

FROM ZEIDIE TO ZEIDIE

Memories and Stories in the Life of Harvey Kaylie

–by ***HARVEY KAYLIE***
with other contributors

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2024



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ISBN 978-0-9995009-9-6

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Design & Layout by Marzel A.S. — Jerusalem

Published by
OU Press
an imprint of the Orthodox Union
11 Broadway
New York, NY 1004
oupress.org
oupress@ou.org


CAMP KAYLIE
DR. JOE SILVER CAMPUS
YDHEL

This book is dedicated to my Zeidie, my mother, and my Uncle Cy — all of whom influenced and shaped my life.

And to Gloria, my life partner.

— Harvey Kaylie

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FOREWORD

A famous question is asked: If God created the world in six days, and rested on the seventh, what has He been busy doing since Creation?

An oft-given answer is that God is listening to the prayers of His people, and that He is *M'zaveg zevugim* — making matches. "Every single day a Divine voice emanates and declares: 'The daughter of so-and-so is destined for so-and-so; such and such a field is destined for so-and-so'" (Talmud, Tractate *Mo'ed Katan* 18b).

God is the ultimate matchmaker.

Matchmaking can be complicated. We experience this complexity many times in life: finding the right mate, landing the right job, choosing the right school for our child. Real estate brokers are matchmakers. So are business brokers and investment bankers. Rabbis too.

As this biography navigates through Harvey Kaylie's illustrious life and we get to meet his charity, family, friends, business, community — we find that indeed Harvey is a matchmaker *par excellence*. Matching innovators in Israel to eager partners in America; matching a school or a mental health center to a community; connecting Jews closer to Hashem; matching typical children to children with disabilities for a summer camp experience. Exclusion to inclusion, the Kaylies are intrepid builders.

Among his many charitable initiatives, Harvey often matches donations dollar for dollar to accelerate creativity and encourage others to give. Adam Smith posited the economic theory of the invisible hand: Underlying forces push and pull a nation's economy in various directions, ultimately creating a market equilibrium. For we who believe, no one can doubt the invisible and open manifestations of God's handiwork. Harvey and Gloria Kaylie, the two of them always together, consider it their mission to do God's work, lending their hand — openly or invisibly — to create forces in charity that establish new markets of good. If children can have a better education, if people with disabilities can experience true inclusion, if innovation reduces stigma, Harvey wants to create that new market equilibrium called *Living a Better Life.*

The phrase "American dream" was coined during the Great Depression. It comes from a popular 1931 book by the historian James Truslow Adams, who defined it as "that dream of a land in which life should be better and richer and fuller for everyone."

Every chapter in this book is a testament to Harvey's rich dreams, his acumen in business dealings, his vision and strategy — all with the singular purpose of creating a bedrock of good. It may be simple enough to say that our purpose in this world is to do good, to leave this world a better place than we found it, to ensure that our life here made a difference. Don't we all wish it were so?

Looking through Harvey and Gloria's rearview mirror, we can only see a vast landscape of good. But their focus is never on past accomplishments. Rather, they are on this unceasing mission to find what other opportunities of good lie ahead on the road yet to be traveled.

In the aftermath of Pearl Harbor, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt was described as "a man who could not walk, yet carried a nation on his back." Harvey Kaylie has carried generations of Jewish people on his back. Even at a time in his life when walking became a challenge, he continues to stand taller than ever before.

It is customary to give a matchmaker a generous gift when the match is complete. We can only offer our sincerest gratitude to Harvey and Gloria for the wondrous matchmaking they have accomplished and the works so many herein give testament to.

Reading this book is a game changer. In these pages, every reader will find new meaning in the concept of giving and be motivated to expand their horizons, to give more of themselves to others. "Charity begets charity" is a Kaylieism.

G-d will reward Harvey and Gloria most handsomely for making His world a better place.

David Mandel
CEO, OHEL Children's Home and Family Services
Chanukah 5777
December 2016

INTRODUCTION

Working with my father on his autobiography has been an exhilarating experience. Hailed as a "living legend" for his prominence in the radiofrequency (RF) and microwave electronic components field and widely credited with revolutionizing the industry, Dad became a world-class industry leader in their design, manufacture, and distribution. At the same time, his reputation in the Jewish philanthropic community is one of creativity, passion, and partnership. Dad provides funding and support in his typical innovative, thought-provoking, and empowering style. Throughout it all, "Zeidie" — as his grandchildren call him — remains a dominant family figure, a living example of the high-quality values we strive to follow and emulate.

Dad's unique viewpoints are arresting in their brilliance. He is best described as a strong moral compass from whom others can learn. Having always insisted that anything important needs to be in writing, we encouraged him to write this book — to share our good fortune of having him as our role model with others, especially with family and friends, both present and future.

As the book began taking shape, Dad surprised us by suggesting that a group of family, friends, and employees narrate large sections of his autobiography, allowing his story to be filtered through the perspective of others. Reflecting on this decision, I realized how this represented his tendency to allow only token acknowledgment of himself while empowering others. Rather than author a catalog of his achievements, Dad's trademark modesty set in motion a fascinating collaboration with a host of people, each of whom described another facet of his personality.

While deciding on a book title, Dad settled on *From Zeidie to Zeidie*, a more personal version of *From Generation to Generation* — alluding to the profound question, "Who will be the Zeidie of my children?" Implicit in the book title is our continuous responsibility to uphold the values he portrays. It represents who we strive to be.

I hope this book captures that strength. Let Dad's story encourage you to stretch past your comfort zone, especially during those stormy "uh-oh" moments in life that cry out for a road map. This is not another "rags to riches" book. Nor is it a boasting album, brimming with business and philanthropic accomplishments. Rather, this is a book about *living* the fundamental principles Dad learned from his own Zeidie and his mother.

This is a book about continuously striving for better: for a better company, for a better world. This is a book about Dad's journey — his humble origins, his business principles, his philanthropic philosophy — all within the framework of a family guy. Read about his childhood imagination and entrepreneurial spirit; his recipe of principles that created a global empire; his firm reply to an industry giant boycotting Israel; and his determination to walk after losing his feet.

This is a book about empowerment. Dad is a living lifeline for organizations like OHEL and Camp Kaylie — the first totally integrated camp for non-typical and typical kids to have fun and simultaneously empower each other. This is a book about a natural retention of modesty, remaining humble and shunning the limelight that accompanies success. This is a book about identifying the hidden gems in people. It is a book about giving back — creating the Kaylie Prize for Entrepreneurship at CCNY, his *alma mater*, to encourage, teach, and provide engineering students with opportunities to experience real-world entrepreneurial challenges.

Should this book have an empowering effect — emboldening you to use imagination and passion to strive for success and dare to stretch past your comfort zone — it will be consistent with Dad's typical empowering effect.

My sister Roberta and I share the fervent hope that by reading this book, those who know Harvey Kaylie can discover additional fascinating facets of his great character. Dad's accomplishments sparkle like a dazzling kaleidoscope of achievements. Although it is impossible to quantify the positive impact he has made on an untold number of people touched by his generosity and ingenuity, our goal is to describe the *spirit* of this achievement.

And, Mom, even though this book is about Dad, we all appreciate your

love, values, and the central role model you play in our lives. We look forward to your book of unsolicited advice!

❖ ❖ ❖

A book cannot be completed without a host of helping hands. Special thanks to Elchonon Lesches for assisting my father in writing this book. Together with the many wonderful personalities you interviewed for this book, our family appreciates your support, writing style, and honesty. Most importantly, thank you for capturing Dad's spirit so well and for portraying the spirit of his achievements.

We extend our gratitude to all our friends and family members who were interviewed for this book and for sharing your inner thoughts in an effort to capture my father's spirit:

To Dr. David Blumenthal, for investing so much passion and creativity in keeping my father with us time after time; for your enduring friendship and wonderful sense of humor.

To David Mandel of OHEL — and, proud to say, family friend — thanks for your continuous dedication and strong leadership. You add a new dimension to our name by associating Camp Kaylie with Dad's worthy values.

To Rabbi Marc Schneier, author and founding rabbi of The Hampton Synagogue in Westhampton Beach, New York, and a close family friend — thanks for decades of wonderful friendship and the experiences gained in the vibrant community you created.

To Dr. Michele Shapiro, for your groundbreaking work in the field of recognizing sensory issues within the global conversation. Your positive attitude, genuine concern and friendship are refreshing and appreciated.

To Rabbi Reuven Sason, author and *Rosh Yeshiva* of *Hesder* and *Kollel* Ramat HaSharon, Israel, for a most special, unique, and frankly unexpected friendship. May the power of light always continue to illuminate through you and Elisheva.

To Rabbi Benny Zippel, Chabad Rabbi of Salt Lake City, Utah — a pioneer in the fullest sense of the word — for your terrific work and friendship.

To all our Mini-Circuits friends and family — especially to those who contributed directly to this book — a heartfelt "thank you" for your

dedication, passion, and friendship. We value all the special relationships developed within the global Mini-Circuits family throughout the decades. Although I would really prefer to mention you each individually, I was advised that "You know who you are" will suffice.

To Dad's cousin, Mel Schoenblum (*z"l*), for your lifelong friendship; we miss you and you remain in our thoughts. Helen Schoenblum, thanks for being Mel's lifelong partner, my mother's best friend, and for providing so many of the wonderful family pictures for this book.

To my Uncle Jerry, thanks for your contributions to this book and for the many Passover Seders we shared when I was a child.

To my wonderful Uncle Marvin, who captures childhood memories and who admires his big brother, Harvey, so honestly and purely. Marvin, we love you!

To Alan Steinberg for joining our family "by choice"!

To Roberta Kaylie for your strong support and, especially, for being my sister!

To my children and nephews — LeeRon, Shira, Adee, Yoni, Hudson, Gali, Lee, and Lavee — for sharing your thoughts and being part of our family!

I am so grateful to my mother, Gloria W. Kaylie. She continues to forge an extraordinary mother-daughter friendship with my sister and me — similar to the bond she shared with *her* mother — which I strive to emulate with my children. Her values, limitless efforts, devotion, constant (tough ?) love and support have all had a major impact on creating our strong family unit. While Dad was working towards creating a global company and making the world a better place, with Mom as his partner, the majority of our day-to-day upbringing fell on her shoulders — no small task! We appreciate the magnitude of that responsibility and we strive to pass on those values to your grandchildren. We got lucky that you are Dad's other half and our mother!

Together with countless others, I thank Dad for being our compass and teaching us with his wisdom. By offering us opportunities to succeed, thereby making life so much more interesting and meaningful, he has created an added dimension to our lives. His fixation with values, his commitment to keep improving, and his attention to detail — all these have kept the Harvey and Gloria Kaylie Foundation and Mini-Circuits vibrant and fresh. And now, adding another item to the list, thank you for writing

this book. I thank Hashem for picking me to be the daughter of my parents, and for the privilege of seeing this book to fruition.

Thanks for being my Dad.

Alicia Kaylie Yacoby
Founder, Our6Million
Ramat Hasharon, Israel
March 2017

BOOK I

IN ZEIDIE'S SHADOW

THE FOREST HIDEOUT

The moon hung like a silver crescent in a humid sky when I snapped awake. A strange smell filled the room. It was the middle of the night and all was quiet. Hardly a second or two passed before my mind identified the smell as smoke. *Fire. Our apartment is on fire!* I scrambled out of bed and ran out of my room, finding my mother and my siblings already spilling out into the hallway. We ran down the steps and out into the street. I took a quick tally of the people racing out of the building and saw that, thankfully, everyone was accounted for.

Smoke billowed out of our apartment as the scream of sirens came steadily closer. Ash swirled around us. Flashing red and white lights played off our building; firefighters streamed off their fire engines and raced inside to put out the blaze. Despite the general alarm, I immediately knew that my mother would arrange for Zeidie Sam Aranowitz to help us. Zeidie had been through a lot in life, but he had always managed to make the best of the circumstances and come out ahead. He exuded optimism and strength. This knowledge alone made me relax, confident that things would work out.

Back in Russia, Zeidie had been one of the many thousands caught up in the Russo-Japanese War. Russia wanted a port on the Pacific Ocean for its navy and maritime trade — Russian ports froze over in winter, rendering them unoperational — and forcibly took control of Port Arthur in Manchuria. In 1904, the Japanese attacked the Russian fleet stationed at the port, surprising the navy and earning the Japanese an early victory. Both forces clashed repeatedly over the course of the next year, with the Japanese scoring significant, and costly, victories.

Soon the Russians were recruiting young men in large numbers and sending them directly to the war front. The Japanese were willing to negotiate in exchange for recognition that Korea belonged to them but, convinced that Russia would win, Czar Nicholas chose to remain engaged in the war — sending thousands to die in vain. It was a miscalculation of epic proportions. War casualties were staggering; each side lost tens of thousands of soldiers. A combination of losses and the economic cost of war convinced both countries to seek an end to the conflict, but no one could reverse the incredible havoc the war afflicted on so many families.

Zeidie faced many pressing issues. It was no secret that soldiers serving in the Russian army were virulent anti-Semites who had no compunctions about murdering their Jewish comrades-in-arms. Jewish males of conscription age were so traumatized about the possibility of fighting in the Russian army that many took the extreme step of disfiguring themselves, thereby earning a military exemption. For a while, this seemed to be a part of the fabric of life in every Jewish Russian family: a story describing how "Grandpa, in order to avoid conscription in the Russian Army..." underwent either name changes, self-mutilation, or, rarely, a fabricated death.

Ironically, if Zeidie had been born a little earlier, he would have been barred from serving in the military. Russian law prevented Jews from serving their country patriotically; in this way, Russians denied their Jewish citizens any equality. Later, laws began to change, specifically singling out Jews for pejorative treatment. Every few years, new laws exerted additional pressures on Russian Jewry, making it progressively more difficult to earn exemptions from military duty. Evading the draft brought a princely fine and capturing a Jewish deserter yielded cash rewards.

The government passed measures aimed at pressuring Jewish soldiers to convert to Christianity, creating open animosity between soldiers meant to be fighting in the same army. Routinely underfed and underequipped, Jewish soldiers would not participate in food theft and illegal munitions trade — earning them even more contempt. With this background in mind, it is easy to understand why Zeidie realized he would probably not stay alive too much longer if he remained in the army.

Additionally, Zeidie was scrupulous about keeping kosher at all times. How he was able to do this in the Russian army and still survive remains an enigma to me, but it clearly illustrates his strength of faith and a deep commitment to his principles. After much consideration, Zeidie decided on a plan of action: He would take a drastic gamble and desert the army, a step punishable by imprisonment or, possibly, death.

He began surveying the vast Russian forests surrounding their army encampment, making multiple forays into the dense foliage to find a farm hidden from plain sight. The farm perfectly fitted to his scheme would have to be secluded and self-sustaining; the fewer visitors, the better. For his plan to succeed, the farm would have to be managed by a woman alone, preferably one waiting for her husband to return from war.

After some effort, Zeidie found a woman sympathetic to his plight.

She lived on a secluded farm, one surrounded by hardy underbrush, a place where the trees grew thick and tall. Light reaching the farm seemed filtered through hundreds of tree branches. Sam stayed on the farm for two weeks, completely hidden among bales of hay in the barn. The farmer's wife slipped out at night with some food and water to keep him alive, but otherwise she kept away. Aside from the barn animals, his only company was the dust motes dancing in the morning sunbeams and the vermin crawling underfoot at night.

You can just imagine the sense of fear that pervaded the barn like thick fog. Every unexplained noise — the crack of every twig and the cry of every hound — was enough to send him burrowing under the deepest bales of hay. Finally, after two weeks, it was safe enough for Zeidie to leave the farm and escape, but these harrowing experiences convinced him once and for all that Russia held no future for him.

Russian Jews spoke wonderingly of America. Not for naught did they call this extraordinary country *der goldeneh medinah* — a land whose "streets were paved with gold," a country where anything seemed possible. Just saying these words evoked a place filled with opportunity, equal justice, and a Constitution that granted them the same rights as non-Jews. It seemed incredible that even a Jew could reach the pinnacles of commerce or government. Most importantly, it was a place free of pogroms, a place where no Jew would be persecuted because of his or her religion.

A steady flow of Jews immigrated to America, impelled by economic hardship and continuous persecution. Millions of Jews left Russian towns and villages and embarked on their arduous journey to America. Originally settling in eastern cities such as New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, groups of Jews later made their way further inland, preferring to settle in cities together with other Jews, join the working class, speak and enjoy Yiddish together, send their children to the same public schools, and build their own network of social organizations.

Barely twenty years old and already disillusioned with his prospects in Russia, Zeidie Sam Aranowitz[1] decided to do everything possible to begin his life anew in America. In those days, attempting to immigrate to

1. Sam had a cousin by the name of "Aranoff" who lived in Cleveland. My understanding is that the family name was really "Aranowitz," but Sam's cousin had "Americanized" the name during the immigration process.

the United States was a full-time job: Applicants were required to provide affidavits from sponsors and joined a seemingly endless line of people clamoring for visas within the established quota of that specific country. All this, and multiple layers of bureaucratic red tape, severely limited his chances. Communication with his would-be sponsors was difficult, and Sam's financial hardships made even the simplest task a chore.

In the end, Sam's aunt came forward as a sponsor. She lived in Middle Village, a middle-class neighborhood in the central section of Queens, New York. Obviously, it was all a farce. Barely able to support herself, she certainly had no money to sponsor her immigrant nephew, but she did everything possible to save his life. Thanks to her, Sam was able to immigrate to New York.

The trip across the Atlantic Ocean was rough; the ship crowded and filthy. Immigration officials kept exhausted passengers waiting in the New York harbor as health officers boarded the ship and looked carefully for signs of disease. After the ship passed inspection, doctors then checked the health of every passenger; smaller boats later ferried them to Ellis Island for immigration processing.

Zeidie's ordeals in Russia and the trauma of his ocean voyage remained a sealed book. If I would ask about his past, he would murmur dismissively about being born "in some Russian village." He preferred avoiding the aggravation of discussing his difficulties in Russia and the family he had left behind. Many immigrants were like-minded, preferring to focus on new opportunities instead of dwelling on the past. A lesser person than Sam would have used these many setbacks — understandably so — as an excuse for dejection or bitterness, but he rose above it all and looked toward the present and the future with clear optimism.

A photograph of Zeidie during that period shows a pair of intelligent eyes gazing out from under a high forehead. Shadows created by the horrors of war are evident on his face, yet Sam looks out of the photo with the clear and firm determination to make a better life for himself. As a child, I looked up to him tremendously and found comfort just sitting in his company or helping him. Later, when I grew up, I realized that Zeidie's work ethic and determination to make the best of life strongly influenced my attitude to life as well.

Sam came to America completely penniless, literally with the clothes on his back. He threw himself right into work, all the while never forgetting



Sam Aranowitz

his friends and family. Sam later met Ray (Rachel) Shapiro in New York, through a *shidduch*. Ray came from a somewhat similar background: Her parents had wisely foreseen dangerous times ahead and had emigrated from Poland to America. The big difference was that Sam had traveled across the ocean alone, while Ray had the distinct advantage of reaching

her new home alongside her parents. She had been all of six years old when their boat steamed into New York harbor.

Thus I was secure in my knowledge that Zeidie would make things right again. As the firefighters doused the flames in our apartment and pinpointed the source of the fire — a lit cigarette left carelessly on the couch — passersby looked at us with pity, but I ignored them. We needed somewhere to stay until our apartment was cleaned and livable. My mother comforted us. "Don't worry," she said. "We will all move in with Zeidie until our apartment is livable again." I knew that Zeidie would come through.

We moved to his apartment on Flushing Avenue, a busy street that runs through north Brooklyn and west Queens, and this became our temporary home until our apartment was ready for us to return. Thankfully, the damage was minor; we were back home before very long.

THE FURNITURE STORE

"Home" was a four-story tenement building at 54 Seigel Street in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, New York. We lived in "railroad" apartments, so called because their layout was analogous to a typical mid-century passenger train car. Like railroad cars, our apartments were a series of rooms accessed by big archways between rooms. The area where we lived was very close to Bushwick and, when the neighborhood began changing later, many immigrants moved to Brownsville or Borough Park.

Zeidie owned the building. After he moved from his apartment on Flushing Avenue, he lived on the top floor, moving later to lower floors when old age made it difficult for him and Bubby to navigate the stairs. My aunt, Doris Bass, lived on the third floor. We lived on the second floor, as did my other aunt, Rose Schoenblum.

My relatives paid low rent. Zeidie could have easily rented out those apartments to others and brought in considerably more money every month. It was a working-class neighborhood and rents were not that high, but still, those extra dollars would have gone a long way. Things were very tight at the time and we counted the pennies, but Sam put his family first. He went even further for my mother, Tess Kaylie, who raised us alone.



Tess Kaylie, Harvey's mother, New York, 1958

There are three boys in our family. I am the oldest, followed by Jerry and Marvin. Our father, Sam Kaylie, did not figure much in our life. He was mostly absent from home. I rarely visited him, taking the train alone all the way to Delancey Street on the Lower East Side, where he would treat me to a simple meal in a cafeteria or buy me a shirt or jacket. Otherwise, we hardly saw him. My parents divorced when I was about twelve or thirteen years old and, after that, I saw even less of him.

Zeidie Sam was a *Kohen*, being a descendent of the biblical Aaron. There were many other religious Jews in the neighborhood, with plenty of *shtiblekh* — smaller, informal synagogues — but Zeidie decided to build one behind a neighboring two-story building. I helped him build the structure he later frequented on a regular basis. The *shtibel* had a so-called salon, a table stocked with herring and *schnapps*, where worshipers could grab a bite to eat. A potbellied stove stood in the center of the room, giving off heat in the winter. These stoves ran on coal and, despite the incredible

hardship this placed on his tight finances, Sam donated the coal that kept the stove running all winter.

That made a big impression on me. There were other people who could have helped build the *shtibel* or, at the very least, donate some coal. But Sam stepped forward when he saw the opportunity to help others. It was part of his tremendous passion to work hard and make things better for the greater community. While others could speak of sacrifice and humility and go through all the proper motions, Zeidie went further — showing the will to take action, even at great personal expense.



Potbellied stove

Zeidie ran a secondhand furniture store on the ground floor of our tenement building. He started by selling folding beds but the store eventually began stocking other furniture items as well. I loved that store. In the back lay a room filled with all sorts of junk and knickknacks left behind by previous tenants; Zeidie used it for storage as well. We found plenty of material to play with, especially Y-shaped bed links we could use as slingshots. I even reclaimed an old, abandoned pair of ice skates; the leather crumbled after a while, but at least I had a pair to play with for some time.

Although I was still a young boy, I looked forward to helping Zeidie every morning and evening, before and after school. The store was too small to accommodate all the furniture and I would help him drag some of the bulkier pieces out to the sidewalk, luring customers into the store. Whenever possible, I helped make deliveries, loading furniture on a push-cart and wheeling it to the customers' apartments.

Zeidie closed the furniture store for Shabbat. Remember, this was in a time when the "blue laws" — known also as "Sunday laws" — were widely enforced in New York City. The law restricted Sunday activities (for religious reasons) and shopping, including the furniture store. With stores shuttered on Sundays, everyone did brisk business on Saturday — for many, it was the busiest day of the week, one that made all the difference whether or not they could turn a profit.

Not working on Shabbat became a Herculean task. Factories, sweatshops, stores, and open-air markets all stayed open on Shabbat and would not tolerate a Sabbath observer; missing work on Saturday invariably led to an immediate firing. Many thousands who, back in Russia, had never worked on this holy day suddenly found it impossible to continue this observance. The vast majority of immigrants threw up their hands in despair, adjusting their principles to the realities surrounding them.

Keep in mind that the Great Depression had just ended. The country was still reeling; thousands of the unemployed became street vendors, selling apples and other goods from pushcarts. Countless newly homeless families camped out in Central Park; overall, the average income of the American family dropped by forty percent. It would be the deepest, longest-lasting economic downturn in the history of the industrialized world; the stock market crash wiped out millions of investors and once-prosperous companies folded overnight.

Many Americans fell into deep debt. Bread lines and soup kitchens became a common sight. Thousands of banks had closed their doors, while others liquidated all outstanding loans to supplement their cash reserves. Realists would have found a thousand and one reasons to keep their businesses running on Saturday, but Zeidie would not hear of it. It was Shabbat; the store would remain closed. This weekly sacrifice made a deep impact on me. I saw before me a living role model who, every week, put principles before profit, and this was something I would strive to emulate as well.

At the close of Shabbat, I would run down to the nearby delicatessen and buy Sam a deli sandwich and a copy of the *Forverts* (Forward), a Yiddish daily. Propelled by the rapid growth of the Yiddish-speaking population in the United States, the paper was a leading metropolitan paper with strong influence and a considerable circulation, and Sam enjoyed spending Saturday night catching up on the news.

Sam was the quintessential *mensch*, someone to admire and emulate. If I would have to describe his overall personality, I would say that life had made him serious but he still remained friendly and outgoing, with a wide circle of friends who admired his principles and hard work. I was incredibly fortunate to have been the closest to him of all the grandchildren.

Later in life, my wife Gloria and I would make various large donations to synagogues and libraries, in tribute to Zeidie's beautiful, principled life. I can truly say that the hallmarks of the Kaylie family — their charitable

works, their generosity, their deep commitment to helping others — can all be traced back to the example Zeidie Sam showed me on a daily basis.

A BUDDING ENTREPENUER

My mother, Tess Kaylie, was truly a special person. Life had thrown her more than a fair share of difficulties, each enough to demoralize a lesser person, but she rose above it all. She encapsulated what it meant to "live with dignity." I still find it absolutely incredible that, despite all her hardships, she never once uttered a single word of complaint. People complain when events destabilize their otherwise stable, comfortable lives — and rightfully so — but my mother's refinement and deep belief in the good of others elevated her conduct to something absolutely unique.

As the eldest in our family, I felt the need to help my mother as much as possible, and to act as a sort of protector for my younger brothers. It never occurred to me that I was just a child myself, still attending school and playing games like others my age. I had an entrepreneurial urge to make money and support my family. In a way, it would be fair to say that I had inherited Zeidie's deep determination to work very hard and focus on the positive aspects of life.

My ambition to make life easier for my mother and siblings was so strong that I developed a knack of finding all sorts of novel ways to make money. When I was ten years old, I really wanted to treat my mother to something special: the hugely popular Christmas show at Radio City Music Hall. The price of tickets was totally beyond anything she could afford, but I was determined to get those tickets, and allow her an enjoyable night out.

Completed in 1932, Radio City became known as the "Showplace of the Nation." Its razzle-dazzle decor included eight lounges, each with a unique motif; its murals, wall coverings, and sculptures styled by expert artists. Even little touches — the design of railings, balustrades, and decorative details — complemented the theater's interior spaces. The overall elegance often took first-time movie goers' breath away. The theater became one of

the city's most popular landmarks for generations. The soaring foyer and wallpaper flecked with real gold became the talk of town, and I was set on making sure my mother could experience their most anticipated show firsthand.

I began planning. Most people would be incredulous to learn that I would actually walk up and down the pavement around the neighborhood, looking for thin foil strips. Cigarettes came packaged in plastic with a foil strip on top; people tore off the packaging and discarded the package with the foil. It was a painstaking process, but I would spend hours collecting the foil and selling bundles of it to the junkyard. They paid me a few pennies each time I came around with a bundle of foil.

Then I went around collecting the cardboard cartons storekeepers kept inside their stores. If they did not have cartons, I asked for their garbage, as I knew the garbage was packaged in cartons. I then emptied the garbage in the wastebaskets the city placed on each corner. This way, I took piles of flattened cartons to the junkyard and sold them for two cents a pound. Because everyone used cardboard cartons, there was never a shortage of materials and I could always count on earning a few pennies.

But my biggest payday came when winter storms arrived and covered New York City with layers of snow. While others snuggled at home, content to sip hot chocolate and marvel at the fresh, white powder blanketing the city, I was trudging up and down the streets, offering storekeepers to shovel outside their stores for money. Some looked at me askance — a young child trying to manage an unwieldy shovel — but I went right to work. When the shoveling got tough, I pictured my mother enjoying her special night out; that gave me the strength to keep going and shovel yet another walk, another driveway. Each job earned me ten or fifteen cents.

Four months passed. In this way, I collected penny after penny, until I had saved enough money to buy my mother a ticket for the show at Radio City. It was an exhilarating feeling. I never even felt a twinge of regret that all my friends were out enjoying themselves with their snowball fights and winter games while I was working. I was barely ten years old, but I already had internalized one of my life principles: *Do what has to be done.*

Money was so tight at home that my mother found all kinds of ingenious ways to stretch every penny. She patched our shoes with paper when holes appeared, delaying the need to buy new shoes for as long as possible. She walked with me a couple of miles to and from the A&P supermarket

that offered cheaper prices, *schlepping* groceries home in all sorts of weather — all to save a few pennies on bus fare.

Tess found ways to keep us full and content. Suppers were usually vegetable soup or a similar dish that helped stretch our limited resources and still fill our stomachs. Only once, in honor of Rosh Hashanah, did Tess scrape together enough money to buy me a new suit jacket and hat. I was so proud of my new suit; it was the only new article of clothing I owned. We even went to Prospect Park later just to take a picture of me wearing that suit!

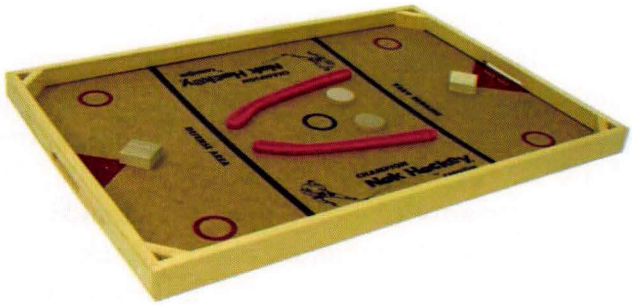
Throughout it all, though, we never felt poor or cheated of better circumstances. My mother managed to create a warm oasis of contentment in our apartment, fostering an atmosphere of happiness and thankfulness. We were happy in our knowledge that "this is what we have to do." This, in itself, was a remarkable achievement.

Because we could not spare the money to buy toys, I found ways to make my own versions of popular games. I loved chess. I taught myself the game by watching others play; later, I became so good that I would beat my counselors at summer camp. But how could I play chess with my cousins if we had no money to buy a set?

I took a piece of white cardboard and crayoned in the black positions. The white contrast of the cardboard played perfectly against the black; soon I had the necessary sixty-four squares. Then I began scouring the candy store on the corner; when people bought a small glass bottle of soda to drink straight away, they used a special bottle opener found on iceboxes in the store to open the bottles and the metal caps fell behind. I raided these boxes, hoarding enough caps until I had my own "chess set." The more popular soda brands — Coca Cola, Pepsi — were transformed into pawns. Other soda caps — like orange soda — became the rooks and other figures on the chess set. Each flavor represented a different chess piece.

There was another popular game at the time called "Nok Hockey." The game consisted of a flat board, two miniature hockey sticks that protected the goals, and one puck. Because I was a creative kid, I decided to make my own set and charge kids a nominal fee to play the game. My idea became a big hit and I scored money by making these makeshift kits available during summer vacation.

I ran a similar project with marbles — those magical, colorful glass



Nok Hockey game

balls hugely popular with children my age. As "chief operator," I used shoeboxes and cut out different-sized holes, offering other kids the chance to try their luck and shoot the marbles into the holes. We had a set of rules determining who won and who lost.

I played all the popular children's games at the time: marbles, football, hopscotch, seesaw, and more. I liked walking. Once I even walked from our home in Williamsburg all the way down to Ocean Surf at the end of Coney Island Avenue — a five- or six-hour walk! I did this with my cousin Mel Schoenblum in the freezing winter cold; our gloves became so frozen that we stopped off in Prospect Park to find a place with a radiator to thaw them out. The sky turned a deep purple as we continued walking; night had fallen by the time we reached the ocean. Our feet hurt so badly that we took public transportation back home.

Before the advent of affordable air conditioning, the oppressive heat of summer enveloped New York like a suffocating mask. The only reprieve was to go swimming in the city's parks; hundreds of kids swarmed to the tantalizing, cool water every day of summer vacation. Mother often gave me five cents for the trolley fare to the public swimming pool and ball park at McCarren Park, but I would pocket the money and walk the long distance. Sidewalks sweated in the heat. People stood listlessly in the shade, trying to cool off with some ice or a paper fan — and there I was trudging to and from the park. Sometimes I used my money to buy a bag of potato chips; I then crushed the chips into little pieces in an effort to make this salty treat stretch that much longer.

I even found a way to build a steady collection of baseball bats. The Parade Grounds in Park Slope were devoted to recreational pursuits, baseball being the most popular sport of the day. Every summer afternoon, hundreds of young men and boys enjoyed themselves playing baseball

in the free fields of the Parade Grounds. You can just imagine how many broken bats littered the grounds when dusk began falling and people reluctantly began making their way home. I would linger and collect whatever baseball bats I deemed salvageable, bringing them home and restoring them.

Ever resourceful, I even decided to build a bicycle. Every kid wants a bike, but we could not afford one. I was raised to get things done and not complain if circumstances made it difficult, so instead of bothering my mother, I made my own plans. Zeidie had a tenant on Flushing Avenue who left at the end of his lease and I went scavenging through the garbage he left behind. Soon I hit pay dirt: a partially disassembled bike. It took a lot of time and effort on my part but I worked hard on finding all the pieces and rebuilding it until, *voilà,* I was the proud owner of a bike!

From the time that I was only five years old, ordinary household items magically became "toys." My imagination transformed spent bars of soap into cars, vegetable cans into blocks. This trait was encouraged by my mother and it stood us in good stead throughout our lives: Instead of wasting time grumbling and feeling cheated, we forged ahead and brought happiness to our lives and to those around us.

With all these extracurricular activities going on, one would be forgiven for thinking I was a tardy student in school, preferring to focus my energies on making money instead. Nothing could be further from the truth. My mother firmly believed that opportunity and financial mobility came through education, and she made sure I did well in school. In fact, I did so well that the school system skipped me twice!

I attended P.S. 141, about three blocks away from our house. Tess walked me there on the first day of kindergarten, to register me at the school, but afterward I walked to and from school myself. I had already taught myself arithmetic by lining up sticks and practicing sums, a skill that later came into great use. Every Friday, I also walked to the local library, Bushwick Library, where I could borrow a book and read over the weekend.

Not content to help my siblings alone, I also looked out for other kids who needed assistance with their studies. Marty, one of my cousins, was home sick with ringworm and could not attend school for an entire semester. (The fungus was so contagious that schools used ultraviolet lights to check students for this skin infection. Those with ringworm could not return to school for the remainder of the term.)

Obviously, Marty fell behind in his studies, so when I came home, I would go over to his apartment and study with him the lesson we learned that day. This way, he was able to keep up with the rest of the kids in his grade and not worry about being left behind when they were promoted to the next grade. I suppose others would have avoided Marty, concerned that they might catch the infection themselves, but I was raised to do the right thing and help others.

A teacher who made a great impression on me was an African-American woman by the name of Mrs. Lacy. She taught us all day. Mrs. Lacy believed that every child could gain opportunity and mobility through education. She was direct and unflappable. Children have a way of discerning which teachers truly care about them and want deeply for them to succeed, and which teachers are just going through the motions. Mrs. Lacy belonged to the former category; years later, I made a point of returning to the school building to thank her specifically for her efforts and the impact she made on my education.

Our classroom at the time was split into two grades; Mrs. Lacy alternated between different sides of the classroom, teaching one grade while the others worked on their lessons. While doing my grade studies, I simultaneously listened to what she was teaching the other grade as well. This way, I did so well that the school skipped me two grades.

Once, I became so caught up in my after-school activities that I overlooked my studies and stopped handing in my homework on a timely basis. When the teacher called my attention to the fact that a few months had gone by in this manner, I spent the next few weeks completing every single missed homework, which I later proudly handed to the shocked teacher. She had never seen that before! This trait of showing responsibility and not taking shortcuts was something Tess strongly ingrained in our lives.

LIFE LESSONS

One summer, Zeidie decided to drive down to Florida. His son, Cy (Simon), had a business partner, Herb Simes. They owned a furniture factory in Miami and Zeidie planned to take me with him for the summer. We

would drive down with Herb Simes and drive back with Cy. The trip was a big deal for a twelve-year-old and I remember it vividly, but what made an even bigger impression on me was a conversation my mother had with me before we left New York.

My mother had packed chopped liver sandwiches for the trip. Giddy with excitement, I could hardly stand still as the car was being packed for our big trip. "Harvey, come here," I suddenly heard her say.

"What is it?"

"Come stand inside the doorway."

"What's wrong?"

Mother looked at me. "Your cousins might be jealous," she explained. "Aunt Doris would also have liked for her children to join the trip. I don't want them seeing you acting so happy about your big trip while their children stay behind. Aunt Doris can see you just by looking out her front window. Wait in the doorway, out of view from the windows; when Zeidie is ready, he will call you and you will run out to the car."



Aunt Rose Schoenblum, 1932

Talk about sensitivity. Although her sisters never complained openly, my mother's sense of character was finely attuned to discern their feelings. She did not hesitate to educate me about the critical importance of being perceptive to the feelings of those around us. I never forgot that lesson. Indeed, when they were ready, Zeidie and Herb came to get me, and off we went to Florida.

The trip took three full days. When we arrived, Cy gave me a bike and I spent my days riding around, exploring the industrial complex, but I got bored quickly. I wanted to work in the factory! Soon they gave me the job of rolling furniture springs, the kind manufacturers use to place under the padding of fine dining chairs. The coils of these springs had to be wound by hand to reach the correct tension, thereby offering resilience to the seat cushion. Though the metal edges of the coil cut my hands, I ignored the blood and pain and kept on working, thrilled to be able to make some money for my family.

This was a few years after the end of World War II and Cy had employed his fair share of war veterans, trying to help them get back on their feet. I would compete with the veterans to see who could roll a spring faster; in the time it took them to complete two springs, I had finished three!

My uncle paid me for all my work at the factory. By the time we were ready to drive back to New York, I had earned the princely sum of thirty dollars. Very few children my age at the time had that kind of money.

I treasured the money carefully and spent no more than six dollars. The first thing I did when I came home was give twenty-four dollars straight to my mother to spend on herself. Even though I had worked so hard throughout the summer, I still felt guilty that I did not give her more money. Thanks to my upbringing, being able to work was an exciting thrill, especially when it became an opportunity to help my mother.

My mother was modest and honest to a fault; she never said a bad word about anyone. A wise woman, she lived with certain core values that had a tremendous impact on my life. Bubby came to visit us every day. She sat with my mother in the kitchen, sipping coffee and eating tea biscuits as they discussed the latest family or business news. Her daily visits brought a comforting stability to our day.

Bubby had a sister, Fanny, who sometimes came to visit as well. Bubby was a special woman who never spoke an ill word about anybody, and she imbued this trait in my mother.



"Bubby" Ray Aranowitz, 1938

One summer, when I was merely seven years old, my mother took us by bus to Prospect Park. This shady oasis in Brooklyn was a hugely popular recreational destination, with tens of thousands of people visiting the park every Sunday in the summer. People played catch, baseball, stoopball,

skelly, hop-scotch, "hit the penny", red light-green light, marbles, Chinese handball... while others enjoyed the winding trails and paths designed for biking or walking. The smell of family barbecues mingled with the joyous shrieks of children running around or enjoying the sprinklers. Families set out picnics on the park lawn, watching their children feed the ducks in the lake.

To accommodate the huge crowds, the city had set up no fewer than six bus lines to serve the park, with hundreds of people getting off and on. At one point, I asked my mother for some money to buy a drink and she gave me ten cents. I paid five cents for a drink and went back but, suddenly, I realized I could not find my mother anywhere in the crowds.

Here I was, a seven-year-old child, all alone and lost at the bus stop. I came up with a plan. I boarded the city bus that carried a familiar number in the front window, paid the five-cent fare with the change, and sat down. I certainly got a lot of attention from other passengers. Concentrating on



Uncle Abe Schoenblum and Aunt Rose with their daughters, Sandra (holding a doll) and Gloria

the streets flashing by, I jumped off and ran home when the bus reached our stop, springing up the steps to our apartment in full confidence that I would find my mother at home looking for me.

Imagine my dismay to find my mother not at home. At a loss, I went to Aunt Rose and told her the whole story. She just stared at me in shock: a seven-year-old had come home alone on the city bus all the way from Prospect Park? Aunt Rose did not have a telephone, so she ran down to the nearest police callbox and put a call in to the police, who radioed the information to officers standing in the park. After combing the park for my frantic mother, the officers relayed the information that I was safe and sound at home.

Mother often enjoyed relating that story. She could not believe that her seven-year-old had found the courage to board a city bus all alone, instead of panicking. A kid my age would typically have started crying for help, but my independent streak and the upbringing she gave me led me to find a solution and follow it through.

Mother's attitude was best appreciated in time of hardship. My youngest brother Marvin was never in the best of health; he suffered tremendously from asthma. Asthma was not really recognized as an inflammatory disease until later, when anti-inflammatory medications were introduced to treat patients. Until then, asthma treatment consisted of medicinal injections or tablets. Much later, nebulizers made a tremendous difference by delivering a specific amount of medication directly to the lungs, but these treatments could be accessed only in the hospitals. It didn't take long for asthmatics to catch on to the convenience of the asthma "puffer" — bettering their quality of life forever — but portable puffers were unavailable during my childhood years.

I will never forget waiting at home while Mother made her nocturnal trips to Coney Island Hospital. Outside, the world was still. Trees sighed in the night. I imagined her bus gliding silently down Coney Island Avenue, like a lonely ship cruising a dark ocean. I knew she was cradling Marvin as he breathed with great effort, his body wracked by wheezing and coughing. Sometimes, when they left the house after a particularly frightening asthma attack, I would look out the darkened windows and pray silently: *Please, God, make the coughing go away. Let them make it to the hospital safely.*

Seeing the hospital building looming in the darkness always brought them a feeling of relief. My mother would rush into the emergency room,

holding Marvin tightly. Doctors quickly hooked my brother up to one of the bulky nebulizers and, within a short time, Marvin's breathing would stabilize and return to normal. Then came the long trip home. Once again, I never heard my mother utter a word of complaint about this heavy burden she had to shoulder alone.

Marvin also suffered epileptic seizures, which, we assumed, had been passed on genetically from my father. Children my age are usually scared when they see someone suffer a seizure, but we were raised not to waste time looking for excuses, so I tried to be as helpful as possible when Marvin got sick.

We were delivered a shattering blow when physicians at the hospital convinced my mother to allow them to use an experimental drug on Marvin, one that was credited with curing epilepsy. (The only other option would be to have him institutionalized for severe epilepsy — a step my mother wanted very much to avoid.) The drug cured his epilepsy all right, but the doctors neglected to inform us of the drug's severe side effects, and Marvin's mental capacities became severely diminished.

Mother accepted this devastating prognosis with remarkable equanimity. I give my mother tremendous credit for her care of and pride in Marvin. Back in those days, having a special needs child was an embarrassment, an abomination who had to be hidden in the attic — or worse. My mother always remained very proud of Marvin. She treated him with dignity and respect. To some extent, she even expected him to do certain chores, enabling him to feel just like her other sons.

She ensured that Marvin played sports. "It's important he does 'boy' activities," she said. Marvin was a member of both a baseball league and a bowling league, and he was very proud of the trophies he acquired over the years. Marvin later held down steady employment throughout all the years, traveling every day from Brooklyn to Manhattan by train. He was well liked at work. (On 9/11, when thousands of people remained stranded due to the lack of public transportation, Marvin was even able to figure out how to get home to Brooklyn from Manhattan.) My mother was way ahead of her time in the way she related to Marvin.

I remember when one of my aunts was too embarrassed to invite Marvin to her son's wedding. Out of respect for Marvin, we all chose not to attend the wedding.

My mother's example was an incredible life lesson for me, demonstrating

how people can draw on inner reserves and find strength to remain serene and accepting in the face of great personal challenge. Marvin's condition also gave me a heightened sense of empathy toward those less fortunate, those who cannot enjoy a life of complete health. It helped me make a commitment to dedicate my energies toward giving less fortunate people the tools they need in order to live happy, fulfilling lives.

JERRY KAYLIE

HARVEY'S BROTHER

A WORLD THAT WAS

Growing up, we had two aunts, two uncles, and seven cousins living on different floors of our building. Zeidie was the landlord of five tenement buildings. While I was still a young teenager, I often spent my free time helping him maintain these buildings. My brother Harvey worked in the furniture store and the bedspring factory, but I helped out in the buildings.

Having emigrated as a young adult, Zeidie could never entirely rid his English of its Russian accent, but he was the kind of person who would never let this handicap hamper his goals. I think that working in America forced Zeidie to be tougher, more businesslike. He had to be that way in order to succeed in running his business and the tenements. Bubby came to America as a young girl, so she had no accent. She was a sweet, loving person — more the affectionate type.

Passover was a big deal. We all had our schedules and timetables, but everything came to a halt for the Seder night. All the aunts, uncles, cousins — everyone was there around the table. That changed, though, when my grandmother passed away.

My mother did not have it easy. Aside from assisting Zeidie in collecting the rents, my mother also helped maintain and clean the buildings. She remained a very caring person who cared a lot about her children, including my brother Marvin, who is mentally challenged. Thanks to her, we felt content. We had relatives and family, we had friends, and everyone else in the area shared pretty much the same financial environment. She had a lot of native smarts. Only one of her brothers ever finished high school, but they were all intelligent people.

Unfortunately, as we grew older, the cousins were unable to stay close, as many of us ended up serving in the military at different times. I served twice: first for six months of active duty and then, in 1961, I joined again when President Kennedy called up reservists. Our cousin Larry Bass, enlisted; his brother, Marty Bass, served in the Air Force. Mel Schoenblum — Harvey's closest family friend — served in the military as well.

Harvey worked hard. Even as a young child, he gave all the money he earned straight to my mother — to help support the family. Harvey lived with us at home right up to his wedding day.

Zeidie stuck to his religious principles. There was a synagogue on our



Bubby Ray Aranowitz with her daughters: (left to right) Rose, Tess, and Doris

street and he went there three times a day — no exceptions. He called us by our Yiddish nicknames — Harvey was Avi, and I was Yankel. He was always on the move, always bustling and active. He had no patience for traffic lights; if he needed to cross the street, he would just raise his hand imperiously and walk across.

When the city offered Zeidie what it considered to be the fair market value for his buildings, he took the money with a certain air of equanimity. The buildings were deteriorating and needed more and more attention, but he was aging and we were there less often to help. The timing really ended up working out for his benefit. He closed his store and I moved with him, my mother, and Marvin to Borough Park. ###



Tess Kaylie with her three sons: (left to right) Jerry, Marvin, and Harvey, Brooklyn, 1992

My wife and I used to make the Thanksgiving and the Passover dinners and everyone would come over to our house for the meal. We did this for five years. Harvey came with Gloria and their two daughters, as did my mother and Marvin.

Growing up with my mother and grandparents taught me an important lesson: Being raised poor doesn't necessarily reflect a lack of values or inspiration. We were always hustling, trying to do good things and help the family. True, my father had mostly abandoned us — as young children, we were alone in many ways — but we were shown how to turn this around into attaining a certain level of responsibility and inspiration that our cousins did not have.

Harvey, especially, took these lessons to heart and became very successful. In a sense, adversity can be channeled to lead to added initiative, will, and energy — the crucial ingredients needed to succeed and excel. Lessons like these are priceless.

MARVIN KAYLIE

HARVEY'S BROTHER

MY TAKE-OVER BROTHER

Harvey is the best brother. Ever.

He helps me always.

When I was younger, I had such bad asthma. No air. Just lungs whooshing and wheezing. Just fighting, always fighting, to breathe. Coughing like crazy.

And the hospitals. So many hospitals. So many doctors. I was there so many times. I couldn't sleep, my mother came with me.

But Harvey did everything to help, to make me feel better.

Harvey is always nice to me. He is my *Take-Over Brother*. Whenever there was a problem, whenever if I felt sick or if someone was bothering me, Harvey always said, "Don't worry, I will *take over* for you, Marvin."

And he did. Harvey fixed everything and made it good again.

Zeidie was such a nice and special man. He liked me. He taught me how to play cards. Also a game of cards with two decks. Even today, I know how to play.

Zeidie had a lot of time for me. He always had time to play cards with



Marvin's brother Harvey (bottom right) and cousin Melvin (top left) at Teen Time, 1947

me. I don't know how he had so much time. He was so busy all day taking care of his bedsprings store and his buildings. I helped him fix the houses. But he was busy *and* he had time to play with me. Zeidie taught me the card game "Stealing Bundles," and I play that game until today.

My mother baked with me. She made cookies and I helped. I remember she had a special long wooden bowl, which she used for her secret chopped liver recipe.

Supper was simple. Cooked, hot cereal; sometimes fried eggs. Or creamed corn from a can. We had no money. Harvey, Jerry, and I all slept in the same bedroom. I sat downstairs in the *shtibel* at his bar mitzvah. They threw candies.

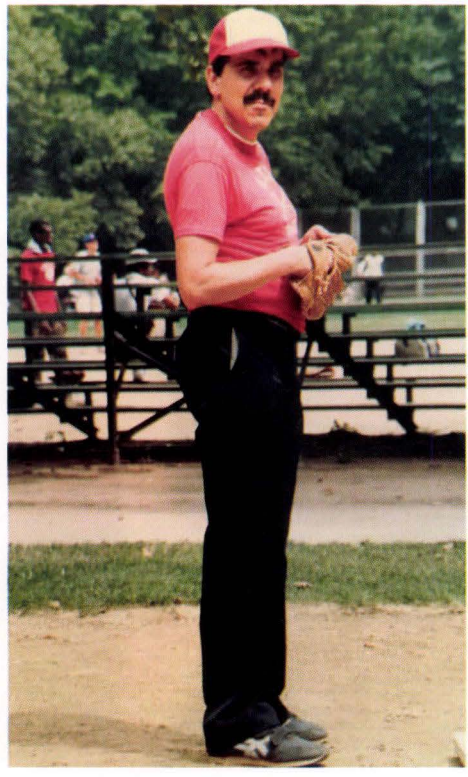
My aunt Rose was so beautiful and special. She taught me how to read. She had patience. We practiced again and again. No rush. Now I know how to read, thanks to Rose. When I was born, Rose helped my mother choose a name for me.

And Sandra. How can I forget Sandra? She was Rose's daughter, my cousin. Sandra always played with me. And she helped me with reading and ABCs.

My other cousin, Donald, was nice to me. Something we did often was play ball. He sat on the floor and rolled the ball back and forth to me. We played this game so much. So I had a lot of nice people around me, but Harvey was the best.

Harvey took me once to Teen Time Boys' Club. We had a good time there.

I went to a different school. I did well in sports — bowling, tennis. I watched my cousins play chess and saw how they were playing. "I know how to play," I told them.



Marvin playing baseball, New York, 1998

Later, when Harvey got married, his two daughters, Roberta and Alicia, came to our house in Borough Park. Zeidie lived upstairs and he babysat them. The floor was a mess when Roberta tore his newspapers into shreds. She lined up the shreds into rows, so the floor had long rows of paper. Zeidie laughed. "Leave it," he said to me. "Let Harvey see what a mess she made." But sometimes I cleaned it up anyway.

I went to camp by myself. Camp was fun.

Harvey's wedding was nice. It was in the rabbi's house. They had a little party with cake and soda.

I went to the bar mitzvah of Harvey's grandsons. They wanted to honor me to open the Holy Ark where the Torahs are kept. I was not sure about going up there in front of so many people. Maybe I would do it too slow. But everyone was so nice to me. They said, "You can do it." So I went up there and opened the Ark.

Harvey helped our mother and me all these years. He sent us on trips, to have a rest and enjoy traveling. Thanks to Harvey, we vacationed in Italy, Paris, and London. And Israel — that was the best trip of them all. I went to Israel twice: once with my mother for Alicia's wedding, and once with OHEL. I loved visiting Israel; we had a good time.

Thank you, Harvey. The. Best. Brother.



Marvin (left) and Harvey at the dedication of a sefer Torah in honor of their mother, Hampton Synagogue, 2010

HARVEY KAYLIE

GROWING UP

Zeidie worked right into his eighties. He always viewed work as an integral part of life and was in no rush to retire — or even slow down. Not that his life revolved solely around work; he balanced his business obligations alongside a deep dedication to family. For example, when we were going to school, my cousins and I knew that Zeidie would spare us some change to buy snacks and we felt comfortable asking him for money.

"What are you planning on buying?" he invariably asked.

"Candy!"

"No candy," came Zeidie's no-nonsense reply.

"Pretzels."

"Pretzels are good," he smiled. Zeidie would then get up and make a show of finding his coin purse, handing us two pennies each. We then ran down to the closest candy store and chose the long pretzel rods they sold in tall jars.

Zeidie originally ran a store that manufactured bed springs and clips used in bed frames (box springs were not covered by padding in those days). He later closed that store and started the used furniture business that operated on the ground floor of our tenement building. Aunt Rose worked downstairs in the store. Customers came from miles away. Some even called Sam "Zeidie" — they heard us calling him and thought it was his name! Later, my uncle Cy opened a second store; he ran the business at that location.

Apart from this, Zeidie owned and maintained various "cold water" tenement apartment buildings in the area. He had worked as an elevator operator for many years when he first came to America, and the money he saved up during those Great Depression years enabled him to buy tenement buildings during the slump. They were called "cold water" because they had no running hot water. (Current building codes make such apartments illegal now, but they were common in big cities like New York, Detroit, and Chicago right through the mid-twentieth century.) Heating water to take a bath became a real chore for people living in such apartments and some preferred using public baths instead.

People were still reeling from the repercussions of the Great Depression to the extent that Zeidie initially had difficulty finding tenants to fill his

buildings. Always a practical man, he began offering two months of free rent, hoping it would lure new tenants. This tactic was partially successful: Many would move in and then leave after two months, having gained a place to live "rent-free" for that short period of time. Bubby helped out by collecting the monthly rent from all of Zeidie's tenants and giving receipts.

Back at home, Mother had the responsibility to turn off the hallway lights on every other floor in our tenement building every night, in an effort to shave a few pennies off Zeidie's electric bill. She did so by going downstairs and using a special key that fit in the main electric box, embedded in the wall of the ground floor, which switched off the hallway lights. Later, this became my responsibility.

My mother had the additional responsibility of sifting through the white ash of the coal bins we used for heating, and scooping out any remaining lumps of coal that had not been used or still could be reused. She used a special grated scooper for this thankless task. Disturbed by her sifting, the ash would billow around her, and then settle lazily as a fine layer all over her clothes, hands, and face, but she never complained.

Many Eastern European refugees lived in our area. Almost everyone was Jewish. Most had large families and plenty of children ran around



(Left to right) Harvey, Mel Schoenblum, and Marty Bass on the corner of Manhattan Avenue and Seigel Street, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, 1942

every block. The city felt safer then and it was perfectly acceptable for even young children to wander around the neighborhood unsupervised. I was extremely close with my cousin Mel Schoenblum — he was about two years older than I was — and we spent a lot of time together.

