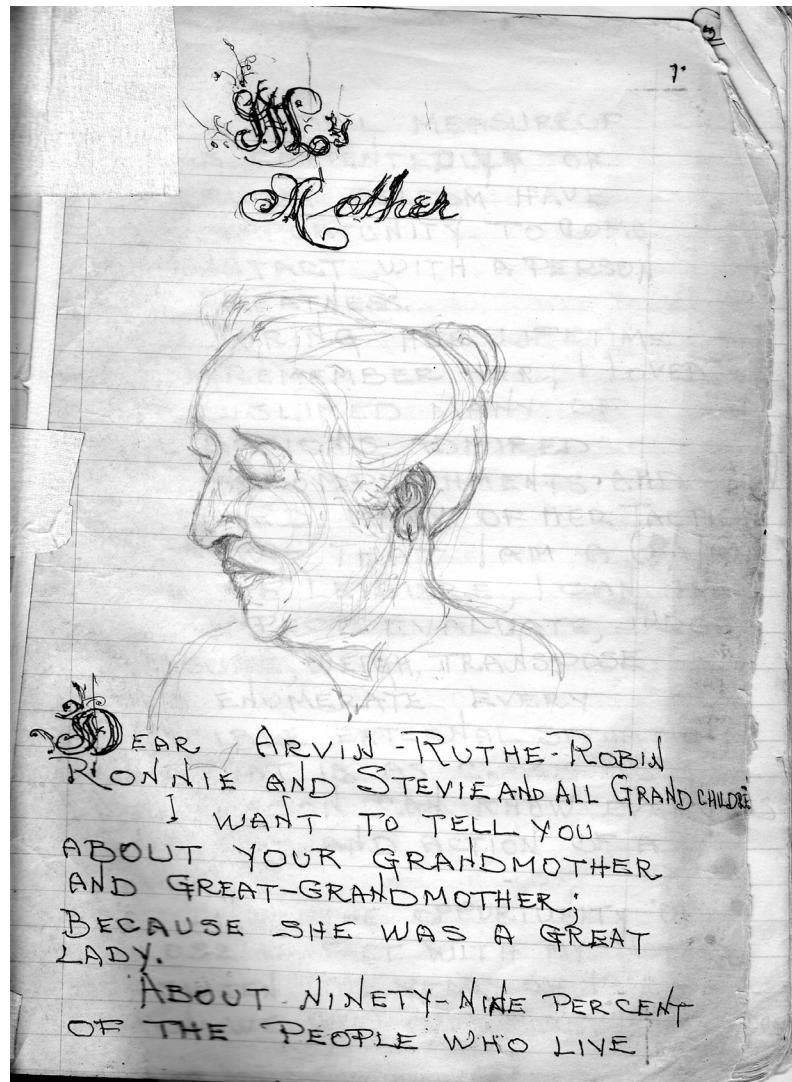
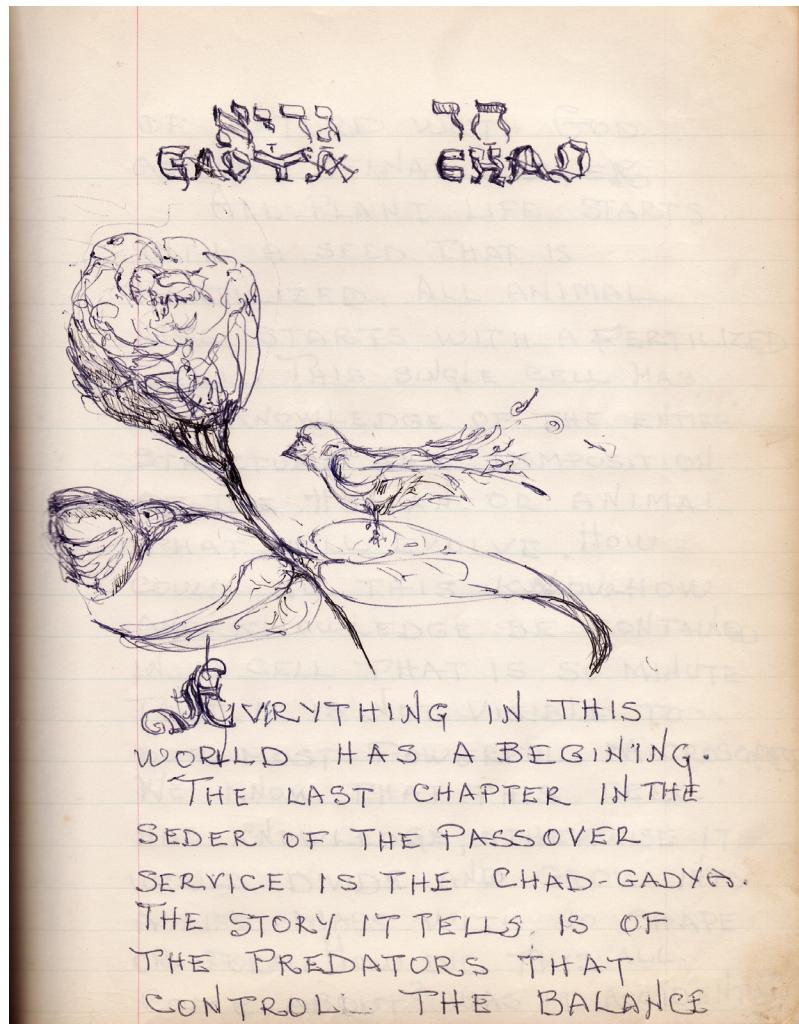
(ETZ HACHAIM)  
(TREE of LIFE)

