

AN ORTHODOX JEWESS REMINISCES

by

Julie Tedesco Travis

"My mouth will utter the praise of G-d."

(A Jewish Daily Prayer)

To the sacred memory of my beloved Parents

ABRAM AND SOPHIE TEDESCO

whose picture is ever in front of my eyes
like a masterpiece of spiritual greatness,
moral beauty and dignity
which always strengthened me on the arduous road of life

כל הזכויות שמורות

ג'וליה ט. טרויס
רח' בית וגן 93
ירושלים

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
My Family	1=
The Visit of Emile Offenbacher and His Friend Sam Travis	
My Marriage	18
Diary for My First Child	27
World War I - Separation and Reunion	32
Miriam's Birth. Sam's Tulsa Real Estate Venture and Building of Our Home	40
Bernard Revel Zt"l	43
Abram's Birth and the Move to New York	45
Adine Was Given to Us a Second Time	49
Hesped for My Mother-in-Law	52
Frankfurt - 1926	53
The Twins and Abram's Bar Mitzvah	57
Ruthie's Arrival - with Adine's Assistance	62
Sam's Father's Passing and Legacy	63
Move to Palestine	65
In Eretz Israel 1934 - 1939	69
Sanctuary in Our Soul	75
Return to the United States	77
G-d Watched Over Abram	85
Ruth and Itzie's Marriage - A Family Reunion	87
Return to Eretz Israel for the Second Time	89
Sam's 80th Birthday	94
Our Golden Wedding Anniversary	95
Beginning of Relief Work for the Needy	100
The Six Day War	109
The Last Days of a Zadik	112
Sophie Zt"l Is No More	115
The Last "Omen"	116
Conclusion	119
 <u>APPENDICES</u>	
1. Rosa Bonheur	121
2. "Uncle" Emile	122
3. Sam and His Family	123
4. My Frankfurt Aunts	133
5. Letters Written Before an Operation	135-136
6.a.Excerpt from Letter from Mr. Louis Wolens	137
b.Excerpt from Letter from Mr. Solomont	139
c.Quotations About Sam	140
d.Article from "Jerusalem Post" About Sam January 1961	142
7. Letters of Condolence	145

	<u>Page</u>
8. Reminiscences	
a. Vive Loubet	155
b. Youthful Enthusiasm	156
c. Leaking Wine	157
d. A Trip to Mayo Brothers	158
e. Heroine	161
f. The "Ketubah" - Dishes	163
g. "Meshulochim"	164
h. Car Accidents	165
i. A Nightmare	167
j. Why I Celebrate All Anniversaries on the Jewish Date	169
k. Modesty in the Synagogue - Personal Thoughts	170
l. Modesty Rather Than Luxury	171
m. Lack of Appreciation	172
n. Gleanings from the Field of Beautiful Thoughts	173

DEDICATION

This narration has been written from diaries and notes which I kept at various times throughout my life, and its main purpose is to serve as a remembrance of our family, its origins and deeds motivated by a deep love for and observance of Torah commandments. It is not a chronological record.

I hope that my children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and other family members and friends who read it will find some inspiration and examples for their daily lives, in realization of our lofty moral heritage which has been handed down through the generations from our ancestors. May they also make the Torah and its study and practice an integral part of their lives wherever they may live and at all times.

I wish to thank G-d for having given me the strength to complete these writings and implore him to allow me to continue to make efforts to live according to His holy Torah.

My appreciation is extended to Shoshana Dolgin who has been a source of much help in aiding me to prepare and present my thoughts and memories in this form.

Julie Travis

Jerusalem, Israel
January 1977

MY FAMILY

I was born a princess - a princess of the noble house of Israel. I came to life in Paris on Tamuz 13, 5651 (July 19, 1891). My father's house was one of true aristocracy, not the kind which prides itself on a coat of arms and whose members lead worthless lives, but a house of genuine nobility, upholding all the spiritual and ethical precepts of Judaism. That priceless treasure, the Torah, which my parents had inherited from their ancestors, was handed down to me with pure hands and the greatest of loving care. They taught me, with an ardour I shall never forget, to cherish it more than anything else. Above all, they set a marvelous example for me to follow. I tried, therefore, not only to abide always by the motto of "noblesse oblige" - a motto worthy of my ancestors - but also to grasp the intrinsic beauty of my parents' teachings and to emulate their saintly way of living.

Both my parents came from prominent families in Europe, renowned for their integrity and their staunch adherence to Judaism.

When my paternal grandfather died in Paris in the year 1871, the event was considered important enough in Germany (then at war with France) to warrant an obituary in the Jewish community newspaper of Mainz "Der Israelit" and one in Paris in "l'Univers." They are reproduced here (in their English translation) to show what his contemporaries thought of my grandfather. From "Der Israelit":

"The news of the passing away of the venerable, pious and upright Tedesco will grieve many of our readers."

The French Jewish paper "l'Univers" wrote:

"The Jewish community of Paris has lost in M. Tedesco

one of its most honoured members, excelling equally in strict observance of the Law, charity, virtue and a holy life. M. Tedesco passed away on Kislev 5632, December 11, 1871.

"The strict observance of the Law as M. Tedesco practised it was a matter of wide renown; in this day and age, it could even be called marvelous. One of the principal founders of the Talmud Circle, M. Tedesco imposed upon himself great sacrifices in order to promote this sacred activity, with which he was occupied constantly. His charity was not less admirable; he exercised it in a thousand different ways. He agreed to be Sandek¹ to every poor child, as soon as the suggestion was made to him, and he often helped the parents, apart from acting as their mohel.² "May his memory be blessed.

"We should like to add that M. Tedesco was a Jew who had few equals. He brought up his eleven children with the greatest care, and before giving a daughter in marriage, his only concern was that his future son-in-law should be a good Jew.

"The Jewish community of Paris has lost its pride, its crown and its jewel. May G-d grant that his sons will be able to fill the great gap left by the death of their father."

In a subsequent issue of the "Israelit" a letter was published datelined "Biebrich, March 24th."³ The text of this letter follows:

"In the leading article of Issue No. 12 of your esteemed journal, you reported the passing away of the venerable and truly Jewish Tedesco.

"Having had the honour and the privilege of knowing the departed, the undersigned would like to recall him once again. Actually, there is no need for many words to honour the memory of this noble person, for his great virtues, his fine deeds and good works speak for themselves and constitute a lasting memorial....

"The death of Tedesco has compelled the admission that, with his death, French Jewry has suffered a great loss. Indeed, the death of this righteous man, this tzaddik,⁴ ought to arouse in some of our fellow-Jews in Paris thoughts of self-improvement and penitence and to establish the truth of the saying

1. godfather at circumcision ceremony

2. performer of circumcision

3. First Supplement to Nos. 14 and 15 of Israelit, Year XII, page 281

4. righteous person

of our Sages: "In the death of the righteous there is atonement." Mr. Tedesco's greatest merit lies in the unparalleled courage he always displayed in his fight for G-d and His Law, in his unshakable adherence to the exalted principles and teachings of our sacred religion and in the rocklike constancy with which he followed the way of life he had chosen, to the very end....

"With the passing of this noble soul, the splendour which his virtuous and G-d-fearing life reflected on the community is tarnished, its crown is destroyed and its pride gone forever. The achievements of Jacob Tedesco, however, as Man and as Jew, will live in the memories of thousands, near and far.

"Though but moderately affluent, compared with the rich men of the metropolis, he nevertheless dispensed charity on a grand scale. His goodness and open-handedness knew no bounds. His house was open to the poor and the needy, who graced his table on Sabbaths and Festivals. The deceased supported many widows and orphans; he was an anchor and a refuge for the poor. Heads of families, who were ashamed to ask for help, were given loans, and he immediately waived his claim for reimbursement. Indeed, was there anyone in need of help, among those who made their way to Paris from all over the world, who did not know the Tedesco family? Following the example of their venerable father and their equally noble and good mother, who predeceased him, the members of the family outdid each other in the exercise of charity (tzedaka and gemilut chesed). The deceased was absolutely indefatigable in the performance of this as of all other commandments of G-d. Tedesco made the heaviest personal and financial sacrifices, in the real sense of these words, with manifest joy and utter devotion for the precise and faithful observance of every religious commandment, however seemingly unimportant. It is well-nigh impossible to describe the conscientiousness and strictness with which Tedesco sought to fulfill all the dinim¹ in the Shulchan Aruch.² But especially important and dear to him was the obligation to study the Torah. Day in, day out, he fulfilled this commandment, and it goes without saying that he had his children instructed in the Torah as well.

"He paid equal attention to avodah³. He never missed communal prayers with a minyan.⁴

"As major traits of the character of this pious man, his uprightness and frankness deserve special mention. His open, forthright nature won for him if not always sympathy and acclaim, then at least the appreciation and esteem of many fellow-Jews who did not hold his opinions. Hating hypocrisy with all his soul, he severely and energetically denounced the bigotry and sanctimoniousness sometimes covered by the mantle of piety.

1. laws, regulations
2. the Jewish Code of Laws

3. service, prayer
4. at least 10 men assembled for prayer

"Like Elijah in his time, Tedesco fearlessly joined battle when he saw the need for it, for the sake of the preservation of pure, unspoiled faith. He defended the interests of our sacred religion with missionary zeal, repulsed many an attack on it, and protected it from threatening dangers.

"Tedesco remained true to himself from beginning to end. His active and self-sacrificing life came to an end on a Sabbath, while he was still in full possession of his strength and faculties. With the exclamation "Shema Yisrael..." he gave up his pure, exalted soul, to enter into eternal purity and to receive the sweetest of all rewards."

This grandfather of mine must indeed have been a wonderful man, and it is one of the greatest regrets of my life that I did not have the happiness and privilege of knowing him. He was born in Venice in 1801. At the age of 20 already, he had a vessel of his own on which he used to travel, selling all kinds of goods. On one of these voyages the ship sank, and he was in the water for 24 hours before he managed to reach the safety of the French coast.

He went to Paris where in 1833 he opened an art gallery that later was inherited by three of his sons, one of whom was my father. The firm, at that time named Tedesco Freres, was one of the most prominent art galleries in the city; it was located on the Avenue de l'Opera, then the most important street in Paris after the Rue de la Paix.

The honesty and integrity with which the firm was run was a credit to its founder, and the tradition thus established passed on to his sons when they took over the business. Of course, the gallery was closed on the Sabbath, and I know from my father that

whenever a customer lingered on Friday afternoon, he would tell him politely but firmly that he had to close the premises. The pictures, mainly from the Barbizon School masters such as Rosa Bonheur^(*), Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, Ziem, etc., were naturally very valuable (prices ran into thousands of francs), so that missing a sale meant a considerable loss to the firm.

I remember my father telling us that one Sunday he had gone to his business place, probably to have a look at the previous day's mail, and had found the visiting card of a minister in the Greek Royal Cabinet. It appeared that he had accompanied the King of Greece to the gallery on the Sabbath, only to find the door closed. Among my father's other highly placed clients were the Kings of England and Portugal, the Rothschilds and the Goulds.

My grandfather's achievements in other fields were no less outstanding and praiseworthy. With but a handful of Torah-true companions, he pioneered the establishment of the orthodox community in the French capital. He became the President of the synagogue founded by him, which to this day stands for strict orthodoxy and is known by many as the Tedesco Synagogue. Its spiritual leader was Rabbi Weiskopf, whom my grandfather had brought to Paris from Alsace to teach his boys; at that time there were no rabbis available in Paris who met my grandfather's standards.

He looked for a helpmate who possessed the qualities of an "eishet chayil"¹ and found them in a girl from the Duchy of Luxembourg, Therese Cerf, who upon their marriage wore a head shawl,

(*) See Appendix 1

1. the ideal Jewish woman, as described in Proverbs

a rather unusual practice in those days. From this union, 11 children were born, of which my father was the youngest.

Like his brothers, my father married a German girl, since the French girls were not raised rigorously enough to suit them. And thus a new home was founded in Paris, whose reputation spread near and far. It was not easy, in "Gay Paree", to uphold faithfully all the traditions so dear to the Tedesco and Cramer families (the latter was my mother's maiden name). But my parents remained firm in their principles despite the many obstacles which stood in their way.

My father, Abraham (better known in his native France as Abram) Tedesco, was a fine, distinguished-looking man whose face radiated kindness. He always had a good word for everyone. His religiosity and adherence to lofty principles were matched by my mother's. They made a wonderful couple, sharing the same ideals and aspirations. He was most kindhearted and extremely generous, never missing an opportunity to practice mitzvot.¹ On Sundays he frequently visited poor families, bringing cheer to their homes in whatever way he could. Many a time he acted as sandek, leaving a liberal donation for the baby's parents. Feeding the birds with the bread crumbs left over after meals was a regular practice, as was the pushing aside on the streets of bread and fruit peelings - the former on account of the sin it is to tread on "the staff of life"; the latter on account of the danger of someone slipping and incurring an injury.

1. religious commandments, precepts

When a rare fly had found its way into the house, my father would not kill it. He used to wait until it rested somewhere and could put a glass on top of it; then he slipped a thin card under the glass and let the fly out through the window.

I thus learned, from childhood on, to practice these habits religiously and I practice them to this day. My husband and I were walking along the street one day, in somewhat of a hurry, when I found such a "cleaning job" which, of course, I tackled at once, hurry or no hurry. Upon which my husband - not withstanding his familiarity with this procedure and his full understanding of it - remarked, half impatiently, half jokingly: "I'll get you a broom!"

We always had a wonderful Succoth¹ celebration. There were many Succoth in Paris, but ours had the reputation of being the largest; it even had an anteroom with a table on which water and a bowl were prepared for the washing of the hands before meals. It was in the court of our apartment house where mainly gentiles lived but nobody ever seemed disturbed about it. It was quite an excitement for us children to watch the working men a few days before Succoth, put up the Succa which could hold 12 or 15 people. Its roof was made of two tin covered halves, which could be raised vertically with ropes or cords to let them down in case of rain. We children used to pick up lovely wild chestnuts in the "Bois de Boulogne" (park near our house) and make chains of them, as well as paper chains, as decorations. In addition, my father hung all kinds of fancy objects--wonderful fruit and the Magen David. The

1. The Feast of Tabernacles or Booths

walls of the Succa were covered inside with beautiful heavy dark red material which made it very cosy. We always had many guests.

Father was most tender and loving. He loved to take me on his lap to fondle me and to let me fondle him; he never thought I was too old for that. I looked very much like him and since I sat across the table from him at mealtimes, he used to say, looking at me, "Well, I don't need any mirror!"

I shall never forget the way he used to bless me on Yom Kippur eve. With indescribable emotion, he would invoke the Almighty on my behalf, the words strangling in his throat and tears running down his cheeks. It used to stir me so that the tears used to come to my eyes, too. And today, looking back over the years of my life, I feel that my father's prayers must have flown straight to Heaven - and been accepted!

Father was active already in the first years of its existence for the orthodox organization Agudat Israel. The following is an excerpt from the paper "L'Israelite" about this work:

"In the year 1914, after the demise of the unforgettable Mr. Tedesco, the Paris section of the Agudat Israel decided to create a fund in his name. The fund increased greatly and was used to put the new constitution of the Aguda on a stronger basis and to be at the disposal of the Workers' Co-operative.

"In the near future, a marble memorial plaque will be set up in the new premises of the Agudat Israel which will be a testimonial of the activities and the merits of Mr. Tedesco."

My mother, Sophie Cramer, was a beautiful, stately and refined looking woman; a lady in the real sense of the word, she had an air of "grandezia" about her. She was the daughter of Solomon and Therese (Roeschen) Cramer. Her father was a well-to-do hops dealer. My mother was born in Wuerzburg, Bavaria, and later moved with her parents to Fuerth, also Bavaria. She had three sisters and a brother, all of whom married into prominent families known for their staunch adherence to Judaism.

Mother had an outstanding character. She was the personification of conscientiousness, always having scruples of one kind or another concerning her duties to her Creator or her relationship with others. She was constantly worrying lest she had committed some transgression of the law or had hurt someone by word or deed. I remember her reporting one morning, that after she had gone to bed the previous evening, it had suddenly dawned on her that she had forgotten to pay a member of the household staff on time and that the discovery had made her feel miserable. She taught her children the most scrupulous honesty and vigorously condemned the least unethical act. Several women of her acquaintance were in the habit of taking clothes home from the stores "on approval" without any intention of buying them; instead they had them copied by their dressmaker (which was cheaper) and then returned them to the store. My mother explained to us that this was just like stealing - stealing the idea of a style, through a contemptible, premeditated misrepresentation.

When Mother travelled abroad and had dutiable articles with her, she and Father invariably declared every item at its exact

value. I have always followed this example faithfully - and have had some amusing experiences doing so. One time, shortly after the First World War (my marriage had taken me to the United States), I had been visiting my folks in Paris. Though a complete American by then, I still thought there was nothing like the "chic parisien" and, being able to get 20 francs for a dollar, took advantage of this to do some heavy shopping for our three children, my husband and myself and to purchase a number of gifts and various articles for our new home. And, indeed, it was a strenuous job filling out the customs forms, for I did it most conscientiously and down to the last detail - including the cost of remodelling my clothes, as required by customs law.

When the customs official in New York saw the unusually large number of items on my declaration, he became suspicious at once and, in examining my hatbox, tapped its bottom, apparently suspecting that I was concealing some more goods in a false bottom! Of course, he did not find anything there and my husband who had come to meet me at the pier, bringing with him a liberal amount of money, had his wallet utterly depleted after paying a fortune in duty. I did not regret it for a moment; my conscience was at ease.

My youth was a very happy one, although my parents were extremely strict in their educational standards. Instead of going to a government school, I attended, as was the custom among many well-to-do families, a private school twice a week and had a private tutor who supplemented my studies with English. I also had

private teachers in German, Hebrew and Bible at home. Later on, I also attended lectures on art and literature and studied the piano.

In keeping with the ways of exclusive families, I was not permitted to go out by myself and, until I was about 18, was always chaperoned by my tutor or some member of the household. When I was invited to a friend's house on a Sunday, for example, I was taken there and called for by the chambermaid or sometimes by my brother. While most of my friends were allowed to attend social events from a quite early age, I had to wait until I was 18; nor was I permitted to "put up" my hair until then, since at that time it was considered a sign of adulthood.

My reading, too, was closely supervised, which was not an easy job, since I was quite a "bookworm." Some of my friends were at this time reading books that were immoral in content, or at least off-color; for me, of course, such books were strictly taboo, even if they were classics. By the same token, my parents did not believe in such luxuries as season tickets for the theater. A performance now and again - that was another matter - but even then they were very choosy about the shows they would permit me to see.

I must say that, from early childhood, I was most obedient and respectful towards my parents. Still, I used to complain at times about being deprived of so many things my friends used to enjoy. By and by, I came to understand my parents' motives, which became quite clear to me on the following occasion.

One summer, when I was about 16 years old, we were vacationing at Blankenberghe, a Belgian seaside resort. At the Jewish hotel at which we were staying, my parents became acquainted with

a charming and most cultured German lady, and they were together a great deal. After we had returned home, my mother received a lovely letter from this lady in which she wrote, "...Every time I looked at your daughter, I was reminded of this poem:

'You are like a flower so beautiful, so pure, so gracious
I look at you and a pensive mood invades my heart
Praying that G-d may keep you so beautiful, so pure and gracious.'

I did not know this poem before, and I must say I was enchanted by its sheer beauty. The words Du bist so schoen ("You are so beautiful") did not flatter my ego, because my good looks at that time were something for which I knew I was not responsible. Anyway, they are "gone to the winds" now! But so hold, so rein - "so gracious, so pure" - that made me feel proud; these were qualities acquired by my parents' education and self-education. The wish, so touchingly expressed, was, for me, a challenge, and the source of an ardent and continuous prayer for its fulfillment.

I continued to mature in great happiness and with a feeling of well-being, in the wonderful atmosphere of my parents' home which, through many a precious recollection, has remained vivid in my mind to this day. For an example:

In the evening, parents and children (my brother Giacomo, my sister Alice and I) enjoyed the daily family reunion around the dinner table, where everybody reported on the day's experiences and activities; my parents always showed understanding - and a healthy sense of humor - with regard to our youthful interests. The tone of the conversation was affectionate, witty. Sometimes there were gentle parental criticisms or admonitions but, all in all, the

atmosphere was delightful.

My brother Giacomo (named after our Italian grandfather) was four years my senior, and he liked to tease me. But he loved me boundlessly, and we really got along very well with each other. He was intelligent as well as very religious, and I always looked up to him.

In his twenties he became the President of the strictly orthodox society "Shema Yisrael" and also of the League against anti-semitism. He fought in World War I and was high on Hitler's list, but baruch HaShem the latter didn't succeed to get him! During the war he wasn't able to use an electric clipper or shaving powder to shave himself, so he let his beard grow to great length. During Pessach he had very little to eat since the packages our Mother sent him didn't reach him always on time and he baked himself some potatoes in ashes. Later he built a big business and was decorated with the Legion d'honneur.

Giacomo loved to sing, and I often accompanied him on the piano when he sang his favourite songs, "The Evening Star" from Tannhauser, and Benvenuto Cellini. I also used to sing for myself, again and again my own favourites - "O Sole Mio", Marguerite's last song from Faust, "Ange purs anges radieux" and the Berceuse (Lullaby) of Jocelyn.

My sister Alice was eight years younger than I - beautiful, sweet and full of mischief. My love for her was largely a maternal kind of love; I could never fondle her enough. Since, unfortunately, she was deprived at an early age of the affection and tender care of our beloved parents, my own attachment to her

intensified, and I am gratified to say that to this day she has reciprocated it fully.

My social life was moderate. I had quite a few nice friends and was frequently invited to their houses on various occasions, but I did not care much for social intercourse, and my greatest pleasure in my leisure time, besides reading, was writing essays and sentimental stories - and keeping my diary, in which I used to pour out my soul. Beethoven once wrote, "Why do I write? What is in my heart must come out; therefore I write." I felt this way - and still do.

I also loved to recite poetry, and whenever I had the opportunity, I used to read aloud for myself, with the greatest pathos, two of my favourite poems - Eugene Manuel's "The Dress" and Pailleron's "The Doll."

"The Dress" is the story of a poor couple. The husband having come home the previous night drunk, as so often before, his wife bitterly reproaches him for his conduct and tells him that she can't stand it any more and that she is leaving. The man, still drowsy, does not object and so they begin dividing their meager belongings between themselves - until they come upon a heart-rending object, the dress of a beloved child they had lost. Each insists on having this cherished relic, and the pathetic argument drags on until, moved by the recollections of their common love for their departed darling and their common sorrow, they proclaim in unison, "Let us remain together!"

The other poem, "The Doll", is a masterly description of a father witnessing a charming scene: his little girl performing,

in a most vivid and touching way, the role of mother while playing with her doll. Stirred to the depths, the father said (as far as I remember the words): "This laughable collection of rags is a baby for her - pure and beautiful - the newly-born...There she sits, talking to her baby, using those words one invents, cocking her head like a bird, her eyes submerged in those pupilless ones... An immense tenderness flows from her; she does not seem to be play-acting anymore - she really is a mother.." Fascinated as he watches her, the father concludes with these words: "And I, strengthened by her joy, proud of her beauty, retire serenely into my own world."

My maternal instinct has always been very strong, and this poem used to move me so profoundly that, while reading it, I used to feel like a mother myself!

We did not have a very nice shul¹ where we lived, in the 16th "arrondissement" (district), a fashionable neighborhood in uptown Paris. The handful of orthodox people who lived there probably thought it was not necessary to have a handsome building, such as the conservative shul downtown, in order to "daven"² with "kavana."³ The services were generally quite simple and far from impressive, but when my Uncle Leon - my favourite uncle - officiated (voluntarily) on the High Holidays and the Simhat Torah festival, I invari-

1. synagogue

2. pray

3. devotion; attention to content of prayer

ably found myself transported into a state of bliss. His Avinu Malkeinu, recited solemnly and with sincere feeling, his warm voice shaken now and again by sobs, was deeply moving, while his melodious Agil Va-esmach, on Simchath Torah, sung with gusto and while dancing, was the very essence of joy and exuberance. Today still, when I listen to these prayers, my uncle's voice rings in my ears, and I feel as exalted as if I were really hearing him!

When I was a young girl, I used often to visit my Mother's sisters in Frankfurt on Main, and I always immensely enjoyed the services in the wonderful synagogue of that city, which could truly be called a mikdash me'at - a small Temple.¹ The experience meant all the more to me, accustomed as I was to the usually dry, unimpressive services in our little shul in Paris. In the Frankfurt synagogue - in that imposing building whose every stone proclaimed the glory of G-d - one simply could not but pray with fervour and with a feeling of "togetherness" with the rest of the congregants. The beauty of the prayers there was enhanced by the singing of the choir, which used to thrill me to the core.