I know that tenements have sometimes been described unkindly as places of despair — the city's idea of the cave for the modern century. A tenement building might contain a varied slice of society — rowdy families on the lower floors, nondescript bachelors on the top floors, with the storekeepers and merchants sandwiched in the middle, and, of course, a sprinkling of empty apartments inhabited by a steady stream of temporary tenants.

Overall, I have very positive and fond memories of living in the same building as my grandparents and cousins. A warm family atmosphere pervaded our tenement, and growing up in such a friendly atmosphere was a lot of fun. We knew all the neighbors; some were as close as family and attended our family celebrations. We even had neighbors join our group photos at family weddings! In the summer, neighbors sat outside on chairs and talked. Everyone knew everyone else. I was like a brother to Mel Schoenblum and we were always going back and forth between our apartments.

Friday nights, I sometimes went upstairs to eat dinner with my grandparents. Bubby made chicken soup, of course, and we would spend an enjoyable evening together. They exuded an atmosphere of pleasantness and just being in the room with them meant the world to me.

Uncle Jack, the youngest of my mother's siblings, was considered the baby of the family. He was about fifteen when I was born. We called him Jackie. Always trying to emulate his older brother Cy, Jack ran around doing his best to help out, but Cy was truly the family breadwinner. Although Zeidie was the head of the family, Cy came in a close second.

I knew that my grandparents had another son, Moshe, who had passed away in a tragic accident when he was still a young boy. Children often played in the streets back in those days and he had been playing ball when he was hit by an automobile and died. Aunt Rose felt terrible about the incident — she had the responsibility of watching him — but it all happened so quickly that there was nothing she could have done. It was truly an accident.

Meanwhile, I continued working odd jobs to make money, trying to



Zeidie and Uncle Jackie

both improve conditions at home and to start saving money. On weekdays, after school, I began working at a nearby laundromat, where I delivered clean laundry to customers' homes, hoping for tips. Later, I worked at the Food Market on Moore Street. Also, as the grocery delivery boy, I *schlepped* groceries for customers and once again got paid in tips, but some people did not tip at all.

Later, I worked at a clothing store called Lorrie's. I was in high school by then, and I was entrusted with picking up material from garment factories in Manhattan and delivering it by subway to the store in Brooklyn. I got paid by the task. The owner often asked me to wash his car as well. I usually did a top-notch job, leaving his car gleaming within fifteen minutes, for which he paid me an entire dollar. I was also a stock boy at Lorrie's.

Later, when I was fifteen, I began working for my uncle Cy, who manufactured headboards. My job was to use cross-cut, drill press, and band saw machines to cut lumber and then assemble the pieces to get ready for upholstering the frame. Then it was covered with a plastic, over a cotton pad. This was a low-cost manufacturing process.

I worked hard at Bushwick Headboard, Cy's factory on Debevoise Street. The production area was located on the second floor and I helped carry the huge ten-foot two by fours up the stairs, often lugging them alone. Then I got to work sorting the legs, carefully positioning them to ensure that the drilling and cutting would not encounter any circular knots in the wood.



The shape of a Bushwick Headboard

The bed frame would join the headboard by screws inserted into two holes on the bottom posts. My job was to drill those holes. I found that the best way to succeed at this monotonous task was to let my mind think about interesting subjects that sharpened my focus. I remember once spending an entire day drilling holes in the headboard frames; Cy was away and I had the place to myself. I later lined up the boards and realized I had drilled eight thousand holes while I let my mind wander!

This became one of the principles of my life — to keep my mind stimulated at all times by finding ways to stretch the parameters of my thinking,

sometimes by mind games. I trained myself to see layers of possibilities for even simple items, in ways most people could not imagine, and this skill served me very well throughout my life. Imagination is the key to a fertile mind.

Later, I would play these games with my daughters and their children. We called the game "Imagination." For example, I would pick up a simple writing pen and challenge them to come up with a list of possible functions: Could it be a conductor's baton that guided an orchestra in their music? Maybe it was a magic wand in the hand of a magician, dazzling his audience with clever tricks? Could it be a baseball bat? A hockey stick? A cane for an old man? We listed all the possibilities until the players were stumped.

Another hobby that served me well in broadening the scope of my knowledge was stamp collecting. Some collect stamps for relaxation, or in the hope they will discover an elusive stamp to make them wealthy, but I viewed stamps as miniature works of art that offered a window into a tremendous store of knowledge. Stamps represent historical events, places, and people. With the world at your fingertips, stamp collecting is like visiting exotic places from your own room. I found that it made learning fun, a stepping stone to learning as much as I wanted about the world around me.

I really appreciated beautiful stamps, those with intricate artwork and stunning graphics design. They celebrated important people and events on the tiniest of canvases. This was especially true during World War II, when many stamps paid tribute to the war effort and commemorated various events that helped me understand more about the world around me. I did not have that much exposure to these subjects either at home or in school.

Children were mostly unaware of the Holocaust raging in Europe. I never heard my relatives talk about the genocide being perpetrated against our brethren. American Jews back then did not have this overall everyday consciousness about atrocities across the ocean. To be sure, all Americans — Jews and non-Jews alike — knew very well about the Nazis and their virulent anti-Semitism, but no one could imagine the end result.

Besides, American Jews were grappling with many issues during this time that really made it difficult to focus properly on events abroad. The sustained economic depression was very real: we literally counted the pennies to put food on the table. It was a joyous occasion for our family when

my mother made meat for supper! People were so burdened by trying to keep a roof over their heads and food on the table that they simply did not have the state of mind to pay proper attention to rumors about the Holocaust.

Some skepticism also existed: It was the twentieth century and Germany was, supposedly, a modern and cultured nation. The Nazi atrocities seemed literally unbelievable. I first encountered Holocaust survivors when people with numbers inked on their arms began renting apartments from Zeidie. (During the Holocaust, prisoners in Auschwitz had numbers tattooed on their arms, as though the Germans were branding cattle.) Seeing these numbers on a daily basis became a sobering reminder of what had occurred during the war.

Bubby was from Poland and Zeidie from Russia; it soon became clear that Zeidie had lost his entire immediate family to the horrors of World War II. Fleeing Russia to cross the ocean alone and start a new life in America had saved not only his own life, but the lives of all his future descendants.

The Holocaust is now a shocking, distinctive entity that stands apart — a genocide much worse than previous Jewish persecutions. It is unique in scope and historical significance. Many years later, I became actively involved with the Museum of Jewish Heritage — A Living Memorial to the Holocaust, helping create a living memorial that inspires citizens and leaders worldwide to confront hatred.

SCHOOL AND GAMES

Meanwhile, I continued taking my schooling very seriously. I never bothered my mother or grandparents with my school responsibilities; I worked independently and I worked hard. This was borne out when I graduated from William J. Gaynor Junior High School (P.S. 49) at the age of twelve! Located on 223 Graham Avenue in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, the school was a bustling hubbub of activity — many, like myself, were children or grandchildren of immigrants — and I used the time wisely to study and get



Harvey (top right) at the Boys' Club

good grades. My mother, of course, came to my graduation, and sat there proudly, watching her son graduate as the youngest in the group.

Even with all my after-school jobs, I still made time to play sports and hang out with friends and family. I was a good ball player. The playground of our public school doubled as a park on weekends, and I particularly

enjoyed playing baseball and softball there with my friends; I have very fond memories of those games. Even at home, I practiced jumping and enjoyed being athletic.

I played a lot of basketball, sometimes playing the game with my cousins in the hallway of our building. Additionally, there was a boys' club for kids in our area and I often met my friends and cousins in the club after school. The girls would join our club when there was a party or other kind of celebration.

My bar mitzvah came and went. In those days, people did not have the resources for splashy, extravagant celebrations and I celebrated my bar mitzvah simply, like many of my friends. My dear Zeidie stepped in and paid for someone to give me lessons so that, on the Shabbat of my bar mitzvah, I was called up to read from the Torah in Zeidie's synagogue. Of course, my mother sat near Bubby upstairs with the other women, beaming as she heard me read the Torah aloud. Well-wishers showered me with paper bags filled with candy. There was some herring and whisky after the service, people offered me their good wishes, and I became a man in the eyes of Jewish law.

Back in those days, the city ran health stations that cared for city kids. During the summer, they offered free trips to Bear Mountain, two hours north of New York City. Situated in the rugged mountains rising on the west of the Hudson River, the area features parks, a large playing field, shaded picnic tables, and scenic trails. We went there and back by boat. For children in our financial situation, who could not afford fancy trips, these outings were truly a special treat.

My mother would also take us to visit Prospect Park Zoo, a zoo in Brooklyn just the right size for children to spend a few hours watching the sea lions, monkeys, and an assortment of domestic animals. Most importantly, there was no admission fee.

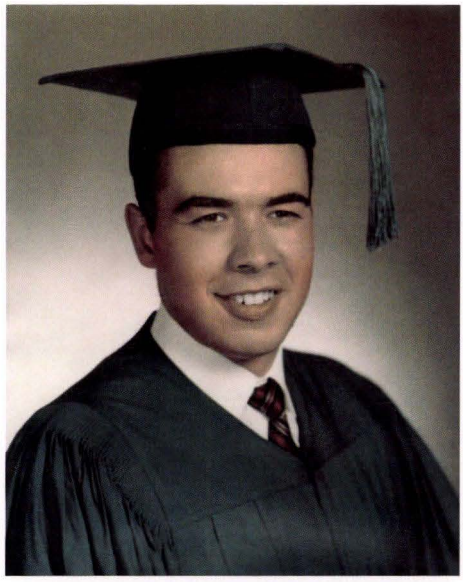
I entered high school in 1948. All my cousins living on Seigel Street went to Eastern District High School, within walking distance of our tenement building, but I had my heart set on attending Boys High School, even though it entailed taking two buses every day to and from school. That school placed gifted children in a special class and I was one of those students. I was particularly interested in math. Bubby was very math-inclined; I must have inherited my fascination with math from her!

Three and a half years later, I graduated high school at the young age



Harvey (bottom row, second from right) in junior high school, 1950

of fifteen. I actually could have graduated a half-year earlier, but I did not want to finish school at such a young age. Overall, I had already skipped grades three times — twice in public school and once in junior high school. Socially, there were no issues; I continued to get on with my peers and made friends with classmates, but I made the decision to remain behind and take extra courses instead of graduating early. I was the youngest in the grade and the only one in the class who chose not to graduate that year.



Harvey's high school graduation photo

Despite my young age, I won the physics medal and received additional recognition, including a math certificate. Although college entry was all but assured, I still felt uncomfortable about entering college before my sixteenth birthday. I continued to make decisions about my education independently. Zeidie was busy running the store and managing the tenements, my mother had her hands full at home taking care of Marvin, and I felt confident in deciding my educational future.

Prior to graduating from high school, I decided to try to enroll in the City College of New York (commonly referred to as CCNY, or simply City College). Because it was the oldest public college in the city, its Manhattan campus stretching along ten blocks across Convent Avenue on a hill overlooking Harlem, it was a very competitive school. At the time, it was considered far superior than other city colleges — Brooklyn College, Hunter College, Queens College — and I went directly after school to take two four-hour admission tests. I took the subway there and back every day.

I did well on the admission tests; City College accepted me immediately. The first time I entered the physics class, our instructor introduced himself and then went on to say, "Look around you. Look behind you, in front of you, on the left and on the right. Take a good look; most of the students sitting around you will not be here at the end of the semester." That was an accurate assessment. Almost half the class failed that semester.

The next semester, the same thing happened. It took about two years for the remaining students to start feeling somewhat reassured that if we made it this far, we could make it through to graduation. Until then, the lectures and exams were so tough that we often found ourselves wondering what we had gotten ourselves into.

Later on, in my third year, we were taught engineering by a terrific professor by the name of Dr. Egon Brenner. He was an absolutely brilliant

individual who taught us critical thinking in engineering. (He later went on to become the deputy chancellor and vice chancellor for academic affairs at the college.) Dr. Brenner taught the electronic circuits course. He challenged students to think better, to think differently.

I still remember an example he gave us when we studied resistance in electric circuits. The smaller the wire is, the greater the resistance, and engineers usually try to avoid energy loss in order to maximize greater potential. Dr. Brenner challenged us to think of an exception to this rule. We racked our brains, but no one could think of the correct answer. "Think of a toaster," he finally said. "The wire has a lot of resistance, so it heats up; the heat is then used to toast your bread or heat your food. You want to *maximize* resistance in toasters." In this way, he gave us a wider view of how to approach engineering, and I always remembered that approach.

(In an interesting twist, Dr. Brenner was working on a book he planned to publish, titled *Analysis of Electric Circuits*. He distributed the book material in note form during classes for us to study and discuss; in a sense, we became the copy editors for his book.)

The intellectual pace of college was naturally faster and more demanding than that in high school, and I actually took leaves of absence twice, both times in the spring, when I went back to working for Uncle Cy in the furniture factory. I would describe these two breaks as the time I needed to "find myself," to recalibrate my goals and ambitions and decide whether I should continue working so hard and finish college. Remember, I was the only one in the family studying in college; all my elders were working in full-time jobs without completing college. Even Mel, my cousin and closest friend, went to Brooklyn College only later on. My brother Jerry went into finance. (Years later, one of my cousins did follow my example and study engineering.)

Complicating matters, many fellow students had quit engineering in sheer frustration and had switched over to accounting, a less rigorous course with a higher comfort zone of regular routine. There were no lab classes in accounting and much less work. In engineering, by contrast, five hours of drafting were worth only two credits and three hours of lab work earned just one credit.

School was only part of my responsibilities. The engineering course swamped me with work, but I still kept working alongside Uncle Cy at the furniture factory. This way I made money to support my mother and



Uncle Cy holding newborn nephew Melvin, 1936

my siblings. This was not so unusual at the time: Other students were also juggling college classes while working different jobs after hours.

Each leave of absence took up an entire term. I did not discuss my situation with Zeidie or any of my relatives. They obviously realized that I had stopped attending college, but no one told me what to do; this was a decision I would have to reach on my own.

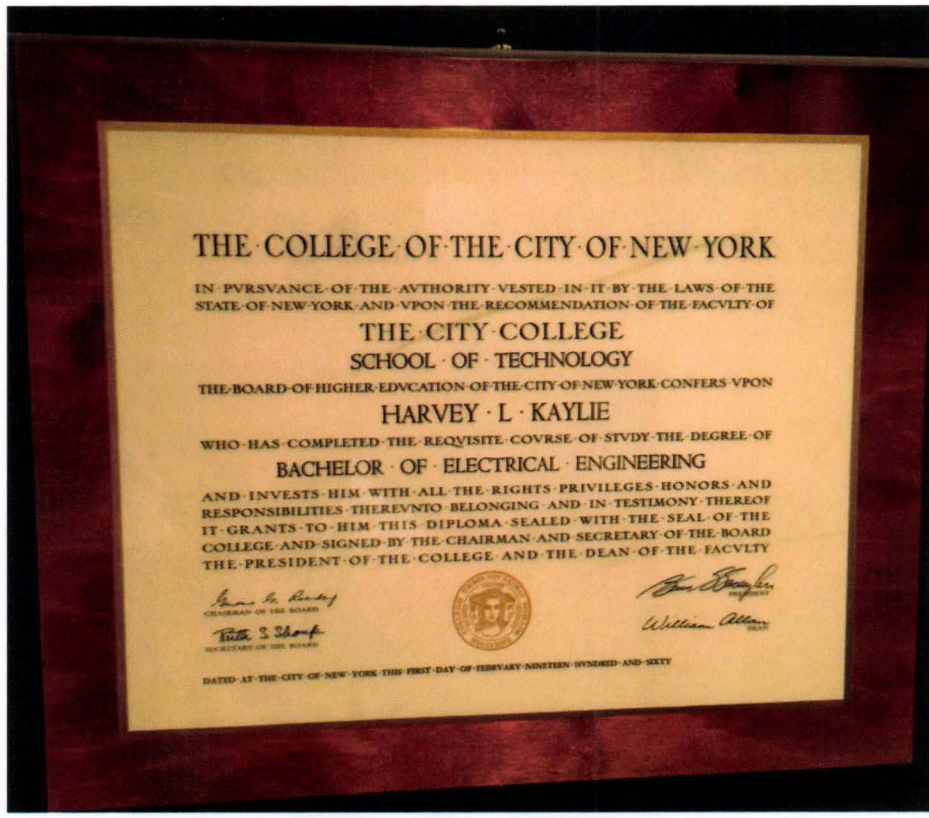
I did everything at the factory. I already described earlier how I worked at carpentry, fashioning the headboards, but I also did the bookkeeping (which I taught myself) and payroll. I kept track of all the accounts. I must have done a good job running the place because Cy left once on a trip for two weeks and left the entire business in my hands! Cy enjoyed stimulating my mind with questions. He often asked me key questions about the business, including complicated mathematical problems, and I always had to be ready with a quick answer.



Cy and Harvey, Brooklyn, 1980s

After my second leave of absence, I made a firm decision to graduate from college; from that point forward, I did everything at an accelerated pace, earning multiple credits in a very short time. (English, for example, was never a favorite subject of mine, but I worked so hard that year that I earned an A in English.) In fact, I redoubled my academic efforts to such an extent that, had I kept up that momentum throughout, I would have graduated from engineering school in three and a half years instead of the expected four-and-a-half-year program.

In retrospect, I was fortunate to have decided to take engineering to its completion and graduate. The products I manufactured later in life, the hugely successful business I founded, the inventions I patented, and the three honorary doctorates I earned were possible only thanks to my passion for engineering and hard work.


THE · COLLEGE · OF · THE · CITY · OF · NEW · YORK

IN · PVRSVANCE · OF · THE · AVTHORITY · VESTED · IN · IT · BY · THE · LAWS · OF · THE STATE · OF · NEW · YORK · AND · VPON · THE · RECOMMENDATION · OF · THE · FACVLTY · OF

THE · CITY · COLLEGE

SCHOOL · OF · TECHNOLOGY

THE · BOARD · OF · HIGHER · EDVCATION · OF · THE · CITY · OF · NEW · YORK · CONFERS · VPON

HARVEY · L · KAYLIE

WHO · HAS · COMPLETED · THE · REQVISITE · COVRSE · OF · STVDY · THE · DEGREE · OF

BACHELOR · OF · ELECTRICAL · ENGINEERING

AND · INVESTS · HIM · WITH · ALL · THE · RIGHTS · PRIVILEGES · HONORS · AND RESPONSIBILITIES · THEREVNTO · BELONGING · AND · IN · TESTIMONY · THEREOF IT · GRANTS · TO · HIM · THIS · DIPLOMA · SEALED · WITH · THE · SEAL · OF · THE COLLEGE · AND · SIGNED · BY · THE · CHAIRMAN · AND · SECRETARY · OF · THE · BOARD THE · PRESIDENT · OF · THE · COLLEGE · AND · THE · DEAN · OF · THE · FACVLTY

DATED · AT · THE · CITY · OF · NEW · YORK · THIS · FIRST · DAY · OF · FEBRVARY · NINETEEN · HVNDRED · AND · SIXTY

Harvey's diploma from City College of New York, 1960

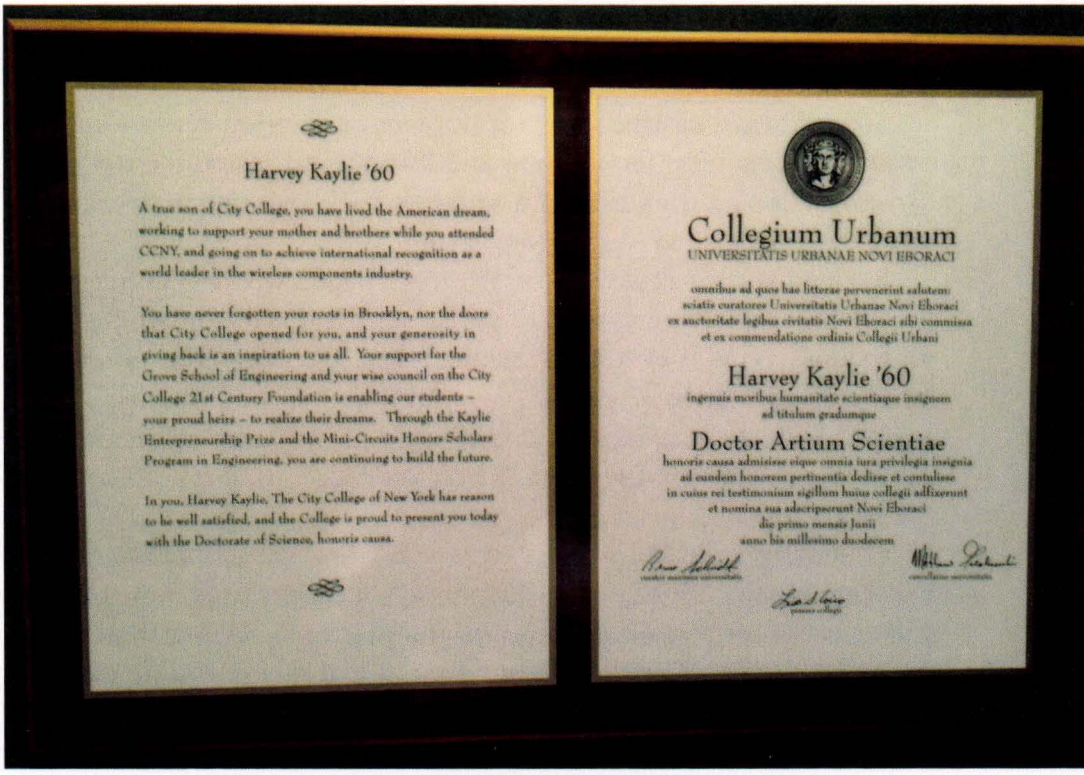
Engineering taught me how to study, analyze, and solve problems. The creative problem solving found in this field introduced me to different ways of thinking, opening fascinating paths that stretched my talents in unexpected ways. Engineering animates everything around us — the cars we drive, the water systems we use, the furniture we own, our phones and electronics. The list goes on and on. The enjoyment of seeing the results of my creativity have accompanied me throughout life. Engineering has allowed me to find novel solutions, thereby making my mark on the world.

Many, many years later, I gave back to CCNY by endowing the Kaylie Prize for Entrepreneurship. Winning the Kaylie Prize became the equivalent of receiving an "angel round" of venture funding. Members of the winning team spend the summer working on their project and living together at the CCNY residence hall — much like working in the "garage environments" that have characterized Silicon Valley start-ups. Students also had

access to a new entrepreneurship laboratory known as the InnoLab. They live, breathe, and eat their projects.

I also donated a substantial amount to create the Mini-Circuits Scholarships in Engineering at City College. This way, I am able to open opportunities for underprivileged engineering students. My hope is that these students will be bitten by the engineering bug that will affect them for life. In addition to providing them with financial aid and career development advice, I went a step further by offering these students opportunities for paid summer internship at my company, thereby enabling them to have real "hands-on" work experience.

All this helpful assistance, and the higher level of learning supplied by the Kaylie Prize, did not exist when I went to school. This was my way of saying "thank you" to the college that set me upon the path of engineering as a way of life and to give others the opportunity to succeed beyond their expectations.



Plaque commemorating the Kaylie Prize for Entrepreneurship, June 2011

EARLY CAREER STEPS

At the time of my graduation, City College was considered one of the highest-ranking colleges in the United States. I was flooded with job offers and I had to make a decision about where to start my career. Which company to choose? These decisions, much like my choices in education, were mine alone. No one in the family discussed it with me or exerted any pressure about choosing one offer over the other. Making decisions independently had become my second nature.

The first company I worked at was International Telephone & Telegraph (IT&T), a global manufacturing company that specializes in manufacturing components for the aerospace, transportation, communications, and energy markets. Although I was still in school at the time of my interview for IT&T, I was making more money than the person interviewing me for the job! It didn't bother me that I was making more money already working for my uncle Cy than I would be at my new engineering job. Engineering meant everything to me, and I gladly gave up my responsibilities at Bushwick Headboard.

Soon, I began designing circuits for communication systems at IT&T headquarters in New Jersey. I was still living at home and did not own a car, so I relied on friends to give me rides back and forth to work every day, from Brooklyn to Nutley, New Jersey.

I remember the first week on the job. I began working at full speed, using every available moment to get things done, while other engineers sat around taking it easy and cracking jokes. After that week, they must have been somewhat afraid that my output would surpass their regular performance at the company, so they took me aside for a friendly chat. "Take it easy, Harvey," they said. "Don't work so hard. It reflects badly on the rest of us."

Obviously, I did not want to start at my first job by causing friction between myself and fellow co-workers, so I spent my time there in a balancing act of sorts: working seriously at my new job, while not alienating the other engineers working around me. I had this insatiable curiosity to learn more about my work — especially because I did not have prior exposure to this type of field — so I took work back home with me as well.

This way, I could pursue my love of engineering after hours as well. I did very well at IT&T.

I learned many things at my first job that helped me avoid future pitfalls. For example, I was once taking measurements on a DME (distance measuring equipment) receiver for the army. The main purpose of this technology is to measure range distance by timing the delay of radio signals. This piece was going to be used by the military to measure distances. (Also an integral part of avionics, DME receivers display aircraft distances — greatly reducing the pilot's workload.)

I worked on testing the unit, getting very poor results in return. I spent a few frustrating hours trying to find the problem with the unit when I suddenly realized that the radiofrequency (RF) cable connector was faulty, not the unit itself. Later, when I built my business, that aggravating episode taught me the importance of providing quality cables for our customers. When a customer buys cables from Mini-Circuits, we provide a six-month guarantee. No other company offers such a warranty — cables break too quickly — but I never forgot the frustration and it became our company policy to provide rugged test cables.

Our customers are very grateful for the way we understand and satisfy their concerns. This is one reason why we have been so successful. Similar experiences during my early years working in RF and microwaves formed some of the ways I would come to change the industry.

I worked at IT&T for about a year and a half. As though my schedule were not full enough, during this time I also taught engineering for two terms at the Newark School of Engineering, to supplement my paycheck from IT&T. I taught night classes there twice a week. And still with no car. So I would take the train, walk eight blocks to the school, and then take the subway home again. Meanwhile, I was pursuing my master's degree in electrical engineering at NYU at the same time. So I really was juggling a lot of responsibilities — work, teaching, and studying.

It may seem that all this was a bit too much too handle, but I never viewed it that way. People who do what they love doing are enthusiastic and excited about their work. It gives them stamina. I love learning; I love teaching; I love engineering — so it all worked out well for me. Teaching, in particular, is very important to me. Learning from books can be dry and listless, but an effective teacher brings the subject to life and provides

a wide perspective on the subject. A teacher who gives the student the essence of any given subject gives them the power to succeed.

After a year and a half at IT&T, the company went through restructuring and they fired one hundred engineers, including me. Soon afterward, they came back and tried to rehire me — I was the only one in the group to get that offer — so I went back for a year or so, but then I decided to move on.

I began working at Fairchild, a United States defense contractor that specialized in systems electronics and defense communications. In 1960, Fairchild had acquired DuMont Laboratories, an American television manufacturer that developed long-lasting tubes and became synonymous with high-quality TV sets.

When I arrived, Fairchild was in a bit of trouble. It was very behind in a project. You could feel the tension in the air. I did everything I could — including design — to have the project finished well before the looming deadline. My superiors were impressed. When they realized how quickly I could work, they began giving me extra jobs, including cleaning up unfinished projects assigned to other engineers. (In particular, I remember a certain fellow who did such shoddy work that I kept getting assigned to finish his projects.)

Fairchild gave me a substantial raise in recognition of my success at the company. The raise came at an auspicious time: I had recently become engaged and the extra money would go a long way to help defray the expenses of married life. Despite the larger paycheck, I felt restless and unsatisfied again. Fairchild had us working on a project hampered by setbacks and problems for eight months with no goal in sight; besides, my responsibilities at the company also involved way too much traveling. It was time to leave.

In 1964, I began working at Amperex Electronic Corporation, a manufacturer of vacuum tubes and semiconductors. Still without a car, I traveled the thirty miles back and forth by train every day, from my home in Flatbush all the way to Hicksville, Long Island. The strain was not worth it, however, and I realized that the time had come to buy a car.

While working at Amperex, I wrote my first article for a technical magazine. That was a milestone for me: It proved I could succeed over my peers. The magazine paid me twenty-five dollars and a Zippo lighter.

I worked for two years as an application engineer and rose finally to

senior engineer. Still, I did not see a quick path to growth if I stayed at the company and so, after four years, I decided to move on. Looking back, I can see that this restlessness and drive to achieve better and greater things has really been the primary force behind many of my career decisions.

MY BEST FRIEND

I was extremely close with my cousin, Mel Schoenblum. We really were inseparable — best friends for about seventy-five years. As children, either I was in his house or he was in my house. We spent a lot of time together and did everything as a pair: We played hardball together; we played baseball for the Police Athletic League (PAL). We played at the Parade



Mel Schoenblum, 1945

Grounds in Park Slope. We took long walks together, even from our tenement in Williamsburg all the way to Coney Island. When I went swimming at McCarren Park, Mel was right there swimming alongside me. When I had my cardboard collecting business, Mel was my partner.

I have very fond memories of my childhood years, and Mel figures very prominently in all those memories. Mel and I were so close that I knew our lives would be intertwined. I looked up to him as my "big brother." Mel exposed me to a lot of things about life and I loved him dearly.

Mel introduced me to the magical lure of the world of stamp collecting, and my lifelong love of stamps is due primarily to his influence. (I was so entranced by stamps that my mother made a special trip to the post office in downtown Brooklyn to get stamps for me when I was sick. As a general rule, she did not have money to buy much, but she knew how important stamps were to me, and this gesture made such an impression that I still remember the stamps she bought me — the Florida Everglades.)

One particular incident stands out in my mind: It was a freezing cold winter weekend and we were both supposed to finish packaging hardware in envelopes at Cy's factory. The goal was to reach one thousand envelopes. I woke up early and I could immediately see it was the kind of day that sent people scurrying back under the bedcovers. But work was calling. I went over to Mel's apartment, his mother woke him up, and off we went to the factory. The frozen sidewalks glinted with snow crystals and icy winds knifed through our clothes. Mel had been reluctant to get out of bed in the first place, so the horrendous weather did little to improve his mood.



The Everglades stamp

We got to the furniture factory and discovered that the heat was off. Because it was a weekend, no

one else was working in the building, so we left the heat off and worked with our coats on. It was absolutely freezing — so cold that the water in the toilet bowl had frozen solid. We had to fill envelopes with bolts and screws, but it was too cold to take off our gloves, so we just cut off the fingertips of our gloves and began working. We worked that way the entire day. These conditions were so difficult that this incident has remained etched in my mind throughout all these years.

Although Mel helped out in the furniture factory, he did not particularly enjoy working there. He also felt restricted by his schedule at Brooklyn



Mel returning from his tour of duty in Korea, 1957

College. It soon became obvious that Mel needed some personal space. Volunteering for the United States Army was his ticket out of Brooklyn — just the thing he needed to mature and grow, so Mel joined the army and served in Korea. The United States had come to the aid of South Korea when it was invaded by North Korea, and although hostilities had ceased back in 1953, the United States still kept a military presence in South Korea.

Mel spent three years in the army. We kept in touch. Mel sent me letters from Korea, describing his experiences and some of his adventures. We saw each other every time he came home, and spent a lot of time catching up. (My brother Jerry served in the military as well; he was drafted years later, during the Cuban missile crisis.)

Mel served as a cryptologist, an important and sensitive position. Primarily responsible for identifying foreign communications, cryptologists are crucial to the army. They have a special skill at deciphering codes, puzzles, or cryptograms. It is not an exaggeration to say that our defense depends greatly on information that comes from foreign languages. Mel was great at this. He had a mind like a steel trap — he was always able to



Caption: The family at the wedding of Mel and Helen Schoenblum, August 16, 1959: Harvey, the best man, is in the center of the back row. Zeidie and Bubby are seated in the middle. Tess Kaylie is seated at the far right.



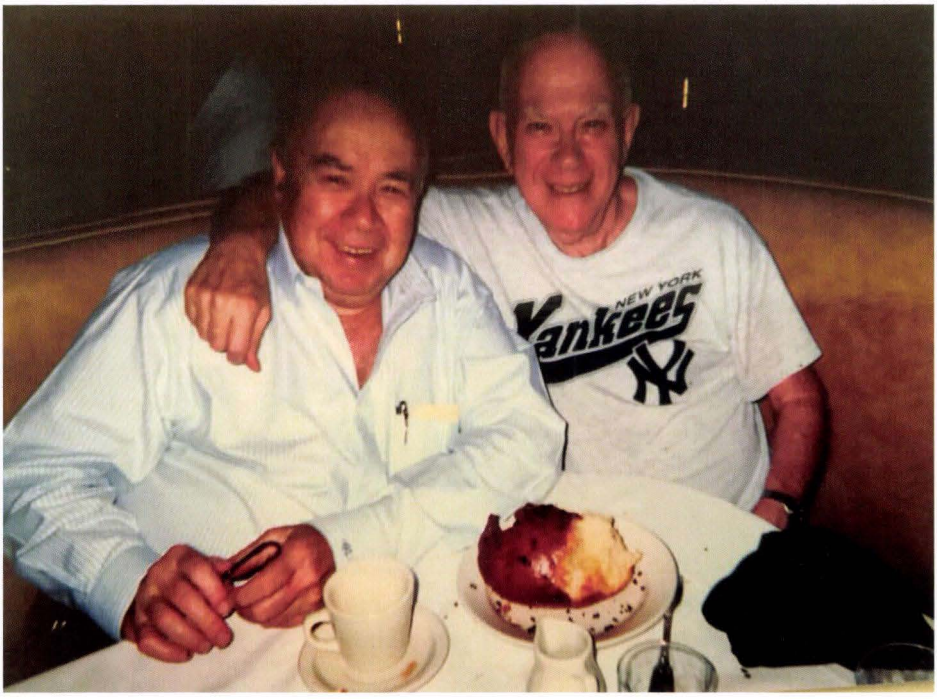
At a family bar mitzvah, 2014: (left to right, top) Helen Schoenblum, Gloria Kaylie, Lorraine Bass; (bottom) Mel Schoenblum, Harvey, Larry Bass

remember details and dates of events even many years later — and the army entrusted him with monitoring transmissions, making transcriptions, and providing translations.

Being separated from Mel for three years was hard for me, but it was obvious that he gained tremendously from his service abroad. After completing his tour of duty, Mel settled back into Brooklyn College, focused on his studies, graduated, and did well as a trading manager on Wall Street. We visited each other often and we were both very proud of each other.

I was the best man at Mel's wedding, and our families were always close. They moved to Kingston Avenue in Crown Heights and, later, closer to Ocean Parkway. His wife, Helen, and Gloria have also been the best of friends all these years, partly because they both share Germanic backgrounds and have the same perspective and mindset about many things.

Throughout our lives, both when Mel lived in New York and when he later retired to Florida, we kept in touch on a regular basis. Mel dreamed of playing in the Yankees fantasy camp, to spend a summer in the company of former Yankee players in a first-rate baseball facility. I sponsored his trip. Mel spent much of the winter practicing his baseball skills for the camp and, in the summer, I went to watch him play. Our families met often and



Harvey watching Mel play at the Yankees Fantasy Camp

we shared many good times together. The bond we shared and our love and admiration of each other was unbreakable.

TIMES OF CHANGE

Bubby got sick while I was in college. By then, my grandparents had already moved down to the first floor of our tenement but, even so, everyday chores became too difficult for her to manage. She had use of only one arm, having been affected with paralysis after a stroke, so she had to be transferred to a nursing home on Nostrand Avenue in Sheepshead Bay.

Getting there from where we lived in Williamsburg was complicated. We relied heavily on public transportation, waiting for the bus, transferring midway to a different bus line — all this added up to a long trip back and forth. I visited as well, though I wish my schedule had allowed me to see

her more often. Uncle Cy had a heart of gold; he visited her in the nursing home on almost a daily basis. Zeidie, obviously, visited her whenever he could.

Bubby also had glaucoma, which resulted in damage to the optic nerve and vision loss. She suffered from diabetes as well, and her situation deteriorated quickly. It was a wrenching blow for the family when Bubby succumbed to her illnesses and passed away, but Zeidie was always the head of the family and his role remained undiminished.

The entire family attended her funeral. Standing there at her grave, I felt an immense sorrow seeping into my bones, like the wetness of a stormy night. Although I was still a teenager, I already understood that Bubby had imparted certain values to my mother, who, in turn, had raised me with those same values. Despite her "unsophisticated" schooling, the values she imbued remained priceless.

Zeidie's house became quieter. He began watching wrestling matches on television, probably to fill the quiet that blanketed the apartment. He continued reading the Yiddish daily newspaper, the *Forverts*. Family members came by sporadically to bring food, but he remained fiercely independent. No one moved in or slept over to keep him company. I remember my mother making him suppers, especially the Friday night Shabbat dinner.



Zeidie and Uncle Cy

Various family members pitched in to make Zeidie's life a little easier. For his part, Zeidie never slowed down or took early retirement. He remained active and alert throughout his later years, doing all sorts of house repairs himself and even going up to fix the roofing on his home when he was in his eighties!

Although he never spoke about it, I know it pained Zeidie greatly to see his family become more secular as they adapted to American society, but some things cannot be controlled. In general, it was an undeniable fact that the younger generations being raised in the famous "melting pot" of American culture were much less particular about their religious observance. Overall, spiritual apathy affected all layers of Jewish society. Economic prosperity could come only after receiving a secular education, one of the most powerful forces of assimilation, and little seemed to slow the steady erosion of spiritual standards that grew progressively worse.

In general, my uncles and aunts lived independent lives. We were not the kind of family that kept having extended family dinners and get-togethers. This independence also rang true in regard to keeping our Jewish traditions. Similar to other families being raised in America at that period, our family drifted away from Zeidie's religious standards.



Sam Aranowitz in his later years

Yet no matter their level of religious observance, the family remained deeply respectful of Zeidie; whenever he was around, we were afraid to do anything that could cause him grief. For example, we always ate kosher food in his presence. We continued to show Zeidie the greatest deference and respect.

I became even closer to my grandfather. For example, after Bubby passed away, Zeidie still conducted a full Seder on Pesach night and I was the only one to join him at the table after Bubby passed away.

In general, Pesach holds special memories for me: We never had much food in the house, and Pesach was the only time of the year when my mother could get all sorts of food packages from charitable organizations. The variety of food gracing our table on Pesach was something we could only dream of during the rest of the year. The simple fare we ate every night usually never changed; in fact, I still remember how old I was the first time I ate steak, because the marinated meat made such an impact on my undernourished taste buds.

Memories of those Seder nights, remembering the way I sat with Zeidie alone during those long hours, have remained with me throughout my life. It gave me a strong impression of Zeidie's dedication to Jewish tradition, instilling within me the desire to see my descendents act likewise. When I sit at our opulent Seder table today, flanked by my children and grandchildren, I make a point of retelling these experiences, imbuing them with the feeling to continue this dedication.

Other major changes were coming to our family as well. Because Williamsburg had some of the worst housing in the city, urban renewal came early to the neighborhood. All around us, wholesale slum clearance began in earnest. The city had its eye on Zeidie's row of tenements, which it wanted to raze in order to build a group of city-run housing projects. These became known, rather infamously, as the Williamsburg Projects.

The rest of the family living in the tenements moved to various locations. For his part, Zeidie sold his properties to the city and moved to a two-family house on 43rd Street in Borough Park. My mother and Marvin lived on the first floor, Zeidie on the second. In retrospect, the move proved greatly beneficial for Zeidie. The area around Seigel Street had deteriorated significantly, joining other swaths of Williamsburg as a rough, slummy neighborhood. The tidy and stately streets of Borough Park were a much safer and calmer environment for Zeidie to live out his final years.

BOOK II

LIFE PRINCIPLES

A NEW START

Meanwhile, other events began shaping my life. It was a typical Brooklyn summer day, the air heavy with humidity, and I was enjoying myself at the beach when I suddenly spied Gloria White. We had a mutual friend I had met earlier at a party at Brooklyn College, so I asked her to approach Gloria and introduce me. As soon as I met Gloria, I knew she was a person I would like.

Gloria was different from other girls I knew. I found her to be very astute, a person attuned with a special sensitivity toward others, someone genuinely nice and warm. Gloria has the gift of putting others at ease, a knack of getting even the most difficult people to relax and open up. She has an aura around her that I enjoyed right away.

Gloria bonded immediately with my family. She is terrific with my mother and my brother Marvin. Just as I supported my mother while I was still a young boy, I continued supporting her faithfully all my life, and Gloria became a willing partner in this commitment. Even later on, when we were a young couple with small kids, strained financially in the hope of starting a new business, she completely supported my sending my mother a monthly stipend. During really difficult times, when I actually had to sometimes decrease this stipend a little, Gloria stood by my side throughout. That meant a lot to me — and to my mother.

During our engagement, Gloria even offered to buy Marvin a watch if he would learn to tell time. He did. Gloria bought him a watch and Marvin felt rightfully proud of his accomplishment. Much later, Gloria was instrumental in handling Marvin's residency in the Bais Ezra House, where he flourishes and enjoys living with his friends.

An amusing incident happened during our engagement, while I was still working at IT&T. We were supposed to have a date when, one day, I was called into the office at work. "Harvey," my boss said, "we have a sensitive document that has to get to Orlando, Florida. It must be delivered in person. Can you do it?"

"Sure," I said without hesitation. "I'll go."

The day of my trip was Election Day. What a mess. All the transportation options were running on a holiday schedule and the trip took a lot longer than expected. I had to cancel our date. "I should have seen the

handwriting on the wall already then," Gloria laughed, knowing that my fixation with work would later play a dominant part in our life together.

Once, when we started dating, I decided to travel a bit out of the country on vacation. Mexico seemed the cheapest option, so I booked a reservation with a bus company. Imagine the surprise I felt when Gloria came to the bus station and handed me a Tobler-O-Rum chocolate bar. A strange sensation overcame me. I was not used to being on the receiving end. The reverse was true: I was the giver — the one supporting my family and even my mother. Never one to splurge on myself, the chocolate represented a real treat and I made it last for two or three days, savoring its velvety taste as I adjusted to the feeling of getting a present.

We were engaged in January 1961, married in June. I was very attracted



Harvey and Gloria at their wedding, June 15, 1961

to Gloria. Her special character, and the fact that we shared the same set of values, really set her apart. We had a very simple wedding. Forget the fancy smorgasbord, the tables groaning with liquor and food, the fancy orchestra and sweaty dances. Surrounded by about thirty relatives and well-wishers, we stood side by side under the wedding *chuppah* at the rabbi's house and were married according to Jewish law. There was some sponge cake, some *schnapps*, and we were ready to begin a new and exciting chapter in our lives.

I continue to admire and love Gloria for her strong values and capabilities. For these and many other significant reasons, I picked well and got extremely lucky on that fortuitous day on the beach. It became the start of a very fulfilling and dynamic marriage that has spanned more than a half-century.

After our wedding, we went on a honeymoon to Mexico. At one point during our trip, we visited Mexico City, where I had the idea of treating Gloria to a night out at a local nightclub. Gloria and I spoke enough Spanish to get along with the locals, and I was looking forward to a pleasant, relaxing evening.

As we entered the club, we realized they wanted us to pay a cover charge — besides paying for drinks — to continue sitting in the club. The club supposedly served an appetizer to justify the cover charge — a cup with celery sticks — but there was no way that this cheap dish could justify the cover charge. "We'll pay the cover charge," I said, "but we want something different to eat."

The waiter flushed with anger. He tried intimidating me, but I stood my ground. "Either bring something better to eat," I said, "or forget about the cover charge."

An argument erupted; someone from the management soon came running over to our table, threatening to call the police. I just looked at him coolly, repeating our intention to pay if we received a better dish. Angry words ensued, the police were called, and soon we were standing in the police station. I stayed calm. "We don't mind paying," I explained to the perplexed officers, "but for a dish worth the charge."

Unused to handling obstinate tourists, the police looked at us in consternation, drove us back to the club, and had a word with the management. Wonder of wonders: All was resolved. The management apologized, serving us food worthy of the cover charge.



Gloria and Harvey on their honeymoon in Mexico, 1961

I recall that humorous little anecdote for one reason: Even then, in an insignificant club in Mexico, the values I learned came to the forefront. I stood up for myself and for my rights. It did not enter my consciousness to accept second place so that we could spend an uneventful evening. My mentality discarded the notion of "Just be like everyone else." If something was unfair and wrong, I would fight that battle to the end.

Back in New York, we moved into an apartment on Ocean Avenue, a street running from Prospect Park to Sheepshead Bay. Our first apartment was not far from where my mother lived with Zeidie. After my two girls were born, Zeidie often babysat my daughters.

My mother-in-law, Lorraine ("Lizzy") White, lived nearby on 15th Avenue. Lorraine owned and operated a gold leaf lettering business on West 42nd Street in Manhattan. She was fun, smart, independent — a classy lady, loved by many. We ate Sunday night dinners at her house, usually a meat meal with flanken, a cut of beef very similar to short ribs.

When my daughters were a bit older, Lorraine — or, as my daughters called her, "Ma" — often treated them to outings at Radio City Music Hall and then took them to the 69-cent store — even on days when the girls



The Schiller piano

were supposed to be in school. (This tradition was continued by Gloria, who would expose them to wonderful Broadway shows and stockholders meetings — also on school days.)

Lorraine played ball with the girls and encouraged them to use her Schiller piano her parents had shipped from Berlin to New York. She taught the girls to play their first song, the French *Frere Jacques*, by assigning a number to each finger. The same piano later traveled from her home to our apartment, where Gloria continued to have the girls learn how to play piano. When they began raising their own families, Roberta first enjoyed the piano in her home, later shipping it to Alicia's home in Israel.

We visited each other every Sunday. I had the car and would drive Lorraine home. She had a brilliant mind, sharp as a tack, and always began quizzing me on the stock prices of different companies. Heaven help me if my answer was off by a few pennies!

Lorraine remained a supportive force in our life, a terrific grandmother and role model for our children. Many years later, in 2013, we repaired and donated a Torah scroll to the Ba'had 20 Unit of the Israeli Defense Forces in her memory. We also donated a dormitory floor at the Beit Shemesh Boys High School at the Jaffa Institute. In her memory, we sponsored a decade of research at the Beit Issie Shapiro Snoezelen Multi-Sensory Therapy Center. I feel fortunate to have been her son-in-law.

GLORIA KAYLIE

HARVEY'S WIFE

PARTNERS IN POSITIVE ENERGY

My mother-in-law was such a special woman. Those who seem puzzled trying to figure out how Harvey fits in with his family did not know his mother well. All throughout her long life, she never said a bad word about anyone. She was super sensitive to the feelings of those around her. Everyone deserved respect. Sometimes, before she would be going overseas on a trip, I would pick her up at the senior citizens center and ask if she had told her friends about her upcoming vacation. "Oh no," she always replied, "I wouldn't want anyone to be resentful or feel jealous."

That was her. So it is easy to see how Harvey's good-heartedness and uncommon respect for everyone came from her. His special character made him stand apart from all the other boys I knew. I dated only guys with the "smarts," but meeting Harvey was something entirely different. Not only is he *very* smart, but he also has a *very* accepting and good heart,



Gloria and Harvey, New York, 2007

and I knew we were a perfect match — the best partner I could imagine in my lifelong focus on positive energy.

Ask a group of people about Harvey's values and they will all end up saying identical things. Those values *are* him; they are his essence. It is so true that my husband is a living example of everything dear to us. His attitude — the way he cares about everything — is something extraordinary. He has, most importantly, a type of sensitivity that allows him to listen and feel the depth within other people.

We get involved in the organizations we help. We watch what we give; we want to make sure our charitable donations are getting the biggest bang for the buck. It is a compliment to know that other people make contributions to organizations only after hearing that we had donated; they know we thoroughly investigate to ensure the worthiness of the cause.

We are very into Israel and Jewish identity. Even when I was just a young girl, my mother made sure to send me on a trip to Israel with a group in Mizrachi Hatza'ir. The State of Israel was very different back then, and I loved every minute of it. (I loved it so much that I was actually scared to go back, afraid to see this incredible country lose its character and morph into another bland resort destination.)

As part of the trip, we spent time on a *moshav* where families hosted us for Shabbat and I had a wonderful time. The rows of orange trees in the *moshav* created a pleasant environment; it was evident that much work and thought had been invested by early settlers determined to turn this sun-scorched climate into "home." People from that *moshav* still remembered me when I went back to Israel twenty-five years later. I have been to Israel many times since then, but that first visit made a lifelong impression, which I worked to instill into my children, raising them with a love for Israel.

When we got married, there was a Jewish day school named Ahi Ezer, which charged thirty dollars a month for tuition — a very reasonable price, even in those years. Still, money was so tight that we would have been justified in sending our children to public school, but we wanted our children to learn what we had not had an opportunity to learn. Our daughters were accepted to the school and we forged friendships with parents that remain strong to this very day.

After Ahi Ezer, I was pressured by many people to switch the girls to an accredited Conservative school. I did this for a short time, but I was really unhappy to see the shift of focus and the lack of positive attitude.

I preferred having the girls in a non-accredited school that emphasized values than in an accredited one that did not. So we were pleased when the girls graduated and started to study at the Yeshivah of Flatbush High School. That school was really *bashert* in meeting our values. The school had a competitive edge to it, but it was a very, very caring and warm environment, one firmly based on positive values.

Harvey overflows with energy. Many things come easy to him. Conclusions come naturally to him; he visualizes them instantly. He has always worked very, very long hours. I feel that the woman should be a full supporting partner in the marriage, while the husband sets the tone in the house. Yes, I make independent decisions — I am a big believer in everyone making their own decisions — but Harvey sets the tone. I did a lot of traveling for the company and while I was gone, the girls took such exceptional care of their father that I knew we had raised them right and that my outlook had been vindicated. When people choose and act correctly, that is the greatest verification of their values.

I'm so grateful that our girls have the best of both of us. They chose independently to work for Mini-Circuits. We always believed it had to come from them. Our outlook is the same with everyone and everything, including our philanthropy: We want to see the passion and interest coming from the recipient first.

My mother was crazy about Harvey. She was a brilliant woman who was learning Esperanto at the time we got married (people thought it would become an international language) and really appreciated Harvey's intellectual prowess. Keeping our Jewish tradition came naturally. I grew up in Borough Park; Harvey is from Williamsburg. As soon as we got married, I knew we would have a kosher kitchen. Jewish radio and television keep me going all day; after some good-natured grumbling, Harvey will sometimes sit down and watch with me.

When Harvey took a leap of faith and left his job to strike out on his own, I supported him entirely. My father had his own business as well. (Besides, I knew Harvey would have no difficulty finding steady work again if his plan fell through.) Even though I worked for Harvey all the years, we worked for the company. I worked *for* him, not *with* him — and that was the crucial distinction that ensured that there was no friction between us. I ran the payroll for many years: my parents were *yekkes*, so I have that attention to detail in my blood.

I'm a people person, someone who makes instant friendships, and my husband often sent me to exhibitions and trade shows, expecting me to staff the Mini-Circuits booth. "But how can I go?" I would protest. "I know nothing about the specs."

"I'm sending you because you are honest," he always replied. "People gravitate to honesty. The engineers will answer any questions."

It worked. People would flock to our booths and when they had a question, I directed them to our expert engineers standing nearby. We made many profitable sales that way, and many of our big customers still remember me from those interactions.

The consummate workaholic, Harvey spent so much time away from home that I felt it was an educational step to take our girls out of school every time I was able to take them along with us on a business trip. We did a lot of traveling together. They were learning equally important lessons by being able to see their father work and observe the way he interacted with other people. But the girls did have to make up missed classes when they got back to school!

A basic principle of our lives is that everyone should respect everyone else. We don't necessarily have to agree. But there are so many challenges aimed at Jews from outside, that we "on the inside" should be respectful of one another — happy that we are Jews, even if we differ in religious practice.



Gloria and Harvey at an electronics trade show

Focusing on religious identity animates a lot of my feelings and actions. I will happily offer my friends incentives to send their children to Zionistic camps that help raise Jewish identity and continuity, even if their level of religious observance does not mirror our own.

Keeping people informed about Israel's integrity is a top priority. I'm completely apolitical and will talk to all the young people, Jewish or otherwise, about Israel — they are our future! For many years, we sponsored a program that flew media personalities to Israel and let them broadcast a show from the Holy Land. Nothing can duplicate the experience of seeing

Israel firsthand. This program was a complete success. It shattered a lot of misconceptions and showed the truth about Israel to many in the media — more positive energy.

I also feel that religious outreach is paramount, a crucial element in our future. The skyrocketing assimilation in America is a frightening indication of our disappearing youth, unless we wake up and inspire them to continue our traditions. I'm proud of the summer Friday night Shabbat dinners we help sponsor in our synagogue after the service. It's become a "trademark" of mine to go around the tables to pour everyone some single malt Scotch, and this gives me a window of opportunity to talk to them about using our energy for positive actions. Many visitors later remember being welcomed so warmly at these dinners. We use our positive outlook and mindset to praise the good in other people.

Thank God we are deeply rooted in values; financial success has not changed us. "Waste not" is as important to me today as it was when we had no money. There is nothing positive about wasting. The way I see it, anyone can be a spendthrift, but it takes character to live with restraint and live elegantly.

Establishing our philanthropic foundation was a watershed moment for our family. Seeing the girls so involved with Harvey — brainstorming together to find the best value charities that help the most people — has been a vindication of our values. People can pontificate and philosophize all they want, but actions speak loudest of all.

Pesach is "our" holiday. Alicia and her husband come in with all their children to join Roberta and her boys, and we enjoy the festival together. I always choose a place that runs a nice Pesach program. Nothing is certain in life, especially when it comes to maintaining our religious traditions, so I don't take these family gatherings for granted. I don't take our charity for granted either. All our charity used to be private — we stressed the deed, not the noise — but when the grandchildren began getting older, we knew we had a responsibility to show them a role model, and we began agreeing to the publicity surrounding our work.

My husband is my priority. I married him thinking he was a good guy and then I realized that he is an even better guy than I had thought. Being married to Harvey, living our lives together, raising the children to see them carry on our values to the next generation — all this has been the greatest blessing.

HARVEY KAYLIE

A BOLD GAMBLE

While I was serving as electronics manager at Airborne Instruments Lab (AIL), I decided to publish an academic paper on engineering. Part of the process of getting a paper published usually meant getting the paper reviewed by a group of peers prior to acceptance in a journal or presenting it at a conference. The rewards are mostly professional, although sometimes there may be a monetary award. I was ready to reach the professional stage, confident that my work would be of interest to other engineers.

