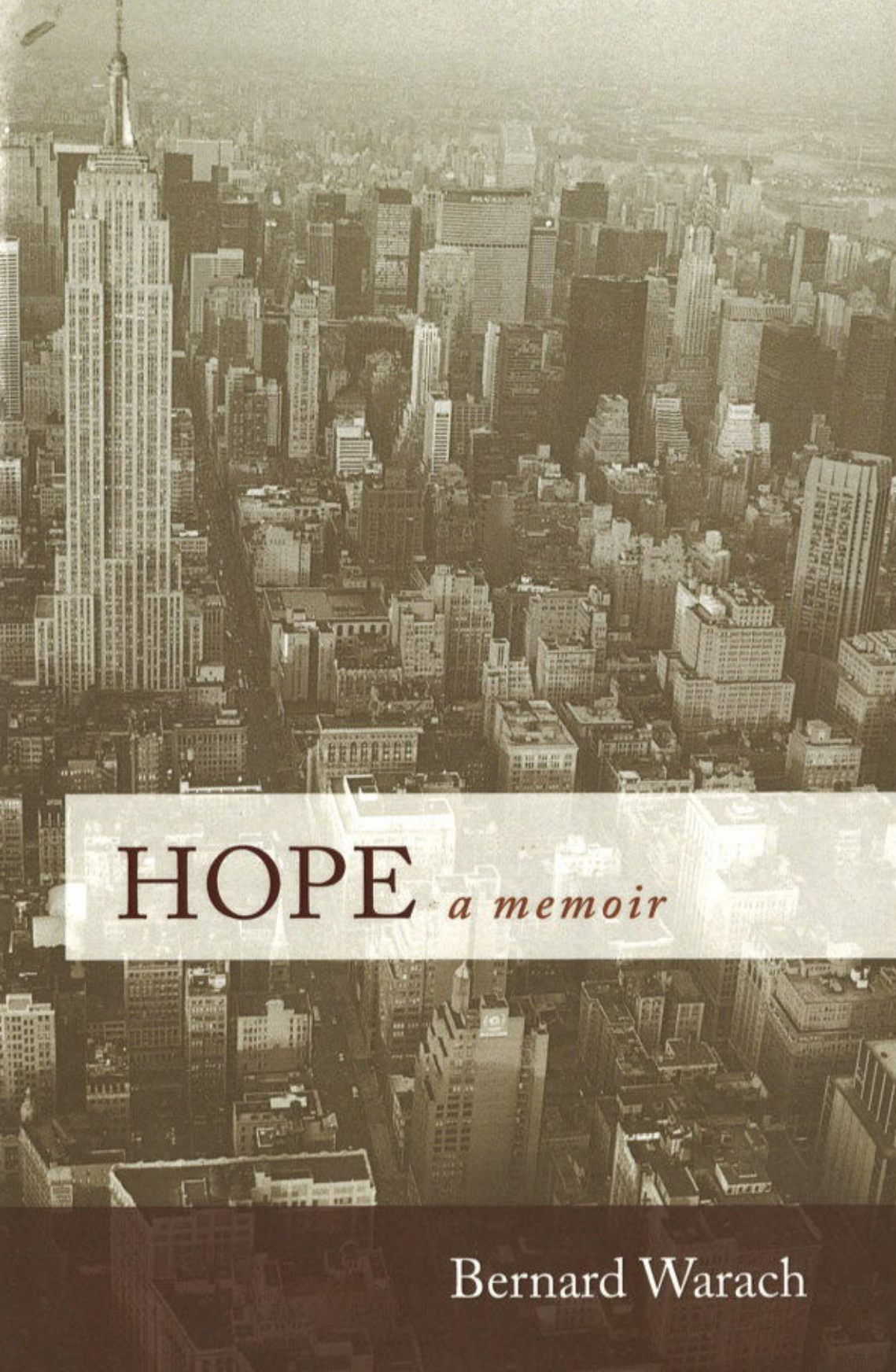

HOPE *a memoir*

Bernard Warach

HOPE

a memoir

Bernard Warach

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Hope
A Memoir

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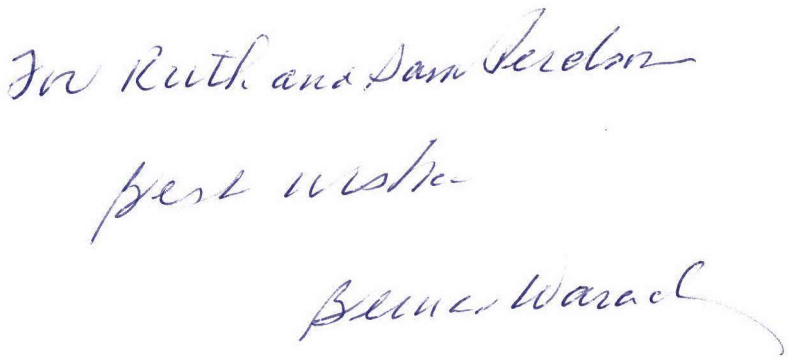
HOPE

Picture 1: Bernard Warach

To my family, friends and colleagues



Introduction

When I completed the translation of my father's letter to my brother and me in 1997, I determined to write a memoir of my own. I too would recount the story of my life for my children and grandchildren. So much of my experience had been a consequence of my engagement in the life of the many institutions I encountered, my schools, the settlement house, my reaction to the tragic circumstances of the depression on the streets of the city, so evident to a young child, and a youth. I listened to my parents, uncles, aunts, and their friends ever so carefully and was aware of their problems and the harsh circumstances of my family abroad in Poland. It was some years after my retirement elapsed before I actively set about writing.

I started inauspiciously enough as the child of young immigrant parents on the Lower East Side, along with thousands of others of my generation. My father Joseph and mother Frances had the good fortune to marry in love and conceived their first-born child with joy. My father was a hard working and able young man, and even during the depth of the depression earned enough to support his family in the same apartment with food enough to eat.

A catastrophe occurred to me at the age of three. I survived an attack of poliomyelitis, but the aftermath of the disease left me with a withered left leg with diminished strength. Nevertheless, I was able to walk and had the good fortune to be able to lead a vigorous life, pursuing my vocations with little handicap. I was exempt from military service in 1941 and possible mortal injury.

I had the good fortune to develop in some extraordinary New York City public schools: P.S. 25, J.H.S. 64, Stuyvesant High School and City College of New York. These schools provided enriched opportunities for bright children and some very encouraging teachers. My schoolmates were all keenly intelligent young people and became fast friends. We became members of the Christodora House, the neighborhood settlement house, which opened our lives to new opportunities.

At home family conversations across the dining room table were open, and we were encouraged to ask questions. Here were Sunday morning visits of my father's landsleit countrymen, engaged in a heroic effort to assist their countrymen in Lonowicsz and Zbaricsz in their poverty. There was a growing concern for the future with the rise of Nazi Germany and anti-Semitism in

Poland. Then my father led his society into the Verband, the Labor Zionist organization. There was an abiding passion for the creation of the Land of Israel. My Jewish education proceeded at the progressive after school Hebrew School and later the Yiddish Pro-Academische Folk Schule.

At Christodora House and its Northover Camp I met a number of able social workers, Winifred Forsyth, the Head Worker, Herman Eigen, Boys Workers, and other graduate students of the New York School of Social Work who were pursuing a graduate degree in social group work. This was an emerging field of social work practice. During my City College years I served as a part time worker at the Settlement House.

Upon graduation from City College I accepted a fellowship at the School of Social Work at the University of Pittsburgh. That school's Dean, Wilbur Newstetter, and Professor Gertrude Wilson were among the leaders in the fields of community organization and social group work. I thought I might succeed and make a living in social work.

Upon completing graduate school in 1942 I accepted a job as Field Representative with the U.S. Department of Agriculture. In their School Milk, School Lunch and Commodity Distribution programs I served in West Virginia, Vermont and the New York Regional Office. I met many people, welfare officials, school superintendents, Farm Bureau representatives and farmers in the New England states, still beset by the poverty of the depression even as war production eliminated unemployment. I learned a great deal about the economy of agriculture.

Then I seized the opportunity to serve with the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) in the Displaced Persons Mission in 1944. I began as a Welfare Officer with Team I! After three months with a Soviet Russian Assembly Center, I was transferred to the Supply Division of UNRRA at its regional headquarters and soon became Chief of the Division, a very large responsibility for a young man. It was a significant and important assignment. I witnessed the arrival of hundreds of thousands of Jewish D.P.'s from Eastern Europe. They had survived the war years in military service with the Soviet Armies or in the Far East of the Urals and, when the war ended, returned to Poland, Romania, and Hungary and found their former neighbors to be bitterly anti-Semitic. With the aid of Palestinian Hagana soldiers, in an organized relocation effort called Aliyah Bet, and the support of the Soviet government, eager to embarrass the Western Allies and Great Britain, they made their way into the U.S. Zone of Germany with American and UNRRA support. I observed the power of their appeal to the International United Nations Committees, which visited their camps for their hearings. I observed that few Jews in the Displaced Persons camps were invited to immigrate to the Western European countries or the United States.

I left UNRRA at the end of 1947 after three years of service. It was time if I ever were to make a full life for myself in the United States. I might have stayed on with the International Refugee Organization, which has continued on to this day, the refugee problem never having abated. Even after the postwar refugees in the Displaced Persons Centers in Germany were relocated, new refugee problems arose in other parts of the world.

I returned to Pittsburgh to accept a job at the Irene Kaufmann Center, later at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement House, and as Director of Emma Kaufmann Camp. In Pittsburgh a young, able, and comely young social worker, a graduate of the School of Social Work at the University of Pittsburgh, Shirley Wagner, and I met and married.

We returned to New York City, to our families, and I to take a position as director of the Mosholu Neighborhood Center in the north Bronx. The center, in its very modest beginnings, thrived and, after having succeeded in securing the center a building site, a relationship with Montefiore Hospital and a capital funding initiative for a new building, I moved ahead to become Assistant Director of the Jewish Association for Neighborhood Centers (JANC). JANC merged with three other agencies to become the Associated Y's of Greater New York in 1958. I became its General Director, really Deputy to the Executive Vice President, responsible for its operations and particularly its building program. We succeeded in building ten new community centers and one camp in ten years.

During these years Shirley and I conceived, and Shirley bore three extraordinary children: Joshua, Jonathan and Beth. Each of our children was a simply astonishing individual from their birth. They were alert, intelligent, beautiful and very demanding. As they grew older the three were so close together in age it seemed as if they were triplets.

Then in 1961 we determined to purchase a home and relocated to Great Neck. This was one of the most fortunate decisions of our lives. Our house was located on a quiet street just a few blocks from a lovely park with swans and ducks and a little playground with a pond. The schools were wonderful and the teachers seasoned and committed to their children. As the years went by my children thrived and excelled. In Temple Israel, a Conservative Synagogue with an excellent educational program, all of us found this to be a significant community. Rabbi Mordecai Waxman was a learned and sophisticated leader. We found many new friends, as did our children.

In 1968 Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, after a great effort, established a new agency, the Jewish Association for Services for the Aged, dedicated to the creation of new services and housing for the elderly, to maintain the aged in the community. This was a historic turning. President Lyndon Johnson had, in 1965, succeeded in securing passage of the statutes which

have provided great health benefits to the elderly and the poor. The Older Americans Act and the Social Security Acts provided for the development of these services. I accepted the opportunity to lead this major effort to develop services for the aged in greater New York. Our founders at Federation did not really know quite how we would secure the funding for a grand program. I had been following the committee meetings to establish JASA and the concurrent development of the statutes and regulations. All of my experience in government and large-scale organizations would stand me in good stead to lead the JASA effort. This memoir is an account of that effort over a twenty-three year period. We succeeded beyond our dreams.

In 1974, as JASA was getting under way, I suffered a great loss. Ten years earlier Shirley had a dreadful heart attack, the consequence of an adolescent attack of rheumatic fever. She survived, but in 1974 she died of an embolism. I was bereft. Josh went back to Dartmouth and Jon followed in his freshman year at Cornell. Beth and I spent a sad year together in Great Neck, and then she enrolled at Cornell. I was alone.

A year later I met Marie Norkin, and we married in 1976. I have had good fortune with Marie, as she became a friend to my children, and I befriended her children and grandchildren. Marie is an artist and photographer and brought new perspectives and friends to my life. She introduced me to East Hampton. After several summer vacations in the Hamptons I sold my house in Great Neck in 1984. In 1986 I purchased a house in Springs which became our weekend residence and later, after 1991, my retirement home.

In June of 1991 I retired at JASA, to my regret, though it was inevitable. I was seventy, and the tenor of times was an effort to rejuvenate the Board and Staff leadership of the philanthropic organizations of the city. I was seventy, sound of mind and body. Marie and I determined to embark on an adventurous travel program, and a new life in East Hampton. Our family visited us in the city and East Hampton. The grandchildren, and there were eight Warachs by 1997, and two Gilberts, delighted to visit New York City and East Hampton. We motored up to Medford, and later Newton, in Massachusetts, out to Springfield, Illinois, and South to Brandon, Sarasota and Miami in Florida. We visited with Rick and Mary in San Francisco. Then we traveled abroad. We were delighted to be in Israel, with family and friends, to join Elderhostel in Greece, and France, and to go on an extended private tour to Egypt. Our stay in London, in Hampstead, was a lovely experience.

In East Hampton Marie devoted herself to painting in her fine studio at our house. She had a marvelous exhibit at Ashawagh Hall, which was very successful. She became a leader in the Artists Alliance of East Hampton.

I come to the close of my account. Having lived so long, I note the passing of good friends and family. Some have relocated to retirement homes.

Others have suffered the depredations of age, strokes or Alzheimer's. We come to the inevitable and tragic defeat we all must suffer as humans. Still, in retrospect, I have had good fortune and witnessed triumph. My children and grandchildren in good health have opportunities for a good life. Our people here in the United States, in Israel, and throughout the world may yet enjoy a better life. The means and resources are available if we can find the righteous path.

Acknowledgements

In my age, I understand how much I owe my forebears, my father, Joseph, and mother, Frances, and to my family. I was fortunate to have found and married Shirley, my first wife, and to have conceived three wonderful children, Joshua, Jonathan and Beth. Later, my second wife, Marie, has been my beloved companion for thirty-four years, a loving mother to my children and grandchildren. She was my proofreader and photo designer.

Over the passing years there have been so many mentors, colleagues and good friends in the many social welfare ventures in which I have been an active participant and principal. We have achieved great good.

I owe Darae Marie Kim, my able secretary, my thanks for her excellent transcription and computer work. My editor, Krista Hill at iUniverse, helped bring this work to completion.

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Hope, A Memoir

Here we were, my brother Akiva and I, standing by my father's bedside at Kingsbrook Hospital. He was breathing heavily, oxygen tubes in his nostrils, face ashen gray, and in a coma. About a week earlier his physician had ordered him into the hospital with a low-grade fever and pneumonia. We had seen him early in his stay and had been encouraged. We hoped he would respond to antibiotic treatment, but we knew he was gravely ill. And so Joseph Warach died February 11, 1976 at eighty-four years of age.

He had survived, a lonely widower, a little more than three years after the death of his beloved wife Frances on September 24, 1973. My mother had incurred spinal meningitis and, after a month in a coma at Coney Island Hospital, expired at last. They had enjoyed their later years together at the seaside in Brighton Beach.

I was depressed. There had been a number of deaths in our family during the preceding five years. Aunt Esther Glaser, my mother-in-law Min's youngest sister, was killed in a bus accident one rainy afternoon on Nostrand Avenue in Brooklyn. During the long recovery of Shirley my wife, after her heart attack in 1963, her parents, Min and Joe Wagner, moved into our house in Great Neck to help take care of our young children; Joshua, my oldest, was then nine, Jonathan was seven, and Beth was six. Then Min died, and on May 17, 1974 Shirley died. Dr. David Schwartz, her physician, thought an embolism, a clot to the brain or lungs, was the cause. This was the predictable consequence of the severe damage to the mitral valve caused by rheumatic fever during Shirley's adolescence. This condition was not diagnosed until many years later.

My father's last years, following the death of Frances after fifty-seven years of marriage, were difficult. My mother, in old world tradition, had always taken care of the household, and all the ordinary routines of living, shopping, house cleaning, cooking, laundering, and mending. My father had none of these skills. But he learned to take care of himself, after a fashion. During these last years my brother and I took turns visiting him, bringing frozen food dishes prepared by Miriam, Akiva's wife, or me to supplement his diet. My father was sustained by his attendance to the local synagogues, the Labor Zionist Center, Bet Haam, the JASA Senior Centers at the Brighton Beach

YM-YWHA, and Scheuer House of Manhattan Beach. These were all within easy walking distance of my father's apartment. There remained a small circle of friends, elderly landsleit, Yiddish speaking. Still, if Frances had survived, my father would not have gone out into the wintry weather with a severe cold, which ultimately brought on his pneumonia.

After my father died, Akiva and I met at my father's apartment at 2912 Brighton 12th Street near the Brighton Beach Boardwalk. Faige, as my mother was called, and Joseph had moved into the apartment in 1965, eleven years earlier. We found it a sad task, closing the apartment. It was a one bedroom flat on the fifth floor of a six-story building, middle income housing, developed during the 1950's by Charles Muss, a prominent Brooklyn builder, with government insured mortgages. The apartment had a bedroom, living-dining room, kitchen, and bathroom. It was pleasant and sunny, and larger than Apartment 67 on East Seventh Street. Moreover, it was affordable at $155 a month. While this was an increase of one hundred dollars a month above their Seventh Street apartment, my parents could manage this cost. They had an income of a little more than one thousand dollars a month in social security benefits and some interest income from savings. They were able to make a good life for themselves after their painful departure from East Seventh Street where they had lived for forty years and raised their children.

Brighton Beach was a pleasant neighborhood at the very southerly end of Brooklyn on the Atlantic Ocean. It stretched from Coney Island to Manhattan Beach. Neptune Avenue marked its northerly boundary and the Boardwalk its south.

Summertime Brighton Beach and adjacent Coney Island witnessed a daily surge of hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers who thronged to the beaches, the boardwalks, and the raucous amusements of Coney Island. For the modest cost of a subway fare, the salty waves and sandy beaches offered relief form the heat of summer in torrid old tenement houses. Brighton Beach and Coney Island residents enjoyed the waterfront too and strolled the boardwalk year round, as did my parents.

In 1967 Brighton Beach was an enclave of elderly Jews, once immigrants and residents of historic New York City neighborhoods: the Lower East Side, the South Bronx, Flatbush, Williamsburg, and Brownsville. Fleeing older Jewish neighborhoods, they found security in Brighton Beach. There were many younger families too who found affordable housing in a safe neighborhood. The community facilities, schools, synagogues, YM-YWHA, and the pleasures of the shorefront boardwalk and its beaches were enjoyed by the residents. The apartment houses in Brighton Beach were rent controlled, dating back to construction in the 1920's. They were six-story buildings with elevators, reasonably well maintained, with orderly rent paying tenants. The shopping on Neptune Avenue was convenient, and its supermarkets, dairy

stores, and kosher butchers, contributed to a sense of a Jewish milieu. For my mother and father Brighton Beach was a recreation of their old, dear, and familiar neighborhood on the Lower East Side.

In the 1980's another miracle occurred. American Jewry was aroused by the plight of the Soviet Jews, oppressed by the Soviet regime, and its hostility to religious expression, to the Jews in particular. The Jewish community's campaign to permit Jewish emigration from Soviet Russia was vigorous. In the wake of Arab attack on Israel in 1973, on Yom Kippur Day, the Communist Parties worldwide, led by Soviet Russia, engaged in a campaign of vilification of Israel. The effort to combat Soviet anti-Semitism resulted in the passage of the Jackson-Vanick Amendment to the United States Trade Act of 1973 which threatened to reduce American trade with Soviet Russia sharply unless that government permitted Soviet Jews to migrate. The Soviet Russian government permitted more than a million Jews to immigrate to Israel and the United States. In 1985 during a visit of Michael Gorbachev, Soviet Prime Minister, to Washington, D.C., some four hundred thousand Jews assembled on the mall in Washington, D.C. to protest Soviet treatment of the Jews. Tens of thousands of former Soviet Jews settled in the Brighton Beach area, which became known as little Odessa. By that time both my mother and father had long been gone.

At our meeting at their apartment my brother Akiva and I quickly came to an amicable agreement on the disposal of our family's personal effects. My mother's brass candlesticks went to my niece Lenore, Akiva's daughter in Israel. I received an old Russian glass, once my mother's family's in Fudaminka in Byelo-Russia, their cup for Elija at the Passover Seder. Of greatest importance to me were my father's reminiscences, written ever so carefully and clearly in a fine Yiddish script on yellow lined paper. These recollections and letters were addressed to his children and grandchildren and written during the years of my father's widowhood. They were a collection of his accounts of his early childhood, immigration to America, and early years here.

Then there was the "Yiszkor Book", the memorial book for Lonowicsz, which came to me. Chaim Rabin, husband of my first cousin Tscharne Rabin, was its editor. The book consists of a series of essays written by remnant landsleit in the United States and Israel who set forth their heartfelt feelings of the bereavement for the many Lonowicszer who had been murdered by the Nazis and their fellow townsmen, the Ukrainians, during the period of the Holocaust. The book is entitled, "Lonowicsz, a Memorial Book for the Martyred Lonowicszer Who Perished in the Holocaust, 1941–1942". This book is one of many such volumes published in Israel and the United States, in Yiddish and Hebrew. They are a testament to the Jewish communities lost in Eastern Europe. My father wrote an essay, "Not to Forget, Lonowicsz a Spiritual Appreciation". Tscharne Rabin, daughter of my father's oldest sister who perished in Poland in 1942, wrote a

memorial to my grandfather Akiva. Tscharne was fortunate. She had been a young Zionist and immigrated to Palestine. My brother graciously yielded the memorial book and papers to me.

We contributed the furniture to the Metropolitan Council on Jewish Poverty for use by new immigrants. Then we gave the keys to the apartment to the building superintendent and left. Joseph and Frances had enjoyed their life in Brighton Beach. They recovered from their depression on departing from their lifelong home on East Seventh Street. My brother and I grew closer during the years which followed the death of Shirley and my mother and father. We had joined together in care for our parents and were together at their death.

On September 27, 1997, twenty-two years after my father's death, I completed a translation of his letter to his two sons and grandchildren, dated August 22, 1965. He had written this letter before their resettlement in Brighton Beach. The fifty-five pages of single spaced Yiddish script must have taken many months to write. It was a narrative of his life in Lonowicsz and his departure for the United States. By chance I had spied a copy of the most recent Yiddish-English Dictionary edited by Uriel Weinreich, the renowned scholar, and was published by YIVO, the Yiddish Institute for Jewish Research, and the McGraw-Hill Company in 1968. It was a review copy inscribed by Max Lerner and was a legacy to his son Adam, Beth's husband. Yiddish is a very remote and unknown language to Adam. I borrowed this very welcome addition to my Yiddish resources. I have the only other Yiddish-English dictionary, which belonged to my parents, edited by Alexander Harkovy and published by the Hebrew Publishing Company in 1898. The Weinreich Dictionary was very helpful to me in completing my translation of my father's letters.

My father's account of his childhood and youth in the older country and his departure from his beloved family is deeply moving. He arrived at Castle Garden and Ellis Island alone, a seventeen year old. These were difficult years for millions of poor immigrants, Jewish, Italian and Slavic. They arrived in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries by the millions. They were all uprooted from their native lands. For the Jews, for my father and mother, the oppression of the Tsarist regime finally drove the masses of Jews to emigrate from the Pale of Russia. That was then the westerly end of Russia into which Jews were restricted. There were dreadful pogroms from 1880 to 1914 which impelled Jewish youth and their families to escape. They were encouraged to come to America by earlier immigrants who found freedom from anti-Semitic oppression in America – their Golden Land. They found hardship too. Overcrowding in the slums of New York and other large cities and long hours of work in miserable trades and sweatshops were their fate. Still there was promise of a new and better life for themselves and their children with personal security. My father and mother were proud to become American

citizens. As the years elapsed in America they had the satisfaction of seeing their children grow and prosper and their grandchildren arrive. Later they were witness to the establishment of the State of Israel, and my mother and father visited the land.

In translating my father's letter and his account of his young life, I felt that I was sitting alongside him, listening to his voice, speaking in Yiddish with his familiar cadence. I had heard this tale many times. This dear odyssey was a beloved reminiscence. I include my father's letter in this memoir because it is so fundamental to my being.

Life in Lonowicsz and Zbaricsz, Departure for America

"August 22, 1965

Dear Son Beryl and Akiva and your families,
You always ask me to tell you about my parents and about the village in which I was born. For me it is very interesting that an American born should have so great an interest to know. So I will try to tell you, that is, I will write. It will not be so easy for me to remember, but it will work because when I write I have already leaped over seventy years, and I will tell you of my childhood.

You also wanted to know what persuaded me as a young lad to leave my parents, sisters, brothers, and family to travel to America, to a strange land. No family in America, no trade in hand, and no money at all but twenty-five dollars, which one had to show when one came to Castle Garden. There were the gates of America open. It was 1910. They asked me why I came to America. I answered that I came to America to live under a democratic government. Then a doctor examined me, and then they told me to go. No one came to take me; only the HIAS took me and brought me to my uncle on Sixth Street. I had his address.

You'd like to know who your grandfather was. Your grandfather was born in Austria and he married your grandmother in a small town in Wolyna Gubernia (Russia). The village was called Lonowicsz. In those days, according to the law governing all of the Ukraine, Jews were forbidden to own farmland and could only engage in specific trades. Certainly there were, in this village, tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, and also carters. Because your grandfather, that is my father, was an Austrian citizen, he was able to buy certain products and sell them to Austria: geese, eggs, onions, and various grains. The Austrian government permitted these farm products to come freely over the border. The Wolyn district of the Ukraine produced all of these products. My father bought them all and shipped them to Austria by horse and wagon.

By us alone there were two workers. Each man drove a pair of horses and wagon. And there were peasants from the neighboring villages who also conveyed the produce to Zbaricsz, which was in Austria. Many peasants

would take this trip, in some measure for the whiskey they loved to drink. In Austria it was much cheaper than in Russia.

I was one of seven children. Born before me were four sisters. And I was the fifth. After me there was a brother and a sister. When I was born there occurred the greatest joy of my parents. In those days when parents had four children and only girls and no son, it meant that there would be no one to pray the kaddish after 120 years. That was a great tragedy for Jewish parents.

And so there was a great celebration. Joseph was born. All the Jews of the village came to the circumcision ceremony – the bris. And so, from the day I was born, I was a debtor. At three years of age they sent me to Hebrew School. And so they gave me to the religious teacher who taught the children to read Hebrew prayers, then the five books of the Bible, which I also needed to know. After all I was Akiva's Kaddish, after a hundred years. God forbid that I should shame my parents. And when I finally knew a little of the Bible and Rashi and really learned to pray, they gave me to a more advanced teacher. He began to teach the children the Talmud. The children were not taught Russian in Hebrew School. Jewish children were not permitted into the Russian schools. Only a very few rich Jews managed to gain admission for their children into the Russian schools by bribery. However, in Hebrew School we learned to write Hebrew and Yiddish.

Only in the later years there came to Lonowicsz a Russian teacher who gave private lessons and charged three rubles a month. His name was Breyerman. He was a fine, young, Jewish man. But not every parent could pay three rubles. Only a very few children whose parents had the means were able to take lessons in Russian.

By David the teacher there were ten, sometimes twelve, boys. One had to come in at four in the morning; then one learned Gemorah until one had to go to pray. Prayer was at the synagogue, after which one went home to eat something. Then we went back to Hebrew School once again and learned the Biblical portion of the week and prepared to learn to pray with phylacteries. And so one was fully involved from before dawn to nightfall. And then one went to pray Mincha and Mariv, the evening prayers. Only when one was a little older, on Thursday after Mincha and Mariv, did one go to learn the portion of the week without the Rabbi, alone.

We had a relative called Chaikel. He was quite a scholar. He listened to me from time to time as I explained a bit of the Gemorah and the Bible portion of the week. Eliazar the Teacher taught the children the alphabet and a little Hebrew. We really learned to pray ourselves.

After the elementary school teacher I was given to Samuel Leib, the teacher who taught the children Gemorah, Hebrew, and Yiddish writing. He was a modern teacher. He taught the children of the more well to do families only Hebrew. There was another teacher in our village called Isaac Israels.

He taught young men who were already very knowledgeable. There were not too many, perhaps eight or ten. He taught Gemorah and Tosefas. I did not become his student because my parents were making ready to relocate to Zbaricsz in Galicia (Austria).

My father made a living buying geese and shipping them to Austria. Then Russia ruled that no living geese could be shipped to Austria. During the time I was at school I rode a horse and drove a horse and wagon. Sometimes I carried eggs, sometimes onions, to Austria, sometimes to Jumpele. My father wanted me to learn the business.

You would like to know how my father came to Lonowicsz, a little city in Wolyner Gubernia in Russia. My father was a merchant, and so he came to Lonowicsz to deal. He became acquainted with my mother, and they were married. The truth is, he had no legal right to live in Lonowicsz. But with a little money for the government official, everything was made kosher. There were two officials, a sort of district officer who could not sign his name and a Magistrate-Policeman who could write and was responsible for law and order. There was also a Jewish official and a Jewish registrar who recorded the children's births. He was also the mediator for the Jewish community because from time to time higher officials came from the bigger cities. Because the sales of alcohol was under the control of the Czarist Russian Government, and great revenues were derived.

What kind of a home did my father establish? My father was religious, as were most of the Jews in this small village. But because my father was an Austrian citizen, he drove to see the Austrian Rabbis, the Chortkiver Rabbi, and the Sattiner Rabbi. There were many festival meals to celebrate the birthdays of the Rabbis in our home. There was also a holiday for the Russiner Rabbi.

In the village there was a Jew whose name was Israel the Slow One. He would come to my mother and ask her to prepare a celebration meal. And when my mother asked him for how many people to prepare, he replied it really didn't matter for how many to prepare, people should only come. And they all came: the Rabbi, the two Jewish officials, and all the fine business people. They sang songs, Chassidic songs, until late at night. Our house was a very fine house with six rooms, a stable for four horses and a wagon, and another side room to store eggs, geese, and other produce.

Before me there were four sisters. One was called Esther, the second Tauba, the third Reisel, and the fourth Rachel. After me were a brother, Moshe, and a sister, Yecheved. As it was in all small villages at the time, the girls were taught to pray, a little Russian, and a little writing of Yiddish. They were taught no employment work skills in those days because it would not have been appropriate for Akiva's daughters to learn, for example, to be a seamstress. They didn't know about any other occupation. For bookkeeping

one needed to be especially intelligent. There were perhaps one or two in the village who learned this occupation. Being a seamstress belonged to the tailor's daughter – not to a middle class girl. They helped out in the house in preparing for a house party. So parents had to prepare a dowry for a prospective husband. And the larger the sum, the greater the chance to secure an intelligent young man from a fine family.

And here comes the marriage broker to our house. And he says good morning and talks a bit under his nose. And he says to my father Akiva, I have a marriage proposal for your Esther. First he describes the proposed in-laws who live in a village called Frimerka. They live in the inn, and the inn is rented from the proprietor who owns the property. And they are storekeepers. That is, the future mother-in-law does the selling and the father is a scholar. He constantly studies, and the business goes on. They sell to the peasants such products as salt, kerosene for lamps, sugar, and other things. And the peasants bring to sell such produce as eggs and sometimes a little corn.

And what does the prospective groom do? Asks my father. Answers the marriage broker, under his nose for the time being. Nothing, but he has his red ticket. Which means he will not be drafted into the Russian Army. But as to making a living, God will take care of this problem. And he says he can study the Torah, write Yiddish, and little Russian. And it was left that my father, who was an egg merchant, would travel to the storekeeper and meet the prospective in-laws because in those days the first relationships were established between the in-laws. They had to please each other.

And so the marriage broker asked for a farthing, and he received it. And they hitched up the two horses to the wagon, and Moses Lazear, the horse driver, brought my father to the storekeeper, to the future in-laws. And he came into the house, and the prospective in-laws pleased him, and they talked about the dowry. The dowry must be three hundred rubles. It was agreed that they come with the groom to us in Lonowicsz, and the groom should meet the future bride, and if they should please each other, then they will write a betrothal agreement. And so they agreed upon the time when they should come to visit us at our home in Lonowicsz. We then had a fine house with six rooms and served a fine dinner party, and it is understandable that the groom and bride pleased each other because the parents pleased each other, and the groom and bride said soon next year, and so they wrote the betrothal contract, including the promised dowry, and they also agreed the wedding would be on Saturday following Shevuoth.

So they began a whole week earlier to cook and bake, hired a woman to help, and sent out notices to the family. My parents had an extended family. My father was an Austrian, and he had family there who needed a day to come by horse and wagon, and they came. As many were invited as could be managed to sleep over at our house and with good neighbors. To greet the

groom were two young boys and good friends of the family who rode out on horses to accompany the groom. This was called good friendship. Only some young boys, also from the family, were angry because they weren't given the honor to ride out to escort the groom. And this was how the groom was welcomed into the village, and he was conducted to the house of good friends. His parents came too and brought along their whole family in two wagons. So was catered the first wedding of my older sister.

The wedding canopy was out-of-doors between the synagogue and the house of study. The whole village came to the wedding ceremony. Our good young women and boys helped serve the food and to take the plates from the table. It was above all a village wedding!

On the day after the wedding another meal was served for the poor, for the impoverished villagers, and for other neighboring villagers as well. Every poor person received eighteen kopeks of money, that is eighteen for life. Of course, after the wedding, the young couple was given the largest bedroom. And the young couple remained with us as houseguests until the father-in-law could find a living for the groom. Certainly he had no skills. Meanwhile the young couple was our boarder. Then on came the groom's mother as our guest. With good fortune, the Jew who had the gristmill wished to employ her son at the mill. That is, he should publicize the mill to the peasants of the village to bring their grain to the mill which has machinery to grind the grain and make flour. They grind the corn and wheat to make meal to sell to the villages. It was a business. And the proprietor paid the young man five rubles a week and, in addition, was given flour to take for his own use for his family. And so Jews lived with hope.

And my sister and her husband departed from Lonowicsz, and went to Fremenka where the mill was located. And if one had employment in those days, life was good. Now the young folk have left our house, says mother to father. I believe we can now think about our second daughter, Tauba; she isn't so young. She will soon be eighteen years old to one hundred and twenty! So once said, it was done. Asher the matchmaker was called and he was given a ruble to begin to talk a match. Reb Asher had no other way to make a living than matchmaking.

In a short time he came to our house and said that he has for your Tauba a student who is also a modern person. He writes Russian a little and comes from a bigger city – Shimsk. But Reb Akiva I fear you will have to give him a dowry of four hundred rubles. My father did not bargain and asked him to discuss the match. And so my father rode to Shimsk where the groom and his family lived – to get acquainted with the family and groom because one needs to know with whom one is merging, and the in-laws were pleasing. Now the groom and the bride must look each other over.

And an appointment was made, when and where they would meet. At a particular place the groom and the bride and the in-laws meet, and they

pleased each other. Then they wrote the engagement agreement. They set forth the dowry and how much room and board would be provided for the young couple by the bride's parents, after which one could see what the young man would do because he had no occupation. He never had been anywhere. There were other tailors in Lonowicsz, a small town. There were a few glove makers, shoemakers, and many poor people. But this was a concern for after the wedding. Well, they catered a great wedding at our house with six rooms. It was a big wedding. The family of my father came from Austria and my mother's family from Lonowicsz.

The wedding canopy was at the synagogue, and the whole village came to see the bride and groom. This is how it was when there was a wedding. After the wedding the problem of making a living began. My father was a businessman and had different ideas, particularly because his son-in-law was an intelligent young man, and particularly because my sister had been born into the house of a businessman. They would be made into storekeepers. There was enough room in the house, and there were no rent costs. And little by little they organized their affairs and made a living.

Now came our own problems. Most of my father's business was selling geese to Austria. The Austrian government forbade the importation of live geese, and so our whole living was lost. How could we make a living? Because my father was also a dealer in eggs, and we did a business with merchants in Tarnopol (which was in Austria), they said they would open a warehouse for eggs in Zbaricsz because in Zibaricsz there was a railroad station. So my father could ship eggs to Tarnopol, and my father would be the complete manager of the warehouse. And he would make a living. But that meant he would have to leave Lonowicsz, not very easy to accomplish. Imagine, in Lonowicsz we were all born. The boys were attending Hebrew School. Everyone had their own friends. The girls had their friends. All the holiday celebrations for the Rabbis were held in Akiva's house. And we had a large house, but it was not made of iron.

One fine morning Demka, a raffish wagon driver, came to our house with a huge wagon, loaded all of our household goods and furniture, and we were off for Zibarcsz. What one will do to make a living! My sister Tauba and her husband remained in our house. And my father, of blessed memory, had prepared a home for us. And we came to the house, three small rooms! Everything was different, small, strange. No one knew us at all. How we Lonowicszers felt this first period, I leave to your own imagination.

But there is a Yiddish expression: it is remarkable what one can get used to if economic necessity is compelling. My father must now manage the warehouse. As the business began, goods were brought from Russia and shipped to Germany, England, wherever there was a market. There were other Jews who feared and resented a new competitor and complained to the

government. This cost much money to fix with the bureaucrats. My father had to hire men to supervise loading and shipping; all had to be paid for. But business was very difficult, and there were great problems with managing Russian and Austrian import and export regulations. I was able to work a little and to begin to earn some money and help the family.

I had an uncle in Zbaricsz who was a very learned man. I went to him very early in the morning at 4:00 A.M., and he taught me until we went to pray. I went to work for Reb Beza, a whole year during which I helped a little to contribute to the living for my family. But it didn't solve the whole problem. A thought came to me that I should go to America. My father had a brother in New York. He and his family had been in New York for a long time. But I didn't know him. But I was certain he would receive me because I was, after all, his brother's son. I also had the idea that the Anglo-Saxon people were a little different from the Slavic people. And then the economic conditions were different from Austria. And not long after the idea, I began to ready myself for the trip.

This is what happened Friday night because Sunday I had to leave my parents, sisters, and brother. As usual we went to synagogue Friday night with my younger brother and father. We came home, made Kiddush, as it is done in a Jewish home. My father made Kiddush first, then came my turn. My mother said, you know Joseph is making his last Kiddush. Sunday he will go away to America. Everyone began to cry. Worst of all, my father began to cry, so deeply. It was the saddest Friday night. But my mother said, children, we must not disturb the Sabbath. We must not cry. And perhaps it will happen as occurred to Joseph the Wise One when they sold him to Egypt, and he saved his family. So it can be with us. Mother gave us all a ray of hope.

And here came Sunday early. And Joseph had his luggage in hand. And one must say farewell. People were crying in the house as if one was turning over a corpse to the Almighty. What was really worst for me was to say farewell to my dear father. You simply can't imagine it. My parents gave me twenty-five rubles, which I might need. Who knows what one might need in a strange land. And so we came to the railroad station. As long as the train stood we kissed each other and cried. The train had its course, and I had to part from my dear parents, sisters, and brother. What my parents felt, and what I myself felt, I leave to your understanding. The train doors closed, and I remained seated alone. And I began to think.

And just as I was thinking, there came to me a young man, actually a Zbaricszer. I only knew him from afar. He was the son of a Zbaricszer tailor. And he gave me a question, and we traveled along. I ask him what he had heard about the city. He asked whether I was going to America. He was too. Then he asked me to whom I was going. I told him to one of my uncles. Do you know him? I said no. He said that is not so good. And I asked him, to

whom are you going? He said that he had a brother and sisters in Newark. He said to me, don't worry if your uncle doesn't come to take you off the boat. I will ask my brother and sisters to help you because they will certainly come for me. Now I think one needed to have faith, and God will help. I am no longer traveling alone, and now I had someone to talk to.

The train rolled on and it reached Lemberg. And Beyrel, so the young man was called, and I slept together in one room. We really did come from one city but never met. And on this trip he told me that he is a tailor, his occupation. And he also recounted that in the big city of Newark they are looking for tailors. He asked me what occupation I had. And I said to him, you know, my father was a merchant, and so I am also a merchant. He said to me, God should help you. A merchant must have money, and you are not bringing any money to America. But one needs good luck. God will help. And so we talked, and the train took us to Germany. There we were for three days.

There I became acquainted with some Germans and gained some impressions of individual Germans who had some affection for Jews. In those days many emigrants were transported to America in German ships. And business is business. So they had to handle Jews in the same manner as others. And so we came to America as the ship came to the Golden Land. As you can understand it, for me, everything was a novelty. After all, I was born in a small village, and I didn't even see a railroad train until I rode to America. And we came to the ship, and my landsman Beryl and I went into the ship and met Jews from many cities and many lands. A small number of Christians took the voyage. Certainly there were a great many young men who did not want to be soldiers of Tsar Nicholas. On the boat there were a variety of types. There was one Jew who prayed almost all day, some played cards, and some talked politics. The food was bad. One might wish such luck on the Germans. But everyone dreamed about the promised land of America and could hardly wait for the day to leave the ship.

And here is where my headache began. I had the address of the uncle whom I had never seen. Who knows whether he will come to take me from Castle Garden? I said to my landsman Beryl, I will give you the address of my uncle and also the address of Shlomo who used to write to his mother in Lonowicsz that he should visit my uncle Gedalia and ask him to take me off Castle Garden.

And here is what happened to Joseph, son of Akiva. As you know, every immigrant had to pass a physical examination because America only wanted healthy people. And God helped me to pass the physical examination. Then came questions before one was allowed into the Promised Land. One official asked me why I wanted to come to America. I didn't think too long and replied that I came to work and to live in a democratic society. And he immediately responded, Go to work and live in a democratic society. You have come from a land ruled by Tsar Nicholas.

And so I was immediately met by a man from a Jewish organization, the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society (HIAS), which took the address of my uncle and brought me to my uncle's apartment on East Sixth Street on the Lower East Side. And my uncle signed for me. He had received the immigrant. And so I arrived with a small pack on my back and twenty-five dollars in my pocket, which were required before being admitted to the Golden Land.

It was daytime. My uncle and aunt were overjoyed with their guest who came to them from their old home. My aunt immediately gave me a glass of hot tea and a cookie to refresh myself. Wait just a little while until nightfall, she said. The children will come home from work, and then we will have supper, the evening meal.

And nightfall did come, and the children came home from work. The first to come was Tauba, then Rachel, then Deborah, then Noah, then Esther, Dinah, and Moshe. And at the end there came a tall man, a Lonowicszer, a former horse trader, and he too lived with my uncle in the four small rooms.

I thought to myself, where will I find a place? Thank God, so many people and such small rooms. And so Aunt Shifra said, we will now have supper. And we all sat down to the table. And my aunt began to bring out her food. We lacked many things in those days in the Golden Land. But there was food. And so I ate my first supper in my uncle's home. Understandably, my uncle wanted to know all about my father and his family. And I answered all his questions. I told him about the difficult economic circumstances of my family. No way to make a living, but the family, thank God, was large. My uncle listened to everything carefully, and I understood that he was not a rich man himself. But the children were earning some money. And so did Joseph enjoy the first night in the Golden Land.

Understandably, one could survive everything because we were so young. They made me a sleeping place, and I fell fast asleep. But about twelve, midnight, I was awakened by my uncle who told me, Joseph, my Rachel has finished sewing two fur coats, and the contractor would come to collect them. But Rachel was very tired. My uncle asked me to give him the two fur coats. And so the first night went by. I got up in the morning. Everyone had gone off to work. Only I was left home with my aunt. She gave me encouragement. But I didn't know what I would do. My uncle was a religious man, and he came back from prayers. He told me, "Joseph, don't be so worried. You are a young man, and you were a merchant."

By night the children all came together again from work and had supper. And they began to talk about me, and I listened to their talk. One cousin said, perhaps he could learn to be a tailor for women's clothing. That would be pretty good for our boy, but one must pay twenty-five dollars and work without pay for six weeks. My aunt says, this is too much for our pockets. A second cousin says, I work at fur clothing, and I'll talk to my boss. He only

requires ten dollars and two weeks without pay. They all agreed to this plan. It was agreed that the cousin who worked in the fur business would take me with her. Well, my heart began to be overjoyed. That night I slept more easily, with hope. My uncle said to me, I told you, this is America after all. And here come the hoped for days, and it wasn't too far. And so we came to the shop.

The truth is, never in my life had I been in a factory workshop. My cousin introduced me to her boss and told him I had recently arrived in America, and that I was willing to learn how to work. I sat down, and I was shown how to work with the machine with the pieces of fur which the boss gave me to sew together. And I should accommodate myself to do what I was told. I worked for an hour, and it didn't go as it should. I had never in my life sat at a bench and sewn. And I turned the wheel of the machine. And it didn't go as it should. The boss came over to see me and asked me what I had done in the old country, whether I was a tailor. I told him I was a merchant because my father was a merchant. Said he to me, I regret to tell you, you will never be a worker. And he returned the few dollars he had been paid, and he asked me to go home. He told me not to be aggravated; it could be that you will be a big merchant in the Golden Land. But what I felt then, when I had to return to my uncle and aunt, I leave to you to imagine. You can understand. I went home immediately and only met my aunt since everyone was working. My aunt wondered why I had come home so early. I told her everything that had happened. She told me not to be sad. In the Golden Land, everything can happen. You were not a worker in the old country, she said. When the children come, we'll see what we can do for you. And so I had experienced something important. By nighttime everyone had come home from work. And my aunt gave her children food to eat and me as well. And they talk about me, the greenhorn. And now said Rachel Deborah that she works and has an idea, and it should not cost any money.

And here is what she said. In their home they had a Singer sewing machine. I should take small patchwork pieces and try working the machine along. She would help me a little. My uncle said, it is certain you will learn. After all, you were a merchant in Lonowicsz. If you will learn a little by yourself, and then come to the shop, it will be easier for you to learn on their machine. And so it was, every day, when everyone had gone to work, I sat down to the machine and turned the wheel the whole week. And then came the appointed day. My cousin took me to the shop in which she worked, told the boss who I was, and he looked me over from head to toe. And in the meanwhile gave me a little threat. Doesn't work at the machine. And look, then he brought me to the machine, and told me what to do, and a miracle happened, and I was working at the machine. Understandably, I must have patience. Because in those days people worked ten hours a day, and so I worked the day and came to my uncle's house more cheerful. My uncle said to me, Joseph, you

must have more patience. My uncle was happy that his brother's son was in his home. He always asked me about the economic circumstances of my father, that is, his brother. Since no one worked on Sunday, he said to me, as you told me about the economic circumstances of your parents, he will send my parents twenty-five dollars, and I should take my twenty-five dollars, which I had brought with me to show the immigration officials at Castle Garden, and together we will send fifty dollars. That will help your parents a little. And so we sent the first fifty dollars form the Golden Land. And I was left without a penny in my pocket. I did it because I realized the difficult circumstances of my parents. The fifty dollars would really help them out.

And so I worked the first and second week without making any money. So it was then, one was required to work two weeks without pay and pay ten dollars as an apprentice. On Sunday Lonowicszer landsleit used to meet at my uncle's apartment. I told them everything about my parents. They were also men who had left behind their wives and little children. And I told them everything. They said to me, since you were already a merchant in Lonowicsz you will yet be a merchant in America. And so the two-week apprenticeship without pay went by. The third week arrived and at the end of the week the boss came over to me, and he said, you will be a good worker, and he took three dollars out and gave them to me. In Russia an official did not earn more than three rubles a week, and three dollars were worth six rubles! I asked him what made him think that I would be a good worker? He answered me that his father told him to see whether a worker eats with a good appetite, and if he does, it is a sign he would be a good worker!

Certainly, I went to my aunt with the three dollars and gave them to her. She was very pleased. My uncle saw me giving the three dollars. My uncle was a fine man, and he took twenty-five cents and said to me, Yussel, take the twenty-five cents, they will be useful to you. And so several months went by. I worked and began to earn five dollars a week. In Russian money that amounted to ten rubles a week. And it grew closer to Passover. And suddenly there was no work in the shop. Now what would I do? Now my uncle said to me, come work with me. My uncle was a rag merchant. He had a cellar in Lewis Street. And he took me to work and told me what to do. And I learned to sort rags in the Golden Land. I had no other choice.

My uncle told me that I was now paying three dollars a week to my aunt, but for Pesach I had to pay seven dollars. And if I was a good worker he would pay me six dollars a week. But for six months I will not pay you any more. And so I paid my aunt three dollars a week, and I received six dollars. I saved money to pay for Pesach. I wrote letters to my parents, and the whole village read my letters from the Golden Land.

Imagine the first Pesach in the strange land. I helped to conduct the Seders in my uncle's home. When Passover was over, my uncle took ill suddenly.

And I had to go to my uncle's shop alone. Near my uncle's cellar there was another Jew in the same business, and I always came to ask him about the work because my uncle was ill after all. One day I came to my aunt, and I found that my uncle had died. And so I saw what happened when a person dies. There was not a city where one could not go to the Chevra Kadisha, the Burial Society who did everything necessary and brought him to the holy place. Here everyone must belong to a landsmanschaft society, and the society bought land called a cemetery. And every landsman from the same village paid money, and everyone of the family had a burial plot. The president of the society had to be informed, and he took care of everything that was needed. And so that is what my aunt and the children did. And people came with a horse and a wagon. It took several hours, and the landsleit came to the funeral, and they sent him off to his fate. Of course the family sat shiva in mourning. Landsleit came to the house to console the mourners.

So the time went by. Now I was no longer a rag picker. My uncle had died. I met the Jew who had the rag shop near my uncle's cellar. He said to me, if you want to, come to work for me. He asked me how much I wanted to earn a week. I told him I'd work for him for a week and then tell him a price. I came to work for him Sunday because in the rag business no one worked on Saturday. The people who worked in the rag business were religious people. And so I worked until mid-afternoon on Friday. I awaited word of how much he would pay me. He took out a five-dollar bill and a single dollar and said, I will give you six dollars. And another thing, after work, I am not your boss and you are not my worker. I'll give you a key to my apartment when you come in the morning to work. Go into the home. Make tea as you would in your own home. Friday night you must come to us at home, and we will celebrate the Sabbath together. And so I felt very comfortable with my boss.

During this time I brought two workers into the trade with me; they were my landsmen, Lonowicszer. There was Nissel, son of Chaikel, and Moshe, Yankel's son. Those who went to work in the rag trade were unskilled workers. I invited my landsleit to come early before work to have breakfast with me.

Time doesn't stand still, and several months went by. I asked my boss to give me two more dollars a week, that is, eight dollars a week. He gave me the money right away. I well remembered the impoverishment of my parents, and I sent them money from time to time.

Here is what happened then. My boss came to America with a son and a daughter. But his wife remained in Europe. He decided to return home. He saw my parents and gave them my warmest regards. And so I had to go to work for another boss. And he paid me ten dollars a week. In those days everything was very cheap. Another friend and I had a room at 67 Henry Street. We both paid eight dollars a month. The good side of working in the rag business was that there were twelve months of work a year. In the needle

trade earnings were a little higher, but there were no more than six months of work a year. And now I was earning eleven dollars a week. In those days there were three to four hundred people working in the trade. In the small shops there was talk of organizing. They went to the Jewish Trade Union hall, and they learned to organize the workers. The truth is, I had never been an employee until I came to America. As I became acquainted with the situation, I was drawn into the movement, of course, with the help of the union organization campaign. They sent an organizer to organize a union, and so I helped organize the union, and we really showed the bosses.

All the workers got a ten percent raise! So my weekly wage rose to twelve dollars and ten cents a week. Now a feeling came upon me to see my parents. My parents where then living in Zbaricsz, Galicia, which belonged to Austria. Because my longing was so deep and my heart drew me to see my parents, I really didn't think too much about it. I packed and took an English ship. The ship's voyage took no more than five days. And it was another two days and two nights before I arrived in Zbaricsz.

Certainly my parents were overjoyed to have me visit, most understandable. But as can be observed when someone has once been to America for a long time, it was very difficult to get used to returning to Europe, particularly the economic situation and personal freedom. You were quite another person when a policeman came to you and asked who you are. Unless you've broken some law, only then were you asked who you are in America. But I was born in Lonowicsz, and when my parents relocated, they left a family behind in a home of six rooms, and my sister Tauba and brother-in-law Eliezer lived there now. And they had their business in the house, a store selling primarily food, which brought people to Lonowicsz in the Ukraine, and they stopped in Nopovivke. I saw peasants with whom we did business selling eggs and onions, which my father sold to Austria. They received me very warmly. One of them brought me to Lonowicsz, to my sister and brother-in-law. It was evening. I went into the little synagogue to pray Minche. All the Jews greeted me. In those days there were many immigrants in America, whose families remained in Lonowicsz. There were many younger men and women whose parents remained in Lonowicsz. I told them I would be in Lonowicsz for several days and would welcome everyone at home to give everyone hearty regards. And so I did. And then came the holy Sabbath, and I went with my brother-in-law to the local synagogue. There were some learned men. They honored me by calling me to the Torah and the honor of reading Maftir. Everyone came to Eliezer and Tauba's for Kiddush after the services. I gave the whole village my best account of America after Kiddush, Minche, and Shelosh Shidith. And then they served a Shelosh Shidith with song, which I shall never forget. And they prayed Mariv and served a Melovemalche, which I shall never forget as long as I shall live. Sunday I went from house to house.

Some of my friends accompanied me and shared in the honor, which was accorded me. I gave everyone regards because in those days, in New York, all the landsleit lived near to each other and indeed saw each other often. Some landsleit had left their wives and children, and some boys had left their parents. They were overjoyed with the regards which I brought them. And so I spent the time in the village of my birth, Lonowicsz. My parents now lived in Zbaricsz, Galicia, which belonged to Austria. So I came from Lonowicsz to Zbaricsz, to my parents, brother, and sisters in Galicia.

We had a cousin who was a veterinarian. He was an important man. He asked me to come and visit him for a little while. I came to him on a very stormy day. It rained cats and dogs! My cousin supervised the condition of all livestock. My cousin the veterinarian must examine them all. If they were well, he certified the animal, giving the owner the right to sell the animal. I observed all his work, and then he took me home. He had a lovely home, a wife, a daughter, and a son. All were students. He had three servants in the house. I couldn't stay at his home too long. I couldn't bear having the servants attend to me so. It was Sunday, and he took me to Lemberg. Lemberg was a big city, and we walked around a bit.

We went through one street, and I noticed they were selling tickets to America. I wanted to go in and ask how much a ticket to America costs. And I went in and asked the price. Said the salesman to me, young man, we are not selling tickets to any German or Austrian citizens, only to Russian citizens. This was 1914! I really was upset. And he told me they were already talking about war. My cousin asked me whether I had a Russian passport. I told him no. He was astonished. He telephoned my father immediately in Zbaricsz. My father brought me the Russian Propusk (Identification paper). I didn't wait long. I said farewell to my father. I told him that if there were rumors of war, I was going to return to America immediately.

And in the second day I departed without saying farewell to my mother, sisters, or brother. I did well, for if I had waited, after several months the war in Europe did break out. And here I arrived at Castle Garden, and they immediately let me into the Golden Land of America. And the man from HIAS brought me to my family. The HIAS escort who brought me to the house told them he had brought a guest from Europe, and you will have to sign for him. The family consisted of a wife, a husband, and two children. In addition there were three other relatives who lived with them, men without wives. One had a wife in Europe, and the other two were not married. They were overjoyed to see me. I immediately shelled out fifty cents, and one of the boys brought me a little box of tomatoes, herring, bread, and a bottle of milk. So we ate together the first night of my return to the Golden Land.

Imagine, three rooms and a kitchen, and we were eight people. We didn't sleep too much. I gave them regards from some of their parents and from his

wife whom he had left behind in the village and some ordinary news about the old country Russia where we were born. I asked everyone about their economic circumstances. All said they were doing badly. I thought to myself, tomorrow morning, I shall take a train into New York and look into what I can do for myself. Here we cannot depend upon anyone else. I needed a room for myself and a way to make a living. So the next morning I went to visit with the people with whom I had lived. That was at 67 Henry Street. They were called Kaplan. I had worked with Kaplan in one rag shop. They were overjoyed to see me again. Then Kaplan came home from work; it was after six o'clock (they worked ten hours a day). I talked with him about work. He said to me I should come into the shop with him at seven o'clock in the morning. We will talk to the owner, and he will take me to work because I had worked there before. I returned home. And I began to work with the same owner-boss with whom I had worked earlier.

Times were not good. The same Saturday I received a check for eleven dollars and with the admonition not to return to work. A young woman came in who I knew from our union and showed me a letter from one of our acquaintances who was now working in Rochester. His boss asked him to bring in a worker from New York. He wrote to the girl that Joseph Warach should come to Rochester to work with his boss. It was hard for me to decide to travel to a strange city in which I knew no one and no one knew me. But I did take courage and took my satchel and some clothing and was on my way again.

And I came to Rochester. The first night I slept at the home of people who were strangers to me. But the friends who called me to Rochester brought me to work. He introduced me to the boss. They both decided what I should earn. There people worked six days a week, nine hours a day, fifty-four hours a week. Compared with wages in New York, that was fine. Meanwhile I lived with my friend who had brought me to Rochester. Now that I had a job I moved to live with one of the workers who worked for the same boss. He gave me a room for myself and food too. Rent cost me three dollars a week. The dwelling was not far from the shop, so I didn't have to ride to work. Spiritual pleasures were not very far from my residence. There were lecturers from time to time who came in from New York and synagogues for prayers, but I was drawn back to New York. I visited with my friend Kaplan in whose rag shop I had worked. I lived with him for a while and worked with him too.

But one day, for a week, I went to the cloak shops to buy rags. I had another acquaintance who I had met working in a rag shop. A landsman of mine, a Lonowicszer, gave me a little place to put the rags we had bought. And so a quantity of rags was gathered. Says the landsman to me, Joseph, you were a merchant in Lonowicsz with your father. And here comes a man to visit my landsman who has a shop for rent for a rag shop. And he gave me a shop

on the Bowery for twenty dollars a month. And so I became a businessman in the Golden Land of America. This was 1914, and things did not happen as easily as is said.

For business one needs money. I had saved one hundred and fifty dollars from my work in Rochester. And my partner had one hundred dollars. And so one becomes a businessman in the Golden Land of America. And so I began to work the rags, which we had bought earlier from manufacturers who cut goods to make coats. The shops were then on Prince Street, Spring Street, and on Broadway to Eighth Street. And here I came to a manufacturer and asked him whether he had any rags to sell, and he said yes. But he said he wanted to ask me a question. And he said he had a merchant who pays him a good price, and he is an honest man. Why would he sell me the rags? My answer was: When you went into business how did you get customers? You said you went into business, and you want to make a living. You satisfied your new customers, and they slowly gave you the business. Sell me the rags just once, and if you are satisfied, you will continue to sell to me. So I acquired my first customer. But when I packed the rags and paid him, he said now I will see whether you are an honest man. And he took out a scale and ordered the rags reweighed. And he saw that everything was correct. Now he said, you have a customer. I should only have as much rags as I can sell.

And here was a second occurrence. Since I'd been in the rag business, I'd become an expert on textiles. My landsleit used to take me along to buy men's clothing. One time I went with a landesman to buy clothing. I looked over the goods. The salesman asked me how come you are such a maven on woolen yard goods? I said I was in the rag business. And the salesman told me that his father was a rag peddler, and he had many customers. Take my father's address, and tell him I sent you. After the landesman bought the suit, I went to the address and discussed business. I have many customers, said the rag peddler, but I'll sell to you. And so my business grew a little, and I took a bigger shop.

Now that I'd gotten myself organized a little in business, I felt it time to get acquainted with a girl, not to be alone. Certainly I was a member of a society called the "Schnorers" (beggars for the higher life). They were young people aspiring to a more cultivated way of life. Young men and women would get together. And so I became acquainted with a girl who really pleased me at first glance! I had never wanted to get married when I was a workingman. But now that I was in business, there was an optimistic prospect that I could make a living.

And so the young woman I was going with brought me to her home to meet her parents. We pleased each other. The girl's father was a very religious Jew but also very learned in Judaism, and her mother was a very fine and decent person. My girl had brothers and sisters, a very fine family. And so

her parents agreed with us, with good fortune, to go to a wedding betrothal. The wedding was held on December 6, 1919. The wedding was at the bride's parents' home. They catered the wedding. I had no family, and my two landsleit, Fisher and Oster, brought me to the chupa to my future wife, a fine family. In addition to her brothers and sisters, there were uncles and aunts, cousins, and landsleit. But the Rabbi who conducted the wedding was a landesman of mine. After the wedding we went away for our mutual pleasure, our honeymoon, for a weeks vacation in Lakewood. We really enjoyed our time together.

And we came home in peace, and we were able to secure a fine apartment on the fifth floor of a tenement house on East Third Street between Avenue C and D. There were four rooms and a coal oven. But our people were happy with their living arrangements. And so Joseph's life changed completely.

Before I went off to work at 6:30 A.M., my wife had already risen. On the table everything was prepared by my dear wife. And when I came home and I knocked on the door, there my dear wife awaited me. And the evening meal was prepared and on the table.

Don't think it was an easy thing for an immigrant to go into business. There never was anyone to lend me a little money.

I also organized a Lonowicszer Relief Society. It was then after the First World War, and the little village was impoverished. We just had to do something for our Lonowicszer landsleit. You can ask, how does one organize a Lonowicszer Relief Society? Well there were three of us, and I became the Chairman, one was the Secretary, and the third became the Treasurer. Where will we get the money? Said I to them, I'll give twenty-five dollars, and they both gave fifteen dollars, and now we had a relief society. Now we will call a meeting. I was certain that our landsleit would give a good account of themselves, certainly each one according to their financial circumstances. And so was organized a Lonowicszer Relief Society to help our little village after the First World War years. Lonowicsz came under Polish power; before it had belonged to Russia. Then later for a time Lonowicsz belonged to Communist Russia. Rich Jews lost their property. Some had farmlands and lakes for fishing. They were all impoverished overnight. So our relief society needed to help everyone. Then the Polish government was anti-Semitic, just as was the Tsarist government. Fortunately, many young people immigrated to Israel and also to America. When my wife and I visited Israel many years later, in 1957, the Lonowicszer landsleit received us with great honor. There were more than a hundred families. Together we organized a loan fund for the immigrants in Israel. Not all were needy, but they could borrow up to five hundred dollars without interest. Together we created a Yitzchor Book (a Memorial Book) after World War II and the Holocaust to recall the departed Lonowicszer. Most were sold in America, not too many in Israel. The Yitzchor

Book was edited by Chaim Rabin, my niece Tcharne's husband, with some parts in Yiddish, some in Hebrew.

We shall go backward a little. After settling in our new home, my wife, with good fortune, gave birth to a little boy, Beryl, on February 10, 1921. Then we brought over my parents from Zbaricsz and also my brother Moshe and my youngest sister Yecheved. When they came to France on their way to America they sent us a telegram asking us to send them nine hundred dollars. And they came to America, first class. They thought they were coming to a son and daughter-in-law who were very rich people! And when we brought them to the fifth floor apartment on East Third Street between Avenue C and D, into four rooms with a coal oven, they saw how rich we really were. And so my wife really had a great deal of work to do until my brother and sister were married and established their own home.

Joseph Warach"

This narrative ends about 1923. My grandparents could not bear life in a crowded apartment on the Lower East Side where they knew no one and were known to none. My grandfather Akiva had no status at all in the new world. Although my mother maintained a kosher home, still my farther worked on the Sabbath. This must have been deeply troubling to my Chassidic grandfather and grandmother. Sometime in 1923 or 1924 my grandparents returned to Lonowicsz, to their home. My grandfather died in 1929. My grandmother perished in the Holocaust at the hands of the Nazis and their Ukrainian minions sometime after 1941.

I translated this letter from the Yiddish in September 1997. I note the family record:

Joseph Warach, born July 1892 in Lonowicsz, Russia

Immigrated to New York in 1910

Revisited Lonowicsz in 1913

Married Frances Farber December 6, 1919

Son arrives, Bernard, February 10, 1921

Son arrives, Kenneth, July 27, 1926

Frances Farber, born July 21, 1895 in Fudamenka, Russia

Emigrated to Parkesville, New York in 1909

Frances Farber dies September 24, 1973

Joseph Warach dies February 11, 1976

In the Beginning

I was born on February 10, 1921 to Frances and Joseph Warach at the Lying-In Hospital at Eighteenth Street and Second Avenue overlooking Stuyvesant Square Park in New York City. My mother told me she spent a pleasant week recuperating in a sunny room on the eighth floor overlooking the park. Her meals were brought to her bedside. During the long months of her pregnancy, life had been much harder. There was housework, there were meals to prepare, and heavy sacks of groceries to carry up five floors of stairs to reach the fifth floor apartment.

My parents brought me home by taxi on a very wintry day to their home in the tenement house on Third Street between Avenue C and D. The small railroad flat had four rooms: two bedrooms, a living room, and a kitchen with a coal burning stove. There was steam heat, when it came up. But the bathroom was shared with other tenants in the hall. This was the first home for my poor immigrant parents on the Lower East Side, and they were glad to have it. They were overjoyed to bring their first-born son home. I was apparently a beautiful, plump little infant, complete in every way. My circumcision ceremony was celebrated with a large gathering of the family and landsleit in the apartment.

In the 1920's, after World War I, tens of thousands of immigrants lived in these overcrowded tenement blocks of "old law" and "new law" tenement buildings. This was all they could afford. By the time my father got married he had become a small merchant buying rags, sorting them, and reselling to wholesalers in the trade. He bought the rags from manufacturers of ladies coats with the rags cut from long bolts of cloth, the remnants remaining after the bodies of cloth were left with which the garments were sewn. My father's shop was in a loft on the Bowery. It was a long walk to the shop early morning as was the return in the evening. My father worked ten hours a day, six days a week, as did all others in the trade. Still, he made a modest living, enough for a young family to survive. Unlike the garment workers in the needle trades, my father never suffered the burden of seasonal layoffs.

I remember nothing of my earliest childhood. My mother recalled these years bitterly. Sometime in 1922 my father sponsored visas for his younger brother Moshe and sister Yecheved to bring them over from Lonowicsz in

Poland. Circumstances for the Jews in Poland grew bitterer with each passing day. My father paid for the railroad and steamship tickets for their passage to the United States. En route they wired my father for nine hundred dollars to pay for first class steamship passage instead of steerage. They assumed their older brother was a rich man. I assume that my father sent them the nine hundred dollars, though I never learned whether the passage money had been repaid. This added to my mother's resentment of Moshe and Yecheved over the years.

When Moshe and Yecheved, now called Jean in America, settled into the cramped little apartment to share with my father, a young mother, and child, they were shocked, for they had lived better in Lonowicsz in my grandfather's house. Then Aunt Jean arrived with a sense of superiority. She had been a graduate of a gymnasium and was not prepared to assist with the household chores, expecting my mother to serve them all. It was a year before Aunt Jean and Uncle Moshe found a way to earn a living and secured their own homes. Aunt Jean, a skilled seamstress, became a "finisher" in the garment trade. Uncle Moshe became an egg candler, another Jewish trade. Later he became an officer in the candlers union.

There were strong political differences in this young and crowded household. The harsh circumstances of Jewish life in Poland had profoundly affected Jewish youth. Many were emancipated, no longer willing to follow the ways of their fathers, or in the household of Akiva Warach, the Chasidic beliefs and orthodox practices of religious Jews in Lonowicsz. Jewish young people yearned for some solution to the oppressive anti-Semitism which pervaded Poland. Communism, Socialism, the Jewish Bundist and Zionist movements appealed to many. Aunt Jean and Uncle Moshe arrived with distinctly "progressive", perhaps even Communist, sympathies. They rejected the orthodox religiosity of their father.

My father deeply identified with his Chassidic father and his father's beliefs. But his most profound and heartfelt loyalties were with the Labor Zionist movement, Zionist Socialism. Concurrently, he followed the loyalty of so many immigrants, deeply appreciating the liberty of American citizens and American democracy. He and my mother were very proud to be American citizens. Here was a land where the policeman on the street tipped his hat to the citizen, and the inspecting fireman of a rag shop did not shake down the small businessman for graft, as had been true in the old country. So at home my mother kept a kosher household in the path of her family, and we observed the Sabbath, celebrated Kiddush at Friday night dinner and the holidays. Alas, my father had to break with the Sabbath; he had to work on that day to make a living.

By 1922 the party line of the communists and socialists in New York was very hostile to bourgeois nationalism, religion, and Zionism. This led to

some very caustic and bitter exchanges between the brothers and sister. And so, when Moshe and Jean left the household, there was great relief. My father and mother maintained cool and distant relations with brother and sister for the rest of their lives.

I was told that in 1923 or 1924 my father, Moshe, and Jean brought their father Akiva and mother Breindel to America. They settled into the little tenement apartment with my family and stayed for a year. I can imagine the hardship this imposed upon my mother, to take care of an infant and elderly in-laws.

Life in America must have been equally difficult for my grandparents. They were living in a more crowded apartment than their home in Lonowicsz. Grandfather Akiva and grandmother Breindel knew no one on East Third Street. Akiva and Breindel and their family were esteemed and beloved Jews, living a familiar and religious life with their own synagogue and revered Rabbi. Joseph and Frances were not as observant as they were. They returned to Lonowicsz in 1924 with some assurance of financial support form their children in America. When Akiva died in 1929 he was greatly mourned. Alas, my grandmother's death is recorded in the archives of the Yad Vashem in Jerusalem with those of another forty Warachs who all perished in the Holocaust. She died in 1942, shot by the Nazi invaders and their Ukrainian minions after the Soviet troops retreated from Wolyn.

In 1957 the memorial book "Lonowicsz", edited by Chaim Rabin, husband of Tscharne, daughter of my father's sister Rachel, was published in Tel Aviv.[1] This book contains a number of sad and moving essays by former Lonowicszer in Yiddish and Hebrew, recording their memory of the village and its people. I translated a number of the essays, sending copies to my children and cousins. I have included here a translation of the essay by my cousin Tscharne about her grandfather Akiva.

"'My Grandfather Akiva'
By
Tscharne Rabin

Amongst the Lonowicszer, my grandfather Akiva Warach was an honored person, not because he was the greatest learned person or because he was the richest Jew, but because he was esteemed, a fine Jew and a good Jew. He was renowned among the Lonowicszer for his good qualities. Whoever remembers Akiva the Zbaricszer (so he was called), the stranger, tall grown with a snow-white beard and lovable face, his garments hung beautifully on him. He was

1 Rabin, Chaim, ed. *Lonowicsz, a Memorial for the Holy Victims of the Nazi Holocaust*, Tel Aviv, 1957.

always cleanly dressed for the Sabbath. I remember the black pressed pants, the handsome black jacket, with shoes always polished black.

He was always good to everyone: to grandmother, to the children, and the grandchildren, and to people. I remember as a child when we used to play Sabbath afternoon in our house, when everyone went to sleep, when my grandfather would get out of bed every time, quietly so as not to wake anyone, and would go out to the children to see whether we wanted something. Not waiting for our answer, grandfather took out the best things which were in the house to eat. The children really treasured this; not only us, but our friends loved grandfather Akiva.

Lonowicszer Jews remembered his good deeds. It was an epoch when Grandfather and Grandmother lived in Zbaricsz. I mean because he came from Galicia, it was not easy to get used to Lonowicsz. So that after a while in Lonowicsz they resettled in Zbaricsz, which is where my grandfather felt at home.

Between Lonowicsz (Russia) and Zbaricsz (Austria) there was a border. The Lonowicszer Jews conducted business with Zbaricsz, and it wasn't easy. After the war the whole family of Akiva Warach settled in Lonowicsz, whether they did good business or not. All turned to Akiva Warach whenever there were problems at the border with the government. He never said no and did what he could. He was a very practical manager and so too was grandmother, no less than he. She came from Lonowicsz, and their home became a hotel for visiting Lonowicszer.

Akiva Warach helped Jews and Gentiles to overcome the formalities of departing for America and had them stay at his home till they departed. Everyone, Gentiles included, had a great deal to thank him for. When after a few years they returned from America to Lonowicsz, it was understood they could not get used to the American way of life. They were received with great joy. The Lonowicszer Jews remembered what they had done for them.

A lovely and good and deep person was my grandfather.

May he be long remembered and praised."

What of my mother's family? Her father, Zalman Meyer Farberoff, came from a very large, traditional family, as did his wife, Bess Fradin. They were tenant farmers in a little village, Fudamenka, west of Gomel, in Byelo-Russia. They lived at the very easterly end of the "Pale of Russia", the territory in which Jews were permitted to live but own no farmland. They had some dairy cows and chickens and sold milk and cheese in the village marketplace. By 1909 conditions in Russia had grown worse and worse for the Jews, and the whole family of Farberoffs emigrated to the United States, as did many Fradins.

The circumstances of their resettlement are lost in memory but resettle they did on a dairy farm in Parkesville, New York in the Catskills. How

Zalman Meyer rented a farm, borrowed the money to secure dairy cows, chickens, furniture, and a horse and wagon is a mystery, but he did. He had a large brood to support. There were six children whom they brought through Ellis Island: Max, the eldest son, Abe, Frances, Ruth, Faye, Mae, and a seventh who arrived in the United States, Dora. They survived for a number of years, but the price of milk was low. Parkesville, at an elevation of two thousand feet, yielded only one crop of hay, and additional feed was costly. They rented rooms to summer boarders who were not religious enough and stole eggs out of the chicken coops as their due, as I was told.

The Farberoffs moved back to the Lower East Side and later to Flatbush in Brooklyn. Zalmon Meyer made a modest living as a kosher slaughterer, a schochet, and the older children went out to work to help support the family. My mother did too when she was a very mature looking fourteen-year old. My mother was a seamstress in the "shirt waist" industry making women's blouses. This was several years after the notorious "Triangle Shirt Waist Factory Fire" on lower Broadway in 1911 in which so many young women died. The Farberoff children were especially devoted to their mother, a beloved woman, all of their lives. Zalman Meyer was a stiff and reserved man, removed from the lives of his children.

The Farberoff children found the Lower East Side a lively place to live during the early twenties. They found work and a very sociable world. There were thousands of young people, the Yiddish theatre, concerts, and dances to attend. Their landsmanschaft societies brought large assemblies of people together. Many became involved politically and were active in their trade unions. Zalman Meyer, a traditional Jew and schochet, attended the synagogue regularly and lived a traditional life. None of his children remained faithful to the religious way of life, though all married Jewish men and women. My mother, Frances, met Joseph at a ball.

Though Frances came from a misnagdisch, "litvish" family, and my father from a Chassidic, Galician family, the Farberoff's deemed Joseph a suitable and appropriate young man and approved their betrothal. Here was a vast change because their marriage was a choice of personal love and preference. They were married December 4, 1919; my mother was twenty-four.

There is no doubt I was a beloved first-born son. Family lore, as recounted by more than one doting aunt, described me as a delicious, sturdy, vigorous, and responsive infant. I must have been delighted to be cuddled by a host of aunts, uncles, and grandmother Bess at the many family gatherings and holiday dinners. My father too had many landsmen who lived in the neighborhood. All of these young people were getting married and beginning their own families. I remember well the meetings of the Executive Committee of the Lonowicszer Society Sunday mornings in our dining room. My father was the chairman, and mother, the Recording Secretary, served raisins and

chickpeas. I spoke Yiddish fluently from earliest childhood and listened to the proceedings very carefully.

Then a calamity befell me and my family. During the summer of 1924 my mother and father had rented a room in a bungalow colony in Ellenville, New York. This was a relief to a young family away from the heat of the summer in a tenement house apartment. I contracted poliomyelitis. My mother and father, who rushed up from the city, were devastated.

Poliomyelitis is an acute viral infection producing a wide variety of consequences. This virus particularly attacks the nervous system. Poliomyelitis is caused by an RNA virus which is pathogenic for humans and other primates. The virus may remain viable in water or sewage for four months. It occurred with higher frequency in the northern climates from July to September. Poliomyelitis may manifest as an apparent infection, a "minor illness", as non-paralytic polio, or as paralytic poliomyelitis. In children the illness begins with an upper respiratory infection, and in children less than five, paralysis of one leg is common.

Treatment then included bed rest on a mattress supported by a board, the application of wet heat, "hot packs" applied to affected muscles, and use of analgesics. Treatment after recovery was principally massage therapy for two years after the onset of the disease. Poliomyelitis had left most but not all the nerves in my left foot, from my knee down, inoperative. The muscles in my calf and left foot atrophied. I could stand and walk but not run. My left foot developed "left planus drop", turning outward and dragging because I could not lift the foot easily. Three years later Franklin Delano Roosevelt contracted poliomyelitis, possibly in New Hyde Park on a parallel across the Hudson River from Ellenville, although it was not manifest until he vacationed at Campobello Island. He was far more gravely affected as an adult. The nerves of both his legs below his hips were impaired. Not until a decade later did Jonas Salk and Andrew Sabin create their vaccine to combat and extirpate this scourge.

I can only imagine the anguish of my mother and father during this devastating illness of their first-born child. Their little boy was crippled. Back in the city my mother brought me to the clinic operated by the Association for Crippled Children at Eighteenth Street and Second Avenue for physical therapy three times a week. This was a fatiguing exercise: down the staircase of the fifth floor of her apartment, to the street, then a bus to Eighteenth Street. In 1926 my brother, then called Kenneth, arrived five years after my birth.

In his business, by dint of hard work and acumen, my father's fortunes improved. By 1927 he could afford to move his family into the McKinley Apartments at 111 East Seventh Street between First Avenue and Avenue A. The four-room apartment had a private bathroom, two bedrooms, a kitchen with a gas stove, and a living room. Most important of all there was a little self-

service elevator to the fifth floor landing for apartment 67. Just one floor below the roof, the apartment overlooked East Eighth Street and its low three- and four-story buildings. Sunshine flooded the apartment in the daytime, pouring in from the open backyard. There was an areaway separating our building and the adjacent six-story apartment house. Our neighbors and their lives were clearly visible. I had my own bedroom and study! When I was six and in first grade my father bought me a secretary with its own bookshelves and a floor lamp. I was in my glory. Now this apartment was within walking distance of my physical therapy clinic. It was within a stone's thrown of the Second Avenue theatrical district, half a block from the First Avenue retail shops and half a block from Tompkins Square Park. Later I found I could walk to my elementary school, P.S. 25, my junior high school, Henry P. O'Neal Junior High, J.H.S. 64, and Stuyvesant High School, then on East Fifteenth Street and First Avenue. On Eighth Street and Avenue B I attended Talmud Torah Darchei Noam. My brother Kenneth attended these schools as well. For my father, who moved his shop to a loft on Bond Street, his walk to work was much closer. Indeed the family move to Seventh Street was most propitious and a happy development. Our landlord, Weisner and Company by name, ran a benign corporation with a very long-term perspective. During the depths of the depression he reduced rents from $52 a month to $36 to faithful paying tenants and maintained a decent level of services long before rent control.

When I was seven Dr. Louis B. Mayer, a world famous orthopedic surgeon and Chief of Service for the New York Society for Crippled Children, operated on my foot to correct the "left planus drop" by transplanting muscles in my left leg. He succeeded, but I lost the capacity to lift the four left toes. I am not certain I had the capacity to lift these toes before the operation, but now my left foot turned inward properly. I was out of school for several months, but my mother diligently visited with my teacher and brought home all of my schoolwork and reading. I returned to my third grade class without losing my standing. I vividly remember the shiny red tricycle my father bought for me. I could drive the bicycle even with my plaster cast, inscribed with the get-well wishes of family and friends. I remember happy, sunny days, bicycling around in Tompkins Square Park accompanied by my mother and little brother Kenneth in a pram.

My childhood recollection includes a vivid memory of vigorous massaging by a buxom Englishwoman-therapist, a Miss Farley. Another young, blonde woman was gentler, whom I preferred. Who knows how these therapists affected my later sex life! When the cast was removed at last, it was replaced with a high metal brace above my knee and a high shoe with a lift of about one and a half inches, reflecting the shortening of my leg. But I could walk unaided by a cane or crutch. Somehow I walked from Seventh Street to Eighteenth Street for therapy with my mother and sometimes with a neighbor,

Mrs. Regina Mansberg, whose son too needed treatment for polio. She and my mother became fast friends.

So very early I knew I was different and crippled. My mother, very sensible and concerned, encouraged me through childhood and youth to play with all the other children, to be active, to go out to the park, play touch football and mush ball, and to learn to swim at the Boys Club on East Tenth Street and Avenue A. This early encouragement was a most important influence on my life. It ultimately helped me overcome the dark shadow upon my soul cast by my hateful, ugly body. Sometimes I could observe the glances of other children and adults watching me. My limping walk probably elicited sympathy in the hearts of my family, kinfolk, and schoolteachers; for others, my gait was an object of disdain and scorn.

I never talked about my crippled condition with anyone, not my father, mother, brother, or later any of the young women I loved and who loved me. As a child I hated to go to the beach because it would reveal the withered condition of my left leg. Later I overcame this reticence as I became an excellent swimmer and the rest of my body filled out. By the time I was twelve or thirteen I was able to give up my metal brace, to my great relief. At fifteen another miracle occurred. I could stand on my left leg for a few seconds, long enough to dance a waltz or fox trot!

But my affliction remained always the dark and lonely side of me. I was different. My perception of other people and their circumstances was colored by my acute sensitivity to difference. I became a keen observer of physical movement and the behavior of my peers and other people, young and old. I was particularly cognizant of their reactions and perception of me. Would I be accepted? I understand that all young people through adolescence and young adulthood struggle with the need for acceptance, but my handicap undoubtedly made the process more difficult.

A great deal has been said, research conducted and written about the social adjustment of the handicapped from infancy to old age. I have learned much about these issues which affect so many people. In retrospect, poliomyelitis did not deter me from leading a vigorous life. I had a great many childhood friends, went camping, served as a camp counselor, Camp Director, community organizer, and served overseas with UNRRA during the Great War. Later I became an effective social agency executive. I loved, lost, had some dreadful misadventures, and married my true love, Shirley, my wife. We had three wonderful children and enjoyed parenthood. I was a good father to a lovely brood. Later, after Shirley's death, I had the good fortune to marry Marie who was able to accept me and my family in their entirety. We have lived together for more than thirty-three years in love and fellowship. We have had many interesting experiences. I have, by this end of my days, come to accept myself as I could not in my youth.

I believe my illness affected my perspective and outlook. It deepened my sympathy, compassion, and concern for the well being of other people, of unfortunate people. Growing up during the depression of the 1930's made a profound impression upon me, as it did all of the other young people of my generation. I observed so much misery on the streets of New York. I believed something had to be done to improve the lot of mankind. Certainly I was influenced by my family who shared in that belief. My father was concerned for his fellow Lonowicszer, suffering in the old world, and for Jews oppressed by the Nazis and Communist power in the old world. My father believed in the power of the ballot and the democratic way in the United States. I found a home in the Christodora House – a settlement with workers who believed society could be changed peaceably. The New Deal asserted the possibility of incremental change to remake American society. Ultimately I devoted my working life to social work as a way to perfect the world in some modest degree. I have had the good fortune to enjoy a long life. Even my poliomyelitis kept me out of the U.S. Army in 1941 and mortal combat. Some good has come of it all.

Childhood

Early childhood memories grow faint. But some recollections remain vividly inscribed on my mind's eye, recurring again and again. I lived in one place from the age of four, from 1925, until my graduation from college in 1940. That place was a tiny flat, apartment 67, at 111 East Seventh Avenue in the McKinley Apartments, mid-block between First Avenue and Avenue A. I enjoyed a very small bedroom of my own at the south end of the apartment off the kitchen. It was a private place, and I could even close the door. Early on my father bought a secretary for me, to my great delight. The secretary could be closed, and there were bookshelves with two glass doors. I had a floor lamp. This was my private refuge in which I could escape the troubles of the day and in which I could read and study. Then there was my bed and a window overlooking the areaway between 111 and 115 East Seventh Street, perhaps fifteen to twenty feet away. Our neighbors were quite visible across the way, though drawn window shades made for privacy. Early morning the sun streamed down from the east over the sixth floor parapet of my neighboring tenement house building.

I remember being roused early at a quarter of six in the morning by the tolling of the church bells at the St. Stanislaus Cathedral adjacent to our building. This was the call to morning mass and awakened the children who attended the parochial school of St. Stanislaus. It was then the largest Polish parish in the world, greater even than those in Warsaw we were told. The bells continued every hour in the morning and of course on Sundays. We were reminded every morning that America was a Christian world after all. Later when I was off to school I would pass the open doors of the church. I could see the multi-colored candles and votary lights, all red and yellow, and the masses of the congregation kneeling at their prayer. The church was very well attended. I passed by with a measure of fear and curiosity. I never entered the doors of the church.

Seventh Street was a friendly place for me, through childhood and youth, and for my mother and father during the forty years of their residence. The street and the apartment house had a diverse population of Jewish, Polish, and Ukrainian immigrants, and their American-born children. My father, who came from the Polish Ukraine, could chat with some of our neighbors in Ukrainian. There was a candy store in our building. Mr. Puciata, the

proprietor, was a very rotund, friendly man, Polish in origin, who greeted every child entering his store. He took my two cents, which my mother would give me occasionally, and gravely deposited the money into his cash register. He then patiently awaited my decision to buy a Hershey's chocolate bar. In truth I chose the same candy bar every time. This was very important to me then, and I ate the chocolate slowly. I still eat the chocolate bar slowly to this very day, but it takes seventy-five cents to buy the same small portion!

By the time I was five or six my mother permitted me to go out and enjoy street play with my neighborhood buddies. There were Henry and Teddy Gansky, six or seven, then there was "Srule" Seftel, an eight year old, bigger than me. We played in front of the building. There were seasons of play. Sometimes glass and steel marbles were "up". We played a competitive game in the curb of the street called "spannies", actually a children's game resembling bowls. At the end of the day I would bring back my bag of marbles, washing them very carefully, especially to remove the pungent smell of horse urine. In the late 1920's there were many vendors selling fruits and vegetables in wagons drawn by horses. From time to time a mother would open a window and shout down to her children playing on the street.

This little group of boys gained courage in our company, and we began to wander out to First Avenue, Avenue A, and Tompkins Square Park. As we walked we kept our eyes peeled for discarded cigarette boxes, collecting their silver livings to make huge silver balls. There were matchbook covers to collect. These discarded matchbooks had the names of companies imprinted upon them, and these acquired differential values to their collectors. We traded matchbook covers. Sometimes we would gather in each other's homes. Our parents would provide snacks, and we played card games like "casino" and "war", and later we learned to play poker.

There were places of interest on Seventh Street. Several doors east of our building was a Russian Orthodox Church. It was the national church for a tribe of gypsies. There were well-attended services on Sunday, and every now and then there were grand wedding celebrations with guests attending in full gypsy regalia. Their parties would spread out into the street. Further down there were two funeral parlors serving the Polish community. Peter Jarema was the mortician of one parlor, and it is still open at the same location seventy years later. As children we were aware of the mortality of humankind as we passed the open doors of the parlors. We could see the bodies of the dead, laid out so formally, candles burning. We hurried by these open doors. West of the church was an Italian barber. Every month or two my mother or father would escort me to the barber for a haircut, always a painful experience. The barber handled me roughly and left me short. I remember the cost of a haircut for a child was twenty-five cents. Further west down the block was a marvelous Polish bakery. Across the street in a basement were the premises

of our iceman. This poor Italian delivered a huge cake of ice carried on his back with ice tongs, responding to orders, citing our apartment and address written on his pad. Sometime in the late 1930's he closed his little business, a victim of technological developments which at last brought a refrigerator into our apartment to replace our ice box. That was a great advance for our family and for my mother. In recent years I have seen replicas of these oak ice boxes in antique shops selling for three or four hundred dollars.

Our kitchen had a sink, a four-burner gas stove, washtub, icebox, and a kitchen table with four seats. Though it was small we had most of our meals in the kitchen. There were times when guests arrived, and on the Sabbath and holidays we had a formal dinner in our living room at our large round table. A window alongside the sink gave us sunlight during the day. Friday evening was always celebrated with the Sabbath dinner at a table formally set with a tablecloth and the recitation of the Kiddush. My mother lit the candles and recited the Sabbath prayer. My father read the Kiddush as I did as soon as I learned to read Hebrew. There was always Malaga wine to drink, shared with the children. The menu for the diner was unchanging: chicken soup with noodles, boiled chicken, candied sweet potatoes, and, as dessert, cooked prunes and raisins and honey cake. This ritual was followed in the homes of the multitudes of Jewish immigrants in those years.

My mother loved green plants. She was, after all, raised as a farm girl. Our apartment always had many plants. During the winter they were kept in the dining room and my parents' bedroom. Then during the spring, summer, and autumn they were set out onto our fire escape overlooking the vast open area of East Eighth Street with its low lying three- and four-story houses. So there was sunshine through the windows of my parents' bedrooms and the living room. Off in the distance, on Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, the huge Consolidated Edison building, its clock lit through the night, towered above the neighborhood. My mother's plants included the ficus ("rubber") plant, a snake plant, and ivy. The snake plant survived my parents' relocation to Brighton Beach and still thrives in our apartment in Manhattan. My brother Akiva transplanted a segment of the plant to his apartment in Netanya in Israel. Jonathan, my son, planted his segment in the front yard of his house in Brandon many years later.

I went shopping with my mother on First Avenue, a great retail store area, under the elevated. There were dairy stores, fruit and vegetable markets, Polish and Ukrainian delicatessen shops, and Jewish and Italian bakeries, a wealth of choice. Sometimes, in the late 1930's before World War II, the elevated was demolished and its scrap iron sold to the Japanese, undoubtedly to be made into armaments.

My mother spent a great deal of time with my little brother and me in Tompkins Square Park. I was recovering from my operation with my little red tricycle, and my brother was two years of age. The park was then a tranquil

greensward with shady trees, grass lawns enclosed by high chain link fences, asphalt walks in good repair, and many park benches. There were playgrounds for the children with seesaws, swings, and jungle gyms.

The city had designated Tompkins Square Park as open park land as early as 1811. The land was once owned by Daniel B. Tompkins, Governor of New York and later Vice President of the United States under President James Monroe. By the War of 1812 the east River waterfront was the venue of foundries and shipyards; the neighborhood housed thousands of working men and women, and Tompkins Square became a great marketplace for farmers' produce from Long Island. In 1849 Tompkins Square Park was the site for the Astor Place riots. In 1857 workers marched from City Hall to Tompkins Square. By 1866 Tompkins Square had become a real park. Trees were planted, lawns established, and park benches installed. There were demonstrations of the unemployed in 1875.

In 1927 when my parents and my brother and I visited the park, it was a bucolic and popular place of respite. Families and children enjoyed the shady corners of the park. I loved the park and used it with my tricycle. Later, with my little gang, we would climb the chain link fences and play touch football on the green lawns. My buddies had no problem letting me play center in touch football or catch in mush ball. I could play these positions though I could not run. At my turn at bat, someone would run for me. I hit the ball fairly well. I made my way amongst my street friends.

I must have learned to read early, before I had enrolled at elementary school. One of the most memorable days of my childhood was my first visit to the Tompkins Square Library on Tenth Street between Avenue A and Avenue B with my mother. I received my first library card and could borrow two books at one time. I returned the books two weeks later to borrow new books for a new adventure. The library books were Aladdin's lamp for me, opening new worlds of far off lands and history.

My dearest Aunt Faye gave me some wonderful children's books. I read and reread the Bible Story book. The book, in addition to its narrative, had large illustrations in color of Abraham, Joseph with his coat of many colors, Moses, the Hebrews in Egypt and their passage across the Red Sea and days of wandering in the desert. I saved that book for my children and read to them from it during their early childhood. Now it is with Gabriel, my daughter Beth's oldest son. There were hours of delight in reading Tom Sawyer, King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, Robinson Crusoe, and the Swiss Family Robinson. I read all of the work of Jules Verne. These books took me far away from the ugly realities of the Great Depression, which came upon us in 1929 when I was just eight years of age. The grim times were evident in the streets, in the unemployed people, in the shantytowns and the "Hoovervilles" we observed along the abandoned docks of the East River.

Several summers during my childhood were spent in family vacations at Cooks Falls Lodge in the Catskills. My mother's first cousin, Ida Fradin, owned this resort. It was located about one hundred and forty miles from New York on Route 17, just off the road above the Beaverkill River. Indeed it was not far from Parkesville, the village in which my grandparents had settled on a farm during their first arrival in the United States. The hotel was on a twenty-eight acre property with a small lake. The hotel proper was a large, white-painted building with a marvelous porch and rocking chairs overlooking the road and the river.

Under cousin Ida's management the hotel had gained a reputation for its friendly character, good food, and especially its fine cultural programs. The hotel attracted writers, poets, and philosophers. Programs were conducted in literary Yiddish, and there were musical evenings and dances in the large social hall. Cooks Falls Lodge was distinguished from its competitors on the "borscht circuit" by its refined quality. The off-color comedians of the hotels east were prohibited! For the children a young counselor provided a round of camping activities: swimming, crafts, sports, nature hikes, and rowing on the lake.

For my parents this was a happy vacation. My mother's sister Faye, her husband Ben, and other landsleit attended the hotel at the same time. I enjoyed this vacation as well. The food and activities were fun, and there were even a few of my cousins. One memorable stay was marked by a week of rain. The Beaverkill River became so high it overflowed its banks and Route 17, reaching the front steps of the hotel. This was an exciting time for a little boy. The waters ultimately receded. The Beaverkill River then and now was well known as one of the great trout fishing streams in the state. I was thrilled to observe a fisherman actually catch a trout one summer afternoon. Many years later Marie and I motored to Ithaca on Route 17, now a four-lane highway, passing the old Cooks Fall lodge. The hotel is now a private residence, a summer home for New Yorkers. My cousin Ida and her hotel are long since gone.

At last, when I was five, I was enrolled in elementary school, P.S. 25. This old school was on Third Street between First Avenue and Second Avenue. It was a large, five-story brick building with many windows for its classrooms and large stairways for the throng of children who made their way up to class every weekday. Classes began at eight, and I arose early, had breakfast, and, during my first year at school, was walked by my mother in the morning. I recall coming home for lunch and returning home again after three. It did not seem too long a walk. There were street guards at the corner of Third Street and First Avenue, and all the streets had traffic lights. Looming above us on First Avenue was the elevated subway, the "El", which ultimately was demolished in 1940. The scrap steel was shipped to Japan and came back to America in exploding shells at Pearl Harbor in 1941.

P.S. 25 was an all boys school and served almost one thousand children from first to sixth grade. I entered at five, a year earlier than was usual, and was enrolled in first grade, there being no kindergarten at the time. My early admission must have given my mother some relief because that year my younger brother Kenneth was born. Children all wore white shirts and either red or blue knitted ties. I preferred blue and had two ties. The children were all white, sons of immigrants from Italy, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Russia, Poland, and Greece. They were Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish. The school was an orderly place with women teachers, all of whom seemed very tall and imposing. I enjoyed P.S. 25. It was friendly. I vaguely recall studying English, literature, geography, history, arithmetic, and something called civics. Once a week the children attended "Assembly". We sat in the great auditorium, row by row, by class. We listened to "music appreciation", my first exposure to classical music. The recordings of Grieg's "Peer Gynt", the "Hall of the Mountain King" and St. Saen's "The Swan" remain dear, familiar recollections. A half pint of milk and a graham cracker were served every assembly.

Our immigrant parents respected and esteemed our teachers, and we did too. Our schools were orderly and safe places, and during all the years of my attendance, from elementary school through high school, I recall no untoward incidents; there were no fearful conflicts, brawls or crimes. Our teachers ruled their large classes of thirty to thirty-six children benignly.

My teachers at P.S. 25 were kind and perceptive. Mrs. Kramer taught first grade, Mrs. Benjamin second grade, Miss Lynch third grade, Mrs. Brahms fourth grade, Miss Housman and Miss Gluck fifth grade, and Miss Wright and Miss Dalton sixth grade. My report cards were good, and I believe I must have evoked some sympathy though no special treatment as a little boy who limped. We enjoyed a grand graduation ceremony for parents and children. I was very proud. P.S. 25 sent me off to Henry P. O'Neal Junior High School, J.H.S. 64, with some commendation because I was enrolled in the Rapid Advance class, R.A. 1, which took me through Junior High School in two years.

When I was eight I joined the Boys Club of New York at Tenth Street and Avenue A with my neighborhood friends. The Boys Club was founded in 1876 by Edward H. Harriman, a Wall Street and railroad magnate, for the benefit of the poor boys of the city. Over a thirty-year period he contributed more than $500,000 to the Boys Club. Services were initiated in the basement of the Wilson Mission School at Eighth Street and Avenue A. By 1901 it moved into its own building at Tenth Street and Avenue A, which ultimately grew into a seven-story building with a gymnasium, swimming pool, auditorium, and library. With my buddies Henry, Teddy, and Srule we attended the Boys Club frequently. Membership was only fifty cents a year. There were movies every week and swimming every day. I learned to swim at the Boys Club. The Boys Club was rough on movie nights. There were large crowds of boys, many

Italian, with pushing and shoving on the entrance lines. Still, Teddy, Henry, Srule, and I survived and enjoyed the movies: talkies.

My parents enrolled me in the William Carey Camp of the Boys Club for several two-week trips during two summers. My parents thought this would be a great opportunity for me to enjoy the sunshine, swimming, and supervised play at the camp in Jamesport, Long Island. Once again, Teddy, Henry, and Srule enrolled with me and found security in our company. These stays were my first camp experiences, and I survived, even thrived.

William Carey Camp must have been designed by an architect of juvenile detention centers. The camp site was laid out on thirty acres of Long Island pasture land on an escarpment, forty or fifty feet above the sound and its pebbly beach. It was wholly enclosed by a twelve-foot fence with a huge double-gated entrance. There were large two-story dormitories, a dining hall, auditorium, crafts, shops, and many large playing fields. There was even a large storage building in which campers deposited all their clothing, checking out their suitcases when they needed a change.

There were several hundred boys aged seven to fourteen. When we arrived we deposited all our belongings in the storehouse and were issued a gray denim shirt and trousers with the name William Carey Camp embroidered in red on our shirt. In addition, we received a toothbrush and toothpaste in a little kit, two blankets, a linen sleeping bag, and a pillow with a pillowcase. The dormitory rooms each housed twenty campers on iron frame beds. Our counselors slept in adjoining rooms. We had our meals in the dining rooms with food served in cafeteria style. The food was plentiful and adequate, though I was not enthralled by the cooking.

The activities were many and the schedule vigorous. Our camper group moved through a day of mushball, volleyball, and arts and crafts, with swimming twice a day. We descended a very long set of steps to get to the beach on Long Island Sound and swam in an enclosed line of floats. The swimming lessons were very effective. The sunshine, the salt water, and the swimming were marvelous for me. I could excel in the water.

The stay was physically vigorous, the counselors, college youths, were friendly, and I had my neighborhood buddies with me. I learned to accommodate myself to boys of different ethnic origins and faiths.

There were moments of quiet privacy. I would climb the ladder of a tall sliding pond and just sit and look out upon Long Island Sound and the countryside. Sometimes I could see the sailing ships and freighters slowly wend their way across the horizon. This time away from home, my first, strengthened my determination to travel and live in far off places. Carey Camp was organized along the lines of the philosophies of camping in the 1920's. It was rigidly organized, secure and safe, and could serve boys of various national origins without conflict. Later I learned other modes of

camping. I came home looking fit, vigorous, and suntanned, and perhaps a little taller than when I left. My mother had some respite during my absence, taking care of my little brother, then three.

Then in the autumn of 1931, at age ten, I arrived at Henry P. O'Neal Junior High, J.H.S. 64. It was quite a day! I carried a briefcase, a gift from my parents, loose-leaf notebooks, and some sharp pencils. I walked through Tompkins Square Park past St. Brigid's Church on Eighth Street and Avenue B. This tall, Gothic church with a brownstone façade had been built in the later 1840's by Irish immigrants long gone from the neighborhood. I climbed the stairs of J.H.S. 64 to the homeroom of Rapid Advance 1, R.A. 1. I was enrolled in this class with forty-two boys, ten to thirteen years of age, some short and some tall. We were warmly welcomed by Miss Ornstein, our homeroom teacher. With hard work, Miss Ornstein informed us, we would reach R.D. 1 two years later and graduate.

There followed two exciting years at J.H.S. 64. The curriculum included the study of elementary algebra, French, American and world history, geography, the sciences, literature, and civics. There were many books to read and papers to write. We rotated through classes with different teachers for different subjects. Following Miss Ornstein there were Mrs. Silver, Miss Wolcheck, and Mrs. Smallen as our homeroom teachers. These teachers must have enjoyed this class of very bright children of immigrants whose parents were Polish, Russian, Ukrainian, Norwegian, and Jewish, all striving to succeed in becoming American. Though the class was large, attention was paid to every student.

By June 1933, at graduation, I had completed my work cum laude with grades of eighty-five percent or better with five other classmates: Horace Gillam, Abe Judson, Morris Respler, and Alvin Turken, each of whom was a friend. I received the J.H.S. 64 "Legion of Honor" award, a little bronze pin. This was shared with Felix Dushnick, Horace Gillam, Alvin Turken, Abe Vinik, Bernard Axelrod, and Abe Judson. To my surprise, I was awarded first prize in the senior class short story contest. "Record No. 1211" was a tragic tale of a ship which foundered offshore in a great storm and its rescuers who lost their lives when their whaleboat careened off the breakers. The short story was published in the graduation issue of the "Sixty-Four Reporter". The school principal, William Krampner, inscribed a volume of the completed works of William Shakespeare as my reward.

Some time after we arrived at school Miss Ornstein gathered her class about her and encouraged us to organize a club, the "R Club", and to find a place to meet in one of the neighborhood centers. They offered recreation facilities, gymnasia, swimming, and other social activities at low cost. Indeed many of these boys, making their way, found fast friends among their classmates. I had arrived at junior high with Jack Wasserman, a classmate

since second grade. Jack was a lonely fellow. I had met his mother and his little brother when they lived in a tenement flat in the neighborhood. His parents were then separated. His father provided some support for the family but earned little as a taxi driver. Jack became a good friend and joined me in the rapid advance class at junior high and later the "R Club". We seized upon the idea of a club with enthusiasm. The roster of the first members of the "R Club" were: Bernard Birnbaum, Harold Burger, Felix Dushnick, Melvin Eder, Horace Gillam, Murray Grill, Abe Judson, Sidney Lieberman, Jacob Miller, Samuel Rubin, Alvin Turken, Abraham Vinik, Stanley Wallenstein, Jack Wasserman, and Bernard Warach.

The youngest of us was Alvin Turken, a very bright and precocious boy of nine. His father was a physician and his mother a schoolteacher, and they lived in a splendid three-story townhouse immediately adjacent to Christodora House between Ninth and Tenth Street and Avenue B around the corner from our junior high school. Alvin was undoubtedly the brightest of us, and he became less involved with our club as the years went by. Horace Gillam was the son of a single mother who struggled hard to survive during the depression years as a salesperson for the Encyclopedia Britannica. My friend Jack Wasserman was the older of two sons and lived with his mother on the second floor of a tenement house on East Second Street. His mother and father were separated, and Jack's mother, impecunious, lived in despair. Several years later when Jack was in high school she jumped out of the window in front of Jack, committing suicide. He then went to live with his father in a single bedroom in a rooming house on East Twelfth Street off Second Avenue. Some of my classmates had hard lives.

Organize the "R Club" we did. We visited the local neighborhood centers. There was the Boys Club and then Welcome House at Twelfth Street between Avenue A and First Avenue. We met at Welcome House for about half a year and then relocated to Christodora House, which was immediately adjacent to J.H.S. 64 and was located on Ninth Street and Avenue B. The "R Club" met once a week at Welcome House and Christodora House with adult club leaders assigned by the settlement houses. We enjoyed riotous meetings. We wrote, debated, adopted a constitution and by-laws, elected officers, organized a basketball team, and participated in the activities of the settlement house. We enjoyed these long, noisy meetings and our friends and classmates.

At Christodora we found a really congenial center in which to congregate and participate in programs of interest to adolescents. We were in the gymnasium, swimming pool, and social hall every week. We joined a theatre company whose director, Paul Tripp, was an actor on Broadway and a playwright. He was a resident at the settlement house.

Christodora House had been founded in 1897 by two young women volunteers, the scions of well-to-do families, Sara Libby Carson and Christine

MacColl in the basement at 163 Avenue B. It was first called the Young Women's Settlement. Their mission was to provide food, education, and health services to girls and women, the children of the immigrant families in the neighborhood. By 1928 the center had enlisted the support of Arthur Curtis James and his wife. James was then a Wall Street magnate and one of the most affluent railroad security owners in the country. His philanthropic gifts funded the development of Christodora House. It was a seventeen-story building with the settlement house facilities on two stories below grade – essentially the gymnasium, swimming pool, and locker rooms. In the first two stories above grade there was a large social hall auditorium with a stage, clubrooms, an arts and crafts shop, and offices. Above the settlement house was a residence with many single rooms, a lovely dining hall, a kitchen on the roof, and a lovely lounge, home of the Poet's Guild, a society which met at the settlement house regularly. The residence was designed for young people, college students, and others who lived in well appointed quarters, secured two meals a day at modest cost, and committed themselves to regular volunteer service with the settlement house members. They were a diverse group coming from all over the country and nations abroad and surely enriched the lives of the settlement house participants. Our membership dues were modest – several dollars a year. The program and facilities of Christodora House were funded by its Board of Directors, an affluent group of "uptown" trustees, principally of Episcopalian and Presbyterian background, and particularly Arthur Curtis James and his wife.

The "R Club" survived for four or five years, at some point merging with another group of neighborhood boys called the "Pioneers". Our Boys Worker, Herman Eigen, our "Dean", encouraged this merger in order to broaden the horizons of both groups of boys. He thought the "R Club" too ingrown and intellectual, and that we needed exposure to boys of other backgrounds. This was my first experience effecting an amalgamation of groups of diverse interests. There were long hours of debate, acrimony, and negotiation. I wrote and revised a number of drafts of a proposed club constitution for the new "R Club – Pioneers" until at last one was adopted. In truth, the really significant activities occurred outside the club meetings.

Our Drama Club became an important activity. Paul Tripp, a Broadway actor, found a home at Christodora, and we loved his club. Paul Tripp wrote a number of plays for his teenage actors, one of which, "Mr. Imagination", became an early television production for children. We were inspired by the Drama Club and ultimately performed in an inter-settlement competition at the Chanin Theatre in an anti-war play written by Tripp. He wrote the lyrics to a great musical hit, the classic, "Tubby the Tuba", whose composer was George Kleinsinger. Paul Tripp continued in later years in Hollywood after military service.

Some of the Settlement House staff became significant people in our lives. Winifred Forsyth, a stately white-haired woman, was the headworker. She had been a nurse with the Red Cross in Europe during the First World War. It was said that her fiancé had been killed during the war, and she had never married. Herman Eigen was the Boys Worker. He had completed his degree in social group work at the New York School of Social Work, which later became the Columbia University School. The settlement house became a fieldwork center for the training of social work graduate students in group work. I particularly recall two students assigned to our club, one Warren Sawyer, who later became a United Way executive, and the second, Mitchell Ginsberg, served with the National Jewish Welfare Board and later became Dean of the Columbia School of Social Work and Commissioner of Social Welfare for the City of New York, appointed by Mayor John Lindsay during his first term.

Winifred Forsyth introduced the settlement house membership to the concerns of the day. By the early thirties the dreadful consequences of the Great Depression were evident on the streets of the Lower East Side. We walked the neighborhood down to the waterfront just past Avenue D. Then we observed the scabrous detritus of the historic old shipyards, abandoned freighters, and sailing ships. From Twenty-third Street and the Con Edison gas tanks south past Delancey Street and the Manhattan Bridge there rose a vast Hooverville, a village of crudely built shacks and cook stoves fashioned of garbage cans, smoldering with coal fires. Hooverville housed thousands of unemployed men, many former veterans of the First World War, who were unemployed. We wandered through the area, unafraid, and observed the plight of the ill clad men. We knew it was a bad time.

At home my father went to work six days a week. I remember him as a "rag man", a small businessman. By 1931 he rented a loft at 2 Bond Street off the Bowery. It contained huge piles of burlap sacks stuffed full of woolen clips cut from large rolls of cloth by the tailors. The waste cuttings were pushed into huge boxes in the garment manufacturers' shops in the garment district. On Saturday morning the ragmen came and packed the waste clippings into the burlap bags. My father came to the shop with large amounts of cash and, after weighing the sacks, paid the manufacturer. These payments, undeclared income, were spare money for the manufacturer. The bags were then picked up by truck men and delivered to my father's shop Monday morning. In the shop the rags were then sorted on wire grills into boxes by grade of wool and color by my father and one or two women sorters he employed. They worked at the window of the loft so there was light, but the heat in the shop was provided by a large, iron coal stove, and so my father and the workers dressed warmly. During the depression new wool clips sold for two to three cents a pound. Some of the cloth was of poor quality, made of "reprocessed wool"; however, other qualities of wool clips made of virgin wool and worsteds were much more highly valued.