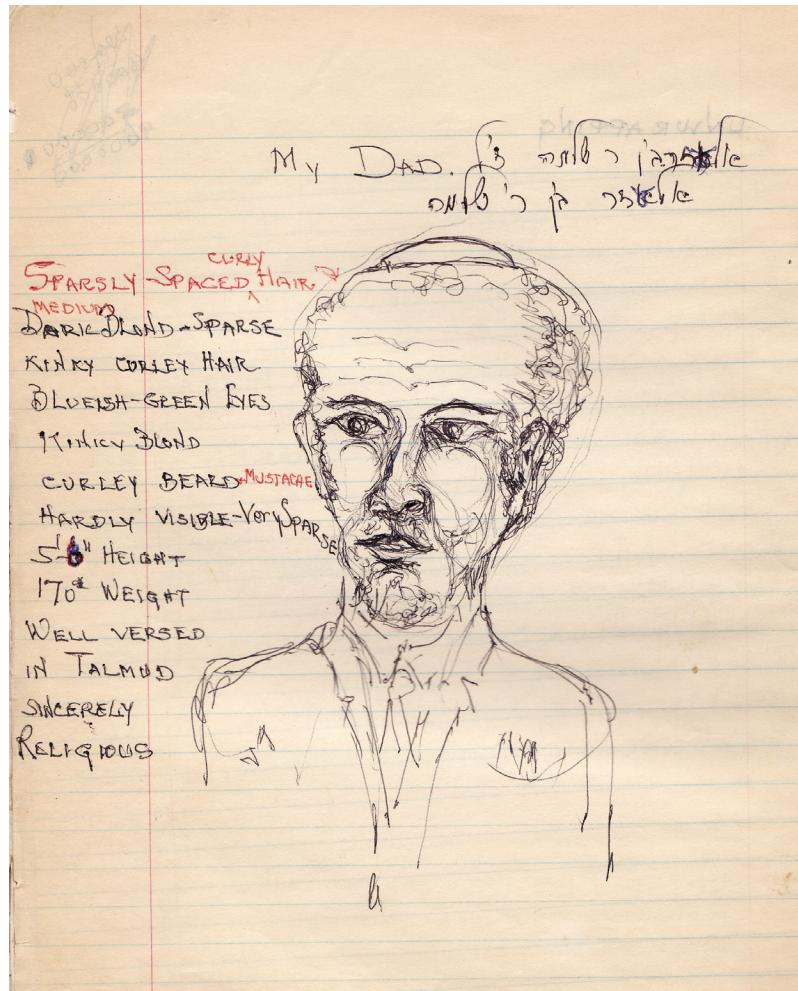


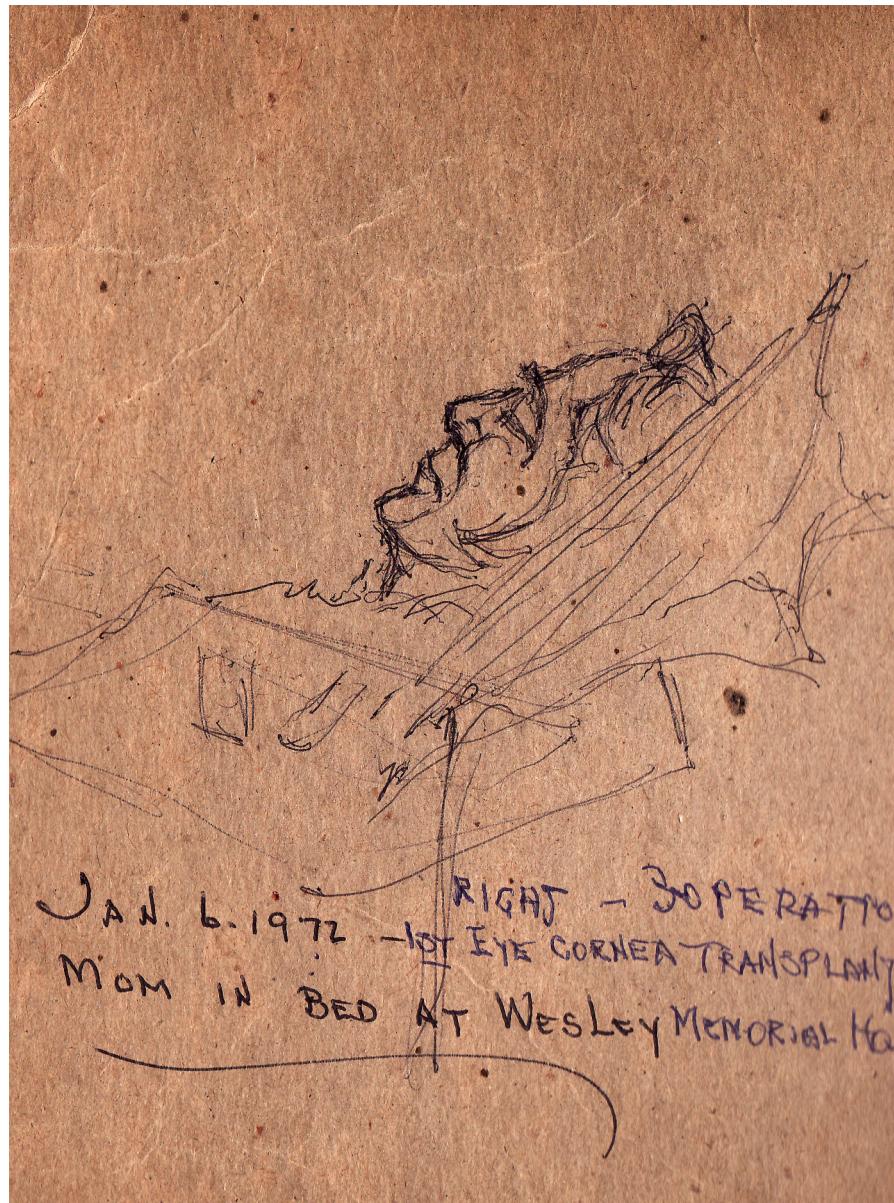
What distinguishes a JEW from all the other peoples on earth? It is the food we eat and the code of Laws which God gave to Moses, who gave it to us, by which we live.