I worked backward — choosing first where I wanted to travel and then working on my paper. There was a call for papers on measurements to be delivered at a conference in Colorado. That seemed like a good vacation destination, so I took Gloria and our two little girls along with me on the trip. I gave a very good presentation; I received positive reviews for the paper and our little family enjoyed a nice vacation together.

So, I should have been content with my settled job, neatly pigeonholed in a tidy work environment. But I had big dreams, and it helped that we were young. What you lack in experience, you make up in tenacity, like young saplings that are supple enough to bend in a storm and not break. I began noticing flaws in certain components being engineered by the industry. *I can do better than that,* I often thought, *and for much less.*

I was ambitious, ready to do everything and anything to make this dream become a reality. I was willing to take risks. I had my eye on the double balanced mixer, a common component in all sorts of modern communication and signal-processing systems. In electronics, a mixer is an electrical circuit that creates new frequencies from two signals that are applied to the unit. True, double balanced mixers are more complex; they require higher drive levels than single balanced designs, but I was confident in my abilities to make them myself.

This particular component appealed to me for many reasons — it fit my budget (almost zero); it was small; I could build it myself; and companies had not yet begun producing this new component in an economical fashion. I thought about the details for a while and approached my boss when I was ready to strike out on my own. "I'm leaving," I said to him. "I'm going to work for myself."

My boss looked very disappointed. I was an overachiever throughout my career, and my employers always felt upset when I changed companies. He wished me the best and offered me a position should I ever decide to return, and I walked out ready to make the transition from employee to entrepreneur.

The year 1969 was one of dramatic change. The world watched in amazement as the Apollo lunar module landed safely on the surface of the moon, while I sat in the kitchen of our Brooklyn apartment, working on my dream of founding a company specializing in intermediate frequency, radiofrequency, and microwave signal processing products. I wanted to manufacture high-quality products at the most competitive price, while remaining profitable.

As hard as I tried, I could not find an investor willing to put up capital for this business endeavor. Almost everyone predicted failure. Aside from Gloria and some of my best friends, most of my acquaintances never believed that my pipe dream had a chance of succeeding. Instead, they tried convincing me to give up my ambitions, to go back and work for my previous employers. I sold "shares" in my new company to the few who believed in me, and this enabled me to raise fifteen thousand dollars, which I used as business capital. With no one beside myself backing this venture, I truly started the company as a "one-man show."

Things were very rough for us during the first year. We counted the pennies. I barely made the monthly rent of seventy-one dollars for the storefront. In fact, we were so strapped for cash that when our car broke down, I had to sell it. There was simply no money for repairs. To her credit, Gloria never once complained that I was no longer bringing home a steady salary. She knew that I had walked away from a stable job with a steady income, yet she supported me every step of the way.

I worked in our kitchen. I had to improvise. The materials for each mixer cost me two dollars and I planned to sell the finished product for ten. After lining up all the parts, I remember looking at them at one point and dreaming: *If I can fill the kitchen table with one layer of finished components, and sell them all, I would be very happy.*

I had no money for advertising. Trade publications ran sections called "New Products," so I took advantage of that opening: I hired a wedding photographer to take professional pictures of the double balanced mixer, wrote a copy, made sure to include my business phone number,

and submitted the entire package to the publication. Presented with a finished article that involved no work on the editor's part, the editors always accepted my submissions.

Competition was tough. Very slowly, orders began trickling in. The price seemed too good to be true for this type of component: Everyone else was selling this mixer for between thirty and forty dollars, whereas I was selling the same thing for $9.95. Still, undercutting my competitors did not produce instant results. They had the money, the fancy buildings, the name brand recognition and intense advertising campaigns. I had nothing.

My first customers were skeptical and suspicious. I even got calls from customers asking if I had cherry-picked a high-performance product to fill their order as a business ploy to hook them in. They simply could not believe that a no-name company could generate such top-quality products — and at such a low price!

Things started picking up after our third year. As a brand-new business, we were investing our funds back into the company to generate more capital. This allowed us to keep the company running and growing.

In fact, when Gloria was making a withdrawal at the bank, the clerk once asked her, "When will you start putting money *into* your account instead of just taking money *out*?" Even though Gloria did not appreciate the clerk's comment, she remained patient and maintained her confidence in me. We both knew I could close our new venture, return to work as an engineer, and earn a nice salary again. This was our backup plan, but one I hoped we would never use.

Gloria also supported my aversion against taking out loans. We never borrowed money. She stretched every dollar as far as she could, buying items on sale and avoiding unnecessary purchases. (This became such a part of our psyche that even today we both enjoy "a good deal" and take a special interest in buying items on sale.)

Gloria's support was not limited to attitude alone. In the earliest formative years of Mini-Circuits and for many years afterward, she came into the office on a regular basis and helped support the daily activities of our business, returning home only when the girls finished school.

Building a new business meant tackling many challenges and facing great pressure. It later became evident that I was revolutionizing the electronics industry. Even though Gloria obviously preferred that I



Mini-Circuits booth at a trade show

be home more, she supported my ambitions, mindful of my drive and work ethic. Her support remained both critical and significant; I could have never succeeded without her. Until today, I appreciate and respect the sacrifices she endured, real everyday sacrifices that enabled me to succeed.

I named the new company Mini-Circuits. We had a simple formula for success: Manufacture quality products, sell them at a very competitive price, and provide fast delivery. Slowly, steadily, the tide began to turn. I hired one worker and paid him by the piece. Interestingly, this worker was my former boss, a casualty of the weakened economy at the time. I kept producing this component.

As the years passed, orders began flowing in and things began picking up. It was particularly gratifying when some of my previous employers — industry giants like AIL — became my customers. Time would tell

that all my competitors slowly were forced to close while Mini-Circuits began expanding by leaps and bounds, becoming the world leader in frequency mixers, producing tens of millions of these mixers in one year.

ROCKLINE DE FREITAS

LIFETIME MEMBER
AT MINI-CIRCUITS

THE GREAT ENABLER

Imagine being in your mid-twenties with no skills, no high school diploma, and no college education. That was me as I entered Mini-Circuits headquarters on Utica Avenue, hoping for a job. Even worse, I was getting married in three days with hardly a penny to my name. Certain that the boss would take one look at my zero qualifications and show me the door, I was literally petrified when Harvey Kaylie sat me down in his little office for an interview. To my utter surprise, he said to me, "Tell me about your life." Harvey saw me as a *person*, not as a laborer.

That is kindness.

Harvey hired me on the spot. Three days later, I got married and promptly got sick. Barely able to stand on my feet, I dragged myself to Mini-Circuits, expecting Harvey to fire me on the spot for having the audacity of being sick during my first week on the job. Harvey's appraising eye gave me a quick look as I entered. "You look unwell," he said. "Go home and rest up. Come back when you feel better."

That is empathy.

Harvey trained me, giving me the skills to succeed. He taught me encapsulation, soldering, engraving; I took to his instructions like a fish to water. Within a short time, I was outperforming other workers at the factory. Harvey could have given me menial jobs or janitorial work, but he took me under his wing and kept pushing me to learn more and never be satisfied with my achievements.

That is a true teacher.

My family was going through a very difficult time just then. My mother had been granted a visa to the United States with me and my brother, but my remaining five siblings were stranded in Trinidad; they stayed with my grandmother. The strain showed on my mother constantly. She needed to show five thousand dollars in a bank account in order to secure a visa for my siblings — the government viewed this as ample proof of support — but where could we get the money? My heart was in my mouth as I approached Harvey for help. Most would have rebuked me for the gall of even suggesting such a thing, but Harvey listened quietly, arranged for my mother to meet Gloria in the bank, and she gave us the needed amount. Shortly afterwards, our family was reunited.

That is humanity.

Harvey has very low tolerance for slackers, so I have been working hard all these years. I have been helping Harvey for more than four decades now. To the chagrin of his secretaries, Harvey granted me "E-Z pass" to enter his office whenever I felt there was an urgent problem. "When I see you coming," he said, "I know something needs to be fixed. And I want to do it right away."

I never had a father figure in my life. I always tell people that, although there are a lot of heroes out there, Harvey is my personal hero. He has the patience to hear me out whenever I have personal problems and is always very generous with his support and advice.

That is genuine kindness.

Harvey is the epitome of a "hands-on" boss, always ready to work just as hard as everyone else. I will never forget when Mini-Circuits moved to its Sheepshead Bay location and Harvey took me along to Doody Home Center, where we picked out paneling, office dividers, and other things we needed for the new location; later, he personally stood there all day to help set up the new location. When he wanted to rearrange things in our Long Island location, Harvey worked an entire day alongside a group of workers rearranging boxes and organizing inventory. I was worried for his health, but he worked with all his energy, not even stopping to eat lunch.

The concept of "beneath my dignity" does not appear in Harvey's Dictionary of Life. Anything we are doing, the boss is doing. When we trained in our Long Island facility, Harvey would accompany us for the training. How many bosses do that? At company picnics, Harvey would sit on the grass with everyone else, play volleyball with us, and challenge members to a game of chess. Where else can you see the boss of a multi-million-dollar empire sitting comfortably and playing chess with his employees?

With the economic slump that followed 9/11, Harvey had no choice but to lay off a number of members. I remember seeing tears in his eyes; the company functions as a family and he took it very much to heart.

That is authenticity.

Harvey works very long hours. I enjoy working for him so much that I was always amenable to working very long hours, overtime, or weekends. Harvey views overtime differently from most company managers: He *appreciates* overtime; he wants members to be more productive.

Harvey prefers our company presence to be unobtrusive, to blend in with the neighbors. American companies usually fall all over themselves to erect the biggest signage on their buildings and trumpet their existence to one and all — but not Harvey. In a funny twist, we keep such a low profile that neighbors near one of our locations thought we were some sort of secret military storage base.

Harvey is always training and teaching. So many people are looking for work that he could have very easily dismissed me in favor of a more qualified worker, but Harvey believes in people.

That is uncommon thinking.

When people tease me about not having studied in college, I always reply, "I went to Mini-Circuits University and I had the *best* professor." Harvey has enriched so many lives by giving them the tools to believe in themselves and succeed in their careers. His intellectual brilliance motivates others to think sharp; they know he will cut them off in mid-sentence, since his mind has already progressed to the next logical step. This encourages us to be well prepared.

Instead of looking at skin color, or other external factors, Harvey shines a light *inside* the person and judges them for their actions. This attitude encouraged me to be stronger in a lot of ways and gave me the motivation to earn his trust, and I hope I played some part in his accomplishments. The company is like home to me; every day presents its own challenges; every day is an adventure. To accomplish what Harvey achieved in life is simply mind-boggling. I cannot begin to imagine how insignificant and mundane my life would have been had I not met Harvey.

WING SHUM

VICE PRESIDENT OF INFORMATION SYSTEMS, MINI-CIRCUITS

THE FORWARD THINKER

After graduating from City College, I decided to try my hand at working a real job during the summer break before continuing to graduate school. Opening the *New York Times* one day, I spotted an opening in an electronics company located in my zip code. "Perfect!" I thought. "I'll just roll out of bed and into work."

Harvey met me at the interview. I was young, brash, and rude, but he ignored my cocky attitude and began firing off a battery of questions, testing me in a batch of technical exams. I must have done well, because he hired me on the spot.

Meanwhile, I had completed applications for many prestigious colleges in order to pursue my graduate degree, and as the summer progressed, more and more acceptance letters arrived in my mailbox. At the end of the summer, I met Harvey privately to inform him that I was ready to move on. "Some of my classmates were accepted to Cornell University," I said. "I'm thinking of joining them to complete my master's degree in electrical engineering."

Harvey didn't miss a beat. I knew he was happy with my performance over the summer. He seemed impressed with the innovative tests I had designed (they were published in *Microwave Journal*), but I didn't expect such a quick reaction. "Why don't you stay here?" he offered. "Consider staying and I will help pay for your tuition, based on our tuition reimbursement program."

I agreed. In the end, I juggled working full time while attending night classes at Columbia University. It all added up to one really hectic schedule: I was hardly sleeping at all. When I finished my degree, I really wanted to move on — but Harvey convinced me to stay. I credit Harvey for my steady employment for more than three decades at Mini-Circuits, moving up through the company while all my college friends have shuttled between many jobs during the years.

My dad always advised me to view my place of employment as *my* company; this way, I could retain passion and interest in succeeding. Harvey has a similar attitude about every aspect of Mini-Circuits: Passion and interest shape our products, development and customer service. His drive for unmatched quality drives the company. To be sure, I have had my fair

share of screaming and yelling from Harvey, but I know his sole interest is to continue producing a better company — it's not personal. He is always fair.

Our relationship is very different from the regular employee-employer standard. Harvey has shown a personal interest in my life and I have benefited greatly from his support and sage advice. When my father suffered a stroke and became very ill, my life changed dramatically. I began sleeping nights at the hospital, while working all day at Mini-Circuits. Things became very difficult. Physically, mentally, and emotionally, I was falling apart. Harvey sensed something was wrong. He called me aside and said, "Take care of yourself. Come in to work whenever you can; don't worry if you can't make it."

Five long years passed this way. My father was never the same again. Harvey supported me throughout all this time; we became very close, and I lack the words to describe my appreciation for his continuous care and concern. In line with his unassuming manner and special sensitivity, he allowed me to become part of his family and I got to know Gloria, Alicia, and Roberta. They all attended my wedding.

People have teased me for staying loyal to Harvey all my working life. With money animating their career choices, they cannot understand that some values are worth more than all the money in the world. Besides, I enjoy working with "the Genius." Harvey's intellectual brilliance is breathtaking. He invited me to accompany him on some of his business meetings and I gained new skills by watching him in action. Harvey has the kind of appraising patience that helps him come to quick conclusions when dealing with clients, vendors, and customers — always able to cut a good deal that satisfies everyone.

For people to be great and succeed, they must first earn the trust of their team. This takes time. Members in our company believe in Harvey, and this has enabled us to succeed and become an industry leader.

Part of Harvey's true genius is his fluidity in accepting changes. He predicts them. It's not easy to stay ahead of the competition, but Harvey is always looking to the future, looking ahead. He has an innate sense of what is good for the company and the customer.

Even when Mini-Circuits was much smaller, Harvey invested heavily in sophisticated machinery, always ensuring that we stayed way ahead of our competitors. Every time a recession hit the industry, Harvey reacted

counterintuitively, investing even further, buying even more advanced technology. The company originally focused on making passive components, but recently Harvey made the decision to expand and venture out into the semiconductor business. From there, we acquired portable test equipment and all the accompanying accessories — machinery we never imagined filling our buildings. This, again, is part of Harvey's forward thinking.

Harvey's fixation with quality made Mini-Circuits the very first company in the entire borough of Brooklyn to earn ISO 9001 environmental certification. This means we met the requirements defined in the ISO 9000 Quality Management System (QMS) Standard, which includes meeting customer expectations and delivering customer satisfaction. ISO 9001 became the first step in an ongoing process of continual improvement that gave us more tools to improve our working practices, the seal that proves we meet all international quality standards.

Becoming accredited was part of Harvey's vision to keep ahead of the competition. Two of the industry giants at the time, Rockwell and Motorola, did a lot of business with us, and they motivated us to take this step. Getting accredited was very hard. We get audited every year for this process, involving voluminous amounts of documentation to prove tremendous dedication to quality — from top-tier management all the way down through the company. This pushed us to streamline our process.

Harvey was ecstatic when I was able to inform him that everything was in place for us to get the accreditation. I had never seen him so happy; he felt vindicated that the global industry had recognized his company for achieving top scores across the board.

I consider Harvey my godfather. We share the same personal and family values. He has taught me a lot. For example, Harvey taught me the importance of laying the correct foundation: without the proper base, goals will never be met successfully. The first steps are most crucial. Lessons like these have enabled me to succeed in life and at work.

Looking back at my life, I see that it was a smart move to pass up on all my other job opportunities — including some very lucrative offers — to remain with "HK." I am a lucky man indeed.

HARVEY KAYLIE

PRINCIPLES FOR SUCCESS

For years, many have approached me with the same question: What are the secret ingredients that propel a person from rags to riches? How did I go from being the underdog to becoming the CEO of a major industrial giant that controls a large percentage of the global market?

There are, in my view, a few basic principles that serve as the catalyst to change our lives and fortunes. These are my "Life Principles." Following these principles involves a good deal of sheer determination and grit — especially when many people around us seem to be content living their lives contrary to these principles.

A) Focus. In this case, my complete focus revolved around producing one specific component with unmatched quality. I knew that *quality* would determine the success of this business. Obviously, working on cost-effective techniques that allowed me to lower the base price helped tremendously, but quality always remained the critical sale point. So I stayed focused on quality.

Staying focused on a specific goal while ignoring naysayers and distractions is not easy. Even in our everyday lives, we all know people who have started dieting, or learning how to play a musical instrument, or working on a specific skill — yet are quick to give up when the going gets tough. So many people go back to school to pursue a degree, just to quit a short time later when they feel the pressure of distractions. The list goes on and on.

Staying focused on a *specific* goal is the key to success. Obstacles, mistakes, distractions — all these are contributing factors in the process to progress and improve. The natural elements in the world around us behave in the same way — water, fire, air, and plants will all find ways to continue moving and growing, instead of getting stymied by obstacles strewn in their path. The same is true of any business looking for tremendous growth and success.

B) Improve and innovate. Never remain stagnant. Remember this rule: Complacency has no place in a successful business. To promote growth and development, a business must keep looking for ways to improve its product. Customers appreciate doing business with a company that stays fresh and industrious even when things are going well.

In my specific case, the industry was so accustomed to producing components individually that it had lost focus on finding innovative ways to satisfy the customer. I changed that by focusing on perfecting an assembly line production method that would enable me to produce many components at once. Instead of working on one component alone, I put ten boards down and worked on all ten simultaneously.

I had to continuously develop new manufacturing techniques when I released our first mixer, the SRA-1. My competitors kept saying I would be bankrupt within six months, but I ignored them and focused my attention on finding new ways to do things.

Part of innovation is to simplify, simplify, simplify. Being able to streamline a process — any process — is another key to success. This is true in manufacturing, in organizing inventory, in customer service, in production management, and in every area of business. Continue finding ways to simplify every aspect, every process.

Simplicity is so important that a good deal of my techniques focused on finding even better and easier ways of getting things done. If you put your mind to it, there are always methodical ways of making things work better. This has recently been proven by the incredible popularity of Apple products: The most popular ones are those that work well, are easy to understand, and deliver great quality results — precisely what people want to see in a business as well.

C) Advertising. I invested very heavily in advertising, making Mini-Circuits one of the most widely advertised companies in the industry magazines. If I had a product, I wanted to let the world know about it! Advertising gave us credence as a company of considerable clout. For someone our size, it made all the difference, giving customers the impression that we were a much bigger company than we actually were at the time.

I noticed how popular it was at the time for supermarkets to hang big posters in their front windows, advertising their products *with prices*. Being that our unusually low prices served as a huge draw toward luring customers, I wanted to advertise the price of our components in the most popular industry magazine, *Microwave Journal*. Back then, this was unheard of; the magazine refused to accept our submissions and advised

us that prices could not be published in advertisements, claiming "it was not professional."

So I published our ads — with the prices printed alongside our products — in other magazines. After about a year, *Microwave Journal* approached me at the annual MTT (Microwave Theory and Technique) Exhibition, asking me about returning to advertise in the magazine. I had never liked the magazine's drab cover design, so I used this opening to create some change. "Only if you change the design of your front covers," I replied. "They resemble a death notice."

The journal changed its covers. The mutually beneficial partnership between Mini-Circuits and *Microwave Journal* has continued ever since, for many decades. In 2006, *Microwaves and RF* included me in its list of "Microwave Legends," putting me in the company of Guglielmo Marconi and David Sarnoff. In addition, our products have often been featured on the front cover of their magazine, and a host of other industry magazines, for their revolutionary capabilities.

D) Stock standards. We changed attitudes toward "off-the-shelf" stock: In the late 1960s, when the company opened, it was common industry practice for customers to place an order in accordance with specifications they required. Upon receipt of the order, the manufacturer then produced the components. I took the opposite approach, truly revolutionizing the industry by marketing "off-the-shelf" items.

Offering popular components as "stock" items added two substantial benefits: Delivery time was a few weeks instead of a few months, and manufacturing costs were dramatically cut — mass production being much more cost effective. This innovation gave our tiny and relatively unheard-of company a strong advantage over well-established industry leaders, enabling Mini-Circuits to grow into an industry leader.

E) Quick delivery. Delivering items right away became an obsession of the company back in the early 1990s. People today are used to having the option of one-day shipping, or express overnight delivery, but back in those days these options were practically nonexistent. I remember buying simple screws from a company in Manhattan and it took a week to deliver them to Brooklyn.

We began to offer next-day delivery. This move marked Mini-Circuits as being a super-efficient company, and it went a long way toward providing

extra customer satisfaction. The price involved did not bother me. In fact, I looked at inventory as a marketing cost that enabled us to ship more quickly and generate more business. So, in a sense, the faster we delivered, the more cost-effective we became.

Major customers — Hewlett-Packard, for example — began rating their suppliers in the late 1980s. This included traditional emphasis on price and quality, but with an additional twist to delivery: The new criteria now included "just-in-time" (JIT) in-house delivery. This meant that the products had to be at the customer's dock on a specific day. It was no longer good enough to ship the parts on time, something at which Mini-Circuits had become proficient, but it became the suppliers' responsibility to ensure that the parts were received by the customer on a specific date. Until then, standard shipping time was typically "within one week," not on a specific day. At face value, this new demand was impossible to meet — a logistical nightmare beyond our control.

I decided to meet this goal. I implemented new procedures, policies, and passion to get the entire company to take unheard-of measures to reach 100% JIT in-house delivery — way ahead of many other suppliers. Since then, Mini-Circuits maintains "preferred supplier" status with many customers who have, in essence, become Mini-Circuits partners.

Additionally, speedy shipping provided us with the advantage of running a more sophisticated company, as it forced our production teams to forecast what products we could ship out immediately. This is analogous to throwing a ball ahead of someone running: Although the runner has not reached the base, because he is moving quickly, he will be there when the ball arrives.

Today, quick delivery has evolved into a crucial requirement for any growing business. Everyone realizes that efficient delivery leads to efficient production.

F) A step ahead. Always stay ahead of the competition. Always. Success makes many businesses become complacent. Their ideas turn stale, their staff apathetic to creative improvements. I stayed creative by not accepting the current station of the company. I would come up with ideas of how to do more — to continually improve our products by offering fresh solutions. Sometimes, this comes with a considerable price tag — for example, when buying state-of-the-art machinery that provides the business with

cutting-edge capabilities. In a way, looking ahead and staying relevant can become the most formidable challenge of all.

G) Customer-driven data. Our catalogs broke tradition by offering significantly more data for every model in the catalog. Talk about innovation: Still leading the industry today, Mini-Circuits provides *actual* performance data for each item. Additionally, in the age of the internet, when data overload becomes a real source of confusion, we began offering a unique "Yoni Search Engine" (named for one of my grandsons). Our search engine searches the extensive database for the optimum model needed — based on user requirements and defined parameters.

H) Passion. I worked very long hours — every day, every week. People who are passionate about what they do focus their energy on working, innovating, succeeding. People animated by passion are not looking at the clock. They are driven to get results; they stay optimistic even in the face of obstacles and setbacks. When I looked for people to join our growing company, I was always interested in gauging how passionate they felt about work. Being surrounded by people who are passionate is just as important as being passionate yourself.

I am fortunate to have actively led Mini-Circuits for close to five decades. Yet it is primarily due to our unique team that we were able to achieve such international acclaim. *Every member contributes to our success.* As opposed to publicly owned corporations, privately owned businesses typically consist of extremely devoted and passionate team members who feel that they are an active part of the creativity and innovation in the company — an essential ingredient for success. This is very reflective of our work environment.

All the aforementioned ideals became guiding principles for Mini-Circuits. In this industry, when you define a product or its performance, it is all in the integrity of the measurements. The exceptional quality and honesty of our engineers and team members who live by these principles allowed me to build Mini-Circuits into what it is today — a star in the industry recognized by Rockwell, Lucent, Alcatel, and AT&T, among others, for supplying products that are best in their class.

LEERON ZVI YACOBY

HARVEY'S GRANDSON

PASSION, POWER, PRINCIPLES

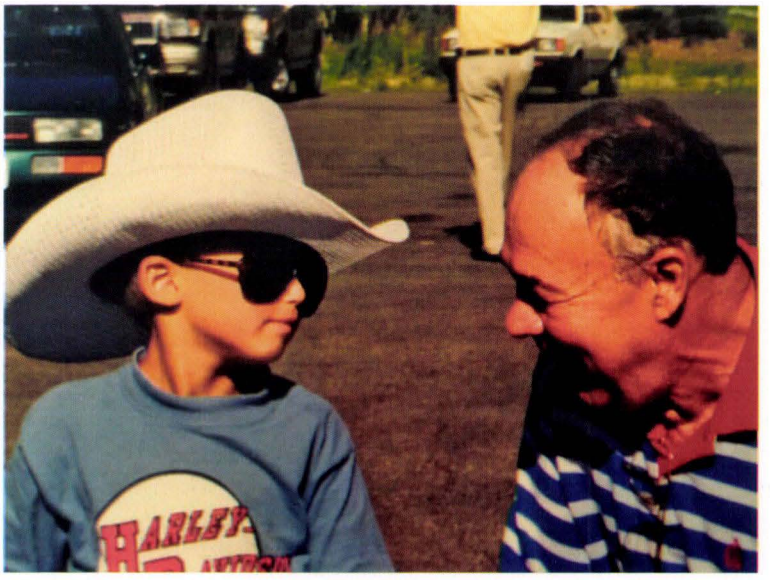
There are many things I love about Zeidie. One of my favorite stories I heard about his childhood is the one when he was only twelve years old and had just started to earn a small amount of money. He still gave part of the money he earned to his mother — without telling her how to spend it. In my opinion, that act shows appreciation for everything his mother did for him and his brothers.

I have enjoyed many great experiences with Zeidie. Although it's hard to pick a favorite memory, I particularly enjoyed the time I spent with him on a whirlwind business trip to France, Malaysia, Singapore, India, and China. We were together 24/7 throughout that trip and I enjoyed every minute I spent with him. It was worth a lot to see him in action; I tried to learn as much as possible from everything he did.

I particularly remember a certain phone call I received when we were staying at the hotel in Singapore. My parents had called and asked about the trip. "How are you doing?" my parents asked. "Are you coping with the jet lag?"

"There's no time for any jet lag!" I answered.

Zeidie started to laugh when he heard this little rejoinder — one that



LeeRon and Harvey at Salt Flats, Utah, 1996

really described our busy timetable, with no time to think about petty jet lag. "I liked your answer," he said.

Another memory: All of the family was visiting Israel, and Zeidie had an early flight back to New York (most likely for business). I don't know how old I was, but I was young. Distraught about him leaving early, I decided to take his passport and hide it so he would not be able to catch his flight. My plan worked for a while; there was a flurry of activity while people searched for the passport. When they realized what had happened, I was told to give the passport back. Recalling that episode now, I realize how much it meant to me to spend as much time as possible with Zeidie.

I have many wonderful memories of Zeidie, but I'm going to pick just two of them. The first one would be of him teaching me chess as we sat together in the living room of their house in Utah. After years and years of playing chess together, I finally stalemated him for the first time and ran quickly to tell my mother about it. Until then, I had never been able to beat (or even stalemate) him. Zeidie is a firm believer in making people achieve results through *their* efforts, so he was not the kind of person who would let me win just to make me feel good.

A second memory of which I am very fond is when we all sit together around the table as a family on the Seder night. Zeidie always speaks about *his* Zeidie and how he would have been so proud to see his descendants gathered together at the Seder table. At that moment everyone can see the happiness in his eyes and hear it in his voice.

Zeidie serves as an example to me. He has taught me firsthand (and secondhand, through my mom) to concentrate on the important things in life. His perspective has given me the building blocks to design my own building blocks, to find my own view of life. In general, Zeidie has taught me how to evaluate life challenges, to find a way how to get the most out of life, and to be happy with my share.

Many times in life when I face a problem or an important decision, I try to think what Zeidie would do. I review the steps he taught me to tackle a problem. First, look at the problem in the broadest possible way and think of as many different ways as possible to approach it. After that, the next step is to evaluate the advantages and disadvantages of each decision (Ma taught me that as well). The best path is when it is possible to turn a disadvantage into an advantage. The final step is to pick the right approach based on what is most important to me — based on my beliefs and goals

in life. (These steps are very similar to the way he taught me to play chess.)

Zeidie has many accomplishments in life, but I'm most proud of his company, Mini-Circuits. I picked that one specifically because to get to that kind of success and international recognition he had to work very hard, nonstop. It also requires never giving up and believing in yourself.

Considering his starting point — when he had such limited resources — makes this achievement even greater in my eyes. Many people in that situation just end up feeling disillusioned and fall into a cycle of laziness and depression, but Zeidie rose above it all and turned his disadvantages into advantages. Even after all he accomplished, he stayed the same person with the same values as the twelve-year-old boy who went to work and helped his mother — an amazing accomplishment on its own.

The most important thing for me is how our family describes Zeidie: a person filled with drive and passion, someone who is modest, a leader — in the family, community, and business — someone who has a unique way of helping others. Zeidie is a good guy who always means well.

In many aspects of my life I try to emulate Zeidie: the way he deals with problems, how he helps others and, when necessary, how he steps up to the plate to lead. I would like to think that I am at least partially successful.

The main lesson I learn from Zeidie is that you should be happy with what you have and not waste energy on feeling sorry for yourself when life becomes challenging. Once that lesson is learned, everything becomes much easier. Focusing on the important things in life, the right goals, the person you want to be, and how to reach and achieve that goal becomes a lifelong achievement.

What I most admire about Zeidie is that whenever he decides something — whatever aspect it may be — he will not stop, or give up, until achieving the result he sets out to achieve. This is a very special trait that I hope to emulate when I grow up.

And if it were possible to have his brainpower, that would be nice.

YEHONATAN KAYLIE YACOBY

HARVEY'S GRANDSON

MY UNIQUE ZEIDIE

I have many fond memories of quality time spent with Zeidie. When we celebrated my bar mitzvah and my sister Gali's bat mitzvah, Zeidie sat next to me and we spoke for a long time. That remains a very special memory for me. I have a great picture that shows me sitting with Zeidie at Gali's bat mitzvah.

During some summer vacations, I joined Zeidie at work, excited to gain some experience and earn some money. I especially enjoyed eating lunch with him in his office. Imagine how thrilled I felt to find out that Zeidie decided to use *my* name, Yoni, as the name of the search engine on the Mini-Circuits website. The website is accessed by so many people globally that it makes me feel very proud to know that my name is associated with Zeidie's success!

I like the key disks Zeidie distributes that display my name for the Yoni search engine. I have the logo for the Yoni search engine framed and hanging in my bedroom. When I see it, I think of Zeidie and the way he gives the family such a prominent role in his business.

Everything Zeidie does is a lesson — the way he started working different jobs at a young age to help support the family and give his mother a break; the way he and Ma started the business; the incredible amount of charitable donations they give as a team; and the way they continuously teach us to do everything in the best possible manner. These are all living lessons for me to emulate.

Zeidie and Ma always donate money to worthy causes. I plan to follow their example and also donate to help the needy and others, but I don't know yet how.

I would say that one of the most important lessons I have learned from Zeidie is his motto, "Don't give up." He serves as my inspiration to continue forging ahead when things get tough. This is not as easy as it sounds. Most people just give up when something is too difficult and look for an easier route. Not me, thanks to Zeidie.

Zeidie has taught me to try working on projects that I like, which gives me the initiative and willpower to perform better at those projects. This, in turn, improves my chances of succeeding at the projects and reaching my goals.



Yoni and Harvey at Gali's bat mitzvah, Jerusalem, 2012

There are so many inspirational lessons I have learned from Zeidie's life: the way he skipped three grades, yet did not want to skip a fourth time because he felt too young; the way he started the business from nothing and went on to build a gigantic industry with factories around the globe; the growing philanthropy that helps so many people — for example, he and Ma donated two crucially needed Ambucycles to United Hatzalah in Ramat Hasharon; and the fact that he has been awarded three honorary doctorates.

Yet another motto I keep hearing from Zeidie is, "When you do something, finish the job and don't give up." I apply this rule to my daily life. For example, when I'm taking a test and don't know the answer, I keep going. When I exercise, I push myself to do more. In this way, I live up to his example and conduct my life in the way Zeidie taught me.

HARVEY KAYLIE

EXPANSION AND EXCELLENCE

My perseverance in finding low-cost alternatives to producing high-quality products really paid off when I came out with a new model of the "frequency mixer" used to convert frequencies for processing. I named this mixer the SRA-1 — to honor the memories of my grandparents, Sam and Ray Aranowitz. This first model became such an international success that sales of this component propelled the company to great heights and garnered worldwide attention.

The SRA built Mini-Circuits; it became a catalyst of great change for us and elevated every aspect of the business. To illustrate this, I decided to make the SRA our company logo; later, when we modernized the logo, we still kept the SRA as the basis of our emblem.



The SRA-1 mixer

With the proliferation of electronic devices, this little component became an indispensable part of electrical gadgets animating our world. For example, the frequency mixer is used in every radio and in every television. Signals are transmitted at higher frequency, but the customers just want to hear the audio at their end, which requires lowering the frequency. To achieve this result, the mixer indeed lowers the frequency to the appropriate level that will accommodate the correct audio/visual output. This is comparable to a person who effortlessly changes from walking, to driving, to sitting on an airplane. These are all different means and forms of transportation. Similarly, the frequency mixer changes the frequency signal to a different mode.

True, radios and television worked perfectly before my invention, but my model was more efficient and much better than anything else available on the market. It represented a major change in performance. No one else offered this component at the time; it was absolutely unique and quickly became an international success.

Having outgrown my little storefront, I had to rent another store around the corner (I ran a wire between the two stores so we could have an intercom). Mini-Circuits began growing at such a fast pace that I had to find a very large location to house our machinery and production. I was

offered a huge 5000-square-foot building available for rent on the corner of Utica and Church Avenues in Brooklyn, a busy industrial and retail area. This tremendous amount of space would allow us to employ many more people.

We turned the building on Utica Avenue into a hustling and bustling center of operations. We did everything at that location — production, manufacture, delivery, management. We installed the cumbersome and expensive machinery needed for our industry.

Although we were located in an unsafe area — robberies were rampant and we did have a break-in — I still continued working every night until two in the morning, usually getting my second wind after eleven at night. Going home at two in the morning every night from one of the most dangerous areas in the borough to our apartment on Quentin Road and East 19th Street was not a pleasant experience.

Having the stamina to work very long hours was crucial in building the company. Many companies later failed, partly because they did not put in the time needed to maintain the workplace. You have to be there physically. I often put in sixteen-hour days.

Many have asked why I work so hard. I have never resented working sixteen-hour days, every day. The contrary is true: It is a true thrill to work. Working hard was one of the many values I learned during childhood, being raised by my mother and grandfather. They taught me to feel happy and enthusiastic about working; they gave me the true perspective about contributing and creating.

Hard-working people are not to be confused with workaholics. True workaholics use work as an escape, a safe area where they are shielded from the realities of life — a negative addiction they are proud to claim. I never viewed work that way. Working is an enjoyable obligation we share as we look for ways to improve the world around us. Put simply, I work hard because I truly enjoy what I am doing. With goals to reach, I don't even look at the clock, remaining focused instead on accomplishing what has to be done. This is true about every project.

This attitude is so important to me that it became an integral part of our company; we look to hire people with similar enthusiasm, those who share my passion about working and contributing. Relentlessly effective, these talented teams work together and offer each other mutual support. Having this perspective about work helped me develop our company

members, teach them to work as one unit, watching them produce and win big.

THE EQUILIBRIUM: VALUES AND WORK

We sometimes hear of successful businesspeople who were unable to balance their devotion to work with the commitment needed to keep their family values intact. In many cases, business success and expansion come at the expense of family values. Growing up with Zeidie's values helped forge my determination not to allow our family to be affected by the unhealthy narcissism that is often the price of success.

My huge workload and long hours meant that I could not be physically present with the family on a regular basis. Everything revolved around the office. Although my employees saw me much more than my family, I was *always* available for my wife and children when they needed me. Moreover, I was always physically present when it became really necessary.

Obviously, although our family appreciated our accomplishments and comfortable lifestyle, family will always pay a price for passion. Gloria, especially, always hoped and waited for the day when I could be more present at home.

Even when the girls were very young, they realized that Mini-Circuits played a great role in our family — it was our "third child," so to speak. Instead of them resenting the amount of time I spent away from home, I made sure to include them as helpers by finding fun and interesting things for them to do in the office. This way, they looked forward to visiting me at work, and they showed a keen and attentive interest in helping out. I have been blessed to have my children so involved, and enthusiastic, about continuing the family business.

While I worked very long days — in fact, you could say long nights and weekends as well — Gloria was busy raising the girls. Gloria feels strongly about Jewish values, which have had a substantial impact on our family. I am thrilled that she keeps kosher, both inside the home and outside. Our girls continue this tradition, as do our grandchildren. This is all thanks to Gloria.

Similarly, although we did not have much money as a young couple, due to Gloria's priorities and values, our daughters both received a solid Jewish education. Gloria volunteered at the girls' elementary school, Ahi Ezer Yeshiva, where she became the treasurer of the PTA. Our children eventually graduated from the Yeshivah of Flatbush High School and still retain strong Jewish identities — as do our grandchildren, who all speak Hebrew and have a strong base of Jewish knowledge and experiences.

Gloria is very Zionistic; the love of Israel pulsates strongly within our home. She was so pleased when, in 1977, we opened Ravon — a subsidiary of Mini-Circuits — in Israel. She was supportive and happy when Alicia decided to live in Israel with Danny, our Israeli son-in-law — followed, eventually, by our many *sabra* grandchildren. Roberta and her boys have also spent many vacations in Israel, including celebrating both Hudson's and Lee's bar mitzvahs.

We all have heard of people whose personalities underwent marked change when they became extremely wealthy. I admire and love Gloria for sticking fast to her values, for displaying the same sensitivity and warmth as she did when we were living much, much lower on the financial scale.

While other wives might question strong philanthropic contributions — a dedication that invests both time and funding — Gloria could not have been more thrilled and proud. When we were still a relatively young family with limited funds, Gloria once attended a school meeting and overheard other parents complain about paying for scholarships to help less-fortunate students. This never became our thinking: Not only did we not mind carrying the financial burden for others, we actually felt *lucky* that we could afford to help others!

Thanks to Gloria, the chain of Jewish values I experienced at the home of my Zeidie and Bubby were passed on for two more generations, with potential for more.

ROBERTA KAYLIE

HARVEY'S DAUGHTER

A WAY OF LIFE

Just as he does in the business world, Dad has always instilled a sense of high values and goals in every aspect of my life. Growing up, I realized how Dad was so special and different: A dedicated workaholic who let nothing get in the way of his goals, he ingrained within us such a strong work ethic that it affected everything we did — even as children.

I remember when my sister and I decided one day to walk the ten long blocks from our house to Dad's office. We neglected to tell anyone about our plans; it just seemed perfectly natural for us to "go work." Our parents spent a panicked half hour or more trying to find us, so frantic with worry that they even checked the incinerator room of our apartment building! Finally, Dad realized that we had probably gone to the office and ran over to bring us home.

To have young children preoccupied with work, to have them focused on achieving difficult goals, is unusual. When Dad moved into his first office — a storefront closed to the public — he had us come over and paint the basement, even though he knew we were too short to reach the top of the walls. When he came down to inspect our work, he looked gratified to see we had painted as far up as possible — although the ring of paint around the room stopped two-thirds of the way up. This, again, was his way of teaching us to do the best job possible.

Dad often played his trademark "Imagination" game with us, pushing us to stretch the limits of our minds. All these various factors made a tremendous impression on shaping my life. Dad's outlook inspired me to think independently, find innovative solutions, and never give up when facing any challenge or obstacle.

Dad's fixation with principles and values has been a game changer. I find myself automatically defending quality values and beliefs, even when it means sticking up for the underdog. "You and I are very alike in that regard," Dad once quipped. "We stick up for what's right — even when it may not be popular."

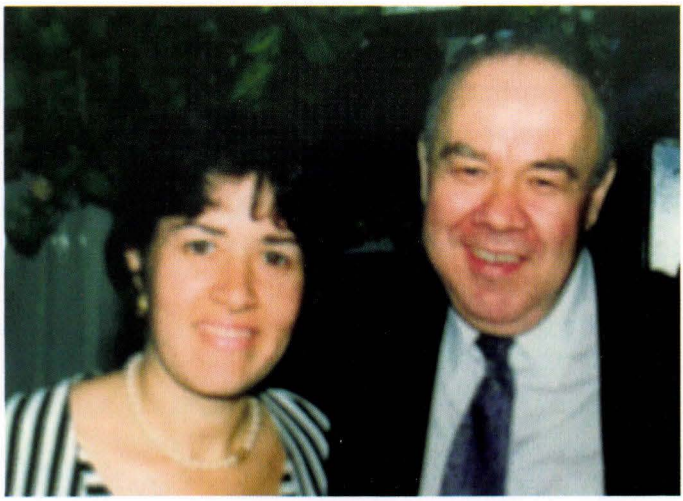
Just as he did with his own children, Dad showers the same confidence and trust on his grandchildren as well. He loves being around them; they adore him for being a "cool" Zeidie. Motivating them to reach the highest

goals and inspiring them to continue achieving has endeared Dad to all his grandchildren. There is no generation gap.

I have been working with Dad in Mini-Circuits for more than thirty-five years. I started off working in bookkeeping and payroll with Mom; later, when I was in college, I juggled two jobs after school — one of which was in the shipping department of the company, the other in a retail store. Later, I worked in production control, and accompanied Dad on overseas business trips, which included onsite company visits and high-level meetings.

I am blessed to have inherited some of Dad's character traits, including his tenaciousness and persistence. Even as a young girl, learning how to ride a bike, I spent hours practicing in the hallway of our apartment building. I did it alone until I was successful. Even now, when I discuss things with Dad or sit in meetings with him, the lessons he imparts have allowed me to maintain an independent and wide perspective about the subjects under discussion.

Dad is very generous to charities that pass his litmus test. He wants philanthropy to make a difference — to see concrete plans for success and not just throw money at problems. Watching him work continues to be a tremendous training practice. Sometimes, when visiting an organization on behalf of Dad's philanthropic work, I have this sixth sense, this intuition that something does not quite add up — or, as Dad would say, "Something does not smell right." I credit Dad for this skill.



Roberta and Harvey, 1998

Dad and Mom are very unassuming. They abhor publicity. I suppose we will never know the true scope of their charitable works. Complete strangers will often approach me with heartfelt thanks for something my parents did or some story about their generosity — completely unaware that I have no idea about their situation.

The first time Dad made an exception was when he and Mom sponsored the King David's Menorah sculpture in front of the Knesset in Jerusalem, in honor of their grandchildren and to mark the 40th anniversary of the reunification of Jerusalem. Seeing Dad agree to be recognized publicly for his involvement took me by surprise. "What are you doing?" I questioned. "Everyone will know about you now."

"I'm doing it for the grandchildren," he replied. "Now I have to teach them."

For Dad, teaching by example is a way of life.

INHERENT REWARDS OF VALUE

One year, Dad came over to my house to eat in the sukkah — the temporary hut used especially for meals during the Jewish festival of Sukkot. I noticed him become emotional as he remembered *his* grandfather sitting in *his* sukkah. This brought back a flood of memories about the sukkah of our childhood.

We were young children living in an apartment building, growing up in a neighborhood where you did not see a sukkah. Today there are many easy and prefab models available for purchase but, back then, building a sukkah was a real chore. To be sure, the local synagogue had a sukkah sitting squarely outside, but no one else in the area felt deeply enough about this tradition to build one — besides Dad, who wanted to strengthen what we were being taught in yeshiva.

Dad took me to the lumberyard. We measured, we compared materials. Dad and I then built a sukkah that met his typical high standards — a rock-solid piece of construction that easily battled the elements, shrugging off the early autumn winds. That incident, though small, taught me an important lesson about Dad: Values are not negotiable, no matter the

effort, no matter the prevalent attitudes, no matter the price. He taught us to pursue conviction with an intensity others can barely imagine.

Dad has always been authoritative, guiding us onward to reach ever higher goals. It is admittedly tougher when we are held to higher standards. It creates an inner conflict: We expect civility and dedication toward certain values that do not diminish with time, or become tarnished by disuse. Yet at the same time, Dad taught us to be generous and understanding of mistakes or setbacks — as long as we are really trying to do our best. Loyalty plays a big role in our family and business culture. People loyal to the company and to his vision — those Dad knows he can trust — earn his loyalty and trust in return. Loyalty, passion, and values are all important facets in Dad's personality.

Having the entire family together for Pesach is another important value. Pesach is always hectic. Our entire extended family usually celebrates Pesach together in Israel or in a hotel in Florida or Arizona. When Dad's health made it complicated to travel, I offered to host everyone in my house in New York. The holiday became a completely different experience when conducted at home: sets of new dishes; overflowing baskets of groceries; simmering pots emitting appetizing aromas; various family members pitching in to help with various errands; and lots of cleaning.

As usual, the Seder was both emotional and regal. Glassware winked in the candlelight. The silver goblets gleamed. Dad sat at the head of the table, surrounded by all his children and grandchildren. These were special times, true highlights of the year.

Dad had difficulty navigating steps, so I had planned ahead by preparing the first floor of the house, installing a special bed that ostensibly lowered to the floor. Still, I noticed that Dad had a hard time, so I suggested we all go to Home Depot and get the materials to build a ramp.

Dad is like a kid in the candy store when he walks the aisles of hardware stores, his brain whirring with possibilities and ideas. We came back home and Dad was really in his element — telling everyone how to build the ramp, what measurements to take, and generally having a good old time bossing us around. My sister Alicia had all the grandchildren write messages on the ramp — much like kids write positive messages on the cast of a friend — and we built that ramp with love and grace. It still stands in my house, a testament to the way Dad taught us to find innovative solutions and work together.



The family celebrating Pesach, Florida, 2008



The family at Glacier National Park, Montana: (left to right, top) Harvey, Roberta, Adee, LeeRon, Alicia; (bottom) Hudson, Lee, and Lavee

Dad also took time out of his very busy schedule to join our family trips cross country. I would take the kids and my nephew, LeeRon, and drive a different route each year, while Dad flew in to meet us somewhere in the middle of our journey. We could be enjoying ourselves out in Utah, or in North Dakota, or Arizona, and Dad would come along and stay with us for two weeks. My sister flew in with some of her children from Israel and joined the trips. Spending quality time with Dad was a big highlight of our trips. We all have very fond memories of those special times.

JOINT CELEBRATIONS

Dad's birthday is in September. When my oldest son, Hudson, celebrated his bar mitzvah in 2013, I decided to elevate the celebration by sponsoring the writing of a Torah scroll. I have a strong connection with Rabbi Eli Goodman of Chabad of the Beaches in Long Beach, New York, so I contacted him about hosting the celebration. He was so moved about the idea that he wanted to honor me at their annual dinner. True to Dad's example, I initially demurred, but later, when I discussed the idea with Dad, he encouraged me to accept the honor. "Do it," he said. "It's for the greater good." So I agreed.

Hudson's bar mitzvah and *sefer Torah* celebration came on the heels of Hurricane Sandy. The timing was perfect. People needed some uplifting after the hurricane and the accompanying devastation. Flyers inviting everyone were plastered across the neighborhood, and it turned out to be a truly amazing and jam-packed celebration. Everyone was so happy to be part of this joyous event.

Usually, Torah scrolls belong to a specific synagogue, where they are housed for many generations. Typical of our upbringing, I thought of a different way to use this *sefer Torah* — a way that could bring greater good to a larger amount of people. I designated the scroll as a "roving Torah," to be flown to fledgling Chabad houses across America, communities not yet established enough to have their own Torah. A Torah brings a sense of stability and security to these budding congregations, and these scrolls

continue traveling on loan to various synagogues — yet another example of the way Dad taught us to always think out of the box.

Two years went by, and it was time to celebrate the bar mitzvah of my younger son, Lee. Boys that age spend a lot of the year going from bar mitzvah to bar mitzvah and it gets somewhat repetitive, so I took it as a great compliment when Lee asked to emulate Hudson and have a *sefer Torah* donated in his honor, as well as celebrating the actual bar mitzvah in Israel. We did face a scheduling conflict: Unfortunately, Dad's health did not allow him to fly to Israel and participate in this joyous occasion. "How on earth can we do this without Dad?" I thought in frustration.

Not giving up, I decided to fly to Israel with the boys and celebrate the rededication of a repaired Torah in Lee's honor at an Israeli army base. Lee would then read from the Torah at the *hesder* yeshiva that my parents support; from there, we would fly directly home after Sukkot. The day after returning from Israel, Lee read from the Torah that Shabbat in the Hampton Synagogue. Because many of Lee's friends could not make it out to the Hamptons for Shabbat, we planned a separate party for his friends



At the sefer Torah dedication at Lee's bar mitzvah, Long Beach, New York, 2014

and classmates — a *sefer Torah* dedication. Less than three weeks before Lee's party, I had an idea. "Zeidie's birthday is coming up," I said somewhat tentatively to Lee. "Would you mind sharing the Torah dedication with Zeidie's birthday?"

"Let's do it!" Lee immediately replied. I was so touched. It was his birthday, his party, his day of honor — yet he agreed to share it with his beloved Zeidie. It proved once again the dedication the grandchildren feel to him.

And so, once again, community, family and friends turned out to celebrate another bar mitzvah and the dedication of another traveling *sefer Torah*. As I watched the dancing and singing, I thought how fortunate we are to have such an amazing family, one that grows and moves in sync with Dad's expectations, one that continuously looks for ways to make this world a better place. We are so lucky.

ALICIA KAYLIE YACOBY

HARVEY'S DAUGHTER

OFFICE LESSONS FOR LIFE

It was a big deal when Dad moved his business out of our kitchen and rented an office. I remember that it had a gray basement, with no windows, which my sister and I jokingly called "the dungeon." Dad had a telex machine in the office, and my sister and I enjoyed playing with the small holes the machine punched out of large yellow tape rolls.

Later, after Mini-Circuits moved to a relatively big place on Utica Avenue, my sister and I worked there too, putting the connectors on the metal plates, attaching them with a washer and nut. Dad paid five cents per plate. Each plate had three connectors, so we liked to do as many plates as possible. We did not want to stop working. It got to the point that other employees "complained" to my mother how embarrassed they felt to see us working so diligently without taking breaks — even to use the bathroom.

But the best deal Dad gave us was proofreading the company catalog. Every mistake counted — even the repetitive ones or when just the dash of the part number was missing or misplaced. We earned five dollars per mistake, every time we found one! That was a fantastic deal. We were so excited to find errors. The magazine eventually adopted the system we had developed for finding errors. And from that moment on, this practice set the standard: We now appreciate the importance of proofreading all important documents multiple times.

Later, Mini-Circuits moved to what felt like a huge loft on top of a supermarket on East 14th Street in Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn. When I was in high school, I worked in the computer room, three times a week, after school.

Dad gave us raises for thinking of ideas that helped the company. Back before the digital age, customer "leads" were entered manually into the computer, in order to mail our catalog to potential customers. We hit a snag when the same potential customer was sometimes entered more than once, with a slightly different spelling. Computers back then could not find the customer when searching for a duplicate name, unless the spelling matched perfectly. I received a raise for suggesting that we standardize data entry by just entering the initial of everyone's first name — so that if a customer were referred to as "John Jones" and another as "J. Jones," we would avoid duplication.

Dad is extremely careful about selecting his words. Even when we were young students in elementary school, he taught us his writing style: We learned to check every word for clarity and conciseness. Repetition had no place in our writing; say it once and move on. This in itself taught us critical thinking, enabling us to better succeed at the company and in similar environments.

Instead of looking at customer problems as a headache, Dad views them as opportunities to "wow" our customers. Mistakes, albeit infrequent, do happen. We look to take corrective actions to rectify the problem, above and beyond the customer's expectations, sparing no extra effort or cost. Turning a negative customer experience into a situation where the customer feels lucky is the Mini-Circuits way. Customers are always pleasantly surprised by our concern.

After graduating from Hebrew University, I returned to work at Mini-Circuits for two years. I hadn't realized at the time that my *real* set of life tools would be gained less from university and more from working in Dad's office. He found subliminal ways to empower me. For example, while I was working in sales, I reminded Dad one evening as I was leaving that he had an applicant waiting in reception to be interviewed. Dad looked at me shrewdly. "I'm not ready yet," he said. "You go ahead and interview him for us."

I panicked. Fresh out of college and inexperienced, there was no way I could conduct an interview. "I don't know what to do," I reminded him. "The applicant is an engineer; I have no idea what to ask him."

"No problem," Dad reassured me. "Our head engineer already interviewed the applicant and checked his technical abilities. Just talk to him; gauge his seriousness."

Armed with his confidence and guidance, I interviewed the engineer, still harboring strong doubts about my ability to conduct a successful interview. In the end, I discovered during the interview that the engineer was not a good match for Mini-Circuits' culture. He was not hired. Dad's trust in my abilities opened new horizons for me.

I also remember when we had a crisis in the purchasing department, for which I had zero experience. Almost all of the purchasing agents turned out to be unfit for the job; they either quit or were let go for one reason or another. By the time I arrived, there were only one purchasing agent and

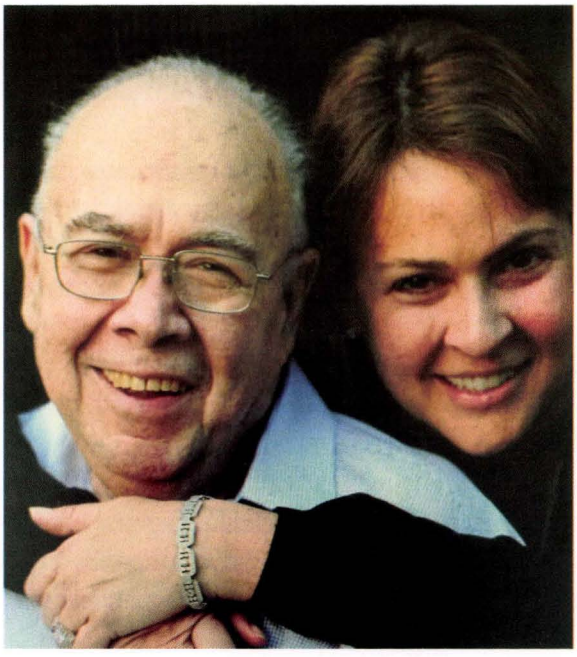
one clerk left. Dad called me into his office. "How's the remaining purchasing agent?" he asked me.

"So-so," I said, noncommittally.

Dad fired the agent and left *me* to run the department! I had no experience and help only from a single clerk. Even worse, coming from sales, I expected our vendors to provide the same high-quality service Dad expected us to provide our customers. Confronted with reality, I could not see myself managing the situation. "You can handle it," Dad reassured me once again. "I will hire an experienced purchasing manager as soon as possible."