The manufacturers made women's wear for the most part. My father engaged a broker to secure his rags, a Mr. Zlotchin. He was the nephew of an important officer of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and was, as was said, "well connected". My father paid him two cents a pound as a commission, no matter the quality of the rags. My father also bought rags from other peddlers who had access to garment manufacturers but no facilities for storage, sorting, or distribution, or the capital to fund inventories. Once the rags were sorted and rebaled, my father sold them to larger dealers who resold them to the woolen mills in New England. These rags were then "reprocessed", shredded, and rewound into wool thread for manufacture into wool cloth. The waste dealers were located in Soho, then a district of once handsome manufacturing buildings with beautiful cast iron fronts. These three- and four-story buildings were transformed thirty years later into marvelous white painted art galleries and residences as the area was gentrified. During my years at high school and college I would come into my father's shop and work Saturdays. I learned a great deal about the business, about the international trade in new wool, and the direct relationship of the value of new wool, reprocessed wool, and wool rags. Indeed by 1939 and 1940 as the war began in Europe, the price of all commodities rose spectacularly, as did the price of wool clips. I kept my father's accounting books and prepared his bills for the deals after sales. There were times I walked a bill to a dealer in Soho to secure a much needed check in payment for a delivery. I learned the importance of capital to a small businessman. Manufacturers Hanover at last extended a line of credit to my father – three thousand dollars I recall, but it was tightly supervised.

My father made a living during the depression, but I was always aware of how hard he had to work and his long hours in a dirty environment. I was keenly aware of his hands. They were powerfully muscled and encrusted with black grime, calloused and with cracked skin, which even daily scrubbing in hot water would not remove. My father was strong, and he could lift a huge bale of rags weighing more than two hundred pounds from a rag pile and carry the sack to the sorting table at the windows. My father then drew twenty to thirty dollars a week from his business.

Rent at the apartment during the depression was reduced to $32 a month from $52 when we moved in. Mr. Weisner, our landlord, had the wisdom to retain good rent paying tenants by reducing rents to affordable levels. During the depression years there was competition between landlords for tenants. In the Bronx, tenement rents were in the low twenties per month with concession of one or two month rent free stays offered to induce tenants to move in. Some tenants moved every year to take advantage of the concessions. Talk at the family table always included some reference to the depression and unemployment. Many of our family and friends worked in the needle trades. There were long period of unemployment between "seasons". From the earliest

I was impressed with the absolute need for me to make a living and not to become a burden to my parents.

Christodora House sponsored public forums on war and peace. These were organized by our House Council on which I sometimes represented the "R Club". Speakers at these forums included representatives of the "League Against War and Fascism", whose metropolitan chapter president was Jimmy Wechsler. He became a columnist for the New York Post. The "League" was a "united front" instrument created by the Communist Party during the 1930's to support the loyalist Republic of Spain which struggled against a fascist military insurrection led by Francisco Franco. There was Reverend A.J. Muste, leader of the "Fellowship of Reconciliation", a pacifist organization with which Winifred Forsyth was affiliated. There were other organizations. We were very engaged in the discussions at these forums inside the settlement house and out. By 1932 the rise of Adolf Hitler and Nazi Germany made our future look grim. Interestingly, anti-Semitism was little discussed, though so many of the forum organizers were Jewish. Not so at home of course, the rise of Hitler was profoundly disturbing to my parents, fearful of the future of their family in Poland.

The fate of the American League against War and Fascism was an early exposure to the politics of the left wing. At home there was continuing discussion of the fate of the landsleit in Lonowicszer society. There were regular monthly meetings of the Executive Committee. My father led the landsmanschaft society into the Labor Zionist movement as an effort to contribute to some constructive solution to the Jewish fate in the diaspora. The Verband was actively engaged in agitation for the establishment of the State of Israel during the 1930's. The Communist Party in the United States and in Soviet Russia was fiercely hostile to Zionism and what they termed to be "bourgeois nationalism", as were the Socialists. Since 1918, with the victory of the Communist Revolution in Soviet Russia, the state and its Communist parties worldwide remained implacably hostile to the Jews and its political expression in Socialism, Bundism or Zionism. In New York there were many Jewish Communists and Socialists, and families were divided, ours as well. My Aunt Jean and my mother's cousins, Lizzie and Julius, were Communist Party followers. In our apartment building just below us, in apartment 57, lived Israel Ampter, Chairman of the Communist Party in New York State, his wife, Sadie Van Veen, and their son Donald Spencer. Sadie Van Veen would often come by to solicit signatures for some petition or another. Once I visited their apartment; it was sparse: mattresses on the floor for beds and a dining room table mounted on carpenters' horses. There were many stacks of newspapers neatly piled. It was a glimpse into the lives of itinerant political activists.

In 1939 when Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany signed the Ribbentrop-Molotov agreement, which divided Poland between the two powers and

unleashed the full force of Nazi military power against the west, the party line of Communist parties worldwide changed. From "united front" they shifted to hostility to the Western powers and "the Yanks are not coming". The "League Against War and Fascism" closed its doors overnight. Soon a new front organization was established: "The League for Peace and Democracy"!!! We were outraged with the action of the Soviet Union and Nazi Germany. Our sympathies remained with Great Britain and France and Franklin D. Roosevelt's effort to secure Lend-Lease assistance for England. By 1941 when Germany invaded Soviet Russia this new league disappeared and the new Communist Party line espoused a second front. During the campaign for the presidency in 1932 we were all proponents of Roosevelt and the New Deal. As boys we knew that some time soon enough we would be involved in the Great War, and we would be in it. We were seized by the horror of war and the dysfunction of world civilization. We believed that something had to be done to change society.

Early Family Impressions

Once a year at Passover the Farbers would gather at the apartment of my grandparents, Bess and Zalmon Meyer, in Borough Park, Brooklyn. My youngest aunts, Faye, Mae, and Dora, still lived with their parents. About a week before the first Seder all of my aunts and their sister-in-law gathered to prepare the grand feast for the two Sedurim and especially to enjoy a family reunion. The young grandchildren came with their mothers for this holiday visit. It was a very happy time. We made a lot of noise and played games and became reacquainted with our young cousins. The men in the family, Uncle Max, Uncle Abe, my father, and Uncle Zigmund, did not arrive until the night of the first Seder because they were still at work.

My young cousins were a vigorous and bright group of children and very friendly. There was something very special about being with their cousins. There were Max and Lily's children, Milton and Mildred, Abe and Annie's children, Trude, Norma, and David, my brother and me, and Ruth and Helen, children of Aunt Yetta and Uncle Zigmund. The children shared beds, boys and girls separated. There was a great deal of giggling during bedtime.

Then the first night of the Seder came upon us. We helped set the table covered with a long white tablecloth. The brass candlesticks gleamed, as did the plates, silver, and wine glasses. The children had wine glasses at their places too. The Seder began with a reading of the four questions in the Haggada by each of the grandchildren who could. I did when I was five, having practiced the reading many times before the Passover day. The first question remains fixed in my mind, "Why is this day different from all other days?" Why indeed? Our wine glasses were refilled at intervals with red Malaga wine, Manechewitz, during the reading of the Haggada. Each member of the family had a Haggada published by Manichewitz, some dog-eared and ink-stained after years of use. With the passing years the Haggada became a dear and familiar ritual. My grandfather Zalman, so long as he lived, followed the tradition faithfully; every line and prayer was read with different family members taking turns during the recitation. I confess we could hardly wait for the meal to be served. There followed a procession of the dishes each in their assigned order: the entrée was always gifilte fish and horseradish, followed by chicken soup, roast chicken, and breast of beef with baked carrots and sweet

potatoes, followed by a compote of stewed prunes and raisins with special Passover cakes and macaroons. The children were then permitted to leave the Passover table as the grown-ups completed the reading of the Haggada. The Seder was marked by the singing of many familiar songs and hymns. It was a relief to leave the Passover table. Still I listened to the table talk. There was much concern about the disastrous rise of Fascism and fear for the family remaining in Poland and Russia.

The memories of those happy Passover days remain with me. There was a good deal of hugging and kissing of the children. We loved our cousins. My affection for Norma, just half a year older than me, grew over the years. She was a lovely and intelligent girl, completing her college degree program at Hunter before she married.

There was serious business for the family to transact at this gathering. The Farber sisters and brothers would meet to decide upon their monthly contribution to support their aged parents who no longer could work. Each of my uncles and aunts contributed twenty-five dollars a month. These were the days of no social security or pensions. Faye, Mae, and Dora, who lived at home with my grandparents, paid the rent for the apartment.

The Farber children, when they relocated to Manhattan and Brooklyn, all left school to work to help support themselves and their family. Uncle Max was first a tailor and then purchased a "dry" candy store on Gun Hill Road in the Bronx. His wife, Aunt Lilly, served in this little retail shop too, and they raised their two children, Mildred and Milton. Uncle Abe became a highly skilled delicatessen store operator. The storeowner had to be a chef to prepare his own corned beef, pastrami, potato salad, coleslaw, and barrels of sour pickles. Abe and Annie had three children, Trude, Norma, and David. Uncle Zigmund and Aunt Yetta had three children, Ruth, Helen, and Alfred. Uncle Zigmund was a carpenter and worked in the construction trades. All of my uncles worked hard.

As the years went by my grandparents died, and the annual Passover gatherings came to an end. My Aunt Yetta and Uncle Zigmund Rosenzweig, with their three children, moved to a house in Jamaica to the dismay of their family. That neighborhood was felt to be Christian and anti-Semitic. Alas, one Sunday afternoon, my Aunt Yetta, while hanging the laundry on a line in her backyard, was shot in the spine by a neighbor, a U.S. Army officer who was cleaning his rifle. Within six months Aunt Yetta died, leaving three young children behind. The perpetrator suffered no penalty. Uncle Zigmund and his family grew distant in the years which followed, and I do not know the fate of my cousins or of Uncle Zigmund to this day.

My Aunt Faye was the only one of the Farber sisters to complete college. She was a graduate of the state Normal School, a two-year program for schoolteachers, and of the Herzeliah Academy, a college for Hebrew School

teachers. Later Aunt Faye taught in the New York City Public Schools for many years and at Hebrew School as well. At Herzeliah she became part of an enthusiastic circle of young men and women imbued with the idealism of the Zionist movement. Aunt Faye married my Uncle Ben, an elegant young man of Romanian Jewish origin. He was an insurance salesman. They had one son, Harold, a very bright lad, and as an only child was beset by his parents' expectations. Harold did very well at school, graduating from M.I.T. and later taking an M.B.A. at Leland Stanford.

Then Aunt Mae married Uncle Harry. In family lore Uncle Harry had actually been a cowboy during the depression years in Texas. He later served in the U.S. Army for five years, surviving some of the Pacific campaigns as an artillery observation specialist. Okinawa was particularly fearsome. His description of the assembling of the United States naval fleets in preparation for the invasion of Japan in July 1945 had our rapt attention. In his account, all of the men and women of the army, navy, and air force were grateful to President Truman for his decision to use the atomic bomb on Japan, which they were certain compelled the Japanese high commander to surrender. Uncle Harry described the Japanese resistance to American force as heroic and determined. Had the American invasion of Japan proceeded, Uncle Harry was certain hundreds of thousands of American lives would have been lost – including his own.

The Farber family believed in higher education for their children, the daughters as well as the sons. The Farber women were a determined lot! Max and Lilly's children, Mildred and Milton, completed college. Mildred became a teacher of French in the New York City Public School after paying a three thousand dollar bribe to some Tammany Hall politician! Milton, after his military service, completed his Doctorate in Chemistry at Columbia University. He ultimately became renowned as an industrial research scientist as head of the Uniroyal laboratories, the great American tire manufacturers. Cousin Norma completed her degree at Hunter College and married soon thereafter. Her brother David, after his discharge from the U.S. Army, completed his degree in Chemical Engineering. He was the first Jewish engineer to be employed at Brooklyn Union Gas Company, then the first at Koppers Coal and Coke in Butler, Pennsylvania. Later he became Chief Chemical Engineer of the Foster-Grant Company in Leomunster, Massachusetts. The Höchst Corporation purchased Foster-Grant, and David ended his corporate career executive at their headquarters in New Jersey. My brother returned to college after his discharge from the U.S. Army and served as a teacher of industrial arts and as an Assistant School Principal, retiring after more than thirty years of service. Aunt Dora married Uncle Sol, a Venezuelan, who came from the same area of Byelo-Russia as did my grandparents. Uncle Sol Falchuk became a very successful department store

owner in Venezuela. Their two oldest sons, Kenneth and Myron, attended Dartmouth College and Harvard Medical School, ending up on the Medical School faculty as specialists in Boston. Myron's twin sister, Myra, completed college and married, returning to Venezuela.

After my Farberoff grandparents' death, their children moved to the far corners of New York City. Their grandchildren, in their quest for employment, left the city. The family grew more remote. Invitations to marriages, Bar Mitzvahs, and birth announcements were received. New Years cards were exchanged. This annual ritual was very important to my parents. They carefully noted the cards received; this was an important gesture of respect. By the time my father died in 1984, the New Years cards had diminished to a bare trickle, and then there were none.

Still, every now and then I have an important recollection. Some time in 1931 or 1932 my Aunt Dora arrived at the apartment on Seventh Street. My mother Frances had had a miscarriage and was very depressed and ill for several months. Years later we learned that the miscarriage had been induced in desperation by my mother during the hard times. A third child, she felt, would have been too much. Aunt Dora was a joy. She brought a note of frivolity to our serious family life. She cooked food for me and my brother, which we loved, and played cards with us. We were sorry to see her go and always enjoyed visiting with her. The older brothers and sisters always looked with askance upon Dora, not quite approving her behavior. She remained steadfast and loyal to her family nonetheless.

During my two years at junior high school I concurrently attended Talmud Torah Darchei Noam, a progressive, child centered Hebrew School in a five-story building at Seventh Street and Avenue B. Its school principal, Rabbi Max Raiskin, was a renowned educator who initiated a transformation of the traditional Hebrew School education which had been transplanted in New York from the ghettos of Poland. Here the children were treated with respect and esteem. Modern Hebrew School books were available. Hebrew was taught as a language as well as the vehicle for prayers. There were religious services Friday evening and Saturday morning, all conducted by the students. Rabbi Raiskin was a very friendly man and knew the name of every boy. I attended the Hebrew School, along with several hundred other boys, four afternoons a week and Saturday morning for services for three or four years until the year after my Bar Mitzvah. I learned to read Hebrew, the common Sabbath prayers, and the music of the hymns. Their familiar refrains are embedded within me to this day. In truth, the hymn I most enjoyed was the "Adon Olum", which closed the Sabbath services. I was then free to dash home for lunch and sped out to play in Tompkins Square Park.

When I was twelve my father secured a Hebrew tutor for me to learn the portion of the Torah which I would be required to sing at my Bar Mitzvah.

I succeeded in completing my recital at a little synagogue on East Sixth Street, attended by my father and mother. Then we came home to a subdued celebration, lunch with family and friends that included herring, boiled potatoes, wine, honey cake, and tea. There were warm congratulations and a few presents, some books and fountain pens. I was glad the ordeal was over. This was 1934 at the very midst of the depression. What an extraordinary change there has been in the character of the Bar Mitzvah ritual amongst Jewish families of my generation! They have become opulent family celebrations.

Within a year after my Bar Mitzvah I transferred from the Talmud Torah to an enrollment in a Yiddish school, the Yiddische Pro-Academische Mittel Schule, conducted Sundays at the Stuyvesant Neighborhood Center on East Eighth Street between First Avenue and Avenue B. Its principal was N.B. Minkoff, a renowned Yiddish poet and a member of the "Insicht" movement. The "Insicht" (insight) poets were led by Jacob Gladstein, Aaron Glanz, and N.B. Minkoff and had come to the attention of a large public which read Yiddish poets in the early 1920's. The "Insicht" poets believed in poetry which expressed the individuality of the poet and the realities of the contemporary Jewish experience. "Insicht" poets reflected upon American life and expressed themselves in poetry in which dissonance in sound and diction was evident. This school expressed its affinity with concurrent developments in American poetry.

Our school principal, Chaver Minkoff as he was called, was a warm and kindly man and an enthusiastic teacher of Yiddish. At school we were introduced to the literature of Yiddish and especially the stories of Sholom Aleichem. I arrived at school with the ability to speak and understand Yiddish, my mother tongue. I learned to read and write fluently. I remember Chaver Minkoff well. He came to school formally dressed in a suit but always with the most brilliant ties in a single color, yellow, red, blue, green, and even lavender. Then I was exposed to the gossip of the literati for the first time. Chaver Minkoff's daughter, Rachel, a classmate of my age, had the most lustrous long red hair. I liked her. She told me of her own sad life. Her father had separated from her mother and was now living with one of our faculty, Dr. Chassya Cooperman. She taught Yiddish literature but was also a member of the New York University faculty as a professor of Psychology. I thought Cooperman was an ugly woman and could not understand how Chaver Minkoff could be so cruel. I graduated the Mittel Schule after three years. Thereafter I wrote to my parents in Yiddish, and their letters to me were in Yiddish as well.

During the early half of the twentieth century Yiddish was the vernacular of more than a million Jewish immigrants to the United States. In New York there were a number of great daily newspapers in Yiddish: the "Forward", socialist; the "Day", democratic; the "Morning Journal", orthodox religious; and the "Freiheit", communist. By mid century, 1950, all of the Yiddish press

ceased their daily operation. Their readers had died and were not replaced. Only one Yiddish newspaper remained serving the Chassidic Jews.

My parents were stalwart "Yiddishists". They were among the Jewish immigrant masses of the Lower East Side who took pride in Yiddish as a language of culture and literature. They spoke, read, and wrote Yiddish fluently. They read all the great Yiddish authors, Sholom Aleichem, Peretz, Mendele, and Singer, among others. There were translations of the great authors in the English, Russian, French, and German into Yiddish on our bookshelves at home. They attended performances of the Yiddish stage in the many Yiddish theatres on Second Avenue. A particular favorite was the Yiddish Art Theatre on Second Avenue and Twelfth Street, directed by Maurice Schwartz. I attended a memorable performance of "Yoshe Kalb" with my parents at that theatre during its two year run. There were times I found attending the theatre with my parents distressing. The plays all seemed to be so "heavy", histrionic, with a constant repetition of the theme of tragic conflict between parents and their American born children. Assimilation, abandonment of religious traditions, and, most tragic of all, intermarriage! Over the years of family discussion at the dining room table I learned the dire consequences of such a choice: excommunication. I was then years from talking to girls or dating.

During the years I was coming of age my parents had some choice in guiding the Jewish education of their children. They wanted us to attend the public schools and rejected all day religious school, the yeshivot. There was Hebrew School, and Talmud Torah Darchei Noam was a progressive choice. As Yiddishists there were a number of Yiddish schools reflecting diverse ideologies. The Sholom Alecheim schools were secular and non-political. There were schools affiliated with the Workmen's Circle, socialist, and the Communist Party, Emma Lazarus Schools. Chaver Minkoff's school was a more literary expression. Today the Yiddish schools have almost disappeared throughout the nation. Instead there are Jewish Day Schools, which have remarkably grown stronger with the years with the growth of the Chassidic and Orthodox population. They have survived despite the very high cost of religious education to the parents. Then there are part day and part week Hebrew Schools sponsored by synagogues. The education they provide sufficed for preparation for the Bar Mitzvah, after which children cease to attend. By the 1990's about 131,000 children attended day schools, about 57% of the Jewish children of New York City. Another 39% attended part day Hebrew Schools and 4% attended nursery schools.

By the 1980's the Forward sold its building on East Broadway and its radio station WEVD for eighty million dollars and created the Forward Foundation. A new Anglo-American weekly newspaper was established, the "Forward", with a national circulation of more than fifty thousand. It is an excellent newspaper, and I have been a subscriber.

My formal Jewish education came to an end at City College in 1939. I took an excellent course in Jewish History with Dr. Oscar Janowsky. He later became famous in the circles of Jewish Communal Service as the author of the Janowsky Report, urging the Jewish Community Center movement to reaffirm its Jewish ideology. My life experience and reading have continuously deepened my understanding of Judaism and the meaning of Jewish life to this day.

Northover Camp and Christodora House

During the summers of my junior high school, high school and college years, I found a second home at Northover Camp. The camp was sponsored by Christodora House. It was a ninety-one acre greensward in Bound Brook, New Jersey, forty miles from New York City. Northover was unusual in its design and reflected an open philosophy of camping, by contrast with the militaristic, rigid, centralized approach of William Carey Camp, sponsored by the Boys Club of New York. There was a central main building housing the dining hall and social hall-auditorium. The cabins and units in which the camper lived were all decentralized in the far corners of the woodlands of the camp. There were playing fields and a great swimming pool scooped out of a low, swampy area. Here were endless sunny days and blue skies far away from the steamy, overcrowded Lower East Side. There was time for sports, swimming, and archery, at which I became adept. There was quiet time with friends and time for talk too about the present and the future. Abe Vinik, Abe Judson, Felix Dushnick, Jack Wasserman, and I became close friends at camp.

The dining room at Northover was a beautiful hall. The floors and tables were polished walnut. Meals were simple and modest. Campers participated in setting the dining room tables before meals and clearing afterwards. We took turns doing kitchen service. The only Black in the settlement universe was a very jolly and competent camp cook. We learned table manners, to break bread, and use a bread plate, rather than consume a slice as a whole as we did at home. Food was served family style, campers taking turns as head of the table. There were simple, presumably non-sectarian, prayers before every meal as "God is great and God is good, and we thank him for this food." Settlement house board members must have been thrilled to observe the silence of the dining room before the meal, the Grace, and the animated sounds of the children during the meals. They observed the stately decorum and spirituality of the campers during the Friday night services and Sunday evening vesper services attended by all the campers. There were Sunday morning church services in Bound Brook to which Catholic children were driven by bus.

In the years which ensued long after I left Christodora House, I have often wondered about the motivation of the key board and professional leadership of the settlement. I believe Christodora House, which means "gift of Christ", was founded to express the Christianity of its founders and directors. Christine MacCall, Arthur Curtis James, and principal benefactor Herbert Biele, Executive Director, were Episcopalians; other directors were Presbyterians. The mission of the settlement house was to bring enlightenment to the children of immigrants of the neighborhood who were Catholics of Slavic and Italian origin and Jewish. Settlement house and camp activities would surely gentrify these children to bring them to more American and Protestant ways, values, and manners. The experience was highly gratifying and engaging, and there was no effort at outright conversion. The experience did wean young people away from the traditions of their families.

At Northover Camp and year round at the settlement house, there were Sunday evening vesper services which followed Protestant modes. The Protestant hymns were sung; these were carefully chosen to omit mention of Jesus Christ. The sermons were non-sectarian with heavy emphasis on social and anti-war themes. The Friday evening services, a bow to the Jewish faith of many campers, were blandly Jewish, very Reform. Some of the "R Club" members, notably Abe Vinik and I, one of our counselors, Sophia Rich, and Herman Eigen particularly took leadership in these spiritual activities. Candles were lit to add to the divine shimmer of the evening. And so to this day I remember these services and that beautiful Protestant hymn, "Follow, follow the gleam, banners unfurled o'er the world". Whose banners? Whose banners?

At the settlement house some of us, notably Abe Vinik, Felix Dushnick, and I, became involved in the Lower East Side Housing Conference. It was 1936. This was an inter-settlement house advocacy organization dedicated to enlisting the federal government in funding low-income housing. We studied the issue. We were very conscious of the dreadful state of tenement housing the in the city. Some of the old law housing was still standing and populated by tens of thousands of poor New Yorkers in our own neighborhood. We concluded that federal housing subsidies would create new housing and make it available at low cost. Disease and delinquency would be eliminated. We were very optimistic about the rewards of low-income housing. We motored to Washington D.C., just prior to the enactment of the Wagner-Steagal Act of 1936, to demonstrate for its passage. We were even received by Eleanor Roosevelt. We visited Greenbelt, a new utopian community in a suburb of Washington, D.C. As a political reward to Senator Robert Wagner and his constituency on the Lower East Side, the federal government constructed the first housing project at First Avenue and Third Street called, appropriately, "First Houses". This project still stands and serves low-income tenants to this

day. Alas, during the next seventy years, public housing, developed in the millions of units, did not become the panacea we once expected. But jobs were provided and millions of poor people enjoy decent homes.

At Northover Camp we learned that Harry Hopkins had once been Camp Director. He was then one of the great heroes of the New Deal. He had been head of the Temporary Emergency Assistance Association for the state of New York, appointed by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1931. Later President Roosevelt appointed Hopkins Federal Emergency Works Administrator, Civil Works Administration Head, and Director of the Works Progress Administration. Later Hopkins was Special Assistant to the President in England in the establishment of the "Lend-Lease Program".

These were years when my social convictions about the need for change in American society and the possibilities of change effected by social advocacy became fixed. My experience at Christodora House and Northover Camp contributed to my determination to become a social worker. Here was a profession in which I could make a contribution to social change, find a job, and make a living. During my junior and senior years at City College I worked at the settlement house as a part-time group leader. This was an important achievement for me.

Stuyvesant High School

In September 1933, at age twelve after a summer at Northover Camp, I entered Stuyvesant High School. Stuyvesant then, and now, was one of the most esteemed schools in the city with a national reputation and served some of its brightest boys. Admission to the school required a grade point average in junior high school of eighty-five percent or a high grade on a competitive admission examination. I was delighted to be admitted without an examination. A number of my fellow classmates admitted with me were: Felix Dushnick, Melvin Eder, Murray Goldfisher, Alvin Turken, Samuel Rubin, Stanley Wallenstein, and Bert Kaplan. Most of the other boys were enrolled at Seward Park High School near East Broadway on the Lower East Side.

Stuyvesant High School was first opened in 1904 on East 23rd Street. After a fire in 1907 the school was reestablished in its new building on East Fifteenth Street between First and Second Avenue. The building was designed as a science school. There was an auditorium, gymnasium, many laboratories, shops, and classrooms. When I arrived in 1933 the school looked well worn and had seen thousands of students in its halls. A slight odor of chlorine and sweat permeated the building.

Superintendent of schools, William H. Maxwell, dedicated Stuyvesant High School to the preparation of the children of immigrants for the professions in the sciences. Dr. Ernest Von Nordoff, an eminent science educator, became principal in 1909 and retired a year after my arrival. Dr. Von Nordoff was a tall, white-haired man with a goatee and prince nez glasses. He was a very dignified man, the very model of a Stuyvesant High School principal. He was highly respected by the students. He was followed by Sinclair J. Wilson who did a fine job as his successor.

Long after I had gone, in 1969 Stuyvesant became a co-educational institution. In 1992 a spirited fundraising campaign by its alumni, many of them now elected officials of the city and state, raised more than $150 million, the greater part of which was state tax levy money, for a new building. This splendid edifice was located on the Hudson River waterfront at Canal Street. The site was on state land created by excavation fill from the two massive World Trade Center Towers. This beautiful facility contained several gymnasia, a swimming pool, auditorium, lunchrooms, classrooms, and many

laboratories. It now serves three thousand students as it did at the old school, but now all attend one session a day from eight in the morning to three in the afternoon. In 1933 there were two sessions a day from eight in the morning to one in the afternoon and from one to six. The school was crowded with classes exceeding thirty students. School was an orderly place with teacher-student relations cordial. Most teachers were highly regarded and were excellent. Classes were scheduled for fifty minutes with ten minutes between classes for students to make their way to the next class. This was difficult for me at times, carrying a briefcase full of heavy texts, when one class was four stories distant. But make class I did.

I loved Stuyvesant High School. The school was just eight blocks from my house. I walked to school under the elevated towering above me on First Avenue. I became familiar with the array of retail shops along both sides of the street. They reflected the diversity of ethnic groups who lived along the way. Between Seventh and Eighth Street was a marvelous Ukrainian bakery. There were several Italian bakeries whose marzipan cookies were very good. The Italian vegetable shops featured many exotic greens unfamiliar to my mother. There were at least three Jewish dairy stores along the way. They sold bagels, lox, sturgeon, and a great variety of cheeses. At the corner of Fifteenth and First Avenue was a candy store whose chocolate malted milk, at five cents a glass, was a special treat. My mother made me a huge pumpernickel bread sandwich for my lunch at school, and I bought a half pint of milk. With my schoolbooks my briefcase was a heavy load; knapsacks were not yet the style for school children.

Each student was assigned to a homeroom and a homeroom teacher and then scheduled to attend four or five classes every morning. My courses followed the guidelines for a liberal arts education and college requirements in 1933–1936. English literature was a memorable class with Hyman Mostow. He encouraged his students to write free-flowing and imaginative essays. Mostow introduced us to contemporary poetry, distributing mimeographed sheets of poems he culled from his own extensive reading of the journals. We were enrolled in French, mathematics, chemistry, physics, and biology. There was an American and European History and Government class. I began to read extensively during these high school years. Then each semester we had workshops in the industrial arts – a particular Stuyvesant High School feature. Scientists were obliged to have these skills to fabricate their own laboratory equipment. There were two-hour classes every semester in mechanical drawing, woodwork, and metalwork. These experiences were invaluable to me, as years later I was involved in the development of summer camp structures, community center buildings, and housing for the elderly. Our teachers were concerned and inspiring. I believe they felt themselves privileged to be teaching at Stuyvesant High School with so able a student body.

School, for the morning session, formally ended at one o'clock. Students were encouraged to participate in a weeklong round of extra-curricular activities. I became a member of the Bunsen Chemical Society and could use the school laboratories. I was a reporter for the "Spectator", the school's weekly newspaper, a member of the Math Club and its Math Team, and the Chess Club and its Chess Team. Sam Rubin was Captain of the Chess team, and I became proficient enough to play fourth board. During our last year at school the Chess Team won the Eastern Seaboard High School Chess Championship in Philadelphia after winning the New York City High School championship. My season score was 4 ½ to ½, quite an achievement. I retained an interest in chess over a lifetime. I played Sam Rubin from time to time while at college but never really pursued competitive chess.

My vocational interests were slow in crystallizing. I was very interested in science and in medicine as a profession. I was inspired by Dr. Arrowsmith, Sinclair's Lewis's hero, and by Paul De Kruiff's "Microbe Hunters". The consequences of polio, for me, certainly focused my attention to medicine. I had an interest in architecture and engineering. In 1933–1936 during my high school years, the Great Depression cast a pall on all of my aspirations. The homeless men and the unemployed were all too evident on the city streets. There was a pervasive sense of anti-Semitism vividly described in the Yiddish press at the time and discussed at home often. Father Coughlin held forth on his radio station. We were all too aware of discrimination in college, in medical school admission, in engineering firms, and large corporations. My father received mail regularly from his sisters in Lonowicsz, Poland. Their description of the rise of the anti-Semitic discrimination and the weight of the restrictions on Jewish business and occupations was very discouraging. In 1933 Adolph Hitler came into power in Germany with the assistance of the Communist Party. In the Soviet Union Jews were subject to severe restrictions if they chose to be religious or identified with some national form of expression, such as the Bundist or Zionist associations. The Communist Party used anti-Semitism as a lever in governing the widely disparate nationalities composing the Soviet Union. We still had family in Byelo-Russia. Their letters were discrete; the evidence of their suffering was abundant.

During my high school years I continued to be active at Christodora House. I was an active member of the "R Club" and the Drama Society whose leader, Paul Tripp, was so engaging. There were socials with girls. To my delight I learned to dance; somehow my left foot had grown strong enough for the seconds needed to support my body during a slow waltz.

My engagement with the social work students at Christodora House introduced me to a new line of professional development and indeed to a new profession – social group work, for which graduate school was just being established. There were jobs for graduates of the two-year programs. In June

1936 I graduated from Stuyvesant High School. I did well academically and was elected to Arista.

I was rejected by Columbia University and accepted at City College without the need to take a qualifying examination. City College charged no tuition, and I could live at home and commute to school by subway. I seemed to have no other choice, being determined to go on to college with my parents' encouragement. That summer I returned to Northover Camp as a Junior Counselor. It was a happy time.

City College of New York 1936–1940

Sharing my fate at City College were a number of Stuyvesant High School classmates: Felix Dushnick, Sam Rubin, Stanley Wallenstein, and Joseph Wohlhandler. Rejoining me from Seward Park High School were Abe Vinik, Abe Judson, and Jack Wasserman. When I registered at City College I was fifteen and a half years of age, a very young freshman.

My four years at City College were grim. I was a subway commuter. In my first year, in order to make classes at eight o'clock in the morning, I rose at five, washed, had a cup of coffee, and walked to the Independent subway station at First Avenue and Houston Street. I took the D train express to 125th Street and changed to the local to 135th Street. I had a very long climb up several hundred steps from the base of St. Nicholas Park to St. Nicholas Terrace above and a further walk to the college buildings, and my class was at eight. There were frequent snows and ice during the winter on the park steps and terrace. I carried a heavy school bag with textbooks and my pumpernickel bread sandwich. My last classes ended at five in the late afternoon during my freshman year. I then reversed direction to make my way home. An alternative subway route on the Lexington Avenue train to Grand Central Station, the shuttle to Times Square, and the Seventh Avenue subway to 135th Street required a long hike up the hill to Convent Avenue and the college, was even more tedious. The saving grace was that I traveled counter traffic morning and evening and had a seat both ways. Moreover, the city was secure then, and I felt no anxiety about my personal safety on the subway or the Nicholas Park stairs.

I still feel angry about my first day at college during registration. The procedure required a long line of inexperienced freshmen to wend their way through an academic lecture hall, noting the classes recorded on blackboards with class numbers, and time of the day on a registration card. At the end of the line the registration was recorded. To my horror and dismay, I had inadvertently recorded two classes for the same time. A conflict! In addition, freshmen were the last to register and had the least number of class options. Hence I was forced to register for five classes at eight o'clock in the morning. As students registered, classes recorded on the lecture hall blackboards were erased, even as students were registering and recording presumably available

courses. These led to accidental conflicts. The registrars at the end of the line took no responsibility for checking the viability of the class choices of the students. I had an uncomfortable night. The next day I found I could cure my error by appealing to the Dean of Students, Dr. Morton Gotschall. I remember him as the only kindly and concerned faculty member on the campus. He resolved my problem but left me with a difficult schedule which began at eight in the morning, five mornings a week and ended at five three afternoons.

During that miserable freshman year there were many hours between classes. Alas, because of overcrowding, there were times I found every chair in the library occupied. The alternative was to find a seat in the school cafeteria. Its alcoves were crowded with some brilliant City College students planning the world revolution as a participant in the First, Second, Third or Fourth International. They were Socialists, Stalinists, Lovestoneites, and Trotskyites, among other causes. No Democrats or Republicans were evident. Among my then radical classmates a number over the sixty-year period have become renowned neo-conservatives, some have migrated to the Democratic Party and others have remained Socialists to this day.

One could find a seat in the Great Hall of the College. The college buildings were designed with fidelity to Gothic architecture. The façade of every building was Manhattan Schist, a gray granite stone which supports Manhattan's skyscrapers. The Great Hall seats were designed to keep congregants awake during prayer services or concerts. They were stiff, straight-backed chairs. The light was dim and the sunlight filtered through the stained-glass windows. Every Thursday at noon I learned to enjoy the organ recitals given by faculty members. Bach's Toccata and Fugue, particularly, reverberated through the hall.

At lunch, in the Great Hall or Cafeteria, I munched my way through the large pumpernickel sandwich prepared for me by mother the night before. That sandwich and a container of milk at five cents was my lunch. I made do at college on an allowance of one dollar a week. Milk was fifty cents and subway carfare another fifty cents. I earned this money working in my father's rag shop on Saturdays for Morris Nussbaum, his foreman, who ran a side business selling silk and rayon cuttings to the patchwork quilt trade in the South.

Morris Nussbaum purchased small bales of patchwork silk from the manufacturers of underwear in the city and sold bales of patchwork silk neatly packaged in one pound paper bags to retail stores in the South, in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and Texas, which sold the merchandise to women who made patchwork quilts. The quilts, when completed, required three or four pounds of patchwork cuttings, and their complete product was beautiful. My work consisted of seizing a pound of patchwork cuttings and placing them on a scale, adjusting the quantity to one pound exactly, then stuffing the paper

bag which was then curled up and placed in a large burlap sack for shipment to the South. I became pretty adept at seizing exactly one pound of cuttings and reached a speed of forty pounds an hour, earning eighty cents an hour, about five dollars for a seven hour day. It was exhausting work, but I was glad to earn the money. The rag shop was a dusty place, but I was glad to talk to my father about business and walked home with him from Bond Street across the Bowery. One notable experience was a stop at McSorley's Old Ale House, a saloon at Seventh Street between the Bowery and Second Avenue. It was then exclusively male. My father treated me to a beer. McSorley's had remained open through all the years of Prohibition as a speakeasy, beloved by the neighborhood and the Irish Police force. McSorley's is still open, serving men and women. Its clientele are gentrified now, quaffing a brew at McSorley's with a sense of nostalgia.

The class of 1940 at CCNY had about one thousand freshmen in 1936; in 1940, at graduation, there were only six hundred students. Four hundred had dropped out. Many were forced out because their families' poverty required them to go to work. Others could not survive the fiercely demanding and competitive climate of the college. Two of my friends dropped out. Abe Judson, a good student, quit to take a job as a messenger with the navy department. He was drafted early in 1941 and, after four years of service, returned to the college. He completed his baccalaureate and doctorate in Psychology at the University of Maryland in six years. His school was funded by the G.I. Scholarship program, which meant so much to returning veterans. Jack Wasserman left school to earn some money as a messenger for the World Telegram, hoping to become a reporter. While at high school he had been a stringer for the sport department of that newspaper.

In 1847 a citywide referendum authorized the establishment of the Free Academy. The Free Academy initially offered a pre-freshman preparatory year and then four years of college education. Its first baccalaureate degrees were authorized in 1853. By 1866 the schools was renamed the College of the City of New York. By the end of the century most of the students were of German Jewish origin, succeeded by the children of Russian Jewish immigrants. A free college education was the means of achieving the American dream and to escape the poverty of the immigrant masses. My schoolmates and I were the beneficiaries of this unique institution.

In 1907 construction was completed on the new campus of the college at 138th Street and Convent Avenue. The massive buildings in Gothic style were a coherent campus design. By October 1929 school registration climbed to 32,030. The success of the school led to overcrowding and the establishment of other city colleges in Brooklyn and Queens. Later community colleges were added and a graduate school, all united under the Board of Higher Education, the City University of New York.

By 1961, long after I had left, City College had established five professional schools in engineering, architecture, nursing, education, and the Sophie David School of Biomedical Engineering. The school had become more diverse. By 1992 Black students were 38.7 percent of the student body, Latin Americans, 25.5 percent, Asians, 15 percent, and whites, 12.7 percent. In 1991 the college enrolled 10,124 degree and non-degree undergraduates and 2,322 degree and non-degree graduate students. During the 1970's, in response to the unrest in the black and minority communities, admission requirements for the city colleges were significantly lowered to become "open admissions". Registration increased enormously. Many of the students could not achieve academically at the college level, and thousands dropped out. Standards of achievement at City College fell to an all-time low to the consternation of the City College faculty and the alumni, many holding office in the city and state governments. By the 1990's this reaction produced a great overhaul of admission requirements. The City College, Brooklyn, and Queens Colleges were reaffirmed as academic institutions requiring minimum standards for admission and continued status as registered student. The community colleges reestablished lower standards and provide courses for enhancement of skills in English and mathematics. The city's high schools were required to organize college preparatory programs. These efforts to improve student achievement levels succeeded in recent years, and the diversity of the student body was maintained.

The educational systems and the federal, state, and municipal governments have been troubled by the reality of school achievement levels of minorities, which remain significantly below the levels of white students, even adjusting for economic status. Somehow it is a democratic government expectation that all its citizens will be equal, and that its institutions produce students of equal achievement, given enough effort and investing sufficient resources. Despite huge additional investment, these results have not been observed. Right wing Republicans, proponents of public support for sectarian parochial schools, have used this problem to mount an attack on public education and its teachers, particularly teachers unions, held responsible for the failure of minorities to achieve. The Charter School movement, one consequence, has not yet established its superiority over public education. The reasons for school achievement and failure to achieve are manifold; family circumstances, culture, values, and parental attention all contribute. The success of the children of recent Asian immigrants is a vivid example of the importance of family values. To suggest that genetic inheritance may be a significant factor has become politically incorrect in liberal circles, subjecting authors of such hypotheses to intense vilification. The examinations themselves have been attacked as prejudiced against minorities and the lower income classes.

I fear this issue will continue to beset American politics for generations to come, largely because the remedy to eliminating the achievement gap between

some minorities and the white population will not be found. As the minority population attains majority political status, educational achievement as the prerequisite to jobs and income will somehow be diminished in value. This process will be fraught with conflict and bodes ill for the future. In California the Asian student body in the public colleges has grown exponentially as their qualifications by the objective grades in school and entrance examinations have increased their numbers to the consternation of the white citizens. In the Ivy League colleges there have been reported impositions of quotas against Asian students as there had been against Jewish student admissions in the 1920's. In Jewish tradition I have strongly identified with the value of education and esteem for teachers. The hostility to public schools and their faculty, in recent years, has been distressing. Sycophants have incited hostilities between the minority and white populations for their political gain.

During the years of my college attendance academic standards were very high. Classes were large and faculty overburdened by the number of students and courses they were required to teach. They established no human relationship with their students in the freshman and sophomore years. Not until my junior year, when I began to take courses in sociology, my major, did I sense any interest in the students by the faculty. The student body at the college was then predominantly Jewish, American born to immigrant parents, all struggling to make a living.

The students, all male, were an unkempt, unshaven, raffish looking collection of young people. Many of the students were radical with significant numbers affiliated with the Communist, Socialist, and Trotskyite parties. However radical the sentiment of these students, they were a minority. The overwhelming number of students was inactive politically and sympathetic to the Democratic Party New Deal program. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was our heroic leader. Though the school had a reputation as the "Poor Man's Harvard", I found the school years harsh. In the last years when I studied in the social sciences, I found the reading and course discussion of great interest.

In my first year I did poorly. After an A in mathematics in the first semester and an A in the second semester until the final examination, at the examination I collapsed and failed. To this day I do not know what happened to me. I barely passed the course. By my sophomore year I veered sharply out of the sciences to the social sciences. My chances of admission to medical school or graduate school in the sciences seemed dim. Moreover, job prospects in engineering, architecture, and the sciences were bad. Jews were not being employed in those pre-war depression years. Given my growing interest in social work and changing the world in some practical fashion, I shifted to courses in history, government, political science, economics, and, especially, sociology. I succeeded academically, and my studies and reading seemed very relevant to the times and my interests.

The memory of a number of my teachers abide with me. Dr. Leon Edel, then a young philosophy instructor, was a brilliant and illuminating teacher. He was a Canadian, probably educated at Oxford, and his language was crystal clear and so thoughtful. He later left for New York University and became a renowned scholar and the leading authority on Henry James. Dr. Oscar Janowsky taught a wonderful course in Jewish History. Dr. Charles Page and Dr. Albert Ellis were significant faculty in sociology, as was Dr. Adolph Tomars who was my honors thesis advisor. Irving Rosenthal, instructor in English, broadened my perspective in Anglo-American literature and helped me write English better. He became a mentor to a generation of City College students who became reporters for the New York Times. Then there was Dr. Oscar Hastings, a Boer, out of South Africa, who taught an immensely popular course in geography. He publicly confessed to his prejudice against Blacks but suggested that ultimately the Black population would achieve self-government.

City College instructors were demanding. Some graded on a scale. In my senior year, taking honors in sociology, instructors at last remembered my name. I succeeded in completing my honors thesis in sociology, nine credits, with the grade of "A". My thesis was a sociologic study of recreation with particular reference to the insights of Emile Durkheim the great French sociologist. I read Durkheim in French. I expounded on the concept of "integrative" recreation which reinforced the norms of society and strengthened the participation of individuals in experiences which support the value systems of the predominant society. This contrasted with "Anomic" recreation which represented a defiance of the social norms and mores of the times. Such anomic recreational patterns might include addictive drug use, gambling, drag racing, sexual deviance, and such. Anomie was a state of lonely dissociation, of individuals in a society in which primary and secondary associations were disintegrating in the face of powerful economic forces. In the great cities of the country life was increasingly sundering families, friends, and neighborhoods. Social phenomena such as suicide, crime, and drug addiction were evident symptoms of such anti-social activity. This concept was particularly relevant to the conflict of generations within the immigrant community, between immigrants and the dominant culture and with their children. Writing the thesis required a great deal of reading and writing late into the night.

I made only one new friend at college. His name was Seymour Fiddle, a fellow student in sociology. My old "R Club" members were there: Abe Vinik, Abe Judson, Felix Dushnick, and Jack Wasserman. We gathered after school at a miserable little bedroom, home to Jack and his father, in a "single occupancy" building on East Twelfth Street, just off Second Avenue. The room had two beds, a dresser, a sink, and a coffee table. There were two windows on the street and a single naked light bulb hanging off the ceiling. There was a shared bathroom out in the hall.

We talked a great deal during the many hours we spent together, grousing about conditions at college, the depression, jobs, and our dim future. We were all sympathetic to the Republic of Spain, fighting desperately against the fascists supported by the Nazis in Germany and Mussolini. We were angry against the Western powers, including the United States, which imposed an embargo on the government of Spain, prohibiting the purchase of guns and ammunition. Only the Soviet Government sent armaments to the Spanish Republic. We were aware of many young men on the Lower East Side, many Communist, who enlisted to fight in the Lincoln Battalion of the Republican Spanish government. We read Hemingway's reports from Spain and Max Lerner's columns in the New York Post. I was fifteen in 1936, and my friends were sixteen and seventeen. We were not prepared to enlist. But we all accepted the reality that the United States would be involved in a great world war on the side of the Western Allies against Germany and Italy. For a long while, right until he was drafted into the U.S. Army, my friend Abe Vinik took a pacifist line. Some of his viewpoints echoed the philosophy of the Fellowship of Reconciliation whose leader, A.J. Muste, spoke at the forums on war and peace at Christodora House. We were sympathetic to the aims of the chapter of the League Against War and Fascism organized in our neighborhood. Later we learned it was a Communist Front organization when it abruptly closed its doors immediately with consummation of the Molotov-Ribbentrop agreement in 1939. This Nazi-Soviet agreement provided for the division of Poland between Soviet Russia and Germany and granted Soviet Russia control over Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia and gave Germany security of its Eastern Frontiers, permitting the Nazis to invade Holland, Belgium, and France. The Communist Party in the United States then organized a new front, the "League for Peace and Democracy" with a new slogan, "The Yanks Are Not Coming". In 1941, immediately after the invasion of Soviet Russia by Germany, that front collapsed as the Communist parties worldwide reaffirmed support of a coalition with the Western Allies and urged the opening of a second western front with an Allied invasion of Europe. From 1939 forward we were hostile to the Communist Party lines which seemed to be wholly governed by the interests of the Soviet Union.

We talked endlessly about our futures. Felix was going to be a civil engineer. Abe Vinik was going into social group work, and I leaned in that direction. Abe Judson was uncertain, and Jack Wasserman wanted to work in theatre. We talked about anti-Semitism a little. Felix alone among us was a Ukrainian and a Roman Catholic. His uncle was active in expatriate and anti-communist Ukrainian circles. Given the anti-Semitism of the Ukrainian immigrants, how did Felix account for his fraternizing with no one but Jews? Felix could only explain that Jews were smarter, more compatible, and that he found no friends among the Ukrainians. His father worked in a cafeteria for Jewish owners and

was not at all anti-Semitic. We didn't talk about girls very much, considering our personal relations to be very personal and private. Felix began dating a neighborhood girl, Deborah Schussler, and Abe Judson spent a great deal of time with her younger sister Mary. At the war's end Abe came home, married Mary, and returned to his studies at the University of Maryland.

These were very hard times for my friend Jack. His father made a poor living as a taxi driver. He was always hungry when we met. Felix's father was a very skilled and highly paid manager of a large Hector's cafeteria off Broadway and 42nd Street. Consequently, Felix always had the largest amount of spending money. An only child, he was beloved by his mother. Felix was always ready to treat Jack to a delicatessen dinner at a restaurant on Fourteenth Street. We would play penny ante poker for hours on end and cut the pot "for Spain". That collection most frequently ended up paying for a meal for Jack.

At the end of my senior year I was still uncertain about my future. During the last three years my academic achievement improved considerably. I graduated City College cum laude with Honors in Sociology. I was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and I won the George Augustus Sandham Prize in Public Speaking, all despite a dreadful first year. I was employed as a part-time Club Leader at Christodora House and a counselor at Northover Camp. I was encouraged by some of the graduate students at the settlement house and its staff to consider graduate school education in Social Work, particularly the new field of "Social Group Work". There seemed to be jobs in the field in settlement houses and YM-YWHA's. They were ideologically sympathetic with settlement house staff in the forefront of social movements for reform. They were advocates for social legislation for unemployment insurance, public housing, social security, and health insurance. Some of the New Deal legislation was being passed by the social forces underlying support for social work.

I had given some thought to becoming an attorney. I thought I had the intellectual capacity to complete law school and pass the Bar examination. But the experience of my family with the legal profession was very limited. My parents had actually rented a bedroom to a Mr. Cooper, an attorney and landsman. He failed to pay the rent. It was well known in immigrant circles that there were many Jewish lawyers who were unemployed during those depression years and could not make a living practicing law. The large legal firms in New York City did not employ Jews. Still, I applied and was accepted at Harvard Law School for the class of 1940. Tuition was four hundred dollars a years for each of three years. I would need at least another seven hundred dollars a year to live on. I had a thousand dollars in the bank. But my parents were silent on my choice and were not enthusiastic about my admission to Harvard Law School. I felt they would be very hard pressed to support me and did not know how to turn to any resources to borrow the money I would need

to survive the three years at law school. Had I decided to go to law school I now believe my father would have found a way to support me. He had actually signed a five hundred dollar bond with Harry Jaffe, a rag wholesaler he knew as co-signor, in favor of the law school. The responsibility for the decision not to attend law school was wholly mine.

I had concurrently applied to three schools of social work: Western Reserve, Columbia University, and the University of Pittsburgh. I was rejected by Western Reserve and Columbia as too young. The University of Pittsburgh accepted my application and offered me a full two-year scholarship and a stipend of fifty dollars a month in addition for my upkeep. I would impose no burden upon my parents. I would become a social worker.

In the years which followed there have been times when I regretted my decision, particularly when developments in my chosen field of social work were discouraging and slow in coming to fruition. I observed the opportunities in government given attorneys, and particularly Harvard Law School graduates, their status, and their earnings. I had second thoughts. I did encounter two fellow graduates of City College who did enter Harvard Law School many years later. One was Harold Wolgel, a neighbor in Great Neck, who was a Democratic Precinct Captain and a partner in a small law firm in the city. The second was Benjamin B. Ferrencz who had a notable career. Upon graduation from law school he was commissioned in the Adjutant General's Corps of the U.S. Army and landed on the beach at Normandy on D-day. Subsequently, he was on the staff of General Taylor at the Nuremberg trials of the Nazi officials. He stayed on in Germany after his discharge and represented Jewish and other victims of Nazi persecution in negotiations with the German government for restitution. Subsequently, he continued an active practice in international law. He was an advocate for the establishment of the International Criminal Court in The Hague. He had a notable career. As for my other classmates, I do not know. My enrollment at the University of Pittsburgh brought me to some very interesting times. I did have the opportunity to change the world a little and to fulfill my life in marriage, to see my children come of age, and my grandchildren too. There has been great joy, ecstasy, anxiety, and anguish, as it is never ending in the life of every man and woman.

On to Pittsburgh

After a pleasant summer at Northover Camp I rejoined my old club mates at Jack Wasserman's room, fondly called "the clip", to say farewell. Abe Vinik was going off to Cleveland to attend the Western Reserve School of Social Work as a graduate student in Social Group Work. Felix Dushnick was continuing into his fifth and last year in the civil engineering program at City College. Abe Judson, still employed at the Navy department, expected to be drafted shortly. Jack Wasserman was looking for a job; he could no longer afford to return to City College. We reaffirmed our mutual devotion and left to pursue our futures.

At home I had a sadder departure. My mother and father were, of course, sorry to see me go. I was full of mingled feelings of hope, optimism, and fear of what my graduate school studies would mean in an unforeseen future. I packed my tin suitcase once again with my modest wardrobe and asked my mother to ship a carton of my books and my dictionary to me in Pittsburgh as soon as I had relocated. I said farewell to my father and mother and to my younger brother Kenneth who was then fourteen and a student at Stuyvesant High School. I knew my parents were proud of me, but they too were uncertain of my future. What did they know of the meaning and prospects of professional social work? They knew of community service as volunteers and not as a paid profession. Their contact with paid communal service workers was very limited. They knew the Secretary General of the Verband, the Zionist Workers Association, and that was a political office. My horizons in social work were limited to the settlement houses of the Lower East Side. My exposure to the public welfare services was purely academic. Still, I had made my decision and was determined to move forward.

I carried my suitcase to the Independent subway station at Houston Street and made my way to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at 34th Street and Seventh Avenue. It was an extraordinary station and one of the great places of arrival and departure in the world. The station had been completed in 1911. McKim Mead and White designed a magnificent, monumental steel structure after the Baths of Caracella. There were high vaulting ceilings of glass supported by black steel beams and arches, towering above the station waiting room. There were still steam engines powering the passenger trains

puffing quietly on the tracks below the waiting room. I was impressed by the station. During my stay in Pittsburgh and later relocation to Washington, D.C. and West Virginia, I would be coming through the station for some years before its destruction.

Alas, the Pennsylvania Railroad came upon hard times. It merged with the New York Central Railroad to become Penn Central. In 1965 the railroad, in dire financial straights, demolished the station despite great public protest and outrage. The land was sold to a developer to create Madison Square Garden and its ugly towering office building. The Pennsylvania Railroad Station became the Amtrack station and the Long Island Railroad Station squeezed into the Madison Square Garden complex. This action was followed by vigorous agitation of aroused New Yorkers. As a result, in 1965 the City of New York established a Landmarks Commission with authority to designate significant new city buildings as historical, land marked monuments, prohibiting their demolition.

I boarded my train with mixed feelings. At last I was on my way, and I had nine long hours to think about my still modest past and the people I loved I was leaving behind.

Although I had had a happy childhood with caring, devoted parents and family and a circle of friends, my youth had still seemed to be filled with a sense of sad depression. Our family outlook was pessimistic. Money seemed hard to come by. My father's business was a difficult enterprise. My father always came home exhausted and dirty. He never could clean his hands, which were encrusted by years of sorting rags. My mother too, despite her satisfaction with her husband and children, always projected an air of sadness. Indeed during her young life she had had to cope with a first-born child afflicted by poliomyelitis. Then there were her brother and sister-in-law and her mother and father-in-law living with the family in very close quarters. At the age of five or six my brother Kenneth contracted "bovine tuberculosis". I never understood the appellation "bovine", but for two years my brother occupied my bedroom and slept with the windows wide open right through the winter. I was displaced to the dining room, to my discomfort. Then there was the matter of my mother's miscarriage, which brought my Aunt Dora into the household for a year. The depression wreaked havoc amongst our family and landsleit. Then the rise of fascism was a direct, personal threat to my father's sisters and their families in Poland and, ultimately, their destruction. For me and my classmates we were certain that there would be a great world war, and we would be engulfed. These were all amongst my ruminations on the long train ride to Pittsburgh.

Still, it was not all bad. I had had some very good times. My life at Stuyvesant High School had been encouraging. Despite the miseries of City College I had learned a great deal and had grown intellectually and socially

and had achieved. So I munched away at the pumpernickel sandwich and bag of fruit my mother had so thoughtfully provided and bought some coffee in the club car. The train stopped in Philadelphia and Harrisburg and made its way through the Alleghenies. We passed through many small towns and hillsides scarred by coal mine cuts and piles of slag. Some of the foliage was turning red, yellow, and gold with the autumn season. By nightfall the train arrived at a smoky, dark, and cavernous Pittsburgh Railroad Station. The city was covered with a soft white smog. I made my way to the downtown YMCA where I had reserved a night's lodging.

The next morning I carried my tin suitcase to the School of Applied Social Sciences at the University of Pittsburgh in the midsection of the city Oakland. The school was on the thirty-second story of the forty-story building called the "Cathedral of Learning", the university's main building. The Gothic tower stood tall and proud on acres and acres of green lawn. I was welcomed at the school office, and a clerk gave me a file folder of listings of room rentals. I chose a house on Ditheridge Street, which was immediately behind the Pittsburgh YM-YWHA on the university square, facing the tower. The two-story frame building was owned by a Mrs. Downey, a widow of Irish origin, who took in students as roomers to help pay the mortgage. After some amiable conversation and an interview, Mrs. Downey accepted me as a roomer on the second floor. I would share the room with another student and share the bathroom with the students in the other two rooms. I had the use of the refrigerator in the kitchen on the ground floor and could do some light cooking. The small bedrooms had two beds, a closet, and one bureau with four drawers, two for each roomer. Mrs. Downey furnished clean sheets and towels once a week. My monthly rent was twelve dollars. With an allowance of seventy dollars a month, I had to plan my budget very carefully indeed. The school granted me fifty dollars a month, a scholarship grant earned by my agency fieldwork of twenty-one hours a week. I drew down twenty dollars a month from my savings in New York. Thus, my graduate education was no financial burden to my parents.

Somehow I managed that first school year on that budget. I had coffee and juice at the house and made my own sandwiches for lunch with food I kept in the refrigerator the night before. I had dinner out several times a week. The location of my room was fortunate. I arose early and walked to class across the green. My fieldwork placement was at the Pittsburgh YM-YWHA across the street from my rooming house. This was an enormous improvement over my subway travel to City College. I did most of my schoolwork and study at the social work library. I acquired a portable typewriter and completed my papers in my room. My roommate was scarcely evident.

Once settled into my room I had several days to look about and survey the neighborhood before school began. The university tower and many

other buildings were located in Oakland, a pleasant business and residential district uplands of the downtown business district. Adjacent to the school was Schenley Park and major cultural institutions: the Carnegie Museum of Natural History, the Carnegie Art Institute, and the Carnegie Library. They were benefactions of Andrew Carnegie, the great steel magnate, who had made his fortune in Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh was founded in 1754 as a French colonial outpost and had originally been called Fort Duquesne. The fort was constructed right on the point at the confluence of the Monongahela, Allegheny, and Ohio rivers. The Ohio River ultimately flows into the Mississippi River. The British occupied the abandoned fort in 1758, Fort Pitt was then completed by the British in 1760. In the years which followed Pittsburgh grew enormously. The city became "the Gateway to the West". A great canal system connected the city to its rural hinterland. Iron ore, and later bituminous coal, was found in the region. These resources and the river transportation contributed to the development of Pittsburgh as the greatest industrial community on the continent. By 1860, at the beginning of the Civil War, Pittsburgh became the great manufacturing base for the Union armies. The city became the largest manufacturer of armaments, steel, wire, rolling mill machinery, iron pipes, nuts and bolts, coal, coke, tinplates, and aluminum. Tides of immigrants were attracted to the city's steel mills and factories. By 1940 Pittsburgh was home to immigrant people from Scotland, North Ireland, Poland, Russia, the Balkans, Italy, Greece, and Negroes who had migrated from the South. There was a substantial population of poor Jews, immigrants in the Hill District. For the rest, the poorer ethnic working people lived in wood frame homes clustered along the riverfronts adjacent to the steel mills.

After the Civil War there was great unrest among the workers in the steel mills and coalmines. Andrew Carnegie and Frick, steel mill owners, ruthlessly repressed efforts of their workers to organize and strike to gain better pay and working conditions. Their unions were defeated by the private gendarmes deployed by the mill and mine owners and municipal police and government controlled by the corporate owners. Not until the election of 1932, with Franklin D. Roosevelt as President and the New Deal, did federal support of union organizing efforts succeed in establishing the CIO-AFL and the United Mine Workers as dominant forces in the steel and mining industries. By 1940, when I arrived in Pittsburgh, the city had become a union town. The mills and mines were going full blast in that year as American industry turned to rearmament and aid to the Western powers in Europe with Lend-Lease funding. Pittsburgh had grown to a city with a population of 750,000. Another 350,000 people lived in the surrounding Allegheny County.

Most striking for me, and every other newcomer, was the extraordinary "smog", a dense and acrid combination of fog and smoke which enveloped the

city every day, even in early September, and continued throughout the year. The rivers bounding the city contributed natural fog as their cold waters evaporated into the warm atmosphere. The steel mills and their open-hearth furnaces produced huge billowing columns of fire and smoke at regular intervals. The flames of the furnaces flared high into the sky. In Oakland, located several hundred feet above the rivers, we observed a great orange ball of fire in the smoggy horizon. This was a continuing display, day and night. Mrs. Downey told me that in Pittsburgh the smog was welcome, however acrid, because the men were then at work and making a living. I observed the glowing red fireball in the smog through the two years of my stay in Pittsburgh.

In truth, the harsh life of the men working in the mills and the sweat labor which made Pittsburgh and rearmed the United States and its wartime allies were far away from my life as a social work student. The history of the labor movement and the trade unions in Pittsburgh were important areas for discussion in our social work classes. Our entire faculty was sympathetic to the trade union government.

The Graduate School of Applied Social Sciences at the University of Pittsburgh

The University of Pittsburgh was founded as the Pittsburgh Academy in 1787 and subsequently became the Western University of Pennsylvania in 1819. By 1940 the University of Pittsburgh enrolled 13,000 resident students in its College and Schools of Engineering, Mines, Business Administration, Education, the Graduate Schools of Medicine, Law, Pharmacy, Dentistry, and Nursing, and the School of Applied Social Sciences. The School of Applied Social Sciences, now called the School of Social Work, was established in 1938 and had originally been a division of Social Work in its Graduate School. A major Buhl Foundation grant enabled the university to establish the School of Social Work as an independent graduate school and funded additional faculty and fellowships, including mine, enabling me to enroll in 1940.

Social work is a young profession. In 1898 the first training school in social work was established as the New York School of Philanthropy, now the Columbia School of Social Work. By 1910 it became a two-year graduate program. The body of knowledge contributing to professional education for social work included the social sciences, medicine, law, and the experience of social workers in social agencies. Competent practice in social work requires "the continuing exercise of judgment and discretion" and the application of knowledge and skill to specific situations. By 1940 there were forty accredited schools of social work in the United States and Canada. More than 75,000 persons were engaged in social work, most "untrained". About twenty percent, fifteen thousand, were

eligible for membership in the American Association of Social Workers, which included many social workers with a bachelor's degree in social work. Less than 1,200 students graduated the accredited schools of social work with a master's degree annually. I was, therefore, entering a very emerging profession.

The basic functional divisions in social work education and the field were social case work, focusing on service to individuals and families, community organization, and, the most recent field, social group work. It began as a movement employing practitioners in such agencies as settlement houses, boys clubs, Jewish Community Centers, YMCA's, YWCA's, scouting, camping, adult education, recreation, group therapy, and business. In 1937 the American Association for Group Workers was established. Later the AAGW merged with the American Association of Social Workers in 1955. Early group workers focused on the Americanization of immigrants, their acculturation in urban settings, problems of social isolation, character building, leisure time interests, and skills. Among the early theorists in the field of group work were Grace Coyle at Western Reserve and Gertrude Wilson at the University of Pittsburgh.

The social group work method was the conscious application of professional knowledge in the social sciences, to affect the social processes within the group to achieve certain social goals. By the 1960's community support of social group work services, and therefore social group work professional practice, had shifted from the recreation agencies, such as the settlement houses and YM-YWCA's, to juvenile delinquency and mental health treatment centers, and services for the aged. By 1991, the year I retired, the trend toward defining social work as a single generic field had proceeded to the extent that schools of social work consolidated the functional fields of training. Only a few schools of social work continued training in the functional field of social group work.

However, the entering class of 1940 arrived at school in Pittsburgh with great enthusiasm. We were warmly received by Deal Wilbur Newstetter and Professors Gertrude Wilson and Gladys Ryland of the group work faculty. All three had been on faculty at Western Reserve and in 1938 were recruited to found the new school of social work. Wilbur Newstetter was renowned as the founder of the field of inter-group work, community organization. He had large ambitions for his new field, and so the school was originally named the Graduate School of Applied Social Sciences, theoretically extending its scope beyond social work. Gertrude Wilson was the school's theoretician in Social Group Work. Gladys Ryland, her colleague and partner, taught recreation skills. They were large, heavy women, projecting vigorous enthusiasm for their work and warmth for their students, adopting us, one and all, into their circle. They were both former YWCA workers, imbued with the zeal of suffragettes and a keen sense of social justice.

During my two-year stay at the school my courses included: "Growth and Change", "Social Psychiatry", "Dynamics of the Social Process", "Disease

and Public Health", "Social Welfare Organization", "Administration of Social Agencies", "Social Group Work", "Case Work Practice", and "Law and Social Work". There were twenty hours of fieldwork practice weekly during each semester. During my first year I was placed at the Pittsburgh YM-YWHA and the second year at Kingsley House and the Family Service Association of Allegheny County. Our class of 1940 was small. There were thirty-four students, eighteen of whom were enrolled in the social group work program.

The faculty who most impressed me at the school were Marian Hathaway, an authority in Public Welfare, Joseph Loucheim, an attorney who taught Social Welfare Law, and, of course, Gertrude Wilson. She was the grand mentor of the students in social group work, taking us under her wing. She maintained her warm relationship with us over all the years of her life. She was a bright and sensitive woman and an excellent and enthusiastic teacher. Social Group Work practice, in her judgment, was not an intellectual exercise. Rather, a professional had to absorb the intellectual concepts into his or her muscles and unconscious to bring the professional self to bear as an affective change agent in the social process of groups. I have always had mixed intellectual feelings for Gertrude Wilson. Was the professional capacity of leadership a natural endowment, or could it be learned?

The intellectual foundation of her theories of social group work were enunciated in her excellent text, "Social Group Work", co-authored with Gladys Ryland. Wilson and Ryland set forth their understanding of sociology, group dynamics, and psychoanalytics as it illuminates the method of social group work. Gertrude Wilson impressed me as a natural born group worker. After my long immersion in club activities at Christodora House and Northover Camp and my relationship with the many social work students placed there, the university program was familiar ground, as were my fieldwork placement experiences. In my later work my graduate school program provided very useful insights.

The fieldwork placement at the Pittsburgh YM-YWHA was an excellent introduction to the Jewish Community Center field in which I would spend twenty years of my professional life. The Y was a grand four-story building on the university square facing the "Cathedral of Learning". It had been located in the Oakland Civic Center to serve some fifty thousand Jews living in Pittsburgh and Allegheny County. It had been completed in the late 1920's when most of the second and third generation of Jews, originally settlers in the Hill District, had moved out. The Pittsburgh Y had a membership of three thousand in 1940.

The Pittsburgh Y included a gymnasium, swimming pool, exercise room, auditorium, arts and crafts shop, and many clubrooms. Most of the members were adolescents and young adults. Sundays brought hundreds of school aged boys and girls to the Y. The Y sponsored notable concerts and lectures which attracted large audiences. My fieldwork instructor at the Y was young Bertram Gold.

Originally a Canadian born in Toronto, he was trained at Western Reserve and was employed by the university as a full-time paid faculty member stationed at the Y. He brought a sensitive eye to his supervision of my group work practice. Miriam Ephraim was the Program Director. She was a very able resource person with a rich Jewish educational background and an ability to translate her knowledge into program activities. In later years Miriam Ephraim became Program Director for Community Center Activities at the National Jewish Welfare Board in New York City. She engaged me to write several monographs for the Jewish Welfare Board, one on "Day Camping" and the second a "Manual for Club Leaders". Bert Gold succeeded in the center field becoming Executive Director of the Newark JCCA's, the JCCA's of Los Angeles, and the Executive Director of the American Jewish Committee. He was a significant figure in Jewish Communal Service.

My fellow students at the Y were a friendly lot. There was George Rothman, a large, portly fellow with a slow and thoughtful expression who was a year senior to me in a three-year program combining training in case work and group work. He loved to pontificate and to be my mentor. I enjoyed his company at our weekly dinner at the Luna Restaurant, my weekly splurge of seventy-five cents for three courses and coffee. George really knew much more about the social agencies in Pittsburgh than I did and the gossip. I listened very carefully. Years later when I returned to New York City I found George was Executive Director of the Jewish Community Services of Long Island, a small case work and mental health society affiliated with Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. George, now heavier and more ponderous than ever, was still a good colleague and ready to keep me informed. I listened.

Sunset Camp

During the summer of 1941 I served as Boys Unit Head at Sunset Camp, sponsored by the Sunset Camp Service League, a devoted group of women affiliated with Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago. It was a major teaching hospital affiliated with the Medical School of the University of Chicago and the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies of Chicago. It was no more than forty miles west of Chicago, located in Bartlett, Illinois on the lake. It was in the middle of miles and miles of cornfields. I had never been this far west before, and I learned the United States was a big country. I arrived in mid-June during the burst of the spring growing season for corn. After a rain I stood in the middle of a cornfield and could actually hear the corn grow. It was the sound of the leaves of the corn stalks stretching out to the sun. The leaves climb higher and unfold. Lake Bartlett was a fine location for a camp.

In fact, Sunset Camp really had been designed as a convalescent home for children recovering from heart disease. It was the treatment center for

the outpatient pediatric cardiac service of the hospital. By the summer of my arrival the Sunset Camp board and its cardiology staff had determined to undertake a noble and radical experiment in the treatment of children with cardiac impairment. Eighty boys and girls, one hundred and sixty children, would have the opportunity to participate in normal camp activities. Their participation would be rigorously controlled and slowly increased and monitored. There were two principal types of heart disease suffered by the children: rheumatic heart with valvular impairment after rheumatic fever and children with a great variety of prenatal heart defects. The heart disease affected the growth and development of the children. Most arrived underweight with limbs characteristically thin and tapered. Many displayed blueness of the lips, fingers, and toes.

Cardiac children had not, up to this time, been encouraged to undertake even moderate activity. The prescription for their care was always sedentary activity. During this season children were encouraged to participate in such activities as swimming, games, arts and crafts, and walks. These activities were conducted with specific time spans, increasing slowly as the season progressed. Children were seen daily in the camp infirmary, weighed and carefully observed by our resident cardiologist. The children thrived. They were happy campers, and in the dining hall their appetites perceptibly improved.

Our Camp Director, Edwina Eels, was an able and effective leader. The program staff were young men and women, some from other schools of social work and the greater number from colleges in the Chicago area. I completed the summer season with great satisfaction. I had learned a great deal about children with heart disease and the optimistic prospects for their treatment. I returned to Pittsburgh saving all of my earnings, one hundred and fifty dollars.

In the sixty-eight years which have elapsed since my stay at Sunset Camp there has been a revolution in medical and surgical care of children with heart disease. Prenatal and postnatal surgery and pediatric surgery can now repair severe openings in the heart and valvular defects so often the consequence of rheumatic heart. It was my fate to be married to Shirley, a young woman who suffered rheumatic fever in adolescence, survived after heart surgery, and then perished of its consequences thirty-four years later.

Kingsley House

When I returned to Pittsburgh, I was assigned to Kingsley House as my second year placement. This settlement house had a residence and was located in the East Liberty section of Pittsburgh, a working class neighborhood with families of Italian and Catholic origin. Most of the homes were one- and two-story wood frame buildings, shabbily maintained in this post-depression era

in 1941. The settlement house was led by the honorary James Lyall Stuart and a board of upper class Episcopalians. Its Executive Director was Mrs. Charles Cooper, widow of the former executive, Reverend Cooper.

Students at Kingsley House lived in the upstairs residence on the second floor of the building. Rooms were pleasant, and I enjoyed a private room with a single bed, closet, bureau, and, best of all, a desk, chair, and reading lamp. I had a window, which looked out on the street. I shared a bathroom with the other men on the floor. The residence was co-educational. The settlement house provided two meals a day, very simple breakfasts and dinners. These were served in a commodious dining room with a huge table that could seat forty people. Dinner was served at seven in the evening, and residents were expected to come on time. Mrs. Cooper, our Executive Director, presided and said grace at every meal. Shades of Northover Camp! Mrs. Cooper made grace as non-sectarian as possible, referring only to the singular God presumably common to the Judeo-Christian origins of the assembled residents. Residence at Kingsley House was a distinct improvement over my lifestyle during my first year. I enjoyed the regular meals and the sociability of our residence. The school actually awarded me a grant of thirty dollars a month above the value of the residence and the meals at Kingsley House. At the settlement house I served for twenty-one hours a week and an additional ten hours to compensate for the cost of my residence.

I made some good, lifelong friends at Kingsley House. One was Celia Bach, then a second year student at the Carnegie Tech School of Social Work. Years later I met her again in New York as a member of the faculty of the School of Social Work at Yeshiva University. Another friend was Kurt Pine. He had just arrived as a refugee immigrant with a visa arranged by the International Refugee Association. He was a sturdy young man in his thirties, older than I by a decade. He had been a reporter and film critic on the Vossicher Zeitung in Berlin, an important daily. Sheer good fortune gave him passage on one of the last ships departing from Hamburg before the beginning of the war in 1939. He spoke poor English and accepted a job as game room supervisor in return for room and board until he found a better way to work. Kingsley House was his sponsor. I was very interested in Kurt Pine's life experience. He had some harsh tales of the onset of Nazi domination in Germany to recount. He was very interested in my social work education program and the prospects for work in the field. When I returned to New York City I found Kurt Pine had enrolled in the School of Social Work of Pittsburgh University and had completed his master's degree program. Subsequently, he had completed his Doctorate in Sociology at the university. He married Bess, a social work student, and by 1952 had two children. He was then Executive Director of the Shorefront YM-YWHA, an agency affiliated with Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. His agency was merged with the Associated Y's, and we had some very close, sometimes difficult, relationships.

My fieldwork instructor at Kingsley House was the beautiful Helen Arnold. She was certainly the most stunning woman in social work circles in Pittsburgh. I enjoyed every conference with her, and indeed she was an able social worker. We learned that her fiancé was a Navy pilot in service. I later learned that he had survived the war and returned to marry Helen Arnold.

On December 7, 1941 late afternoon, it was twilight as I was walking across the campus to the school library. Some passing students murmured something about an attack at Pearl Harbor and that it was war! When I reached the school building there were crowds of students standing about, listening to radios. We learned that Japan had attacked the American fleet at Pearl Harbor. The next day President Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Congress declared war on Japan and on December 11, 1941 on Germany and Italy. Then I knew that life would change for me and everyone in the United States. It was profoundly depressing. The two semesters went by quickly. We followed our student and school routines and read the news of the war ever so carefully. During my two-year stay in Pittsburgh my wandering about the city was circumscribed. I was working hard all week between school classes and my fieldwork. During my first year I was able to walk to school, the Pittsburgh Y, and my residence in Oakland easily. On the southerly end of the university square in Schenley Park the Carnegie Museum of Natural History and the Carnegie Institute of Art, great museums, and the Carnegie Library were places to visit from time to time. The park was also the site for the Phipps Conservatory, a botanical garden. From time to time the school distributed tickets to the Pittsburgh Symphony orchestra concerts held at the Syria Mosque in Oakland.

I visited a number of the Pittsburgh neighborhoods, usually to attend meetings at a local social agency. They included the Irene Kaufmann Settlement House in the Hill district and the Brashear Association, a settlement house in the steel mill section alongside the Monongahela River. These old neighborhoods of Pittsburgh housed the working people of the city in old, decrepit, wood frame houses for two or three families. By 1940 the city had survived the depression, but families had little money for renovation and restoration. I did fieldwork with the Family Association of Allegheny County, a casework agency. This district housed poor Negroes. Pittsburgh, in 1940, was in many ways a southern city. Many Negroes had migrated north during the First World War to work in the steel mills. The jobs they held were the lowest paid and unskilled. Negroes lived in segregated sections of the city and were invisible in other quarters. There were few Negroes at the university. But there were changes. At the school we were very aware of the organization of the mills by the CIO-AFL and their greater acceptance of Negroes. The mayor of the city, a Democrat, was elected with the support of the trade unions. By 1940 unemployment had abated, and the mills and factories were working

full blast with orders from the federal government, Great Britain, and France for armaments. Workers in Pittsburgh would soon be producing the greatest flow of steel and armaments the world had yet seen.

In the spring of 1942 I began to collect information about possible jobs. I registered with the Personnel Bureau of the National Jewish Welfare Board, the central resource for job placement in the field of YM-YWHA's. I secured addresses from the National Federation of Settlements and the names of community centers from the placement service of the School of Social Work. I chanced taking an examination for placement with the Federal Civil Service as a Junior Professional Assistant and scored very well.

The NJWB Placement Bureau was the most encouraging and felt certain they would place me in September. But there were no other encouraging responses, not even a request for an interview by the time I graduated in June 1942.

I accepted a job at Tri-City Raccoon Creek Camp whose Director was Harold Murray, Boys Worker at Kingsley House. The camp was sponsored by the Jewish Communities of Youngstown, Dayton, and Canton, Ohio. It was located on the lake of Raccoon Creek State Park, about twenty-five miles west of Pittsburgh. The park was a vast 5,100 acres and enjoyed a lovely forested and hilly topography. The Civilian Conservation Corps had constructed the rustic log camp buildings. They were laid out in decentralized camp units with central dining facilities and social halls. Construction had been completed in 1937. Camp served two hundred children from ages seven to fourteen.

Midway through the summer I received a telegram from the Personnel Bureau of the Surplus Marketing Administration of the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Washington, D.C. offering me a job in the Distribution Division to begin in September. The job, as a trainee, would involve me in the provision of the New Deal programs of the Food Stamp Plan, Commodity Acquisition and Distribution, the School Lunch Program, and the School Milk Program. I was thrilled. Here was a job that fulfilled the goals of the New Deal, helping the farmers by purchasing their surplus commodities and distributing their produce to the poor of the cities and countryside. My entrance salary would be $2,000 a year. I accepted the job immediately. Indeed, by that moment, I had no other options! I completed my service at Tri-City Raccoon Creek Camp with a light heart.

The summer of 1942 at camp was a happy experience. Every night after the children were asleep, counselors gathered in the social hall to listen to the news over the radio. During the summer of 1942 the Allies suffered defeats in the Pacific and at sea. The Japanese had taken the Pacific Islands, Hong Kong, Malaysia, Indonesia, and Burma. The Nazi armies were tearing their way through Soviet Russia and had almost reached Moscow and Leningrad. France had fallen, and England was battered by successive air raids. Word of

the Jewish Holocaust had filtered through. The reports, day after day, were distressing. Some of the male counselors were readying for military service.

I had made one special friend at Tri-City. She was a tall, willowy, and attractive young woman, a Pittsburgher, and a senior at Indiana State Normal School. We parted at the end of the summer and continued to correspond for months after I wended my way through West Virginia. Then at last she bade me farewell. I understood her feelings too well; I was years away from making permanent commitments.

Summer ended. I returned to New York City and home on East Seventh Street. Nothing had changed at all. My father continued to work hard every day at his rag shop. Business had improved as the price of new wool clips moved higher. My mother had joined a women's book club at the Seward Park Library conducted by an inspiring librarian in the Yiddish Book Section. My brother had sprouted and now towered over me. He was more than six feet tall and was completing his senior year at Stuyvesant High School. Abe Judson, Felix Dushnick, and Abe Vinik had been drafted into the U.S. Army. Jack Wasserman organized a summer stock theatre in Blauvelt, New York, a signal achievement. I bade farewell to my father, mother, and brother. I packed again, picked up my old tin suitcase, and was off to Washington, D.C. and my new job.

At the United States Department of Agriculture

Early in May 1942 I received a magisterial letter from Frederick C. McMillen, Chief of Personnel at the Agricultural Marketing Administration, soliciting my interest in a new trainee program for college and university graduates. The letter was really inviting:

> "Secretary Wickard stated that 'Food will win the war and write the peace.' The Agricultural Marketing Administration plays an essential part in achieving this objective, for it coordinates all the functions of the department in the field of agricultural marketing, it administers the various acts and statutes pertaining to the standardization, inspection, grading, and warehousing of commodities; it regulates commodity operations and administers marketing agreements; it issues market news; it is responsible for all food purchases for lend lease, Red Cross, and territorial programs; it supports the secretary's price commitments to agricultural producers through the administration of stamp plans, the purchase of various commodities, and the distribution of commodities to undernourished families and school children; it encourages the exportation and domestic consumption of agricultural products and develops new uses and outlets for them and analyses immediate market problems and provides programs for meeting them.
>
> The Agricultural Marketing Administration desires to recruit persons possessing a big level of character, native ability and a capacity for growth among recent college graduates and university graduates."

The training program would include fieldwork opportunities and placement of successful candidates after one year. The appointment was "for war service-duration and six months." I was interviewed on Saturday, August 1, 1942 in Pittsburgh by John R. Garnett and subsequently advised of my appointment effective September 28, 1942. I was requested to report to Room 2606, South Agriculture Building at Fourteenth and Independence Avenue, NW.

Here I thought was an opportunity to join the federal service in support of the New Deal Food Distribution program under its Chief, Milo Perkins,

a renowned political figure. In the 1930's, as the depression deepened, we were appalled by newspaper stories of farmers burning their produce because they had no market. Then we learned about the federal program to buy farm commodities and distribute the food to the poor people in the cities. We were all impressed and encouraged. The Food Stamp Plan and the School Lunch and School Milk Programs, which followed, were initiated by the USDA and federally funded. Though the federal government was gearing up for the war effort by autumn of 1942, the President was determined to continue these programs for the benefit of farmers and poor recipients of their benefits. Moreover, the key political leadership of the USDA believed the programs would encourage full production by farmers. During our interview John Garnett told me that my training in the social sciences and social work would be especially useful in the Distribution Branch of the AMA.

I was a city boy and knew nothing of farming. There was a faint memory of the farm in my mother who grew up on a dairy farm in Beylo-Russia and in Parksville, New York. My grandfather, Zalman-Mayer, failed on that dairy farm in the Catskills. Low milk prices and high costs of feed contributed to the failure. Overproduction and low prices for farm commodities produced a long term recession among family farmers even before the recession brought so many to bankruptcy. I had long enjoyed summer camping and the green countryside surrounding the camps with little bearing on the plight of farmers or their basic needs served by the department. I remembered the horse-drawn wagons on East Seventh Street selling cabbage and potatoes at less than five cents a pound.

I read John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" along with thousands of other Americans. We were appalled to learn about the desperate flight of the "Okies" from their parched farms of the Midwest in decrepit old trucks laden with battered furniture and their families. This novel and the film which followed were compelling arguments for the federal government to bring relief to the farmers and then to use their produce for the benefit of the poverty stricken residents of the cities. I was confident I could succeed as a staff member in this worthy cause.

The United States Census of 1940 reported the population of the United States as 131,668,250 persons and its rural residents at 30,547,000, about 23.2 percent of the population. There were approximately 6,102,000 farms of an average size of 175 acres. Two years later in 1942 the farm population was still as substantial as in 1940. The dreadful economic disaster which befell the farmer is vividly evident in USDA data for 1929, 1930, 1932, and 1940. In 1929 the annual market value of farm crops was estimated to be $2,158 per farm. By 1930 this had fallen to $1,779; in 1932 to $1,093. By 1940, after an enormous infusion of federal subsidies for the purchase of farm commodities, the value of production per farm had risen back to $1,730.

The plight of the farmer and the urban poor contributed to the overwhelming political support for the commodity price support and domestic distribution programs in the elections of 1932, 1936, and 1940. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was reelected three times and swept a New Deal Congress into office with him.

Immediately after my arrival at the USDA in Washington, D.C., the orientation program for the new trainees began. There were lectures by Department and Section Chiefs. One memorandum in particular, signed by the then Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace, dated October 6, 1939, reflected the profound identification of the Secretary and all of the USDA staff I met with the historic legislative support underlying all of the USDA programs:

> "During the past five and a half years the Legislative and Executive branches of government have been putting forth enormous and often unprecedented efforts to provide for agriculture, stable income, and a balanced relationship with the rest of our economy. They have also sought to promote conservation of basic resources, greater security of tenure, and efficient production, distribution, and utilization of agricultural products.
>
> The Congressional enactments which make up this comprehensive program were not, of course, developed and passed simultaneously. Moreover, some have had to be amended in the light of experience, court decisions, and changing circumstances. At present the pattern for federal legislation for a well-rounded agriculture program includes, in addition to the body of legislation existing when the administration took office:
>
> 1. The adjustment and conservation program under the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act of 1936, the Sugar Act of 1937, and the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1938, all administered by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration;
> 2. The crop insurance program under the Federal Crop Insurance Act of 1938, administered by the Federal Crop Insurance Corporation with the assistance of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration;
> 3. The marketing agreements programs under the Act of 1937 and the surplus commodities program under the Acts of 1937 and 1938, administered by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation."

There were other statutes governing tenancy and rehabilitation programs, land utilization programs, soil conservation, flood control, farm forestry, water facilities research, and increased wildlife activities. Of greatest interest to me and my engagement in the services of the Distribution Branch of the AMA was the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1937 and its Section 32, which established the surplus commodities purchase and distribution programs, the Food Stamp Place, and the School Lunch and School Milk programs.

The South Agriculture Building was a huge federal structure of granite and marble constructed early in the twentieth century following the first major expansion of the department into food and inspection and trade regulatory activities, and education services of the Farm Bureau and extension programs. The inspection services followed the outrage of citizens with the exposures of the shame of the meat packing industry by Lincoln Steffens. The rooms were huge, subdivided by glass partitions with very high ceilings and large windows, designed long before air-conditioning. I reported to Room 1606 and Edward G. Parker, Director of Employee Training and Relations. He was a warm and encouraging fellow. I was advised that my training program would include a one month stay in Washington, D.C., a two month assignment to the State Office in Charleston, West Virginia, and five months in Montpelier, Vermont. I was given a thick pile of mimeographed background statements on the department and an orientation program schedule.

During that first day I found a bedroom with a fellow trainee, rented for a month, and settled in. I was at the department five days a week. I took my meals at restaurants including the cafeteria in the department building. Washington, D.C. in September and October of 1942 was a drab city, its streets full of men in Army and Navy uniforms. On weekends I visited some of the museums, attended some movie houses, and read in the departmental library. I really was alone.

During my two years of service with the USDA I learned the fundamental significance of enacted legislation, the importance of the leadership of the White House, the interminable Senate and House Committee Hearings, the status of key committee chairmen, and the majority leadership of Congress. Even with a House and Senate dominated by the Democratic Party the particular interests of representatives within the agricultural block, representing diverse crops (cotton, peanuts, beets, corn, wheat), were all conflicting at times and then ultimately compromised to enact legislation which all could accept. Every administrative activity of the Executive Branch of government, of which agriculture was an important part, was governed by statute and administrative regulations written by the department. These regulations were carefully drawn by administrators and counsel, reviewed and debated at hearings, and then promulgated by the Secretary of Agriculture.

For the Distribution Programs Section 32 of the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1937, as amended and re-amended to this very day, was the critical article. Section 32 provided that thirty percent of the gross receipts of all duties collected under the federal customs would be allocated to a specific fund to:

1. Encourage agricultural commodity exports by payments of indemnification of producers;
2. Encourage the domestic consumption of farm commodities by payment of benefit indemnities to increase utilization by low income groups;
3. Reestablish farmer purchase power by payment for any agricultural commodities for domestic consumption.

The Agricultural Marking Administration by 1942 was a vastly larger enterprise than contained within the Distribution Division. The AMA, by reorganization accomplished by an Executive Order of the President, succeeded the Surplus Marking Administration and expanded its war time function:

1. To assist in planning and production of agricultural commodities;
2. To facilitate and secure adequate supplies for military, lend-lease, and domestic requirements;
3. To advise and coordinate its functions with the Office of Price Administration;
4. To expand markets for agricultural commodities and ensure farmers an equitable share of national income;
5. To reduce the cost of procurement, transportation, and distribution of agricultural commodities;
6. To provide for more orderly marketing of farm commodities.

The Distribution Division's objectives were:

1. To manage food supplies to make a maximum contribution toward winning the war in cooperation with the OPA, WBP, FEA, ODT, etc.;
2. To determine food requirements;
3. To establish wartime price policy for farm commodities to ensure adequate production;
4. To allocate agricultural commodities for military, domestic, and overseas country needs;
5. To carry on programs of lasting benefits for farmers, the food industry, and the general public;

6. To conduct the civilian food programs: school lunch, school milk, direct distribution of commodities, industrial feeding, and nutrition education.

In 1943 the federal government terminated the Food Stamp Plan. The remaining domestic distribution programs, which had originated as New Deal relief efforts to benefit the farmers and poor consumers, continued without diminution to the end of the war in 1945 and in the years which followed. The Food Stamp Plan was restored, Commodity Distribution for the poor and the School Lunch and School Milk programs expanded to benefit millions of children and families to this very day. The programs enjoyed the political support of the farm regions, the cities, and Democratic and Republican representatives in Congress.

During my stay in Washington, D.C. the department arranged for a series of lectures by chiefs of the sections. They were mature men, some seasoned by years of experience in the traditional, old line services of the department; others were newcomers having arrived with the New Deal. All were imbued with a sense of commitment to a significant service.

I was deeply impressed by the breadth of departmental activities and their impact upon farmers and consumers throughout the country. These included the standard setting and inspection services: Dairy and Poultry, Cotton, Tobacco, Grain and Seed, Livestock, Fruits and Vegetables, the Commodity Exchange, Transportation and Warehousing, and Economic Analysis. Within the Distribution Branch were sections for the Food Stamp Plan, Commodity Distribution, the School Lunch and School Milk Programs, Trade Relations, a very large Commodity Contracts Division, and the Market News Service. All of these sections depended heavily on daily intelligence and information flowing in from the commodity exchanges in the United States and overseas and the departmental field offices throughout the country. Many of the section chiefs were Ph.D.'s specializing in their field. One, Mordecai Ezekial, a renowned economist and author, was an eminent leader in New Deal circles and a father of the Food Stamp Plan. The sections produced numerous papers and press releases in the political effort to keep the public and Congress informed.

There was a memorable visit to the USDA Farm Research Station in Beltsville, Maryland. This extraordinary center initiated research and coordinated work in the Schools of Agriculture and other research centers throughout the country. This center disseminated findings of current research through the National Farm Bureau Extension Service. This research and its educational programs undoubtedly increased farm production in the United States and worldwide over many years.

The Great Depression was slowly allayed with the onset of the World War in 1941. Unemployment, which peaked in 1933 at twenty-five million people,

fell to ten million by 1941, affecting fifteen million households. In 1941 domestic distribution programs of the USDA served 6.9 million people.

Although the Food Stamp Plan was terminated in 1943, the School Lunch and School Milk programs were continued. For FY 1944 an appropriation of $50 million was enacted. The federal allocation for West Virginia in that year was a modest $833,000 and $143,000 for Vermont.

I reported to James Nuccatelli, Area Supervisor, at the state office of the Distribution Branch in Charleston, West Virginia on November 30, 1942. During December I was assigned to the promotion of the School Milk program, which was just getting under way in that state. Initiating a school milk program, "Penny Milk" as it was popularly called, required a contract between a school authority and assurance of a supply of a half pint container of milk certified as pasteurized from a dairy company. The school authority could charge the child one penny per half pint of milk, though some very poor children could get the milk free. The federal government agreed to reimburse the school for the cost of the milk delivered to the school. On the face of it the program seemed simple and manageable. I learned soon enough that West Virginia did not produce enough pasteurized milk for its children; it imported pasteurized milk from other states. School authorities with no experience in dealing with the federal government were uncertain they would receive speedy reimbursement. I organized a statewide marketing campaign to inform the educational authorities, milk producers, Farm Extension Agents, County Sanitarians, and welfare officials about the program. I secured lists of radio station managers and newspaper editors throughout the state. I prepared and sent press releases announcing the program and my availability for broadcasts and interviews. The newspaper and radio people were very receptive. I was invited to a number of broadcasts, and newspaper articles were published. I particularly covered the northern panhandle of the state. I took the bus to the county seats: Spencer, Ripley, Elizabeth, Wheeling, Wellsberg, Weirton, Steubenville, and Parkersburg.

The school, welfare department, farm bureau, and dairy company officials I met were all friendly and receptive. I was especially warmly received by officials of the Catholic Diocese. This was a significant turning for the federal government proposed to contract directly with a Catholic parochial school to operate the program. School officials were concerned about assuming the administrative burden of the new program and needed assurance that they would be reimbursed promptly.

The cities and towns I traversed on the rivers, like Wheeling and Weirtown, all looked desolate, the mills and houses decrepit and unpainted. Steel production was fully underway as was evident by the leaping flames of the blast furnaces and open-hearth furnaces flaring away regularly into the smog. As I traveled inland into the mountain country I could see the mine tipples and the slag disfiguring the hillsides. School principals described

the poverty of their communities and of impoverished families with many children who arrived at school unfed. West Virginia, from its earliest colonial days, was the poor cousin of its coastal Virginia relations. The hillsides were poor farming land. Coal mining developed as a source of income and was the setting for harsh conflict between the miners who sought to organize trade unions and the owners who fiercely resisted. By 1941, after years of conflict, the United Mine Workers, led by John L. Lewis, were at last organized and with wartime demand for coal began to make a living.

I observed the villages of West Virginia nestled into the valleys. Many of the schools were very small with one or two rooms, some with more than thirty children of all grades. Schoolteachers were greatly burdened. Still, they welcomed the School Milk Program as a blessing for their children. I learned months later that our organizing efforts had produced many new programs. Still, I have an unforgettable memory of observing a postman on horseback approaching a little mining village as I sped by in a bus.

I was then transferred to Montpelier, Vermont, to the state office of the Distribution Programs Branch, effective January 1, 1943, remaining until June 1 of that year. Harry J. Watling, State Supervisor, and Charles Towers, the Assistant State Supervisor, invited me to live with them in a three-bedroom apartment in a frame house on Main Street. Both were temporary Vermont residents living in Montpelier perforce because that was their workstation. Harry Watling's family lived in central Massachusetts and Charles Tower's family in Boston; they commuted home on weekends. I had my weekday supper meals with them when I was in Montpelier. Harry was a warm, friendly, and vivacious man, well spoken, a graduate of Harvard University, and the son of the Episcopalian bishop of Boston. His old classmate and chum at Harvard had been Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. whose helpful influence secured Harry Watling the job. Charles Towers, by contrast, was a dour and reserved man in his late fifties. He was a veteran of World War I.

I was on the road during most of my stay in Vermont. During my field trips I promoted the School Milk Program, inspected School Lunch Programs, and met with "Overseers of the Poor", as the Vermont Welfare Officials were called, to review state certification processes for the beneficiaries of surplus commodities. The appellation "Overseers of the Poor" was a remnant of Elizabethan poor laws still on the statute books almost two hundred years after the American Revolution. Many of the overseers were part-time employees of the townships. I visited with local school officials and Farm Bureau agents. Many were out-of-area residents, and they invited me to supper. There was much to learn about Vermont, its agriculture, and milk. Vermont was then a very poor state. Its farmers, dairy farmers for the most part, if they were large enough, sold their milk to a dairy within the Boston Milkshed. The Boston Milkshed Authority inspected the dairies, the farms, and their cows to

certify the cleanliness and acceptability of the milk. It was a highly regulated industry. There were far fewer dairy farmers and dairies selling outside the Boston Milkshed. One Farm Bureau Extension Agent advised me that these unregulated farmers suffered herds which might by infected with "Bang's Disease", a source of undulant fever in pregnant women and very dangerous. Assuring a regular supply of milk for a school milk program was a problem. Many of the schools in the valleys of mountainous Vermont, as they were in West Virginia, were small one- and two-room schools not yet consolidated as they would be in the years which ensued. The teachers were overburdened and lived isolated lives, rooming with neighboring farmers. Developing the School Milk program required tender care and persistent organization.

One of my experiences during my stay was persuading the Vermont State Legislature to appropriate twenty-five thousand dollars a year to pay for storage facilities for Vermont apples purchased from Vermont farmers by the USDA for distribution to Vermont children. Up until 1942 the facilities had been provided by the federal WPA. The legislators, in a unicameral state body, met once a year during the winter. Most legislators were farmers year round and earned eight hundred dollars for the session. They were hard-shelled Republicans, and their first reaction to our proposal was: Nay! They never had enjoyed free apples during their childhood distributed by the government. Wiser heads prevailed as they realized that the federal government would be spending hundreds of thousands of dollars purchasing apples from their brethren, Vermont farmers. The appropriation passed.

The winter of 1943 was cold and bleak, and the snow was heaped on the ground until early June. I had traveled the state: Montpelier to Burlington, St. Albans, Staunton, Vergennes, Middlebury, and White River Junction. The countryside and the mountains were white with snow and deep green with vast forests of evergreens. The towns were old New England, picturesque. Every village had its white steeple church, a town square, a town hall, and white painted houses. Still, in 1943, Vermont villages looked frayed; some houses had not been painted for years. There were ubiquitous piles of scrap metal, pots, and pans in the squares. Once identified as a federal representative, I was often asked why Washington, D.C. did not remove the scrap metal. As the price of scrap metal increased by 1944, the piles disappeared.

I traveled alone that winter by bus from town to town, carrying my heavy metal suitcase. Hotel stays were arranged before I arrived. After a day of meetings I was tired and had some simple meals in the one open restaurant or at the hotel. I did a great deal of reading, all the agricultural department bulletins available at the Farm Bureau offices, the local press, the Boston Globe, and wrote many letters home and to my old friends. It was a lonely time, but I felt I was learning a great deal. Vermont, however picturesque, was a poor state. There was some industry in Burlington, but most of the state was

hardscrabble agriculture with the dairy farmers struggling to make a living. Farmers could not produce enough feed because of the long winters and elevations. The federal government made great efforts to increase the price of milk to farmers through Milk Shed marketing agreements. In 1943 milk was still a surplus commodity with one price for milk for direct consumption and much lower prices for milk purchased for ice cream and cheese. Vermont farms were isolated, each on its own homestead. There was radio, but neighbors were far removed. Sunday church was an important activity. Politically the state was Republican like its neighbor, New Hampshire.

The citizens of Montpelier were, for the most part, long time historic natives. As the state capital there were many civil servants from other parts of Vermont. But, as Harry J. Watling told me, I could live in Montpelier or anywhere in Vermont for a lifetime, but if not born a native son, the obituary would duly note one's original place of origin. The adjacent city, Barre, was quite different. It was world famous for its granite quarries. Barre attracted generations of Italian masons who brought a conviviality unknown in the rest of Vermont.

After my two-year stay in Pittsburgh, West Virginia, and Vermont my pattern of speech undoubtedly lost its last trace of New York, and I was "passing" as an American of indeterminate origin. Socially I was not identified as a Jew. I met few people of Jewish origin in the department outside of Washington, D.C. This was an old-line agency, and employees of the traditional commodity inspection and procurement services were Anglo-Saxons. Some time after I left Montpelier, Harry J. Watling, my old State Director, told me that Charles Towers, of French-Canadian and Catholic origin, had been exasperated to learn that his apartment-mate had been Jewish. Charles Towers was not one of the most enlightened civil servants I had met. By now he abides in another world with time to expatiate for his sins.

Many decades would elapse before Vermont would be transformed into the prosperous and exurban hinterland of Boston and New York it has become. I could never imagine Vermont electing a Socialist and Jewish Congressman and Senator by the year 2009! It has become one of the most liberal Democratic states. When at last I was asked to return to the New York Regional Office in June 1943, I was glad to go. In my final report to Edward G. Parker in Washington, I described my trainee experience as profoundly satisfying. I had learned how social legislation could be translated into the working programs of Commodity Distribution, School Lunch, and School Milk for the benefit of thousands of farmers, poor families, and children.

In June 1943 I returned to the New York Regional Office of the Distribution Branch of the AMA and was assigned to the Operations Section of the Regional Administrator, Buell Maben. My immediate supervisor was Nicholas A. Luongo, a handsome young man of Italian origin. He was in his thirties and a five or six year veteran of the agency. My work included

preparation of Program Reports on the services of the state offices for our national office, organization and management analyses of programs, and preparation of job descriptions. One notable experience was the development of an educational program throughout the region to stimulate political support for the enactment of the budget allocation for the School Lunch and School Milk programs for FY 1944, then under consideration by Congress. Legally the Hatch Act prohibited government offices from advocating for passage of legislation. My activity was deemed not to violate the prohibitions because we were simply communicating information of the programs, their values and costs. I did research to ascertain the constituencies, state by state in the region, who might support the programs and ascertained the key congressmen on the committees considering the appropriations and the newspaper editors and radio station managers who might publish or broadcast stories about the programs. Quite a number of newspaper stories were published. Congressmen heard from their constituents, particularly educators and parents, supporting the program. This effort helped secure passage of an appropriation of $50 million for the program for FY 1944. I learned much about the ways and means of advocacy for federal legislation and its efficacy.

I accompanied Nicholas A. Luongo on several field trips to Pennsylvania and New Jersey offices during the year. These visits were focused on a review of the Distribution Programs in the area offices and resulted in a very detailed set of operations reports. Mr. Luongo knew the field offices, their staffs, and the character of their welfare populations.

One night during our stay in Philadelphia Mr. Luongo invited me to dinner with his family. I was introduced to his father, a tall, white haired, and dignified man, his mother, a warm and gracious woman, his two younger brothers, both in army uniforms, and his two younger sisters. Nick Luongo was obviously the beloved eldest son. The Luongos lived in a private home in a middle class neighborhood of Philadelphia. Dinner was served in a large dining room at a long table, beautifully set with a white tablecloth and gleaming dinnerware. The men were seated, and his mother and sisters served each course: an antipasto, soup, the main course of roast chicken and beef, salads, a variety of desserts, and wine. After each course the women in the family were seated with us. At the end of the meal there was a burst of applause for Mrs. Luongo. She was an extraordinarily good cook, and this had been a very special occasion. I was advised that Nick's family was of upper class Roman origin and well placed in Democratic circles in Philadelphia. Nick was single at the time but known as a ladies' man.

The year at the regional office went by quickly. The agency was renamed the War Food Administration and its mission redefined to emphasize the wartime goals, diminishing the importance of the Domestic Distribution programs. The Food Stamp Plan and Commodity Distribution programs were

terminated. The School Milk and School Lunch programs were maintained at their prior levels, and no further effort was made to expand these services. I was getting restless and beginning to explore other employment. Early in 1941 I had been classified 4F by my Selective Service Board and was therefore ineligible to serve the armed forces. My inquiries with the American Red Cross and the State Department's Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations were fruitless.

In June of 1944 Nicholas A. Luongo advised me that a new international relief agency was being organized – the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration – UNRRA. The agency would provide postwar relief to Allied countries ravaged by the war. One major service to be provided by UNRRA was relief to millions of slave laborers and Allied prisoners of war who would be liberated by the Allied forces. The successful landing of the Allies on the beaches of Normandy accelerated planning for the postwar period. The federal government, through its Civil Service Commission, was encouraging the transfer of federal staff members to the new organization. Buell Maben, our regional director, had already committed to transfer to the Supply Division at the Washington, D.C. headquarters of UNRRA to serve on the staff of Menshikov, a Soviet Russian national. I filed an application with UNRRA, was interviewed, and in short order was appointed to the European Displaced Persons Mission, effective October 15, 1944, as an Administrative Assistant, CAF 9, at a salary of $3,200 per year. I believe the appointment was made on my merits, training, experience at the USDA, and the strong recommendations of Nicholas A. Luongo and Buell Maben.

During this year long stay in New York City my life after hours marked a return to the pattern of my experience at home while a student at City College. I lived at home. My brother had enlisted in the U.S. Army and was now in the Army Student Training program spending a year at Cornell in Ithaca. My father went to work every day. Business had improved as the wartime demand for new wool clips improved, as did their prices. My mother continued to participate in the Seward Park Library's Book Club, a very happy literary and social experience. She attended evening night school and completed her High School Certificate program – twice! We visited the Farber family during the holidays; my younger cousins were in the U.S. Army.

My old school chums were gone. Felix Dushnick was drafted and placed in the Aviation Engineers. Abe Vinik was assigned to the Civil Affairs Division, and Abe Judson was a Private in the Air Force. Only Jack Wasserman was left in town having failed to pass the U.S. Army physical examination. To my surprise, Jack found a friend in a young man named Al Labor whose family owned a large barn in Blauvelt, New York across the Hudson River, the remnants of a farm. Jack and Al joined together to renovate the barn, to install a stage, a curtain, lighting, and an old set of abandoned motion picture

house chairs. Jack and Al begged and borrowed money for the renovations and the capital they needed to launch their summer stock theatre. I contributed one hundred dollars and worked with them to install the chairs.

To my utter amazement they succeeded in their effort. Jack recruited an able set of actors, young and dying for the opportunity to perform in the summer stock theatre. Jack scheduled a series of ten old Broadway hits. The theatre company lived in the upper story of the barn, improvised as a residence, and had their meals together. How Jack managed to finance this enterprise was a wonder to me. His three-year seasons were successful theatrically, and his plays received some wonderful reviews. He produced one play, which he wrote himself. Despite gasoline rationing, there were audiences. Unfortunately, by the close of the 1945 season, Jack's enterprise was bankrupt. The Bureau of Internal Revue harassed Jack for years afterward in their attempt to collect money due to the IRS. Then the IRS gave up the effort – Jack simply had no money. I do not know how Jack survived the following years, but when I returned from Europe in 1948 I found him a patient at the Will Rogers Sanitarium in Saranac Lake, New York, a huge tuberculosis hospital supported by the Variety Club for indigent and stricken actors. He remained in the sanitarium for more than a year and was discharged, cured.

That year in New York was desultory. I knew few people. I met no significant women. I attended the theatre and some concerts and visited the museums. My work at the USDA was interesting, but I felt I had to find some new direction for the future. Most of all I felt isolated and wholly irrelevant to the dreadful struggle, the war in which the United States was engaged. During 1943 and early 1944 there was at a last a turning in the defeat of the Nazis at Stalingrad and the Allied victories in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and the Pacific, and at last the successful Allied landing in Normandy on June 6, 1944. At home my father had received word that the Nazis had destroyed Lonowicsz and killed all its Jewish inhabitants, including my father's family.

I had learned much during my two years of service with the USDA. My understanding of the American economy and agriculture deepened. I felt committed to the New Deal conception of the "ever normal granary" and its commitment to supporting the farmers and distributing food to the poor. I learned that large-scale government programs could succeed in ameliorating the conditions of the farmers and the poor of the cities. My knowledge and management skills in large-scale organization, techniques of planning, functional analysis, administrative organization budgeting, fund allocation handling of cash, reserves, cash flow, was deepened. The contribution of public relations and advocacy to securing the passage of legislation was a very useful insight. My experience was a continuation of my graduate training in public administration, a very helpful precursor to my work in the post war relief service of UNRRA.

At the UNRRA Training Center at College Park, Maryland

Early morning October 16, 1944, I once again left home, traversed Pennsylvania Station, and arrived in Washington, D.C. well before nine in the morning. The city looked as gray as I remembered it in 1942, but now there were many more men and women in uniform: Army, Navy, Marines, and the Air Force. There were many in the uniforms of our allies. I reported to the headquarters of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) on Dupont Circle. It was lodged in a very ordinary office building. The Personnel Office recorded my arrival and directed me to the UNRRA Training Center at the University of Maryland at College Park, about nine miles from the city. A UNRRA bus took me and half a dozen other new staff members to the college. The university campus was huge. Many two-story red brick buildings, Federal style, were located around the central green. There were many young students in uniforms, members of the Army Student Training Program, lodged at the university.

UNRRA's school administrators at Sylvester Hall welcomed us. We were issued a room assignment card, a key, blankets, sheets, a pillowcase, towels, a meal ticket, and a fat package of mimeographed documents and a class schedule. Supper was soon upon us, along with an evening orientation class. Maurice Forget, my roommate, and I proceeded to our dormitory and settled into our room. Maurice was a tall, handsome fellow with long dark hair and was clean-shaven. He spoke English with a French accent as a French-Canadian from Montreal. He too was assigned to the European Mission as a Supply Officer. He had last been employed by the Purchasing Mission for the Canadian Admiralty in Washington, D.C.

We proceeded to the dining room and turned in our OPA ration cards. It all felt familiar, and indeed we were back at school. This cafeteria had been assigned to UNRRA, and there was a sense of friendly camaraderie among the large group of UNRRA staff members in training. I remember little of the school meals. They were more than adequate and were served cafeteria style. Meals were pleasant and sociable and the conversation animated as we discussed our most recent lectures and the progress of the war. Over the two and a half month period at the center I became acquainted with a dozen of

my classmates as we attended classes and had our meals together until my departure for England.