THREE thousand years ago, the JEWS with the help of God, under the leadership of Moses, freed themselves from the bondage in Egypt and marched

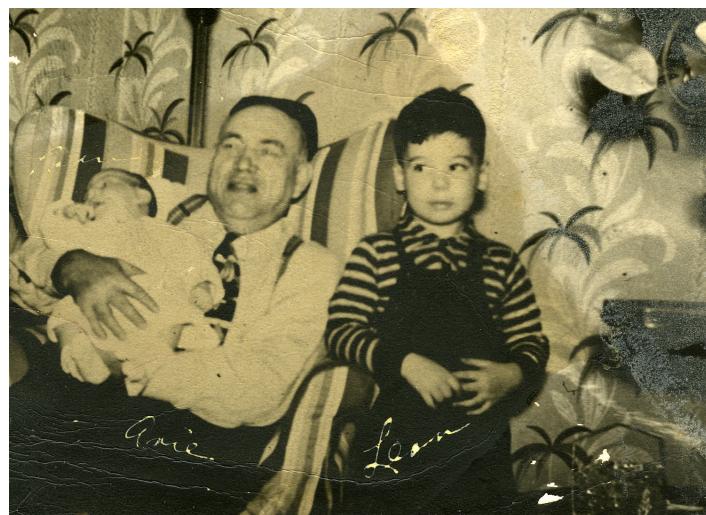








Right: Herman  
Schachter  
Below: Arye  
Schachter with  
grandchildren, David  
and Leon