Left to sink or swim, I remember working past midnight many nights that month, slowly gaining confidence that I could actually handle the job. Dad's confidence in my abilities empowered me to reach within myself and find stores of hidden potential. From then on, Dad often said to me, "If you handled the purchasing department, you can handle this latest challenge as well ..."

Dad was also there for me with his typically unique perspective the first time I had to fire someone clearly unsuited for the job. Still, I felt terribly uncomfortable. "You are doing the employee a favor," Dad taught me. "If



Harvey with his daughter, Alicia, Israel, December 2010

the employee is not the right fit for our company, then the company is not a right fit for the employee. If we postpone firing him, it will just take him longer to find his next job, one better suited for his needs." And he was absolutely right!

I am so grateful that Dad taught us to have a strong work ethic, not just by being our role model but, more importantly, by demanding high standards from us as well. The work we did in all those different departments turned out to be instrumental in shaping my work ethic for all kinds of situations and for all jobs, especially motherhood. He taught us to take responsibility; to persevere; to do the best job we can; to be proud of the fruits of our labor, even of menial tasks; to invest the extra effort so crucial in achieving a better job.

Dad's confidence in my ability to overcome any challenge is extremely empowering, a gift that has helped me tremendously throughout the different stages of life, enabling me to accept opportunities and challenges, some of which I did not want or expect to handle. This is a gift that keeps on giving. It empowers me to persist, even when lacking in self-confidence; it carries me to a point where I realize that I *can* actually handle it — and do it well.

MY INNER YARDSTICK

I feel incredibly lucky to have been exposed to Dad's life lessons. His principles act as a lens, empowering me to focus on all daily activities — work related or otherwise — with additional clarity, throughout all the different periods of my life. I could compile a list of all the incredible lessons he has taught us, not through preaching, but by example:

- You CAN...
- Own your responsibilities to your family and society. Empower them.
- Be passionate.
- Seek to constantly improve.
- Success is in the details.

- Work even harder, when needed.
- No challenge that must be faced, whether you asked for it or not, is too tough — take one step at a time. You will surprise yourself.
- Stick to the issues; run from politics.
- Simplify complicated issues.
- No excuses.
- Don't jump to conclusions.
- Some losses are inevitable. Recognize them, recalibrate, and move on.
- Everyone does things their own way. Don't play judge.
- No gossiping.

Furthermore, when confronted with overwhelming challenges, Dad has taught us to:

- Recruit assistance from successful specialized professionals (preferably with a similar set of values).
- Analyze different options.
- Make a determination based on reason.
- Write a plan of action items, including commit dates.
- Execute each required action.
- Follow up.

This work ethic has helped me tremendously in various jobs and tasks I have juggled throughout the years. I find myself recalibrating my responses in line with Dad's lessons even when I am away from work, enjoying some recreation. Even when I spent some time in the summer one year in Moab, Utah with my daughter Adee, I was able to overcome my fear of running off cliffs to enjoy the gravity-fueled zipline by telling myself, "It's is a job; get it done."

A PERSONAL "KING SOLOMON"

Dad helps me, even when he does not know it. When I am confronted by a serious challenge and unable to reach him for his "King Solomon" advice,

I often think about what he would suggest, and frequently the solution becomes obvious. It sounds strange, but I find that I cannot reach the solution directly without traveling through his mindset.

Dad and Mom sent us to learn Jewish studies, including some *halacha* — Jewish law — which I really respect and appreciate. *Halacha* seeks to assist when appropriate, yet discourages that same assistance when it causes damage. These laws are very complex and just, with a keen understanding that recognizes exceptions and fluid situations. Jewish law does not treat everyone equally; rather, each person is an individual — with different capabilities, requirements, and objectives.

Many of these laws are often counterintuitive. I find it amazing that Dad has an inborn sense of Jewish *halacha*, without having received formal training. These concepts he practices so naturally are all found in *halacha*, written by geniuses who spent a lifetime interpreting Jewish law. The books spell out the spirit of the laws, but Dad practices these ideals in his everyday life.

Seeing Dad fight his multiple medical challenges head-on has been a profound and extraordinary lesson. Where others would surely despair after facing their initial hardships, he is thriving — directing his high energy level toward fighting every medical battle with tenacity and determination. We are completely flabbergasted by his ability to simultaneously maintain his stamina while reaching for the stars, to surpass his goals in all areas — business and philanthropic. What a magnificent and beautiful lesson to us all.

I felt proud watching him make steady headway in physical therapy, after losing both feet. One morning, I watched in puzzlement as the therapist handed him a four-pronged cane to use, instead of a sturdy walker. I started questioning her, when Dad spoke up: "My goal is to walk without holding on to anything." After much energy and effort, he achieved this goal as well.

I once asked my father where he draws the strength to retain such an unusually positive attitude, despite the obvious hardships, discomfort, and constant challenges. "I don't look back," he replied. "I only look forward."

We have also become accustomed to the routine, when necessary, of attending important meetings held in his hospital room. I remember an important meeting attended by all his grandchildren, to plan the philanthropic Giving Circle Foundation of their generation. The beeping and

whooshing sounds of various hospital monitors and tubes made an incongruous backdrop to these and other high-level business meetings.

A family friend, Rabbi Reuven Sason, taught us that the mitzvah of always being in a state of *simcha*, true joy, seems simple at first. Stark reality teaches us otherwise. Finding strength and light in what seems to be complete darkness is extremely challenging. We have seen the significant impact and power Dad has for igniting the light within the darkness, illuminating the lives of everyone standing within his vicinity. While I contemplate how this is Dad's strongest message ever, I cannot help but imagine that he still has even bigger and greater messages for us still ahead.

I can't find an appropriate way to express my gratitude for the way Dad and Mom have shaped my life, other than to strive to continuously be committed and responsible to maintain their level of high quality values. This includes helping others in meaningful and smart ways by pinpointing worthy charities and, no less importantly, to exert effort in passing on those values to my children.

I thank Hashem for the best gift of all: my Mom and Dad as my parents.

Thank you, Dad, for choosing Mom as your partner and our mother, for continuing to teach us right from wrong, for teaching us by example, for your explosive generosity, for combining tremendous compassion with the brilliance of your mind and for the continuous and tremendous generosity you and Mom shower upon us and our children.

Thanks for pushing us to excel, and by alleviating financial burdens — affording us the luxury to purse what is important to us. While money comes with great responsibility, it is obviously very liberating in many ways. Secure in this knowledge, we are empowered to do great things in life, and hopefully our descendants will continue this path — as will their descendants.

Given the choice to select to meet any role model, from any time in the history of the world, I would choose you. Thank you for being my Dad, my role model, and my personal "King Solomon."

Thank you for not only continuing to *survive*, but also to *thrive* with such grace. You will always be the head of our family. We will strive to meet, and continuously exceed, your expectations. You teach me so much and I am fortunate to learn from you.

I'm lucky. Thanks for your confidence in me.

DR. DAVID BLUMENTHAL

HARVEY'S PHYSICIAN

A GESTALT OF GRACIOUSNESS

Harvey was surprisingly ill when we first met. After seeing him early in the morning, I tried very hard to keep him from being admitted to the hospital. I made a number of diagnoses, offered medical advice over the phone, and managed to get him to the right place. Thus began a very warm friendship that has spanned more than two decades, a friendship that has deepened far beyond the regular doctor-patient association.

Harvey has suffered through way more than his share of medical illnesses, yet he endures them all with grace. (I once commented half-jokingly to Harvey that he has crossed over to his second set of nine lives.) He sees medical emergencies as impediments that have to be overcome. His attitude will be somewhat along the lines of "Let's deal with this and move on," or "I still plan to do things with my life; this stuff is in my way, let's get past it." I state with confidence that very few people exemplify this attitude.

Harvey is inspirational. I have never seen him feel sorry for himself. The attitude he demonstrated when we were discussing the amputation of his legs is vintage Harvey: "Got to have an amputation? Let's get on with it." Although I imagine that there was a significant amount of grieving in private, the face he shows the world is one of mobility and growth. "I am moving ahead" is his motto. There is something astounding about seeing someone call attention to his inner capacities in this way.

Harvey surges with energy. Nobody is supposed to endure suffering the way he does. There are very few people on this earth who have gone through these kinds of challenges and not only manage to survive, but, incredibly, put all these health issues behind them and go on to achieve amazing things.

There is a body of medical literature proving that upbeat patients do better than despondent ones. One can infer from this that Harvey's attitude is certainly partly responsible for what he has achieved. True, he has been the beneficiary of extremely expert care, having received medical guidance from top consultants, but it is more than reasonable to say that his attitude about his health — moving ahead instead of feeling sorry for himself — is a major part of his soul and spirit.

As Harvey's doctor for close to twenty-five years, I have been through a lot of things together with him. I want to do well for everybody, of course;

certainly, Harvey is more of a treasure, because he wants to work harder for himself. Based on his medical condition, I could not have even remotely imagined that he would maintain his superior productivity and upbeat demeanor all these years.

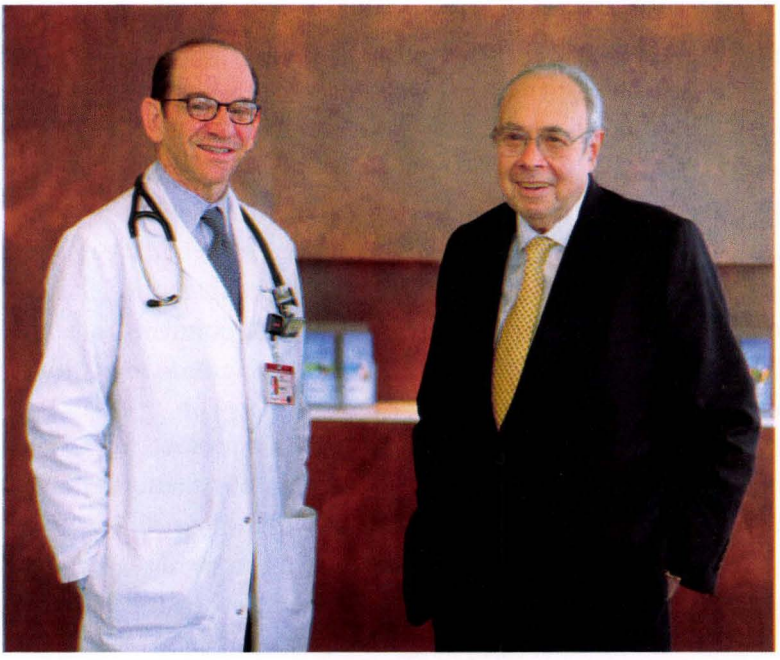
I have had the opportunity to see the Kaylie generosity firsthand. When the UJA challenged people to submit proposals to benefit the greater community, my wife created Project Seed, a program that addresses preschool challenging behaviors. Believing that every Jewish family should have a path to affordable Jewish education, Project Seed connects forward-thinking educators to powerful ideas and resources to create new models. Hers was one of those selected.

Harvey and Gloria were early patrons of this project. Firm believers in student advocacy, they were very generous to the agency, enabling early childhood education specialists to help schools and families address challenging behaviors in preschool children. The program was founded with support from UJA-Federation of New York, by a group of Westchester residents who recognized a growing need for family services for the Jewish community.

Harvey and Gloria are extremely generous. They give charity mostly anonymously, which is interesting, because it's not the usual way patrons work. I am somewhat responsible for getting Harvey onto the Board of Overseers of Weill Cornell Medical College. In an amusing twist that really personified Harvey's humility, the Medical College had to spend a lot of time on research when I suggested his name, because no one had ever heard of him! Their search turned up little. In the end, I had to give them clues of places where he had been honored; only then did they realize the type of person they were dealing with.

Analytical, thoughtful, logical — Harvey takes an engineer's approach to everything. He is as smart as can be. I knew he would enjoy his time on the Board of Overseers, and they would enjoy him. He had a wonderful relationship with the dean at the time, Antonio Gotto. The two really hit it off; Antonio respected him enormously. Harvey served as an active member of the board for many years.

When the Board of Overseers embarked on a very large fundraising adventure, Harvey designated a number of gifts — one of which was to endow a floor in my honor, something he did on his own initiative. I was thunderstruck when the dean informed me of this magnificent gesture.



Dr. David Blumenthal with Harvey at the dedication of a research building at Weill Cornell Medical College, 2014

Harvey's insistence that the floor be named for me, and that there be a portrait of me, struck me as kind of funny. This was quintessential Harvey: to allow a small acknowledgment about himself, while insisting that the credit and publicity be all about me.

This gigantic gift to the new research building endowed a large part of the cardiovascular center. Afterward, our medical college magazine prominently displayed a picture of Harvey and me on its front cover. One day, as I was seeing patients in my office, I heard bizarre tapping sounds coming from the waiting room. I found that one of my patients, also a very generous man, had framed the cover of the magazine and was literally nailing it into the wall of my office! He clearly meant well, and his attitude spoke volumes about his admiration of Harvey. Now, with this picture hanging on the wall, people who come in to consult with me will look at the picture and say, "Oh, I know Harvey!" And then they will go on to tell me of his generosity. So I happen to know a long list of people who have wonderful things to say about the things he has done for them, mostly anonymously. (Practically the only thing he has put his name on was Camp Kaylie.)

Harvey and Gloria also endowed support of a simulator for surgeons, students, and staff in a teaching facility that shows medical students how to examine and interview patients. Harvey and Gloria responded with great interest to my solicitation for this teaching center, so I get some credit for that.

I am personally more generous in my life because of Harvey. He knows I admire the many charities he has donated to and he likes my wife's charities — who wouldn't? He observes that our values are similar. He can sit in my office and we can discuss other things, and I certainly know more about him than I do about the lives of other patients.

I was a physics major in college, so we think about medical things in a similar way. You can tell that although Harvey is not making his own medical diagnosis, one had better be logical while discussing medical treatment with him because he will find the flaws in your argument — which is great! He picks up on little clues, the fine details others often miss.

People have a certain bond with their physicians. Harvey has been really sick and we have gone through a lot of things together, so there is a certain bond in that regard, and I have steered him to great specialists, so I get reflective glory from that as well — but I presume that we look



The dedication plaque

at life the same way in many aspects, a little differently than other people do. I suspect he likes that in me. We are not going to have the same ideas about everything, but having been trained in the same sciences, we have coordinating viewpoints.

When meeting with Harvey, one would have little or no idea about his wealth. He has a lovely personality and is very well spoken, but you would have no idea of his greatness. I find that his general approach to life, his gestalt and his overall persona, have a tremendous effect on people. When I add up all the big and little things he does, and his basic approach to life, I find that I have gained tremendously from interacting with him. He makes me feel better about people in general.

ARTHUR ACKERMAN

QUALITY ASSURANCE, MINI-CIRCUITS

A PASSION FOR PRINCIPLES

The call came through on the very first day I became responsible for quality assurance at Mini-Circuits. An ambulance company was calling with a serious problem: A defibrillator equipped with one of our components had malfunctioned during an emergency call. A paramedic had thrown the device on the ground while tending to a patient and it would not work. We determined that a component had fallen off inside the defibrillator. Mini-Circuits manufactures critical components for many customer products and we place high responsibility on consumer satisfaction — something Harvey takes very seriously — and calls like these kept me up at night.

We began investigating. Mini-Circuits maintains an enviable track record when it comes to safeguarding the safety of our products: Less than one percent — fewer than one hundred failures per million! — are returned to the factory. Our field quality aims for world-class status. So, when products are returned, technicians immediately begin determining what exactly went wrong with the product. Returns are categorized as company responsibility; customer damaged; or good parts — indicating the need for customer education.

Each of these criteria is carefully analyzed. Significantly, Harvey expects us to place the same emphasis on customer education as on the first two steps. If it became clear that the customer was remiss in using our product properly, Harvey feels that it was *our* responsibility for not providing adequate information or support. As such, company representatives would contact the customer to offer step-by-step guidance and full assistance as we shipped the product back.

After following these steps, what we found should have been greatly reassuring. We have a legal disclaimer that Mini-Circuits must be notified when parts on order will be used in life-saving equipment, to ensure that these orders are filled with components that are more rugged. In this case, the components had been bought from a distributor. We had no idea that these parts were being used by paramedics!

Many companies would have rightfully exempted themselves from any form of culpability — after all, the disclaimer specifically delimited the scope of our obligations — but such an attitude simply does not exist at Mini-Circuits. Harvey's passion for certain principles demands that *serving*

the customer is key — even for customers who use our parts improperly. We identified a more rugged version of these components and sent them to the ambulance company, instructing it to replace all the components on its defibrillators.

This incident underscored once again my good fortune in being part of Harvey's company. Like the deep bass that defines the flow of music, Harvey's principles reverberate through Mini-Circuits and shape everything we do. His principles are printed on inspirational posters placed strategically throughout our buildings, on our employee identification cards, and, yes, even on our paychecks.

My first meeting with Harvey was during my hiring interview in 1999. The textile company I had worked at for more than two decades was being sold and I faced the daunting prospect of finding a new job at the fairly late age of fifty. I had never heard of Harvey, or Mini-Circuits, but a friend suggested I apply, so I did. Even though I held degrees in engineering and business administration, I still was concerned that my experience did not match his requirements. I did not want to oversell myself, so I applied for a position as a production planning assistant.

The interview process was very lengthy with several written tests and interviews. It was well past seven p.m. when I was finally ushered into Harvey's office. To my surprise, there were numerous interruptions even at that hour, with engineers bringing questions and data for review, and this became my first introduction to his multi-tasking abilities.

Harvey's interviewing style is very unique. After a quick glance at the resumé and test results, he homed right in on a specific topic and dug in deep, rattling off questions. He could easily ask a candidate for ten examples of a specific item. It reminded me of tests I had endured when I was studying Talmud, where a series of rigorous questions focused on intense analysis.

"In the textile industry you are coming from," Harvey asked me, "how can you tell whether a company is doing well or not?"

"Depends on how much black yarn it has left."

He looked at me quizzically.

"Light colors can be dyed darker, but not the other way around," I explained. "Colors and fashions are seasonal. At the end of the season, if you see a lot of leftover black yarn, it means it did not have a profitable quarter."

Harvey enjoyed my quick retort. As we spoke, it became clear that we shared common backgrounds: we had both studied at City College and then worked at AIL. The similarities ended there. My work in the textile industry was dissimilar to the job requirements at Mini-Circuits, and I really felt unsure about this transition, but Harvey was way ahead of me and had already sniffed out my potential.

Although I am an Orthodox Jew, I do not wear my *yarmulke* at work and did not do so at the interview. My previous employers were very respectful of my practices, but they felt it would be more professional if I did not wear one at work (although everyone noticed me wearing it during meals). However, I did not want to start off at Mini-Circuits on the wrong foot, so I told Harvey right away about my religious practices. "I would have to leave early every Friday," I began hesitantly, waiting to gauge his reaction. "And there are also a number of Jewish holidays scattered throughout the year when I cannot come in to work."

Harvey sized me up quickly. "I have an Orthodox engineer," he answered simply, "and he has never disappointed me."

I was hired on the spot and given more responsibility, and more money, than I had asked for. I must admit that Harvey was able to see more of my potential than I did. Years later, he reminded me of how he appreciated my honesty in declaring my observance up front. Of course, by then I had found out just how involved Harvey was in promoting Jewish communal life around the world through his generous philanthropy.

THE SNIFF TEST

Harvey promotes "guiding principles" emblazoned on posters throughout the building, and he lives by them. Passion is at the heart of everything he does. This passion, however, is sometimes demonstrated loud and clear, especially when satisfying a customer or correcting a problem. No successful manager at Mini-Circuits was ever left unscathed. Raised voices and disagreements are common, but those of us who know Harvey well understand that he has a wider view of things. He possesses a gift of

envisioning outcomes and potentials in ways others cannot imagine and his mind always runs ten steps ahead of everyone around him.

Mini-Circuits designs, manufactures, and distributes products for radiofrequency (RF) and microwave signal processing. Many variables are involved, creating unique challenges and difficulties. It is an exciting, dynamic business.

These components are ubiquitous and they animate the world around you. When you drive up to a tollbooth and the gate swings upward, our components are controlling the electrical signal. Walk through an automatic sliding door? Our components trigger the RF signal that travels between the electronic eye and the doors. Mini-Circuits manufactures parts for cell phone towers, satellites, and critical hospital equipment such as computed tomography (CT) scan and magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) machines.

We sell products that carry the signals in army communication systems. Every military customer in the United States buys products from us. We supply many parts for the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF); in fact, all shipments to Israel take top priority at Mini-Circuits.

As you can imagine, all this comes with tremendous responsibility. Harvey does not gloss over anything. Speed is often of the essence, but there are no shortcuts. There are problem-solving techniques in this industry, and everyone knows they must come completely prepared when they meet with Harvey. He has a keen way of working with people, and you had better come fully equipped with answers to the inevitable barrage of questions.

A unique test Harvey instituted at Mini-Circuits became known as the "sniff test." Whenever a new proposal is presented, we first run it through a series of tests to sniff out potential problems and setbacks, thereby eliminating false starts and useless products. Comprehensive testing and analysis force us to analyze every step of the process: will it work; will it sell; will it last. Then, and only then, is the proposal brought to Harvey for his input.

A "quick fix" does not exist at Mini-Circuits. Harvey taught us to avoid the common pitfall of rushing to put new products out on the market without extensive testing. Much like the Socratic method, he promotes shared dialogue and critical thinking. Prepare the data. Run tests. Show examples. Analyze. Explain things clearly, without editorializing. Root out problems and address them. Let the data do the talking. Thanks to Harvey's

guidance, we place great emphasis on metrics — how we are doing, where the company is going, and how our goals are being defined.

Everyone has direct access to Harvey, something very unusual for a company this size. CEOs of big corporations tend to hide in big, fancy offices behind many layers of protection — but Harvey remains fully invested in everything going on in Mini-Circuits. He is an excellent manager; his analytical mind keeps abreast of all the technological advances even as the industry continues growing exponentially every year.

Harvey empowers others by motivating them to work independently and think creatively. I am not a "yes" person by nature, and his approach prompted me to broaden my scope by taking on more and more responsibilities, an attitude Harvey preferred.

Harvey has the ability to find an immediate resolution to any problem — there is often a line of people waiting outside his office to ask him for advice on how to fix an issue — but I know he prefers people to take responsibility, to be trailblazers, to have initiative move through our minds like wire being threaded through our consciousness. He wants his principles to define us, to become part of our lives, always there, reviving themselves like a renewable energy source.

Harvey's uncanny ability to sniff out potential problems, gains, setbacks, and market strategy have worked wonders in growing his company to international acclaim, but I am even more impressed at his unerring ability to sniff out the true potential within *people*. By using the perfect balance of empowerment and responsibility, he brought out the best and fullest of my capabilities and of those working around me, changing our lives forever.

GLOBAL, YET PERSONAL

Many companies are concerned about deep pockets; Harvey taught us to be concerned about deep *loyalty* to our customer base. Companies often discontinue products, even on a weekly basis, but customers still use older products and Harvey resolved to stick to his principles of putting the customer first, even when there is little or no profit involved.

For example, the very first product we manufactured was the SRA-1 frequency mixer, a little component used in RF receivers, ship-to-shore communications, and airplanes. Guess what? The company still manufactures this little product to this very day — an indication of the deep-seated loyalty Harvey has for his customers.

The same is true of many other components that are not profitable anymore; Harvey refuses to discontinue them, thereby ensuring that his customers are not caught short without a supply. Simply put, the customer comes first, even though technology has changed so much that we would be completely justified in phasing out old products. "Thou shalt not turn parts into becoming obsolete" is a golden rule at Mini-Circuits; we remain a supermarket for components that serve anyone and everyone in this industry. Actions like these speak volumes about Harvey's passion for his principles, and it is to his credit that he built his company in a way that demonstrates long-term reliability.

Being in charge of quality assurance at Mini-Circuits is not easy. As manager of quality, I am often put in the unenviable position of being the bearer of bad news. We never sweep problems under the rug; Harvey wants us to address every issue squarely. I enjoy defending customers and serving as their advocate, including our distributors and suppliers, even when it means extra work for our technicians.

When Hurricane Sandy roared through the region in October 2012, many bridges and tunnels suffered extensive damage. One day, we received a call that our components had malfunctioned on a toll bridge. Tens of millions of gallons of water had surged over the bridge, the salty ocean water quickly corroding the parts that sent the electronic signal to the toll gates. We immediately went to work and redesigned the components to use a weatherproof enclosure, thereby ensuring that such a problem would never recur.

In another instance, we received critical parts from our overseas facility that failed in the final assembly, even though the parts had been tested thoroughly before being shipped to us. Having parts fail after assembly is costly, causing us to question the reliability of the product, and Harvey took us to task for our errors. Meanwhile, I was sure we were doing nothing wrong and there had to be something flawed in the products themselves, but there was no way I could prove it without additional testing. "You are

damaging the parts," Harvey insisted. "They are being damaged during assembly."

"Impossible!" I kept retorting. "Something must be wrong with the parts themselves."

Our dispute became very public and vocal, to the point where I was afraid that my job was in jeopardy. Finally, after a lot of heartache and aggravation, we identified a random problem in the supplier's packaging that was responsible for causing the failures. Vindicated, I barged into Harvey's office and began shouting as I showed him the evidence that we had done nothing wrong.

Harvey became very quiet. A different person in his position would have handled his error quietly, instead of admitting this misstep, but Harvey is not that kind of person. The true measure of a leader is how he admits his mistakes when they occur, and he immediately sent out a memo to the entire company, praising me for my steadfastness and for sticking to my guns in the face of opposition. This only made me appreciate Harvey's high moral character even more.

Harvey's commitment to providing quality components with value pricing has enabled him to foster an environment of employee, supplier, and customer loyalty that is virtually unheard of. Any company involved in RF and microwaves is probably buying something from Mini-Circuits, and his business model remains as unique and innovative as the company itself. In a stunning tribute to Harvey's passion for his principles, Mini-Circuits has achieved worldwide acclaim as a leader in this industry.

In fact, we are in the unusual position of being one of the few electronic companies to sell products *to* China! We have components in cell phone towers all across China. We purchase parts from China, manufacture the components here in America according to their respective specifications, and then ship the finished products back to China. This was a major breakthrough for our industry.

Harvey has built a successful global empire with six product design centers, world-class product design capabilities, and many employees worldwide. Yet seeing Harvey out of the office really offers a totally different view of the man. The no-nonsense boss is truly a very caring human being, as is evidenced by his tremendous philanthropy and his deep involvement with a long list of worthy causes and charities. He maintains a strong passion for ideas that help and empower others.

Spending long hours at work is the norm for Harvey. Nonetheless, with all the time spent with his members — never call them "employees"! — he understands that there is life outside Mini-Circuits. Several years ago, when my father passed away after a long illness, there were long lines of visitors who came to comfort me during the *shiva* week. Many co-workers came, and I appreciated every single visit, but no one surprised or comforted me as much as Harvey did.

We all knew that he had trouble walking at that time, having recently recovered from a serious illness. Nevertheless, he made the effort to come to my parents' Borough Park home and climbed the stairs to see me. Although he had never met my father, we soon made a connection based on the East European village of Munkacs, from which my father came. Harvey spent a long time speaking to me from his heart and this gesture made a tremendous impact. People who knew of his charitable works — including his philanthropy toward OHEL, Chabad, and many other organizations — were awed to see him spend so much time with me.

On another unfortunate occasion, Harvey showed himself to be a true man of action. When my wife was diagnosed with a serious illness, he did not limit himself with offers of sympathy. He immediately put me in contact with a world-famous specialist who cleared his calendar based on Harvey's call.

Incidents like these were not unique. Working for so long with Harvey has given me the opportunity to witness the tremendous things he does for so many people and the way he empowers others to reach their potential. Giving to and helping others are in his nature, and I am fortunate to be part of his team.

HARVEY KAYLIE

REVOLUTIONIZING THE INDUSTRY

Mini-Circuits expanded exponentially as the years went by. We now employ about three thousand employees worldwide; our North American operations include New York, Florida, Missouri, and California. We also have factories and offices in Israel, England, China, Korea, India, Malaysia, Taiwan, and Indonesia. I funded the business myself and we now serve more than twenty thousand active customers. Talk about entrepreneurship.

I am proud that our company can produce large quantities on short notice and send them almost anywhere around the globe. Our product lines represent more than ten thousand custom models and off-the-shelf products. Even with our expansion, Mini-Circuits remains true to my principles: Stay innovative while offering the best quality products, world-class service, and speedy delivery. We are active in design, logistics, and manufacturing and have designed some of the most sophisticated wireless technology components.

Yes, our business model remains as unique and innovative as it was on the day we started. Nearly five decades after I founded Mini-Circuits, we have achieved a worldwide position of respect as a leader in electronic components. We finance everything ourselves. Our many expansions have not been tied to bank debt. Controlled by a conservative eye, our growth over the years was planned with long-term sustainability. Our product lines serve well-known clients in commercial, space, military, medical, and industrial applications. Our components are found in the world around you — cell phones, cable television networks, satellites, air traffic control systems, aerospace transmitters, and medical devices.

Our parts are used in defense equipment for the United States Army. This is not to be taken lightly: Working with the military requires us to meet the most demanding of standards. Additionally, it also gives me great personal pride that our parts are used by the IDF in the Iron Dome system, used to protect Israeli civilians — including my own grandchildren.

Our customers treasure our high quality, fast turnaround, on-time delivery, and customer loyalty. Thousands of products are available from stock, with thousands more available by request. Need amplifiers or attenuators? We have them. Cables or couplers? We have those too. Ditto for

transformers, switches, equalizers, oscillators, synthesizers, RF test solutions, and a great deal more.

Our quality policy follows such a strict set of values that we often surpass stated requirements. Nor have we become complacent to rest on our laurels: Mini-Circuits continually finds ways to improve our products. To remain current in the industry, we make considerable investment in our own automation equipment. We even developed our own robotic test handlers and fixtures for assemblies. In short, Mini-Circuits is the world's preferred company for this industry.

I view our customers as opportunities to provide outstanding service. Not many companies have that perspective. There are many different ways in which we strive to exceed expectations. For example, we offer an advanced product search engine, "Yoni2," that offers customers the ability to search models that meet difficult or unusual spec requirements. They can access our complete database of catalog and non-catalog designs by searching actual measured data over thousands of frequency points for units that meet their specific needs. No other company in the industry offers this capability.

We also are committed to collecting customer feedback. Customers ask about the financial integrity of the business. We aim to create a mutually beneficial partnership with the customer; everyone, including industry giants, wants to be assured that we are there for them in the long run.

Thanks to our strong brand, we have a solid and diverse customer base with fantastic reach. Everything — and I mean everything — must have the same level of quality, because our reputation hinges on customer satisfaction. We sell parts with prices that range from twenty cents to twenty thousand dollars, but quality is paramount.

I view quality differently from other companies. Our commitment to quality and value is reflected in the awards we receive regularly for supplier excellence. With fewer than one hundred failures per million, our fielded quality remains world-class. People often talk about the *cost* of quality; I talk about the *savings* of quality. My philosophy is that quality saves cost. I built the entire company based on that premise. Ours is a culture of quality.

An example of our dedication to superior quality occurred when Ravon, our company in Israel, received an award from the government of Japan for being an outstanding exporter to Japan, for shipping twenty thousand units *without a single failure*. This is just one testament to the quality level Ravon

maintains, and that same standard is held for all of Mini-Circuits' operations across the globe. Because of our world-class technology and quality standards, we have had visits to Ravon from many large companies, such as Nokia and Ericsson, to review our methods for making measurements. They want to find out how we maintain such consistency in producing high-quality products.

(I once had a guarded interaction with a global company that tested the endurance of our values: During the cell phone boom, a European company was manufacturing parts being purchased by global cell phone companies at the time. Adhering to the Arab boycott against Israel at the time, the company refused to receive our parts from Israel. I knew that other companies would have quickly filled the order by shipping the parts from a different country, but I would not boycott the Jewish state. "We can complete the order," I informed them. "We can ship the parts from our UK facility at a price markup of 5 percent, due to added costs of shipping and handling."

The volume of parts in this order was phenomenal, making it a very important and large purchase, one we were very grateful to receive, but I felt a sense of obligation to the State of Israel. My values are priceless; they are not for sale. Needless to say, the company replied that it preferred to receive the parts shipped from Israel rather than pay the additional 5 percent! The sale went through.)

With a talented team of designers, microwave engineers, software engineers, and others, we support all aspects of production. All aircraft fly with Mini-Circuits components aboard — in their radios, in their satellite systems, and even their wi-fi access. We sell to all the major players.

After standing at the helm of Mini-Circuits for forty-five years, watching the company grow from a kitchen experiment to a global industry, I have handed over the presidency to Ted Heil. I am confident our core values will never change. As Ted has noted, these principles are our recipe for success. Sure, we may change flavors to sustain continued, steady growth, but the underlying principles remain steadfast.

Gloria Rosenfeld

MINI-CIRCUITS

THE STANDARD SETTER

Workers bustled noisily around the room as I began my new job in the shipping department of Mini-Circuits. Skilled hands worked quickly and methodically, placing the company's signature components in packages waiting to be shipped around the world. The room worked in rhythm as thousands of tiny components were sorted, wrapped, and packaged.

Suddenly, a familiar figure appeared next to me and began demonstrating how to better pack the components in a more orderly way. "Customers pay attention to appearances," he noted. "Remember — if it looks good on the outside, the customer will have confidence that the product is good on the inside." After he showed me a few more examples, I thanked him and began packing the boxes differently. When he saw I caught on to his example, he nodded and walked away.

"You know who that was?" someone spoke up.

"I think so," I said. "That's Harvey, right?"

"Yes. The owner of the company."

I was dumbfounded. "The owner just stood there and showed me how to package products?"

That was my first introduction to Harvey's unique character and the special way he ran his growing business at Mini-Circuits. Located then over a supermarket on Sheepshead Bay Road — a major street in Brooklyn — the company began as a small enterprise; we had no inkling that Harvey's visionary ideas would later impact the world at large.

I had come to work at Mini-Circuits in 1977 while attending night school at Brooklyn College. The local paper, *The Bay News*, ran an ad for a shipping clerk at the company, and I was interviewed by Rafi Stolz. He hired me on the spot and I began work. I met Harvey after working there for about two weeks, finding him personable and warm to company members.

Harvey's defining principles flow from the top down. He taught us that a company is nothing without customer satisfaction, building his reputation on the golden standard of customer service. When I am on the receiving end of shoddy customer service — for example, when store employees abruptly halt a line of waiting customers — I always think, "We would *never* do that to a customer." This type of thinking defines the company.

Never content to rest on his achievements, Harvey pushed the company forward until we also became the first company in Brooklyn to earn ISO 14001 environmental certification. This pertains to the manufacturing process of our products. Reaching this important milestone proved to our customers that we were serious about our environmental obligations. We continued finding ways to reduce our environmental impact, fulfilling our social responsibility by increasing environmental awareness among our workforce.

Harvey always encourages us to make decisions and learn from our mistakes. "All doors are open in this company" is a commonly heard refrain. His door is always open to every worker, even if someone wants to discuss a personal issue relating to family or lifecycle events. Sometimes the line outside his office reminded me of the line outside the bakery! Harvey welcomed these interactions. He never made people feel that their questions were inferior or stupid.

Harvey shows by example; he teaches by showing you. Far from the aloof CEO who sits in an office guarded by zealous secretaries and shielded by a supposedly full schedule, Harvey is always there and accessible. He attended weddings; he attended funerals; he made *shiva* calls. This was deeply appreciated by fellow members at Mini-Circuits.

Harvey is a mentor, a leader. As time went by, he began teaching me how to interview job candidates. "Sit, watch, learn," he would say. I sat in while he interviewed the candidates; in this way, I learned the process of job interviews. We interviewed together; this way, I was able to see what he looked for in a job applicant. This went on for many years.

Harvey also gave classes on various subjects at Mini-Circuits. He loves teaching. Sometimes he even gave courses to engineers in the company. Watching him teach, one could almost feel the palpable energy in the room, his passion for imparting knowledge to others.

I find it very interesting that Harvey has that equilibrium between being personable and firm. He is a living example of someone capable of demonstrating that these two personalities are not in conflict. The company must run in line with certain standards and specific guidelines which direct our work, but Harvey still succeeded in remaining open and accessible. Even when the company grew to a global scale, his personality never changed. Sure, he became much busier — more traveling, more meetings,

incredible pressure, more responsibilities — but he stayed the same. That's just who Harvey is.

Even though I am not an engineer, I am hardly surprised to keep hearing that our products are the forerunners in the industry in terms of performance, quality, and price.

"INNER" CUSTOMERS

Every company today has a quality policy. Yet Harvey's quality policy is unique. It shows a commitment to the "internal" customer as well — members who work at the company. This is in addition to the "external" customers, those who purchase our products. This policy is proudly displayed throughout the company, demonstrating that employees are always in the forefront of Harvey's mind.

Harvey calls his workers "members" and is on a first-name basis with everyone. There is a company newsletter called *Open Circuits* and he often inserts public compliments so that the entire company, including our worldwide subsidiaries, will know when someone did exceptionally well at work.

Harvey is a very generous employer who appreciates when members go the extra mile and show dedication. For example, members who came to work during snowstorms were awarded bonuses. Whenever the company won an award — and there were many — Harvey instructed us to throw a major pizza party to celebrate our success. Flush with excitement, we sometimes forgot about other workers, but Harvey never forgot. "Send over enough pizza to the other office as well," he would instruct, making sure pizza went out to our Knapp Street location.

Over the years, we had many pizza parties; company picnics in the backyard of the Neptune Avenue facility; year-end parties in the lunchroom; and donuts-and-coffee parties. In short, any reason to celebrate a company success was celebrated with the employees.

Working on the recruiting end of the company, I found it very heartwarming to see Harvey's complete willingness to give job opportunities to many new immigrants, including those who faced very difficult prospects

of finding work elsewhere. (Maybe his sensitivity to immigrants is a reflection of the struggles and frustrations his grandfather experienced when he arrived all alone in America.) He hired many Russian engineers who did not speak English that well. To Harvey, this was somewhat immaterial: As long as they knew and understood the procedures, he hired them.

By offering them a welcome start to the American dream, Harvey attracted members from more than forty-nine different countries! Walking the hallways at Mini-Circuits, you are bound to hear a multitude of languages and meet people of all ethnicities and backgrounds. A global map hangs prominently near the cafeteria, with brightly colored pins marking the birthplaces of all our workers. I sometimes come across a group of new workers looking intently at the map, concentration and surprise evident on their faces as they search for "their" pin.

Members give positive feedback about their time at Mini-Circuits. They appreciate the way they are treated, the teamwork, the principles defining the company, and the ideals we stand for. They have high regard for the way people work together as a single entity, all aiming to reach the same goal. The company seems, at times, to be one living body.

As time went by, Harvey noticed a difference in the work ethic of new employees. People showed less commitment overall and did not stay as long as they used to. To entice employees to hang around Mini-Circuits, Ted Heil suggested opening an engineering lab named "Mini-Circuits Innovation Studio" to encourage engineers and technicians to invite their friends over to tinker and build things in the lab. It became a draw for people with a different view of engineering, and Harvey really appreciated Ted for his thinking in such broad strokes and hitting a bull's-eye.

Harvey has his signature way of doing things. He does things the right way, without worrying what others are doing. We worked very long hours, sometimes until very late at night. I believe the tremendous success of the company is due to Harvey's commitment to the product, the customer, and the employees. Mini-Circuits has afforded me and many other members opportunities for personal and professional growth

In his typical way of thinking uniquely, Harvey memorialized members of his family by assigning their initials to new products. When my mother, Syma — a Holocaust survivor — passed away, I was deeply touched to learn that Harvey named a unit after her. My mother is alive through Mini-Circuits as she flies all over the world as a Mini-Circuits component.

When one of my daughters moved to Israel, Harvey's daughter Alicia contacted her and invited her out for a meal. That meant a lot to me — another indicator that our association with the Kaylie family really is one of friendship, not just business and work.

Harvey is living proof of the great things we achieve when we stay focused on principles that help and empower others. Working alongside Harvey all these decades has given me the opportunity to see the way Harvey channels his brilliance for the greater good, the way he motivates others by giving them the skills to grow and achieve great things. These priceless interactions have enriched my life.

MELVIN BICK

ADVERTISING, MINI-CIRCUITS

ADVENTURES WITH HARVEY

The amphibious war vehicle lurched and rattled along a deserted road in the Israeli desert. IDF soldiers talked quietly in the front seat as they drove quickly through a cloud of dust. Sand swirled around us as we made our way toward an army base somewhere near the Syrian border. Stan, my photographer, held a protective arm across his camera equipment as I looked outside in disbelief: What was I, an advertising agent, doing in an Israeli army vehicle driving through the desert? The answer to this exhilarating adventure, and many other of my life experiences, came down to two words: Harvey Kaylie.

Back in the 1980s, I had been working in the advertising department for Sears Roebuck — helping create attractive catalogs and brochures — when the company decided to move our New York office to its corporate headquarters in Chicago. This did not appeal to me at all. I began searching job offers in the *New York Times* when I came across Harvey's company, Mini-Circuits. Soon I began doing freelance work for Harvey. One of the first things I noticed was his eagle eye for detail and his uniquely methodical way of dealing with difficulties.

In fact, I later learned he had applied these principles to my hiring as well. More than one hundred people had answered Harvey's ad, and he took the incredible step of interviewing them, creating a short list of candidates, and giving freelance work to every single one of them. He then sorted through their work, narrowing the field as time went on, until he settled on hiring me. This took a few years, but Harvey would not be rushed. This was part of his work ethic — to get things done in a precise and definitive way.

One day, Harvey told me that he wanted me to work for him exclusively and he set up a meeting for us to discuss the particulars. I will never forget that interview. When we sat down, Harvey looked at me and said, "Write down on a paper a yearly amount with contract details while I do the same on a different piece of paper."

Based on my past staff position at Sears, I wrote down a higher amount than my current salary and, when Harvey was ready, we both turned over our slips of paper. Harvey read what I had written and studied me carefully. "You're selling yourself short," he said, offering me a much more generous

proposal. "In addition, as long as your standards and creativity remain high, you have a job for life. I'll also make sure to correct the problem if you ever lose money working for me."

It was an offer I could not refuse. This meeting gave me an opportunity to see the unique way Harvey worked; I joined the Mini-Circuits family and never looked back. I felt somewhat unsure as to what he meant by "correcting the problem," but that commitment became clear many years later.

Harvey continuously showed a keen sense of direction in moving the company forward, analyzing and working to reach his goals, no matter the obstacles — while staying open and receptive to finding new ways to improve the business. I found him to be open-minded to creative ideas. "Finding new ways...setting higher standards" was the tag line I created for Mini-Circuits, and Harvey never wavered from that goal.

When I began working exclusively for Harvey, the business was still relatively small. Harvey had the vision to invest a substantial amount of his budget into advertising, flooding magazines with advertisements. "Mel," he once said to me, "even if I was doing badly, I would pump every cent into advertising." He believed strongly in aggressive advertising, realizing with precise foresight how much depended on demonstrating a strong, healthy market image. This foresight played a tremendous role in the expansion of Mini-Circuits, thrusting the company onto the international stage.

Having worked for other businesses in the past, I truly admire the way Harvey balances work and family. To be sure, Harvey put in very long hours every day, but he still remained completely dedicated to his family and I was fortunate to become an extended part of that family.

When his children had birthday parties, Harvey drafted me to make poster balloons for the family event. On Sundays, when his two girls were still little children, Harvey often brought them into the office, gave them catalogs of Mini-Circuits products, and said, "Look at these pages. We are going to turn this into a brochure, so check if you can show me any mistakes. You'll get five dollars for every mistake you find." Sometimes Harvey would proudly point out that his children did a better job catching the mistakes than the professionals! In this way, he taught his children to enjoy a work ethic and become detail-oriented.

Seeing his family around enabled me to get to know his children and follow their upbringing. Harvey, Gloria, Roberta, and Alicia became like

family to me. Over time, I became close to Harvey as well and view him as a close friend.



Roosevelt stamps

A humorous incident occurred when Mini-Circuits was still at its smaller East 14th Street location. After long meetings, we would frequently go to dinner at the El Greco Diner, where conversation became more personal. Harvey became aware that I was a stamp collector. He had fond memories of President Roosevelt stamps (the president himself was an avid stamp collector), and soon I told him about a stamp dealer who gave me great deals. This dealer had a huge stock book containing thousands of early classic U.S. stamps. "See if you can get a great deal," Harvey immediately said. "Try to buy the entire book. I'll lay the money out and we'll split the book."

It took some work, but finally I bought the book from the dealer and showed it to Harvey. With thousands of stamps arranged by numbers — some being expensive stamps and others inexpensive — I honestly had no idea how we could fairly split this lot. In an instant, without saying a word, Harvey picked up the book, turned it over, and proceeded to empty the contents on the table — scrambling all the stamps into one big pile. Then he divided it into half saying, "This half is mine and that half is yours." Until today, we still don't know who has what! This was Harvey's way of finding a simple solution to a problem that seemed difficult to resolve.

Harvey's deep commitment to the Land of Israel was evidenced anew every year when he sent our crew to film the Israel Day Parade, an annual event in support of Israel that takes place along Fifth Avenue in Manhattan. Organizers of the parade are rightly proud to point out that the event, which is attended by prominent politicians, is the largest global gathering in support of Israel. Marchers from New York, as well as many other parts of the country — Jewish day schools, synagogues, youth groups, and other organizations — join the march. The weather is usually pleasant at that time of year and everyone enjoys a day of festivities, followed by a free concert in Central Park, complete with kosher food.

Everyone participating at the parade was there in order to enjoy

themselves and show their support for Israel, but Harvey's typically analytical mind remained focused on maximizing the parade's potential — leading him to contact the organizers and have us film the parade professionally. He sponsored the entire filming and made it available to the organizers, hoping they would distribute the films to Israeli schools — thousands of children would see firsthand how much people cared about them in the Diaspora and their obvious pride in supporting Israel. It makes a big impact when you see firsthand how many people are supporting your country. He also asked the event organizers to explore the option of showing the films on El Al flights. It took someone like Harvey to think of the idea and take a personal interest in the project!

Harvey's deep interest in Israel led him to become personally involved in many philanthropic activities, and I was fortunate to become involved in designing advertising material for the Golani Brigade Museum — honoring a brigade considered one of the most highly decorated infantry units in the IDF.

After touring the museum, Harvey felt deeply touched about the fate of these fallen heroes. When he learned how few tourists visited the museum,



At the Salute to Israel Parade, June 4, 2012: (left to right, top) Gloria, Roberta, Harvey, Alicia; (bottom) Hudson, Lee

Harvey decided to sponsor a modern 24-page brochure advertising the museum. He called me to discuss the project. Next thing I knew, he had booked tickets for me and my photographer and we were off on an exhilarating whirlwind trip to Israel.

So here we were bumping along in the searing desert, watching guardedly as our vehicle swerved into an army base, coming to rest outside a simple trailer. We got out and listened as the driver explained our mission to the commander of the army base; you could just see the gratitude light up his face. Some rapid conversation continued, until the commander decided to stage a mock battle scene for the brochure.

Soon, Stan was setting up his cameras. Soldiers all around us began gearing up for the combat scene. As soon as we were ready, someone gave a signal and the area around us exploded with smoke bombs. Commandos in full combat gear came running out of their tanks, sweating and gesticulating. Adrenaline kicked in as we began filming our most exciting project yet, something only Harvey could have made possible. I knew Mini-Circuits was heavily invested in the IDF — providing components for communications and signaling devices — but Harvey took it to the next level by honoring those who sacrificed their lives for the safety of the land.

Security concerns were tight. The army had a private military airport in the area and the commander allowed us to board a small aircraft and fly over the Golan Heights. The camera clicked away as the small airplane flew over those majestic hills with the unforgettable views. Seeing the incredible scenery, I then understood why the Golan Heights is one of the most beautiful and most traveled parts of the country.

When the helicopter turned back, a rude surprise awaited us at the military airport. Security personnel began having second thoughts about us filming such a secretly guarded base. Officials stopped us as we were in the middle of taking photographs of the airport. They seized all our films and led us to an interrogation room — placing me in one room and Stan in the other, switching interrogators between the two rooms to see if our stories matched. They interviewed us for about an hour.

What a surreal experience: Here we had come to help the Israeli army advertise a museum built in tribute to their fallen heroes, and we were being treated with suspicion. When I realized that a lot of our film would be destroyed, I got annoyed with their paranoia. "Why are you doing this?" I complained.

"Look around carefully," the security officer replied. "If you look slowly, you will understand."

Looking carefully, I suddenly noticed camouflaged towers armed with machine guns and cannons encircling the airport. With a twinge of guilt, I now realized that the photos we snapped in the helicopter would have caused a real security headache had they been publicized. When the officials saw that our stories matched, they relaxed visibly, allowing us to retake the pictures from a different location; from that angle, no military secrets were visible. Professional pictures in hand, we flew back to New York and began work on a full-color, glossy brochure. Harvey had the idea to have it done in both English and Hebrew, thereby reaching a larger audience. The museum now had first-rate advertising material to attract tourists and visitors.

Harvey's shrewd ideas were also evidenced when his company switched from typewriters to word processors. Workplaces went through tremendous change as workers tried to adapt to the new technology; in essence, everyone had to relearn many skills. Programmers had developed many different word processing programs, each with similar core features but different file formats.

Harvey called in an expert and showed him three thick instruction books that came bundled with the word processing software. "I want you to condense this all into one volume," he said. "Edit out all the irrelevant information."

After a solid month of work, Harvey was presented with a single volume of instructions, but he was not finished. "Now go back and condense this into half a book," he ordered the programmer. This went on for a while, until the three fat books had been condensed into a slim pamphlet. With this in hand, Harvey distributed the pamphlet to his company, and the members made the switch seamlessly and effortlessly. This once again demonstrated Harvey's careful and methodical approach to problem solving — always on the search for simplified solutions. Throughout my long career working for Harvey, it never ceased to amaze me how he was able to focus like a laser beam on finding simple solutions to problems that seemed insurmountable to others.

In 2006, the U.S. economy began to unravel when borrowers started defaulting on their homes. When Bear Stearns hedge funds dissolved in 2007, people became worried and a credit crisis began: Large banks

distrusted borrowers and credit was hard to come by. Housing prices continued to decline. This resulted in a massive loss of assets held by global banks and the crisis reached full steam in early 2008. Financial markets were stressed. Panic set in, leading the federal government to take large companies under their stewardship.

The assault on financial service companies continued. By then, the economy was in free fall and the entire banking system was on the verge of collapse. The government put forward a bailout plan, but the damage had been done. It became so incredibly difficult to find banks willing to extend credit for everyday business needs that everyone began cutting their budgets.

Mini-Circuits did not escape unscathed. Harvey had to scale back, shrink his expenditures, and cut projects. Harvey continued giving me a lot of work, and my staff worked harder than ever before, but we worked for less money. It was a difficult time for everyone. "Stick with me," I remember Harvey reassuring us. "If you ride it out, I will make it all up to you when the economy recovers." Only then did I understand what he promised me all those years earlier that he would "fix the problem" if I ever lost money because of our association. I stuck it out, and when the economy turned around, Harvey came through for us. His word is his bond.

Harvey demonstrated what it meant to be decisive and fair, and to keep looking for the best solution. I would go as far as to say that he *sought out* dilemmas and problems in order to overcome them. Harvey is a rock who always stands behind you, the type of person who will always have a humorous or theoretical phrase for any situation.

Harvey showed me what it means to be a serious and dedicated philanthropist; his many contributions to various organizations have greatly enriched Jewish life nationally and around the globe. I have worked on many of these exciting and interesting projects: the Jewish Holocaust Museum (when it was on Avenue J in Brooklyn); the Golani Brigade Museum in Israel; ICRF Israel Cancer Research Fund; the Hampton Synagogue; the Rogosin Institute; and many other projects. My life has been greatly enriched by working for Harvey. Although my work represents merely a small part of his international footprint, I am honored to be part of his story.

HARVEY KAYLIE

RAVON AND RAFI

I found a gem in a most fortuitous way. I placed an ad in a German Jewish newspaper, *Aufbau*, searching for an engineer. An Israeli electrical engineering student studying at Brooklyn Polytech, living at his aunt's house in upper Manhattan at the time, came all the way to our Utica Avenue building in Brooklyn for an interview. Company matters kept cropping up, delaying our meeting, so after waiting more than two hours for our scheduled interview, Gloria suggested that we have the meeting over lunch, at a kosher deli across the street. By the end of lunch I hired him on the spot. It turned out he would become a star in our company; in a very short time, he was in charge of many of our operations and actually became the number two person in the company.

We traveled together to meet customers all around the globe and our combined personalities were a force to be reckoned with. As an example, Rafi (or "RS," as he came to be known) and I traveled to California to negotiate our annual purchase agreement with Hewlett-Packard (HP). Sitting in the room were ten HP executives and the two of us Brooklynites. By the end of the meeting we had achieved all of our goals, leaving the head of the HP group rattled and flustered. We negotiated and achieved everything we wanted — they didn't expect us to win all that we set out to achieve. "The meeting was balanced unfairly," I joked with Rafi afterwards. "They had only ten executives against us two kids." We were brazen enough to return home with the golden goose.



Rafi Stolz

Rafi and I became very close. Gloria was a major factor in shaping our relationship. She made him part of our extended family (which continues



The Stolz and Kaylie families vacationing at Kutsher's in the Catskill Mountains, New York, 2001: (left to right, top) Tomer, Rafi, Orit, Harvey; (bottom) LeeRon, Adee, Shira

between our families, for two more generations so far). Our respect and admiration were mutual. I learned a lot from him and him from me. We worked in complete synchrony, like the left and right hand working together, so that our project tasks were completed superfast, working at all hours of the day — the time difference between New York and Israel causing no interference. Our personal objectives and personalities formed the "dynamic duo," later to be dubbed "Batman and Robin."

Our families became very close; when visiting New York, Rafi's family sometimes stayed at our home. We attended both Rafi's wedding and his daughter Tali's wedding, as well as other family events — as they did with our family. In fact, Rafi and Orit's children, Tali and Tomer, were flower children at our daughter's wedding.

Rafi Stolz was born in Poland. His family made *aliyah* to Israel when he was one year old. He wanted to return to Israel and I wanted to open a

company in Israel. At the time, there were around one hundred electronic companies in all of Israel, in stark contrast to the thousands of companies booming in the Start-Up Nation of today.

Mini-Circuits decided to establish a presence in Israel because, as my expression goes, "There is oil in Israel." The oil, of course, is the brain power and the innovations that come hand in hand with Israel and its people. Just as the challenge in drilling for oil is knowing how to extract it efficiently, so too, Mini-Circuits' combined knowledge and resources have engaged the talents of great engineers and other skilled professionals in Israel, helping our subsidiary provide state-of-the-art products that ship all over the world.