Some of our UNRRA colleagues were unusual people with memorable life experiences. Hans O'Yea was of Norwegian origin. He was a broad and sturdy man, barrel-chested, with graying blonde hair and bright blue eyes. He had a jolly sense of humor. We all listened to Hans intently as he spun tales of his work in the oil fields of the Middle East and its ports. Hans was destined for the port of Masawa in Eritrea, East Africa. The Italians, who had occupied Eritrea, had retreated from that land and scuttled their ships in the only harbor in the country to render it useless to the British who reoccupied the country. Hans was a deep-sea diver and underwater mechanic. His job would be to help clear the harbor by re-floating the ships or completing their demolition. I remember seeing Hans in the shower room one day when he told me that the high pressures of his under sea work had compressed his testicles to pea size. He then declared, most emphatically, that the water pressures had not diminished his penis in size nor effectiveness!

Other classmates were more typical UNRRAnians. There was Gwenn Newton, a comely young nurse last at Michael Reese hospital in Chicago. Harold Jambor, a social worker, came from Hawaii and was of Czech origin. A covey of mature women social workers had enlisted in the Displaced Persons Program: Cornelia Heise, Rose M. Wasserman, formerly at the Henry Street Settlement, Eileen Blackey, and Olive Biggar. I became particularly friendly with Donald F. McGonigle, an older man and a retired Foreign Service Officer. He had been an American Consul in some exotic locations in Africa, Asia, and South America. He was a lonely man, divorced and far away from his family. One unusual administrator was Earle Pruitt, the only Afro-American on staff and an attorney. The most senior staff member was Alex Squadrilli, a mature man in his late thirties. He had last served with the American Red Cross in Australia. I was to know him much better as he later became the District Director for UNRRA in the U.S. Zone of Germany and the Director of the Displaced Persons section in the Civil Affairs Division of the Supreme Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force in Europe in Frankfurt.

The UNRRA Training Center began its program on May 1, 1944. Its courses were initially focused on UNRRA staff destined for the missions to Greece, Yugoslavia, and Albania, recently liberated by the Allied forces. Dr. Abe Munk, Center Director, set forth the purpose and orientation of the center as: "A unique experiment, practical in scope, international in purpose and composition of staff, a combination of staff training center, staging area, and embarkation point." Dr. Munk was a Czech economist on leave from the University of California. He knew a great deal about Europe. His deputy, Dr. Herthe Kraus of Bryn Mawr College, was formerly a public welfare official in Cologne and was an authority on international social welfare services

and their history. Bertrand Pickard, formerly a Quaker international welfare officer, organized the lectures for the operations courses.

The principal focus of the program was to impart a "thorough understanding of the functions of UNRRA as a whole and the responsibilities of the various divisions and bureaus of the agency and its principles." We were to be oriented to the circumstances and conditions of postwar Europe and to the organization of the American and British Armed Forces in European Theatre. Particular attention would be paid to our understanding the functions of the Civil Affairs Divisions of the American and British military, which would be responsible for the Displaced Persons Program. A broad overview of the displaced persons and their problems and field operations for their care would be presented.

One area of great concern was the public health of the displaced persons. There was fear that epidemics could rage among the displaced persons and infect the Allied forces and the civilian population. The displaced persons had been fearfully oppressed and might be especially vulnerable to epidemic disease. During the training program I received a very thorough physical examination myself. I was inoculated for yellow fever, typhoid, plague, tetanus, typhus, cholera, and smallpox. Fortunately, I suffered no adverse effects. Then I had a number of refresher sessions in French and German.

I learned that UNRRA had been established on November 13, 1942 soon after the invasion of North Africa by American forces. In the words of Franklin D. Roosevelt: "No one will go hungry or without other means of livelihood in any territory occupied by the United Nations if it is humanly within our power to make necessary supplies available." Prior to the organization of UNRRA the Lend-Lease Program had been initiated to save England in 1939. An Inter-Allied Committee on Post-War Requirements was established in 1942, as was the U.S. Office for Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations; they were precedent agencies. It was anticipated that the United States would be the major source of support for UNRRA. UNRRA was ultimately established by forty-four nations representing eighty percent of the world population. Of greatest significance was the acceptance of Soviet Russia as a full partner with the right of veto in the councils of UNRRA. This was a precedent for the later and successful organization of the United Nations.

The first session of the UNRRA Council on November 9, 1943 and its resolutions determined UNRRA's guiding policies. UNRRA would provide relief and rehabilitation worldwide in liberated areas. Its initial first year budget was $2.6 billion. Herbert H. Lehman, former Governor of the State of New York, was elected Director General. He could only be removed by unanimous consent of its members.

The UNRRA Council resolutions authorized a broad array of functions for the new organization. A crucial adjuration was the requirement that all

UNRRA programs have the sanction of the beneficiary governments or the military authority of the occupying powers. In Soviet territories only the Soviet government could administer the programs. UNRRA services and supplies would be administered without discrimination because of race, creed, or political persuasion of Allied nationals.

The report of the Technical Committee on Displaced Persons of the Inter-Allied Committee on Postwar Requirements, completed in October 1943, estimated the total number of displaced Allied nationals in Occupied Europe, including the U.S.S.R., to be 18,871,303. Another ten or twenty million persons were estimated to be displaced within the U.S.S.R. In China the estimate was forty million people. These were huge numbers.

From September 1, 1939 to mid April 1945, at the end of the war in Europe, an estimated forty million people were relocated by the Nazis into Germany or other areas of their occupation. From Eastern Europe, and for Jews, the relocations were all by force. Many French, Belgian, Dutch, Danish, and Norwegian nationals were induced to work in Germany because their compensation and food rations were attractive. In China the Japanese invasions of the coastlands and Manchuria drove a huge exodus of people inland.

General Dwight Eisenhower, early in 1943, recognized that "the liberation, care, maintenance, repatriation, and resettlement of United Nations Displaced Persons was recognized by the Supreme Allied Commander as one of the major objectives of the mission." Liberation of the displaced persons, it was feared by Allied military authorities, would lead to a disruptive attack on Germans and havoc behind Allied lines. Liberated displaced persons, it was determined, had to be gotten off the highways which carried troops and supplies to the front lines to the east. The Civil Affairs Division, G-5 in the U.S. Army, was given responsibility for management of the displaced persons and their displaced persons centers until the closure of the last center in the 1950's.

The Preamble of the UNRRA Agreement at the First Session of the Council provided: "Immediately upon the liberation of any area by the Armed Forces of the United Nations or as a consequence of the retreat of the enemy, preparation and arrangements should be made for the return of prisoners and exiles to their homes." The First Resolution of the Council, setting forth the broad policies under which the Administration was to operate, stated that among the services the Administration would provide were:

> "Assistance in caring for and maintaining records of persons in any area under the control of the United Nations who by reason of war have been displaced from their homes, and in agreement with the appropriate governments, military authorities or other agencies, in securing their repatriation or return and such technical services as may be necessary for those purposes;

UNRRA shall be responsible for assisting in the repatriation to their country of origin of those nationals of the United Nations who have been obliged to leave their homes by reason of war and found to be in liberated or conquered territory;

UNRRA shall also assist those nationals of the United Nations who have been displaced within their own (liberated) countries to return to their homes in these countries if requested to do so by the member countries concerned;

UNRRA should assist in the repatriation of those nationals of the United Nations in other countries who are exiles as a result of the war and whose return to their home in liberated territory is regarded as a matter of urgency;

UNRRA should assist those nationals of the United Nations and those stateless persons who have been driven as a result of the war form their places of settled residence in countries in which they are not nationals to return to those places;

UNRRA should also assist in the repatriation of any other categories of persons which can be shown to fall within the proper scope of UNRRA's activities."

These resolutions did not grant UNRRA authority to serve Jewish displaced persons who were of German, Austria, and Italian nationality and, therefore, were presumably "enemy nationals". These Jewish victims of Nazi persecution had to be taken under consideration for UNRRA assistance. Resolution 60, in 1943, provided that:

"Notwithstanding anything to the contrary in other resolutions in the Council, the Administration shall be authorized to care and return to their homes persons of other than United Nations nationality, or Stateless persons, who are found in liberated territory and have been obliged to leave their country or place of origin or former residence or have been deported from there by the action of the enemy because of their race, religion or activities in favor of the United Nations, provided, however, that nothing in this resolution shall affect the provisions contained in the preamble of the agreement and other resolutions."

Clearly the member nations of UNRRA were concerned that service be rendered only to liberated United Nations nationals and not to millions of German Volksdeutsch expelled from Poland, the U.S.S.R., Czechoslovakia, and former German territories. The management of these expellees was a responsibility of the civil authorities of conquered Germany under the

supervision of Allied military government. Resolution 60 exempted Jews and other Anti-Nazis liberated by the Allied forces from the prohibition of service to German, Austrian, and Italian nationals by UNRRA. I cite these resolutions of UNRRA defining the status of UNRRA beneficiaries because they were crucial issues during the formation of the agency. The Soviet government authorities were particularly concerned that all of their nationals in territory they claimed as Soviet Russian be deemed eligible, and that enemy nationals not be granted service. I learned a great deal about the difficulties experienced by the many nationals in exile after World War I and the effort of the League of Nations to establish the "Nansen" passports. National borders changed radically after each of the great wars, to the distress of their displaced residents. The irony of Jewish refugees who found their way to France, Great Britain, and other countries in the West being interned as "enemy nationals" all reflected the continuing and never ending problems of displaced persons.

The Council Resolutions enunciated the nature of the services to be conducted by UNRRA. These would include:

"a. Collection, dissemination of information as to the numbers, location, and condition of displaced persons population, including epidemic information
b. Provision of preliminary instructions to displaced persons by radio or other means
c. Securing of agreement on a unified system of identification records, health certificates, and preliminary identification papers for displaced persons in transit
d. The dispatch of special missions to countries housing displaced persons; the missions should include representative nationals
e. The provision of adequate shelter and accommodation for displaced persons until they are repatriated
f. The issue of detailed instructions to displaced persons on the subject of registration, movement, medical examinations, and other details preparatory to repatriation
g. The negotiation of transportation for repatriation of displaced persons
h. Creation of central emergency stocks of food and medical requirements to be available for repatriation journeys through several countries
i. Arrangements to insure the supply requirements of displaced persons including food, temporary housing, and medical care
j. Establishment of priorities for repatriation of categories of displaced persons"

If UNRRA had to operate in enemy or ex-enemy territory under the control of United Nations military authority, the agency would only operate under

an agreement with that authority and secure the use of such surplus enemy supplies as might be available for displaced persons. The closest liaison would be maintained with the military authorities in liberated or enemy territories.

All of the UNRRA Council Resolutions in 1943 and 1944, which defined and authorized UNRRA's functions in the Displaced Persons Program and our training sessions, emphasized the emergency and temporary character of the operations. The "Assembly Center" was to be just that, a place for a temporary gathering of liberated displaced persons who would speedily be repatriated. The Soviet Government particularly insisted on this emphasis to secure speedy return of its nationals. The Western powers wanted to support the extraordinary military effort of the Soviet Union, which at last turned back the Nazi invasion of Soviet Russia at Stalingrad in 1943. Stalin was fearful of the intention of the Western powers to leave Soviet Russia alone in its battle with Nazi Germany and of Allied postwar intentions to encourage a revanchist counter-revolution, enlisting expatriate Russian nationals as had happened in 1918. Later we learned that the Nazis had succeeded in enlisting thousands of Soviet nationals in military formations headed by General Vlasov, a turncoat Soviet general.

During our training sessions we learned of the subordinate role of the UNRRA staff who would be serving under the military supervision of military government troops of the Allied forces. Indeed, so long as the war continued, the primary missions of the Civil Affairs and UNRRA staff were to secure the displaced persons in assembly centers and keep them "off the roads."

There was much discussion of the valuable contributions which would be made by British and American voluntary agencies to the Displaced Persons Program. These included the American Red Cross, the Catholic War Relief Services, and the American Joint Distribution Committee, among others. The societies were members of the American Council of Voluntary Societies for Relief Abroad. They would be serving under UNRRA supervision and would be attached to UNRRA for administrative support.

In truth, as the major contributor and the most powerful of the Allies, the United States made most of the decisions in the management of the UNRRA, whatever the legal protocol. The training program was useful. We learned about UNRRA, its organization, its mission, and its relationship to the governments it served. The vast complexity of the Displaced Persons Program was apparent. Only later did we gain a full appreciation of the harsh realities of the wartime devastation of Germany and the misery of the displaced persons as we found them, clogging the roads at war's end in April 1945. None of the planning envisioned the wholly unanticipated reality that several hundred thousand Estonian, Latvian, Lithuanian, Polish, and other Slavic nationals would refuse to return to their homelands under Soviet Russian control. Nor could anyone have imagined the virulent anti-Semitism of the postwar Poles,

committing pogroms against the remnant Jews who returned after the war from the Soviet Union. Their subsequent flight to the U.S. Zone of Germany and its displaced persons camps, which began in 1945, created great problems for the Allied governments and for UNRRA. These postwar realities were still in the future. The assembly centers would, by September of 1945, become more permanent shelters for more than three hundred thousand displaced persons.

On December 12, 1944 I was called into the Training Center Office and informed that I would be leaving for England the night of December 13 on the John Barton Payne, a freighter docked in Stated Island, and that the information was confidential. I packed my clothing, turned in my room key, checked my passport and dog tags, and said not a word to any classmate. The UNRRA bus took several of us to the railroad station in Washington, D.C. I saw my parents briefly in New York City. I can imagine how anxious they must have felt about their oldest son going off to war. The news had been disquieting. The Battle of the Bulge was raging on the continent and not going well. German submarines were rumored to be making desperate wolf pack attacks on Allied convoys in the Atlantic. I took a cab to the Staten Island dock and boarded the John Barton Payne, a one stack C-4 freighter loaded with tanks, firing up.

I was sorry to leave the center at College Park. A few UNRRAnians had become friends. Some of us shared a common fate and would serve together in the Displaced Persons Program. I was pleased to meet a few aboard the John Barton Payne. Most I never met again and never learned their destinations in the worldwide assignments of UNRRA staff. I have often thought about the fickleness of our destinies. War is the dreadful nemesis of so many people, destroying so many lives and stirring huge cauldrons of unforeseen circumstances. The briefness of our lives is so apparent during war. It is an inhuman experience. For the young it is a great adventure. I had enlisted in a worthy cause. I carried my huge army "B" bag on the gangplank and then descended into the hold, a huge open area with three tiers of bunks assembled around the central dining area. I had come early enough to secure a low berth. I was glad to see some of my UNRRA trainees. There were other civilians as well.

Aboard the John Barton Payne
New York to Plymouth, England

I fell fast asleep in my berth late night of December 13, 1944. Next morning I arose and could feel the deep steady sound of the ship's engine pulsing through the steel decks. We had weighed anchor during the night and were at sea! I was still dressed and climbed the steel steps up to the deck. It was a clear, sunny day, blue skies and cloudless, and there out to the far horizon stretched more than two hundred ships streaming steadily east in procession. We were in convoy with freighters on all sides of us. I could see some fast moving frigates, our sea guards, spitting up white froth at their bows at the edges of our convoy. Our own ship's pennants and the American flag were wafting in the breeze. The John Barton Payne was a liberty ship, one of several thousand manufactured by American shipyards by the end of 1944. The convoy was an impressive demonstration of American productive capacity. These ships had helped turn the tide of war with Germany.

I returned to the hold and breakfast. There were sixteen of us, passengers in the hold-steerage. There were fifteen UNRRA staff bound for London and a State Department employee. To my surprise there were another five men occupying cabins, representing American corporations. Bob Sweeney, an investment banker, Dick Fowler, representing Coca Cola, and Michael Horan, representing Chase, were heading for Paris. Phil McCullough of the V.P. Signal Company and George Smith of Douglas Aircraft were technicians with military business. I was glad to see some men who had been at College Park with me: Maurice Forget, Dr. Hugh R. Leavell, Earle Pruitt, Jack Wiley, and Dr. Alexander Bedo, now in the uniform of a Czechoslovakian Captain in the Adjutant Generals Corps.

The steerage compartment was a cargo hold converted into a dormitory. Adjacent was another section of the hold with dining tables and benches fixed to the deck. There was a ship's galley and a cafeteria style serving table. The ship's cooks prepared meals for the ship's crew, the officers, and the passengers, which were served in their separate quarters. A ship's steward carried the meals to the steam table in our dining area. We served ourselves, cafeteria style. The food aboard, the same for all the messes, was plentiful and very well prepared. Merchant Marine rations were generous. Breakfast was served at 7:30 A.M., lunch at noon, and supper at 5:30 P.M.

We became better acquainted with our shipmates as the voyage progressed. We all shared a measure of anxiety. When we had left the port radio news of the early Nazi successes during the Battle of the Bulge was depressing. There were terse announcements of the German submarine wolf packs making their last desperate forays against Atlantic convoys. Early morning the first day of our voyage the first mate came into our mess and asked us to sleep fully clothed and to wear our "Mae West" life jackets at all times. These had been issued to us as we came aboard and were equipped with a whistle, a red light with battery, and a big knife.

The convoy moved at ten knots an hour, about eleven and one half miles an hour. This was a steady pace, and the John Barton Payne had two ships fore and after and two alongside her at quite a distance. There were more than two hundred ships in the convoy, and its speed was that of the slowest ship. The convoy was escorted by four or five corvettes, speedy little ships which carried depth charges. There were also two "flattops", freighters which had been converted into airplane carriers. They were a surprise because the airplanes they were carrying were two ancient Fairey Biplanes which had seen noble service during World War I. They carried a single torpedo and machine guns, and because they flew at slow speeds of one hundred an twenty miles an hour, landing at fifty, they had proved very useful in escorting convoys and anti-submarine warfare. Captain M.V. Greene informed us that the slow speed of the Fairey had been a great advantage. By December of 1944 Allied naval supremacy had been established in the Atlantic, particularly with the use of radar and the breaking of the German submarine radio codes. Still, the submarines operated out of their ports on the North Sea, not yet captured by the Allies in December of 1944. That first day out the passengers and crew were assembled for a lifeboat drill by the first mate. We stood alongside our motor lifeboat, which had a capacity of 66 passengers. The first mate would be our skipper.

Dr. Alexander Bedo, the Czech officer, was an attorney. To my utter surprise, early the first morning at sea, I found Dr. Bedo on deck with a yarmulke on his head chanting the morning prayers in Hebrew! He came up for evening prayers as well, right through the end of our voyage. We all wished Dr. Bedo well, needing all the heavenly protection he could muster against the cruel fate of a submarine attack.

Some of my UNRRA shipmates had some dreadful war experiences to recount. Bill Fawcette had been a purchasing agent for American Tobacco Company in Turkey and Greece before the war. He then served in the U.S. Army early in the war. His ship had been torpedoed in the Mediterranean, and he was blown forty feet off the gun deck, losing one eye. He had been married to an Italian Countess. In the space of one year he had lost both his wife and young child in a bombing attack. Fawcette was a very gritty man.

Then there was Ross Sanders whose son was in the French underground. He was a member of the Free French Military and parachuted to the continent right before D-day and survived. Ben Elzas's son was in the Dutch Army, fighting with the British on the continent. We talked late into the night and daytime as we paced the deck. I had little to say and no past to recount as the youngest of the passengers. But the others, the older men, especially those who had survived the war in Europe, had sad tales to tell.

Very early in the voyage, my diary records the sixteenth and seventeenth day of December, the convoy encountered fierce storms with high winds and dense rain. The John Barton Payne moved on steadily, swaying and pitching in the heavy seas and huge waves. I was seasick. Our hatch below deck was suffused with the smell of food and sweat. I felt tired, queasy in the stomach, and lost my appetite for three or four days. I slept a good deal. The comfort in this stormy weather was the reduction of the threat of submarine attacks. By the twentieth the storm abated, and the convoy continued its southeasterly course. The sight of the convoy in broad daylight was stunning. There were so many ships and such power displayed. Captain Greene permitted his passengers the run of the ship and even permission to stand on the bridge. The Captain or one of his mates was always on duty on the bridge with seamen manning the wheel.

The view from the bridge was impressive. All of the sea tales I had read as a child became real. On the bridge of the John Barton Payne I stood five stories above the deck and ten above the sea. The prow of the ship was more than a hundred feet ahead, and the bow dug deep into the water as we made our way forward, mounting the waves and descending again, steadily going forward. The deck underfoot on the bridge was reasonably steady in fair weather, and I could stand upright without holding on to the rails. There was a single gun in the prow manned by two U.S. Navy sailors. Captain Greene told me that the home port of his ship was in Charleston, South Carolina. The ship had been on the North Atlantic run during the war, taking on cargo at various Atlantic ports, some as far as New Orleans. The company gave him several weeks of home leave to Savannah; then he rejoined his ship before its departure. He had been at sea long before the war. His toughest voyages were early in 1941 carrying lend-lease tanks to the Soviet Union to the port of Murmansk. Many ships were lost in the frigid Arctic waters to German submarines. Captain Greene had been very lucky and never lost a ship. He invited me to have lunch with the officers in the mess just behind the bridge. The officers' quarters were pleasant. The food was so plentiful and the life of the seamen so sedentary that their occupational hazard was becoming overweight.

Lt. Deeds, the naval officer supervising its two guns, also served as Security Officer for the ship, ensuring the safety of the cargo. The principal cargo was tanks destined for the U.S. Army.

Christmas was celebrated with an elaborate turkey dinner and bottles of Coca Cola and rum provided by Dick Fowler of the Coca Cola Company. He impressed me with his account of the aggressive planning of his company to reestablish itself in postwar Europe. Paris was to be the company headquarters, which had been closed during the Nazi occupation. We sang Christmas carols into the night and fell asleep late. Some of the nights we played poker for modest stakes. By the end of the voyage I was twenty-five dollars ahead.

By the morning of the twenty-sixth of December the convoy was sailing off the coast of Brittany. We were startled by five explosions far off our starboard bow at the very edge of the convoy. The first mate, over the loud speaker, ordered us all up on deck in our lifejackets. We moved speedily. We were told that our escort had shot off five depth charges as a precautionary measure. Then our gunners let loose some shots – all in practice. This was alarming as we huddled near our lifeboat. Above us the two Fairey airplanes patrolled the skies, much too close to the masts of our ships, I thought. The convoy just kept on, moving steadily. We were several hundred miles off the coast of Brittany in calm seas. At last the first mate came by to tell us that the depth charges were practice firing and that no submarines had been sighted. By word of mouth from the bridge we learned that the Allies had defeated the Nazis in Belgium who were now in full retreat. This was most reassuring.

Our convoy had sailed 3,500 miles from New York, sailed south, southeast to the Azores, north up the French coast to Brittany, and then into the English Channel. Then we observed the seagulls alighting on the deck. That night I stood on the gun deck in the bow and observed the three quarter moon, shrouded by overhanging silver white clouds and a gray fog upon the sea. The moon shone upon the distant freighters moving slowly and surely through the night. There were huge freighters fore and aft of the John Barton Payne, keeping their steady distance. The ships were dark and only illuminated by the faint moonlight. Every now and then the mist would obscure the convoy, leaving only the sight of the ships alongside.

Then December 26, at nightfall, Ireland was sited! – One thin line of land and a lighthouse, clear-cut in the evening sun. We came on deck and cheered. The water was calm. Our ship's guns were cocked, oiled, and cleaned by the sailors. We observed a number of additional navy gunboats had joined our convoy, and now pursuit airplanes flew overhead. Even for the last night aboard our first mate asked us to sleep in our lifejackets. Then the John Barton Payne broke away from its convoy.

The next morning, the 28th of December, we were in Plymouth Harbor and had dropped anchor. We changed to fresh underwear and clothing after a refreshing shower and enjoyed a huge breakfast. We were all relieved to be in harbor. Dr. Bedo went up on deck for his last prayer of thanksgiving. A pilot came aboard ship, proceeded to the bridge, and guided us to our dock.

I came up on deck this clear wintry morning to see the port of Plymouth. The harbor was teaming with craft of all descriptions. There were naval landing craft, old junkers, rusted coastal freighters, ocean going freighters, and many navy ships. A lighter came alongside our ship, and its crane began unloading aviation equipment. Much of the freight in the harbor was unloaded into barges and lighters rather than directly onto the docks.

Plymouth had suffered devastating aerial bombardment early in the war from 1940 to 1943. All of the harbor front warehouses had burned to the ground. In the city back from the seaside there were huge piles of rubble, block after block with streets cleared by bulldozers. Now there were many prefabricated huts which were the warehouses for the vast imports of food and war materials which came into the port. Plymouth was a major harbor for the armies crossing the channel on D-day and for the war, which was being hard fought to that very day.

On board our ship British Intelligence and Customs vetted us. They were very welcoming and civil. I was charged two pounds and seven shillings for three cartons of cigarettes. Our commercial passengers were given extra attention by the customs officers. They had purchased dozens of carton of cigarettes tax-free in the ship's store. The Customs officers then took us off the boat, luggage and all, to the dock. The ship's crew stood on deck and waved us farewell. Then some young British Wrens came alongside the ship in their motorboats. The sailors cheered and threw them fresh oranges. They were the first women we had seen in fifteen days. Among the papers I found in my UNRRA souvenirs collection was a receipt for my sea passage to Plymouth. It was for the sum of $115, paid to a U.S. Shipping company.

The Plymouth Hotel in which I spent the first night in England had seen better days. But the room and bathroom were clean and the bed sheets freshly laundered. Our supper that night was a fair introduction to the hardships British civilians suffered during the war. We had broccoli, potatoes, and a thin beef stew. Bread pudding was the dessert and tea. Still, we enjoyed a draft of beer on land after a long voyage. The next morning we took a train into London. The countryside was white with snow, and we passed quaint villages on our way east to London. Here and there we observed the wreckage of the homes and factories destroyed by aerial bombing.

London

The new UNRRA staff arrivals from Plymouth reported to our London office located at 11a Great Portland Place in a modest office building in the business district south of Regents Park. We were referred to a local hotel and advised to find our own lodging as temporary residents until our departure for France. Miss Sturges-Jones, administrative assistant, referred us to the "Old Jewry" Police Station and the Alien Registration Office in the Old City of London. We were civilians after all and needed to register as aliens and collect our ration books and coupons. The clerks at these offices were very kind and civil to these UNRRA officers visiting the United Kingdom. I ended the day with all the civilian identity papers and coupons required to survive in London as an alien. It was fatiguing walking the streets in the chilly December weather. London was foggy and, as night fell, very dark. A tight blackout prevailed. We had been strongly advised to enter an air raid shelter immediately when there was warning of a rocket attack. There were several V-2 hits that first night.

The UNRRA arrivals had dinner together New Year's eve. Alas, dinner was standard British rationed fare in a very dull British hotel restaurant. Brussels sprouts, boiled potatoes, and Argentinean beef were served, bread pudding as dessert again, and tea.

The next evening Nicholas A. Luongo, my old mentor at the Regional Office of the USDA in New York, visited me at the hotel. He was now employed at the American Embassy in London in the Office of the Agricultural Attaché. He was engaged in what he vaguely referred to as assessing British food requirements and procurement. These were submitted by the British government to the American government – to the USDA specifically – and purchased for the British with Lend-Lease funds. The Food Procurement Offices at the War Food Administration were the most important source of food supply for the United Kingdom during the war. Nick was always a very resourceful traveler. We had a splendid dinner that night at the Polish Army Club called the "Order of the White Eagle" to which Nick, as an American Embassy staff member, had entry. I agreed to share his modest one bedroom flat at 20 Hans Row in Kensington. The accommodations were pleasant. Heat was provided by little electric units in each room. The heaters were fed with shillings to operate for a limited time.

We felt cold most of the time in the flat. Still, our landlady, Mrs. M. Robinson Smith, was hospitable. She served a hot breakfast mornings of kippers, toast, jam, and tea. Our room rent was eight pounds a week including the cost of breakfast. Shared by two it was reasonable. Neither Nick nor I spent much time at the flat but for sleeping during my two and a half month stay in London. We had dinner out together from time to time. Nick filled me in on the Embassy gossip. England, he informed me, was on its last legs financially and by 1945 was utterly dependent on American financing of its war effort and its civil economy. The British were keenly sensitive to their status and insisted on their prerogatives. There was keen competition between British and American commercial interests and their respective diplomatic representatives on matters affecting postwar commerce for which planning had long commenced. Nick lived well in London. The American Embassy had its own staff restaurants and canteens. He had access to U.S. Army Post Exchanges for many products unavailable to British civilians. Liquor and cigarettes were astonishingly cheap, unencumbered by American federal or state taxes. American UNRRA staff had access to these resources too.

Midwinter early in 1945 London was a wartime city. Daytime the streets were crowded with men and women in uniform, predominantly British and American, some from other Allied forces. Here and there I observed Indian and South African soldiers. Civilians looked thinly and wan dressed in threadbare coats. The streets were full of military traffic, American Jeeps, tricks, and British lorries. At night the traffic was dangerous with headlights of the vehicles reduced to pinpoints of light. While the streets were clear, there were huge superblocks of rubble neatly piled. These were the debris of the great "Blitz" which London suffered early during the war from 1940 to 1943. Bulldozers moved the wreckage of the buildings into these huge piles to await postwar reconstruction. The buses and the underground worked well. Crowds of people waited patiently in line for the buses, the subway, for service everywhere. The British were a patient people. This was the sense of London for all their battered and overcrowded facilities. It was orderly and well managed. The air raid shelters were in full use in January, February, and March of 1945. At night tens of thousands of families slept in the underground and other shelters. I sensed a great feeling of community and fraternity amongst the English. Everyone had some family members in military service, and the war news every evening on B.B.C. was anxiously awaited. At night London was very dark and smoggy. The Thames was warmer than the winter air, and the fog, mixed with the sulfurous soft coal heating the city and generating its power, was acrid. The blackout was vigorously enforced. I carried a flashlight and made my way through the convoluted streets of the city, guided by friendly Brits.

London was still under aerial attack. In January of 1945 German armies were still in possession of some of the Belgian, Dutch, and German coastline,

including the center of manufacturing of rockets at Peenemunde. The V-I's were the first of the jet propulsion rockets. They were guided by magnetic compass, could travel at 350 miles per hour, and had a range of 200 miles. With 1,000 kilograms of dynamite they were a formidable bomb. They were launched frequently and in 1944 and early 1945 wreaked havoc on London until British forces conquered their launching sites along the coast in March 1945. Because of the speed of the V-I's, they could be sighted on the British coast, and an air raid warning sounded in London. Some V-I's were destroyed in the air by pursuit planes that could increase their speed in descending dives.

Far worse were the V-II rockets. In their dying gasp the Nazis introduced a new terror weapon unseen before in military armaments in late 1944 and early 1945, a true rocket missile. They flew at speeds of two thousand miles an hour. No alarm could be sounded and no counterattack launched. They carried ten-kilogram loads of dynamite. They destroyed a whole square block of residential housing in London. They were devastating. Still, the destruction these rockets wreaked was not nearly as great as the fire bombing raids of the Luftwaffe's attack on London early in the war. Living in London during this period was to accept the possibility of instant destruction in a casual way. There was security in sleeping in shelters. The underground was deep enough, and others closer to the surface more vulnerable. Londoners said, "If you hear it, you'll survive." So we did.

UNRRA's London office was uncertain about the timing of our call-up of the UNRRA Displaced Persons Teams by SHAEF. In early January Allied forces had just defeated the Germans in the Battle of the Bulge, and there was continued difficult fighting as Allied armies moved forward through Belgium and Holland along the coast and across Alsace-Lorraine into the West Bank of the Rhine into Germany. Several hundred UNRRA staff members arrived in London in January and February.

The London office organized an orientation program for the Displaced Persons Mission staff. There was an introduction to the British government and welfare services in London, there were some tickets to the Philharmonic and theatre and a review of plans for the organization and administration of the Displaced Persons Assembly Centers to be organized in occupied Germany. The structure and functions of elements of the British and American armies were considered. Field Reports on the character of the displaced persons encountered in France were discussed.

We were granted an allowance for uniforms and directed to a tailor. UNRRA staff members were required to be in uniform; although UNRRA was an international civil service, each staff member wore the uniform of their nationality. I was outfitted in a U.S. Army Officer's dress and field uniforms with several significant variations. The U.S. Army brass buttons were removed and plain leather buttons substituted. We wore UNRRA shoulder patches and

the red globe UNRRA insignia on our caps. These had white letters on a red field. Consequently, in London, and later in France and Germany, we were sometimes misidentified as Soviet Russians.

Some of the British welfare officers now on UNRRA Staff took us in hand as we visited London Council Citizens Advice Bureaus. Early in the war the British expanded their Advice Bureaus which were local government offices for providing comprehensive service for advice, counsel, and benefits for all the welfare services available to London residents. While with the war Britain had full employment, the "blitz" subjected the people of London to disaster. Thousands were killed, wounded, and rendered homeless. Families lost all their possessions, and immediate relief was needed. That relief was rendered through the local Citizens Advice Bureau. Relief grants were made immediately, new identification and ration cards were issued, housing allowances were made, as were referrals for emergency shelter and housing. These measures, and the Citizens Advice Bureaus, were essential for the very survival of the nation. I visited the site of a V-II attack in a working class neighborhood. It was devastating, and a whole block had been blasted into a jagged mass of bricks, cement, exposed beams and pipes. The explosion had ignited gas pipes, and fires had to be extinguished. A number of fire engines remained on the streets to ensure against recurrence of the fires.

One February 7, 1945 I attended a session of the World Trade Conference at County Hall, London. The conference featured a discussion of the Allied war effort and an address of the Right Honorable Clement R. Attlee, then the Deputy Prime Minister. He was optimistic about the course of the war and the defeat of Nazi Germany. I was impressed by the principal theme of his address: "Workers Must Unite for Peace". He urged workers throughout the world to support a United Nations effort to avert another world war. He said, "It will required a tremendous effort to build a peaceful and prosperous world when so many of those who are to live in it have undergone such suffering and have such bitter memories." "It is significant that in the Atlantic Charter the desire is expressed to bring about the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field with the object of securing for all improved labor standards of economic advancement and social security."

Atlee suggested that statesmen and economists agreed that maintaining the buying power of the masses is essential if full employment is to be secured. They are now persuaded that the immense powers of production, which scientific advice has afforded, must be matched with increasing consumption and economic cooperation. Workers all over the world had to keep pace and, with technical advance, in affecting peace. Mr. Atlee was expressing his support for the organization of the United Nations Organization in the United States at that very time. He was also profoundly concerned about the need for governments to sustain full employment at war's end. No American

could have imagined that with the Allied victory over Germany and Japan that very year the British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, would be voted out of office to be succeeded by Clement Attlee and the Labor Party.

The weekend of February 10 I was houseguest of the Spooner sisters in Oxford. The ride from Paddington Station to Oxford was short. Two elderly white haired women awaited me at the station. I was recognizable in my new UNRRA uniform. They had arrived by bicycle but walked me to their home. It was a little ground floor apartment on a quaint Oxford street at 9 Polated Road. One of the sisters gave up her bedroom for their guest. They were gracious and charming hosts. We walked through some of the Oxford University buildings, including the splendid medieval dining hall. The Spooner sisters told me a good deal about the university and its life. Their brother was a famous don and had invented "Spoonerisms", a particularly English form of expression, a malapropism, a humorous misuse of words. In the halls of academic humor Spoonerisms apparently enjoyed special and historic status. The Spooner sisters served me dinner, then breakfast and lunch the next day, and they must have expended some of their precious ration points on their American guest. They had lived with their brother all the days of their lives. He had remained a bachelor. As their houseguest the Spooner sisters were expressing their gratitude in a modest way for the American contributing to saving Great Britain from defeat. I was deeply moved by their hospitality. Some time after I left my mother sent them a package of tinned fish, nuts, candies, and cheeses as my thanks for their great courtesy.

Several years later while in Heidelberg, I learned that the German Air Force had spared Oxford as a hospital city and as a future headquarters for a German Occupation Army. Heidelberg, also a historic university town, was spared by the American Air Force for similar reasons. It became the headquarters for the Seventh Army and Zone headquarters for the UNRRA.

Tickets for concerts at King Albert Hall were made available to UNRRA staff. A memorable concert by the London symphony Orchestra featured Myra Hess as soloist and the Heroica Symphony by Beethoven. We attended performances of the Old Vic Theatre: Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" with Laurence Olivier and Sybil Thorndike, and "Hamlet" with Ralph Richardson. I was thrilled to attend the British theatre and hear English spoken so authentically. I visited some of London's museums: the National Gallery, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the British Library. The British government was determined to maintain its cultural institutions right through the most desperate days of the war.

UNRRA's European headquarters, headed by Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, worked in close liaison with the Civil Affairs Division of SHAEF. Planning for the care and management of displaced persons at war's end or even earlier, as the conquest of parts of western Germany had begun, was initiated concurrently with planning for D-day and the ensuing battles. Allied military were fearful

of multitudes of angry displaced persons disrupting the roads and communities and wreaking havoc upon German civilians. Control, care, and repatriation of Allied civilians were a major consideration for postwar planning.

There was a series of lectures and discussions about the nature of that vast and disparate population of displaced persons. UNRRA Displaced Persons Bulletin No. 3, "Foreign Workers in Germany, A Report Based on German Sources", Second Edition, Revised November 1, 1944, at the UNRRA Regional Office, December 1944, was an illuminating intelligence study.

There were tens of thousands of Allied prisoners of war held by the German military in prisoner of war camps, presumably governed by the Geneva Convention. Germany treated its prisoners of war in disparate fashion. American and British prisoners of war received the most equitable treatment. Some from the western European countries (France, Belgium and Holland) were discharged into the work force as foreign laborers and, along with the Italian and Spanish workers in Germany, were granted wages and conditions of employment equal to those of German nationals. Many nationals of the western European countries came to Germany to work, finding the terms of employment attractive. Workers from the eastern countries conquered by Germany were termed "ostarbeiter". Many were forcibly recruited, treated harshly, and paid little. Prisoners of war of Soviet Russian origin were treated dreadfully, and many perished. Worst of all Jews, Gypsies, and others in concentration camps were killed by the millions. Many foreign nationals from the Eastern European countries came to Germany as "Volksdeutsch", people of German origin, and were granted status equivalent to German nationals. The Allied military planners and UNRRA officials really could not foretell the complexity of the nationality issues which would develop soon after the defeat of Germany.

By December of 1944 political decisions by the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain were made to establish UNRRA as the ultimate manager of the Displaced Persons Program in occupied Germany, Austria, and Italy, in areas liberated by the Western powers. That said, UNRRA would operate under tight control of SHAEF and its military government, and later the Allied Control Commission when it replaced military authority in western Germany.

At our UNRRA staff meetings in January, February, and March we discussed four important documents which would guide UNRRA displaced persons operations in the months ahead:

"Guide to Assembly Center Administration," CA/dg Restricted, SHAEF Civil Affairs Division, Displaced Persons, Refugees and Welfare Branch, Revised September 1944;

"Allied Expeditionary Force Displaced Persons Registration Instructions," CA/dg June 1944;

"Welfare Guide Displaced Persons and Refugees," Restricted SHAEF, G-5, Displaced Persons, Refugees, and Welfare Branch, First Draft, October 1944;

"People Displaced, UNRRA's Part in their Repatriation," second edition, revised Displaced Persons Division, no. 4, Confidential, for use of UNRRA Staff only, United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, European Regional Office, December 1944.

These documents defined the displaced persons problem and its management. The Civil Affairs Division and UNRRA would take responsibility for displaced persons but not "refugees". "Refugees" were defined as "civilians inside the national boundaries of their own countries who desire to return home, require assistance to do so, and are temporarily homeless because of military operations". In Germany it was anticipated that most refugees would be German nationals and Volksdeutsch. Such refugees would be the responsibility of the civil authorities of their own countries and not UNRRA or the Civil Affairs Division of SHAEF.

The military and UNRRA objectives for the management of the displaced persons and refugee problems were clearly defined as:

a. To prevent any hindrance to military operations which might be occasioned by their massing or uncontrolled movement;
b. To prevent or control any outbreaks of disease among refugees and displaced persons which might threaten the health of the military forces;
c. To relieve so far as is practicable conditions of destitution among refugees and displaced persons.

These objectives were plainly put without gloss or veneer. The first and paramount consideration in management of the problem of the displaced persons and refugees was ensuring the efficient management of the war and the safety of the army troops. Relief would then be given as was possible.

The SHAEF and UNRRA guidebooks set forth in great detail guidelines for the management of the Displaced Persons Assembly Centers. The centers would be established in a variety of settings from hotels and sections of cities to German military posts and would serve two to three thousand persons. The guidelines set forth suggested a table of organization, job functions of Civil Affairs and UNRRA staff, welfare services, counseling, legal and documentation procedures, employment programs, health and medical management, and suggested food rations and clothing allowances. It was assumed the assembly centers would be temporary places of residence providing secure accommodation for a limited period of time until repatriation could be effected. Allied government would

provide Liaison Officers to relate to their own nationals and facilitate their ultimate repatriation. It was anticipated that the assembly centers would be sustained by the material support of the indigenous German civil authorities and at their cost. Under emergency circumstances Allied forces could make logistic support available to displaced persons.

The guide cautioned the careful placement of displaced persons by nationality, making certain that hostile national groups should not be housed together in one assembly center. The mutual antipathy of Polish and Soviet nationals was cited. The guidelines provided clear direction and standards for the physical layout of the assembly centers. Provisions were made for an administrative office, information and registration office, disinfecting center, medical dispensary and infirmary, communal kitchen, dispensing area for food, and storage areas. Self-government by the displaced persons was to be encouraged after fair elections, including provision of proportional representation of diverse national living at the center. Public health measures for provision of clear or chlorinated water, sewage disposal, latrines, and the large-scale use of D.D.T. for all people admitted to the assembly center were prescribed.

Of great interest were the nutrition standards. A food ration providing 2,000 calories a day per person, with an additional 1,000 calories a day for working people, and additional milk and sugar for children and nursing mothers was suggested. This was the ration military planners aimed to provide the civilian population of occupied Germany at the outset.

UNRRA and SHAEF, as of June 30, 1944, estimated the number of displaced persons who would be liberated by VE Day as 9.3 million people. These would include liberated nationals of Belgium, Holland, France, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Luxemburg, Poland, and the Soviet Union. Displaced persons of the Baltic States, Estonia, Lithuania, and Latvia, were included in these totals. About 700,000 of the displaced persons were from Denmark, Italy, Hungary, Romania, Switzerland, Bulgaria, and Spain. Of the 8.5 million Allied nationals, an estimated 1.9 million were prisoners of war in camps, an estimated 950,000 Frenchmen, 675,000 Soviet Russians, 133,000 Yugoslavs, and 144,000 others, including American and British nationals.

The preamble to the UNRRA Agreement establishing the agency in November 9, 1943 by the forty-four signatory nations was a ringing declaration of service for displaced persons. The United Nations were:

> "Determined that immediately on liberation in any area by the armed forces of the United Nations, or as a consequence of the retreat of the enemy, the population thereof shall receive aid and relief from suffering, food, clothing, and shelter, and in the prevention of pestilence and in the recovery of health of the people, and that preparation and arrangements shall be made for the return of prisoners and exiles to

> their homes and for assistance in the resumption of urgently needed agricultural and industrial production and restoration of essential services."

It was recognized that plans for repatriation would be tentative at best. The object of victory over the enemy and subsequently the "prevention of disease and unrest" would be the first priorities for SHAEF. But the principal guidelines for the care of displaced persons were established. It was recognized that the greater part of the movement of displaced persons, particularly those heading west, would be unorganized and probably chaotic. There would be many "trekkers" making their way on their own. This phenomenon had been observed in Italy and France; UNRRA initially had planned the organization of "Flying Squads" equipped mobile relief units. In Germany, as it turned out, they were never deployed.

At our staff discussion all agreed there would be a great need for flexibility and a readiness to devise solutions to problems in the field. These preparatory lectures and discussions were useful. I found the assembly center guidelines to be valid, based upon my own camping experience. I have cited the military and UNRRA publications and guidelines because they really were embedded in the day-to-day operations of the services which were provided displaced persons in the years which followed the end of the war.

Granville, France

On March 16, 1945 a group of UNRRA staff, including me, were dispatched from London for Granville on the western coast of France, the UNRRA Personnel Depot for the displaced persons operation. At 8:30 in the morning we arrived at the port of New Haven and embarked on the Isle de Guernsey, a ferry to Dieppe. Then we took a train and arrived in Paris at 8:50 P.M. A bus took us to a modest hotel on the Place République. Exhausted, we enjoyed our supper and some wine and soon fell fast asleep. Next morning we took a train again, proceeding slowly west through Normandy. We traversed many villages and cities, which had been battered by artillery fire during the battles that followed the breakthrough from the beaches after D-day. We reached the seaside town of Granville at 5:30 P.M. At the Hotel Normandy on the beach I shared a comfortable room overlooking the sea with an UNRRA colleague. This hotel, a resort dating back to the era before the First World War, had seen a better day. Notably, the chef did wonders with UNRRA rations, and meals in the dining room were a great improvement over our sustenance in London.

The coastal beach at Granville was a rocky slope. Off in the distance we could see the Channel Islands, Jersey, and Guernsey. They were occupied by German military forces and never dislodged until war's end by the Allied military. We assumed that it was determined to be a useless effort and not worth the bloodshed. However, we learned soon after our arrival that on March 8, 1945 German army units from these islands staffed a commando raid on the hotel on the erroneous intelligence that UNRRA would be establishing a great supply depot at the hotel. One UNRRA staff member was taken prisoner of an advanced party of five. It was fortuitous that more UNRRA staff had not yet arrived! There were no subsequent actions by the German occupants of the Channel Islands.

We were discouraged from leaving the hotel to roam in the town of Granville. UNRRA authorities at Personnel Center wanted staff to stand by, ready to depart on immediate notice. We actually enjoyed two leisurely weeks gossiping and walking the beach. Several months earlier I had met a comely young Englishwoman on UNRRA staff, Eileen Wilkinson, who arrived at Granville. She was pleasant company. Then on March 30, 1945 I was assigned to UNRRA Team I as its Welfare Officer. We were indeed a motley crew!

There were eight of us, and our staff titles followed the requirements of the assembly center guidelines. I describe them seriatim:

A.G.A. Van Den Bogaert, Director. He was a huge man, well over six feet tall, white haired, full belly, and with a grand manner. He spoke English (with a Dutch accent), French, German, and Dutch fluently. He had sparkling blue eyes and was a kindly fellow with a fine sense of humor and an eye for the ladies. He had managed coffee plantations in the Dutch East Indies and had been a coffee trader in London. Somehow he felt like a replica of Herman Goering.

Captain J.M. Faithful, Administrative Officer. He had been medically discharged from his Majesty's Army after being wounded at Dunkirk and evacuated. He had a bad mouth wound. Captain Faithful was an "Orangeman" from North Ireland and had been a professional officer in the Cavalry, converted to the Tank Corps. No more patriotic an English officer could be found. This tall and imposing officer wore his old cavalry uniform, complete with puttees. When addressing Director Bogaert he would step forward in traditional manner and salute! He carried a monocle and stick. Despite these strange and comic attributes, I learned that Captain Faithful could do well as an Administrative Officer, at least until the close of our first assignment when he succumbed to his nemesis: alcohol addiction.

Dr. John Scott, our wee, canny, and lovely old physician. He was a short, little man. Dr. Scott had long been retired out of the army and had served in Palestine during and after the First World War. He had tales of General Allenby! With his UNRRA assignment he could at last return to work. He was an effective Public Health Officer in the field, but he really needed to take a long afternoon nap.

Ida Mansbridge, a mature and able nurse, she had been Chief Nurse at a large London hospital and retired, perforce, at sixty. She was enthusiastic about her UNRRA job and was far more effective than her medical supervisor, Dr. John Scott.

Bernard Warach, Welfare Officer. Two years of experience with the USDA, years of camping, and two years of graduate school in social work. He could speak in French and German, the lingua parla of the displaced persons. He was the youngest officer on Team I.

F. Bazendijk, a resourceful cook and a Dutch national.
J.D. Sherry, our driver and a former English "Tommy".
J. Boomkens, our second driver and a Dutch national.

B.B.C. Radio informed us that Allied forces had at last reached the Rhine north of Dusseldorf on March 14. By March 17 American troops had captured the bridge at Remagen and crossed in force. In the north the British army under Montgomery had captured Bremen, Hamburg, and Lubeck. Patton's

Third Army crossed the Rhine and was approaching Frankfurt. In the south the Seventh U.S. Army and the French First Army had taken the Palatinate and the Saar-Pflatz. All of Germany west of the Rhine had been conquered. Hundreds of thousands of Allied nationals were liberated in this territory. Displaced Persons Branch of the Civil Affairs Division, SHAEF, called up the UNRRA assembly center teams at Granville. UNRRA Team I and UNRRA Team II left Granville March 30, 1945, destined for Zweibrucken, a small city just inside Germany in the Saar-Pfaltz.

Our two vehicles were English Leylands, Land Cruisers, open topped. They had seen their better days with General Montgomery in North Africa and probably survived the battle of El Alamein, we thought. The vehicle had been "overhauled" at some British depot and then shipped to France as ballast, transferred to UNRRA as a British contribution. Because they were desert vehicles, they had extra radiators. They did ten miles to a gallon at best and so carried half a dozen "jerry cans" for gasoline. The vehicles stood high off the ground and were badly sprung so that our ride across France on rutted roads was dusty and jarring.

The highway we took east traversed Normandy. Once again we had a close eye view of the destruction of the villages all along the road, the havoc of the fierce battles against the retreating German armies. Nine months later Argenton was still in shambles. Then the highway became a great military artery with huge numbers, continuous U.S. Army convoys of trucks laden with ammunition, food, gasoline, and other materials for the front in Germany. Most of the truck drivers were Negro soldiers. We reached Paris April 1 and stayed at the Hotel Paris in the Place de La République, the UNRRA way station.

We left early the next morning and slowly proceeded east. The roads were clogged with trucks, convoys heading "up". We drove through Chateau Thierry, site of a great battle during World War I, then through Chalons, St. Dizier, Ligny, Vittel, Nancy, and at last on April 4 we reached Zweibruchen, just inside Germany. We drove through many German villages broken in battle, all with white sheets hanging out of their windows, a sign of surrender. Close to the border and in Germany there were miles of concrete "dragon's teeth" tank obstacles constructed by the Todt organization. Todt had deployed thousands of slave laborers to complete these obstacles. In Zweibruchen we reported to Captain Oren Hatch, Commander of the Civil Affairs detachment E-1, A-2 in the military government Headquarters for Health, Welfare and Displaced Persons. We were directed to Assembly Center Team 18, U.S. Army, whose commanding officer was D.E. McCarter, 22 Infantry, at a battered military post in Homburg.

Civil Affairs Unit E-1, D-2 had arrived in Zweibruchen just two weeks earlier, fifty miles west of the Rhine and the forward battle line. Captain Oren Hatch had his enlisted men far out through the Gau, the German district

of his responsibility, and posted notices on all the town squares ordering displaced persons to the Burgomeisters building for truck pick up to assembly centers. When we reached Assembly Center Team 18 in Homburg we found several thousand Soviet Russian displaced persons milling about.

We spent a week at this center, lending a hand as we could, but really being oriented to the tasks of emergency organization. The U.S. Army D.P. Team 18 had done a heroic job the first week before we arrived. They enlisted the aid of a Colonel Lishnevsky, a Soviet Liaison Officer, to help organize the center. They then recruited several companies of former Soviet soldiers and were slowly making headway in completing several critical jobs.

Emergency measures were required to remedy the chaos. The army detail scrounged tons of German army foodstuffs in local depots. Some 50,000 U.S. Army rations were requisitioned from the Quartermaster and delivered. Several local German bakeries were drafted into service and were producing 2,700 loaves of bread a day for the center. The most acute problem was the lack of water. There was no running water in the camp, a former German installation, the fresh water and satiation systems having been destroyed. The U.S. Army engineers constructed a 3,000-gallon water tank served by a quartermaster water detail with a water carrier truck. An emergency water line was rigged to the center water system to provide water for sanitation and fire prevention. There was enough water for drinking and cooking but not for showers.

Several companies of displaced persons were set to digging five-foot deep trenches for latrines. Lumber was found to construct outdoor latrines in the far corners of the parade grounds. The quartermaster delivered tons of lime for the latrines.

All of the D.P.'s were dragooned into long lines for emergency D.D.T. dusting. This public health measure was essential for prevention of typhus. The typhus cases were identified in the camp, assigned to an emergency infirmary building, and quarantined. Several active tuberculosis cases were found and the patients sent to the town hospital.

Not much progress was made during the week in engaging displaced persons in constructive activity. Several hundred were exercised in military drill, but the great number lolled about during the day. That was felt to be dangerous and a condition to be remedied.

One day Captain Faithful was assigned to join Lt. Welch to look into a D.P. center in St. Inglebert, a town about twenty kilometers from Homburg. There they found five hundred Italian soldiers who had been forcibly taken in Germany when the Italian army surrendered to the Allies. They had been made into factory laborers. Lt. Welch and Captain Faithful helped them to organize sanitary arrangements and water and food services in their labor camp. Then on April 11, 1945 UNRRA Team I was ordered to report to the Panzer Caserne at Neudstadt an der Weinstrasse, a newly designed assembly center.

Neustadt A.D.W., Germany

We made our way across broken roads and found the Panzer Caserne on the outskirts of Neustadt. This former walled tank post had been battered by the artillery of the French First Army about a month earlier, occupied by French troops temporarily, and then abandoned. Our grimy Leylands pulled into the parade grounds, and we were confronted by an astonishing scene. There were several thousand men and women, disheveled and unshaven, milling about. The Caserne was in shambles with debris scattered everywhere. People had defecated on the parade grounds in the corners of the center. The U.S. Army Assembly Center Team had decided to evacuate one building and segregate three hundred Polish displaced persons. A U.S. Army Infantry squad had been called, and a half-track with machine guns stood by to maintain order. The D.P.'s were sullen and angry.

Captain George S. Sprague, Commander of U.S. Assembly Center Team 102, arrived several days earlier at this former German cavalry post, later a tank post, for several thousand soldiers. Now, after the First French Army had captured the post, occupied it briefly, and moved on, it was in a dreadful state. There was no water, the lavatory and sewage system was broken, and the electrical system was out of commission. Military police and infantry units had scoured the countryside to pick up displaced persons, and the Soviet nationals were unceremoniously dropped off at this Caserne. There was a great deal to do and critical emergencies resolved as thousands of displaced persons arrived during the next several days. An infantry company was posted around the perimeter of the center, and displaced persons were not permitted to leave without a pass.

Within two weeks we made tremendous progress in making this center a safe refuge for seven thousand Soviet nationals. Most were younger men and women. Polish and other nationals were transferred to other centers. As we had found in Homburg, the most critical problem was to find a speedy remedy for dangerous sanitary conditions. In all of the buildings the lavatories and showers were inoperative or ripped out of their tiles. There was no running water, and everything was badly fouled. Warm weather added to our anxieties.

We found an able and willing young man, a lieutenant Grigory Schaprov, who spoke German and Russian, with leadership skills. He was able to recruit

several companies of men to do some heavy cleaning. As in Homburg, we called in the U.S. Army engineers who speedily sent in army water and tank trucks. We set up canvas water dispensing bags, and the engineers bulldozed long deep trenches. Prefabricated plywood latrine structures were delivered and assembled with the men Lt. Schaprov enlisted. The engineers delivered several tons of lime to douse the latrines.

We were astonished to find the building superintendent and his crew of German civilian employees appeared one morning to come on duty and on the payroll of the town of Neustadt. They were very competent and after several months of work restored the plumbing and electrical systems of the Caserne. Hot and cold water flowed through the faucets. The center continued to rely on the latrines the army engineers had constructed off the parade grounds.

The next immediate problem was to impose some rational center organization upon the chaotic mass to manage this little city. We had been informed earlier than the Soviet government at Yalta had won Allied consent to the authority of the Soviet government to establish the internal self government of the assembly centers by Soviet displaced persons, the majority of whom were former Soviet prisoners of war. We were given a very confidential memorandum: "SHAEF, Memorandum, AG-091.711.2 GAP-AGM dated April 18, 1945, 'Functioning of the Russian Liaison Officer'", addressed to the Commanding Generals of the 6th Army Group, 12th Army Group, to which we had been transferred, and the CO of the Communications Zone, European Theatre of Operations, U.S. Army.

Assembly centers for Soviet nationals would be organized by Soviet liaison officers to Allied military commanders who would select and appoint the "best qualified senior officers of the camp as a camp leader who will be responsible to the Soviet representative for the interior organization of the camp." In discipline the camp leader would be responsible to both the Soviet representative and the U.S. Camp Commander. Camps were to be organized along the lines of the Soviet army, by section, platoon, company, in groups of specific sizes, ten men, hundreds and thousands. Life in the camp would follow Soviet army regulations and manner. Soviet citizens might be employed in large groups but could not be deployed outside the camp without the approval of the Soviet Camp Commander. The food rations for the displaced persons under U.S. control would be in accordance with U.S. Army ration standards for Soviet nationals.

Performances and concerts given by Soviet nationals outside camp required the permission of the Soviet Liaison Officer. The memorandum prohibited the recruitment of Soviet nationals for foreign armies or foreign legions. Soviet citizens could only be moved and transported with the approval of the Soviet liaison officers. Prior agreement was required for repatriations, transfers from one camp to another, or transfers to temporary camps. The Soviet Liaison

Officer would make the arrangements for repatriation of Soviet nationals to the Soviet Union. Once appointed, the Soviet Camp Commander would appoint officers to every military unit in camp and the civilian institutions, such as schools, cultural clubs, and health facilities. The Soviet organization plan specifically provided for "Politruks", political education officers. Indeed the "Politruk" was one of the two deputy commanders. The Politruk was expected to establish a daily educational and indoctrination program for all persons in the center. In addition to daily political instruction the activities of all the military units included: drills, physical training, and tactics. The Commander was instructed to maintain careful control of feeding, accommodations, health measures and facilities, sanitary arrangements, schooling, and leisure time activities. "Liaison Officers will emphasize to Soviet Citizens the necessity of obeying the orders of the Camp Commander and his officers and working steadily and conscientiously at assigned duties." The Soviet Camp Commander could appeal to the Soviet Liaison Officer on matters in which he differed with the U.S. Camp Commander.

This set of Soviet military regulations empowered the Soviet Liaison Officer to establish working order in all Soviet displaced persons camps and impose Soviet army control on their military personnel and civilian nationals. This memorandum assumed that all Soviet nationals would return to the Soviet Union. These guidelines were followed during the next months until the repatriation of the center's displaced persons to the Soviet Union. It was immediately apparent that effective internal organization of the center was essential to resolving every management problem we faced.

We communicated with Captain Oren Hatch at military government detail E-1, A-2 requesting a Soviet Liaison Officer to appoint the D.P. staff leadership with authority they would recognize and to whom they would be loyal. A day later a Major Paglamov, Plenipotentiary Representative of the U.S.S.R., arrived with a small detail of Soviet armed guards. I observed the most phenomenal community organization job I had ever witnessed. Major Paglamov drove his jeep into the center of the parade ground and leaped upon the engine hood. His loudspeaker ordered all displaced persons, in Russian of course, into the yard, then with a few short commands the assembled crowd, thousands of people, moved into a rectilinear assembly. Major Paglamov ordered all Red Army officers, doctors, medical technicians, teachers, government officials, and other specialists to step forward three paces. There were about one hundred such people. Major Paglamov then jumped off his jeep and walked down the line, talking briefly with each person. We were very gratified when he announced his choice as Camp Commander. He was First Lieutenant Grigory Schaprov. He had been working with us for several days before his appointment. Lieutenant Grigory Chudick was appointed Politruk and Lieutenant Illarin Testo, Deputy Commander. Within a few days we received a list of more than

one hundred officers, one of the Red Army, as commanders of platoons and battalions. Schaprov appointed the heads of the kitchen details, sanitary squads, elementary, high school, and nursery schools, the "Club", and the theatrical and cultural group. This organization was very effective, and we were able to work directly with Commander Schaprov or any of his associates.

Very early on the respective functions of the U.S. Army Assembly Center Team and the UNRRA staff were defined. I was the organization and management analyst and created an organization chart, which was accepted by both Captain Harris, who succeeded Captain Sprague as Assembly Center Commander, and A.G.A. Van Den Bogaert, our UNRRA Team Director:

Soviet Russian Assembly Center
Neustadt, A.D.W.S.
U.S. Army Civil Affairs
UNRRA Responsibilities

Officer	**Function**
Captain Harris, Commander	Liaison, U.S. Army Military security
A.G.A. Van Den Bogaert	Liaison, D.P. U.S.S.R. Command Internal security Office management Messenger service interpreters Secretaries transportation
Lieutenant Drorbaugh	Supply, food, and feeding stores
Dr. Scott	Medical service Sanitation
Ida Mansbridge, R.N.	Hospital administration
Dr. Kaplan, U.S.A.	Medical supply Health statistics Public health Liaison German health facilities
Welfare Officer Warach	Camp intake, registration, statistics Employment, external employment Internal education Leisure time activity Individual needs and problems Clothing

Staff Sergeant Gore	In charge of Camp 2 and admissions
Captain Faithful, Administrative Officer	Plant and maintenance Housing, bedding, electricity, fuel, water Sewage, sanitation, laundry, garbage disposal Fire protection

UNRRA staff reported to A.G. Van Den Bogaert and Sergeant Gore to me.

This division of labor between the U.S. Army staff and UNRRA fell into place naturally. By the second week of April the cooperative efforts of the U.S. Army, UNRRA, and the now organized internal command of the displaced persons worked well, right to the final closing of the center with the repatriation of the displaced persons to Soviet Russia.

The Camp Commander, Schaprov, rigorously policed the sanitary arrangement. The latrines were scrubbed and cleaned daily with heavy doses of lime applied. Within a month the German engineers had hot and cold showers rigged out of doors for the use of thousands of displaced persons. Very ill patients were transferred to the German civilian hospitals in Neustadt. An infirmary building was established for less seriously ill patients.

For a long week I took a small cadre of displaced persons and two army trucks and drivers into the countryside to forage for beds and mattresses. Displaced persons were sleeping in the caserne's rooms and garages on the floor and on blankets. Securing beds was the critical priority in housing. We succeeded in requisitioning dozens of beds and mattresses. Then the quartermaster delivered several thousand beds secured from Wehrmacht installations.

The U.S. Army Center Team and Lt. Drorbough did a wonderful job of locating, transporting and warehousing German army food stocks in Neustadt. Lt. Grant organized a mass feeding kitchen and service in the center with scrounged equipment. Within two weeks the kitchen was producing 7,000 meals twice a day. Each meal consisted of bread, a rich stew or porridge. An extra meal every day of milk, sugar, flour, and bread was served to nursing mothers, pregnant women, and children under the age of five. The nursery, which served thirty-five children, provided four meals a day. Every now and then U.S. Army stocks were delivered to meet emergencies. What were lacking through all the days of the center's existence were meat, fresh fruits, and vegetables. Moreover, the standard ration of 2,000 calories a day, which was the goal, was not reached. Still, the war did not end until May 5, 1945. And after that all the normal food distribution of the civilian population vanished. German farmers in the countryside were unwilling to sell their stocks of winter root crops – cabbages, potatoes, carrots, or fresh produce. The U.S. quartermaster supplied the U.S. Army Assembly Center Team and UNRRA

staff with their rations, but there was no fresh milk, fruits, or vegetables. Still, we ate well at our mess, far, far better than the displaced persons.

The Neustadt Panzer Caserne was captured in late March, and some of its walls and buildings were shattered by artillery fire. It had been constructed before World War I as a cavalry station. There were many red brick buildings of one and two stories and huge garages and stables, all facing the parade grounds. The caserne had a high brick wall topped with barbed wire enclosing the installation. There were huge iron gates at the front. Army guards were posted on lookouts atop the walls and at the front gate.

We slowly solved the housing problem with the acquisition of thousands of the two-tiered beds. Originally, displaced persons were housed indiscriminately as they arrived. Subsequently, the population was sorted out; men and women were assigned to housing in their section and companies and battalions. Couples married in the Soviet Union and civilians were housed separately. The double-decker beds made for huge savings in floor space.

Employment and Daily Activity

Daily employment of every adult was an objective of the united leadership of the center. In three weeks in early May three battalions of 1,800 men each and two battalions of women, 800, had been organized, staffed with officers and non-commissioned officers, and re-housed. Rising early at 6:00 A.M., both the men's and women's cadres did a great deal of physical exercising and marching every day. The camp resounded with their songs; some were familiar Red Army tunes. Many men and women were assigned to work with their skills, to tailor shops, carpentry, hairdressing, shoemaking, painting, and poster shops. Some worked with the Post engineering staff in repairing the plumbing, electrical systems, and buildings. An internal security force of policemen and women was established. Gardeners were put to work. The Camp Registration unit, a very important service, was under the supervision of a highly skilled White Russian, George Epiphanoff, and acquired a large staff. Interestingly, Epiphanoff was well accepted. He could speak and write German, English, Russian, and Ukrainian fluently and so was very useful. He had been an officer in the Russian Navy before the revolution and had fled to Germany.

Within the space of two months the assembly center was functioning reasonably well. With the help of the Civil Affairs Team, U.S. Transportation, and displaced persons labor, the countryside had been "scrounged" and supplies and equipment requisitioned. German civilians accepted the depredations of these moving center units and carefully accepted signed receipts for all the furniture and materials taken. I learned subsequently that succeeding German civil governments reimbursed their citizens for their losses.

Education

I worked closely with Politruk Grigory Chudick and his fifteen subordinate political officers to establish a nursery and elementary and high schools. The nursery grew from seventeen to thirty-nine children, aged two to five, during the first month. We took over a small building, cleaned it up, repainted some of the rooms, and secured furniture. Vyera Fravlova, formerly an army medic, with seven assistants and three cooks, enlivened the nursery school. For many of the children, leaving their mother for the first time was a frightening experience, and the separation adjustment was slow. The nursery was open from eight in the morning to six in the evening. I was advised that nursery school was available for every child in the Soviet Union as public service before the war. I observed that the affection displayed by the teachers for their charges was immense and was rarely displayed under normal circumstances.

On the 24th of April a school of elementary and secondary standards was established under the direction of a schoolmaster with twenty-three years of experience. By April 30, with the school bell ringing at 8:00 A.M., 170 children, aged six to sixteen, attended. Fifteen teachers, mostly young and inexperienced, staffed the school. There was a paucity of desks, school equipment, books, paper, and pencils. The school curriculum included Russian, Ukrainian, and English studies, history, mathematics, and geography. There were Pioneer Club activities after school. The primary objective of the school was to reorient each child to becoming school children again, in their behavior, feelings, and mental attitudes, over and above the specific content of their classes. The children had been forced to live in labor camps in Germany. As "ostarbeiter" the children worked and were not admitted to school by their German Masters. During their short stay in Neustadt Assembly Center the children flourished; their demeanor changed, and their health improved.

Leisure Time Activity

Politruk Chudic was an enthusiastic promoter of cultural and recreational activities at the center. His recreational leaders identified a cadre of musicians, including a number who played the balalaika. An orchestra was formed. The center found a military bugler, a group of theatre artists, and formed several soccer teams. By the end of May a theatre had been improvised with curtains and lighting in the center of the auditorium.

Camp Commandant Schaprov invited the American Army and UNRRA staff to a celebration of May 1st, a national holiday in Soviet Russia commemorating the Russian Revolution. Here is my report of this memorable day:

"A Guard of Honor from the 109th Infantry Regiment, U.S. Army Complete with Colors and Band Attended."
Brigadier General Basil D. Perry, Commander 28th Division, Colonel James E. Rudder, 109th Regimental Commander, Captain Thomas G. Harris, Camp Commander, Captain David Kaplan, Camp Medical Officer, First Lieutenant Wells Drorbaugh, Camp Supply Officer, and Lieutenant Colonel H.R. Williams, Civil Affairs Supervisor, attended for the U.S. Army. The regional military government was represented by Lt. Colonel James R. Newman, Regional Military Governor, Lt. Colonel Charles RT. Stewart, Executive Officer, and Captain Sharon L. Hatch, Displaced Persons Officer.
The Soviet Russian staff represented was: Senior Lieutenant G.I. Schaprov, Lieutenant A.J. Krygin, Chief of Staff, Lieutenant Grigory Chudic, Chief Political Officer, Captain K.D. Radin, Chief of Regiment, Lieutenant S.F. Aspinadze, Educational Director, Captain P.T. Lashenko, Chief Medical Administrator, and Lieutenant A.I. Chernastan, Chief of Food Supply and the Mess.

The American, UNRRA and Soviet Camp Officers were seated on a central dais. The Russian Commandant had huge portraits of the Yalta big three leaders, Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, painted for the occasion and hung on the building facing the parade grounds. A large and lifelike portrait of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, lately deceased, was mounted over the dais facing the parade grounds. Then there were flags, ever so many, American flags and the red flag of the Soviet Union, with its hammer and sickle, fluttering from the walls of the caserne that sunny afternoon.

The proceedings began with a general salute from the Soviet Russian Guard drawn up in the middle of the parade grounds and a speech by Commandant Schaprov. He delivered the speech in Russian, and it was translated over the loudspeaker in English, word for word. I retained copies of the speech and of General Perry's response. Both speeches were encomiums to the valor of the American and Soviet armies and their contribution to the impending victory over Nazi Germany. I was deeply moved by the statements and the drama of this celebration, May 1st. I set forth here some of Commander Schaprov's speech:

"Welcome to the American Commanding Officer, in the name of every Soviet soldier, officer, working man, woman, and child, I express our heartfelt thanks and appreciation to our brave Allies for our delivery from Nazi slavery...

...Russian Men and Women! Today is the great day of the first of May, the festive day for all male and female workers in the whole world. We are far from our beloved homeland – we are far from our

people – but our hearts, our thoughts, and feelings are with our kinsmen at home. There our countrymen celebrate with silver bugle calls and salvos of hundreds of guns, announcing victory upon victory over our barbaric enemy. Today we are enabled to celebrate this festive day of the first of May – our liberation which was only made possible thanks to our liberation by our best friends, our American and Allied soldiers, who have freed us from the Fascist bondage at the cost of so many of their lives.

In memory of all those who have fallen in the cause of freedom, we now stand silent for one minute, next to this American standard, the first Allied Battle Standard landed on the Normandy beaches, the symbol of our liberation.

[There followed one minute of silence.]

We must realize that the fiendish enemy has, against your will, dragged millions of you into Germany. Now the worst is over, better days are here. In intimate friendship with our Allied friends, we celebrate today our liberation.

Long live our Allies!

Long live the Soviet people!

Long live the Communist Party!

Long live beloved Marshall Stalin!"

General Perry responded:

"The American Army appreciates the aid and assistance given Allied forces by the people of the Soviet Union who, in addition to their sacrifices on the field of battles, have been forced to work in Germany by the Nazi regime. The American army has demonstrated its concern for Russian and other Allied displaced persons by creating this camp for Russian people. We have tried very hard to give the Russian people a just and fair government under their own people who have cooperated with us so wonderfully. The American army wishes to express its appreciation for the cooperation it has received from Commander Gregory Schaprov, Lieutenant Colonel Ribalchenko, the Soviet Liaison Officer, and their staff with such happy results.

I express the hope that your stay here will be short but happy, prior to your return to our beloved homeland.

May Russia and her Allies go hand in hand forever."

The portrait of President Roosevelt had been shrouded in black crepe. It was unveiled for a minute of silent tribute. After the speeches the 109 Infantry regiment guard marched by the dais and then stood at attention at the flank.

Then all of the Soviet Russian displaced persons battalions marched by the dais, lowering their flags in salute to the officers. Their marching band and drums were impressive. This was quite a sight! Near the close of the ceremony Major Deming, the military governor of Neustadt, presented each child with a toy, chocolate, and biscuits, at which they expressed their great pleasure. For many, this was their first toy.

In the evening the Russian Commandant and his staff entertained the regimental Commander, his staff, and the U.S. Assembly Center and UNRRA staff at a grand dinner in the center auditorium. Huge quantities of liquor were consumed in innumerable toasts. This was a grand celebration in Soviet style. I was profoundly happy to have been here this evening.

We learned of the surrender of the German military forces on May 5, 1945 over the radio with U.S. Army and B.B.C. announcement. We hardly paused in our work. American forces had crossed the Rhine and were underway in central Germany toward Prague. Soviet Russians had conquered Berlin after a costly struggle, and Adolph Hitler was dead, a suicide. American troops met with the Soviet army at the Elbe, and General Patton was ordered back from Czechoslovakia. Our work at the assembly proceeded. The May 1st celebration strengthened the good will among the American, UNRRA, and displaced persons at the center.

Displaced persons activities at the center continued. The military training program involving 1,800 men and 800 women was extended. Limited workshop space and material imposed difficulties upon our effort to increase work opportunities. The nursery and the schools became well established. The Russian Liaison Officer secured several sets of Russian schoolbooks, which were very useful. The center "Club", with Russian artists and musicians, increased its activities and performances for the center. There was a biweekly performance and, given the fine weather, they were much enjoyed. After some of the performances attended by American troops the performers could not understand the rousing whistles, which in Russian were a sign of disapproval. The public loudspeaker system was made operable, and broadcast music from Radio Moscow was made available every day. At night there were crowds assembled on the parade grounds around the loudspeakers. Evenings, informal outdoor dancing, strolling, and singing were enjoyed by large numbers of residents.

As Camp Welfare Officer I became highly aware of a number of difficult personal problems. Many displaced persons were distraught over their lack of information about the location of close relatives and beloved persons, husbands, wives, children, parents. During the turmoil close to war's end the Russian labor camps had dissolved as their German captors, soldier guards, fled the Allied troops. The Soviet Russian nationals fled the camps, and their inmates lost touch with each other. Camp bulletin boards were covered

with written inquiries about named persons and the names of those seeking information about their location.

Then there were numerous persons seeking to talk to me in private. They were older people, sometimes couples. They expressed their fear of what the Soviet government would do to them if they were repatriated. They spoke of the hard time they endured during the German occupation of the Ukraine and Byelo-Russian. Some had come to Germany voluntarily, persuaded that working in Germany might be better than starving under a German military occupation. The Soviet government had forbidden such work for the Germans, deeming it to be collaboration, subject to the severest penalties. Indeed the Soviet government had forbidden their soldiers to be taken prisoners, also under severe penalty. These displaced persons really did not wish to return. I expressed my sympathy and advised them that the Soviet government required their return, and that the policy had been agreed upon by the Allied governments. Some of these individuals disappeared from the assembly center and were assimilated into the German population, never repatriated.

I noted the lack of personal amenities. Cigarettes, razors and razor blades, toothbrushes and toothpaste, and sweets were unavailable. By the end of May and mid-June a modest ration of these amenities were made available through the U.S. Army and American Red Cross.

Some days after May 5, at war's end, I was on the road outside our center. I observed an extraordinary sight. On that road and far off into the horizon there were thousands of people marching, walking west. It was an endless stream of refugees and displaced persons, young and old people, trudging on their way home. I saw two camels pulling a wagon. They were on their way home.

One of the major tasks in which I was personally engaged was the completed re-registration of the camp, which I accomplished by May 22. I reported:

> "To conclude this formidable task successfully, the complete cooperation of the Soviet Russian Command needed to be secured. It took no little persuasion to impress this corps of internal leadership that registration was not just "an American request", but very much in their own interest as well; particularly as a tool for planning, the population statistics being essential to such considerations as: how many pairs of baby shoes are now needed? Or is a supply of two tons of potatoes sufficient for the camp each day? Needless to say they have used the Registration Bureau at least as much as the U.S. Army and UNRRA staff.
>
> Each battalion, each house group, was brought down to the Registration Bureau in turn with their respective officers and house leaders with certified personnel lists, which were checked off. The showing of the DP Index Card was made mandatory at meal times. The loyal persevering work of George Epiphanoff, a White Russian,

who has nevertheless been accepted for his efforts, and his staff of men and women were worthy of great commendation. They worked late into the night repeatedly.

Registration statistics demonstrated what we had suspected all along. The population total for March 21 stood at 7,268 and on March 31, upon completion of the registration, was 6,444. The data was essential to determining the needs of the assembly center. The statistical report I submitted for May 31, 1945, just before the evacuation of the center, was as follows:

Population Statistics
Displaced Persons Center 62–355
Neustadt A.D.W., Germany

I. U.S.S.R. Nationals

Age	**Male**	**Female**	**Total**
0–2	78	55	133
2–6	38	60	98
6–10	52	27	79
10–14	41	27	68
14–18	136	159	295
18–46	2433	2586	5019
46+	326	157	483
Total	**3104**	**3071**	**6175**

II. Other Nationalities		III. At Camp 2	
1. Yugoslavs	5	1. Soviet Russians	167
2. Dutch	5	2. Polish	78
3. French	1	3. Yugoslav	9
4. Italian	1	4. Belgian	1
		5. French	2
Total	**12**		**257**

IV. Hospitalized		V. Grand Total	
1. At German Civilian Hospital - Neustadt	30	1. Soviet Russian	6,175
2. At Camp Hospital	58	2. Others	12
		3. At Camp 2	257
Infectious Diseases	30		**6,444**
a. TBC	9		
b. VD	4		
c. Skin	14		
d. Exema	3		

Soviet Russian Displaced Persons Repatriated

I described the final repatriation of the Soviet Russian Displaced Persons at the Neustadt Caserne in my final Team I report:

In the gray and early morning of June 17, 1945 all of the camp was on the move. A hurrying stream of exited people scurried in the kitchen, back to their quarters, and poured out to the camp square. Here and there a bewildered child, clean and shining, red kerchiefed, tagged along. Everyone was out to see this first group depart. They clustered around fifty stakes we had set on the parade grounds beside their huge mound of baggage, which they painfully dragged out and possessively guarded.

The people waited patiently, and, when at last the huge French trailer trucks circles around the field into position, there was a huge expectant murmur. They were at last going home. Three men were first permitted to stow the baggage. Then the people climbed aboard and were recounted. "Roulez" went the order to the driver, and off the wagon lumbered, the passengers waving, a few of the women crying. They were jam packed into the vehicles, sitting gaily under the canopy of decorative green foliage. A brilliant splash of red banners fluttered gallantly in the breeze as the lorries proceeded to the railroad station. The freight cars too were bedecked with greenery, and alongside one or two cars huge canvases of Stalin and Zuchov were tacked. The people were thrust into the freight cars, forty to a wagon, baggage and all. The displaced persons were quiet as the first train departed for Leipzig at 1532 hours, 3:32 P.M., June 17, 1945.

All the effort of the U.S. Army and UNRRA Team during the past fortnight was focused on the evacuation, finally scheduled for June 17–19, 1945. The directives for the movement were discussed in conference, plans made, and responsibilities assigned. Dr. Scott's staff completed the re-dusting of every displaced persons in camp with D.D.T. Welfare Officer Warach was responsible for documentation of the movement, securing a complete roster of the displaced persons with their names, birth dates, birthplace in English, and duplicates of their registration cards: the DP-2 for each bus and train. Assigned to Warach were forty-five registration office staff, including the use of schoolteachers during a night shift. This job was completed on time.

Each of the departing displaced persons was given a train ticket with an assigned number as well as a position number on the field, and, after

conferring with the Soviet internal command, the following plan was agreed upon and carried out:

1. Each of the "Marching Battalion Commanders", as the leaders of the groups of two thousand were called, was given a numbered ticket for each person entraining during a given day.
2. The rosters which the Russian Command had prepared of the persons leaving, according to their choice of staying in family and friendly groups, would be checked and tickets distributed through the leaders of the groups of one hundred and the groups of forty.
3. The people entraining were assembled the afternoon before departure in order to distribute tickets to them and give them their last minute instructions. We used an unlimited supply of German hospital tags found in an abandoned German military hospital. The tickets indicated the number of their truck and sequence number on the D.P. roster.
4. The "Marching Battalion Commander" and his staff were to be out on the field and later at the station to aid in the movement and entraining.

The plan worked well. On the evening of June 17 a hurried dispatch arrived, canceling all further movement. Plans were made that night for continued center services for the remaining four thousand people. However, the next morning at 8:30 A.M., word came through that movement would proceed. We were able to have all the people scheduled for the 18th of June on the parade grounds at 9:15 A.M.

There were a total of 94 trips the first day, 80 the second, and 72 the third. The average load per truck was 24 and ranged between 18 and 36, depending on the quantity of luggage for each truck. During the three days a total of 6,056 persons were evacuated for Leipzig, and 151 for the D.P. Center Homburg, another entraining point for the ill and hospitalized. On June 20 the Displaced Persons Center Neustadt was closed. That the movement was completed without difficulty reflected highly on the combined efforts of every person sharing in this work. All the Soviet Russian displaced persons we observed were glad to be going home again, and none had any notion of the hardships they would face upon their return. These hardships were experienced by all Soviet citizens in that land which had suffered the Nazi invasion and was torn asunder by the war. We later learned that the displaced persons and former prisoners of war faced some very special problems.

During our eleven-week stay at the center I had little opportunity to talk with many of the displaced persons privately, with one exception. I spent some time with Grigory Schaprov, the designated Soviet Russian Internal Camp

Commander. The displaced persons were a very varied group, representing all the nationalities within Soviet Russia and its army. Many were Asiatics and had come from such far-away lands as Kyrgyzstan, Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, and Georgia. Most had been captured early in the war in 1941–42, had suffered in prisoner of war camps, and then been forced into industrial labor, living in prison camps. Some of the Ukrainians had been recruited, many forcibly, for labor in Germany.

Lieutenant Grigory Schaprov was twenty-five at the time. He had come from Karkhov, completed officer training, and had served in the artillery. He was badly wounded during one of the early battles and had lost half his nose but somehow survived. He was a laborer in a munitions factory, escaping as the American army approached his prison camp in the Palatinate. We conversed slowly in German. He looked forward to his return home.

UNRRA Team I stayed on in the center and inspected its facilities. The displaced persons had left the center in shambles, though not quite the mess in which we had found it originally. The U.S. Army Displaced Persons Center team initiated a cleanup with the assistance of German civilian labor furnished by the Burgomeister. We had an opportunity to rest and to enjoy some very elegant meals and fine Rhine wine in Neustadt. The city was in the very heart of the Saar-Pfaltz, a notable winegrowing area on the west bank of the Rhine. Neustadt A.D.W. had escaped the battle and was intact, a bucolic town. We listened eagerly to the radio and the news reports to learn of the last days of the Pacific campaign against Japan.

Then early in July we were startled by the reappearance of our own Lt. Gregory Schaprov at our office. He was disheveled and in civilian clothing. He had been at the heart of our successful effort to create a viable community in the assembly center in Neustadt. He had been chosen as Camp Commander by the Soviet Russian Liaison Officer. He had a very sad tale. When the displaced persons train arrived in Leipzig they were received by Soviet Army "Welcoming Committees", troops which had fought across Soviet Russia and Germany to Berlin and were very hostile to the displaced persons. They had been traitors. Stalin had ordered early in the war that no Soviet Army soldiers surrender to the Nazis or serve them as slave laborers. The victorious soldiers regarded the returning prisoners of war and slave laborers as collaborators and traitors. They were stripped of all of their baggage. Schaprov was fearful of even worse treatment and felt he was lucky to have escaped despite his war record and war wounds. We issued Schaprov some UNRRA identification papers, impressively rubber stamped, gave him some U.S. Army Scrip money, several cartons of cigarettes, and set him on his way. There was no more we could do for him then. This was the saddest finale of our service in Neustadt. There were deep shadows in our relationships with Soviet Russia. I never learned about Grigory Schaprov's fate or the fate of his beautiful companion, Ludmila Schaprova.

Near the end of our stay in Neustadt, Captain J.W. Faithful had a memorable binge. Friday evening, July 13, Captain Faithful drove off with Felix Schulte-Chavarrez, our former interpreter, into town. He returned to the center the next morning, groggy and bleary-eyed. Despite Dr. Scott's admonition, he drove off again, not to return. Concerned about him, I motored through Neustadt, and later Heidelberg, to no avail. We learned later that he had visited District Headquarters in Heidelberg and had made loud sounds, generally behaving outrageously. He returned to the center Monday evening after a long weekend. Up to that point we had not observed Captain Faithful's propensities. It took some months, but ultimately Captain Faithful was discharged and sent home to London. We all wondered whether his behavior was related to his war experiences or just a natural predilection for alcohol.

Mid-July we once again mounted our Leyland Land Cruisers and motored from Neustadt to Ludwigshaven-Mannheim across verdant acres of vineyards, green and already laden with young grapes. The day was sunny, skies blue, and we could smell a hint of ripening grapes wafting through the air. Across the Rhine the cities were badly cratered by artillery fire and aerial bombardment. We drove onto the great Nazi Reichsbahn, Europe's first turnpike. It was an impressive engineering achievement. Many of the bridges on the road through Karlsruhe, Stuttgart, and Augsburg to Munich were destroyed during the last weeks of April 1945. General Patton's Third Army had driven through Bavaria, virtually unopposed, until he reached Berechtesgarden on the Austrian frontier. The bridges had all been restored during the last two months using Bailey steel trusses. The Bavarian countryside of green valleys and mountains, with countless herds of white-speckled dairy cattle, was lovely. Traffic was light and almost wholly military. Huge khaki painted trucks, some with tractors and trailers, sped by.

We reached UNRRA Zone Headquarters at Pasing, a suburb of Munich, late in the afternoon. The UNRRA station had formerly been a girls' gymnasium. This impressive five-story building housed our offices, the dining hall, a gymnasium, and our living quarters. We checked into our assigned rooms and joined the UNRRA staff at dinner. The arrival of UNRRA Team I was unheralded. During the last two months we had been preceded by hundreds of UNRRA staff out of Granville and then been assigned to assembly centers throughout the U.S. Zone of Germany. Dinner was jolly, the fare surprisingly good, and Rhine wines were served.

The next morning we reported to Jack R. Whiting, the Zone Director. We chatted about our experience and expressed the hope that we could be assigned to a center in the field as Team I. We learned that UNRRA had lost touch with its field units, which had been reassigned by Civil Affairs. Communications with field units was very poor. We were aware of that problem in Neustadt. The UNRRA teams were under military command and

provided full logistic support. There was really no need for UNRRA direction at all. We received no mail or pay. Still, UNRRA Zone headquarters was concerned about the status and circumstances of the thousands of displaced persons in the assembly centers. There were disquieting reports trickling through about the dismal conditions of some centers.

The Combined Displaced Persons Executive, G-5, United States Forces in the European Theatre, USFET, in its Situation Report No. 32, July 29, 1945, recorded a total of 2,157,320 displaced persons in the United States, British, and French Zones of occupied Germany. Some 1,962,840 were in camps, and 194,480 were estimated to be living in the civilian community. Of these totals 728,197 D.P.'s were reported to be in the U.S. Zone housed in 547 assembly centers.

The Combined D.P. Executive estimated 4,109,000 D.P.'s and former prisoners of war had been repatriated since June 6, 1944. The greatest number of Allied nationals who had been repatriated were Soviet Russians, 1,639,000; French, 1,449,000; Dutch, 261,000; and Belgian and Luxembourg citizens, 279,000.

Some 5,500 UNRRA staff had been recruited and deployed with 911 staff still at Granville. As of July 29, 1945, 349 UNRRA teams, 36 voluntary agency teams, and a large number of Allied Liaison Officers had been deployed. As of July 29, 1945 there were a total of 724 Liaison Officers: 184 French, 88 Belgian, 61 Dutch, 23 Czechoslovakian, 122 Polish, 4 Norwegian, 3 Luxembourg, 4 Greek, 3 Danish, 44 Yugoslav, 155 Soviet Russian, and 33 Italian.

UNRRA Zone Headquarters

Shortly after our arrival in Pasing, A.G.A. Van den Bogaert was appointed Chief of Supply Division of UNRRA U.S. Zone Headquarters, Germany. Captain J.N. Faithful and I were assigned to this newborn service as well. Dr. Scott and Ida Mansbride were reassigned to assembly centers and disappeared. Then, within a month, Bogaert and Faithful returned to London. They were succeeded by William Davis and Sam Lubin as Chiefs of Supply. They had served in the U.S. Army, and their early discharge was facilitated by their volunteering for UNRRA service. It was obvious they were not committed to the UNRRA mission, and they returned home as quickly as they could. I was committed to establishing an effective supply service within UNRRA. In 1945 and 1946 I served as Deputy Chief of the Supply Division and on October 13, 1946 was appointed Chief. The Supply Division had two principal functions: to establish its own supply depot system to receive and distribute UNRRA amenity supplies and to receive and distribute the amenity supply contributions of the voluntary agencies. The second major objective was to assure the provision of adequate supplies to all the UNRRA Assembly Centers by the German civil governments and the U.S. Army.

After my experience with the assembly center at Neustaft I learned how important the provision of adequate supplies was to the well being of the displaced person residents. I was deeply committed to doing all I could to assuring that supply. In 1945 and 1946 I spent a good deal of time in the field visiting assembly centers to ascertain their supply status. The winter of 1945–1946 was the coldest in recent times in Germany. There were thousands of Jewish refugees entering from the east and flooding into UNRRA centers in the U.S. Zone. I was UNRRA Liaison Officer to the Civil Affairs Sections of the Third and Sixth U.S. Armies and to the Civil Affairs Division at SHAEF Headquarters in Frankfurt. I informed the chiefs of these services of the desperate conditions of D.P.'s in their overcrowded and poorly heated assembly centers. Their misery became a huge public scandal in the United States in the fall of 1945. One of the outstanding international journalists for the New York Times was Ruth Gruber; her stories were vivid and aroused a public seized by the plight of the displaced persons in postwar Germany. President Truman appointed Earl Harrison to visit the camps and to report

to him and the nation. General Eisenhower responded with great vigor. The resources available to the displaced persons improved radically. Quartermaster supplies were made available in addition to levies on the German civilian resources. More coal was made available to the center.

During this period I organized five UNRRA Supply Depots and staffed them. They were:

Ludwigsberg
Ludwigsberg Engineering Depot
Hanau
Nuremberg
Schleisheim

Their directors were all UNRRA Supply Officers. Hanau was the major warehouse. It had been a huge Wehrmacht Depot. There were many warehouses, garages, parking areas, and railroad tracks. The depot had its own donkey engine to maneuver railroad cars from the sidings of the warehouse bays. Colonel George Cardwell, a retired British officer, had been its first director. Alas, his predilections brought him down. This once honorable and decorated soldier was summarily dismissed and replaced by a young former U.S. Army officer, Ben Kaplan, whom I had personally employed for this assignment. Ben Kaplan did a remarkable job of repairing the Hanau installation and employing a huge staff of Baltic displaced persons to create UNRRA's largest depot. Ben Kaplan established excellent relations with the U.S. Army's Civil Affairs and quartermaster staff to the great benefit of the D.P. program.

Prior to my visit to Berlin on November 26, 1945 I stopped at the UNRRA warehouse in Hanau and observed a huge convoy loaded with supplies for the assembly centers in Berlin. The UNRRA team in Berlin was headed by C.J. Taylor, Director of UNRRA Team II, whom I had met in Granville almost two years ago. He was an able commander. The assembly centers in Berlin grew considerably in 1945 and 1946 with a great influx of Jewish refugees from Soviet Russian and Poland. Berlin, in the fall of 1946, was a city shattered by its last desperate battle with the Soviet Russian forces. The Wehrmacht resisted to the bitter end, and the city was demolished by Soviet artillery and missile fire. This was a needless resistance, a Nazi Gotterdammerung. The streets of the city had been bulldozed clear with the rubble piled high on huge blocks of city streets. There were many people, mostly women, working in the cold, sorting bricks, and stacking building blocks. The civilians were cold, ill clad, thin cheeked, and drab. Soldiers, scores and scores, American, British, Soviet, some French, dominated the scene. Their vehicles filled the streets.

From August of 1945 to the end of 1947 UNRRA's supply division office moved with its headquarters from Pasing to Weisbaden and then to

Heidelberg, attached to the headquarters of the Seventh U.S. Army, which succeeded General Patton's Third. Heidelberg remained a historic university city. During the war the Nazis had converted it to a hospital city, and it was spared aerial bombardment of the Allies, as was Oxford in England. The city made a splendid peacetime headquarters with gracious homes and office facilities for the occupation forces. The city was on the Neckar River, a tributary of the Rhine. It was very lovely and interesting.

UNRRA headquarters staff was lodged at the Schrieder Hotel, requisitioned in its entirety, and came with a very competent staff. I enjoyed a good-sized hotel room with bath overlooking a tree-lined street. Shortly after our arrival in Heidelberg, during the summer of 1946, I was elected President of the UNRRA headquarters mess, Chairman of the UNRRA Staff Board, responsible for the management of the hotel, its dining facilities, and nightclub. UNRRA staff, though beneficiaries of U.S. Army quartermaster rations, was responsible for financing the quarters and staff meals and the UNRRA Club. The nightclub was a very popular gathering place for U.S. Army officers and UNRRA staff. The army had enacted a "non-fraternization rule" prohibiting relationships with German civilians. UNRRA women staff were all Allied nationals. Our hotel chef was excellent and with our funds could purchase fresh food and vegetables in the local markets. I was assigned a vehicle and driver. The car was a battered khaki painted Mercedes-Benz and, despite its war service with the Wehrmacht, functioned reasonably well with the ministry of my driver-mechanic.

UNRRA headquarters staff was a mixed group of American, British, Belgian, and Dutch nationals. The secretaries were all British. Through 1945, 1946, and 1947 the staff was a fairly stable group. Our Zone Director was Paul Edwards, a Midwesterner of very liberal political views. Social life in Heidelberg was very pleasant. The hotel was well managed and received U.S. Army fuel rations, keeping us warm year round with normal electrical and hot water service. Our monthly maintenance costs were modest. Slowly life began to feel like that of all American military posts abroad. We had no relationships with German civilians. Our waiters were all displaced persons, though the chef and Hotel Manager were German and had long served at the hotel. I found a friend too among the UNRRA staff secretaries. Her name was Gene Soffe from Hampstead.

Some notable experiences of my stay remain memorable. On November 28, 1945, during a short stay in Nuremberg, I attended the trial of the Nazi War Criminals. The trial was held in a great courthouse ringed with American military police. In the courthouse the Nazi officials were seated on a raised dais to be seen by the audience. There was a section for the judges and one for the many journalists. Earphones were available for the audience who were principally American soldiers. Through the earphones we received concurrent

translation of the proceedings in English, French, Russian, and German. In the docket were Herman Goering, Rudolf Hess, Joachim Von Ribbentrop, Alfred Rosenberg, Hans Frank, Ernst Kaltenbrunner, Wilhelm Frick, Jules Streicher, Wilhelm Keitel, Dr. Walter Funk, Hjalmer Schacht, Karl Doenitz, Balder Von Shirach, Fritz Saukel, Albert Speer, Franz Von Papen, Alfred Jodl, Constatin Von Neurath, Dr. Arthur Seys-Inquart, Erich Raeder, and Hans Fritsche. Attorney General Biddle was an American judge, and other judges represented other Allied power. The prosecuting attorneys were American, British, French, and Soviet Russian.

The war criminals looked pallid and depressed. They were shabbily dressed, and their long prison stay on thin rations had reduced their weight. Their clothing hung on them, and they looked haggard. Herman Goering escaped the noose by committing suicide. Fritsche, Schact, and Von Papen were acquitted but later drew sentences from a German Denazification Court. Hess, Raeder, and Funk drew life sentences. Speer and Schirach were sentenced to twenty years, Neurath to fifteen, Doenitz to ten. The others were sentenced to death. On October 16, 1946 Ribbentrop, Keitel, Kaltenbrunner, Frank, Frick, Streicher, Seys-Inquart, Saukel, and Jodl were hanged. Outside the courtroom the city of Nuremberg, an ancient medieval town, was in ruins. It had once been the setting of some great Nazi celebrations and triumphs.

My visit to the court seemed so very ordinary, and the terrible men sitting in the courtroom dock so ordinary. Yet these evil creatures had wreaked havoc upon the world. They had destroyed the lives of millions upon millions of human beings and so many Jews. I left the courthouse to return to my work, and all about me life went on. The city of Nuremberg lay in ruins, a mute reminder of the dreadful war, which had ended in the defeat of the evil Nazi regime.

Jewish Displaced Persons

When the war in Europe ended May 8, 1945 there were no more than an estimated 20,000 Jews left in Germany. Dachau in Bavaria and Bergen Belsen in the British Zone had been major concentration camps and at their liberation revealed to the world the sight of thousands of emaciated Jews dying of hunger and disease. Many died in the weeks following their liberation despite excellent medical treatment. The remainders were re-housed in assembly centers nearby. The British did not recognize the unique nationality status of Jewish concentration camp victims until much later and housed these Jews with Polish D.P.'s.

During the summer of 1945 it became evident that significant numbers of Jewish "infiltrees" were coming from Poland, Hungary, and Romania through Austria into D.P. camps in the U.S. Zone of Germany. Their number grew, and by the summer of 1946 there were tens of thousands of Jewish D.P.'s in our UNRRA centers.

We learned that in 1941 Soviet Russia had permitted Jews from Poland, and later the Baltic States, to retreat east with their fleeing armies. They were then transported beyond the Urals, in relative safety, into Siberia and the southern Soviet states, Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, and others as the German armies tore through Byelo-Russia and the Ukraine. The men were drafted into the army. Some served with several Polish divisions organized by the Red Army. When the war ended Polish Jews were permitted to remain in the Soviet Union or return to Poland. Upon their return to Poland in 1945 they were confronted in their hometowns by virulent anti-Semitism. This anti-Semitism preceded the Nazi invasion of Poland in 1941 and was strengthened during the Nazi occupation. The Polish government reported that 351 Jews had been murdered between November of 1944 and October of 1945. In July 1946 forty-one Jews were murdered in Kielce after a blood libel. Among other issues, Polish and Ukrainian neighbors refused to return Jewish homes they had taken from their owners. In July 1946 16,000 Jews, then 23,000 in August, and 23,000 in September, left for the U.S. Zone of Germany.

On July 25, 1946 the communist dominated Polish government formally approved the departure of their Jewish citizens and facilitated their relocation. This marked a decisive change in the Soviet Russian and Communist Party

line. They had determined to support this Jewish refugee surge to the west and the Jewish quest for a homeland in Palestine.

The route taken by this frightened mass of refugees went through Czechoslovakia, Austria, and into the U.S. Zone in Germany. The admission of the Jewish refugees into the U.S. Zone of Germany was sanctioned by President Truman and General Eisenhower; otherwise, the refugees would not have been permitted to proceed past the borders of the U.S. Zone in Austria. Their departure had the approval of the Communist parties of the east, right to Joseph Stalin. The Communist parties envisioned the Jewish refugees as a huge embarrassment to Great Britain, which ruled Palestine.

The British government was forced by public opinion in the United States to recognize the special status of Jewish displaced persons and to house them separately. Jewish survivors of Bergen-Belsen were relocated to a center in Höne. Lt. General Sir Frederick Morgan, British, once a Deputy to General Eisenhower and now UNRRA's Director for Germany, asserted that there was an organized Zionist effort to stimulate the movement of Jewish refugees into Germany to support the political aim of establishing the State of Israel and forcing the departure of the British from Palestine. His hostility to the Jewish refugees was evident. His action was an assertion of political authority on behalf of the British government, a practice distinctly prohibited for an UNRRA, international civil servant. There was great outrage expressed in the Congress of the United States to Sir Frederick Morgan. His services as UNRRA Director for Germany were terminated soon thereafter by Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Chief Executive Officer of UNRRA.

The flight from Poland was not initially an organized movement. The anti-Semitic murders in Poland and the hostility of Poles toward returning Jews stimulated a desperate flight. When the first arrivals at the gates of the U.S. Zone of Germany were welcomed and re-housed in American government managed D.P. camps, the word got back to Poland quickly. Shortly thereafter from September of 1945 through 1947 the movement became well organized as Aliyah Bet. Young Haganah soldiers, who had served with the Jewish brigade and the British Army in the Middle East and Italy, left their army posts at war's end and served as the guides in the Aliyah Bet movement. In the Allied Zones of Germany and Austria the Jewish Agency for Palestine was an accredited charitable organization with UNRRA. Then JAFP was attached to the supply division of the UNRRA U.S. Zone headquarters for administrative and logistic support. JAFP secured its gasoline rations, trucks, and other supplies through our supply division. The American Joint Distribution Committee provided significant support for the effort.

Several thousand children with their guides came alone to our Zone in large truck convoys. We learned that many of the children had parents who felt their chance of securing a visa into Palestine as orphans was much greater.

This movement owed much to the courage of desperate Jews who moved forward toward an unknown fate rather than remain in a land of anti-Semitic and murderous Poles.

Fortunately, General Eisenhower, in 1945, and later General Lucius Clay, in 1946–1947, under order of President Truman, authorized the admission of Jewish refugees into the U.S. Zone of Germany. They were recognized as D.P.'s and as a distinct nationality requiring separate treatment and housing. By September 30, 1947 there were 167,529 Jewish refugees in D.P. camps in the U.S. Zone and 20,000 in the British Zone. UNRRA reported 122,123 Polish Jews, 18,593 Romanian Jews, 8,445 Hungarian Jews, 6,602 Czechoslovakian Jews, 6,167 of German nationality, and 5,999 of other nationalities. In September 1945 Jewish D.P.'s were 3.7% of the displaced persons population and 25% early in 1947. Ultimately the Aliyah Bet movement brought 250,000 Eastern European Jews to the west between May 8, 1945 and May 15, 1948.

With the best of intentions this great movement was difficult to manage for the U.S. Army and UNRRA. As the Western powers were slowly shifting their priorities to support for the reviving German economy, meeting the needs of the swelling numbers of Jewish refugees created a severe problem which could not be easily resolved. Consequently, the miserable conditions of all the D.P.'s in UNRRA Assembly Centers received great attention in the American and European press.

We observed the political organization of the Jewish D.P.'s in their camps. All of the Zionist movements were represented: the General Zionists, Revisionists, Hashomair Hatzair, Mapai, Mizrachi, Agudah, and Paole Zion. On April 19, 1946, after long hearings and meetings, the Anglo-American Commission of Inquiry in its final report called for the immediate admission of 100,000 Jews into Palestine. This recommendation was immediately denounced by the British government. The plight of the victims of Nazi persecution and the revelations of the Holocaust moved world opinion. During the Commission's hearings in the camps and subsequent hearings of the U.N. Special Committee on Palestine, the D.P.'s were very vocal, asserting that no other refuge but Palestine should be their destination. The U.N. Special Committee on Palestine completed its reported and urged Great Britain to give up its mandate in Palestine and to partition the land, lending aid to the new Arab and Israeli sectors. On November 29, 1947 the United Nations voted for partition of Palestine and granted sanction for the creation of a new Jewish State. On May 14, 1948 David Ben Gurion declared the establishment of the Jewish State of Israel. The Arab states invaded Palestine but were defeated and an armistice declared. By the end of 1951 some 351,394 Jews immigrated to Israel, the greatest number coming from the displaced persons camps.

Many Jewish D.P.'s immigrated to other countries. The United States enacted a special immigration law in 1948 to admit 200,000 displaced persons. I was informed that a secret quota had been established to limit the Jewish displaced persons admitted under this act to one third, and approximately 70,000 immigrated to the states under the law. The law passed at the urging of President Truman in response to an international plea for the United States to accept its fair share of displaced persons lingering for years in the camps. Nonetheless, there continued to be hostility to immigration in the United States and to Jewish displaced persons as well. My colleague and friend, Alex Squadrilli, headed the U.S. Displaced Persons Commission in Europe with Ben Kaplan as his Director of Operations. Some Jewish displaced persons, with D.P.'s of other nationalities, immigrated to England, France, Belgium, Holland, Canada, and Australia. These countries were eager to secure workers for their mines and industries and had suffered huge losses amongst their young men during the war.

In great measure the plight of the Jewish D.P.'s in the camps and their political advocacy was a major political force in securing the final votes of the U.N. Assembly. The United States voted "yes", as did the Soviet Union and its satellite states. The Communist governments took this action as a way to force Great Britain to relinquish its mandate in Palestine and to weaken its grip on the Middle East.

My personal engagement in the Jewish exodus was modest. As UNRRA Supply Chief during this period I fulfilled my responsibilities to ensure the availability of facilities to receive the arriving refugees and to provide the food, clothing, and other amenities they needed. For the most part they were received into existing assembly centers, which were expanded into the adjacent neighborhoods. I signed fuel oil chits for staff of the Jewish Agency for Palestine attached to UNRRA for service and logistic support. I particularly assisted the AJDC whose Supply Director was Ben Kaplan, once our Hanau Depot Director in 1946–1947. AJDC brought in millions of dollars in amenity supplies for Jewish D.P.'s, which UNRRA distributed to the centers. I applauded President Truman's decision, as did most of the UNRRA, to welcome Jewish refugees into the U.S. Zone of Germany during the summer of 1945 and thereafter. This was a personal sympathy of the President and came three years before the election of 1948. The final American decision to support the establishment of the state of Israel by the United Nations reflected his lifelong commitments despite the fierce opposition of the State Department, General Marshall, and all the oil interests aligned with the Arab states.

I record portions of the minutes of a special conference convened at UNRRA headquarters in Heidelberg on November 12, 1946 to consider measures to improve conditions of the camps for Jewish refugees.

Attending this meeting were: Brigadier General R.E. Duff, G-5, Civil Affairs, 3rd U.S. Army; Pierce Williams, Deputy Chief of the Refugee Section, U.N.O.; Chaplain Herbert Friedman, U.S. Army, Aide to Rabbi Bernstein, Special Advisor to General Clay, SHAEF; J.H. Whiting, Director, UNRRA, U.S. Zone of Germany; H.W. Collins, UNRRA Liaison Officer, USFET, Ritter, Central Committee of Liberated Jews; B. Warach, Chief, Supply Division, UNRRA, U.S. Zone; Miss M.E. Nicolett, Repatriation and Eligibility Officer, UNRRA, District I; D. Adelson, Volunteer Agency Liaison, UNRRA, U.S. Zone; W. Boe, Volunteer Liaison Officer, UNRRA; Major E. Landsberg, Health Division, UNRRA, U.S. Zone; F. Winter, Legal Office, UNRRA, U.S. Zone; M. Talent, Legal Officer, UNRRA, U.S. Zone; D.W. Schwartz, Director, AJDC; S. Zayri, Director, Jewish Agency for Palestine, U.S. Zone.

The meeting had been called by the Civil Affairs Division of the U.S. Army to implement the U.S. intention to improve the material conditions of Jewish D.P.'s in the U.S Zone. Their misery had received great attention in the United States and Europe in recent months. The following conclusions were reached at the meeting:

1. The Jewish Displaced Persons problem was recognized to be of no less than twelve months duration and for all of 1947. The U.S. government would provide such care as was needed until an appropriate international agency assumed this burden.
2. The "Persecutee" category at present shall be maintained in all respect for Jewish Displaced Persons. The "Persecutee" category constitutes the legal basis upon which Jews, not originally "Displaced Persons", were being admitted into the U.S. Zone of Germany. Major Landsberg recommended that Jewish children receive an additional 200 calories a day above the general ration of 1,600 calories for all Displaced Persons' children. Children under five would receive 2,200 calories a day.
3. The military authorities recognized the necessity for embarking on a rehabilitation program for Jewish D.P.'s and others both inside and outside of D.P. Camps.
4. Military authorities decided against further mass evacuation of German sections of villages or towns to accommodate Jewish or other D.P.'s although such transfers had taken place in the past. Instead a survey would be undertaken of alternative facilities such as institutions and hotels.
5. Employment opportunities by acquisition of German farms, factories or training school should be considered, based upon specific recommendations.

6. A UNRRA and Voluntary Agency staff study would be conducted to determine the supplies and other materials needed for vocational training schools. Such opportunities would be created for Jewish and other D.P.'s.
7. The winterization of all D.P. Camps was accepted as a U.S. Army responsibility.
8. Educational supplies and facilities would be provided if at all possible.
9. The establishment of children's centers for unaccompanied Jewish children, estimated to be 6,000, would be sympathetically considered. Proposals for specific facilities would be requested by UNRRA and the Voluntary Agencies.
10. Requests for specific Jewish religious and cultural materials would be favorable considered.
11. Requests for necessary medical supplies and facilities for Jewish D.P. Camps would be considered.
12. Necessary clothing supplies would be made available to the Jewish D.P. Camps would be considered. Mr. Warach stated that the supply of children's clothing was poor.
13. Voluntary Agency supplies for Jewish D.P. Camps would not be considered "supplementary" because of the shortage of all supplies, particularly with the overwhelming increase in the number of Jewish infiltrees. It was not possible to provide "free living" D.P.'s the same rations and service as those available to camp residents.
14. General Duff stated that official recognition had been given to the Central Committee for Liberated Jews by the Theatre Commander.