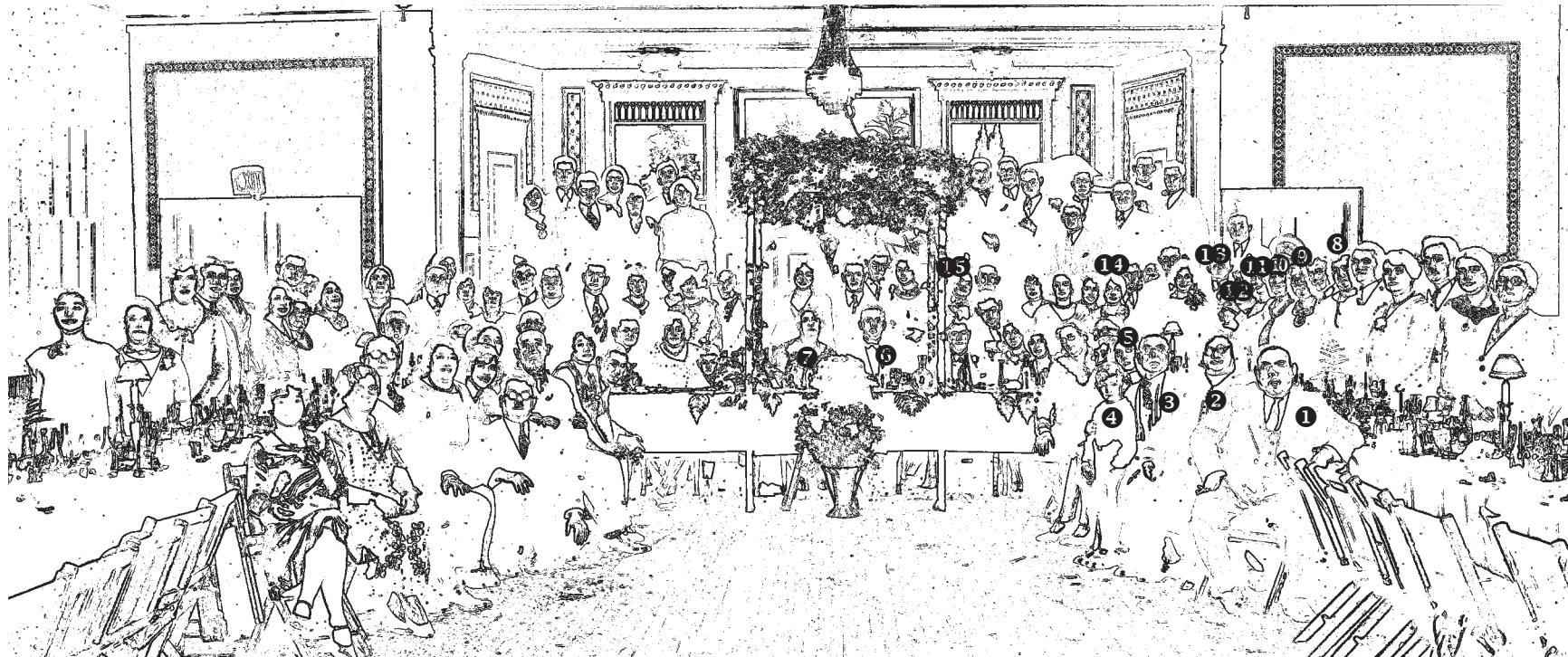




Merle's wedding: from left, second row: Maurie, Hedda, Howard, Abe Sprung, Alan Sachs.  
First row: Bessie, Florence, Bernard Seitler, Belle, Helen Sprung, Merle Seitler Sachs.



Sam Bodenstein 25th Anniversary Party



1. Arye Schachter
2. Rifke Schachter
3. Abe Sprung
4. Louis Sprung
5. Helen Sprung
6. Sam Bodenstein
7. Tillie Bodenstein
8. Sadie Lipman
9. Annie Lipman
10. Charna Rieger
11. Frieda Schliselfeld
12. Florence Schliselfeld
13. Belle Rieger
14. Florence Rieger



From left: Bernard Seitler, Belle, Bessie, Maurie, Florence, Frieda



Maurie's Family: Top left: Steve, Ron Rieger, Steve Albert, Maurie, Ruthe Rieger Karlin, Bessie, Richard Karlin, Linda Newman Rieger, Robin Karlin, Arvin Rieger