Israel is, in my opinion, a great source for finding creative people with high-level knowledge of the latest technology and the ability to move quickly to turn these assets into great products. This talent is born of many circumstances, one being the great need to protect the country, so Israel focuses on self-defense with state-of-the-art electronics that allow them to stay ahead of their enemies with superior technology and equipment.

Israel has pioneered many new techniques in agriculture, medicine, and a wide variety of technologies. Simply put, Israel makes the world a better place to live. There's something in the unique culture and social environment of Israel that breeds innovation. Mini-Circuits is continuously on the lookout for innovations and new ideas — not only from the perspective of a supplier, but also from partners in the development of promising new technologies that will change the world.

Beyond these reasons, Gloria and I also feel a personal connection with Israel. Our daughter and much of our family live in Israel and, to this date, four of our grandchildren have served or are currently serving in the Israeli Defense Forces.

We are also committed to fulfilling our responsibility toward building a stronger society in Israel. We have been partnering for decades with various organizations: Israeli institutions of higher education, the IDF, the city of Jerusalem, and organizations involved in improving the quality of life of the special needs population. Furthermore, we are very proud that Mini-Circuits components are used in the Iron Dome and other vital defense systems.

We opened up Ravon Electronics Ltd. in Israel in 1977. Our logo was



Recruiting ad for Ravon, 1977

designed at a luncheonette on a paper napkin, while eating dinner. In the fall of that year, I ran a curiously worded advertisement in the Israeli newspaper *Yediot Ahronot*, heralding the opening of our new Israeli subsidiary. After listing various assembly and technician job descriptions, our classified ad delineated the types of workers we were looking to hire:

> *"For people who want to be part of the Winners and the Proud, who are ready to learn and work hard for a promising future. These are the people we're inviting to join our ranks in becoming the #1 world leader in communications components."*

Four decades later, the passion of that advertorial still inspires Ravon to be the best it can be.

That summer, Ravon began setting up operations at a rented site in the Haifa Bay area. We jokingly referred to this tiny factory as our "sukkah." Within one week of the boat arriving with materials and equipment, we set up the factory and made our first shipment to the Netherlands. I remember it included six pieces of SRA-1. By October, Ravon began business operations — manufacturing frequency mixers, and filters. Within a very short time of working at Ravon, members realized that this company gave independence to passionate and creative workers, acknowledging the power in their actions in moving the company forward. Workers felt appreciated.

Barely two years went by before Ravon moved operations to a larger facility in the Haifa Bay area, receiving the Certified Exporter Award by the Israeli Ministry of Commerce and Industry. Once again, after two years, Ravon opened facilities in Akko and Nahariya. Finally, in 1987, Ravon moved to its current larger facility in the Kiryat Bialik Industrial Zone.

At first, the company designed labor-intensive products but, over the years, due to market demand for lower pricing, Ravon began designing technology — using advanced design tools, sophisticated components, and automated manufacturing methods. After many years of working with subcontractors, we bought our first Siemens SMT (surface mount technology) machine for component "pick and place" production of synthesizers and other models, thereby reducing production costs. We later purchased additional Siemens machines that enabled component placement according to

size, from smallest to largest. By then, Ravon's manpower had peaked at more than six hundred workers.

Israeli business culture is very different from that of New York. Certain adjustments had to be made, including training Ravon engineers to listen before they react — enabling them to learn more and work together as a team. They learned our unique approach: Encourage creative thinking and the perpetual search for tools to improve quality and process, reduce production costs, and meet market demand. They came to understand our uncompromising approach to beat the competition and meet — and exceed — all commitments to our customers. In addition, providing customers products of the highest quality and short lead times prevents the competition from "getting a foot in the door." By sharing the same values as Mini-Circuits, Ravon's company culture stands apart from similar industries with factories in Israel.

Another unique approach that always nets positive feedback at our exhibition booths is having the sales price of our products appear on our ads, allowing every design engineer to access critical information that affects the cost of a design right at the start, without even having to ask for it. Our fair product pricing also allows customers to compete in their markets; we feel that their success is our success.

We also learned in the company that when outsourcing work to outside vendors, we need to supply them with as many details as possible to do their best work. We find out the most convenient manner for them to receive this information, in order for us to receive their highest quality product — on time.

Company members began internalizing some of my favorite sayings:

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

"Good enough" is not good.

Do it right the first time.

Just as we do at Mini-Circuits, our primary goal at Ravon is customer quality service and satisfaction. Members are taught to always look at things from the point of view of the customer. For example, during one of my visits to Ravon, when it was designing mechanical switches, I took a small wrench to personally experience whether customers would find it comfortable to tighten the connector to the box. This is how we learn to look at each detail — down to the smallest one.

Performance data is a very important factor in the customer's decision whether or not to buy our products; without data, you're just another person expressing an opinion about a product, without being able to show any proof to back it up. Customers tell us, "It's so easy to receive details about your products; there is so much information on the company website and your specs are so clear. Your products last for life, yet they are reasonably priced; how do you do it?"

Competitors ask us, "How can you price your products so low and still maintain such high standards?"

Our overall vision, for which our members have passion, is: The higher the quality, the lower your cost to manufacture. Quality has to be built into the product. That's one of the keys to our success. A quality product means narrow or skinny sigma, or consistency of repetitiveness of performance. Rafi understood this and injected his team with the same thinking. With that type of thinking, it came as no surprise when the awards started rolling in. Among other distinctions, we were awarded Senior Exporter status by the Israeli Ministry of Commerce and Industry, followed by becoming a Leading Exporter to Japan as awarded by the Israel-Japan Chamber of Commerce.

Ravon has come a long way. We started the company by selling components; today, in addition to components, we design and manufacture completed products that customers can use right out of the box. No longer do we connect transformer wires to header pins by manual wrapping and soldering; today we work by arranging the transformer's wires and welding them directly to pads. We began by manually soldering covers on headers to give customers hermitically sealed components; today, we seal the units using an automated laser welding process. Our manufacturing specialties turned the company into a center of excellence for voltage-controlled oscillators (VCOs), synthesizers, and portable test equipment (PTEs).

Throughout the years, flying to Israel and working at Ravon felt like going to a retreat. It was so enjoyable to work with Rafi and the whole team at Ravon; their enthusiasm and the way they responded thoroughly and quickly to questions was exactly the way I envisioned a company should function. It was exciting. Ravon's motto is: "What you can do today, don't put off for tomorrow."

In an amusing incident that really categorized the dedication of Ravon's

members, I remember a time when I was at Ravon working with a certain member until two a.m. on New Year's Eve. Upon returning home, his wife would not let him into the house — especially when he said he had been working! She was sure he had been partying somewhere.

A significant part of Mini-Circuits success and growth was due to Rafi's contributions to the company. He will always be remembered (*z"l*) and his picture hangs proudly in every one of our facilities and in my office.

If I had to sum up the Ravon plant, I would categorize it as a company built on advanced technology and a strong customer base, a company that is also a family for all its members — a home for everyone who wants to learn and develop their skills. This is a remarkable achievement.

HURRICANE SANDY

When Hurricane Sandy roared through New York in October 2012, leaving utter devastation along the coast, our business faced many immediate problems. The hurricane itself was a surreal experience. Trees bent over double with the force of the wind. The day turned dark and gray as gigantic waves created an astonishing storm surge that flooded the subway system and all tunnels entering Manhattan, and shorted electrical stations. Thousands of homes became unlivable. The storm affected millions of people, quickly becoming a hurricane of historic proportions that people would talk about for decades to come.

The Mini-Circuits headquarters building is located very close to the bay, and water from the ocean gushed through our building, completely flooding the premises with a few feet of dirty water. We even had fish and eels swimming around the building! I realized immediately that the salty ocean water would have a devastating impact on our electrical systems. Complicating matters, New York City was experiencing a crippling gas situation. Although wholesale suppliers had gas, electrical blackouts blocked their ability to pump it into the tanker trucks for distribution. This culminated in a psychological effect that led to panic buying, so that even wholesalers who did have power still struggled to keep up with post-hurricane demand.

Waiting hours for gas became the new normal. Lines would start forming as early as 5:30 a.m., before stations even opened. With long lines for gas persisting more than a week after Hurricane Sandy, New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg announced a rationing plan to combat the fuel crisis. Although I sent drivers early in the morning to get gas, we gained little by having them wait idly in line for four hours and not even get enough gas to alleviate our situation.

You can just imagine how severely the shortage affected businesses; people simply could not get to work. We needed to find a way to bypass this new reality. I hit upon an innovative way to deal with the crisis: Send our truck drivers to drive to upstate New York — where gas was more readily available — supply them with gas cans to fill, and have them drive back to Mini-Circuits in Brooklyn.

The only problem we faced was finding enough gas cans. Others had thought of this idea as well, and we simply could not buy them. Determined not to allow further delay, I immediately had gas cans delivered from cities sufficiently far away to remain completely unaffected by the hurricane, such as Chicago and Las Vegas. As soon as the gas cans arrived, Roberta traveled north with a few of our trucks. There was no flooding there, no gas rationing. She returned with filled gas cans and we rationed it out for key people to get to work, and for deliveries back and forth to our factory in Long Island.

(Roberta turned this into an opportunity to help others as well. She purchased more than one hundred kosher chickens while she was in Albany, which she brought back to the city and donated to our local Chabad synagogue. Still stranded without electricity, many families had no refrigeration and were desperately low on fresh food. The synagogue did have its own generator so, thanks to Roberta, they were able to bake these chickens and serve a fresh, hot chicken meal to hundreds of people.)

We set up a task force, using the lunchroom as headquarters. First we had to get the water out, so I purchased dryers to remove the dampness from the building. Aside from the drying machines, we hired professionals to come in and spray chemicals to prevent mold from forming. Quickly, methodically, I worked out a plan to restore Mini-Circuits building by building, moving workers and equipment into safe areas. As

the water receded, the first thing we did was try to become operational again.

Part of the building had power from generators, but large sections were still without electricity, so I purchased flashlights, enabling workers to see what they were doing. Salt in the seawater had corroded many of our machines. We had spare parts flown in from our factories in Israel. The shipment helped, but we were still missing crucial parts, so I had new equipment shipped in from New England and even from Mexico.

Despite the odds, we were able to start working again merely two days after the hurricane. We had people working seven days a week, many working overtime. I pushed for some people — just a few — to come in and work throughout the night, enabling us to begin shipping and become operational again. Thankfully, we had another facility in Long Island that had not been hit so badly.

We kept our customers apprised of our daily progress by posting progress reports online. We let them know at what capacity we were performing, along with the speed with which we were getting Mini-Circuits fully functional again. When people saw this level of transparency, they felt fully assured that we were doing our utmost to keep the business running; this way, customers were not afraid to buy from us.

To prevent the chance of electrical fires being sparked by ocean salt in the electrical system, I replaced every outlet throughout the building. Electrical outlets are conventionally placed closer to the floor, so I changed this placement — reconfiguring the system to have all our outlets placed four feet above the floor, just in case of future flooding. Despite our efforts, Sandy had damaged some areas so thoroughly that we had to rebuild entire areas of the building.

In retrospect, it is clear to me that our incredible success in becoming operational so shortly after such a historic disaster — one that crippled other businesses for months or years — was due primarily to the dedication and responsibility our members feel to our customers. This feeling was so palpable and central to the mindset of those working in Mini-Circuits that we worked in unison to turn this major disaster into a minor delay. It was gratifying for me to see how enthusiastically our members swung into action to get "our" business up and running again.

The way we were able to rebound from Hurricane Sandy became

a strong indication of our deep dedication to the industry, proving dramatically that nothing could come between our business and our customers.

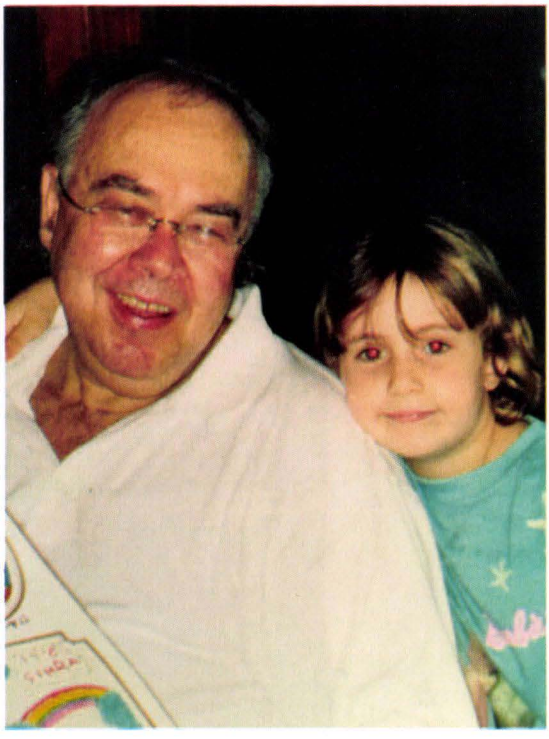
ADEE LEA YACOBY

HARVEY'S GRANDDAUGHTER

THINKING OUTSIDE THE BOX

My earliest memory of Zeidie goes back to when we were on a trip and he began asking me some questions. I was pretty young at the time. At some point, I felt that the questions were purposely being kept simple and so, after a couple of questions, I asked for a very hard question. I don't remember what the question was — but I do remember that it took me hours to come up with an answer! I thought about the question from all angles, trying to find the best solution. Unfortunately, my answer turned out to be incorrect, but I was very close to the correct answer. We played this game a lot! Zeidie always asked questions that you really had to think about. To this day, I clearly remember how Zeidie was so proud of me for working that hard to find the best answer.

The thing I admire most about Zeidie is his mind. He always thinks outside the box, always finding new and unusual ways to get things done. He pushes people to do their best. By challenging people to do better,



Adee and her Zeidie, Israel, 2002

Zeidie gets them to achieve things they might not have achieved on their own.

Growing up and seeing all the organizations Zeidie and Ma have helped, going along with them to visit these places, meeting so many people whose lives were changed thanks to their generosity — all these experiences have given me strong values. Thanks to their example, I plan to live my life in a way that I always want to give to and help others.

Zeidie's accomplishment I am most proud of is that he never stops giving. This process of giving and helping others is really a definitive part of who Zeidie is. It's important to him to give back, to help others.

If I had to list all the wonderful things I admire about Zeidie, I would definitely start by describing the way he is kind, smart, caring, creative, and a good person. Then I would explain how Zeidie never let *anything* stop him from getting what he wanted. He sets an example to me by always giving his best shot at everything.

Another very important aspect of Zeidie's personality is that he always did the most with whatever he had. When other people lack resources, or are held back by certain obstacles, they use this as an excuse for not achieving great things. Not Zeidie. He shows how to get things done. I am so lucky to be his grandchild.

SHIRA KAYLIE YACOBY

HARVEY'S GRANDDAUGHTER

MY ROLE MODEL

Zeidie influences me in many ways. He sets examples of devotion, showing me many ways of thinking outside the box — seeing the large picture while simultaneously giving full attention to details.

In addition, Zeidie is a great role model for helping others. He focuses his energy to give tools to those in need — meaningful assistance that will help them in the long run, as opposed to addressing only the short-term impact. He really embodies the adage, "Give a poor man a fish and feed him for a day. Teach him to fish and feed him for a lifetime." All of his and Ma's many worthy projects are always accomplished with complete respect and modesty, guided by clear values.

One of my memories of Zeidie from my childhood is when he taught me about business. He took time and care, showing me how to sell and bargain for a good price and how to promote my goods (which at that time included mostly rocks, shells, drawings, and teeth). Additionally, he showed me how to keep neat records — which must always include my



The family celebrating Pesach, 2011

name and the date — especially when I presented him with my bills from the deals he offered me.

Zeidie and Ma have always treated the family as a very high priority; they put in a lot of effort in order to spend Pesach together and gain quality time with the extended family. I see from them how important it is to spend time with family.

I am very proud of Zeidie for having such strong willpower. He managed to overcome many different obstacles and difficulties including some that, I am sure, were a much bigger burden than he has ever shown. His love for life is so very big and inspiring.

I had the privilege to work in the summer at Camp Kaylie — a summer camp that integrates typical children and children with special needs. Once again I was able to see the tremendous influence my grandparents are making on so many lives: Typical children have the opportunity to get to know and understand other children their age who are different from them, yet seem the same in many ways; special children have the opportunity to have fun and feel ordinary; overworked and exhausted parents earn a well-deserved break; the staff gains many skills and life experiences by interacting with these children. Hundreds of people have gained on so many different levels.

I feel very lucky to have had this experience and I'm sure that it will influence me in many different ways in the future.



Shira with her Zeidie, October 2014

BOOK III

EMPOWERMENT AND PHILANTHROPY

A FAR-REACHING INFLUENCE

Zeidie died on December 21, 1967. Attending his funeral was the most difficult day in my life. The world became quieter, the sun dimmer. The everyday tumult around me faded into hushed white noise. I could not come to terms with losing this wonderful human being, someone who represented everything good and fair. I went home and sat in the rocking chair of our den, keening and crying for hours. My daughters were very young, but they still remember the traumatic upheaval our family experienced at the time.

I was very fortunate to have my grandfather around me every day. He was my role model; he shaped my future and my outlook on life and its inherent responsibilities. With the passage of time, I realized that his incredible impact would continue empowering many other people by virtue of the principles and values he instilled in my life.

People sometimes wonder what makes me tick. Why am I so interested in seeing others succeed — particularly those without life skills? Why do I care? What difference does it make in my life if they succeed or fail?

Everything you have read so far answers these questions. As the oldest of three brothers raised without a father, I began working at age ten to bring money into the house so we would have food. Looking back, the experience of taking care of my family was a blessing. You learn to be independent; you learn that you have to help yourself; you learn to help others.

Ideally, of course I would have wanted things differently, but this is how the cards are dealt. You can feel sorry for yourself or you can believe in yourself. *If you believe in yourself, others will believe in you.* I absorbed these essential truths as a young boy.

I have been financially successful in life, but a greater success comes when we help others have a good and positive life. My wealth may or may not disappear when I am no longer around, but the people influenced by our generosity will become independent power sources. They will continue this wealth by raising families and teaching them how to be good to each other, to care for others, and to share their winnings. If our children's children pass this on, then we have attained real and everlasting wealth.

When Zeidie died, we were allowed to choose whatever we wanted



Harvey wearing his Zeidie's tallit

from his possessions. I chose to take his *tallit* and *tefillin*, items that symbolize my responsibility in perpetuating the quality values and strong principles he represented. This way, I remain close to him in memory.

To further his memory even more, I sponsored the Zeidie Hall of Ba'it Cham, Ramat Hasharon, in Israel. When the Chabad rabbi, Rabbi Yehuda Butman, arrived in the city, there was very little religious infrastructure. For way over a decade, I supported his projects and activities, helping him become firmly established as a central figure in the city. We supported his establishment of a soup kitchen, a secondhand clothing store, children's clubs — including computer and dance classes — and "Judaism 101" classes for children. As the center expanded, we later provided funding to renovate and open a bigger soup kitchen with commercial equipment.

Additionally, Gloria and I were involved with Rabbi Reuven Sason of the *hesder* yeshiva in Ramat Hasharon. An accomplished scholar and visionary, he once confided to me his deepest desire: to open a study hall dedicated exclusively to the training of erudite Jewish judges, where students gain a tremendous amount of knowledge and training. We provided him with the means to help fund the study hall.

These sponsorships were done in honor of Zeidie Aranowitz, who, for me, represented religious principles and dedication. Zeidie had never been able to visit Israel in his lifetime, so I named the center in his honor — to perpetuate his memory, and influence, in the Land of Israel. Zeidie is now actively "living" in Israel, helping feed and clothe needy people on a daily basis, while ensuring that religious instruction continues to flourish. From my perspective, I wanted to honor Zeidie by associating his memory with

both religious study and the practical application of that study — charity and good deeds.

Not content with these contributions, we also dedicated a Torah scroll to honor the memory of my beloved Zeidie. The Torah is the best symbol of the spirit of the Jewish people. Through these dedications, Zeidie remains forever bound with Jewish immortality.

NEVER FORGET – BUT HOW?

One night, I attended our neighborhood ceremony commemorating the Holocaust. The event was extremely moving and disturbing at the same time. Sleep did not come easily that night as I tossed and turned in agitation. "Never forget" was the common refrain — but I could see no practical application of that commitment. *How can I influence those who would otherwise remain apathetic about the Holocaust?* I thought. *How I can reach the largest number of people?*

I had the idea of offering scholarships for students who entered a contest. Working with the Department of Education and Howard Golden — the long-time borough president of Brooklyn — we ran a very successful contest for all Brooklyn public high schools for more than seventeen years. For it to be successful, I wanted the contest to be both engaging and accessible, to teach about the Holocaust in a meaningful and powerful way.

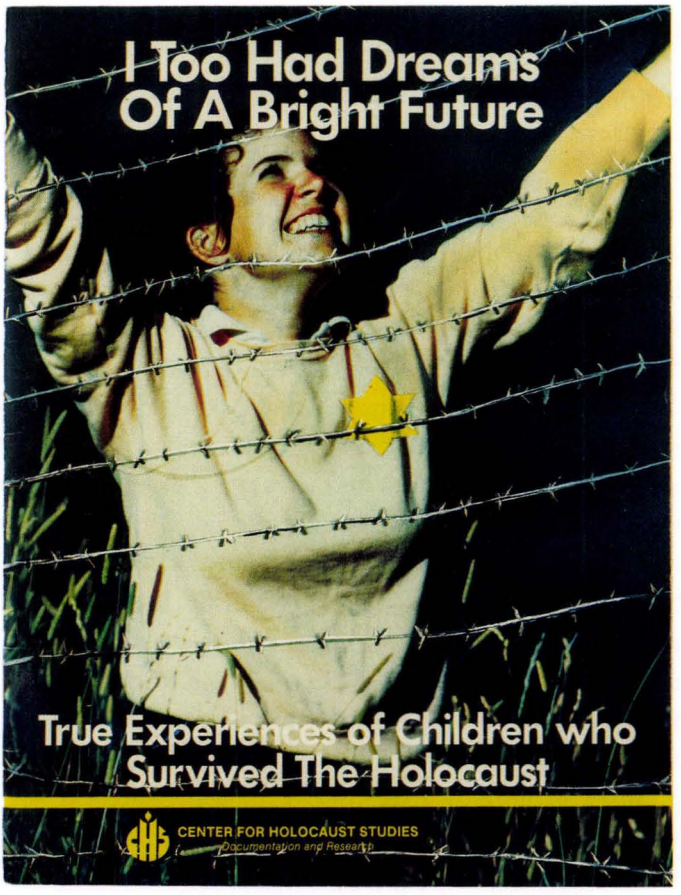
I decided to empower the students themselves. Contest rules were tailored for high school students: Participants had to write a poem or essay describing why remembering the Holocaust is so crucial. For a class to be eligible, every student had to submit something. Some read Holocaust books; others watched Holocaust films. I got a touching letter from a Chinese girl who watched all ten hours of the movie *Shoah*.

Winners received large cash prizes toward their college tuition. It was a "win-win" situation: Thousands of non-Jewish youngsters were exposed to the horrors of the Holocaust — many for the first time — while memorializing Holocaust victims through awards toward higher education. We awarded prizes at a big ceremony in the majestic courthouse in downtown Brooklyn. Prize winners were not announced in advance, so everyone

attended the ceremonies (which were sometimes also broadcast on the local news). Our organizers were inundated by emotional letters and heartfelt feedback.

We usually had more than five hundred participants annually. Students saw both appalling, inexplicable acts of genocide and extraordinary courage, initiating profound questions about human society. Learning about the Holocaust does something to a person; no one stays the same after studying this horrific period in our history.

I then turned my attention to helping Jewish day schools teach Holocaust studies in a way that would interest younger children. Our daughters had attended the Yeshivah of Flatbush, so I worked with their school and Mrs. Yaffa Eliach, a pioneer in Holocaust education and author of many books. (Her three-story tower of photographs of a vibrant Jewish



Yaffa Eliach's book documenting the experiences of children who survived the Holocaust

community that existed for nine hundred years, then was butchered in two days by the Nazi killing machine, is on display at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.)

Mrs. Eliach began working on a unique book recording the traumatic stories of children who survived the Holocaust. We dedicated the book and paid for everything — the research, the artwork, the layout and printing. The book was then distributed throughout many Jewish day schools, enabling teachers to give relevant and thought-provoking classes about the Holocaust.

Museums are an integral part of remembering the atrocities of the Holocaust. Visiting these institutions inspires leaders and citizens to repudiate hatred and stop further genocide. So I felt honored and gratified to help the Museum of Jewish Heritage — A Living Memorial to the Holocaust open its doors in Battery Park, Manhattan, by donating a bank of computers and other equipment it needed to get started. We also contributed after visiting the Dallas Holocaust Museum in Texas. More than fifty thousand children visit this museum every year; the staff members do a tremendous job teaching about the Holocaust, and I felt it was critically important to help them pay for the upkeep.

In keeping with the family tradition to find innovative and wide-ranging projects, our daughter Alicia came up with the idea of inspiring Jews, in Israel and worldwide, to light a personal memorial candle in memory of an individual who perished in the Holocaust. "Our Six Million" (*Shem VeNer* in Hebrew — "A Candle for Every Name") Project inspires people to maintain the Jewish custom of lighting a personal memorial candle in memory of an individual who died. We chose the eve of Yom HaShoah, Holocaust Remembrance Day, as the date of this national lighting.

The idea is twofold: to respect and remember the lives and accomplishments of those who perished, and also to enable the younger generation to relate to, and honor, the memory of *individual* Jews whose lives were cruelly cut short in the Holocaust.

It is very difficult to grasp and understand the enormity of six million victims who died just for being Jews. The number is mostly meaningless, because we cannot identify with a number containing so many zeros. We cannot picture the victims, imagine their lives, or really empathize with their death and torture. A deeper dimension of true understanding comes when *numbers* become *names*. Specificity is key.

In 2017, working with the school system, we distributed more than 850,000 candles throughout Israel. Each candle represents a specific individual, emblazoned with the name and details of someone who perished in the Holocaust. The candles have a QR code on the label, enabling the participant to scan the candle with a smartphone and instantly access the historical life story of an individual killed in the Holocaust — together with a picture, if one exists. It may be an Olympic athlete killed in a concentration camp; a simple peddler sent to the gas chambers; or the mayor of Frankfurt, who starved to death. It may have the name of one of the million and a half children sent to their deaths.

Seeing these faces, reading their stories — this illustrates the horror of the Holocaust in a finite and real way. People see firsthand the shattered communities and families, the dreams, hopes, and ambitions — never to be realized. This project has been an overwhelming success. We substantially increase the number of victims remembered each year, until we hope to reach our goal of "A Candle for Every Name."

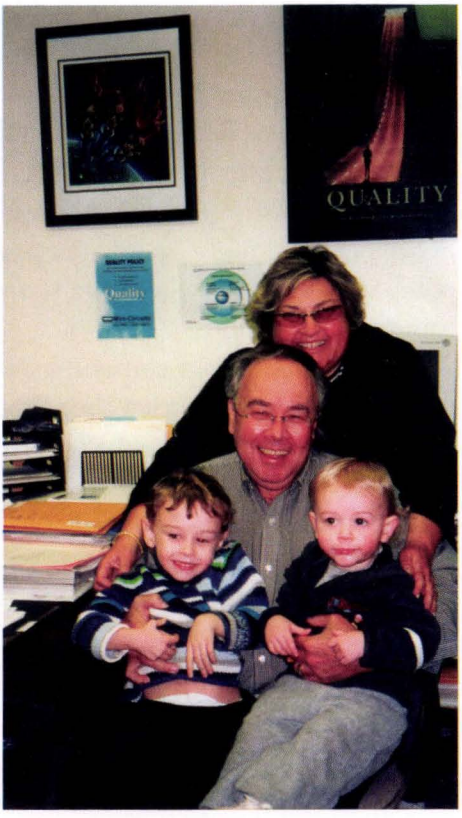
GROWTH AND PASSION

Mini-Circuits continued expanding in 1982. Soon, our location became too small once again and we began looking for more space. We had many options, but I preferred a large nondescript building in a quiet location on Neptune Avenue in Brooklyn. The building boasted plenty of space and — a rarity in Brooklyn — plenty of parking. We would now have a lunchroom for our employees and conference rooms for our meetings, allowing us to focus on further growth without worrying about space.

Something about the deal bothered me, however: Although the building looked rundown, and the area was far from safe, the price still seemed way too low. I went to check the premises with my accountant, Harold Gobstein. A brilliant man with practical experience, Harold supported my ideas and found clever ways to help me grow the business. He was my mirror, my business reflection. (Harold was so smart that I often prepared my questions ahead of time, to ensure that we would discuss all the possibilities.) In the end, Harold confirmed it as a good, sound deal

without any pitfalls. I purchased the property and never looked back.

I began improving the building. Cars had been cutting through the parking lot to avoid the traffic light on the corner, so I installed a gate — immediately boosting the safety of the renters in the building. Slowly, over a few years, the other renters in the building began moving out, enabling Mini-Circuits to expand even more.



Gloria with Hudson and Lee, visiting Harvey at the office, 2002

Before we purchased the building, the previous owners had converted it into commercial space, dividing the building into six different rental areas, each with individual businesses. The sale did not go smoothly: I had to spend almost a year in court fighting a tenant who claimed he was promised that he could purchase the building. The tenant had no hard proof and the judge finally dismissed the suit, clearing the way for us to purchase the building and move in.

When I bought it, the building was really rundown and decrepit, an overall mess. One of the tenants was responsible for clogging the sewers whenever it rained; one business, a car repair garage, belched car fumes throughout the building; another business had ties to the Mafia. I had everyone leave as quickly as possible and renovated the whole building. That's what I do: I take something crummy and fix it up until it becomes attractive.

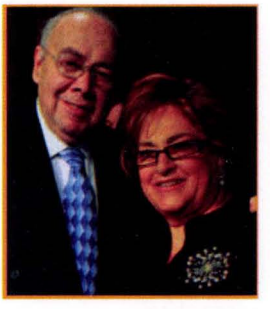
We continued to grow and added additional buildings in Deer Park, Long Island, and then on Knapp Street in Brooklyn. (It originally served as Rainbow Lanes bowling alley.) Moving into our newest location enabled us to expand our business even further.

I always encouraged my daughters, Roberta and Alicia, to work for me and, to their credit, they wanted to. Just as they had heard the stories of me working for my Zeidie, they too, feel the same thrill of working for the family business. Having family members work in the same business is often fraught with difficulties. Conflicts — real or implied — spill over into the workplace, affecting day-to-day operations. Thankfully, my daughters did not experience these issues. They worked in different departments of the company and I gave them the space they needed to bloom and succeed, minimizing tension.

My grandchildren sometimes visited me in Mini-Circuits when they were little. They knew that the office was my "home away from home." As they grew older, they could sometimes be found spending part of their summer vacation helping me in the office. I chose jobs for them based on where I needed help most. My oldest grandson spent a summer in New York when he was thirteen; he came to work for the company. He has now chosen to study mechanical engineering.

THE FOUNDATION

Even before the business became successful, Gloria and I gave back as much as we could. For example, at the start of the Six-Day War, there was a big campaign to buy Israeli bonds. It's not that we were poor at the time; we just hardly had any money. But we immediately contributed large sums relative to our financial standing at the time. In fact, years later, when Gloria found the two fifty-dollar bonds for which we paid twenty-five dollars each, she cried tears of joy, proud that we had bought them despite our lack of money. During the Yom Kippur War, we flew to Israel on a family trip, to show our support for the State of Israel while it was fighting for survival.



Harvey and Gloria, 2000

Back then, I had always dreamed of creating a culture of philanthropy

when the business would become profitable. No matter the totals in our bank accounts, the concept of giving was always there. And, when the business started to bring in more money, we started to do more. We stood ready to help, just as I had always helped my mother. Helping others is in my genes.

At the turn of the century, Gloria and I started the Harvey and Gloria Kaylie Foundation. Our mission is to give the fishing rod for people to fish, to give them the tools they need to succeed. When we see an issue, instead of just feeling sorry and empathizing with the affected person, we do something concrete to help — but primarily for those ready and willing to help themselves.

Making a meaningful difference in the lives of others gives a certain sense of satisfaction. I truly believe that those who try hard and invest in their potential are guaranteed success. We all benefit from the success of our fellow man. With that principle in mind, I became particularly interested in investing and backing projects that create "win-win-win" situations — where all parties involved see maximum results and gains. To maintain high quality standards of financial generosity, crucial principles had to be implemented:

- Setting extremely high goals
- Passion to reach those goals
- Strength to overcome inevitable hurdles
- Responsibility to those around us and to society at large
- Maintaining modesty, maintaining perspective
- A work ethic that matches our passion

The common denominator of projects we most relate to are those that enable empowerment. This means zeroing in on people and ideas that have the greatest potential to have the greatest impact. We encourage and reinforce, offering help in a manner that is both targeted and impassioned.

Our focus is a singular one: Empower others with potential, but burdened by less fortunate circumstances, by giving them the tools to reach for the stars. By enabling them to rise above their challenges and overcome trying circumstances, their lives acquire new meaning.

The opportunity to make a difference and improve the quality of life for others should never be taken for granted. Value and meaning apply to everyone. We can all do something.

Helping a child learn family values, for example, is a gift that has a ripple effect — it continues growing. Developing good manners and sharing with others make a long-term impression on that child, who then passes this on to others — siblings, future children, or friends. Newly acquired skills don't end there; they are passed on to their children, and to their children's children, similar to making a deposit in the bank and getting interest, which keeps on growing. Buying material goods has no eternal value, but helping others, in a meaningful and smart way, is an opportunity to affect generations.

Philanthropy will invariably come with disappointments. In one specific instance, the goals and professionalism of a certain medical organization made such an impression on me that I decided to commit serious time and energy — coupled with a very substantial multi-year donation — to help this organization expand its research. As a result of this deeper involvement, I discovered to my dismay that some basic office procedures being used ran counter to my fundamental work ethic. I offered my assistance in guiding the organization to "shape up" and improve efficiency. A rude surprise awaited me: Although my ideas were welcomed and appreciated by many of the board members, certain other members had different priorities — insisting that the organization remain "business as usual." This attitude clashed with my basic priority: to channel the highest possible percentage of my donations toward research, not toward wasteful office expenses. I could no longer support these efforts; regrettably, I withdrew my services and funding.

Imagine how shocked I was to learn that this organization had filed a lawsuit against me! My wife and daughters, aware of my heavy schedule and health needs, were distraught when I decided to devote the little time I had available toward fighting the lawsuit. We were all aware that a prominent advertisement in the New York Times could have ended the whole mess; the group surely would have dropped their libelous suit. My family felt outraged that I had to endure the irritation and unpleasantness of a lawsuit as a penalty for wanting to help. Yet despite the time and expenses I was forced to spend on the case, I absolutely refused to take any action that could potentially impede upon their activities.

Instead of dwelling on past discomforts, I preferred to look ahead. From then on, as a precaution, we routinely include an escape clause in our philanthropic contracts.

I'm all in for helping useful projects. We don't need to advertise our names on buildings. Instead of focusing on buildings, we focus on what is being done inside the building. Otherwise, the brick and mortar represent an empty shell.

We have responsibilities to others. And in return for doing something for someone else, we are rewarded with a good feeling that something extraordinary has been achieved. Gloria and I felt privileged to partner with institutions that help others in extremely meaningful ways, particularly those that implement this help with a very high level of warmth, concern, and professionalism.

I feel that our responsibility is particularly crucial toward those born with special needs who, through no fault of their own, face an uphill battle against stigma and rejection. They become the underdogs of society, never considered part of a group. They do not enjoy that at all. If we can level the playing field in their favor, their lives would be vastly improved.

Among all the beneficial programs we have supported that have affected thousands of lives all across the globe, Gloria and I are proudest of our affiliation with OHEL and its vision of creating Camp Kaylie — the only summer camp in the world that fully integrates special needs children with their counterparts. This institution represents the sparkling "crown jewel" of our philanthropic endeavors.

On a personal level, we benefited greatly from OHEL's dedication. My brother Marvin continued living at home with my mother until she was ninety-seven! My mother was terrific with him with the tools she had but, as she aged, Marvin needed to move on and blossom.

OHEL stepped in and helped us place Marvin in Bais Ezra. With the professional guidance and support at Bais Ezra, Marvin has matured and is living a relaxed and calm life. Living with his peers and friends has had a tremendous impact on his quality of life, giving him a sense of contentment and the ability to get more enjoyment out of his everyday schedule.

Bais Ezra's services are designed to meet the needs of children, adults, and their families at every stage of development. After diagnosis of a child's condition, Bais Ezra is there to provide support and direction. The staff anticipate emerging needs, helping with such crucial services as post-school placement, job training, and housing. As adults with disabilities age, expecting to live longer than ever before, Bais Ezra's innovative models enhance the quality of their lives.

In 2010, OHEL purchased a campsite in Upstate New York and came to me with its vision of opening the first fully integrated summer camp for kids of all abilities. We had a series of intensive meetings to work out all the details and I was thrilled to donate the funding needed to give these children a summer home. Year after year, Camp Kaylie at OHEL has become a popular draw for children all across the spectrum, and I always make a point to visit the camp with Gloria to witness our modern-day miracle firsthand.

Camp Kaylie does not differentiate between campers with or without developmental disabilities. All campers eat together, sleep in the same bunks, and enjoy a majority of activities together. Some common developmental disabilities of those who attend Camp Kaylie include Asperger's syndrome, autism, Down syndrome, and other mild developmental delays. Many currently attend inclusion programs and are mainstreamed in various schools.

It is very natural for children to be curious about differences, and campers are encouraged to find out more about those differences, because gaining a better understanding about disabilities creates sensitivity and acceptance. Specially trained staff help facilitate the process of inclusion. By asking and sharing, children learn something new and end up realizing they have more in common with their fellow campers than they had initially thought.

Campers enjoy a fun, competitive, and exhilarating summer within a camp that includes campers of all abilities. This is a camp that celebrates differences. By the end of the summer, campers both with and without special needs have gained tremendously from the experience. Differences can be fun!

DAVID MANDEL

OHEL/CAMP KAYLIE

THE CROWN JEWEL

Every summer, as a steady line of vehicles spools off Mount Vernon Road in upstate New York to park at the entrance to Camp Kaylie, a miracle unfolds anew in this region of undulating hills alternating with open fields. Watching the children gather their gear and run into camp, their faces radiating joy, it takes effort to remember that this is the only camp of its kind that does not differentiate between campers with or without developmental disabilities.

Summer mornings dawn bright, bursting with bird chatter. Splotched sunlight shines through the foliage. Velvet with green, the beautiful hills that surround camp are symbolic of the safe acceptance these children feel in camp, as though wrapped in a cocoon of kindness. This acceptance seems to spread and calcify throughout Camp Kaylie. This is a camp community defined on kindness, sportsmanship, personal responsibility, and mutual respect. Although some common developmental disabilities of those attending Camp Kaylie include Asperger's syndrome, autism, Down syndrome, and other mild developmental delays, all these campers eat together, sleep in the same bunks, and enjoy most activities together.

Camp Kaylie helps typical children realize an important truth: People with special needs are much more similar to them than they are different. Even though someone may act or speak in a different manner, all children have the need to be loved. They want to interact with others, to be respected and treated as equals — regardless of any differences they may have.

Just like any other person, kids with special needs will respond positively to people who act naturally around them. At the same time, children attending Camp Kaylie learn to exhibit a higher degree of understanding and sensitivity during certain situations. Campers with special needs take a bit longer to accomplish a goal or to express a thought. Patience is a boon.

When we first approached Harvey about the idea of opening an all-inclusive summer camp, he was immediately onboard, enthusiastic about supporting this prototype. There is a beautifully coiled and calm intensity that surrounds him, an appraising focus and imagination that remains perfectly balanced with an uncompromising stance for projects he feels

are right or necessary. With his typical analytical perspective, he sat us through a series of long meetings peppered with intense questioning and innovative ideas.

In early 2006, while negotiating on a property in upstate New York, we shared our plans with Harvey and showed him an environmental study we had commissioned. We subsequently decided not to pursue this property, and thus began a two-year search of more than sixty properties. Two years later, in January 2008, we first saw the property that is now Camp Kaylie. It was love at first sight. Yet although we apprised Harvey of our interest to make an offer, we could not reach a suitable agreement with the owner. Negotiations halted.

Another two years passed in this fashion. Then, Moishe Hellman, OHEL co-president, and I met with Harvey and Gloria in Boca Raton, Florida, to discuss the camp further. Throughout all this time, during all these setbacks, Harvey continued encouraging us toward solution-oriented ideas. I will never forget when Harvey turned to us during one of those meetings and said, "We should build guest cottages for the *parents* to enjoy some respite at the camp. It will do wonders for these special families who have a child with disabilities. They will be able to rest while simultaneously watching their children enjoy camp."

We did it. Harvey expanded our thought process with these brilliant ideas. What camp has a guest house of this type? The lodgings are free; parents are welcome to spend their time in camp or drive around the Catskills. They can go kayaking, play sports, enjoy meals with the campers, or just relax. Once a week during the summer, I drive up to camp, just to take it all in. I see typical kids sitting patiently and *davening* as slowly as possible, to teach their special needs friends how to *daven*. I see empathy and kindness everywhere.

Every year, the innocence and purity of children attending the camp results in extraordinary interaction among the campers — generating a tremendous amount of love, kindness, and, yes, tear-jerking stories. Not only do we hear deeply emotional stories from parents of non-typical children who have found in Camp Kaylie a place of friendship and comfort, but we hear even more amazing stories from parents of typical children who have seen their sons and daughters attain an incredible sense of sensitivity to others, a maturity about life not usually seen in children that age.

The numbers are staggering: More than seven hundred kids attend



Harvey and Gloria visiting Shira and other happy campers at Camp Kaylie on Israel Day, August 2015

Camp Kaylie every year, forty percent of whom have special needs. They share the same bunks, swim in the same pools, and play the same activities. A dozen interns or so, aged between eighteen and twenty-five, work the offices, the kitchen, and the computer room. "Kaylie Kids" — children too young to attend overnight camp — come to spend three days in camp. Harvey's children, too, are very involved with this project. They are completely involved; Camp Kaylie is close to their hearts. Shira, Harvey's granddaughter, came one year to work as a counselor in camp. Unassuming and dedicated in her own right, she had a wonderful time and left a lasting impression on her campers.

We live in a world of stigma. Many are unable to lead untroubled, calm lives without editing out segments of society that make us uncomfortable. Harvey exudes moral strength. Helping others is a kind of whetstone that hones his mind to continue finding ideas that help an increasing number of people. Kindness and charity — the concept of *tikkun olam* — define his essence.

We positioned the concept of Camp Kaylie as being a regular camp

that includes non-typical kids. Children entering their teen years often tell their parents where they want to spend the summer, and Camp Kaylie is such a great, fun camp that they end up pestering the parents to register. Every child, regardless of ability, enjoys a fun, competitive, and exhilarating summer. By summer's end, campers both with and without special needs gain tremendously from the experience.

Every summer, we throw a "Kaylie Day" at camp. Harvey and Gloria spend the day touring camp grounds and interacting with the campers. Hundreds of singing and dancing campers meet them in camp, an experience that, in their own words, is "so rewarding and brings such great pleasure."

The highlight of the visit is when Harvey addresses the camp; he speaks directly from the heart, his simple message resonating deeply with the children. After some introductory remarks by a pair of Camp Kaylie campers that personify the unique inclusion of our camp, Harvey tells the children that Camp Kaylie is the proudest achievement of anything he and Gloria have accomplished. He reminds one and all that the lessons of Camp Kaylie will be long lasting.

Harvey's message to the children was especially poignant when he arrived in his wheelchair. He spoke movingly, drawing attention to the fact that last time he had addressed the camp he was able to stand, but now he needed a wheelchair to get around. "Am I different?" Harvey asked the campers. "On the outside it may look so, but on the inside — I am just the same. I feel very blessed. Hashem has blessed me and made me a very lucky man. We all have some kind of deficiency and we all face some kind of challenges in life. Often we wish to be like someone else, but the lesson is to look at what we each have, because there is so much beauty in that, and once you understand that — you are truly blessed."

These frank, direct words made a tremendous impact on everyone — campers and staff. Sitting there calmly in his wheelchair, Harvey demonstrated a living example — just as he continued living a productive and successful life, others similarly limited could continue their lives with optimism, secure in the knowledge that they, too, can overcome physical constraints or limitations.

Harvey and Gloria are fond of saying that establishing Camp Kaylie transcends any of their other tremendous accomplishments — the "crown jewel" of their philanthropic efforts. People in this world struggle to think

how they can make a difference; by their example, Harvey and Gloria have demonstrated how inclusion and empowerment make the difference that counts most.

THE ANTI-STIGMA MESSENGER

Oddly enough, Harvey's initial interaction with OHEL began with — toys. One day in the early 1990s, Harvey asked the administrator of the Hampton Synagogue, Elaine Schickman, about some stuffed animals he wanted to donate to a charitable organization, not knowing that Elaine was a foster parent for OHEL. She and her husband took in five siblings and raised them in addition to their own children. "OHEL is such a wonderful organization," she gushed. "Donate it to them."

Harvey did just that. Our relationship progressed as he became acquainted with the many different facets that make up our organization. One of our most central missions is to be a *teaching* organization, to teach the world about anti-stigma — that child abuse and neglect are not acceptable; that mental illness or physical handicaps can be treated; that people with disabilities can attain the stability of employment, friends, and living in a home. In short: to give people a message of hope.

OHEL was founded in 1969 as a foster care agency. In these five decades, we have placed more than two thousand children in foster homes. Having been separated from their natural parents, approximately half of these children will have some issues, yet their foster parents — heroes with immeasurable kindness — feel blessed at seeing their own biological children develop a greater degree of empathy. Parents will often thank us for the experience of sharing their home with children who have experienced trauma, abuse, violence — including children with disabilities.

OHEL provides many services for the elderly. When Harvey's mother, Tess, became older, she needed some assistance; our director of eldercare services made a home visit and helped Tess manage services for her and Marvin. At that point, Harvey learned more about OHEL firsthand — especially when his brother Marvin came to live at Bais Ezra, one of our subsidiaries.

There is *tzedaka* and there is business; Harvey is a man of both. For example, although the government supports many of our services, bureaucratic red tape can delay these urgently needed funds for up to two years — yet we are mandated to start the programs immediately. Other organizations in this situation are forced to take out huge bank loans burdened with interest and fees; Harvey will lend us the money to tide us over until the grant money is actually available.

Many individuals have helped OHEL tremendously over the years. One of the qualities that stand out make Harvey and Gloria so unique is the depth and warmth of their relationship with OHEL — much like parents who dearly love their children. Harvey's motto is always "Let me know how I can help." At the end of our phone calls, after having done so much already, Harvey will conclude by saying, "Let me know what more I can do to help."

I have always admired that Harvey and Gloria, with their trademark self-effacement, never call in any favors or ask for preferential attention. On the rare occasion that Gloria does call, she will preface the conversation by clarifying that she is not pressuring us but, simply, doing her part to make the call on behalf of someone else. This is so incredible.

In the spring of 2005, OHEL planned to open an outpatient treatment center located on the corner of Kings Highway and Nostrand Avenue in Brooklyn. The center would offer counseling services to help treat the entire gamut of psychiatric services — personality disorder, compulsiveness, chemical dependency, and so on — and we expected thousands of people to take advantage of these services.

Harvey stunned us by agreeing to dedicate that building in honor of his brother, Marvin. People make dedications in honor of heroes, friends, grandparents, parents, siblings. But who dedicates a building in honor of a person living with a handicap? Yet there it stands, proudly emblazoned on the building, in full view of the thousands of vehicles navigating this busy Brooklyn intersection — The Marvin Kaylie Center, honoring a person with a disability.

Harvey and Marvin have a type of relationship we yearn to see in all families: absolute and mutual adoration. We can never second-guess relationships; we know only what we see. This expression of acceptance perfectly sums up the anti-stigma message Harvey and Gloria live by.

Dedicating that building to Marvin was Harvey's way of saying, "I have a brother with a disability and I am so proud of him."

The years passed. In November 2015, we asked Harvey to be the keynote speaker at our annual gala dinner. He did not share the contents of his speech with us beforehand; as he approached the dais, we had no clue what to expect. After speaking elegantly about his medical situation, Harvey shocked the more than 1,200 people in attendance by categorizing Camp Kaylie as being the greatest achievement of his life. When a man of Harvey's standing makes such a startling statement, people sit up and take notice. "I would like to challenge all of you," he concluded. "Come and see Camp Kaylie for yourselves; participate in this miracle."

Harvey is unafraid to wear his heart on his sleeve, to become emotional, to be moved by things that matter most. There is no snobbery, a total absence of aloofness. When touring Camp Kaylie, he notes with satisfaction the names of many other benefactors who have helped the camp, as if he personally has benefited from their magnanimous gifts. He knows it means that others are contributing, that camp is growing, that more people



Harvey speaking at OHEL's gala dinner, 2015

are getting involved. He had only one request when we came to him with the concept. "Call it 'Camp Kaylie,'" he said.

"Of course," Moishe Hellman immediately replied. "*Kaylie* in Hebrew means 'my God'!"

Harvey is proud to refer to a *camp* as his greatest achievement, and this speaks volumes about his character. Although he has been instrumental in strengthening educational and medical institutions around the globe, investing in cutting-edge technology that has vastly improved the lives of thousands, I believe that Harvey sees Camp Kaylie as a unique place, the embodiment of the idea that these two worlds — the world of the typical person and that of those with special needs — can not only transcend their differences, but become fused together as a single entity. When a young child grows up with a sibling who has a disability, Camp Kaylie enables the child to see this sibling as a regular person.

In May 2013, the leadership of OHEL's board of directors flew to Washington for a very special event. In conjunction with the Jewish American Heritage Month proclaimed by the United States Congress, Harvey and Gloria were recognized and lauded for their advocacy and



Rep. Debbie Wasserman-Schultz presents an award to Harvey and Gloria, flanked by the leadership of OHEL Children's Home and Family Services

support of OHEL and for providing the seed capital to open Camp Kaylie. Many senators and representatives attended the event, including New York Senator Kirsten Gillibrand. The greater American public finally got a glimpse of the incredible work that Harvey and Gloria do to enable others to achieve great things and rise above limitations.

Even there, in the majestic Capitol Rotunda and the gilded hallways of Congress, it was evident that Harvey and Gloria had agreed to the ceremony only with the sole purpose of bringing greater recognition to OHEL. They sat so modestly throughout the program that one could be forgiven for thinking that they were part of the audience, not the honorees!

Harvey remembers everything about camp — every statement, every story. One of his favorite Camp Kaylie stories revolves around a short conversation overheard between two girls enjoying some swimming in the camp pool. "I really like Camp Kaylie," a girl confided to her friend.

"Why do you like it that much?" asked the typical girl.

"Because I have Down syndrome *and no one here knows*," she explained. "I have a great time and I make friends."

Harvey really identified with that story. He understands the stigma these children face, the breath of fresh air when encountering acceptance and love. Kids with special needs feel special at Camp Kaylie. How can anyone not respond or become emotional when seeing such interactions?

Six months before the gala dinner, on Kaylie Day in August 2015, Harvey felt so moved by the experience that he immediately offered us one of his famous matching grants. "I will match whatever you raise, up to [*X* amount]," he challenged us. While speaking at the gala, Harvey announced this matching grant publicly, urging the tremendous crowd to become even more involved in supporting this worthy cause.

Harvey recently made another "matching grant" offer, thereby encouraging others to donate toward our new headquarters under construction — our iconic move to the Jaffa Family Campus state-of-the-art facility that will enable OHEL to expand by leaps and bounds, helping people with psychiatric illness, development disabilities, or children from broken homes. Our new headquarters will also contain the Tess Kaylie Center, in memory of Harvey's mother.

Sadly, we measure religiosity by many different measures: how people look; where they shop; how hard they shake when praying; what color hat they wear. Harvey and Gloria have none of these external trappings, yet



The family visiting Camp Kaylie, summer 2010

they are among the most religious people around. They mention Hashem in every conversation: "Only Hashem knows," or "Hashem has a plan." Hashem is on their mind, in their hearts, on their lips. Their spirituality is such that it colors their perception of ideas and projects.

Harvey has taught me how to talk to people, how to be even more receptive and show more empathy. I learned from him how to offer a measure of help that is far beyond the request, just as Harvey offers us more than we ever ask.

Harvey is not involved with day-to-day operations at OHEL, but he is the impetus, the wind at our back. When he speaks, everyone listens — the board, the donors, the supporters. In the world we live in today, we are so inured to hearing people brush us off and delay commitment by saying "Let me get back to you," or the similarly frustrating "I'll let you know." Yet whenever I call, Harvey will take the call and say, "Hi, David, what can I do?" Anyone with even the most rudimentary knowledge of Harvey's incredibly demanding schedule can appreciate the extraordinary nature of this steady accessibility. He and Gloria always have time for OHEL and have never once said "I have to go now."

Within the tremendous philanthropy of the Kaylie family, Harvey has created a legacy that transcends *tzedaka* and *tikkun olam*. He is more than an enabler, a supporter, and a friend — he is a creator, someone who anticipates and actualizes opportunity. If I can categorize OHEL as a teaching organization focused on anti-stigma education — aside from its central role as an organization providing a wide spectrum of services — then Harvey and Gloria have shown me how to teach people to live *chesed* and live this anti-stigma message in the most beautiful and effective way possible.

HARVEY KAYLIE

SUPPORT AND DIGNITY

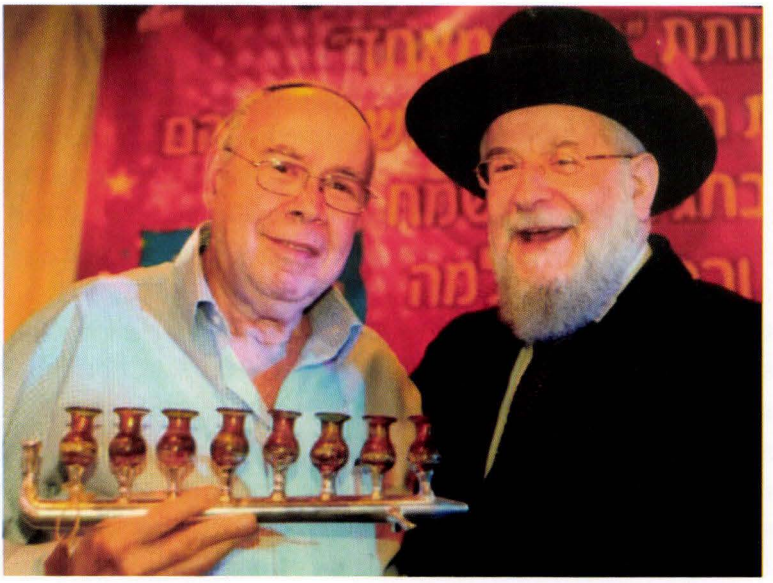
I care deeply about Israeli society. Even though the world as a whole is big, it is very small when it comes to the Jewish people. Israel does not have many friends in the world; therefore, we must help each other. Although I will never meet most of the people helped by our philanthropic projects, I care about them and their life going forward.