The Preparatory Commission for the International Refugee Organization

Mr. Williams for the U.N.O. stated that the U.N.O. did not plan to operate services for refugees to succeed UNRRA. A new organization for refugees had been planned as UNRRA successor on July 1, 1947. This had been a matter of great concern for both the U.S. Army and UNRRA staff in planning for the future. Our meeting ended with a sense of the positive concern for the U.S. Army to make significant improvements in resources available for D.P.'s.

Through the spring of 1947 I worked assiduously with Captain George Carl, Chief of Supply, Civil Affairs Division of USFET to develop a new set of procedures, policies, and tables of supply allowances for D.P. Assembly Centers to be effective July 1, 1947. A new agency, the Preparatory Commission for the International Refugee Organization, would then be in place to succeed UNRRA, which would terminate its operation June 30, 1947. Concurrently, I revised all the extant UNRRA supply administration orders to reflect the new UNRRA and later PCIRO responsibilities. In this turning of events the U.S. Army relinquished its basic responsibility for the logistics and cost of the D.P. Assembly Centers to UNRRA and the PCIRO. UNRRA and PCIRO assumed responsibility for budgeting and payment for all supplies needed by the D.P.'s. The supply system would be wholly a PCIRO responsibility.

This reflected some profound changes in the postwar alignments of the Allies. By July 1, 1947 Secretary of State James Byrnes announced the elevation of the status of Germany from "enemy" to trusted associate. No longer would the Western Allies seek reparations from Germany. Instead the Marshall plan would seek to restore and stimulate the German economy. The "cold war" against the Soviet Union was initiated. UNRRA, the first international agency which accepted the Soviet Union as a co-equal in management of its affairs, was terminated. Care of the displaced persons, which had been deemed to be a responsibility of the occupied zones of Germany, would be, under the new International Refugee Organization, an international responsibility to which the United States would, indeed, contribute heavily.

From July 1, 1947 the care of the displaced persons in the U.S. Zone of Germany, insofar as basic provision of supply, would rest in largest measure

with PCIRO under terms of the IRO-EUCOM agreement of July 9, 1947. The Commander in Chief of the European Command (EUCOM), General Lucius Clay, still assumed responsibility for furnishing such basic supplies and services as were needed to maintain displaced persons from imported stocks subject to reimbursement by PCIRO and in accordance with PCIRO standards and requirements. However, indigenous supplies and services secured from the German civilian authorities up to prescribed levels would be furnished without charge. The standard of care was to be determined by PCIRO within the limitations of its budget and the extent of available supplies and the general economic condition of the American Area of Control of Germany. With the advent of the PCIRO displaced persons would still be sustained by supplied from the civilian German government at the cost of that government but at the same level as the German civilian population. PCIRO could provide a higher level of care and pay directly the costs of such higher allowances.

The supply system for PCIRO shifted to placing responsibility upon the organization's own staff and resources. Assembly center supplies were wholly PCIRO's responsibility. My job functions were changed to reflect that burden. I set forth the job description, which I wrote:

Job Description
Chief, Supply Division
PCIRO, U.S. Zone of Germany

Responsible for:

1. Development of procedure and policy for affecting logistic support of Displaced Persons, PCIRO, Voluntary Societies, and attached Liaison personnel in the U.S. Zone. Logistic Supplies will include: Class I, Class II, IV, Class II P.O.L. & Solid Fuels, Medical Supply, Engineering Service, accommodations, local procurement, maintenance projects, and contractual relationship with groups, associations of D.P.'s Assembly Centers, German Civilian Agencies, and communities.
2. Development of such requirements, standards et al, budgetary information, and other statistics as are necessary to determine the needs of D.P.'s, PCIRO Administrative, and attached Voluntary Agency and Liaison personnel.
3. Placement of such requirements and procurement requests to the respective EUCOM echelons and ensuring that these requests are met by actual delivery to points required.
4. Technical supervision of all PCIRO units with respect to the receipt, storage, distribution, and use of all supplies and services relating to logistical support.

5. To maintain and supervise such supply depots as are required to fulfill the IRO-EUCOM agreement.
6. To establish and maintain a standard system of property control for all supplies and property for which PCIRO is responsible.
7. To prepare and submit reports required. To establish and maintain liaison with military echelons of supply at EUCOM, OMG, and Military District HQ's.
8. Supervise the Voluntary Agency Imported Supply program and assist Voluntary Agencies on the receipt, storage, and distribution of their imported supplies.

The transition from UNRRA to the Preparatory Commission for the International Refugee Organization was imperceptible. On July 1, 1947 we all changed our shoulder patches from the white on red letters of UNRRA to the white on blue of PCIRO. Life and work at the headquarters in Heidelberg went on without change. The major policy shifts from U.S. Army to PCIRO standards of material care had already been published. There was no radical change from prior practice, and so I had written them to avert any problems and to substantiate PCIRO's determination to maintain adequate standards of care. The special rations for Jewish displaced persons were maintained.

In August 1947 I attended a conference for PCIRO officers in occupied Germany in Geneva, the new world headquarters for the agency. We were informed about the EUCOM-IRO Agreement with its commitment by the U.S. Army for the continued support of the displaced persons. However, the financial responsibility of PCIRO for all costs above the U.S. Army Standard of Care was emphasized. A new international headquarters Chief of Supply was introduced. He was a General Hardig, a retired office of the U.S. Quartermaster Corps. We were commended for our prior service with UNRRA and our continued loyalty to the new agency and asked to carry on. The new senior staff of PCIRO Geneva would be concerned with developing relocation opportunities for D.P.'s. We left Geneva with a sense of comfort that a new agency was in the making, but that we would need to rely on our own relationships with EUCOM headquarters to assure continued logistic support to the Displaced Persons Camps.

The following months passed by speedily. Our Supply Division staff was augmented to meet our new operating responsibilities. The flow of supplies, closely monitored now by our headquarters division, continued in fairly good order. The transition to our own depots and the German civilian resources was made without severe difficulties. General Clay's policy of securing full payment in hard currency from PCIRO for supplementary supplies above the ration standards of German civilians was enforced as the months went by. He was determined to shield the German economy from the excess costs of the

Displaced Persons Program. Allied government appropriations for PCIRO, he felt, should be the source for such funding.

Now the system for proper accounting for all supplies and equipment came into full play. The war was over! This was a radical change from the earlier, chaotic UNRRA and U.S. Army procedures. We received regular reports from UNRRA supply officers stationed at our depots and in every assembly center. Communications with all PCIRO units improved enormously as they had with U.S. Army Civil Affairs, Office of Military Government (OMG) centers, and German civilian sources. The German civilian economy was beginning to recover even as the numbers of U.S. Army personnel was diminishing. German officials were hostile to the D.P.'s but correct.

There were initiatives by the British, Belgian, and French governments to recruit D.P.'s for factory labor in England and for the mines in France and Belgium. Canada and Australia accepted a limited number of displaced persons. There was news of an impending passage of an American immigration law, the Displaced Persons Act of 1948, to admit 200,000 D.P.'s into the United States.

On September 15, 1947, several months before my departure from Germany, I completed a comprehensive report: "The Care of United Nations Displaced Persons in the U.S. Zone of Germany, April 1, 1945 to June 30, 1947," as the former Chief of Supply Division, UNRRA, U.S. Zone Headquarters. The report provides a succinct overview of the problems of the displaced persons and the functions of the Supply Division. It is a very detailed report of a turbulent time and some valiant work done by UNRRA and U.S. Army staff. I submitted the report to our Zone Director and UNRRA headquarters in London and Washington D.C. for the archives.

For myself, as I came to the end of my third year overseas, I gave much thought to the continuation of my stay. My job was secure; indeed, I had been rapidly promoted and enjoyed a very high rank and status at PCIRO headquarters in Heidelberg and in U.S. Army Civil Affairs circles. I was President of the PCIRO Officers Club at the Schreider Hotel. But I had misgivings about the future. PCIRO would be succeeded by the International Refugee Organization. There would be displaced persons centers in Germany for another three, four or five years, but ultimately they would be resettled and my job ended. I might have explored work with Civil Affairs or military government offices in occupied Germany, but that prospect did not appeal to me at all. Then I observed the life of some of my colleagues. Many were older men, many had unhappy family lives and were divorcees, with wife and children abandoned in the home country. The younger men who had completed their war service returned home. Some, especially the British staff, had served in outposts of the British Empire before the war as soldiers or civil servants. They knew the luxuries of the "pukka sahib" life, the excesses

of alcohol and the easy comfort of sex. But, as the French characterized the life, they were all ratte. As lovely and available as were the young women at Heidelberg headquarters, I was determined not to marry. So I felt profoundly it was time to return home; though I would abdicate my kingdom, I had no plans for the future. I vaguely felt I would return to social work in the settlement house or Jewish Community Center field. It was time to visit with my family, to see my father, my mother, and my brother again. And so I resigned, effective December 27, 1947.

The Zone Director, Paul Edwards, sponsored a lovely farewell party for me, attended by a galaxy of EUCOM Civil Affairs officers and PCIRO staff. Splendid praise and good wishes were offered. There were some tears too. I was leaving Gene Soffe, my companion for two years, in Heidelberg. I took a train to Bremerhaven and boarded the S.S. Antinuous, a freighter with a dozen passengers, bound for New York on December 14, 1947. It was a pleasant voyage, though we traversed some storms in the North Sea. I enjoyed a private stateroom and some good meals in the passenger dining room. The ship docked in Brooklyn December 24, 1947. A great snow had decked the streets. My trunk was deposited on the dock, and I bid farewell to the ship's officers and crew and my fellow passengers and walked down the gangplank. A taxi drove me across the Brooklyn Bridge to Seventh Street. My mother, father, and brother welcomed me home. We enjoyed a holiday meal – chicken soup, roast chicken, wine, honey cake – at our dining room table and talked late into the night. I fell asleep that night in my own bed with very troubled feelings. I was now a displaced person.

Home Again

I was home again. Three years ago I had embarked on the John Barton Payne bound for Plymouth, England and a great adventure in wartime Europe. Now I was far away from the tensions and drama of my life in postwar Germany. UNRRA and PCIRO had made great progress in bringing stability to the lives of displaced persons. I had personally participated in the relief effort for thousands of Soviet Russian prisoners of war and slave laborers liberated in April 1945. I had assisted in their repatriation in June of 1945. Three hundred thousand displaced persons benefited from the extraordinary effort of the U.S. Army, UNRRA, and PCIRO. Half of these refugees were Jews who had fled the bitter anti-Semitism of the people of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Romania for the U.S. Zone of Germany. I personally felt thankful for the friendship and support of President Truman who authorized the admission of Jewish refugees into the U.S. Zone of Germany and for the subsequent decision of the American government to affirm the decision of the United Nationals Assembly to partition Palestine and create the State of Israel. This was all the more admirable considering the fierce opposition of Great Britain, the Arab States, State Department, and oil interests in the Unites States. For myself I felt good that I had survived, despite some danger, and completed my services with effectiveness, honor, and distinction. I had, and have to this day, had very mixed feelings about my abandonment of my post as Chief of Supply Division of PCIRO in the U.S. Zone of Germany.

My brother Kenneth, my mother, and father listened very carefully to my accounts of my work, my impressions of the displaced persons programs during the war, and postwar Germany. They were, most naturally, most interested in my story of the Jewish refugee experience. I told them about Aliyah Bet, the brave role of the Jewish Haganah soldiers who had come through my office with the Jewish Agency for Palestine. I described the Zionist organizations among the Jewish refugees in their D.P. camps and their agitations for the State of Israel during the hearings of the United Nations Commissions on Palestine. They had already learned from their Lonowicszer landsleit in Israel about the tragic fate of their village in Poland in 1941. German Einsatztruppen murdered my grandmother, her two daughters, their husbands, and children. One cousin escaped, joining the Soviet Russian troops on their retreat east.

He later joined the Polish division with the Red Army and fought his way west to Berlin with the Red Army. Upon discharge at war's end he return to Lonowicsz and fled in dismay. He had been a D.P. in the U.S. zone of German and immigrated to Australia with his Russian wife.

My father corresponded regularly with his two nieces in Palestine. Tscharne was married to Chaim Rabin and Toba to Jona Ron. Jona was a Colonel in the Haganah. They kept the family informed about developments in Palestine. In the winter and spring of 1948 there were many public meetings and demonstrations in New York sponsored by the Verband and other Jewish organizations in support of the State of Israel. Although the U.N. Assembly vote on the partition of Palestine occurred in November 1947, Ben Gurion did not declare the establishment of the State of Israel until May of 1948. During that period and later the Arab armies of Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon, and Iraq were defeated by the Haganah with a heavy loss of life and an armistice achieved. For my father and mother this was a great triumph following the tragic impact of the Holocaust. My father had been a devoted member of the Verband, the Zionist Labor Organization, since the early 1920's. By 1928 he had persuaded all of his landsleit in the Lonowicszer and Wolyner societies to affiliate with the Verband.

My father still left early in the morning for work at his shop at two Bond Street. Business had improved during the war and the year which followed. World demand for reprocessed wool increased, and prices of new wool clips were higher. Our apartment now had two radios, one in the kitchen and the other in the dining room. A new refrigerator replaced the ice box, and there was a telephone. My mother was attending a women's Literary Society at the Seward Park Library near East Broadway. She had completed evening high school sponsored by the New York City Board of Education twice, earning two certificates! Sundays my mother and father visited family and friends, and I joined them in traveling to the Bronx and Brooklyn. During Passover we had a memorable reunion at the home of my grandparents.

At the apartment my brother yielded the bedroom to me and slept in the dining room. I still could see my way across the airway into the apartment in the adjacent building. Nothing had changed here at home, I thought, but I had, and I was restless. I felt myself to be a displaced person, seeking a new way. No one here could quite appreciate my experiences or really cared. Such was the way of the world, and I accepted that reality.

My brother Kenneth had enlisted in the army in 1944 at eighteen and had been assigned to the Army Student Training Program and entered basic training. After a strenuous beginning he was hospitalized and diagnosed with tuberculosis, a recurrence of his childhood illness. After a long spell in the hospital he was granted a medical discharge. This was a fortunate illness, for he might have been assigned to some combat unit. He enrolled in New York University and completed his baccalaureate in industrial education and was

immediately employed by the Board of Education as a teacher of industrial arts at high school. Kenneth had become an excellent carpenter and a fine teacher. Standing at six feet two inches, he was an imposing figure. He enjoyed teaching in Harlem and found his students interested and attentive. They loved the woodwork shop.

My brother married Miriam Hirsch in 1949. She was a young Hunter College graduate and had grown up on Seventh Street as we had. Miriam's training had been in accounting, but she initially went to work as a high school teacher in mathematics. Kenneth and Miriam had met in the Labor Zionist movement. Their wedding brought great joy to my mother and father. It was an Orthodox wedding in a large hall on Clinton Street in the Lower East Side. The wedding party was very large, and our whole family and all the landsleit attended. The orchestra was very noisy. After the wedding Kenneth and Miriam found an apartment in Brooklyn and relocated.

I spent a week in Washington, D.C. at the Personnel Office of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. I received their good wishes and a final discharge of their "war service employee". My old distribution branch had shrunk to a small cadre still managing the School Lunch and School Milk Programs. Foreign markets for American farm produce had expanded enormously and were funded by U.S. loans and the Marshall Plan. I had one desultory interview with the International Rescue Committee. I returned to New York with the certainty that work with the federal, state or municipal government was closed to me given the preferences to the veterans of the war. Back in New York I turned to the Personnel Bureau of the National Jewish Welfare Board for a job in the Jewish Center field. Several interviews in the city, at the Bronx House and the Educational Alliance, came to naught. My prior service seemed to be meaningless as a prerequisite for a community center job.

During the months after my return I walked the city. I attended museums and viewed some foreign films at the Apollo Theatre on movie house row. 42nd Street was still as tawdry as ever. Central Park too had a haggard and neglected look. My old schoolmates had gone. Abe Judson had married Mary Schussler on discharge from the army and enrolled at the University of Maryland at College Park to complete his baccalaureate and a doctor's degree in psychology. Felix Dushnick had married Doris, a young actress in Jack Wasserman's summer stock theatre company, and was in Paris as a supervising engineer in the construction of the American Hospital. I visited Jack Wasserman at the Will Rogers Sanitarium in Lake Saranac, New York. Jack had contracted tuberculosis. Fortunately the Variety Club sustained the sanitarium as a treatment center for indigent actors, and Jack spent two years recovering. Dr. Harry Shpuntoff, my cousin, completed my dental rehabilitation at some expense, the aftermath of years of no treatment in Europe. Still, it was an opportunity to revisit with Harry, his wife Anne, and his large family.

I met a pretty, young social worker, Jacqueline Singer, a Canadian from Toronto. We did not have enough time in the city before I departed. But I still remember Jackie for the lovely fragrance of the Chanel perfume she wore. Before I left the city for Pittsburgh, Jackie urged me to meet her friend Trudy Chaiken who had just graduated from the School of Social Work at the University of Pittsburgh and was a resident of the Irene Kaufmann Settlement. Curiously, some years later at a social work conference, I danced with Jackie again. There it was, the Chanel Number Five fragrance, still bewitching.

I found a job at last through my old schoolmate Abe Vinik. I had last seen Abe in Mainberg, Bavaria in his office with military government. I had motored up from Pasing in July of 1945 and found him ensconced in a merchant's house on the town square. He introduced me to Maiga Ramatz, his secretary, an English speaking Latvian who had fled with her mother from Latvia to Germany and then to Bavaria. She had completed her schooling in Germany and had graduated as a pharmacist. Abe found Maiga pleasing and married her. Upon discharge from the army he spent a year as Director of Youth Activities for the office of military government of Greater Lande Hesse. Then the couple, after Maiga and her mother secured their visas, returned to Pittsburgh. Abe was employed by an old friend and colleague, Sam Levene, Director of the Irene Kaufmann Settlement House and Center.

In the spring of 1948 Sam Levene left the settlement house to accept the position of Executive Director of the Jewish Centers Association of Chicago and took Abe, then Group Work Supervisor at the Irene Kaufmann Center in Squirrel Hill, with him. The vacancy was for that job, the day camp directorship of the center and service as Field Work Instructor with the School of Social Work at the University of Pittsburgh. I should be renewing an old and happy educational experience with Wilbur Newstetter, the Dean, Gertrude Wilson, Professor of Group Work, and her associate, Gladys Ryland. I had enjoyed Pittsburgh as a student and felt this job would help me refresh my skills in group work and community center work.

My negotiations for employment were conducted with Sidney J. Lindenberg, the new Director of the settlement house. Over several months the offer was improved, and I accepted the position of Group Work Supervisor effective June 13, 1948 at a salary of $3,600 a year, about half my pay at PCIRO just six months earlier. But I had saved ten thousand dollars during my first five years of employment, capital which would be useful to me in the future. I was confident that the value of my earlier years of experience with the U.S. government and international public service would help me succeed in social work in the United States. Once again, on June 13, 1948, I bade farewell to my mother, my father, and brother, and took a taxi to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station early in the morning.

My Return to Pittsburgh

Late that day I arrived in Pittsburgh and at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement. It was a very large building with an auditorium standing high above a long flight of steps and the streets. Greek columns decorated the façade. It was an important building in the impoverished neighborhood of wood frame tenement buildings, which had housed several generations of Jewish immigrants. In the late nineteenth century the Hill District had been the first neighborhood of residence for thousands of immigrants from Eastern Europe, Poland, and Russia. The Hill District remained a ramshackle conglomeration of two- and three-story houses. Poverty stricken immigrants were packed into the tiny little apartments with outhouses in the rear yard. Center Avenue, the Hill District's Main Street, was the shopping mall for the immigrant masses. There were kosher butcher shops, dairy stores, vegetable markets, and retail stores to serve the needs of this dense population. When I was last in Pittsburgh there were still many Jewish residents. Now, in 1948, the neighborhood had changed radically. It was predominantly Negro with scattered sections of elderly Jewish tenants, the last remnants left behind in the exodus.

The Irene Kaufmann Settlement was the grandest building in the neighborhood. It was a block long edifice, three stories high in three sections. One housed the gymnasium and swimming pool, the central section housed the offices, clubrooms, dance hall, and residence, and the last the auditorium. In 1895 the Council of Jewish Women initiated the first activities of the Columbia School, which in 1909 became the Irene Kaufmann Settlement. It was named after the wife of the principal benefactor, Henry Kaufmann. He was the son of German Jewish immigrants, one of many, who arrived shortly after the revolutions in the German states in 1848. The revolutionaries were fiercely repressed. Henry Kaufmann followed his father into the retail business and developed the largest department store in downtown Pittsburgh. In the tradition of the German Jewish community, soon after their arrival, they established Pittsburgh's Jewish philanthropic institutions. The Kaufmann building, with Henry Kaufmann's magnificent gift, was constructed in 1909 and greatly enlarged in 1939.

Settlement house activities were extensive and enormously popular. They were provided at little cost to the impoverished neighbors. The baths were

succeeded by a gymnasium and swimming pool, a free kindergarten, an art and music school, dancing classes, a Civic Forum, a prenatal clinic, a visiting nurse service, and a little theatre. In over fifty years of activity the settlement attracted tens of thousands of children, youth, and adults. As the neighborhood changed the settlement house continued to serve the incoming Negro community. Negro staff members were added to serve an interracial membership.

In 1942, after a Board study, interracial policies were adopted to make activities inviting to new arrivals. As I recall Pittsburgh was in 1942 almost a southern city. De facto segregation was the practice tacitly accepted by white and Negro people in the city. A special effort was made by the settlement to make Negroes feel welcome.

Concurrently, a decision was made to initiate an extension community center in Squirrel Hill and another in the East End, more recent neighborhoods of Jewish location. The Board of Directors included the youngest descendents of the German Jewish immigrants and affluent representatives of the American born children of Eastern European immigrants. The settlement house and the newer centers were supported by the Community Chest of Allegheny County, the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, endowment fund income, contributions, and membership dues and fees.

In settlement house tradition the Irene Kaufmann Settlement had a staff residence and dining room. Sidney J. Lindenberg, then Executive Director, welcomed me on my arrival. I settled into my assigned room and came to dinner. The residents included a number of staff members and students at the School of Social Work, University of Pittsburgh. Trudy Chaikin, a friend of Jacqueline Singer, whom I had met in New York, greeted me warmly. Jackie had asked her to look out for me, and she certainly did. Trudy had just completed her second year at the school and had graduated. But she had accepted a job in New York City and was returning shortly. But she had several days to orient me to the ways of the Settlement residence, its staff, activities, and the neighborhood. Of really great significance to me was her introduction of me to her dearest Pittsburgh classmate, Shirley Wagner. Shirley had another year to complete her graduate school program in social case work. I met Shirley at Emma Kaufmann Camp later that summer. Shirley was a counselor at the camp. Some years later when Shirley and I returned to the city, we continued to see Trudy and her husband, Chick Chaiken, remaining good friends.

My work at the Irene Kaufmann Center began almost immediately. The Center, a large storefront facility, was located at 5832 Forward Avenue in the heart of the Squirrel Hill District north of the Oakland university area. It was a neighborhood of some old and splendid mansions, remnants of another day when Squirrel Hill was an area of millionaire residents at the turn of the

nineteenth century. Recently it had become a middle class neighborhood, the large estates and mansions disappearing. They were replaced by modest single-family houses and apartment buildings. The estimated population of the area in 1948 was 40,000, of whom half were thought to be Jews.

Within a few weeks another young social worker and I, Bernard Siegel, rented a pleasant, furnished two-bedroom apartment close by the center in Squirrel Hill. Costs in Pittsburgh were distinctly lower than in New York City. We set up a bachelor housekeeping arrangement, which worked well for several years.

I met Irving Cantor, Director of the Irene Kaufmann Center. He was a very large, heavy, and jovial young man, married and father of two little girls. He was a professionally trained social group worker and had been on the job for several years. Abe Vinik, my old school chum, had been on staff with Irving for a year and had given Irving an introduction to me. After a year with Abe, Irving must have had some doubts about my immediate readiness to serve as a social group worker. In his mind I was a beginner. And so I might have been despite my years growing up in a settlement house in New York and at its camp. Most of all I needed to reorient myself to the minutia of civil life in Pittsburgh and the significance of social group work with the center's youth.

Summerland Day Camp, which I directed, served seventy-five children from five to seven years of age in two camp periods of three weeks. The day camp was located at South Park. Its activities, morning program, lunch, rest period, and swim were typical of all summer day camping. The staff included a Program Director, six counselors, and six junior counselors. Children were picked up close to their homes by bus early morning and delivered home late in the afternoon. For some families, particularly those with working mothers, the camp was an important day care service at an affordable cost.

At the center, after the summer season, I supervised Junior, Intermediate, and Sub-Teen workers, the physical education programs, and two social group work students from the School of Social Work at the University of Pittsburgh. There were several committees of the center's Board of Managers to advise. In 1948–1949 the center was still in its early phase of development and served principally younger children. The local high school had an extensive after-school extra-curricular program, and the center was not a high status locale for teenage youth. We worked hard to recruit young people for center activities.

During the summer of 1949 I served as Associate Director of Emma Kaufmann Camp, sponsored by the Settlement in Harmony, Pennsylvania. I succeeded Eve Rabban as Director in 1950 and 1951. Emma Kaufmann Camp was located in Harmony, about forty miles north of Pittsburgh, a tiny country village in farm country. The camp itself was on a site of twenty-eight acres on a branch of the Allegheny River. A little steel bridge connected the camp to Harmony, and every time an automobile crossed the bridge swayed to and fro.

Harmony had been settled by a Protestant Fundamentalist sect originating in Bohemia-Moravia in the early nineteenth century. Their religious precepts obliged men and women, though married, to live abstemiously. Alas, with that rule, the Harmonites were doomed and could attract no new converts. They disappeared, leaving behind a quaint village with houses clustered about the village square. The Harmonites had extensive vineyards and made wine, which were bottled and stored in large cellars.

Emma Kaufmann Camp had been constructed by funds contributed by Henry and Irene Kaufmann as a memorial to their daughter Emma. As the story is received several generations later, Emmy died by suicide after an unhappy love affair with her chauffeur. The family persuaded him to give up Emma. Emma could not accept the separation.

In the style of camp design of the 1920's the camp buildings were all located around a central quadrangle in which was mounted a very tall flagpole flying the Stars and Stripes. There were large dormitories with twenty campers in each room, a large social-hall auditorium, and a dining hall. Campers swam in a large, outdoor, concrete swimming pool set in a playfield meadow below the camp buildings. Camp served 160 boys and girls from eight to twelve years of age in each of four two-week trips. In 1951 we served a total of 645 children. Most of the children were Jewish, though twenty-one were not.

In a final report of the 1951 season I described the camp program:

> Emma Kaufmann Camp is a child centered community, a wonderful country place with surrounding streams, woods, playing fields, campfire, sleep-out sites, and a dining room. The camp experience was very different for each of the eighty groups of eight children.
>
> The rising bell was as painful as ever. There was an inspiring flag raising ceremony; there were regular mealtimes and going to bed. Swimming was the campers' favorite activity. The boys were especially interested in active sports and the resurfaced baseball field, 'as good as Forbes Field now'. Morning might find groups fishing, cooking their breakfasts, playing mushball, volleyball, basketball, doing leaf prints, hammering buddy burners, making Indian headgear at the arts and crafts shop, building a leanto, taking instructional swim, or rehearsing for Sabbath services, a Shabbot program for Saturday morning. On Sunday morning there were services at local churches for the Christian children. Every group developed its own program with the participation of the campers and was rich and meaningful.

Management of the camp came easily to me. An abiding concern for me, as for every camp director, was the health of the children and the staff. I visited with the camp nurse every morning at the infirmary. We were fortunate to

have Dr. Arthur Stewart as our Camp Physician. He was an older, white haired man, a widower, and lived in an ivy-clad house just across the river in Harmony. Dr. Stewart would always come by when any camper had a fever. We were most concerned about poliomyelitis. Inoculation for this disease was yet to come. About twelve children were sent home for bed-care every summer. We had good fortune, and our camp practices were sound. We had no serious illness or accidents during any of my three summers at camp.

Prior to the opening of camp for the children we were host to a number of community groups. In 1951 the Universal Machine Works of Zelionople, the United Presbyterian Church, the Harmony Hobby Club, the Harmony Boy Scout Troop, the Zelionople Methodist Church, and the Eagles had all day picnics. Then we scheduled a number of weekend encampments; the Pittsburgh Zionist Youth Council and the Intercollegiate Zionist Youth Federation held their annual conferences at the camp.

Our most notable experience was the first Senior Citizens Weekend. It took me all of a year to organize, principally to persuade the Emma Kaufmann Camp Board of Directors and its Medical Advisors that the senior citizens would not perish during their stay at a summer camp. Quite the contrary, I asserted the weekend activity would be rejuvenating. The Pittsburgh Council of Jewish Women co-sponsored the program. Some forty elderly people with an average age of sixty-five attended. It was a very happy experience. It was the first of many such programs for the elderly sponsored by camps throughout the country. During this weekend I recalled the successful experience we had enjoyed at Sunset Camp Service League in Elgin, Illinois with children who had suffered heart impairment.

The annual budget of Emma Kaufmann Camp in 1951 was $40,000. Our income was $22,000 in camper fees, $1,000 in conference fees, and $17,000 in philanthropic grants from the Community Chest and other sources. No child was denied a place for want of money. The average fee per camper for two weeks was $34. Fees were charged on a sliding scale based on family income.

During my second year at the Irene Kaufmann Center in Squirrel Hill we spent a great deal of time recruiting teenage members. The center was not popular with the "in" crowd of fraternity and sorority high school youth. We attracted unaffiliated youngsters, mostly to our physical education activities. Many years later I learned, when the new Irene Kaufmann Center building was completed, its gymnasium and swimming pool were far more interesting for a new generation of teenage youth.

In October of 1950 I was transferred to the settlement house as its Program Director, reporting to Sidney J. Lindenberg, Director. This job was truly a new experience. The settlement house membership was now predominantly Negro, and our staff was interracial. I learned much from three of the social work professionals whom I supervised. There was much

said about the Negro community and the lives of its people in Pittsburgh. Lenore Rainey served as Intake Director, Ellen E. Bullock was Group Work Supervisor, and Alfred Witcher was the Boys Worker. Negro children enjoyed the physical education programs in the gymnasium and swimming pool most of all. They participated in the club and arts and crafts programs. The nursery school, the dance program, and the music school still attracted Jewish participation from out of the Hill District. Sunday afternoon movies, free to members, were the most popular activity of all.

The settlement house had a very easygoing tempo. The nursery and music school directors had worked at the settlement house for years. The most notable old timer was "Ziggy" Kahn, Director of physical education activities. He had once been a notable baseball player. He was "Mr. IKS" to generations of Jewish youth who had once been members and were now scattered throughout Pittsburgh and Allegheny County. He presided over his office adjacent to the gym and throughout the day in the formality of a jacket, shirt, and tie. I never observed him in gym shorts and shirt, throwing a basketball to any of the new Negro generation members. He was resentful of the profound change in the membership of the settlement and hostile to the new Negro professionals on staff. This mixture of resentment, hostility, and nostalgia was pervasive among all the settlement old timers, and the new staff members were quite aware of it. "Ziggy" Kahn and the others needed their jobs and held on to them dearly. There was no way to cut the Gordian knot, and its Board and Director were determined to make the settlement house available to the newest residents of the Hill District. I learned that many years later "Ziggy" Kahn campaigned for City Councilman at large and was elected easily. He retired at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement. His son, Bill Kahn, later became a social group worker and was Executive Director of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies in New York City and St. Louis.

Lenore Rainey, Ellen Bullock, and Al Witcher became good friends and colleagues. I learned about the great in-migration of the Negroes into Pittsburgh during the First World War as the steel companies recruited new workers for their expanding mills. Negroes worked the lowest paying job, the scut work of the mills. The white skilled workers kept them out of the unions. They lived in the poorest slums of Pittsburgh along the river and then came into the Hill District in the 1920s as the Jews began to move out. The Hill District was just above downtown Pittsburgh, and Center Avenue snaked its way east along the ridge. Negroes worked in all the lowest paying jobs in the city but slowly made their way into the civil service jobs, into the post office, and as trolley conductors. These were steady jobs and earned their occupants status in the Negro community. Some of the young children made their way to college and into social work just as the children of immigrant Jews found their way to higher status work in America.

During World War II the mills and factories of Pittsburgh once again needed workers, and many Negroes migrated from the South. White folk in Pittsburgh were hostile, but there was enough work for all, and Negroes were admitted to the AFL-CIO union. This war the Negroes were not used as anti-union strikebreakers as they had been earlier during the twentieth century in Pennsylvania and Pittsburgh. In 1948 there was no legal separation of the races, but there was no doubt that real social separation was observed in the city. After hours there were no interracial social relations among staff members. But one memorable occasion was a grand fraternity dinner and dance at a major downtown hotel to which Al Witcher invited Shirley and me. Al's college fraternity was really important in Negro society in Pittsburgh. We were the only white folk at this party and were made to feel at home. This was the first black tie event for me.

A very significant part of my experience in Pittsburgh was my relationship with the School of Social Work as a Field Work Instructor during four years, 1948 to 1952. I supervised two students a year. Students were assigned to activities at the center and settlement house; their fieldwork required twenty-one hours a week during each of four semesters. Field Work Instructors were required to complete one semester of a formal class in "Orientation to Field Work" taught by Gertrude Wilson and Gladys Ryland. Then there were bi-monthly meetings of the group work instructors with Dr. Merrill Connover and other school faculty. The Field Work Instructors met with their students weekly. Students submitted long and detailed records of their work of analysis and discussion. Some very strong lifetime relationships developed between Field Work Instructors and their students.

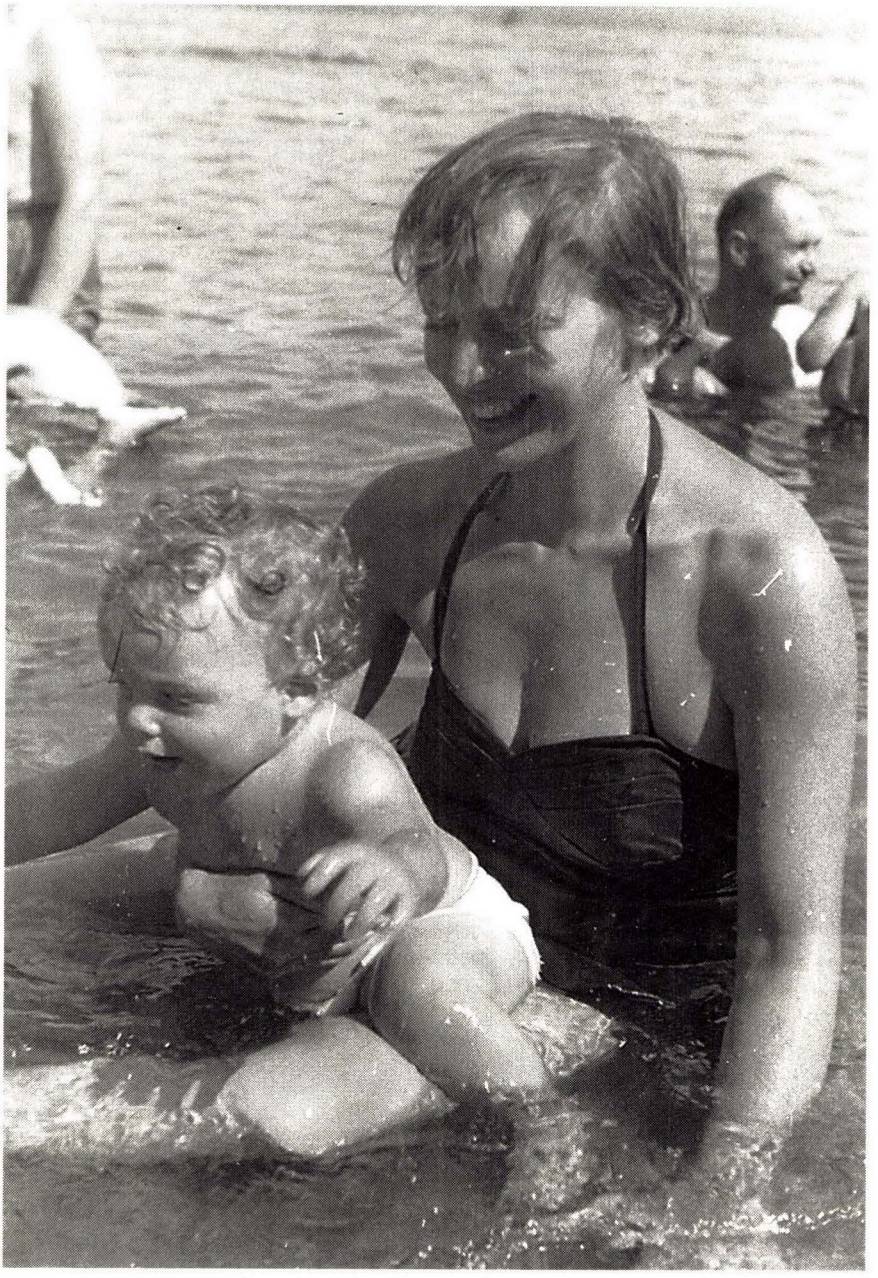
For me this immersion in the school experience was a refreshing return to social group work, which I abandoned in 1942. I did a great deal of reading about social education, group work, and student training. No doubt I regained my sensitivity to the social work milieu through involvement with the school.

Picture 2: Hotel Normandie, Granville, France

Picture 3: UNRRA Team I (Left to Right) Dr. John Scott, A.G.A. Van Den Bogaert, Annette Carvel, Capt. J.M. Faithful, Bernard Warach, Ida Mansbridge

Picture 4: Joseph and Frances Warach, 1919

Picture 5: Wedding Day. Shirley, Bernard, Frances and Joseph Warach



Picture 6: Shirley with Joshua, 1955

Picture 7: Lake Sebago. Shirley with Jonathan, Joshua and Beth, 1959

Shirley Wagner

My social life in Pittsburgh was circumscribed by the circles of social workers I met at the center, the settlement house, summer camp, and the university. I probably was not very adventurous. There really were not an overwhelming number of young, marriageable women, though there were some in these circles. There is no doubt I was looking hard. During the summer of 1948 I visited Emma Kaufmann Camp, and there I saw Shirley Wagner for the first time. In truth I had been looking for her on the advice of Trudy Chaiken, her friend. She was a Camp Unit Head. She was a very fair and comely young woman and moved with grace. She was warm, welcoming, and very, very interesting. When camp ended Shirley returned to Pittsburgh to complete her second and final year at the School of Social Work. She majored in Social Case Work, but the school was small, and we knew all of the faculty and shared many of the same school experiences.

I was happy to be with Shirley, and we began to spend time together. There were concerts, museum visits, parties with a host of social work friends, and dinners in. Shirley was an excellent cook. I learned about her family. She was the second of four children. Papa Joe Wagner was a technician and worked since his youth for the New York Telephone Company. He had made his way up the ranks to become a Special Assistant to a company Vice President concerned with security affairs. Jack, Shirley's older brother, was a mechanical engineer and was in the army. Younger brother Edward, a brilliant young man, was a graduate of Cooper Union and employed at General Electric in Schenectady. Ed was a radical and was working on the line to organize workers into a union. Youngest brother Stanley was at the University of Syracuse at the state school of forestry. He had been an Eagle Scout and had become enamored with the out of doors. Shirley's mother Min was the mainstay of the family. She was one of four daughters of a very large family in Queens. Her father had been a high tower roofer specializing in church steeples and had his own company. He must have been prosperous because he had been a synagogue president. During the depression the New York Telephone Company never laid off any of its employees, though it required the staff to share work. Joe was among the most prosperous members of his family. He and Min owned a small house in Ozone Park and an automobile.

Joe and Min were host to all the Passover and Thanksgiving dinners for their large extended family.

I found living in Emma Kaufmann Camp during the summer of 1949 without Shirley's company had become distressing. I loved Shirley, and she loved me. Shirley understood my aspirations and my profoundest hopes, and she shared her wishes for her life with me. Shirley was very liberal politically and a volunteer in the presidential campaign for Henry Wallace. I feared that Henry Wallace, who I had admired when he was Secretary of Agriculture, would be a spoiler and assure the election of Dewey, the Republican, instead of Harry Truman who I favored. We shared our Jewish ideologies. I was very happy when we agreed to be married.

I was introduced to the Wagner-Glaser clan for the first time at their Thanksgiving dinner in 1949. My parents were impressed by Shirley and very pleased. At last their oldest son would be married and into such a substantial family. Min and Joe were American born people and did not speak Yiddish, but still they were a significant Jewish family. Min impressed both my father and mother after their first family dinner in Ozone Park. Min was, after all, an excellent cook.

Shirley and I were determined to plan our own wedding in Pittsburgh, and we did! On May 5, 1950 we were married by Rabbi Burton Levinson at the Reform Synagogue. The wedding was lovely and the setting grand – the former Frick mansion. Our parents, my brother and Miriam, Shirley's brothers, my first cousin David and his wife Phyllis Farber, who lived in Butler, Pennsylvania, Gertrude Wilson, Gladys Ryland, and a host of other colleagues and friends attended. After a reception and a late dinner for the family Shirley and I departed.

We had a wonderfully pleasant week in Miami Beach at the Fountainbleu Hotel. I was profoundly grateful for my happy physical response to our first nuptial experience. I had not been with a woman for four years and was fearful that my anxiety would affect my competence. Shirley was so welcoming, and she was my true wife. I never felt happier in my young life. I believe I made Shirley very happy too. And so we came home again after a marvelous awakening. We had rented an apartment in Oakland for our first home together and later relocated to another apartment at Forbes and Murray Avenues. We met a neighbor, Andy Warhol, then a young Carnegie Tech graduate who was an adjunct teacher at the college. We enjoyed one astonishing New Year's Eve party. The decorations were fantastic.

Early in 1952 we decided it was time to relocate to New York City. We wanted to be near our families as we planned to have children. I had had a good experience in Pittsburgh, and it was time to move on. I registered with the Bureau of Personnel of the National Jewish Welfare Board. There were few vacancies in the city. After some exploration and a job interview with Irving

Brodsky, Executive Director of the Jewish Association for Neighborhood Centers, a new agency, I accepted a position as Executive Director of the Mosholu Neighborhood Center, effective June 1, 1952. The salary was an increase over my earnings in Pittsburgh and was $6,000 a year. We could make ends meet. We bade farewell to friends and colleagues and drove to Ozone Park to stay with Min and Joe until we found our own home.

On to Mosholu in the Bronx

In 1917 the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies completed development of the 110th Street YWHA. It was a residence for young adult women and an activities center. Its sister agency, the 92nd Street YMHA, had been completed twenty years earlier. When the 110th Street YWHA was established Harlem was a significant residence for German Jewish and Russian immigrants. Marie Warach was born in Harlem. However, in the way of the city, neighborhoods change, and by 1942 Harlem had become a predominantly Negro neighborhood. The 110th Street YWHA could no longer serve young Jewish women.

The Board of Directors of the 110th Street YWHA employed Dr. Phillip Klein of the New York School of Social Work to complete a study to assist the Board in defining new directions for the agency. Dr. Klein's report recommended that the residence be moved to the 92nd street YMHA, and that the Board's major efforts be focused on establishing new community centers in un-served neighborhoods in the city. The Board accepted these recommendations. The 110th Street Y Board then rented the building to the U.S. Army during the war as a residence for U.S. Army trainees.

Lillian Robbins became Executive Director of the 110th Street YWHA, succeeded by Celene Marcus, and then by Irving Brodsky, a young social worker who had worked at the East New York YM-YWHA after discharge from the U.S. Army. The new programs, funded modestly by the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, were the Hunts Point YM-YWHA in the Bronx and the East New York Y. The Metropolitan Council of the National Jewish Welfare Board was involved in this effort. The 110th Street Y Board and its staff assisted the fledgling centers with funds for part-time leadership and the rental of facilities. The Hunts Point Y then moved to the East Tremont neighborhood.

In response to requests for professional guidance new centers were established in the Bronx River, Mosholu, Coney Island, Canarsie, East Flatbush, and Williamsburg neighborhoods. In 1948 the 110th Street Y became the Jewish Association for Neighborhood Centers (JANC). A new board was organized, and Ellie Bernheim, a young and very able, dedicated woman of German Jewish origin, became President. Indeed "Ellie", as she was called by one and all, was a niece of Governor Herbert H. Lehman and enjoyed very high social status

in New York's German Jewish community and Federation circles. During her long years in office as JANC President, Ellie completed a two-year program at the New York School of Social Work to become a more competent social agency president. During these years Irving Brodsky was her respected mentor.

JANC, in cooperation with the Mayor's Commission for the Wartime Care of Children, became sponsor of six government-funded day care centers. During the war the federal government financed these centers for the children of mothers hard at work in defense industry factories. By the end of the war one very vigorous and politically able JANC Board member, Ellie Guggenheimer, took responsibility for leadership of the day care program within JANC and created a citywide Day Care Council. Federal funding of day care ended with the Allied victory. The Council became a strong advocate for day care centers to secure municipal funding. The Council succeeded in securing municipal tax levy funding, and the day care centers were rescued. In the ensuing forty years I was closely associated with Ellie Guggenheimer in her day care affairs and later in service with the Jewish Association for Services for the Aged. I learned much about welfare politics from Ellie Guggenheimer. We were mutually very helpful!

JANC, Irving Brodsky, and Ellie Bernheim had the very difficult task of organizing neighborhood centers in Jewish working class neighborhoods with very modest philanthropic funds. Local neighborhood Boards of Directors were needed to enlist community support for these struggling efforts. In these early stages the wealthy German Jewish "downtown" board members aroused suspicion and hostility among the local community leadership, children of Eastern European immigrants. Moreover, JANC's Board was determined that ultimately significant community services would be provided under its aegis and fiscal control. The class and educational differences between JANC Board members and the local boards was all too obvious. Still, in fits and starts, sporadically, needed services were established. Day camping became a very important service as affordable childcare for working mothers in hard-pressed families. By 1950–1951 JANC had succeeded in establishing six nascent neighborhood centers. The JANC Board had at last persuaded Federation to fund the jobs of six community center directors at salary levels adequate enough to attract competent social workers. I was one of six new center directors enlisted in this significant initiative in the Jewish Community Center movement.

During the young life of the 110th Street YWHA an affiliated summer camp for young adult women and teenage girls was conducted at Camp Rayhill in Mt. Kisco, New York. During the fall, winter, and spring seasons the camp became an important resource for the conduct of conferences and weekend vacations for the members of the JANC centers.

The JANC Board was an actively involved group of young men and women enlisted by Ellie Bernheim. In the 1950's that generation of women of affluent families completed their college education, married, had children, and

stayed home. Their husbands were leading professionals in business, banking, law, and philanthropies. For the women, participation as volunteers and on agency boards was an esteemed and highly acceptable way of life. For some this volunteer service and devotion was an alternative to Jewish religious practice. Most had long left their Jewish religious or cultural identification. But JANC and Federation of Jewish Philanthropies activities were a profoundly secular Jewish experience. They believed in the virtue of this philanthropic activity. They supported the annual Federation campaign generously. At that time their financial contributions to JANC were modest.

JANC was dedicated to creating community centers in Jewish neighborhoods. During my years with JANC I was steadily engaged in completing community demographic studies, relying on U.S. Census data and other statistical measures to ascertain the Jewish populations of our designated neighborhoods of service. I worked closely with Mignon Sauber, Director of Research at Community Council of New York, to produce voluminous reports. Federation of Jewish Philanthropies and its agencies espoused policies of service to all without regard to race, creed or color. JANC and all other Federation agencies were faithful to that policy. However, every effort was made to locate services in neighborhoods of substantial Jewish population and to conduct programs attractive to Jewish families and their youth. During my long years of professional experience and the conduct of many community studies I learned that ethnic and racial neighborhoods in New York City changed every fifty years. During the period 1952 to this day in 2009, this social reality has been observed in ever changing New York City.

The character of community center services and its "Jewish Content" would be a subject of great discussion and debate over the years. What kind of an institution should a Jewish Community Center or YM-YWHA be? The earliest center institutions founded by the German Jewish philanthropists in New York City were the settlement houses. They were the Educational Alliance, the Henry Street Settlement, University Settlement, Recreation Rooms and Settlement, and, of course, the 92nd Street YM-YWHA. Established late in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, they were designed to help the incoming masses of immigrant Jews from Eastern Europe assimilate into American society. During its earliest years the Educational Alliance did not permit the use of Yiddish on its premises. That fundamental attitude stimulated hostility among the Yiddishist leadership of the Lower East Side and after some years changed. The settlement houses became beloved institutions supported by the "uptown German Jews". The leadership of the settlement houses was a fountainhead of leadership in the social struggle for legislation to improve the lives of the poor immigrants.

By the 1940's assimilation had indeed succeeded in affecting the character of the Jewish masses. Had assimilation proceeded too far? The program and

character of the Jewish sponsored settlements, community centers, and Y's became a matter of profound concern for its board leadership in New York City and across the country. The JCC-YM-YWHA movement was seen by the emerging board leadership, now the American born children of Eastern European Jews, as an important Jewish institution. In the late 1930's the National Jewish Welfare Board, which had become the national service organization for Jewish Community Centers following its World War I service as the Recruitment Bureau for Jewish Chaplains, enlisted Dr. Oscar Janowsky to complete a study on the mission of Jewish Community Centers. He engaged the lay and professional leadership of the Y movement in the effort. The study's conclusions urged the center movement to conduct centers fully dedicated to "Jewish Content", to bringing its membership back to Jewish life. Ever since, and to this day, the discussion and debate within the Jewish Community Center movement continues. What is "Jewish Content"? The Jewish Center is not committed to any one of the many religious, political, and secular ideologies represented by numerous institutions and associations. Indeed the center espouses its availability to all Jews, regardless of affiliation. No standards have ever been established for the Jewish education of staff members. The centers have adopted the Jewish calendar, being closed on the Sabbath and high holidays, though swimming activities are conducted on the Sabbath. Programs have encompassed certain Jewish holidays, such as Chanukah and Purim, which lend themselves to secular celebration. Lecture and Concert Series have featured themes of Jewish interest. During the periods of Israeli conflict the centers have been the setting for large demonstrations of support of Israel. But the singularly significant reality is that the centers are frequented by a predominantly Jewish membership. They have lost their locus as centers for social protest and advocacy, becoming social and recreational agencies.

Since the 60's the fusion of federal, state, and local government funding for important service programs has transformed the character of all voluntary agency health and welfare services. And so the effort to define the meaning and practice of the Jewish Center movement has continued, even as the institutions have grown, and in recent years become splendid palaces for the Jewish middle classes.

The Mosholu Neighborhood

Upon my return to New York City I was bound for my job as Executive Director of the Mosholu Neighborhood Center of the Jewish Association for Neighborhood Centers (JANC). Mosholu, the neighborhood, is located in the North Bronx bounded by Woodlawn Avenue in the north, Valentine Avenue in the east, Jerome Avenue to the west, and Mosholu Parkway in the south.

During the 1920's as the city expanded north, many six-story apartment houses with elevators were constructed for a more prosperous working class emerging from the crowded East Bronx. There were many one family homes as well. The notable features of the neighborhood were the Montefiore Hospital for Incurables, as it was originally called, the Woodlawn Cemetery, a lovely park like burial ground in which were buried many of the city's notables, the Jerome Avenue elevated, and Public School 94, the local elementary school. Van Cortlandt Park was at the northwestern border of the area. There were several churches and synagogues. East Gunhill road, which ran from east to west, and Jerome Avenue, covered by the towering elevated subway structure, were the principal shopping districts. There were some excellent supermarkets, dairy and delicatessen shops, and a Chinese restaurant. The neighborhood teemed with people, an estimated 50,000 residents in 1950, of whom an estimated 30,000 were Jewish, and the balance of Italian and Irish origin. The elderly were immigrants, and the younger people and their children were American born. Recreation facilities and services were limited. Van Cortlandt Park was used spring, summer, and fall. A long bus ride took people to the Pelham Bay Park and the beaches to the east.

In 1946 JANC assumed the sponsorship of a publicly funded day care center at P.S. 94. A Mosholu Community Council was organized with JANC assistance and transformed into the Mosholu Neighborhood Center. These early years were a desultory struggle to develop recreational programs for children and youth in communities' facilities. In 1950 a day camp was initiated at the Edenwald School with some success. Subsequently, a search of two years ended with the rental of very modest premises in the tawdry location at 3503 Tyron Avenue. It was a ground floor basement facility of an apartment building whose main entrance was one story higher at 215 East Gunhill Road. The center rented a small office, a social hall, which could seat 200 people, a clubroom, a tiny kitchen, and bathrooms. The entrance to the center was concurrently used by the janitor to bring his garbage cans out to the front of the street for collection by the Department of Sanitation several times a week. This entrance featured a large sign: Mosholu Neighborhood Center.

Still, it was the beginning of a center. JANC's resources at the outset were very modest. Facilities in the neighborhood were very limited, let alone designed for a significant program to meet the needs of so large a community. Years of program development and advocacy by center leadership and professionals would precede the organization of a concerted fundraising drive to secure the money needed to create center buildings.

I was initially appalled at the prospects and filled with dismay. When I arrived at the center I was warmly received by Mrs. Ruth Fischler. She was the center secretary and had served as its de facto Acting Executive Director for a period of nine months since the departure of its first Executive Director.

Rush Fischler had been a neighborhood activist in the Parents Teachers Association. Her children were center members. Ruth was a power among the neighborhood men and women of the Board. I understood I needed Ruth Fischler's support and was always respectful of her opinions. In time she became an enthusiast and devoted to me for my efforts.

How was I to create an inviting program in these unappealing facilities? I was determined to succeed and to find the levers to move the Mosholu Neighborhood Center to the forefront of the center movement in New York City and into the center facilities it needed. I did. Eight years later, in 1960, the new Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center was completed and dedicated at a ceremony attended by Robert Wagner, Mayor of the City of New York and other notables. My wife Shirley, Joshua, age six, Jonathan, four, and Beth, three, attended. It was quite a day. I now recount the story of the Mosholu saga.

Pleasantville Day Camp

Immediately upon arrival at JANC, June 13, 1952, Irving Brodsky assigned me to the Directorship of Pleasantville Day Camp. The summer session was scheduled to begin July 5. The day camp was co-sponsored by three JANC centers in the Bronx: East Tremont, Bronx River, and Mosholu. A year earlier the camp had served four hundred children in the Edenwald School in Northeast Bronx. But the day camp had to yield to the construction crews of the New York City Housing Authority. A new site had been found on the back acres of the Pleasantville Cottage School of the Jewish Child Care Association (JCCA). The Cottage School was a residential treatment center for 250 boys and girls in custody of the JCCA. The day camp site was actually a splendid country landscape of woodlands and meadows. A large outdoor swimming pool was available for two hours during the Cottage School lunch and rest period from 12:30 noon to 2:00 P.M. The site was available four days a week, the fifth to be used by other Bronx community center day camps.

There was great concern about the fatigue and stress which would be suffered by our six to eight year old children during the one hour long bus trips to and from day camp. Pleasantville was thirty miles from the Bronx. After consulting with the New York City Health Department and the Play Schools Association, it was agreed that the bus ride, with good bus programming, would be feasible and not a health hazard. A joint Board and Staff Committee of Playschools and JANC was appointed to provide oversight and guidance for the enrichment of bus programming. Rowena Shoemaker, Assistant Director of the Playschools Association, and I were appointed staff members of the committee and did the work

There were three Center Day Camp Committees concerned with the organization, staffing, programming, health measures, sanitation, transportation, budgeting, and camper fees. Camp followed a four and a half day schedule, nine to five, Monday through Thursday, and nine to one on Fridays, a trip day. The days were longer for the campers, beginning one hour or more earlier and ending one hour later to accommodate bus pick-up and departure. On rainy days day camp was rescheduled for in-city sites at the centers in museums and schools. Rainy days were miserable. I arose early in the morning every summer to check the weather forecasts and called

the center to remain in the city on rainy days. Campers were registered for one or two months. The season began July 1 and ended August 26. Camper fees ranged from $65 to $80 for the season. Fee discounts were available for families in need and amounted to ten percent of the scheduled camper fees. The cost per child was $91.60.

The logistics of Pleasantville Day Camp were complex. Every day 150 to 175 children and their counselors had to be picked up at a series of designated pickup points nears their residences between 7:30 A.M. and 8:00 A.M. and dropped off again late afternoon. Kensico Cab Company, a suburban organization, provided nine school buses every day.

Rowena Shoemaker and I wrote a guide to bus programming, which included songs, games, stories, and general guidelines. Our counselors found these suggestions especially helpful during the morning trip. By late afternoon children were tired and sleepy and managed the return trip comfortably. In 1953 the Playschools Association and JANC published a printed and illustrated bulletin entitled "Program Planning for Bus Trips", by Bernard Warach and Rowena Shoemaker and illustrated by Leonard Kessler in several thousand copies. This bulletin was disseminated to day camps throughout the city and the country and was well received.

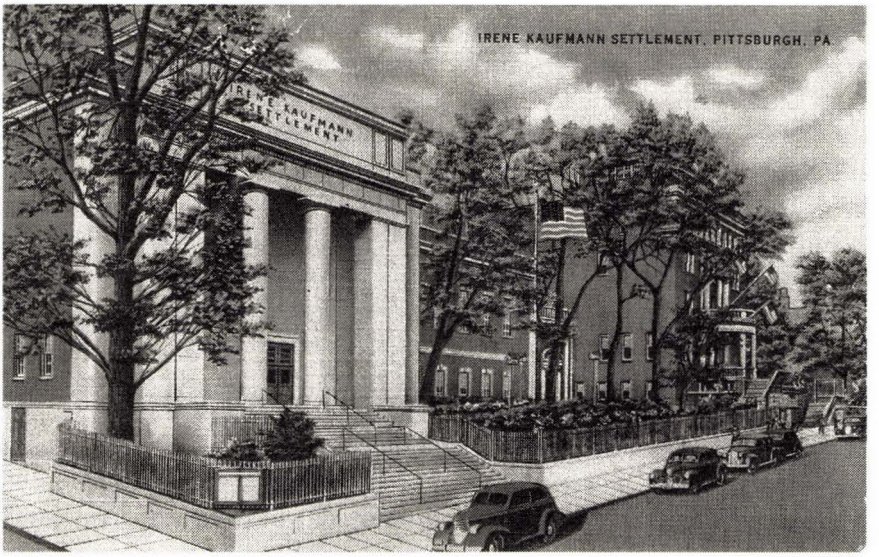
A report of our finding the positive contribution of bus programming to the well being of our children during the summer was made and undoubtedly contributed to the decision of the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies to raise more than five million dollars to acquire and develop three major day camp sites in Rockland County, Stated Island, and Suffolk counties to serve thousands of city children every summer. They are called the Henry Kaufmann Campgrounds after the benefactor Henry Kaufmann of Pittsburgh.

The Pleasantville Day Camp site was essentially vacant woodland and grassy playing fields with picnic tables set out in different nooks under the trees. Bathroom and classroom facilities were available inside the Cottage School. At some distance from the site we had improved storage facilities for camp equipment and crafts. Children brought their own lunch in insulated bags and left them at their tables. Milk was delivered to the campsite and distributed. The swimming pool was supervised by Red Cross qualified lifeguards, but the tight schedule, with groups using the pool for one hour a day, did not permit instruction. Still, the site lent itself to a wonderful summer experience. Activities ranged from games, sports, and arts and crafts to cookouts. Most children enrolled for the summer. For their hard working mothers especially, day camp was a wonderful day care service when their children were no longer at school and needed supervised play.

There were 52 people on the Pleasantville Day Camp staff. The two head counselors were trained social group workers and the unit heads students at the graduate schools of social work. Counselors were college students and

the counselor aids our own teenage members. They were an enthusiastic and attractive bunch. Pleasantville had 550 children during the three years from 1952 to 1954 when I directed the camp.

I made a great point of reporting our camp experience to the neighborhood and downtown Boards of Directors. My relationships with East Tremont and Bronx River Center boards and staff members strengthened. I was encouraged by the successful efforts to raise funds to improve camp facilities. We gained control of the day camp site for five days of the week. My recommendations for the design and construction of day camp shelters was never adopted but ultimately achieved at the facilities of the Henry Kaufmann Campgrounds. Pleasantville Day Camp, in 1952, was the largest such program in New York City and the country. Its operation received great attention, and its success stimulated the organization of day camps by community centers throughout the country. Day Camping became an alternative summer experience to summer overnight camping and at far less cost. Pleasantville was a first step in the ultimate achievement of the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center.



Picture 8: Irene Kaufmann Settlement, 1948

Picture 9: Mosholu Neighborhood Center Board

Picture 10: Mosholu Neighborhood Center Entrance

At the Mosholu Neighborhood Center

The Mosholu Neighborhood Center survived a difficult year in 1951–52. Irving Kaplan, its Executive Director, resigned in August 1951. The Junior Worker, Elisabeth M. Joel, resigned in December, succeeded by Cynthia Kohl. Larry Matloff, Teen Worker, resigned in June of 1952, while Ruth Fischler, center secretary, carried on and provided essential staff leadership. On my arrival I was enthusiastically received by Helen K. Dobkin, retiring President, and Harry D. Lebenson, the incoming President. At least the center now had a Director who seemed determined to stay and relieve them of their volunteer responsibilities. A new staff had to be employed for the fall season.

The JANC self study of 1952, which had involved central and local board members and staff, reemphasized the key goals of the agency: to provide center services, to strengthen neighborhood boards, and to assist local Jewish communities to acquire adequate center facilities. Efforts were to be made to add new Board members who could improve the center's program and fundraising abilities. JANC secured the assurance of Federation's financial support to recruit new Center Directors with adequate experience and capacity to manage developing centers.

In September of 1952 the Parents Teachers Association of P.S. 94, responding to rising elementary school enrollment, requested the Board of Education to evict the Mosholu Child Care Center as of June 30, 1952. The center occupied three classrooms in the school. The Center Board joined Child Care Center parents and JANC in advocacy for a stay of the eviction notice. A one-year stay was secured, but the Child Care Center's future was most uncertain. During the year Montefiore Hospital was persuaded to offer the Child Care Center three classrooms in an agreement which would provide day care services for the children of hospital nurses. This relationship ultimately would result in a most fruitful center-hospital relationship.

That first year I really invested all of my professional skills and determination. Mrs. Toby Savitt and Al Mintz, recent graduates of the New York School of Social Work, joined the staff. I persuaded the school to designate the Mosholu Center as a Field Work placement locale. Two graduate students in social group work, Mrs. Doris Friedman and Richard Goldstein, were assigned. I served as their Field Work Supervisor. That required regular

attendance at biweekly staff conferences. These able students really added significantly to our staff.

In retrospect we developed an astonishing program in our very limited facilities. In my first year the center had a membership of 383 families and 126 teenagers. Annual dues for families were $7.50 and $3.00 a year for teenagers. The membership represented 1,431 persons. There were 91 children under six, 430 juniors, and 164 teenagers enrolled in group activity programs every week. Average weekly attendance during a 43-week session was 545.

I cite a portion of an annual report I completed for 1952–53 to convey the sense of our center activity:

> Toby Savitt developed our Junior Program for six to ten year olds and assumed direct leadership of the 'Puppeteers', a junior girls dramatic club, the 'Beauties', the 'Lucky Stars', and the 'Pre-Teen Girls'. Al Mintz was supervisor of the 'Pre-Teen' (11–13) and 'Teen' (14–17) division, the Pre-Teen and Teen Councils, the Pre-Teen Newspaper Club, the 'Rockets', a junior boys club, and the 'Pioneers', a teen boys club, and was a Canteen Program Assistant. Doris Freedman was club leader for the 'Sirens', a teenage girls club, and developed our first senior citizens club.

Doris then completed her graduate school training. Years later she became Deputy Parks Commissioner, responsible for cultural events as a John Lindsay appointee.

The center was open from 9:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M., five days a week, Saturday evenings from 7:00 P.M. to 11:00 P.M., and Sundays for scheduled events. There was always full time coverage. The center staff included thirty part-time club leaders and volunteers who were college students. I was at the center six days a week, a demanding schedule.

A strong effort was made to secure additional space for activities. I met with the directors and rabbis at the Mosholu Jewish Center, the Strauss Jewish Center, and the Principal at P.S. 94. We secured one afternoon classroom during the after-school program at P.S. 94 and one gymnasium period at J.H.S. 80. Though the Division of Community Education at the downtown Board of Education avowed an open door policy for community use of local public schools, school principals and their powerful building superintendents were hostile to such use. They resisted use of their buildings without public school teacher supervision. They were concerned about accidents and abuse. There were insurance problems, and they were just hostile to outside organizations in their facilities. There was no vacant space to be rented in the neighborhood.

Nonetheless, center activities were varied and meaningful. There were experiences in arts and crafts, dramatics, games, sports, story-telling, cooking,

and parties. There were many holiday programs and assemblies. The creative dance and rhythm classes were taught by two dedicated teachers, Dora Dubsky and Sara Bartell, who had a considerable personal following. Parents attended their classes to observe their young children and their ending dance review.

I reported that "Mosholu parents want very much for their children to learn 'cultural things' and to develop personal skills and interests of high value." Many of the programs were centered on Jewish holidays. The Center Social Hall was decorated for these celebrations. For many of the parents who were secularly oriented and non-religious, these programs added a modest introduction of Jewish values, which were meaningful.

During the winter and spring holidays a Mosholu "Trailways" program provided full days of field trip activity, which were very popular. They were really day care services for the children of families with working mothers. For pre-teen and teenage youth the center was an evening gathering place for early experimental relationships of young boys and girls. Saturday night was a very popular social lounge and party night at the center.

An effort was made to engage parent members. Parent meetings were held to keep informed about center activities. We published a monthly newsletter, which was mailed to every member. Staff members telephoned parents and members throughout the year to discuss activities. In the spring the enrollment of day campers was a hectic time for our little office.

We had a good first year at the Mosholu Center. The program burgeoned, and the center was the site of activity every day of the week. Our full-time social group work staff, part-time leaders, and volunteers worked hard, were impressive, socially apt, and attractive.

Shortly after I arrived I called on Dr. Martin Cherkasky, a recently appointed Director of the Montefiore Hospital for Incurables, shortly to become simply Montefiore Hospital. Dr. Cherkasky had been trained as an internist and had been head of Montefiore Hospital's first outpatient home care department. Dr. Cherkasky was very interested in social medicine and public health. His mission was to transform a long term nursing care facility – really a hospice – into a first rate teaching hospital, a general hospital for the North Bronx and Westchester counties. He was eager to open Montefiore's doors to the community. As one of his first steps he permitted our Mosholu Neighborhood Center Board to meet in the hospital boardroom. There was a huge, long polished oak table and black leather covered seats. As a commentary on hospital board governance in New York, the Montefiore Board of Trustees met at the downtown Harmonie Club!

Imagine the sensational experience of our neighborhood center Board members at their first meeting at Montefiore Hospital. Harry D. Lebenson, our Board President, was beside himself. Harry was basically a very intelligent and caring fellow, though initially his ingratiating and clownish manner was

disconcerting. He was a City College graduate, husband to a bright and able woman, Toby, and father of two fine sons. He was a Board of Education District Secretary, managing the affairs of the boards. This was a secure civil service job. During my four years of service with Harry D. Lebenson he became an effective and devoted Chairman and President. He enjoyed my services in providing him with an annotated agenda for every Board meeting, report folders for every Board member, and, best of all, a thriving center. He won the loyal support of the Board and made an important contribution to our successful effort.

Our Board of Directors gained strength and responsibility. Board members were proud of their center's achievements. They attended meetings faithfully and were effective representatives of our concerns at meetings with the downtown JANC and Federation trustees.

The Center Board pledged to contribute $3,000 a year for the center's program. This actually was a significant sum, for the annual budget in 1952–53 was $34,969. Income from membership dues and fees was $3,300, summer day camp fees were $9,544, and outings were $1,150. The sum actually raised by the Board was $2,550. The expenses of the center were salaries of $25,310 and expenses of $9,659. It was a modest budget. The struggle to raise the Board contribution involved every member of the Board.

It would have been simple enough for the Board members, thirty in all, to have pledged and contributed $100 each to have resolved the problem. This was never suggested and reflected the low income of Board members, most of whom were working people. Instead the Board engaged in a series of scheduled fundraising events and the Bazaar, which raised more than $2,000. What an aggravation that was to me! Ruth Hansel, a powerhouse of a woman, chaired the Bazaar Committee. Board members solicited gifts from local storekeepers and brought the merchandise to the center. Members brought in gifts to sell. Our tiny office was stuffed with boxes. Then at last the committee sat down in the center social hall to price the merchandise. Coffee was served. Our Board members enjoyed this tiresome affair. Then the day of the Bazaar the center social hall was thronged with people. Our committee members staffed the Bazaar and collected the money. We succeeded, but for me, this local fundraising was the difficult and anxiety producing element of my job. In subsequent years, in other milieus and circumstances, I raised millions of dollars more easily. I accepted this responsibility as the price of making my way in the city.

One of the notable local Board members was Si Beagle. He was Community Relations Consultant for the Bronx School District boards and an officer in the Principals Union. His wife Rebecca was a sister of Raphael and Moses Soyer, the American painters. She was immortalized in one of Raphael's paintings, "The Dancing Lesson". Both Si and Rebecca were active members

at the center. Both of their sons, Peter, the oldest, and Dan, were day campers and teenage participants. Peter was editor of our Teenage Journal. Later he became a published novelist. His first work, "A Strange and Lonely Place", featured the Woodlawn Cemetery. His younger brother became a journalist for a trade union in California. In the coincidence of that time, sixteen years later, Rebecca Beagles' nephew, David Soyer, became Director of Community Services at the Jewish Association for Services for the Aged.

My four years at Mosholu went by very quickly. The center prospered. We succeeded in securing classroom after school space. The Child Care Center at the hospital succeeded in enrolling quite a number of children of nurses, contributing to their recruitment and retention. I wrote an article about this cooperative venture, which was published in "The Hospital" as an initiative in the recruitment of nurses. Irving Brodsky, Martin Cherkasky, and Judith Gutman, Child Care Center Director, joined me as co-authors. My relationships with the Center Board and members grew strong. The case for a new building for the Mosholu Center was being made effectively among JANC Board members and with Irving Brodsky.

During my first year after my initial meetings with Dr. Martin Cherkasky I had an epiphany! During my stay in London in 1946 I visited an unusual experiment in public health and community center service called the "Pioneer Health Centre" in Peckham, London. The center was located in a working class district in southeast London. The center was a demonstration in social medicine created by George Scott (1884–1953) and his wife Innes Hope Pearse (1889–1976). They aimed to study the health and medical conditions of their patient members. In 1935 the experiment was recreated in a new community center building with clubrooms, a gymnasium, a swimming pool, and health examination and treatment offices. Patient-members were seen by their physicians, and their prescribed treatments, in addition to the usual medical provisions, included appropriate community center activities. The work of the center was described in the book "The Peckham Experiment", written by I.H. Pearse and I.H. Crocker, published by Allen and Unwin in London in 1943. With the enactment of the National Health Service program in England in 1950, the Pioneer Health Centre was closed. It remained an important and memorable initiative in social medicine and public health.

I submitted a paper on my proposed Community Center and Health Service in Mosholu to Dr. Martin Cherkasky and a copy of the Pearse Crocker Peckham Experiment book. I proposed a partnership with Montefiore Hospital for the creation of a unique community center on the grounds of the hospital. Fortuitously, the hospital, at the very corner of Gunhill Road and Bainbridge Avenue, had a garden of almost an acre nestled behind a high wrought iron fence. The proposal suggested the provision of full outpatient medical care for center members, a health education program, treatment for impaired patients

requiring physical therapy, exercise, and social activities, the child care center, and activities for disabled persons and children, as well as a range of normal center activities. Dr. Cherkasky responded enthusiastically to the proposal and suggested that I send it forward to Irving Brodsky and the JANC Board.

Irving Brodsky and Ellie Bernheim received the proposal and were equally enthusiastic. Harry D. Lebenson and the neighborhood Board supported the idea. Irving Brodsky adjured me not to send my proposal to Federation or Graenum Berger. He would attend to introducing the initiative himself. I accepted the need for his possession of the idea, although the credits were really never publicly set forth. No matter. This was the route to producing a new building for the center. And indeed it was.

Ellie Bernheim was nominally a cousin of every member of the Montefiore Hospital Board. Its membership was German Jewish in origin. At Federation, any cooperative relationship between its member agencies was always proof positive of the transcendent usefulness of Federation itself. Federation support was essential to securing approval of a capital fundraising effort by JANC with a huge assist by Federation.

And so it came to pass. Montefiore granted JANC a ninety-nine year lease for the site of the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center for one dollar a year. The lease was signed in 1956. More than one million dollars was raised by JANC. Construction began in 1958 and was completed in 1960. Shirley and Joshua attended the groundbreaking ceremony with Mayor Robert Wagner in attendance. That was a festive day! Later I took Joshua down into the construction excavation.

During my work at the Mosholu Center I gave thought to the profound need of human beings for social relationships. Why do children, young people, and adults need to see each other, to talk? From earliest childhood an infant crawls into his or her mother's lap and suckles at the breast. That warmth, that intimacy, is as important as bread for human growth and sustenance. The Mosholu Center was a mean and dingy place, yet for so many it was warm and welcoming. We made it so. In our contemporary society we are rootless. Our neighbors are new to us, and we do not know them. So we have created new institutions and associations to ensure socialization for young and old. The community center serves just this function. I was happy that our efforts had succeeded.

At the end of 1956 Irving Brodsky invited me to join him at the JANC central office as his Assistant Director. We recruited William Weinstein, a highly recommended professionally trained social group worker, one of the Toronto crowd, to become Executive Director of the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center. He would stay for several decades until his retirement, a beloved figure. During my four years at Mosholu there were some most important developments in my personal life with Shirley.

When Shirley and I arrived in New York City we moved into the Wagner house in Ozone Park, Queens. Joe and Min bought the house in 1929 when their family was still young. Ozone Park was a remote Queens neighborhood near the Belmont racetracks. It was still an area of truck gardens slowly being developed in the 1920's with modest two-story brick homes on fifty by one hundred foot lots. Still, the $6,000 cost of the house was affordable to Joe, a man with a steady job with the New York Telephone Company. The house had a living room, dining room, and kitchen on the first floor and three small bedrooms and a bathroom on the second floor. There was a playroom, workshop, and utility room in the basement. In the backyard stood a one-car garage. During their childhood Jack, Ed, and Stanley occupied one of the bedrooms, Shirley her own room, and Min and Joe the master bedroom. Jack had married Betty, Ed was in Schenectady working for General Electric, and Stanley was in Bogoloosa, Louisiana working as a forester for the International Paper Company.

Min and Joe were very hospitable. Both Shirley and I were at work every day. I drove the car up to Mosholu, and Shirley took a bus and subway into Manhattan to her job as a social caseworker with the Community Service Society. We spent our weekends looking for an apartment in the Bronx. We finally found one after a fatiguing search of several months. We moved into the one-bedroom apartment in a newly constructed building at 221st Street near Bronx River Boulevard. Alongside the avenue the Bronx River meandered south. The neighborhood was pleasant. There were many one family homes and apartment houses. Our building was only a ten-minute drive from the Mosholu Center. Shirley could take the White Plains Road subway down Lexington Avenue to Manhattan. We furnished our apartment; there were many gifts from family and friends to help us complete our household.

We enjoyed dinners with Min and Joe on holidays and weekends. Min was a superb cook. I learned about the Wagner and Glaser families. Joe was the American born son of an Eastern European family which arrived in the United States in the 1890's. His brother, astonishingly, was a sheriff in Dearborn Country in Michigan. There was a sister. Then the account of the Wagners grew vague. Joe had severed his ties with the Wagners save for one cousin. There had been a family quarrel over a matter of support for Joe's aged parents. By contrast the relations amongst Min's family – the Glasers – was warm and very strong. There were four Glaser sisters, three in the New York region. Anna was the eldest, then Esther, and Siki, the youngest. Aunt Lynette lived in Detroit. Anna and Esther had married two brothers. There were many children. Shirley's favorite cousin, Gertrude, had been breast fed by Min during a spell of Esther's illness. Esther had two other children, Phyllis and Edward. Cousin Edward completed his doctorate in physics, taught at Drexel University, and, with his wife Sharon and three children, emigrated to

Kfar Ha Roeh in Israel, a village near Hadera. During the last days of his life Ed and Sharon stayed with Marie and me in Manhattan as Ed sought final opinions on his cancer treatment. He died, leaving behind their children and thirteen grandchildren. Ed and Sharon were the only members of our family who were practicing Orthodox Jews.

Joe Wagner was an inimitable New Yorker. He was a tall and sturdy man, fair of complexion, and had a full head of dark brown hair. In speech and sound he was a native Queens Irishman. He was wise in the ways of the city. He secured his first job with the telephone company at the age of fourteen, big enough to pass for an older man. Over the years he was a telephone lineman, advancing to supervisor, and, at the last after more than fifty years of service, he was Special Assistant to a Vice President in charge of relations with security agencies. Joey, as we called him, never discussed his job, and we all assumed he was involved in placing wiretaps for the F.B.I. or the Police Department. Joey was very loyal to the telephone company. During the depression there were no layoffs. Work was shared, and Joey had three days of employment for several years. As a supervisor Joey was always able to cover for the absences of employees, especially alcoholics. This was a serious personnel and health problem for the company. With the advent of the union and union agreements the benign practices of yesteryear ended and, in Joey's judgment, for the worse. Joey was an excellent electrician and, of course, a superb telephone mechanic. Everything in the Wagner household worked. Joe adored Min and was very responsive to her wishes. He was always a helpful partner in completing household chores. At Thanksgiving Joey carved the turkey with finesse.

Min, a wonderfully warm and even-tempered woman, was an American born daughter in a very large Orthodox Jewish household. Her father, an immigrant, was a skilled roofer. He developed his own roofing company renowned for the skilled application of copper clad roofs on church steeples. He was a long time President of a local synagogue. Min observed the rule for kashrot in her household but otherwise was non-observant. Shirley's brothers attended a Hebrew School and completed their Bar Mitzvah ceremony. Otherwise, Jewish matters were remote concerns in the Wagner household. Min and Joe were pleased to have Shirley marry a Jewish man with a professional background, although social work was a vague occupation to them. It was important that I seemed to have good mechanical skills. That was important to Shirley too; her older brothers Jack and Ed both became engineers. Jack completed his degree program after military service at the University of Michigan on the G.I. Bill and Ed at Cooper Union. Stanley was trained as a forester at Syracuse University.

For Shirley and I our return to New York City was a happy experience. We visited the Wagners and my family regularly and sometimes with my

brother Kenneth and Miriam. Although my mother and father were delighted with Shirley, they made only a modest effort to talk with her in English, lapsing into Yiddish during our visits, to Shirley's discomfort. And truth be told, while my mother tried to serve a good holiday meal, her cooking was plain and barely acceptable. At our visits we learned about our family in Israel and the affairs of the Verband.

My brother Kenneth and Miriam visited Israel in 1950. Both were active in the Labor Zionist movement in New York City. They intended to resettle. Kenneth secured a good job with the leading Israeli textile manufacturing company as Director of Training and found an apartment in Tel Aviv. They wired my parents to send them their own money to make a down payment on the apartment. Despite my parents' Zionist leanings, they persuaded my brother and Miriam to return to the city. They wanted their children and grandchildren to be close by. Miriam was pregnant. Kenneth had a good, secure job as a schoolteacher, and my mother was always concerned about his health. My brother and Miriam did not complete their Aliyah until thirty years later after my mother and father died. They took their oldest boys, Myron and Danny, with them. Their daughter Lenore, upon completing college, did resettle in Israel. She then completed her social work degree program and married Moshe Bar-Gil, a young man of Moroccan antecedents. I have often thought about the very natural response of my parents to the idealistic initiative of their son Kenneth to resettle in Israel. They had fostered that Zionism in him. But they would have lost him and his family if he had resettled. There would have been letters and perhaps even a visit or two, but not much more.

At last Shirley and I had our own apartment in the city. We lived quietly and happily. Given my heavy schedule we were glad to have free time together on the weekends. Shirley had a circle of friends in the city whom we visited. We went to concerts, the theatre, and museums from time to time. Sunday morning was a leisurely time to read the New York Times. Shirley shared my addiction to the news.

Shirley and I both wanted to have children. This was a profound and primitive feeling welling from our soul and the very core of our being. We came from reasonably happy families in which the children were treasured. We were fertile. We were very distressed when Shirley's first pregnancy ended with a miscarriage in 1953. Shirley had been under the care of an excellent board certified obstetrician who had advised us to take no special measures but after a rest for Shirley to try again. We both smoked, but the obstetrician did not urge us to stop smoking. Shirley became pregnant again speedily. She felt her time had come early, to our dismay. We rushed to Mt. Sinai Hospital by taxi. Joshua was born on July 17, 1954. He was a premature baby by a month. He weighed five and a half pounds. Fortunately neonatal medicine had progressed in recent

years to recognize the disastrous consequences for the use of pure oxygen in cabinets for premature infants. The pure oxygen had caused blindness. We were miserable visiting our little baby in the "premie" section of the hospital but comforted that he was whole and had suffered no disability. Finally he was discharged after a month, and we took Joshua home. He was not breast fed but fed with formula milk in a bottle. I shared that task enthusiastically and would often fall fast asleep singing to our tiny baby. Our poor Josh was all eyes to begin with. That first year was difficult. Joshua was a crying baby but consumed gallons of milk and later solid foods. Then lo and behold, at the end of his first year he had gained normal weight and was a beautiful, blue-eyed, curly blonde haired child – the very epitome of a child and the delight of his father and mother, grandparents, and every visitor. Early on Josh showed signs of keen intelligence. He responded to my stories and songs and played with his blocks endlessly. I cannot remember when he began to walk. Obviously he did, and we baby proofed all the outlets and lower bookshelves. My mother and father gave Joshua a splendid Cadillac of a pram, really well sprung and easy to push. Shirley did a great deal of walking Joshua in his pram along Bronx River Parkway. Min and Joe gave Josh a glorious crib.

What a change an infant makes in the lives of every young mother and father! Coming home at night I was highly conscious of the faint smell of baby. Josh lived in the beautiful crib in the living room. Then the gifts arrived. There were books, toys, and blocks galore. Shirley no longer worked but devoted herself to Joshua. As a caring father I shared in changing the baby's diapers, feeding the baby, and walking him outdoors on weekends. We subscribed to a diaper service, which picked up the wet diapers and delivered a package of dry diapers every week, a service which was a gift to this generation of parents.

Then some good fortune came our way. One of my devoted Board members, Ruth Hansel, who was very fond of Shirley and me, dashed into the center office one day with some very good news. There was an excellent two-bedroom apartment available at Rochambeau Gardens, a very large apartment development on Bainbridge Avenue and 222nd Street. It was on the fifth floor of the elevator building, and its windows overlooked the Woodlawn Cemetery. The apartment was within walking distance of the center. Ruth urged me to secure $300 in cash immediately as a payment to the building superintendent for the key. See the superintendent I did. I was delighted to see the apartment, paid the super, and took the apartment. The payment was not quite legal under government rent control regulations but the only feasible route to renting such an apartment. The apartment had two bedrooms, a large living room, dining room, kitchen, and a bathroom with a tub and shower. There were hardwood parquet floors. It was in fairly good condition.

Rochambeau Gardens was a large, full block, six-story apartment house development. Its building surrounded a central courtyard with a fountain,

which no longer operated. Upon completion of its construction early in the 1920's it was one of the Bronx's most luxurious housing facilities. There were doormen. It was said to be a nesting place for the mistresses of Westchester residents who would stop by on their way home. During the depression many of the services of the Gardens vanished. It became a rent-controlled apartment house with minimal maintenance. Still, it was a step forward for Shirley and me. We needed a larger apartment for our growing family. Rent at $112 a month was less than our rent at 221st Street, which had been $120 a month. Shirley was very pleased with our new home. Sunshine streamed into the apartment from the east early morning. Woodlawn Cemetery across the street was really a memorial park open to the public.

One June 6, 1956 Jonathan Brian was born at Bronx Hospital. He was a very happy, full term infant. He weighed over six pounds. Shirley and I were delighted to take him home. We had a second crib now thanks to Min and Joe. Min had arrived a week before Jonathan to take care of Joshua, and she stayed for several weeks after Jon arrived. She was very helpful and had a winning way with infants. There were many visitors and tons of gifts for Jon. No one forgot Joshua!

Now with the two infants our family life was wholly child centered. Jon's arrival two years after Josh brought a second young child into the house. Josh was walking, but he craved personal attention and communicated his demands forcefully. Jon, by contrast with Josh, was the most pleasant, happiest infant. He was always satisfied after feeding, slept easily, and loved my songs and stories. Now during the summer and warm autumn days we spent much time in the parks and picnicked out. We were very proud of our two little boys. They were very responsive, learned to speak quickly, and even during those early days impressed us with their intelligence. We felt blessed by our good fortune.

By the time Jon arrived I had been promoted to the Assistant Directorship of JANC and had moved to the agency's downtown office. I worked a number of evenings visiting JANC centers in Brooklyn and Queens, but weekends were free. I was doing well professionally and had reason to be optimistic about my prospects. Shirley felt well, and we observed no shadow of illness. And so, on March 19, 1957, Beth Ellen was born. She too was a premature infant, a month early, but at six pounds a little heavier than Josh had been. She too required a month in the neonatal section of Mt. Sinai Hospital. At last she was discharged, and we brought her home. Beth was in very good condition with no disabilities. Josh, now three, gave up his crib but not without protest! We had bought him a new bed with a splendid headboard with a bookshelf. Min arrived once again several weeks before Beth was born to take care of Josh and Jon and stayed for almost a month afterward. We were very glad to have her. Our three children behaved like triplets!

The three years which followed went by very quickly. When we were in Pittsburgh we met a young couple, David and Frieda Macarov, and had become good friends. David was a Youth Worker with the American Zionist Youth Commission. I had urged him to complete his social work graduate training, and he did. Now he was in New York City completing his doctoral thesis for Brandeis University and intended to resettle in Jerusalem and join the social work faculty at Hebrew University. Frieda was now a public health nurse, and the young couple had four attractive and vivacious children, Varda, Fran, Ronnie, and Annette. They lived a few blocks away. For Shirley, Frieda was a welcome friend. Young mothers have much in common. We spent many weekends together picnicking in Van Cortlandt Park and the Bronx Zoo. David and I wrote a Zionist booklet together, "Zionism and You", for young people, which was published by the American Zionist Youth Commission. Our neighbors at Rochambeau Gardens were friendly. The apartment house residents were a heterogeneous mix of young Irish, Italian, and Jewish families, all reasonably well behaved.

Our family life was enriched by numerous holiday visits to Ozone Park. We were able to drive there in about an hour, crossing the Bronx Whitestone Bridge. Passover was spent with the Wagners and the Warachs. There were many birthday parties to celebrate. Shirley constantly acquired birthday and Chanukah gifts, and they were all carefully wrapped and revealed at precisely the right moment. Shirley baked birthday cakes and jars and jars of chocolate chip cookies. The children's gifts began to accumulate, as did their many books. The apartment, once spacious, became crowded.

The Adirondacks and Summer Vacations

In retrospect I cannot understand how I could have decided to undertake weeklong vacations during the summers of 1956, 1957, and 1958 on canoe camping adventures with Dr. Harry Zuckerman, leaving Shirley at home with our infants Joshua, then age two and Jonathan at six months, and by 1958 there was little Beth. I did because Min agreed to stay with Shirley and the children during my absence. For me it was a relief from the pressures of work and the family. I was then in my mid thirties, and these excursions seemed like a once in a lifetime opportunity. Harry too left his young wife and four children behind.

However did I learn about the Adirondack canoe routes? When I was seventeen I had a wonderful summer holiday with my uncle Harry and two of his friends. We camped out on Big Bernd Island in Lake George. We rented two canoes and the tent, and I learned to canoe. As a child I had been entranced by the book, "Robinson Crusoe" by Daniel Defoe, and later by

the "Swiss Family Robinson". In child's play and later in my mind's eye I imagined myself in many expeditions and adventures. They all required careful preparation and the gathering of the necessities of survival. In some ways my life has been a series of just such explorations. They all required a careful study of the terrain and consideration of the hazards to be encountered.

The Conservation Department of the State of New York sent me some delightful and antique bulletins. The document "Adirondack Canoe Routes" was written by William J. Howard, Director of Lands and Forests. It was originally published in 1920 and then in an edition of 1948, mailed to me in 1956. The bulletin was a detailed guide with a wonderful map of the canoe routes from Old Forge to Tupper Lake and Saranac Lake, New York. Old Forge was a little lakeside village just forty miles north of Utica.

I learned that the New York State Forest Preserve was created in 1885. The state enacted Article 14 of the Constitution requiring the state forestlands to be kept "forever wild". The State Forest Preserve, now the Adirondack Park, came into being after an effort by business advocates to save the lands from over cutting by lumber companies. The Adirondacks and Catskills Preserves were preserved by metropolitan advocates to ensure a continued supply of water for New York City and other communities. Since that time there have been continued additions to state land by contributions and purchase. There has always been contention between preservationists and local commercial interests and local residents who have no other means of livelihood than what can be gained in the countryside. The parklands have been made available for recreation, camping, hunting, and fishing. Still, residents of the counties within the Adirondacks are among the poorest in the state. The state makes payments in lieu of real estate taxes for parklands within local jurisdictions.

I shared my enthusiasm for canoe camping with Harry Zuckerman, my dentist. Harry and I became friendly and his family, Bertha his wife and four children, Joyce, Robert, David, and Helen, became active participants at the center. Harry became a Board member. We agreed to embark on our first trip in August of 1956.

My Adirondack experience was everything I hoped it would be. We arose early one Saturday morning, loaded our gear into Harry's automobile, and drove up to Old Forge. The drive was 210 miles, long and fatiguing. We visited the canoe livery, rented a canoe for three dollars a day, and arranged for the pickup of the canoe in Tupper Lake, our destination, and for railroad transportation back to Old Forge. We had a pleasant dinner out and fell asleep early. Next morning before five we checked out of the motel, loaded our bags into the canoe, and we were off. Our canoe was an eighteen-foot Gruman made of aluminum and weighed ninety pounds. We were probably carrying one hundred and fifty pounds of camping equipment and food. While we knew there was one general store at Raquette Lake, we were prepared for the seven-day trip.

William G. Howard, author of the guide, had undoubtedly traversed the trail personally so many years ago. His descriptions of the region were romantic, yet the guidelines were realistic and accurate thirty-five years later. He said, "The water routes were largely unchanged from the times they were traveled by Indian canoeists or by trappers or by hunters of colonial days." The most popular routes began at Old Forge, continued through the Fulton Chain of Lakes from the First to the Eighth, to Raquette Lake, Forked Lake, Long Lake, and then into the winding Raquette River into Tupper Lake. That was a distance of 83.35 miles.

We were permitted to occupy the Adirondack Shelters at the public campsites or could camp out wherever we found an open place at the water's edge. The campsites had convenient fireplaces, but their areas were denuded of firewood. The campsites had been constructed by the Civilian Conservation Corps during the 1930's.

The canoeing the first day early morning was exhilarating. The water was still, no wind up. We paddled east by northeast, and by six o'clock a brilliant sunrise greeted us. The sky was a brilliant blue, and the white clouds nestled high above the green clad mountains. The forest of the Adirondacks were tall every greens, many trees still virgin timber. They grew right down to the lakeside.

The voyage went well that first day. We moved through the water easily. Harry was in the bow, I in the rear, each of us pulling our share of the weight. By the far shore of Fifth Lake we came to our first carry. This meant unloading our canoe and carrying all our kit and the canoe from Fifth Lake to Sixth Lake. This first carry was five tenths of a mile. Harry carried the ninety pound canoe comfortably on his shoulders, canoe paddled strapped to the thwarts. I was able to carry one knapsack at a time – about fifty pounds. We took two rounds to complete every carry. From Sixth Lake we made our way and then across another carry to Seventh Lake and into a meandering brook into Raquette Lake. The brook ran for several miles and was impounded by a series of beaver dams. I had never seen them before. They were impressive, sturdy, and contained several feet of water behind them. Beavers had very cunningly chewed branches to the size they could manage and then knit them into a dam. We had to carry our canoes over the dams. We saw a beaver, fox, and many birds. As quietly as we made our way we could hear the birds singing loudly. At last we made our way into the magnificent Raquette Lake. We paddled to the village, debarked, and visited the Country Store. We treated ourselves to an ice cream cone, chocolate, wrote a postcard and mailed it, and made our way to the campsite across the lake. The Adirondack was comfortable; some thoughtful camper had filled its bed with clean straw. We were able to gather some firewood, and soon the campsite was home. We cooked our first dinner of canned stew, potatoes, and canned plums. Harry had very thoughtfully

brought along a large jug of scotch. We poured a libation. Harry and I knew many folk songs and Yiddish songs too, and we sang our way through every nightly campfire before bedtime.

We arose early, made a morning cook fire for coffee and oatmeal, washed, and completed our morning toilet over an open pit in the woods. I brought along a folding army shovel to dig our little latrine and to cover its remains. After washing our gear and tidying up the campsite we were on our way again before eight.

We traversed Raquette Lake and Forked Lake with the Adirondack Mountains towering above us. We observed vast tracts of land posted with little yellow signs: "Whitney Estates". Fifty thousand acres were owned by the Whitney family. I was glad to learn several years ago that these tracts had been acquired by the State of New York. From Forked Lake we proceeded through Long Lake. This long narrow lake was set in the midst of an evergreen forest and was a beautiful body of water to cross. We then descended into the Raquette River, a long winding wooded stream. There were some rapids, but they were mild and easily managed. Then at last, early morning of the seventh day, we entered Tupper Lake. There was much private property around the lake and many summer homes. We disembarked, left our canoe with a local livery for pickup by the livery in Old Forge, and trudged our way to the railroad station. We climbed into the train, truly an antique. It had an ancient steam engine and a single car for passengers and the U.S. mail. This train chugged its way through the forests until at last it reached Old Forge. We disembarked and parked our luggage. Harry fetched the automobile. We had a morning brunch at a country restaurant and drove home, arriving late. I was very, very glad to be home and to see Shirley, Josh, and Jon again, safe.

In the following years in August of 1957 and 1958 Harry and I completed this canoe trip again. By the end of the third we were experienced canoe campers. On the third trip Harry brought his son Robert, then thirteen, along. Robert was a good camper and shared in the paddling and the chores. That was very important for Robert and Harry.

By 1958 Josh was four, Jon was two, and Beth one year of age. Thereafter all of our vacations were devoted to family excursions. In the years which followed we learned that Harry and his new wife Irene went camping in many interesting parts of the world. We visited with Irene and Harry in Israel. Harry retired from his dental practice in the Bronx and resettled on a kibbutz in the Galilee on the Jordan River just north of Lake Kinneret. He served as a volunteer dentist for all of that region of Israel.

In 1959 we rented a house in Old Saybrook, Connecticut on Long Island Sound for the month of August as our summer vacation site. We shared the house with a staff member at the Mosholu Neighborhood Center and her husband and two children. We learned that the north shore of Long Island Sound had a very shallow sloping beach, and that at low tide it was a quarter

of a mile out to reach the water. This was frustrating. Then we learned the folly of sharing a house, for however short a vacation, with a family whose child rearing practices were apposite to our own. Nonetheless, we parted company at vacation's end on speaking terms. Shirley and I vowed never to endure that experience again. Still, our children had enjoyed the seashore.

The following summer we rented a farmhouse on an old estate on the shore on Shelter Island. The farmhouse was commodious. The estate held the remnants of imaginative plantings of the original owner. There were marvelous fruit trees in an orchard and a grove of raspberry, blackberry and blueberry shrubs. To our good fortune the berry shrubs ripened in August. We gathered ever so many berries. Shirley made some wonderful pies and compotes. There was a pleasant little sandy beach. The children made a raft and enjoyed the water and the swimming. Our children made some kites and learned to fly them. One of our neighbors was the Adolph Green family, the songwriter who became famous years later. They had some young children, and there were others with whom our children enjoyed playing. We returned home that summer feeling very happy. During vacation time we enjoyed the most important experiences of our lives together. There were no telephones and none of the harassment of day-to-day life at work and in the stress of the city.

Late summer in 1960, toward evening, we were alarmed by the sound of fire engines on the street. There had been a smoke fire in the garbage room in the basement below our apartment. Someone had thrown a lit cigarette into the garbage bin, and it had caught fire. Fortunately, the garbage bin was lined with metal, and the mishap brought us no harm. Within a month there were two other such incidents. One of our fellow tenants was a retired detective. He was a souse, and he had thrown his lit cigarette buts into the garbage bin. Then Josh began his public school experience in first grade at P.S. 94. We were not impressed with the quality of schooling or his classmates.

Shirley and I concluded it was time to move to the suburbs. We considered moving to an apartment in Manhattan close to my workplace. We soon learned that housing costs in the city were very high. Most expensive of all would be the cost of private schooling for our children, then thousands of dollars a year. I learned from some of our JANC Board members that scholarships at the private schools were unavailable for the children of lower middle-income families. Few of the public schools were really acceptable. Suburban public school education was far better. My community organization work had taken me to the suburbs, and I had learned about the resources and demographics of the various suburban areas. Irving and Jean Brodsky had bought a home in Mamaroneck. Some colleagues had moved to Mt. Vernon.

Shirley and I decided that the community into which we should resettle was Great Neck. This was the closest suburb to the city, reached by the Long

Island Railroad in less than an hour. Commuting costs were affordable. The population of the Great Neck peninsula and its many villages was 40,000. An estimated 20,000 were Jewish. The community resources of Great Neck were notable. The public schools were excellent. There were four synagogues: Temple Israel, Conservative, had 400 family members at the time; Great Neck Synagogue was Orthodox; Temple Beth El and Temple Emanuel were Reform. Temple Israel's Rabbi, Mordecai Waxman, was an esteemed figure in Jewish communal circles. Temp Israel's educational programs from kindergarten to high school were highly regarded. The park system was superb and library excellent. Shirley and I spent our weekend in May of 1961 looking at homes.

At last we found a house which seemed right for us. This was at 10 Hampshire Road in the unincorporated area of Great Neck between Allenwood Road and Wooley's Lane. It was several blocks away from Allenwood Park. A lovely place, this park had a secluded little pond for children with a spray fountain, a playground with swings, and an enclosed pen for ducks and geese. We were overcome with joy.

We purchased the house for $27,000 with a down payment of $9,000 of our savings and a twenty-five year mortgage of $18,000 with interest at five and three quarter percent. Our monthly payment was $212. Taxes were $720 annually. There were additional costs, homeowners insurance, and utilities. I was earning $17,000 a year or about $1,250 a month after taxes. We could afford a new home.

At title closing I had an opportunity to read the title insurance policy which documented the legal history of the house. It had been constructed in 1928 in a land development called Allenwood Gardens. The realtor, when they registered the land and building sites, had placed a restrictive covenant on the land prohibiting the sale of the property to Jews and Negroes. Some time after World War I there were some wealthy Jews living in the Kings Point Estates. Just south of our house in the village of Kensington a number of the early stars of the movie industry, including Eddie Cantor, were early residents in the early 1920's. By the 1930's the New York State Courts found the restrictive covenants to be a violation of state constitution and illegal. Still there was neighborhood lore in Allenwood that Ku Klux Klan crosses had been burned in Great Neck in the 1920s. There had been great changes in the ethnicities of Great Neck before we arrived. The restrictive covenants attached to our title, though disavowed by law, remained in place, a reminder of another time. But Great Neck was our promised land! It was a glorious day for Shirley, Josh, Jon, Beth, and me when we moved into our house in June 1961.

At the Jewish Association for Neighborhood Centers Central Office, 1956–1957

In June of 1956 I moved down to the JANC Central Office as Associate Director. It was a welcome change. During my last year at the Mosholu Center we rented a store in the same building as our original facility near the Gun Hill Road entrance. It was a long and narrow store with no other ventilation but a moveable glass window above the door and an air conditioning aperture to the street. This was my office for a year, with my desk in the stuffy rear. At JANC my office was on the second floor of a four-story townhouse at 1391 Lexington Avenue. It was, along with two other adjacent buildings, owned by the 92nd Street YM-YWHA. JANC was a temporary tenant.

The spirit of JANC at that central office was distinctly feminine. Mrs. Leonard G. Bernheim, "Ellie" as she was known to one and all, was its President since its inception. Her committee on the interior decoration of the Central Office expressed their sensibilities in the pretty flowered and pastel wallpaper throughout the building. The JANC Board and its committee met frequently and earnestly to govern the affairs of this new agency and its neighborhood centers.

The JANC Board was a very friendly and concerned group. Most had joined the Board at the behest of Ellie, and they were a circle of friends and business associates. They were upper middle class, all second and third generation American born college graduates and professionals. Most lived in cooperative buildings on the Upper East Side in an area bounded by 60th Street to the south, 96th Street to the north, Central Park West, and the East River. Young Lawrence B. Buttenwieser, Benet Polikoff, Irwin Rosenberg, and Milton B. Eulau were attorneys. Donald M. Hyman, Julius Lynton, Edwin J. Rosenwald, Lewis D. Young, and George R. Berlinger worked in Wall Street firms. Alfred Bachrach, then President of Temple Emanuel, was head of his accounting firm. Mrs. Alvord Luria's family owned an important liquor shop on Madison Avenue.

The JANC Board was a highly intelligent and sympathetic board. They were all loyal contributors to Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. None were major contributors and were therefore below the saltcellar of the most affluent families in the Jewish community of New York. The JANC Board would contribute substantially to the building of the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center – Ellie's own baby – but for the rest they were claimants

to Federation of Jewish Philanthropies central coffers. During my service with these Federation agency affiliates I grew highly sensitive to the levels of affluence of philanthropists. In 1952 a family with assets of $50 million could afford to pledge $1 million to make a major contribution to a campaign. Fifty years later the most affluent Jewish philanthropists were contributing $50 to $100 million to New York University or the New York Hospital Cornell Medical School. The philanthropists had become billionaires.

I served a number of the JANC Board committees as consultant. These included the Budget and Finance Committee, Personnel Committee, and the Building and Sites Committee. The Budget and Finance Committee met every other month, and early in January we were very heavily involved in the budgeting process with our neighborhood centers, their staff, and boards. The Central Budget Committee then prepared our annual reports to the Distribution Committee at Federation and our requests for grants for the next year. These were arduous processes. At Federation the Distribution Committee was armed with the analysis of its own Budget Department and the counsel of their Community Center consultant.

My principal responsibility was supervision of our neighborhood centers. These included:

JANC Neighborhood Centers 1956–1957	**Director**
The Mosholu Neighborhood Center	William Weinstein
East Tremont Center	Arthur Katz
Bronx River Neighborhood Center	Goodwin Garfield
East Flatbush Y.M.Y.W.H.A.	Reuben Goldstein
The North Hills Y.M.Y.W.H.A.	Milton Kalin
Flushing Y.M.Y.W.H.A.	Laurence Matloff
Central Queens Office	Oscar Rosenfeld
Camp Rayhill	Marvin Rosenberg
Department of Synagogue Centers	Arthur Cohen

Each of the neighborhood centers had a Board of Directors responsible for supervision of the center and its fiscal management. Center Executives reported to the local board as well as to the central office. Each of the boards had made a modest pledge to contribute to the center budged annually – this ranged from three to five thousand dollars. The center budgets ranged from thirty to forty thousand a year, the greater part allocated to payment of the salaries of the four or five full-time staff members. In 1956–1957 the JANC annual budget was about $400,000 with Federation of Jewish Philanthropies contributing $250,000.

I served JANC as its Associate Director, responsible for the operations of the neighborhood centers, the Department of Synagogue Center Services, and Camp Rayhill. This entailed riding the circuit and visiting board meetings; evenings in the outer boroughs wintertime were onerous responsibilities. There were daytime visits with center directors and to observe group activities. Then there were "important events" to attend at the centers and represent JANC. I enjoyed overnight stays at Camp Rayhill, located in Mt. Kisco, New York. This was a return to summer camping. I walked the neighborhoods in which our centers were located. I gained a greater understanding of our membership and their social geography. Subsequently, this insight would be very useful as we proceeded with the campaign to secure building sites and to construct new community centers.

I served as Personnel Director for JANC, concerned with the recruitment and retention of the professional staff particularly. I maintained cordial relationships with the Schools of Social Work in greater New York and their Group Work and Field Work faculty. All of the JANC centers were Field Work placement for between two to four graduate students. All of our center directors were trained social group workers with master's degrees in social work. The students were an important addition to our staff at no cost but the time of our directors and other supervisors. They added to the quality of our service. From 1954 I served as adjunct lecturer each semester at the Adelphi, Hunter, and New York University Schools of Social Work.

JANC had recognized the Social Service Employees Union (SSEU) for its professional, clerical, and maintenance staff and those part-time employees working over twelve hours a week. The union agreement negotiated every two or three years set forth the personnel practices and compensation for each job category. JANC was a member of a Joint Agency Bargaining Unit, which legally obliged JANC to observe the terms of union agreements arrived through the joint negotiating process of the agency collective. The assumption was that the agencies shared a common interest: all were funded by Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. However, one of the agencies, the 92nd Street YM-YWHA, was far more affluent than the others; it enjoyed an endowment fund and income, an affluent board, and had the largest staff – particularly

maintenance staff for its building residence. The interests of the agencies sometimes conflicted. The 92nd Street Y could afford to pay greater wages than other constituents of this bargaining unit. I became Chairman of the Agency Negotiating Committee. Sidney Sugerman served as our attorney and spokesman. Union negotiations were long and tedious. There were endless nights of meetings. There was reason to give the union delegates ample opportunity to speak bitterness about the low wages of their members, our staff. They were low compared to civil servants with comparable jobs. We had no guidance, not a clue, emanating from Federation staff on the terms of our agreements. They wholly dissociated themselves from this aspect of agency management, taking the legal position that the agencies were wholly independent entities responsible for their own financial management. They did not want the union to be negotiating with Federation, far better financed and endowed than its affiliates! Between 1956 and 1968 I participated in five or six negotiations, all of which ended up in wage settlement of three or four percent and other agreement modifications. The agencies provided fully paid health insurance benefits for all of our full-time and permanent part-time staff – including the administrative staff. During that period the cost of health insurance was relatively low and did not exceed four to five percent of the payroll. This benefit had been extended to staff during the war period, 1941–1945, when wages were controlled and the benefit cost low. Between union negotiations there were intermittent union grievances of staff to be settled. It was difficult to terminate staff members even for cause. These sometimes required arbitration. Personnel management entailed absorption of the details of the union agreements and our personnel practices during an age of growing litigation.

Still, I did a great deal of reading in labor law – even an interesting copy of the union agreement of the National Maritime Workers for sailors at sea. The agreement recognized the absolute authority of the ship's Captain at sea and other quaint, ancient nautical conventions including rights to secure clothing from the ship's "slop chest". As a matter of custom JANC paid for early morning coffee for its staff, an amenity which disappeared during some wave of economy in subsequent years. Our union negotiations always ended in a settlement – although there were two bitter strikes. We settled, although the agency executives never had a clue to whether Federation, their Boards, or memberships, would provide the money to finance the settlements. But there was no choice, and indeed they were all ultimately financed. During these negotiations we made comrades of the executives and board members who participated. At JANC, Milton B. Eulau, an able young attorney, was Board Chairman of the Personnel Committee. He was an effective spokesman for the agency in the union settlements and other personal matters within the JANC Board and in Federation circles.

There was a rhythm to the community center operations through the year. Beginning in January the budget season began. There were submissions of budget estimates for the fiscal year to end in June and estimates for the next fiscal year to begin in July. My meetings with the executives and board representatives for review of the budgets were sometimes acrimonious. Budget requests by the centers were actually reasonable but frequently far beyond the four or five percent increases we thought could be submitted to Federation. There was an assumption by local board and staff executives that JANC and Federation had the money, and they did not. This conflict never was resolved during my stay at JANC or its successor at the Associated Y's. Subsequently, I worked with Irving Brodsky and Jack Weiss, our indefatigable accountant, to prepare the JANC budget requests to Federation.