The greatest emotion I ever experienced was evoked by the choir's singing of the 150th Psalm on Rosh Hashanah. The opening Hallelukah ("Praise G-d") was rendered softly, like the sweet murmur of angels. A little less subdued was Hallelukah bekodesho ("Praise G-d in His sanctuary"). The rest of the Psalm was sung in a rising crescendo, the choir gradually warming up, as it were, towards the climax of

1. After the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem, every synagogue erected in the Diaspora came to be regarded as a kind of "miniature temple" that would help the scattered Jewish communities tide over the period of exile, pending the people's redemption and the reconstruction, in Jerusalem, of the Temple itself.

this song of laudation that lists, one by one, the beautiful musical instruments used for this purpose in the Temple:

"Praise Him in the firmament of His power. Praise Him for His mighty acts; Praise Him according to His abundant greatness.

Praise Him with the blast of the horn. Praise Him with the psaltery and harp. Praise Him with the timbrel and dance; Praise Him with stringed instruments and the pipe. Praise Him with the loud-sounding cymbals; Praise Him with the clanging cymbals..."

Finally, the choir, joined by some 2,000 men in the congregation, burst into that rousing, jubilant outpouring of adoration: "Let everything that has breath praise the Lord!" And every fibre in my body vibrated in an exaltation which, as long as I live, I shall never forget!

THE VISIT OF EMILE OFFENBACHER AND HIS FRIEND SAM TRAVIS
MY MARRIAGE

A frequent guest at our house used to be my Mother's cousin, Emile Offenbacher, (*) who lived in New York and used to come to Europe every year, generally making Paris his first stop. Emile had met at the Orach Chaim Synagogue in New York a gentleman by the name of Sam Travis who became his travelling companion.

One evening in the spring of 1913, a few days before Pessach, the phone rang and it was Emile who had just arrived in Paris. It was a Wednesday and my Mother invited him to dine with us on Friday evening. Emile accepted, then added, "But I have a friend with me."

My parents always used to have an open house and many guests, but my Mother was very particular about the way she performed her role as hostess, and she did not care to have a stranger as a guest at a time when the kitchen was in the midst of its annual Pessach¹ "rebirth pangs" and not in shape for the preparation of an elaborate meal. Pessach was going to be the following Sunday, and most of the pots were already put away, while our good silver had undergone the preliminary process for "kashering" and thus was "out of action."

"You know," my Mother told Emile over the phone, "that with you I am not particular - but with a stranger, at a time like this, it's different." When I heard that, I guessed what it was all about and, interrupting my Mother in her conversation, I quickly said, "Mother, invite his friend anyway! He'll feel badly if he

(*) See Appendix 2

1. Passover

has to leave him alone." (Little did I suspect then that I was interceding for my future husband!) As a matter of fact, I should have liked to enjoy Emile's company undisturbed by the presence of a stranger since he always had so many interesting stories to tell - and such a fascinating way of telling them. Nevertheless, I was glad when Mother gave in to my plea.

On Friday morning, I met a friend of mine who had been invited to a dinner party where Emile and his friend had been the previous evening, and I asked her how she had liked the latter and how she had got along talking to him in English. When I told her how I hated the idea of having to converse in English the whole evening when they would be at her house, my friend reassured me, "You needn't be afraid, you speak it so well!"

As matters turned out, I was going to do just that, it seems, and we were going to understand each other wonderfully - for Sam "came, saw and conquered!" It was an easy victory, forged with the weapons of an outstanding man and a genuine "yehudi" (*) And I didn't mind at all using the English language!

That evening the foundation for our future happiness was laid.

Emile and Sam left Paris on Saturday night, to spend Pessach in Frankfurt. On their subsequent tour of Europe, Sam, who had made up his mind to woo me, kept asking Emile the following: "Do I have a chance with her?"

While in Rome, on their return trip, Sam contracted an upset stomach and, although he had consulted a doctor, he determined to use his own "prescription" since he was anxious to get back to

(*) See Appendix 3 for details about Sam, his family and his business ventures

Paris as quickly as possible. He took a huge dose of castor oil - and it cured him!

We had seen each other only a few times since Sam's return to Paris when he sent a feeler - in the person of Emile Offenbacher - to my Father to find out whether a request for my hand had any prospect of success as Emile had told him a couple of serious obstacles that seemed to bar the way. The first was my parents' keen desire to have me live near them after my marriage - and Sam, after all, was living in the United States. The second was my Father's wish, recorded in his testament, that his daughters and daughters-in-law should wear a scheitel¹ upon marriage, as my Mother did.

To overcome the first obstacle, determined to win the girl of his dreams, Sam immediately undertook to settle in Paris and make a few business trips to the States every year as his large business allowed him to make such an arrangement. This suited my Father. Then reluctantly because he did not want to destroy the hope of my happiness with such a wonderful man, my Father erased the "scheitel requirement" from his testament. Thank G-d, later on, I found it possible to fulfill this wish; although, unfortunately, he was no more.

Within a short time, both my Father and my Mother came to appreciate Sam's fine qualities and were sincerely fond of him. This was all the more to Sam's credit as although he had emigrated to the States at the age of 10, he was an "Ostjude", bearing an unfair stamp of prejudice created by many of the "Westjuden."

1. wig worn by women, under Jewish law, upon marriage

Nevertheless, my parents did not want to give their consent to our engagement until they had received some good references, in addition to Emile's excellent ones. For this purpose they cabled to two prominent rabbis in New York, though I kept telling them it was not necessary.

My Mother reminded me that I had told her once that I would want to know my future husband for a year before making up my mind to marry him. My rejoinder was that with Sam I felt this was not necessary, that I knew what kind of man he was and that I had already given him my heart.

And so on Shavuot¹ we became engaged - before the references arrived!

Baruch HaShem² I have never had to regret this step, and I have always been deeply grateful to G-d for having blessed me, in allowing me to become the wife of such an exceptional man.

It is written that a girl's mate in life is determined in heaven 40 days before her birth. Well, it suddenly came to my notice one day that our engagement had taken place exactly 40 days before my birthday! Since Sam had to return to the States, we got married four weeks later.

After a beautiful impressive wedding (described in Adine's Diary) we sailed for New York on "The Emperor", a wonderful ship, arriving there in four and a half days. During the voyage we were served strictly kosher meals, brought to the door of the dining room and personally handed to the waiter by the "mashgiach."³

-
1. Feast of Weeks, Pentecost
 2. Thank G-d (literally, Bless G-d)
 3. supervisor of kosher food preparation who ensures observance of Jewish dietary laws

On Shabbat, we had lovely fresh "chalot."¹

Having spent some time at Arverne, a seaside resort where Sam's brother and sister-in-law Marion and Esther and many of Sam's acquaintances were vacationing, we went on to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where Sam lived and had his business. It was July and we were to return to Paris for Rosh Hashanah.

Contrary to what all my friends in Paris had thought, I did not land up in the wilderness amongst savage Indians, but found in Tulsa an attractive, modern city. Sam's family gave me a warm welcome. His father was a very sweet kind man. He had a candid, almost childish expression in his bright blue eyes. A man of learning, he studied Torah or read books of Jewish interest all day. He used to tell me all sort of inspiring stories, deriving great pleasure from relating to me what he had read. No matter how busy I was, I could never refuse to listen to him.

In later years, when circumstances impelled us to make our home in Tulsa, he was so deeply gratified that we kept a genuinely Jewish home and raised our children according to his own heart's desire, that he told me once with tears in his eyes, that our home was a "mikdash m'eat." It made me exceedingly proud and happy to see his contentment.

My mother-in-law was a clever woman with a heart of gold, always concerned with the welfare of other people and above all, of course, of her many children. When something went wrong with one of them, she would hold a meeting and appoint one or more of her other children to help her straighten matters out. She was

1. special braided white bread for Sabbath meals



Myself as a young girl



Sam as a young man

always on the lookout for ways and means of lending a helping hand to the less fortunate members of the family. When we later lived in Tulsa, she would ask us to send her our car with our chauffeur which she would fill up with grocery products purchased wholesale and distribute among poor cousins who lived in the country.

Rarely did my mother-in-law spend money on herself; and if she bought an article of clothing for herself, she always bought another one to give away. She also sent countless sums to Palestine institutions.

She had an unusually strong will, which made it a little hard at time to get along with her. However, I tried to overcome this difficulty, even if this was not always easy, since I felt I owed her a great debt of gratitude for having made of Sam the man he is. She used to take delight in sitting in an armchair in the living room and, like a queen, having an entourage of women (family or friends) listening to her stories taken from life, most of which pointed a moral. She had a predilection for preaching on "family purity", accompanying her "sermons" with tales and anecdotes on this subject.

One of her stories related how she used to go in the winter in Russia to a river, break the ice and attend to the "ritual immersion" since at times it was impossible to go to a distant Mikveh.¹ This should make the women ashamed who do not practice this precept, rendered today so easy to perform in our modern Mikvaot.

1. ritual pool

I was told that a few years after their immigration to the States, my in-laws moved from Marietta to Kansas City where a friend of theirs, a young oculist, wanted to start a practice. My in-laws let him have their living room for an office; free of charge, of course. This was real "gemilat chessed" (an act of loving kindness)!

We enjoyed our stay in Oklahoma, visiting, among other places, the oil fields and the Indian reservations. For Rosh Hashanah we returned, as planned, to Paris. The reunion with my loved ones was a mighty happy one!

But in December Sam again had to leave for the States, and as I was in the family way and it was not advisable for me to take this long trip, I stayed behind with my parents. Sam was to return for Purim, and during his absence I was to look for a furnished apartment which we would occupy until some time after the birth of our baby. Later on, Sam promised, we would procure a permanent home for ourselves.

Our first separation was hard, but we had to be brave and make this sacrifice for the sake of the little being we were so anxiously expecting. When Purim came along, it certainly was a joyous one! I had taken such a delight in preparing everything for Sam's arrival in the lovely, cozy furnished home I had rented - and how we enjoyed the novel experience of "playing house"!

Although the state of my Father's health was, unfortunately, far from satisfactory, we spent as pleasant a Pessach as possible under the circumstances. However, to our deep sorrow, he was failing fast and a few days after Pessach the beloved head of our

family was taken from us. In my deep grief I had the comforting thought that our dear departed had had immeasurable "nachas"¹ from his new son-in-law whom he had loved like his own son, for his genuine "yiddishkeit"² and his outstandingly fine character.

When Sam had entered his room for a visit, shortly before my Father passed away, his face had lit up with a big smile and he had received Sam with a heartfelt, endearing word of affection. Sam, too, had learned, in this short time, greatly to love, admire and respect my Father. I was told that at the funeral Sam wept unashamedly, in profoundest bereavement.

Three weeks later, G-d sent us a measure of solace when I gave birth to a baby girl, our beloved Adine.

1. joy
2. Jewishness

DIARY FOR MY FIRST CHILD

Tamuz 13, 5674 (July 8, 1914)

Translation from the French of my Diary of Adine

My beloved Adine, in starting today this Diary which will be yours, I choose intentionally the anniversary of my wedding, because the recollection of that day is infinitely precious to me, when I entrusted my life into the loving hands of your dear Father; when before G-d, we sought His blessing, to found a home where His Name would be sacred, His Law respectfully observed.

When later, please G-d, you will also know the Divine joys of maternity, you will understand how grateful I am to the Creator to have blessed our union in giving you to us, in completing our happiness through your sweet presence.

You entered this world on the 14th Iyar (last May 10th) in the charming and joyous season of Spring. Until your blessed arrival, we didn't rejoice as usual in this festival of Nature. Although thankful as ever for G-d's renewed bounty, in the midst of this renaissance of life we were bewailing death. On Nissan 27, 5674 (April 1914) my beloved Father Zt"l was taken from us, and the wound in our hearts was still all open. But G-d, who with one Hand had deprived us of a tenderly beloved being, a being of unusual goodness and piety, a being of "elite", gave us another being to love.

And so, the first day of your life became our first day of Spring! Nevertheless, whenever looking at the picture of my beloved Father, I shed warm tears over the loss of my Father and the Grandfather of my child!

Today my memory brings back more than ever many touching scenes from my wedding. I see myself a year ago at the same date, under the nuptial canopy which I had reached as in a dream. Usually the flow of harmony from the organ would always move me deeply and although I had arranged to marry in a hall so that I could have an organ play at my wedding (which is not permissible in a Shul), I hardly perceived its sounds which, together with my happiness, carried me in a blissful sphere.

The Rabbi speaks and talks about my childhood, of the great kindness of my parents. And during that time, I sob! I picture my happy youth during which I was so tenderly loved, and in spite of the immense happiness I feel to be united to the husband of my dreams, I cry at the thought of leaving the paternal home where my parents have always shown me a boundless love. My role seems so selfish; theirs so generous. They seem to say, "We raised you and have given you the best of ourselves; go now, leave us despite what it costs us, and give your affection to the companion of your life. Love and be loved!"

And I seem to say, "Now, that you have watched over me in the wonderful and warm parents' nest, I wish to fly away in life towards a new happiness!"

The ceremony is over and my poor Father kisses me in a long, long speechless hug which means to say touching words. He sobs and sobs indescribably, and so do I. I will never forget this moment! Then your Grandmother, no less moved, kisses me tenderly. How many wishes are in the kiss of the best of Mothers and the best of friends!

Your Uncle cries like a child and doesn't let me loose, and your Aunt accompanies her wishes with a flood of tears. Their affection has also been most sweet to me and I take along with me some wonderful recollections of our life together. What I will never forget either is the beaming faces of my parents during the dinner. In seeing them so happy, my separation from them seems less hard, because I know that my happiness is theirs.

As a young girl, I had read a touching poem by Victor Hugo addressed to his daughter at the occasion of her wedding, which is as follows: "Love the one who loves you, be happy with him. Good-bye! Be his treasury, oh you who were ours; go my blessed child from one family to another. Take along the happiness and leave us the lonesomeness. Here we like to keep you; over there you are wanted. Daughter, wife, angel child, do your double duty. Give us a regret, give them a hope. Leave with a tear. Enter with a smile."

And so did I leave the parental home with a tear, a sweet tear of gratefulness and regret, and I entered a new life with a radiant smile, at the arm of a companion of "elite", and today on the anniversary of this happy day I am profoundly grateful to have given my Father the indescribable joy of witnessing my happiness and to have received for the gift of his daughter, the new and touching affection of a second son!

When you came this morning, upon your awakening, bringing me three roses which you were carrying in your little arms (an idea of your dear Grandmother), I felt my heart flooded with an indescribable happiness. This increased when I received a charming cable from your dear Father who, to my deepest regret, is in the States

where he had to go on business. He left when you were three weeks old, and you can imagine, my darling, how painful this separation was; the more so since through your presence, a new tie was attaching us to each other.

I will remember our parting all my life. When the moment came to part, your Father went to get you and brought you tenderly. He sat down to be able to look at you more fully. Then he looked and looked at you and it seemed that he couldn't detach his eyes from his treasure; and you raised up your eyes also to him, as if you would understand. It was a touching picture.

After having kissed you tenderly, your Father decided to bring you back to your room, because it was time for him to bid me good-bye. When he returned he wanted to speak, but he burst into sobs; and I, although wanting to be strong (I had to be careful on account of my milk), also burst into tears! We wept so during a time, the length of which I didn't realize. I was also broken-hearted to part from your dear Father, but upset to see him cry because the tears of a woman are something which are a part of herself, but those of a man and of a man in the real sense of the word, have something infinitely touching.

It was in this tear flood that your Grandmother and Aunt found us when they came to accompany your Father to the train. The moment, the hard moment had come: we had to part! I wanted to keep the last minutes and I held tight to them because I felt that we were already half parted! How right is the thought from Romain Rolland: "There is a moment in the separations when the person who goes away, is already no more with us!"

I couldn't accompany your Father to the station, being still convalescent, and when he had left, I was alone (I had refused all consoling company) and gave way to my sadness. All at once, your nurse whom your Grandmother had asked specifically to watch over me, came with you in her arms and asked me if I wanted you and I couldn't resist the offer.

Then, when I was alone with you, I hugged you tight in my arms and kissed you passionately; kisses of the wife and the mother, because I love in you "my child" (sublime words) and also my husband's child who resembles him so much! I felt so much like crying, but your presence reminded me of my duty towards the tender little being I was feeding with my milk and I had no right to jeopardize it in letting myself get upset. I gathered all my energy to combat my distress!

Here the Diary stopped. Although I had taken many notes about Adine and the children born after her, I was never able to find enough time to continue it, due to our nomadic life.

* * * * *

Our marriage was blessed with seven children:

Adine, Miriam, Abram, Sophie, twins Joseph and Ida; and Ruthie.

WORLD WAR I - SEPARATION AND REUNION

Sam was supposed to return in August and to join me in Koenigstein, a resort in the Taunus Mountains (near Frankfurt am/Main), where I was summering with my Mother and sister - my Mother having two sisters who always vacationed there. Sam was going to pick up Giacomo in Paris, as they both had planned to attend the big Agudat Yisrael Congress to be held in Frankfurt. I was looking forward tremendously to Sam's return after his long absence - and especially to seeing him enjoy his "big" sweet daughter who had been a tiny infant when he had left for the States.

My dreams, however, were to be shattered - together with those of millions of others - on the fateful date of August 1, 1914! When the dreadful war began, it was heartbreaking to see sweethearts, and husbands and wives taking a last walk together before their sorrowful parting.

It was impossible for us to return to Paris, and the thought that Giacomo (who had written to us by way of Switzerland, since postal connections between France and Germany had been cut off) had left on the first day of the war, without our having been able even to bid him farewell, was very painful to us. Sam informed me, to our great dismay, that he had to cancel his trip, and difficult and worrisome days were ahead of us. We were anxious to get back to Paris - first, because we should have quicker news there from our soldier; and second, because I thought I should be able to make arrangements to return to the States.

Getting out of Germany, however, was not as easy as we had imagined it to be. My Mother, my sister and my maid were French

subjects, and my baby nurse was English; I was an American citizen (automatically by marriage), I was the only one of our group who was not from an enemy country.

Fortunately, an uncle of mine (Maier Selig Goldschmidt) who was quite a prominent figure in Frankfurt, was able to obtain visas for us to Switzerland, from where we were able to continue to France - a journey twice as long as by the normal route - and we finally landed in Paris. There we had the advantage not only of hearing more frequently from Giacomo, but also of being able to send our letters to him direct instead of through friends in Switzerland.

The papers predicted an early victory, and so from week to week I awaited the end of the war, so as to be able to join Sam who found it impossible to leave his business in this trying time. But I soon tired of waiting, and began to consider sailing for America, by hook or by crook, despite the danger involved in such a voyage because of the danger to ships in the Atlantic Ocean from mines or a submarine. Sam wrote that since the papers were not always able to give authentic reports, he could not judge the situation, and he left the decision to me. He was longing for me and the baby, and I was terribly lonesome for him - and so anxious to have him share with me the joys of parenthood! But, as Sam once wrote: "Better see each other late than never!"

Meanwhile, I had a trying experience with our little darling - though, thank G-d, of but short duration. When we were in Koenigstein, Adine had contracted whooping cough from a neighbor and, shortly after our return to Paris, she became very ill with it.

Alarmed by her condition, I asked our family doctor to arrange for a consultation with a pediatrician who had been known for many years as one of the best in Paris. After the latter had examined the baby, he told me that she had pneumonia and, sympathetically putting his hand on mine, said that she was quite ill and that, under certain conditions which were likely to arise, she might need oxygen.

I still had fresh in my memory the picture of oxygen tanks that were used for my Father during the last days of his illness, and my heart sank. As soon as the doctor had left, I threw myself on my bed and wept bitterly. The life of my dearly beloved child was in jeopardy and I thought of her poor Father, unaware of it - and of my having to go through this ordeal without him. Still, my faith in G-d's mercy did not abandon me. The next morning our family doctor examined Adine thoroughly and when the examination was over he told me, to my great joy and relief, "I can't find any sign of pneumonia. I think Dr. X must be getting deaf and that it was his hard hearing, and not the stethoscope that's responsible for that dreadful diagnosis!" From that day forward - thanks be to G-d for His infinite kindness - our little patient kept improving daily and soon regained her full health.

As matters turned out, the war did not end as quickly as the belligerent countries had appeared to think it would, and I now seriously considered rejoining my husband in America. My two uncles (my Father's brothers) were dead set against the plan, and they kept preaching to me about all the dangers of such a journey. So did my brother Giacomo, in his letters to me. Indicating that in

view of our Father's passing he now considered himself the head of the family, he wrote that he was forbidding me to leave France. The only person who told me, "Your place is at your husband's side" was my Mother. Poor, wonderful Mother of mine. She had to pay dearly for this selfless advice, which I followed, since death intervened to prevent us from seeing each other again. Thus, my undying gratitude to my Mother for having paved the way for a happy reunion with my Sam will forever be mingled with a feeling of great sadness.

Determined, finally, to leave, I had a "brainstorm" - I would embark from neutral Italy, entering the Atlantic through the Straits of Gibraltar; this more southerly route would greatly lessen the peril. I ardently wished to see Giacomo, to explain my plan to him and say good-bye, so I decided to ask a friend of his, a "big shot" on the General Staff, either to grant him a furlough or to allow me to visit him. Accordingly, I made my way to General Staff headquarters, in the "Musee des Invalides." The huge courtyard I had to traverse was lined with soldiers standing guard, at intervals of a few meters, with fixed bayonets. As a lone woman facing this massed military array, I was quite overawed!

I entered the "big shot's" office full of hope and left it sorely disappointed. My brother who was already then a Captain in the General Staff, or on the way to becoming one, could not be spared and I wasn't allowed to visit him since he was at the front. With my stick-to-itiveness, I didn't give up and I made up my mind to leave, but I did so with a very heavy heart. Although my Mother, recently widowed, was surrounded by Alice and a loving family circle, I felt quite guilty to leave her in these hard times, with

my sister, who was only 15 years old; and to take a first grandchild away, who meant so much to her, seemed quite cruel to me.

Last but not least, I shuddered at the idea of the constant torturing thought she had of my brother being at the front. We knew he was in "Le Bois Le Prêtre", one of the main fighting points, and when we used to read the paper about the fierce battles there, our hearts used to sink. But we had confidence in G-d and He answered our prayers on Giacomo's behalf. He was to return home safe and sound, thanks to His Great Kindness.

He told us later of an interesting but sad story. One day he left the front for a moment to answer "Nature's call" and when he returned, the comrade who had taken his place had been shot dead; as depressing as this was, it showed that wherever one is, G-d can grant one His Protection.

February came, and with it the date of my departure. I didn't want Giacomo to find out about it, first because I "disobeyed" him and then why should he have to worry about me in the midst of his responsible and nerve-wracking task. It wasn't so easy, since Mother and Alice and I used to write him daily, and if I would stop sending letters, he would be very much concerned about it; but after wracking my brains, I found a way out. Although, according to Socrates' advice, "I know myself" and was aware of the fact that I have an abhorrence of lies and deceit, I felt I had the right to resort to a "white lie." I concocted about 20 daily letters to Giacomo, for a little more than the expected length of my trip, and my Mother would mail them for me. Then I would confess my strategy after my arrival in the States, with G-d's help.

Finally the dreaded time of our parting arrived. Mother and Alice took us to the station as we were all suppressing our feelings and trying to be brave. The departure time was approaching fast and after a most tender embrace with my beloved ones, I went up to take my place in the train compartment from where I took a last look at those so very dear to me, exchanging through the open window those commonplace expressions which are only for the purpose of checking the lumps in the throat: "Write often! Come back soon! Give my love to....!" etc., etc. A slight jerk in the train and slowly although too quickly, we were severed from each other! Then giving way to my heartache, I sobbed freely. How much more would I have cried would I have known that my beloved Mother and I were never to see each other again!

We spent the night in Genoa (I say we, because I had taken along my English baby-nurse and my maid, both more efficient than many American ones), and were scheduled to sail in the morning. My thoughts were constantly flying back to those I had left behind and I began to write them a long letter - a farewell, in the event, G-d forbid, I would not reach my goal. I freed them from any responsibility concerning my departure, taking it all upon myself, entreating Giacomo to forgive my disobedience and thanking them all for the wonderful love they had always showered upon me. It was a very sentimental letter

I did not want to address it to my Mother, sending it instead to Mlle. Lamothe who had tutored me from my seventh year until my marriage and who was also Alice's tutor. I asked her to deliver it in case, G-d forbid, of a mishap; otherwise, after my safe arrival,

with G-d's help. My brother, in his first letter to me after he had found out about the hoax, wrote me that as long as I had reached the United States safely, he pardoned my subterfuge.

Our trip took 14 days instead of 12, due to the stormy weather. The boat, the best I could have found, was quite small (I think 14,000 tons) and was rocking greatly. I had taken along a case of sterilized milk, in the event I would be seasick and unable to nurse my baby, and one night it was swaying back and forth from underneath the berths.

There were only 12 first-class passengers and I was the only good navigator and holding my own. I had taken along a little stove with solid alcohol and was doing my own cooking in the cabin: eggs, macaroni galore (on an Italian ship) which was obtained from the kitchen, and canned vegetables. I was aware of the fact that any carelessness on my part could bring about the burning up of the ship, and I had to be on guard.