HaKav HaMe'ached ("Line of Unity"), a nonprofit organization that helps terror victims throughout Israel, caught my attention. Despite the fact that Israeli citizens are always on the alert and take preventive measures to protect themselves from harm, years of fighting and terrorist attacks have taken a tremendous toll on the country. When, God forbid, a terrorist attack does occur, HaKav HaMe'ached steps in to help suffering families with medical bills, daily expenses, and overall emotional support. It runs recreational activities for children of terror victims, as well as other programs.

The State of Israel does give financial support to victims of terror, but HaKav HaMe'ached plays a crucial role when these funds are insufficient, or when special needs of families are not covered. Its motto, "A child's smile is worth everything," resonated with my vision to give suffering children the tools and the ability to smile and be productive — even when life is tough. Dedicated volunteers support patients both physically and emotionally, remaining in close contact with the children and their parents and teachers.

Probably one of their most beloved programs is the mass bar mitzvah celebration at the *Kotel* for families of terror victims. It is deeply moving to see dozens of youngsters from families involved in terror attacks celebrate joyously. A very emotional moment comes when a representative of the children gets up to speak. Tears of joy and sadness can be seen on many faces in the crowd as they hear the orphans thank the organizers for giving them a bright and joyous day.

I was very impressed by the sincere concern and level of professionalism at Kav HaMe'ached and, for a while, became one of their main donors. Rabbi Israel Meir Lau, the Chief Rabbi of Israel at the time, presented me with a Chanukah menorah in appreciation of my support for this foundation and, a year later, when my grandson Yoni had his bar mitzvah, I gave



Chief Rabbi Israel Meir Lau presenting a menorah to Harvey, Israel, 2010

him the menorah — as a symbol of the charitable contributions we need to make to help those suffering around us.

I also support Paamonim, a nonprofit social program in Israel that assists individuals and families by providing economic education and tools to change their consumer habits. Paamonim teaches economic responsibility — trained volunteers provide economic coaching and run financial education seminars all over the country, rehabilitating families in debt by helping them organize their expenses and calculate budgets.

Paamonim enjoys significant public recognition and holds many awards of excellence. Its coaching is provided free of charge. Once again, I found that the values the program teaches — personal responsibility, full transparency, and proven effort — fit neatly with my goal to assist those ready for change. When a family finds itself in debt with nowhere to turn, Paamonim will help — on the condition that the family begins running free of credit cards, loans, or unnecessary expenses. The organization does great work.

Rather than provide temporary charitable relief, Paamonim breaks the cycle of poverty by focusing on long-term, comprehensive solutions. It shares my belief that *responsibility* contributes to the greater strength of the

individual and the community, and I have been more than ready to step forward in support of their important work.

I have also been involved with the Havat Amir, part of the Tzamid project in Jerusalem, which provides therapeutic horseback riding to children and adults. Learning to ride a horse gives these children a certain measure of self-confidence they did not get elsewhere. The tolerance and power of horses motivates these children in a special way in their day-to-day independence.

People with disabilities feel inferior; they know they are not like everyone else. It really is very depressing for them. Therapeutic horseback riding does wonders for these children. When kids with disabilities sit taller than everyone else, the physiological advantage of looking down from atop the horses makes them feel as though they are "on top of the world."

Another important element: Building a bond with a horse and learning to care for these magnificent creatures helps these children learn how to respond and interact with people. A bonding relationship with a horse opens these kids to a much fuller and better acceptance of the counseling and therapy they receive as well.

In a dramatic example of what we achieved with this program, a handicapped individual named Daniel would sit curled up in the corner and refuse to interact with anyone or cooperate with his therapists. Daniel did tremendously well at the ranch. The horses captivated his interest; their calmness and acceptance of him completely changed his attitude. The staff at the ranch saw a complete metamorphosis. Daniel did so well that he ended up representing Israel in the Special Olympics (it was also his first trip outside Israel)! We sponsored the children's program at the Amir Ranch for a number of years with very satisfactory outcomes.

THE GOLANI BRIGADE MUSEUM

It was the beginning of August 1991, and we were in Israel for Alicia and Danny's wedding. The weather that time of year was simply stunning — sunny, warm days followed by cool, comfortable nights. During our stay, I was fortunate to meet YomTov Hazan, a recently retired colonel in the

Golani Brigade. Our meeting came about thanks to the efforts of Itzhak Patai, the insurance agent of Ravon — the Israeli subsidiary of Mini-Circuits — who was friends with both Rafi Stolz and the colonel.

We knew that the Golani Brigade was one of the most highly decorated infantry units in the IDF. An Israeli infantry division associated with the Northern Command, this brigade is equivalent to the elite "Green Berets" in the United States army. Golani has participated in all of Israel's major wars and operations, including Operation Entebbe — the spectacular rescue of Jews whose plane had been hijacked to Uganda.

The importance of the brigade is tremendous: An outgoing brigade commander once commented that the Golani Brigade is the IDF's brigade for deciding battles. With such a reputation, it is easy to understand why the Golani is the most sought-after combat unit for 18-year-olds entering the IDF. This special unit is also entrusted with unconventional warfare and special reconnaissance.



Roberta, Harvey, and Danny peeking into a tank at an IDF base, Mount Hermon, 1991

Colonel Hazan arranged a comprehensive tour of the Golan Heights area for us. We had an unrestricted view all across the mountains and could even see Kuneitra — a garrison town strategically located near the ceasefire line with Israel — from our mountaintop. The scenery was breathtaking. Widely considered one of the most beautiful areas in the country, the Golan Heights sees a steady stream of tourists throughout the year who enjoy the panoramic views and serene settings. Small creeks and relatively ample rainfall keep the area green all year round — quite unusual for most landscapes in Israel.

As we stood there taking in the view, YomTov began describing various wars and missions, all of which had taken a heavy toll on his brigade. He spoke with such passion that we could almost visualize the wars being played out before us. As if someone had slid an Etch-A-Sketch wand over the scenery, we could imagine the hills dotted with IDF soldiers defending the land against enemy combatants. Plumes of gray smoke filled the air. We could almost hear the explosive stutter of artillery, the screams of the wounded and dying. Young soldiers breathed their last on these mountains as fellow soldiers risked their own lives under heavy enemy fire to evacuate their fallen comrades.

Standing atop those majestic hills, we heard of miracles, heroism, and incredible courage. YomTov then became quiet, pensive. "We built a museum to memorialize our battles and honor our fallen heroes," he finally said. "Would you like to see it?"

Early Golani soldiers were farmers and new immigrants, so a strong connection to the land was very important to them. Their uniform reflects a deep connection to their heritage. Even the Golani badge is rich with symbolism: A green olive tree stands against a yellow background, perfectly reflecting the green and yellow colors that fill the hills of the Galilee.

There is also a story behind the brigade's distinctive beret. "We really wanted our own berets," YomTov related, "but the commander kept denying my recommendations. Finally he said to me, 'Let the soldiers decide.' When I questioned them, the soldiers chose brown, symbolizing our connection to the soil of the Land of Israel. That became our symbol." (This is in stark contrast to the bright colors — purple, bright green, red — of other Israeli infantry brigades.)

The first Golani action in the 1948 war was to defend the kibbutzim.

Years later, after the Six-Day War, Golani soldiers carried out raids against guerrilla bases in Lebanon, Jordan, and the West Bank, thereby undermining guerrilla attacks against Israelis. More recently, the Golani Brigade also participated in Operation Defensive Shield and Operation Cast Lead, and took up positions across the country as a protective defense during the intifada. The brigade suffered many losses in the line of duty.

Traditionally known for its sense of brotherhood and fighting spirit, the brigade felt the urgency to build a museum to honor its fallen troops. It chose a location in the upper Galilee, north of Haifa — at the "Golani Junction." The museum commemorates their heroes through sculpture; visual shows; guided tours (in English and Russian); and a computerized memorial station inside the Yizkor hall. All these effectively brought home the great tragedies suffered by this heroic brigade.

We were led by a wonderful and passionate tour guide, originally from South Africa, who showed us around the museum, explaining how the artists and architects designed each section. The saddest part of the tour came at the end, when we entered a room filled with books — each one representing a Golani soldier killed during combat. Each book contained a picture and description of the individual soldier. This made a very powerful impact on us.

The tour guide told us a particularly poignant story about a mother who had twins serving in the Golani Brigade. When the "uniforms" knocked on her door, she immediately understood that a son had fallen in battle. "Which one was it?" she simply asked. They had to break the shattering news to her that, tragically, both had been killed at the same time, in different places.

When the tour guide and YomTov began discussing the challenges they faced in attracting visitors and tourists, I began asking questions about their advertising and soon they showed me a copy of their brochure — a low-quality, black-and-white, simply photocopied pamphlet, which even had an ad on it.

As I looked at the booklet, I felt deeply pained at the lack of attention given to these fallen heroes. There is tremendous sensitivity and gratitude in Israel toward fallen soldiers — heroes who sacrificed their lives to bring security and stability to the country — but the museum still did not attract enough visitors. "If you had a more appealing brochure," I suggested, "this

would encourage more visitors to come. Professional advertising boosts tourism."

Standing there among the books memorializing the fallen soldiers, I turned to YomTov and said, "I will completely underwrite any expenses involved in producing a quality brochure to promote your museum. I will fly in two top experts in our advertising department and commission them to design an eye-catching brochure."

YomTov looked deeply touched. Indeed, within a few months, I had two of Mini-Circuit's advertising agents — Melvin Bick and his photographer, Stan Patz — on a plane to Israel. The colonel and his team gave them full support, staging different kinds of photo shoots — including an extended military helicopter ride over the Golan Heights — and they had an exhilarating time.

This was hardly my only involvement with supporting the soldiers of the IDF. The *sayeret* (reconnaissance) units in the IDF specialize in intelligence gathering and surveillance. In practice, these units excel in reconnaissance, commando, and other special-forces roles — the degree of specialization varying by unit and need. This very prestigious and active commando group was in dire need of updated equipment. I was approached to support this need because Itzik, the son of a close family friend, was privileged to serve in the unit.

Knowing that others would gladly support this important cause, I contacted a group of friends from our synagogue and persuaded them to help me donate much-needed items to the unit, allowing others to share in the merit of this mitzvah. In all, the unit requested equipment for sixteen soldiers and two commanders. The list included mountain shoes; Leatherman pocket knives; water bags, enabling them to drink from a straw, without resorting to taking their backpacks off; backpacks; and flashlights.

As it turns out, these commando soldiers wore and used these items during Operation Cast Lead in Gaza, a fierce three-week operation that followed years of suffering daily Palestinian rocket attacks on Israel's southern cities. During the fighting, soldiers were literally afraid to fall asleep. "You never knew where terrorists would come from," the commando explained to me. "At any second, they could pop out of a civilian home and begin firing. On the other hand, we didn't want to hurt innocent civilians either. Having this basic equipment made all the difference."

The soldiers really appreciated receiving the equipment as well as the



Golani Brigade Plaque, 2007

"hug" from American Jews who understood their position and showed such open receptiveness to their needs. They later presented us with a plaque and a picture and even composed a very warm letter, thanking me for helping procure these much-needed items.

HUDSON JUDAH KAYLIE

HARVEY'S GRANDSON

MY ROLE MODEL

My earliest recollection of being with Zeidie is from Pesach 2003. All of my favorite memories of Zeidie involve him with the family: the Pesach Seders, the Shabbat dinners, our vacations. I especially enjoyed it when he took the time to play chess with me, concentrating on the game with all the patience in the world. Zeidie made sure I would have a solid foundation for chess and even had a grandmaster tutor me when I was ten years old. I played a lot of tournaments and was especially proud when I finished in first place, but my biggest achievement was beating Zeidie at chess. He is very smart, and he made me earn the win against him.

In general, I am really touched and impressed with the way Zeidie interacts with the family and gives us his attention — even joining us on cross-country vacations — especially when he is so very busy at work.

Zeidie has influenced my life in practical ways. His attention to values, his attitude toward money, and his ideology about life have been very



Hudson and his Zeidie, Westhampton Beach, Sukkot 2014

important in shaping my viewpoint of the world. Thanks to his influence, I am aware of the temporary nature of material things and the transience of money. Values, conversely, are eternal.

Zeidie is a major player in the world of philanthropy and the way he went about donating a third floor for Yeshiva Har Torah really captured my attention. I was a student there, so I truly understood the impact he was making on so many people, and for so many years to come. The school did not expect to undertake the expansion at that time. It really demonstrated the way Zeidie anticipates solutions before the problems.

Seeing the way Zeidie and Ma created their foundation, with strong emphasis on including our family — including me — in their vision of the future, has been humbling and inspiring. It is the best lesson in community responsibility.

Zeidie is hardworking, humble, and generous. His charity is suffused with respect for others. This is something I really admire. The two main lessons I have learned from him are to always focus on family, and to work hard. Like Zeidie, I enjoy intellectual challenges. I like games that motivate me to think creatively and find solutions.

Only someone like Zeidie can earn so many doctorates and degrees, yet still be intimately involved in the minutest details of opening a camp that integrates special needs children. Honestly, I don't know what is greater about Zeidie — his brilliant intellect or his warm generosity. I suppose it is a combination of both.

GALI LIZ YACOBY

HARVEY'S GRANDAUGHTER

LIVING WITH VALUES

Zeidie always finds ways to stimulate our thinking, to find clever answers to questions, to broaden our intellectual horizons. When we were little, he would take a penny, hide it in one of his hands, and tell us to pick which hand held the penny. We loved swapping riddles. I remember how I once challenged him with a very tough riddle; he gave it all his attention, sitting and concentrating for a long time. He thought and thought. In the end he got it, after about fifteen minutes.

Another time, when I was really young, Zeidie asked me a riddle. "That's not the correct answer," he said when I answered. "Try again."

I replied with the same answer. Incorrect.

I gave the same answer a third time. "Still not correct," he said.

I stayed consistent, not willing to back off. "That's my final answer," I countered. Zeidie thought about it more, realized it was the correct answer, and gave me a bonus for sticking to my answer!

Thanks to Zeidie, I think about things in a different way, telling myself to act the way I know he would. For example, when I had difficulty with geometry, he told me he also had that problem — so he studied more and more until the problem became easier for him and he ended up liking the subject. When I followed his example, the same thing happened to me.



Harvey and Gloria wearing their bingo prize masks

Zeidie and Ma are cool; I admire them for that. I have a picture during Pesach with them wearing really funny glasses. They tell us funny stories and we crack up laughing. Zeidie views his wheelchairs as though he is buying toys! We have raced — he in his wheelchair, me running. Zeidie took us for driving lessons, at a young age, in secret places. By the time I was old enough, he couldn't take me himself and so he organized someone else to take me driving. It's really special to have grandparents who make life fun and like to laugh.

Zeidie gives us cool stuff. He gave us old coins, which can't be used, but are still cool to have and show others. Or Mini-Circuits gadgets — like a nifty pen that also turns into a pencil and another gadget, which we never figured out.

Some of my favorite times with Zeidie were when he made deals with me. The way he made the deal — and especially the results! — always work to my benefit. For example, when I was in elementary school, he struck a deal with me: If I would watch no TV for six months, I would get an iPad. It was hard, but I stuck to the deal. In another deal, I had to read a certain



The family enjoying Pesach in Aventura, Florida, 2013

number of books in order to win a prize. There was no minimum number of pages required for the book to be included in the deal — just the number of books. I did it in six months and got an iPod. (When Zeidie saw how seriously I took the deal, he gave me the iPod early.)

Another great time I had was when I worked at Mini-Circuits. Zeidie treated me like an adult. We reviewed procedures that could be improved and be more beneficial to the company.

Zeidie has shown me what it means to live with values. He keeps the values of Judaism close to his heart. For example, he views Judaism in a different way. Keeping kosher and other parts of Jewish law, like praying and similar routines, are not enough to define someone as living as a Jew. Rather, being a Jew is about keeping our values. I really enjoy hearing him tell stories about *his* Zeidie — the way his grandfather kept Judaism in the face of so many difficulties and the strong relationship between them.

Zeidie and Ma play a big part in keeping the family together. For example, it is very important to them to see the family united when we celebrate Pesach. It's important for them to have the opportunity for all of us to see each other a lot, even though physically we live so far apart. We're happy that we are able to visit, even though it's so expensive. Being together, and seeing them enjoy our company, makes it all very special.

I know now that I can have more impact on the world around me, because growing up with Zeidie and Ma helped me view life in a better way. For example, giving charity, helping people with donations, and similar acts of kindness have always been part and parcel of my childhood. We see the results of our charity, the way we have changed thousands of people's lives. When I grow up, I hope to follow their example and do the same.

Seeing the tremendous work and charitable donations Zeidie and Ma continue doing has really made an impact on me. I'm sure I don't know about all of their accomplishments: the hospitals, Camp Kaylie, food kitchens, the Holocaust memorial candles. Each of these represents different ideals; they are all important. Seeing them in action proves I can make a difference.

Hearing about his difficult childhood, and the way he worked hard and took care of everyone, made me view Zeidie as even stronger and smarter than before. Certain things didn't come to him easily, yet he made the best



At Gali's bat mitzvah, Jerusalem Deaf Club, 2012

of his circumstances and went on to help untold amounts of people around the world.

I would describe Zeidie as smart, brilliant, happy, funny. He is someone with values, he looks at things in a positive way, shows respect and care,

radiates love, and is considerate of others. He doesn't view others who are considered "different" as being different. Instead of pitying them, he treats such people with respect.

That is my Zeidie.

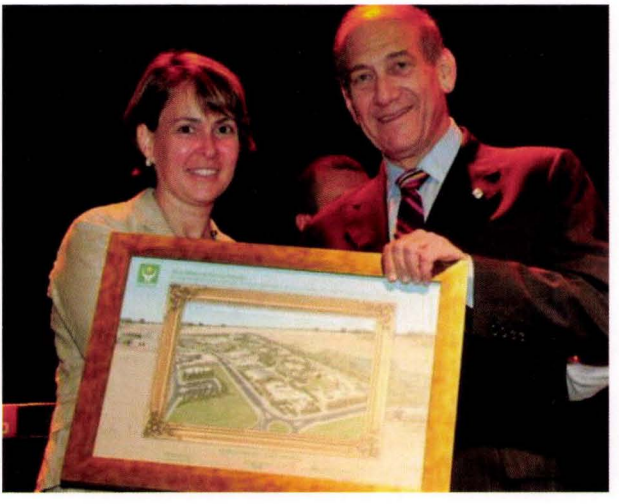
HARVEY KAYLIE

NEW IDEAS, NEW METHODS

Sometimes an idea comes along that is breathtaking in its promise. Imagine the difference it makes for people with severe disabilities who have been living in hospitals, with no sense of home or social life, to suddenly be given the opportunity to live in a regular framework. IDF Major General Doron Almog (retired), and father of Eran (*z"l*), imagined and acted upon this vision. By chance, I met him in New York, with a fifteen-minute meeting scheduled to discuss supporting the concept of Aleh Negev. As it ended up, we had a three-and-a-half-hour meeting, the start of a long-lasting and profound relationship.

Aleh Negev is a rehabilitation village for severely handicapped and mentally challenged individuals that sprawls over twenty-five acres in southern Israel. Caring for these people is the true litmus test of our society. I met with doctors, caregivers, teachers, and others attracted to the area. The model I saw dovetailed perfectly with my vision of helping people by giving them the tools they need to lead productive lives. Building an entire village for disabled people was revolutionary. The vision of creating a community that meets the needs of people with severe disabilities throughout every stage of life — while making them feel comfortable and instilling a sense of belonging — was truly unique.

The truth is that I do not often contribute to building campaigns,



Harvey's daughter, Alicia, with Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Olmert at the Aleh Negev Grand Opening, 2006

preferring instead to focus my charity on projects and individuals. I believed so strongly in this cause, though, that I became their first building donor, committed to helping Aleh Negev achieve its noble goal for the village, with the Marvin Kaylie Vocational Workshop Center. Ariel Sharon, former prime minister of Israel, broke ground for the village in 2003. Alicia attended Aleh Negev's gala dinner in 2009 and received an award from Prime Minister Ehud Olmert for our involvement in this pioneering project.

On subsequent visits to Israel, I made a point of visiting Aleh Negev — even returning with my grandchildren for a detailed tour of the center, in order to impress upon them the great rewards and returns of investing in worthwhile charitable projects. I was very proud of my grandchildren for their empathy and understanding during our tour of the facility; they showed no squeamishness or discomfort while visiting the residents.

It felt somewhat surreal to come back and see this thriving village centered in the desert. Rabbi Shmuel Rabinowitz, the rabbi of the *Kotel* — whom I know very well — came down to meet me at the therapy center. It was at that meeting that I said, "You have a great facility but it's not reaching its potential!" Things looked like they could be more alive; the activity level seemed low. For years they were seriously challenged in finding and retaining competent help.

My son-in-law, Danny, came up with a great idea and helped implement a revolutionary solution to this problem. There were bumps along the way. We sponsored *Sherut Leumi* (National Service) girls who came to the rescue with a vibrant and capable attitude. They brought with them a spirit of hope and youth, proving to be extremely dedicated and competent. I would even say they brought with them such a high energy level, filled with passion and determination to bring smiles to all — the residents, the staff and the visitors — that, from my perspective, it completely changed the environment at the village.

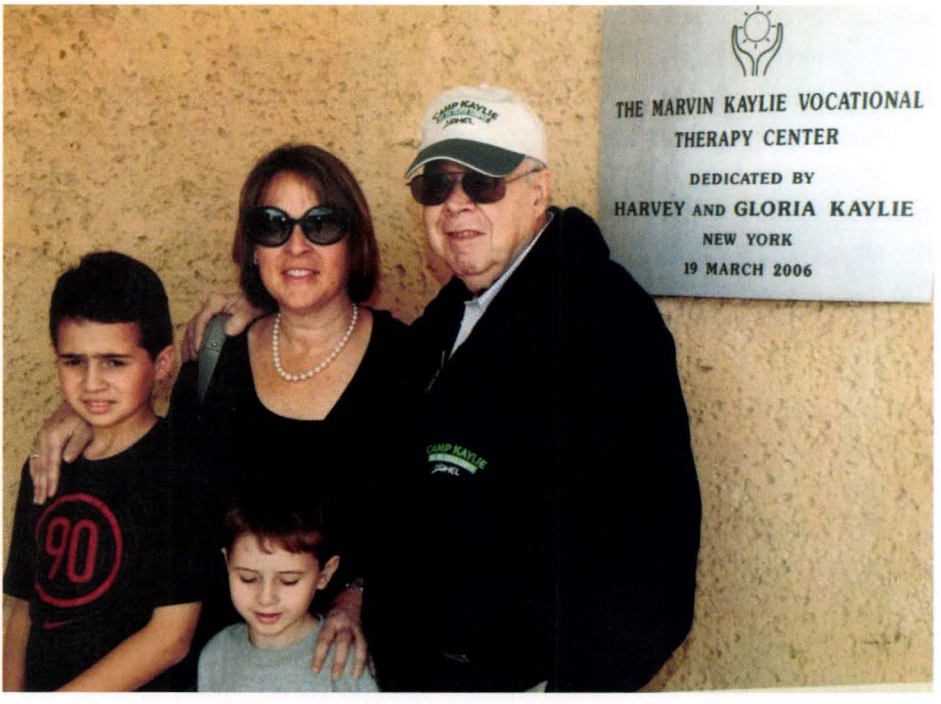
For example, when a physically intimidating resident with serious anger management issues broke a staff member's finger, the staff decided to inform the resident's parents that, unfortunately, the village was unable to continue caring for him. When a rather petite *Sherut Leumi* volunteer heard of this, she insisted that she could support him in overcoming his anger management, convincing the staff to provide him with another chance to stay. Under her care, he became relaxed and followed her

instructions! Everyone at the village was excited about the transformation. This resident still lives there today. The volunteer must have felt very proud.

At first it was challenging to recruit *Sherut Leumi* girls to work there. Today there is a waiting list to get in. There is a spark that keeps getting stronger. Some of the girls now stay for two years instead of the standard one year. Sponsoring these volunteers has been the latest phase of our support, adding a layer of beneficial impact.

Aleh Negev is also unique in that it specializes in building machines specifically geared around the handicap of the resident. For example, one disabled resident did not have use of his hands; the center built him a machine powered by — his forehead! By pressing his forehead against a sensor, the resident was able to use the machine and produce a finished product.

We continued to support other activities at Aleh Negev. I funded some of its unique machinery and also co-sponsored a beautiful state-of-the-art



Visiting the Aleh Negev Marvin Kaylie Therapy Center: (left to right, top) Yoni, Alicia, Harvey; (bottom) Lavee, December 2010

swimming pool that we dedicated in the memory of my son-in-law's father, Binyamin Yacoby.

The village caters to disabled adults — an age bracket for which it is more challenging to find appropriate help and recreation. (It also services thousands of outpatients by bringing top-notch medical services to the residents of the Negev.) Disabled people suddenly have access to open space, freedom, and a sense of well-being. We take these things for granted, but for the disabled and impaired, these were unrealistic dreams until Aleh Negev came along.

The village today makes a profound impression on visitors. Meticulously planned herb and flower gardens lend an air of serenity and well-being. The village boasts large parks, beautifully landscaped grounds, a petting zoo, and a horseback riding track. More than two hundred residents call the village "home," a place where they can lead a higher quality of life.

Aleh Negev brought understanding and acceptance of people with disabilities within Israeli society. It remains the only facility of its kind in Israel and is closely studied by experts around the globe as a paradigm of excellence in rehabilitative care. I feel honored to have been associated with the center since its inception.

I also became very involved with the Israel Deaf Association in



Artist's rendition of the Aleh Negev campus

Jerusalem. Before my involvement, the center was basically empty. The club had a newly renovated center with a vibrating stage at its Jerusalem location on Ben Yehuda Street, but the club was closed because it did not have funding to use the facility. For example, although the center did sport a large TV, there was no money to pay for cable service. There was no money to sponsor activities and trips. It really was a shame that the deaf community of Jerusalem sported a "white elephant" of a club that lacked funding to run activities and crafts, a place where members could celebrate holidays together.

Slowly, steadily, our foundation worked with the social workers to create a complete turnaround. The center became alive with exercise classes, arts and crafts, lectures in sign language, and even a singing band. We paid for all sorts of trips during the years, usually once a month. The center started weekly news clubs to discuss current events and politics. Drama clubs that included deaf and blind actors became a huge hit, offering participants the opportunity to display their artistic talents for what was possibly the first time in their lives. We even ran jewelry design classes.

The center became a huge success. Deaf people from all over the country began traveling to Jerusalem every week to attend the club. Some had to travel a few hours each way, but the fun activities and friendly atmosphere made the trip worth every minute. The center became a fun place for deaf



Harvey miming his part in a play at the Jerusalem Deaf Club

people to hang out, do exciting things and have a good time. There was no pity, just a lot of smiles, warmth, and — most importantly — friendship.

Three of my grandchildren, LeeRon, Shira, and Gali, celebrated their bar and bat mitzvahs with members of the Deaf Club. The bat mitzvahs were celebrated at the center, together with friends, classmates, and people from the center. Some of the kids later said it was the best bat mitzvah they had ever attended!

A surprise awaited me on one of my visits to the center. Members of the drama club were putting on a skit about a trip to the dentist, when they suddenly called me up onto their vibrating stage to join the cast! The entire play was mimed, so I had to improvise on the spot. Words are inadequate to describe the happiness I felt up there on stage, laughing and acting with the deaf actors while looking out at the huge crowd having such a good time (and some laughs at my expense). Our support and active involvement with the Deaf Club spanned a good ten years.

Gloria and I also contributed to the Ezer Mizion International Bone Marrow Donor Registry, enabling the organization to substantially broaden its donor pool. Our financial backing made it possible for the organization to tag specific donations to actual names in the registry. Upon initial testing, every sample is given a tracking code. By sponsoring DNA testing, propelling significant growth of the registry, we substantially increased the probability of saving the life of each patient whose sole chance of survival is a transplant. Indeed, at its 2016 annual dinner, Ezer Mizion announced that, as a direct result of our contributions, another six lives had been saved — out of its total of 2,200 lives saved — and presented us with the "Lifesaving Medallion."



Ezer Mizion's Lifesaving Medallion, 2016



Harvey meeting with Prof. Reuven Feuerstein

In line with my support of organizations that empower people by giving them the skills to succeed, I also became involved with Professor Reuven Feuerstein (1921–2014) at the Feuerstein Institute. A brilliant man whose incredible successes turned him into a guru of sorts, Professor Feuerstein demonstrated how every person, even children with Down syndrome, can achieve greater learning. He unlocked the gates of higher learning to those coming from underprivileged backgrounds.

When applying for positions in the work market, or to enter the Israeli military, people are given tests to gauge their abilities. These tests usually ask questions about environment, social skills, and past experiences. But for those coming from a different environment — for example, the thousands who immigrated to Israel from Ethiopia, Morocco, or Yemen — their background experiences are so different that their data are skewed negatively. To put it bluntly, the tests ended up discriminating against the very people they were supposed to help. Scores on these standardized tests

indicated that these people were on a lower intellectual level, so they were often relegated to working in menial jobs — or were never hired at all. The results were truly catastrophic.

I met with Professor Feuerstein at the Feuerstein Institute; we established a good rapport. His eyes shone with unusual intelligence. His belief that everyone — regardless of age or background — had the ability to enhance their skills really resonated with me. (Professor Feuerstein's impact was so great that he was later nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize!) I was happy to support him and make a difference in the lives of so many people.

Professor Feuerstein was able to develop tests that determined people's ability to learn (cognitive flexibility). Rather than focusing on *facts* they were never exposed to, his method focused on *ability*. For example, he tested one thousand Ethiopians entering the IDF to determine which candidates could absorb information the best and be most successful in the army. We gave financial support for this unique testing and, subsequently, the success rate of these applicants skyrocketed to 96 percent!

Professor Feuerstein helped me get involved in another interesting project as well — the Havat HaShomer army base. The hundreds of recruits in Havat HaShomer every year are classified as likely to have difficulty adjusting to the military, due to personal problems or entanglement in crime. Others had trouble following army protocol. The Israeli press ran articles about the difficult challenges facing the commanders.

If the Feuerstein method deemed their test results high enough to serve, these candidates spent time in basic training at Havat HaShomer, where they were taught Feuerstein methods of learning, receiving special attention to become accustomed to accepting discipline. The Feuerstein team coordinated where they would serve in the army, according to their abilities.

Thanks to our intervention, these applicants later excelled at skilled jobs in the army — becoming airplane mechanics and the like — and went on to integrate very well into Israeli society, achieving financial independence instead of ending up on welfare (which was their pattern in the past).

For soldiers who did not pass the Feuerstein tests, it became very difficult for them to succeed and be transferred to a regular combat unit. I hesitate to call them "misfits," but some were the type who would be hauled off to the police station for some issue or another. The situation was very complex and the commander kept searching for tools to improve morale.

Still, I would not give up on them. Within this group, there were many soldiers who were, in my opinion, true heroes for trying to balance their desire to serve in the IDF with complex family conditions back at home. These were people with good souls, placed in extremely tough situations.

Not serving in the army in Israel (for non-medical reasons) is likely to have terrible repercussions. No decent firm in Israel will hire such people. So something had to be done to reach these soldiers and motivate them to turn their lives around. I went on a tour of the army base and met with the soldiers and their commander. At one point, I turned to the commander and asked, "What would be the most important thing that you would want to help these soldiers turn around their lives?"

He looked directly at me and replied simply, "A soccer field."

"A soccer field?" I asked. "How would that help?"

"Soldiers love sports," he explained. "A soccer field would finally give us the opportunity to reward good behavior. Alternatively, I can punish them by not letting them play while all their friends are playing. Also, it gives them an outlet to release pent-up aggression."

I agreed. We donated a top-notch soccer field, including stands for spectators. Furthermore, we also paid all the expenses involved in maintaining the field for the next few years. The idea was a huge success; army commanders finally had a way to reward soldiers for bettering their performance and good behavior.

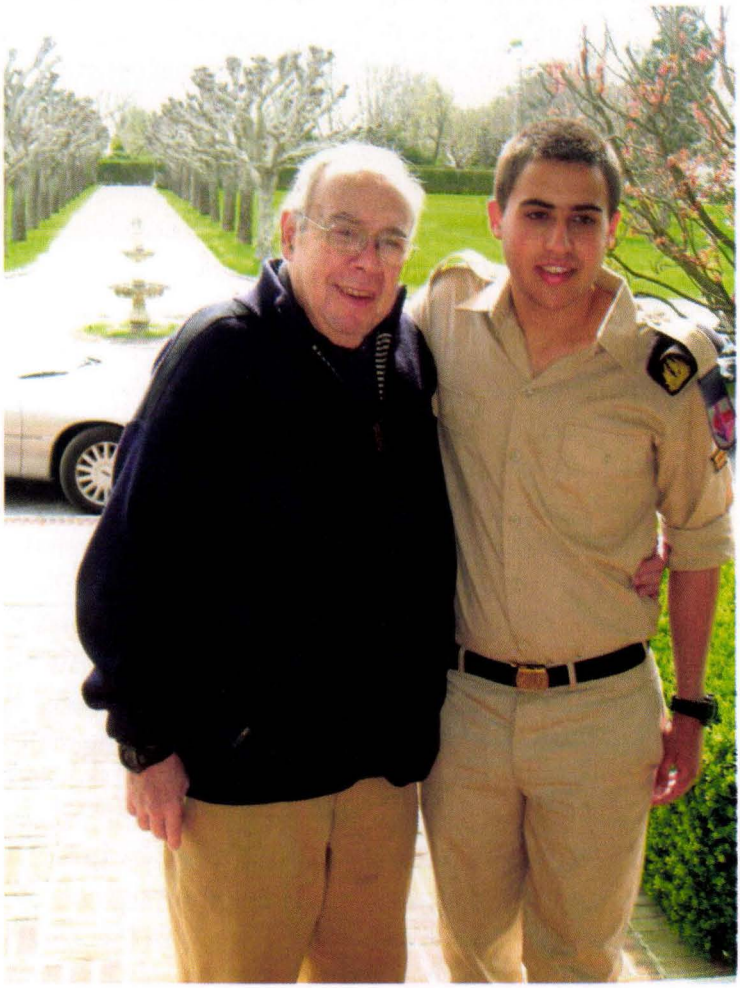
The field became such a hit that soldiers came from surrounding army bases as well to play a good soccer game. This base for soldiers with behavioral problems suddenly became popular with prestigious soldiers. Additionally, other bases copied this new model and invested in building soccer fields of their own.

Another typical example of our approach to finance goals that empower a wide cross section of people is the Derech Ami-Safra VeSeyfa ("scholar and author") project: Instead of giving scholarships and handouts, we pay for yeshiva students in Israel to repair Torah scrolls according to precise ritual laws and artistic skill, enabling them to fix *sifrei Torah* for the IDF.

Everyone wins: The yeshiva students have steady employment. The IDF gets urgently needed refurbished Torah scrolls. Restoring existing scrolls enables the IDF to find donors willing to dedicate a Torah (instead of the greater expense of writing a new one). And the sponsor's family enjoys

a day of celebration at an IDF base. A Torah celebration at an IDF base is extremely exciting. The joyous event pulls all layers of Israeli society together — men and women, religious and less religious, Ashkenazi and Sephardic, young and old — everyone participates, singing and dancing with their families and guests.

Additionally, IDF units bring a Torah scroll with them on every important mission. It is part of their standard procedure. For example, my grandson LeeRon, while serving in the Israeli Navy, sailed to Cyprus for special training. His unit brought along a small Torah — despite the extremely cramped conditions — to protect and help guide the soldiers in



Harvey with his grandson, LeeRon, who served in the IDF, Westhampton Beach, Pesach 2014



Traveling Sefer Torah in honor of Tess Kaylie's 100th birthday, while used in Chabad of Cambodia

their defense of the State of Israel. These Torah's are therefore exposed to very tough conditions; repairing them is a real need!

Gloria and I dedicated Torahs to commemorate certain family milestones, including Hudson's bar mitzvah, Lee's bar mitzvah, LeeRon completing his IDF service in the Navy, and Shira completing seminary and starting her service in the IDF. We also sponsored a Torah in memory of my grandparents, another scroll in memory of Gloria's mother, Lorraine White, and a scroll in memory of Alicia's father-in-law, Binyamin Yacoby. We were deeply touched by the sacrifice of Emmanuel Morrano, a high-ranking IDF officer killed in a secret mission during the Lebanon War; we dedicated a scroll in his memory as well.

The Torah scroll is humanity's most ancient compass, its bedrock of values. Human rights, the day of rest, family values, justice and charity, ethics and integrity, love your neighbor as yourself, honoring parents, and more — these are "copyrighted" to the Torah. When an IDF soldier in Golani, Nachal, the navy, or on a missile boat sees a Torah

scroll, even if he does not open it or read it, the Torah inspires something in him. It reminds him *why* he is here, and *where* he is going. The values that have accompanied the Jewish nation from the day it was created have not changed. They form the secret of our existence and immortality.

In late 2016, I became involved in another groundbreaking medical breakthrough. Chronic kidney disease affects some 600 million people across the globe, with marked differences among populations in different regions of the world. Research studies at Rambam Health Care Campus in Haifa have unlocked some of the secrets for these disparities and, together with collaborative researchers at major institutions around the world, have led to progress in understanding and preventing kidney disease and damage. These discoveries, along with parallel advances in organ and tissue regeneration, captured my imagination and interest.

The paired deep anatomical location and silent cleansing function mechanism of our kidneys have remained a mysterious secret until very recently, so I was especially intrigued by the discovery of a genetic basis that could explain global population disparities in kidney disease and its complications. I met Dr. Karl Skorecki, Rambam's director of medical and research development and researcher in nephrology and genetics. I was interested in hearing even the smallest details of this critical project: Combining clinical medicine with search discovery and early intervention is of paramount importance to me.

This meeting was followed by ongoing correspondence and exchange of ideas, culminating with a joint clinical and research program based at Rambam to advance genetics-based discovery of preventive measures and treatments for kidney disease worldwide. I am working on pledging a very substantial donation to establish the Harvey and Gloria Kaylie Kidney Health Center of Excellence.

I continued to follow updates on these advancements in real time. Initially, I had been very reluctant to have any publicity or recognition of this donation to the Rambam Health Care Campus, but Karl convinced me of the importance of motivating others to support worthy causes — to convey this imperative to future generations — and I eventually capitulated. As a result, Gloria and I agreed to be the 2017 recipients of Rambam's highest honor, the Rambam Award. (Prior recipients of the award have included Rabbi Lord Jonathan Sacks and Shimon Peres.)

My prescience that electronics, in its many manifestations, would blossom in Israel matches my belief that Israel will remain a world leader in cutting-edge medical breakthroughs. Gloria and I are thrilled by the idea that cures for illnesses affecting so many people in different continents could be forthcoming from Israel. Such work conveys a message of hope and well-being to millions worldwide.

DR. MICHELE SHAPIRO

THE SNOEZELEN METHOD

Harvey to Michele:

"You have brains in your head.
You have feet in your shoes.
You can steer yourself any direction you choose.
You're on your own.
And you know what you know.
And YOU are the one who'll decide where we go..."

Chorus:

"We're off to Great Places!
Today is our day!
Our mountain is waiting,
So... let's get on our way!"

Harvey to Michele:

"You won't lag behind, because you'll have the speed
You'll pass the whole gang and you'll soon take the lead
Wherever you fly, you'll be best of the best
Wherever you go, you will top all the rest
Except when you don't.
Because, sometimes, you won't."

Chorus:

"Congratulations!
Today is our day.
We're off to Great Places!
We're off and away!"

— Dr. Seuss, *Oh, The Places You'll Go!*

A FORTUITOUS ENCOUNTER

It was February 1993 and it was cold at Beit Issie Shapiro.[2] We were excited to receive our first shipment of equipment; at last, we would be able to create our multi-sensory room — the first Snoezelen room in Israel. We were passionate about the need for new kinds of experiences and tools to help our clients with special needs, and the multi-sensory room seemed to offer something unique.

Snoezelen is a therapy for people with autism and other developmental disabilities. Invented in the Netherlands in the 1970s, these therapy rooms use specialized equipment that include sound, light, color, texture and aroma to stimulate the senses. Their design helps children with developmental disabilities. The calming nature of these rooms works wonders — like putting the brain on vacation.

Parents with rambunctious children are astonished to see them sit still and play quietly. Clingy kids suddenly ask to play alone. This therapy also helps them handle tantrums much better. In the Snoezelen room, children with autism learn what it feels like to calm down and escape an overstimulating environment. Later, upon re-entering a stressful environment, they are trained to think back to the Snoezelen room, which helps them relax. Parents get very emotional when they see the almost magical change in their children.

Ideally, Snoezelen is a therapy controlled by the client. These rooms can be staged simply by adapting the lighting, atmosphere, sounds, and textures to the specific needs of the client at the time of use. An additional advantage of Snoezelen therapy is that it does not rely on verbal communication, so it is also beneficial for people with autism; sometimes, it stimulates children otherwise almost impossible to reach.

Children revel in these rooms illuminated by lighted ball pits, colorful tubes, fiber-optic ropes, and psychedelic patterns projected on the walls. Giggling with glee, they run around exploring, to the sound of calm,

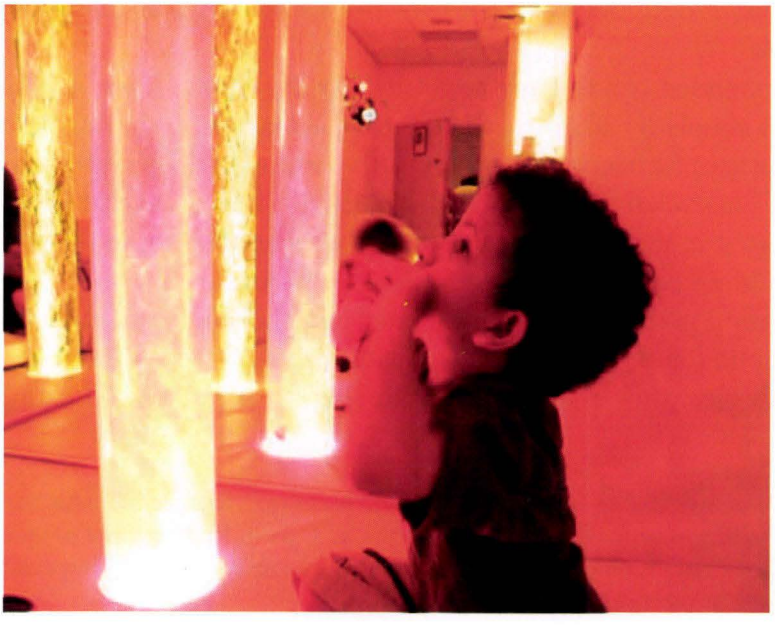
2. Issie Shapiro immigrated to Israel from South Africa in 1977, together with his late wife Lucie, with a glorious dream to change the attitude in Israel toward people with disabilities. His vision of developing a community assisting those with special needs gave the inspiration to open Beit Issie Shapiro.

ambient sounds playing in the background. Tall kiddy pools filled with clear balls — like a bubble bath — a floor-to-ceiling bubble tube, and other clever innovations are a huge hit with these children.

We decided to open a center in Israel. The Snoezelen room turned out better than we could ever have imagined. It was a magical wonderland, white and pristine, with soft changing lights. In the background one could hear trickling water and the sounds of gentle music. We began treatments the very next day.

At first, we were uncertain. We asked ourselves, "Is this going to make a difference?" Our apprehension faded as the children responded to being in the new room. They were curious, delighted, and amazed. They reached out; they touched, they tasted — we saw immediate results that far surpassed our expectations. Our staff, too, liked being in this special room. It was clear that this environment afforded both the child and the staff a "safe place" where people felt at ease without being threatened by an overstimulating world.

In 1995, our completed research confirmed our impressions: There had been a change for the better in the children's behavior. Being in the Snoezelen room calmed irritable children while arousing passive children. The impact was astonishing. Government ministries became interested



Children in a Snoezelen room

in what they initially thought was going to be a fad. They accepted the Snoezelen room as an effective therapeutic tool and gave approval to disseminate our new knowledge.

Today, Snoezelen is being used in therapeutic centers, hospitals, homes for seniors, and schools. This therapy has been successful in treating people with a wide range of sensory and cognitive difficulties — even burn victims and people with dementia or cancer. But our growth and impact became possible only thanks to a fortuitous meeting with Harvey Kaylie.

GOING PLACES WITH THE KAYLIES

It was 2000, the beginning of a new millennium. At Beit Issie Shapiro, we had made a start on training professionals in the unique multi-sensory approach of intervention we were developing, but our impact was slow and disappointing. Not that there wasn't interest in Snoezelen — there was! Everyone loved the new-fangled multi-sensory room. But the users seemed content to just buy the equipment and install a room. They showed little curiosity about the *potential* of the room, its therapeutic possibilities, or the processes underlying these techniques.

I knew better. Yet how could I motivate my colleagues to stay interested in learning more? I was afraid that the Snoezelen room would become a white elephant.

Then, one day, Harvey, Gloria, and Alicia visited Beit Issie Shapiro's Snoezelen facility. They looked fascinated. I noticed Harvey sitting quietly, listening intently. He didn't take notes. It was clear that Harvey's experience in the Snoezelen room triggered his imagination. As a visionary, he had a good feeling for the potential of innovative new approaches and, like me, he wanted to know more. The Kaylies had been asked to fund a similar room in Herzliya, but wanted to know more about this room. What was Snoezelen?

During my explanation, Harvey suddenly asked: "What do you need to get the project off the ground?"

"We need to be able to teach professionals and train them to use the method," I answered without hesitation. "People are opening facilities

without any insight or understanding about the processes and methods involved, and that's just wasteful and small-minded."

"How much does one training course cost, and how many such rooms are there in Israel?"

I was flabbergasted at the precision of Harvey's questions. I could almost see the calculator in his mind clicking as he said, "Well, if one course costs *X* shekels, and you have *X* number of students, you can spread the knowledge." *Click, click.*

"The big problem is that the organizations can't afford to send their staff for training," I pointed out.

"What about the professionals themselves?" *Click, click.*

"It's not high on their priority list," I admitted. "We're talking about people who don't earn much ..."

Click, click. Harvey said, "Then I will provide funding for training. I will provide subsidies so that those who are interested can learn the methodology. And I will fund research so that we can learn more. And together we will try to make life better for children with disabilities. How about I give Beit Issie Shapiro *X* times 10 to run ten courses over the next year?"

Was I hearing right? I looked at him in disbelief.

"But what about the school in Herzliya?" I stammered.

"That's not your concern, it's mine!" Harvey replied. "If I choose, I can give to both."

I was speechless. Never had anyone put so much faith in my judgment. And I had just met him! Tears came to my eyes.

Harvey created a special partnership that is quite unique. He visited Beit Issie Shapiro with no thought of investing in this organization. And then he did — as they say, simply by chance! (Does anyone believe in chance?) To me, our story is about the "just-right fit." It took great entrepreneur perception to instantly identify the potential behind our unique endeavor, and to take a leap of faith by investing in us — just like Dan Senor and Saul Singer describe in their luminary book, *Start-Up Nation*.

What defines a pioneer? I guess it is the capacity for imagination, for excitement, for adventure — and, of course, the ability to "run" with a new idea. Harvey decided to take the risk and invest in this pioneering facility — to support our efforts to develop, understand, hypothesize, undertake research, and later be able to share the knowledge we gained. He

made a twelve-year commitment, with such generosity of spirit, wisdom, insight, understanding and pure love! In financial terms, their investment was very substantial and continuous, enabling the project to keep on growing.

The Harvey and Gloria Kaylie Foundation made me feel that the impact on society is *mine* and that the Kaylies are the enablers. I, of course, cannot agree with this: Without the backing of the Kaylie family I would have never been granted these opportunities to grow.

On completion of the first year of the trust fund, I was sure that the funding would come to an end. To my surprise, one day Harvey called and asked why I had not submitted a new request. "My girl," he said when he realized that I was embarrassed to ask for more, "your duty is to ask for the finances. It is my responsibility to decide to give."

Harvey is not the typical donor. He shaped me into a "not very typical" project manager. His firm belief in me and his deep-rooted conviction in my work gave me the opportunity to fly to "Great Places." And he never expected me to be perfect! I could be vulnerable, admit my doubts, make mistakes — and Harvey never refused my reasonable requests.

Harvey always remained one hundred percent behind me. I know this is unique and I cannot describe how this empowered me. Thanks to this trusting attitude, I could dream and steer in any direction I chose. The only bottom line: We were both committed to doing things to improve the quality of human life.

Even more importantly, Harvey served as a guide and mentor to help negotiate our often circuitous route and overcome the pitfalls strewn across our path. His daughter, Alicia, has been a steadfast beacon — often, Harvey's "voice" — and she has always been fair and wise.

As part of her responsibilities, Alicia reviewed the requests for funding of specific projects and prepared our presentation to make it ready for Harvey's review and anticipate his razor-sharp questions. Usually it took a few rounds back and forth until she was satisfied with the information, and then the review could be presented to Harvey. She also reviewed monthly and quarterly reports of our accomplishments and passed them on to Harvey as well. Our team worked together with terrific results.

The three of us decided what we would do and where we would go. As Dr. Seuss so cleverly put it, "We've been to Great Places! We've been off and away!"

HARVEY'S IMPACT

Over a period of twelve years, the Lorraine White Trust (named in memory of Harvey's mother-in-law) trained some four thousand students in more than 150 courses of different levels. Thanks to Harvey's funding, I received the Award of Excellence from the School of Occupational Therapy for my research on the development of this new therapeutic approach in Israel and abroad. We held the first International Snoezelen Conference in Israel, attracting visitors from all over the globe, encouraging networking, knowledge sharing, and broadening horizons.

In 2006, I became intrigued by the problem of oral care. Every parent knows that oral care is an important part of children's health care. Poor oral health can lead to difficulties with eating, pain, and sleep disturbances. However, disparities exist for children with special health care needs; it is so bad that oral care is the most frequently cited unmet health care for these children.

Children with autism have major challenges exacerbated by their sensory processing difficulties when they have to sit in the dentist's chair: the bright fluorescent lights shining in their eyes, the dentist touching them in and around the mouth, the smell and taste of various oral care products. All these issues make it difficult for dentists to provide treatment. Simply put, the sensory overload associated with dentist visits make them an absolute nightmare for everyone involved.

This disparity bothered me. I decided to study the impact of dental treatment in this environment for my doctoral research. I received funding from Harvey, who said, "Imagine a world where such children can visit the dentist without being afraid. This will have an effect all over the world!"

It sure did! Thanks to Harvey's generous sponsorship, our research was able to hypothesize that if the noxious sensory characteristics of the dentist's office could be reduced, children would be less anxious and exhibit decreased uncooperative behaviors. We introduced multi-sensory concepts into the design of new dental treatment facilities. This research enabled us to apply our results in helping autistic children getting adequate oral care. After collaborating with top medical and dental experts to prove its effectiveness, the first Sensory Adapted Dental Environment was established at Beit Issie Shapiro.

We continued to grow and expand. Beit Issie Shapiro helps more than 30,000 people every year and was named Israel's most effective nonprofit in 2011 by efficiency monitor *Midot*, as well as being granted "Special Consultative Status" by the United Nations Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC). By 2012, 430 Snoezelen facilities had been established in Israel, most of which were guided by Beit Issie Shapiro in setting up the facility as well as training the staff. We became the first center in the world to offer treatment with an iPad in the water as a solution for children with cognitive disabilities.

For the autistic or delayed child, these tremendous accomplishments are simply mind-boggling. And it was due primarily to Harvey. When I ask myself how Harvey Kaylie has influenced my life, the answer is: This has been a life opportunity for me and I am honored to contribute to his story. Thank you Harvey and Alicia! You took me on a great journey that allowed me to innovate, develop, and make a contribution to the lives of so many people in Israel. You made it possible for me to visit great places; you sent me "Off, and away."

LEE YOMTOV KAYLIE

HARVEY'S GRANDSON

A DIFFERENT LIFE

My earliest memory of Zeidie is of him asking me riddles throughout the Thanksgiving dinner. These were no simple riddles. It took me most of the meal to really think about his riddles and analyze them from all possible angles until I had the solution. Thanksgiving is usually a time when family members take time from their busy schedules to spend an evening together, eating and catching up on quality family time. But Zeidie was asking us his riddles, because that is what Zeidie is all about: cramming every spare minute with helpful ways to sharpen our thinking skills.

Zeidie always encourages me. He pushes me to study for my classes and get good grades. By doing this, Zeidie creates value in my life; whenever he has a chance, he talks with me and discusses whatever topic he wants to tell me about. He has high expectations of me and I want to live up to those expectations. I always dream of growing up to be like him, because he is the smartest person I know.

Zeidie knows how to laugh and have a fun time. He emphasizes the importance of being happy with what life gives you; he always shows an example of what it means to really help others — even if it is uncomfortable, even when it means going out of your way to do so.