Federation employed a Budget Department Director, Jerome Saltz, and its Consultant for Community Centers and Camps, Graenum Berger. Upon receipt of our submissions and long narrative of justification they proceeded to prepare their analysis. They compared the current costs and income with last year's and the proposed new year. The Federation Budget Department was thorough and kept accurate records. They received agency audit reports annually. Their mission was to assure the Federation Board leadership that agency operations were fiscally responsible and thoroughly reported. They prepared detailed "prep" sheets for the lay members of the Distribution Committee with whom we met annually. The JANC Board was ably represented by our Board President and members of its Budget and Finance, Personnel, and Program Committees. Neighborhood center presidents attended. I did too as a key member of the delegation. This process ended in an annual "Letter of Grant", which included a "Basic Grant", unrestricted, to which JANC, as a constituent affiliate, was entitled and many "Reserve" grants restricted in nature. Through this process and many other meetings at Federation through the years, Federation imposed its will upon its member agencies.

All of the JANC centers operated in poor rental facilities, though most were far better than Mosholu's. The East Tremont, Bronx River, and East Flatbush centers occupied small buildings. The Flushing Y rented space in a synagogue. In North Hills the center occupied classrooms in the local school. Neighborhood center board members and their executives were actively engaged in advocacy for the creation of new center buildings for their neighborhoods. The board members were participant members, parents, local attorneys, businessmen, and an elected Assemblyman or State Senator. None of the boards attracted trustees with significant financial assets. Their presidents were vigorous local people who had made their way into community leadership through their school PTA's, synagogues or politics. They were actively involved in the center's program. Most had their own children as center participants. The center was an important element in their

lives; for some it was a passion. The center boards slowly developed significant political strength in their communities, which was very helpful when we later proceeded to develop their center buildings.

Since my return to New York City in 1952, I learned much about the organization of its social welfare institutions. During the depression the once dominant role of the local voluntary philanthropic agencies had diminished, and public welfare programs, funded by the federal, state, and municipal governments, were dominant. In the 1950's more than one million New Yorkers were receiving relief. There was home relief, food stamps, old age assistance, disability grants, emergency grants, and in public housing projects, rent subsidies. The Department of Social Services of the City was the principal agency dispensing these welfare grants to one in seven residents. The predominant welfare clients were Negroes and Hispanic ethnics. The Voluntary Non-Profit Hospitals were predominantly sectarian in their sponsorship. The municipal hospitals, uniquely New York institutions, provided significant service. The homes for the aged too were predominantly sectarian in sponsorship.

Voluntary agencies remained significant providers of social services. The family and children's services were heavily subsidized by government. The group services agencies, settlement houses, YM-YWCA's, Jewish Community Centers, were wholly funded by voluntary philanthropic contributions and membership income. The Community Chest of New York, Catholic Charities in New York, Brooklyn, and Queens, and Federation of Jewish Philanthropies were the dominant agencies in the nonprofit and private sector.

The major federations initially supported the Community Council of New York as their representative for advocacy for the public welfare services. In the city and state the unique political strength of the Catholic and Jewish welfare organizations contributed to the support of public welfare at City Hall in Albany and in Washington, D.C.

Within the Jewish community of New York Federation of Jewish Philanthropies was established in 1917. By that year a plethora of Jewish hospitals and social agencies were competing annually for financial support. The major philanthropists of German Jewish origin determined the need for establishment of a single fundraising institution which would supplant all of the single agency campaigns. The Federation would then take responsibility for allocating the funds it raised. By 1952 Federation was raising more than $30 million a year for the domestic Jewish agencies. For most the annual Federation allocation was essential to the agency's survival.

The annual campaign of Federation was an extraordinary effort. The trustees of Federation then represented the upper class, the richest members of the German Jewish community, still with a small number of the American born children of the East European Jews. The campaign was organized by trade division, and the lay leadership were typically among the most powerful

people in the industry. The Federation campaign, under the professional leadership of Joseph Willen, had devised the "Card Calling" method of raising money at grand dinner parties. Donors announced their gifts publicly. The campaign actually had solicited the major gifts in advance of the dinner meeting. I attended some of the most important dinners for "major" gifts – in excess of $50,000. The gifts announced, amounting to millions of dollars, were impressive. This was a form of "potlatch", the Quaqutil Indian ceremonial gathering at which Indian Chiefs threw their very valuable blankets into a fire to demonstrate their power and status. In 1952 there were 120,000 individual gifts to Federation. Of these, 24,000 gifts realized 80% of the funds. The Federation gifts were for very worthy agencies, and the Jewish tradition of philanthropic giving was honored by the assembly.

The key professional executives at Federation of Jewish Philanthropies were Dr. Maurice B. Hexter, a Harvard graduate and Harvard Ph.D. He had a long history of professional association with Jewish philanthropy. He had spent several years in Palestine representing the Jewish Agency. At Federation he was responsible for management of agency affairs and the distribution of funds. Of greatest importance, he cultivated some of the wealthiest Jews in New York to secure their political and philanthropic support for the Federation capital funds campaign and the initiation of really grand new developments. His intellectual capacity was widely recognized. He was a very domineering, craggy personality. He was highly respected but not beloved. Then Joe Willen, a much warmer and accommodating man, was the Vice President for Fundraising. Hexter and Willen were a team, and there was never any recognizable friction between them. There were three consultants: Martha K. Selig for Family and Child Welfare agencies, once a social caseworker; Graenum Berger, Consultant for Community Centers and Camps; and a Dr. Maurice Hinenberg for Health Care and Hospitals. Hexter, Selig, and Berger projected a teutonic, domineering tone. They were indeed important people to the agency, so wholly dependent upon them for support. Their participation in all the committees of Federation, and particularly the Distribution Committee hearings, brought fear and anxiety to the agency representatives sitting opposite them in the conference rooms. Some of their hauteur must be ascribed to the attitude of the Federation Board members whose attributes go back to the German Jewish antecedents of the founders. In the early days of twentieth century the Yiddish Press commented upon that attitude toward the newcomers, the Eastern European immigrants.

Still, as the years went by I developed a strong and cordial professional relationship with Martha K. Selig and Graenum Berger. They were very helpful to me personally at the newly organized Associated YM-YWHA's of New York. Both Dr. Maurice B. Hexter and Martha K. Selig chose me as the Director of the Jewish Association for Services for the Aged in 1968.

In 1941 with the advent of the war the United Jewish Appeal was organized to raise the funds needed for overseas relief: for the American Joint Distribution Committee, the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, the World Organization for Relief and Training (ORT), and the Jewish Agency for Palestine. By the end of the war in 1945 the National United Jewish Appeal raised $250 million and in 1952 over $400 million. Jewish community support for the overseas needs of the refugees and of their resettlement in Israel was overwhelming. The key lay leadership of UJA was clearly of Eastern European Jewish origin and growing in strength and financial capacity. It was very Zionist in its ideology. At Federation older traditions and loyalties persisted.

On to Great Neck

We rose early that June day in 1961 and at last the moving van arrived. Our household goods and furniture were loaded. Shirley and I, Josh, Jon, and Beth and boxes and boxes of our chattels were stuffed into our station wagon. We drove across the Throgs Neck Bridge onto the Cross Island Parkway, the Long Island Expressway, to exit 33, Great Neck. Then we proceeded north on Middle Neck Road to Allenwood Road, left onto Hampshire Road. We were at last at 10 Hampshire Road. I gave Shirley the house key, and in a moment our children dashed into the house and leaped up the steps to the second floor, then back down to the basement. They were very excited. I am still overcome with the joy of that first day in our own house.

We unloaded the station wagon, and the children took possession of their treasures – their dolls. Then they ran out to the backyard. Not a huge expanse, but it was a green yard, sixty by fifty feet of lawn, and a wild apple tree at the rear shading the yard. A one-car garage nestled against the corner of our lot. The children ran around the rear lot line around the garage. Our rear yard neighbor was alarmed by the noise that quiet Saturday. Some time before we arrived I had spent some time discussing this new family acquisition with my children, carefully explaining the meaning of "metes and bounds" and other details of a real estate transaction.

On this bright, sunny day Great Neck never looked better. The suburban villages were all one family homes, each quite distinctly different, the greater number constructed during the 1920's. There were sections of the village of Great Neck and Kings Point Estates which dated to the late nineteenth century. The original settlers in the area were Matinecock Indians of the Algonquin tribe. Early in the colonial era beginning in 1634, Great Neck and other Long Island villages were established in rural areas by Dutch colonists out of Bruijklin. By 1664 the English succeeded the Dutch in control of New York City and Long Island. The railroad came to Great Neck as early as 1862, prior to which travel and freight arrived by ship and horse drawn wagons and coaches.

Land developers bought large tracts of farmland. These were subdivided and sold in parcels for single-family homes to homeowners. They contracted with builders to construct their homes to their specifications. The Allenwood development followed this course. The realtors mapped the area in fanciful

English street names in the style of the times for expensive suburbs. Architectural designs followed the style of "English Tudor", and many variations were evident in the neighborhood. Our house was a two-story English Tudor with a blue-grey slate roof and cement stucco walls. The house had been constructed in 1931 and had originally sold for seven thousand dollars. It was well done with oak floors throughout the house. There was a living room with a working fireplace, a dining room, sun porch, a small kitchen with a tiny breakfast room, and tile bathroom. On the second floor were three bedrooms and a tile bathroom. Upstairs we found an unfinished attic, which had a seven-foot high ceiling at the peak. This made it possible for us to ultimately create a wonderful attic bedroom study, thirty foot by twelve in width with four huge closets in the rafters. There was a basement playroom, utility basement, and small workshop.

Shirley and I had been delighted by the appearance of our house. It was set on a sixty by one hundred and six foot lot. There were two red maples in front of the house and a tall white maple tree at our southerly lot line. Evergreen trees nestled along the front of the house. Then there was the apple tree in the rear. The trees were bedecked in green this spring season, and the apple tree was in blossom. All of Great Neck was in flower. Hampshire Road was not a through street, and just south of Allenwood Road homes were lodged alongside the tall fence which divided the village of Great Neck from the village of Kensington.

By late afternoon the movers had deposited all of our furniture into their designated rooms. We unpacked the mattresses, sheets, and bedding, and we were all ready for bedtime. Our food was unpacked and stored in the refrigerator and the kitchen closets. Dishes and cutlery were set out. That night I treated the family to dinner at the local delicatessen on Middle Neck Road. There was reason to celebrate. We were all asleep early that night, exhausted. Shirley and I talked a while. Our family had come a long way. We felt certain we had made the right decision to move to Great Neck. We would make a new life for our children and ourselves.

We spent the first summer at home. Jones Beach was our favorite destination Saturday morning on weekends. We brought sandwiches and iced tea. After lunch there was a treat for the children. They could spend twenty-five cents for either a box of crackerjacks or an ice cream cone. We drove back early afternoon to escape the traffic and the heat of the afternoon. The children were showered in our backyard. Min and Joe came over many weekends. We enjoyed outdoor cookouts and dinner parties on our picnic table under the apple tree. Min and Joe were very fond of their grandchildren, and they loved their grandparents. The children learned to play canasta and casino, their favorite card games.

We were able to complete furnishing our house by summer's end. We purchased a living room couch, which slept two people, several easy chairs, and a coffee table for the living room, a Steelcase office desk and chair for the sun room, our study, a Thonet library table and eight bentwood chairs covered with black naugahide for the dining room, and a Formica covered table and five shaped plywood chairs for the breakfast room. Upstairs we purchased a colonial maple backboard, frame, box spring, and mattress for Beth. Min and Joe gave us two chests and a secretary desk, which had been used by Shirley at their home in Ozone Park, for Beth. These chests are in Beth and Adam's bedroom to this day! Then there were rugs for the living room, dining room, and the three upstairs bedrooms. An old rug used in our living room in our Bronx apartment covered the playroom floor in the basement. Several years later we bought a colonial secretary for Jon and one for Joshua.

I installed many bookshelves on the walls in the living room to house our growing library. Some years later I made several large glass cupboards with fluorescent lighting for the living room. These were used to display Jon's seashell collection. The walls throughout the house were decorated with family photographs and framed art prints. We had no original artwork until our children began to produce some wonderful pastel drawings with several inspiring teachers at Clover Drive and Kensington schools.

We enjoyed our living room that first winter, particularly when we found our fireplace drew well with firewood gathered at Kingspoint Park. Some years later an extraordinary winter storm brought ice and frost to the trees of the Allenwood neighborhood and to our backyard apple tree. The weight of the ice in a windstorm the following day brought the tree down. Our children and I cut the shards of the tree and chopped a huge pile of firewood that lasted through several winters.

The rhythm of our life on Hampshire Road was established early. Josh and Jon were enrolled at the Clover Drive School that fall. The elementary school, kindergarten through second grade, was just one block beyond Middle Neck Road, five or six blocks from our house. Shirley escorted the children to school the first day, and then they were able to walk to school themselves. There was a kindly matron, the traffic guard at Middle Neck Road, to help the children cross the street. They brought their lunch to school and bought a glass of milk. That first year, with Beth just four, she and Shirley spent many afternoons at Allenwood Park. This was a delight with its playground, pond, and yard full of ducks and geese. A year later Beth was enrolled at the Clover Drive School. By third grade the children were transferred to the Kensington-Johnson School, and then a bus transported them to that school. Until their graduation from junior high and Great Neck North they walked or bicycled to school and Hebrew School. On very cold and snowy days Shirley drove them to school and brought them home.

We felt the children could walk to and from school and around the neighborhood to visit with friends all the years of their childhood. There were no incidents of crime or juvenile delinquency. During this period, 1961–1975, New York City was beset by severe problems of crime and delinquent behavior in its public schools. The turmoil of race relations and the struggle for political control of the public schools reached a crescendo during the Lindsay administration and the school strikes of 1968. There was great fear in the Jewish neighborhoods of the city into which minority families were moving. The migration to the suburbs was a phenomenon in all the major metropolitan areas of the United States. In the crucible of local and national politics many white working people left the Democratic Party behind as they left the city. Despite these sentiments, Great Neck remained a Democratic community and its Jewish residents faithful to the liberal affiliation of their immigrant grandparents.

Weekdays Shirley would drive me to the station early by seven thirty in the morning. The Long Island Railroad, from Great Neck to the Pennsylvania Station at 34th Street and Seventh Avenue, could complete its journey in half an hour with its express. Then I would proceed by the Seventh Avenue subway to Times Square, the shuttle to Grand Central, the Lexington Avenue train to 86th Street, and walk to our offices at 91st Street and Lexington Avenue. By the mid sixties the 92nd Street Y repossessed its buildings between the Y and 91st Street. They were demolished, and the Y constructed a new residence for young men and women. The Associated Y's acquired a new office at 60th Street and Ninth Avenue off Columbus Circle. My travel time was greatly shortened. There were many days when I brought my automobile into the city. I was required to attend many meetings of community centers in Queens, Brooklyn, and Nassau County in the evenings and sometimes on Sunday afternoon. These were difficult when winter snows made driving hazardous. I tried to keep Friday night free for our weekly Sabbath dinner with the children. Shirley would light the candles, and the children and I would recite the Kiddush and enjoy a sip of Malaga wine.

Completing possession of the house included repainting all the rooms and the basement playroom. I was able to accomplish the repainting by the spring of 1962. It was slow going. The boys chose blue, Beth bright yellow, and Shirley and I white for the bedrooms. All of the ground floor rooms were painted white. The basement playroom was decorated in broad stripes of red, white, and blue. I had learned a great deal about early childhood education and equipped their playrooms. I constructed a number of low shelves to store an array of toys and blocks. I made a full set of blocks and sanded them all down. These were enjoyed. The children could construct some extraordinary block constructions over a period of weeks. Over the years the birthdays went by, and the children accumulated a grand collection of toys, dolls, and

books. They were taken care of and treasured. I recall Jon carefully washing his collection of plastic toy soldiers and storing them in plastic bags as he left for his freshman year at Cornell in 1974.

I would generally be home at bedtime, and then I began a round of stories. When Josh and Jon occupied one bedroom, there were just two sets of stories. I created them out of episodes in my life, in history, and children's stories. Many ran seriatim over several nights. I dwelled upon Dr. Arthur Steward, our country physician at Emma Kaufmann Camp, who lived in Harmony, Pennsylvania and my rounds with him to local farmers. Then there was Dr. Arrowsmith, another of my childhood heroes. Schooling in Great Neck was enriched with strong content in personal hygiene, sex education, and biology. Over the years, given the health problems we experienced, the children were exposed to the service of medicine, the sciences, and the social work professions. I often fell asleep telling stories.

Our children thrived in their public school experience. Excellent school education was the key motivation for the young families to resettle in Great Neck in the postwar period. The schools were well equipped with high standards, salaries for teachers established, and school budgets approved year after year. Most important of all, families and children appreciated the value of education and educational achievement. The parents, the generation of Americans born to the immigrants of the period 1890–1920, had completed their college education, many in the City Colleges of New York. They had entered the professions of law, medicine, and education after a struggle and hard work. Many were small, successful businessmen who established their enterprises in their own time. They were determined to give their children the best opportunities possible in their new suburban communities. They succeeded. Most Great Neck children, classmates of my children, went on to college. The spirit of the schools was really good. Children and teachers were enthusiastic about their school experience. They did their homework, bringing great creativity to the completion of projects and essays. Both Shirley and I participated with our children with delight. Shirley was a fine tutor and editor of school papers. In truth, however, by high school Shirley and I had dropped out of review of science and mathematics assignments. Indeed I bought a text on "Mathematics for Parents" to keep up with their classroom learning.

By 1961 the population of Great Neck reached 40,000. There were several thousand Protestants, Episcopalians for the most part. Two grand cathedrals, All Saints in North Great Neck on Middle Neck Road and St. Paul's Church on Grace Avenue, served this community. Then there were about 15,000 Catholics, many members of St. Aloysius Church, also on Middle Neck Road. Most Catholic children attended parish parochial schools. Then there were four synagogues. Great Neck Synagogue was Orthodox, Temple Beth El of Great Neck was Reform, and Temple Israel was Conservative and were

on Old Mill Road. A fourth synagogue, Temple Emanuel of Great Neck, Reform, completed the roster of synagogues in 1961. On the High Holy Days during early morning and after services, Old Mill Road was jammed with automobiles. Membership in the synagogues was about 12,000, about half the Jewish population. Temple Israel enjoyed a membership of about one thousand families when we joined.

Why Great Neck? We had no doubt, Shirley and I, that life in Great Neck, a New York suburb, would provide far greater opportunities for our children and ourselves. Public school education was simply better. Private schools in Manhattan were costly, far beyond our financial reach, and scholarships were unavailable. Of equally great importance was the provision of a Jewish education and a Jewish community milieu for our children and ourselves. I had grown up in a family which was Orthodox in its tradition. My father was the son of a beloved Chassid, my mother the daughter of parents of Misnagdim. Shirley's mother, Min, was the daughter of an American born roofer who was Orthodox by affiliation and indeed the President of his local synagogue. Her family had been moderately observant. Kosher food traditions were observed, as were the Jewish holidays. However, Joe Wagner, my father-in-law, also American born, had had no Jewish education whatsoever, nor did Min. Still, they sent each of their three sons to a local Hebrew School. The boys all had a Bar Mitzvah ceremony. Shirley had not been sent to Hebrew School at all, sheer prejudice against girls. In my life I had had a traditional family upbringing and a modest Jewish education at Hebrew School and a Yiddish Middle School. My teachers all had been warm and welcoming people, and my memory of each of them is pleasant. Through my life experience at school, at work with the Department of Agriculture, and later with UNRRA, I was always highly conscious of my relationship with my colleagues. I experienced one incident of anti-Semitism as a boy when some Polish children in Tompkins Square Park came running by to shout some obscene remarks. But in all the years at the Christodora House, the Boys Club, Carey Camp, and in West Virginia, Vermont, and Europe there were no hostile experiences. Quite possibly I was "passing". In appearance, speech, and manner I might not have been discernibly Jewish. I was not observant as an adult and did not follow kosher food prohibitions in my choices. Still, as the children had grown to school age, both Shirley and I were determined that they be raised as American Jews with appropriate education. I regarded being Jewish as a fundamental ethnic, national identity. I had at last chosen to identify with Jewish communal service as my profession, returning to the Jewish Community Center field in 1948 in Pittsburgh on my return to the United States. From that time I did a great deal of reading and devoted much thought to the issues besetting the Jewish community. How indeed can

Jews identify with their people? Is religious affiliation the only path? Does that religious affiliation require true devotion? Is it required that we follow tradition in our behavior all the days of our lives? Had I been raised in a truly Chassidic household with parents who were observant, I might possibly have remained a Chassid. But my father, early in his youth, did not follow the law and worked on the Sabbath to make a living. He permitted his children to attend public schools, affiliate with gentile organizations, and attend summer camps conducted by gentiles, which did not follow any Jewish traditions. My mother and father felt the opportunities exceeded the loss of religious practice. Their adjustment to American life reflected a significant degree of assimilation. I never asked my father whether he was a true believer in all the religious precepts enunciated by Jewish tradition. I am not certain he was. But he held fast to them, and in his age he returned to the synagogue participation of his father. He and mother were confirmed Labor Zionists.

Shirley and I discussed these issues at great length. We concluded that in the United States there was no alternative for a family which wished to remain Jewish but to affiliate with a synagogue. This institution would provide a circle of Jewish participants, Jewish cultural and religious practices, celebrations, and experiences with which we could identify. Most of all, the synagogue provided Jewish education in its part-day Hebrew School and Hebrew High School, which could serve our children well.

And so we joined Temple Israel, a Conservative Synagogue in Great Neck. The educational program at Temple Israel was impressive. This synagogue, with a membership then of about one thousand families, was one of the leading Conservative Synagogues in the United States. Rabbi Mordecai Waxman, then a young Rabbi of forty-four, was a leader in the Conservative movement. He was very personably, bright, warm, and sensitive. He had great intellectual breadth and a keen interest in world affairs and Jewish metropolitan, national, international, and Israeli developments. Moreover, his sermons interlaced all of these aspects with the Torah reading of the day. Many of his congregants were leaders in the national Conservative movement and supported the Jewish Theological Seminary and other Jewish national organizations. They were a worldly, sophisticated group of people, many holding important executive and key positions in corporate America in legal and political affairs.

Rabbi Waxman was the son of a noted rabbi and scholar. He was a graduate of the University of Chicago and the Jewish Theological Seminary. He was editor of the magazine "Conservative Judaism" from 1969 to 1974. He had been a chaplain in the U.S. Army during World War II. His wife, Ruth, a charming and very handsome woman, was a scholar in her own right. She had taken her doctorate in literature at the University of Chicago and had been a lecturer at the University of Chicago, Adelphi, Stony Brook, New York University, and Brooklyn and Queens College. She was editor of the quarterly

"Judaism" for many years. The Waxmans had three children. Shortly after we joined the synagogue Rabbi Waxman invited Shirley and me to one of his Saturday afternoon teas. We met several other young couples who had joined the synagogue recently. It was a friendly gathering, and by the time we left we had become really well acquainted. Rabbi Waxman knew all about us, our family, education, and Jewish interests. From that time Rabbi Waxman encouraged our participation in the affairs of Temple Israel. I was elected to the synagogue Board of Trustees and appointed Chairman of the Hebrew High School Committee prior to completion of its new building. Shirley became active in the Sisterhood and then organized a Senior Citizens Club, which thrived and has continued to this day.

The synagogue provided a well-organized educational program. There was a nursery school, kindergarten, and Hebrew School for children through their ninth grade and Bar Mitzvah and Bat Mitzvah. Then there was an excellent Hebrew High School.

Josh, Jon, and Beth really enjoyed school; their teachers were encouraging. They made many friends from their earliest days at Clover Drive. They were able to walk to school. At Middle Neck Road a kindly police matron guided the children across a busy street. It was their good fortune to be naturally endowed with keen intelligence. They read easily even before getting to school. Their minds absorbed all that was set forth before them.

They acquired many other interests. At Kensington-Johnson a pied piper schoolteacher taught music and led the school orchestra. Somehow Jon became enamored with the alto-saxophone. He took private lessons with Mr. Cleve, attended his summer camp near Lake Champlain, and became a fair musician. At Great Neck North Jon joined the brass band. He played a Selmer saxophone, which I purchased in a music store off Times Square. It cost three hundred dollars then and would be several thousand now! At junior high and high school Jon enjoyed track and field and became a members of the cross country team, earning his high school letter. I taught Jon chess, and he became an avid player along with a score of his high school classmates. Then he was a bicyclist and did some astonishing cross country drives. I remember his friends Jason Horowitz and Ivor Bernstein and a host of other boys who sprawled on our living room floor munching on chocolate chip cookies and playing chess.

Beth too had many friends. Her earliest, close childhood playmate was Liz Hess, daughter of Robin and Howard Hess. They spent a great deal of time together, and we too became friends with Robin and Howard. Then something happened to Liz, and she determined to go to the Alternative Junior High School. There she followed another minstrel in the way of the sixties. Beth went on to Great Neck North Junior High and High School and the Temple Israel Hebrew School and found another coterie. Many of

her friends were in all of the "S.P." classes, in the orchestra, and at Hebrew High School. Beth still remembers Karen Marder, Danny Feldman, Shelly Greenstein, and many others. These classmates all went on to college and graduate and professional schools. The young women became physicians and college teachers. They were quite another generation of young women, encouraged by their college-educated parents to become all they could be.

Then Josh became an assiduous scholar and the head of his class, right through his valedictory oration at his high school graduation. He worked very hard and was very competent. His interests, and those of his buddies Leonard Stein, Kenny Weiss, and others, ran to camping. Josh's interests here came from Shirley and me and our family experiences. He organized several rigorous camping trips on the Appalachian Trail. Once his group began their hike in Harriman State Park in Rockland County and then crossed the Hudson River to the east bank. We picked the group up at the appointed time, but Josh made the rendezvous several hours before the last of his troopers reached us!

After the children were born, Josh in 1954, Jon in 1956, and Beth in 1957, Shirley did not return to work. Taking care of three young children without household help was trying. There was a period of six years during which one of the children was not toilet trained. We were thankful for diaper service. They were like triplets, close together in age. As young infants they were very demanding. Shirley and I knew we had some extraordinarily intelligent and talented children. They absorbed all the attention their parents could give them, hours and hours of play, reading, games, and such. Shirley and I talked about our children and our strategy of responding to their demands. We were especially careful to give each child no more or less than the other.

We had some very happy years in Great Neck from the outset. Weekends were devoted to some excursion. We explored the parks on Long Island and its beaches. We drove into the city to visit the Museum of Natural History. There were some wonderful campfire cookouts in Kings Point Park. This park was a grove of maple trees and tulips. It had once been an immense one hundred and seventy-five acre swamp. During the depression the WPA had dug a series of channels to drain the park and cleared areas for picnic groves, installing picnic tables and upright iron stoves. There was always plenty of firewood. We rarely met anyone in the park during our picnics. Our children learned how to make a campfire and to cook their own hamburgers and frankfurters.

Our families visited us often. Min and Joe had an automobile and drove over for Sunday dinner. Min would pitch in masterfully to make a roast chicken. The children loved their company. They taught the children to play canasta and casino. My mother and father visited too, usually spending the whole weekend with us having to come out by Long Island Railroad. My father and I would attend synagogue services. They could not accept the

reality that our children did not speak or understand Yiddish, which limited their communication with them. Still, they gave my parents great satisfaction, and they were very proud of them. We visited Min and Joe on Thanksgiving and several other festival holidays. We visited my parents on the Lower East Side and used the Tompkins Square playground. Later we walked the Brighton Beach boardwalk together. There were Passover visits to my brother Kenneth and Miriam and to Shirley's brother Jack and Betty and their children Robert and Donny. In the way of the world, Shirley enjoyed the company of her younger brothers Ed and Stanley. Stanley, his wife Dorothy, and their children lived in Salem, Oregon and later Phoenix, Arizona. We visited them at last as the destination of our two cross-country camping expeditions.

Shirley became active in the League of Women Voters, a liberal advocacy organization devoted to just causes, and the Sisterhood of Temple Israel. Then there were the many young women, parents of our children's friends. We became especially close to Lester and Elaine Brookner, parents of Howard, Josh's closest friend through junior high school, and Robin and Howard Hess, Liz's parents. Lester Brookner was Vice President for Administration at New York University at the time. I was involved with him for many years on behalf of Associated Y's in negotiations for acquisition of the Jewish Studies Center and its site just off Washington Square Park. We were interested in the building to establish an unusual Y. It would be the first university based YM-YWHA to serve students, faculty, and the community of Greenwich Village. We never succeeded in completing this purchase. Later, on behalf of JASA, I negotiated with Lester to acquire the university building at one Fifth Avenue to create a Senior Citizens Housing facility. Alas, this effort failed too for complex legal reasons. But we became fast friends nonetheless.

We found Howard Hess an interesting fellow. He was a psychiatrist, an analyst, but also a corporate industrial psychiatrist. He was consultant to Western Electric. He advised corporate executives on the psychology of their working people at their manufacturing plants. Many young workers during the sixties adopted some of the habits of youth: long hair, pot smoking, and such. This aggravated the company superintendents enormously. Robin, Howard's wife, was an impressive person, part Indian and from Oklahoma. There were many others, and we would gather after dinner Saturday night to socialize. The Brookners and Hesses remained our friends.

And so our life in Great Neck proceeded. I went to work, a satisfying, sometimes aggravating, day. But at the Associated Y's I was engaged in a very productive effort. I would bring work home, briefcase full of unread professional literature and memoranda to write. Shirley was very well versed in my social work activities, the politics of Federation, and the Y movement. The children needed attention, as did Shirley. Wintertime we found enough firewood to keep the living room fire going. There was always much to talk

about during the era of the sixties, which were difficult times. President Kennedy was elected and then assassinated, to be succeeded by President Johnson. There was great unrest in the cities and high anxieties about race relations and support for the civil rights movement. I felt our family was doing well and was optimistic about our future together.

Then we suffered a wholly unanticipated catastrophe. Shirley awoke me one night in May 1964 to tell me she had some very, very sharp pain in her chest, and then she fell silent. I knew she had been seeing Dr. David Schwartz, a Great Neck physician and cardiologist, since we had moved into Great Neck. These had been regular six-month visits. Shirley did tell me about a murmur but no more. I telephoned Dr. Schwartz, and he came over immediately. There had been no mention of a heart condition during any of Shirley's pregnancies. After examining Shirley Dr. Schwartz told me that she had suffered a severe heart attack. I then learned that she had once suffered rheumatic heart fever, as had Min, during her youth but had recovered well and never made much of it. But the disease is insidious, and the aftermath was a slow accumulation of scar tissue on the mitral valve of the heart. Finally the tissue closed the valve, and insufficient blood circulated to the heart muscle caused the spasm, the attack. Dr. Schwartz advised me that Shirley should stay in bed and rest for a long period of time until she recovered. He would visit her every month. He prescribed aspirin and digoxin. I asked Dr. Schwartz what her chances were for survival. He told me that she would have ten years. I was stunned. I had had no idea that Shirley was in such peril. If she knew, she never told me.

Next morning I saw the children off to school after telling them their mother was not well. Then I telephoned Min and Joe with the dreadful news. They came immediately that day prepared for a long stay. They were wonderful. I do not know how we might have managed had they not been there for us. In May of 1964 Josh was ten, Jon eight, and Beth was seven. I would have employed a housekeeper at great cost and suffered continued anxiety for the care of my children. During the year that followed Min and Joe stayed with us, being relieved for several weeks at a time by Min's sister Esther, our dear Aunt Esther. Shirley was bedfast for a year but slowly, very slowly, made a recovery. We slept together in one bed set up in the sunroom. Every now and then Shirley asked me to give her comfort. I felt good that I really could, as gently as I might. Dr. Schwartz, a gruff man but very concerned and an excellent cardiologist, visited with us every month. It is still a wonder to me that the children went about their school and Hebrew School activities and visited with their friends. I went to work every day, walking to the station or taking the bus on Middle Neck Road, trying as best I could to get home early. At the office Irving Brodsky was considerate and concerned.

A year later in 1965 Shirley spent a day at Long Island Jewish Hospital having a diagnostic procedure on her heart to determine internal heart

pressures. Dr. Schwartz then advised me that the Nassau Health Insurance Plan Medical Group, of which we were members, approved heart surgery for Shirley. The alternatives for her were the insertion of an artificial heart valve or the opening of the mitral valve by an operation called a "commiseratomy". The surgeon inserts his index finger with scalpel attached into the heart valve and cuts the scar tissue so it is open. That permits the blood to flow freely and restore circulation to the heart itself and the arterial system. Moreover, H.I.P. would permit Shirley to choose any physician in the country to do the procedure. We consulted with Dr. Schwartz, and I consulted with some of my Federation hospital colleagues. They suggested that Shirley's choice of physician be based on the number of successful heart operations the surgeon had completed during the last year. Finally Shirley requested Dr. Krasnopol, a successful cardiac surgeon with many surviving loyal patients, as her surgeon. And so in May of 1965 Shirley had her operation at Long Island Jewish Hospital. Joe Wagner and I sat together in the waiting room of the surgical section for five hours until at last Dr. Krasnopol came out to see us. He was dressed in green. He had good news. Shirley had survived the operation, and it had gone well. She was in the hospital recuperating for better than a week. I took the children to visit with her. I sensed a very real change in her demeanor as her blood circulation improved. She was permitted to walk and engaged in some crafts activities. She made several flowers of wire and beads, one of which I have on my bedroom dresser to this day. A week later I brought Joshua to the hospital for an operation to correct two hernias, remnants of prenatal imperfections. His recovery was much more rapid. He was out of Long Island Jewish Hospital in two nights. Then Shirley came home, and we all celebrated. I cried privately.

Min and Joe stayed on for almost another year, and Aunt Esther spelled them too. Then slowly Shirley recovered. She was on daily medication: aspirin, as an anti-clotting remedy, and digoxin, to regulate her heartbeat. She determined her own daily dose depending upon how she felt. She saw Dr. Schwartz every month. He was particularly concerned that she not incur any colds. That concern extended to Beth. For her, any ordinary cold was treated as a potential incipient rheumatic heart attack. He prescribed antibiotics immediately. By the spring of 1966 Min, Joe, and Aunt Esther bid us farewell and returned to their own homes. They had been good grandparents.

During Joe's stay with us I designed the renovation of the attic and its transformation into another bedroom study for Joshua. The attic was unfinished, and its dimensions, thirty foot by twelve, not counting the eaves, another five feet on each side, was seven feet high at the ceiling. The ceiling walls sloped. I purchased finished plywood for the ceiling and walls, masonite to cover the floors, asphalt tile as floor finish, and, with Joe's guidance, the

electric wiring and fixtures. The plywood and masonite sheets were four by eight, and the most difficult task was just hauling them up to the attic. Then, as I worked, I discovered that the floor of the attic sagged in the middle by as much as four inches. Consequently, every section of the vertical wall and the doors for the long closets installed in the joists was different! Joe installed the electrical work, and before he left he equipped every room in the house with a Western Electric telephone, a complete intercom system connected to the New York Telephone Company lines. At last the attic room was done, including the two beds, which doubled as storage chests on wheels. We purchased a fine secretary desk for Josh and foam rubber for mattresses. During construction of the attic only Jonathan really helped. He became an able carpenter and enjoyed hammering the masonite flooring. Josh moved into his new attic room with a flourish. But the green monster of greed was so strong upon him that it took me almost six months before I could persuade him to permit me to disassemble his bed in the second floor bedroom he shared with Jon so Jon could have a private bedroom study too.

Shirley made a remarkable recovery in the year following her operation. I am certain she was highly conscious of her perilous condition. She monitored her pulse every morning and adjusted her dosage of digoxin to stay steady on course. She had been left with a disfiguring scar on her chest and stomach, the area of entry through her rib cage to the heart. Fortunately this scar was not visible under her bathing suit. Still, bearing the all too visible sequelae of my poliomyelitis, I sensed her feeling about her wound. It had no effect upon my own feelings for her.

By the end of 1966 Shirley returned to her normal activities. Our children were away most of the day at school, Hebrew School, and in their extracurricular activities. Then they spent a great deal of time at their friends' homes, which in Great Neck were within walking or bicycling distance. During the summer of 1964 and 1965 I enrolled Beth and Jon in full summers encampment at our Associated Y's Camp Poyntelle-Rayhill. I adjured Ethel Abrams, Camp Director, to keep an eye out for my children. She did. I visited camp several weekends on business and to see Beth and Jon. Beth was very upset I had taken her away from home and her mother. I am certain she sensed Shirley's illness as a serious hazard. Min and Joe were at home with us, and I felt with the children away life would be easier for them. Did I do the right thing? I am not certain to this day.

I tried hard to get home earlier and reduce my weekend field visits to a minimum. At home I drove the children to their dental visits with Dr. Harry Zuckerman in the Bronx for orthodontia and fillings. I did the household shopping at the A&P and Waldbaums. It was possible then to purchase a weeks supply of groceries for a growing family for fifty dollars! I did the household dusting and vacuuming. We purchased a huge supply of paper

dishes and plastics to eliminate the need for dishwashing. Shirley resumed cooking and enjoyed baking pies and chocolate chip cookies. Beth learned about cooking from her mother. Her sons enjoy chocolate chip cookies too.

Josh and Jon were enrolled in the Temple Israel Hebrew School in the fall of 1961 as they began public school. Beth entered a year later in the kindergarten. The school was formally organized to the sixth grade. There was a pre-school nursery group and kindergarten. Abe Rutner was the school principal. He was an earnest man, a modern educator, but somewhat pedantic. His faculty was of like mind. Hebrew School classes were scheduled twice a week weekdays and for Sunday morning. The children learned to read Hebrew, some Hebrew as a language, Bible studies, and traditions and celebrated the holidays through the year. On Saturday mornings there was a special children's service conducted by the Assistant Rabbi. Our children walked to Hebrew School when their public school classes ended. Our children accepted attendance at Hebrew School as a necessary element of their young lives. Later I learned that Beth resented some male chauvinist attitudes expressed by some of her teachers who granted preference to boys in the conduct of religious rituals.

There were a series of jolly holiday celebrations at the synagogue. These were attended by parents and children. I remember the Purim costume parties specially. The synagogue conducted a contest for the best costumes; there were three such festivals, and the Warachs won three seriatim each year. The most notable costume was Beth as Queen Esther being carried in a palfrey we constructed by her two courtiers Josh and Jon. They really looked splendid. The prize was a giant hamantash. We confounded the Puttermans, fellow members who had four children enrolled in the Hebrew School!

In 1965 it was evident that the Hebrew School was graduating significant numbers of children of high school age. Rabbi Waxman encouraged a number of trustees to initiate a campaign for a Youth Building, which would serve the teenage membership as a Hebrew High School for youth activities and services. The chairman of that fundraising effort was Alfred Gross, a very wealthy businessman with children at the Hebrew School and a staunch Zionist. He had contributed a significant sum, and the fundraising effort succeeded. More than a million dollars was raised, the cost of the building. We contributed a significant sum for us at the time. We were then paying full family dues and Hebrew School tuition. Alfred Gross and Rabbi Mordecai Waxman were determined to create an unusual and creative Hebrew High School which would appeal to a very bright generation of students and their parents. They were highly aware of the rebellious mood of young people in the late sixties.

They recruited a most unusual young Rabbi, Ephraim Warshaw, to be the principal of the new Hebrew School in 1968. He was a graduate of the

University of California with a B.A. in Near Eastern History and the University of Judaism-Teachers Institute in Religious Education in Los Angeles. He completed his training as Rabbi at the Jewish Theological Seminary in 1968. Rabbi Warshaw looked and behaved in a slightly provocative manner, sporting a sharply cut black beard. He was very bright.

No sooner had he arrived that he began churning out very interesting and challenging essays on Jewish education and the high school curriculum. There had been a high school program up to 1968 of sorts. Its curriculum followed the traditional studies: Hebrew language, the Bible, and the Commentary. The President of the synagogue, Jeff Shore, a wealthy businessman, was raised in an Orthodox household. His ideology within a Conservative synagogue was distinctly right, toward Orthodoxy. Upon reading one of Rabbi Warshaw's early essays, "Education and Ecstasy", which emphasized the autonomy of students, he wrote Rabbi Warshaw a long counter-essay, circulating it to the Rabbi and members of the education committee.

Rabbi Warshaw proceeded to organize the high school and recruit a very able staff. I was impressed by the curriculum and Rabbi Warshaw. The courses were all very appealing to our high school youth and their parents. There were four years of courses in Comparative Religion, Jewish Hebrew, Hebrew literature, Jews in Revolutionary Movements, the Birth of Israel, and American Reactions to the Holocaust. Many courses were devoted to traditional areas of study: the meaning of the Jewish holidays, Halacha, a Catalyst for Humanity, and Jewish Concepts of Observance. Some courses were devoted to Israel, Zionism, and the Middle Eastern conflict. The courses were given in the years following 1967 and Israel's miraculous victory. Then there were courses related to Jewish culture: Jewish Life through Jewish Music, Jewish Cooking and Kashroth, Israeli Dancing, Choir, and Orchestra.

During their last summer of Hebrew High School Josh, Jon, and Beth each visited Israel with a United Synagogue group. The cost for each student was $500 with the synagogue subsidizing the balance. Our children were escorted by their high school teachers. They saw much of Israel and my brother Akiva and their cousins Myron, Danny, and Lenore. They came back enlightened and enthused.

In 1970–71 Martin Barell, a very well established attorney in New York as the President of Temple Israel, succeeded Jeff Shore. I was elected to the Board of Trustees of the synagogue. Martin Barell then appointed me Chairman of the Hebrew High School Committee. He felt I could bring strong leadership to this important function and support and protect Rabbi Ephraim Warshaw from the hostility of Jeff Shore and his right wing crowd.

I became fully involved. A strong Hebrew High School Committee was organized. One member was Irving Rosenthal, once my teacher in English composition at City College in 1938. He was then still on CCNY faculty.

We listened to Rabbi Warshaw carefully and reviewed all of his plans for the curriculum and staff recruitment. He had done a marvelous job in staffing the school. The faculty was a youthful, vigorous, and enthusiastic crowd. They were graduate students at the Jewish Theological seminary, Columbia, and NYU in Rabbinical and Jewish Studies. There were a number of Israelis, some were resident in Great Neck and others were on college faculties. They taught Hebrew and Middle Eastern studies.

During that winter of 1971–72 I prepared a "Statement of Philosophy for the Hebrew High School", which I reviewed with Rabbi Warshaw, Waxman, and the full Hebrew High School Committee. It was aimed to persuade the Board of Trustees and the membership of the congregation to continue the evolution of our progressive high school, which would be faithful to the traditions of the Conservative religious movement. The Board of Trustees approved the statement unanimously at the February 1972 meeting.

Alas, Rabbi Ephraim Warshaw, without consulting me or Rabbi Waxman, in a fit of pique with Jeffrey Shore during some conversation, resigned from his position as of the end of June 1972. I was very sorry that happened and could not persuade Rabbi Warshaw to change his mind. Despite our support of his efforts, including securing approval of his 1972–73 budget, he could not bear any hostility.

Our Hebrew High School Committee proceeded to interview candidates and ultimately appointed Henry Tyrangiel, a Jewish educator with experience in Cleveland. He succeeded well as successor to Rabbi Warshaw, and the school continued to flourish.

In my report to the Congregation on June 11, 1973 I informed our members that the high school had served 198 students and twenty parents had participated in classes. There had been thirty-five different classes. Average attendance was 77%, exceeding national norms. Some sixty to seventy students participated in the Youth Congregation weekly. There had been High Holiday services for young people; the Youth Congregation hosted the main Congregation at one Sabbath service and conducted another Sabbath service honoring Israel's twenty-fifth anniversary. After Shirley died in the spring of 1974 I resigned from the Board and the Hebrew High School Committee, although Beth completed her last year at the school until her high school graduation in 1975. It had been a fulfilling experience.

There were two major family celebrations in 1967 and 1969. Joshua and Jonathan each celebrated their Bar Mitzvahs in those years. Their ceremonies were held in the principal synagogue hall on the Sabbath. Rabbi Waxman presided during the service. All of our family and friends and all of our children's classmates were present. Both Joshua and Jonathan chanted their portions of the Torah and Haftorah in fine voice and true pitch. Their sermons

were well delivered and touched all the right notes of thanks and appreciation. Josh's Bar Mitzvah, during July, was followed by a splendid festive meal catered in our backyard. We had a tent installed to provide shade or shelter in the rain. It was, in fact, a very brilliant and sunny day. For Jonathan, because his Bar Mitzvah was in February in the winter, we had a lunch at the synagogue. Rabbi Waxman, Rabbi Warshaw, and Henry Tyrangiel, the high school principals, came by. Shirley and I were very proud of our sons. They were fine looking lads, well mannered, and all we could hope for. For Min and Joe and my parents these Bar Mitzvahs were very happy experiences and a fulfillment of their lifetime of effort for their families.

The Bar Mitzvah celebration has become one of the focal points in the Jewish lives of the post immigrant generations of American Jews. Certainly during my childhood the Bar Mitzvah was an important rite of passage but only modestly celebrated. For the Orthodox Jews all of their lives were devoted to celebrations of the traditional days: the Sabbath, the holidays. These were times for celebration. Today, with so many Jews who do not observe the Sabbath or celebrate many of the holidays, saving Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur, or Chanukah, the Bar Mitzvah has become far more important. Of course weddings have become huge and costly celebrations. With Jewish families now so widely dispersed, these celebrations have become a time of family reunion and time of reaffirmation of lost traditions.

It was with great regret that Shirley and I could not persuade Beth to participate in a Bat Mitzvah ceremony. This would have required her to learn to read the Torah and Haftorah and to write and deliver a sermon. None of this would have been difficult for Beth who was an excellent student. She refused because of some profound hostility to formal Judaic traditional practice, which she felt to be discriminatory to women. Now it is and was true that Orthodox Jewish tradition had honored men and had not accorded women an equal place in the performance of Jewish ritual. We discussed these issues with Beth at great length. She was aware of Shirley's leadership in the effort to secure the congregation's agreement of recognition of the right of women to all honors equal to men during the services and all other religious rituals. Indeed that campaign ended in victory for Shirley and the Women's organization. Rabbi Waxman gave this ruling final approval.

During this period the Conservative movement was undergoing a revolution in granting women equal rights. Ultimately the Jewish Theological Seminary granted women the Rabbinical degree. We could not persuade Beth, and she never did celebrate her Bat Mitzvah. Still, both Shirley and I were happy that Beth completed her Hebrew High School program. Early in our stay in Great Neck Shirley enrolled in a class at Temple Israel to learn to read Hebrew and an orientation to the Jewish holidays to make up for her lack of Jewish education as a child.

In larger perspective, other than traditional, Orthodox Jews, most Jews have pitifully little Jewish education. The part week, part day programs of Hebrew Schools conducted by synagogues enroll only a small portion of the Jewish population. Children learn to read Hebrew and the prayers and barely complete their Bar Mitzvah ceremony. After the Bar Mitzvah few children continue at Hebrew School. Consequently, my generation of Jews and those who follow are illiterate as Jews. They have had no schooling in Jewish history, politics, literature, culture, or religion. That education has been acquired by graduates of the modern Orthodox Jewish Day School. The traditional education of Jewish men at the Yeshivoth has been limited to their religious study: the Torah and apocryphal writing. All of us who were concerned about Jewish education for our children looked with hope to our Hebrew High School, which was a unique experiment in the American Jewish community.

Family Travels

What were Joshua, Jonathan, and Beth like in 1966 just two years after Shirley's heart attack, her operation, and recovery? At twelve, ten, and nine they were very attractive and vigorous children. Their hair, once blonde, had turned brown. They were muscular, their legs strong from walking to school every day. Their appetites were hearty and enthusiastic. Shirley, long an excellent cook, knew the foods her children enjoyed. At dinner, spaghetti and meatballs, roast chicken, and hamburgers were always favorites. We tried to keep the Sabbath dinner, Friday night, as a time for our family to gather. I made a great effort to come home early on Fridays, as I could not other weekdays.

Our children were very bright and listened carefully to adult conversation around them. They enjoyed school, Hebrew School, and after school music lessons. Beth attended the orchestra rehearsals and Jon the Brass Band faithfully. It was their good fortune to enjoy a wide circle of friends at school and after school. They were esteemed by their friends and teachers.

I brought home to our dining room conversation and chatter the world of my community center life at the Associated Y's. There was building development, real estate acquisition, architectural design, and construction to talk about. Then there was agency politics, board membership, fundraising, budgeting, and the like. When I joined JASA another vista opened, the aging. We were concerned about world affairs. There was the war in Vietnam, the world struggle against Soviet Russia and Communism, and the anti-Semitism of the Moslem States. In 1967 the threat to Israel of a new Holocaust conducted by Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, and Jordan was very real, much discussed in our house, at Hebrew School, and Temple Israel's synagogue. There were protest meetings. The victory of the Israelis was a great and miraculous event and very meaningful to us. My children discussed their family, the origins of their grandparents, the dreadful experiences of anti-Semitism in the old country, and the world war with Germany. I told them about my experiences in Europe with UNRRA. Our children were keenly interested in everything and had many questions. Shirley and I felt very fortunate to have children with inquiring minds.

Our children were born so close together, three in about three and a half years, that they seemed to behave like triplets. Both Joshua and Beth were

premature infants, each a month early. By the end of their first year both Joshua and Beth had gained their proper weight, development, and composure. Jon, by contrast, was a full term infant. He was a warm, loving, and pleasant child from the outset. Both Shirley and I were always impressed by the unique quality of their individual personalities. Joshua was always aggressive, demanding, keen, and infinitely able to absorb attention. Beth, the youngest of three, was always beset by her brothers who demanded her attention. She was aggravated by their imposition and sometimes by their physical abuse. Shirley and I tried hard to defend her and to admonish our older children to desist. I am not certain we succeeded, and now I believe it was an impossible task. Children compete for their parents' attention. Jon, the middle child, was a pleasant and loving infant and child. As an infant he was diagnosed with a prenatal dislocation of the hip. This required about a year of wearing a brace, which extended his legs in a froglike fashion. At the end of the year he was relieved of the burden and came away with strong shoulder muscles. Jonathan always enjoyed helping me in any household chore and became quite adept at carpentry and painting. Jonathan was our middle child, constantly having to placate the demands of Joshua and Beth. Still, in the face of great adversity in his young life and later, he has remained imperturbable.

I was able to redecorate their basement playroom into a wonderland for children. The playroom was painted in broad stripes of red, white, and blue. New fluorescent lighting was installed. We renovated the asphalt floor tile and secured a great canvas gymnasium mat to wrestle and play on. I made floor shelves for the four walls in the room to house the toys, books, games, paints, crayons, and a huge array of wood blocks, which I made. There were three painting easels. I had learned a great deal about early childhood education in community centers and put the knowledge to good use with my children. Shirley and I would come down to the basement to observe with awe the gigantic block constructions of our children. They would stand for weeks on end upon completion. The playroom was the site of the fabrication of most of their school projects. My workshop was in the adjacent basement, as was the laundry room. We did not succumb to the importunities of our children to buy a television set until they were teenagers.

My children acquired useful play skills. They learned to bicycle on Hampshire Road with its gentle grade. They learned to play cards, "casino", "war", and, with Min and Joe their grandparents, "canasta". I taught them to play checkers and chess. Jonathan learned to play chess well, and with his coterie of school friends they played chess through high school. They learned to swim. The basketball hoop in our driveway helped them learn basketball. Our children were avid readers. They loved to visit the Great Neck Library with Shirley. The children's book section was splendid, and there was no limit on the number of books a child could borrow.

By the summer of 1966 Shirley had made a good recovery. She was up and about in a very optimistic mood, and so we were too. We could now consider vacation plans. I had five weeks of vacation. This generous grant to administrative staff at JANC, and subsequently Associated Y's and JASA, was a Federation wide practice. It included compensatory time for overtime above the thirty-seven and a half hour week observed by most staff. This vacation was very special because we had lived through two years of high anxiety, deeply concerned about Shirley and her survival. Now we could be together at last and for five weeks without diversion.

As a child Shirley and her family had gone camping. Both Joe and Min were American born young people and camping was a way for families to enjoy their vacation at very moderate cost. They had reserved some wonderful campsites on lakes in the Catskills. Joe was one of the fortunate workers of his generation who had an automobile. There were four children, and I can imagine the crush in the family car. They rented a trailer to accommodate their gear. As for me, all of my memories of childhood and youth centered on the joy of the camping experience at Northover Camp. I had learned all the camping skills and was eager to introduce my children to camping.

And so in the summers which followed beginning in 1967, we enjoyed a series of camping expeditions. We went camping in the Catskills, on Lake Champlain, and visited every tourist wonder in northern New York. Fort Ticonderoga, the Catskill Game Farm, and Ausable Chasm come to mind. I purchased a blue Ford station wagon, a large pop-up tent for five, a cook stove, which used white gasoline as fuel, and all of our cooking equipment. I made a chest to serve as our camp kitchen. We all inscribed our names on the lid with an electric marker. Each of our children had their own knapsack, mess kit, and canteen.

Other memorable trips included a stay on Racquette Lake in the Adirondacks, a drive through the Laurentians, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island New Brunswick, and Newfoundland. Our visit to Prince Edward Island was notable. The beaches in the brilliant sunshine of August days were a brilliant red. We saw homes painted in bright plaid decorations. The fences had white posts with little red knobs. The island had apparently been settled by people from Scotland. They maintained their old traditions. On the ferry from the mainland to Prince Edward Island I had, for the first time, a marvelous cold bottle of English ale in a frozen glass.

Newfoundland too seemed like a very old island, preserved in the quiet of the 1920's. We motored through Gander Airport. Once it had been a great entrepot for American planes making a refueling stop on their way to England during the war with Germany. As we drove through it was a vast empty airstrip. There was no activity at all.

We spent one vacation in Maine and visited Campobello Island, the Roosevelt summerhouse. Then from a campsite in Maine we rose early in the

morning to see "Sunrise on Campobello Island". On our way back one trip, we visited New Hyde Park, home of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. One summer we visited the Worlds Fair in Toronto. We toured through Québec.

By far the most memorable of our trips were two, in 1968 and 1972. We traversed the United States to visit Dorothy and Stanley Wagner in Salem, Oregon. There were four cousins: Elizabeth, Sarah, Anne, and Eve, all about the same ages as our children. Stanley was a forester, trained at the University of Syracuse. After two difficult years in Bogalusa, Louisiana with the International Paper Company, he returned to Ozone Park. He spent a year thinking about his love for Dorothy, a young Italian and Catholic girl. He decided to marry her and then relocated to the west coast in a new job with the United States Department of the Interior. He supervised a tract of 250,000 acres on the Pacific coast of Oregon with headquarters at Coos Bay. The family lived in Salem, Oregon, about forty miles upland. Our cross-country route took us west on U.S. 80 across Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and into Chicago and Evanston, Illinois to visit with Abe and Maiga Vinik and their children, Nina, Martin, and Karen. They were very welcoming, and we all enjoyed several days with the Viniks. Their children were especially hospitable. I had not seen the Viniks for many years, although Abe and I met annually at the national conference of YM-YWHA's. Abe had succeeded Sam Levine as the Executive Vice President of the JCCA's of Chicago. The suburb of Evanston was very child centered with excellent schools and other family resources.

We then proceeded cross-country following the route of Lewis and Clarke, west-northwest along the north branch of the Mississippi River. We drove through Illinois, Iowa, South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, and on to Oregon. What a vast country is the United States! The corn, then the wheat fields of the central states, were in full blossom and soon to be harvested. We saw the immense herds of cattle in Idaho and the desert country in Wyoming. We drove over the Rocky Mountains. We found eastern Oregon to be a vast desert, dry, mountainous, and a desolate country. Then upon the escarpment of the Pacific Ridge of the Rockies we observed the gentle land of Oregon, its pastures, dairy cattle, and orchards. Salem was a pleasant community, and the Wagners enjoyed the countryside and its people. Oregonians were very liberal westerners.

En route to Oregon we had stopped at country campsites and met camping families from all over the country, but most were from west of the Atlantic states. We had a wonderful family reunion with the Wagners in Salem. There were forest picnics and cookouts. We swam in the Pacific and found it surprisingly cold. Stanley enjoyed his work, supervising some extensive lumbering operations on federal forestland. I learned that forestry was a dangerous occupation. The forest floors were wet and full of brush. There were many accidents cutting timber. We enjoyed our stay. For Shirley, Stanley was her youngest and favorite brother.

We then proceeded north through the great forestlands of Oregon and Washington to Vancouver, Canada's largest city in the west. Its suburb Victoria is renowned as a retirement center for English Canadians with some astonishing gardens. The Japanese current, washing on the western shores of the United States and Canada, brings much rain, which grow very tall trees. We crossed the Rockies heading east. We stayed in Banff and at Lake Louise. The lake is an emerald set into the high Rockies. The Canadian Railroad Hotel at Lake Louise is an outstanding monument to the builders of the Canadian-Pacific Railroad. We then drove through several thousand miles of endless wheat land. We stayed at motels on our way back and escaped several days and nights of drenching rain. All the motels, we noticed, were equipped with electrical sockets for heating units to be placed under automobile hoods during the freezing nights of winter. We reached Niagara Falls in good time. We were very impressed by the falls. Then we crossed the state on the turnpike and arrived home at last, exhausted and happy. Our children carefully removed their souvenirs collected at every tourist trap across three thousand miles of America! We unpacked our gear and then, after a light snack, fell asleep, exhausted. I was very happy we had completed our vacation together without mishap. Shirley was well, though tired, but she had had no undue stress. It was several days before all our kit was put away, laundry done, bills paid. Then we went back to work and school.

Several years later in 1972 we toured the country again. Stanley, Dorothy, and their children had moved to Phoenix, Arizona. Stanley had been promoted and transferred to State Headquarters of the Department of the Interior. The promotion had been welcome, but Salem had been a far more pleasant place to live. Phoenix had been built in a desert on the Gila River whose dried riverbed reflected the overuse of the water of the southwest. Phoenix was a thriving city of more than a million people, every last citizen spending his or her day in air-conditioned space.

This trip we proceeded west in our station wagon, crossing Pennsylvania on the southern turnpike, West Virginia, Ohio, Indianapolis, and into St. Louis. From Missouri we drove through Oklahoma City, Dallas, El Paso, Tucson, New Mexico, and then Phoenix. It had been a very hot trip. We drove early in the morning and stopped at one in the afternoon for a swim and afternoon siesta. I was concerned about Shirley. The Wagners found Phoenix to be very hot and the neighbors all rednecks. This was a radical change from Salem, Oregon. Still, their children had found friends, and they had made their accommodations. They had a pleasant, air-conditioned, four-bedroom house with a swimming pool and large backyard. With temperatures during the summer at 105 degrees Fahrenheit, their swimming pool was always very warm. The children had grown in the two years since their meeting in Salem. They were still enchanted by the meeting. Stanley's work in Phoenix had

changed. He was engaged in a great deal of paperwork with only rare visits to the field. He had refused a transfer to Washington, D.C., one of the routes to promotional opportunity. Stanley remained in Phoenix at State Headquarters to the end of his career with the department.

We left Phoenix with regret and proceeded to San Diego, California and visited with Bill and Lillian Dudash and their young daughters Elizabeth and Margaret. We were delighted to see them again. It had been years since their last visit to New York on their way west. Bill had been my associate at UNRRA headquarters in Heidelberg and somewhat an admirer. Bill, of Hungarian-American origin, had come originally from Massena, New York. His immigrant family and many others had been recruited as workers for the aluminum company smelter in Massena on the St. Laurence River. Bill's father and brothers all worked in the mill. But Bill had been determined to take another path. He won a football scholarship to the University of North Carolina, completed his degree, and then was drafted into the U.S. Army. Upon discharge in Europe he was employed by UNRRA as a supply officer and assigned to me. At our headquarters Bill met Lillian Joel, a comely young secretary in Personnel. They fell in love and were married. Lillian was a young Jewish girl from the East End of London. Despite their religious differences they had a very happy marriage, ending only with Bill's premature death of a heart attack when he was in his mid fifties. But then they were all well and enjoying life in San Diego at our reunion.

The Dudashes had a pleasant ranch style home on the hillside overlooking San Diego and its bay. Their front yard was a mass of flowers, and in the rear their very long and large patio overlooked the bay and was bedecked with their flower garden. The weather in San Diego, a very southerly city on the Pacific, was clement and sunny and enjoyed rain frequently. Gardening in San Diego was fun for the Dudashes. Bill was a supervising counselor in the local high school and a tennis coach. The cost of living in San Diego was modest. Bill's earnings as a school supervisor were good. Both he and Lillian had brought back a tidy sum in savings. Both had been employed by UNRRA through 1952. Bill invested some of his savings in second mortgages, yielding twelve percent. There were several former UNRRA alumni in the area, friends of the Dudashes and others. Their preoccupation was tennis. There was a local club, and their daughters, very skilled, were on their way to becoming professional tennis players. Elizabeth and Margaret were very friendly, and our children enjoyed the visit. Then we departed. Our route took us north to San Bernardino, then east across Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. In Zanesville, Ohio we had a mishap. Our station wagon broke down on the turnpike. We were quickly reassured by the State Trooper, who called a towing truck, and had us in a motel and our car in a shop within the hour.

We had two days in a Zanesville motel. We played checkers, chess, and canasta, watched television, and had restaurant meals in a nearby mall. Then at last a new axle arrived for the Ford, and we were on our way again. We crossed West Virginia and Pennsylvania. Then we were home again. This trip, because of the heat on the plains, had been much more rigorous. I had been frightened one night by Shirley's heat prostration and bathed her for hours with water and a compress. I was not certain we would be camping much more. Indeed in the summer that followed my children found their own way. But our summer holidays together were forever embedded in our memory.

Family Life, 1964–1974

As our children grew older they made their own way. They were excellent students at high school and at Hebrew High, avid participants in after school activities. Beth was a member of the orchestra, played the second violin, and had scores of friends with whom she visited. Jon was a member of the cross country and track teams. He too had many friends with whom he played chess and socialized. Josh had his own group of friends. They all visited our house, and then they spent weekend nights away. When each was fifteen they spent five weeks in Israel with their Hebrew High School classmates and teachers in a program organized by the United Synagogue Youth. They did the grand tour of Israel, and their school studies were strongly supplemented by their travels through the country and visits with Israelis. They saw their Uncle Akiva and Aunt Miriam then, as they had resettled in Netanya.

Beth enrolled in several bicycle tours with the 92nd Street Y. One summer she visited northern Michigan and another trip was in Cape Cod. While Beth enjoyed the vigorous bicycling and the outdoors, her fellow campers, most from the farther reaches of Long Island, were not so appealing. Jon spent a summer at the University of Syracuse as a laboratory assistant studying muscular dystrophy. Josh was employed as a summer research assistant in a study of army ants conducted by the Museum of Natural History at its field study site in the mountains of New Mexico. That was quite an experience for Josh. He traveled cross-country with the Study Director, a professor of entomology at City College, and a very varied group of scientists. This summer study included several weeks in the back wings of the museum, great halls of specimens never seen by the lay public. During another summer Josh took several courses at the New School for Social Research and wandered through Greenwich Village and the city. The days at school were all enriched by many, many fascinating projects. Shirley and I were always involved in them. Shirley edited the copy, and I assisted in the preparation of the models. One I most remember was Josh's model of the sun and its planets. This model, done to scale, extended over half the attic. We used some very stiff wire to carry the planets around the sun. We saved all the paper and projects in the eaves of the attic. Many years later when I had sold the house in Great Neck, I shipped fifty cartons of this collection of childhood ephemera to each of my children!

There were some memorable adventures. Jon and a friend jogged to Oyster Bay and the Theodore Roosevelt House and returned in one day! I recall Jon falling into bed that night and waking up a day later. Then he bicycled to Quogue with another friend whose parents had a summerhouse on the beach on the south shore. Josh, Kenny Weiss, Leonard Stein, and some other friends organized a weekend hike on the Appalachian trail beginning in Bear Mountain State Park, crossing the Hudson, and proceeding into Connecticut. Some of the parents and I agreed to meet the boys at a rendezvous in Connecticut several days later, actually just fifteen miles from their point of origin. We met the group. Josh had arrived on time with the others straggling behind. I had completely overestimated their hiking abilities. But they had a strenuous adventure. In the later years while at Dartmouth Josh did much better organizing his expeditions. With the Ledyard Canoe Club he led twenty-one canoes and forty-two classmates down the Connecticut River, staying at town jails overnight! Another successful trip was a canoe cruise down the west coast of the Everglades Park through the mangrove swamps.

We enjoyed an active social life in Great Neck. Shirley was involved with League of Women Voters, as association of liberal college women, the Sisterhood of Temple Israel, and the Parent Teachers Associations of the public schools and Hebrew High School. She did a fine job organizing a new senior citizens club at Temple Israel, the Mitzvah Club, and served as its advisor for a number of years. The club flourished and was esteemed by the Synagogue Board, the Sisterhood, and membership. Many of the members were the parents of younger families. The elderly were the remnants of the generation of Jewish immigrants; many were still Yiddish speaking and had lived hard lives as working people. They were a familiar group to me, so much like my father and mother. Then there were the Hesses and the Brookners who became close friends. We entertained at home and were entertained in turn so that our time together passed so quickly. Our contemporaries in Great Neck were all college educated, mostly Jewish, professionals and politically liberal. Most were very identified as Jews and during those years deeply concerned with the fate of Israel. We were disturbed by the civil unrest in the metropolis with the Black-White conflicts. Our sympathies were with the teachers, mostly Jewish, and their unions in the struggle with the black national effort to gain political control of the schools. The war in Vietnam seemed remote, especially since our children were not yet of draft age. Moreover, the American cause was allied to the Cold War being fought world wide against the Soviet Union and the Communist Party. We were mostly unsympathetic to the national student rebellions against their universities. The Columbia student takeover of their college seemed a desecration of all we held dear: the university and academia. We remained faithful to our liberal sympathies with the civil rights movement. There was a distinct hostility to the Soviet Union as we had become aware of

the anti-Semitism of the Communist Party and its oppression of the Jews of Soviet Russia and support of Arab aggression against Israel.

Sometimes we went into New York City to attend a concert or the opera. I would meet Shirley in the city, and then we would make our way home. On cold winter nights that was always fatiguing. There were concerts on the island and in Great Neck, which we attended more frequently. When the children were very young, early in our days in Great Neck, we preferred not to leave our children in the care of some young teenager.

1973 was a hard year for me. After a long illness my mother died, September 24, 1973. She suffered encephalitis and was at Coney Island Hospital in a coma for a month. I visited my father in Brighton Beach often and with my mother at the hospital. I was very sad for myself and especially for my father who had lost his companion of more than fifty years. My brother I visited my father every two weeks and brought him some frozen prepared dinners Shirley had made. We had my father over for several weekends, but he really preferred to be at home in Brighton Beach.

That autumn Shirley and I had the great pleasure of driving Joshua to his new school. He had been accepted to Dartmouth on early decision and had looked forward to resettling in Hanover, New Hampshire. As first in his class at Great Neck High and having scored well in his S.A.T.'s, Josh might have had his choice of any college in the country. We had visited Hanover once on our way home from a camping trip to Canada. The college, all white colonial buildings on the greensward, was entrancing. Two of my cousins, Kenneth and Myron Falchuck, my Aunt Dora's two children, both Stuyvesant graduates, had attended Dartmouth. They had been enrolled in its two-year medical school and then completed their medical education at Harvard. We did talk about Dartmouth, and that may have impressed Joshua. So we drove north through Vermont. The countryside was ablaze in its fall foliage. Then we deposited Joshua in his dormitory room. I recalled it to be an austere chamber. I assembled a bookcase for Joshua. We had dinner out. We spent the night in town and then left next morning. Shirley and I were very proud of Joshua and had high hopes for his future. Then we were sad to leave him.

Among our close friends was Ben Kaplan. He visited with us at home often and stayed the weekend. He was very fond of Shirley and our children. Ben Kaplan had left UNRRA and our Supply Division depot in Hanau, Germany in 1946. He served the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee for a year. Then he became assistant to Alexander Squadrilli, Director of European Operations, for the U.S. Displaced Persons Commission from 1947 to 1950. They were very successful and resettled several hundred thousand displaced persons in the United States. Alex Squadrilli paid a severe penalty for his success. Certain nativist interests in the Congress forced his resignation. Ben Kaplan resigned with him.

He then became a liquor salesman. Somehow during his travels in Europe he gained the exclusive franchise for sale of American Distilleries liquor, Jack Daniels, and Piper Heidseck champagne to Army Post Exchanges, State Department installations, and other United States posts, all of which had dollars to spend on liquor. Moreover, Ben was an excellent golf player and was soon in a league with the U.S. Army General staff at SHAEF headquarters in Frankfurt. His travels took him through the whole of the European theatre of operations, which included the Mediterranean. By 1965 he had grown tired of the luxurious hotel life, however affluent it made him. Ben married a young German secretary and accepted an appointment as Administrative Officer for the United Nations Mission to the Congo in 1960. He spent several years there completing his contract and returned to the United States. His wife abandoned him, and they divorced. Ben then took another assignment as Administrative Officer with a World Organization for Rehabilitation and Training Mission in Bamaiko, the capital of Mali, once French Equatorial Africa. World ORT was engaged in the development of a trade school for the training of young Malians in plumbing, electricity, heating, ventilation, and such crafts. This mission was funded by the U.S. State Department. Interestingly some of the staff was Israeli. Ben returned to the United States in 1965 for some health and dental treatment. He then leased a nine-hole golf course in Paramus, New Jersey. Always a quick study, Ben mastered the management of the greens, as in manner born. Josh was employed by Ben for a number of weeks as an assistant grounds keeper and store manager. That was a happy assignment for Josh who learned to handle some very big grass cutters and to play golf.

In April 1974 I was invited to join Harold Resnick, trustee of the Brookdale Foundation and a member of our JASA Board, on a visit to Jerusalem to attend the dedication of the Brookdale Center for the Study of the Aging in Israel, a project developed by the American Joint Distribution Committee. The center's mission was to study the facts and circumstances of the aging in Israel and to conduct several demonstration projects in housing for the elderly. I was invited along by Harold Resnick who represented the foundation, which had pledged five million dollars towards its support. This was a most unusual experience for me and my first visit to Israel. Still, I was leaving Shirley behind, and I felt very ambivalent. But Shirley encouraged me to go. I brought back gifts and souvenirs for Beth, Jon, and Josh and jewelry for Shirley.

Friday May 15, 1974 began as an important day. Shirley drove me to the station. At JASA we had scheduled this day for our annual professional conference, which was being held at Hebrew Union College at West 68th Street. We were privileged to be able to use this academic building and its magnificent auditorium. This was an all day conference, essentially the work of David Soyer and the professional staff. There was a principal address in the

morning, papers, and small conference meetings. We had lunch in the school cafeteria. It promised to be a pleasant day. At about four in the afternoon, as I was on the podium of the auditorium preparing to address the staff, Ben, the Director of Administrative Services at JASA, came up to me and gave me a note. When I read the note, I was dismayed. Shirley had died, and I was to come home immediately. I called David Soyer, told him what had happened, and asked him to take my place on the podium and to make no announcements.

Shirley Dies

The train ride to Great Neck was very difficult. Shirley had seen me off that morning, and we had expected a good day. Now she was gone, and I knew everything would change. I remembered Dr. Schwartz telling me the night of Shirley's heart attack that she would have ten years, that we would have ten years together. From moment to moment I knew how precious our time was. I knew that one day I would be given that dreadful final message. Our children had ten years of Shirley's love, care, and devotion. How would they manage? Of our three I felt Beth to be most vulnerable. At seventeen Beth was growing very close to her mother. Josh was on his way and a freshman at Dartmouth and Jon had a summer camp job and would be entering Cornell in the fall. Beth and I would live together at our house as she completed her last year at high school.

When I stepped off the train in Great Neck, I was surprised to be greeted by a county trooper. He knew my name and asked me to come to his patrol car for a drive home. Jon had called the health authorities, and they had alerted the police. This was a very thoughtful and wholly unanticipated gesture. When I arrived home there was Beth in tears and Jon, stoical. I can remember no others. Then Dr. David Schwartz arrived. He examined Shirley who was lying on the floor in the dining room where she had fallen. Her head was covered with a sweater. Dr. Schwartz told us that Shirley probably had suffered an embolism to the lungs and perished. The embolism was caused by scar tissue which had been dislodged from her heart valve as Dr. Schwartz had long feared. We just sat around. I hugged Beth and Jon. We waited for the medical examiner. He arrived and advised us that he would give the death certificate to the funeral home. Rabbi Mordecai Waxman arrived with some comforting words and advice. We called the Great Neck Funeral Home to arrange for Shirley's body to be moved and for the funeral. I telephoned Joshua, and he arranged to come to Great Neck on Saturday to be present at the funeral.

The funeral Sunday morning was the saddest day in my life. Beth, Josh, and Jon sat with me in the mourners' row. Joe, Jack, and Betty Wagner and other Glasers attended. I was overcome to see so large a gathering to mourn Shirley's passing. There were many young people, high school classmates of

my children, our friends, the Brookners and Hesses, a host of Sisterhood members and their husbands, other members of Temple Israel whom we knew, Cantor Siegel, and Henry Tyrangiel, principal of the Hebrew High School. The Mitzvah Club turned out en masse. There were my JASA colleagues, Ben Kaplan, David Soyer, and others. Ben, as always, was very helpful, arranging for food to be delivered to our house and seeing to its serving when we returned from the cemetery. Rabbi Waxman made a very moving eulogy, as did others. We cried. And then we drove to the cemetery in New Jersey. Shirley was the first to be buried on the plot my father had purchased for my brother and me. Akiva and Miriam were at the funeral. The burial was so terribly final, a time of farewell to my heart's companion. I recited the Mourner's Kaddish, which is a reaffirmation of faith. We returned to our house in Great Neck and began our period of mourning. There were many visitors Sunday afternoon, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Josh, Jon, and Beth returned to school, and I returned to work. I was greeted by expressions of sympathy, and then we resumed our responsibilities. During our quiet time of mourning my children and I talked of many of our happy experiences together. But I felt that Beth was most depressed. I pledged to my children that I would always be there for them and never abandon my responsibilities. I have not.

It was our good fortune that Beth had been accepted as a summer scholar at the Jackson Laboratories in Bar Harbor, Maine. This world-renowned scientific center specialized in the breeding of genetically specialized mice for laboratory studies and was the site of scientific research conducted by its own staff. Among its functions was the encouragement of young people to enter the scientific professions. There were twenty high school students and as many college students given summer stipends, room and board, and staff supervision to conduct their own scientific project. Beth had a wonderful, loving professor to guide her through the summer. Her faculty advisor was aware of Beth's loss. So along with scientific guidance Beth baked cookies and pies. She made several other friends who have stayed with her to this day. Josh and Jon had other jobs, Jon as a counselor at a camp for retarded adults.

That summer I visited with Beth at the Jackson Laboratories. Otherwise the days in Great Neck were lonely. There was no one home but me. I was invited out to dinner by the Hesses, the Brookners, and others. I spent a week at home with my brother Akiva and Miriam, and we took some long walks together. I visited with my father in Brighton Beach. He had visited Israel and spent several weeks with his nieces, Toba and Tscharne, in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. When he returned home he learned of Shirley's death. I was glad my father could visit Israel in his lifetime, although the modern state was not a transfiguration of his old village, Lonowicsz. His nieces and their families had prospered!

The Associated YM-YWHA's of Greater New York, 1957–1968

The organization of the Associated YM-YWHA's of Greater New York was a milestone in the Jewish Community Center movement and in my life as well. Dr. Maurice B. Hexter worked hard to persuade key Federation trustees to accept the fundamental idea of the Associated Y's. Four independent agencies would be merged into the Associated Y's. These were JANC, the Jewish Association for Neighborhood Centers, the Shorefront Jewish Community Center in Brooklyn, the East Tremont YM-YWHA, and the Jewish Community Center of the Rockaways. Dr. Hexter, Joe Willen, and other trustees were certain that the existing centers and their boards could not raise the six million dollars needed to construct twelve community center buildings contemplated by the communal Planning Committee.

In 1945 Federation initiated a Building Fund Campaign and in 1949 held a supplementary campaign. Federation failed to raise the $54 million goal. The sum of $1,250,000 in unallocated "free funds" was made available to the Bronx Y, Bronx House at Pelham, the East New York YM-YWHA, and the Washington Heights-Inwood Y. Ultimately these centers raised additional funds and a total of $3,000,000 for four new facilities. A number of centers were closed: Stuyvesant Neighborhood House, Recreation Rooms and Settlement, and the old Bronx Y at Fulton Avenue. Their neighborhoods had changed, and their Jewish memberships departed. Federation and center trustees were deeply disappointed by the failure of the campaign for the centers. The hospitals, homes for the aged, and child care agencies were far more successful. It was evident that the community center boards did not have trustees who were wealthy enough to contribute and raise the money needed.

As early as 1945 Federation initiated an exploration of the value of merging seven of the twenty-one affiliated community center agencies to create a single center association. Three consultants, Bernard Trencher, Robert B. Brodie, and Louis B. Loeb, were engaged and published their reports, "Advantages of a YM-YWHA of New York City" and "Draft of a Proposed Plan", including by-laws. They chose not to consult with either trustees or executives of the concerned agencies before publishing their proposals.

These reports aroused the fury of the executives and trustees of the Jewish centers affiliated with Federation. Under the aegis of the Metropolitan Association of Jewish Center Workers, affiliated with the Metropolitan Section of the National Jewish Welfare Board, they published a rousing, hostile response in May 1964, the documents entitled "Preliminary Analysis of the Proposed Merger of a Limited Number of Federation Societies and Neighborhood Centers" and "Preliminary Outline of a Proposed Plan for Setting up a Coordinating Agency for All Federation Constituent and Subvention Societies within the Neighborhood Center Category".

This response strongly protested the publication of the merger proposal without consultation of the boards and staffs of the concerned centers. The suggested pooling of funds and other assets, while respecting original restrictions of use, the consolidated budgeting, and fund allocation process was deemed inefficient and insensitive to local community needs, and the elimination of the autonomy of center boards and staffs within the merged agency deemed autocratic and contrary to center tradition. Moreover, establishment of a new central organization would be expensive and wasteful of resources which might best, if available, be allocated to local center needs. A central administration would create a cumbersome impediment to effective, economical management. This response made no mention whatsoever of the central objective of the merger proposal: to create a large and prestigious enough agency which could attract high status wealthy trustees who could and would raise the funds needed to develop significant new centers and fund their operation. There is no doubt of the hostility of community center trustees and executives of the Federation agencies to the establishment and continued existence of the Associated Y's.

However, the need for new center facilities was evident. On March 8, 1955, after a long winter of study, the Federation Subcommittee on "Blueprinting Jewish Community Center Facilities and Services in the Greater New York Area" was submitted to the Communal Planning Committee. By December 6, 1956 this committee, chaired by Norman S. Goetz, a senior partner in the law firm of Proskauer, Rose, Goetz, and Mendelsohn, adopted a "Report on the Capital Requirements of the Jewish Community Center Field in Greater New York". The report affirmed the need to create "a ring of YM-YWHA's in every heavily Jewish populated neighborhood of New York" to provide a "future for our children, the Jewish community, and greater New York." The centers were needed for children, youth, and the aged. They were to be a cultural oasis. Centers combated juvenile delinquency. They were required for Jewish identification and the broadening of knowledge of Jewish life, past and present. It was recommended that eleven new centers be completed at a cost of $6,000,000.

It should be noted that in 1955 Federation centers numbered 18 autonomous societies in 35 different locations. They served 65,000 members

with an aggregate attendance of 3,650,000 annually. There were 1,850 staff members and 575 board members. In 1956–57 gross expenditures of the centers were $2,900,000. Federation contributed $2,000,000, 68% of costs, with $900,000 of income coming in as dues, fees, investment income, and board contributions.

The committee concluded that public recreation centers in New York City housing projects could not serve the needs of the Jewish community and were not available for sectarian services. The Jewish orientation of the centers was a crucial issue. Alternative facilities in synagogue centers were unavailable and restricted for use based upon the denomination of the synagogue. The neighborhoods recommended for center development were:

Mosholu Parkway (Bronx)	Brighton Beach (Brooklyn)
Tremont (Bronx)	East Midtown (Manhattan)
Bronx Gardens Parchester (Bronx)	Rockaway (Southern Queens)
Coney Island (Brooklyn)	Flushing (Queens)
Sheepshead Bay (Brooklyn)	Douglaston Little Neck (Queens)
East Flatbush (Brooklyn)	Eastchester-Tuckahoe (Westchester)

In all of these neighborhoods with a Jewish population of 25,000, new facilities were required to replace existing and wholly inadequate quarters.

The new buildings were planned to have a gymnasium, auditorium, twenty clubrooms, classrooms, crafts shops, and a dance studio. These would contain 30,000 square feet, some 300,000 cubic feet, and cost approximately $500,000. The grand total cost of twelve new buildings was estimated at $6,000,000. That capital cost would include land, architectural fees, construction, and furnishings. This was a gross underestimate from the outset. The long night discussions with Graenum Berger, the author of the Blueprint report, about the Federation estimates informed me that he was fully aware that any greater estimate would defeat any possibility of securing approval of the Building Fund program from the Communal Planning Committee or the Federation Board of Trustees. At the very outset of Associated Y's bids and the initial contract for construction of the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center came in at $1,200,000, awarded to Kayfield Construction Company.

The Communal Planning Committee recognized the inability of the existing center boards to raise the capital funds required. It recommended that Federation throw its full weight behind a single Building Fund effort for the community center program. The committee hoped that a number of significant, large gifts could be secured before the opening of the general campaign. The Communal Planning Committee assured the existing member

agencies that completion of the new centers would not "prove burdensome to Federation nor threaten the financial stability of the existing constituent societies since some are only replacement of inadequate facilities and services, some present services will be terminated or relocated and all will enjoy higher dues and fees schedules, which members will be willing to pay if good facilities are provided. The estimate of the additional annual budget impact by the erection of twelve centers should be about $300,000, but it should be understood that this will be gradual since these centers will be built over a number of years."

The Communal Planning Committee Report requested the Federation Board to authorize the establishment of a new community center agency which would engage in the Building Fund program, enlist a new community wide Board of Trustees, and determine whether the new agency would operate new centers or establish new independent agencies.

The Communal Planning Committee recommended exploration of a citywide interfaith Building Fund campaign enlisting the YMCA-YWCA and Catholic charities. It was hoped that such an effort would secure the financial support of large corporate contributors. Nothing much came of this proposal; the Catholic Charities and Protestant Y's were not interested in this joint Building Fund effort. Following adoption of the Communal Planning Committee Report, Federation's attorney, Proskauer, Rose, Goetz, and Mendelsohn, incorporated the "Associated YM-YWHA's of Greater New York" early in 1957.

Dr. Maurice B. Hexter secured the agreement of Salem L. Lewis, the retiring President of Federation, to serve as the first President of Associated Y's. This was truly a coup. Salem L. Lewis was a very successful partner in the Wall Street firm Bear Stearns. It was distinctly nouveau riche, a roaring, buccaneering postwar establishment burning with zeal and determined to make its way amongst the old line Protestant and German Jewish establishments. Its partners were the children of the early twentieth century Eastern European immigrants. Indeed Joe Willen and Dr. Maurice B. Hexter found Salem L. Lewis during the course of organizing the Wall Street division. Up to that point Mr. Lewis had never been affiliated with any Jewish communal enterprise or any other philanthropy. Salem L. Lewis served well as Federation President and helped the campaigns of the fifties to succeed at a time when philanthropic competition with the United Jewish Appeal, devoted to the postwar relief efforts of European displaced persons and its refugees, the revival of desolated European communities, and the resettlement of millions in Israel, became the first priority of a reawakened American Jewry.

Judge Joseph M. Proskauer, a dean of the legal fraternity in New York and senior partner in Proskauer, Rose, Goetz, and Mendelsohn, was elected Chairman of the Board of Associated Y's. Judge Proskauer had served as

President of Federation of Jewish Philanthropies and retired as a New York State Judge. He and Norman Goetz were key trustees of the Henry Kaufmann foundation, which was lodged in the offices of their law firm. This foundation, benefactor of the Irene Kaufmann Settlement and Emma Kaufmann Camp in Pittsburgh, became the resource for a major gift for the Associated Y's East Flatbush building. Dr. Maurice B. Hexter was of course the major broker in arranging the benefaction. Milton Weill, another former president of Federation and C.E.O. of the Arrow Manufacturing Company, shirts, became Associate Chairman. Melvin A. Block, President of Block Drug Company, became Secretary. Other notable corporate principals who became officers and trustees were: Laurence S. Phillips of Phillips-Van Heusen, Maurice Goldwater of Goldwater and Flynn, Thomas Liebmann of Rheingold Breweries, and Calmon Ginsberg, co-owner of the American and Foreign Steamship Company. Calmon and his company were notable Zionists and had helped procure freighters for the Aliyah Bet movement of Jewish refugees from Mediterranean ports to Palestine in 1947 to 1948. His steamship company was one of the largest American flagship freighter companies in the United States during World War II. Then there was John Slade, a partner in Bear Stearns and once a German refugee, and Saul Horowitz, partner in H.R.H. Construction Company, one of the largest builders in the city. He became the Chairman of Associated Y's Buildings and Sites Committee. Frederick Warburg, grandson, was another trustee.

Trustees who had served on the boards of the merging agencies were elected to the new central board; for JANC: Leonard H. Bernheim, Laurence B. Buttenwieser, Milton B. Eulau, and Mrs. Alvord Luria; for the Shorefront Y's: Murray Handwerker, owner of Nathan's Famous, a national corporation and Coney Island hot dog stand which is still open on Surf Avenue, Sol R. Kaplan, Herbert H. Romanoff, Harry Kinoy, and Fred Moran, second generation owner of "the Whip", a famous Coney Island ride on Surf Avenue and the boardwalk; for the East Tremont Y: Mrs. Robert Klein; and for the JCC of the Rockaways: J. Lewis Fox. As finally assembled the Board of Trustees had thirteen officers and forty-seven trustees. There was no doubt that the new Board had immensely greater fundraising capacity than the four predecessors. Moreover, with the establishment of the new Board, Salem L. Lewis was able to announce the receipt of several million dollars in Building Fund gifts secured for the new Building Fund projects.

In New York society then, in 1957, and now, in 2008, nomination for service as a trustee of a prestigious philanthropic, cultural, or educational institution was a signal of honor. The new trustee was recognized for his or her status as a person of wealth, prestige, and power. It was expected that the trustee would thereafter contribute very substantially to the agency in an annual gift to help meet operating costs and deficits and, from time to time,

in much larger sums to the building or endowment funds of the agency. The organizations with the highest prestige in New York City were the great art museums, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art, and the hospitals, Columbia Presbyterian, New York Hospital, and Mt. Sinai. Columbia University, an Ivy League school, enjoyed the highest status among the colleges. Until the end of the twentieth century the world of the voluntary philanthropies was divided by religious identification. Catholic Charities, the Federation of Protestant Philanthropies, and Federation of Jewish Philanthropies were the three divisions. The exclusion of the Jews from the boards of the universities, museums, and major philanthropies was evident at the turn of the twentieth century. By mid century a new generation of Jews of Eastern European origin made themselves felt by their power in finance, industry, and philanthropy. Indeed there was concern at Federation and UJA about the loss of major donors to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York – Presbyterian, Columbia, and New York University. Still, so great were the fortunes that all of the institutions prospered despite the extraordinary increase in the great society programs of the Johnson years, which so mightily expanded the services of the health and welfare agencies.

Early in the twentieth century it was the German Jewish leadership of New York society which created the historic health and welfare organization with the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. Mt. Sinai Hospital was initially created by Jewish physicians who were refused appointments at the Protestant and Catholic sponsored hospitals. Subsequently, its Board of Trustees enrolled key German Jewish leaders. The hospital was used by patients of the German Jewish neighborhood, then Harlem. Beth Israel Hospital was dominated by physicians and trustees of Eastern Jewish origins. That hospital maintained a kosher food service for its patients of Orthodox persuasion from the outset. The organization of Federation of Jewish Philanthropies by 1920, led by the Warburgs, the Schiffs, and the Strausses, was an effort to rationalize the fundraising efforts of the many Jewish philanthropic organizations and to bring some measure of better management to their efforts.

Dr. Maurice B. Hexter was born on January 30, 1891 in Cincinnati, the child of German Jewish parents originally from Hoechst, Germany. His father was a candy store owner and originally Orthodox in his faith. Their son completed his undergraduate schooling at the University of Cincinnati and worked for the Jewish Federation in that city. Later he became the Associate Director of the United Jewish Charities in Boston serving under Dr. Boris Bogen. Dr. Hexter completed his doctorate at Harvard University in sociology. He came to the attention of Felix Warburg, New York's leading Jewish philanthropist. He accepted the post of agent for the American Jewish philanthropic community on the Board of the Jewish Agency for Palestine.

He served in Jerusalem from 1929 to 1939. During this period he became intimately acquainted with all the future political leaders of the State of Israel. He earned the respect and trust of Felix Warburg and, therefore, of the leadership of the German Jewish community of New York. He returned to New York City to become Assistant Director of Federation of Jewish Philanthropies and later Co-Director with Joseph Willen. Accepting Joe Willen as Co-Director must have been difficult for Dr. Maurice B. Hexter, an imperious and authoritative man. But it was a partnership which served the community well for more than thirty years. Joe Willen was the fundraiser and managed the campaigns. Dr. Hexter was responsible for distribution of grants to the agencies, social planning, and raising of major keystone gifts.

Dr. Hexter's close personal and professional relationships with the inner circle of lay leaders enabled him to establish the Associated Y's, to effect the merger of the agencies, and raise the money needed to build the new community center facilities. His leadership and judgment was highly respected. He was assisted by three professionals: Graenum Berger, for community centers and camps, Martha K. Selig, for family and children's agencies, and Dr. Maurice Hinenberg, for hospitals and homes for the aged. Another professional, Rabbi Isaac Trainin, a modern Orthodox Rabbi, was responsible for relationships between the Jewish religious institutions of New York, Federation, and its agencies. The three consultants, as advisors to the Distribution and Communal Planning Committees, were very powerful officers. All of the annual grants to the agencies from Federation were made by the lay committees under their supervision. All building fund and program initiatives required approval of the Communal Planning Committee. They were responsible for the organization of new agencies, mergers, and new affiliations with Federation. Their relationships with the agencies were constant and prevailing. For the agencies whose funding was critically dependent upon the Federation philanthropic grant, the authority of the consultants was pervasive.

By the end of the twentieth century the social economies of the agencies had changed radically. The hospitals and homes for the aged had become almost self-sufficient. Their income from government sources, Medicare, Medicaid, health insurers, and other government revenues and fees made them literally independent of Federation. Their grants were still significant, exceeding one million dollars a year; their affiliation with Federation reflected their determination to remain with the aegis of the Jewish community. The economic picture was true to a somewhat lesser degree for the family and children's agencies, community centers, and camps. In the suburbs Federation grants for the community centers amounted to less than ten percent of their support. Then Federation loosened its prescription against fundraising by its agencies. Building and endowment fund campaigns were permitted, as

were annual campaigns for special projects or sustaining memberships. But Federation, now merged with the United Jewish Appeal, remains one of the largest fundraising organizations in the country. Its counsel and the interlocking leadership of Federation-UJA and the agencies make Federation a formidable power in the health and welfare community of New York. It is influential in public welfare management in Washington, D.C., Albany, and New York City.

The historic Jewish settlement houses, Educational Alliance, Henry Street Settlement, University Settlement, Recreation Rooms and Settlement, and Emanu-El Brotherhood, were established on the Lower East Side late in the nineteenth century by German Jewish philanthropists to serve the Jewish immigrant masses pouring into the city. They were unwashed, Yiddish speaking Orthodox Jews in strange dress, wearing hats and ear locks. Many were radicals and socialists. These masses were crowded into six-story tenements. The old law tenements built after the Civil War had bathrooms in the backyards. The masses were poverty stricken. Then they went to work in the needle trades, dominated by German Jewish manufacturers. The settlement houses had an important function. Above all they were educational institutions designed to teach the immigrant children and their parents how to speak English and the responsibilities and behavior of American citizens. The gymnasia and swimming pools provided constructive physical activity. There were classes and clubs for children and youth, art schools, and drama societies. Generations of young people found in the settlement houses an avenue into the new world, a new world of opportunity, and indeed a way to become a new American. Thousands of Jewish immigrants took classes in citizenship and became a new American, as did my mother and father in 1925.

Concurrently, the Jewish immigrants created their own social institutions. Initially there were hundreds of synagogues established, each formed by former citizens of villages in the Pale of Russia, Poland, Romania, and Austria. They were located in little houses on the Lower East Side. They were all Orthodox, initially. Only later do we observe the formation of Conservative and Reform synagogues uptown. The programs of the Jewish-sponsored settlement houses recognized the "Jewishness" of their members; Jewish holidays were celebrated, and the houses were closed on the holy days. However, that element of the program was not significantly emphasized. Indeed the Educational Alliance did not permit the use of Yiddish as a language within its halls until early in the twentieth century.

The 92nd Street YMHA, now at 92nd Street and Lexington Avenue, still the preeminent YM-YWHA in the country, had other origins. The Y was established in the late nineteenth century for working German Jewish youth, now resident in Harlem, to provide constructive social and physical activities. Subsequently, the 110th Street YWHA was organized for young Jewish women

in Harlem. These agencies followed the pattern established by the YMCA. By the late 1920's a new profession of social group work emerged to develop social work practitioners for community centers, camps, and Girl and Boy Scout groups, and other group serving agencies. The Jewish Association for Neighborhood Centers, a successor to the 110th Street YWHA in 1942, was established to organize new centers in neighborhoods of Jewish settlement throughout the city. The East Tremont Y, the Shorefront Y's, and the Jewish Community Center of the Rockaways were each established after World War II to serve Jewish neighborhoods in the Bronx, Queens, and Brooklyn. Without resources to build new centers their activities were conducted in miserable storefronts, basements, classrooms, and synagogue center facilities ill suited for community center activity. But the need was evident in the growing popularity of the centers.

Service on the boards of the centers and the Associated Y's was much more than a source of pride and prestige. Board membership became a passion and, for some of the women trustees, a full-time occupation for devoted community service. Board service was a fulfillment of a profound ethical philosophy. This higher morality of philanthropic service was their fulfillment of their Judaic commitment. For many, this was their only Jewish affiliation; the religious institutions were not. They spent endless hours at meetings, field visits, and conferences. Many became authorities in their field of interest. So Dr. Maurice V. Hexter succeeded in establishing Associated Y's as the new agency which could fulfill the objectives set forth by the Communal Planning Committee.

The merger of the four constituent community center agencies created one of the largest group serving organizations in the country. The agencies operated out of poor rented facilities in ten working class Jewish neighborhoods in the Bronx, Queens, and Brooklyn. The East Tremont Y was located in two modest two-story buildings in neighborhoods which had become predominantly Afro-American. The Shorefront Jewish Community Center occupied second story lofts subdivided into clubrooms in the Brighton Beach and Coney Island neighborhoods. In the Kingsbay area just north of Sheepshead Bay the center rented clubrooms in two middle-income buildings operated by the New York City Housing Authority. The JCC's of the Rockaways rented a storefront in Arverne and used school classrooms in the afternoons. Four of the JANC centers were in poor rented tenement house facilities: the Mosholu Neighborhood Center, the Bronx River Center, the East Flatbush Y, and the North Hills Y in Queens. The Flushing Y conducted its program in leased synagogue space. Subsequently, the Emanu-el Brotherhood, with a modest building on Sixth Street between First and Second Avenue, was affiliated with the Associated Y's and incorporated into the Building Fund program.

At the very outset Irving Brodsky, former Executive Director of JANC, was appointed head of the new agency as its General Director. This occurred about a year before the formal merger of the four agencies. I was immediately appointed Acting Executive Vice President of JANC to ensure my status in the new agency and my parity with the incoming executives of the merging agencies. There were very diplomatic efforts to ensure a sense of co-equality of the incoming trustees and executives of the four agencies; although in truth their social status and professional status was not truly equal.

The merger agreement provided for the composition of the new Associated Y Board as follows:

20 to be nominated by the JANC Board
7 to be nominated by the East Tremont Board
5 to be nominated by the Jewish Community Center of the Rockaways
8 to be nominated by the Shorefront Jewish Community Center
15 to be nominated as "public members" by Federation of Jewish Philanthropies

The Executive Committee of Associated Y's would initially be made up of 13 members, two each from the four merging agencies and five by Federation. The Nominating Committee initially, and for a year, would be composed of 8 members, one each from the four merging agencies, three "public members", and the President, ex officio. During the next ten years of development of the Associated Y's many "public members" were brought onto the Board, men and women of substantial means, and every effort was made to secure their active participation on Board committees, particularly in the fundraising. Meetings of the committees were held in mid-Manhattan at the offices of Federation at 59th Street or at the Harmonie Club, the social club for New York's wealthiest Jews. Representative trustees from the outer boroughs came less frequently. They did participate actively in key Associated Y meetings when the budgets or other concerns of their agencies was evident. They particularly attended meetings with the Federation's Distribution Committee when agency budgets and grants were discussed.

The by-laws of the Associated Y's provided for the normal complement of board officers and committees. These committees were critical areas of agency operation: the Executive, Budget, Finance, Building and Sites, Program, Personnel, and Legal committees. The Central Board was assigned legal and corporate responsibility for management of the agency and its finances. The center branch boards were responsible for day-to-day management of the affairs of their center and for their budgets as approved by the Central Board. They could incur no liabilities unless authorized by their budget. Their center directors were nominated by Associated Y's, as was all of their staff, but served at their pleasure.

The by-laws provided with respect to branch boards:

"While providing broad discretion to the branch boards for day-to-day management of their branches, the Board of Trustees shall centralize certain aspects of operation by appointing the Branch Director after consultation with and approval by the branch board by recruiting and contracting for personnel, developing common accounting practices, making a single overall request to the Distribution Committee, making budgetary allocations to each of the branches."

One key section of the by-laws provided:

"Section 5. The branch board shall not enter into any agreements, contract any indebtedness or incur any liabilities unless duly authorized by the Board of Trustees, except as this may be provided in the budgetary allocation."

During the months of organization of the Associated Y's, after the appointment of Irving Brodsky as General Director, all of the executive directors of the merging agencies, including me, were beset by mixed feelings – great hopes and anxieties. There were great expectations for the success of the Associated Y's Building Fund effort. We were all impressed by the seriousness of Federation and Dr. Maurice B. Hexter to raise the money this time to build the new centers. Indeed the JANC board under Ellie Bernheim's leadership had already raised one million dollars in pledges to construct the new Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center. Architectural planning for that building was already under way in the design offices of Robert Bien of Bien and Bien. Still, there was uncertainty of our personal status in the new agency.

Up until recent years the traditional form of organization of a Jewish Community Center, YM-YWHA, or settlement house had been the single freestanding building with its own Board of Trustees. In the postwar period from 1945 forward in all metropolitan areas, the dispersal of the Jewish neighborhoods from the inner city immigrant ghettos to the outer boroughs and to the suburbs was a universal trend. New, modest branch centers were organized by the older settlement houses. In Pittsburgh when I returned in 1948, the Irene Kaufmann Settlement House still operated in the original neighborhood, but a new branch was established in Squirrel Hill. One of my last assignments at the settlement house was to organize a new inter-racial Board of Trustees with a predominantly Afro-American leadership which would succeed to the leadership of the settlement house, most of whose members in 1952 were black. In Pittsburgh the Irene Kaufmann Center of Squirrel Hill and the Pittsburgh YM-YWHA merged to create a new

metropolitan area association to manage the new center buildings in new areas of Jewish residence. The National Jewish Welfare Board, a national agency representing Jewish Community Centers, encouraged the movement. There was universal agreement that metropolitan area Y associations could attract affluent trustees with the leadership capacity to raise the large sums needed to construct the facilities needed by new generations of Jewish Americans.

Still, for Barnet Lambert, Dr. Kurt Pine, and John Karpeles, Executive Directors of the East Tremont Y, the Shorefront Jewish Community Centers, and the JCC of the Rockaways, the merger was a bitter blow, and they resented it. They would be reporting to Irving Brodsky as Associate General Directors of Associated Y's, an honorific title, in addition to their continuing as Executive Directors of their branch agencies. Their trustees resented the change too, particularly the directors of the Shorefront Y's. They were, after all, Brooklyn businessmen of significant status in their boroughs. They would all far rather have had Federation raise the capital funds for their centers and remained independent philanthropic corporations. During the next decade as Associate Director and later General Director of the agency, and in effect Irving Brodsky's Chief of Operations, the de facto relationship of all the branches, their trustees, and executive directors was with me in matters of financial management, grants, acquisition of building sites, building planning, staffing, personnel recruitment, and union negotiations. Irving Brodsky was responsible for board relationships and the Building Fund effort. He was very capable. During the decade at Associated Y's, in an effort to better understand my relationship with the Shorefront Y crowd, I did some reading about the history of Brooklyn and New York City relationships. Brooklyn had been separately incorporated as a city and ultimately merged with New York in 1890. Brooklyn-Manhattan political relationships have been frayed ever since!

I had first met Dr. Kurt Pine in 1942 at Kingsley House. He had miraculously been able to come to the United States through the assistance of the International Refugee Committee as an intellectual victim of Nazi persecution. He was placed at the Kingsley House settlement as a lowly paid staff worker. He had been a successful film critic in Berlin for the Vossicher Zeitung. We had become good friends. Kurt Pine was very interested in the new profession of social work and social group work in particular. When I left Pittsburgh we lost touch with each other. When I returned in 1948 I learned that he had completed a graduate social work program at the University of Pittsburgh and had secured a doctorate in Sociology. He ended up in the Jewish Community Center field as Executive Director of the Shorefront Y's. He had married Bess, a social group worker, and had two children. During the decade Barnet Lambert became Director of Camp Ella Fohs at Associated Y's when the East Tremont Y building was sold. He died in Israel and was buried on the mount facing Jerusalem. Dr. Kurt Pine died prematurely as

well. John Karpeles retired. So time had a way of resolving problems of merger relationships.

No sooner was the merger effected in 1956 when I was hard at work establishing the new Associated Y's administrative and fiscal procedures. There was a new Central Office Accounting Department. This really was not very difficult. Jack Weiss, Chief Accountant at JANC, continued on in his new capacity. The JANC procedures for a citywide organization were easily adapted to Associated Y's. The four union agreements with District Council 1707 were consolidated. A series of staff meetings and board seminars were conducted for orientation to the new agency.

I was fully engaged in the development of the new buildings. Saul Horowitz, a senior partner in one of New York City's largest construction firms, H.R.H. Construction, became Chairman of the Buildings and Sites Committee. He played a critical role in Associated Y's building program and always had the time for me. He was enthusiastic about the Y movement and believed in it as a former Y member. Between 1957 and 1968, when I left the Associated Y's, we completed ten buildings and building structures at two summer camps, unprecedented in the field of community centers. These centers were: the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center, the East Tremont Y, the East Flatbush Y, the Coney Island Y, the Brighton Beach Y, the East Midtown Y, the Flushing Y, the JCC of the Rockaways, the North Hills Y, and the Mid-Westchester Y. The summer camp buildings were completed at Camp Poyntelle-Rayhill and Camp Lewis.

Upon completion of architectural planning for the Mosholu-Montefiore building in 1958, bids were taken, and, to our consternation, the lowest bidder, Kayfield Construction Company, came in at more than a million dollars. Saul Horowitz used the facilities of H.R.H. Construction Company to do an analysis of the lowest bids, essentially examining the breakdown of costs by section, i.e. foundations, structures, electrical, heating and ventilation, etc. In some instances Saul Horowitz was able to secure other sub-contractors to do the work at lower cost. He was able to bring the lowest bid down by several hundred thousand dollars. Still, the final contract was more than $1,200,000. This dismayed all of us because the original construction estimated for the Associated Y program was based upon a total cost of $500,000 per building of 30,000 square feet and a building without a swimming pool! Still, the program went forward. Saul Horowitz persuaded one and all at the Associated Y Board and at Federation that construction costs were headed up – inevitable. They have inexorably increased ever since!

The construction of the Mosholu-Montefiore Center was a notable experience in my life and immensely satisfying.

During the construction of the building I was very proud to be able to take my son Joshua down into the excavation! The building was completed

and dedicated in 1959. This was our first! There is even a bronze plaque with my name, among others, inscribed on the lobby walls. On a visit some years later I noted that the plaque was hidden from the public by a bulletin board announcing programs...

About a year after completion of the building I had a frantic telephone call one morning from Bill Weinstein who had succeeded me as Director of the center. The gymnasium floor of beautifully polished hardwood stood two stories below grade as a measure of economy in construction. Spring had come, and the floor and the entire basement level of the building was covered with more than a foot of water. During the construction of the building the foundation of the center had actually been cut through bedrock of Manhattan Schist, two stories down. There had been no sign of water that autumn season for at least two months, so no water was anticipated in the design of the foundation. Otherwise the foundations would have been constructed with exterior waterproofing and exterior sump pumps. Saul Horowitz told us all about construction of very tall skyscrapers with foundations ten stories deep in lower Manhattan, especially into water so that piles and integral exterior waterproofing was required. We were all dismayed. The architect's engineers were comforting. The hardwood floors were removed. Eight sump pumps were installed, as were vinyl gym floors. Months later the basement floors were dry and the gymnasium back in use again. Years later I learned that Montefiore Hospital constructed another building south of the center with a basement which went down six stories. There had been no water in the Mosholu Center floor since! It had been a very aggravating experience.

The East Tremont Y

As we proceeded to develop new community center buildings, we were required by the Communal Planning Committee of Federation to complete a new demographic study of the Jewish population of the neighborhood in which the new building would be located. In the mid fifties there were radical and rapid changes in the ethnicity of neighborhoods in New York City. In the Bronx, the United Housing Corporation developed the largest development in the city, Co-op City in the northeast corner of the Bronx with 50,000 apartments. It was funded by the New York State Division of Housing and Community Renewal under the Mitchell-Lama Act. Mortgage loans for housing were available at low, long-term interest rates guaranteed by the state. Consequently, it was possible for a non-profit development, United Housing Corporation, an offshoot of the I.L.G.W.U. and the Amalgamated Workers unions, to build apartments which would be available at modest cost. It was possible to buy into this Co-op housing with down payments of

several thousand dollars. In the South Bronx, Afro-Americans were beginning to move into old Jewish neighborhoods. The second generation of Jewish working class families felt threatened and moved into the North Bronx, Co-op City, or into the suburbs of Nassau, Suffolk, Westchester, and Rockland counties. The East Tremont neighborhood, in which tens of thousands of Jewish families lived in six-story apartment buildings, was just such an area of change.

Associated Y's called upon the assistance of the Social Research Department of Community Council of New York. We requested the services of Mignon Sauber, a very able social research specialist, to complete these studies. I learned a great deal about the U.S. Census. The last census had been completed for 1950, and results by census tract were available in 1953. The Census Bureau published estimates for population trends for subsequent years between the decades. I assisted in the effort. We secured the community center membership data and the demographics showing the Jewish and non-Jewish membership of the center. We were able to ascertain the membership of synagogues and churches in the area and of the public schools. The Communal Planning Committee had set a Jewish population of 25,000 as the minimum for the development of a new Jewish Community Center. The census did not publish data reflecting the religious affiliation of the population. For immigrant neighborhoods the countries of origin were recorded. For the immigrant masses of New York City, the origins of the East European countries and their community institutions gave us a certain indication of their Jewish character. Somehow Mignon Sauber came up with a Jewish population of 25,000 in 1957 and fair stability.

I walked the neighborhood and talked to the many Jewish elderly. They were all very pessimistic about the future of their neighborhood. They felt very threatened by the in-migration of Afro-Americans and a fear of rampant street crime. Nonetheless, the momentum of Associated Y's made it impossible to say no to the importunities of "Maysie" Klein, long time President of the East Tremont Y. She was a fixture in downtown philanthropic circles at Federation. She had long espoused the East Tremont Y, her Y, which had long needed a new center. Her Executive Director, Barnet Lambert, had also been serving the neighborhood faithfully – a new building was his due. He was a protégé of Graenum Berger, Federation's consultant to the community centers.

And so politics prevailed. "Maysie" Klein made a very generous contribution to the building fund and secured many gifts. About one million dollars was raised for the East Tremont building. A building in the East Tremont neighborhood, the old Loews Ellsmere, had been acquired by the Tisch brothers with the Loews theatre chain. Many of the theatres, once splendid palaces of glorious cinema days, had been closed. These single screen film houses could no longer earn their keep. The Tisches were determined to sell the buildings and realize

whatever cash could be obtained as speedily as possible. The Loews Ellsmere building was a two-story facility of thirty thousand square feet. Our architects and engineers inspected the building and determined that a community center building could be constructed inside the facility with a gymnasium, auditorium, clubrooms, and offices. Because the building actually sat in an old marsh, it had no basement. A new foundation plan provided for the sinking of many piles to support the weight of the new occupancy. To my utter surprise, when I met with Larry Tisch and told him about our interest in the building for a community center, he was very responsive. When I told him that our budget for the purchase of the building was $80,000, I was utterly astonished when he immediately informed me that we could have the building for that price. And so we bought the building and completed its construction with Kayfield Construction Company, the same builder as at Mosholu, by the end of 1961.