I also had on my mind what my family feared so much - the danger of mines and submarines, and although my great faith did not abandon me, I wondered when I went to sleep if it wasn't G-d's will that we should not wake up again. Perhaps I sinned by taking a chance on our lives, and I didn't deserve G-d's mercy, but thanks to His Great Loving Kindness, we arrived safe and sound in New York where Sam awaited us.

Our reunion was surely a most joyous one after such an awful separation and perilous voyage.

Sam's happiness at seeing Adine who had been three weeks old when he left us, and now nine months old, was indescribable. In his great anticipation at seeing his baby, he had bought her a red teddy bear suit!

He usually had very good, refined taste but he deviated from it that time, probably in his tremendous excitement. I did not feel like spoiling the pleasure of his happiness in buying it for her and I must say I deserve credit for this "altruistic" act, as I hate red for clothes!

MIRIAM'S BIRTH

SAM'S TULSA REAL ESTATE VENTURE AND BUILDING OF OUR HOME

Our second daughter Miriam was born after my return from Atlantic City while we were living in a furnished house waiting for our own lovely home to be built in Tulsa.

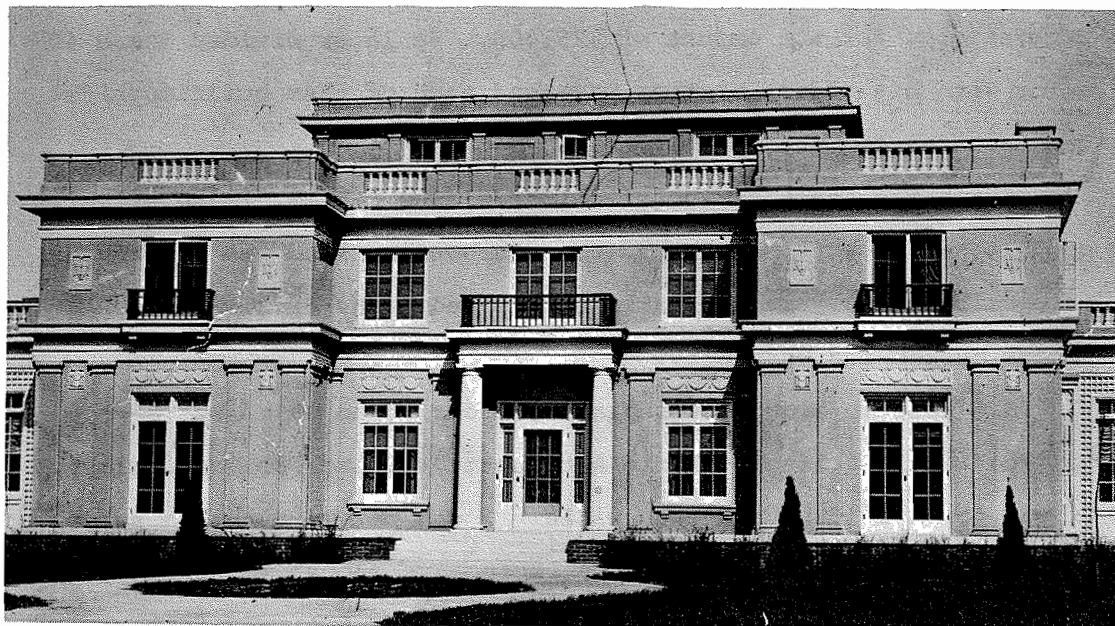
I am thankful to G-d that He always allowed me to have an easy labor although, of course, it was never "easy as pie." I will never forget, while I was in labor, the word of encouragement of my doctor who said, "You are a plucky woman." This gave me a wonderful uplift.

When I gave birth to a little girl I was somewhat disappointed that it wasn't a boy since we already had a girl. But Miriam, just as Adine, became such a source of blessings and joy that to this day I always thank G-d for having given her to me. She was so cute and beautiful with bouncing cheeks that a Russian brother-in-law of mine who liked to use Yiddish words, called her the "bulkele." This is a high, round pastry made with yeast.

I was looking forward to the comforts of my own home which I had missed for a while, but I still didn't like the idea of owning such a "palace" which Sam was building for us in Tulsa on 20 acres of land - partly as a development scheme of the area.

Sam conceived the idea that Tulsa would spread out to develop towards the south of the city, so he obtained options on 400 acres of land in that direction.

Together with his brother Marion who joined him in this venture, they plotted the land out into lots, under the name of "Travis Heights" which area is still known by this name to this very day. They created a real estate company to dispose of the above land at prices which at the time were very reasonable.



Our house in Tulsa, Oklahoma



B'nai Emunah Synagogue in Tulsa

At the same time, Sam purchased 40 acres of land which was then a cornfield, for the amount of \$25,000. He later divided these 40 acres with his oldest brother Dave and each of them built magnificent estates for their families.

Our homes included such facilities as a Mikveh, large swimming pool, tennis courts, etc., and the surrounding land was developed into extraordinary garden parks with paved paths, fruit trees, flower bushes and shrubbery.

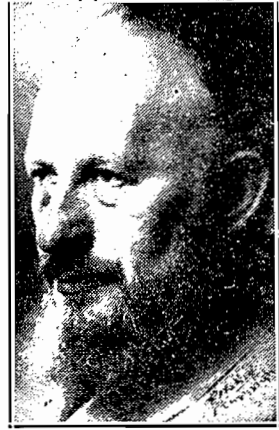
Sam sent me architect's plans for our house which was a copy of "The little Trianon" (Marie Antoinette's Palace in Versailles). It was to be a 17-room French villa. I did not want such a sumptuous residence but Sam wanted it to be impressive enough to attract others to buy some parcels of land. Therefore I agreed "nolens volens."

It was built on top of a hill in white stucco and was called "The White House" by the people in the city. Acknowledged Chicago decorators were brought to Tulsa to design the interiors with Dave choosing Spanish Mediterranean architecture for his home while Sam chose the Marie Antoinette period architecture and furnishings. Sam and Dave each invested \$100,000 for this purpose.

Later Sam sold his other acreage and all the neighborhood became a fashionable suburb of Tulsa which remains to this day the show place of that city. Dave's estate was later purchased by the Tulsa Municipality to become the city's botanical gardens and is known today as "The Rose Gardens of Tulsa."

We kept our home until 1926 during which period Abram and Sophie were born into the family.

BERNARD REVEL ZT"L



While we lived in Tulsa, I became acquainted with my darling sister-in-law Sarah - a wonderful woman - and her husband Rabbi Dr. Bernard Revel, a great "Gaon" (genius in sacred studies). Sam brought them to Tulsa from New York where they had lived, thinking that the fresh air and quieter life in Tulsa might improve Bernard's quite delicate health. I remember going to the oilfields with him in a cart drawn by a horse.

Bernard's main interest in life was delving into the depths of the Torah and for this reason he accepted the offer of becoming the "Rosh Yeshivah" (head of the yeshivah) of the Rabbi Yitzhak Elchanan Yeshivah and later on President of Yeshivah College. Shortly after, he founded Yeshivah University, the first one of its kind where yeshivah students could get a thorough training in secular subjects while studying "limudei kodesh" (religious studies). Sam, who was then quite affluent, asked Bernard to let the Yeshivah, which was badly in need of funds, keep his salary and he undertook to furnish it himself in a most lavish way. I am naturally very proud of this since Bernard was known all over the world as one of the greatest "Talmidei Chachamim" (Torah scholars).

Before we left for Israel, Sam visited Bernard who was then sick in the hospital. He asked him if he would like to go to Eretz Israel also and his answer was, "If I would leave the Yeshivah, I would die!"

In 1940 at his last Talmud lecture, just before succumbing to his final illness, Bernard told his students, "My life's work is

Yeshivah; and the students are Yeshivah and Yeshivah the students. You, and all who came before you and those who shall come after you, are my life."

Rabbi Revel was born in Lithuania in 1885 and emigrated to the United States when he was 21 years old. He soon entered college, beginning his studies at New York University where he earned his M.A. degree. He continued his graduate work at the Dropsie College for Hebrew and Cognate Learning when it opened in Philadelphia, and pursued studies that prepared him for leadership. He received his Ph.D. from Dropsie College in 1912. His dissertation on Karaite Halakha refuted the generally accepted thesis, set forth in the 19th century by the brilliant scholar Abraham Geiger, that the Karaite Halakha was a continuation of rabbinic Halakha.

When Dr. Revel's name was submitted for president of the new Rabbinical College of America, it was unanimously accepted. Rabbi Moses S. Margolies, then president of the Agudat Ha-Rabbanim, expressed the evaluation of the rabbis when he wrote, "Dr. Revel is one of the Torah giants of our generation and perhaps the only one in general knowledge and science." In addition to being in charge of the secular and religious departments of the college, Dr. Revel also gave regular instruction in advanced Talmudic subjects. He threw himself into his new duties with zeal, sincerely concerned with the welfare and future of the Jews in America, and convinced that Yeshivah University had an important leadership role to play.

ABRAM'S BIRTH AND THE MOVE TO NEW YORK

The atrocious war was still raging. My fervent desire to visit my beloved Mother, for whom I was yearning, couldn't be fulfilled since travel was too dangerous due to the mines and submarines in the ocean, in addition to which I was pregnant. Also, to my great sorrow, I had heard that she was very sick and this gave me another reason to wish to see her. Since I couldn't go to her bedside, I felt as if my feet were chained.

When it became G-d's will to take her from this world in 1917, Sam didn't want to tell me in my condition and also to spare me the ordeal of "Shiva" (the initial seven days of mourning). After the "shloshim" (30 days after death) mourning period was over, he had to reveal the very sad truth as I continuously spoke about my worry about Mother, Zt"l. It was a hard trial to lose such a dearly beloved wonderful Mother in such a way. On August 26, 1917 (Ellul 7), G-d sent me a sweet consolation through the birth of our beloved Abram, our first male descendant whom we were able to name after my beloved Father Zt"l.

In the Fall we decided not to return to Tulsa but to try to live in New York. Sam had a reliable staff in his office and would commute between New York and Tulsa so as to allow us to live in a more Jewish atmosphere than existed in Tulsa.

We rented a lovely furnished home at 11 East 86th Street in New York (The Peyser Home) from a Dutch family. Paintings of their aristocratic ancestors hung in the living room and although I could be proud of my own ancestors, I used to jokingly show my visitors "my rented ancestors."

While we lived in New York, Sam and I were very active in various community activities. Already during World War I in 1917-1918, Sam was elected vice-president of Agudat Israel for five Western States and headed a fund-raising campaign for the relief of World War I victims. He received substantial contributions, some from gentiles as well.

Sam cultivated the friendship of a member of the Orach Chaim Congregation named Julius Dukas, whose wife Sarah later befriended me. We were often guests of the Dukases when visiting New York later on.

Mr. Dukas was asked to create the "Hebrew Free Loan Society" to aid needy Jewish families with interest-free loans. He later became president of the Jacob Joseph Yeshivah and Sam donated the furnishings for the entire large dining room.

As both institutions required so much of Mr. Dukas' time and energy, to the detriment of his personal business affairs, Sam became his patron in order to enable him to devote most of his time and energy to the above institutions. Mr. Dukas was successful in developing both undertakings and putting them on firm financial footings.

The business situation required Sam's constant presence, and being of draft age, he could not leave the United States either. The strangest thing was that when he finally received a call from the Army, it arrived one day before the war was over, thank G-d!

Sam and his brother Marion helped build the first synagogue in the Middle West. This was in Tulsa in 1906 and the congregation was called "B'nai Emunah" (Sons of Faith).

I was active in the Hadassah organization, Council of Jewish Women and the Synagogue Sisterhood, having served at various times as both vice-president and president of Hadassah Women during the years 1915-1926.

During the year 1918 while business was very good, Sam received an invitation to the home of Jacob H. Schiff, partner in the firm of Schiff and Loeb and outstanding community leader, to attend a vital meeting in connection with providing relief for European war sufferers.

Sam contributed over \$100,000 over the period of one and a half years for this purpose and in addition raised considerable sums of money among his wealthy non-Jewish business associates in Oklahoma.

He also realized that European Jewry would not be in a financial position to help rebuild Jewish Palestine in the religious sense and after the signing of the Balfour Declaration on November 2, 1917, he accelerated his work for building religious life in Eretz Israel.

We also tried to do our share in the up-building of orthodoxy in New York. Sam learned that the supervision of the "shechita" (ritual slaughter of animals, according to Jewish law) needed much attention and he organized a committee including prominent Rabbis to look into this matter. He worked heart and soul on this project, spending \$54,000 to implement it - a tremendous sum in those days.

Sam's goodness and generosity extended to family and friends alike.

After World War I when my brother Giacomo returned from the Army as a Major but totally broke, Sam borrowed \$15,000 in 1918 when he had suffered reverses, and cabled the money to Giacomo to help him get back into business. He also helped my sister Alice towards her marriage, filling the role of my parents who were no longer among the living.

He sponsored Dr. Joseph Macht of Baltimore in his college and medical studies, recognizing in him great talent. He later became a well-known scientist.

In 1913 when three Tulsa friends were in difficult financial circumstances, Sam gave them carte-blanc to loans unlimited for a joint pipe and oil well supply business. The business proved very successful and in 1916 was moved to Dallas, Texas, where it continued to prosper.

ADINE WAS GIVEN TO US A SECOND TIME

When Adine was nearly 10 years old, she took very sick with the flu which was not at all prevalent at that time. It turned into pneumonia and her condition became more critical every day. One of her lungs was filled with water, her lips and nails were blue and she was given oxygen.

She was often delirious and one time, when she was breathing the oxygen (through a mouthpiece), she must have thought that it was a phone and she was inviting her friends to her approaching 10th birthday party which I had promised her. Oh, what an irony it was and how it hurt! But a familiar voice, the voice of "Beetachon" - confidence in G-d, came to give me strength and hope, saying, "Trust in G-d, the Great Healer!"

Discussing her condition with the doctor, he said, "She has a streptococcus and we will know by tomorrow night at the time of the crisis." I started shaking like a leaf. I had understood, "We will know tomorrow...good or bad" (G-d forbid). There was no time for weakening but for action, and since the doctor didn't seem to have much initiative, I told Sam that we ought to request a consultation with a renowned doctor from St. Louis, 12 hours from Tulsa, and so we did. The next morning he was at our daughter's bedside.

It was the Fast of Esther and Sam didn't want me to fast since I was exhausted mentally and physically, although we had a day and night nurse. Nevertheless, I insisted on fasting, having double reason for doing so.

At the morning service in schul, Adine was given the added name "Esther" and since we had wired our brother-in-law Rabbi Dr. Revel,

asking him to have some Torah learning done and Tehillim (Psalms) said for our patient in his Yeshivah, they gave her the added name "Chaya"¹ ignoring the fact that she had already been given another name.

The doctor gave Adine an injection and prescribed another, taken from a convalescing patient who had had the same type of bacilla. We had a hard hunt ahead of us since this kind of flu was not epidemic, making it very difficult to secure the serum. We phoned hospital after hospital, in the biggest cities, but in vain.

Not giving up, and guided by G-d's finger, we phoned to Oklahoma City, the capital of Oklahoma, a smaller city near Tulsa, and thank G-d, we were at long last successful and arranged to pick up the precious serum at the morning train.

It was Purim and how could we rejoice when death was at the door! But G-d, who had hearkened to our prayers, performed in His infinite mercy, another miracle. Very shortly after the wonder serum had been injected, our beloved child showed some improvement in her condition and was saved. From that time on, no matter how I felt, Sam was never able to dissuade me from fasting on Ta'anith Esther, when I celebrate the eventful anniversary in a befitting way.

With a heart overflowing with gratitude to G-d, I discussed with Sam what we could do to express to Him our thankfulness, and when I suggested that I should wear a "scheitel" (a wig Orthodox women wear to cover their hair), my wonderful Sam agreed. He said that since we were planning, please G-d, to go to Frankfurt in the near future, he thought I should wait until we got there where I could get a nice one made.

1. From the Hebrew "chayim" meaning life.

I accepted his advice and when I came to Frankfurt in 1926, I went to the most recommended specialist in making wigs to make a "scheitel" for me. Although it could not be compared to the transformations made nowadays which have the "natural look", she did the best job possible.

I must confess that when the great moment for fulfilling my vow came when I was to cover my hair for the first time, my feeling of happiness in fulfilling my Father's wish and doing my religious duty was mixed with a thought of vanity: the regret of covering my hair which I can say with all modesty aside, had so often been admired. This weakness did not last long, and heroically donning my head cover, I entered into a wonderful state of exultation.

Then, as though pushed by an invisible force, I walked into the living room, went towards my desk on which the pictures of my beloved parents stood, and looking with an indescribable emotion at my Father's picture and with tears rolling down from my eyes, I said to myself, "Now his wish has been fulfilled."

HESPED¹ FOR MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

My Mother-in-law Mrs. I. Travis played a role of vital importance in the uplifting of Judaism in the American Golah by virtue of her great personal efforts and the financial help of her family on behalf of institutions of learning and for Rabbanim. I was told that she urged her husband to set aside fixed times for Torah learning.

When she was very ill, her oldest son Dave asked her, "Do you want to be taken to Eretz Israel?" She answered, "Yes, alive or dead." ("And I will be merciful to His land and His People.") Her wish was granted and Dave took her remains for burial in Eretz Israel on the Mt. of Olives.

At her funeral on January 23, 1926 (5686), many prominent Rabbis eulogized her, among them Chief Rabbi Avraham Yitzchak HaCohen Kook who said that she was worthy of the greatest honor and deserved to be called an "Eishet Chayil" (exemplary wife). He spoke of her noble spirit, her love of Torah and fear of G-d which was in her precious soul.

1. Eulogy

FRANKFURT - 1926

After the war was over at last, I was planning to go to Paris with our children to visit my brother and sister.

One day Sam said to me, "How would it be if you would bring the children to Frankfurt so that they could attend the Samson Raphael Hirsch School?" This was an outstanding religious day school, known the world over. Since the Talmud Torah in Tulsa was not on the educational level we desired for our children, we had to have our own Hebrew teacher (a House Rebbe) for the children which was not the ideal for their Jewish education.

Sam thought studying in Frankfurt at such a school was the best solution since there were no schools yet of this type in the States. He added that staying in the wonderful environment of this orthodox community whose fine reputation was known near and far, would be very beneficial for the children and that my loving Aunts^(*) who lived there would gladly take an interest in their welfare.

We did not like the influence on the children of the public school in a prosperous "oil city" public school. They used to report to us that their schoolmates were going to movies a few times a week (while they were allowed to go only occasionally when there was a proper show for them). And Adine and Miriam who wore cotton stockings as did the average girls at that time, used to tell us that many of their friends wore silk stockings, and why couldn't they? Although we were living (foolishly) quite luxuriously, we tried to train the children as simply as possible.

(*) See Appendix 4

I always used to repeat to the girls my Mother's words to me when I was somewhat displeased that she did not allow me as many pleasures or buy me as fancy clothes as some of my girlfriends had, since in our frivolous capital they were extremely spoiled. She used to tell me: "If you will marry a man of small means, you won't miss the things I deny you now, and if you will marry a rich man, you will enjoy them the more."

The thought of parting from the children, of sending them so far away from home at such a young age (the eldest was twelve, the second ten and a half, and the youngest one nine) was hard to fathom. When explaining to Sam the reasons for my reluctance to give in to his wish, I could not keep the tears from my eyes. Being a model loving husband, he never insisted in asking me to take a step I did not approve of. Nevertheless, he tried hard to "sell me" his idea.

One day he said to me: "Don't you think that it is better to suffer now, than later?" This remark brought to me mental pictures of what might be in the future (for an example, that the children might become irreligious, G-d forbid), and so I took the "heroic" decision "to suffer now."

It was then that we decided to sell our house and I had my hands full receiving prospective buyers and when the house was sold, disposing of our belongings and making preparations for our departure.

After spending a few pleasant weeks in Paris and in Normandy at the seashore with my sister and brother who, like my uncles and their families did not approve of the plan which would Germanize our offspring, nevertheless I left with the children for Frankfurt where I arranged for their room and board.

Adine and Miriam were placed with the Principal of the "Israelitische Volksschule" and Abram with a teacher from the school. All three had to get accustomed to the very simple way of living of their foster "parents". Although they were deprived of many luxuries they enjoyed at home, this was a good lesson which later surely helped them many times in various circumstances.

Of course, the main object was the efficient religious education they were receiving and their living in such a wonderful atmosphere. The genuine piety of the couples they lived with, the association with schoolmates who were eager to serve G-d, the invitations to the homes of our relatives and friends where a beautiful Jewish spirit reigned, the magnificent synagogue with its most inspiring services were a revelation to them - everything contributed to develop their religiosity.

They became accustomed quickly to their new life, although they didn't like the German strict discipline. They were contented and cheerful so I had no fear to leave them and to return to my poor Sam who so unselfishly had deprived himself of his family and for whom I was so very lonesome.

Although I had a great satisfaction to see the children so well settled, I hated to leave them and the parting was hard; fortunately, more for me than for them as they were happy in their new surroundings. Of course, they took us to the station (I say us, because our little Sophie was with me), and after having expressed to them, with a Mother's emphasis, all kinds of Do's and Don'ts I pressed them on my heavy heart and boarded the train. There, at the window, beholding the

beloved faces of my trio, whom I wasn't going to see for such a long time, I felt like every minute was tearing them away from me more and more. Then the last dreaded moment of the separation came; the train pulled out, kisses were sent back and forth, handkerchiefs waved and my eyes popped out until I could not see any more of the three forms of my darlings whom I was leaving behind. As in a daze, I went to my seat and broke out in sobs.

In Tulsa, we had a most happy reunion with my beloved Hubby and Daddy who put me on the "witness stand" and could not hear enough concerning the children, his face beaming from the very satisfactory reports I gave him about them. The two following summers I went to Frankfurt with Sophie who was six years old, for a visit. To my deep regret, Sam could not possibly accompany us.

On one of those occasions, after having departed from Sam, I was crying heavily whereupon Sophie joined in doing so also. After a while she said, "Write to Daddy that I cried too." On the boat someone took a picture of us while I was hugging her, and at that time she remarked to me, "Don't send this picture to Daddy because he would be jealous of you."

Upon arriving at our destination, it was such a delightful treat to be together again with our girls and boy, after having missed them so much and being frequently so worried about them! How often had I watched for the mailman, hoping he would bring me a letter from them, and how often did my imagination go haywire with miserable thoughts of all kinds of troubles, G-d forbid, when the expected letters did not arrive.

THE TWINS AND ABRAM'S BAR MITZVAH

Before my third trip abroad in Summer 1929, we decided to take a furnished apartment in Frankfurt and to start Sophie in school there. As Miriam used to call it as a child, before Sophie was born, I had a "sweet secret": I was pregnant and Sam was going to come for the "great event" in September, to visit the children and to celebrate the Yamim Tovim with his family.

In the future, he was going to travel back and forth between Tulsa and Frankfurt, trying to spend as much time as possible at home; but, unfortunately, he was compelled to devote more time to his business than to his family. After three long years of mutual longing, Father and children were able to embrace each other, and Sam reaped the reward for his great sacrifice, finding the children to be after his heart's desire.

In September, our family became enriched with the arrival of darling twins, Ida and Joseph. The "baby" I was expecting turned out to be a girl and a boy, thank G-d. We were delighted with this double gift of the Almighty. They were both so sweet and beautiful and were enjoyed immensely by the big and little ones. We had a wonderful "Brit" (circumcision ceremony) on Rosh Hashanah at which occasion the new Rabbi of Frankfurt, Rav Joseph Horowitz Zt"l, was the "Sandek."

The twin girl was named Ida in memory of my pious mother-in-law, of blessed memory, as well as in memory of my most tenderly beloved Aunt Ida Wreschner. The boy was named Joseph after Sam's wonderful grandfather Zt"l.

A year later Abram became Bar Mitzvah in grand Frankfurt style. It was wonderful since we had lots of relatives and friends to invite

to share the joyous event with us. My Aunt Selma, who had a palatial home, offered very generously to make the celebration in her home. There were about 100 guests.

Our children and children of the family provided the entertainment consisting of skits in costumes, presentation of classical musical selections in an orchestra. It was the custom in Germany to celebrate such happy occasions in this way and although it required many hours of rehearsals, it was enjoyed immensely.

Sam's Father had been expected to join us at Abram's Bar Mitzvah in Frankfurt. A few days before the big event, we suddenly received a cable from him to this effect: "REGRET I CANNOT PARTICIPATE IN YOUR SIMCHA. JUST REMARRIED. MAZAL TOV."

During the following years while Sam was absent, my responsibilities for the children were heavy and I realized more than ever what it means to have a loving companion who shares worries and decisions with you. For instance, Miriam was suffering from chronic appendicitis, and the doctor advised me to have her operated on, rather than to take a chance of a surgical intervention upon an acute attack. This was a hard decision to take, and after having consulted the biggest surgeon in Frankfurt, Dr. von Schmieden, I decided on the operation, not without having asked for Sam's approval.