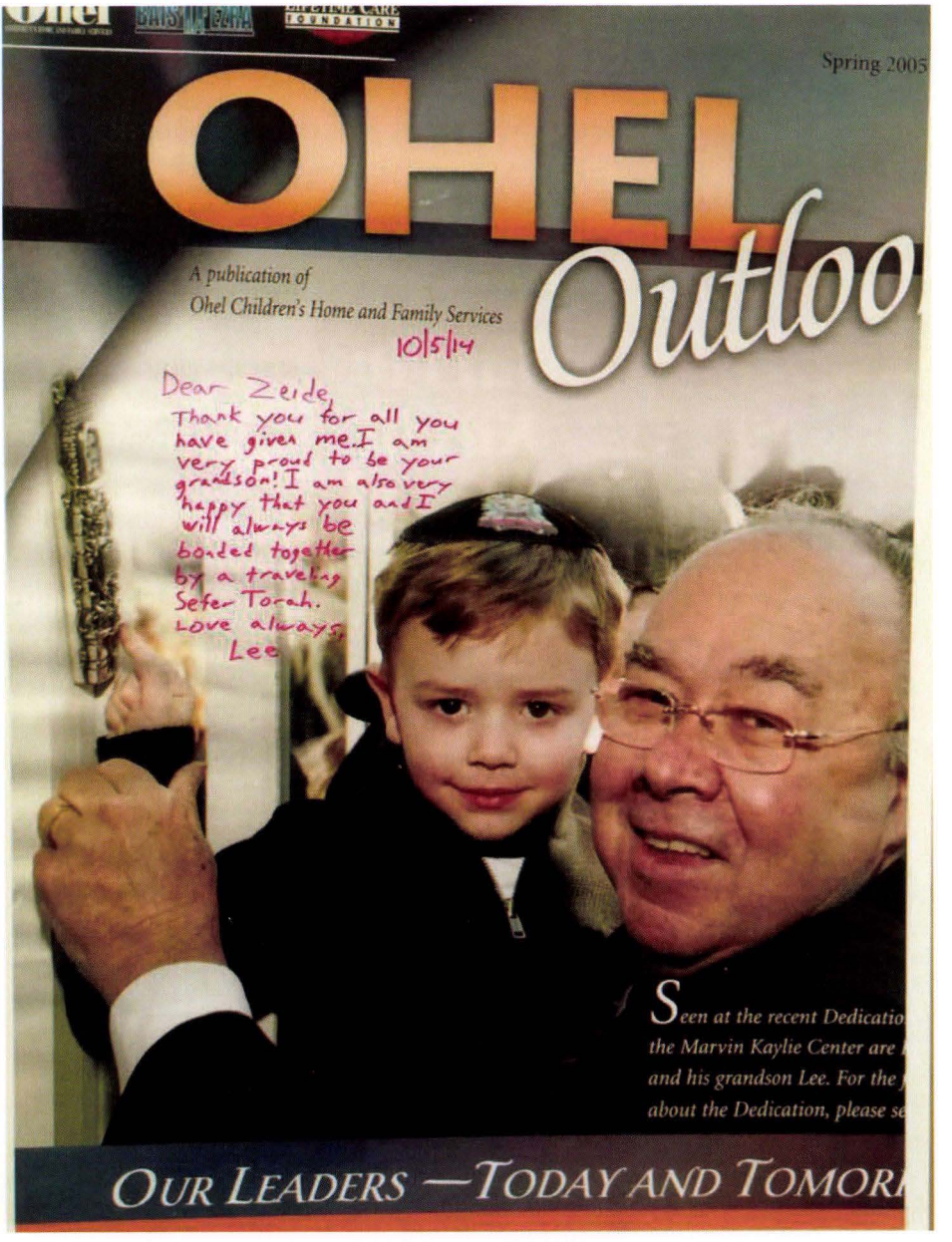
Zeidie entertains us with great stories. Some of my favorite memories are of his stories — especially the ones he made up about special, magical coins. When we were younger, my brother and I thought these stories were real, and we would listen enthralled, asking him to retell the stories again and again — which he did.

Thanks to Zeidie, there is a summer camp where both kids with and without disabilities enjoy the summer together. What Zeidie did with the Camp Kaylie kids really affected me and showed me what it means to remove stigma. I know that others may have said the same thing, but the fact remains that Camp Kaylie is a tremendous gift to the world.

And this is what I most admire about Zeidie: the way he respects others and shows compassion for those who need help. If someone asks him for assistance, my Zeidie helps them without a second thought.

Zeidie is very nice in the way he treats family. He gives us a share in his wonderful activities. My happiest memory of being with Zeidie is from when I was very young: He donated the building of a clinic for OHEL in

Brooklyn and had placed a plaque by the front door honoring my uncle Marvin. During the opening ceremony, they placed a nice *mezuzah* on the front door. Then, in front of all the cameras, Zeidie chose to pick *me*



OHEL magazine cover featuring Harvey and his grandson, Lee, 2005

up to kiss the *mezuzah*. That picture made the front cover of the OHEL magazine. Knowing that Zeidie was honoring me in his activities made me feel very special.

Different people have different ways to describe Zeidie. I would say this: My Zeidie is passionate, helpful, determined to reach his goals, and generous to a fault. The way he grew his business from nothing to a multinational industry — with offices in Israel, India, Brooklyn, Florida, and more — is a tremendous accomplishment. Just thinking about it fills me with great pride.

Thanks to Zeidie, my life sure is different. He influences me to be determined and thoughtful, to think things through, and continue working until I succeed. These are Zeidie's characteristics; I have him to thank for showing me the example of how this is done.

I hope, one day, to emulate both his successes and his generosity.

LAVEE SHMUEL YACOBY

HARVEY'S GRANDSON

STAND TALL FOR VALUES

I love everything about Zeidie. I love the fact that he's my grandfather and I wish I could spend even more time with him, because it doesn't happen often enough. But if I had to choose one special character trait that I admire over the rest, it that he is a pursuer of truth, a *rodef emet*. He puts a lot of thought into figuring out what is the right thing to do. And he WILL get it done!

Zeidie is a family man. Family has crucial importance to him. I hardly ever saw Zeidie cry, but when I did, it was about Grandma. Seeing him cry made a strong impression on me; I realized how deeply he cares about family and how it affects his essence.

I already find myself acting and thinking the way Zeidie has taught us. When I am confronted by a choice, or an unpleasant situation, I think of what Zeidie would choose as the good way, the right way, and then I go ahead and act that way.

One day, a group of my friends wanted to go eat at Schnitzel's after school. I wanted to confirm that a less popular friend could come too. Imagine my surprise when my friends said no. So I made a new group, including him. Our group ended up being much larger than the original group. I learned from Zeidie to stand up for someone who is "rejected," and then slowly others will join too.

Zeidie taught me to stand tall for values. I remember going on a tennis trip to Eilat with two of my good friends. During the trip, a different friend and roommate wore a *kippa* on his head on Friday night, but when he went to visit my two friends, they told him he needed to remove his *kippa* to enter their room. He did. That really bothered me.

Zeidie had taught me never to back down on principles. So I purposely went to their room, with a *kippa* on my head too. They told me also to take it off.

"Why does it bother you?" I asked them.

No reply.

I asked them again. No reply.

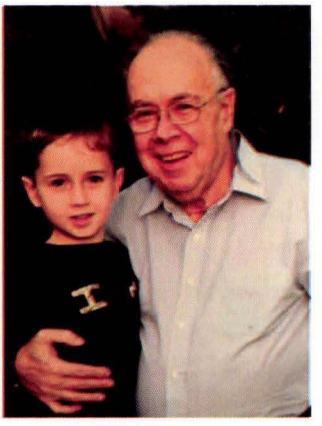
After the third time, they replied that I should remove the *kippa* or throw it in the garbage, because it makes them feel uncomfortable. "If that's

how you feel, then I'm leaving," I said. I walked out of the room feeling very proud for having stood up for my principles.

**The following day, they wanted to use my sunscreen. Realizing that this was an opportunity to make them feel firsthand how they act to others, I told them no. They didn't understand. "Why can't we use it?" they asked me.

"Because it makes me feel uncomfortable," I parroted back.

They got the message. I'm sure Zeidie would also stand up to them.



Lavee and his Zeidie, 2010

But Zeidie also shows us how important it is to forgive. I remember once, during our Pesach visit, that Zeidie was displeased if he saw any grandchildren fighting. In family, you always have to forgive.

Zeidie takes care of us in every way; he really relates to the grandchildren, each on their own level. He helps us with everything. For example, if I ask him about science — which we both like — he is always there to help me.

If I had to sum up the main lesson I learned from Zeidie in a few words, it would be: Do the right thing, even if it does not seem in your best interest at the time. Do what *you* think is right — even if you have to swim against the current. It's worth it!

In general, he's a very good man and grandfather. His main goal in life, the descriptive "title" he carries around at all times, is "help others." Zeidie does wonderful stuff. He helps a lot of people, especially those who have special needs. He helps his community a lot. He founded Camp Kaylie, which is a special camp that integrates special needs children with typical kids.

Zeidie and Ma didn't have much when they were children, yet now they have a really big and successful business. Their family has really grown. Zeidie helps the family. In fact, he takes care of everyone who needs assistance.

Zeidie taught me "life tips." For example, thanks to him and Ma, I have a different perception on how to view money — how to handle it, and the value associated with money. They always weave lessons and principles

during all our conversations. I remember that once we were driving from Manhattan and Zeidie told us stories about Grandma — how, when he was a child, he wanted to invite her to see a play, but she could not afford the price, so he worked really hard to earn the money. Grandma was able to enjoy the show at Radio City Music Hall. He also helped Grandma in the house — it was hard for her.

Some of my favorite family memories of Zeidie include playing Bingo during Pesach, and spending time with him this past Chanukah. His moods are infectious; when he's happy, it's fun. I love when Zeidie has time and we talk. I remember the stories he told me — how he earned money at a very young age for his family, how he wanted to work so his Zeidie took him to Florida, and how he stood in the doorway so others could not see him and be jealous of his trip.

Even though Zeidie has been unwell, he has shown me how to act during hardship. For example, he uses the time during his medical treatment to sit with me and have a nice talk. We spend time together and I show him stuff, like my Legos. I ask him a lot of general questions and he always has interesting answers.

Even with obstacles in his way, he overcomes them. For example, although he is in a wheelchair now and can't walk with his own feet — still, he continues to live life to the fullest. Just look at his achievements! He has a big, loving family, everything that he needs, and the support and love of friends and community. I would imagine it is very challenging not to be able to run, jump, and be totally independent. He does a lot of traveling and it is much harder to fly on airplanes when you are in a wheelchair — but he's Superman, endowed with supernatural powers.

I admire Zeidie for what he does. He's a good role model. He has a great influence on me and his talks have helped me shape my view of life and the world around me.

Zeidie is cool, because of everything he knows and has accomplished. He just is. And I'm happy we're all family.

ALAN STEINBERG

YESHIVA HAR TORAH

A SHABBAT SURPRISE

It all started on a regular Shabbat morning. I was folding up my *tallit* in *shul*, when someone suddenly tapped me on the arm. "Alan," he said. "Check this out: Harvey Kaylie is at the kiddush."

All the synapses in my brain began firing at once: Harvey. Kaylie. Here. Unannounced. Kiddush. Run. I ran. As I entered the kiddush room and began walking over to meet Harvey, I felt my mind racing to formulate the right words to approach this famous philanthropist.

I am a real estate investor by profession, the president of the Park Row South Realty Corporation in New York City. A lucky husband and proud parent of six wonderful children, I send my kids to Har Torah, a Yeshiva day school situated along a busy parkway in Little Neck, Queens. Far from being a "community" school, students from all over Queens and Nassau County attend this Orthodox institution, filling classes from nursery through eighth grade. The faculty caps the sizes of all classes and runs regular meetings to review each child's progress. For some families, the school is a major factor in their decision to move to northeast Queens, Great Neck, and West Hempstead.

Har Torah had been around for fifteen years with no building to call its own. Classes were divided between two temporary locations ten minutes apart, creating logistical nightmares for faculty, administration, parents, and students. The warm environment made the school a happy place where kids wanted to succeed. The overall physical conditions were unimpressive, so this healthy enrollment became a strong testament to the school.

In 2004, after I successfully did some fundraising for the school, Har Torah asked me to become its director of development — to raise the huge amounts of funds so urgently needed to construct a new building. I felt so strongly about my children's education that I decided to take a one-year leave of absence from the real estate business. (This later stretched out to become two years.)

The school already had a fundraising committee with a professional already on board but, realizing the critical importance of publicity, I decided to take our message to the greater community. I called the *Jewish Week* — a newspaper that serves the Jewish communities of New York City, Westchester County, and Long Island — and launched into my talking

points, when the reporter cut me off. We don't do groundbreakings," she said dismissively. "That's not news."

I was incredulous. "What do you mean?" I protested. "I just left my job to help the school fundraise for a new building and you won't print a story about our groundbreaking?"

I heard paper rustling on the other end. "Now, *that's* news," the reporter brightened. "How old are you?"

"I'm in my mid-forties, a father of six children."

There was a short silence as she digested that bit of information. "And you left your job to help the school? Let's do a story about you!"

Cupping a hand over the telephone, I quickly asked the school's principal, Rabbi Gary Menchel, what he thought of the idea. "Listen, Alan," he said, "If it's about you, it's about us. Do the story."

The *Jewish Week* ran a great story about Har Torah and me. The article must have struck a chord in the community; soon I was fielding many calls. One of them was from Mrs. Margery Libin, who was very moved by my resolve toward Jewish education. "There is someone that you need to meet who will be inspired by what you are doing," she said. "Write this name down: Harvey Kaylie."

Now, one of the little secrets in my fundraising experience is that when people advise you to speak to someone else, the unspoken message is: Don't ask me for help. So I was pleasantly surprised when Margery offered to make the connection between me and Harvey. "What you are doing is so unusual," she explained. "I want to help." And she gave me Gloria's number.

Thus began a flurry of calls that quickly led me to understand that meeting Harvey would be as difficult as meeting the president of the United States. Harvey always seemed to be jet-setting around the world on business: He was in China; now he was in Malaysia; next week he would be in England; the week after, in Taiwan; then he would be back in China. This stretched on for over a year. Maybe it was easier to meet the president.

Meanwhile, my fundraising efforts began bearing fruit. The article had generated a fair amount of interest, opening a number of doors to our cause, and money began flowing in. I raised close to nine million dollars, enough to cover almost our entire construction budget, and the new building began taking shape. To prevent any further delay, I took out a loan for a million dollars to cover the rest of the budget.

And then, one day, I heard that Gloria and her elusive husband were moving to our area — Great Neck. So I sent them flowers, wishing them well on their move and welcoming them to the community. Later, during one of my many subsequent phone conversations with Gloria, I mentioned the warm and welcoming atmosphere of the Great Neck Synagogue.

More time passed. And now, as I stood in the synagogue, I heard the words I had never expected to hear: "Harvey Kaylie is at the kiddush."

I introduced myself to Harvey. Knowing his commitment to education, I began describing the special dedication that Har Torah shows every single student. It believes strongly in helping kids straddling the borderline, enabling these children to join the mainstream and become successful in school and in life.

We began talking about the importance of OHEL, a unique institution committed to helping special needs children. OHEL occupies a special space in my heart; for the past fifteen years, my wife and I have been hosting OHEL for barbecues and for *oneg Shabbat* at our home. A flicker of recognition crossed Harvey's face. "You're the one who hosts the barbecues for them in Great Neck?" he asked.

"That's me."

The kiddush room began emptying out, but Harvey seemed comfortable continuing the conversation. I beckoned to my eleven-year-old-daughter Tara standing nearby. "Listen," I said. "Tell Mommy I will be home very late today; she should start the Shabbat meal without me. I'm not watching the clock."

We immediately established a rapport and stood there talking for at least an hour and a half. "You must see the school, Harvey," I kept repeating. "You need to see this place for yourself."

Deeply moved by my description of Har Torah, Harvey agreed to come that very Tuesday to see the school. True to his word, Harvey and Gloria both showed up that Tuesday for a complete tour. They saw the classrooms, the lunchroom, the playground, and the library and, most importantly, they saw the smiling faces of Jewish children enjoying school.

Harvey enjoyed the tour immensely. "Alan, what you are doing here is very special," he said.

"I'm just one person on the board; there are many others like me," I replied. "Coincidently, we have a meeting tonight; would you like to meet the other twenty-nine board members? We try to make it work."

Harvey looked me. "Maybe," he said. I was speechless. Was I dreaming?

Within a few hours, Harvey's secretary called to confirm his intention to attend. That night, board members sat there in stunned surprise as Harvey Kaylie walked into the meeting and sat down. We began as we always do — with a *d'var Torah*. Harvey looked impressed. Hours went by as we continued discussing all sorts of minutiae involved in running a school. Contrary to all expectations, Harvey continued sitting there, completely at ease. The rabbi and I kept exchanging glances: Is this really happening?

At the end of the board meeting, one of the members leaned over to me and whispered, "Do you think Harvey would join the board if we asked?"

I shrugged. At this point, I didn't know what to think anymore. The board member swiveled around to Harvey and said, "Mr. Kaylie, I'm a businessman who has taken off a tremendous amount of time to help the school. All my kids have graduated already. I'm leaving the board; will you take my place?"

And then, in a totally surreal end to an already unbelievable day, Harvey Kaylie joined the board of Har Torah. It felt like LeBron James joining the school basketball team! I went home shell-shocked.

Meanwhile, although the new building at Har Torah pulsated with the sounds of Jewish children learning and playing, we were still paying interest on our extra unbudgeted million-dollar loan. The first thing Harvey did was offer to pay the interest on this loan. With this generous offer, he zeroed in on a move that alleviated tremendous financial pressure from the school.

Some years went by. Then, a few days before the start of a new school year, Harvey's daughter, Roberta, called me to discuss schooling options for one of her sons, Hudson. Roberta asked me if there was a seat in the sixth grade for Hudson. "Absolutely, send him to Har Torah!" I immediately offered. "Your son is starting sixth grade, my son is starting sixth grade; my son will make him feel welcome. Watch them both become friends."

Roberta enrolled her son in Har Torah. With a grandson learning in sixth grade, Harvey now became a bona fide member of the school board and the yeshiva family.

MY FRIEND AND MENTOR

I have been involved in Jewish education since a very young age; at eighteen, I was already working as the youth director at the Great Neck Synagogue. When I was nineteen, my father suddenly passed away. I reacted to this traumatic tragedy by raising money from his clients to build the Steinberg Youth Lounge, which functions in the synagogue to this very day.

Losing my father meant losing my role model; I began looking for a new one. "Look up to yourself," my mother, Pearl Ginsburg, always advised me. "You have your father's sterling qualities." Since the death of my father, though, Harvey is the first and only person whom I consider completely thorough, loving, understanding, and whose judgment of values matches my own. I am deeply touched that Harvey has reciprocated those feelings. He sits next to me in the synagogue, in the seat that belonged to my father.

My friendship with Harvey trumps everything. As an incredibly insightful person with quality values, Harvey has a brilliant way of assessing the world around him. Harvey is a valued friend. He trusts people. He is tolerant of mistakes, as long as the individual has truly exerted the effort to get things right. He is methodical in the way he gives *tzedaka*, getting a feel of the organization before getting completely involved. "I walk before I run," is one of Harvey's typical sayings that encapsulate his view of charity.

When the economy began slipping in 2008, I got a call from Harvey, advising me to retool the school budget in order to weather the upcoming recession. "Overhaul the yeshiva budget immediately," he instructed. "Cut back on everything — from copy machines to school supplies. This is a biggie; the slump will stay with us for some time. I'm warning you: Parents on tuition assistance will be the first ones to stop paying tuition, so run a fundraiser now and I will match whatever you raise."

At first, I thought he was overreacting. But talk about a prescient mind. We quickly started a fundraiser called the "Mind the Gap" campaign. But there was a catch. "Every family with a child studying at Har Torah has to make some sort of contribution within thirty days," Harvey said to me. "Don't exempt anyone; even those on financial aid. Remember, Alan: Every. Single. Family. They must step up to support the school at this time."

The thought of getting our entire parent body to do anything, let alone donate money, seemed insurmountable. I filled those thirty days with every

fundraising gimmick — e-mails, phone calls, visits, even student-organized lemonade stands — but I received gifts from only seventy percent of the parents. This was not enough for Harvey. He granted us an extension and, by the time the new deadline arrived, the school had a check from every single parent, along with gifts from alumni, grandparents, and even teachers.

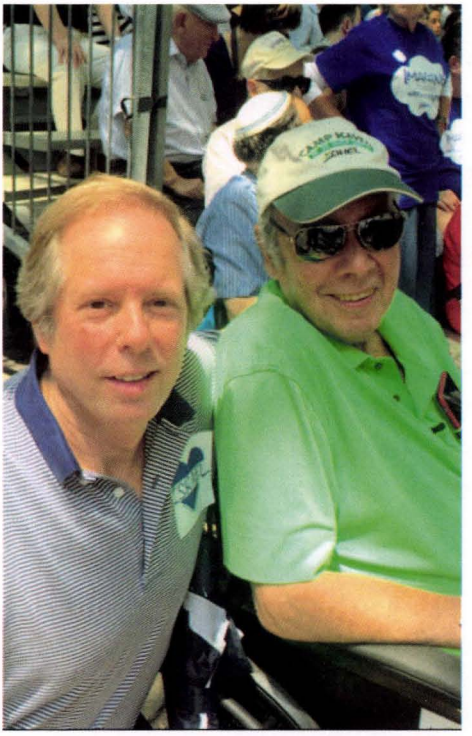
Harvey's idea was pure genius. His requirement of full participation made for an easy sell: No family, even if it had little money to spare, wanted to be held responsible for the failure of the campaign. Thanks to Harvey's match, our sizeable collection doubled automatically — effectively preparing us for the economical turmoil that roiled Jewish day schools for the next few years. Harvey's foresight saved our school financially.

Thanks to Harvey's initiative, not only were our finances the envy of many other day schools, but our matching campaign inspired other Jewish schools to seek a much broader base of grassroots support, rather than simply focusing on major givers. Sure, it is much easier to go after a few big donors, but creating a sense of community is just as important as raising money.

There were always matching gifts that required full board participation, or other conditions — but full parental participation? This was unprecedented. (Interestingly, I later heard that we were not the first school Harvey approached with such an offer. While other schools balked at the proposition, we were the first to act on it.) In essence, Harvey turned the typical fundraising model on its head: he taught us to reach *in*, not *out*.

A UNIQUE PARTNERSHIP

One day, Harvey called me suddenly and said, "Alan, the school needs a third floor." I was thunderstruck. Yes, we had built the new school building with metal studs ready for the third floor but, although enrollment had grown and Har Torah was pressed for space, building another floor idea seemed completely divorced from reality. "I've got an idea," Harvey said without pause. "I will sponsor a matching campaign. Now go and raise the money for the third floor."



Alan Steinberg and Harvey at the Israeli Day Parade, May 31, 2015

Faced with such a great challenge and opportunity, I took another leave of absence from work. This time, the school rehired me as both the school's construction manager and fundraiser, and Harvey was the honorary building chairman. He saw me in action. Harvey gave me a new lexicon: Suddenly I had deadlines, milestones, criteria, and progress reports. I informed him daily exactly what I was doing and when I was doing it — for an entire year.

From the beginning of the project, I made a construction timeline and a commitment to pour the concrete for the new floor within a year — specifically, on August 23, 2011. That year, New York suffered through a summer of wacky weather: we had hailstones, floods, and endless thunderstorms. But my word is my bond: On August 23, from five in the morning until one in the afternoon, we poured 195 cubic yards of fresh concrete for the new floor of Har Torah.

Shortly after completion, I was sitting in the office when I suddenly felt the building start swaying. I blanched. Could the building be buckling under the additional weight of the new floor? Rabbi Menchel came running into my office, his face ashen. "Alan, what's going on?"

"Either the building is coming down or it's an earthquake," I shot back. "Let's get out."

We escaped the building. Standing outside, we heard we were part of tens of millions of people in the eastern United States and southeastern Canada startled by sudden shaking from a rare Virginian earthquake. Until today, it is still the largest known earthquake to have occurred in that zone. Now, a critical step in pouring concrete is ensuring it settles without

cracks, and one of the ways of achieving a "perfect pour" is by shaking the concrete. Having the earthquake hit our area right after we finished the concrete was an amazing stroke of Divine providence.

When we met again, Harvey surprised me with another initiative. "Alan, we are going to dedicate the third floor in your honor," he proposed.

"No, no," I protested. "That would be — "

"Have I ever said 'No' when you ask me for something for the yeshiva?" Harvey interrupted.

Left with no choice, I agreed, with two conditions: First, my wife's name was to be included in the dedication, because my accomplishments were due in large measure to her. Second, Harvey and Gloria's names were to be on the plaque too, thereby intertwining our names forever. Harvey agreed. He even wrote the quote for the plaque.



Dedication plaque for the third floor of the Har Torah shool building

I was finished — through, over, and done. Taking a second leave of absence was more than enough. And then I got another call from Harvey. "Alan," he said, "You know what the school is missing? An endowment fund. I'll give you a challenge: if you can raise *X* dollars between now and my mother's first *yahrzeit*, I will match it."

"Harvey!" I protested, "I just raised so much money from the parents of the school; how can I face them again?"

"You know what to do," he said smoothly. "Use the 'power of the match.' But, remember: Everyone has to participate."

Within a year, Harvey's "power of the match" empowered us to raise a sizeable sum. We named it the Tess Kaylie Endowment Fund — to honor the memory of Harvey's mother, thereby becoming the envy of other Jewish day schools that were mostly struggling just to make payroll.

Harvey and Gloria are the most unassuming philanthropists you can

imagine. When I host an *oneg Shabbat* for OHEL, Harvey will sometimes attend and sit there quietly, listening to me speak as though he were an invisible part of the audience. When I once visited Camp Kaylie on "Kaylie Day," which coincided with my birthday that year, Harvey singled me out and asked me to join him up front. He then instructed the camp to sing "Happy Birthday" for me. To this day, that is still one of the best birthdays I ever had! Gloria and Harvey are completely at ease stopping their car if they see me walking in town and offering me a ride, treating me as an equal. I have become friends with their children.

My family is so fortunate. All generations of my family are friends with the Kaylies. My mother, Pearl, and my mother-in-law, Chava Shalom, are friendly with Gloria and Harvey. My children are friendly with their grandchildren, both here and in Israel. Some of my children attended Camp Kaylie; the older ones worked at Camp Kaylie as counselors. This is quite unusual and very special.

Harvey is a living example for me of all the sterling qualities a person can possess. His presence has so enhanced my life that I cannot picture a time in my life that we were not friends. Harvey has become a confidant — someone who has given me incredibly perceptive advice regarding my own real estate dealings, someone who has always had my back in difficult situations.

When J&R — the electronics giant and music retailer that leased space in our Park Row buildings for more than four decades — notified me in late 2013 that the company would be closing, I immediately called Harvey with the shocking news. "Alan," he said. "If you need me, I'm here for you."

That reaction was quintessential Harvey. It speaks volumes of his loyalty. After making the decision to develop the property, Harvey stood at my side, supporting my decision to hold on and hold out as I kept waiting for the highest bid.

Harvey moves within an interesting world. His philanthropy reaches around the globe; his helping touch empowers thousands of people on a daily basis. His stamina is incredible. The level of perfection he aspires to is beyond belief.

Harvey possesses compassion and conviction in greater measure than any other person I know. When he latches onto an idea, he pursues it with a force others can only dream of. Goals and principles define his

accomplishments; they are an integral part of his life, always simmering beneath the surface.

I have never met anyone like Harvey. No matter the subject, he is always the smartest person in the room, his brilliant mind whirring way ahead of everyone else. Harvey and Gloria have a unique perspective that has allowed me to see things differently. Yes, they are both wealthy and smart, yet they are almost impossibly devoid of arrogance. As Harvey has shared with me numerous times, the lessons that he cherishes from his dear mother are that "values more important than valuables." Their friendship has changed my life forever.

I look up to Harvey on many levels, in different ways at different times. I often look to him as a dear and very close friend. At times, I look to him as a brother. As a father. A mentor and guide. He means all these things to me and more.

My entire family has been blessed by our affiliation with Harvey and the Kaylies. The fact that Harvey considers me his friend and that I am worthy of his friendship makes me feel blessed. It is what I treasure the most in life; for me, it is the greatest gift of them all.

HARVEY KAYLIE

CELEBRATING A MILESTONE

Gloria and I began renting a summer house in the Hamptons during the early 1990s. We found ourselves enjoying the calm, serene atmosphere so much that we purchased the house and began going there for winter weekends as well. It was there that we got to know the indefatigable Rabbi Marc Schneier and the many wonderful people who make up the Hampton community in Westhampton Beach.

I found Rabbi Schneier to be in alignment with my philosophy that those blessed with financial mobility should, and must, dedicate their efforts to the greater good. Thanks to his initiative, the synagogue spearheaded absolutely incredible fundraising efforts for Jewish charities, including many worthy Israeli projects.

For example, we got involved with helping the Schneider Children's Medical Center of Israel. This was during the intifada; it was a terrible time in Israel, with the constant bombing extracting a heavy toll. The hospital needed to create new capacities as it went into high gear. Historically, hospitals specializing in pediatric emergencies are geared to care for few casualties of unexpected accidents; here, the hospital needed to care for multiple children severely wounded by exploding bombs and flying nails. It decided to open additional rooms in its emergency department, thereby being able to care for a higher volume of wounded children simultaneously.

The hospital was in dire need of procuring more equipment for these new rooms. In all, it needed matching equipment and medical machinery for each of the four new emergency rooms. The need was real and critical.

I coordinated a fundraising project with Zippora Shwalb, the head nurse, and Dr. Hezi Waisman, director of the emergency department. Dr. Waisman had been captured by the Egyptians during the Yom Kippur War and was denied medical treatment while in captivity. Within a few days of his release, he decided to study medicine and promote the finest emergency care in the world. This unusual dedication motivated me to provide funding for his important research, which helped him earn his professorship and become a world leader in pediatric emergency care — having developed new methods for hospitals across the globe. Later, Dr. Waisman headed Israeli medical relief teams that helped in disaster areas in numerous countries and founded projects to promote peace through

medicine. He is a leader in providing medical service through the telephone, computer or mobile applications, and, when possible, video calls.

We heard horrific and heartbreaking stories of children fighting for life, wounded by shrapnel stuck in their bodies — including vital organs — from exploding bombs and flying nails. When I heard this, I got involved with Rabbi Schneier at the synagogue dinner and together we collected two hundred thirty thousand dollars in twenty minutes. This was the first time at the gala dinner that there was a fundraiser, and people were thanking us. An electric feeling of accomplishment filled the room. Waves of people were standing on their feet, roaring out pledges. The scene was deeply touching and somewhat surreal. It felt so good to be able to help others. This was merely one example of many. Standing together with Rabbi Schneier, we helped the community create a culture of charity and goodwill unmatched elsewhere.

Years later, in 2005, we moved to Great Neck, Long Island. This was the first time either of us had lived outside of Brooklyn proper. The much longer commute did not affect my work hours at the office. At that period of my life, I still worked very long days — ten or twelve hours a day. And if



Sefer Torah dedication celebrated at The Hampton Synagogue, 2010



Sefer Torah dedication celebrated at The Hampton Synagogue

I was caught up in a project, I had no problem staying alone in the building, leaving for home only in the predawn hours.

Time passed. When my mother turned one hundred years old, our immediate family decided to make a special celebration to mark this milestone. Seeing my mother and enjoying her company often released a trigger of emotions; the more our lives progressed, the more I appreciated how much she had shaped my perspective and my successes.

Due to her limited education, my mother exhibited the insecurity of inadequacy. "What did you learn from me?" she often asked, but the truth is that I did learn from her — a lot. My mother's dedication to Marvin spoke volumes, making a deeper impact than any impassioned speech or lesson. She taught me that the greatest thrill is when we give back to others and demonstrated by her example that life really revolves around this essential truth. She showed me what it means to care about a segment of society that exists under the radar and tends to be forgotten. Completely selfless, she always put others first, and her endless patience still continues to amaze me today. Her simple humility and truth, her unassuming manner about her sacrifices, shaped my life.

My aversion to borrowing money, a cornerstone of my successful life, is



Harvey writing a letter in the sefer Torah

thanks to her example. "Never, ever borrow money," she taught us. "Spend only what you can afford."

Another of my mother's greatest strengths was her complete aversion to speaking ill of others. Intensely aware of the harm caused by harmful speech, she never, ever, spoke negatively about anyone. This is a lot more difficult than it seems and is a testament to her greatness of spirit. Thanks to her example, I was fortunate to inherit this character trait.

We decided to honor my mother by dedicating a *sefer Torah* in commemoration of this special milestone. The family gathered for this especially joyous event at the Hampton Synagogue. Desiring to include the entire community in the celebration, we offered everyone the opportunity to write a letter in the Torah scroll. No one had to pay for the privilege. First, children were given this honor — so that they would know more about our heritage — and then others stepped forward to participate in this beautiful event. A long line snaked through the synagogue; people were radiant with happiness as they waited to take advantage of this special opportunity.

We paraded the *sefer Torah* through the streets of Westhampton Beach. We decided to dedicate the scroll as a "traveling Torah," so that her gift to

the world would affect many communities. In a way, my mother would be traveling around the world, helping Jewish communities from Florida to Cambodia, from California to Israel — helping them feel a sense of community and Jewish pride. Following the dedication, we invited the community to partake in a big kiddush set out in the synagogue hall.

We planned to continue her birthday with a lavish celebration at a restaurant, but I faced a problem: Knowing my mother's frugal habits, I knew all too well that her character would not allow frivolous splurging, so I decided to stretch the truth a little. "It's going to be free," I fibbed. "In honor of your birthday, the transportation and the restaurant won't be charging us." My mother thought for a moment and then agreed. We all went out to a restaurant and celebrated her 100th birthday at our favorite delicatessen — Mill Basin Deli.

I believe that my mother's sense of responsibility toward Marvin was a contributing factor in her longevity. She had an impetus to keep going, an overarching obligation to do everything possible for him. Even just before she died, my mother was worried about one thing: Marvin. "Harvey," she said to me in her last days, "take care of him." At that age, having dedicated



The family at the sefer Torah dedication

most of her life toward caring for Marvin, this remained her primary concern.

My mother's example — her dedication and care — has guided my views on philanthropy. When Gloria and I invested heavily in helping the Hampton Synagogue grow and succeed, we paid for a multi-purpose building, named the Kaylie Center. Although I am usually averse to publicizing our charity, preferring to stay anonymous, I did this for my grandchildren. I wanted them to know about charity and giving, about our responsibilities to the community. The same is true of Camp Kaylie: I agreed to the naming because I want my descendants to know about the Kaylie tradition of helping others. I had similar intentions when I decided to name the OHEL building for Marvin: I wanted my handicapped brother to feel that he built it, to know that he has opportunities.

ALBERT AMINI

HARVEY'S NEIGHBOR

MY EXCEPTIONAL FRIEND

"Harvey and Gloria" — you have to say both their names in the same breath. Gloria is the woman behind the man and they do everything as one cohesive unit. My wife and I became friends with this wonderful couple through our association with the Westhampton synagogue. What began as a cordial relationship developed over many years into a deep, enduring friendship. We go out to dinner a few times a year, and not a week goes by without Gloria and my wife coordinating some activity together.

While other people vacation in Florida, my wife and I spend time every year in Jerusalem; sometimes we meet up with Harvey and Gloria in a resort area to spend time together. One year, we received an invitation for a Chanukah party being hosted by Harvey in Jerusalem. I was already envisioning an elaborate affair in a ritzy hotel, with liveried waiters serving platters of delectable dishes while a full band played in the background. There would be a themed background, costumed clowns, fancy gifts, and a gaudy smorgasbord. After all, Harvey and Gloria could easily afford any kind of extravagance.

We pulled up at the address and found ourselves staring in shock at a building housing Israel Deaf Association in Jerusalem. People of all ages gathered here for social and creative activities. We walked in and looked around the room in a daze: Harvey's family was there, seated together with young members of the center, their faces radiating joy. We were floored. *This is vintage Harvey*, I thought, *always focused on authenticity; always looking to impart lasting lessons to his grandchildren.* The kind of clowning that dominates so many of these events had no place in his book of values. Here was a man who could afford the fanciest party in the glitziest location, yet preferred showing his children and grandchildren the real and enduring priorities in life. In fact, over the years I came to realize how Harvey and Gloria use every major family event as a learning experience for their children, grandchildren, and even the community at large.

Harvey and I share a connection about the basic fundamentals; it seems that I am always gravitating to his page, appreciating the same things. Honesty and integrity have crucial importance. Extremely ethical and moral, Harvey is a brilliant thinker — astute, analytical, and very creative, primarily in the way he develops his business. Harvey has a gift for seeing

future trends in his industry; he is always ready for that moment. More than anything else, what a good businessman needs is a good nose, a sense of intuition that allows you to feel where the business is going.

Harvey is the antithesis of the average arrogant man of means. I admire him for this special trait. Most people who reach a certain financial bracket change their circle of friends, attend highbrow functions exclusively, and parade around with their noses raised snidely in the air. Not Harvey. His vocabulary does not contain the words "me" or "I." It is really obvious that he does not feel superior to anyone, and this attitude allows even the most common person to feel comfortable approaching him. Harvey's humility is simply unbelievable. Rarely do we get to see humble philanthropists in the Jewish community, communal builders who remain modestly unassuming about their accomplishments. Harvey connects to anyone and everyone.

Harvey shows tremendous respect for people who work hard and stay creative and honest — just like him. I remember a time when a woman in the community wanted to renovate a beauty parlor. No one realized she might need help with expensive purchases. Without being asked, without fanfare, Harvey went out and purchased expensive salon chairs for this new venture. Typical.

Harvey is always concerned for other people — more of a listener than a talker — and always remains a steady source of encouragement. There is that hint of a smile waiting just below the surface, ready to come out.

Whoever knows Harvey is blessed by his refreshing attitude. By nature, I have a somewhat critical eye. I expect the best from everyone, on both the moral and ethical planes. Harvey taught me to be gentler in the way I perceive others and not wallow in criticism. Even when I do become critical, I find myself thinking how Harvey would look at it; this perspective brings me clarity and focus.

Whatever you know about Harvey is only skimming the surface. I have never heard him complain, not even in the face of medical challenges and severe amputations. After his operation, everyone was so worried that this active person would turn into another medical recluse. Anyone with even the most rudimentary knowledge of Harvey's schedule — non-stop meetings, jet-setting business trips around the world, running from place to place — was sure it would all come to a crashing halt. Not Harvey. He accepted it as his newest challenge and told everyone not to worry. I cannot describe the impact this had on me and the community at large.

Finely attuned to the deeper meaning of life, Harvey lives with a certain sense of spirituality. Many people, bogged down by the baggage of everyday concerns, tend to forget about the real purpose of life, but Harvey — business and all — retains that wonder in the world around us. He takes the time to appreciate its beauty and complexity, while remaining in awe of the Creator. Ethics and morality permeate his every waking moment.

On the subject of religion, some have correctly pointed out that spirituality has not evolved into a user-friendly experience, and this has led many of our frustrated youth to rebel against the religious experience. Harvey exemplifies what it means to live with a non-critical approach. He is accepting of others — including polarizing individuals who ascribe to completely different ideologies — and will not dislike *anyone* based on their ideas alone. This, in itself, is a refreshing attitude.

Whereas most people look at superficial trapping, Harvey focuses on the inner good — the potential that lies dormant within our souls. Living this philosophy has enabled Harvey to become friends with everyone and avoid becoming part of the various factions that exist in every synagogue. There is no one in the community who can say a single negative word about him.

It is a bittersweet irony that Jewish communities usually have some sort of breakaway synagogue or congregation, a testament to the many differences of opinion that characterize Jewish communal life. Although Harvey will not take sides, he sticks to his principles with a rarely seen resolute firmness, but not in a threatening manner.

Harvey does not get involved in any political fights; he is completely disinterested in making waves. For example, even when he agreed to sit on synagogues' boards of directors, Harvey refused to accept any official position — such as president, vice president, or treasurer — that could force him to take sides, potentially leading him into a compromising position.

I dislike putting labels on fellow Jews when we are so few in number, and Harvey has that same attitude. In the seventy-seven years of my life, I have developed a very small circle of innermost friends and admirers. I can count them on one hand. I consider Harvey to be part of that select group.

Harvey: I am humbled to be your friend.

HARVEY KAYLIE

AN EYE TO THE FUTURE

During one of my visits to Israel, I was fortunate to meet the erudite and dynamic Rabbi Reuven Sason of the *hesder* yeshiva in Ramat Hasharon. I saw the rabbi in action, motivating street kids to show an interest in their heritage. These were boys with earrings and torn clothing, but Rabbi Sason — beard and all — looked past their external trappings and focused on helping them.

I sensed a rare purity in what he was doing. *This is the real deal*, I thought. We bonded. Rabbi Sason speaks little English and I do not speak Hebrew, but the strength of our values transcends language. I was impressed by the way he found layers upon layers of interpretation in religious texts.

A community rabbi, prolific author, thinker, and philosopher, Rabbi Sason heads a *kollel* and a yeshiva. Targeted to attract outstanding students who finish top of their class, the *kollel* qualifies the next generation of Jewish judges and rabbis, providing a systematic approach that allows them to study Jewish law while being socially involved with Israeli public affairs. What makes this *kollel* so unique is that it emphasizes both studying and spirituality, while connecting to the masses in many ways. This is different from the typical approach of other similar institutions.

One day, I was sitting at the *hesder* yeshiva waiting for my second



Yoni's aliyah to the Torah at the hesder yeshiva before his bar mitzvah, March, 2011

grandson, Yoni, to be called up to the Torah, days before his bar mitzvah. It was a very emotional moment for me: Yoni was wearing *my* Zeidie's *tallit*. (I had given it to LeeRon, my oldest grandson, for his bar mitzvah, but he had lent it to Yoni for the occasion). I had wrapped the *tallit* around Yoni, symbolizing the continuation of our golden chain of tradition, "from Zeidie to Zeidie."

Sitting there, I suddenly spied the synagogue "charity box" — an old can of Turkish coffee with some money inside, the top completely open, and sporting a simple, handwritten *tzedaka* label. It reminded me of my Zeidie's simple *pushka*, an open container no one feared anyone would steal from.

(I have a collection of charity boxes proudly assembled in the entrance hall of our home and I arranged to get this simple *tzedaka* box to add to this collection. When people visit us, I enjoy asking them which do they think is my favorite. Some people choose a fancy one modeled in the style of the *Beit Hamikdash*; others pick a fancy silver one; still others settle on an ornate box engraved with dancing Hassidim — but my favorite is the simple coffee can from the yeshiva, the one that reminds me so much of my grandfather.)

As I sat next to Rabbi Sason during the bar mitzvah, I suddenly asked him: "What would be your wish?" I thought he would ask for a nice donation to help support his yeshiva — but the rabbi surprised me. His financial situation was so precarious that his yeshiva of young men ate a meager breakfast, consisting of some bread with a little spread. "My one wish," he said wistfully, "would be to give my students a more substantial breakfast."

Well, that was *not* what I expected to hear. That interaction began our long, deep, and enduring friendship. We support Rabbi Sason and his activities in many ways; in reciprocation, the rabbi has opened new intellectual vistas every time we meet. One year, the students in his study hall, together with Netanel Simontov, compiled a personal Pesach *Haggadah* for me. For the first time, I understood the deeper meaning of Pesach — the symbolic and eternal message of freedom.

That perspective changed my life. Freedom is not about the plagues or punishing. Freedom is within ourselves. No matter what challenges we face, I truly believe it is within our potential to realize that life is about having freedom from anything and everything — about being able to rise beyond obstacles and restraints. For example, some of my medical challenges have



The Kaylie Family Haggadah

been potentially crushing, but I have been blessed with the ability to look at these challenges as the potential to achieve more.

I remember when Ruby Ebrahimoff, a Westhampton Beach friend, approached me somberly. He was going through a very tough period in his life, including a messy divorce and employment issues, and he looked like a wreck. "To tell you the truth," he confided in me, "I feel like a speck of dust."

"That's about right," I replied.

He looked at me dumbfounded, as though he couldn't believe his ears. I could imagine him thinking, *Even Harvey thinks I'm a speck of dust.*

"We are all just a speck of dust," I continued. "You continue doing what you're doing and you'll see it will all work out. Material wealth and family status are nice benefits, but that's not what makes the man," I added. "Values make a person. You have values and I respect those values."

After offering to subsidize him to jumpstart his project — teaching school children about their bar mitzvah *haftorah* — I watched my friend leave with a new spring in his step. His *haftorah* idea was such a success that he is better known as the "*haftorah* man" in the larger community. He is doing very well now.

The freedom to rise above challenges is not nearly as easy as it sounds. When faced with the reality of having my feet amputated, I reached deep within myself to find the understanding and acceptance that I would still retain the ability to continue living a productive and happy life. True, this process took time, but this foundation of faith was always there. During this very difficult time, Rabbi Sason penned some extremely inspirational letters to me about the magnificent strength of just a tiny light in a dark room. The power of these spiritual messages cannot be overstated.

Having the ability to work hard and succeed has not been constraining or burdensome. Viewing work as an exhilarating privilege definitely shaped the company I founded, propelling Mini-Circuits to achieve global recognition. Winning prestigious supplier excellence awards from industry giants like Raytheon, Rockwell Collins, Harris, HP, and AT&T has proven the veracity of this philosophy.

Notwithstanding all the above, one of my greatest pleasures in life and most powerful feeling of success have been watching how our daughters feel so passionately about the same things Gloria and I do. I am eternally grateful that Hashem has given us the priceless gift of seeing our children continue carrying the torch of kindness and charity as they emulate our example.

Our daughters started helping when they were already in high school. A boy in the grade had lost both his parents to illness; the girls came to speak to me in hushed tones, asking if we could do anything to help the family financially. And we did it, humbled with gratitude to see that — even at that young age — our girls had absorbed the lessons so important to our family.

Seeing my daughters trying to help others reminded me of my childhood, when I would help people living in Zeidie's tenements. Lacking any

formal education, they would get letters they could not read in English, so I would read their mail for them and write out whatever letters they needed. Now again, a generation later, I watched with pride as our daughters demonstrated they had internalized this lesson: Empathy is not enough; actually helping others is key.

Just as we instilled values into our children, Gloria and I are blessed to see our daughters instill these same values into *their* children — thereby ensuring that future generations feel the same way about values as we do. Our daughters work hard at it. They tell their kids to come along and participate when they do something charitable. As one example of many, my grandson Yoni decided to plant fifty trees at Ammunition Hill in Jerusalem during his bar mitzvah, in honor of our golden wedding anniversary. We felt so proud to see how he chose to use *his* special day as an opportunity to honor us.

We did the same thing. When the girls were young, they came along with us to see charity in action. This inspired them to come up with their own ideas for philanthropy. They remain actively involved in worthy causes, in a quiet and humble manner, and even we do not know the full



Danny Yacoby, Harvey and Gloria planting trees on Ammunition Hill, Jerusalem

extent of their activities. They feel, as we do, that Hashem knows and, if Hashem knows, that is all that counts.

Our family has gone on two family heritage tours: one in Israel, where we visited institutions we had supported in the past or continue to support, viewing firsthand the impact of our philanthropy, as well as the growth of Ravon; and the second in New York, where the next two generations of family were able to see our humble family roots and business beginnings.

As I reflect upon my colorful and exciting life, I am eternally grateful to Gloria, my wife and partner in life, for the opportunity to raise such a wonderful family that is so attuned to sensitivity and helping others. Appreciative of the gifts in our life, we look ahead with a clear and steady eye to the future, with the hope that our descendants will remain synonymous with philanthropy and caring. For Gloria and me, seeing two generations continuing the responsibilities and dedication of the Kaylie family is the greatest gift of all.

RABBI MARC SCHNEIER

THE HAMPTON SYNAGOGUE

A MAN OF MANY ROOMS

"Excuse me," a voice said, a hand plucking at my sleeve.

I groaned inwardly. It was just after the most exhilarating and exhausting day of the Jewish calendar, the fast of Yom Kippur, and I had spent the day leading the more than one thousand members of the congregation in prayer and song. I was spent.

I turned. "Tell me, Rabbi," a stranger quietly said. "How much would it cost to build a social hall large enough to house our growing congregation?"

My hand wavered over a particularly appetizing bagel. "I wouldn't know offhand," I retorted.

"But what's your estimate?"

"Probably around $350,000," I speculated. The stranger melted away into the crowd and I put the matter out of my mind.

A few days went by. One day, the treasurer of the synagogue walked into my office holding an envelope, consternation creasing his features. "Who is Harvey Kaylie?" he asked me.

"No idea," I replied blandly.

"Well, he just called to find out how to wire a $350,000 donation for the synagogue building fund," the treasurer said, showing me a staggering check. My mind flashed back to a certain stranger and a quick interchange near the bagels after Yom Kippur. I recalled an impression of keen intelligence, an alert expression in those quick eyes. I stared at the check in shock. "Who *IS* Harvey Kaylie?" I repeated back to my assistant.

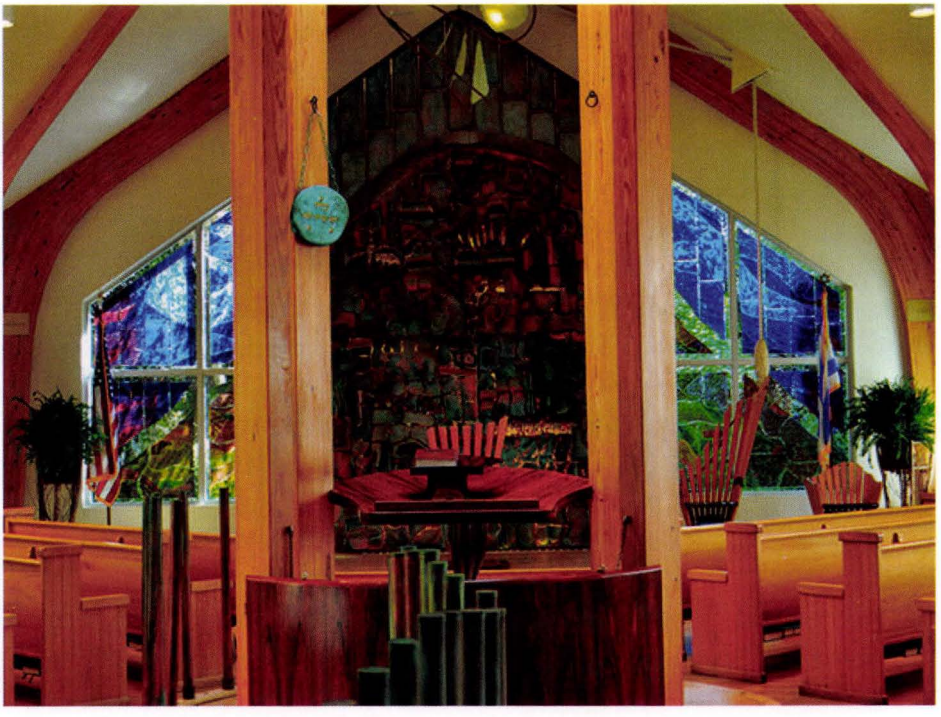
That is a good question. After more than two decades working with Harvey, I have become privy to more and more doors in Harvey's life — doors that open up into so many different rooms. Yet no matter the number of projects we share, I have realized that each and every one of them contains the spark that is so quintessential Harvey: enabling everyone — no matter their ability — to have the chance to shine, to bend every element of their spirit to some higher achievement. In his view, everyone can attain and realize great things in life.

Harvey is Mr. Problem Solver. He had heard me lamenting that our growing congregation remained hampered by our cramped office building and social hall; he saw the critical need to expand the synagogue with an eye to the future and he stepped forward to fund the new building. My

estimate turned out to be woefully inadequate, but Harvey and Gloria underwrote the entire cost we needed to erect the building.

Harvey has the gift of appraising patience, one that forms no prejudgments until the facts are thoroughly vetted. Despite his quiet, staid appearance — a boat anchored firmly in values — he gives off an unmistakable sense of seething energy below the surface, ready to swing into action at the first opportunity. His hard-earned wisdom is a breath of fresh air.

There is tremendous synergy between us. We are always looking to make a difference, always looking for out-of-the-box ideas, for win-win situations. He is my "go-to guy" to whom I turn for advice and guidance. I have no compunctions about spending hours in his company seeking the clarity of his unique and brilliant mind, readying myself for the way he anticipates problems and pokes holes in my aspirations, shining the light of practical reality across these ideas.



The Hampton Synagogue (courtesy of The Hampton Synagogue)

Propelled to extraordinary and unparalleled heights, the Hampton Synagogue today is one of the preeminent and most dynamic communities in the Jewish world. We have been blessed to beautify our traditions and the Jewish religious experience in the refined and vibrant setting that is unique to the Hamptons. Everything we do is done in a way that makes the ordinary extraordinary. We make the most elaborate and interesting kiddush in the world, even if it means serving twelve types of herring to symbolize the Twelve Tribes.

Three years after founding the Hampton Synagogue in 1990, our congregation held a groundbreaking in 1993 and our breathtaking synagogue was completed within the year. We have between eight hundred and twelve hundred congregants in the summer season. In the Hamptons. Every. Single. Shabbat.

The *shul* has become a phenomenon. The warm and varied tones of our wooden furniture, the rich hues of our glass-stained windows, the breathtaking architecture, and the state-of-the-art acoustics — all these provide the perfect backdrop for our world-renowned cantor and choir. In our shul, you *daven*! No one moves for three hours. A synagogue that runs on fluff — weak programs and mind-numbing prayers — can have the best kiddush and cultural programs in the world, but the synagogue atmosphere will disintegrate. We are all about substance.

Harvey and Gloria love the *davening*. They sponsor the choir and our liturgical service, as well as our cantor, Netanel Hershtik, whose appearances in the world's most acclaimed opera houses and concert halls — such as Lincoln Center — have made him an international sensation. Theses sponsorships have brought an added dimension of feeling and spirituality to our prayers, much like the singing of the Levites that animated the service in the Holy Temple in Jerusalem.

Gloria and Harvey love the community; they love the *shul*. Gloria is my greatest champion. She is a regular shul-goer who is there on every Friday night and Shabbat day, always ready to welcome visitors — including the prestigious and famous people who visit our congregation — and show them around.

Our annual custom of giving out baseball caps around July Fourth is a Kaylie tradition. The Aranowitz Library in the Hampton Synagogue is named after Harvey's Zeidie. The library is used for Jewish studies,

teaching chess — which Harvey and Gloria sponsor — and a library of Jewish movies. Speaking of movies, Harvey and Gloria also purchased the Hampton movie theater in Westhampton Beach, thereby preventing the closing of the only movie theater in the area. How many people in Westhampton Beach even know that they still have a movie theater only because of Harvey? It was a tremendous nondiscriminatory charitable act that directly affected the quality of life of everyone in the area. By purchasing the theater, they enabled local residents to have nearby access to movies; additionally, they also enabled the Hampton Synagogue to run a movie series of Jewish-related movies, at no charge and open to all, during the summer season.

Harvey's unassuming humility is incredible. I am reminded of the time Harvey was receiving an honorary doctorate from Yeshiva University. Now, I *know* Yeshiva University — I spent twelve of the best years of my life at its high school and university, followed by receiving my rabbinical ordination from the revered Rabbi Josef Ber Soloveitchik. I was asked to hood Harvey in front of the massive crowd assembled at the reception in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, but Harvey didn't let me sit down. Addressing the crowd, he began talking about *me* — extolling my virtues and crediting me for his religious growth. I was moved to tears.

I am blessed to lead a very magnanimous and giving congregation. There are plenty of charitable people, but Harvey is a tremendous blessing and source of inspiration. He sets the tone. He supports my platform to invest tremendous funding toward helping *outside* congregations and institutions — an extraordinary position for a synagogue. Our uniqueness is that we are so giving to others not associated with our community.

During the Gaza War, the UJA granted us an award for raising more than a million dollars within fifteen minutes one Shabbat before reciting *Adon Olam*: most of our success was due to Harvey and Gloria's matching grants. Our synagogue also holds the record in the United States of any synagogue in terms of congregants buying Israel Bonds — to the tune of more than eleven million dollars.

On another occasion, the IDF reached out to various synagogues in the Diaspora, asking them each to raise enough money to help them open one mobile synagogue for the IDF. With the help of Harvey's matching grants,

a frenzied atmosphere of giving filled the synagogue: We raised enough money for *four* mobile synagogues — unheard of.