The acquisition of the Loews Corporation was the Tisch brothers' first foray into the world of corporate finance and enterprise. Their strategy for the sale of the Loews properties to accumulate cash reserves was successful. They made Loews into a corporate holding company and in the years that followed bought American Tobacco, created a number of hotels, bought CBS, and ultimately entered the ranks of America's billionaires. Laurence Tisch's wife, "Billie" Tisch, became President of Federation, as did their son James. When the Jewish Association for Services for the Aged was organized, Laurence Tisch served on the first Board of Trustees.

The East Tremont Y building, the Hortense Libman Community Center, was completed in December of 1961. Barnet Lambert did a heroic job of staffing and organizing new center activities. His personal leadership in this changing community was notable. He enlisted the interest of the Mayor's Committee on slum clearance and the New York City Housing and Redevelopment Board to develop a huge Title I middle-income cooperative housing project on a six-block site at Bronx Park South and Boston Road. This housing project included 1,700 apartments. Construction began in 1963. The East Tremont Y became actively involved in the East Tremont Neighborhood Association. The association was dedicated to improvement of housing and educational and recreational facilities, to prevent the growth of juvenile delinquency, and to seek sites for more middle-income housing. None of this effort could stay the inevitable change in the population of the neighborhood. By 1965 it was evident that Jewish families had moved out of the neighborhood to be replaced by Negroes.

An effort was made to secure public, municipal sponsorship for the East Tremont Y Community Center. To my utter surprise, Deputy Commissioner of Welfare, Henry Rosner, agreed to purchase the East Tremont building for the same cost as Associated Y's had spent in its construction. The Associated Y's yielded its sponsorship of the center to the city. We learned a great deal

about demographic change in the city during these experiences creating community centers.

New York City was composed of a mosaic cluster of ethnic, racial, and religious communities. Historically the life of a single ethnic group in a neighborhood seemed to be about fifty years, from the initial immigration of the ethnic group to its final departure. In some communities, as in East Flatbush, the Lubovitscher Rabbi and his leadership fiercely resisted such change and persuaded the congregations to remain. The Lubovitscher community had multiplied and acquired property in their neighborhood along Eastern Parkway in East Flatbush despite the competition with Jamaican Negroes. But for the most part Jewish families have simply departed their old neighborhoods of settlement. The population movement has been outward toward the farthest reaches of the boroughs and into the suburbs of Nassau, Suffolk, Westchester, and Rockland Counties and Essex County in New Jersey.

These developments were distressing for Barnet Lambert. Some time during the late 1960's before I left Associated Y's in 1968, Barnet Lambert died in Israel. He was buried in Jerusalem on the Mount of Olives.

The Coney Island Y

There followed the development of the Henrietta and Stuard Hirschman YM-YWHA of Coney Island, completed in 1964. The Shorefront Y board members were well connected politically in Brooklyn. Sol Kaplan, the President, was a prominent businessman. Murray Handwerker, owner of Nathan's Famous, made the Nathan's Famous hot dog, so beloved by thousands of visitors to Coney Island, a national delicacy. His hot dogs were manufactured to a recipe of his father's making. Nathan had begun the Surf Avenue hot dog stand in the twenties. Then they added hot corn to their viands and to great success. Murray Handwerker sold ownership to Nathan's to Wall Street and made a national brand. The company was sold to another great food corporation to the profit of the Handwerker family who became millionaires. During his years on the Associated Y and Shorefront boards Murray Handwerker was an active participant in public affairs and particularly Coney Island politics. Another famous Coney Island figure was Fred Moran. A large, portly man, he presided over the destiny of "the Whip", another ride on Surf Avenue adjacent to the Boardwalk. The "Whip" made life exciting for thousands of young New Yorkers. Fred Moran, Jewish despite the Irish name, was a third generation owner of the ride. His tales of Coney Island and of the close group of owners of rides and sideshows were reminiscent of the folk who made circus life so exotic to the "rubes".

Coney Island was a resort area as early as the mid nineteenth century. There were elegant hotels catering to the rich. Later the resort became raucous

as crowds of working class people were dumped onto the beach by New York's new subways. Many one family bungalows were constructed on the side streets between Surf Avenue and Gravesend Bay. Sea Gate, at the westerly end of the island, was established as a wholly private community, streets and all, as it remains to this day. The bungalows of Coney Island housed poor Jews who settled into the neighborhood during the 1920's, a long step away from the downtown Brooklyn areas of Brownsville and Williamsburg. By the 1950's many of the bungalows were abandoned and taken by the City of New York for non-payment of taxes. With the Kennedy and Johnson administrations and their war on poverty, millions of dollars of federal urban rehabilitation money was made available to the city. Bungalows were torn down. Coney Island looked bedraggled and had many vacant lots. One large city-owned block was right on the waterfront at Surf Avenue and Beach 37th Street, adjacent to Sea Gate. The City Planning Commission and the Brooklyn political leadership were delighted to sell this lot at a very reasonable price, forever restricted for use for "a community center whose membership would be open to all without regard to race, creed, or color."

As a child my parents had taken me from time to time to Coney Island. I hated the experience. There was a long walk from Seventh Street and First Avenue to Eighth Street and Astor Place. The subway ride was tedious, hot, and crowded coming back on a weekend evening. The beach was crowded, and we could barely find a spot for our blanket. While I enjoyed the ocean water and waves, I hated the sun, which by the end of the day burned my skin. My bathing suit was wet and sticky and the sand irritating all the way home. We did not change into dry clothing. I was very glad to get into a warm tub home. One summer my mother stayed with her sister Dora in a rented room in Coney Island. Later, when I was twelve or thirteen, we had a pleasant time renting a room in Sea Gate for the summer in the same house as my mother's favorite cousin, Molly Shpuntoff. Molly was a Fradin, the daughter of my grandmother's sister. She was a pleasant, dark skinned woman with long, lustrous black hair. She was married to Tony Shpuntoff. He was a delicatessen storeowner on East Broadway, and they lived nearby. Tony was a respected man, quiet spoken. My mother saw much of her cousin Molly. They had two sons, Harry, about two years older than me, and Bill, a year younger. Both boys took baccalaureate degrees at City College. Both became dentists, although they would far rather have become physicians. Prejudice stood in their way. Both were good company during the summer in Sea Gate. We spent happy days together on the beach and even went fishing off a dock in Gravesend Bay.

Our architect for the Coney Island Y building was Robert Bien. This two-story building had no basement. Its foundation was set on a very considerable number of piles, necessary because the ocean waters came onto the beach below the ground floor of the building. The building served well for many years. Its

Executive Director was Max Wiener. He was a plain spoken, hard working Brooklyn social group worker and had grown up in a Jewish Community Center. He and his wife loved to square dance as their principal recreation. I remember Max well, most of all for the tragedy that came upon him and his wife. Both their sons committed suicide. The boys had been in treatment for drug addiction and depression, to no avail. When last I heard of Max he had retired to life in Israel. Dreadful experiences happen to ordinary people.

The East Flatbush Y

The East Flatbush Y building was completed in 1960 with the help of a major gift from the Henry Kaufmann Foundation. Dr. Hexter persuaded Norman Goetz, a principal of the foundation, to make the grant. There followed other foundation and trust fund gifts in excess of eight hundred thousand dollars to make the building possible. The Rugby Boys Club joined the East Flatbush Y. Reuben Goldstein, long time Executive Director of the East Flatbush Neighborhood Center, became executive of the new center. The completed building was called the East Flatbush Rugby YM-YWHA, Henry Kaufmann Building.

The Gustave Hartman Y in the Rockaways and the Samuel Field Y

The development of the Gustave Hartman Y followed another course. Some time in the 1960's a Jewish child care agency, once an orphan asylum called the Hartman-Homecrest Agency, ran into fundraising problems as its original founders and membership died. It had been founded on the Lower East Side, and Gustave Hartman, an early Lower East Side notable, had been its chairman for many years and helped raise the funds needed to support its activities. The judge had married his pretty young secretary many years his junior, Mae Hartman. She became Executive Director of the agency, its principal fundraiser, and retired. Two leading philanthropists, Samuel Field and his partner Jack Mintz, and the successor as Executive Director, Reuben Koftoff, had also been involved in Hartman-Homecrest. Martha Selig persuaded these Hartman-Homecrest trustees to contribute one million dollars of the remainder of the agency's assets to the Jewish Child Care Association, half a million dollars to the JCC of the Rockaways for the Gustave Hartman Y building, and half a million dollars to the Samuel Field Y.

Esther Seidel, President of the North Hills Y, and I spent quite some time with Sam Field, Jack Mintz, and Reuben Koftoff to persuade them of the virtues of the North Hills Y. Esther Seidel was an excellent interpreter

of the North Hills Jewish neighborhood. She was a community activist, rising to prominence in 1946 in the local Parent Teachers Association. There were a number of very large rental developments and private homes nestling alongside the Queens-Nassau county line. Most were young families of hard working young Jewish men and women; many were army veterans and eager to participate in community center activities.

The architect for the Samuel Field Y was Armand Bartos, a partner of Kiesler and Bartos. Kiesler had fled Germany late in the 1930's. He was a renowned Bauhaus architect and artist. The designs for both the Samuel Field Y and the Gustave Hartman Y were distinctly more esthetic than the Robert Bien creations. They were more expensive too. The Bien and Bien firm was prosperous because their designs of apartment houses were economical and provided saleable apartments in upper class neighborhoods. Kiesler and Barton had far fewer commissions and sought institutional clients.

Camp Poyntelle-Rayhill

Some time in 1963 Ethel Abrams, Director of Camp Poyntelle, met with Irving Brodsky and me to discuss an affiliation with Associated Y's. She had been Director of the camp for many years. It was located in Poyntelle, Pennsylvania near Honesdale in the Pocono Mountains. The camp was two hundred and fifty acres of woodlands and open fields on Lake Poyntelle. Its cabins, dining hall, and social hall nestled along the lakefront. The camp served one hundred and fifty boys and girls from seven to fourteen. The camp had been established by the Infants Welfare League to serve poor Jewish children from the Lower East Side. The Board of Directors of the camp held a number of fundraising events during the year to raise the money needed to meet a growing deficit. The families of the children served could not afford to pay the costs of camp. There were fewer and fewer Jewish children resident on the Lower East Side. The Poyntelle Board was growing older, and its trustees were unable to raise the funds needed to sustain the camp. Their solution was to seek support from Federation of Jewish Philanthropies.

Rather than accept Camp Poyntelle as an affiliate, Dr. Maurice Hexter and Graenum Berger referred Miss Abrams to Associated Y's, which had been seeking a new campsite to replace Camp Rayhill in Mt. Kisco, New York. Camp Rayhill, affiliated with JANC, had eighteen acres and served 110 young women during each of four camp trips. Mt. Kisco was now a thriving suburb of New York, and family homes surrounded the camp. Associated Y's long decided it need a new, larger country campsite to serve younger boys and girls.

Ethel Abrams had arrived at a fortuitous time. Without a new affiliation, Camp Poyntelle would have had to shut down, unable to finance its services.

By the 1960's it was evident that camps conducted by philanthropic agencies were experiencing severe financial problems. Costs of operation were increasing significantly. The job market for young college students, the source of camp counselors, had become competitive. I recalled vividly my appreciation of a summer away from home, full room and board, and salaries of fifty to one hundred dollars at Camp Northover. Salaries had increased to three or four hundred dollars, more for camp specialists. All other costs increased. The camp director now required a living wage for a twelve-month position. Most of all liability insurance costs increased enormously. Accidents amongst children and a rare death made rates skyrocket. Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, on behalf of its constituent agencies, established its own insurance company, which assumed the first five million dollars of liability risks and then purchased overriding slices, "tranches", from other insurance companies and Lloyds of London. This significantly reduced insurance costs for Federation agencies. Then agencies like Poyntelle were rooted in certain low-income neighborhoods whose families could not pay more to help meet the higher costs of service. When Poyntelle merged with Associated Y's, its constituency expanded to all the neighborhoods of Associated Y member centers, including the suburbs. Within a very short time camper fees increased significantly, and the campers became substantially Jewish.

We were pleased to welcome Ethel Abrams and her trustees. I visited Camp Poyntelle with Ethel Abrams and was delighted with the camp and the opportunities it presented. Ethel Abrams had been anxious about the arrangement, particularly whether she could retain her job. I assured her of my support. The merger arrangement of Poyntelle and Associated Y's proceeded speedily.

I was authorized to sell Camp Rayhill in Mt. Kisco in 1962. I did for the sum of $75,000 to a local real estate developer. My brother Akiva and I considered buying the property ourselves to use as our personal residences. The camp buildings would easily have made that possible. My brother then owned a home in Brooklyn and ultimately bought a home in Rockland County. He then worked in the North Bronx as an Assistant School Principal. But for me Mt. Kisco was much too far north. I was spending a great deal of time nurturing new centers in Queens and Nassau County. It would have been an adventure in real estate. In retrospect we realized a very low price for the sale of the property. Real estate prices did not begin to escalate until the mid eighties.

Camp Poyntelle-Rayhill was added to the Federation and Associated Y's Building Fund campaign. Very shortly after the merger Ethel Abrams informed me of a rare opportunity. The neighboring farmer who owned 160 acres of farmland, which included all of the other side of the lake, was ready to retire and sell. We hurriedly met with Graenum Berger and our key trustees and raised the $48,000 needed to buy the property. The cost was $300 an acre!

Camp Poyntelle now owned all of the land around the lake, and its campsite had increased to 460 acres. That was a happy achievement!

Within the next five years new facilities were constructed at Camp Poyntelle-Rayhill, including camper cabins and a new social hall to permit the camp to increase its service to 250 boys and girls. Then another $700,000 was raised for Camp Lewis, the Hattie and Max Lewis Campgrounds, on the other side of the lake. This was a camp for teenage boys and girls, 14–18.

Ethel Abrams, daughter of a builder, became the general contractor once the plan and specifications were completed. This was a large project for the local carpenters and required close supervision by the architects during the job. I recall a huge purchase of plywood from a west coast lumberyard purchased directly by Associated Y's. The camp construction program was completed successfully. It was a tribute to Ethel Abrams' assiduous and devoted effort. She lived on the campgrounds during much of the construction as well as the summer camping periods.

The merger was successful. Marvin Satenstein, President of Camp Poyntelle-Rayhill, joined the Associated Y Board, and new trustees were recruited by Associated Y's and Federation. Ethel Abrams and I became good colleagues and friends. Somehow her relations with Irving Brodsky were always difficult. He was glad to have me responsible for Camp Poyntelle-Rayhill, the Lewis Camp, and Ethel Abrams.

Before I left Associated Y's in 1968 Shirley and I and Robin and Howard Hess spent a lovely weekend at the farmhouse located below the hillside at Camp Poyntelle. This was a pleasant, sunny time, late September. The fall foliage was brilliant, all red, yellow, and brown. The Poyntelle hillside was stunning. There was a large grove of heirloom apple trees, heavy with their red and gold fruit. Shirley had made a great recovery and was able to join us in picking several baskets of fruit. Howard, ever the gourmand, enjoyed eating the apples then and there. We brought the fruit home, and Beth and Jon helped us to core and peel the apples. Shirley made some wonderful apple pies. So I have the fondest recollections of Camp Poyntelle-Rayhill and Ethel Abrams. We remained friends after I left Associated Y's and had lunch from time to time. Ethel came to the family celebrations. Ethel Abrams died several years ago.

Shorefront Y of Brighton Beach

The Brighton Beach neighborhood at the very southern end of Brooklyn was a distinct enclave with more than thirty thousand residents living in a mixture of six-story apartment buildings and two-story one and two family homes. The area was bounded by the boardwalk which stretched from Manhattan Beach to Coney Island and Neptune Avenue. The westerly border of the area

was Stillwell Avenue, the beginning of Coney Island, and Corbin Place to the east. That marked the boundary with Manhattan Beach. Several blocks north of the beach was Brighton Beach Avenue, and overhead the Brighton Beach line looped through the neighborhood. Along Brighton Beach Avenue was a marvelous shopping neighborhood, a collection of family owned retail stores. There was a delicatessen, a cheese store, a store selling smoked fish, a supermarket, several Jewish restaurants, and a hardware shop. The street and the marketplace were busy through the day with a throng of Jewish elderly. There were a number of synagogues in Brighton Beach, Reform, Conservative, and Orthodox. The Verband, the Jewish Labor Zionist organization, had a center. And there was a young Jewish Community Center – the Shorefront Y of Brighton Beach.

Adjacent to Brighton Beach immediately to the east along the beachfront was Manhattan Beach. This was an affluent Jewish enclave of expansive one and two family homes. Some of Brooklyn's business and political leaders lived in Manhattan Beach, as did a number of the trustees of the Shorefront Y.

The neighborhood was pleasant to walk through with trees lining the streets. Many of the apartment buildings had been completed during the prosperity of the 1920's; some were newly built in the postwar period with the benefit of federal mortgage loan guarantees and mortgage insurance. My brother and I persuaded my parents to move into the Brighton Beach area into a lovely one-bedroom apartment in a new building off Brightwater Court near the boardwalk. This was an enormous step, leaving their apartment at East Seventh in which they had lived for more than fifty years. But they found the neighborhood to be a rejuvenating experience. Here were so many Yiddish speaking people of their own generation, and even a few Lonowicszer landsleit! The neighborhood had many younger families as well, American born young people, who flocked to the Shorefront Y.

Dr. Kurt Pine, my old friend whom I had met as a resident at Kingsley House in Pittsburgh in 1941, had done a fine job as Executive Director of the Shorefront Y's. The agency had initiated three modest centers: one in the Kings Bay area, north of Sheepshead Bay, located in community center facilities of the New York City Housing Authority, another in Coney Island in several storefronts, and the Brighton Beach Center in a second story loft and storefronts. He had organized a vigorous and interested Board of Directors, which included the key leadership of the Coney Island area, Brighton Beach, and Manhattan Beach. They were all distinctly Brooklynites! They had a strong sense of independence and autonomy.

The Shorefront Y Board and Dr. Kurt Pine were able to persuade the Brooklyn borough President and the political leadership of the borough to sell a magnificent building site for the new community center to the Associated Y's. The two-block site was located on Coney Island venue, the boardwalk,

and Brightwater Court. It had been acquired by the City of New York under a federal urban renewal program many years ago and had simply remained a fenced in lot, unused for decades. Immediately across the street on Coney Island Avenue was a huge recreational facility called the Brighton Beach Baths. This facility, immensely popular and frequented by several hundred Brooklynites, provided private lockers, showers, an outdoor swimming pool, and handball courts. The sale of the building site was subject to a covenant for use as a nonprofit community center without any restrictions as to race, creed, or color. The sale, at a cost of $75,000, was approved by the Board of Estimate.

The Federation Communal Planning Committee once again approved the development of the building. The demographic data suggested that a substantial Jewish community, with a population in excess of 25,000, would use the facility. More than a million dollars in building fund pledges were secured for the Edwin B. Elson building of the Shorefront YM-YWHA of Brighton-Manhattan Beach. Dr. Hexter secured a single gift of $500,000 from a trust fund established by the estate of Edwin B. Elson.

Robert Bien was employed as architect for the building. It was completed at a cost in excess of one million dollars in 1966. The facility included a social hall, auditorium, gymnasium, locker rooms, childcare center, clubrooms, and an arts and crafts facility. The total square footage of the building was 30,000. In response to the importunities of Shorefront Board and Dr. Kurt Pine, blueprints were completed for the eventual construction of a swimming pool. The Shorefront directors were angry that no swimming pool was provided for the building. A swimming pool of 25 foot by 75 foot one inch, Olympic size dimensions, would have added $250,000 to the cost of the building at the time.

Membership in the Shorefront Brighton Beach Center increased greatly in the years after its opening. The Brighton Beach area witnessed an enormous influx of Jewish refugees from the Soviet Union. They found rental housing available to them at a reasonable cost in rent stabilized apartment houses in the area at the sea shore, reminiscent of their former home in Odessa which was very attractive. The neighborhood came to be known as "Odessa by the sea". The center has flourished to this day.

The Emanu-El Midtown Y

In 1965 the Milton Weill and Adolph and Felicia Leon Buildings of the Emanu-El Midtown YM-YWHA were completed. This Y was located on the south side of Fourteenth Street between First Avenue and Second Avenue. This was close by Stuyvesant Town and Peter Cooper Village, enormous middle-income housing developments along First Avenue from Fourteenth to Twenty-Third Street, sponsored by New York Life Insurance Company. This

housing was facilitated by the City of New York's tax abatements. The center was intended to serve a Jewish population of more than thirty-five thousand located on the Upper East Side from Houston Street to 34th Street and the East River to Fourth Avenue. The new center replaced the old Emanu-El Brotherhood building, which had been located on Sixth Street between First and Second Avenue, just a stone's throw from my old apartment house on Seventh Street. The Emanu-El Brotherhood was one of the historic Lower East Side settlement houses, notable because it sponsored a modern Hebrew School. It was an independent agency affiliated with the Educational Alliance. Once the Associated Y's was organized, the Board of the Emanu-El Brotherhood was persuaded to merge with Associated Y's and become a beneficiary of the Building Fund. Murray Raim, its Executive, a feisty and vigorous young man, had many reservations about the merger and could hardly believe the commitments made by Associated Y's. As with other executives, he would have far preferred to receive the building funds directly from Federation and maintain the agency's independence. Later he left his job and accepted an appointment at the Yeshiva University School of Social Work.

The new Emanu-El Y building was designed to have two distinct wings on a half-acre site which stretched from Fourteenth to Thirteenth Street. It had a hundred foot frontage and was two hundred feet long; the site cost $1,200,000. The Milton Weill Building, five stories high, fronted Fourteenth Street with a one-story courtyard connected to the Leon Building on Thirteenth Street. There was no basement because an ancient creek, long buried beneath Manhattan's streets, lay below ground. Robert Bien, our architect, was determined not to repeat our grievous water problem at the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center. Given the fundraising capacity of the Milton Weill family, a more ambitious building was planned. There would be, in addition to the standard 30,000 square foot of gymnasium, locker rooms, auditorium, arts and crafts shop, clubrooms, and offices, a swimming pool of sixty feet in length. The building was completed at a cost of $2,500,000.

The New York Society for the Deaf, a Federation agency which provided social case work services and group activities for deaf young people and adults, joined the building program. It contributed several hundred thousand dollars to construct an additional floor for the Milton Weill Building and was granted a long-term lease. The Society shared the costs of operation for its facility. This cooperative was arranged well, and the participants in the Society's group activities joined in the activities of the Y.

I was greatly impressed by the warmth and affection which Milton Weill enjoyed. He had been a past President of Federation and Chief Executive and Owner of the Arrow Manufacturing Company, men's shirts. Milton Weill was an Honorary Chairman of the Associated Y's. Over his lifetime his participation in philanthropic affairs and personal generosity had earned him

the esteem of his colleagues and a wide circle of friends. The contributors to the campaign for the building raised over two and a half million dollars and included New York's Jewish notables: Nathan Appleman, Fabian M. Crystal, Joseph Durst, Harry B. Henshel, J.M. Kaplan, Herbert H. Lehman, Joseph L. Mailman, the S.H. and Helen R. Scheuer Foundation, and Frederick M. Warburg were among the contributors. The Weill family made a really large contribution. Norman Goetz secured a major gift from the Estate of Adolph and Felicia Leon.

The Emanu-El Y building was dedicated with great fanfare with the Mayor, other elected officials, and philanthropists attending. I was particularly moved by the opening of this building. It was in my very own neighborhood. I had passed by Fourteenth Street on my way to Stuyvesant High School during three years of my youth. The center attracted a large membership immediately after it opened.

The Flushing Y

The Flushing YM-YWHA, one of the JANC centers, was located at "Temple Gates of Prayer", a Reform synagogue in central Flushing. Its Executive Director was Laurence Matloff, an able and pleasant young professional. Our paths had crossed. In 1951–52 he had been employed by the Mosholu Neighborhood Center as a youth worker. He resigned from the job before I arrived at Mosholu in June 1952. The Flushing Y thrived and used the synagogue facilities, a local gymnasium in the public schools, and other community facilities.

During my outreach efforts in Flushing I encountered Dr. Kurt Herz, Executive Director of Self Help Community Services. He had been referred to me by Martha K. Selig at Federation. Self Help Community Services was a social casework agency dedicated to assisting "victims of Nazi persecution". Self Help had been organized by early refugee arrivals to New York City form Germany in the 1930's. Dr. Kurt Herz was such a refugee and had completed his social work training and doctorate in Sociology in the United States. By the 1960's Self Help and its associated national agency, United Help, were the beneficiaries of large sums allocated by the international restitution agencies secured from postwar Germany. United Help had acquired some building sites in Flushing in order to construct housing for the elderly. In Europe dedicated housing was a well-known tradition.

Dr. Kurt Herz and his Board President, Hans Frank, were engaged in developing a "Housing for the Elderly" facility in Flushing. This would be a nonprofit institution funded by philanthropic grants and by a very large mortgage provided by the New York State Division of Housing and

Community Renewal. Self Help had encountered severe political problems in moving this project forward through the municipal government. Because of my community relationships in the city gathered during the course of Associated Y's building program, Federation thought I could be of some assistance. Indeed I was. During the course of my participating with Self Help on this project I learned a great deal about publicly funded not-for-profit housing for the elderly, which was very useful in the later development of JASA's housing program.

In the city and state of New York any publicly funded not-for-profit institution could enjoy tax exemption as a matter of right if its facility met certain key legal requirements. Ownership of the entire property land and building had to be vested in a nonprofit corporation certified as such by the State of New York. Thus, all the Associated Y community centers were exempt from real estate taxation. During my early Associated Y experience, the tax-exempt status of the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center was challenged. I provided an invaluable social history of the municipal law which specifically exempted nonprofit settlement houses which had residences for its staff. I traced the history of the settlement house movement during the last century. Settlement houses remained true to their mission but ceased to provide housing for staff. The settlement houses all retained their tax-exempt status. The New York State Supreme Court found the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center to be tax exempt decisively. In another difficult legal procedure in Pennsylvania the lower court found that Camp Poyntelle was not tax exempt because philanthropic funding was only required for seven or eight percent of its campers. It was evident during the court proceedings that there was great resentment of the camp because no local children of Pennsylvania residents were served. The acquisition of the 160 acres of farmland for Camp Lewis, the camp for teenagers, taking the farm off the tax rolls stirred the action. In the end the Appellate Division of the Pennsylvania Court sustained the tax-exempt status of the camp buildings and imposed a tax on the land. That despite my testimony as a camp authority that standards of the American Camping Association asserted the need for one acre of land per camper.

While community centers could therefore enjoy tax-exempt status without municipal government review, nonprofit housing facilities required another procedure. Their tax-exempt status had to be approved by the Board of Estimate at that time. Precedent to the final decision of the Board of Estimate, the local Community Planning Board, and then the City Planning Commission reviewed the project and issued their advisory decisions.

This procedure was defined under the "ULURPA" land use statute (the Uniform Land Use Review Process Administration). The ULURPA statute had been enacted to give local communities in New York City the opportunity to voice their opinions about any publicly funded facility. In New York the

location of any institution or facility, such as sewage disposal plants, public schools, juvenile detention facilities, and public housing, is fraught with enormous public conflict. Nonprofit housing, albeit for the elderly, was felt by some community residents to be threatening to their community. Such housing, subject to federal non-discrimination law, might bring minorities into an otherwise all white community. The Forest Hills Low Income Housing Project, constructed in central Queens, stirred great turmoil and ultimately destroyed Mayor John. F. Lindsay's political ambitions. He incurred the wrath of white, middle class New Yorkers.

Saul Horowitz, Associated Y's Building Committee Chairman, solved the Self Help housing project problem. He secured approval of the project from the borough President of Queens, John T. Clancy. The Fellowship Fund for the Elderly Housing Project, Helen R. Scheuer House, was approved by the local Community Planning Board, most of whose members were appointed by the borough President, the City Planning Commission, appointed by the Mayor, then John V. Lindsay, and finally the Board of Estimate. John T. Clancy had two votes on the Board of Estimate. They were decisive because members of the Board deferred to the borough President on all projects located in his borough. The New York Sate Division of Housing and Community Renewal approved the mortgage loan application once the project received tax-exempt status. The state mortgage loan was for a term of fifty years and required a very modest philanthropic contribution of the nonprofit sponsor as a down payment. F.F.H.E.C.'s general contractor purchased all of its insurance during construction through John T. Clancy's insurance brokerage company!

Then I had another eureka experience! I learned that there was another real estate parcel immediately adjacent to the property, lot 151, that United Help had acquired for the F.F.A.H.C. building site. This was lot 151 on block 5,200. This was 23,000 square feet at a cost of $85,000. This purchase was secured by a down payment of $10,700 made by Associated Y's on July 18, 1960. Associated Y's would build the Abraham and Dora Felt Building of the Flushing Y immediately adjacent to a twelve thousand square foot Day Center for the Elderly, part of Helen R. Scheuer House. The Day Center would be constructed entirely at the cost of the F.F.A.H.C. project, and the cost of the Flushing Y building site too, nominally owned by the housing company, would be included in the mortgage for the housing company, less Associated Y's down payment. The mortgage, on very favorable terms as a state guaranteed tax-exempt mortgage loan, would be amortized over a fifty-year period. The beauty of this arrangement was the construction of the Day Center for the Elderly entirely at the cost of the housing company. This saved Associated Y four hundred thousand dollars in building funds. Moreover, the Associated Y's and F.F.A.H.C. executed a lease agreement granting Associated Y's a twenty-five year lease, renewable for another twenty-five years for the

premises of both the Day Center and the new Flushing Y building. The lease provided for Associated Y's paying an annual rent of $1.00 a year plus 0.0361 percent of the mortgage payment annually. Helen R. Scheuer House, when completed, was a twelve-story building with 131 one-bedroom apartments and the Day Center for the Elderly. It was an imposing structure designed by Ralph Pomerance of Pomerance and Breines. This firm designed the Flushing Y building as well.

During the course of the design Ralph Pomerance incorporated all of the zoning air rights above the Flushing Y parcel of 23,000 square feet into the F.F.A.H.C. project, allowing it somewhat more square footage. Further, the Flushing Y building was constructed absolutely adjacent and connected to the Day Center for the Elderly, in effect as one building. This obviously was an advantage to the new Flushing Y building. But we learned of this architectural design arrangement after the fact, and it was done without Associated Y's approval. The State Division of Housing and Community renewal required ownership of the entire building site, including that of the Flushing Y, to be vested in the F.F.A.H.C. Many years later I learned that Laurence B. Buttenwieser, Chairman of the Associated Y Board, and Hans Frank, President of Self Help, United Help, and F.F.H.A.C., never signed the final contract which would provide for title to the Flushing Y building site to be transferred to UJA-Federation upon final payment of the loan fifty years later. That really didn't matter because the Associated Y's lease agreement with F.F.A.H.C. provided for our occupancy, use, and appropriate shared costs for both the new Y building and the Day Center.

The boards of Associated Y's, Flushing Y, and Self Help were delighted with the arrangements. I felt triumphant because this ingenious scheme resulted in construction of wonderful housing for the elderly project on Kissena Boulevard in central Queens and the Flushing Y. At Federation Dr. Maurice B. Hexter got to work and secured a $500,000 contribution form the Henry Kaufmann Foundation. A former President of Federation, Irving Felt, and his family were persuaded to contribute and raise another $500,000. The building was named the Abraham and Dora Felt Building of the Flushing Y. The building was completed in 1966. Laurence Matloff continued on as Executive Director for the new building.

The program of the Flushing Y was well staffed and organized. In several years funds were raised to complete a natatorium extension of the building on to a building site, lot 24, in the rear of the Flushing Y building, which was privately owned and used as a parking lot by United Help.

In 1991, during the very year of my retirement, I learned to my distress that Associated Y's was near bankruptcy. UJA-Federation, to avert that dismal fate, had appointed a trustee, Carl Glick, my former president, as trustee for Associated Y's to work out a funding arrangement for $21 million of debt

accumulated over a thirty-year period. An attorney, Caroline G. Harris, was appointed by UJA-Federation and the concerned agencies to search the legal records to determine the ownership of lot 151 and lot 24 under the Flushing Y building and natatorium. I was asked to give testimony and provide copies of my files for the leases and other memoranda. Somehow the final letter agreement, which I had seen, between Laurence B. Buttenwieser and Hans Frank, which would have confirmed the ultimate ownership of the building site by Associated Y's, was never signed. I assumed it had been. It was not signed because the New York State Division of Housing and Community Renewal insisted that the ownership of the entire property being mortgaged by the state government should be owned by Fellowship Fund. The state was concerned that even a contingent ownership by Associated Y's, deemed to be a sectarian agency, could bring the bondholders into dispute with the state as a violation of state constitution, prohibiting the funding of sectarian agencies. In the end an agreement was reached for the lease of the Flushing Y building to a sister affiliate of UJA-Federation, the Parker Geriatric Institute, a nursing home for the aged located not far from the Kissena Avenue housing facility, for use as an out-patient clinic and home care offices.

The Mid-Westchester Y

My last building project for Associated Y's, in 1968, was the Sharon and Frederick Klingenstein Building of the YM-YWHA of Mid-Westchester in Scarsdale. Young Fred Klingenstein was the scion of an old New York banking family. He was the senior partner in Wertheim and Company and Chairman of Associated Y's Executive Committee. By sheer coincidence, both my son Joshua and daughter Beth were born in the Klingenstein Pavilion of Mt. Sinai Hospital. Fred Klingenstein was a longtime member of the hospital board. He pledged four hundred thousand dollars to Associated Y's for the Mid-Westchester Y. Another million dollars in pledges was secured. Because the building was located in Scarsdale and had an affluent board pledged to raise the funds needed to pay for the building, Associated Y's authorized the assumption of a mortgage on the building in excess of a million dollars. Armand Bartos proceeded with the design of the building. The building site was unusual, and the building was planned on a number of levels to reflect the contours of a hilly site. The design was handsome and expensive. Armand Bartos provided for a complex terne roof. The building was larger than our other centers and included an Olympic size swimming pool, exercise room, and appropriate locker rooms, as well as a gymnasium and auditorium. These facilities were provided in anticipation of the community's ambitions and presumed ability to raise the funds. When the bids were received we

were dismayed. The lowest bid exceeded $2.5 million. To the consternation of Armand Bartos, our Building Committee Chairman, Saul Horowitz, negotiated a final price with the contractor at $2.3 million. However, he permitted the contractor to substitute his own engineers' package plan for the heating and ventilating system. And so the construction program was under way as I left Associated Y's. It was a very handsome building, well received by the community. But the building funds had not been raised. Interest and amortization on the mortgages was met by the community center. I learned there were later additions and alterations as the years went by. By 1992, when Associated Y became nearly bankrupt, there remained an outstanding balance of four million dollars on the Mid-Westchester mortgage assumed by the newly incorporated Mid-Westchester Y. There had been a time in Federation history when no agency was permitted to begin building construction without pledges equal to the construction costs. By the 1960's another philosophy of financial management prevailed. Banks had become more liberal in their lending practices and readily extended mortgages to philanthropic institutions, churches, and synagogues.

The Associated Y's Building Program

Associated Y's building program was one of the consuming elements of my work during my decade with the agency. I knew how much it would mean to center members, young and old, who would be spending much of their lives within the walls of the buildings. I remembered my joy in the experience at Christodora House during my youth. I remember my shame and sense of indignity in the miserable confines of the Mosholu Neighborhood Center in the Bronx. Still, I had made the center thrive, and we developed the new Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center building. It still stands and remains an important center in the neighborhood for thousands of people. The development of the center entailed my provision of the programs for the architect to develop, my review of blueprints and specifications, the planning of the interior finishes, furniture, and equipment, and supervision of construction. My course in mechanical drawing at Stuyvesant High School was very useful, and I could read blueprints with some fluency.

During the development of the building I established some cordial relationships with the trustees and staff of the centers. These relationships sometimes grew testy because we could not satisfy all of the demands of the center representatives. There simply was not enough money. I regret, greatly regret, that I did not insist on requiring designs which would make the buildings fully accessible to the handicapped and to have installed elevators. Within the East Midtown Building and Mid-Westchester Y we did. In later

years an elevator was installed at Mosholu. All of the JASA buildings were fully accessible and with elevators.

The planning and procurement of furniture and equipment on a large scale was a new experience. I had had some responsibility for such planning during my service with UNRRA for displaced persons camps. Then I had been impressed with the importance of beds, mattresses, tables, and chairs for dining rooms and other such essentials. The architect's staff was very helpful in choice of finish materials and color. To see the completed and furnished buildings at their dedication was a great satisfaction. Through the procurement department of Federation we were able to secure astonishing discounts available to interior decorators in the trade.

There were some extraordinary hazards experienced during the course of the building program. The occurrence of one foot of water in the gymnasium of the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center, our first building, within several months of completion was a disaster. Fortunately that problem was cured, although the beautiful polished maple floor was replaced by vinyl. Then there were the bankruptcies of the general contractors at the East Flatbush Y and the Gustave Hartman Y. Before the contract was awarded the financial statements of the bidding, contractors were reviewed by the staff at H.R.H. Construction Company and Saul Horowitz. Moreover, they were reviewed by the insurance companies, which provided the "Performance Bond" for the benefit of the owner required under terms of the contract.

The normal construction financial procedures, which we followed at Associated Y's, was to receive and review a detailed breakdown of costs included in the final contract price. These costs were provided by section, preparation, excavation, foundations, structure, floor and partitions, electrical, plumbing, heating and ventilating systems, finish, overhead (15%), and profit (5%). Saul Horowitz and H.R.H. reviewed these estimates, as did our architects. They formed the basis of payments during construction. The contractor was allowed to collect 90% of the value of his work during the month. With the monthly contractors requisition, the contractor certified that he had paid his subcontractors 90% of the amounts due. Upon completion of the job, the owners receipt of the "Certificate of Occupancy" issued after inspection by the Building Department of the City of New York and completion of the "Punch List", prepared by the architect after his inspection of the building, a final payment could be made. During the course of the job the general contractor would submit "Requests for Change Orders" for work not specified or required because of field conditions. These were always the subjects of great haggling. Costs for change orders were always high, and we were all involved in the disputes. Change orders, I learned, were inevitable. There were always "field conditions".

The worst happened at East Flatbush and later at the Gustave Hartman Y buildings during construction. Each of the contractors went bankrupt.

They walked off the job. The next day and at night at home for several weeks I received the most harsh and harassing telephone calls from the subcontractors who had not been paid their due. Saul Horowitz secured an excellent law firm, Lipkowitz and Plaut, for Associated Y's, which specialized in construction and real estate problems. At last Glens Falls Insurance Company representatives arrived. They assumed all the responsibilities of the general contractor. They received credit for payments made by the contractor and payments made later by Associated Y's for work performed. The liens on the building, filed by subcontractors, were removed. Construction was successfully completed.

For the Gustave Hartman Y, the Continental Insurance Company was more difficult. It took an extra week for Lipkowitz and Plaut to persuade the company to fulfill its performance bond. In the end the Gustave Hartman Y was completed to our satisfaction. I had learned that final payments to general contractors were best delayed until the building had been utilized for a year to reveal all the "latent" defects. As in all other matters in the business world, the developer, whether for profit or philanthropic, could not proceed without able counsel and a first rate accountant at either hand.

New Centers in Nassau and Suffolk Counties

The newest Jewish Community Centers to develop were the fledglings in Wantagh, Roslyn, and Commack beginning early in the 1960's. Clusters of parents in these Long Island communities organized and came to Federation for assistance in creating YM-YWHA's. They were referred to Associated Y's and to me for guidance. I assisted these groups to organize and incorporate as community centers and to assemble as Boards of Trustees. With the aid of funding from Federation through the Associated Y's, they were able to employ half-time center directors and begin activities. Their first programs were summer day camps needed by working parents among others.

The first of the centers to really get under way was in Wantagh, whose Y was called the Mid-Island Y. Fortuitously, a very able young man, Irving Silberberg, who worked full time as a guidance counselor in the local high school, was employed as a half-time Director. I supervised him closely for a period of four or five years. It was a very successful effort. The center flourished and met its financial goals. The center was then able to employ Percy Abrams as its first full time Executive Director. The center then purchased a large house and grounds, renovated the facility, and was at home in a modest facility. Because the centers were incorporated and financially independent, they paid all their bills on time from the outset. Similar development followed in Roslyn and Commack after I left the Associated Y's.

The board members of the Nassau Suffolk Y's were dissatisfied with the priorities for development of new center buildings established by Federation and Associated Y's. There were ten centers ahead of the newly organized Nassau Suffolk Y's. If they remained within the Associated Y's, these centers would have to wait their turn. Early in the 1970's Percy Abrams led the Nassau Suffolk centers out of Associated Y's in a secession. They organized the Associated Y's of Nassau Suffolk as a new corporation with three and later four independent centers as affiliates. Percy Abrams was employed as their new Executive Director. With Federation's assistance, successful building fund campaigns raised funds sufficient to construct and pay for three new centers. They were beautiful to behold and all had Olympic size swimming pools, fulfilling the ambitions of their constituents. Their development reflected the growing affluence of the Jewish communities in Nassau and Suffolk counties. The centers have continued as affiliates of UJA-Federation of New York, reflecting the financial status of their members. Philanthropic support for their activities is not greater than ten percent. These centers benefited from their early support by Associated Y's and my personal efforts.

Associated Y's Staff Management

I was responsible for staff management, union negotiations, budgeting, program and board development, building maintenance, and all other operation details as Irving Brodsky's deputy. Staff recruitment for the new buildings began a year before completion. Associated Y's maintained significant relationships with all the schools of social work in New York City and its suburbs. There were twenty-four students placed at the centers for fieldwork, usually half in their second year. They were important sources for social group work staff. I attended the annual conference of Jewish Communal Service, a meeting place with many aspiring social workers, particularly for the senior staff level appointments. Schools of education were sources for staff in early childhood education, physical education, and arts and crafts teachers. By promotion from within we gave our own staff a first opportunity to compete for jobs with greater responsibility.

The Associated Y's by-laws assigned personnel management to the central administration. All appointments were ultimately signed by Irving Brodsky or me for the center executive directors. All of the professional staff was nominated by me, referred to the center boards, in the case of executive directors, or the directors for all other staff for their final approval. Clerical and maintenance staff were recruited and appointed directly by the center directors.

Immediately with the organization of the Associated Y's I wrote the new Personnel Practices for the agency. These were a consolidation of the

practices of each of the four merging agencies based upon a single union agreement. Associated Y's and its predecessor agencies all had an agreement with District Council 1707, Social Service Employees Union. All other of the Federation affiliated center agencies were members of a single employers bargain unit, which engaged in union negotiations together. Sidney Sugerman was employed as legal counsel, and later Jerald Jacobson succeeded him. My facility in writing personnel practices, manuals, and such hearkened back to my experience as an Organization and Management Analyst at the Department of Agriculture.

Near the end of my work with Associated Y's, as the center staff expanded and a new, younger, more aggressive group of center executive and other administrative staff assembled, they organized an Administrative Staff Personnel Committee. They demanded a new set of Personnel Practices for the administrative staff. Annual salary reviews remained within the sole purview of central administration. There was no doubt that the earlier informal staff arrangement could no longer prevail in the larger agency.

Every two or three years there were union negotiations. Milton B. Eulau, a very able and personable young attorney, was Chairman of the Associated Y's Personnel Committee and became Chairman of the Inter-Agency Bargaining Committee. I served as his staff co-chairman. A year before expiration of the union agreements, negotiating meetings began. Once recognized, these meetings with the union to thrash out a new agreement were mandated by federal law. They followed a traditional path. Initially the union presented management with their "Demands". These were a recitation of wage increases, other improvements in fringe benefits, and other conditions of employment. Staff was represented by their elected delegates, legal counsel, and union organizer.

Initially the Management Committee, representing the boards and staff of the participating agencies, was utterly shocked, shocked by the "Demands". Indeed if the agencies agreed to all of them they would be bankrupt forthwith. But as the years went by we grew accustomed to the drama. Wages and salaries for social agency employees were poor. Job for job payment was below the level of the municipal civil service or the Board of Education. For the community centers dependent upon membership dues and fees, Federation grants, and philanthropic contributions of their boards, there was always a sense of poverty, an inability to meet the fair requests of staff. Federation executives and trustees kept a long arm's length distance from the agencies' union negotiations. They were determined to take no responsibility for the final settlements and provided no guidelines for negotiations. Indeed Federation itself faced negotiations with the same union in an endless cycle.

Ultimately guided by our legal counsel and data I secured from the municipal government, Board of Education, sister casework agencies, homes

for the aged, and hospitals, we reached a fair judgment of a possible settlement. There were meetings "off the record" with a small group of union representatives. The union was composed of professionals, clericals, and maintenance men and women. The clericals and maintenance men outnumbered the professionals. The union had to satisfy their demands. Management was interested in increasing salaries of professionals to meet the market. Fringe benefits were not then a major issue. One of the benefits, which in later years became most significant, was the provision of full health benefit coverage for the families of all of the staff. This benefit had come into being during World War II when wages were fixed and employers granted health insurance as a valuable job incentive. During the years 1952 to 1968 with JANC and Associated Y's the cost of health insurance did not exceed 1%. The cost of all fringe benefits, including social security, disability insurance, and workmen's compensation in 1964–65, was 5.2%.

Some time after 1965, with the passage of Medicaid and Medicare federal statues, there was a radical turning in the wages and salaries available to employees of hospitals, nursing homes, and home health agencies. In New York City the Druggists Union, long dominated by the Communist Party, determined to make labor history by engaging in an organizing effort to persuade the lowest paid health organization workers, the maintenance staff, nurses' aides, attendants, nurses, and social workers to join their union. They succeeded in organizing Montefiore Hospital and several hospitals sponsored by Catholic Charities. Dr. Martin Cherkasky, Executive Director of Montefiore, and Cardinal Spellman, for the Archdiocese of New York, recognized D.C.1199. Their agreement in 1967–1968 was finally endorsed by Governor Carey for the State of New York. The new Medicare and Medicaid program vested the authority to fix reimbursement rates for hospitals, nursing homes, and home health agencies in the state and therefore set labor costs. This was a triumph for D.C.1199 and resulted in significant wage increases for health agency staffs. The ripple effect of these agreements extended to health institutions throughout the country and to all other health and welfare agencies, including the community centers.

Our union agreements for two or three year terms provided for wage increases of approximately two to three percent a year. Professional staff did moderately better with fixed annual income increases provided as well. Certain fringe benefits, such as vacations and sick leaves, were generous – rather more than provided in commerce. One year we suffered a strike, which was an intensive and aggravating experience. The strike lasted for a week, and the improvement gained as a consequence was modest. An additional year was added to the term with a three percent increase.

During these years with continued modest inflations and the improvement in the standard of living of our center members and their sense of the value of

center services, dues and fees for services increased significantly. In 1966–1967 the income and expense of Associated Y's was as follows:

Income and Expense
1966–1967
Associated Y's

Total Expenses	$2,914,344	
Membership Income	$1,542,056	53%
Board Contributions	$142,143	5%
Federation Grant	$1,230,165	42%

The Jewish Community Center

By mid-century the Jewish Community Center had become an important institution in the Jewish community. There were more than three hundred and fifty centers throughout the country. The Jewish Community Center had evolved from its roots in the settlement house movement in London and New York and the YMCA and YWCA movements. The German Jewish philanthropists who established the Educational Alliance, the Henry Street Settlement, and the Emanu-El Brotherhood were determined to provide opportunities for their immigrant brethren who were arriving in the tens of thousands to become English speaking, well adjusted American citizens. The settlement house provided a great range of group activities, classes in English and citizenship, the arts, drama, and physical education. The settlement house was a welfare agency and provided social work services to help immigrants find solutions to problems. Henry Street Settlement organized the Visiting Nurses Association.

The 92nd Street YM-YWHA was designed to provide wholesome recreation for the children of immigrants whose families had migrated from the Lower East Side to Harlem. The professional leadership of the settlement house movement was dedicated to social reform. They espoused social legislation which would greatly benefit the poverty stricken masses living in crowded tenement houses. The settlement houses were the setting for protest meetings and forums aimed to bring attention to the social problems of their communities. That tradition continued into the 1930's during the depression. These experiences at Christodora House exposed me to the idea of social change and the possibility of achieving genuine social reform.

By 1920 the great flow of immigration into the United States came to an end with the passage of restrictive legislation. A second generation of Jews

became center members. The character of the center was challenged. During the mid thirties the leadership of the center movement at the National Jewish Welfare Board engaged Dr. Oscar Janowsky, a historian at the City College of New York, to conduct a survey of the Jewish Community Centers in the United States to ascertain the new needs and objectives to be followed by centers. His conclusions certainly rocked the board and professional leaders of the center. The Janowsky Report, as it was called, published in 1937, urged a new mission. The Jewish Community Centers were to be institutions for the inculcation of Jewish values and traditions. They were emphatically not to be agents of assimilation. The national council of the Association of Jewish Centers adopted the "Statement of Principals of Jewish Center Purposes" on May 9, 1948. This statement set forth the aims and functions of centers as follows:

a. Service as an agency of Jewish identification
b. Service as a common meeting ground of all Jews
c. Service as an agency for personality development, to meet the total needs of the individual, his interests and capacities for growth, and his needs for meaningful Jewish living in particular are basis to the method and content of the Jewish center professional
d. Furtherance of the democratic way of life
e. Assistance in the integration of the individual Jew as well as all of the Jewish groups and the Jewish community of the Jewish Community Center. The Jewish Community Center aims to be an instrumentality of the Jewish people through which they may make a significant contribution to American culture. The center stimulates participation in the life of the community.

The Jewish Center was defined in the literature of the field as a voluntary group service agency which provides social, cultural, recreational, and informal education programs for all ages to achieve stated goals of personality development, individual growth and social adjustment, to stimulate leadership capacities and the encouragement of democratic participations and citizenship responsibility. A concern for the well being of the local community was a facet of the center function. What distinguished the center as a Jewish communal agency was its aim to strengthen Jewish identification, Jewish family, and community life.

The adoption of social group work as the central method of the professional leadership of the Jewish community in the 1930's was a historical circumstance. The recognition of the educational opportunities to be found in guided group experience was stimulated by John Dewey and William Heard Kirkpatrick in the field of progressive education. Subsequently, Grace Coyle and Gertrude

Wilson, social workers on the faculty of the Schools of Social Work at Case Western Reserve and the University of Pittsburgh, enunciated the principles of social group in their books on the professional method. The intellectual ferment in the field of education carried over into the informal education agencies – the settlement houses, Y's, and Jewish Community Centers.

The Janowsky Report continued to reverberate as a critical document with the center field well into the 1950's and 1960's. Some of the more radical Jewish center social workers felt the report to be the personification of a narrow ethnic view, "bourgeois nationalism" in the cant of the far left. The revelations of the Holocaust during World War II, the adoption of Zionism as a universal national ideology by Jews throughout the United States at the end of the war, and finally, the establishment of the State of Israel changed the beliefs of professional Jewish center workers. When the Associated Y's was organized, a Program Manual for Board and Staff members was published after adoption by the Board of Trustees and signed by Laurence B. Buttenwieser as President. The manual affirmed the objectives of the member centers to "instill in their members an understanding of and respect for their own cultural heritage and the cultural heritage of all races and creeds... Therefore, Jewish cultural content will be an important component of program services, and the branch Y's shall plan and develop Jewish cultural activities." This annunciation was to be accepted with a caveat: "However, the branch Y's programs shall take into account the diverse ethnic and cultural backgrounds of the membership and of the community in order to promote better mutual understanding and cooperation among those different ethnic and cultural groups." This remained a straddle of ideologies.

In truth our Associated Y staff members, from its principal executive, his deputy, our center directors, and most of the professional staff social group workers, were ill equipped to be ideologically oriented. Almost all of the Associated Y's professional staff were Jewish; a very few were Orthodox. Most had grown up in Jewish homes, children of immigrants. The greater number were the children of non-practicing Orthodox Jews or were left wing and secular in their persuasion. Their Jewish education at best included some years of after school Hebrew School, terminating after the Bar Mitzvah. As for me, I had this same Hebrew School education and several years of Yiddish Middle School. I had taken one semester in Jewish History at City College with Dr. Oscar Janowsky, which was very enlightening. There were a few teachers at our day care centers who were fine Jewish educators, but no more.

What was the appearance and tone of our new centers? Their boards and staff were mostly Jewish. Their physical education director might not be. The weekly, monthly, and annual rhythm of activity at the centers followed a Jewish calendar. The centers were closed Friday night and on Saturday. For the two buildings with swimmingly pools, after some controversy, the centers were

opened for limited use of the swimming pools on Saturday with no collection of money. The centers were closed on all of the High Holy Days, Rosh Hashanah, and Yom Kippur, but open on Tisha B'Av. Chanukah and Purim were the Jewish holidays most celebrated with the building appropriately decorated. Christmas was not, and during that holiday so widely celebrated in the community at large, the Jewish centers were distinctly different, devoid of evergreen foliage.

The centers were the scene of lively and happy activity throughout the day and week. In the morning throngs of young mothers and children arrived early for their nursery school programs. Some centers had formally organized day care centers funded by the City of New York; these were conducted in specially designed classrooms and were open from eight in the morning until six in the evening. They were popular programs. Young mothers at work found the day care center very helpful and available at affordable costs. The morning and early afternoon nursery school programs were popular programs.

The centers soon became the locus of senior citizen programs. A growing number of elderly retired people began to make their appearance at the centers. Their programs grew and ultimately were transformed into full day senior centers with lunch funded by the City of New York. The senior programs were varied; there were lectures, concerts, forums, and chess and checkers. Bingo became a popular activity. Many of the senior center members were immigrants, and their language was Yiddish.

Later in the day after school throngs of children, aged six to twelve, and teenagers came into the center for club activities, classes, and for basketball and exercise in the gymnasium. There were organized intramural leagues. Weekends there were teenage socials, very popular. The centers became an important meeting place for teenagers. The centers were open Sundays for special activities. There were adult activities from time to time, special concerts and lectures. The East-Midtown and Mid-Westchester Y's were able to mount significant cultural programs, lectures, and concerts. These required a responsive audience ready to pay admissions to help meet costs.

Among the most successful programs were the summer day camps. Federation succeeded in acquiring some large day camp sites in Rockland County, Staten Island, and Suffolk County. They had fine camp structures and swimming pools. Ultimately they served thousands of our center children. They were enrolled in five days a week, eight-week programs. Bus transportations from the center neighborhoods had been demonstrated effective. Parents were able to pay the costs of these programs. They really were day care services for many working parents.

Few of the programs were distinctly Jewish. The content of activities was not much different than would be observed at a YMCA or YWCA, except at Christmas time. Historically the decade of the 1960's was a momentous time

in American and Jewish life. We were at war in Vietnam. President Lyndon Johnson secured the enactment of the most significant social legislation since the New Deal. Medicaid, Medicare, the Older Americans Act, and the Economic Opportunity Act, among other statutes, were passed. Abroad the State of Israel was sorely threatened in 1966 and won a great victory in 1967. There was great urban unrest. The civil rights movement brought turmoil in the south and the north. In New York City a number of municipal workers strikes and the attempt of Negro community leadership to wrest control of the public schools during the Lindsay mayoralty was very disturbing to the citizenry. None of these events created any heightened activity in our centers. Their normal activities continued without rising forums, debates, or passionate meetings to reflect our membership involvement in these momentous events. I vividly recall a weekend of passionate protest meetings and fundraising in Temple Israel and other synagogues in Great Neck in support of Israel in 1967. Millions of dollars were raised, much from ordinary people. None of the centers had any "Social Action" committees. Here and there a senior citizens club had such a committee whose members were left wing old timers. This passivity was disappointing to me, and I could not rouse our staff members to action.

The translation of Jewish culture, tradition, or learning into day-to-day group work activities was difficult. This was most easily achieved in early childhood education programs when the staff had the educational background. The ordinary run of activities for young and old was devoid of significant culture. School and Hebrew School were the settings for such programs and activities. Under the best of circumstances I recalled David Macarov, head of the Zionist Youth Commission programs in Pittsburgh, struggling with the problem. How best to make his Zionist clubs Zionist? He recruited young dedicated Zionists as club leaders to no avail. In retrospect I observed our centers becoming recreational facilities for constructive leisure time and physical education activities in a social milieu comfortable for Jews. Our board members and professional leaders were quite happy with their achievements. Our consultant on community centers, Graenum Berger, in his later years, became zealous in his avowal of the central Jewish purpose of the center. However, he could not enunciate a practical program for its development.

In other parts of the country outside of New York City the Jewish Community Center has become an important, highly visible cultural institution, as well as a useful recreation, health, and physical education facility. Important lectures, concerts, and forums are held at the center. The center is a distinctly middle class facility with a large middle class Jewish membership and increasingly many gentile members as well. Many of the

centers have been located on large building sites on the outskirts of suburban areas to be reached by automobile. Early childhood nursery school programs are very popular, along with classes in the arts and crafts, yoga, and dance. These are opportunities for the improvement of the skills of young and old. Senior citizen programs have become highly visible elements of programs. Summertime the center building sites may have outdoor as well as indoor swimming pools for their members and day campers. Every now and then the center is the site of a forum on public issues. Social reform, in the old settlement house tradition, has almost disappeared as a center motif. There remain trained social workers as center executives but an increasing number come from the ranks of educators, rabbis, and business administrators.

In recent years I have observed the flourishing of the centers originally founded by the Associated Y's. In Manhattan, the East-Midtown Y in Brooklyn, the Shorefront Y in Brighton Beach, the Kingsbay Y in Queens, the Samuel Field Y in North Hills, in the Bronx, the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center, and in Westchester, the Mid-Westchester Y, continue to serve their communities. Camp Poyntelle-Rayhill and the Lewis Camp for teenagers are popular summer vacation camps. A new camp for the elderly, the Block Camp, was established in the seventies and continues. Some good came of it all.

Social Work Education

Associated Y centers provide fieldwork training for graduate students in social group work at the Adelphi, Hunter, New York University, Yeshiva, and Columbia Schools of Social Work. This continued a practice inherited from the four merging agencies. Students spent twenty-one hours a week in specific fieldwork assignments. They were group leaders, staffed board, and youth committees, who supervised club advisors and assumed administrative responsibilities. They had weekly supervisory conferences with their Field Work Instructor, members of the center staffs who were trained social group workers with master's degrees in social work. The agency invested the time of the Field Work Supervisor. The work of the students was invaluable and at no cost to the agency. The relationship brought a degree of prestige to the fieldwork agency and its supervisors. This was an important contribution to social work education. The students were, upon graduation, a source of group work staff. I was the liaison officer with the Directors of Field Work at the schools of social work. This relationship kept me abreast of developments at the school.

As director of the Mosholu Neighborhood Center from 1952 to 1956 I was a Field Work Instructor for the New York School of Social Work, which

became the Columbia School. I had some wonderful students. One of whom, Doris Friedman, was memorable. She was bright, vivacious, and comely. She was an excellent student. Doris Friedman was the daughter of one of New York City's important real estate developers, Irwin Chanin. I thought Doris Friedman might sometime soon become an important board member of some social agency, and we discussed the responsibilities of trustees at some length. Doris Friedman later became a Deputy Commissioner of Parks, responsible for special events. She had three daughters. It was with great sadness I learned some years ago that Doris Friedman perished as a consequence of outrageous malpractice at a New York City hospital. She had completed an operation and was being transported to another building and had been forgotten in a tunnel by accident. She died of that neglect of postoperative treatment.

During my stay at Associated Y's I was a lecturer in social work at Adelphi, Hunter College, and New York University. I taught one course a semester in Social Group Work, Community Organization, and Administration of Social Agencies. Classes were attended by first and second year students at the graduate schools. There were twenty to twenty-five students in each class. Developing the course curriculum required considerable reading and preparation of course curricula. The students were devoted, and some were really outstanding. I enjoyed the school relationship.

At some point during the 1950's Margaret Williams, Professor of Group Work at Columbia, engaged me in a serious discussion of completing a doctoral program in social work at Columbia. There were then some fine opportunities for faculty appointment at schools of social work, which were expanding. I would have been granted a full scholarship and stipend. However, I should have to take a year off from my job to compete the doctoral program requirements. I was so fully engaged in my work at the Mosholu Center, and later at Associated Y's, progressing well professionally, that a change of course seemed unwise. Loss of salary for a year would have been considerable, and my family now had three young children. Another colleague, Arthur Katz, then Executive Director of a sister agency, the East Tremont Y, made that choice. He was awarded his Ph.D. at Columbia and subsequently became Dean of the School of Social Work at the University of Kansas and Executive Director of the Council of Schools of Social Work in Washington, D.C. I continued my work as a lecturer through most of my years at the Jewish Association for Services for the Aged. I always felt that I learned more, much more, than my students.

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Associated Y's of Greater New York

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Associated Y's was held on December 11, 1968 at Milton Weill Building of the Emanu-El Midtown YM-YWHA. It was a grand dinner meeting. Shirley, Joshua, Jonathan, and Beth were invited. Actually, I had left the Associated Y's on September 30 but continued to attend to staff functions at the Associated Y's in October, November, and December.

Officers were elected; Milton B. Eulau was reelected President and Laurence B. Buttenwieser was reelected Chairman of the Board. It was a grand turnout in the new Milton Weill Building. Ellie Bernheim delivered an encomium for me and gave me an engraved silver tray inscribed with the signature of Associated Y trustees. That tray stands on the mantelpiece of the fireplace in the living room of our apartment in Manhattan.

My final address to the Associated Y trustees was warmly received. I began by saying,

> "How difficult it is to respond to your warm and kind sentiments, your praise, and your lovely gift. Because of the unusual circumstances of my departure, I feel a little like Tom Sawyer outside the chapel window, listening intently to his own eulogy. I do hope Ellie's remarks can and will be faithfully recorded. Life is so uncertain. Who knows what will be said about me in the years to come as your new neighbor serving Federation's newest communal enterprise at JASA."

I went on to express my warm sentiments and affection for the circle of trustees with whom I had spent a great deal of time in Associated Y service. I expressed my appreciated for the support of the many trustees, Irving Brodsky, and other staff members.

At close of my comments I set forth my views of my family:

> "I turn now for a moment to my family. They have enjoyed me when they could, as husband and father, and suffered my irregular homecomings and my sequestration behind a stack of books and

papers even at home. And Mrs. Warach, a woman of valor, who has been a good wife to me and has been worth far more than rubies, who has brought strength and dignity and courage to our home and the levity I have so much needed from time to time. Somehow, Josh, Jonathan, and Beth have survived me, and I am certain now that I will survive them, and they will make a decent contribution to community life. Meanwhile, they make a very stimulating and demanding executive committee. We have really had a participatory democracy for the Warachs. For quite a while Shirley and I constantly find ourselves outvoted. We retain the great power of veto – might still makes right.

We have reason, all of us, to be pleased with the development of Associated Y's and its member centers and camps as significant community institutions. Yet I leave with a sense of work undone, centers and camps yet to be established, new services to be demonstrated, students trained, research ideas to be explored, and new responsibilities in community work to be charted...There are some large crises to be confronted and resolved."

I ended with the hope that Associated Y's and JASA would be engaged in cooperative services and in friendship and association.

Irving Brodsky made a statement about the "Findings of a National Survey of Jewish Community Centers", particularly in response to the urban crises. Bertrand H. Gold, then Executive Vice President of the American Jewish Committee, spoke about "The Role of the Jewish Community Center Nationally and Locally". This was a reunion with Bertrand H. Gold. He had been my Field Work Instructor in social group work at the Pittsburgh YM-YWHA in 1942–1943. Shirley and I and the children drove home that night to Great Neck with a sense of great satisfaction. It had been a memorable night. I had every reason to feel happy. Shirley had made a grand recovery and was by my side this night. Then there was the sadness of departure.

At Federation of Jewish Philanthropies

In 1942 Dr. Maurice B. Hexter and Joseph Willen became Executive Vice Presidents of Federation of Jewish Philanthropies in New York at the death of Sol Lowenstein, their predecessor. To his chagrin Dr. Hexter was required to share professional leadership of Federation with Joe Willen. After graduating from City College Willen had risen in the ranks to become principal fundraiser. He organized Federation's campaigns by commerce and industry divisions and is credited with the fundraising technique of "card calling", the public pledging of philanthropic gifts at dinner meetings attended by peers. I am not certain this was a unique invention of Joe Willen. I vividly recall attending High Holy Day services with my father at a synagogue on East Sixth Street when the synagogue president appealed for gifts, and they were publicly pledged by synagogue members. For the longest time fundraising at Federation had followed a more Protestant custom. Gifts were secured and pledged privately. Public declaration of gifts would have been deemed ostentatious. But Joe Willen was rightly renowned for his fundraising abilities. His manner and abilities fit the emerging generation of American born children of Eastern European Jews who were far more forthright in their manner than their predecessor German Jewish philanthropists.

Dr. Hexter was assigned responsibility for the distribution of Federation grants to the agencies and for supervision of the agencies' operations. Dr. Hexter was an active participant in the raising of very large gifts from leading philanthropists, foundations, and attorneys who were executors of estates. Agency executives and trustees were never aware of any rift or difference of opinion between Dr. Hexter and Joe Willen. Their working arrangement was very effective, and they co-managed the Federation enterprise successfully until they both retired at the very same time in 1976.

For the Federation agency affiliates Dr. Hexter was our Chief Executive, and we were aware of his imperial and distant rule. He delegated responsibility and authority to his subordinates, Graenum Berger, Consultant for Community Centers and Camps, Martha K. Selig, Consultant for Family and Children's Agencies, and Dr. Maurice Hinenberg, Consultant for Hospitals and Health Care Services. They were distinctly teutonic in their manner of governing. Later Rabbi Isaac Trainin, an Orthodox rabbi, was appointed

Religious Advisor. He maintained a very effective liaison with synagogues of all denominations and affiliated agencies throughout the metropolitan area. His objective was to bring some peace to synagogue-agency relations by persuading the agencies to adopt kashroth food services and other practices recognizing the Sabbath. Rabbi Trainin proved himself to be a very staunch ally for JASA in its political effort to secure government and Federation funding and to establish constructive relationships with synagogues. Dr. Hexter and Joe Willen were the staff consultants to the Federation Board of Trustees, its Chairman, President, and its Committees.

Dr. Hexter cultivated key and powerful philanthropic laymen and laywomen. They became important Federation officers and philanthropic benefactors. As a consequence Dr. Hexter was able to initiate new development in health and welfare services within the Jewish philanthropic and general community. One such person was Norman Goetz, senior partner in Proskauer, Rose, Goetz, and Mendelsohn, one of New York's leading law firms. They served as counsel to Federation and labor relations counsel to Federation and many of its agencies, including Associated Y's and JASA. Norman Goetz was a trustee of the Henry Kaufmann Foundation. This foundation, originally organized in Pittsburgh by Henry Kaufmann the department store magnate, fell to the control of its legal counsel and executors in New York. Dr. Hexter's designated agencies were its chief beneficiaries. It should be noted that the Pittsburgh YM-YWHA and Emma Kaufmann Camp each received some important gifts from the foundation. Dr. Hexter participated vigorously in fundraising for the capital gifts campaigns. He was the principal leader in the creation of the Associated YM-YWHA's of greater New York and the Henry Kaufmann Camp grounds, which developed three major day camp sites in Rockland County, Staten Island, and Suffolk County. These day camps served thousands of children every summer day, bussed from Jewish Community Centers in the city and suburban counties. JASA was organized in 1968. Associated camps and the Block Vacation Center for the Aged were established in 1972. Major gifts were secured for the Mt. Sinai Medical School.

A review of the building programs reveals familiar and philanthropic names, sources of critical grants which enabled the agencies to develop buildings and establish endowment funds: the Henry Kaufmann Foundation, the Hirschmann Estate, the Hartman-Homecrest Agency, and former Federation presidents, Milton Weill and Abraham Felt. Dr. Hexter befriended Lucy Moses, widow of Henry Moses, an attorney-banker. Mrs. Moses was the source of many Hexter designated gifts until her demise at a late, late age.

I was a keen observer of Dr. Hexter. I learned from him that social work objectives could be attained when the funds required to pay for program proposals were in hand prior to their presentation. Better still, the lay trustee

assuming responsibility for the proposal had to be ready to contribute a significant gift to the cause.

In 1962 Dr. Hexter established a new and experimental agency, the Henrietta and Stuard Hirschman Coordinating Committee for the Aged. It was a small agency; there were two social caseworkers, five case aides, two secretaries, medical and psychiatric consultants, and a director, Frederic Ziegelaub. In 1965 its budget was $126,000 for the year with some thousands of additional dollars for "Cash Relief". The service was housed at the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center in the Bronx and service limited to health districts 418 and 420. These districts were estimated to house between 4,500 and 5,000 elderly people over age 65. A large number of Federation agencies serving the elderly in New York agreed to participate in the program. They pledged to give referrals to Hirschman first priority in rendering service. The agencies included: the Jewish Home and Hospital for the Aged, Beth Abraham Hospital, the Home and Hospital of the Daughters of Israel, Montefiore Hospital, the Home and Hospital of the Daughters of Jacob, Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center, Jewish Family Service, the Jewish Community Services of Long Island, and Federation Employment and Guidance Service. In 1965 the caseload of the service was 1,054 with 264 active cases weekly. The major objective of the service was to demonstrate the effectiveness of coordinated service in maintaining the elderly in their own homes and averting institutionalization.

At this time it seemed that every adult child confronted with a problem of personal management for one elderly parent seized on placement of the aged client in a nursing home as the solution. No doubt the steady increase in the number of aged and those over 75 and 85 with disabilities contributed to this perception. Nursing homes now had waiting lists. It might be six months to a year before admission could be secured. Such admissions caused severe family crises. Up until 1965 with passage of the Medicaid law, which paid for nursing home care of the indigent, adult children, as well as spouses, were legally responsible for the cost of care of an aged parent. Alternatively the assets of the nursing home patient and his or her spouse would be required to be spent down before the government would pay. The effort to avert spending huge sums for nursing care resulted in a new legal specialty: "Medicaid Nursing Home Law Management". Because the mentally impaired patient required extra and costly staffing, nonprofit nursing homes referred such patients to State Mental Hygiene Institutions with long waiting lists and poor conditions. This was a difficult time for the frail elderly and their families.

The staff and board members of Hirschman spent many hours debating the moral issues involved in keeping aged clients out of a nursing home by judicious use of community services, case management, and home care and then being confronted with the difficult problem of securing a nursing home admission when it was at last needed on an emergency basis.

In 1967 when the Hirschman Service was merged with JASA, some three to four thousand clients had been identified within the health districts. During five years of the program 21 clients had been placed in nursing homes, 10 in state hospitals, 42 in Federation institutions, and 14 in non-Federation institutions for a total of 87 placements. It was then assumed that 5% of the elderly required institutional placement. Thus, some 158 of 3,000 clients would have entered homes, absent Hirschman. Without appropriate controls no absolute conclusions could be reached about the effectiveness of the service. Still, the professional staff and supervising committee felt a useful demonstration had succeeded, and its lessons were useful to the work of JASA, its successor.

One element of its service, the granting of a priority for service referrals of Hirschman to the cooperating agency, was a complete failure. The agencies would not or could not grant that priority. Each of the agencies had established its own waiting lists with their own priorities, which they felt could not be violated to serve the priorities of another agency.

The Hirschman Coordinating Committee project was a useful response to a critical problem in the community at large and the Jewish community in particular. Pleas for help were coming through the vast telephone network of Federation, its fundraisers, and agencies. There was no way to create the huge number of nursing home beds which seemed to be required to meet the needs of the frail aged. Dr. Hexter persuaded the trustees of the Henrietta and Stuard Hirschman Foundation to contribute $1,000,000 for this experimental project. Another $200,000 was secured from the Isabella and Freedman Fund. The income from these funds supported the Hirschman services for six years. Their principal was then transferred to JASA with its establishment in 1968. The funds were allocated to JASA's social services programs until their depletion in a ten-year period.

What were the antecedent circumstances which moved Dr. Hexter and the key philanthropic leadership of Federation to create JASA? By 1960 the political leadership of the country, trade unionists, and social health and welfare professionals, were slowly galvanized to mobilize economic and political resources to assist the growing number of the elderly in American society. Thirty years earlier in 1932 as the depression unfolded, Franklin Delano Roosevelt forged a political alliance, the "New Deal", and secured passage of the Social Security Act of 1937. Title I provided federal grants to aid the states to provide assistance to needy aged. Title II established the social security insurance program. The social security system was to be operated by the federal government and to be supported by taxes on wages paid by employees and employers. This law was passed after great conflict. Opposition to the program was strong. The Liberty League, a right

wing organization funded by business interests, attacked the proposals as "Socialistic". But during the depression of 1929–1941 unemployment reached 25 million. Ninety thousand businesses failed. Eighteen million Americans received emergency home relief. The elderly suffered unemployment and want disproportionately.

The depression was a period of great agitation for relief. In 1933 Upton Sinclair was advocate for a federal EPIC program to grant fifty dollars a month to all needy persons over sixty who were residents of California for three years. Dr. Francis Townsend of Long Beach California urged payment of $200 a month to all Americans over sixty on condition that they spend their pensions within thirty days. Townsend proposed a tax of two percent on all business transactions to pay for this program. Organizations such as Abraham Epstein's American Association for Social Security (1927–1933) and labor unions joined the battle.

On June 8, 1937 President Roosevelt announced his decision to appoint a special commission to devise ways to protect citizens from the hazards of unemployment and old age. The Social Security Act of 1937 was passed and accepted as constitutional by the Supreme Court. Since 1937 the Social Security Act has been amended many, many times. Coverage was extended until today (2008); it includes almost all employed workers. It provides state managed assistance for the needy aged, the disabled, widowers, and dependent children. It funds social services. Increases in taxes have been enacted to sustain the viability of the social security system. Most social security benefits have been made subject to state and federal income taxes for beneficiaries with income above certain low levels. The social security system has been embedded in the federal and state governments since 1937. Efforts by Republicans and other reactionary forces to "privatize" social security failed, most recently in 2004 despite Republican majorities in the House, Senate, and their President in the White House.

In 1900 the population of the country was 76 million, and the aged over 65 numbered 3.1 million, some 4.07 percent of the population. By 1960 the aged had increased to 16.7 million, 9.2 percent of a population of 180.6 million. In 1960, despite the provision of social security and old age assistance, the aged clearly were an impoverished element of the population. They were beset by ill health, physical and mental impairment, poor housing, and abuse. Moreover, the changing pattern of American family life and urbanization left tens of thousands of the aged behind in rural areas and in the inner cities. The families of the aged were relocating to suburban neighborhoods, leaving elderly parents abandoned. Isolation was a very serious problem for the aged and certainly for the Jewish aged.

In New York City in 1960, with a population of seven million, there were about 900,000 aged over 65. The Jewish aged, a more long-lived element of

the community, were estimated to number more than 250,000. Better than half lived in their old neighborhoods in Manhattan, Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Queens. They were still the immigrant generation. They had long worked in the needle trades and still lived in walk-up tenement houses of six stories in neighborhoods once attractive. The apartments were rent controlled and reasonable in cost, however miserable the streets. There were five Federation supported nursing homes with 3,900 beds and another ten Jewish sponsored nonprofit homes with 3,918 beds for a total of 7,800 beds. The Jewish Family Service and Jewish Community Service of Long Island each had very modest sections of social workers serving the aged, perhaps a dozen workers at best. They were overwhelmed by the demand for their service. The presenting problems included emergency medical and psychiatric care, rent, food, home care, and especially assistance in securing placement in a home for the aged for a disabled aged parent or spouse. The waiting lists were impossibly long and priorities given to hospital discharges. In 1960 there were 60,000 beds in New York State mental hygiene institutions. The reputation of the institutions was very poor. The waiting lists created great pressure upon the state government. Costs for the care for the poor aged was a state responsibility. These circumstances added to the pressure upon the federal government for the enactment of the Medicare and Medicaid statutes in 1965.

In August 1950 the Federal Security Agency sponsored the first national conference on aging initiated by President Harry Truman. In 1956 a second Federal State Conference on Aged was held. This was followed by the first National Conference on Aging in 1958 and a second in 1961. Twenty-five hundred delegates attended this meeting. There had been two years of preparation in 53 states and territories. These national conferences brought enormous attention to the problems of the aged. They completed their work with significant service recommendations, which led to major government programs for the aged.

I believe that the plight of the age brought national attention to the problem. The Hirschman Coordinating Service experiment was therefore no accident. There were many other demonstration programs funded by foundations and philanthropic agencies concurrently. Subsequently, enactment of the historic amendments to the Social Security Act under President Johnson's leadership brought Medicare and Medicaid to the American people.

The election of Lyndon Johnson as President in 1964 by an overwhelming majority was a great mandate and ensured passage of these laws. This was the culmination of the New Deal. Old Age and Survivors Disability Insurance was greatly strengthened as was Supplementary Security Insurance, and Medicare and Medicaid were enacted. The Older Americans Act of 1965 funded many community based programs and established permanent

advocacy organizations in the area offices for aging. These laws took time to implement. By 1968 their benefits became available on a broad scale.

Medicare and Title III of the Social Security Act funded health insurance in hospitals and at homes for the aged over 65 and disabled. Medicaid was a federal-state funded program to provide health care for the aged, disabled, and families with dependent children who were impoverished and met low-income guidelines. Medicaid revolutionized the funding of nursing homes and mental health care by providing federal grants in aid to the states for up to fifty percent of their costs. Over the years federal waivers to the states expanded the use of Medicaid funds for home attendant services to substitute for nursing home care. This was ultimately a truly radical change in care of the aged. The Old Americans Act (OAA) established a national network of regional and state agencies responsible for planning, coordination, and delivery of a variety of social services including multipurpose centers, nutrition, recreation, transportation and information, and referral services. Within the federal government and its Department of Health and Education Welfare (DHEW) an Administration on Aging was established to develop and supervise these programs nationally. Both the House and Senate established select committees on aging which held hearings regularly on issues of importance for the aged. Here was an opportunity to give testimony permanently recorded in the Congressional record, which sometimes received national attention in the press. I testified before these committees. Then the DHEW established the National Institute on Aging (NIA) for central coordination of research and aging and appointed Dr. Robert N. Butler as its Director. His book, "Why Survive", published in 1975, won a Pulitzer Prize and great acclaim. It helped swell the great public focus on the condition of the American aged.

From the very outset of my service with JASA I became a serious student of gerontology and the social legislation of the federal, state, and local government relating to the aged, the disabled, and the poor. By 1968 a huge body of law had been enacted. That was followed by an equally large body of administrative regulations and the attendant budgetary enactments. In New York City and the state, offices of aging were established and very serious study was being given to state and municipal programs which could be eligible for federal funding. I was certain that if JASA's programs were ever to be funded at any adequate level commensurate with the problems, then I should need to secure government funding. During the depression of 1929–1941 voluntary philanthropy collapsed and could no longer meet the overwhelming needs of its citizens. This was now true for the problems of the aged.

The City of New York has long had a large and sound network of voluntary health and welfare agencies which survived the depression. Their strength and that of the underlying sectarian community structure, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, remain to this day. In New York State, perhaps to a greater

degree than elsewhere in the country, government agencies have utilized the organizational capacity of the voluntary agencies by purchase of service arrangements to fulfill public responsibilities. This has been a source of great strength for the voluntary agencies and their communities. New York State union agreements with government departments have made costs of civil servants considerably higher than the cost of service through the voluntary agencies. Moreover, these service contracts have enjoyed great political support in the legislative bodies of the municipal state government.

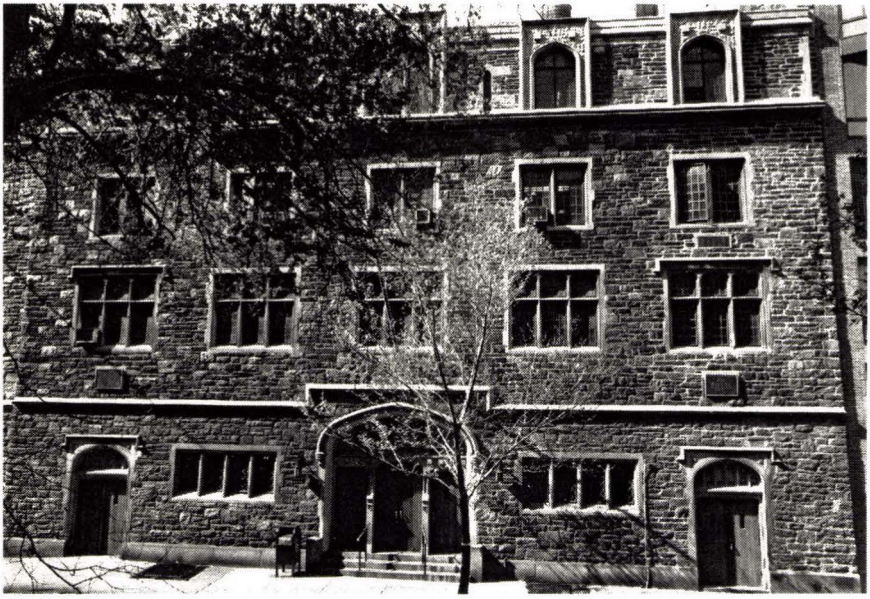
During the period 1969–1968 the Federal Office of Economic Opportunity funded many neighborhood based organizations representing minority communities in the city. There were some bad experiences with some local organizations. Some were shut down as corrupt. In any case, as I arrived in 1968–1969, I found a warm welcome in the executive offices of the Lindsay Administration, and the regional offices of the federal government. I had been a long time fixture in the borough hall offices and at city hall representing the Associated Y's, its community center building programs, and its youth services. I gave assurance of probity and political strength and achievement, which were welcomed.

All of the government programs suggested great promise. There were real prospects and opportunities for government funding of services for the aging for housing and institutional facilities. These programs were precedents to the establishment of JASA. They undoubtedly inspired Dr. Hexter, his professional colleagues, and Leonard Block to initiate a truly ambitious social agency. They moved forward to establish JASA without any certainty that it would fulfill its objectives. I was filled with enthusiasm and seized the opportunity offered me to assume professional leadership of JASA.

Picture 11: Dr. Maurice B. Hexter

Picture 12: Bernard Warach, Theodore H. Silbert

Picture 13: L to R: Adele Block, Bill Green, Bernard Warach,
Theodore H. Silbert, Leonard Block



Picture 14: Marguerite and Maurice B. Hexter Building

Picture 15: L to R: David Roth (JCCA), Jay Goldsmith (JBFCS), Bernard Warach (JASA), Al Miller (FEGS), Jeffrey Solomon (ALTRO), 1981

Picture 16: Senior Citizens Demonstration at City Hall, 1977

The Establishment of the Jewish Association for Services for the Aged

Early in 1967 Dr. Maurice B. Hexter asked Leonard Block, then Chairman of Federation's Communal Planning Committee, to initiate a study of the needs of the Jewish aged. The study would encompass consideration of their status, the services available to them, and the recommendations of the committee for new services to be instituted. A Subcommittee on Aging, chaired by Irwin H. Rosenberg, was asked to undertake this task. Rosenberg was then Leonard Block's personal attorney, a close friend, and an officer of the Associated Y's. Other members of this subcommittee were Milton J. Bluestein, Mrs. Frederick Heimerdinger, Morris L Levinson, David Sher, and Mrs. Alan V. Tishman. Martha K. Selig, Dr. Morris Hinenberg, and Dr. Maurice B. Hexter were consultants to the committee. The subcommittee moved expeditiously and held many meetings. On October 24, 1967 they reported to the trustees of Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. The establishment of the Jewish Association for Services for the Aged (JASA) to serve the needs of the Jewish aged in the metropolis was recommended. The report was submitted formally on December 18, 1967. The Executive Committee approved the report on January 15, 1968. The final resolution of approval was enacted on April 8, 1968.

The findings of the committee set forth the salient facts about the Jewish aged in metropolitan New York. There were approximately 250,000 elderly Jews over 65 years of age, about 10 percent of the Jewish population. This population would grow by 1975 to 375,000. Over one fourth of the elderly of the area were estimated to be Jewish. Less than 25 percent of the elderly men and 10 percent of elderly women were employed. The report stated:

> More than 100,000 of the Jewish aged live in low-income neighborhoods in inadequate housing or in unsuitable living arrangements either alone or as a boarder with family or friends.
>
> About 50,000 suffer some illness or continuing ailment requiring either hospitalization, institutional care or minimal medical supervision and home care.
>
> Some 25,000 require some form of psychiatric help or mental health support to continue to live in the community. About 75

percent of those in institutions require some form of psychiatric assistance to prevent mental deterioration.

About half of the aged population could benefit from counseling, guidance or casework help, or simply companionship or family visiting in order to cope with their problems. Yet only 2 percent are securing such help.

Less than 10 percent participate in any recreational or educational programs. Waiting lists for admission to homes for the aged are so long as to make such facilities virtually unavailable.

Existing programs and facilities do not add up to a coherent and comprehensive program for the care of the Jewish elderly.

It was recognized that the needs of the aged were varied and constantly changing. Effective coordination of services was difficult to achieve; concerted attention to the aged was long overdue. The recommendation was:

> The creation of the Jewish Association for the Services for the Aged (JASA) as a new, multi-service, autonomous agency to be affiliated with Federation with the goal of meeting all the unfulfilled needs of the Jewish aged in New York...A new organization providing a full gamut of additional programs and facilities in a comprehensive and coordinated structure making available appropriate services at the appropriate time with lay and professional leadership with vision, imagination, courage, and mobilized financial resources necessary to achieve their objectives.

Federation in the recent past had succeeded in creating new service organizations: Long Island Jewish Hospital, Westchester Jewish Community Services, Jewish Community Services of Long Island, Associated YM-YWHA's of New York, and the Henry Kaufmann Campgrounds. The new agencies made major contributions to the community and did not diminish the status of existing agencies.

> JASA will operate a multi-service agency for the Jewish aged of all socio-economic and religious backgrounds and have direct responsibility for programs under its aegis.
>
> The offices and facilities will be neighborhood based, in areas where there are high concentrations of Jewish aged, and where programs and facilities are either limited or nonexistent. Appropriated cooperative relationships with other agencies will be established.
>
> Emphasis will be placed on providing extra-curricular programs to help the older person to maintain their normal living patterns

with dignity in their own home or the home of his or her family or in appropriate housing units.

The provision of adequate recreations, educational counseling, and other services will help the aged to achieve such home living arrangements. Some aged will require protective services; some may require institutional care for shorter or longer periods.

It is hoped JASA's experience will help provide answers to the care of the inevitable deteriorated aged in extramural and institutional care.

JASA will devise methods to recruit and train staff and volunteers needed for the expanding aging services.

JASA will make every effort to develop a wide public education program geared to helping the community understand the problems and needs of the aged. It will also interpret to the aged and their families how best to use community services and facilities to meet the varied emotional, social, economic, and physical problems.

JASA will keep abreast of information, services, legislation, and research developments in the field of aging to guide its planning. It will work closely with public and voluntary organizations to strengthen and develop programs for the aged.

The Communal Planning Committee report suggested the establishment of a network of neighborhood service centers operating twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, with aggressive case-finding efforts. It was assumed that government funds would be available to pay for such services. Educational and recreational services and vocational workshops were projected. A housing division would develop and manage housing for the elderly at affordable costs. There would be nursing homes too, directly managed by JASA.

The Communal Planning Committee anticipated costs of $88,200,000, of which $78,000,000 would be secured by government mortgage loans. And additional $1,600,000 would be needed above the current $400,000 outlay in annual philanthropic expenditures. The committee affirmed its judgment that a single new agency was needed to achieve the development of the services and facilities needed for the Jewish aged. The provision of incremental services by existing agencies would not meet the challenge. In the fiercely competitive world of the Federation agencies, the committee was concerned that opposition of the agencies, who numbered a majority of the trustees of Federation, might defeat the proposal.

"How to plan for the aged is a question in which the nation is involved. The full answer is not known and may still not be known for some time." It was anticipated that JASA would explore new types of programs and conduct sound research in order to innovate aging services.

The Communal Planning Committee and its consultants were uncertain about the sources of government funding for capital expenditures or operating costs. There were state and municipal Mitchell-Lama housing programs to fund nonprofit housing for the aged, and a few projects had been initiated. There were some federally funded housing programs. Medicaid Economic Opportunity programs were being funded for the poor in minority neighborhoods. But other programs for the aged were not yet evident. The Older Americans Act of 1965 was not yet funded in local communities. Still, there was hope.

On April 8, 1968 the Federation Board of Trustees approved the establishment of JASA. Dr. Hexter and Leonard Block had succeeded in raising very substantial and persuasive capital gifts. Leonard Block had pledged $500,000 anonymously; Mr. and Mrs. Louis and Evelyn Green pledged $2,000,000; the Henry Kaufmann Foundation pledged $750,000; and the Henrietta and Stuard Hirschman Trust grant of $1,000,000, which had been available to the Hirschman Coordinating Committee Service, was transferred to JASA. Irving H. Rosenberg filed the JASA Certificate of Incorporation with the Secretary of State in Albany on June 26, 1968. Incorporating members of the board were:

Samuel J. Silberman
Leonard Block
George H. Hyman, Jr.
Theodore H. Silbert
Edwin Rosenberg
Irwin H. Rosenberg
Arthur Garson

Subsequently, all of the incorporating members, except Theodore H. Silbert and Irwin H. Rosenberg, resigned. At the first meeting of JASA's Board, September 5, 1968, a new slate of trustees was elected. The trustees and offices of this founding Board were:

President: Theodore H Silbert
Secretary: Irwin H. Rosenberg
Treasurer: Thomas L. Kempner
Assistant Treasurer and Assistant Secretary: Ezra J. Denerstein
Board of Trustees:

Jesse H. Barkin
D. Herbert Beskind
Stephan Chan
Richard Danziger
Frank A. Weil
Mark O. Lynton
Peter J. Solomon
Robert V. Tishman

Stephan Fabian	Lawrence A. Tisch
S. William Greed	Mrs. Frank Weil
Jack Himoff	Edward Siegel
Mrs. Randolph Guggenheimer	Edward M.M. Warburg

At this first board meeting Mrs. Selig reported the following developments:

1. The community services of JASA would be initiated by the orderly transfer of services for the aged of the Jewish Family Services, the Jewish Community Services of Long Island, and the Henrietta and Stuard Hirschman Coordinating Committee for Services for the Aged.
2. Negotiations with Montefiore Hospital were initiated to provide 120 beds for JASA clients on a priority basis in its new nursing home. It would be called the Louis and Evelyn Green Nursing Home. JASA would contribute $750,000 to Montefiore to help meet the capital costs of the new facility.
3. Bernard Warach had submitted two applications to the United States Department of Housing and Urban Development for sponsorship of housing projects in Brighton Beach and Coney Island.

I was introduced as Executive Director of JASA. I had met with Ezra Denerstein, Mark Lynton, and Herbert Beskind earlier. Subsequently, I met with Theodore H. Silbert and Martha K. Selig who offered me the job. I accepted.

I had followed the planning and development of JASA in 1967 and 1968 with great interest. My first exposure to services for the elderly was at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement in Pittsburgh in 1950. I had observed the poor elderly Jews who came to the settlement house and just sat in the lounge. They were the last of a once thriving Jewish community in the Hill district. I organized afternoon tea and cake. Then I initiated a "Weekend for the Elderly" at Emma Kaufmann Camp in cooperation with the Council of Jewish Women. That weekend was a grand success. At the Mosholu Neighborhood Center we organized a Senior Citizens Club that met weekly and grew rapidly to several hundred members. I had been very involved with United Help in its quest for development of the Kissena Housing for the Elderly project in Flushing. We succeeded in securing approval of the project by the borough President, John T. Clancy, and the New York City Board of Estimate. Kissena Apartments were completed with the New York State Mitchell-Lama mortgage funds. Included within the building was a fine senior citizens center. Associated Y's acquired a building site adjacent to the senior center and constructed the Abraham and Dora Felt Building of the Flushing YM-YWHA. I was

fully oriented to the political and bureaucratic processes of the city and state involved in securing completion of the building and its architectural design. Had JASA not come on the scene, I had contemplated the involvement of Associated Y's in sponsorship of housing for the elderly.

The Coney Island and Brighton Beach neighborhoods were familiar to me. Within their bounds were large numbers of the Jewish elderly. Coney Island housed poorer people; Brighton Beach was a more lower middle class community. My mother and father moved into the Brighton Beach neighborhood in the 1960's. I had been responsible for the development of the Coney Island and Brighton Beach Y's, both on building sites acquired from the City of New York. I knew every street in those neighborhoods and their community leadership.

Irving Brodsky, Executive Vice President, was forty in 1961. Armulf Pins, then Director of Personnel at the National Jewish Welfare Board and Central Placement Bureau for the Jewish Community Center movement nationally, and I had some long chats. He felt it was time for me to move on to my own agency. I was invited to consider executive directorship at the Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Boston Jewish Community Centers. These cities were engaged in creating single city-side JCC's. I took an interview in Boston, and they were impressed. No doubt I could have secured an executive directorship in another city in 1964–1968. But I would not. Shirley was very ill in 1964 and suffered a dreadful heart attack and was bedfast for two years: one year after the attack and another in recovery from her operation. Min and Joe Wagner, Shirley's parents, were at home with us during that time. My children were thriving in Great Neck. They loved their schools and friends. The momentum of Associated Y's expansion was very engaging. And so I stayed on. The JASA opportunity was something of a risk. At the outset its initial staffing and budget were very modest. Its future was uncertain. In the end Shirley agreed with me that it was an opportunity worth taking. Moreover, it was a great and just cause. The needs of the aging were not receiving national attention. The Jewish aged in greater New York were my people; they were the generation of my parents, former immigrants, many still Yiddish speaking, frail and forlorn in old neighborhoods of settlement. I was the man to be their advocate.

When I was giving serious consideration to accepting the JASA assignment in 1968, Ben was back in the States. We discussed the JASA program at great length and our strategy for development of the extraordinary proposal. We felt this was possible of achievement and would be a very wonderful opportunity. Ben was ready, willing, and able to accept a job with me as an administrative officer whenever I could appoint him. In Ben I found a very able executive with years of administrative experience in a great variety of challenging settings. He was very keen and sensitive to people. He established excellent working

relationships with government officials, staff, and later all of our own JASA staff and trustees. He had a keen mind for budgets and their management. He was utterly scrupulous in all his dealings. He enjoyed my fullest trust. He lacked only one skill: Ben could not write memoranda or narrative reports. But that was no problem. I could and did. I joined JASA October 1, 1968, and Ben came aboard November 1.

JASA Begins

JASA's birth had been attended by great publicity. Large numbers had been flung about. $88 million for construction of housing and nursing homes for the elderly. $4.2 million had been pledged as philanthropic contributions for this program. These pronouncements created great expectations. The reality was far different. When we opened our offices on January 1, 1969 we had all of twenty-three social workers transferred from three predecessor agencies: Hirschman, J.F.S., and J.C.S.L.I. Federation transferred $167,000 in annualized grants and added an additional $200,000 to provide $367,000 for a year. This permitted us to increase our social work staff to 32, located in offices in the Bronx, Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, and Nassau County.

At the outset I was immediately engaged in organization of the agency. I was very familiar with these mechanics. At the Associated Y's in 1957 the new agency had to be organized. Subsequently, we initiated three new community centers in Nassau and Suffolk counties. At JASA, after its incorporation and later amendments to its articles, I drafted the by-laws applied to the Internal Revenue Service for tax-exempt status under 501(c) 3 of the I.R.S. Code, registered with the New York State Department of Social Services, the Attorney General, and Charitable Foundations Division, and secured New York State and New York City sales tax exemption.

Organization of the JASA Board into its committees was an immediate responsibility for me. I met with Theodore H. Silbert often. He was always available to see me at his sumptuous offices at Sterling National Bank. Ted Silbert, as he was known, was a tall, white haired man, sixty-four when first we met. He was very personable, warm, and deeply interested in JASA. He was very proud of his parents who had been renowned Yiddish actors on the stage in the 1920's. Ted had even been in some plays as a child. He could speak, read, and write Yiddish. His parents did not see a great future for their son Ted on the Yiddish stage. Ted had been employed by a commercial factoring organization in the garment district, which ultimately became Standard Prudential. Ted had worked his way up to Chief Executive Officer, succeeding its founder. Standard Prudential then purchased Sterling Bank, a successful but modest bank by Wall Street standards.

Ted was a newcomer to Jewish philanthropic circles. The presidency of JASA was recognition for the contribution he had made in leadership of the banking division of Federation's fundraising efforts. The cause of the Jewish aged was dear and familiar to him. Leonard Block and Dr. Hexter did not find it difficult to persuade Ted Silbert to accept the presidency. The other JASA trustees joined this honorable enterprise. To my chagrin I learned that Dr. Hexter had assured one and all that JASA would begin well endowed. $4.2 million had been pledged, and that they would not be required to contribute to JASA as trustees other than their annual Federation contribution. It took me twenty years to collect these pledges. Not until Ted Silbert stepped down as President to become Chairman of the Board and was succeeded by Robert S. Olnick was I able to change this Board posture. Only with Bob Olnick as President and Carl Glick as Chairman of the Executive Committee did the Board begin to make significant annual contributions to JASA. The stability and growth of health and welfare agencies is dependent upon their endowment funds. Boards of Directors contribute to these funds and raise endowments.

Ted Silbert had not inherited wealth, and he earned his salary. He acquired a significant number of shares of stock in Standard Prudential and Sterling, and, with his colleagues on the board of the bank, had a controlling interest. At the time of his election to the presidency of the JASA Board his publicly known share ownership of Sterling Bank Corp. was valued at $3 million, and his salary was approximately three hundred thousand dollars. In the world of the very wealthy these were modest assets. He continued to work at the bank until his death in the eighties. Ted brought a number of his bank executives and board members to JASA. These included Ezra J. Denerstein, his deputy at the bank, a graduate of City College of New York, Jesse H. Barkin, Stephen Chan, Stephan Fabian, and Jack Himoff. The JASA Board represented the new generation of Eastern European Jews. Initially remnants of the "old crowd" remained: Thomas L. Kempner, our new treasurer, Mrs. Randolph Guggenheimer, Peter J. Solomon, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Weil. The grandest scion of them all was Edward W.W. Warburg. Eddie Warburg was the son of Felix and Frieda Warburg.

For Eddie Warburg the JASA Board membership was his last Jewish philanthropic assignment. He had spent his life as an heir with a desk at his father's banking house at Lehman Brothers, but his principal occupation was philanthropy and support of the arts. Early during his undergraduate years at Harvard he joined in sponsorship of an exhibition of modern art and later in establishment of the New York City Ballet. He was Chairman of the Board of the American Joint Distribution Committee through the years of World War II and the postwar period. He attended a number of JASA Board meetings and then retired to his home in Connecticut and assumed honorary trustee

status. I enjoyed knowing this historic figure in American Jewish and cultural life at the end of his days.

Stephen Chan, a brilliant accountant and economist, was a partner in the accounting firm of Ernst and Whinney, and became our treasurer with the departure of Thomas Kempner. S. William Green, a young attorney, was the son of our benefactors Louis and Evelyn Green. He became Congressman from our silk stocking district in Manhattan on the Upper East Side, a liberal Republican. He remained devoted to JASA during his years as Congressman and always provided a critical line of relationship to Republican circles in Albany and Washington, D.C. He had been Regional Director of the Department of Housing and Urban Development and was an authority on housing law. He proved to be invaluable during our years in development and management of our housing programs.

Another trustee at the outset was Laurence A Tisch. With his brother Robert they became leading national business executives and philanthropists. I met Larry Tisch many years ago when he was making his way as Executive of the Loews Corporation and sold us the Loews Ellsmere on Tremont Avenue in the Bronx for $80,000. He did not stay long on our Board but remained an honorary member and always subscribed to our benefits. His wife "Bunny" later became President of Federation, as did their son James. The Tisches contributed one million dollars to Federation and may be doing so to this day, as well as to other philanthropic institutions in New York. They endowed a wing at the Metropolitan Museum of New York and the Jewish Museum. The family's greatest interest was in New York University. Both Larry and Robert Tisch were graduates of New York University. Larry Tisch became Chairman of its Board in the 1970's. He brought a number of his friends and business associates onto the Board and with their very large gifts and leadership transformed the university. The Loews Corporation became a large holding company in owned hotels, tobacco companies, and at one point Columbia Broadcasting Company. The Tisches became billionaires. JASA never received any significant gifts from the Tisch family.

I spent the months of September, October, and November of 1968 between the JASA and Associated Y office completing my responsibilities at the Y. At JASA I had lunch or long afternoon meetings with every Board member in my effort to get acquainted, to ascertain their interests and experiences, and establish a sound working relationship. In the management of voluntary agencies there is nothing more important than the relationship of the professional executive and the lay president and the trustees. After these meetings it was possible for me to meet with Ted Silbert and assign trustees to the Board Committees: the Executive, Budget, Finance, Building and Sites, Legal, Personnel, Program and Policy, Public Relations, and Development committees. The committee chairmanships were most important assignments.

These committees went to work immediately. Collecting the Federation Grant, endowment income and a first fiscal year's budget for the year ending June 30, 1969 were needed immediately. Bank accounts were established and Board resolutions authorizing bank account signatures were passed. An auditor was selected, Ernst and Whinney. I had known some of the senior partners at Associated Y's. The auditors advised us on establishing our accounting system.

I met with Fred Ziegelaub, Director of the Hirschman Services, with Sarah Lederman, Supervisor of the J.C.S.L.I. aged section, and David Soyer, Director of the J.F.S. Aged division. I assured them of my support of their efforts and my deep interest in casework services with the aged. It was important that they accept me as a concerned social worker. For them I had come to the job from the Associated Y's with a reputation as a hard taskmaster for Irving Brodsky, and I was a group worker. What did I know about the trauma of services with the aged? I visited each of their offices and met with their casework staffs. I listened to their concerns and told them about JASA. I was very careful to tell them all the preliminary publicity about JASA's goals would take time to achieve, but in our partnership we would succeed. I assured them that JASA would provide an open, transparent management, keeping them advised and responding to their concerns as we proceeded.

Ben Kaplan and I met with the professional leadership and staff union representative of District Council 1707 which had a union agreement representing our professional, clerical, and maintenance staff with the precedent agencies. Jerold Jacobson was our attorney. We agreed upon the union agreement for JASA, and we joined the agency bargaining agreement for the casework agencies. These included Jewish Family Service, Jewish Community Services of Long Island, Federation Employment and Guidance Service, and Altro Health and Rehabilitation Services. The union agreements ran for two years, and the agencies negotiated together with a single attorney, Jerold Jacobson, then a member of the firm Proskauer, Rose, Goetz, and Mendelsohn.

JASA's first central office was at 33 West 60th Street off Columbus Circle, a sublet of Jewish Family Service and adjacent to the offices of Associated Y's. This was convenient and permitted me an easy transfer of responsibilities. The commute to Great Neck continued to be made easier by the express subway running from 59th Street to the Long Island Railroad station at 34th Street and Seventh Avenue.

It was my good fortune to be able to persuade Margaret Wood, "Peggy", to transfer with me to JASA and to continue to serve as my secretary. She had served with me as secretary since 1956. She was a wonderful person, sensitive and very keen. She had been a graduate of Swarthmore, Phi Bet Kappa, and after graduation went to work for A.J. Muste at the Fellowship of Reconciliation, a

pacifist association. They were very idealistic people. I had once met A.J. Muste, although I did not believe pacifism could defeat Nazi Germany. After some years of very intense labor without fixed hours, Peg determined she needed a time circumscribed job with fixed hours. JANC offered that arrangement. Moreover, I agreed to her arrival at the office at her convenience, which could be later than nine o'clock to complete a seven and one half hour day thereafter. She did that faithfully in the years which followed. Peggy was always the ultimate test of my conscience in all my executive decisions. If a decision could not pass Peggy's muster it would give me pause!

On November 1 Ben Kaplan arrived. We employed Sam Pak as Chief Accountant. We set up our financial arrangements, and budgets were ready for the staff on January 1, 1969.

I spent much time with David Soyer, our senior social worker, head of the Jewish Family Service Aging section. David was a tall, very handsome young man in his early forties. He was a New Yorker, the only child of Moses Soyer, the American artist. He had been at the Little Red School House, Syracuse University, and was a graduate of the Columbia University School of Social Work. After several years at the Family Service Society as a caseworker, he had joined J.F.S. to head their Aged division. His experience in social work with the aged would be invaluable. His philosophy was of great interest. He believed in the full acceptance of the wish and intention and autonomy of the aged person; the need of the adult children for plans which assigned the aged person to institutional care was of secondary importance. This was an important issue in social work with the aged at his time. So many requests for service were coming from families.

David Soyer was very concerned about the imposition of priorities for service from me on behalf of Board members of Federation contributors. I assured David that the social work staff could determine the priority of attention to be granted. Priorities would be determined by the circumstances of the aged client and their needs as assessed by the social work supervisor. Over the years this concern never became an issue. There were requests for service from trustees and Federation officials, but interestingly they never were for close family members. They were from secretaries and other working people known to the trustees whose parents needed help much the way most of the referrals were made. In any case, I assured David Soyer of his autonomy as a social worker. I accepted his support of our efforts. We had a fine working partnership until David Soyer's retirement in 1990. I was disappointed. I had hoped David would succeed me as Director of JASA. David Soyer began initially at JASA as District Director for Manhattan and Brooklyn, but by autumn of 1969 I appointed him to be Director of Community Services. He provided splendid professional leadership to his service over a twenty-year period.

The Miller Nursing Homes

Stephen Chan, one of our founding trustees and a brilliant accountant, a partner in Ernst and Young, introduced me to a client, Dr. Michael Miller and his wife Dulcey Miller. Dr. Miller, a man in his late fifties, was an intense and very able internist. Dulcey too, a comely, mature woman, was the nursing home administrator of two nursing homes they owned in Westchester County. The Miller Nursing Home in White Plains had sixty-six beds, and the White Plains Nursing Home had eighty beds. The Millers had developed the nursing homes and managed them successfully for a number of years. In their maturity they wished to sell the nursing homes to JASA at a cost of six million dollars, secured by mortgages on each of the homes in that amount. Thus the homes would be transferred to JASA's ownership without any cash outlay. However, the Millers then required long-term employment contracts as executives of the home and Medical Director, positions they held from the establishment of the homes. Their transfer was a decision of the Millers to place the future of their facilities in the hands of an accepted social agency and secure their own future and funding of their retirement.

Ben Kaplan and I visited the nursing homes and were impressed. They were located in White Plains near Scarsdale, beautifully sited and landscaped. They were small nursing homes, well designed with many private rooms to accommodate private paying patients. The financial records of the nursing homes reflected efficient and profitable operations. If JASA assumed the obligations of the mortgage, the agency would be at risk for six million dollars. As a business risk, given the demand for nursing home care the future prospects of demand and with good management, presumably to be provided by the Millers, the risk was modest. I am not certain the Miller's would have accepted a transfer of the property to JASA unless the agency did accept the risk.

The Millers entertained me at their home one night. It was located on an escarpment above the Kensico Reservoir. The house was breathtaking. Facing west, the sunset that evening was brilliant, and dusk came upon us as we had a memorable dinner served by the Millers' housekeeper. The champagne was excellent. I learned a little about the Millers. They were a childless couple, and the Miller Nursing Homes had been their passion. Dr. Miller was eager to practice his last years of medicine as a geriatrician with an esteemed not-for-profit institution. I learned that the Miller Nursing Homes had a fine reputation for care and was a preferred location for the upper class families in Scarsdale, Mamaroneck, Rye, and other northern Westchester communities.

JASA's long-term program included establishment and management of nursing homes. These were then deemed to be one of the essentials of our geriatric program. A large financial commitment had been made by Dr. Hexter on behalf of Montefiore Hospital to build a four hundred bed Green

Nursing Home with JASA's securing a priority of care for 150 clients. This provision ultimately would have been illegal.

I had lunch with Dulcey Miller. This was a curious experience because Dulcey seemed to be at a breaking point for reasons I could not fathom. She was reaching out to me to join her.

I consulted with one of my nursing home colleagues, a trusted executive. He was cautious. The Miller Nursing Homes were profitable and well run and would continue to be. The Millers had a reputation as excellent proprietors and nursing home managers but were known to be domineering personalities.