My anxiety during the operation, heightened by Sam's absence, can be easily imagined, but Thank G-d, He answered my prayers and the ordeal was successfully ended. After the operation when

I found out that whilst under the anaesthetic, Miriam's pulse had suddenly stopped due to an accidental overdose of ether and that she was given artificial respiration, I shuddered retrospectively and felt that I owed a still greater debt of gratitude to G-d.

Miriam recuperated quickly, thank G-d, and I was very gratified to see that according to her thoughtful wish, she received during her convalescence a nice amount of money donations for charitable purposes, in place of flowers or the like. This should be an example for many adults.

During the last three years the children were in Frankfurt, Sam shuttled between the States and Germany so much and we became so tired of being parted so often and missing our beautiful home life which was disrupted all the time, that we decided to return to the United States. Adine, after graduating junior high school, had benefitted greatly by going to the Jewish House-keeping School, Miriam had also graduated junior high school while Abram and Sophie had had their share of Jewish studies and good influence in those year. So we hoped that with G-d's help, their spiritual luggage would remain with them; of course, with our further guidance.

Adine and Miriam begged Sam to leave them in Frankfurt to attend the university, but he was adamant on this score, foreseeing the dark future of Hilerism. Were it not for his good judgment and foresight, they might have become, G-d forbid, victims of the Nazis as many people did whom he forwarned but who didn't take the matter seriously.

In the beginning of 1932, we left Frankfurt with the deepest regret, since we had enjoyed to the utmost living in such a thoroughly Jewish atmosphere, in company of beloved relatives and fine friends. Sam went on ahead and I sailed with the children a few months later.

One day, the sea became very rough, and when the rocking of the boat reached its peak, all the five children became awfully seasick. I surely had my hands full, going from one cabin and from one berth to another, since I could hardly get help from any stewardess, all of them being in greatest demand. Finally, but fortunately, only after my patients felt better, I myself succumbed to seasickness, in spite of generally being a very good "sailor."

I went to lie down on my berth, not even being able to undress myself. I fell asleep until the next morning, when to my profound dismay, I realized that I had never said "Kriat Shemah " (night prayer).

Arriving in the United States, we headed for Dallas, Texas, in the neighborhood of which new oil fields had been discovered. Unfortunately, "Yiddishkeit" (Jewish religious life) was very much lacking. We consoled ourselves with the thought that our stay would only be short, since we were seriously contemplating moving to Palestine to establish our permanent home there. We had a very happy renewed family life, but we were starved for a more religious atmosphere.

Nevertheless, I got a great spiritual satisfaction: There was a young married woman, religious to the core, who was married to an irreligious man, and who was yearning for instruction in our beautiful Torah. She used to come regularly to talk to me about religious matters of daily life, and to learn all I was able to teach her with my modest knowledge, and I was very happy and thankful to have been able to accomplish this.

RUTHIE'S ARRIVAL - WITH ADINE'S ASSISTANCE

In 1933 our life was brightened by the arrival of our sweet "baby Ruth."

I never went to the hospital for my confinements since there was no kosher hospital in the vicinity. The following incident will illustrate how thankful I have been for the devotion of my eldest daughter Adine, a devotion which continues to this day, thank G-d.

On the morning when Ruth was born I woke up early with the beginning of labour pains. I called my doctor and the nurse I had engaged in advance; the former came very quickly while the latter took her time and appeared only after the arrival of the baby.

The doctor was in need of assistance as the delivery time drew near and Adine, then 19 years old, was confronted with the job of helping him with all the necessary preparations. She donned a white uniform, and although she had never studied nursing, she tackled the job very courageously. I was watching her and felt so sorry to see how nervous she was.

The baby was born quickly, thank G-d, and after that Adine always showed a particular love for her little sister.

SAM'S FATHER'S PASSING AND LEGACY

We moved to Dallas, Texas for two years since Sam needed to be there for business reasons.

Before Succoth 5694 (1933), Sam decided to take Adine and Miriam to Oklahoma to visit his father and they had a most enjoyable reunion. Sam had promised to be back for the holiday with the girls. Ruthie was a baby at the time and therefore I couldn't join them on the trip to Tulsa. As Sam spoke of leaving, his father asked him to allow Adine and Miriam to stay on for the holiday. "But Julie will be upset. I promised to return with the girls," Sam stated. "I seldom ask for a favor. Let the girls stay with me," requested Sam's father. So Sam agreed and returned to Dallas alone.

During the holiday, Sam's father caught a cold and became ill with pneumonia. There were no antibiotics at the time and his condition worsened. He was placed in an oxygen tank and during the last three days of his life he was delirious. During most of that time he either sang some Zemirot or recited endless passages from the Torah.

All eight of his children gathered around him in his last moments. Since he had not explicitly instructed them as to his burial wishes, they were in a quandry. However, when Rabbi Oscar Z. Fasman, their Tulsa Rabbi, opened Sam's father's Will and Testament, they found in his beautiful Hebrew handwriting the following request on the top margin: כל ימי חיי הלכתי בדרך ה' ואני מבקש אחרי מותי לנח בירושלים עיר הקודש.

"All the days of my life I lived according to the ways of the Lord. After my death it is my wish to rest in Jerusalem, the Holy City."

The legal document began as follows: "Throughout my entire life, I have always deducted 10% of every dollar I earned for charity, according to Jewish law. Yet, before the distribution of my estate, I request that once again an additional 10% be deducted for the benefit of various charitable causes."

In accordance with his wishes, Sam's father rests on the Mt. of Olives, near his wife.

MOVE TO PALESTINE

A year after Ruth's birth, the epoch-making event of our life took place: the Travis tribe, consisting of nine souls, was on its way to Palestine!

We sailed on the "Vulcania" but just as the boat's attendants were going to pull up the gangplank, I noticed one of my children was missing. It was Miriam who had insisted on visiting her Uncle Bernard Revel in the hospital and receiving a blessing from him prior to our "Aliyah" (going up) to Palestine.

Our nephew Norman Revel who had accompanied her, had not properly calculated the required travel time in New York's complex transportation system, back to the pier. I had to demand rather hysterically that the gangplank be put down again to enable Miriam to board the ship!

Our trip took three weeks during which we were served strictly kosher meals. We made various stops, the first being Cannes, French Riviera. My sister Alice, who had come especially from Paris to see us, took us for a wonderful ride along the "Corniche" which is a dream garden at the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. It was wonderful to be together again, if only for a short while. Our next stop was Naples which we also enjoyed visiting.

A group of refugees from Eastern Europe boarded the boat then and soon after, a welcome was organized to greet them and I was asked to make a speech in German.

I first greeted them warmly, telling them how I prayed daily for them, without knowing them, and how happy I was to see that they had escaped the German murderers' grip. In ending,

I said that now we should abolish the ugly words "Ost and West Juden" since we were going to have the great privilege of entering our Homeland simply as "Jews"; and since we would land shortly before Shevuoth (The Feast of the Receiving of the Torah), we should all join, on this beautiful Yom Tov, in a tremendous "Hallelukah"-hymn of praise!

Our next stops were in Palermo and Beirut. Although the girls helped me nicely with the baby, I wanted them to have a little freedom to enjoy themselves. I washed Ruth's diapers all the time and often since she suffered from diarrhea. Daddy, who wanted to save me work, used to throw them into the sea when I wasn't looking, telling me he would buy me new ones at the next port!

Finally we arrived in Haifa where we were also invited to the home of Herman Struck, the world-known German painter of Jewish subjects, and great Orthodox Zionist.

We couldn't proceed to Jerusalem as quickly as we wanted, first because our main baggage couldn't be found and also, since some of our family caught a prevalent intestinal virus "Papadatche" accompanied by high fever. When we called for our three weeks' laundry we had given for washing upon our arrival, we were told that it would take four weeks to be ready. We decided to leave Haifa in spite of this, and to arrange to call for it later when picking up our baggage.

When we arrived in Jerusalem, we found that there wasn't much choice of strictly kosher hotels. We were compelled to go to a fourth class hotel, with one bathroom for all guest, boarding house meals and one big table for all guests.

We had to stay there much longer than we cared to since we still didn't get our belongings. Sam made a special trip to Haifa (about four hours) to hunt for them, with the attitude of a detective. He finally found that they had been shipped to Jaffa instead of to Haifa to where they were addressed, and that they were just being put up for auction!

We found a very nice apartment in Jerusalem where we settled comfortably. We lived most happily in the Holy City, enjoying the spiritual life we had always craved and also having very pleasant acquaintances.

We fully appreciated and valued our fuller spiritual life in Jerusalem. We visited the "Kotel" frequently, especially for Rosh Chodesh (New Month) when we also often went to visit Rachel's Tomb.

On Shabbat we always had guests, most of them immigrants whose families were still in Germany. They were mainly young men and I had arranged with them that they should prepare to learn a "shtikel Torah" at the table.

This was the beginning of a custom Sam and I kept up when the children were married and we were alone together, to study together some portion from our holy Torah at the end of our Shabbat meals. We enjoyed immensely this spiritual treat and also the singing of "Zemirot" - special Hebrew Shabbat songs.

We lived on King George Street (the part now known as Keren Hayesod Street) for three years in a large Arab house, and later moved to Gan Rehavia which had then been completed.

Sam tried, with the help of Abram, to produce and sell peanut butter, a product hardly known in Eretz Israel. He imported a machine to make the peanut butter and in his newspaper ads, he used a picture of Ruthie licking some peanut butter from his product, to promote its sale.

However, the venture failed as evidently there were not enough American Jews around at that time to make it profitable.



Ruthie promoting "Carmel Peanut Butter" in "The Palestine Post"

Soon after our arrival in Eretz Israel, Adine got married to Esriel Hildesheimer from Halberstadt, Germany, and a couple of months later Miriam also married. This marriage was, unfortunately, dissolved several years later.

IN ERETZ ISRAEL

1934 - 1939

The Kotel

There are certain poignant feelings which can hardly be described: The viewing for the first time at a great distance of the shores of our Holy Land, "a dream come true"; the tearing of "kriah"¹ upon arriving in the Holy City and later, upon the first visit at the Kotel Hamaaravi²; the prayers there and at "Kever Rachel"³, and the beholding of the unique star-studded sky.

The acme of exultation was upon our visit at the Kotel on Tisha B'Av⁴ and Erev Yom Kippur. On the two latter occasions, there were continuously two unbroken lines of thousands of people going to and from our Holy Shrine, and their apparel denoted the most various origins: Palestine, Europe, America, Iraq, Iran, Yemen, etc.

And all were coming to pour out their hearts at the precious remnant of our "Beit Hamikdash."⁵ The devotion of some of them, the ardent prayer of some women with shawl-covered heads, putting while sobbing, their "quitlach"⁶ between the cracks of our Holy Wall. The feeling of togetherness with our fellow Jews was most moving and one came home still dwelling in the highest sphere and all attuned for communion with G-d.

-
1. Making a tear in one's garment as a sign of mourning.
 2. Western Wall
 3. Tomb of Rachel
 4. Ninth of Av (anniversary of the destruction of the Temple)
 5. The Holy Temple
 6. Written notes of supplication

Horev School

After settling in Eretz Israel in 1934, the lack of proper religious schools came to Sam's attention. Together with some other Orthodox gentlemen from Germany, Sam helped found Beit Sefer Horev which has developed over the years into a network of schools with an elementary school, high school and separate Yeshivah. One building in the Yeshivah was contributed by Miriam's husband, Tobias Heller, in memory of his father Max Heller Zt"l.

Now a new girls high school is nearing completion in Jerusalem in the Bayit VeGan area and is to include the Sam Travis Memorial Library.

Shevuoth

I was quite thrilled on Erev Shevuoth¹ to see the pre-festival celebrations in Jerusalem. In the morning the kindergarten children with flowers on their heads, entered the parade of the courtyard of the Jewish Agency, on the gate of which was written a quotation from the Bible in connection with the offerings of old in the Temple.

Then, later, the older children, with beautiful flower and fruit baskets, entered the courtyard where music was played continually. This event moved me greatly because this sight represented a glorious past, a partial realization of the yearned-for present, and a hopeful future, especially for the return of some of those children (our leaders of tomorrow) to our Holy Torah.

1. The day before our Feast of Weeks

My Escape from Drowning

In August, 1937, we were summering in Bat Yam, a little resort at the shore of the Mediterranean near Tel Aviv. From our apartment we had only a few minutes to walk to the beach and we used to bathe in a secluded spot, 100 feet away from the crowds since for religious reasons we do not believe in the mingling of the sexes in immodest apparel. To satisfy my conscience completely, I had made to order a bathing suit in the form of a pyjama. (By the way, there are certain European countries where mixed bathing isn't allowed either.)

On the eventful morning when a horrible death was awaiting to challenge me, I was leisurely chatting at the breakfast table with my best friend Jenny Breuer. Sam had already left for the beach with our children. Since Jenny had arrived the previous evening and we had not seen each other for a long time, we had lots to talk about but we finally decided to join Sam. When we did, he already had bathed with two of the children, one on each hand, and was having a good time with them in the sand.

Jenny was eager to take her first dip and we entered into the sea buoyantly, I taking by the hand our little Ida, eight years old. As soon as we entered the water we felt an undercurrent but did not pay much attention to it at first. Soon we realized that the treacherous current was dragging us farther and farther against our will. We recognized then that we were in danger and tried to return to the shore but, alas, in vain, since we were pulled deeper and deeper into the water which had already reached our necks.

We saw that there was not a minute to lose and started to call "help, help" but due to the distance and noise of the breakers,

we were not heard. In the meanwhile, I had the biggest struggle I ever had in my life, trying to keep Ida above the high waves. I was holding her by two hands, and every time a wave neared, my mind was filled with terror at the thought that my precious child might be torn away from me at any moment!

We kept on calling for help and when I took a glance at Jenny, I became more frantic yet, seeing how her eyes were popping out of their orbits! The danger was increasing at a terrific rate, since inch by inch the water was nearing our mouths and the furious waves were tossing us with an indescribable power. Every time we emerged safely from an ever new ordeal, I had a most exultant feeling of gratitude for finding ourselves still alive.

Finally, I succeeded in attracting Sam's attention and saw him jump into the water. Realizing the situation right away and being a poor swimmer, he thought that he would be wasting most valuable time in trying to reach us, so he hurried back to the beach as fast as he could and with a roaring voice cried "help, help" in the direction of the beach spot where crowds were bathing. In no time, two life guards had arrived and snatched us from an imminent death. Someone remarked that I looked 10 years older when I came out of the water. An ambulance promptly arrived to take us home, where we relished to the greatest extent a most exhilarating state of well-being at finding ourselves on land in this wonderful world.

That night when I said my prayers before retiring, I uttered with deep emotion the following words of the Jewish ritual which singularly could have been exactly my prayer in the midst of the water:

"In the name of G-d, G-d of Israel,
At my right Michael, at my left Gabriel,
In front of me, Uriel; in back of me Raphael,
And upon my head the glory of G-d."

Ruthie Goes to Kindergarten

When Ruthie was 4 1/2 years old, we were discussing whether or not we should send her to kindergarten. I looked at her little plumb hands, still baby hands, and I felt that if she would go to kindergarten, she would graduate from Babyhood to Girlhood and it was too early...for me!

I wanted to retain this very special sweetness as long as possible but one cannot turn the clock back so with a sigh, I decided to let our darling take her first step in this first school of life.

Then I had to express my feelings. I wrote: "Ruthie is no longer a baby. She goes to kindergarten. I miss her chatter in the morning and her frequent visits to whatever room I was in, during which she used to come and hug me tenderly, saying, 'I love you, you are so sweet'. It is now a matter of the past and I will have to get a double portion of this love during the rest of the day!"

Prayer During a British Curfew

A few years after we settled in Jerusalem in 1934, there were disturbances by the Arabs and, sadly enough, there was much bloodshed. This was during the British Mandate period and the English authorities sometimes proclaimed martial law under which everyone had to be off the streets by a certain hour in the afternoon. Anyone found on the streets after hours had to appear before a military court.

Our friend Dr. Breuer and Sam had arranged to have a "minyan" (gathering of at least 10 people for prayer) on Friday nights for Sabbath prayer alternately at his and our home. Since we lived within a few minutes of each other, they took the risk of going out and evading the law. It was for the sake of a Mitzvah and thank G-d, nothing happened to them.

SANCTUARY IN OUR SOUL

September 1937
(Tishrei 5698)

We are in the days of repentance and forgiveness, and, alas, we don't have this year the immense privilege to worship and pour out our hearts before G-d at the Kotel Hamaaravi. He had allowed us, in His great mercy, to keep it as a small compensation for the loss of the Beit Hamikdash, as a memorial from the splendid past and in order to minimize our punishment.

We left the countries of our Galut and came here, and now we are chased away from our most cherished place. It is a new and very hard Galut. We are ashamed that we sinned and brought upon ourselves the struggle of the disturbances which are going on here during the last months. Instead of blaming the Government for what is happening here, we should better blame ourselves and our shortcomings. A citizen of a foreign country who does not abide by the laws of the Government is not a good citizen. We, the children of Israel, ought to be proud of our inheritance, the Constitution of Constitutions, the Holy Torah, the stronghold which became so dear to us since it bears the stamp of G-d. Many nations have drawn largely from it, as for example France in its "Code Napoleon," and how can we ignore this? We have the privilege of living in the land of our fathers and those who are not living according to their ideals and do not keep its laws, are not good citizens.

As Nathan Birnbaum, who was a well-known leader of German Jewish Orthodoxy says in "Confession": "For the Jewish Nationalist the Jewish land is not the land given by G-d to our people so that it

may there live for Him, or merely an historic domicile, in which we can live 'like all the nations.'" How can they call themselves Zionists when they look at Israel only as a National Home and forget that by not living according to its laws, they are not loyal to their country, and they do not do honour to the beautiful name they bear? Although they deserve credit for their hard work in re-building the land, they should also consider it as their duty to look after the spiritual rebirth of this Holy Country. They should proclaim to the world with their actions that, "From Zion comes out the Torah and the word of G-d from Yerushalayim."

We should not only mourn over the loss of our Holy Temple, but we should erect a new Temple with a sanctuary in our souls, and we should feel that G-d is always present in it. We should always bring sacrifices before Him wholeheartedly by repressing our Yetzer Harah¹ and by doing justice to our fellowmen.

1. Evil desire

RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES

Unfortunately, after we had lived in Israel for four years, Sam had to return to the States to look after his interests which were not as satisfactory as when he left them. He intended to stay away only a few months; nevertheless, our parting was as hard as ever.

Month after month passed and Sam had to keep on postponing his return home. When a year had nearly elapsed, my cup of loneliness for Sam was running over, and realizing also that he was much worse off than I was, being without his whole family and that his absence would probably last quite a bit longer than he had anticipated, I asked him if he wouldn't think it advisable for me to join him with the children.

By a strange coincidence, a letter from him crossed mine on the ocean, telling me that he thought it best that we should come. And so I started making plans for our departure, half laughing and half crying. We were going to leave right after Shevuoth and I was glad to have the privilege to spend Yom Tov in "Ir Hakodesh" - the holy city of Jerusalem. During the whole night I was in a state of semi-sleep, hearing the men learning in our friend Dr. Hoffman's apartment below ours and deriving much spiritual satisfaction from this.

Then I got up very early, to be ready when my son-in-law Esriel would call for me to go to the "Kotel Hamaaravi." In the meantime, I admired the gorgeous rising of the sun in the "Mizrach", the direction towards which all the devout Jews in the world direct their prayers.

When Esriel came, we went to join a group of people awaiting us at the Kotel to "daven," as well as a few "minyanim" who had "learned" all night in Schul. We saw them come from the distance, like an army, and it was quite impressive; the more so that they walked swiftly, not like tired men who had been up all night, but like "loyal servants" who were eager to go and serve their Master!

On our way, we met some boys returning from the Kotel and singing with warmth: "Yiboneh Ha-Mikdash, Ir Zion Temalay" (May the Holy Temple be rebuilt, and Zion repopulated); and the meaning of these words, sung with such ardor, struck a special chord in me.

At the Kotel there were hundreds of people. Surely the men had learned all night, but all the numerous "minyanim" were "davening" with great "kavanah" (sincere concentration).

I came home most refreshed by this spiritual tonic, wishing from the depth of my heart that the Almighty might grant me the privilege of returning soon to our beloved Yerushalayim.

Before our departure, Adine and Miriam made me a charming surprise party attended by the friends to whom I had become attached and whose friendship I had learned to cherish during the five years of our stay in Yerushalayim.

When the boat sailed, I couldn't detach my eyes from the breathtaking view of the Haifa Bay on which the sun was setting in all its splendor. My heart was heavy to part from our Homeland which had become dearer to me than ever, and to leave Adine and Miriam who had made us grandparents already five times. As the boat took us away from the shore, I kept on looking sadly at the gradually diminishing sight of the Land and wept!

We spent a few very pleasant days in Paris with my sister Alice and brother Giacomo, who gave us a royal reception. Sophie had a treat going sightseeing, while the younger children had other pleasures. They enjoyed visiting the zoo, with its many interesting animals.

At the meals, when asparagus was served they thought that it was very funny and most pleasant to be able to eat them in the European fashion with the hands, rather than in the American way with a fork.

I visited my beloved parents' graves which, as usual, was a heart-stirring ordeal. There I asked G-d to allow me to walk in their beautiful path, and to grant my prayers in the name of their merits.

Our reunion with Sam, after a year's separation, was a most happy one. He had come to New York to call for us, and we had a lovely time with our relatives and friends.

When we called for the first time on Sam's sister, Sarah and her husband, Rabbi Dr. Bernard Revel, the great Gaon, he took Ruth on his lap and asked her all kinds of questions about what she had learned in kindergarten. After having told him a few Bible stories, she asked him, "Did you know these stories?" He was very much amused.

Although she never saw him again, since, unfortunately, he passed away a few years later, she never forgot him and when she grew older, she became very proud of having had such an uncle. When she came on a visit to New York, as a young woman with her husband and first

child, a little girl, she was pregnant and told her Aunt Sarah that if she would have a boy, she would name him after her beloved Uncle. When a son was born to her, little Bernard Dov Revel, his Brit Milah (circumcision) happened to be on the day of the 15th Yahrzeit (death anniversary) of the unforgettable Bernard Dov Revel!

We left New York for a 900 mile trek in our car and arrived after two days in Evansville, Indiana, our new temporary home, where great developments had taken place lately in the oil fields.

Evansville was a big city and had many Jewish residents but very few really "Jewish" ones and we had great difficulties in living according to our religious standard. We were not satisfied with the Talmud Torah there and brought a young teacher from New York to live with us and instruct the children in "limudei kodesh" (religious studies).

Since the gallery of the synagogue was not used and the women worshipped downstairs, Sam went there only on week-days and even later he did not go at all since a learned Rabbi from another town told him not to worship in such a synagogue. On Shabbat we had lovely family services at home with our very nice own children's choir.

For the "Yamim Noraim" (Days of Awe) we used to drive to Louisville, Indianapolis, or when possible to New York, finding in these cities only meager compensation for what we missed the whole year. While in New York we enjoyed services according to our wishes and had the joy also of spending the holidays with Miriam and Sophie.

On Lag B'Omer¹ our children used to enjoy dancing around the traditional Medurah² in Israel. On the first Lag B'Omer after our return to the States, the children were thinking longingly of this celebration in Israel and so I promised to make them a "medurah" in our garden. Unfortunately, it was raining on that day. Not wanting to disappoint them, I took one of the washtubs in our basement laundry room and built a fire in it, around which I joined the children in a joyous dance.

When the war broke out, our house teacher was drafted and we decided (for a change) to move to Chicago, where our children could attend respectively the parochial school, Jewish Academy and "Yeshivah Sam, always willing to sacrifice for his children, was going to spend the week in Evansville and Shabbat with us in Chicago, having to travel 300 miles each way. We liked it much better in Chicago than in Evansville, since we were able to live in a real orthodox milieu. The children were receiving a thorough Jewish training and were associating with friends who were fine and religious, but our poor Hubby and Daddy had to bear the brunt of this radical change.

Sam lived in a hotel and since there was no kosher restaurant in Evansville, he cooked his own meals in his room on a little electric stove hiding as well as he could all his paraphernalia and provisions. His menu day in and day out: omelette, potato soup, raw vegetables, milk, cheese and fruit. In the winter I used to give him some cooked meat or fish along.

1. Lag B'Omer - a semi-holiday with general rejoicing
 2. Medurah - bonfire.

He used to arrive late on Thursday evening at 11 or 12 o'clock, sometimes by car but most of the time by train (a four-hour trip), and when he was delayed, I used to worry greatly. He left either in the afternoon or evening on Sunday and I always used to accompany him to the street-car, returning home with an awful "blue...Sunday" feeling.