At the turn of the century, the State of Israel was once again suffering through a spate of deadly attacks. We had always raised astronomical funds for the Jewish state at our annual dinner, and this year would be no different. The theme was "Stand Up and Be Counted," and we decided to honor Harvey and Gloria at the dinner. I went around the room naming everyone and asking them for a special gift for OneFamily, an organization that provides constant support to injured and bereaved families across Israel.

Harvey became a tremendous force at these dinners. His famous matching grants enabled us to reach much higher goals than originally anticipated. When the security situation in Israel prompted a critical need for medical Ambucycles, Harvey's support was crucial in raising these funds for United Hatzalah.

No synagogue in America operates this way — to unify together in support of outside institutions. This is our legacy, and I could have never have done it without Harvey's counsel, criticism, blessing, and support. Harvey and Gloria are my charity partners.

Jewish commentators point out that the Hebrew word for "giving" — *nattan* — is a palindrome. Charity works both ways. Harvey understands the deepest message of philanthropy — that the benefactor is also the beneficiary; the act of giving is also the act of receiving. I know that joy of his philanthropy and his ability to change and inspire has brought him deep inspiration as well. He sees everything in terms of challenging people to help them grow and elevate themselves — which is why many of his matching grants are predicated on one hundred percent participation. Not only does he sponsor, he gets involved. Far from being the distant donor, Harvey really is there to make the gift and then give the institution direction and guidance on how to maximize this potential.

Harvey's high standards in life and attention to detail are simply indescribable. His lifelong dedication to his mother boggles the mind; once again, he has taken the ordinary precept of honoring one's parents and made it extraordinary. Harvey and Gloria have been highly successful in transmitting this perspective and culture to the next generation. Their daughters, Roberta and Alicia, mirror their innovative thinking and open



Harvey with Rabbi Marc Schneier, 2010

generosity. They, too, are completely invested in making a difference in the world around them.

Harvey has been my confidant, a tremendous source of guidance and counsel — on both the professional and personal levels. His thoughts, actions, and words are flavored with spirituality. He may not be a ritualistic person, but he is a spiritual person who constantly reflects upon what is truly meaningful and right in life. And then he goes out and does that in the most extraordinary way. He is a spiritual maximalist. When you love Hashem, you demonstrate that commitment by doing deeds of kindness in the best possible way, to the point of fanaticism — and that very much represents the Kaylie signature: Whatever we do for Hashem, we do in the best way possible.

Harvey is my partner. Whatever projects I have undertaken for the community — and there have been many — I could always count on a call from Harvey with his trademark pledge: "If you need any help whatsoever, just call me." He is, first and foremost, a man of values, not valuables. He is the antithesis of the fixation wealthy people have with status symbols

— boats, homes, cars. He is a man of worth, not wealth. Harvey is a wonderful example; his conduct sets a high ceiling for others to emulate.

Harvey is a man of vision. He understands that casual Jews often become Jewish casualties. He senses with growing alarm that the People of the Book are becoming distanced from their books. He is there to make a difference in Jewish identity, in Jewish education, in Jewish continuity. We have done great things together.

RABBI BENNY ZIPPEL

CHABAD OF UTAH

MY OXYGEN TANK

My wife and I first met Harvey and Gloria in 1994. Gloria's brother, Clifford White, lives in Salt Lake City and they were visiting him at the time. Their visit coincided with one of our first major Jewish programs — a huge party to celebrate the holiday of Purim, which commemorates the defeat of a plot to massacre all the Jews in ancient Persia and beyond. We held the party in a local hotel, expecting a few dozen people, and were flabbergasted when more than two hundred people turned up! It was a total novelty for the local Jewish community.

I struck up a conversation with Harvey, explaining our intention to dedicate the rest of our lives to enriching Jewish life across Utah. Harvey listened attentively. Very few Jews lived in Utah at the time, and Harvey showed immediate curiosity in our activities, clearly impressed that a young couple with small children would move out to Utah and make a lifelong commitment. Harvey began asking a barrage of questions: Why are you doing things this way? Is a different way more productive? How can you maximize your potential? What are your goals?

I was stunned. Within a few minutes, Harvey had zeroed in on the basic elements crucial to our success. He was light years ahead of me in assessing our programs and finding brilliant ways to boost productivity — including a focused eye on better marketing. I quickly realized that Harvey's razor-sharp mind could immediately compartmentalize a wide array of goals, programs, and projects, and sort them in a way that achieved maximum results.

Harvey and Gloria visited us often in our home. They took a genuine interest in our activities. Gloria exuded incredible warmth and friendliness to our family, bonding immediately with our little children. My wife and I found this especially touching. We lived far away from family and friends — this was well before e-mail and instant communication — and our children were lonely. Gloria and Harvey sensed that and stepped in to support our family, both financially and emotionally.

We became even closer as the years went by. I consider Harvey and Gloria to be close friends. Gloria is like a second mother: She always asks about the kids, asks about my wife, and takes a personal interest in our family. She has a knack for connecting the dots between people and

their families. My children see Harvey as a father figure — loving, but firm.

Back then, we were just starting out on our own. Our finances were tight. We counted every dollar, trying to make ends meet on a shoestring budget. We barely had a working car. Then, when our third child was born, Harvey bought us a minivan. That really underscored our feelings that Harvey and Gloria were looking out for us.

As our relationship progressed, Harvey learned more about our activities and became unusually involved in our mission. Throughout all these years, he continued to support and educate me with his unique perspective, always enabling me to do more. "I want you to know that I am your source of oxygen," he always says. "You should always let me know what your shortfall is on any given project. I want you to do the best you can do. Demonstrate it to me and I won't leave you hanging."

Harvey became our quarterback. His word is his bond. He motivates people to earn their money by proving their value and integrity. This, in



The Tess Kaylie Chabad Community Center, Salt Lake City, Utah

turn, propels them to succeed even more. Other donors give generously, ask for recognition, and then walk out of your life. Not Harvey. He creates empowered people who go on to achieve great things in life. This is very rare.

I continued presenting ideas to Harvey. When we discussed the idea of buying a building and turning it into a center for all our activities, Harvey used this again as a teaching experience: He offered me a matching grant, giving me the incentive to raise more money. It also motivated local families to be more generous with their donations. Although this arrangement has become commonplace nowadays, with philanthropists offering matching grants if a certain amount of money is raised, Harvey's idea was ahead of its time. This was typical of his sharp acumen, his brilliant mind that is always racing ahead of everyone else.

It was only with Harvey's help that we were able to purchase our building. The center today houses the main synagogue, a youth lounge, kiddush room, offices, Hebrew school, a *mikvah*, and our winter and summer



Dedication plaque for the Tess Kaylie Chabad Community Center

camps. The social hall holds two hundred people and is the only kosher social hall in the entire state. This building became the nerve center for all our activities across Utah.

Harvey is a private man by nature, someone ill at ease with pomp and publicity, and often cautioned me against honoring him publicly, so it was only much later that I was able to publicly acknowledge Harvey's assistance. (Years later, a different organization wanted to put his name on a project and I suggested that he accept their proposition, explaining that it would lead others to follow his example. People often say, "If so-and-so is donating to this cause, it must be a worthy charity for me to support as well." Harvey agreed.)

I had traveled to Israel to partake in the bar mitzvah of Yoni Yacoby, Harvey's grandson, returning home to Salt Lake City right before Purim. The day passed by in a whirlwind; it was late afternoon when I sat down with my family to eat the festive meal when the phone suddenly rang. Roberta was on the phone with the somber news that Harvey's mother, Tess Kaylie, had just passed away.

I knew better than to tell Harvey I was coming; he would never allow me to leave my family and community on the spur of the moment. I left the meal, drove straight to the airport, purchased a ticket on the spot, and flew to New York for the funeral. I went straight to the cemetery from the airport, where I met Harvey and his family.

After the burial, we went to Harvey's house for the *shiva*. As I stood there watching the line of people filing by Harvey, comforting him in this time of loss, I thought of my gratitude for everything he did for me, my family, and the community in Utah, and I felt something give within my heart. I sat across Harvey and said, "I would like to ask for the privilege of naming our building after your mother."

"How much should I give for this dedication?" Harvey softly asked.

"Nothing," I said firmly. "I want to do this in honor of all the financial and emotional support you have given our family and community throughout the years."

Harvey was deeply moved. Tears came to his eyes. He gratefully accepted my idea and, since then, it is our honor and privilege to have our center proudly bear the name: the Tess Kaylie Chabad Community Center.



Alicia, Roberta, and some of their children visiting the Tess Kaylie Chabad Community Center, 2014

RIPPLING OUTWARD

Harvey and Gloria are big fans of scholarships. They feel deeply that *all* children should be able to have a full camp or day school experience — even those whose families cannot afford to pay tuition. Thanks to their generosity, many dozens of children make great strides in our schools, or enjoy themselves at our summer camp and programs.

Harvey and Gloria owned a house in Utah. When they visited, Harvey attended services in our synagogue and was very personable with people in the community. Harvey looked moved the first time I put on *tefillin* with

him, and I understood that this act had brought back a flood of memories — his grandfather, the *shtibel* they attended in Williamsburg, and the life lessons he gained during those formative years.

I sometimes had the privilege of hosting Harvey and Gloria at the *Kinus* — an annual event when Chabad emissaries from around the world gather in New York City for a truly uplifting weekend, returning home with renewed enthusiasm and energy. Chabad emissaries number about 4,500 worldwide, and can be found in the most remote locations, so these events are both exciting and inspiring. When my son was nine years old, he addressed the tremendous crowd assembled at the lavish sit-down banquet that marks the close of the *Kinus*. Harvey got a kick out of seeing this little



Harvey and Gloria walking the halls of congress, 2013

kid he knew for so many years get up to speak in front of thousands of people.

We share in each other's celebrations. Harvey and Gloria participated in the marriage of our children and we were very appreciative that they flew to the West Coast for our son's wedding in Palo Alto, California. We joined Harvey and Gloria in many of their family celebrations as well, but I would like to mention two specific occasions.

On Wednesday, May 22, 2013, I flew to Washington for a very special event. The United States government was holding a "Tribute to American Jewry," as part of the Jewish American Heritage Month proclaimed by President Obama and the United States Congress. Intended to celebrate the numerous contributions American Jews have made in the arts, sciences, medicine, business, and government, many illustrious senators and representatives attended the event.

Representative Debbie Wasserman-Schultz presented an award to Harvey and Gloria for their advocacy and support of OHEL, an organization that helps people of all ages surmount everyday challenges and heal from trauma. Harvey and Gloria provided OHEL with the seed capital to open the groundbreaking Camp Kaylie — the first ever integrated summer camp for kids of *all* abilities.

Their grandsons, Hudson and Lee, were part of the delegation to Washington. Just imagine what an impression it must have made on them to see Zeidie and Ma (as Gloria is lovingly known by her grandchildren) being honored in Congress! As we walked through the hallways of power, I began thinking about this golden family chain — how Harvey's Zeidie imbued his grandson with principles for life, and now Harvey was imbuing his own grandchildren with the same values. "This is all about family and your grandchildren," I remarked to Harvey.

"Yes, it is," he replied, agreeing to my suggestion to put on *tefillin*. It is difficult for me to adequately describe my emotions as I watched Harvey put on *tefillin* right there in the stately Capitol building. I could imagine Harvey's grandfather beaming as he looked down to see how much his descendants have achieved while still retaining strong pride in their Jewish identity.

And so, as I travel around Utah visiting Jews in need of assistance and inspiration, my thoughts always return to Harvey and Gloria, our support pillars for our Jewish activities in Utah. They were there for us at a very



Harvey donning tefillin with Lee, Hudson, and Rabbi Benny

crucial time, right at the very beginning. They built the bedrock upon which our activities stand, remaining steadfast to this commitment to this very day. Much like a stone dropped in a pond, creating ripples that radiate outward, Harvey and Gloria gave us the tools and laid the foundation that enabled us to "ripple outward," to grow and expand.

As I drive the highways across Utah, passing the enormous plains surrounded by majestic, snow-capped mountains, I think of Harvey and Gloria, who were there for me at the very beginning and empowered me to flourish and reach far beyond my expectations, enabling me to help Jews scattered across the Beehive State. Harvey defines what it means to be a *mensch*. Although the word *mensch* has migrated into English, it's not easy to adequately define this Yiddish word. The key to being a real *mensch* is nothing less than character and dignity — a sense of what is right and responsible. Such people call forth the greatest admiration,

because the rarity of these values has turned the term into the highest compliment.

That, to me, sums up Harvey's character. My family remains fortunate to be so close to this great man and learn so many lessons from his beautiful life.



Tess and Harvey, 1982

RABBI REUVEN SASON

HEAD OF HESDER YESHIVA AND KOLLEL, RAMAT HASHARON

A PRECIOUS MOSAIC

My acquaintance with Harvey began when he was already an older man, a grandfather. I did not have the privilege to be his childhood friend, someone who accompanied him throughout much of his life. In fact, we have met on relatively few occasions. Furthermore, we each move within very different spheres: He is a man of the world, whereas I have almost never set foot outside the Torah study hall; he is involved in technology, I study Torah; I am a young man, he is dozens of years older; we speak different languages; a vast ocean separates our homes.

It seems that I should have very little to say about Harvey's life. Surprisingly, when I sit down to write about Harvey, I am filled with deep emotion, as though I were writing about a childhood friend with whom I have shared meaningful times and significant life events. A feeling of a deep, enduring friendship pulsates very strongly.

The feeling is not only of connection and friendship, but also of deep *familiarity*. True friends understand each other, without having to explain these feelings in many words and detailed descriptions. Knowing someone for many years helps this internal relationship to develop, because living their lives together — crossing paths so many times and being loyal friends — causes each person to become an integral part of the other's life.

This is the way I feel about Harvey, who connected to the deepest parts of my personality and my life. The thoughts he expressed and wrote to me about myself surprised me with their precision. Very rarely have I met someone who knows me as deeply as Harvey does. The way he expressed himself when we met, in such a genuine, deep, pure, and pristine way, made me feel as though I have known him since he was a child, since the days when he admiringly looked up to his grandfather and attentively absorbed his life lessons — lessons that ingrain modesty, integrity, and sincerity.

I do feel this is a "window" to understanding Harvey's unique personality. From the look in his eyes and the way he speaks, he bears the thoughtfulness of an older person advanced in days, mixed with the innocence of a young child. His depth of thought, acquired through life experiences and challenges, is combined with the courage and innocence drawn from

the fountains of youthful simplicity. His accomplishments are intertwined with deep lessons learned from central figures in his life.

We know that events in our life are a gift from God. Our lives are planned precisely, enabling us to build character, step by step, stage by stage — childhood, adolescence, adulthood, old age. Every stage of our lives, their challenges and events, are deliberately sent from Above. We have freedom of choice to decide how to react and use the good gifts; how to draw strength, life, and meaning from everything that happens; and how to grow from our challenges.

About our forefather Abraham, the Torah uses a very special phrase: "And Abraham was old, advanced in days." The phrase "advanced in days" tells us that all of Abraham's days advanced with him. Not a single moment was left behind, neglected or void of meaning. Every experience left its mark and shaped his personality. Even when he was old, it was possible to see all of his days, all of which were involved in the finished product — a ripe old age, rich in flavors and colors.

There are people who would be happy to erase some of their past. Some make an effort to keep on living despite certain chapters in their lives. Others are happy about the course of their lives, but do not necessarily carry the days they experienced into old age, to use them and glean wisdom, sensitivity, and goodness. Then there are special people who grew wise from every moment in their lives, collecting an eternal kernel from each experience and ingraining it in their personalities; these kernels accompany them on the rest of their journey, both in this world and in the World to Come.

Extremely special people have literally woven themselves a special garment fashioned of threads and strands picked from every step in their lives. This is the work of an artisan. It is a mosaic of precious stones, a finished product of breathtaking beauty, rich in colors and filled with elements from every stage of life. These special people maintain their childhood vigor; their vivacity and innocence are not lost when their eyes are opened to the complexity of life. Their youthful optimism is not fractured, despite tragedy and pain. Sophistication does not replace honesty; the desire to advance and gain does not erase their love for others.

This is what I feel about Harvey. I saw someone advanced in days, whose life story is woven in a unique and heartwarming way. Like a person standing between two mirrors, who sees a mirror within a mirror, within

another mirror, and sees his own reflection an infinite number of times, the chapters of Harvey's life lie layer atop layer, all connected and complementing each other — like a vintage wine that embodies several flavors at once, fresh and aged to perfection.

Harvey carries his genuine self in such a pure, simple way that the people he encounters feel these shades of his personality. While conversing with him, I felt that I was meeting him as a child and as a grandfather — as a young man dealing with early life challenges and, simultaneously, as the head of a tremendous company operating on a global scale.

THE ART OF HUMILITY

Harvey's humility and the deep respect he pays to every person make him a pleasant, open, and approachable person. There are no façades. People are very good at covering their personalities with all sorts of façades. We hide our beautiful souls from ourselves and others when we hide behind these screens and shields.

Human nature is complex; sometimes competitive, sometimes defensive, sometimes vulnerable. The truth is that every person has a good, pleasant soul inside — as is evident in children, before they have donned the adult, closed-off mask. A child can captivate others with innocence, charm, and sweetness. The soul is spectacular and enchanting, but as a person ages, the obstacles in life cause the soul to disappear behind a closed curtain, and the dust and dirt that are kicked up hide its inner purity.

I have not seen this in Harvey. He has remained pure and open, his external persona perfectly mirroring his inner soul, without façades. His wisdom and sharpness, together with inner strength, enable him to rise above a threatening world. He is not afraid to bring out his true character in an open and pleasant way, frank without pretenses — without attempting to impress anyone.

I felt this deeply whenever I met Harvey. When you see a character trait impressed in the depths of the soul, it is proof that the trait is permanent, fixed, and expressed in all interactions. It is an integral part of everything the person does, every expression of the precious soul inside.

There are many people with various talents. However, sometimes specifically these talents cause a person to be overly preoccupied with personal advancement. Sometimes, this breeds a degree of arrogance. Humility is the ability to put our focus aside, to marshal all our talents to help someone else. A sharp mind, willpower, and emotion can all be used to improve someone else's life. This can be compared to the ability to lend our tools or our car to someone else; in the same way, a person can "lend" his friends his deepest and highest-quality talents received as a gift from God.

Doing so is no easy task. Self-love causes us to apply our mind, emotions, and desires to further our own life and personal dreams, as we concentrate on achieving more success and happiness. This is human nature. Of course, people are also naturally kind and pleasant toward others, but our souls and strengths are tightly bound to personal success.

Humility is the ability to put ourselves aside and bring someone else into our heart. Thus, for great people who possess humility, the deep joy within them is expressed in their ability to give their dearest assets — their mind, heart, desire, and attention — to help others. Not only are these people able to divert these powers away from their private lives, but they also feel great joy and a sense of deep meaning when doing so. They feel that everything they were given in this world was given to them for everyone's benefit. This explains why the sages of the Talmud compare the lives of very righteous people to a desert — a place that belongs to everyone and to no one. These people feel meaningful when their lives have value that enhances other people's lives, not just their own.

Inner strengths are our most precious assets. It is unusually difficult to remove our personal interests from these strengths and channel them to those in need. Only a pure person with an open heart and humility can do this — to totally concentrate his or her strengths, thoughts, desires, and emotions to help others grow meaningfully, solve challenges, overcome obstacles in their lives, and see them become empowered and thriving.

This is not a simple feat, especially because the natural feeling that exists between two people is closer to rivalry over successes in life, honor, social status, careers, and the like. This is the primary force that holds the soul back from dedicating itself to someone else. Additionally, our self-love hampers our ability to momentarily "turn off" our intensive involvement in our own life and "lend" these strengths to helping others. It is therefore rare to find a person who is able to concentrate this energy toward others.

With Harvey, not only did I sense that he directs all his energy toward helping others — in thought, heart, and desire — but I also sensed his deep feeling of enjoyment when concentrating his thoughts on making things better for others — whether at-risk children, college students, yeshiva students, or just other people. This pleasure is infused with inner meaning. It is clear to him that the many talents that God gave him — intellect, wisdom, and sharpness of mind, coupled with a sensitive heart and attention to detail, were not meant for advancing his personal success, but rather for the entire world.

Much like a person holding a powerful flashlight, standing in a dark cave and illuminating the entire area for everyone passing through, the impression I got from Harvey's personality is of being on a mission: His entire personal life is a tool to carry out this mission, to help others find the ray of light in their lives. His surroundings and relationships with people are not to enhance his own quality of life, but are the means that enable him to enhance the lives of others.[3]

I admire Harvey deeply. I see him filled with grace, yet still a man of

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3. Permit me to delve deeper with a parenthetical comment. The Torah says we are God's children. Commentaries clarify that just as the father's nature is present in his children, so too, we have a pure, divine spark within us, a paradigm of what is Above. A person's highest achievement is to emulate and follow in God's footsteps. When the branch below acts like the source, it clings to the light, like a spark connecting to fire.

   Elaborating on this idea, there is an esoteric book written by Rabbi Moshe Cordovero (a great Kabbalist who lived more than five hundred years ago), in which he details the characteristics of God and demonstrates how a person can behave in a parallel manner, thereby clinging to the holiness of the Creator.

   Rabbi Moshe writes that Godly wisdom constantly concentrates on positive thoughts, contemplating how to do good for His creation. Similarly, a person must use his wisdom for others. Specifically, someone gifted with wisdom and intellect must act as the "eyes" for others, to help them make their lives more pleasant and lead them to find success and joy. A person who uses his wisdom in the same way as God becomes similar to the Creator. The natural result is that God blesses him with holiness and success. In fact, the Torah commands us: "You shall walk in His ways;" we are enjoined to be like God and use our strengths just as He does.

   As such, a person who uses his intellect for the good of the many is not only a moral and good person, but is also acting in a spiritually meaningful way, performing an eternal task that soars to the heights of Heaven, to the source of all creation, where man and all his strengths were formed.

the world, someone who reminds me of the verse in Proverbs, "the humble evoke grace." Who has special grace? Those who possess the trait of humility. In esoteric books of Jewish wisdom, the trait of humility is described in a very unique manner. It is called "the trait of simplicity." What does that mean?

Harvey's value comes from within his soul and personality. Very few are able to see beyond all titles and external definitions. To understand this, consider the opposite trait: pride. An arrogant person is someone who tries to show that he possesses something of virtue that is worthy of public esteem — power, money, or other talents. Prideful people try to generate self-importance by emphasizing their commendable traits. The world admires wisdom, people who possess wisdom promote themselves by saying, "I am smart." Someone who has a lot of money is liable to take this blessing and use it to generate honor. An arrogant man brands himself with talents held in universal esteem. The result? He is always under pressure not to lose the title — the wise man is under pressure not to make a mistake, or is worried someone wiser than him will come along and make him look less impressive.

If we consider this deeply, a prideful person's true problem is, in fact, his *lack* of self-esteem. The absurdity is obvious-what is more important, the person or his wisdom and money? Surely the person alone is the dearest thing that exists; it contains a holy soul whose value is inestimable.



Harvey and Rabbi Reuven Sason discussing the future, Great Neck, New York, 2017

Thus, defining self-worth with an external title is in fact disrespecting our genuine value!

Humble people personify the opposite. They derive value from the "me" — the holy soul. Connected to their inner self, they are never distracted to run blindly after empty titles. A person who defines himself and his worth by his money can no longer wear simple clothing or talk like an ordinary person. The title sets his status. But a person whose true value is derived from his inner self is not dependent on money, control or status. Such a person transcends titles. Success does not make this person callous, nor does he feel superior. What determines importance is the simple fact that humans are created in the image of God. Therefore, he respects others as equals.

Harvey has attained a purity that is unclouded by his titles and achievements, his impressive wisdom, or his financial success. All of these things are tools with which to live, but they do not define his life and self-esteem. His personality encourages, inspires, and empowers those around him.

The nature of humble people is that they concentrate on the virtues of those around them instead of emphasizing personal successes. This is why they are beloved by everyone, because people love those who see their positive sides. Harvey is one of the rare people who can give criticism, and not only is it accepted favorably, but it also makes the recipient appreciate him even more. The recipient senses that the criticism stems from trust, a form of empowerment to reach greater achievements — not coming from someone who enjoys highlighting other people's flaws to boost his own ego. This is because Harvey embodies true humility, simplicity in life, and self-respect, thereby connecting to the inherent value of every person.

A LIFE OF MEANING

Harvey is an especially benevolent person. In Judaism, there are two concepts that refer to giving to others: benevolence and mercy. The difference between them is vast.

Mercy is an emotion that is aroused when a person sees someone needy, which moves him to help improve the situation. In contrast, benevolence is not necessarily aroused because someone else needs it. Rather, a person can be sitting in his own home and feel a burning desire to do good for the world, to make a difference. The result is that he will go look for ways to help someone in need.

The Torah teaches us that this was the trait of our forefather Abraham;

even when he was sick, he sat at the entrance of his tent, in the heat of the desert, and looked for guests. When he saw travelers walking nearby, he ran after them and begged them to enter his tent, to eat and rest. In mercy, when someone knocks on the door, you open the door to let him in. In benevolence, you search for people who need you.

People who have reached this level of benevolence have achieved recognition that the true meaning of life is for others. They are receptive to their souls' message that nothing is greater than influencing others. All of their personal needs become tools for this purpose. They are very important, but they are not the bottom line. Rather, they are means of reaching the greater purpose, which is broader than they are themselves.

A person who has reached this level has essentially encountered eternity, because our surroundings are eternal. Every good deed we do for others and for the greater public lasts for eternity. On this level, a person senses the soul's desire to do as much good as possible, for as many people as possible.

This special characteristic of Harvey, the trait of benevolence and of a life of meaning, became apparent to me most inspiringly during the difficult period of his illness. People who merit sensing the true worth of their souls find the strength to triumph over personal challenges and obstacles. When a person's body is weakened by a serious, painful disease, they are liable to lose heart and sink into deep depression. Opportunities in life are closed to them because of their physical limitations.

This is not the case with great people who have reached the inner conviction that their lives exist to help others. To them, the goal is not personal. Even if they feel limited physically, their spirit is unbroken, because the spirit is connected to eternity, even when the body is weakened.

When the meaning of life is personal advancement, then a person's happiness is dependent on the ability to fulfill personal desires. But when, in the depths of the heart, there resonates a deep, powerful calling that the meaning of life is greater than the person — that he is a messenger for something greater than the fate of his personal life — his spirit remains strong and independent of physical limitations.

In fact, such people surprise others by turning physical challenges into springboards for advancement. The sight of this rare phenomenon — of a person with a strong spirit who triumphs over debilitating illnesses, the sight of a person whose body is broken but whose spirit is strong — sends

a powerful message to the world: It is possible to triumph over death and disease. Although there is no physical cure, the spirit itself remains free, deriving its happiness from sources beyond the physical realm.

I have personally seen Harvey personify everything I have written here — not in speeches or formal announcements, but in practical application, step after step, in his special and deep life that teaches anyone who watches him attentively. It is easy to preach inspiring ideas, but human weakness usually puts a damper on those ideas. This is not the case with Harvey. Anyone who has seen him during his illness can literally see his great spirit that triumphs over physical pain — to the extent that he is even capable of using his illness to praise the internal quality of life.

This spirit drives him to think even more intensively about his surroundings, to feel the true meaning of our presence in the world — not for ourselves, but for others. His spirit has succeeded in feeling that it is not dependent on the body, to such an extent that before an operation to amputate his foot, Harvey could say, "Thank you for all of the fine years of service; your role has ended and I will continue life happily without you." This is an exemplary case of a person who has overcome physical limitations and connected to the wellsprings of eternity within the soul.

During this very difficult time, I was privileged to write a few letters of encouragement to Harvey with concepts pertaining to illness and the potential within setbacks. Harvey enjoyed these letters. He made me feel that I was encouraging him with my words, but the truth is, I felt like a student, not a teacher. I am constantly reminded about the words of our sages: "Some preach well, others fulfill well." Seeing Harvey practice what he preaches was a tremendous lesson for me. More than I gave Harvey with those letters, I received from him, because I was able to see firsthand how truth is put into practice. His example is greater than any spoken or written word.

FINDING POTENTIAL

One of the dearest gifts — if not *the* dearest gift — people can receive is the ability to know themselves and recognize the potential in their character.

I am referring to the type of recognition that fills people with powerful energy to achieve their potential and make it happen.

Recognizing this energy and acting upon it are not two separate entities. Rather, this realization is itself the energy to meet our potential. What is truly necessary is a deep familiarity with this light, to convince ourselves of its power. Potential is hidden, dormant in the depths of our soul. Weaknesses, fears, and shortcomings are apparent to the eye. We need God's blessing to break through these external levels, to connect with our potential.

A person is like a seed — everything is stored potentially, but it looks like a tiny speck. There is no relation between the hidden potential and the way it looks in reality. The difference between a huge tree and a seed is tremendous, but it is the seed that contains within it the potential for the entire tree. Although we know that every seed can become a huge tree if tended properly, we do not necessarily feel the same way about ourselves. We tend to measure our strengths and capabilities based on the present, on the successes of the moment.

It is very difficult to identify potential, appreciate its strength, and imagine its development. After all, an apricot seed is different from a peach seed, and people are different, too; each person has his or her unique destiny and specific capabilities to reach this destiny.

Just as we can be unaware of our inner potential, despite the fact that we feel an inner push to achieve self-realization, certainly it is logical that this potential is hidden from other people, who see only our external layer. This is why people tend to assess others superficially, measuring their strengths according to what is apparent to the eye.

But there are those with the special talent and spirit to assess others not only according to their outward strengths, or even strengths just below the surface about to become apparent — rather, they identify very deep strengths hidden in the depths of their personalities — sometimes hidden even from the persons themselves.

People like these are not just wise or sharp; this ability goes far beyond these traits. It is the trait of a righteous person — a person of faith, with a pure heart, who has found within himself the purity necessary to see the light within others. Usually, people are very busy with themselves, which causes their level of attentiveness toward others to be pretty low. To identify the light in someone else, a person needs to be capable of turning the

heart's attention toward the special light in others. Such a great person must be free of contention or rivalry, which prevent us from hearing the unique melody of the other person's soul.

There are different levels among such people. Some feel the talents and potential hidden in others to a certain degree; some can not only estimate the strengths, but can literally see them. Clearly convinced that these reserves of light and blessing exist, they actually give the other person the power of genuine faith in these strengths.

When someone sees a beautiful landscape with his or her own eyes and describes it with clarity, the soul senses the truth in the words and accepts them wholeheartedly. This is not the case with estimates or guesses; the soul senses doubts and does not accept platitudes with genuine conviction.

Even among those who clearly see the hidden potential in others, some need to know the other person for an extended period of time, to see how they react in different situations in order to understand their hidden potential. But extremely special people blessed with wisdom and purity can, within a short time, feel and touch the deepest points in another person's soul. They have been granted Divine grace, a special blessing given to them by God, and they use this blessing to bestow the most wonderful gift: the ability to teach others to find their potential.

Similar to parents who bring a child into the world, such people "give birth" to the light and blessing hidden within others. Just as there is no joy like the joy of birth and self-realization, so too, there are no deeper feelings of gratitude than those felt toward the special person who instills within us the belief in our capabilities. The privilege of meeting such a person is a gift from heaven, a smile that God smiles at the person. God sends a loyal messenger, a person with great wisdom and humility, someone focused on empowering others.

Harvey truly embodies the words we say at the end of our prayers — "my soul shall be like dust to everyone." Seeds resting in the dust become trees, but the dust asks for no reward; its reward is the joy of seeing the trees nurtured from its soil. The same is true of Harvey, who understands that the most precious treasure is people's souls, and he invests his strength and talents in "growing" as many people as possible — giving them the gift of themselves, bringing them blessing and joy.

God smiled a very special smile at me, a smile filled with benevolence. This smile appeared as a dear gift I received from God. This gift is Harvey.

What I barely dared to dream about myself was as clear to him as daylight. When I hesitated, he already "decided" by virtue of his penetrating conviction. He radiates clear inspiration.

Not content with guidance alone, Harvey progresses to the next stage — actualization. Neither relenting nor compromising, he motivated me until things began to fall into place. Afterward, he continued to guide, advise, and, especially, radiate empowering faith. While I am trying to implement things in the present, he is already thinking ahead, in the next stages — all with love and fatherly warmth, with deep humility, acting as though he were receiving from me.

This is so wondrous to me, because the outward differences between our lives are so vast. Yet, after such a short and quick acquaintance, this amazing connection developed, with spectacular results. There is no doubt that Harvey is a very great person; I know this with utmost certainty. Not by virtue of understanding the huge projects and the global business empire he has established (about which I know very little), but thanks to our special familiarity. The window he opened to the light within me caused me to marvel in awe at the light within him.

Meeting Harvey changed my life. I am confident that there are many others like me who credit their creativity to Harvey, and feel deep gratitude toward Harvey for being both the dedicated gardener and, simultaneously, the fertile soil enabling them to grow from a seed into a vibrant, flourishing tree.

ANNEXES

GLOSSARY

Bar mitzvah: religious initiation ceremony of a Jewish boy at age 13, who is now regarded as ready to observe religious precepts

Bat mitzvah: religious initiation ceremony of a Jewish girl at age 12, who is now regarded as ready to observe religious precepts

Bashert: the concept that events are preordained by Divine Providence; "it was meant to be"

Beit Hamikdash: the Jewish Temple that stood in Jerusalem

Chanukah: Jewish festival, lasting eight days and marked by the successive kindling of eight lights, commemorating the rededication of the Temple in 165 BCE by the Maccabees

Chesed: acts of kindness and charity

Chuppah: Jewish wedding canopy

Dayan: special judges trained and accredited to rule according to Jewish Law

Haftorah: selected verses from the Prophets read on the Shabbat day after the Torah is read.

Haggadah: compendium of prayers and songs recited at the Passover Seder, commemorating the Exodus from Egypt

Hesder: Israeli yeshiva program that combines Talmudic studies with military service in the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF)

Kiddush: informal meal or collation, usually in the synagogue, at the conclusion of the prayer services of the Sabbath

Kippa: skullcap (in Yiddish, *yarmulke*)

Kollel: institute for full-time, advanced study of Talmud and religious texts

Kotel: the Western Wall (sometimes referred to as the Wailing Wall) in Jerusalem

Oneg Shabbat: a celebratory gathering services, often with food, singing, discussion, and socializing, on the Sabbath

Pesach: Passover, celebration of the Exodus of the Jewish nation from slavery in Egypt

Pushka: charity box

Rosh Hashanah: the Jewish New Year

Rosh yeshiva: the dean, or "head," of a Jewish school

Sefer Torah: Torah scroll containing the Five Books of Moses, inscribed on parchment

Shabbat: Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath

Shtibel: smaller, somewhat informal synagogue

Schnapps: strong alcoholic drink

Shul: synagogue

Tallit: prayer shawl

Tefillin: phylacteries, ritual black boxes containing parchments scrolls with Biblical verses, donned by Jewish men on the head and arm during prayers

Tikkun olam: Jewish concept defined by acts of kindness performed to "repair" the world, often used when discussing social policy and safeguarding those who may be at a disadvantage

Torah: central reference of religious Judaic tradition, which can refer the Five Books of Moses exclusively, or to the larger body of religious texts

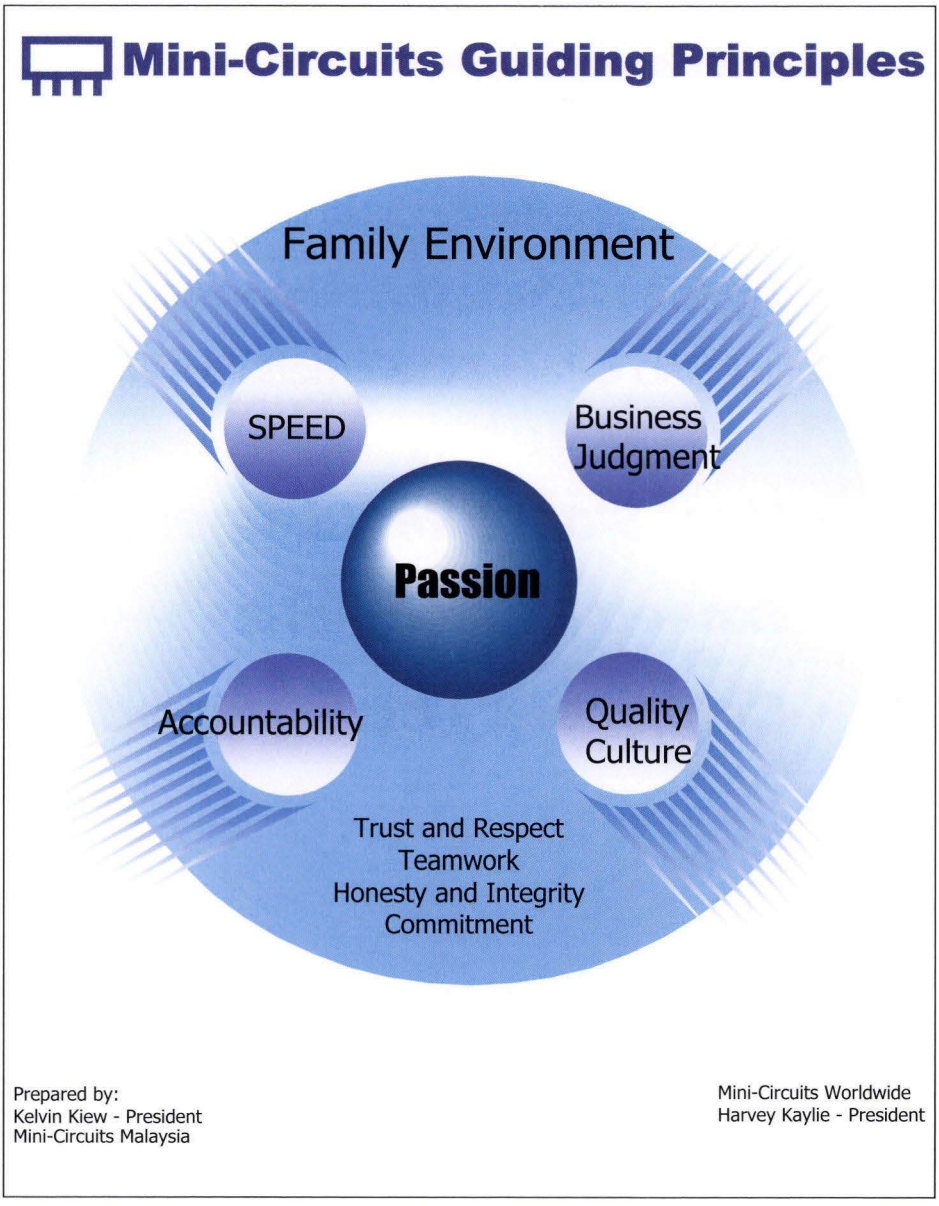
Tzedaka: charity

Yahrzeit: anniversary of the passing of a loved one

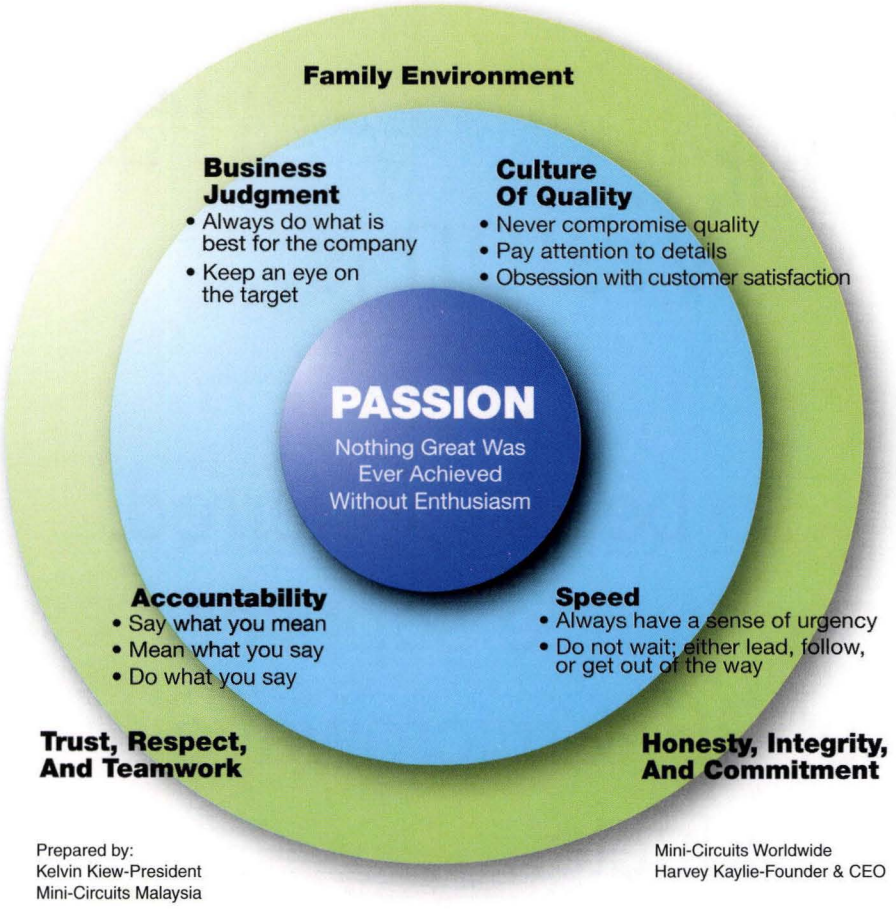
Yarmulke: skullcap (in Hebrew, *kippa*)

Yom Kippur: Jewish Day of Atonement

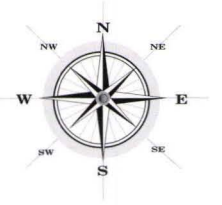
APPENDIX


Mini-Circuits Guiding Principles
Family Environment
SPEED
Business Judgment
Passion
Accountability
Quality Culture
Trust and Respect
Teamwork
Honesty and Integrity
Commitment
Prepared by:
Kelvin Kiew - President
Mini-Circuits Malaysia
Mini-Circuits Worldwide
Harvey Kaylie - President


QUALITY POLICY
Mini-Circuits® Quality Policy
is to provide products and services to our
internal and external customers that will:
• Meet Stated Requirements
• Exceed Expectations
• Continuously be Improved
Mini-Circuits®
ISO 9001 ISO 14001 AS9100



Our Commitment To You Never Ends



Our Vision is…

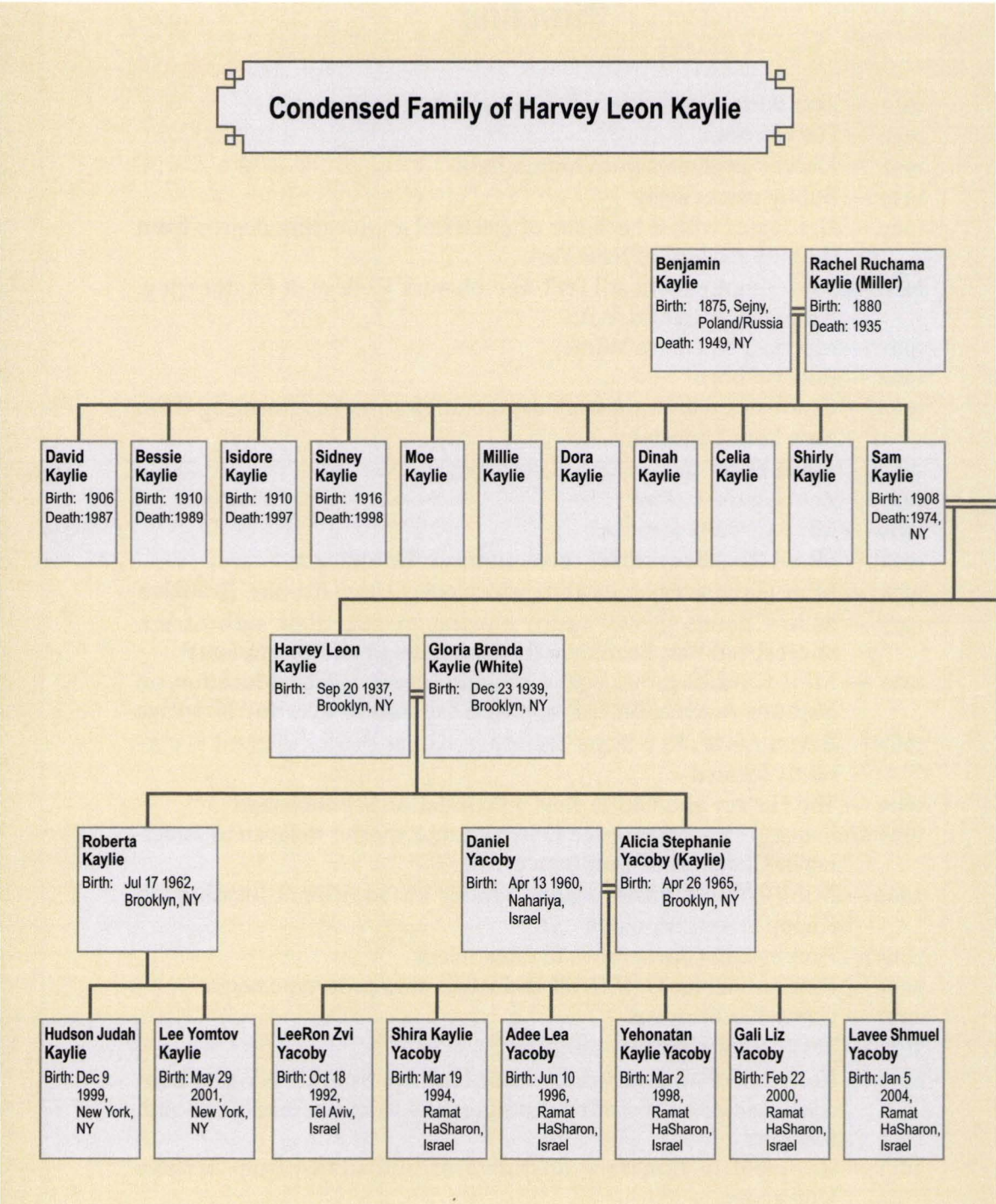
…to be the preferred, worldwide supplier of RF & microwave products.

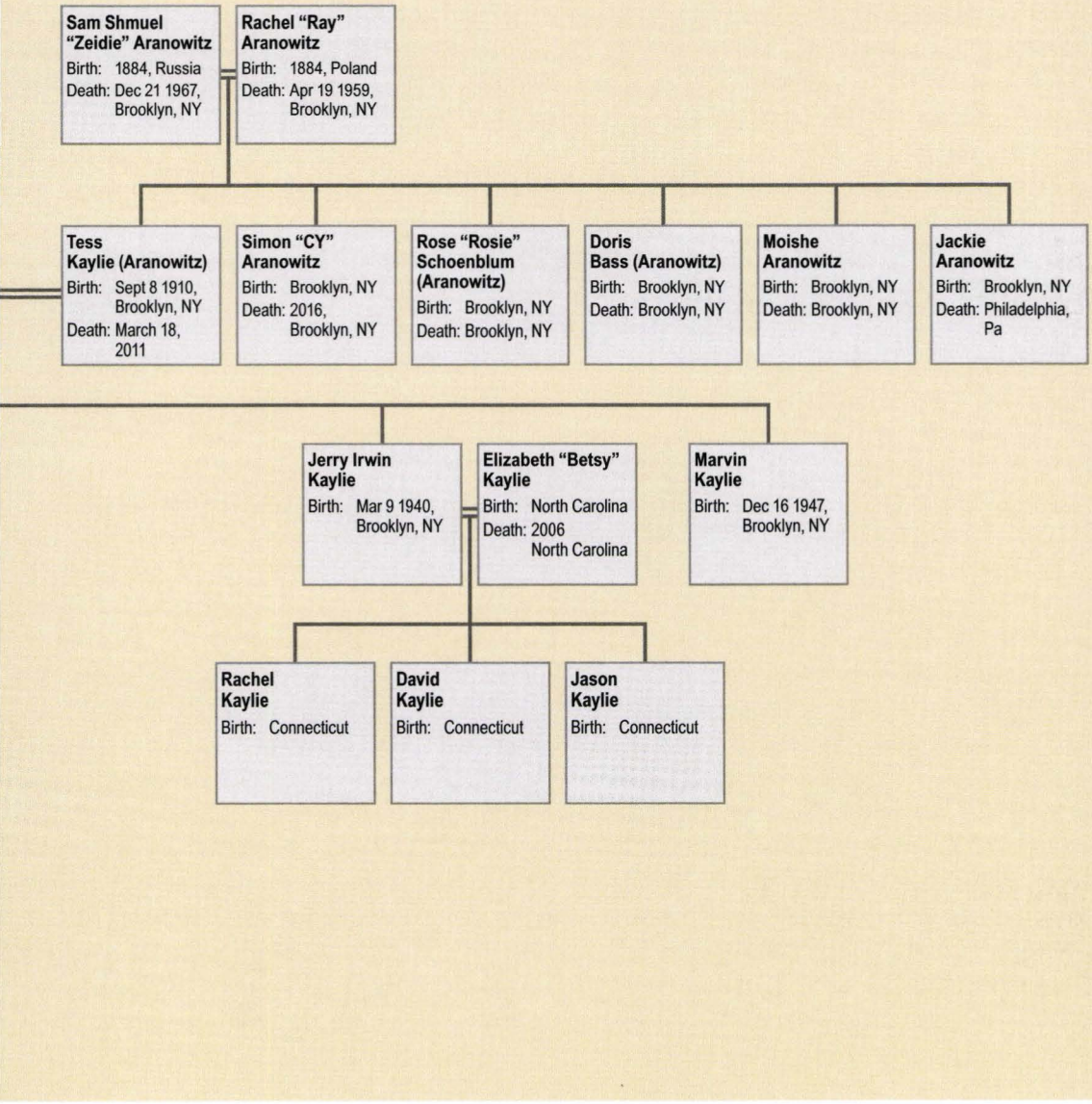
Mini-Circuits®

PN 6-1 Rev Org

Timeline

1910 — Tess born
1937 — Harvey born
1952 — Harvey graduates from high school
1959 — Bubby passes away
1960 — Graduates with a bachelor of electrical engineering degree from the City College of New York
1960–1969 — Employment at IT&T and Newark College of Engineering, Amperex, Fairchild, AIL
1961 — Marriage to Gloria White
1962 — Roberta born
1964 — Graduates with a master's degree in electrical engineering from New York University
1965 — Alicia born
1967 — Zeidie passes away
1969 — Mini-Circuits founded
1972 — SRA-1 frequency mixer revolutionizes the industry
1974 — Mini-Circuits expands and moves to 837 Utica Avenue, Brooklyn
1977 — Mini-Circuits grows again, moving to 2625 East 14th Street, Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn; Ravon begins operations in Israel
1982 — Mini-Circuits grows again, moving into its current location on Neptune Avenue, Brooklyn; Ravon expands to Acre and Nahariya
1987 — Ravon moves to a larger facility in Kiryat Bialik, where it is currently located
1999 — The Harvey and Gloria Kaylie Foundation is established
1999 and 2002 — Ravon awarded Outstanding Exporter to Japan by Israel-Japan Chamber of Commerce
2000 — Mini-Circuits grows again, adding an additional location on Knapp Street, Brooklyn
2005 — Harvey and Gloria move to Great Neck
2006 — Discussions for OHEL's all-inclusive camp prototype begin
2010 — Camp Kaylie opens
2011 — Tess passes away
2012 — Recipient of honorary doctorate of science from CCNY, and honorary doctorate of electrical engineering from University of South Florida
2013 — Recipient of honorary doctorate of humanities from Yeshiva University


Condensed Family of Harvey Leon Kaylie
Benjamin Kaylie
Birth: 1875, Sejny, Poland/Russia
Death: 1949, NY
Rachel Ruchama Kaylie (Miller)
Birth: 1880
Death: 1935
David Kaylie
Birth: 1906
Death: 1987
Bessie Kaylie
Birth: 1910
Death: 1989
Isidore Kaylie
Birth: 1910
Death: 1997
Sidney Kaylie
Birth: 1916
Death: 1998
Moe Kaylie
Millie Kaylie
Dora Kaylie
Dinah Kaylie
Celia Kaylie
Shirly Kaylie
Sam Kaylie
Birth: 1908
Death: 1974, NY
Harvey Leon Kaylie
Birth: Sep 20 1937, Brooklyn, NY
Gloria Brenda Kaylie (White)
Birth: Dec 23 1939, Brooklyn, NY
Roberta Kaylie
Birth: Jul 17 1962, Brooklyn, NY
Daniel Yacoby
Birth: Apr 13 1960, Nahariya, Israel
Alicia Stephanie Yacoby (Kaylie)
Birth: Apr 26 1965, Brooklyn, NY
Hudson Judah Kaylie
Birth: Dec 9 1999, New York, NY
Lee Yomtov Kaylie
Birth: May 29 2001, New York, NY
LeeRon Zvi Yacoby
Birth: Oct 18 1992, Tel Aviv, Israel
Shira Kaylie Yacoby
Birth: Mar 19 1994, Ramat HaSharon, Israel
Adee Lea Yacoby
Birth: Jun 10 1996, Ramat HaSharon, Israel
Yehonatan Kaylie Yacoby
Birth: Mar 2 1998, Ramat HaSharon, Israel
Gali Liz Yacoby
Birth: Feb 22 2000, Ramat HaSharon, Israel
Lavee Shmuel Yacoby
Birth: Jan 5 2004, Ramat HaSharon, Israel


Sam Shmuel "Zeidie" Aranowitz
Birth: 1884, Russia
Death: Dec 21 1967, Brooklyn, NY
Rachel "Ray" Aranowitz
Birth: 1884, Poland
Death: Apr 19 1959, Brooklyn, NY
Tess Kaylie (Aranowitz)
Birth: Sept 8 1910, Brooklyn, NY
Death: March 18, 2011
Simon "CY" Aranowitz
Birth: Brooklyn, NY
Death: 2016, Brooklyn, NY
Rose "Rosie" Schoenblum (Aranowitz)
Birth: Brooklyn, NY
Death: Brooklyn, NY
Doris Bass (Aranowitz)
Birth: Brooklyn, NY
Death: Brooklyn, NY
Moishe Aranowitz
Birth: Brooklyn, NY
Death: Brooklyn, NY
Jackie Aranowitz
Birth: Brooklyn, NY
Death: Philadelphia, Pa
Jerry Irwin Kaylie
Birth: Mar 9 1940, Brooklyn, NY
Elizabeth "Betsy" Kaylie
Birth: North Carolina
Death: 2006 North Carolina
Marvin Kaylie
Birth: Dec 16 1947, Brooklyn, NY
Rachel Kaylie
Birth: Connecticut
David Kaylie
Birth: Connecticut
Jason Kaylie
Birth: Connecticut