Our JASA Executive Committee, Ted Silbert, and Stephen Chan, spent a long meeting discussing the proposal and in the end rejected the arrangement. The nursing homes were geographically far removed from our client constituencies. The business risk was too great for JASA to assume at a time when we had no endowment fund. And of greatest importance, the JASA Board was most interested in development of community services for the aged as an alternative to nursing home care. Personally the arrangement filled me with misgivings.

The acquisition of the Miller Nursing Homes would have been a great diversion. Within the year Montefiore Hospital abandoned its nursing home initiative and released JASA of its pledge of $750,000 to the hospital for the nursing home. I should have been very involved in a project in Westchester County, completely out of our areas of service. Nursing home management was a field of administration in which I had never been involved and a very complex undertaking. At that very time I was engaged in negotiations with the Home of Old Israel and the Israel Senior Citizens Housing Corporation in the Rockaways. And then there was Dulcey Miller. I would be entering a very complex relationship. I was relieved when Ted Silbert advised me and Stephen Chan to terminate our negotiations.

I have often thought about the Miller Nursing Homes. Some years later I learned that the Millers had conveyed their homes to Montefiore Hospital under terms similar to those proposed to JASA. For Montefiore the arrangement was advantageous and successful. Had the Miller Nursing Homes been located in New York City we would have given it great consideration. In my service at JASA I had never succeeded in establishing licensed health care service, particularly home health services. Our entry into that field would have been facilitated by our operation of a skilled nursing home.

JASA's First Annual Dinner Party

On April 9, 1970 JASA held its "First Annual Dinner Party" at the Regency Hotel. This was a splendid setting in a hotel at 59th Street and Park Avenue

owned by Loews, and therefore the Tisch family. The hotel was the setting for many subsequent breakfast "power" meetings. This was a celebratory affair attended by Dr. Maurice B. Hexter, Leonard and Adele Block, and Martha K. Selig. I reported on agency developments and reaffirmed our appreciation to the founding leaders. The major building and endowment fund gifts were once again reported. A new gift from an anonymous benefactor was announced. This Building Fund pledge of $1,200,000 was made by the Brookdale Foundation. Its principal benefactor was Henry L. Schwartz. This was the style of philanthropic ritual, giving satisfaction to contributors and beneficiaries.

The dinner was an opportunity to report upon the social services provided by JASA during the year. During 1969 many requests of services brought average caseloads per worker to 82.6 per month, of which 64.5 were "assigned cases" and 18.1 were telephone information contacts only. The average number of cases was 1,880 per month during the first half-year of operation and reached a total of 2,190 by the second half. A total of 12,385 cases were served in 1969, representing an estimated 18,000 elderly people and with their families affected 36,000 people.

By June 30 of 1969 JASA's organization and social work staff was settled in place. We held a citywide professional agency conference to air concerns and problems. We had achieved a sense of a unified new agency. By September 15, 1969 JASA established three new service offices in Forest Hills, the Grand Concourse, and at the East Flatbush YM-YWHA. By December 1, 1969 JASA moved to a new central office and Manhattan District Office in a loft building at 18th Street and Park Avenue South. This was newly renovated space to our requirements. Ben Kaplan did a splendid job of locating the space and managing our move in. We took a ten-year lease, and the space was adequate for our needs for a number of years. The Park Avenue South area had once been an important center of the textile business. The American Woolen Corporation administration building was across the street. The textile companies gave way to the book publishers by 1969–1970. Then as office rental rates climbed a number of the loft buildings were converted to offices. Today the area has become residential, housing thousands of affluent young New Yorkers.

JASA accepted funding for the third year of a U.S. Public Health Service grant to the Arthritis Foundation in the sum of $13,599. The grant provided funding for counseling services for the aged and reimbursement of elderly volunteers in an "outreach" program. Volunteers were reimbursed the sum of $4.30 per session for their service. The demonstration was intended to show the usefulness of aged volunteers to assist other elderly to secure needed services. For us this was our first government grant. I was eager to learn about the mechanics of government funding and reimbursement. The

office arrangements at the East Flatbush Y were a cordial renewal of a close colleagueship with Reuben Goldstein, Executive Director of the East Flatbush Y. I had supervised the development and construction of that building some years earlier.

An agreement had been made with Montefiore Hospital to contribute the sum of $750,000 to create the Louis and Evelyn Green Nursing Home in the Bronx, adjacent to the hospital. In return JASA would be granted first priority in placement of 120 clients into the nursing home. This agreement was terminated. Montefiore secured the capitals funds it required through a state mortgage loan for almost all of the construction costs under article 28a of the public health law. We learned that Montefiore could not legally grant JASA such a priority for admission to the nursing home whose operating costs would be funded in large measure by Medicaid and Medicare. Priority of acceptance for admission had to be determined by the physical and mental status of the applicant and not determined by a third party. Moreover, there were severe statutory prohibitions against payments by anyone to affect nursing home priorities for admission. I was greatly relieved when this obligation to Montefiore was terminated. JASA needed this philanthropic gift to fund its own building program.

Housing for the Aged

I was vigorously engaged in developing housing for the aged from the very outset of JASA. Immediately with my appointment at JASA I began to explore building sites in the Coney Island and Brighton Beach areas. I had, with very helpful local assistance, been able to purchase building sites for the Coney Island and Brighton Beach Y's from the City of New York at modest cost. My development for those buildings brought me into close association with the local community planning boards, the City Planning Commission, and the Brooklyn Borough President. I met with officials of the New York City Department of Housing and Community Renewal, the New York State Division of Housing and Community Development, and the Regional Office of the United States Department of Housing and Urban Development. I was warmly received. My personal reputation was well known, and the JASA Board and Robert Tishman, Chairman of our Building and Sites Committee, was one of New York's leading builders. JASA was well endowed and promised a philanthropic contribution to the capital costs of building development.

By 1968–1969 a number of Federation agencies had already initiated developments in housing for the elderly. There was a Jewish Home and Hospital's Kittay House, the Daughters of Jacob's Findlay House, and the Educational Alliance's Podell House. These exemplars suggested JASA's route to funding

buildings through the New York State Housing mortgage loan program. I found that by 1968–1969 the City of New York had run out of credit and was no longer funding projects through the city Mitchell-Lama program. But the city was a major actor in housing developments for low-income people. There were many building sites acquired over many years through the "in rem" program taken from property owners for failure to pay taxes and properties acquired with federal urban redevelopment funds in slum neighborhoods. The tenement houses were demolished, and some neighborhoods resembled postwar London after clearance of its bombed out city blocks. These neighborhoods were on the Lower East Side, the South Bronx, Central and South Brooklyn, and along the Queens waterfront in the Rockaways.

I concentrated my efforts on site acquisition in Brighton and Manhattan Beach, Coney Island, Canarsie, the Far Rockaways, and the Lower East Side. Government rules for selection of tenants required the use of public lotteries in anticipation of thousands of applicants. The lottery selection would be open to the public to avoid any unfairness of selection. Projects developed in neighborhoods with a large population of Jewish elderly would, by demographic coincidence, result in a significant number of Jewish low-income tenants.

In Brighton Beach the New York City Housing and Community Development Agency designated JASA as the ultimate sponsor and project manager for the designated project. In the neighborhood organizational competition the "Oceanfront Coordinating Committee" was given first sponsoring rights, which would benefit a certain building contractor. In the end nothing came of that project because of the incompetence of Oceanfront Coordinating Committee. JASA later gained control of a site alongside the Brighton Beach Y and completed a building there.

The New York State Urban Development Corporation designated JASA sponsor of Coney Island Site at Beach 37th Street and Surf Avenue, adjacent to Sea Gate. This building was completed at a cost of $6,000,000. There were 195 apartments and a lovely senior center in the building. At its completion JASA was designated sponsor and manager. It contributed $175,000 to the building to furnish the senior center.

The New York City Division of Housing and Community Renewal informed me about city owned land on the shorefront at Paerdegat Basis in Canarsie. There were twelve and a half acres of land. This was an opportunity I hoped to secure. I began negotiating for a ninety-nine year lease and a sixteen million dollar mortgage with the State of New York. This would make possible the creation of an eight hundred-unit retirement village. In the end this proposal foundered on the economics and politics of the city. The land was sold to a private developer. The site was used to build private homes. We were disappointed.

In the Far Rockaways I was approached by Jack Singer, President of a Lower East Side home for the aged, the Home of Old Israel. Its facilities decrepit, Jack Singer secured a huge property at Beach 19th Street and the Far Rockaways. By coincidence this site had been a beach resort with little cabanas rented to a largely Jewish crowd. Amongst them were Joe and Min Wagner, my father and mother-in-law. Shirley remembered spending summers on Rockaway Beach and the cabana her aunts and uncles all rented there too.

Jack Singer secured ownership of the site and a federal mortgage loan under Section 202 of the Federal Housing Act. He secured Section Eight rent subsidies for his 512 residents. Seagirt Village was funded with a six million dollar mortgage. Jack Singer had impetuously committed Home of Old Israel to provide security guards for each of the two entrances into building for twenty-four hours a day. Then he signed union agreements with D.C. 1199, the most militant of the unions representing maintenance workers. They had been the union at the Home of Old Israel, and the agreement was part of the price for closing the home without incurring large severance costs. Unfortunately Jack Singer had not secured government approval for funding the security guards as part of the Housing Company budgets. Consequently, their costs, $150,000 a year, had to be met by Home of Israel. Their Board, aging, could not pay. It was at this point Jack Singer approached JASA to assume sponsorship of Seagirt Village, acquire title to the entire property, and assume a heavy financial responsibility. This was a very risky proposition for JASA.

By the end of 1972 JASA had worked out complex legal problems and tax exemption for the development with the United States Department of Housing and Urban Development and the City of New York. A $1,200,000 gift from Brookdale Foundation enabled JASA to pay one year's costs for the security guards. H.U.D. then accepted inclusion of these costs within the budget of the Seagirt Village. New York State funding of Brookdale Village, another two 21-story apartment houses and a very large community center at a cost of $18,000,000, was achieved. Concurrently U.S.D.H.U.D. interest subsidies and rent subsidies were secured for the project. These legal and fiscal arrangements were complex undertakings. By that point we had employed Morris Stutman as Director of Housing Development and Management. Isaac Sherman served as JASA's legal counsel for housing.

In 1976 our housing efforts were greatly strengthened by Stanley Berman, a very able attorney who had been counsel to the Federal Housing Agency in Washington, D.C. He was one of the leading attorneys in the field of government funded housing in New York. He served as Co-Chairman of our Housing Committee with Robert V. Tishman.

During the first two years JASA began to subsidize homemaker services for infirm elderly. Relief funds, granted by Federation and the New York Times

Neediest Cases Appeal, were their source. Our social workers became keen advocates for provision of homemaker care for our impaired aged clients. At poverty levels of income, after extended bureaucratic review, such care was available. We purchased homemaker services from J.C.S.L.I. and Self Help Community Services, which had established homemaker service agencies. By June of 1970 JASA's Boarding Home program served 28 aged persons in 15 homes. Within a year thereafter this service was phased out. Boarding homes became unavailable.

Emergency relief grants were made for specific emergencies. Rent aid and medical and psychiatric fees were paid, and grants were available for orthopedic devices. In 1969 relief expenditures were $128,227 with the New York Times contributing $74,000 of that sum.

In September 1969 JASA employed Dr. Nahum Weisman as Director of a new volunteer service. Aged persons were recruited to contribute half a day weekly to visit homebound aged clients and escort clients to medical and hospital visits. There were cultural visits to the theatre, concerts, and the opera as an unusual treat for homebound aged. In a number of housing developments in Coney Island Dr. Weisman organized "floor captains" to visit infirm neighbors.

In September 1969 Mrs. Rose Kammerman was employed as a full-time Group Work Supervisor to organize decentralized programs for the elderly in underserved neighborhoods. Older adult clubs were organized in joint sponsorship with synagogues and the New York City Housing Authority. There were:

Club	**Co–Sponsor**	**Membership**
JASA at Parkchester (Bronx)	Temple Emanuel	150
JASA at Leland (Bronx)	Congregation Beth Jacob	100
JASA at Murphy Houses (Bronx)	New York City Housing Authority	100
	Arthur Murphy Community Center	90
JASA at Forest Hills	Forest Hills Jewish Center	60
	Temple Sinai	50

In June of 1970, two years after JASA's founding, I made a statement to the Federation's Functional Committee on Aging reflecting upon our progress. Excerpts of the statement reflect my very mixed feelings about our modest achievements.

JASA's first two years have gone by so rapidly that we must find the time to pause, to gage the progress of our enterprise and our navigation. I have been seized by the magnitude and depth of the problem of the aged and aging in our metropolis. The irony of life has brought our generation to confront an American tragedy – and a particularly Jewish tragedy – the poor Jewish aged coming to the end of their years beset by fears and anxiety for their personal safety. Tens of thousands live uncertain of their neighbors and left alone by kith and kin.

JASA's birth was attended by high promises of its godfathers and very generous gifts. I am not certain that the founding fathers fully appreciated the time required to put the bare bones of an organization together and create the new resources needed to fund the needs of the aged...

Two Years in Retrospect

A brief word about what we had done:

I believe we have a dedicated and effective staff who share a united and singular concern for the aged...

After a grueling half year of getting organized in 1969, working under crowded and difficult conditions, we were able, given the funds, to open four new offices in the five months ending December 1969: Grand Concourse, East Flatbush, Forest Hills, and Central Office, Manhattan, and to have them well staffed...

Applications, community maneuvers, legal arrangements, and Federation approvals have been completed for housing projects in Coney Island, Brighton Beach, and Canarsie. Protracted negotiations have been conducted to bring the Seagirt development into JASA and create additional housing. The sum of these projects – some time down the line – will exceed 2,000 dwelling units at a cost in excess of $50,000,000. I have been dismayed by what is obvious to seasoned developers. It takes five to seven years to get a housing project to completion...

We have spent a great deal of time exploring the various complex routes to government funding of day-to-day services and of the capital costs of our building projects. This exploration was an absolute necessity before our realistic blueprint for action could be created.

Community Service Programs

> "What is the value of our present 'thin red line' of social workers in the field? Our community services are first aid emergency stations for the elderly and their families in the Jewish community. I believe that JASA cannot escape an obligation to continue to provide these services out of offices throughout Greater New York – particularly in the changing neighborhoods. The volume of requests for our counseling services continues unabated without publicity. Our emergency relief funds are an important element in permitting us to respond flexibly to emergencies."

I reported upon our submission of an ambitious grant application to the New York City Department of Mental Health. We proposed development of a citywide program of Comprehensive Community Mental Health Center to serve the aged in 'catchment areas'. Another proposal being submitted to various foundations was for a demonstration Comprehensive Service Center in one area with funding of research capacity to evaluate the effectiveness of the service. We explored the possibility of funding of facilities and programs to provide day centers for the impaired aged. The aim was to provide, on an outpatient basis, all the services available to aged patients resident in health related and skilled nursing home facilities. These initiatives by JASA came to naught. JASA was not a licensed Mental Health Provider and certainly not a licensed skilled nursing home or hospital. Ultimately the State of New York approved expansion of the outpatient clinics of several Community Mental Health facilities and day centers with skilled nursing homes. This facilitated their expansion within institutions already meeting the rigorous requirements for licensing and certainly limited their costs.

Hostels

In 1972 the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene granted JASA the capital sum of $300,000 and annual funding in excess of $150,000 to create a hostel for the mentally impaired aged. We located an abandoned small nursing home in the Kings Bay area of Brooklyn. Final authorization of this grant for the program was contingent upon JASA's securing the approval of the local community Mental Health Advisory Committee. I remember the night of the hearing vividly. We met in the assembly hall of the New York City Housing Authority facility under the auspices of the Kings Bay YM-YWHA. I knew a number of the men and women attending, families of local

residents, members of the Y. Our principal proponent was the very popular local congressman, Stephen J. Solarz.

JASA proposed to purchase the former ninety-bed nursing home and convert it to a residence for thirty mentally impaired aged with funding by the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene and Medicaid. This was a period of great unrest in the city. The Kings Bay neighborhood, with a large population of Jewish and Italian middle-income people, was fearful of the incursion of Afro-Americans advancing south from Bronzeville and Flatbush. Government funded institutions seemed to pose a new threat. Our presentation of the project and the needs of the elderly for facilities specially designed to serve the mentally impaired fell on deaf ears. Congressman Solarz was very brave to comment on the project forthrightly. He cited the difficult time their family had to find facilities for their father who had Alzheimer's. That appeal came to naught. Mothers rose to express their fear of aged patients walking the streets and exposing themselves to their children, some of whom attended a parochial school across the street. By a loud voice vote the JASA proposal was rejected. Ben Kaplan and I drove home depressed. We had been hopeful but apprehensive. But we were better prepared in successive community conflicts. There would be opposition to the "Housing for the Aged" apartment buildings we initiated.

It was apparent to me that we should need to augment our staff by additional management executives familiar with the specialized fields of housing and health care if we were to succeed in developing facilities and programs in these areas.

Protective and Legal Advisory Services in the Rockaways

The New York State Office for the Aging funded JASA's demonstration program in protective and legal advisory services in the Rockaways. The grant for this project, $47,600 for the first year of operation starting July 1, 1971, was provided under Title III of the Older Americans Act. The program offered a wide range of social services for the elderly of the Rockaways, including the 750 residents of Israel Senior Citizens Housing Development – Seagirt Village. The program emphasized the utility of the lawyer-social worker relationship in assisting the mentally and physically impaired aged in management of their personal affairs. Social data was collected to help interpret the need for statutory provision for a conservator program. Dr. Nahum Weisman was head of this office of eight staff members. Allen Federman, a very able young Queens attorney, was employed as counsel. An advisory committee was organized. Through this and other related programs our understanding of the social and legal problems of the mentally impaired elderly was strengthened.

In New York State Mental Hygiene law provided for a lengthy Supreme Court proceeding initiated by the petition of a family member or any institution or agency. For appointment of a guardian or conservator, a psychiatrist had to be found, examination made, and a legal petition prepared and submitted. The court then appointed a "guardian ad litem", another attorney to investigate the case for the judge. After the guardian ad litem's report was made, the judge would then appoint a conservator (for the property of the client) or a guardian for the person and property of the client. The guardian/conservator had full legal authority to manage the fiscal affairs of the client and secure and impose physical and medical care. Absent a family or friend to care for the client, failure to pay rent, purchase and secure food, etc. could result in the client ending up in the emergency clinic of a hospital near death of starvation or dehydration. The New York City Department of Social Services (DSS) operated a "Protective Services" unit as a social agency of last resort for mentally impaired persons. DSS had access to money to pay for emergency care or could act on behalf of a patient/client. But DSS was poorly organized. Its Protective Services staff, amongst the most difficult of its assignments, had very high turnover.

During my service at JASA we succeeded in securing the enactment of a Conservator's Statute of the State of New York which provides for the funding of social agencies to serve as conservators for the mentally impaired aged. Absent family members able and willing to serve, the courts now appoint social agencies to serve in New York City under the supervision of the New York City Department of Social Services, Protective Services Division. This was one of our notable achievements. JASA was conservator for two hundred clients. The program has continued to grow.

Mobile Home Service Unit

Another very useful demonstration program established in May 1971 was the Mobile Home Service and Transportation Unit. This was designed as a life support delivery system for isolated and immobile elderly in a state of neglect and impairment. The service team of four – a social worker, homemaker/housekeeper, a porter handyman, and a driver – made their daily rounds in a JASA minibus. A grant of $40,000 was secured from the Greater New York Fund. Tremont and Morrisania of the Bronx were the target areas. The aged residents of these areas were Black, Puerto Rican, and Jewish. An effort was made to reach impaired and isolated aged. Direct Homemaker-Housekeeper services were rendered, repairs, and transportation to medical appointments, to groceries for shopping, and recreation were provided. A representative advisory committee was organized. They included the police, visiting nurse

services, ministers, and housing and other authorities, sources of referrals for the aged in need. By November of 1971 the unit was serving 80 clients regularly. "In countless ways the Mobile Unit has provided the hands, backs, and wheels to those who lack the means of providing all of its services for themselves."

Picture 17: L to R: Sam Hoch (rear), Ben Kaplan, Renata Squadrilli, David Soyer

Picture 18: Roberta Spohn, Deputy Commissioner of Aging

Vol. 3, No. 2, September-October 1983

Senior Citizens Advocate

and Aspects of Aging

An action newspaper for older adults and those who work with and for them

Mayor Koch Announces That 1984 City Funds Will Assure Full Continuity to Senior Programs

Bernard Warach, publisher of Senior Citizens Advocate, *recently received a letter from the Mayor of New York City regarding funding for older adult programs. The letter marks the city's commitment to support such programs; we publish it with great appreciation.*

Dear Mr. Warach:

Thank you for your recent letter concerning the funding of senior citizen programs operated by the Human Resources Administration (HRA) and the Department for the Aging (DFTA).

As you know, I am firmly opposed to reductions in the services provided by our senior citizen programs. When the federal government eliminated the Job Opportunity Program (Title X), the city provided $1.4 million in city funds to continue nutrition-related staff in all DFTA- and HRA-contracted senior citizen centers. When almost $18 million in Title XX funds were cut, threatening many social service programs for the elderly, the lost federal dollars were fully replaced. Finally, when Title III of the Older Americans Act was cut, we nearly tripled the city funds supporting DFTA; no city funds had been allocated to these programs in the past. These restorations of reduced federal funding maintained services at their existing levels while shifting a greater share of their support to our city's taxpayers.

Since the city incurred increased costs during times of fiscal restraint, we asked that those senior citizens who could afford to increase their voluntary contributions to help support the programs they use. I understand that the 1983 program has been quite successful and has exceeded its original goal while placing no hardship on those who cannot contribute.

Current Levels Assured for 1984

The 1984 budget provides for the continuation of city funds to support programs for the elderly. With the exception of two programs in DFTA – Community Services for the Elderly and Recreation for the Elderly – increased federal, state, or city funds have been provided to supplement grant-funded programs. Both HRA and DFTA have assured me that the level of funding for 1984 is sufficient to guarantee that essential nutrition and social service programs for senior citizens will continue at their current levels. I appreciate your taking the time to write and share your concern.

Sincerely,

Ed Koch

Edward I. Koch
Mayor

Seniors Protest Health-Care Cuts

by Michele Cohen, Editorial Assistant

More than 100 senior citizens recently voiced their concern to members of Congress over the Administration's attempt to cut Medicare and Medicaid and shift costs to beneficiaries. The occasion was a legislative forum sponsored in

of his 25 day stay in a hospital. Of a total hospital bill of $10,000, he paid only $204. "Had I been the average older person with only Medicare coverage and no supplemental insurance, under the new Reagan plan for 'catastrophic

Picture 19: "Senior Citizens Advocate"

Picture 20: Shirley and Bernard Warach

Picture 21: Scheuer House of Coney Island

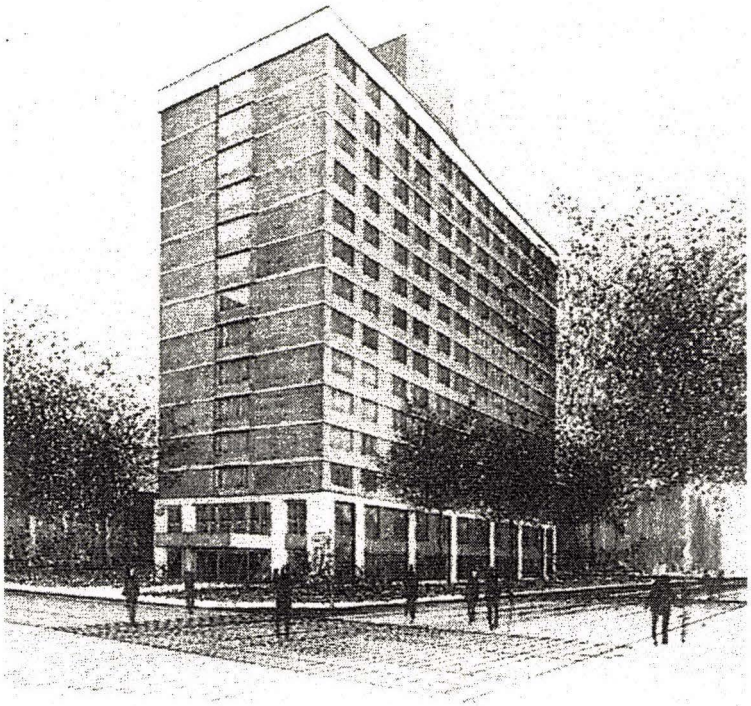
Picture 22: Dedication, Scheuer House of Manhattan Beach, 1982.
L to R: Congressman James Scheuer, Theodore H. Silbert, Bernard Warach

Picture 23: Scheuer House of Manhattan Beach

Picture 24: Dedication, Scheuer House Manhattan Beach, 1982.
Bernard Warach, Mayor Ed Koch

Picture 25: Dedication, Scheuer House Manhattan Beach, 1982. L to R: Bernard Warach, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore H. Silbert, Marie Warach, Joseph Howard Katz

Picture 26: The Evelyn and Louis A. Green Residence at Far Rockaway



Picture 27: The Evelyn and Louis A. Green Building at Cooper Square

Picture 28: Brookdale Village

Picture 29: Ruth Perelson

Picture 30: Howard Millstein and Carl Glick

Picture 31: L to R: Joshua, Jonathan, Bernard and Beth Warach, 1975

Picture 32: Wedding of Lenore and Moshe Bar Gil, Tel Aviv, 1982.
L to R: Miriam, Myron, Lenore, Moshe, Daniel, Akiva Warach

The City Funds JASA/Community Services for the Aged

In the years preceding the establishment of JASA in 1968, American society was driven by conflict. New York City was in turmoil. American blacks, long dissatisfied with their lot, began their long civil rights struggle. Their demonstrations in the south, aided by courageous liberals from the north, were countered by fierce hostilities and harsh repressive measures of southern government officials and their police forces. The Ku Klux Klan was reactivated. There were many lynchings and church burnings. In July 1963 John F. Kennedy was assassinated. He was succeeded by Lyndon Johnson, a Texan. In July 1964 three young civil rights activists were murdered in Mississippi by the Ku Klux Klan. Two of these men were white, Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner, and one black, James Chaney. The mother of Andrew Goodman lived in the apartment house at West 86th Street, a neighbor of Marie's. Their murder aroused a national furor. There were civil rights demonstrations in the north as well as the south. On April 8, 1968 Martin Luther King was assassinated. Black activists and youth were moved to fury. Many northern cities, including New York, were the scenes of street riots. Stores and vehicles were destroyed. These riots were suppressed by the police with some loss of life. Then on June 5, 1969 Robert F. Kennedy was assassinated by a Palestinian.

In Vietnam the Viet Cong, after defeating the French occupation army at Dien Bien Phu, marched south to defeat the South Vietnamese army. The Viet Cong had the support of many Vietnamese and the Soviet and Chinese Communist governments. John F. Kennedy and the Democratic Congress provided material assistance and then military advisors to the South Vietnamese government. Johnson increased the American involvement in the Vietnam War. Johnson viewed the conflict in Vietnam as part of the global "Cold War" with Communism and Vietnam's fall as the card which could topple the rest of Asia. The military draft in the United States continued long after the end of the Korean War, contributing to the fury of young people against the Vietnam War.

The country was sharply divided by the Vietnam War as Johnson increased American troop levels and casualties mounted. There were anti-war

demonstrations. Despite the impact of the Vietnam War, Johnson was determined to fulfill his political ambition to achieve the unfulfilled goals of the New Deal. He was a masterful politician, and with his overwhelming victory in the election of 1964 he moved to enacting historic liberal statutes. The Republicans had been routed, and Johnson had full control of the House and Senate.

In 1964 he secured passage of the Economic Opportunity Act. This law provided for a cornucopia of services and facilities to improve the lives of the "poor", particularly Black and Hispanic minorities. The programs included Head Start, jobs for teenagers, community action programs, advocacy programs, and community economic initiatives to support new minority businesses. The language of the statute enjoined "maximum feasible involvement of the poor" in leadership of the programs. Sergeant Shriver, a member of the Kennedy family, was named Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO). He accepted his mission to be the appointment of as many minority political leaders to these poverty programs as possible, regardless of capacity or merit. A huge flow of federal money into the poverty neighborhoods provided some plum jobs.

Earlier in New York City in 1962 Mayor Robert F. Wagner's last term (he lost the support of an increasingly aggressive black leadership), he was attacked by civil rights leaders and the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) despite his liberal political record. There had been a vast immigration of southern blacks and Puerto Ricans into the city following World War II in the 1950's and 1960's. Many were unemployed and lived in crowded tenements, moving into former Jewish neighborhoods of Harlem, South Bronx and Central Brooklyn and Queens. Toward the end of the Wagner Administration two poverty programs, Mobilization for Young on the Lower East Side and HARYOU-ACT, Harlem Youth Action, were two very large OEO programs. They organized aggressive advocacy programs amongst welfare clients, all generally hostile to the government and welfare departments.

The city's health and welfare systems could not keep pace with the political needs of the day. Black leaders demanded "community control" of the public school systems and other institutions in minority neighborhoods. There were rent strikes in Harlem. In 1964 a black youth was killed by an off duty officer. There were great protest marches and riots. During one struggle in Central Harlem one demonstrator/rioter was killed and hundreds were wounded. "Police brutality" became a resounding cry. No doubt police brutality marked the effort to repress riots, arson, and other destruction of property. Police commissioner Michael Murphy was forced out of office. Adam Clayton Powell, Harlem's Congressman, threatened to hold the national OEO budget hostage if his demands for "community control" were not accepted.

Other OEO programs operated spasmodically. The public at large and the press viewed them as a vast boondoggle created to benefit a venal black political leadership.

These events came near the end of Mayor Wagner's third term. Clearly his support within the minority community diminished sharply. He withdrew from the primary in 1966, yielding the nomination to Abraham Beame, then City Controller.

John Lindsay won the mayoralty in 1966 by a narrow margin. He won as a Republican with the support of the Liberal Party and particularly of David Dubinsky, President of the ILGWU and the Liberal Party. John Lindsay, the son of a banker, had been Congressman in the 17th Congressional District, the "Silk Stocking" district in mid-Manhattan on the East Side. Its population included some of the wealthiest families in the country, a heavily Jewish population and many liberals. Lindsay won narrowly by 44% of the vote, a margin of 102,000 votes, winning the support of the minorities and liberal Jews, defeating Abraham Beame. While in Congress he had voted often with the Democrats and incurred the wrath of Republicans, particularly Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

At the outset of his mayoralty he appointed Mitchell Ginsberg, then Dean of the Columbia University School of Social Work, as Commissioner of the Human Resources Administration (HRA). Ginsberg then appointed Jack Goldberg, a social worker who was Director of Camp Welmet, a summer camp for children, as his Deputy. Ginsberg was a significant change in welfare administration. He shared the national liberal viewpoint on this issue. Welfare management was condemned as oppressive of minorities, illiberal in its ministry. Richard Cloward, a professor at Columbia's School of Social Work, and his colleague Frances Fox Piven held that the welfare system was an instrument for capitalism to hold the poor in check and to oppress and exploit the poor. Ginsberg agreed and with Lindsay's support set about to radically change the system. In essence they discarded all the myriad regulations which determined the grants made to eligible clients. These covered the rent, food, utilities, and money to be received. Then there were "income disregards" and deductions for earned income not to be counted. Ginsberg prohibited the hateful "midnight raids" into clients homes to determine the presence of "male wage earners". Welfare clients were organized into welfare rights associations and encouraged to demonstrate at welfare department offices. Riots ensued, and offices and their records were destroyed. Welfare workers were intimidated. Ginsberg then eliminated eligibility review and adopted a simple self-declaration method for determining welfare eligibility and grants. This was, in essence, self-certification, and the welfare rolls leaped upwards.

In general the federal government paid for half, the state one quarter, and the city one quarter of welfare grants. In 1966 there were approximately 500,000 persons on the welfare rolls in New York City. Welfare rolls, which had been stable for many years in the 1950's, began to rise. Between 1954 and 1966 they increased by 12% a year. During Lindsay's first term, 1966–1970,

welfare rolls more than doubled to exceed 1,000,000, and costs increased from four hundred million dollars to more than one billion dollars. With Medicaid provision, welfare costs rose to more than two billion dollars. Still, the radicals failed in their effort to achieve fundamental welfare reform. They nearly succeeded in bankrupting local government, but by 1971 there were cutbacks in welfare levels, more stringent welfare administration, and no guaranteed annual income. Liberalization of welfare grants had led to a great increase in welfare dependency. The white working and middle classes were sharply disaffected. The political turning led to the successful revival of Republic Party fortunes, and with the victories of Nixon and Reagan the white working classes abandoned the Democratic Party.

The teacher's strike of 1968 was caused by the effort of black militants to gain control of the public schools of New York and to break the Teachers Union. Lindsay had reached a high point of his administration during the spring and summer of 1968. Somehow his leadership had brought an equivocal peace to the city. Then three teachers' strikes closed schools from September 5 to November 19, 1968. The UFT struck because Rhody McCoy, Superintendent of the Oceanville-Brownsville School District, determined to transfer out – to terminate – the services of thirteen teachers and six assistant principals, including two UFT Chapter Chairmen, without real cause. The school Superintendent ordered the School Board to reinstate the teachers. The Board refused, and three hundred and fifty teachers walked out in a strike in protest, and Rhody McCoy dismissed the teachers for their action. The school year ended with the school closed. A Supreme Court judge rejected all the charges made by McCoy against the teachers. Efforts to mediate the impasse about local school decentralization failed during the summer, and in September schools failed to open on time again with the teachers on strike. A settlement was reached in late 1968. The state and the city agreed unequivocally to enforce the law and the teachers' contract. The local Oceanville-Brownsville School Board was suspended and replaced by a state trustee. Police were posted to ensure enforcement of the agreement. The following spring the state legislature passed a statute permitting decentralized school districts with very limited authority. Demonstration districts were eliminated.

The 1968 teachers strikes were racial conflicts. "Community control", in my judgment, was a blatant effort by black politicians and ideologues to seize power and the fruits of power, jobs, and money in the school district treasuries for the benefit of Blacks. The rationale was justice of the demands of blacks for a fair share of American wealth so long denied them. "Community control" in theory would yield better education for black children who indeed fared poorly in the public schools of the day. "Community control" would presumably make teachers and principals accountable for their actions and

improve the quality of education. That assertion had never been demonstrated and has not been proven to this day. John Lindsay was seen as a leading spokesman for black control of the public schools. He accepted black control as a moral imperative, historically long overdue. This was the privileged position of a very liberal upper class patrician. This conflict ultimately brought the radical leadership of the liberal forces in the city to defeat. Nationally the consequences were disastrous over a longer term. The Republicans gained the loyalty of white working people. The conflict accelerated the flight of white folk out of New York City.

The teachers' strike of 1968 and 1969 had a significantly Jewish aspect. The majority of the white teachers in the New York City school system were Jewish. They had won their place after a generation of struggle through the city colleges with the encouragement of their immigrant parents. They had won through democratic political processes and civil service management, which required fair and open examinations to qualify for jobs. I vividly remember the story of my cousin Mildred Farber who paid $3,000 to a Tammany Hall politician upon graduating from Hunter College for an appointment as a high school French teacher in the 1930's. The invectives of minority parents and other black militants at the picketing schoolteachers were anti-Semitic. The UFT leader, Al Shanker, was Jewish. The fears and anxieties of Jews then resident in the inner city neighborhoods, particularly the elderly, were palpable.

Still, John Lindsay was able to win the election for the mayoralty for his second term in 1970. He won with the support of minorities and the liberal middle-class Jewish vote, once again by a very narrow margin, defeating Abraham Beame. Again he had Liberal Party support. Then Lindsay determined to run for the presidency. He moved to a distinctly more middle path, politically. Mitchell Ginsberg resigned and was succeeded by Jule Sugerman, a management functionary, and other similar appointments. In my contacts with his commissioners I detected a new and sympathetic hearing for my pleas for support of funding for aging services. My recitation of the conflicts of the Lindsay years at City Hall provide the background to the vast issues which concerned the public and the difficulty of gaining a hearing for public support of aging service. The desperation of the aged residents of the inner city was evident in the many news stories published whenever an aged victim of crime, usually by a minority youth, was taken by ambulance to the hospital. The police could do little to nothing to provide safe corridors to the supermarket from tenement doorways for the elderly.

Some of John Lindsay's officials included Marvin Schick, an Orthodox Jew, designated liaison officer to the Jewish community. Marvin Schick had a good listening ear for religious Jews in Williamsburg, Borough Park, Flatbush, Coney Island, and the Rockaways. Major Owens, the Community

Development Agency Director, welcomed my first proposal requesting a social services contract for the aged citywide, with the budget of five million dollars. He did not reject the request out of hand as outrageous. I was informed that CDA had no new money to allocate. He was acutely aware that there were no CDA grants to serve the poor aged. He circulated my request to Assistant Commissioner Winifred Lally and Harriet Dronska, Special Assistant to Jule Sugerman at HRA.

In 1968–70 there were 980,000 elderly over 65 in a population of seven million, fourteen percent. Fourteen percent of the aged, 137,000 people, were estimated to be poor. Clearly all of the "war on poverty" funds had been channeled to minority community organizations. By 1970 it was evident to Major Owens that federal, state, and municipal funds for the poverty programs had run their course. He hoped that the aged might be a new constituency for the poverty programs. Given the mood of the city by 1970 after the riots and school strikes, there was little sympathy for programs to benefit minorities.

The initial program proposal I prepared with David Soyer, Samuel Hock, and Ben Kaplan reflected all of my passion to set forth the needs of the aged and a very practical program to bring relief to tens of thousands of poor and infirm aged in the inner city neighborhoods. At five million dollars a year the proposal would fund twenty comprehensive service centers, social workers, home care workers, and transportation. The proposal was a model of advocacy, organization, and management skill.

I enlisted Philip Sokol, consultant to Federation on government relations, in my effort to secure funding. He had been a municipal Deputy Welfare Commissioner. We were all very conscious of John Lindsay's presidential aspirations. He toured Florida, visiting Miami and spending time at one Jewish Senior Citizens Center. I asked Rabbi Isaac Trainin, Federation's Religious Advisor, to secure letters from rabbis throughout the city to the Mayor urging support of JASA's proposed service program for the aged. We learned later that Commissioner Sugerman was preparing a program proposal to establish one hundred senior centers in the city and was struggling to find the resources to fund the program. The city was experiencing some very difficult financial problems as a recession diminished municipal income.

Then I was informed of an extraordinary decision at a meeting with Commissioner Sugerman, Harriet Dronska, and Winifred Lally. I was requested to prepare a new proposal, "JASA/Community Services for the Aged", with an annual budget of $1,500,000 to fund social services in neighborhoods in the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens. Manhattan was omitted because the borough had many other competing social agencies, and Staten Island had few poor aged. I was elated. Here at last was an opportunity to create a significant program to service the aged.

Initially JASA would receive a grant of which seventy-five percent would be from the federal government, fifteen percent from the state, and the last fifteen percent would be paid by Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. This last sum actually would be funds which had already been granted to JASA for existing costs. Thus, the actual increase in income for JASA would have been $1,275,000. However, before our grant negotiations were completed, the city withdrew its request for the Federation grant responsibility for its share. Of greatest significance was the political ploy the grant represented. JASA was requested to secure approval for the proposal from the New York State Department of Social Services. This required JASA to secure Governor Nelson Rockefeller's approval in 1970, at the very time John Lindsay had turned Democrat. They hated each other. The proposal easily met the approval of the U.S. Department of Health Education and Welfare in Washington, D.C. Federal funding of social services under Title XVI of the Social Security Act was open ended, which meant there was no specific budgetary provision, and appropriations were made post facto to fund expenditures. Theodore H. Silbert, our President with excellent lines of relationship with the city and state Republican Party, was able to secure state approval for our proposal.

On January 27, 1972 Commissioner Jule M. Sugerman announced the $1,500,000 grant to JASA. Early in February there was a grand public ceremony in the Blue Room at City Hall. Mayor John W. Lindsay handed Theodore H. Silbert a check for $1,000,000. The press was present, as were the H.R.A., members of the Board of Estimate, City Council Members, Commissioners of Aging, Federation, and JASA staff. There were headlines and articles in the days which followed. The municipal grant by Mayor Lindsay was well received.

I set forth here the citations from the front page of our proposal because the source of the funding and the revisions of the grant were significant.

A Proposal to the Department of Social Services of the City of New York
Human Resources Administration
For the Provision of Comprehensive Social Services for the Aged in the
Bronx, Brooklyn and Queens
In a Program to be Entitled
JASA / COMMUNITY SERVICES FOR SENIOR CITIZENS
An application for grants under Title 45, Public Welfare, Chapter 2,
Part 222, Service Programs for the Aged, Blind or Disabled Persons,
Title XVI of the Social Security Act
And
The Community Center and Service for Senior Citizens Law, Article
5, Title 12, of the Social Services Law, as enacted within Chapter 289,
Public Law of 1970, State of New York, Section 370

Jewish Association for the Services for the Aged
222 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10003
July 12, 1971
Revised November 17, 1971
Second Revision, December 9, 1971
Third Revision, January 3, 1972
Fourth Revision, January 26, 1972

The approval of this grant proposal was one of the high points of my life. The grant was a milestone in JASA's development, a true leap forward. JASA was able to double the number of aged clients served from 18,000 to 36,000 in a year. Here at last was funding of the magnitude needed to meet the needs of the elderly, to fulfill JASA's mission.

The grant proposal set forth the significance of the problem:

> The poor and the near aged poor are the great invincible minority in American society...
>
> In New York City the aged over 65 increased 15.9% from 813,827 to 943,212 from 1960 to 1970.
>
> Some 12% of the aged are poor. More than 34%, or 320,557, are over 75. The problems of the aged have been aggravated by poverty, poor housing, lack of health and welfare services, facilities, and a breakdown of family relationships in a highly mobile society. Hundreds of thousands of poor elderly have been left behind in their old deteriorating neighborhoods. The aged are amongst the most neglected people in the city.
>
> The great increase in the aged over 75...the thousands of people in their eighties living in the community...has cut across the ranks of every race, creed, and ethnic group of the city. The normal physical disabilities of age, frailty, increased illness, chronic disease, mental illness, have been aggravated by the anxieties of life in deteriorating slum neighborhoods.
>
> The aged are particularly victims of crime and delinquency. Daily incidents of molestation have been commonplace in their lives. The trip to the grocery store is fraught with peril. The aged of the inner city neighborhoods are fearful and in their terrible anxiety their lives have become a nightmare.

I noted the enactment of a diverse and discrete number of benefit and entitlement programs for the aged and disabled: old age assistance, Medicaid,

home health care, food stamps, social security, Medicare, nursing home facilities, each of which had developed its own regulations and bureaucracy. They were very difficult for the aged to secure and manage.

Within the three boroughs designated as JASA service areas social data for the aged focused the target population for service:

The Aged in Bronx, Brooklyn and Queens, 1970

Borough	Old Age Assistance Recipients	Additional Medicaid Beneficiaries	Estimated Aged Within 29% of Poverty
Bronx	16,745	20,320	87,215
Brooklyn	22,986	27,894	147,408
Queens	8,149	10,217	125,355
Total	**48,150**	**58,341**	**359,978**

Goals and Objectives

JASA's goals and objectives for the JASA/Community Services for Senior Citizens were:

1. The organization, development, and expansion of social services required through a network of local multi-service centers in the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens.
2. Leadership of innovation and demonstration of methods of delivery of community services required by dependent and impaired aged.
3. The creation of a strong body of laymen and professional leaders concerned with the aged.
4. Training of professionals, paraprofessionals, and volunteers in work with the aged.
5. Demonstration of the effectiveness of a partnership of a voluntary agency with public authority in carrying out statutory service programs for the aged.

The Program

Through a network of local multi-service centers in the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens, the JASA program was intended to secure the following services to maintain the aged in the community:

A. Information and Referral Services
B. Services to Enable Persons to Remain in or Return to Their Homes or Communities
    1. Assistance in securing public assistance, food stamps, social security, unemployment insurance, Medicaid, Medicare, and all other forms of social insurance and benefits for which the elderly person may be eligible;
    2. Assistance in location of housing;
    3. Enlisting help of family and friends in securing suitable housing and household arrangement;
    4. Assisting the individual and family to carry out medical, health, and health maintenance plans; and
    5. Assistance in securing special arrangements or supportive services required to effect a satisfactory social adjustment of the individual and family, including homemaker, housekeeper, and home health aide services.
C. Services to Meet Health Needs
    1. Assistance in securing necessary health services available under Medicare and Medicaid and from providers of health services;
    2. Assistance in making arrangements for transportation to and from health resources;
    3. Planning with relatives or other concerned individuals for carrying out of medical recommendations;
    4. Maintaining liaisons with providers of health services to assure provision of social services necessary to carry out medical recommendations;
    5. In medical emergencies, obtaining the services of a physician and arranging care of a spouse or dependents required as a result of a medical emergency;
    6. Providing escorts and interpreters as required.
D. Protective Services for the Physically and Mentally Impaired
    1. To arrange for medical, psychiatric, and social work diagnosis to evaluate the status of the impaired person;
    2. To arrange for immediate services required to maintain the health and well being of the client;

3. To arrange for power of attorney or guardianship for management of the affairs of the impaired person by referral to an appropriate legal aid society or attorney;
4. To arrange for commitment or other protective placement as required;
5. To assist the courts on behalf of mentally impaired persons;
6. To arrange for appropriate placement for the physically or mentally impaired person.

E. Self Support and Rehabilitation Services
   1. To explore potentials for self support;
   2. To provide individual counseling, referral to employment, rehabilitation services, and sheltered workshops.

F. To Assist the Aged to Improve Their Living Arrangements and Enhance Their Daily Living Activities
   1. To provide housing information and tenant-landlord consultation services;
   2. The provide paraprofessional and volunteer assistants to perform required chore services;
   3. To provide consumer protection and financial management education.

G. Services to Individuals and Groups to Improve Opportunities for Social and Community Participation
   1. To assist the elderly to obtain recreation, education, and group work services;
   2. To develop opportunities for volunteer and paid service roles with community agencies and organizations;
   3. To organize older adult associations and clubs in neighborhoods lacking neighborhood centers;
   4. To provide transportation to recreational, educational, and cultural facilities;
   5. To refer the elderly to vacation services.

H. Services to Improve the Nutrition of the Elderly
   1. To provide low cost nutritious lunches as part of the older adult associations' and clubs' daily programs;
   2. To provide consumer and nutrition education programs.

I. Services to Individuals to Meet Special Needs
   1. To refer individuals to other agencies, including JASA offices not funded by this program, for marital and family counseling as required;
   2. To refer individuals for legal aid services;
   3. To assist the elderly to secure emergency grants for food, clothing and shelter.

Eligibility for Service

"Services for the dependent aged over 65 who are current, past or potential welfare recipients will be provided without discrimination as to race, creed, color or ethnic origin. Priority of service will be given to the physically and mentally impaired aged. No fees will be charged for the publicly funded services."

Organization and Administration

JASA organized an Office of Central Administration, which included a Program Director, David Soyer, and an Assistant Program Director, Sam Hock, an old Community Center colleague. He had been Director of the West Bronx YM-YWHA and Assistant Director of the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center. Sam Hock would be responsible for the group services. Other staff members were a statistician, chief accountant, bookkeeper, account clerk, secretary, and two stenographers. Nine multi-service centers were established.

Location of Multi-Service Community Service Centers

Location	Area of Service
Bronx	
Bronx Service Center (Borough)	North Central Bronx
Tremont Service Center	Tremont
	Morrisania
	Bronx River
	South Bronx
Fordham-Concourse Center	Fordham
	Concourse
Brooklyn	
Brooklyn Service Center	Brooklyn
Crown Heights Service Center	Crown Heights
	Brownsville
Williamsburg Service Center	Williamsburg
Boro Park Service Center	Boro Park
	Bensonhurst
Coney Island Service Center	Coney Island
	Brighton Beach
Queens	
Queens Service Center	Queens

We were able to staff our offices more generously than previously with very limited philanthropic funding. Each Borough Multi-Service Center Office was staffed with:

1 Borough Director
1 Case Work Supervisor
1 Case Worker
4 Case Aides
1 Public Health Nurse
2 Group Workers
2 Drivers
11 Community Aides (Home Care Workers)
1 Office Manager – Secretary
1 Stenographer
2 Clerk Typists
1 Switchboard Operator

Sarah Lederman was named Queens Borough Director and Sophie Wiener the Borough Director of the Bronx. After the death of Fred Ziegelaub we were fortunate to secure the services of Rabbi Jerome Fishman as Brooklyn Borough Director. Deployment of a Public Health Nurse was an innovation for aging service agencies in New York City. They served as consultants in health care and needs to our social workers and were deployed in protective services particularly.

The Neighborhood Outreach Offices were staffed as follows:

1 Case Worker
3 Case Aides
2 Community Aides
1 Clerk Typist

Recruitment and utilization of the Community Aides as Home Care Workers was a new experience for our JASA staff. Up to this point the agency had purchased home care services from not-for-profit or proprietary agencies using relief funds. This was an opportunity to participate in the management of home care on a fairly large scale.

Budget Estimates and Timetables for Development of Offices

We submitted very detailed budget estimates for the proposed programs, Program Years I, II, and III, for a full twelve months of operation. A summary of the proposed budget is as follows:

JASA/COMMUNITY SERVICES FOR SENIOR CITIZENS
BUDGET ESTIMATES FOR PROGRAM YEARS I, II, III

Program Year	1	2	3
Central Administration	$159,050	$167,798	$177,027
Bronx Units	$468,844	$494,726	$521,934
Brooklyn Units	$618,074	$648,756	$684,434
Queens Units	$319,614	$340,696	$359,434
Total	**$1,565,582**	**$1,651,976**	**$1,742,829**

Commissioner Sugerman assured us of funding through the three-year period. The one million dollar check given to Theodore H. Silbert at City Hall by Mayor John V. Lindsay constituted the advance we required to fund the program. During the first year of the program we were fortunate to be assigned to the ministry of Deputy Commissioner Henry Rosner. He was our supervisor and financial resource. The procedure he instituted for reimbursement was a detailed "Monthly Requisition". This was a statement of expenditures following the municipal manual of financial operations and codes. Commissioner Rosner was a model civil servant. He really cared about our program. He felt it was one the very finest acts of government in which he had participated.

Over the years of our association I learned that Henry Rosner as a young man during the depression had been a Socialist and an important activist in that party. The Socialist Party nominated Fiorello LaGuardia as Mayor in addition to the Republican and Fusion Parties. In the 1930's there were thousands of municipal citizens who were socialists, immigrants, and garment workers. Their voters helped elect LaGuardia. The sole reward the party secured for its support, said Rosner, was one job. Henry Rosner was appointed as a Social Work Investigator in the Welfare Department. Subsequently, he went to night school at City College and to Law School. He completed his studies and passed the bar examination. He stayed on in the department and

by 1970, when I first met him, was a long time Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Welfare. He was renowned in the department as the master of federal funding.

Commissioner Rosner advised us to "vest" our program as rapidly as possible. He urged us to rent the office space we needed and get the offices furnished and fully staffed. The danger in delay was that by Year Two of the program, if expenditures were only at half the funding level, the city could cut the program to the levels achieved. One critical impediment in establishing city-funded programs was the exceedingly cumbersome requirement to secure approval of the supervising department for the rental of real estate. Presumably to assure competitive pricing and for the city to get the most advantageous contracts possible, a tedious and time consuming process of estate review ensued and could kill a proposed contract. Fortunately during that first year, Commissioner Rosner did not require this review and approved rental leases forthwith. Most important of all was Ben Kaplan. He was responsible for securing our office space in the neighborhoods of service. Fortunately there was store and office space available. The neighborhoods were depressed. There were many vacancies. However, securing the district offices in downtown Brooklyn, Central Queens, and on the Concourse in the Bronx was difficult. But we succeeded.

David Soyer, Sam Hock, and I were able to recruit and employ the social work staff. It was a well-qualified group, young and enthusiastic. There was an excitement generated in the field of social work by this new initiative on behalf of the aged. Our JASA central office group was very competent. We felt that completing this program was an opportunity of a lifetime. Citywide there was a great deal of interest in our work. Every new office opened to public notice in the press. There is no doubt Mayor Lindsay's office was very satisfied with his decision to fund JASA.

I came home to Great Neck during that period, the spring of 1972, a happy man. Shirley had made a fine recovery. It had been seven years since her heart surgery. She managed her daily medications. Digoxin was the principal regulator of her heart. She rested daily. But she was able to do all the cooking. I helped with the shopping on weekends. And most important of all, our children were a joy to us. Josh, Jon, and Beth were doing very well at school and at Hebrew High School. They had many friends. Jon was on the Great Neck High School Cross Country Team, the school band, and played chess. Beth was in the school orchestra. Josh edited a home newspaper. They were each at the head of their class scholastically. Shirley made chocolate chip cookies for the friends who came to the house. Then she organized a fine Senior Citizens club at Temple Israel, which grew to several hundred members and met weekly. I was Chairman of the Temple Israel Hebrew High School Board Committee. With Ephraim Warshaw as principal, the Hebrew

High School was acclaimed nationally. Then I brought home my triumph: the funding of the JASA/Community Services for the Aged Program. Shirley, as a professional social worker, truly understood the value of that achievement. My mother and father, now in Brighton Beach, learned of my renown in neighborhood circles. I was a happy man.

On June 30, 1977 our President, Theodore H. Silbert, determined to retire and was elected Chairman of the Board. He was succeeded by Irwin H. Rosenberg. Irwin H. Rosenberg was a thin, spare man with white hair and modest of stature. In manner he was always very deliberate, projecting keen intelligence, and from time to time an aggressive, hostile disposition. He was highly regarded as an able attorney. I met him originally as a newly elected member of the Board of Directors of Associated Y's. He served as Chairman of the Legal Committee and pro bono handled all of the corporate legal affairs of Associated Y's and later JASA. His wife, Doris Rosenberg, was a member of the inner circle of women volunteers at Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. They staffed the Distribution Committee and other committees of some authority, which required large time commitments. Irwin H. Rosenberg enjoyed a strong personal and professional relationship with Leonard and Adele Block as their attorney. He was of German Jewish origin but came from a family of modest circumstances and became affluent.

I vividly recalled one meeting with Stanley Friedman, then a key assistant to Mayor Abraham Beame, arranged by Irwin Rosenberg. We were requesting Mayor Beame's support for approval of one of our housing projects at the Board of Estimate. Immediately we came to our meeting with Stanley Friedman at City Hall, Friedman asked Irwin Rosenberg when Irwin's brother would resign his position on the Board of Water Supply, a position he had occupied for some time. This was a challenging question, but it reflected Friedman's acute knowledge of political relationships and the status of the Rosenberg family. The Water Supply Board membership was a political plum of some financial value. We received Mayor Beame's approval for the project at the Board of Estimate. Irwin H. Rosenberg was a welcome figure as JASA President. Sadly he became quite ill soon after his election and died on April 25, 1978. He was succeeded by Robert S. Olnick.

The Feasibility of Establishing a Home Health Agency

I gave considerable thought to the possibility of establishing JASA as a provider of home health services. JASA's social workers served many aged and frail clients who required home health services to survive a period of post hospital recovery or for the treatment of a medical condition while at home. Such

service could be provided by licensed home health agencies upon prescription by a physician. The Visiting Nurse Services in the boroughs of the city were the main providers. Some hospitals were licensed to provide services in their immediate neighborhoods. After a three-day hospital stay patients could receive up to 100 visits per annum, and in-community patients could receive up to 40 visits per annum, reimbursable by Medicare. Indigent patients could receive benefits reimbursable under Medicaid. Home health care benefits were not available to impaired aged or disabled persons who required indefinite home health care visits. Such patients would then be required to have their status reviewed by a physician and a determination made as to whether to refer the patient to a skilled nursing home for permanent care. With great difficulty JASA staff could secure Department of Social Services approval for greater hours of home attendant care to avert institutionalization of the impaired client. Such grants were funded by Title XVI of the Social Security Act.

We engaged the health and consulting firm of Dr. Peter Rogatz and Donald Myers to ascertain the feasibility of JASA securing a license to provide home health services and the benefits and costs of such service. PR-DM supported JASA's effort to enter the field as an extension of its other functions in the field of aging. They recommended that JASA's application included services to other age groups than patients over 65 to meet the requirements of the Health Services Administration (HAS) of the State of New York. While there were no prohibitions against age discrimination, HAS would deem it necessary to secure alternative providers for home care for the patients under 65. PR-DM reported that VNS found 58 percent of their clients were over 65. The aged accounted for over 62 percent of all professional visits. 75 percent of visit aide visits and 79 percent of contract and core aide visits were for the aged. PR-DM recommended that JASA initially consider organizing services only in the Bronx in order to secure licensing. Their statistical analysis of the VNS service data and the census and health care data suggested a need for additional home health service. They stated that VNS would undoubtedly contest any assertion by JASA that there were unserved patients requiring home health services. VNS believed they served all of the required demand.

The most difficult problem of all was the large financial risk JASA would assume in undertaking a home health care agency. Services which post facto were found to be ineligible for reimbursement became the cost of the agency. In serving the age group below 65 many patients would not be eligible for Medicaid and had no third party insurance. There would be pressure upon JASA by the referring agencies, hospitals or in community social agencies to accept uninsured patients. Then there were "disparate reimbursement methodologies" which could lead to operation deficits.

In order to secure an operating license JASA would be required to engage staff and provide an office equipped and ready for service. These "start up costs"

were considerable. JASA's very modest capital in 1976 was wholly inadequate to fund a start up cost of several hundred thousand dollars. With Visiting Nurse Service having a hundred year head start going back to the agency's origin at Henry Street Settlement, JASA could not secure foundation funding. The Federation Distribution Committee and JASA Board would look with disfavor upon the proposed enterprise. I paid Dr. Rogatz and Donald Myers their fee for their excellent report. We proceeded no further with this initiative.

This study was one of a number of initiatives to secure funding for needed aging services from government sources. We pursued our advocacy of home care services for the impaired aged through the social service system and the Human Resources Administration. Aged clients needed home attendant care for far longer period of time than four-hour "home health aide" visits. Some needed twenty-four hour, seven day care in order to remain at home. The home health care study was invaluable as an education in the intricacies of these Medicare and Medicaid funded services and their precise definitions of eligibility and service. This study was one of a number of initiatives to secure continued funding for needed aging services from government sources.

The Elderly During the Financial Crisis of New York, 1973–1976

John V. Lindsay's first term of office, 1966–1970, ended in near disaster. There were huge increases in welfare expenditures and welfare client riots. In 1968 the school conflict, with the black community seeking control under the leadership of the District Administrator Rhody McCoy in Oceanhill-Brownsville, forced the United Federation of Teachers to call a number of strikes, closing the schools. McCoy's actions were illegal, and ultimately the Board of Education was forced in court to reinstate the fired schoolteachers and relieve McCoy of his post. Lindsay, who was viewed as a supporter of the minority effort to seize school control, was forced to back off. Then there were disastrous union negotiations by the city with the transit workers, policemen, firemen, and sanitation workers unions which ended in costly settlements. In 1969 Lindsay lost the Republican primary to State Senator John Marchi of Staten Island. His enmity with Governor Nelson Rockefeller reached high levels when he supported the candidacy of Judge Arthur Goldberg for the governorship against Rockefeller.

The Democrats were sharply divided, and in their primary Mario Procaccino, a Brooklyn machine politician, won handily over former Mayor Robert Wagner and Herman Badillo. Mayor John V. Lindsay ran as an Independent and on the Liberal Party line. With the support of the minority electorate and liberal upper class Jews, Lindsay won a narrow victory against Procaccino for his second term in 1971.

In his second term Lindsay chastened after the conflicts of the first term and shifted his politics to the center. He sought to emphasize good government and sound management to benefit the middle class. The new HRA commissioner, Jule Sugerman, was a public welfare manager, as his predecessor, Mitchell Ginsberg was an ideologue. The city continued to have severe financial problems. But still its credit permitted the borrowing of large sums of short-term notes to finance current operations.

Then early in his second term Lindsay was bitten by presidential fever. In April 1971 Lindsay changed his political affiliation from the Republican to the Democratic Party. In February 1972 he visited a number of Jewish centers. Delegations of white voters from Queens, aroused by the city's efforts to construct a low-income housing project in Central Queens, dogged his efforts. Lindsay finished fifth. Shortly thereafter his campaign in Wisconsin failed; again Lindsay finish fifth. He then terminated his campaign.

It was no accident that the JASA/Community Service for Senior Citizens program was approved by Commissioner Jule Sugerman in January 1972. JASA's success in securing Governor Nelson Rockefeller's state approval for the program was crucial to the Lindsay plan to create 100 senior citizen centers in 1973–74. These too were to be funded under Title XX of the Social Security Act. The senior centers were a very popular political gesture. Sarah Eady was Director of the Bureau of Purchased Services, which managed the program under the supervision of Gladys Harrington, a Deputy Commissioner of DSS. Many of JASA's one day a week programs were converted to five days a week programs. JASA was designated sponsor of additional five days a week centers.

The senior centers were embedded in their communities. They were sponsored by local organizations, which became nonprofit secular corporations. Many churches and synagogues became sponsors through these welfare corporations. Within the Jewish community the centers were sponsored, operated, and housed in YM-YWHA's, synagogues, and Young Israel and Agudath Israel centers.

The local City Councilmen and women and the Borough Presidents were enthusiastic supporters of the organizations seeking senior center sponsorship. Though political advocacy for electoral candidates was a prohibited activity, elected officials made regular appearances at the centers and were cordially welcomed by elderly participants.

The senior centers had been preceded by years of operation of five day a week centers sponsored by the Department of Social Services. These centers were located in housing for the elderly projects operated by the New York City Housing Authority. For older people since time immemorial, there has been comfort gained in friendly association with peers. The gaststube and coffee houses of central Europe were such gathering places. There are records of clubs for older people in Boston in 1870.

The William Hodson Community Center for Older People was established in 1943 under the supervision of Gertrude Landau, appointed Director in 1945. The Hodson Center attracted foreign-born elderly mainly supported by Old Age Assistance. Another prototype was the senior center in Menlo Park, California. This center attracted elderly of higher educational achievement, primarily of white collar and professional background. It began in 1949 with 12 members and in a few years grew to a membership of over a thousand housed in a building designed and built for the center, sponsored by the Peninsula Volunteers of California.[2]

In New York City the Department of Welfare Senior Centers, under the leadership of Harry Levine, won support in social work circles. They were regarded as an effective institution to serve low income elderly of uneducated and foreign-born background.

The initial budgets for the senior centers were generous on the order of $150,000 a year. There was provision for the rental of 10,000 square feet of space at a maximum of $30,000 a year and for a midday meal. The staff consisted of a director, a group worker, secretary, cook, and maintenance man. There was provision for part-time staff, arts and crafts specialists, folk dance instructors, and other part-time recreation workers. Initially no fees were charged; later voluntary contributions for lunch were accepted and paid into the center treasuries to be managed by the elected senior citizen officers of the center. Volunteers were encouraged to augment the work of the center. The center was expected to provide educational programs to help participants learn about their legal entitlements. Members were to be referred to social agencies and DSS to secure their benefits or remedy other problems. The centers were to be kept open five days a week, eight hours a day.

The largest share of costs of this program was born by the federal government, 87.5 percent, the state, 12 percent, and the city, 12.5 percent. Nonetheless, the added costs of this new program to the city were substantial. This new initiative for the elderly went forward despite the city's financial problems.

In 1974 Abraham Beame, the former Comptroller, was elected Mayor. He defeated John Marchi, the Republican contender, overwhelmingly. The city yearned for a return to normalcy, to good government, and for the stable provision of municipal services. People hoped for an end to contention and strife. Alas, the ruinous circumstances of the times would deny Abe Beame a peaceful mayoralty.

By the end of Mayor Lindsay's term of office in 1974, the city's financial situation was teetering toward disaster. Federal funding diminished. Upstate

2 Maxwell, Jean, "Centers for Older People," National Council for the Aging, Washington, D.C., 1973

Governor Rockefeller's ambitious and vast building program stretched state credit to the limit. A recession set in, and inflation costs escalated after the Yom Kippur War of 1973 and the Arab oil embargo. Lindsay could not persuade Albany to increase its grants to the city or to authorize significant tax increases by the city to funds its sharply rising costs. The city's "gap", the difference between its estimated income and expenses, had to be closed. For the 1973–74 budget a series of financial subterfuges, "gimmicks", and other machinations endorsed by the then Comptroller Beame were incorporated into the Lindsay budget submission on his way out for 1973–74. These devices exaggerated income and understated expense. By October of 1974 the city borrowed $2.5 billion and then in December of 1974 another $600 million. By the end of 1974 the city's short-term debt in "Tax Anticipation Notes" (TANS) cost 8.3 percent in interest. By January 1975 the rate rose to 9.3 percent. Then in February 1975 the New York State Urban Development Corporation, a state organized nonprofit corporation, organized to develop middle income housing, another ambitious Rockefeller initiative, defaulted on a $10 million Budget Assistance Note, a short-term credit. This default was caused by a sharp reduction in federal housing subsidies. This default unsettled financial markets for short-term state and municipal loans.

The municipal budget of 1973–74, initially submitted to Mayor Lindsay, was inherited by Mayor Beame. It had come in at $10.6 billion with a deficit of $200 million despite overestimates of income and underestimates of expense. Shortly after the election, to the consternation of the public, Abraham Beame announced the budget to be running at a deficit of $300 million and that next year's anticipated deficit would be $1.5 billion. Unfortunately by June of 1974 the actual deficit was $1 billion. Costs had overrun income, and the city turned to the banks for credit in the form of short-term loans.

By the beginning of the fiscal year of 1974–1975 the city was in a state of fiscal collapse. There was outstanding short-term debt dated back to 1970–71, and the current picture was dismal. Unemployment rose to eleven percent. Property values were falling. Beame could not persuade the Governor, Malcolm Wilson, a Republican who had succeeded Rockefeller when he became Vice President, to increase grants to the city or authorize tax increases. Wilson would be running for the governorship shortly. Wilson finally agreed to establish the Stabilization Reserve Corporation, an off balance sheet state debt mechanism to borrow ten year funds to refinance municipal short-term loans.

However, the city moved inexorably to financial disaster culminating in 1975. A taxpayer lawsuit, ultimately overcome, blocked the sale of $520 million in Reserve Corporation Stabilization notes. The city had a difficult time securing money needed to meet payrolls. Banks refused to purchase the city tax anticipation notes. They feared the inability of the city to repay. The city's credit was destroyed. In April 1975 the banks finally realized that the

presumed "first lien" on city receipts that protected city paper was a fraud. Bonds had a first lien on city revenues, but notes did not. White and Case, attorneys for the bankers, stated that banks would be exposed to full liability for repayment of the city notes they sold if the city could not repay. April 14, 1975 was the fateful day. The markets were closed, and the city was broke.

Of course four years after that dreadful day the city did survive. The state and federal governments came to the rescue. Governor Hugh Carey established a Municipal Assistance Corporation (MAC) to restructure the city's debt. In essence issuing long-term bonds to replace short-term notes at high interest rates and to wrest control of the city's management and finances from the Mayor, city, and council. An Emergency Financial Control Board was created by the Governor. The Board was granted power over almost all city contracts including union agreements. A special Deputy State Comptroller was appointed to audit the city's books regularly. Union pension funds ultimately purchased MAC bonds to help rescue the city and restore its credit. The federal government passed a law called a Seasonal Financing Act signed by President Ford, relenting after initially refusing the city any credit. The federal government provided $2.3 billion in short-term loans during each of the following three years at 1 percent above the cost of the money. Amongst the prime movers in this heroic rescue were Felix Rohatyn, the banker, Governor Hugh Carey, and Albert Shanker, whose leadership in the unions secured their pension fund loans to help the rescue. When Mayor Edward Koch was elected in 1977 the city was not yet out of trouble. By the end of the fiscal year of 1977–78 the city still had a deficit of $700 million. A new four-year arrangement with MAC and the Financial Control Board was worked out. The city committed to balancing its budget by 1982 and eliminating all funding of operating expenses with capital budget financing and fully funding its pensions. The Financial Control Board's authority was extended for thirty years or until the city paid off all the MAC and federally guaranteed debt, balanced its budget for three years, and reentered the credit markets on its own. Under these conditions the federal government extended its loan guarantees and the pension funds; banks and other financial institutions agreed to buy additional MAC debt. As of mid 1979 the city still had a long road to gaining full financial independence. Under the leadership of Mayor Koch and his successors and the prudent surveillance of the Emergency Financial Control Board, the city regained its independence.

I set forth some of the detail of the circumstances of the municipal financial crisis and its resolve financing as concurrent background to the evolution of JASA and other health and welfare agencies serving the elderly during this period. Despite the financial crisis the city continued to fund services for the aging. The greater part of the funding under the Social

Security Act was paid by the federal government. The federal government paid 90% of Older Americans Funding, the city 10%.

Early in his term Mayor Abraham Beame established an Office and later a Department of Aging. He appointed Alice Brophy Commissioner. It was my good fortune to know Alice Brophy professionally. She had been head of the Recreation Department of the New York City Housing Authority. The Authority had constructed many community center facilities within its buildings and provided modest staffing. To augment services for its tenants it invited voluntary agencies to operate the centers contributing philanthropically funded staff. I was the liaison for the Associated Y's for ten years in managing our day care centers and community centers housed in Housing Authority buildings. So we did business with Alice Brophy for a long time. This relationship greatly facilitated JASA's access to this fledgling department. The department's financial resources were Older Americans Act federal funds and some modest city tax levy money. Following municipal practice the department immediately contracted out to voluntary agencies responsibility for managing aging services under its supervision. JASA was available for such service in its neighborhoods of interest. Initially, however, because the source of funding the large Senior Citizens program was the Social Security Act, which funded many other services for families and children, responsibility for the senior centers was assigned to the Bureau of Purchased Social Services (BPSSA) at the Department of Social Services (DSS).

Senior center services were rapidly established in 1972–1973 and received a great deal of attention in the press. At JASA I was my own public relations director. I compiled a list of every publication in the city and its suburban counties and of every elected official and civil servant concerned with the aged. Every JASA facility and center opening was announced in a press release and widely circulated. The press notices were highly gratifying to our constituents. It was a period of demonstrations and forums of the elderly in support of the Social Security program. Legislation was needed to strengthen its financing. Nursing home scandals and violent attacks on the elderly in changing neighborhoods made headlines. Then in July 1975, at the very height of the municipal financial crisis, Mayor Beame threatened to close a number of senior centers as an economic measure. At my urging Suzanne Kinoy, a community organizer with Community Council of New York and its Citizens Committee on Aging, convened a meeting of key executives of senior citizens center organizations funded by the city. We determined to have a demonstration of senior citizens at City Hall on October 22, 1975. This was a historic demonstration. We had more than two hundred busloads of senior citizens and thousands who came to City Hall by subway, a totally of thirteen thousand people. We had a platform, loudspeakers, and an orderly march of participants around City Hall Park. By the end of the afternoon

Commissioners Alice Brophy and Gladys Harrington came out onto the top of the steps at City Hall to announce that proposed closures of the centers were cancelled. I was impressed by the political power of the demonstration. The whole affair was well organized. The city Police Department was very cooperative and the patrolmen sympathetic. The Police Department secured the standby service of an ambulance and crew from Gouverneur Hospital, which fortunately was not needed. JASA had six buses and three hundred people participating. By the end of 1975 only two senior centers were closed. The demonstration received extensive press notice, and the Mayor's rescinding of the closure order was applauded.

Even during this period of fiscal crisis and recession there were favorable developments for the aged. In 1975 the federal and state governments increased social security and Supplementary Security Income benefits to meet the increased cost of living. The health insurance programs for the aged, Medicare and Medicaid, continued undiminished. Medicaid paid for the cost of nursing home care for ninety percent of residents. New nursing home beds were coming on line in nursing homes funded by state and privately financed mortgage loans. Poor facilities were being closed at the order of the New York State Health Department in the wake of the Moreland Commission Inquiry. Families with incomes under $6,500 whose rent exceeded one third of their income enjoyed a rent subsidy for rents above their income level. This program was funded by the city. The city's half fare transit subsidy benefited more than 800,000 people annually. Additional community services for the elderly were funded by the city and suburban counties with federal Older Americans Act's funds. Local governments were required to contribute only 10% of the costs.

New housing projects designed for the elderly were being completed. Their rents were subsidized by the federal government. The senior center services did not escape budget cuts. While centers were not closed, many staff lines were eliminated. Then, in something of a miraculous save, the Department of Aging secured a special Title X Public Works and Development grant of $6,000,000 intended to fund employment for older people of 55 years of age and older. Fortunately the DFTA funded programs provided ample opportunity for older workers in the senior citizen centers. These funds were used to provide for the cost of every eligible staff member, substituting the Title XX Social Security Act funds. We believed that Commissioner Henry Rosner was the *eminance gris* in securing this federal grant in the nick of time. These funds were available for several years.

By the end of 1975 the senior centers and service offices had become significant community institutions. The network of community based services under Jewish communal auspices expanded. Service sponsors included synagogues, the National Council of Young Israel, Agudath Israel, Self Help

Community Services, and the Metropolitan Council on Jewish Poverty. JASA shared significantly in this program expansion. JASA was designated sponsor of additional programs beyond the JASA/Community Services for Senior Citizens program. There was fierce competition among the organizations in securing program designation. By the end of 1975 JASA was serving 26,000 elderly participants through 21 centers in New York City and Nassau and Suffolk counties.

JASA's mission was to help the elderly to function in their own homes for as long as possible. Information and referral, planning, and counseling were provided to JASA community service offices. JASA's social workers assisted the elderly to secure Medicare, Medicaid, Supplementary Security Income, social security, food stamps, and other government benefits. JASA also provided concrete benefits such as transportation and cash relief grants.

Securing the provision of home attendant care was most often the critical service to averting institutionalization. Family planning for the most impaired was a vital task. For the elderly and their families this process was fraught with emotional pain for it meant abandonment of their homes.

In 1975 the average age of JASA's casework clients was 77. Two thirds were women and single. Eighty-three percent of our clients received no more than a $221 a month as Supplementary Security Income beneficiaries. They were able to secure rent subsidies, food stamps, and Medicaid to supplement their meager income.

Emergency Relief Grants

JASA staff was authorized to provide emergency relief grants. The grants were available to bridge the time of need until a government benefit could be secured. Relief payments were made for home care services, food, clothing, a hotel room, Passover relief, rent, a utility bill or a summer camp stay. In 1974–75 relief expenditures were $356,436. Some 3,275 persons were given emergency relief grants. The average grant was $108. The source of these funds were Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, the New York Times Neediest Cases Appeal, and the Rockmeadow Foundation.

Home Care, An Alternative to Nursing Homes

As JASA evolved our day-to-day experience in serving impaired aged taught us that thoughtfully planned provision of home care services could avert institutional placement. The infirm aged could received medical care on an outpatient basis. With the assistance of the home care worker the elderly

client could receive personal care in bathing, toileting, dressing, care of the household, shopping, and food preparation. The client's apartment could be adapted for use of a handicapped person.

In 1974 JASA was invited to participate in a pilot project called "Home Services for Senior Citizens". The New York City Human Resources Administration supervised and funded the program. The aim was to demonstrate the value of home care as an alternative to nursing home care. Two other social agencies participated in this demonstration. Fifty aged Manhattanites waiting to be admitted to nursing homes were the selected client-patients for the JASA program. The project was conducted by JASA in a consortium, which included Beth Israel Hospital, Mt. Sinai Medical School, the Visiting Nurse Service of New York, and the Housekeeping Department of Henry Street Settlement. JASA was case manager for the program. We were fortunate to secure the service of George Kaplan as Program Director. He was a young social worker who had his fieldwork training at JASA. He did a splendid job and remained with JASA to head our Home Attendant Program.

The Home Care Program proved to be a humane economic alternative to nursing home care. The average monthly cost per client was $650. By contrast nursing home care would then typically cost between $1,000 and $2,000 a month. The program demonstrated the feasibility of maintaining very impaired persons in their own homes for prolonged periods. This was evidence that home care programs could save the government and taxpayers millions of dollars. For the client it was a much happier alternative. This program was one of the path finding procedures to the large-scale expansion of the Home Attendant Program in New York City.

Home Care in Long Beach

In another demonstration program the Nassau County Department of Senior Citizens funded a homemaker social worker program in Long Beach under Title III of the Older Americans Act. This program included homemaking, housekeeping, shopping, food preparation, and personal services such as bathing and dressing, escort to medical clinics, and counseling for the impaired elderly.

Conservatorship

JASA was the first social agency appointed by the Supreme Court of the State of New York as conservator for mentally impaired people.

JASA Opens New Service Offices

During 1974 and 1975 JASA added eight new community service offices bringing to twenty-one the number of JASA locations providing services to individuals.

Starting March 25, 1974 Federation Joint Services for the Lower East Side was an effort to assist the Jewish poor by bringing together in one office the services of several Federation agencies. The Jewish Family Service, the Educational Alliance, JASA, and Federation Employment and Guidance Service were the participating agencies. The program was housed at the Educational Alliance.

In Washington Heights a JASA caseworker was located in the office of Self Help Community Services.

Additional space for the Manhattan District Office, including a large conference room, was acquired on August 22, 1975 at 222 Park Avenue South.

In the Bronx the office at 2488 Grand Concourse, previously known as the Fordham Outreach Service Center, was expanded and designated the Bronx Borough Office.

The Pelham Tremont Service Center opened in the spring of 1974 and covered some of the most depressed areas of the Bronx, including Morrisania and the South Bronx. This office was responsible for the relocation of many isolated elderly persons.

The Co-op City Service Center was opened on August 25, 1975 in one of the country's largest housing developments with over 12,000 elderly residents. The office provides social services and worked closely with the Riverbay Senior Citizens Coordinating Council, which represented four major clubs in Co-op City.

In Brooklyn on April 10, 1975, JASA opened a storefront office in Brighton Beach. Brighton Beach had the largest concentration of elderly in the city. Brighton attracted thousands of Jewish elderly. It was one of the few New York City neighborhoods which offered the elderly a homogeneous community with a shopping center, synagogues, a Histadruth Center, a boardwalk, and Atlantic Ocean Beach. The apartment houses were all rent controlled or stabilized and affordable. This office was funded by the New York City Department of the Aging under Title III of the Older Americans Act.

The Federation Outreach Project for Brownsville, East New York and Bedford Stuyvesant was established on March 25, 1974 to serve the remaining Jewish elderly in these crime ridden deteriorating neighborhoods, once rich in Jewish life and culture. The project was an outgrowth of a Federation student's field research project on Jewish demography completed in the summer of 1973. The project was a joint effort of JASA, the Jewish Association for College Youth (JACY), and the Jewish Family Service (JFS). It made use of available social services in the surrounding area including those of the young

volunteers of SUSTAIN and JACT, who visited elderly people and performed errands and chore services.

Among the highlights of this project were its Jewish Interest Groups. Its eight Jewish culture clubs enrolled more than four hundred members lodged with senior citizen centers operated by the city. The elderly members were provided with bi-weekly programs of Jewish content. Volunteer rabbis, scholars, and rabbinic and cantorial students conducted two-hour programs. These were lectures, demonstration of Jewish culture and song, and discussion sessions on Jewish history and current events. The clubs were located in the following centers:

Louis Pink Community Center in East New York
Boulevard Community Center in East New York
Penn-Wortman Community Center in East New York
Tilden Community Center in Brownsville
Howard Community Center in Brownsville
Van Dyle Community Center in Brownsville
William Reid Center in Bedford-Stuyvesant
Maria Lawton Center in Bedford-Stuyvesant

In these neighborhoods and housing facilities the Jewish elderly were a distinct minority among African and Hispanic families.

In Queens the Rochdale Village Service Center was funded by the New York City Department of Aging with Older Americans Act money. Dedicated in November of 1975 the office was to service a community of 4,000 elderly in this huge cooperative in southern Queens. The elderly here were social advocates. Members had been active long before retirement in their trade unions. Many were Yiddishists. They organized the JASA Forum of Rochdale, a group service and social action vehicle. The forum arranged for lectures, concerts, trips, and other planned recreational activities.

JASA assigned staff to the Federation Service Center in Smithtown, Suffolk County in December 1975.

Volunteering to Help the Aged

In an effort to mobilize the Jewish community to volunteerism on behalf of the aged in May 1974 JASA established the JASA/Brookdale Department of Volunteer Services with the help of a grant from the Brookdale Foundation. The department established an inventory of "Volunteer Stations", service opportunities with senior citizen centers, synagogues, Jewish Community Centers, and nursing homes, which offered volunteer service opportunities.

These were publicized among Jewish adults, youth, and college organizations, opportunities for volunteers. This program had limited success.

Greater success was achieved in a program which by end of the summer of 1975 enlisted over 700 volunteers affiliated with Temple Sisterhoods and Jewish communal organization in 35 suburban Long Island and Westchester communities to serve as hosts to a "Day in the Country" for many in-city elderly. Senior citizen club members were bussed to cooperating synagogues for an all day program, which included a luncheon. Several thousand elderly participated in this program.

In another initiative, "Day on the Town for Homebound Elderly", volunteers took homebound elderly to a theatre, concert, or an art exhibition and to a good restaurant for dinner. This program was especially meaningful to Dr. Maurice B. Hexter. He helped JASA to secure a grant from the Rockmeadow Foundation for the program.

Another interesting development was the Volunteer Floor Captain project in Housing for the Elderly facilities. On each floor a single elderly tenant was enlisted as a "floor captain". They visited their neighbors and were available to assist fellow tenants in emergencies. At every JASA senior center the center organization enlisted members in volunteer service to assist with food preparation, service to handicapped elderly, and as skilled program specialists and teachers.

In October of 1975 the Brandeis Association, an organization of Jewish attorneys and judges in Queens, joined JASA to furnish free legal services to elderly who could not afford to retain counsel. During the first year of operation sixteen attorneys registered with the Department of Volunteer Services for work with the elderly. Consultations with the legal service attorneys were particularly focused on tenant-landlord conflicts, financial disputes, and problems of personal management.

The first issue of the "JASA/Brookdale News", a four-page bi-monthly newsletter, was published in December of 1974. The newsletter printed information on services to the elderly, social security, summer vacations, free legal services, nursing home stories, and legislation of concern to the elderly. "JASA/Brookdale News" was distributed in bulk and available free of charge to senior citizen centers, clubs, religious institutions, retirement homes in New York, Long Island, Westchester, and to interested officials and agencies.

Group Programs: The Re-Creation of Community Life

Advocates for senior citizen centers asserted their abiding value to older people. The center provided opportunities for group experience to combat isolation and loneliness. They encouraged participation, interaction, and withdrawal of

the mind and body. Group activities reconstitute the community life of the adult where such communities have disintegrated with the dispersal of family, friends, and neighbors as neighborhoods deteriorated. For many, perhaps most, the hot lunches provided important nutrition at low cost but most of all a time for participation and comradeship.

Center activities included classes in crafts, poetry, painting, Jewish history and philosophy, recreation activities such as bingo, card playing, film showings, dramatics, communal sings, folk dancing, and discussions on civic and community affairs, current events, self help topics, and Jewish and other ethnic themes. JASA's public health nurses discussed health care and nutrition. JASA's attorneys informed people of their legal rights and responsibilities.

JASA's senior citizens associations, as the centers were constituted, operated on democratic principles. Each center was self-governing with its own officers and committees. The program was designed to involve members in the activities and decision-making processes. The objective was to engage senior citizens as activists in their own society.

By January 1975 an average of 4,599 elderly participants were engaged in 28 senior citizens association programs at 20 JASA locales. They were located in synagogues, Jewish Community Centers, and housing projects in Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx, and Long Beach. JASA's associations met from one to five days a week.

During the past two years JASA established four new centers. These were the Federation West Side Center in Manhattan, JASA at Mapleton in Brooklyn, JASA at Scheuer House in Coney Island, and JASA/Brookdale Senior Center of Long Beach. Six one day a week JASA centers were closed as new, full week centers were opened in the immediate neighborhoods.

A hot, nutritious luncheon was served to every elderly participant at JASA group service centers. In the two years since January 1974 luncheon participation increased from 7,000 to 24,000 persons per month. Food preparation was handled by staff cooks in 20 locations. In Long Beach the lunch was catered, and in Shaare Zedek in Manhattan the lunch was prepared by volunteers. The JASA associates were co-sponsored by their host agency, the synagogue, housing facility, or center. The involvement of rabbis, center presidents, and executive directors in the centers has strengthened their community ties.

Passover Program

An old Jewish tradition was the provision of food for Passover for the poor. Some 4,000 aged New Yorkers attended communal Passover Sedorim co-sponsored and subsidized by JASA. More than twenty-four organizations participated. Serving a Passover Seder was no mean feat. It required enthusiastic volunteer

organization. The Sedorim were highly successful and greatly appreciated. We thought often about the significance of so many Jewish elderly not being invited to their family Seder. It reflected the increasing isolation of the elderly in American society.

In addition to the public Sedorim, JASA delivered 173 Passover meals to the homebound and handicapped in 1974. Another 496 families were given grants in aid to pay for their Passover food.

A New Recreation and Lecture Bureau

In May 1975 JASA organized a new Recreation and Lecture Bureau to enrich senior citizen programs. JASA provided senior citizen clubs not funded or subsidized by government with teachers, lecturers, artists, and entertainers, preferably retired persons, to augment their programs. Chartered buses were made available for group outings. By mid January 1975 the recreation program was serving 5,000 elderly at 35 clubs in synagogues, Jewish Community Centers, and housing cooperatives in the Bronx, Queens, Brooklyn, and Manhattan. The New York State Recreation for the Elderly program was the source of funding for this service.

Summer Vacations

A summer day camp for the elderly of the Bronx was co-sponsored by JASA and the Bronx YM-YWHA at the Henry Kaufmann Campgrounds in Pearl River. The program operated four days a week for a season of eight weeks. Three thousand elderly participated. Activities included exercises, swimming, boating, fishing, arts and crafts, picnics, folk dancing, and a daily luncheon.

JASA arranged summer camp vacations for 333 senior citizens in 1975. They were sent to Federation camps for two weeks, and their costs were subsidized by JASA. Special vacation arrangements were made for 23 clients who required a "glatt kosher" resort.

JASA Trains Future Professionals

From 1969 to 1974 JASA helped train 80 graduate students in social work. They were enrolled at the schools of social work of Adelphi, New York, Yeshiva and Rutgers Universities and Hunter College. Their fieldwork supervisors were JASA staff members.

Housing – A New Life for the Elderly Family Brookdale Village in the Rockaways

With the dedication of Brookdale Village II on May 16, 1976 JASA was the sponsor of 1,255 apartments completed at a cost of $32 million. Government mortgages, interest and rent subsidies, and philanthropic equity contributions made this construction possible.

The first stage of Brookdale Village was completed in 1969. Consisting of two 17-story residences with 512 units and housing 640 elderly tenants, it was originally sponsored by Home of Israel and completed by JASA. Subsequently, Brookdale Village was completed in May 1976. This new stage had two 22-story residential towers overlooking the boardwalk and Atlantic Ocean. There were 546 apartments and a Community Service Center constructed at a cost of $18 million. The 27,000 square foot Community Service Center connects the Village II twin towers. The center contained a dining hall, meeting and game rooms, craft shops, professional and social service, and health offices for the elderly residents of Brookdale Village and the Rockaways. Health services were initially provided by Long Island Jewish Hospital. Brookdale village was named in honor of the Brookdale Foundation which pledged $1,500,000 for the development.

Brookdale Village II was funded by a construction loan secured by the New York State Division of Housing and Community Renewal and the New York State Housing Finance Agency. The United States Department of Housing and Urban Development (DHUD) provided an interest subsidy of 5 percent to bring the interest cost of the mortgage down to 1 percent per annum and rent subsidies for forty percent of the tenants. With the Section 8 rent subsidies these tenants paid a monthly rent of thirty percent of their monthly income. The City of New York granted Brookdale Village tax-exemption status, although it continued to pay water charges.

During the JASA years costs of construction in New York and many parts of the country had reached such high levels that low and middle income people could not afford to rent apartments. Forty years earlier in New York City private housing developers could purchase land, construct an apartment house with or without an elevator, and rent apartments for fifty to eighty dollars a month and make money. My parents moved into the McKinley Building in 1926, constructed in 1921, at a rent of $52 a month for a four room railroad flat with its own bathroom, kitchen, two bedrooms, and living room, of about eight hundred square feet. Steam heat and hot water were included in the rent. That was affordable for my family whose income was $250 a month. By 1968 the cost of construction and interest on mortgages, at a low 6% and taxes, would have required a monthly rent for a one bedroom apartment of 550 square feet at Brookdale Village of nine hundred dollars a month. Tax

exemption, interest, and rent subsidies would cover the net difference between true cost and affordable rent, which might then have been as low as $240 a month. This had been the difficult problem of building affordable housing in New York City since the postwar period beginning in 1945.

Why is housing so expensive? To begin with the city is largely overbuilt. There is little vacant space for new housing construction. Acquisition of land with buildings on it and demolition are costly. During the late fifties, sixties, and seventies the city acquired large tracts, many with abandoned buildings in low-income, largely minority neighborhoods. The federal government, under urban redevelopment programs, acquired the properties and turned them over to the city. Many properties, rent controlled, housing unemployed minorities were abandoned by their landlords who ceased paying taxes. These properties were then acquired by the city under "in rem" procedures. Labor costs in New York City have always been very high. Construction workers are organized, many in unions which have been found to be corrupt.

Then the process of developing housing for the elderly was complex, difficult, and fraught with conflicting political interests and competitions from real estate interests and other nonprofit agencies. JASA was advantaged by its sponsorship, the Jewish Federation, the political influence of its Board members in federal, state, and municipal circles and in the local community. I brought a keen intelligence, local contacts in the neighborhoods of interest, and political relations. That was necessary in the first step which was site acquisition. Many of the JASA building sites, Brighton Beach, Coney Island, and Manhattan, were acquired from the city at very affordable prices. JASA had access to philanthropic capital for site acquisition and provision of such building enhancing amenities as community center space. Securing municipal tax exemption required government approval of the local community planning boards at the City Planning Commission and the Board of Estimate. During the early years the Borough Presidents in Queens, Brooklyn, and the Bronx were powerful political figures. We secured their approval first before returning to the local Community Planning Boards, which they controlled. The New York State Division of Housing was controlled by Governors Rockefeller, Wilson, and Carey. Because the state controlled site approval, architectural design, and financing of New York State Mitchell-Lama funded housing for the elderly projects, their sanction was an absolute necessity. They welcomed well-organized and funded social agency sponsors. JASA's audits and political connections were helpful.

Then in 1974 I appointed Morris Stutman as Director of Housing. He had been a long time staff member of the State Housing Administration and knew all its expectations. He was highly regarded by the state housing officials. Withal, I attended some very late night sessions of the Board of Estimate awaiting the final vote of approval for our projects with anxiety.

Then the final closing of the mortgage and subsidy contracts were another protracted day of anxiety. The paperwork for these closings was so voluminous and detailed that the state and federal government required all concerned to attend a full day of rehearsals prior to final closing. The construction work which followed was an extended period of concern.

Then at last the buildings were completed, decorated, and furnished. The dedication ceremonies, which I personally arranged, were a day of political accolades. The building dedication ceremonies were attended by every elected official in the city; Mayor Beame and Mayor Koch loved these ceremonies. The Borough Presidents, City Councilmen, State Senators, Assemblymen, and district leaders, the Federation President and other staff, the Commissioners of Aging and HRA, Theodore H. Silbert, JASA's President, and other trustees attended. Our senior staff members, Ben Kaplan, Morris Stutman, and David Soyer, were represented. I presided over the ceremonies. My earlier experience in writing the scripts for Associated Y center building dedications served me in good stead. Alas, Shirley was not present at the dedication of Scheuer House of Coney Island in July 1974 or any of the subsequent building dedications. My children attended and, after our marriage in 1976, Marie attended.

Scheuer House of Coney Island

Scheuer House of Coney Island was completed in July of 1974 at a cost of seven million dollars. It had 288 residents in 196 apartments. This was a handsome building deigned by the architectural firm of Hoberman and Wasserman overlooking the Atlantic Ocean and Gravesend Bay on Surf Avenue and Beach 37th Street, adjacent to Sea Gate. The project was funded and developed by the Urban Development Corporation and then transferred for supervision to the New York State Division of Housing and Community Renewal. The federal government provided rent subsidies for forty percent of the tenants. The City of New York granted Scheuer House tax-exemption. A philanthropic grant from the S.H. and Helen R. Scheuer Foundation of $175,000 helped pay for the furnishing of the community center facilities.

Initially social activities at Scheuer House, funded by JASA, were conducted by the Henrietta and Stuard Hirschman YM-YWHA of Coney Island, a branch of Associated Y's. Subsequently, JASA, funded by the Department of Aging, conducted a senior center in the building. The program made use of the center's library, arts and crafts facilities, clubrooms, spacious patio, and large dining hall. Casework counseling and health education programs were provided by JASA.

By 1976 JASA had secured title from the city of New York to a wonderful building site at the boardwalk and Beach 6th Street, adjacent to the Brighton

Beach-Shorefront Y, and was engaged in developing a new building with DHUD. A pledge of $750,000 had been secured from the S.H. and Helen R. Scheuer Foundation for this building. Another potential building was identified in Manhattan Beach.

The Relocation Program: From Slum to Secure Housing

One of JASA's most dramatic undertakings was its Relocation Program. This was a rescue and relocation effort for poor elderly Jews living in deteriorating areas of New York. From the program's inception in the summer of 1974 to the end of 1976 about 140 aged persons were relocated to new apartments in safer environments. The project had been funded by Federation. At that time the availability of apartments in newly completed "Housing for the Elderly" facilities in Coney Island, Brookdale Village in the Rockaways, River Park Towers and Kelley Towers in the Bronx, Tanya Towers, North Waterside and Hargrave House in Manhattan, Ocean Village, Ocean View and Reuther Houses in Queens, and Starrett City in Brooklyn provided unique opportunities for relocation. JASA's program provided allowances or loans covering moving expenses and the purchase of new furniture. The relocatees had their new rents subsidized through the federally funded Section 23 leasing program administered by the New York City Housing Authority and under HUD's Rent Supplement Program. The subsidized rents for disabled and aged persons over 62 were one quarter of the beneficiaries' monthly income. For the aged clients who moved, life changed dramatically for the better. Many older people clung to their rent controlled apartments in neighborhoods in which they had lived and raised their families, despite the threatening environment. I have been deeply moved by the tenacity of people, of the aged, to cling to their homes.

By the end of 1975 we had organized a citywide council representing JASA's Senior Citizens Associations. The Metropolitan Council represented 4,500 members. This organization was ready to join other advocacy organizations as the Congress of Senior Citizens, the Gray Panthers, the Golden Ring Clubs, and the Association of Retired Professionals in community action on behalf of the aged.

By the end of 1975 there were many public officials who were influential in JASA's development. JASA was a leading health and welfare agency among many which participated in the expansion of services for the aged during this period of financial crisis for the city. Somehow, despite the recession and severe reductions in municipal staff which ensued during the crisis years of 1975–76, services for the aged increased. In close interagency relationships I learned that the elected officials and civil servants cared about the aged and shaped

their policies for their benefit. These officials included: Mayor Abraham D. Beame, his welfare administrator James R. Dumpson, Commissioner Henry R. Rosner, Commissioner Gladys Harrington, and Sarah Eady, Director of the Bureau of Purchased Services for Adults. Commissioner Alice Brophy, her Deputy Roberta Spohn, and their staff were very helpful. We secured the support of Donald R. Manes, Borough President of Queens, and Borough President Sebastian Leone. Donald Manes was to come to a bad end. During the third term of the Koch Administration he committed suicide, a tragic close to a long career in municipal politics. He had been indicted for accepting bribes. In state government Commissioner Lee M. Goodwin of the New York State Division of Housing and Community Renewal and Edward Logue, President of the New York State Urban Development Corporation, were key executives in JASA's state funded housing programs.

At Federation lay and professional leaders supported JASA's efforts with enthusiasm. Every new program and facility which we created was duly reported in the press and gave attribution to our affiliation and support by Federation. JASA trustees were important contributors to the annual Federation campaign, as was our JASA staff. Some were enlisted as chairmen of key divisions. Ted Silbert had been Chairman of the Banking Division in the annual fundraising effort. Some contributed sums in excess of $100,000 annually. These included the Green Family, the Tishmans, the Kempners, the Blocks, the Tisches and the Weills. Frederick P. Rose, Federation President, and Mrs. Laurence Tisch, Chairman of the Board paid attention to JASA and attended our annual dinner parties. Robert Pelz and others were on the Distribution Committee. There was annual ritual meeting with this committee and a large JASA Board and staff delegation to present the case for our annual budget request. Federation grants followed. There was a "Basic" unrestricted grant and many restricted grants for specific projects. JASA's Federation support rose from $650,000 in 1968–69 to a sum in excess of $2.3 million in 1990–1991, my last year.

Federation staff members played a significant role in our development. They included: Martha K. Selig, Executive Director for Community Service, Dr. Melvin Moguloff, who succeeded her, and Rabbi Isaac Trainin, Religious Advisor and a comrade at arms in the quest for community support. He mobilized the religious community on our behalf. Karl Zukerman was Consultant on Government Affairs, Seymour Bidoff, Consultant on Care of the Aging, Jack Applebaum was Budget Director, and Robert U. Smith, Federation's Director of Public Relations. I developed cordial professional relations with the Federation staff and saw them often. I gave recognition to our professional staff at every opportunity. In as large an agency as JASA became, widespread in its many locations, it was hard to establish and maintain cordial professional or personal relationships. I instituted monthly meetings of

our administrative staff at which everyone had an opportunity to speak. We kept staff advised of agency developments. There were many. With the senior staff, Ben Kaplan, David Soyer, Sam Hock, and Morris Stutman, I enjoyed a very cordial relationship for a twenty year period. We had lunch together constantly and a continuing staff meeting. Alas, David, Morris, and Sam retired. Ben was of course my old war comrade, and David became one. We attended our family celebrations and holidays. These relationships continued long after our retirements.

Other senior staff members made notable contributions. Sam Pak was our accountant during our early years. He was an Orthodox Jew, devoted and able. Some time before he died he brought us to grief. As our agency developed we established a number of new operating corporations. Each housing development was a separate entity with its own income and expenses. Its directors were JASA trustees and senior staff members, Ben Kaplan, Morris Stutman, and myself. One of the cardinal rules of management of our complex entity was never to commingle the funds of one corporation with another. One year Sam Pak, in total disregard of the principle, used JASA funds to meet the payroll of Israel Senior Citizen Housing Corporation. This constituted an unauthorized advance of more than seventy-five thousand dollars. Moreover, the loan could not be simply repaid. The repayment required approval of the supervising federal housing agency. We did not know this had occurred until completion of our audit by S.D. Leidesorf and Company, months after the loan had been made. I was mortified. It took us six years to recover the loan. Sam Pak's unfortunate early demise averted the need to terminate his services. He was replaced by Ralph Sassoon, a highly competent chartered accountant and trained in England. His service over the years was exemplary. As our agency grew our accounting systems became more complex. After a time he was able to computerize our accounts.

Other notable staff members were: Anne Kelman, of German Jewish origins, Director of the Brookdale Department of Volunteer Services and Editor of the "JASA/Brookdale News" for several years, Howard Pflanzer, Program Director of the Recreation Program for the Elderly, Charles Goldberg, Director of the Brookdale Senior Center, Frank Cohen, District Director of Nassau Suffolk, Lillian Stern, Director of Brookdale Center in Long Beach, Marc Kaminsky, Director of the West Side Senior Center and a poet of note, and Dr. Nahum Weisman, Director of the Co-op City Service Center. Their service contributed to JASA's success.

The Council of Senior Citizens Centers and Services

I believed that the senior center movement needed a citywide council to advocate for its programs before government, much as had the day care council of New York. I enlisted Ellie Guggenheimer in that effort. Ellie Guggenheimer and I met with Bernard Schiffman, Executive Director of the Community Council of New York, to request Community Council's sponsorship of an Association of Senior Centers. Community Council was a quintessential New York City welfare organization. It represented the health and welfare agencies of the city including the Department of Social Services and Aging. It was supported by the Greater New York Fund. Its mission was the study and consideration of the city's social problems, their deliberation, and efforts to find solutions. Its approach was rational and conciliatory. The council could not consider any social action which would be adversarial or in conflict with government. Moreover, council was itself a beneficiary of municipal contracts. We came away from our meeting disappointed. Shiffman refused our request to assume responsibility to organize our proposed association. We had to go it alone.

During the ensuing years the Community Council was destroyed and closed its doors. Catholic Charities of New York and Brooklyn withdrew their membership in an ideological effort to have Planned Parenthood of New York expelled. A new Health and Welfare Council of New York was then organized without Planned Parenthood. Then Greater New York Fund terminated its support of the Health and Welfare Council. I believe Catholic Charities of New York and Brooklyn would no longer support a united front organization of heath and welfare agencies in common endeavor. Opposition to the provision of birth control and abortion services by non-Catholic health providers was at the heart of this withdrawal. However, in all of our advocacy efforts for the aged, Catholic Church representatives were always ready to join the vanguard in support of our efforts.

In March 1976 I convened the Organizing Committee of the New York City Council of Senior Centers. Initially there were just five participating agencies and representatives:

Allen Greene	Associated YM-YWHA's of Greater New York
Kenneth Haag	Builders for Families and Youth, Diocese of Brooklyn
John Nikas	Hellenic Association of Queens
Larry Matloff	Self Help Community Services
Dan Ram	Prospect Avenue Senior Citizens Center
Tom Schwader	Association of Senior Centers, Washington Heights Senior Center
Bernard Warach	JASA

I was certain the voluntary agencies in the field of aging needed a citywide association as advocate for the institutional interests and the aged. The threatened closing of three centers in the spring of 1976 was the immediate cause for the organizing effort. There were other threats during the ensuing years. Management of the centers for the aged was divided between the Department for the Aging, which administered the programs of the elderly, and the Department of Social Services, which was responsible for Social Security Act Title XVI and XX programs. Day to day administration was markedly different, often confusing. A "means test" was asserted for senior citizen participants in the Title XVI programs, later rescinded, but a confounding threat. Our initial bulletin for our first organizing meeting set forth the councils objectives:

Equitable and Reasonable Contracts
Consistent Policies and a Voice in Shaping Them
More Sympathetic Legislation
More Consistent and Flexible Funding

The Council was determined to provide its constituents information, an opportunity to participate in planning, and coordinated action. The Organizing Committee had already requested appointment of an Advisory Committee to the Department of Social Services and at the Department of Aging. Better access to surplus food commodities and better utilization of Title X, Title III, Title VII (Older Americans Act), and recreation programs was funded. The Organizing Committee found there was no other agency which could represent the interest of the centers.

The first organizing meeting was held on March 24, 1976 at Hudson Guild, a settlement house in mid-Manhattan. The turnout was encouraging. Thirty-six delegates attended. They were a varied group representing the boroughs and varied ethnicities of sponsors. Organizing Committee members telephoned every center director to persuade them to attend the first meeting.

Commissioner Alice Brophy and Irving Bronstein, representing Sarah Eady, Director of the Bureau of Purchased Services of the Department of Social Services, attended. Commissioner Brophy described the Title VII programs which now had 53 sponsors managing 69 centers. She told us about the funding and administrative problems facing the city in developing the centers. She secured additional funding from Washington, D.C. under the Title X program. That was something of a miracle and saved the senior centers from harmful budget cuts. We discussed one very important issue: should there be any charge for the lunches provided seniors? Miss Brophy reported that New York City was the only municipality that did not charge any fees. In the years which followed senior centers under both Older Americans Act and Social Security Act funding adopted a policy of requesting "voluntary" contributions. As the need for these funds grew, centers began to urge a minimum "suggested" contribution. This practice was accepted by participants whose contributions became significant.

I closed this first meeting with an appeal to the assembly to write to Senator Russell B. Long to support the bill S12455 that would prohibit imposition of a "means test" for participation in senior citizen centers.

The Council of Senior Centers and Services was incorporated in December 1978. Randolph Guggenheimer, Ellie's husband, submitted our application to the state authorities in Albany. The objectives of the organization were to promote the general welfare of senior citizens by:

a. creating, promoting, developing, establishing, improving, and coordinating programs for the benefit of senior citizens;
b. stimulating the development of increased resources for senior citizens services;
c. representing agencies that furnish services to senior citizens in consultation with governmental agencies and others;
d. developing and fostering standards for agencies that furnish services to senior citizens;
e. providing methods for and assisting in the interchange and dissemination of ideas among, and direct dissemination of information and ideas to agencies that furnish services to senior citizens;
f. disseminating information and ideas to other individuals and entities interested in the general welfare of senior citizens and to the general public.

The by-laws of the council provided for the election of a Board of Directors, the election of Board Officers, and membership in the council. On November 1, 1978 the council held its first organizing meeting. Sixty-three member agencies were represented. The Board was elected. Pastor Jim

G. Amos of the Gustavus Adolphus Lutheran Church was elected President. I was elected Treasurer. Ellie Guggenheimeer was appointed Executive Director as a volunteer.

At the time of organization of the council Tom Schwader, Director of the Ft. Washington Senior Center, was chairman of a council of Title VII senior centers. He dissolved that organization and asked his members to join the new council. The voting rights of the center members were compromised. Centers with budgets of up to $150,000 a year were allocated one vote, centers with budgets of $150,000 to $300,000 were given two votes, and agencies with more than $300,000 budgets were given three votes. The voting rights of the members never became a significant issue. Decisions on the Council Board and at membership meetings were made by unanimous consensus. I was keenly aware of the possibility that the council could be seen to represent the interests of its largest agencies and JASA in particular. As Ellie Guggenheimer became Executive Director during the first years of Council, I remained an active Board members but yielded making the key decisions to President Jim Amos or other active members. The very existence of the council made it an important instrument in representing agency interests with government funding agencies. Then it became a strong advocate for the programs themselves.

By 1979 I was able to secure a three-year grant from the Greater New York Fund with Ellie's assistance for the council. Our office costs were met. Ellie Guggenheimer contributed the salary of the Executive Director to Council. After three years this became an important sum. Later Pastor Jim Amos was followed by Ellie Guggenheimer as President. The council was able to employ Igal Jellinek as Executive Director, and he has remained in office for more than twenty years. He was a very effective organizer.

In the later years Ellie Guggenheimer became the principal fundraiser for the council. She had excellent relations with New York City's corporate executives. They consented to be guests of honor for the annual Council fundraising cocktail hour.

For Ellie Guggenheimer her participation and leadership in the council was a reprise of her leadership role in the Child Care Center movement in the postwar years. She single handedly secured municipal funding to the day care centers which had been established during the war for the children of working mothers. When at the war's end, federal funding ceased. Ellie's annual luncheon of the Day Care Council of New York was a wonder to behold. It was the most effective political meeting in support of the day care centers I had ever observed. Every childcare center had a table at which were seated the Councilmen, Assemblymen, and Senators elected of their districts. The Mayor and Senators attended. Ellie Guggenheimer presided. This was her career. As she told me, in the years of her youth women of social standing did

not become professionals and pursue a career at work. They could serve as volunteers. She did so with great vigor and intelligence. She raised her children and remained a devoted wife to her adored Randolph. She became an active member of her local Democratic club and was rewarded by Mayor Abe Beame with a Commissionership of Consumer Affairs. Ellie was a devoted member of the JASA Board and lived a long life.

The council was a vigorous advocate for federal, state, and municipal funding. A number of state services for the aged were enthusiastically supported by Council. Council vigorously battled the Department of Aging's effort during the Koch Administration under Commissioner Janet Sainer to convert agency contracts to a system in which reimbursement would be for units of service rendered. On its face, payment for productivity seemed to be sensible. However, it transferred the business risk of program management from the city to the agencies, which could not afford the responsibility. Should seniors not appear at a center because of a snowstorm their reserved participation would result in a sharp reduction of reimbursement.

In 1978 JASA celebrated its tenth anniversary. The agency served 42,000 older adults and their families in New York City and Nassau and Suffolk Counties through a network of 23 community service offices, senior centers, housing developments, and outreach programs. The average age of JASA's clients was 79. Two thirds were women and single. It was a poor population. Eighty-three percent had an income of $250.25 per month or $360.84 per month as a couple.

Housing

JASA continued to pursue its housing programs in 1976–1978.