One Sunday when I returned to our apartment at about 11 o'clock, and put my key into the lock, it didn't work. I could not understand what had happened and as I kept on trying, I heard a frightened voice say, "Who is there?" I realized then that I was at the apartment below ours, fortunately, occupied by some of our friends. After apologizing for my "burglary scare" I went home...where my Sam would not be to greet me with his cheeful loving, warm voice.

While we lived in Chicago, I had to undergo an operation. Before going to the hospital, I wrote two letters - one to Sam and one to the children. (*)

In 1942 we were looking forward to Sam's 60th birthday. I was hoping that we could have a better celebration, since there are few men who deserve such tribute. I tried to make the event as nice and meaningful as possible for him.

We were alone for supper and I had made a lovely little meal followed by Schnapps. Jokingly, I appointed myself "Toastmisstess" introducing myself as the most privileged person for having had the great happiness to become Sam's wife. Then, with my tear "reservoir"

(*) See Appendices 5 a and 5 b

fully open, I let my heart talk, expressing the feelings which fill it day in and day out, and asked G-d to grant us many more years together and to allow Sam to continue pursuing his noble life in Israel, devoted as heretofore to Torah and Mitzvot.

After supper Joseph came (the only one of our children then living near us) and after he left, I could not find a more proper way to show our gratefulness to G-d than by "learning a while with Sam."

The next morning, I recited the whole Yom Tehillim (the part of the Psalms for the day) and again made a fervent prayer on behalf of this wonderful and so human husband, father and fellowman.

May it be granted.

Years passed by, Sophie and Ida were married, Abram was in business in Evansville; Joseph was working in New York and later in the Navy, and Ruthie was the only one at home. After thinking it over at length, I came to the conclusion that it was time for Sam to have his companion and "housekeeper" full time again, and for me to have more than a week-end husband. Sam shared my view enthusiastically and we decided to leave Ruthie in Chicago so she could finish her studies at the Jewish Academy, and I joined Sam near the oil fields.

We boarded Ruthie with our cousins, the Hirsches, with whom we were very close, and she felt very happy there. She used to come and visit us upon every possible occasion, such as Chanukah, Purim and Pesach and legal holidays, and we went to Chicago for the "Yamim Tovim."

Until she got married, Sophie used to come and see us too from New York where she studied and I often recollect how wonderful it was to wait for the train that was going to bring one or another of our beloved daughters for a visit. But I was always sad when they had to leave and I always shed tears at the partings, saying to Sam, "It is so good to call for them but hard to see them go." Sam always understood and comforted me.

In Sullivan, Indiana, where we had a most cosy little furnished bungalow, Sam was drilling some wells in partnership with a group of some Chicago gentlemen. They used to come nearly every week for a few days (most of the time, three or four of them) and I had them as guests for meals. Although we had to get our kosher provisions brought by them or sent by parcel post, I managed very well to keep them satiated.

Whenever he could, Sam helped me with the dishes, and if I had to wash them alone, I consoled myself with the thought that it was better to have this work than to be away from Sam.

Sometimes Sam had to spend a few weeks in a small oil town, named Petersburg, Indiana. So with the permission of the best hotel owner (it was not the Waldorf Astoria), I arranged the light house-keeping. I cooked on an electric stove in our bathroom and used orange crates for cupboards. It was not too easy, but we were happy and I used to enjoy taking rides with Sam in the country when he went leasing some oil land.

G-D WATCHED OVER ABRAM

The Second World War had started and Abram was drafted. After he had trained for a while, he surprised us on Erev Pesach. At first we were elated but we found out that he had to leave the same evening for the West Coast from which point he was to be shipped "somewhere."

It certainly put a damper on our joy! Nevertheless, we enjoyed having him with us for the greater part of the Seder to which we had invited some soldiers from the nearby camp. When the time of his departure came and he saw my distress, he said to me, "Don't worry, Mother," pointing to his gun, "I have a good friend here."

"Oh, my son," I said, "you have an infinitely better protection, the One of Whom it is said that He was a Shield of Abraham, your namesake." Then I blessed my boy with all the fervour of a Mother's heart, asking G-d to watch over him. And standing on the porch with my husband and the children, we watched his silhouette walking into the dark of the night until we could see him no more.

After that we went back to our festive table, trying to act as much as possible as gracious hosts to our guests and to continue celebrating in a becoming way the beautiful ceremony of the Seder.

We found out later about the many places Abram had been - North Africa, Italy and Iran. He had become a First Lieutenant in the Intelligence Service. Our prayers on his behalf were answered: he had left under the protective wings of G-d and returned to us unharmed, thanks to His immense goodness.

One the day the end of the war was imminent, the whole world was most anxiously awaiting some news- especially wives and relatives of soldiers. Sam and I were in a small town on business when all at once some bells started ringing joyously announcing thus that the carnage was over! I shall never forget how my heart was overflowing with thankfulness to G-d!

After this eventful day, we were impatiently awaiting the return of our lieutenant. At last he was dismissed from the army and when we called for him at the trainstation with the other children who were as eager as we were to see him, we had a most wonderful reunion. How deeply grateful were we to G-d for having watched over Abram. May He continue to do so.

* * * * *

In 1946 Eda married Leibel Bistritsky, a fine Lubavitcher Hassid. They make their home in New York.

At the beginning of January, 1951, Miriam was married to Tobias Heller of New York City. He has always been a very gracious and helpful son to Sam and me, fulfilling most fully the Mitzvah of "Kibud Av V'Em"¹ and also supporting Torah institutions in the States and in Israel.

In 1954 Sophie married Sali Liverant, former member of the Israeli United Nations delegation, later United Nations official. They also made their home in New York.

1. The commandment to "Honor Thy Father and Mother"

RUTH AND ITZIE'S MARRIAGE - A FAMILY REUNION

In June 1952 Ruth got married in Chicago to her "first admirer" who had courted her when she was in her early teens. At that time we both thought she was much too young to receive such attention so Sam one day told this to Itzie, her boyfriend, who disappeared from the scene for a few years; after which he started wooing her again and this ended in a most happy union, Thank G-d.

Their wedding brought lots of joy to all of us, not only through the event itself, but due to the fact that it was the occasion also of a wonderful and nearly complete family reunion. The highlight of the reunion was the presence of Adine, the eldest of our seven children, who had flown to Chicago from Jerusalem. In addition, six of Sam's seven brothers and sisters were also present.

We hadn't seen Adine in 13 years, and it was one of the greatest thrills of my life when we called for her at the airport. The minutes before her arrival seemed hours, and when I finally was able to hold her in a tender embrace, I could hardly articulate the "bracha of Schehechyanu" (blessing of thanks for having been permitted to have been kept alive to enjoy this event).

She had not changed at all, but she was awfully thin due to the privations she suffered during the Israel War of Independence, in spite of all the food packages we had sent her as soon as it was allowed. Not being accustomed any more to eating big meals (especially American ones), she was unable to finish the portions given her during the wedding meal. After a stay of several weeks with us, during which I did my best to "feed her up" she had gained 14 pounds.

Of course, the "seeing off act" was performed with the usual tears and sadness; but my best tonic, trust in G-d and Sam's sympathetic consoling words, comforted me. And thank G-d, two years later we, too, were leaving for Eretz Israel to join in the celebration of the Bar Mitzvah of our grandson Aharon, Adine and Esriel's son.

RETURN TO ERETZ ISRAEL FOR THE SECOND TIME

In the summer of 1954, after a hectic time of preparations for our second trip to Israel, we found ourselves on the boat and although we were thrilled to be going, the "Operation - Parting" from our children made me quite melancholy. As we were waving good-bye to our farewell wishers on the pier, I felt keenly the great distance which was going to separate us from our beloved ones.

All at once the boat's orchestra started playing "Sole Mio" and the plaintive strains of this melody having struck in me one of my numerous sentimental chords, I had to turn around and sob.

We had a nice trip as depicted from the following excerpts of the carbon copy letter which I sent to our children:

"Daddy's best...friend is an Italian Catholic priest, with whom he has lengthy theological discussions, and I would not be astonished if he would make a Ger (a convert) out of him. Poor Daddy would like so much to have a Yid to talk to and even went down to second-class to hunt for one but without success. We both are looking forward to be on the 'Artza' with our own people and with Kosher food. We have had two rough days during which people walked on the deck like drunk, but it was as fascinating as ever to watch the mighty waves and even when the sea is calm we never get tired looking at its immensity and at the beautiful rhythm of its breakers.

"The lazy life is doing us good, thank G-d, and we are feeling quite rested already. They have some Manishevitz cans on board and we have 'gefillte fish' with plenty of pepper to 'pep us up.'

"Daddy and I became real ping-pong fans and enjoy playing it on the deck. You should see Daddy's beaming face and hear his hearty laugh when we have a long and successful exchange of balls..."

After 15 years of longing for Israel, we finally reached Haifa where Adine and Esriel were waiting for us. It surely was a wonderful reunion. We drove to Jerusalem by car and during this trip which took about four hours, our tongues travelled nearly as fast as the car. Our eyes could not see enough of the marvelous progress made during our absence: everything was pulsating with life, fields, modern factories and buildings.



Arrival in Eretz Israel

Soon after our arrival, we had the big Simcha (joy) of taking part in the Bar Mitzvah celebration of our grandson Aharon, Adine and Esriel's youngest son. At this occasion, I made the following speech:

I would like to tell you a fairy tale. Once upon a time there was in the United States a little girl who was a very sweet and obedient child and who had a real religious soul. She grew to become the prototype of Jewish womanhood, and I think that you all know her name!

One day when she was nearly ten years old, she took sick with pneumonia and her condition became extremely critical. She was "benched"¹ and G-d hearkened to the fervent prayers of her parents; He gave them the most precious gift of a new and twice-blessed child. The latter who was accustomed to light candles on tiny children's candlesticks every Friday night had asked to do so during her illness and when she knew that her nurse was going to prepare an egg drink for her, she asked her mother to watch her so that she would not use an egg with a blood spot.²

Years later, this little girl, grown into a high school girl, became sick again, but this time it was...love sickness! It was in Frankfurt, and since her Romeo seemed a nice young boy from "not too-bad a family" (his great grandfather was the renowned Rabbi Esriel Hildesheimer Zt"l, after whom he is named, and who was

1. blessed

2. which would make it non-kosher

founder of the Rabbinical Seminary in Berlin), her parents invited him occasionally. He gave them the impression that one day he would be able to say, "I am not only proud of my 'yichus' (inherited worth) but I can say that I own a much more valuable one - 'yichus atzmi'." (self-worth)

Shortly after, the girl returned to the State with her family where they stayed two years before leaving for Palestine.

One day, on the wedding anniversary of her parents, the girl thinking that the subject of marriage was quite appropriate for that day, confessed in tears to her mother what had been on her conscience for a long time -- that she and her Romeo had become secretly engaged before parting from each other in Frankfurt. Soon after, her parents had the great joy of taking her under the "chupah" (wedding canopy) in Eretz HaKodesh to her sweetheart, a very fine young man. If you think hard, you might know who this is.

Years passed by and her parents were compelled to return to the States. Again, years rolled on one after another and lonesomeness for each other grew more and more. Then came the gruesome War of Independence of Israel with its terrible anxieties, but never without trust in G-d. Then after a glorious victory there again arose the hope of a reunion which had to be postponed over and over again. At last, after 13 years of longing, the joyous and memorable day arrived when the daughter, the eldest of seven children, came to celebrate the wedding of her younger sister Ruth, the baby of the family. You can

imagine the indescribable and deep emotion of her parents when they recited "Schehechyanu" upon seeing their beloved daughter descend from the plane and held her in a tender embrace!

Two years have elapsed since this wonderful event took place and now the parents have come again to their ardently longed-for and never-forgotten beloved Israel and to their children and grandchildren. When they see their daughter, a most pious woman, a wonderful wife, mother and "balaboste"; their son-in-law, or rather son, according to the Kibud Av v'Em he showers upon them, being a conscientious and warm Yehudi, a most devoted husband and father, their hearts cannot help swelling with joy and pride. And today, on the eventful occasion of the Bar Mitzvah of the son of this wonderful couple, they thank G-d profoundly for all these blessings.

SAM'S 80th BIRTHDAY
6th Nissan, 5722

Sam became 80 in 1962 and Adine honored him with the following poem:

Who's going to be 80 today?
My Daddy, who's always so gay
Although nobody can believe it
He's always full of life and fit.

Every morning the first one in Schul,
To start the day early, is the rule,
Then back home to take a bite
Then hurries to the "machsán" to start the day right.

Going to the "machsán" every day,
Rain, wind or heat - be what it may,
Distributing dresses - coats or ties,
And, of course, shoes of every size.

Then he starts to distribute clothes
Already people sticking in their nose,
Keeping busy the whole morning long.
It's really too much for him, but he says: "What's wrong?"

He likes to "schlepp" but that brings a fight
Since Mother forbids it - and she's always right.
He says "the packages are not so weighty
And I sure don't feel like 80."

We are all wishing you Mazál Tov, Daddy dear,
Those from far away and those from near.
May G-d bless you for the rest of your life
With your good and precious wife.

Adine & Esriel

OUR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

In 1963 we were privileged to celebrate, amongst some of our children and grandchildren, our Golden Wedding Anniversary.



The following are the letters we received from our dear children in the United States upon this occasion.

Dear Parents,

Mazal Tov and heartiest congratulations upon your 50th wedding anniversary.

You have now reached an important milestone on life's highway and after having passed so many roads of rich experiences, ideals and good deeds, you now enter that territory of life -- the rich "years of life for which the first were made."

These years should be quieter years devoted to peaceful onlooking rather than the hasty rush of the younger ages. I hope that you will have the strength and health to carry on your good deeds. It is this deep concern of yours for the daily welfare of people, your understanding of their problems and your efforts on their behalf that have made you both a symbol of kindness, understanding and dedication to the service of others.

As far as my personal life is concerned -- every single day there are so many acts of your goodness, kindness and thoughtfulness of the past that come to my mind and remind me again and again that very few people in this vast world have the privilege that I have -- to possess such genuinely good and precious parents with as fine and noble a character as you have.

Your recent mishap, Mother dear, is the only shadow that is cast on this happy occasion and I hope and pray that you will have an easy and speedy recovery from your fall.

I deeply regret that I shall not be able to participate in this great "simcha", but you may be assured that my wishes to you are not less sincere from the distance and that I shall be with you in thought on this festive day. Meanwhile, I am looking forward to my visit with you this Fall. Both Sali and I will drink a special toast to you today and I will reminisce the good old days spent in the wonderful home which you always maintained for us all.

I hope that all of your personal wishes will be realized. Again, heartiest Mazal Tov, a shipload of especially sweet anniversary kisses and best wishes for many, many more happy years together. Best love --

Your affectionate daughter
S o p h i e

Dear Parents,

Your Golden Wedding Anniversary is a jolly deserved award for two noble hearts who have given a lot of happiness to all who ever came in contact with you and to each other. I have just read portions of your autobiography, Mother dear, and have learnt to appreciate your motivations and I wish to the Almighty that you will spend many more years together in happiness and good health.

Love,
S a l i & C h a r l e s

To my dearest Parents ⁵⁸²

I sit here with tears in my eyes - thinking how deeply sorry I am that I will not be with you to celebrate on the very special occasion of your Golden Wedding Anniversary. As I think back of all the Golden years you spent together, I can only hope and pray that ^{God} will be good to you, as in the past, and grant you many many more Golden years together, filled with health and happiness and much ^{love} from all your children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. It is my most ardent hope that we will be able to make our own celebration with you next year ⁵¹⁶ on your 51st Anniversary and for many many more to come - ~~we will be able to~~.

A very very special hearty
kiss for you both and two
big extra special hugs to the
"best Mommy + Daddy in the whole
world".

Most Affectionately,
Auntie

A BIRTHDAY LETTER FROM MIRIAM & TOBY

July 14, 1968

Dearest Mother and Daddy,

Today these lines are first addressed to you, dearest Mother, for a hearty Mazal Tov upon your birthday! You needn't have qualms of conscience in reading on; for although it's during the Three Weeks (when festivities are forbidden) we just can't help rejoicing over the fact that you were born.

Imagine how much we would have missed, and how much poorer the world would have been, minus the generations that would never have come into existence had you not made your original debut into this world! And imagine how lonely Daddy would have been without you, and how empty his life!

So now can you understand why we can't help but rejoice, regardless of the calendar; why we can't simply turn off the happiness we experience because of your having been created, and why we wish in return to bring you rejoicing and happiness, pride and contentment.

We pray that G-d continue to permit you to enjoy all his many blessings in good health together with Daddy for many, many years to come! Pause and think of all these "brachot" and you should have a very happy birthday and many, many happy returns!

Affectionately,

Miriam

I, too, must add a line or two,
To express in words, so bold but few,
Our happiness that Daddy chose you,
So that when we write "Happy Birthday"
It includes wife, mother, grand-mother and great-grandmother, too!

Our prayers are for good health, long years and much happiness,

Love and paper kisses,

Toby

One day we received the following letter from Ruthie:

"A close friend of mine (a girl from New York) called me the other day and made me so very proud of you, dearest Daddy.

"She went to a Friday evening lecture of Rabbi Solomon Hecht (our former Rabbi in Chicago) and the topic was 'Controlling One's Anger.' Without mentioning your name, Rabbi Hecht used your wonderful nature as an example and ended his speech by saying that, for all the wonderful things you have done and the wonderful person you are, you now have the 'zechut' (privilege) to be living in Eretz Israel where you continue to do good for so many people.

"I had talked to this friend many times about you and she assumed that Rabbi Hecht might be talking about you; so after the speech, she approached him and asked him and he said he was."



were fortunate) in large cases called "lifts." Sometimes they had surplus belongings as their former homes were large and here they had to accommodate themselves to much smaller apartments. Sam solicited these items, picking them up in his car.

Needless to add, Sam also frequently contributed personal funds for emergency needs, such as medical care, holiday necessities, etc.

Before Rosh Hashanah and Pessach we would write special letters to the States for funds which enabled us to help countless families.

Upon returning to Jerusalem in 1954, we acquired a small but comfortable apartment at 45 B King George Avenue, overlooking the Old City. We were very happy in this modest apartment.

It was at this time that Sam decided again to do something directly to help the many needy of Jerusalem, in addition to his substantial financial aid over the years to many Israel institutions, schools, orphan homes, and yeshivot.

The Mercaz Ezrah Society which we had founded in the 30's was functioning very nicely but with the difference that it now gave money in the form of loans to help people making a livelihood. In order to meet the needs of those who required assistance for their daily bread or in sickness, we organized a new society called "Central Committee of Settlers in Israel," and Sam rented a small warehouse which he tried to keep fully stocked with all kinds of useful clothing sent by relatives and friends in the U.S. for distribution to religious,

large, needy families living mostly in the Meah Shearim area. Sometimes we also used our garage on King George Avenue as a store room and distribution center.

When the "business" developed by leaps and bounds and my husband was over 80 already and the only one doing hard work, he felt he really couldn't do it justice anymore. He pleaded with many new immigrants to join him, saying jokingly, "I want to sell you an interest in my business," but they all had an excuse for refusing. Finally, he found what he was looking for. It was heavensent!

One evening in 1968 at the hotel where our children the Hellers were staying, our daughter Miriam met Mr. & Mrs. William Blatt whom they had previously met in the United States. The Blatts were planning to settle in Israel and Mr. Blatt said he was worried because he didn't know how he was going to keep himself busy here. This remark made Sam jump with new hope and he invited Mr. Blatt to visit our "warehouse" where we distributed clothes. Mr. Blatt agreed to work with Sam and was so happy with the idea that the "shiduch" was made. They worked for two years together.

Then the "business" grew so much that our rented storeroom in Beit Israel neighborhood was not large enough. Mr. Blatt donated \$2,000 towards a new "machsán". Sam and Mr. Blatt ran their feet off looking for a larger and nicer place but, alas, the nice ones were for sale only, and Sam didn't have on hand the required money for the purchase price. Sam gave up his search with a heavy heart.

After 1969, Mr. Blatt undertook the hard job of replacing Sam Zt"l, and ever since, he and his wife have dedicated themselves

to this great labor of love. We are continually in touch and I often scold them for working "overtime." May G-d bless them and all those dear to them and give them the strength to continue their wonderful efforts to alleviate the suffering of our needy people.

Only after Sam Zt"l passed away, did the opportunity to obtain a larger place present itself. An old friend of Sam's, Louis Wolens, (*) who used to donate lavishly towards our work, wrote me a letter telling me he would send me a \$5,000 American Bond to establish a memorial in Sam's name. I was overjoyed!

Finally we were lucky enough to find a lovely ground floor apartment near our previous location. However, the cost was more than we had on hand, so Mr. Blatt and I started writing to our families and friends to raise the difference and at last we got together the needed sum. To enable us to close the deal, Mr. Blatt gave another \$3,000.

Mr. Blatt helped arrange the new storeroom. He had it painted, had some shelves made, put in some rods with clothes hangers, and finally it was properly set up to continue the service Sam Zt"l had initiated. It was a tremendous thrill to open at the new location and to affix a plaque in the entrance room in tribute to my beloved Sam Zt"l and his selfless devotion to our people.

(*) For one of his letters and that of another friend and donor, Mr. Solomont, expressing appreciation of Sam and his work, see Appendix 6. a and b.

Mr. Blatt calls me his "partner" (I feel less than a silent one!) and although I am confined to the house due to arthritis, I continue in the office of secretary of our Committee, and try to do my rightful share in sending out letters to loyal friends before holidays and in replying to their kind continued support.

Mr. Blatt and his wonderful life companion Frances, who is his worthy helpmate, go to the "machsans" three days a week to distribute clothing and other necessary help. They are indeed worthy successors and I am grateful to G-d for having sent them to us.

Sam had the habit of going nearly every night to the hotels near our house where he met American friends, or became acquainted with some tourists whom he asked to send us clothes for distribution. Some contributed money for our organization and to this day, we still receive clothes and checks from them, in addition to the many new contacts and friends of Mr. & Mrs. Blatt.

I want to mention with deep gratitude our main providers Rabbi & Mrs. Levi Freedman of New Haven, Connecticut. Mrs. Freedman is untiring in her efforts to collect clothes for us which she sends at the rate of 40 packages a month. She not only obtains the clothes but she gets donations of money for mailing them since postage for a 22 pound package (the maximum weight allowed) is over \$10 now. Her basement is a real warehouse and when necessary, she washes and presses certain articles, often mending as well.

She occasionally has some women to help her, but it is far from sufficient. She also packs the clothes in cartons and makes out the mailing forms while Rabbi Freedman takes them to the post office to be sent off. They are both wonderful people.

In the course of time, the project which Sam undertook so modestly developed into the distribution of clothing and wearing apparel of all kinds for hundreds of families throughout the year and for all seasons.

Often relatives and friends asked Sam and me to be their representatives in alleviating some of the needs and cash contributions were dispensed in amounts from \$7,000 to \$10,000 yearly, exclusive of the distribution of clothing, furniture and equipment.

Later on it was necessary to hire a driver with a truck for the purpose of making regular pick-ups of arriving packages at the post office and for the delivery of items from lists which I would prepare.

A friend of Sam's from Texas once sent a big shipment of flour to help our needy families. The flour was distributed to various bakeries in Jerusalem and for a whole year, many families received bread free of charge!

* * * * *

Travis, from Tulsa, Oklahoma Blatt, from Boro Park

מרכז עולים בישראל

Central Committee of Settlers in Israel

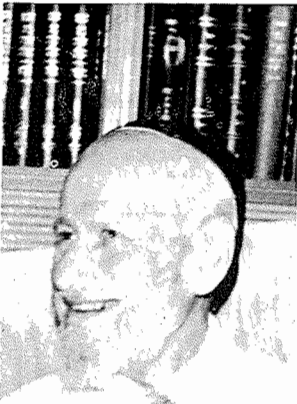
Registered in Israel under No. 11/603

22 lb. Packages for Israel Via Parcel Post

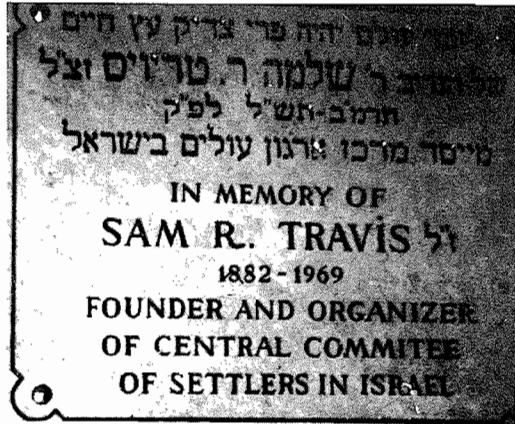
5 Keren Hayesod, Tel. 225624

Jerusalem Israel

Mr. Blatt's "calling card"



Last picture of Sam Zt"l



The plaque in memory of Sam Zt"l at the new "machsans"

Sam felt that his business reverses were ordained by the Almighty because if he had continued to be successful in his oil well drilling, we might never have come to live in Israel. He would surely have been too occupied and preoccupied looking after his business interests if not for the reversal of circumstances, so he always expressed his thankfulness to G-d for permitting him to find true happiness in our life here and for the satisfaction we derived from helping the many needy whom we were privileged to aid.

There were so many individual cases and varieties of work which he undertook and accomplished that it would be impossible to mention them all or even recall them all. I feel confident that the One Above has adequate records of all of Sam's good deeds.

Although already in his 80's during the period prior to and after the Six Day War in 1967, he rose to meet the additional enormous challenges of that time. During the War a few men wrote him to ask him if he could use khaki pants here; and when he wrote that he could and they arrived here, Sam offered them to the Government which distributed them to the soldiers. He received a beautiful letter of thanks for his efforts.

Already as a very young man, he had earned the respect of rabbis and Jewish leaders throughout the world for his sincere religiosity and concern for the perpetuation of Jewish values.

Sam had a special kindly sweet method of influencing people to contribute towards dire needs of various institutions in Israel, as well as for requirements of the needy, ill or infirm of Jerusalem.

Through the years, inhabitants of the Holy City came to refer to him lovingly as "The Angel of Jerusalem."

As the sincere Torah lover he was, the humane approach to the needy was his second nature and this was evident both in the Diaspora and in Israel.

He often immersed himself so completely in his work for others that he frequently forgot about and neglected his personal needs and requirements. However, the inner compensations he gained gave him strength to meet great challenges.

THE SIX DAY WAR

It was May, 1967, and some terrible rumors were making the rounds to the effect that Egypt and the other Arab countries were preparing a war against us. Some Americans were returning to the States and our children there were begging us to do so also. We felt we didn't want to leave our dear ones here at such a crucial time. Sam said he had come to live here and didn't want to leave Eretz Israel.

One day when Adine and Esriel visited us, Esriel inspected the "miklat" (air raid shelter) in the basement of our building. He felt that in case of war, it might be injurious to Sam's health to have to be confined to the air raid shelter which would, of course, be crowded with numerous other tenants and their small children. I agreed with him but Sam didn't want to listen. At the advice of Professor Braun, whom Sam visited occasionally for treatment, and who agreed with Esriel, it was decided that we should visit our children in the States.

The following Monday morning, Sam left the house early to go to the bank to withdraw money for our departure the next day, June 7th. While I was speaking with someone on the phone, I heard some shooting and since our apartment on King George Street was near the Old City, occupied then by Arabs, the shooting was quite clear. I quickly said to the lady I was speaking with: "Good-bye, they are shooting."

I ran out of our apartment to find great excitement on the staircase. Everybody was running downstairs to the air raid shelter below. I joined them while worrying about Sam. Where was he? Was he in danger? Fortunately, Sam appeared

soon to join me. During the shooting he had stayed at the bank which was quite near and at the first sign of calm, he had run home as quickly as he could.

In my haste to get to the "miklat" I had forgotten to take along my Book of Psalms ("Tehillim"), which I later got. I kept repeating: הנה לא ינום ולא ישן שומר ישראל .
 ("Israel's Guardian does not slumber nor sleep").

Since the war had started, we could not leave any more for the States. Thanks to His immense goodness, the hostilities ended victoriously for Israel in a few days during which we remained together with the other tenants in the shelter. We shared with them the great moments of anxiety and of happiness on the third day when our brave soldiers entered the Old City and made it once again a part of the State of Israel! We all rejoiced at the G-d-sent climax when our holy Western Wall returned to our hands. Rabbi Shlomo Goren, Chief Chaplain of the Israel Army, blew the Shofar (ram's horn) to proclaim the miracle as Israelis prayed freely and emotionally at the remnant of our Holy Temple. I was moved to tears of joy and faith at the sound over the radio of the Shofar blasts at our beloved Kotel!

We are deeply grateful to the Holy One, Blessed Be He, for having watched over us and our dear ones during the trying days and nights of the Six Day War and pray we shall be worthy of His Divine favor. May He continue to grant us His holy protection and send us the True Redeemer.

When after the war we were given the great privilege of praying at the "Kotel" again, Sam noticed that there were no "bimot" (stands) on which to deposit the Torah for "leining" (reading the weekly portion). So he ordered three "bimot", one as a memorial for his Father Zt"l, one for his Mother Zt"l, and one for his brother Dave Zt"l. What a "z'chut."

THE LAST DAYS OF A ZADIK

The Idyl is over!

Since I finished writing the story of my blessed married life of 56 years, the day came when I had to part from my tenderly beloved companion since G-d has taken him to his eternal reward on the second day of Succoth (Feast of Tabernacles), 5730 (1969).

After having been ailing for a few years, he finally had to be brought to the hospital. It had been heart-rending to watch how a vigorous man as he used to be, slowly lost his stamina. During the few weeks in which he was in the hospital, I stayed with him from morning until night. He usually had something cheerful to say, but he didn't talk much. It was hard to watch his life ebbing away, although I didn't want to believe it.

On Rosh Hashanah (New Year Holiday), I didn't want to go home or to accept any invitations from some friends in the neighborhood. Miriam had come from New York to join me at Sam's bedside and was surrounding him with a touching devotion, continuously racking her brains as how to make him more comfortable. I begged her to eat her Yom Tov (holiday) meals with some friends, so since I spent the two days of Rosh Hashanah at the hospital, even sleeping there, I ate by myself. -- It was a sad Yom Tov.

Adine, who works at the hospital, taking electro-cardiographs, was also most attentive towards her father, going in to see him as often as she could. Being very conscientious, she always stayed on a little longer at the hospital than she was supposed to, in order to make up for the time she spent with her father.

I "davened" (prayed) in the hospital "shul" (synagogue) but I never stayed long, since I was uneasy about Sam; may G-d forgive me for this.

On the eve of Yom Kippur (the Day of Atonement), Adine asked Sam to "bensh" her (give her a blessing) as he always used to. As she put his hands on her head, he did so, as weak as he was. I'm sure it will always remain a most precious recollection for her and I pray that "Hakadosh Baruch Hu" (The Holy One, Blessed Be He) may have hearkened to this last blessing!

On the second day of Succoth, before I went to rest after my lunch, I asked Sam if he wished to have some tea. He shook his head negatively, but I thought that I would go to the pantry on the same floor and prepare him some anyway. As I was almost through, Adine came towards me and said, "Mother, don't go to Daddy. The doctors are working on him."

A few minutes later, Adine was told that he had departed this life! I will never forget the sight of her standing in a remote corner of the corridor and sobbing. She had lost the best of fathers; and I, the best of husbands! I looked at his face which was so serene, as if he were having a sweet dream.

Knowing that it is a great Mitzvah (commandment) to bury a dead person as soon as possible, I wanted this honor given to my beloved. I told Esriel who attended to the funeral preparations to hurry things up and a few hours later, watched in the dark the hearse take away from me the one I had loved so dearly.

Esriel, who accompanied the body, told me that the men from the Chevrah Kadishah (The Holy Burial Society) who had known Sam

said: "Er nemt sich ein gutes Packel Mitzvehs mit!" (He takes along a good-sized bundle of good deeds with him.)

I can only thank Hashem Yitbarach (The Holy One, Blessed be He) for having given me children and grandchildren to console me.

I thank The Holy One, Blessed Be He, for having allowed me to be the wife of such an exceptional Yehudi and although the idyl is over, I hope the memory of my sainted husband will remain as an example for our beloved descendants.

I received many condolence letters expressing admiration for Sam Zt"l and his dedicated work for others. (Some of them are included in Appendix 7 to this book.)

After my beloved Zt"l had left us, I found it too difficult to stay in our apartment which was so full of the most wonderful memories of so many happy, congenial years. I stayed with Adine and Esriel whose devotion and concern were exemplary, but after a couple of weeks, I decided to take a room at Pension Reich in the Beit Hakerem neighborhood of Jerusalem to await the arrival of Ruth and Itzie and family who were planning to settle in Israel. Itzie Perl is a "talmid chacham" who, although he received "s'micha" (rabbinical ordination) in Chicago, never took a rabbinical position.

Since their "Aliyah" I have been living with them in their home in the Bayit VeGan neighborhood of Jerusalem.

* * * * *

SOPHIE ZT"L IS NO MORE

Since I completed the previous pages, it has been G-d's will to take away from me my beloved daughter Sophie, after a short illness, at the age of 50.

She was so very good-hearted and affectionate and always tried to make us happy with all kinds of gifts in connection with our special likings. She was also helpful to everybody whenever an occasion presented itself, no matter how hard it was.

One day when my Mother Zt"l heard of someone who had lost a child she said, "It is hard enough to lose a parent, although it is the way of life, but how much harder it must be to lose a child!" How I feel this now!

The deep wound in my heart is still bleeding and I have to ask G-d everyday to continue giving me the strength to bear this trial with submission.

G-d has listened to my prayers and has been sending me lots of consolation through my children, numerous grandchildren and great grandchildren.

May I be worthy of it.

* * * * *

THE LAST "OMEN"¹

When I was a young girl, I was vacationing with my family at the seashore. One day, after having had a first glance at a glorious sunset, I decided to leave the terrace of the hotel with its "babbling" guests and to go down to the deserted beach to relish its quietness and the wonderful spectacle offered me.

I sat in the sand, feasting my eyes on the sublime picture; and now five and a half decades after this experience as a 15 year old girl, I am witnessing my own sunset. Like the one at the beach, which was the climax of a beautiful day, mine is now the apotheosis of a wonderfully blessed life. When I look back at the "years of my life," my heart swells with the profoundest gratitude to G-d for the countless blessings He bestowed upon me.

I have had a jubilant Spring, full of sunshine and hope, with an ever-new wondrous vitality, an exuberant Summer, during which I cultivated growing thoughts for the hungry spirit; and all the last few years I have been enjoying my Autumn, watching the leaves of my life falling slowly one by one, and preparing myself for the coming Winter, unafraid of it and storing all the warmth I can find on my way: the daily happiness due to the true love and devotion of my life companion and my children, and the increase of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Even if I must confess that I have wasted precious hours and days with material pursuits and worthless occupations and conversations, I can say in all honesty that as a whole I have tried to adhere to a saying from Ernest Renan. This saying is one I have always liked very much and is as follows:

1. Ashkenazie pronunciation of the word Amen

"To live is to know, to hope, to love, to admire and to do good and righteous acts. The one who lived the most is the one who with his heart, his spirit and his deeds adored the most."

Renan was a most religious man and therefore, far be it from me to interpret these last words "adored the most" as it appears at first sight. My explanation of his rules of fine living, which I try to pursue, is as follows: To know -- I was always eager to know what was worthwhile in this life, and above all, our Holy Torah. To hope-- I trusted in G-d to listen to my prayers and to grant my wishes. To love -- I always have made efforts to love G-d first and then to give the best of myself to my dear ones and brethren. To admire -- I have always admired the Creation in its wondrous multitudinous and endless forms, the nobility of some people's thoughts and actions. To do good and right things -- I have always tried to guide myself in my deeds according to the tenets of our Ten Commandments. Last but not least, "The one who lived the best is the one who with his heart, his spirit and his deeds adored the most." The word "adored" as people do use it is, in my opinion, a blameable way for describing a great liking of a human being or material objects and should only be expressed for the One Above, for whom alone it is befitting. Therefore, I always understood that "the one who adored the most" is the one who has been guided in all his deeds by "the sacred love."

While we lived temporarily in Evansville, Sam worshipped at home, since the synagogue there was Conservative. It was always a treat for me to listen to the warmth with which Sam addressed and praised The Cre-tor. And when I was present when he was saying all the first Series of Blessings in his morning prayer, he used to read them aloud

so I could say "Omen." Since I learned that this word is an abbreviation for Emunah and Emet¹ I always used to pronounce it with great fervour. When Sam said the blessing "Blessed Be Thou Who has not made me a woman" I had double reason to express a heartfelt "Omen:" first, on account of the privilege Sam has to perform all incumbent duties of a man, and then... because if he would have been a woman I would not have had him as a husband!

I trust to G-d that He will still grant me a long sojourn in this wonderful world of His, but whenever He will decide to put an end to it, and will send me the Great Summons, I hope that He will allow me to be able to say the ultimate prayer and to conclude it with the most fervent "Omen" I ever uttered!

1. Faith and trust

CONCLUSION

I want to conclude my book with these lines of Nathan Birnbaum Zt"l, one of the well-known leaders of German Jewish Orthodoxy:

"You wait every day that G-d in His great mercy, send you His Messiah. Why do you wait for Him? Rather hasten His coming by mending your ways. You mourn about the age and its apostates. Why do you not mourn about yourselves, you who have failed to overcome the age and to build a generation steeled against the impurity of our time, willing to bring about better times?

"You know the teachings of the Torah, and its ways that lead men onward to the heights of holiness; why have you not walked them? You have not risen towards the holiness imparted by the understanding of G-d's ways. Is that not because there is no understanding intensity and concentration; and because these require isolation from the confusions of the world? You have not risen towards the holiness attained by the imitation of G-d's mercy. Is that not because He wants you to immerse yourselves even more in your duties towards your fellow-men; and because you only love your own comfort? You have not risen towards the holiness attained by sharing in G-d's glory. Is that not because you have not remembered the dignity of your ancestors, the purity, grace and beauty of their tents; because your desire for comfort did not let you reflect in your sphere of life the harmony and order of G-d's universe?

"We cannot rise towards holiness unless we utterly give ourselves over to the Divine Word....moved by the longing for the coming of the Messiah.

"Let us, then, unite to labor towards this end. Let us call our brethren and sisters that they may come and work and ascend with us."

A P P E N D I C E S

APPENDIX 1

ROSA BONHEUR

Rosa Bonheur, whose famous painting "Horse Fair" in the Metropolitan Museum in New York was sold by my Grandfather Zt"l, had a large estate in Fontaineblau where she kept all kinds of wild animals, including lions. I remember Mother Zt"l telling me how scared she was when Rosa took her into her lions' cage!

As she did not marry, Rosa Bonheur had willed her estate and big fortune to my Father Zt"l, but through some odious trickery, someone hypnotized her in front of her maid, when she was sick and weak, and the will was changed in this person's favor. It was a great disappointment because my Father Zt"l could have made many poor people happy with the inherited money as he was so charitable.

The person who deprived him of that fortune wrote a biography of Rosa Bonheur and had the audacity to dedicate it to my Father! "In memory of our mutual friend." In that book she often mentions my Father Zt"l and praises him for his honesty, as in the following incident. He had decided together with Rosa Bonheur on a price at which he would sell one of her paintings. It so happened that my Father Zt"l was able to sell it for more, and he went to Rosa to give her the additional amount of the sale price!

The book also contains a picture of her with my Father Zt"l, and the then well-known Buffalo Bill whose animals she painted.

APPENDIX 2

"UNCLE" EMILE

Emile Offenbacher, or "Uncle" Emile, as my children later used to call him, was Sam's best friend. He was his travelling companion when we met. He was an exceptional person, always busy trying to help his fellowmen. Besides this, he had a wonderful sense of humor and a knack for telling stories, keeping his audience in the greatest suspense.

When we lived in Tulsa he stayed with us until, and for a while after, his marriage. He had a red roadster which he used to call "my red baby" and whenever our children felt that they were a little late for school, he used to take them there in it.

Since we lived in a big house, I had to keep quite a lot of help and, of course, it sometimes happened that there were some quarrels amongst them and he acted as a peacemaker in a most clever way.

He married a charming and beautiful girl who, unfortunately, passed away at a very young age. He was left with two lovely children, Elmer and Carolyn, of whom he was justly proud. Each one has a very fine family and thank G-d they are following in the footsteps of their parents and live for the glorification of G-d.

APPENDIX 3

SAM AND HIS FAMILY

Sam was born on the sixth of Nissan 5642, corresponding to April 9, 1882, in Dankre near Dvinsk, Letland. His maternal grandparents, Michal and Joseph Miller, originated in Telz. Grandfather Joseph often learned Torah with Sam who was inspired by his piety. These grandparents attempted to settle in the United States in 1898 but remained only briefly, returning to Russia in 1900. Later they settled in Eretz Israel where they died after five years of residence in the Holy Land. They are buried on Har Hazeitim (Mt. of Olives) in Jerusalem.

Sam's paternal grandparents, Moshe Yehudah and Dina Devorah were also born in Dankre near Dvinsk, Letland. His Grandmother was the only daughter of wealthy parents and used to spend the entire Thursday night baking "challot" (Sabbath white breads) for the poor. Sam's oldest brother Dave would deliver them in the early hours of the morning before anyone was awake, so as not to be seen. As the oldest grandson, he was entrusted with this Mitzvah.

When Sam's Grandmother was very ill, on the eve of a Yom Kippur, she awoke from her sleep and her daughter-in-law told her that it was time for her to light candles before Yom Kippur.

She answered, "The lights have been lit for me Above" and passed away.

These grandparents got the family name of Rabinowitz as the Russian registering authorities were told they came from a

family of rabbis and in Russian "Rabinowitz" means "son of a rabbi." This is the reason the Travis brothers always used the middle initial R. after resuming their original name of Trevis, probably a Hebrew adaptation of the name of the city of Troyes where their forefathers lived. They changed the vowels for easier pronunciation as Travis.

Sam was one of eight children born to his parents Ita (Ida) and Yitzchak Naphtali Herz: Dave, Barney, Chashe (who married Chayim Appleman), Fanny (who married H.J. Kornfeld), Sam, Max, Marion and Sarah (who married Rabbi Dr. Bernard Revel).

Sam's Mother died in 1926 at the age of 75, shortly after she and Sam's Father had celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary. Sam's Father was three years older and passed away in 1933 at the age of 86.

They had expressed the desire to be laid to rest in Jerusalem and this was fulfilled with Dave accompanying his Mother's body for burial on Mt. of Olives, at which time he bought family plots for various family members. He also brought his Father for burial in Jerusalem, as well as his wife upon her demise. When he himself died, in 1950, the Mt. of Olives was not accessible as it was in Jordanian hands so another grave was purchased for his burial on Har Hamenuchot in the Givat Shaul area of Jerusalem.

After the Six Day War in 1967 which restored the Old City to Jewish hands, Miriam took it upon herself to go from New York where she lived with her husband Tobias Heller, to arrange for Dave's reburial in the family plot on Mt. of Olives. She also arranged

for the restoration of all the family graves which had been desecrated by the Jordanians, and from old family photographs was able to indicate the former exact wordings for the new gravestones.

Sam's Father and two older brothers Dave and Barney, came to the United States from Russia in 1891. After his arrival in New York, Dave took a train travelling west. At Marietta, Ohio, where the train made a stop, Dave stood at the open door of the train holding his "Tefillin" bag (bag for phylacteries, used in prayer) which accidentally dropped. In a flash he told himself that this was a sign from G-d that he should settle there and he immediately got off the train!

Later on when Dave's Mother and the rest of the family joined him in the United States, they fortunately found a nice orthodox Jewish community in Marietta. Dave and the boys started a machine shop and were quite successful.

The parents first lived in Canton, Ohio, where they had a machine shop where they manufactured and repaired oil well supplies, before coming to Marietta. From 1898 to 1906 Sam was associated with his brother Dave, and brother-in-law Chayim Appleman, in handling scrap iron and oil well supplies in Marietta.

The reason he went into the oil business was it did not involve retail salesmanship and therefore he could work without fear of not being able to observe the Shabbat and Jewish holidays.

The railroad yards owned much equipment and shears for cutting up steel, as well as six large pipe machines to recondition all sizes of pipe. Sam and his partners handled all descriptions of oil-well supplies for much drilling was going on in adjacent Marietta, Ohio and West Virginia. Sam functioned as outside man in the business, making purchases of all materials and supplies while the other two men worked at the plant in Marietta.

In 1899 Sam and his partners had their first venture in producing oil. The family was successful in the drilling of several wells near Marietta. This was the beginning of the first production of oil directly of this company.

In 1904 Sam went to Independence, Kansas, for the company and purchased a large machine shop for rebuilding and manufacturing oil well supplies. This shop was resold in 1905 and Sam continued in newly discovered oilfields in a location known as Cleveland, Oklahoma. While handling new pipe and other materials for the development of oil wells, he also drilled quite a number of wells himself for the Company which were successful oil-producing wells.

The business was extended to Tulsa which became the Company's headquarters and the Company limited its activities to producing oil only. Sam continued with the Company until 1909 during which time the three partners were very successful in drilling oil wells, bringing in 15 producing oil wells adjacent to Tulsa between 1905-1909.

Sam sold out his interest to his partners then and continued on his own in drilling and developing oil properties in that

area up to 1913 before he went to Paris. At that point, Sam had over \$10,000 monthly net income just from his producing properities.

In 1910, in addition to developing oil, Sam was the first pioneer in building compression-plants to liquify gas produced by oil into gasoline. He was the very first individual to produce gasoline by this system in Oklahoma and Texas. This gasoline was produced at 95-100% gravity and his sales were made exclusively to Standard Oil Company of Indiana. This Company asked that the gravity be reduced to 0.70, by mixing it with kerosene which measured 42% gravity.

Growth of the business continued at a very fast pace, and Sam built more and more compression-plants as he continued to acquire concessions from various companies .

He used his profits and credit to extend development of his constantly increasing number of plants.

At the end of each year, Sam went to the main office of Standard Oil in Chicago to receive the renewal of the contract for the ensuing year. He dealt with Dr. Burton, at that time the vice-president of Standard Oil.

Then, in 1917, catastrophe struck. Smith and Chestnut Company, who were to be competitors, went in for building gasoline plants on a large scale and being good friends with the heads of Standard Oil, succeeded at the end of 1918 in replacing Sam as the supplier of Standard Oil Company as of 1919. When Sam went on his annual trip to request renewal of contracts for 1919, he was informed that Standard had already filled their require-

ments with the firm of Smith and Chestnut. This was done without any advance notice of such intention to Sam whatsoever.

By the end of 1918, Sam's production had risen to 30 tank-cars delivered to Standard Oil daily at a price of 25 cents per gallon, with one tank-car holding 8,000 gallons. Sam also then owned 250 tank-cars in his own right and also rented a large additional number.

At that particular time, there was no market to be obtained for that type of oil, except for disposing of it to retail gasoline stations. But this would mean a tremendous loss. Instead of receiving 25 cents per gallon, he had to sell at eight cents per gallon. Financially this meant that while the books for 1918 showed a net profit of over two million dollars, for the month of January, 1918, there was a loss of \$30,000 instead of the usual approximately \$160,000 monthly net profit.

Even at eight cents a gallon, it took much time to sell the gasoline. Sam's tank cars occupied so much railroad space that it cost \$5.00 per day demurrage for each car of his own 250 tank-cars plus all those he rented!

Due to Sam's continual expansion and building of new plants, the failure of the renewal of contracts with Standard Oil found him indebted to the Exchange National Bank to the extent of six million dollars. Mr. Earl Sinclair, President of the bank, advised Sam to take his time in disposing of his tank-cars and plants and offered to extend further credit to him to help take care of pressing accounts and bills.

In the course of 18 months, Sam succeeded in arranging for the complete sale of all his gasoline plants and tank-cars* to "Tide-Water Oil Company of New York" for the sum of five and a half million dollars. Later on he also managed to dispose of a good part of his oil production which enabled him to clear himself completely with the Exchange National Bank.

During his oil career on his own, from 1910 on, Sam maintained an entire floor consisting of 17 rooms as his business headquarters in Tulsa's Mayo Building. He employed a staff of over 30 people. The offices were always closed on the Sabbath and on Jewish holidays.

In order not to violate the prohibition against working on the Sabbath, Sam made a special arrangement by means of a "Shtar Me-chirah" (שטר מכירה), a special contract according to Jewish halachic law by which Mr. Wilson Dye, a non-Jew, was assigned the profits earned on Shabbat.

* When I travelled to New York by train, I used to see on the railroad tracks some of Sam's tank cars with the name of his company on them: "Oklahoma Petroleum and Gas Company."

Sam purchased in 1915 some oil wells in Nowata, Oklahoma, at the reasonable price of \$800. They produced small amounts of oil, mainly for the purpose of their gas production for use in gasoline.

In order to connect up all the wells' gas to be conducted into large gasoline plant he had to build for that purpose at a cost of \$250,000, Sam had to lay over 100 miles of four-inch pipe line.

These gas-rights, together with the plant were included in the sale in 1918 to Tide-Water Oil Company. However, Sam retained all wells and their oil production, but then sold them in 1919 for a small sum since income of oil sales did not cover the expense of production. Had he retained the oil-rights of this group of wells until the system of water-flooding wells for increased production was put into practice a couple of years later, he could have gotten fifty million dollars for them. Water flooding increased production of oil enormously and this proved to be one of the best secondary waterflooding oil fields in Oklahoma.

Sam drilled over 40 wells in Burke-Burnett, Texas, at a cost of over a quarter of a million dollars (all wells came in at a fair producing output) and also built an oil refinery there at a cost of \$100,000. At that particular time, one of the largest oil-fields opened in East Texas which created an over-production of oil and reduced the price per barrel from \$3.50 to 0.50 per barrel. This caused Standard Oil Company and other major oil companies to reduce wholesale gasoline prices to three

cents a gallon. Because of this, all small refineries were driven out of business which also caused Sam severe loss.

At that particular time, Sam had taken an option to drill on two different geological structures which had to be drilled 4,000 feet deep each. His brother Marion recommended strongly that Sam drill only on one of the properties and ask geologist Julius Fohs to release him from the contract already signed. The structure for drilling on the second property had already been put up.

At that time drilling at the depth of 4,000 feet was unknown. There were two methods used in drilling in Texas; one by cable tools where formations are hard; the other by rotary where formations are soft. Sam chose to drill with cable tools, not knowing the formation. This proved to be wrong as the formation turned out to be unusually soft and it therefore took 12 months to drill this well. The geologist made a deal with Colonel Humphreys for the released structure.

Since the drilling of Sam's well proved the need for rotary rather than cable drilling, the Colonel drilled his in the course of one month. Later this became known as the Mexia (pronounced "Mehayai Oil Field"). The first well was the Colonel's which came in producing 4,000 barrels a day. He immediately drilled further, drilling over 50 wells in all, which were all big producers and made for the owners many millions.

The drilling of Sam's above-mentioned well took such a long time that Colonel Humphreys purchased a half interest in all acreage of Sam's structure (3,000 acres) for \$300,000 which was the

approximate cost of completion of drilling. The well produced only ten barrels a day, in this particular spot known as Corsicana, Texas. Colonel Humphreys also drilled several other wells later on which were so small they proved to be failures also, which shows the variety of possible results and the uncertainty inherent in such ventures.

APPENDIX 4

MY FRANKFURT AUNTS

My Mother Zt"l had three sisters, Mrs. Goldschmidt, Mrs. Wreschner and Mrs. Hirsch. All three lived in Frankfurt and when I used to visit there as a young girl and after the First World War, they treated me with indescribable love and devotion.

Mrs. Selma Goldschmidt was a lady in the real sense of the word and although she was quite wealthy, she was so simple and unassuming. She took the greatest interest in all my affairs, even more so after my Parents Zt"l had passed away.

Mrs. Ida Wreschner, who had only two sons, showered me with the tender love of a mother for a daughter and her passing away was one of the greatest sorrows of my life.

Mrs. Frieda Hirsch, who by the way was the daughter-in-law of Rabbi Samson Raphael Hirsch, was a "Tzadekes" (saintly person) and competed with her sisters in their love for me. When we met, many years later in Israel, I tried to show her all the attention possible.

My fourth Aunt, Frederique, was the second wife of my beloved Uncle, Leo Wreschner, of whom I was very fond and who was the widower of my beloved Aunt Ida. When in 1926 I was ready to take the children to Frankfurt, Aunt Frederique wrote me a letter inviting me to spend a few weeks before the beginning of school in her beautiful home in Konigstein, near Frankfurt. I hated to invade her residence with my four children and their governess, but she insisted and treated us in the most wonderful way. Knowing what my Aunt Ida had meant to me, she told me, "I want to be to you the same as your Aunt Ida was." I was very moved by her remark.

When Adine, Miriam and Abram were studying in Frankfurt, my Aunts treated them as they treated their own grandchildren, inviting them for every Shabbat meal, shopping with them for clothing and taking a seamstress into the house to make necessary alterations.

Aunt Frederique would go early in the morning to the children on their birthdays to congratulate them personally and bring them gifts before they started off to school. They also feted them at special birthday parties to which they invited their own grandchildren and the children's personal friends.

Aunt Frederique perished in a concentration camp.

May G-d grant her an eternal reward, as well as to my other blessed and beloved Aunts and may their memories remain for a blessing.

APPENDIX 5 a

Letter to Sam Before Undergoing an Operation

I wrote to my husband as follows:

Although I prayed to G-d after having made "Teshuvah," to watch over me, I trust to Him that He will spare me during my operation, but I can't help thinking of the eventuality G-d forbid, of an unfortunate outcome. In that case, don't grieve too much, seeing that it was G-d's will to take my life. If He will have chosen this means to do it, I am profoundly thankful to Him not to have sent me a disease which would have made me suffer.

I want to thank you from the very depth of my heart and with tears of gratefulness in my eyes, for not only having made me the happiest woman on earth, with your incomparable love and devotion, but for having enriched my life with the beauty of your inspiration and example. I know that you will find consolation in our dear ones and in your most wonderful work, but I beg of you to take another mate, who will be a good companion to you and who will take care of you. I am not afraid that it might make you forget me. I also want to ask you to forgive me if I have hurt or aggravated you sometimes and I assure you that I do the same.

APPENDIX 5 b

To the children I wrote as follows:

At the eve of my operation, I wish to pour my heart out to you. I trust to G-d, who has always shown me such endless mercy, that He will grant me His Holy Protection tomorrow, but if perchance He decided to end my life, I wish to say farewell to you and to tell you how much "Nachas"^{*} you have always given me through your great love, devotion and touching "Kibud Em".^{**} If I have sometimes had some aggravation from some of you, through certain weaknesses of yours, you have fully made up for it, in other ways, and I forgive you from the depth of my heart.

I also beg those of you who have not had the strength to fulfill Daddy's and my dreams for you, concerning religion, to honor my memory, in making a special effort, in trying to understand the ways of Hakadosh Baruch Hu,^{***} to observe His commandments. May He bless you all.

Your loving

Mother

P.S. I forgot to take carbon paper along to the hospital and therefore this letter will have to be copied for each of you.

* joy

** reverence for mother

*** The Holy One, Blessed Be He

APPENDIX 6 a

Excerpt from Letter from Mr. Louis Wolens
(written about 1963)

" I had two hours to spare prior to a 12:45 appointment with Rabbi Greenbaum of the J.D.C., so took a fast taxi trip to visit my friend, Sam Travis, who "tends shop" in the Mea Shearim section of the city where the ultra-religious and poorer people live.

" Sam and his brothers had been successful oil operators from Tulsa, Oklahoma. At one time they had options on the farm-outs (from Jules Fohls, the geologist) of practically the entire Mexia and Wortham fields. They pulled the short straw in selecting Wortham, which they later sold after an initial moderate discovery. The name of the Travis Brothers was highly regarded in many of the Oklahoma and Texas oil fields during the 1920's and 30's and, even today, one of the brothers has extensive holdings in East Texas.

" Sam, undaunted by financial reverses, followed the dictates of his deep religious conscience. Encouraged by his wife of French origin, he decided to dedicate the remainder of his years to Torah (study of the Bible and religious works) and the well-being of Israel. His brother-in-law Dr. Revel, founded Yeshivah University in New York. A large percentage of the Travis' resources are expended in meaningful welfare work in Israel. Sam, who recently turned 80, has always been an inspiration to me. It affords me much satisfaction and pleasure to be with deeply pious people who are concentrating all their thoughts and efforts toward helping others. He has recently added a new venture to his list of projects--the collection and distribution of old clothes to the poor of Mea Shearim. Mr. Travis is forever haunting the corridors and lobbies of Israel's chief hotels seeking out American tourists in a never-ceasing one-man campaign to enlist individual aid to institutions in dire need of financial aid. Now Mr. Travis has

added to his clamor, "Do you have any old clothes?"

"It was with some difficulty that the taxi driver found the small space where Sam Travis played "The Saint." Old clothes were in every corner. Piles of wooden boxes packed with winter wearables and dusted with moth crystals were awaiting fall months for distribution and blocking passage in every direction. Sam was crouched over trying to locate a mate to a shoe being tried on by an anxious mother of 12. I joined in the search and gave up in despair after rummaging through four wooden cases of loose shoes. I insisted that Sam give up the quest as the indigent client should have been satisfied with another pair at hand, but Sam said that all customers must be satisfied and promised that he would have his assistant continue the search on the morrow. Another patron arrived with two pairs of children's shoes purchased second hand. These did not fit and she wanted to change sizes. Sam started the same procedure again but realized it was a futile search as his stock of children's shoes was nil. He reached in his pocket and gave the woman a five pound note suggesting that she purchase other shoes. This exemplified this grand old man with vigor and a heart as large as all outdoors; a genial, and admirable saint whom the Almighty has placed in our midst as a shining example of all that is good. "

APPENDIX 6 b

Excerpt from Letter from Mr. Solomont
dated March 30, 1958

"Tonight when Sam Travis came to my hotel with blank checks it was the same Travis Rabbi Blum from New York had known. Rabbi Blum told me later that when Travis came to New York from Tulsa he stirred up the whole city. This was 40 years ago. He wanted to form a Kehillah, which was a federation under which all the Shochtim and Rabbis would serve, rather than be the tools of butchers and Balebatim. It cost Travis at that time over \$100,000 and one rabbi held it up from becoming a reality.

"Now this man separates and distributes old clothes. Besides, he has a Gemilas Chessed organization that lends out money which, of course, you know, is without interest. Enter in my check book - Central Committee of American Settlers - amount \$100. Mr. Travis is President.

"I also promised to send him 100 pair of children's shoes when I get back to the States, for while I was there barefooted children were looking for shoes. You can inform Willie that I need a minimum of 100 pair of children's shoes."

APPENDIX 6 c

QUOTATIONS ABOUT SAM

When introducing Sam to somebody, the party said: "Mr. Travis is an 'etz zayit' meaning 'the best!'."

* * * *

An American lady came to our storeroom just to make Sam's acquaintance. She said, "I came to meet 'the Diamond!'."

* * * *

One day when going up in the bus, Sam was greeted by a very fine old gentleman he knew, who said, "Kommt herauf, Ihr lichtiger Zadik."

* * * *

At a wedding, someone told me in front of a friend how much she loved Sam and the friend added, "Who doesn't love him!"

* * * *

My cousin Elmer, son of Emile Offenbacher, was walking on King George Avenue in Jerusalem one Shabbat morning and he reported to me that he had heard a conversation in which one man was talking to another about Sam's wonderful activities. He derived nearly as much pride from it as I did when he told me about it!

* * * *

One Shabbat morning we were at the Kings Hotel in Jerusalem sitting on the terrace talking to a tourist, a prospective donor of clothes to our collection for needy persons. Another lady came to join us in this conversation. Then she lit a cigarette and started smoking.

We had just had to leave the lobby on account of the presence of another lady who was doing the same thing. I was expecting an "explosion" from my outspoken Sam and was sitting on pins and needles. Then it happened! He said to her, "It is repulsive to me to see someone smoking on Shabbat." With an apologetic remark, she threw the cigarette away.

I surely admired Sam's courage.

* * * *

APPENDIX 6 d

ARTICLE FROM "JERUSALEM POST" ABOUT SAM
JANUARY 1961

"MISSION IN BEIT ISRAEL"

RETIRED AMERICAN FINDS NECKTIES HARD TO GIVE AWAY

by Macabee Dean, Jerusalem Post Reporter

Any veteran resident of the Beit Israel or Meah Shearim quarters in Jerusalem can tell you where to find Sam Travis. You leave Rehov Meah Shearim, walk down a short flight of stairs at the head of Rehov A.Y. Dayan, walk 20 paces and turn into a narrow entrance-way which leads into a tiny courtyard. Knock on the first door on the right, knock again, and Mr. Travis will throw open the battered door after first peering at you through the window.

"I have to keep the door locked, otherwise I would be mobbed by persons who want free clothes," he says. Of medium height, stocky, with a fringe of white hair and an unlined face which belies his 79 years, Sam came to Israel seven years ago (his second major visit), after retiring from a successful career in the Oklahoma oil fields.

His "old clothes wareroom" is small, and is piled high with old clothes, dresses, suits, shoes and neckties ablaze with colour and design. A dozen packing cases, nailed shut, reek with camphor used in preserving winter clothes.

Most of the clothes hanging on the walls or piled on tables are in remarkably good condition.

Pays Rent, Customs

"My friends in the U.S. don't send me old clothes unless they feel they can be worn without causing any feeling of shame. And what the Americans discard as old clothes is perfectly useable." Mr. Travis is quiet and unassuming. Few persons know that he pays IL25 a month out of his own pocket to rent the room, and that he also pays several thousands every year for customs duty, transportation and storage. His wife Julie is also active in social welfare work. Seven years ago they founded the Central Committee of American Settlers in Israel, for which she does the secretarial work. They have seven children, 21 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. She is also President of the Merkaz Ezra Free Loan Society.

"I suppose many would say that I'm doing this all for the next world - 'haolem haba'" Mr. Travis says, giving the words a Yiddish-Ashkenazi accent, in keeping both with his orthodox background and the fact that he came to the U.S. from Russia when he was 10. "But it is not exactly true. I do it to help my fellow men. Moreover, I have another reason. After I work here for three hours every morning - I give away clothes from 9 a.m. till noon - I develop a wonderful appetite and I can take a good nap."

As a man who annually gives away "25,000 items" - an item ranges from a handkerchief worth a few agorot to a handsome man's suit worth IL50 - IL60 - Mr. Travis has developed a sharp insight into the philosophy of thanks and philanthropy.

No Thanks

"I don't do all this for thanks," he says, admitting candidly that thanks are rare. "Some persons do thank him, and from the heart; some curse him, but most are indifferent," says a friend who often helps out during the mornings. Several women from the neighbourhood come in daily to help sort the clothes.

Mr. Travis, who lives in Rehavia and who prays and studies at Yeshurun, set up his distribution room in Beit Yisrael for a pertinent reason: like nearby Meah Shearim, it is one of the poorest sections in the capital. Many of its ultra-orthodox residents who work hard find it difficult to make ends meet. Other families are newcomers who find their adjustment to Israel hard.

"Take a man earning IL150 - IL200 a month. He has a wife and five or six children. He can't possibly buy them proper food, let alone clothe them properly."

Mr. Travis, who normally gives several "items" to a person, makes a special effort to outfit children completely. He does not always succeed for the demand for children's clothes - especially shoes, sweaters and warm blankets - far outpaces his best efforts to provide it. He even inserts ads, in the local press, especially the German one, for the children of families of Central European background more often than not outgrow their clothes before they have worn them out.

Many of the clothes he gives to children are too large. "But the Ashkenazi mothers are very handy with a needle and thread. They know how to take up hems and cut down trousers."

What are the hardest items to give away? Neckties, especially those which dazzle the eye; high-heeled shoes, for the mothers of Meah Shearim say they like low-heeled, comfortable shoes to wear around the house; and black dresses, for they are regarded as an omen of mourning.

* * * *

APPENDIX 7

LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE

Mother dear,

My heart aches most painfully at the constant thought of our great loss and I am so very sorry that I couldn't be near you during the last few months. How I wished that I could have been with our beloved Daddy Zt"l to help make his last days more comfortable! I felt very bad that I couldn't be present at the funeral and the unveiling, but be assured that I was with you in spirit.

Such a wonderful bond of true love and devotion united you to our beloved Daddy Zt"l that I know how very, very difficult it was for you to have to part from such a wonderful life-long companion. You, Mother dear, have been such a true and one of the most devoted wives I have ever known, and have helped our beloved Daddy Zt"l in such a wonderful way and have shared such a rich and rewarding life that the thought of how much all of this meant to him during his lifetime should be a great satisfaction to you.

Such wounds never really heal and though time makes them less sensitive, yet when someone who has been so dear to us for so long, passes out of our lives, a part of us goes too.

A TRUE PRINCE HAS FALLEN IN ISRAEL; A TRUE SERVANT OF G-D!
Humane and humble in spirit he was devoted to G-d and his fellowman. His most enduring monument will be the gratitude, respect and love with which his name will always be remembered.

Even though he is sorely missed and deeply mourned by his family, friends and the needy, yet his passing is almost tinged with gladness --- that the good that he has done lives on after him and that his idealism and spirit continue as an inspiration and guide to all who knew him and serve as an incentive to those who will carry on his work! What a grand and noble gentleman he was in life! Out of the depth of his noble and gentle spirit he expressed the highest motives and ideals of the Israeli people and Jews throughout the world.

Few men have ever lived more fully and given so much to others. He became a symbol of kindness, understanding and dedication to the service of others which will forever be an inspiration in the annals of "humankind."

Hundreds of people throughout the world knew our beloved Daddy Zt"l, but I was privileged to be his daughter --- and to know him as the most loving and devoted father a daughter could have. Each one of us (children) share a loss and bear a grief that is beyond measure. I personally will cherish many wonderful memories --- personal and also of the virtues that made him the great man that he was, and that endeared him so to us all. I also recollect the many personal sacrifices that he made on our behalf.

I still see his eyes so full of kindness, his gentle and sweet smile so warm and comforting. And I will always take great pleasure in recollecting so many, many acts of kindness that he showered upon me throughout his life. Even though I wasn't able to see our beloved Daddy Zt"l as often as I would have liked to, I will sadly miss him knowing that he is no more!

I want you to know that I feel for you very, very keenly and my most loving and sympathizing thoughts are near you all the time.

Mother dear, I know that you are a brave woman, but may G-d give you added strength to bear this great, great loss. And may He grant you comfort through your children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren and friends in the "z'chut" of the innumerable good deeds of our most beloved Daddy Zt"l. May G-d grant you true solace!

Lots of love and kisses from

Your very sad "Shofele"
(as Daddy Zt"l used to call me)

Friday afternoon
October 24, 1969

Dear Mother,

Blessed be the "Name"
The True Judge.

Night has followed upon night, and the days have shortened their hours of remembrances. The season of harvest is passed and the cold winter of life is with us..... and yet...

Do you remember Daddy Zt"l telling me one recent evening, "Toby, your hair is too white," and my reply, "I have experienced many tragedies in my life."

I have been taught by heartache and heartbreak that Death is not the victor, but the vanquished. Daddy Zt"l told me many times that he firmly and without any doubts of any kind believed in the future world. I also know that this is so. It has been my "raison d'etre" for almost a quarter of a century!

Believe with me and Daddy Zt"l that in a future time and a better world there will be a reunion with those we have loved and who are not lost to us but have merely said "Au revoir." (You remember I did not say "Good-bye to Daddy Zt"l. I knew he was proceeding on a journey and would there be preparing to welcome us.)

The cold winter of our life is now, but the spring will follow and all life will be renewed. Until then we must continue to accept the Divine Judgment as well as the Blessings of Life - our children, your grandchildren and great grandchildren and your many friends.

Lovingly - Your son,

Toby

EXCERPTS FROM THE TRANSLATION OF A HEBREW LETTER FROM
ONE OF THE GRANDCHILDREN

Thursday, 27th of Tishrei, 5730

Since the very mournful news reached us, I have thought a lot about the rare personality of Grandfather Zt"l, and I would like to share with you some of my thoughts.

I first met Grandfather 15 years ago, when he arrived with Grandmother a few weeks before my becoming Bar Mitzvah. Although I knew that Grandfather and Grandmother aspired to settle in Israel anyway, I really saw their coming as my most wonderful Bar Mitzvah present.

I remember well that summer day of their arrival. Grandfather was already 70, but his age did not stand out and therefore he did not seem in my eyes as a "grandfather" as this image had impressed itself on my childish mind. He was full of untiring energy and strength. It was this strength and energy that Grandfather invested in his charitable work which he organized. Grandfather's devotion to his undertaking was beyond what one would think a man of his age would do, for he dedicated his best efforts and most of his time to it. Already in the early morning hours Grandfather ran to the "machsan" and sometimes also again after he gathered some clothing and other household items from various locations in the city. Even in the evening hours, Grandfather didn't rest but met with various individuals and influenced them to contribute to help needy families; he received at his home those who came to request his help. At the same time, he found time to help Grandmother in the house and, above all, to study Torah.

According to these activities, Grandfather was a Hassid in the two meanings of the word. He was a great Hassid in his actions. Few are the persons who can count so many acts of charity to their credit. Grandfather's acts of charity became a major part of his daily schedule until he became ill and was forced, regretfully, to withdraw his hand from the charitable undertaking he established and developed, and all this without any thought of reward. But before he limited his activities, he worried about their continuation and eventually succeeded "to sell" his right to work in this undertaking in exchange for a worthy contribution for the clothing storeroom for poor and needy families.

Grandfather was also always cheerful, as befits a Hassid. He also had a sense of humor, even in his older age. He was also in contact with the Lubavitcher Rebbi and even was privileged to visit him in America some years ago.

.....

I was always impressed by his memory and his interest in world matters, Israel and all that concerned our country, and by his sense of humor....

Personal stories about his life in America attracted me greatly and not just because he was involved in many adventures, but also because he knew how to tell them in a most interesting and suspenseful manner.

Grandfather was always interested in world problems, in the development of science, in international relations and, above all, in matters taking place in Israel. It was always amazing to me to see that in addition to his religious and Hassidic books which he used to read, he also had at times *The National Geographic Magazine* or a political weekly. As concerns news of Israel, I recall how he interested himself in the days of waiting before the Six Day War, in the chances the Israel Defence Forces had to overcome the Arabs, should war break out. At the same time, he had complete faith in the victory of the Israel Army, with G-d's help. So much so that when it was suggested to him that, because of his age, he should leave for America, he argued that he didn't want to leave Eretz Israel at a time when important events were about to take place here. Therefore his great joy at his having the privilege of being in Israel at the time of G-d's performance of great miracles was most understandable.

It is hard to describe his great happiness when he learned of the military victory and especially of the freeing of the Western Wall. Thereafter, Grandfather visited the Kotel many, many times, even when the transportation to the Kotel was not suitable for people of his age. After his first visit to the Kotel, he said that even if he had come to Israel at that time just to see the Kotel and to pray there, it would have been enough for him.

BOBICK & HACKELL
COUNSELLORS AT LAW

SIDNEY BOBICK
ELLIOT BOBICK
SIDNEY HACKELL

225 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001
WISCONSIN 7-7635

77

October 6, 1969

Dear Mrs. Travis,

With deep sorrow we note the passing of your dear husband. Ever since 1956, when we first met him at the King David in Jerusalem, his name was a household word; we always spoke of him as a true prince in Judaism, dedicated to his God and his people. His chosen field, to work for the poor and the forgotten, distinguished him from all others, in that it was of the greatest need, offered no glory, but hard work and maximum personal sacrifice.

He was truly a saint, and we loved him as so did many other people we know. His personality and his distinguishing characteristics have inspired us to help to the extent we could in his holy work. I recall inquiring of him some years back as to his motive for the sacrifices demanded of him in his humanitarian work. His nobility of character was nakedly revealed by his answer which, briefly stated, was contained in the rarely heard, but beautiful, words "לעבוד את ה' בלב נקי". His record indeed typifies a flawless life of service to God and man. He shall surely sit among the great in the "גן עדן".

The world shall always miss him. You, his life's partner, will, of course, miss him most of all. May the memories of your companionship with him and your own great contribution to his labor in the Lord's Vineyard comfort you and be a source of strength to bear the loss. That, be sure, is the fervent prayer of

Your admiring friends,

Mae and Sidney Bobick

JOSEPH NELSON

1107 24 77

Dear Mrs Davis:

When we visited Micrim last week while she was sitting Phion, we felt as though we were sitting in your apartment in Jerusalem. We thought of you and the of your wonderful life with Mr Davis, 77 and of the years you had spent in togetherness doing God's work here on earth. We even recalled stories of the period of courtship when you were a young girl living in Paris, far at Micrim's home that crossing road a gentleman, whose father was the 1st betwixt you and Mr. Davis.

I never quite understood the concept of man being a partner with God until I met Samuel Davis. He not only served God with complete sincerity and quietude but he fulfilled the obligations thrust by the Almighty upon man - to take care of his fellow man. Samuel Davis was not only charitable to institutions of learning, to synagogues, to hospitals and to the multitude of organized charities, but he retained the common touch. He remained in contact with the poor, with the needy. Their individual problems were his problems. He truly clothed the poor and fed the hungry.

May God grant you many years of good health in which you may see the fulfillment of all the hopes and desires you and your husband's shared.

Affectionately,

Violet and Joe

A LETTER FROM JERUSALEM
(translated from French)
AN ACTIVE RETIREMENT

By DR. MOSHE KATAN OF JERUSALEM
Formerly of Strasbourg, France

I knew Shlomo Travis only by sight for a long time. Totally ignorant of his identity, I was struck by his face, where a rare mixture of firmness, goodness and dignity shone.

This aged man carried himself with such dignity and dressed so meticulously, yet noticeably modestly; the well shaped white beard of his last years added yet another touch of elegance. He did nothing to make himself conspicuous in the second pew of the Yeshurun shul,* where his place was reserved. I can't tell why his bearing hadn't led me to guess that he had an uncommon personality.

Actually this retired American octogenarian (he appeared to be 20 years younger) didn't live in the past. He administered a clothing warehouse distribution center for poor people in Meah Shearim (Beit Yisrael), where he introduced very business-like and effective methods, supervising it daily until he became bedridden with the illness to which he ultimately succumbed.

He fled at a very young age from the Czarist tyranny and like many others, he sought fortune in the U.S. He belonged to that small number of those who, accepting the challenge of American life, did not lose an ounce of their piety.

With his wife, a Tedesco from Paris, he brought up a large family whose three generations encompassed Chassidim in Brooklyn as well as kibbutznikim from Shaalvim. Not forgetting he also had granddaughters educated at the Ecole Aquiba in Strasbourg.

* the central synagogue in Jerusalem

LETTER OF TULSA RABBI TO ONE OF MY SONS-IN-LAW

October 20, 1969

Dear Mr. Bistritsky,

I was most saddened to learn of the demise of your beloved father-in-law, Sam Travis, of blessed memory.

I should like at this time, to express to you and, especially to your dear wife my deep and abiding sympathy upon the passing of your beloved father in Jerusalem.

Although I never met him personally, I have corresponded with Mrs. Travis for many years, endeavoring to channel as much assistance to them as possible so that they could continue in their noble labors of aid and comfort to the poor of our Holy Land.

Mr. Travis was held in high regard and esteem by the Tulsa Jewish community and his work of benevolence in Israel was almost unmatched on the basis of thoughtful and personal involvement and sacrifice. We shall long treasure the memory of his life and the many contributions which he made to the growth of B'nai Emunah and the Tulsa Jewish community as a whole.

I hope and pray that you will be spared all sorrow or sadness in the New Year and that you may be blessed with only happy tidings and joyous occasions.

Sincerely yours,

(signed)

Arthur D. Kahn, Rabbi

CONGREGATION B'NAI EMUNAH

APPENDIX 8
REMINISCENCES

VIVE LOUBET!

In my youth I used to take a long walk every day in the afternoon with my tutor in the "Bois de Boulognes" beautiful woods, arranged as a park. There, I used to meet my friends who also had a tutor, and we "crush hungry" youth considered it as a wonderful happening when we used to see the President of the Republic of France, Emile Loubet, during his daily outing in the fashionable Avenue des Acacias.

He used to drive a "phaeton," then modern fashionable high carriage, harnessed to gorgeous Arab horses, a white one and a black one. The President, an elderly gentleman with an unusual, kind face and of aristocratic appearance, was the object of our youthful admiration (I used to keep his picture in my room). When we saw him at the distance, we used to get lined up on the sidewalk waiting for him to come nearer, and then in unison we used to shout: "Vive Loubet!"

Invariably, then he would lift his hand to his silk high hat (chapeau haut de form) which he raised in response to us. The greeting of the President of the Republic, for young fry such as we were, was a great honour and we enjoyed this little scene anew every day.

.

YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM

When I was a young girl, the Agudat Israel which had come to life in Katowitz, was also founded in Paris, and since my Father was one of the main workers, I went with some of my friends to a mass meeting where a Major Lipman spoke. His words seemed to be engendered by such a sacred fire that we were electrified; not only because they were most inspiring, but by the fact that an Army man, an officer, expressed such beautiful orthodox thoughts. It filled us with pride.

When I came home I was still so enthused that I decided to write Major Lipman a letter to which I asked my friends to add their signatures. It was as follows:

"Dear Sir,

Your beautiful speech by which all the religious fibres of your audience and of the youth in particular were made to vibrate, made us feel an overpowering desire to address to you our most heartfelt and warmest thanks.

"Your so sincere words, imbued with such an ardent faith, made us feel so very proud of you, as a Jew and as a Frenchman. You fear that the boat of religion might sink, but we will be here; we, the youth, and we will be at the helm. And we will respond to the call of the Aguda, to your call! And we will dare to hope that, like the music which carries away to the combat, your voice will still encourage us to the struggle.

"With these expectations we send you, dear Sir, the assurance of our admiration and sympathy."

LEAKING WINE

At the beginning of our stay in Tulsa, Oklahoma, there was a prohibition on alcohol in that State. Since we needed wine for our Shabbat and Yom Tov rituals, we always used to bring some back with us when we went East.

One one occasion it happened that a bottle broke due to the careless handling of the suitcase it was in. Unfortunately, the suitcase was placed on a rack above a seat on which a man was sitting and the wine started dripping onto him!

He was furious and as he was leaving, he said to Sam, "I will see you in court next week." Thank G-d, Sam was acquitted, defending himself with the explanation that the wine was brought for a religious purpose.

After that, my Father-in-law made wine for himself and the whole family (in his basement) which was delicious - just like Tokay!

* * * *

A TRIP TO MAYO BROTHERS

Although I never had a serious illness or operation, Thank G-d, I always have had to guard my health closely, not being very strong.

Due in one way to the nature of Sam's business, and in another to our desire to live in an atmosphere where our spiritual yearnings could find a proper outlet, we have led a rather nomadic life. It has been pack, go, unpack, get settled, over and over again - real perpetual motion. This has been rather a strain on my constitution in spite of the most solicitous care and the wonderful assistance my husband has always given me.

In my anxiety to become more robust in order to be able to accomplish more in life and to help my fellowmen more, I consulted many doctors, but to no avail. They said that there was nothing the matter with me outside of a slight anemia; and oh, the tons of iron they made me gulp down! Although it kept me above water, I did not want to give up my pursuit for added strength since I longed to give much more of myself than I did.

While we lived in Chicago, it was only six or seven hours distant from Rochester, Minnesota, where the famous Mayo Brothers clinic is located. I decided to go there, hoping that these wizard detectives of physical troubles might take hold of the culprit which kept me from acquiring the necessary endurance to do all the worthwhile things I craved to achieve and also to enable me to devote more time to my avocation: writing.

I arrived in Rochester full of hope, and surrendered eagerly to the doctors and to the army of nurses, enduring with patience and fearlessness the unpleasantness of the world of examinations and tests.

Finally, the great moment of the "verdict" came and I entered the doctor's office with great anticipation. I expected him to tell me, "Eureka, I have put my finger on your trouble and I will give you a medicine which will help you like magic." Instead he said, "Mrs. Travis, there is nothing wrong with you, you are just anemic. You have had seven children and you have done a good piece of work in your life." Then he added, "Which medicine have you been taking?" When I told him the name of my iron pills he said, "Keep on taking them."

Had I travelled so many miles to hear just that: "A good piece of work in your life and keep on taking your pills"! I must confess, strange as it seems, that I was at first stunned with disappointment; much more so than if I would have heard, G-d forbid, a dramatic announcement of the discovery of an ailment. But then I felt ashamed at this foolish reaction and, realizing that I should consider myself blessed with the knowledge of my sound body, this most priceless gift, my heart became filled with thankfulness to G-d.

Nevertheless, the doctor's words kept on ringing in my ears and, instead of bursting with pride about the remark he made to me at first, I kept on analyzing it and did not agree with him that in my particular case I had accomplished such a feat by having had seven children.

First of all, the great miracle of procreation in which a couple has the indescribable privilege of partnership with G-d, should be considered by women as a natural function. We should not wreck our health. It is true that pregnancy and the birth and nursing of an infant entail quite an expenditure of strength, but don't the other functions of the body and other human activities account also for the

wear and tear of the human machine, and did not G-d give us ways and means to keep this machine in good order? When a person overeats, overworks or worries, there is either a physical or a mental strain which can only be relieved by relaxation. So it is when women in motherhood - the greatest job in the world - do not give their organs a chance to rest and recuperate. Of course, a mother and housekeeper who cannot afford to hire help often has to disregard the laws of Nature, such as overlooking taking adequate relaxation and sleep and therefore does "a good piece of work" when raising a big family.

This was not the case with me since I had had nurses, governesses and household help galore who allowed me to "take it easy." So I don't feel that I deserve as much credit as the doctor gave me. Of course, I have had my share of wakeful nights, due to the galaxy of children's diseases and have known many anxieties at some child's bedside. Nevertheless, when later I saw my daughters take full care of their own children, I envied them for doing what I had not done, and I felt that I cheated them of something precious: the closeness to their mother by exclusive care.

HEROINE

When I was expecting our daughter Ruth, who was our seventh child and who was born 19 years after our eldest daughter Adine, a Jewish neighbour told me that I was a... heroine.

I was not flattered at all, feeling only sorry for her unorthodox mentality. I would have liked to have shown her poor mothers with 10, 12 or more children whom I considered heroines for obeying G-d's law against birth control, under most trying circumstances.

Now I must say there are two things I pride myself on: having nursed all my children for the periods of seven to nine months and having spared no efforts in trying also to nurse their souls with the milk of kindness and righteousness and to kindle and keep up in them a flame of adoration for the Creat-r. Though I have had often a hard time in my efforts to mould their spirit as this is a very delicate process, requiring so much patience, tolerance and tact.

The nursing of my babies, though often connected with loss of sleep and various privations, has always been for me an ever new bliss from the very beginning to the end. It was one of the most gratifying and enrapturing experiences I have ever had, which in retrospect still fills my soul with an indescribable delight.

I once read in the "Readers Digest" an article entitled "Breast Fed is Best Fed" in which this feeling is very masterfully expressed as follows: "There are, of course, some women who find nursing distasteful; but to the average mother, breast-feeding is a deep and almost indescribable joy. Holding your infant close, giving him direct nourishing love, a new mother feels an almost mystic sense of unity with her baby. Breast-feeding is motherhood raised to the 'nth degree.

"Said a Yale wife: 'You feel as if you were handing on something precious or priceless, some special kind of love that human mothers have given their babies for thousands of years. It is the most peaceful joyous feeling I have ever had.'"

And today I thank G-d for having allowed me to do my duty in nourishing my babes with the sustenance He has provided for them, through me, better than all the human concocted formulas. And last but not least, it has given me the ecstatic joy to hold them during their feedings, close to my heart, in a supreme oneness of love.

.

THE "KETUBAH"
(Hebrew Marriage Contract)

When we lived in Evansville, I discovered one day that my Ketubah was missing. As it isn't allowed to live in the same house with one's husband without a Ketubah, I called the leading Rabbi in Louisville with whom we used to spend the "Yamim Tovim" and told him of my predicament.

After having performed a certain ceremony over the phone, one of our friends being a witness, the Rabbi mailed me a new Ketubah. Some time after that, my original Ketubah was found at our daughter Miriam's house in New York in a pocketbook which I had left there while visiting them.

* * * *

DISHES

In Evansville, we were close to the river and when I had to "toivel" (ritually cleanse) new dishes, I used to go there since it was much nearer than the "Mikvah" (ritual pool).

Sam used to take me there with his car but one day when he couldn't do so, and I needed some kitchen utensil in a hurry, I took a taxi asking the driver to wait for me until I got through. When I returned, he asked, "What's the matter, M'am; you ain't got no kitchen sink?"

* * * *

"MESHULOCHIM"*

There were many Rabbis and other Jewish personalities who came as Meshulochim to Evansville to raise money for one cause or another, and they all stayed at our house, thus bringing us some of the Jewish spirit we were missing so much. Among the prominent Rabbis we entertained in the States were Rabbi M. M. Epstein, head of the Hebron Heshivah, Rabbi Eliezer Silver, President of the Agudat Israel, and Rabbi Menachem Kasher, learned Torah scholar and author of "Torah Shlaymah."

At the table we always enjoyed hearing from them "A Shtikel Torah" and on Shbbat, we were glad to hear some new Zemirots-Nigunim (psalm melodies).

I have often heard many people criticising the high percentage of commission the Meshulochim receive. I wish to say in their defence that the criticism is unfair since most of them work under very trying conditions. They leave their families for long periods of time, sometimes for a year, sometimes two or three; they travel by bus day and night for months in order to save money. They live, so to say, from bread and this often very stale; herring, sardines, hard boiled eggs and the like which they carry with them. Therefore, aren't they entitled to a nice remuneration?

* Travelling fund-raisers for educational and charitable institutions

CAR ACCIDENTS

G-d, who had already given me life a second time, by saving me from the grip of the treacherous sea, vouchsafed it to me a third time, when we were in an automobile accident. Sam and I were living temporarily in a small town, and had spent Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur in Chicago where we intended to be also for Succot. We were driving home, for the few days between these holidays, since Sam had to attend to some business.

Suddenly a truck which was in front of us, driven by a very young boy, took a sudden turn without warning. In a terrifying second, we saw the imminent danger of a collision and next...I found myself opening my eyes and lying on the ground. Sam, who is an excellent driver, had had the great presence of mind to divert the car to the left of the truck, and by so doing must have brushed the side of the truck and thus the door, next to where I was sitting, opened up and I was flung out without realizing it, losing consciousness at the same time.

As soon as I woke up, I looked for Sam and the car. Not seeing either I became frantic, when I heard Sam asking in a most fearful voice which will always ring in my ears: "Where is my wife?" And in no time he was near me, helping me to get up. What a marvellous feeling it was to find each other safe and sound, thanks again to the never-ceasing mercy of G-d. We both had a few minor scratches and bruises (my worst injury was on the wrist, which had to be stitched). Our car, in which Sam had landed about 25 feet away from the road, was lying against a fence, damaged only in a few places. For a few weeks, I had a reminder of our accident on my face, which was all colors of the rainbow and looked like a futurist painting.

This was the third time G-d granted me life, and when I celebrate the anniversary of this day, I always feel more and more a most profound gratitude to G-d for His great mercy!

On another occasion, while we were driving in a taxi sight-seeing somewhere in the States, our son Abram, a very young boy at the time, played with one of the door handles and the door opened. With presence of mind, he held on to the swinging door until we managed to save him from the danger he was in - thank G-d!

A NIGHTMARE

Once in the middle of the night we were awakened by a phone ringing. Such calls are usually sinister forebodings! Sam answered and, from the expression on his face, I realized that something terrible had happened. Soon enough I found out about it when Sam said, in a voice I will never forget, "It is Joseph; he passed away... a brain tumor."

Our Joseph was no more! I remembered the words of my Mother who always sympathized deeply with bereaved parents deprived of their children, and grief and pain gripped me.

Joseph had been studying in New York in the Yeshivat Torah ve-Daat and was staying with our daughter Miriam. It was Sam's sister Sarah who also had been looking after him, who had called. Although, unfortunately, it could not change anything, I was anxious to know some details. I wanted to phone Miriam but Sam, as considerate as usual and admirably master of himself, said, "Let Miriam rest; she must have had a tough time. We'll call her in the morning."

Of course, there was no more sleep for us and the night was interminable. Finally the morning came and downheartedly we waited for the call to go through. When it did I heard Sam say, "Who is talking? Who? Who?" Then after listening once more for the answer he replied, "Joseph, which Joseph?" And I, as bewildered as he was, was wondering if he was out of his mind, G-d forbid. It took Sam quite a while to find out that he was not under any hallucination and that he had misunderstood Sarah whilst answering the phone half asleep; and that it was...our Joseph speaking! Like Jacob in

the Bible, we could also say "Od Yosef B'ni Chai."*

Our dreadful nightmare was at an end and our hearts were filled with the most profound joy and gratitude to G-d. Nevertheless, our happiness was greatly marred since we had found out that the one who had passed away was Sara's husband, Bernard; Rabbi Dr. Revel.

We had lost a beloved brother; the Yeshivat Yitzhak Elchanan its most devoted and great Head; its students an incomparable Master and loving father; and the whole world a renowned Gaon. To substantiate my remarks, I will add that the remains of this great man were carried by his pupils to the cemetery (a many miles' stretch) in a freezing temperature.

*"Joseph my son is still alive!"

WHY I CELEBRATE ALL ANNIVERSARIES ON THE JEWISH DATE

The first Yahrzeit of my Father zt"l happened to be shortly after I had returned to the States to join Sam. When I left Paris I was so upset that I neglected to inquire about the date according to the Hebrew calendar.

When I arrived in Tulsa I knew that it was soon but since the time was too short to inquire about it and get an answer by mail, I tried to find someone who had a Hebrew calendar from the previous year but to no avail. I wrote to Kansas City asking for the desired information but, unfortunately, the answer came too late to enable me to observe the date.

I was quite upset about it although I was told, as a consolation that it is a "zchut" for the deceased if something like that happened! Nevertheless, I made up my mind that in the future I would mark all anniversaries according to their Jewish dates. Lately I also decided not to have my birthdays celebrated any more, since this is not a Jewish custom.

* * * * *

MODESTY IN THE SYNAGOGUE

I am always greatly shocked and perturbed when I see the way in which some women come dressed (or rather "undressed") in the Synagogue during hot weather, wearing low-cut apparel, sleeveless dresses and uncovered hair.

On the other hand, I console myself somewhat upon observing that some ladies who do not cover their hair, in general have the decency to put a scarf on their heads the moment they enter the Bet Haknesset, which is a substitute for the Bet Hamikdash, our Holy Temple.

Shouldn't our daughters, the daughters of Jacob, who are so lacking in modesty take as an example for themselves our Mother Rifkah who wore a veil when she met Yitzchak? If they would, they surely wouldn't be so brazen and they would wear attire appropriate to the sanctity of the House of Worship.

- - - - -

PERSONAL THOUGHTS

Upon entering the synagogue one morning, a lady who had come at the same time as I, met an acquaintance of hers. They exchanged a few words and when they parted, she said: "Daven with Kavanah" (Pray with true concentration) - one of the nicest wishes a G-d-loving Jew could convey to another. In spite of my intense desire to show my gratitude to the Cr-ator for all His blessings and His wonderful world, I must confess my mind often wanders during my prayers. May "Ha-kadosh Baruch-Hu" (The Holy One, Blessed Be He) allow me to conquer this awful fault.

* * * * *

MODESTY RATHER THAN LUXURY

We often had meetings in our home and as some of the attending women were in very modest circumstances, I had a very uncomfortable feeling to receive them amidst such luxury. I always used to say laughingly to my close family in connection with this, "I am communistically inclined."

All jokes aside, why should one take a chance to create envy and why should one acquire many superfluous and luxurious things when others are in want of what is merely necessary? Later, when I happened to be in Frankfurt-on-Main, Germany, for a short stay, I noticed that the women there were all dressed very plainly, due to the past war and post-war conditions. I had a beautiful fur coat which in America was nothing unusual, but since I felt that I did not want to "show off" amongst so many impoverished people, on cold days I always used to wear a plain coat with a few sweaters underneath, rather than my fur coat.

LACK OF APPRECIATION

We take everything in our life too much for granted and should show more gratitude to G-d for His Benevolence and Bounty. When a friend does us a favor, don't we try to express our appreciation by words or sometimes by reciprocation? How can the atheist or lukewarm religious people ignore the munificence of G-d, by accepting day in and day out all His numerous blessings and never showing their gratefulness?

From the moment I wake up, when I see the beautiful rays of the sun invading our home (sometimes in the Winter when I rise early, I have the treat to view the splendor of the sunrise, marvelling again upon its setting) and when I hear the symphony of the bird's twitter, when I admire always anew the sublime nature in the resplendant Spring and soothing Autumn, when I enjoy the crisp Winters, and the glorious Summers, the fascinating sea, the awe-inspiring mountains, the gorgeous flowers and trees, the beautiful animals and insects, the great accomplishments of man, his genius in harnessing the countless and often hidden gifts of G-d, the wonder of procreation, the enchanting infant's smile leading one to believe he had a glimpse of Heaven, the love of all my dear ones; all these priceless gifts from our Great Benefactor make me feel infinitely indebted to Him and yearning to express to Him an endless thanksgiving by living more and more according to His injunctions.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FIELD OF BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS
WHICH OFTEN INSPIRED ME THROUGH MY LIFE

During all my life I liked to "collect" quotations from famous books or people. Some of these are here presented (some are quoted anonymously).

* * * * *

The wicked are in the power of their desires; the righteous have their desires in their power.

Talmud

* * * * *

Faithful are the wounds of a friend.

Old Proverb

* * * * *

Let your moral life be your pride of lineage and your loyalty to truth your sufficient wealth, for there is no pedigree as noble as virtue, no heritage equal to honor.

Attributed to Maimonides

* * * * *

Man is G-d's Menorah on earth. The body represents the wick and the soul the heavenly oil. If they harmonize they emanate a spiritual flame.

Rabbi Yehuda of Barcelona

* * * * *

In Rabbi Moses Sofer's (Hattam Sofer) Zt"l testament, he implores his children to pursue their lives as in their father's home, without any deviation, and to beware of pride. Economic problems should not trouble them too much. They are not to be burdened by material needs. G-d Who helped them until now, will never fail them. His final word was: "May the tree not be felled, nor the source dry."

* * * * *

An eminent Hassidic leader (Rabbi Elimelech of Lyzhansk) while at prayer, prior to his morning devotion, said: "Endow me, O Lo-d, with the vision to see in everyone his good qualities and to close my eyes to his defects."

* * * * *

I grieve not at my death, for I can see a door opening,
while the other is closing. Israel Baal Shem Tov

* * * * *

The true realist is the one who sees through the bluff and humbug of so much of our world, by doing good deeds and devoting himself and all his material possessions to the realization of true values, the inner values of the human personality

Elijahu Eliezer Dessler

* * * * *

There is the holiness of divine splendor, when we assume a share in it, in which to clothe ourselves. To rise in splendor, let us strive for beauty, purity and harmony in our sphere of life... within the bounds of morality, wisdom and mercy; let us reflect the splendor of the divine world on our bodies, in our habits, and in our possessions and pursuits.

Nathan Birnbaum

* * * * *

Nesher of the World! May it be Thy Will, O Merciful and gracious G-d, to grant me this and every day, the necessary resolution and self discipline, to guard my mouth and my tongue from speaking evil gossip...from bearing tales and from accepting them. Whenever I speak, even of an individual, may I scrupulously avoid slander...and surely all the more, when I refer to all Israel or a portion of them...for this is a most abysmal sin. May I refrain from speaking words of falsehood, flattery, strife, anger, arrogance, deceit...nor words which humiliate or express scorn...and any of forbidden words.

May I not sit among scorers. May I not feel arrogance or anger, even in my heart. May I think no evil of anyone. O grant me the requisite self-discipline that I should refrain from speaking at all, except of matters necessary for the welfare of my body and soul. And may all my acts, words and thoughts be directed solely for the sake of Hashem, My Father in Heaven!

Grant me the will power this day and every day to guard my ears and eyes from hearing, reading evil gossip and tale bearing, words of contention, idle chatter and any and all forbidden words. Help me forget all those words I hear and read which are not according to Thy will. May I merit the privilege not to hear or read even inadvertently or unintentionally any unseemly or improper thing. May my ears and eyes be sanctified so that they will see and hear only that which concerns a Mitzvah.

Chofetz Chayim

Do not suppose, my dearest sons, that when I have left you, I shall be nowhere and no one. Even when I was with you, you didn't see my soul, but knew that it was in this body of mine, from what I did. Believe then, that it is still the same, even though you see it not.

Cyrus the Great

* * * * *

To love is to find pleasure in the happiness of the person loved.

Leibnitz

* * * * *

Loæ this day loitering, 'twill be the same story
 Tomorrow and the next day more dilatory;
 When indecision brings its own delays
 And days are lamenting o'er lost days.
 Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute
 What you can do - or dream you can - begin it.
 Courage, has genius; power, magic in it.
 Only engage and then the mind grows heated.
 Begin and the work will be completed.

Goethe

* * * * *

Love of truth shows itself in this, that a man knows how to find and value the good in everything.

Goethe

* * * * *

He is the happiest, be he King or peasant, who kinds peace in his home.

Goethe

* * * * *

"To each is given a set of tools,
 Material required, and a Book of Rules,
 With which to build, ere the year has flown,
 A stumbling block or a stepping stone."

* * * * *

To ease another's heartbreak is to forget one's own.

Abraham Lincoln

Walk two hours every day, sleep seven hours every night, lie down as soon as you feel sleepy, get up as soon as you wake up, work as soon as you are up, eat only as much as your hunger requires, drink only as much as your thirst requires and always slowly. Speak only when it is necessary and say only half of what you think, write only what you can sign, do only what you would not be ashamed to talk about. Never forget that other people will rely on you and that you should never rely on them. Don't over or under-estimate the value of money; it is a good servant but a bad master.

Do not start anything without feeling the responsibility for it and destroy the least possible. Be ready to forgive everybody; don't despise people or hate them and don't laugh too much about them but pity them. Think of this, every morning on seeing the light again, and every night in going back into the shadow. When you will suffer much, face up to the pain; it will be in itself a consolation and will teach you something. Try to be plain, to become useful, to remain free and wait to deny G-d, until one has proven you, that He does not exist.

A. Dumas, Jr.

* * * * *

Happy is the house that shelters a friend.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

* * * * *

A man is what he thinks about all day long.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

* * * * *

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.

Thomas Carlyle

* * * * *

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.

Abraham Lincoln

* * * * *

Lying to others is much less serious than lying to yourself.

Leon Tolstoy

* * * * *

The masses have their aristocrats, as well as the aristocrats have plebian souls.

Romain Rolland

* * * * *

One must not want that others should be happy according to our way, but according to theirs.

Romain Rolland

* * * * *

The recipe for a happy married life is love, live, let live, give, forget and forgive.

Anonymous

* * * * *

People are like elevators. We lift or lower others to the level we are on.

Anonymous

* * * * *

You ask what material is best to select?
Twas told you long since by the Great Architect.
"A new commandment I give unto you
That you love one another, as I have loved you."
So the finest material to send up above
Is the clear, straight grained timber of brotherly love.

Anonymous

* * * * *