Friendset House

Across the street from Scheuer House of Coney Island on Beach 36 Street the New York City Housing Administration initiated the development of Friendset House, a limited profit senior citizens housing building of 259 units. In the irrational vagaries of the Lindsay Administration sponsorship of this project was granted to the Settlement House Fund, a housing advocacy offshoot of the United Neighborhood Houses and the Friendship Club of the Maimonedes Community Mental Health Clinic, a local neighborhood organization in Brooklyn. They were wholly unrelated to the Coney Island area. Their designation was nominal, although the project might have yielded them sponsor's fee. What was most aggravating was that the control of the building fell to the corporate limited profit sponsor, the owner of the building. Out of this bureaucratic quagmire JASA was awarded management of the building and designated contractor for providing its social services. This was a rational and political solution of the control problem. We served as manager for the building for about twenty years. In the end the owner of the building assumed management responsibility. The management fees were very attractive to this investor. JASA continued to provide social services.

In the economy of "limited profit" housing, the municipality could attract capital investment by offering a return of 6% on the investment and the tax benefit of the depreciation of the building.

Scheuer House of Manhattan Beach

The Manhattan Beach Hotel, a landmark in the once resort area of the Brooklyn shorefront, was long past its heyday by 1976. In our exploration of property in the shorefront area the Manhattan Beach Hotel was offered to me for sale as a potential housing facility for the elderly. The real estate market

was in a sad state. The hotel had become a community nuisance, the site of a house of prostitution and weekend assignations. Manhattan Beach itself, the surrounding neighborhood, had prospered to become the residence of an affluent Jewish community. Many Brooklyn public officials and business leaders lived in Manhattan Beach. The local Community Planning Board leaders were enthusiastic about the acquisition of the hotel. Moreover, JASA had acquired an important new Board member, the honorable Abraham M. Lindenbaum, otherwise known as "Bunny". He had once been a judge but was one of the political powers in Brooklyn. I recall one visit with the Borough President, Salvatore Leone. "Bunny" Lindenbaum was greeted like a visiting king. Everyone stood as he entered the room.

The Manhattan Beach hotel was wonderfully located at 161 Corbin Place at the westerly end of Manhattan Beach facing Sheepshead Bay. We spent half a year conducting architectural and construction studies to determine the feasibility and cost of the major alteration required to convert the hotel into an apartment house residence. Concurrently, we negotiated a contract to purchase the project. This required a deposit of some risk but assurance that the contract would only close concurrently with our securing a federal mortgage. Fortunately the real estate market was so bad that JASA was the only purchaser on the horizon for the owners.

We took title to the hotel, and then our most anxious moments began. There were several dozen residents. They were covered by the rent control law and had they determined to fight eviction or relocation, the proceedings would have been very difficult, costly, and a public relations nightmare. Morris Stutman, our Director of Housing, managed the affair brilliantly. A dozen ladies of the night accepted cash relocation grants and four elderly tenants were relocated to apartments at Brookdale Village, living at our expense until the hotel was completely rehabilitated. They moved into their new apartments with joy.

One Sunday in 1978 Marie and I had the pleasure of spending a Sunday with Helen and Si Scheuer. They were an elderly couple yet still full of enthusiasm and, as was evident, love for each other. This excursion was a field trip, chauffeur driven, to the shorefront neighborhoods of Brooklyn, sites of our JASA elderly housing facilities, and a nostalgic trip for the Scheuers. We visited Scheuer House of Coney Island, Friendset, then the sites of Scheuer House of Brighton Beach and the Manhattan Beach Hotel. We ended the morning at Lundy's restaurant. The Scheuers had visited Lundy's in their youth. They had a lobster dinner, as did Marie. It was a very happy visit for me because Si and Helen Sheuer told me they would pledge an additional one and a half million dollars for the two buildings. That would be $750,000 for Scheuer House of Manhattan Beach and $750,000 for Scheuer House of Brighton Beach. They subsequently gave the Shorefront Y another half million

dollars to construct the Scheuer Natatorium adjacent to the Y and the Scheuer House of Brighton Beach.

There were times I thought of myself as an architect of the Egyptian Pharaohs who had great pyramids built to guard their way into the next world. I was building worthy monuments with far greater utility as housing for the living elderly. Both Si and Helen appreciated the significance of fine apartments at affordable rents for the elderly in their last years. Si enjoyed the satisfaction of his philanthropic gift yielding so costly a facility with the government mortgage financing.

Si Scheuer had come to the United States from Alsace-Lorraine in France after World War I. He had been a banker in Europe and continued to work on Wall Street establishing his own stock brokerage house. He prospered in the war and postwar years having survived the depression. He married Helen Scheuer, an American woman, and they had five children. Richard, the eldest, followed him into the family business, which branched into real estate. Richard was very devoted to Hebrew Union College and became its President. His youngest son James became a Congressman from a district in southwestern Queens, which included Brookdale Village. Congressman Scheuer was very helpful to us at Brookdale Village. I learned that the Scheuers were very rich millionaires. They established the S.H. and Helen R. Scheuer Foundation and Trust. My relationship with the Scheuers was strong, and JASA was beneficiary of a number of grants from the foundation.

It took us seven years to develop Scheuer House of Manhattan Beach. We finally secured a federal mortgage of $7.7 million to develop a 150-unit apartment house and community center. Despite our difficulties in completing construction of this building it was one of our most successful housing facilities.

Some time in 1969–1970 Martha K. Selig referred Harold Resnick, an accountant for the M.R. Weiser & Company, an accounting firm, to me. He represented Henry Schwartz and the Brookdale Foundation. Henry Schwartz was very interested in contributing to the well being of the Jewish elderly and had recently established his Brookdale Foundation and Trust. He and his wife, who had died recently, had no children. After his death his nephew Stephen Schwartz became the manager of the foundation. In due course I was invited to lunch with Henry Schwartz at his estate in Rockland County. He was a benign man and very interested in JASA. Henry Schwartz was very keen on statistical data, and my recitation of the demographics of the aged, the problems of the Jewish aged, and our housing programs were of great interest. I learned later that Henry Schwartz and his brothers had founded Paragon Oil Company, an oil distribution company serving Queens and Brooklyn in the 1920's. He had established a system of automatic oil deliveries based upon estimated consumption correlating with the weather. This had made it possible

for him to contract for delivery of oil for long periods of time to maintain stable prices. Paragon grew very large, and it was ultimately purchased by Texaco with an exchange of stock for a sum of over $100 million. Henry Schwartz and his family never sold their stock. It doubled in value and split a number of times, greatly enriching the Schwartzes. Harold Resnick became a JASA Board member. JASA received important gifts from Brookdale, beginning with the contribution which enabled us to fund our acquisition of Brookdale Village and the construction of Brookdale Village II.

By 1973 Henry Schwartz had Harold Resnick organize a Brookdale Advisory Committee whose members were the chief executives of the agencies in New York which had received major gifts from Brookdale Foundation. They included: Irving Brodsky at Associated Y's, Dr. Alvin Schiff for the Board of Jewish Education, Mitchel Waife for the Jewish Home and Hospital, and Dr. Paul Steinberg for Hebrew Union College in New York. I was designated Committee Chairman. The committee was asked to consider cooperative efforts on behalf of the Jewish aged in New York. Some good came of the committee's work. JASA and Associated Y's engaged in several cooperative efforts. The Coney Island Y conducted senior center activities at Scheuer House of Coney Island. Associated Y's was very helpful in the development of Scheuer House of Brighton Beach and Manhattan Beach. Associated Y's and JASA executives held a very useful conference on "Educational Programs for the Aged" which stimulated an interest in higher education for senior centers. Dr. Alvin Schiff and I developed educational materials for Jewish schools on the aged. I gave a number of lectures to rabbinical students at Hebrew Union College on the Jewish Aged and the Synagogue. Members of the committee were gratified to receive an honorarium of $250 per meeting, $2,500 a year for each of the two years of the committee activity from the Brookdale Foundation. This was a wholly unanticipated occurrence in social welfare circles!

The Marguerite and Maurice B. Hexter Building

The single most important development which ensued out of that relationship was JASA's purchase of the Marguerite and Maurice B. Hexter Building. During the 1920's Rabbi Stephen Wise, a renowned Reform Rabbi, became the pastor of Temple Emanuel and later left their synagogue to organize the Free Synagogue. At 40 West 68th Street between Columbus Avenue and Central Park West he built the Free Synagogue-Jewish Institute of Religion Building. The Jewish Institute initially was Rabbi Wise's own Rabbinical college. In the mid 1920's he persuaded Hebrew Union College, located in Cincinnati, Ohio, to establish a branch in New York City. He deeded the synagogue building to the college. By 1970 Hebrew Union College had acquired three adjacent town houses and had them demolished preparatory to expansion of their building. Then after considerable debate they determined to affiliate with New York University in order to gain the advantage of its graduate school studies, doctoral programs, and library. Hebrew Union College acquired a site at Fourth Street and Broadway and began to build a new facility. Dr. Paul Steinberg, Dean of the college in New York City, offered JASA the building and adjacent building site, a 60-foot by 105-foot vacant lot, for $950,000. Even in that year of depressed real estate prices this was a bargain!

Dr. Steinberg's offer could not have come at a better time. Some years ago after a great effort, we had at last been awarded a program, a senior center for the West Side of New York. We located the program in the Jewish Center of New York at West 86th Street. Its President then was Louis Stern who came to the United States in the 1920's as an immigrant from Holland. He brought his business with him, and it flourished. He soon became the largest importer of birdseed, a distributor in the U.S. Then he became a real estate investor. When we first met he was a very rich man. He was a philanthropist, contributor to Federation and Yeshiva University, and the principal benefactor of the Free Synagogue. He ruled the synagogue with an iron hand, coming every day to supervise its management. Despite my efforts I could not elicit a warm word or smile in response to my efforts to impress him with the significance of the senior center in the lives of its elderly members. He saw them to be non-observant Jews and strangers to his

synagogue. Despite the good opinion of the Rabbi and Executive Director of the synagogue, at the end of three years the West Side Senior Center was evicted. I learned later that the center had paid for the cost of some major elevator renovations with our rent.

In the next several years we were tenants at the Conservative synagogue on the West Side, Bnai Jeshuran, in its community building at 88th Street between West End Avenue and Broadway. This synagogue too, in financial difficulties, found that our rental did not equal the increase in utility costs. They were concerned with our aged members and the aura we caused. The synagogue was seeking to renew its falling membership with young families. We proceeded to relocate at the Reform synagogue on the West Side, Rodelph Sholem. This synagogue had a large and handsome building on 84th Street between Columbus Avenue and Central Park West. The same center enjoyed several years of tenancy and flourished. Then once again we were given an eviction notice. The treasurer of Temple Rodelph Sholem did a cost benefit analysis and determined the West Side Senior Center was costing the synagogue money.

I was feeling desperate at this point. Without a home our sponsorship of the West Side Senior Center would be terminated. Then the Hebrew Union College building came before us. Concurrently, our temporary lease at our Manhattan headquarters at Park Avenue and East 18th Street was coming to an end. That loft building was being converted into apartments.

Ben Kaplan and I surveyed the Hebrew Union College Building. This handsome facility had been designed in Gothic style and enjoyed a façade of Manhattan schist, exhumed from its foundation. This stone is exposed throughout Central Park. It lies underground on Manhattan Island and provides the substrata which so firmly supports the city's soaring skyscrapers. The building was immediately adjacent to the Stephen Wise Free Synagogue and to the empty lot adjacent owned by HUC. We were delighted by our observation of the building. Below grade was a very large dining-social hall with a stage and an adjoining kitchen and bathrooms. This was used by the students as their cafeteria. At ground level was the school auditorium and synagogue. This was a handsome gothic white plastered auditorium with a sweeping gradient to the auditorium platform. Fine architectural decoration had been detailed into the auditorium façade. The long walnut benches divided by two aisles lent their stately presence to the auditorium. On the second, third, and fourth floors there were handsome offices and classrooms. The offices on the third floor had been originally occupied by Rabbi Stephen Wise and Dean Steinberg. The corner offices had a row of gothic windows with lead glass windows laced with intricate lattice. There was a working fireplace in that office. On the fourth floor was a very large library conference room seating seventy-five people. There was even a fifth floor penthouse with

an office, which had been added to the building twenty years earlier. Access to the fifth floor was by stairway. There was a boiler room below the dining hall. A lobby elevator provided access to the basement social hall and four floors of the building. The entire building included 37,000 square feet of interior space.

I needed speedy board approval for this acquisition. The funds required to effect the purchase and building alterations was the sum of $1,200,000. I immediately enlisted Carl Glick, then Chairman, and shared my enthusiasm for the purchase. He consulted with Robert Tishman, Chairman of our Building Committee and the authority on real estate on the Board. He too agreed. Within several months we secured Board approval and Federation approval for the additional of the sum of $2 million to our Building and Endowment campaign. Leonard Block agreed to the allocation of his early half million dollar pledge to JASA for this building. His request that the building be called the Marguerite M. and Maurice B. Hexter Building was quickly honored. S. William Green, by now a JASA officer, and his sister Cynthia Colin agreed to allow JASA to use half the $2,000,000 Green Fund pledge for the building. The auditorium was named for his parents, Evelyn and Louis A. Green. Additional gifts were secured from Helen and S.H. Scheuer Foundation and from Mr. and Mrs. Edward Siegel and their Titan Industrial Foundation. We bought the building. The architectural firm of Schuman, Lichenstein, Claman, and Efron completed the renovation plans and a contract was let. The alteration was completed by the end of 1979, and we moved in early in 1980.

The building housed the West Side Senior Center, the Manhattan District Office, and our central administrative offices. The building was dedicated on May 19, 1980. The keynote speaker was former United States Commissioner on Aging, Robert Benedict. This was our opportunity to honor Dr. Maurice B. Hexter, whose leadership had created JASA, and our many benefactors. All of the key officers of the Department of Social Services, Department of Aging of the City, and Federation of Jewish Philanthropies were present. Marie, my wife, was with me at this moment of personal rejoicing.

The Hexter Building provided our elderly west side center participants with their own home. The auditorium during my years at JASA became the leading place of assembly for public forums on aging, meetings of the Council of Senior Centers, and protest meetings of JPAC and our staff institutes. The Green Auditorium was a meeting place of dignity, and it honors our aged clients and constituents. The Hexter Building was a landmark in Jewish philanthropy and recorded the dedication of the community to the elderly. It was one of my notable achievements in my professional life in social work.

JASA Sponsored Housing Facilities Mortgage Balances as of June 30, 1991

This account would be incomplete without recording the mortgage balances of our housing facilities as of June 30, 1991. They totaled $62,695,695. They were long-term mortgages of twenty-five to forty years of duration granted by the federal and New York State Government. The cost of replicating the housing facilities in 1991 would easily have been twice the sum or one hundred and twenty million dollars.

Entity	Year Ending	Mortgage Balance	Maturity Date	Interest Rate	Lender
Israel Sr. Citizens Hsg. Dev. Fund. Co.	12/11/90	$4,799,113	2015–2017	3–3¾ %	USDHUD
Coney Isle. Site Nine Houses Inc.	12/31/90	$6,481,546	2014	7½ %	NYSDHCD
Manhattan Beach H.D. Fund Co.	12/31/90	$7,513,192	2022	8½ %	USDHUD
Brookdale Village H. Co.	3/31/91	$16,387,251	2016	8½ %	NYSDHCD
Brighton Beach H.D. Fund Co.	3/31/91	$8,952,477	2022	8½ %	USDHUD
Seagirt H.D. Fund Co.	9/30/90	$8,678,221	2025	9¼ %	USDHUD
Cooper Square H.F. Fund Co	9/30/90	$9,883,985	2025	9¼ %	USDHUD
Total		$62,695,695			

Source: United States Department of Housing and Urban Development (USDHUD)
New York State Department of Housing and Community Development (NYSDHCD)

The Joint Public Affairs Committee

The "JASA/Brookdale News" was our first large-scale foray into the world of influencing public opinion. This newsletter was first published in December 1974. It was a four-page broadside, blue print on white paper, issued bi-monthly, and reached 26,000 older people. Copies were delivered in bulk to senior centers, housing projects for the elderly, and institutions. Copies were mailed to every elected official, government offices in New York City, and suburban counties. The newsletter provided information about services and benefits for the elderly, vacation opportunities, and legislative affairs. The cost of publication was met by the Brookdale Foundation Fund at Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. Anne Keleman was its editor and did an effective job.

In June 1977 JASA initiated the Joint Public Affairs Committee (JPAC). This was a social action coalition of senior center organizations sponsored by YM-YWHA's, synagogues, and JASA. JPAC was organized to engage the elderly of these senior centers in advocacy for legislation of concern to the aged. JPAC evolved from the Public Affairs Committee of JASA's Senior Citizens Council. No sooner organized than JPAC was involved in advocacy for continuation of the state and municipal rent control statues. JPAC activity became a fiercely debated JASA Board issue. A number of members of the JASA Board were realtors whose organizations were hostile to extension of rent control. It is a tribute to the liberal spirit of JASA's trustees that they approved a resolution authorizing establishment of a separate membership organization, JPAC, which would thereafter take action on its own behalf and not represent JASA as an agency. This charter continued to express the policy of the JASA Board thereafter. JASA was then able to secure a grant from the Brookdale Fund at Federation to finance the central office of JPAC, essential a Program Director and a secretary, for several years.

Judy Duhl was JPAC's first program director. She was a very able, tall, and comely young woman and a trained community organizer. She had completed her fieldwork at the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center. She brought warmth, enthusiasm, and keen intelligence to her job. She went out into the city to engage senior centers in the effort of advocacy. Center directors had to be motivated to organize JPAC committees. Although this

generation of the elderly had experienced the Great Depression, few had ever been participants in political action. Concurrently, Judy Duhl related to all the citywide organizations concerned with the aged and the offices of municipal legislators. The elected officials all had community liaison officers who were responsive to Judy Duhl and JPAC Reps throughout the city. Soon enough Judy Duhl became the most knowledgeable JASA staff member on the status of legislation affecting the aged at City Hall, Albany, and in Washington, D.C.

At each center the Social Action Committees discussed pending legislation, local activity, and strategy. There were letter writing campaigns and visits to legislators' offices by senior center delegations. JPAC members were encouraged to testify at legislative committee hearings. The Social Action Committees met monthly under the aegis of two co-chairmen. They were the JPAC Reps to the citywide council Judy Duhl organized which met bi-monthly at JASA's Hexter Building. Ms. Duhl reported on JPAC legislative concerns to our monthly administrative staff meetings and to the JASA Board from time to time.

In 1980 our years of effort to secure funding from the New York City Community Development Agency, source of the "war on poverty" funding, succeeded. We secured a major grant to fund JPAC citywide. JPAC would deploy staff to each of the boroughs. Community organizers would be assigned to neighborhood Jewish community councils. Their assignments would include information and referral services. This political achievement was due in good measure to the added voice of Rabbi David Cohn, Executive Director of the Metropolitan Council on Jewish Poverty. This was a new organization affiliated with the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies representing neighborhood councils in poverty areas with a very large Orthodox population.

JPAC, newly funded by the CDA, was invigorated by the five new field organizers. JPAC participation was now extended to all the senior centers in the city. It became a truly interracial-interethnic organization. In the decade following its CDA funding JPAC's efforts were visible at the State Assembly and Senate office buildings. JPAC contributed to such government enactments as:

- Passage of a New York State Consumer Banking law – lifeline banking which enabled individuals of every age to afford banking services;
- Establishment of a New York City Council Committee on Aging;
- Creation of accessible low cost transportation for disabled seniors and other persons throughout New York City (Access a Ride);
- Mandating wheelchair friendly curb cuts throughout the city;
- Passage of legislation to provide prescription drug coverage to low income seniors (EPIC);

- Creation of Community Services for Elderly (CSE) and Expanded in Home Services for the Elderly Programs (EHSEP) funded by the state;
- Increases in the state share of Supplementary Security Income;
- Abolition of mandatory retirement in the city;
- Restoration of SSI, food stamps, and Medicaid benefits for low income elderly immigrants;
- Quality of life improvements in neighborhoods, vacant lot cleanup, garbage pick-up and anti-crime programs;
- Voter registration efforts.

The JPAC advocacy continued on behalf of social security, Medicare, and Older Americans Act funding. There was an annual campaign to assure funding of senior services in the city.

During the second year of JPAC funding we secured CDA financial support for the publication of the "Senior Citizens Advocate". Mimi Koren and then Candice Cohen were its editors. The Advocate was a four-page, newspaper size publication and was issued four times a year. It was delivered bundled to 57,000 senior citizen center members, housing residents, and again, every elected official and administrator in the city. I was gratified to attend one meeting of the City Council and see the "Senior Citizens Advocate" on every desk. Its headlines:

"Budget Cutters Aim Ax at Medicare, Social Security; Seniors Called to Arms"; this was its first issue, Volume I, No. 1, June-July 1981.

Its second issue headlines were: "Congress Slashes Funds for Human Services; Attention focuses on Block Grants to States".

In the third issue Elinor Guggenheimer's lead article as the President of the Council of Senior Centers and Services was: "Government has a Responsibility to Meet the Needs of a Growing Senior Population".

The Advocate continued its articles and headlines in that vein for the nine years of its publication. The last issue was Volume VIII, No. 4, Summer 1989. I could not raise the one hundred thousand dollars a year needed to continue publication. In a year of budgetary austerity the publication was vulnerable. It was undoubtedly the boldest advocate in print for the elderly anywhere in the country.

JPAC sponsored annual congressional forums on the impact of the federal budget on senior citizens at the Green Auditorium in the Hexter Building. JPAC advocates went on many organized trips to Albany, Washington, and of course to City Hall in New York to represent their views. In June 1985 JPAC sponsored a national conference of senior citizen advocates representing older adult groups in JCC's throughout the country to discuss legislative matters of common concern and ways and means of organizing seniors in the

community as advocates. This meeting had the co-sponsorship of the Council of Jewish Federation of Welfare Funds and the National Jewish Welfare Board. It was a successful conference for the dozen cities represented. It was evident that social advocacy was not a significant matter on the agendas of Jewish Community Centers throughout the country. Still, this had been a worthy effort.

Judy Duhl presented a paper on "The Joint Public Affairs Committee for Older Adults (JPAC), An Advocacy Coalition for Older New Yorkers" on April 18, 1983 at the annual conference of the Association of Jewish Family and Children's Agencies in Boston, Massachusetts.

In January 1987 Governor Mario Cuomo signed the Prescription Drug Assistance Program bill at a gala JPAC meeting at the Hexter Building. This was a moment of triumph for the JPAC participants. On September 26, 1988 Congressman Thomas J. Downey published "A Salute to 10 Years of Success for JPAC" in the Congressional Record.

JPAC was embedded in the heart of JASA. Judy Duhl reported regularly to the administrative staff and Board. A new Board member, Sam Sadin, a very keen, retired businessman who was a Deputy Director of the Hunter College/Brookdale Institute, became a JASA Board member and Chairman of our Public Affairs Board Committee and thereafter continued his active participation in JPAC. He had been nominated by Harold Resnick. Judy Duhl was able to keep us apprised of government developments sometimes long before they occurred. Her successor, Caryn Resnick, was equally able and effective.

JPAC remained a popular program to the day of my retirement in June 1991. JPAC was a political phenomenon because the advocates were taking aggressive action persuading legislators to vote for aged interests. Still, Mayor Koch, and subsequently Mayor David Dinkins, enjoyed meeting with JPAC representatives. This was a quintessentially New York City phenomenon. For older adults their participation was truly meaningful.

In 1980 Congressman Mario Biaggi of the Bronx invited Lillian Kandel, a Bronx JPAC Rep, his constituent, and me to testify before the House Subcommittee on Aging. Lillian was seventy-one, a widow, and mother of two grown children. She had been a nurse for forty years. Now in retirement, her representation of two senior centers was important to her. She felt this activity made her feel alive. We both testified. She felt the high point of her JPAC experience was the successful effort she made in securing the continuation of her two centers in the Bronx for another year.

How significant was the advocacy of JPAC and JASA? The years 1968 to 1991 began the Johnson Administration in Washington, D.C. There followed the Republican domination of the capital under Richard Nixon, Gerald M. Ford, James Carter, and the elder George Bush. Following the

extraordinary enactments of Medicare, Medicaid, the Older Americans Act, and the social service amendments of the Social Security Act during the Johnson Administration, successive administrations were Republican and more conservative. The emphasis was on cutting taxes. Deficits grew and the statutes benefiting the aging were under attack every year. Nonetheless, these attacks were defeated, and year-by-year the programs were sustained and appropriations increased. Service funding trickled down to the states and New York City.

I have no doubt the national advocacy organizations which came into being, the American Association of Retired Persons, Congress of Senior Citizens, Grey Panthers, and trade union retirees associations, made their voices heard. The aged had become a potent political force, and because they were Democrats and Republicans support crossed the political lines. There were a limited number of advocacy organizations for the aged in New York City. The Council of Senior Citizen Centers and Services, of which Ellie Guggenheimer became President, was effective but focused largely on the institutional interests of their own constituents. The Citizens Committee on Aging was a modest advocacy group, and there were other union retiree groups. In New York JPAC was the most consistent organizer and advocate. The "Senior Citizens Advocate" was an effective newspaper. I believe that JPAC made a difference.

The Status of the Jewish Elderly of Greater New York and Recommendations for Action – 1980

I persisted in my effort to educate the public and the leadership of the Jewish community organization on the status of the Jewish elderly and their needs. On May 15, 1980 Dr. Abraham Monk and I presented the results of our social research on "The Status of the Jewish Elderly of Greater New York and Recommendations for Action – 1980" to a mini White House Conference on aging conducted by Federation of Jewish Philanthropies and other major Jewish organizations. This conference and many other preparatory meetings had been stimulated by the National White House Conference on Aging of 1980. The White House Conferences aroused great public interest, and their final recommendations led to important legislative action. Dr. Amy Weintraub was our Research Associate. Dr. Monk, Professor of Social Welfare and Aging at Columbia University, conducted a number of studies for JASA. The Brookdale Foundation grant at Federation funded the study. This study followed a tradition at Federation of conducting research into issues of importance. The studies were completed with recommendations for action, which were followed by Federation. The Communal Planning Committee Study of 1962 was the precursor to the establishment of JASA. All of our agency initiatives at JASA and our political argument and appeal rested upon the social data I secured in many studies of aging and of the Jewish aged. Publication of the studies received significant press notice.

The United States Census of 1980 recorded the continued increase in the elderly to 25.3 million people, 11.3 percent of the population. Our study data was derived from the census and other studies. We estimated the Jewish elderly population of greater New York to be 263,150, 13.1 percent of the estimated Jewish population of 2,013,650. This estimate was based on Alvin Chenkin's study of 1971, completed for Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. In New York City in 1976 the total number of aged over 65 was estimated to be 940,900. The Jewish aged were 218,300, 23 percent of the total. In 1980 the Jewish aged in Nassau and Suffolk counties were estimate to be 35,900, 5.2 percent of the Jewish suburban population of 690,600. In Westchester County the Jewish aged were estimated at 8,950, or 6.0 percent of the 149,000 Jews in the county.

Studies of the New York City Department of Aging indicated a significant relocation of the white and, therefore, the Jewish population of aged in the city. The Jewish population and their elderly were moving north to Riverdale, Pelham, and Co-op City in the Bronx and out of the Bronx. Queens was the borough of in-migration. Within Brooklyn the Jewish aged were moving south to Canarsie, Sheepshead Bay, and Brighton Beach. The city was losing some of its aging population.

Citywide the study recorded the residence of the Jewish poor aged outside of designated poverty areas. Because many of the original senior centers established by the New York City Department of Social Services were located in New York City Housing Authority facilities, services for the elderly funded by the municipal government were located, to a greater degree, in minority areas. Still, it was evident that the city was making a great effort to provide services equitable throughout the city.

Poverty income guidelines on June 6, 1979, published by the federal government for New York, defined non-farm family income of $3,500 for a one person family and $4,500 for a two person family as "poor". The "near poor" at 12.5 percent of poverty would have an income of $4,250 for one person and $5,625 for two persons. An estimated 191,000 persons, 10.6 percent of the Jewish population of New York, were estimated to be poor. Another 81,000 of 4.5 percent were living in near poverty. This was a total of 272,000 people, 15.1 percent poor or near poor. For the aged, a total of 73,740 people, 27 percent of the total poor or near poor Jewish population were aged. They constituted 4.1 percent of the Jewish population of New York. Social security was the main source of income for the New York City elderly. 86 percent were beneficiaries. Although 22.3 percent of New York's elderly had incomes below the poverty level in 1970, less than half, 9.8 percent, applied and qualified for Supplementary Security Income. This data was applicable to the Jewish elderly as well.

In New York City, as reported by Marjorie Canter, 47.4 percent of the white aged lived alone, 34.7 percent with a spouse, and 17.4 percent with relatives or others. Twenty percent had no surviving children. A majority of the elderly lived within a half hour drive of their children and communicated with them regularly. In JASA's experience very few elderly Jews lived with their children. This generation of Jewish elderly had no more than two children. Their children lived in distant boroughs of the suburbs. The majority of the elderly were able to count on their children for support, assistance in crises, and in securing care. For elderly with the most severe problems of physical or mental impairment, personal care could not be provided by their children. Jewish families purchased personal care services or turned to Jewish or other agencies for assistance. Poor impaired Jews have had no choice but to turn to social agencies or government for aid, or secured Medicaid funded nursing home care.

The Needs of the Jewish Elderly

The elderly were recognized to be a heterogeneous group. The study reported:

> The great majority enjoy life, their families, with security of financial supports of social services we have developed. There is a substantial group of middle class retirees. With increases in longevity, the incidence of physical and mental disability increases...
>
> As a class the elderly are poorer, more impaired, and isolated than most Americans. The greater the age the more likely the incidence of poverty, disability, chronic illness, and inappropriate or poor housing. For many the act of retirement may cause severe emotional upset and depression. The lack of employment or constructive leisure time activity and opportunities for friendly association maybe a severe problem. The loss of a spouse and physical distance of children increases the severity of isolation of many elderly. The problems of coping with physical and mental disability and the needs for services to permit survival are universal and cross all income and class lines.

During the past fifteen years great progress has been made by the funding of Medicare, Medicaid, and social security services. The indexing of the Social Security program, the Older Americans Act of 1965, the Supplementary Security Income program, and other entitlements greatly benefited the elderly. Other benefit programs such as food stamps, energy grants, rent and tax abatements, Section 8 housing, and rent control were all very helpful. Many benefits and entitlements required formal application to designated federal or municipal bureaus and the submission of personal documents to welfare offices. These bureaucratic barriers require advocacy and the assistance of social workers to secure the benefits. Since 1968 the Jewish community has established sixty neighborhood service offices in greater New York to assist the elderly. Government funding, supplemented by philanthropic support, made these offices possible. The offices served approximately 50,000 elderly annually, about twenty percent of the Jewish aged.

Institutional Care

The New York City Department of Aging estimated that 3.6 percent of the aged, 35,000 persons, were resident in institutions in 1976. There were 28,000 skilled nursing home beds, 10,000 health related beds, and 12,000 domiciliary care facility beds. There were a total of 50,000 long-term care beds in the city. An estimated 27 percent of the beds in long-term care facilities

were occupied by aged Jews, equal to the proportion in the general population. That would be approximately 10,000 to 15,000 Jewish elderly, the majority of whom were residents of 23 Jewish sponsored facilities. Most of the nursing home population were women, 70 percent were widowed. Their mean age was 83. Most admissions to skilled nursing home facilities came from acute care hospitals.

Housing

2,690 aged persons were resident in housing facilities managed by JASA, Self Help Community Services, the Jewish Home for the Aged, Daughters of Jacob, and the Educational Alliance. All had long waiting lists. The New York City Housing Authority had 20,645 elderly tenants in 200 developments. 8,000 to 10,000 tenants were estimated to be Jewish.

Seniors Citizen Centers and Group Services

A best estimate of the number of Jewish elderly served by senior centers and group service programs in greater New York was 72,000 annually. There were 220 senior citizen centers operated by voluntary agencies in New York under contract with the Department of Aging or the Department of Social Services. 65 centers were directly operated by the Department of Social Services. In addition there were many one afternoon a week programs conducted by YM-YWHA's and synagogues. Some 64,000 seniors were served by Federation agency affiliates. The city funded senior centers served 40,000 persons daily. Six summer camp and day camp programs sponsored by Federation affiliations served 6,000 older persons annually.

Home Care Services

A New York City Department of Aging survey completed in 1971 concluded that 231,000 persons sixty years of age and older had some functional incapacity and that 60,000 of these needed assistance in self-care or mobility functions. In 1970 existing home attendant, housekeeper, homemaker, and home health aide programs were serving 28,000 aged with an unduplicated count of 22,000 annually. Assuming the Jewish aged to be 27 percent of the entirety, an estimated 6,000 Jewish aged were being served in publicly funded home care programs. Perhaps as many as another 6,000, were served by privately paid services.

The Study Conclusions

Greater New York had the largest Jewish aged population in the world. The community is long lived and with a falling birthrate was "aging" in place. The elderly constituted 18 percent of the Jewish population. For the future the Jewish aged population would increase by 40 percent by the year 2000. The aged 75 to 84 and those over 85 would increase at a more rapid rate. The aged would exceed 20 percent of the population.

The social profile of the Jewish aged was very similar to that of the white aged of greater New York. At all income levels the need for health and welfare services would increase. Opportunities for employment, leisure time, and social, educational, and recreational activities would be needed. Housing would continue to be a major problem for the elderly. The particularly Jewish problem of the aged was evident in the isolated aged whose families relocated to other and distant communities. Many of the Jewish aged were literally being left behind to live among minorities of distinctly different cultures. The greater longevity of the Jewish aged over 75 and over 85 years of age had created a great need for home care services.

Recommendations for Action

The study made a number of recommendations for action:

1. Legislation was needed to continue to fund health care benefits and community services required by all aged;
2. Professionals and paraprofessionals in health, welfare, education, and legal services required training in gerontology and geriatrics;
3. Additional health, welfare, and community services were needed in neighborhoods with a large aged population;
4. Research in aging, cure of disease, and provision of services was needed;
5. An educational program to inform the public about aging, health care and problems of aging management was needed.

The Jewish community was urged to initiate additional services and facilities:

1. Health Care:
    a. Long term care services
    b. Mental health services
    c. Nursing home – geriatric health care institutions
2. Housing
    a. Undertake sponsorship of additional housing for the elderly projects for an additional 20,000 dwelling units
3. Community Services
    a. Provide additional neighborhood service offices
    b. Provide protective services and conservatorships
    c. Continue to provide legal assistance
4. Centers for Older People
5. Continue to support senior centers with enriched educational programs

These recommendations of the study were extensive, detailed, and covered all the major areas of concern for older adult advocates. The demographic details were comprehensive enough for me to use in applications for funding grants for the decade to come.

The study was a polemic. It set forth the problems of the aged in comprehensive detail and with authority of some of the leading demographers in the field. The Department of Aging and Social Services Departments of the city were satisfied with its facts and recommendations. The study was widely disseminated to the elected officials of the city and state and their administrative offices concerned with the aged. The Rabbinate of the metropolitan area received copies, as did the faculties of the Theological Seminaries and schools of social work. The press published articles reporting the study findings.

A Five Year Plan to Meet the Needs of the Jewish Elderly, 1985–1989

In 1983 pressures on Federation trustees and staff prompted the appointment of "A Task Force on the Elderly" of the Community Services Committee on Aging. There were twenty-three committee members, half trustees, half agency executives. The committee was a familiar cast of characters representing the YM-YWHA's, hospitals, nursing homes, family agencies, and JASA. I was appointed its Chairman. Al Schwartz was the Federation Consultant on Aging.

After a year of deliberation "A Five Year Plan for Services for the Jewish Aged", dated February 1, 1984, was completed and submitted to Judah Gribetz, Chairman of the Communal Planning Committee. Doris Rosenberg, Chairman of the Subcommittee on Aging, was asked to consider the report. It was circulated to every agency in the Federation network with requests for comment. This continued deliberation and review was a pattern of Federation operation. Although tedious and frustrating, I recognized the importance of engagement of lay trustees in the process. It was a method of engaging voluntary and philanthropic support, which would be required to fulfill the proposals for increased services and facilities.

Major program proposals required agency support. New initiatives established new priorities and emphasis for Federation philanthropic support. The affiliated agencies were not only members of a cooperative establishment but also fiercely competitive. The planning process had to involve every agency.

Mrs. Doris Rosenberg, Chairman of the Subcommittee on Aging, submitted a "Five Year Communal Plan for Meeting the Needs of the Jewish Aging: 1985–1989", to the Executive Committee of Federation. The report was approved at the Executive Committee meeting of December 10, 1984. Daniel Shapiro, President, presided. Approval of the report by the Board of Trustees followed several months later.

The final recommendations of the Planning Committee report followed familiar priorities first enunciated in my "Status of the Jewish Elderly" report of 1980. Briefly stated they were as follows:

I. Non-Institutional Services
   1. Home care services should be established for the impaired aged and be made available on a sliding scale fee basis. Services should be limited to 12 hours a week for a maximum of 12–15 weeks a year. This provided short-term rehabilitation care for 100 to 500 persons a year. The estimated annual philanthropic subsidy required for this service would be $215,000 to $1,075,000 a year.
   2. Twenty additional social workers would be deployed to agencies serving the aged. An additional $470,000 to $585,000 a year would be needed.
   3. Health education should be instituted in senior centers by provision of one to four health educators. The cost would be $60,000 to $240,000 a year.
   4. Training in geriatric medicine should be initiated at medical schools affiliated with Federation hospitals (Mt. Sinai and Einstein Medical Schools). The estimated cost would be $100,000 to $200,000 a year.
   5. Hospice services should be initiated at Federation affiliated hospitals and nursing homes at an annual cost of $100,000 to $200,000 with start up costs of $500,000 to $1,000,000.
   6. Transportation services should be increased by provision of 5 to 10 additional vans deployed to agencies serving the aged. An additional $100,000 to $150,000 a year would be needed in addition to the capital costs of the vehicles of $100,000 to $200,000.
   7. Legal aid and advocacy services should be expanded by provision of five additional attorneys. The cost was estimated at $135,000 a year.
      a. Conservatorship and protective services would be increased at a cost of $50,000 to $100,000 a year.
   8. Leisure time and education programs should be provided in unserved neighborhoods of greater New York. While the greater part of the program costs would be met by government support an additional $135,000 to $270,000 was needed annually.
   9. Employment and job opportunities should be developed for the elderly by funding additional coordinators for employment. The cost would be an additional $35,000 to $140,000 a year.
   10. Camp and vacation programs should be enhanced by provision of an additional $50,000 a year for camping scholarships for needy elderly.
   11. A survey of synagogue services and opportunities should be undertaken be Federation's Council on Synagogue Relations

to determine the needs of the aged participants in synagogue programs.

12. The needs of the elderly for mental health services required special study. Experience in the field had not yet yielded a definitive recommendation for the provision of such services. No recommendation was made.

II. Institutional Care Services

1. Establish two new skilled nursing homes of three hundred beds in Suffolk and Westchester counties. The capital costs of these facilities were estimated to be $36,000,000. Government guaranteed mortgage loans would need to be secured for ninety percent of the costs. The sponsoring institutions would need to raise ten percent of the cost, a sum of $3,600,000.

Housing

Legislative advocacy for continued funding of the federal FH 202 and Section 8 housing programs was urged. In 1982 federal agencies managed or sponsored 3,526 apartments in 17 facilities. In addition, two buildings totaling 302 apartments were in construction: the Green Residences in the Far Rockaways and at Cooper Square, sponsored by JASA. The Five Year plan suggested no fixed goal; rather, it recommended the continued effort of agencies to initiate additional projects as the opportunity arose. The tens of thousands of applications received for newly completed apartments reflected the great demand for affordable, well-designed, and secure residences.

Costs of the Five Year Plan

In 1984–1985 Federation allocated $8,500,000 to all its affiliated agencies for services for the aged. The Planning Committee gave priority to service which sustained the elderly in the community. It was recognized that the affluent elderly, fully insured, would meet their own costs. For the very poor there were government relief benefits. The committee concluded that the major category of aged needing assistance was the "Client at risk" above the Medicaid eligibility levels.

In sum the committee recommended annual additional expenditures of $1,480,000 to $3,325,999 and one-time capital costs for start up of programs of $625,000 to $1,250,000. At the lowest cost this courageous recommendation called for an increase of 17 percent a year in annual allocations. In 1986 Federation's gross income was $59 million. The plan was an optimistic project and yet expressed the aspirations of the constituent societies and Federation.

The Five Year Plan sanctioned JASA's major initiatives during the period of 1984 to June of 1991, the time of my retirement. Most of the services envisioned by the plan had long before been enunciated in the Communal Service Committee Plan of 1967. Our efforts were strengthened by a sense of collective agreement on the goals for services still to be achieved. I personally sensed great support at Federation, in the halls of legislators and government offices. Still, by the mid eighties reactionary forces hostile to the social insurance programs of the New Deal and Johnson Administration were evident. As the costs of social security, Medicare, and Medicaid grew, the growing deficits were blamed upon the aged. The Republican Party, during the administrations of Eisenhower, Nixon, Ford, Reagan, and Bush, were intent upon cutting taxes, however large the federal deficits. Nonetheless, support for these programs held firm in Congress, and JASA's service programs continued to grow.

Share

In the mid seventies young Jewish activists initiated a campaign in the United States and worldwide to persuade the Soviet government to permit Jews to emigrate and, within the Soviet Union, to end anti-Semitic practices. The campaign succeeded in enlisting the support of the United States Senate and particularly Senator Henry Jackson. The proposed Jackson-Vanik Amendment to the U.S. Trade Act of 1970 would have rewarded the Soviet government with lowered tariffs for increased emigration permits for Soviet Jews. Jews were granted greater access to the United States as refugees, and there was a significant increase in Soviet Jewish emigrations to the United States, particularly to New York City. Many of the Soviet Jews arrived with their elderly parents. They were destitute but as legal immigrants were immediately entitled to the benefits of impoverished elderly Americans. The New York Service for New Americans (NYANA) served the new arrivals.

The elderly former Soviet immigrants adjusted to America with difficulty. Their family status was diminished. Their adult children no longer lived with them, and their role as caretaker of their grandchildren ended. They lived in their own apartments when they found them. They needed help in qualifying for S.S.I., food stamps, rental assistance, and Medicaid. They could not find jobs. The Soviet Jewish immigrants came from the far corners of the Soviet empire. They originated in Byelo-Russia, the great cities of Leningrad, Moscow, Odessa in the Ukraine, and the states of Armenia, Georgia, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, Kazakhstan, Azerbaijan, Kyrgyzstan, and Bucharia. Some of the immigrants from the Asiatic states had been residents for two thousand years originating in ancient Mesopotamia. Others were of European origin having been resettled east during World War II. These immigrants settled in clusters in low-income neighborhoods throughout the city. They found their way in JASA service offices and senior centers.

Because of their experience in the Soviet Union maneuvering through bureaucracies, they found their way through government offices in the city. Brighton Beach became a preferred neighborhood for former Soviet Jews, named "little Odessa". Many made their way into JASA housing facilities. They were all interesting people. They had survived the troubled years of the Great War. Many had served in the Red Army and could display the myriad

Soviet ribbons and medals commemorating the campaigns they had survived. They were left with mixed feelings for their former homeland. The socialist government had provided some security and had destroyed the shackles of the Czarist government. Still, the continued and recurrent anti-Semitism of the Communist government had been oppressive.

In 1978 JASA organized a citywide association called "Share" for immigrants from Soviet Russia. We secured funding from Federation originating in a Federal Block Grant for service for immigrants. Bela Berry, a former Soviet national, became the Program Director. Within two years she had organized a citywide association with eight chapters in Washington Heights, Astoria, the Far Rockaways, Forest Hills, Jackson Heights, Pelham Bay, Parkchester, and Brighton Beach with 2,000 members. Share chapters met in JASA senior centers. A citywide council was organized and met regularly. The council conducted concerts, lectures, and excursions. Chapters met monthly and had interesting programs. The Share chapters became an important element in the lives of our elderly members.

The association published a bi-monthly magazine in Russian and English called "JASA–Share". Articles written by Share members were unusual and vivid; many were reminiscences and accounts of their experiences on immigrating to the United States. For me Share was a reprise of the Jewish landsmanschaft societies of the early part of the nineteenth century and the experience of my mother and father. Share helped sustain its members through the difficult process of acculturation in a new land. Their adult children and grandchildren have moved through the ladder of American society. They completed their schooling. Many have been college graduates and moved into the professions.

In the spring of 1986 Michael Gorbachev, the Soviet Prime Minister, came to Washington, D.C. to meet with President Ronald Reagan at the White House. The Jewish Campaign to Free Soviet Jews organized an extraordinary demonstration in Washington, D.C. The Jewish community was determined this time to voice its protest against the oppression of the Jews in Soviet Russia. I joined a group in a bus ride from Federation to Washington, D.C. to join the demonstration. There were 400,000 people marching around the mall. The Soviet government under Gorbachev, eager to bring the Cold War to an end, opened its gates to emigration. In the following years more than a million Soviet Russians emigrated to Israel. Their resettlement was strongly supported by Jewish philanthropy. A special campaign was mounted and raised millions of dollars.

Almost fifty years ago I had been engaged as an UNRRA Welfare Officer in arranging for the repatriation of several thousand Soviet nationals liberated from German servitude to their homeland. Now the remaining surviving Jews in Soviet Russian found a new haven in the United States and Israel. I have often wondered how my liberated displaced persons fared upon their return in 1945.

Protective Services

Prior to coming to JASA I could recall only two significant experiences with mentally impaired people. In the distant past, walking on the Bowery on my way home from my father's shop on Great Jones Street one dark wintry afternoon, I passed my Aunt Jean's former husband, "Fischel" as we called him. This poor man was unkempt, wearing an old, bedraggled coat, walking with a broken gait. He passed me by and retreated into the shadows of that avenue of homeless men. My Aunt Jean had returned to Warsaw several years earlier in her quest for a husband. She brought back Fischel, a young and handsome poet. Alas, this marriage was not made in heaven, and Fischel, mentally impaired, was divorced. The affair was a sad blow to my father and of course to Aunt Jean. Then there was a retarded child among my group of campers at Northover in 1936. He was a very happy boy, delighted with his camp experience. His fellow campers were very kind to him. I learned how a retarded child could be so free in expressing his true emotions.

Very early in my work at JASA David Soyer, our Director of Community Services, impressed me with the importance of service to mentally impaired elderly clients and the complexities of serving them.

The incidence of mental impairment amongst the aged was increasing. With longevity, the number of aged over 75 and 86 reached new highs. The rising incidence of mental impairment was a function of medical neglect, as well as genetic factors leading to senile dementia and Alzheimer's disease. Over age 65 as many as one in fourteen, seven percent, might be affected. In a citywide aged population of one million in 1968 there might be as many as 70,000 mentally impaired aged.

Historically, government in common law was responsible for the care of adults and children who were unable or unwilling to care for themselves. Government was obliged to protect the clients' rights to self-determination and to protect the client from harm "caused or threatened by reason of the client's incapacity".

The police power of the state gives the government authority to regulate activities which endanger the health and safety of the person, and under the theory of "parents patriae" the state may act in a parental capacity to ensure the safety of the citizen. This concurrent responsibility besets the government and voluntary agencies with an inherent conflict. Frequently the mentally impaired aged client was unwilling to accept the care he or she required. By 1968 the municipal government and suburban counties established Protective Services for Adults (PSA) bureaus staffed with social workers to provide care for the mentally disabled. The PSA bureaus were woefully understaffed and after referral of clients to PSA, days and weeks could go by without response. Still, these services were mandated by Section 473 of the Social Services

Law of the State of New York. The services included investigating reports of the severity of impairment of clients, arranging for medical and psychiatric services, and arranging for commitment, guardianship, conservatorships or other protective care.

The local Department of Social Services was authorized to provide a "Short Term Involuntary Protective Services Order" (STIPSO) for clients requiring immediate care. PSA could enlist the services of the Police Department to enforce such orders. There were other legal remedies to protect the assets and person of an impaired person. There was a large body of law to be learned in managing the affairs of mentally impaired clients. The law we learned worked imperfectly. There were time lapses before legal assistance could be secured, PSA workers assigned or court orders issued. Meanwhile the aged client might well perish.

JASA Financial Management Milestones

In 1973 the New York State Mental Hygiene Law was recodified and Article 77, Conservators, was approved, along with Article 78, Committee. This was based upon the Insanity Law of 1901 and the New York State Mental Hygiene Law of 1927. The then existing law required a determination of incompetence in order to initiate a proceeding to manage the affairs of an adult. This made the appointment a very difficult and dilatory procedure.

In 1974 the Mental Hygiene Law was amended to permit the appointment of social agencies as Conservator. This amendment was a consequence of the increasing number of aged and retarded persons who were surviving into late life and becoming mentally impaired. Some legal remedy had to be found to shorten the time for providing legal management for the impaired and to overcome the unwillingness of attorneys to accept responsibility as Conservator when the fees for service were so low. There was never a problem in finding conservators and guardians for people with large estates. Moreover, the attorneys were ill equipped to provide the needed case management required for the care of mentally impaired people. There were a number of scandals exposing the felonious acts of some attorneys in absconding with assets of their Conservatees. The principal advocates for this change in the law were the parents of retarded adults, organized in the Association for the Care of Retarded Adults and Children, and social agencies concerned with the aged, including JASA. The judges of the New York State judicial system were strongly in favor of this legal change.

I strongly supported David Soyer's leadership of the effort within JASA to assume greater responsibility for the mentally impaired. We mobilized the JASA Board's Community Services and Legal Committee to study the issue. No less than six trustees were attorneys. Irwin H. Rosenberg was

Chairman of our Legal Committee. All of our attorneys on the Board were very cautious about JASA becoming a Conservator for clients. They worried about the legal responsibility for managing the financial affairs of clients. JASA, they cautioned, and indeed the trustees personally, might be liable for mismanagement in lawsuits initiated by relatives of the clients. Fortunately, Judge Bernard Botein, an esteemed Justice of the State Supreme Court and trustee, prevailed. After long deliberation the JASA Board, at its November 1974 meeting, approved the assumption by JASA of the role of Conservator for a limited number of clients needing protective services and who had no relatives or friends who would undertake the responsibility. No more than twelve cases would be served during the first year of this experiment. At the end of the year the project would be reviewed by the Board. Our attorney, Alan Federman, prepared a brief report for the Board and a procedural protocol to be followed by the staff.

Conservatorship as an Element of Protective Services

From the outset JASA social workers were assisting confused and impaired clients to handle their funds. In a money economy aged clients had to be able to cash their social security checks, safeguard their money, make bank deposits and withdrawals, and purchase food. Rent had to be paid monthly. Workers helped clients to perform these simple and essential tasks. A warm and trusting relationship made it possible for the worker to ascertain the client's assets, income and expenses ,and ensure payment of bills. A cooperative client would sign a check. Workers would sometimes be designated "Representative Payee", a simple procedure under the social security system enabling the worker to receive and endorse checks on behalf of impaired clients. Other clients granted workers their "Power of Attorney" to perform needed financial responsibilities. The client had to be mentally capable for the appointment of the attorney to be valid.

In 1973 the New York State Mental Hygiene Law was amended to authorize court appointment of not-for-profit social agencies to serve as Conservator. Article 77 of the MHL provided for designation of a Conservator for a person not declared incompetent by a court but who "by reason of advanced age, illness, infirmity, mental weakness, alcohol abuse, addiction to drugs or other cause has suffered impairment of his ability to care for his property or has become unable to provide for himself or others dependent upon him for support."

Between November 1974 and December 31, 1977 JASA served as Conservator for thirteen clients. Four died during this period. Most clients were determined to be physically or mentally impaired. Ten of the thirteen were over 75. Seven were placed in institutions after a long stay at home.

The initial amount of the clients' assets ranged from $877 to $200,000 with average assets of $41,514. The monthly income of our clients ranged from $195 to $1,050 per month. Because of the high level of need, particularly for home care, the assets were expended rapidly. After the "spend down" clients were referred to Medicaid. Conservator fees, typically three percent of annual expenditures, yielded little income. Most attorneys would be unwilling to accept responsibility to serve as Conservator for poor clients.

Clients needed a great deal more than financial management. Constant psycho-social and medical assessment was needed to determine whether a client could be maintained at home or whether placement would be needed. This social work service was a strong argument for the value of social agencies as Conservator.

We had considerable debate over the continuing role of JASA as Conservator after a client was placed in a nursing home. Although the reputable nonprofit nursing home was presumed to provide good care and supervision, we were aware of the reality that nursing home patients received greater attention when they had family and friends visiting them regularly. Someone else cared. Despite the pressures of large caseloads our social workers visited their clients in nursing homes, though the number of annual visits diminished. JASA retained its fiduciary responsibility and paid the nursing home bills regularly. For Medicaid eligible clients Medicaid paid the greater share of nursing home costs. The department's systems and procedures to meet the needs of our Conservatees were complex. The courts required individual itemized reports of income and expenditures for every client annually. Ultimately they preferred individual checking accounts for every client and objected to any commingling of accounts. We were able to establish an accounting system to satisfy the State Supreme Court when we became Community Guardians.

I cite here a summary of the case record for one Conservatee, which illustrates the poignancy of their circumstances.

Case HB:

> Miss B. was first referred to JASA in August of 1970. In January of 1971 JASA assumed responsibility for managing Miss B's finances through the power of attorney at the client's request. At the time a physician at St. Luke's Hospital judged her competent to yield her power of attorney. As her mental condition deteriorated, however, JASA petitioned the State Supreme Court for appointment of a Conservator of the property of Miss B. and was appointed Conservator in November of 1974. A live-in home attendant was located to stay with her. Miss B. has one close friend left in the area, a niece in Florida who does show concern for the aunt but could not serve as Conservator and a sister-in-law in Maryland.

> At present Miss B. is severely disoriented and confused and can no longer understand or speak English clearly. Now apparently she speaks only Russian. A Russian speaking volunteer may be located to visit her. Her friend and niece continue their involvement. Miss B. spends almost all the 24-hour period with her home attendant who accompanies her to the park or the front of the building. Miss B. is very trusting of and attached to her home attendant. Her general health is stable. She visits St. Luke's Hospital Clinic. JASA's role as Conservator has assisted Miss B. to remain in her familiar environment and has helped provide, with the home attendant, a constancy and continuity in her activities of daily living.

At the end of the three-year period JASA's Board Committee was very happy with our demonstration and authorized continuation of the limited service. This demonstration helped our staff gain the experience and confidence of the Board to initiate large programs. We took community leadership in the city and state in promoting government support of the Conservatorship program. Within the circle of the justices of the Supreme Court our management of the conservatorship was commended.

The Federation Funded Protective Services Program

A decade later, on July 1 1985 after a ten-year effort, JASA succeeded in securing funding for a Protective Service Program for physically and mentally impaired aged. Federation secured a contribution from the S.H. and Helen R. Scheuer Foundation and the Silverman Charitable Trust in addition to its own money. The Protective Services unit was well staffed, consisting of a Program Director, four caseworkers, a part-time attorney, an Accounts Manager, and several clericals. Medical and psychiatric counsel would be secured as required. The project was funded at $225,000 for the first year. The program served 125 clients in its first year and 225 clients in successive years. Our staff became proficient in provision of care of the mentally impaired aged and deferring institutionalization.

The New York State Community Guardian Program

In 1986 the State of New York passed the Community Guardian Act which provided for funding of guardianship by social agencies under contract with local departments of social services for impaired aged who had no family or friends able and willing to perform such care. In November of 1986 the New

York City Human Resources Administration (HRA) issued a request for proposals for a Community Guardian Program. JASA did not apply because the contracting agency would be required to provide services for adults and children as well as the aged. We offered to participate as a subcontractor for aged clients. The New York Foundation for Senior Citizens was awarded the first contract.

In December of 1989 the increasing need for guardians persuaded HRA to invite proposals for guardianship service for persons 60 years of age and older in specific catchment areas. In May 1990 JASA was awarded a Community Guardian Program to serve 100 clients in specific neighborhoods of the city of interest. JASA was authorized to refer clients directly to HRA's Office of Legal Affairs for processing for guardianship services. This greatly facilitated appointments of conservators. The staffing of the service under government funding was adequate and paid for administrative overhead. By 1990–1991 funding rose to $479,109 for a year. Establishment of this program under state funding marked the culmination of a long campaign in which JASA played a prominent role to provide guardianship service for very needy impaired aged. There is no doubt it was both humane and economic. We demonstrated that with careful social work care management and financial service it was possible for the mentally impaired aged to remain at home. The cost of this care, including full time twenty-four hour home attendants funded by Medicaid, was substantially less than institutional care. I have been very pleased to observe continuation of this service at JASA and other agencies in New York in the years after my retirement.

The Dedication of the Brookdale Institute in Jerusalem

There they were, off in the distance in the afternoon sunlight, the green hills of Jerusalem. As the airplane banked I could see the golden stone walls of the city gleaming in the sunshine. We made an easy landing at Ben Gurion Airport, Lod. The passengers on the El Al aircraft applauded the crew. After a long flight departing Kennedy Friday, April 19, 1974 at 8:40 P.M., we stopped at De Gaulle Airport in Paris to refuel and then proceeded at 30,000 feet high above the Alps, then south across the Balkans, Cypress, and on to Israel. Every seat on our Boeing was occupied. The blue clad stewards were graceful young men and pretty young women. A large congregation of black clad Chassidim went forward for morning prayers, bending to and fro in unison.

This visit to Israel had been an unanticipated pleasure. It was a fulfillment of a lifelong interest. Harold Resnick, the Brookdale Foundation accountant, and Henry Schwartz's personal representative, arranged my invitation from the American Joint Distribution Committee to attend this dedication of the Brookdale Institute of Gerontology and Adult Development in Jerusalem. I served as a consultant.

El Al passengers left the place midfield, walking slowly down a high metal stair and proceeding to a bus which drove us to the airport. Blue and white Israeli flags fluttered in the wind, and an impressive number of young soldiers, armed with rifles, were posted about the entrances. The airport had been completed by the British and clearly was a legacy. There were crowds of people eagerly awaiting the incoming passengers. Ben Gurion Airport at Lod was about fifty miles from Jerusalem. It was a key point of entrance to the state. Ralph Goldman, a senior staff member of AJDC, received us at the airport and drove us to our hotel, the Diplomat, in Jerusalem. From Lod the drive took us upward to the height of the city, traversing woodlands of Pine, Cypress, and Eucalyptus trees. There were wreckages of tanks and truck destroyed during the Battle of Jerusalem, but these trees made Jerusalem a city of green, foliage bedecking its buildings clad with gold limestone.

The Brookdale Institute for Gerontology and Adult Development would be dedicated in its new building on Sunday, April 21, 1974. On Monday

and Tuesday, April 22 and 23, meetings of the Brookdale Institute Advisory Committee were scheduled. Then Tuesday evening there would be a reception with Mayor Teddy Kollek. Dr. Israel Katz, Director of the Institute, invited us to dinner that night with his wife Miriam at his home on Matibonim Street 20 in Rehavia, Jerusalem. Harold Resnick arranged for my invitation so I might serve as his personal professional guide through the intricacies of the Advisory Committee meetings, a personal authority on matters gerontological.

The Brookdale Foundation had been persuaded by the AJDC to contribute five million dollars to AJDC with matching funds of another five million dollars by the State of Israel to establish the Brookdale Institute for Gerontology and Adult Development in Jerusalem. Further, the AJDC and the Israeli government pledged to create a 100 bed nursing facility for the care of the disabled and aged, for acute care, long-term care, rehabilitation, and care of the mentally disabled. This facility would be part of the new Shaare Zedeck Medical Center, affiliated with Hebrew University Medical School. The site for the facility had been acquired, and construction would begin before December 31, 1974. Joint had also acquired a site, contributed gratis by the State of Israel, for construction of an apartment building of fifty units and a health and welfare center. Construction of this facility was anticipated by October 1974.

The principal mission of the Institute was to conduct studies and gather information about the status of the aged in Israel and participate in the development of heath and welfare policy for the aged with government. The Institute would conduct experimental programs to test alternative approaches to services for the aged.

The dedication of the Institute was a splendid affair. Finance Minister Pichas Sapir, Ambassador Kenneth Keating, Dr. Martin Cherkasky, Chairman of the Advisory Committee, Samuel L. Haber, Executive Vice President of AJDC, and Dr. Israel Katz, Executive Director of the Institute, were all present and expressed their appreciation to the Brookdale Foundation. The dedication was attended by Institute Advisory Committee and staff members. It was held at the Bet Shalom building, a government reception center for just such affairs.

The American Joint Distribution Committee, the American Jewish community's principal welfare agency for Jews overseas, had long been resident in Israel. It had made a magnificent contribution to the welfare of the Israeli people. It had particularly contributed its resources and professional expertise to the well being of the aged and youth since 1948 in a program called "Malben" by establishing many Jewish Community Centers throughout the land and the Jerusalem YM-YWHA.

By 1971–1972 it was evident that there were many aged over sixty-five. They had increased from 4.2 percent in 1951 to 7.5 percent of the population

in 1971, a total of 185,000 people. Many of the aged suffered significant problems. AJDC urged the establishment of the Brookdale Institute as a central agency to gather the facts about the aged and made programs to meet their needs. The Institute would conduct training programs for professional staff in geriatric care. The Institute would be engaged in teaching services and research.

Dr. Israel Katz reported upon the recruitment of staff for the Institute. The recruitment effort had been severely handicapped by the Yom Kippur War of 1973. However, progress had been made. The staff included a number of eminent physicians, psychiatrists, an epidemiologist, a bio-statistician, several welfare economists, a sociologist, demographer, a systems analyst, a mathematician, and a chief librarian. Dr. Jack Habib, the Social Welfare Analyst, later became head of the Institute, succeeding Dr. Katz on his retirement. The AJDC had assembled an eminent Advisory Committee.

The committee included Dr. Martin Cherkasky, Director of Montefiore Hospital in New York City as Chairman, and distinguished faculty at the Medical School of Hebrew University, the Weizman Institute, the Ministry of Social Welfare, the Director General of the Ministry of Health, and the National Insurance Institute. The American committee members included distinguished authorities in gerontology: Dr. Carl Eisdorfer, head of the Department of Psychiatry and the School of Medicine of the University of Washington, Dr. Bernice L. Neugarten, Chairman of the Committee on Human Development at the University of Chicago, and Dr. Herman Stein of the School of Social Work of Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland.

On Tuesday, April 23, the second day of the conference, there was a presentation on the demography of the aged in Israel. Dr. E. Perez, the bio-statistician at the Hebrew University Medical School, reported the following data based upon the 1970 Israel census extrapolated to 1974. In a total population of 3,000,000 in 1972 the percentage of aged over 65 was as follows:

Aged over 65:
- 7.0 percent of the population (210,000 aged)
- 7.7 percent of the Jewish population
- 3.5 percent of the Arab population

Aged over 75
- 2.3 percent of the population (69,000 aged)

In 1940 less than 4 percent of the population was over 65. By 1960 that proportion had grown to over 5 percent. The mass immigration of Jews after 1958 into Israel included an older generation, 20–21 percent over 60 and 10 percent over 70. Life expectancy in 1974 was 70.5 for males and 73.2

for females. Aged families over 65, surprisingly, enjoyed a modestly greater income than younger families. This was due to the receipt of restitution payments from Germany. Thirty-two percent of the aged over 65 continued to work. The life expectancy of people of Sephardic origin is lower than Jews of Ashkenazic origin. There was a great need for studies of the aged and their disabilities and for specific health and welfare services.

Dr. Jack Habib reported on the proposed work of the Institute in developing data on the financial support of the aged and major social and economic developments on their welfare. Inflation had proceeded at a 35 percent rate during the last year, 1973, with no corresponding increase in old age assistance benefits. The minimum Old Age Assistance benefit was $60 a month. Since the Yom Kippur War the cost of food had increased by 40 percent. Direct subsidies of certain key foodstuffs had been terminated. Government indirect taxes had also had a corroding effect on the value of the old age assistance grants.

AJDC had established the "Association for Planning and Development of Services for the Aged". The Institute would assist this national association in its work.

During the discussion which followed I stated that "the major emphasis in the presentation of the work of the Institute appeared to be on basic social research and medical care. There did not seem to be any emphasis on the recruitment of a staff of professionals engaged in the provision of care of the aged other than physicians. These professional providers included administrators of nursing homes and housing for the aged, social workers, nurses, attorneys, rabbis, educators, and employment specialists." The development of social research was undoubtedly of great importance to increasing the knowledge of the aged and development of major social policy position papers and legislation. The development of multi-functional demonstration programs was one of the major objectives of the Institute outlined in the original report of the Advisory Committee on Planning of March 1973. The Professional Advisory Committee was also slanted in the direction of medicine and social research and included no professionals engaged in the day-to-day provision of services other than physicians and one nurse. I emphasized the need for a balanced staff in this Institute to fulfill all its objectives. Dr. Duron, Medical Director of Kupot Cholim, the major health care provider in Israel, informed the conference that his organization was uncertain about the best approach to providing health services for the aged. The professional mix of acute hospital beds, long term nursing care beds, day hospitals, and home care services still required resolution. Harold Resnick for the Brookdale Foundation expressed his deep gratification with the development of the Institute and its promise. He extended his congratulations and good wishes to Herbert Singer, Chairman of the Board of AJDC, Dr. Israel Katz, and Dr. Martin Cherkasky. Harold

Resnik made the point that the Brookdale Foundation gift contemplated not only basic research but direct programs as well. Dr. Katz in a closing response emphasized the commitment of the Institute to basic social research, demonstration programs, social policy development, training of professionals, and development of two Brookdale projects in health care for the aged and housing.

In retrospect the Brookdale Institute in the thirty-five years since its founding has fulfilled the original missions established at its founding. Services for the aged, including home care services, have been enriched by the Institute's findings and its staff leadership. Dr. Jack Habib succeeded Dr. Israel Katz to the Directorship of the Institute.

My report on the Institute's dedication and conference was widely circulated upon my return to New York.

I was impressed by the wisdom and maturity of the Israeli staff members of the Institute. They were experienced professionals in their specialized fields and well trained. Some were immigrants to Israel following 1948, and a number were sabras, native-born intellectuals. They had served in Israeli health and welfare agencies and universities. Despite the raw state of the Israeli community and its suffering through the wars of 1948, 1956, 1967, and 1973 the Israeli health and welfare services had survived and developed. The Brookdale Institute was a new venture and for Israel very well funded. It represented an opportunity for the newly appointed professional staff to make a significant contribution in a new field. I was very glad to have had the opportunity to participate in the Institute conference and observe its beginning.

Upon completion of the conference on Tuesday, April 23 we had six days to visit Israel as tourists and to see my family. Ralph Goldman, head of AJDC in Israel, was a very gracious host to Harold Resnick and me. Ralph was born an American, attended a graduate school of social work, and served in the U.S. Army during the Great War. Upon discharge he joined the subrosa organization purchasing armaments for the Hagana in Israel. In 1948 he relocated to Israel and joined the Israeli Defense Forces and served as an aide to Ben Gurion. Goldman was a member of the inner circle of Labor Zionists who governed Israel in the years following independence. Then he joined the AJDC in Israel as a staff member. Ralph Goldman took us on a short tour of Jerusalem. He arranged for our visit to the Negev, the Dead Sea, and the heights of Masada.

What a vivid impression Jerusalem made upon me. It was early spring, and the streets were clean and lined with pine and eucalyptus trees. A faint piney aroma was evident. The Jerusalem government had created a lovely park in the large border area which had once divided East Jerusalem, held by the

Jordanians since 1948. Lavender, profusely sown, was in bloom. The cityscape was notable for the golden limestone which covered every building. Jerusalem was a modern city. Automobiles crowded the streets. Most were European and small; all the black taxis were Mercedes-Benz automobiles. This automobile was a major element in the German restitution payments made in the war's aftermath. The taxi drivers all seemed to be tough Moroccan Jews.

To the east on the Citadel stood the old walled city of Jerusalem. The walls had been constructed by the Turkish rulers in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The Old City was the historic capital of the Jews for King David and later King Solomon. On the Temple Mount had once stood the First and Second Temples three thousand years ago. The First Temple was destroyed by the Babylonian King Nebuchadrazzah II in July 587 B.C. The Jews were then carried off to exile to Babylon. Some returned during the Persian reign. Then the Jews succumbed to the Romans in 70 A.D. and the final destruction of the Second Temple took place.

The earliest family members to immigrate to Palestine arrived some time before World War I. One distant cousin is said to have served in the British Camel Corps with Jabotinsky. My father's nieces Toba and Tscharne arrived in Palestine in the 1920's. Tscharne married Chaim Rabin a cousin of Yitchak Rabin who would become the Israeli Prime Minister. Toba married Jona Ron who became a member of the Jerusalem Bus Cooperative, Egged. They each had three children and endured hard times until at last the State of Israel was established. Akiva, Toba and Jona's son, became a physicist and a member of the faculty of Hebrew University faculty. Tscharne and Chaim's children grew and prospered.

My brother Akiva, upon discharge from the army, completed his work at New York University and became a teacher of industrial arts. He was a devoted member of the Labor Zionist organization too and met his wife Miriam in the movement. They married. In 1949 during their visit to Israel my brother wired home for money to make a down payment on an apartment. Akiva had been prepared to accept a good job as Training Director at a leading textile manufacturer, "Atid". The young couple was persuaded by my father to return home. Despite my father's loyalty to the Zionist cause he wanted his youngest son close by. If they had resettled in Israel my mother and father would surely have lost them. After my mother and father died and Akiva had retired as a school principal; he and Miriam resettled in Netanya. Their daughter Lenore had long been living in Tel Aviv. Their sons Myron and Danny came with them.

And so my first visit to Israel was a meaningful experience. As we wandered through the Old City Ralph Goldman recounted the frightening period of the 1967 war and its astonishing victorious end. The Israeli government had asked the Jordanians to stay out of the war. Unable to resist the importunities of the

Arab League and the Moslem political forces in the country, Jordan entered the war and was defeated. The West Bank and all of Jerusalem was captured. The Jewish residents of the Old City had been expelled, and the Jewish quarter of the Old City, a very ancient place, had been destroyed.

The synagogue of Rambam, built in 1267 A.D., was reconstructed, as was the Hurva synagogue. The Jordanians in their occupation of the Old City in 1948 took care to preserve the many Christian churches and the Armenian Arab quarter of the Old City. The British government had long subsidized Jordan and staffed its army. We visited the Western Wall, which stood in a square supporting the Temple Mount. The Wailing Wall, the Kotel as it is called, was deemed to be the most ancient part of the Old City, dating back to the Solomonic era. Now it is the most holy place in the world for religious Jews. We observed many black clad Chassidim praying. I said a prayer too and deposited a written wish into a crevice in the wall. I stood alongside a Jew from India, very dark of hue, wearing a red fez. There were many Chassidim, Sephardim from North Africa, Morocco, Tunisia, and Egypt. The Yemenites were the most beautiful. They were very dark, slim, and very handsome, both the men and women. Despite the great variety of Jews who now are Israelis, I felt at home.

On the heights of Mount Moriah stands the Temple Mount. The Moslems conquered Palestine in 638 A.D. and then constructed the first of two mosques, the Mosque of Omar, whose golden roof on top of the mount sparkles in the sun, a symbol of the faiths of Jerusalem. The Crusaders recaptured Palestine and lost it again in 1100 A.D. By the end of the 12th century the Moslems restored this mosque to its original state. It is said that this mosque houses the stone upon which Abraham was to sacrifice Isaac. Mohammed vaulted to heaven on his favorite mare from the stone. The second mosque with a silver dome, the Aksa, was said to have been a church built as the home of St. Mary of Jerusalem in 536. The Arabs converted it to a mosque. It is the dreadful way of the world that the conquering armies convert the religious places of worship of their enemies once conquered to their own. The Moslems have done so since time immemorial. The Israeli government even after 1967 ceded the management of the mosques on the mount to the religious trusts controlled by the State of Jordan. There are Israeli police on the Temple Mount. During the Palestinian intefada Palestinian mobs threw stones down onto Jewish worshipers at the Kotel.

We visited Meah Shearim, a small quarter of Jerusalem, inhabited by the Chassidim. They have not yet recognized the State of Israel. In their religious beliefs the Jews must wait for the Messiah to come before they establish a state. Nonetheless the Chassidim have thrived. They have multiplied. Many families have lived on government stipends granted to their families as unemployed. The male wage earner is a Torah student studying at the Yeshiva. In 1948,

Ralph Goldman explained, the Ben Gurion government struck a grand compromise to "keep the peace." The religious parties and the Orthodox rabbinate were given control of religious institutions, the synagogues, and of family law and the law governing the status of individuals. Marriage and divorce is therefore determined by the Orthodox rabbinate. Determination of Jewish nationality too is a religious decision; in a land where most Israelis are secular and non-religious this has created problems. The Reform movement and Conservative rabbinate in the United States have established branches in Israel and demanded recognition by the state thus far unsuccessfully. The religious parties in the Knesset, though a minority, provide the votes to enable the secular parties to govern. It was a sight to behold these vestiges of historic Judaism dating back to the Middle Ages in Europe still alive in Israel. The Chassidim speak Yiddish heavily enriched with Aramaic and religious Hebrew phrases. My forbears, including my grandfather Akiva, were Chassidim.

We motored down to the Dead Sea early morning before daybreak. We climbed up to the heights of Masada. This fortress stood 1,447 feet above the Dead Sea. Its broken parapets were a mute testimony to the last desperate battle in the Jewish revolt against the Romans. There were 960 men, women, and children who slew themselves and committed suicide rather than be captured by the Romans. The defenders held out for three years. Masada fell in 73 A.D. Thereafter the Jews of Palestine were scattered to far corners of the Roman World. Many were taken as slaves to Rome; others emigrated. The defense of Masada reflected the strength and fortitude of the Jews against overwhelming power. Today the hostility of the Moslem world and the Arab states has again forced Israel to become a warrior nation. I believe the establishment of the State of Israel and its brave and victorious defense in the wars of succession have been a miracle. It is now sixty-one years since the state has come into being and survived. The land is such an extraordinary mélange of ancient remnant structures and a modern community.

Our last night in Israel was spent at a notable restaurant in Jerusalem as guests of Ralph Goldman. This was the restaurant at Mishkenot Shanaim, a very special hotel just below the Montefiore Windmill overlooking the Old City. Mishkenot Shanaim is a hotel for visiting artists and performers. The dinner was excellent and followed a Sephardic cuisine. The wines were vintage Carmel. Ralph Goldman brought us up to date on the current politics of the Knesset and the revival of the economy. He was an excellent host.

By happy coincidence we were able to enjoy an unprecedented family reunion. Jona and Toba Ron had a Warach family gathering at their lovely apartment in the Bet Hakeren neighborhood of Jerusalem. This was not far from the Knesset and Yad Vashem Memorial Garden. My father arrived about a week earlier. Then Tscharne and Chaim Rabin drove in from Tel Aviv. Akiva Ron and his wife Mara were there. To my surprise my Aunt Faye joined us.

She had come to Israel with a group of her old Herzeliah Academy classmates. In her youth Faye had attended the Academy, a Seminary for Hebrew School teachers. The school and its students were all Zionists. Faye and her classmates remained lifelong friends. This was a happy meeting for the Warach family. I had never before met my cousins. We talked and talked into the night. I told the family about my work and the conference which had brought me to Israel. We all spoke Yiddish and even Akiva Ron, the Sabra amongst us, could understand. This was a relief for my father. He had been aggravated as conversation in the Ron household regressed into Hebrew! He seemed a little sad, a visitor without his beloved wife Frances who died several years ago. Israel, the modern land, and the prosperity of his nieces were a surprise to him. In his mind's eye I believe he imagined its people to be impoverished Lonowicszer. Here they were living quite as well as he did in Brighton Beach! In the early years it had been hard, but in recent times there was a turning for the better for our family.

Then by Monday night, our departure time, I grew impatient to return home to my family. Our El Al plane rose out of the airport at Ben Gurion and headed for Paris and De Gaulle at night. I arose early as we were flying south over Maine, and at last we landed at Kennedy. We recovered our bags, traversed Customs, and a taxi brought me home to Great Neck Tuesday morning, April 30, 1974. Shirley was home, the children still at school. I had been away a very long week.

I had felt badly about leaving Shirley and the children. Jonathan and Beth were still home. Josh was away at Dartmouth. I spent the rest of the week telling my family about the experience. Next morning I was back at the JASA office. I completed a report on the dedication of the Institute and the conference. It was widely circulated to the JASA Board staff and the Federation colleagues.

Shirley was happy to have me home again. She seemed to be in reasonably good health. She was sleeping well, took her medications regularly and saw Dr. David Schwartz, her cardiologist. Friday morning, May 17, 1974 seemed to be a very ordinary day. Shirley drove me to the station. I was off to attend our annual staff conference. Some time that morning Shirley died. Jonathan found her in the dining room near the window lying on the floor. He called the office, and Ben gave me the cryptic message. I returned home to Great Neck, dismayed and very depressed. My world would never be the same again.

Housing

By 1968 social agencies in New York City had created some notable housing facilities for the aged. Kittay House, sponsored by the Jewish Home and Hospital, Findley House, by the Daughters of Jacob, Nursing Home, and the Isabella apartments by the Isabella Geriatric Center, reflected their institutional approach to housing. They were funded by the New York State Division of Housing Development under the Mitchell-Lama program. A "package of service" was mandated for residents. There were two meals a day, housekeeping services, social work, and recreational programs. These service costs were included in one monthly fee with the rent. Tax-exempt status and government mortgage loans at relatively low interest rates made the rents affordable for low-income aged residents. In Flushing the United Help Self Help Kissena Apartments funded by the state provided low cost housing with no mandatory services. The Flushing Y immediately adjacent to the building provided extensive social and recreational services for residents. JASA determined that its housing facilities would provide supportive services freely chosen by tenants.

JASA's housing program was forged by Federation's Communal Planning Committee's deliberations and our study of the field of geriatric care and housing. We hoped to fulfill the following goals:

- To provide appropriately designed apartments and community facilities for the elderly at affordable rents and to maintain the elderly in their homes for as long as possible;
- To serve the ill housed, disadvantaged, and isolated aged; to relocate the aged to more secure environments;
- To provide supportive social services, senior citizen centers, recreational and cultural activities, and access to medical, psychiatric, and home care services;
- To advocate for federal, state, and municipal legislation to assure the aged adequate housing and supportive services.[3]

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3 Bernard Warach, "Enriched Housing for the Elderly: the JASA Experience 1968–1990," Journal of Housing for the Elderly, Vol. 9, Numbers 1 & 2, Haworth Press, 1991, pp 141–156.

During my twenty-three years at JASA, 1968–1991, we were able to develop seven housing facilities and provide management and support services for eight facilities. They comprised ten buildings with 2,115 apartments and 2,510 elderly and handicapped tenants.

Each of the facilities was organized as a not-for-profit housing company under Article XI of the New York State housing law. JASA was their sponsor. Between 1968 and 1986 five of the facilities with 1,118 apartments were funded by the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development under the Section 202 direct low interest, 40 year mortgage loan program, linked to Section 8 low income rent subsidies. These housing units were:

Israel Senior Citizens Housing Development Fund Corporation
Brookdale Village Buildings I & II
155 Beach 19th Street
1925 Seagirt Boulevard
Far Rockaways, New York 11691

Manhattan Beach Housing Development Company
Scheuer House of Manhattan Beach
161 Corbin Place
Brooklyn, New York 11245

Brighton Beach Housing Development Fund Company
Scheuer House of Brighton Beach
3161 Brighton 6th Street
Brooklyn, New York 11236

Cooper Square Housing Development Fund Company
Evelyn and Louis Green Residence at Cooper Square
200 East 5th Street
New York, New York 10003

Seagirt Housing Development Fund Company
Evelyn and Louis A. Green Residence in the Far Rockaways
1915 Seagirt Boulevard
Far Rockaways, New York 11691

Three apartment houses were funded by the State of New York Housing Finance Agency and the Urban Development Corporation with FH 236 federal interest subsidies and Section 8 low income rent subsidies. They were:

Brookdale Village Housing Corporation
Brookdale Vilage (Buildings III and IV)
125 Beach 19th Street
131 Beach 19th Street
135 Beach 19th Street
Far Rockaways, New York 11691

Coney Island Site Nine Housing Company
Scheuer House of Coney Island
3601 Surf Avenue
Brooklyn, New York 11224

On behalf of the National Housing Company for Housing Partnerships JASA managed "Friendset House" from 1978, a 258-unit limited profit housing company in Coney Island. All the aged tenants at Friendset House received Section 8 subsidies.

Over the eighteen years of development JASA's housing facilities cost over $80 million with $76 million of federal and state mortgage loans and $4.3 million in philanthropic grants. These were principally contributions by Henry Schwartz through his Brookdale Foundation, Helen R. and S.H. Scheuer through their Scheuer Foundation, and Evelyn and Louis A. Green through their foundation. These philanthropic grants enabled JASA to provide adequate community facilities in each development. The interest subsidies, Section 8 rent subsidies, and municipal tax exemption provided an infusion of government funding in the amount of $11.1 million in FY 1989–90 to make possible a monthly rent to each elderly tenant which would not exceed thirty percent of their monthly income. This rent subsidy amounted to $5,270 per tenant per annum. Each year JASA renegotiated its budget with state and federal supervising authorities. With rising costs the federal governments annual rent subsidies increased to maintain the rent at the thirty percent of income level. By the time of my retirement in 1991 the cost of construction in New York City had risen so greatly that replication of our housing facilities would have cost $200 million. Both the federal and state housing programs for the elderly had been reduced to a trickle.

Location, Planning and Development of Facilities

All but one of JASA's apartment houses were located along the shorefront in Coney Island, Brighton and Manhattan Beach, Brooklyn, and the Far Rockaways, Queens. One building, the Green facility, was located on the Bowery just south of Cooper Square on the boundary of the Lower East Side.

We located the buildings in these neighborhoods by design. In development of all our facility and service offices we were keenly aware of the demography of each area.

I had been a keen observer of the process of neighborhood evolution for thirty years. Before commitments were made to construct each of the Associated Y community centers we engaged in a study of the neighborhoods to determine the status of its Jewish population. We were assisted then by Mignon Sauber, Research Director of Community Council of New York. She continued to be a keen resource during the JASA years. JASA was committed legally and morally to serving the elderly of every creed, color, and ethnic background. By locating in predominantly Jewish neighborhoods our clientele would more likely be significantly Jewish. Over the years as the Jewish population in New York City and its suburbs diminished, the number of non-Jewish clients and tenants increased. JASA has continued to fulfill its obligations.

There were other considerations in location of facilities. The availability of shopping, health services, transportation, recreation, religious institutions, and at the shorefront, the boardwalk, were all important amenities. Securing a building site under JASA's legal control was a precondition to government approval of the project for funding. Both the federal government and the state imposed a very low limit of $500 per unit as the maximum allowable cost of the building site. Consequently, a building with 150 units would be allowed to pay no more than $75,000 for a site. In the neighborhoods of choice for JASA the only such sites were owned by the city or other philanthropic institutions. The only alternative for JASA and other sponsors was to subsidize the building site purchase with philanthropic funds. Then how can an agency persuade a philanthropist to commit a grant for land purchase without the certainty that the project would proceed to completion? There was no guarantee until the very last day of the planning process when the federal or state government went to mortgage closing. Still, despite these severe problems, we moved forward undaunted.

JASA's buildings were designed by our architects with the counsel of Morris Stutman, Director of Housing, our social work staff, and me. Standards of design were established by the federal and state governments and the New York City Building departments. The city's codes required fireproof construction. Our buildings were all concrete and had brick facades. Cost limits of the government funding agencies were so stringent there was little discretion for the architects than to design tall brick cubes. However, the apartments were adequate. At 550 square feet they provided a pleasant living room-dining room, a small kitchen, a bedroom, and a bathroom with a tub and showerhead. There was an emergency alarm operated by a pull chain from the bathroom to the front doorman-security guard and the housing manager's apartment. Doors into the apartment and throughout the building were wide

enough for wheelchair access. The buildings were all handicap accessible. The buildings were all designed with central heating and air conditioning.

A major emphasis was the design of community center facilities in each building. These included a large social hall-dining room, institutional kitchen, library-conference room, arts and crafts studio, several clubrooms, social work offices, and bathrooms. These facilities were approximately ten thousand square feet of community space. JASA's philanthropic contribution paid for the additional community space above the government-mandated allowance.

At Brookdale Village II, the second stage of development, we were able to construct a far larger community center to serve eleven hundred residents and the community at large. We included provisions for an outpatient medical clinic and social work office. The availability of these facilities was very persuasive in securing government funding for service programs at their location.

The Scope of Management and Supportive Services at JASA Housing Facilities

Morris Stutman was Director of JASA's Department of Housing Development and Management. He came aboard in 1972 after our acquisition of the Israel Senior Citizen's Housing Development Fund Corporation and the initiation of Brookdale Village II. He was an able professional and had spent many years with the New York State Division of Housing and Community Renewal supervising housing development. He managed the complex details of the processing of our housing facilities through the government bureaus, the review of the architectural design, securing the mortgage loan and subsidy contracts, supervising general contractor relations, and seeing building construction to completion of the job. Concurrently, our projects were subject to the city's Uniform Land Use Procedure (ULUP). Prior to securing tax exemption for each building from the Board of Estimate, JASA was required to submit the proposed building and its site for review by the local Community Planning Board, the City Planning Commission, and finally the Board of Estimate, final arbiter.

Responsibility for initiating a project, gaining control of a building site, and securing its political approval from the city and government mortgage loan authorities fell to me. I brought to JASA many years of experience in developing community centers and camps at Associated Y's. These were complex community organization efforts and heavily laden with the politics of local neighborhoods. Our centers were located in the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and the suburban counties. I had developed cordial relationships with local district leaders, Councilmen, and Borough Presidents. More recently our

social work services and JPAC efforts had strengthened relationships with city commissioners and the Mayor's office.

Immediately JASA secured approval for its project from the federal and state governments, a first step in a five year process, I initiated a campaign with the Bureau of Purchased Services, HRA, and the Department of Aging for funding a senior center and community service program at that building location. I kept the departmental staff, the City Councilmen, and Congressmen advised of our progress and enlisted their support for the project every step of the way. The JASA buildings were all located in neighborhoods with a dense population of aged and very modest services. Alice Brophy, Commissioner of Aging, had once been Director of Community Services for the New York City Housing Authority. She was an enthusiastic advocate for our program.

Propitiously the years of completion of our buildings, 1976–1986, were years of increased funding for government services for the aged in the community; Title XX of the Social Security Act, which later became the Social Services Block Grant, the Older Americans Act, and other federal, state, and municipal programs were well budgeted. We succeeded in establishing senior centers and community service offices at Brookdale Village II, Scheuer House of Manhattan Beach, Scheuer House of Brighton Beach, and Scheuer House of Coney Island. At Cooper Square the federal government allowed JASA to employ a social worker within the housing company budget.

In 1978 the State of New York secured a Medicaid Waiver to permit the provision of personal care for physically and mentally disabled persons eligible for Medicaid. This service was even available to disabled and elderly persons whose income modestly exceeded Medicaid limits. Twenty-four hours and seven days of care could be provided. An additional service, the New York State "Expanded In-Home Services for the Elderly Program" (EISEP), provided some hours of home care for elderly above the Medicaid poverty level who were significantly disabled. For some homebound aged a hot meal delivered five days a week was made available.

Residents could request the assistance of JASA's social workers or be referred by JASA's Housing Manager onsite. Residents presented a gamut of problems from securing Medicare payments, establishing Medicaid eligibility, to paying a bill. Referrals frequently came at a time of crisis during an acute episode of physical or mental disability and in bereavement. The assistance JASA secured for such tenants enabled them to remain at home.

For severely mentally impaired tenants who were unable or refused to accept psychiatric treatment or hospitalization or those whose family was uncooperative JASA's social worker could request the assistance of the Protective Services Unit of the New York City Department of Social Services (DSS). DSS could secure an appropriate court order to require temporary hospitalization or the appointment of a conservator or guardian.

Within each housing complex JASA assisted residents to organize Tenants Associations. They had their own Executive Committee and officers. The Tenants Associations organized social, recreational, and educational programs. The associations represented tenants with grievances to housing management. Volunteer "floor captains" for each floor were recruited through the associations. They provided a friendly daily check on the well being of each neighbor. They assisted tenants in illness or an emergency.

The programs and services located in JASA buildings served all the elderly in the community. Their co-location within our buildings certainly made them a convenient resource for our tenants as well.

Who Were JASA's Residents?

We conducted several studies of JASA's residents. The first "Survey of Residents of Housing Facilities Sponsored or Managed by JASA' was completed by JASA staff in 1985. Subsequently in 1986 "A Survey Study of Elderly Residents in Brookdale Village and the Evelyn and Louis A. Green Residence in the Rockaways" was completed by Dr. Abraham Monk, Leonard W. Kaye, and Beverly Diamond of the Brookdale Institute on Aging and Adult Human Development, Columbia University. Both studies confirmed the increasing longevity of residents and the startling increase in the number of residents over 75 and over 85 years of age. The studies were made before completion of the JASA residence at Cooper Square. Highlights of the demography of the residents are:

- JASA's housing facilities had 1,814 apartments in eight buildings, 1,783 of which were occupied, reflecting a two percent vacancy rate.
- There were 2,089 tenants or 1.17 residents per apartment.
- Of the 2,089 tenants, 1,544, 74 percent, were women, the balance 545 or 26 percent were men.
- The average age of all tenants was 77.926. At the oldest building, Brookdale Village I in the Rockaways, the average age was 80.7. At the newest building, Scheuer House of Brighton Beach, the average age was 71.1.
- Some 67.4 percent of tenants, 1,407, were over 75. The number of tenants over 85 was 423, 20 percent.

The average age of tenants at move-in was 72. We concluded that on average, residents at move-in represented a healthier, more mentally and physically stable element of the elderly population. The actual age at move-in was ten

years higher than the initial age of eligibility for admission, 62. Relocation required great physical and mental stamina, a predictor of longevity. We noted the apparent isolation of our elderly tenants.

- Eleven percent of residents, 224, were single and never married.
- Twenty percent of households, 380, never had any children.
- Sixty percent of the population, 1,261, was widowed. Altogether seventy-one percent were single person households.

Our residents were therefore more single than the general aged population. In 1986 census estimates had only thirty percent of non-institutional aged living alone in the general population. Of the elderly with children, 1,403 households, seventy-nine percent, had children in the metropolitan area and twenty-one percent did not. One third of our tenants had no adult children in the immediate area to turn to for help in the event of a personal crisis. We concluded that the congregate character of JASA housing facilities as a very secure and friendly residence was a very important motivation for applicants.

We did not have precise data on the physical or mental disabilities of our tenants. However, a review of tenant records by housing managers and social work staff found eight to thirty-one percent of residents had been observed to have major physical disabilities requiring some physical aid. Dr. Monk found that 71.6 percent of Brookdale Village tenants had some physical disability or illness. No less than 22.6 percent had home care aides to assist them in activities of daily living.

Major Problems of Residents

Chronic illness and physical and mental impairment were identified as major problems of a significant number of residents. JASA's social work staff was fairly successful in assisting chronically ill, homebound residents to secure home attendant care. Most were poor and near poor and could be identified as eligible for Medicaid benefits. For the near poor or those with savings above the allowed Medicaid levels they sometimes required persuasion to "spend down", use their savings for the care they needed until they were at last Medicaid eligible. When their disabilities became very severe and they required daily medical attention, our social workers arranged for their relocation to a nursing home. Such placement occurred rarely for our residents, most frequently after treatment for acute illness in a hospital.

The mentally impaired aged were a far greater problem for themselves, their families, fellow residents, our social workers, and housing managers. The onset of mental illness, dementia, and Alzheimer's was insidious and slow. Bizarre

and self-destructive behavior would be observed. Self-denial of food and water leads to malnutrition, dehydration, and severe illness. Such elderly tenants turned on the water in sinks and bathtubs and left them running, creating floods. Stove fires were observed and dangerous. Sometimes the Collyer Brothers syndrome was observed. The mentally impaired elderly accumulated huge confounding piles of rubbish in their apartments. Sometimes the elderly and their families refused to accept medical care and hospitalization. The involuntary relocation of an elderly tenant was a laborious, painful, and costly process. Ultimately the authority of Protective Services and the courts could be invoked by appointment of guardians for the impaired tenant. There were times when the incongruity of JASA, taking action to evict a mentally impaired tenant unwilling accept care, finding ourselves in Housing Court opposed by a Legal Aid Attorney, was an ironic consequence of the curious workings of the American social and legal systems. In New York City the housing courts were most often sympathetic to the tenant. We had to find our remedy in the mental health and protective service system.

The twenty-three years of housing development actually were years of high adventure with some great moments of anxiety, of defeats, and of notable success. It began with our negotiations for the merger of the Home of Old Israel and their Israel Senior Citizens Housing Company into JASA. This was such a fine opportunity. Home of Old Israel had almost completed construction of two new buildings in the Far Rockaways. The home had secured federal rent subsidies for their tenants. But their President had contracted with the union of his employees at the Home, D.C. 1199, to grant them a new contract at the housing development when it was completed. This commitment was made in part to avert a large sum in severance payment to employees of the Home when it closed. Subsequently, Jack Singer, President of the Home, promised the community and incoming tenants the provision of security guards at the front door of each of the two buildings twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. This was not an unreasonable provision given the incidence of crime in the Far Rockaways at that time. The elderly were fearful, and the security guards would allay their anxiety. The cost of employing three shifts of security guards every day of the year exceeded $150,000. Unfortunately Jack Singer had not included this cost in his initial budget for the housing company. The federal Department of Housing disallowed the cost and Home of Old Israel was legally obliged to pay their employees. D.C. 1199, one of the most aggressive unions in New York, insisted on payment. JASA would be obliged to assume this financial burden if we accepted the legal obligations of Home of Old Israel. Then there was the problem of Jerome Roth. He had been the fundraiser for Home of Old Israel, an older man, and Jack Singer insisted that he be given a "life contract" as manager of the new housing development. Even assuming his competency as Housing Manager this was a steep financial price.

Still, there was much to be gained. Home of Israel owned this large building site at Beach 19th Street, and it had been fully paid. It was large enough to develop three additional buildings with almost one thousand apartments. Our demographic studies suggested this to be an excellent location for a JASA housing development. Still, the cost of this acquisition was very high.

In retrospect we did well to go forward with this development. Thanks to the good offices of Stanley Berman, our trustee, we negotiated with the Department of Housing and Urban Development. The department was eager to have JASA succeed to the sponsorship of this housing development in which so much federal mortgage money was invested. JASA had to absorb the first year of costs for the security guards, and thereafter their costs would be absorbed by the housing company budget and paid for by the federal government rent subsidies. JASA accepted the union agreement with D.C. 1199. As aggressive as this union was, its agreements were easily reached. The single master agreement in New York City was made by D.C. 1199 and the hospitals. They negotiated with the Governor of New York State and settled the terms of all D.C. 1199 contracts in the city. They negotiated aggressively for their members. All our union agreements in other buildings were with D.C. 1707.

Jack Roth served as Housing Manager at Brookdale Village for several years, his services supported by Morris Stutman. He had not been a well man and died suddenly of a heart attack. He had been well meaning and had strongly supported the JASA acquisition. When he died his family benefited from a severance payment in lieu of a death benefit, which was covered by a life insurance policy we had purchased on his behalf. The Home of Old Israel arrangement helped us moved forward in the field of housing in spectacular fashion.

I spent a great deal of time in the neighborhoods on the south shore of Brooklyn. The Jewish population of the city gravitated toward the south shore after the war, and Manhattan Beach attracted the affluent and politically well connected. Brighton Beach was a lower middle class neighborhood with new, affordable apartment buildings constructed after the war with government support, and Coney Island, once a low income Jewish neighborhood, was left with an aging, poor Jewish population living amongst minority families and large scale low income housing. At the westerly end of Coney Island stood a gated enclave, Sea Gate. This was a community of private middle class Jewish homeowners.

In Coney Island the city had acquired by purchase with federal urban development funds and by acquisition under "in rem" proceedings from owners who had defaulted on payment of their taxes. There were acres of abandoned one family cottages once occupied by poor Jews who enjoyed the seaside and ocean bathing. Most had been demolished and the area looked like a ghastly bombed out city. Therefore, it was ripe for development and building sites were available through designation by the city at very low cost. The site costs were within federal and state government cost limits.

I engaged in the competition for sponsorship of two housing for the elderly projects initiated by the city in Coney Island. One was at 3601 Surf Avenue and 37th Street adjacent to Sea Gate. This was being developed by the New York State Urban Development Corporation (UDC). The second was Friendset House, under development by the New York City Department of Housing. JASA was designated sponsor of the 196-unit apartment house under UDC funding, which ultimately became Scheuer House of Coney Island. The Settlement Housing Fund and the Friendship Club of Maimonides Hospital were awarded sponsorship of Friendset House. The Settlement Housing Fund was a well meaning organization and its social work professionals good friends and colleagues ready to advocate for government funding of low cost housing programs. This building was acquired by a national limited profit housing company. JASA was granted a contract for management of the building and provision of its social services. I was chagrined by this split award. The Settlement Housing Fund was a citywide agency organized by United Neighborhood Houses to advise local organizations on initiating housing programs. The Friendship Club of Maimonides Hospital was miles away form Coney Island. In the end they disappeared.

We were welcomed by the local district leader and the Brooklyn Borough President to sponsor a housing for the elderly facility in Manhattan Beach. JASA was to purchase the Manhattan Beach Hotel and secure federal funding for its conversion to housing for the elderly. The Manhattan Beach Hotel, constructed before World War I, had been an elegant resort hotel when Manhattan Beach and its oceanfront were far away from the teeming city. As the years went on after World War I, the neighborhood became the site of middle class homes and later an upper middle class residence for some of Brooklyn's well connected and political leadership. Alas, the Manhattan Beach Hotel, so beautifully located at Corbin Place facing the Sheepshead Bay channel, succumbed to the way of all flesh. In its later years as we surveyed the building, it had become a residence for some poor, decrepit elderly and ladies of the night. It had a bad reputation, and neighbors dearly hoped it would disappear. The real estate market during the early seventies was dreadful, and the owner could find no buyer. I persuaded the Board of JASA that this hotel, renovated, would make an excellent residence for the Jewish elderly. We were able to negotiate a contract for the hotel at a reasonable price with a closing date several years forward to give us time for completion of the alteration plans and to secure mortgage closing. Si Scheuer agreed to fund this venture and pledged $750,000 to meet its costs. We had to buy the building in a contract which provided that it would be delivered tenant free! This was a very risky and potentially costly undertaking for the owner because some of the tenants were long time rent controlled residents. We took title before mortgage closing, and that was a risk; had there been no closing we would

have owned an old hotel. We did go to closing on November 26, 1980, to my great relief. Then we were confronted by a really difficult problem. There were more than fourteen tenants left in the building. Four of the tenants were elderly people. Morris Stutman arranged for them to be temporarily relocated to our Scheuer House of Coney Island with the assurance that they would be resettled in the building when it was completed. The balance of the temporary residents, the ladies of the night, upon receipt of cash relocation payments, found other homes.

Still, building renovation is a more difficult job than new construction. Scheuer House of Manhattan Beach was completed with some difficulties. There were unanticipated problems and numerous change orders. There was one fire during construction, which was fortunately contained. Upon completion in 1983 it was a handsome, wonderfully well located home for older people. It was welcomed in the community, and the Building Dedication was a great affair. I was especially glad to seat my mother and father among the notables.

Over the years there were three criminal incidents in our buildings, which were very disturbing. At Friendset an older Jewish man was murdered by a prostitute he had brought into the building. His throat was slit from ear to ear. The security guard and manager reported later that he had been a Coney Island fence before he moved into the building. His apartment had a number of television sets brought to him after some grand larceny. In a second incident a young black teenager fell or was pushed off the roof of Friendset. He had been the grandson of one of our elder residents and presumably had been visiting. He had violated one of our house rules in being up on the roof. In a third affair, at the Green Building in the Rockaways, an elderly resident was murdered in a stairwell by a visitor. But for the most part, our buildings were immune from the criminal activities of the day. Our security guards screened visitors but could not protect our tenants from family, friends, and acquaintances they invited into their homes.

Housing management of facilities for the elderly was a very calm and orderly process for the most part. There were several thousand applications for apartments at the outset and hundreds thereafter. Tenants were quiet, orderly, and paid their rent on time.

Scheuer House of Brighton Beach, funded by the federal government, proceeded with dispatch. We were able to secure control of the building site from the Associated Y's and the Shorefront Y Board. It was a beautiful location at Brighton 6th Street and the boardwalk. Concurrently, the Scheuer family agreed to fund a new Natatorium and Health Club for the Brighton Beach Y. JASA undertook to contract for the architectural planning and building construction for the facility concurrently with our apartment house. This arrangement worked well to the delight of all the Shorefront Y Board members and the community at large. The land use proceeding moved easily, and the

projects were approved by the Board of Estimate. Closing for the mortgage took place on April 9, 1981. The building was completed in 1983.

I had made a great effort to persuade the Commissioner of Housing of the city to designate JASA as sponsor of a housing for the elderly facility in Manhattan in a neighborhood in which we could feasibly develop a successful apartment house. We looked at a number of vacant, city owned building sites and at last came upon a vacant property at Fifth Street to Fourth Street and the Bowery. The site was twenty thousand square feet, two hundred by one hundred. This was the very edge of the Lower East Side. It was such a familiar place. As a teenager I had walked to my father's rag shop at Bond Street and later, 4 Great Jones Street, right by it. During the thirties the property had been occupied by very old two-story homes converted to stores and then bought by the city for demolition. The property was just south of Cooper Union and Astor Place. Two blocks north a developer had the courage to build a condominium and had succeeded in selling his apartments. This shabby area was ripe for development. But the city had been unable to ensure creation of new housing on this site.

In a storefront office several doors down from the vacant site a local, presumably indigenous community group, the Cooper Square Community Development Committee and Businessmen's Association was located. They were characterized by Matthew L. Wald, the New York Times reporter who covered the story published by the New York Times on January 8, 1983 as "a local community service and lobbying group made up primarily of black and Hispanic people seeking to share control of tenant recruitment and services after construction." The story went on to assert:

> "The committee says the Jewish organization has been racially biased in its selection of tenants at similar projects in Brooklyn and Queens. The Cooper Square Committee also asserts that it was instrumental in having the site declared part of an urban renewal district two decades ago and that therefore nothing should be build on it without Cooper Square's participation. The argument between the two groups is made more fierce because each is scrambling for a shrinking supply of government money for housing for the poor. A plan advanced more than a decade ago for a nearby site by the Cooper Square Committee to build more than 1,000 units of low income housing was trimmed to 150 units for want of funds but is still far from implementation.
>
> The Cooper Square Committee sought unsuccessfully to block the project by JASA when it came up for approval before Community Planning Board 3 and the City Planning Commission. Cooper Square

promises to try again when the issue reaches the Board of Estimate, which may consider the proposed 14-story building at its meeting next Thursday, January 13, 1983. Failing that, the committee plans to sue.

"We're not happy with anything that doesn't reflect the composition of the Lower East Side which is integrated," says Frances Goldin who helped found Cooper Square 21 years ago.

"We want this building built," said Mrs. Goldin, but she added that before her group would let JASA build it, "We're going to try to change it to impose on them the kind of safeguards, the kind of regulations so that the people who live there won't feel hostage or feel uncomfortable." Residents of a 'segregated' building would not fit into the community, she said.

"In addition," she said, "only the Cooper Square group has the knowledge of the area that will assure the proper procedures."

"We believe we are responsive to their concern for priorities for local people," said Mr. Warach. "We will make a vigorous effort on the Lower East Side to reach people of every race, creed, and color," he said. The association's plan, under the guidelines of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, calls for giving first priority to those living in substandard housing in the Lower East Side.

Cooper Square's main argument is the heavily white composition of JASA projects in Far Rockaways, Coney Island, and Brighton Beach. According to reports filed with HUD by JASA of 1,006 units, 48 are occupied by Black or Hispanic people. "They are a bunch of racists," said Margarita Lopez, a member of the Cooper Square Committee and Chairman of the Lower East Side Joint Planning Council, a coalition of 25 area organizations.

Mr. Warach, however, points out that the proportion of minority persons in the city's population varies by age group. He displayed census data showing that one area of Queens where JASA has built housing for the elderly has a small proportion of nonwhite people over 65 but a larger proportion of nonwhite children under age 5."

Once JASA had been designated sponsor for the Cooper Square Development I organized an Advisory Committee for Cooper Square Housing for the Elderly. There was no problem securing a broad ranged membership of organizations representing every ethnic, religious, and racial group on the Lower East Side. I was aware of the hostility of the Cooper Square Community Development and Businessmen's Association from the outset.

The group was actually a very small organization representing black and Hispanic residents of a miniscule geographic area from Houston Street to St. Marks Place, Second Avenue to the Bowery. I doubt there were many, if

any, businessmen in the neighborhood who were members. It was a mystery to know how Frances Goldin had ever become a founder of the organization and its President. Some years later I read that she had been one of a group of Greenwich Village activists, along with Jane Jacobs, who were successful in defeating the Robert Moses effort to build a superhighway over Houston Street and Greenwich Village. She was a literary booking agent. I learned that she was a hostile adversary in a variety of Lower East Side housing and community planning efforts from other Lower East Side organizations. I knew the Lower East Side far, far better than Frances Goldin, as a native son. The Lower East Side had been my native land since my birth through my college years. I knew that the Lower East Side was bounded by the Brooklyn Bridge on the south, Fourteenth Street on the north, the Bowery on the west, and the East River on the east. In 1980 the people who lived in this neighborhood were a very varied lot. There were still many Jewish residents in the area, many Orthodox families clustered in the cooperatives north of Delancy Street, but still scattered throughout the area. There were still many people of Slavic origin, Polish and Ukrainian, Italian people, and a growing number of Chinese. Then there were many younger people, predominantly white, who had moved into the Village East since the sixties. The JASA Advisory Committee represented all of these elements and every Senior Citizen Center on the Lower East Side, all of whose directors knew me well and had confidence in JASA.

I felt particularly outraged at Frances Goldin's allegations that JASA was racist. This accusation had the ring of the hostile charges by black nationalists during the sixties at the Teacher's Union during the struggle for community control in the Brooklyn Bedford-Stuyvesant School district. Moreover, coming from Frances Goldin, a Jewish woman, it was particularly aggravating. These charges followed the Communist Party line the world over at that time in its attacks on Israel as a "Racist State". JASA was ipso facto a Jewish bourgeois "racist" organization. The Cooper Square Community Development Committee refused to join our advisory committee. Consequently, it did not participate in our review of the very explicit rules for choice of elderly residents, the outreach effort advertising the availability of applications, and the final conduct of the lottery for the apartments.

I was really delighted to participate in the meeting of the Lower East Side Community Planning Board to listen to the numerous proponents of our project and its approval by a significant majority. Subsequently, the City Planning Committee approved the facility, as did the Board of Estimate and Mayor Edward Koch, unanimously. The lottery we conducted upon completion of the building resulted in a very heterogeneous group of residents, still predominantly white, some Hispanic and black, many Chinese, and some Jewish tenants. Nothing more was said by Cooper Square Development

Committee about our sponsorship. There was no lawsuit. Ironically the committee requested permission to hold one poorly attended meeting in our large social hall after the building was completed. The New York Times reported upon the dedication of the building with a very miniscule one-inch notice. I had written a letter to Mathew Wald, the reporter of the January 8, 1983 article, and his city editor asking for a fair final report on this "dispute" to which they had devoted such a large spread. They did not reply. Good news was not salable news "fit to print".

After the completion of the Evelyn and Lewis A. Green Residence at Cooper Square we continued our search for a building site for the new housing for the aging in New York City and the suburban counties to no avail. State Mitchell-Lama mortgage loan funding ended as the states faced severe deficits and reduced its loan authorizations.

The Housing and Community Development Act of 1987 authorized 12,000 Section FH 202 units for FY 1988 and FY 1989. However, economies required by the Gramm-Rudman Act reduced the allocation in FY 1988 to 10,880 units with the direct loan limitation at $565.8 million. Twenty-five percent of this loan allocation had to be used for the handicapped. The president's budget for FY 1989 proposed a reduction of 50.9 percent with loan authorization of $286.6 million.

The acquisition of a building site zoned to construct an apartment building for the aged of 100 units in middle class areas of the city became very difficult. There were few such sites. Costs rose to $120 a square foot so that a 20,000 square foot site would cost $2.4 million for a site to construct 150 units. The maximum allowable HUD cost allowance remained at $500 per dwelling unit or $75,000.

The only sites available were, therefore, city-owned land in urban redevelopment areas or land owned by churches, synagogues or other nonprofit institutions willing to contribute such valuable land for development for housing for the aged. Moreover, construction costs were rising, making development unfeasible. I could not secure philanthropic contributions to make housing facilities possible.

The Development and Management of Housing and Retiree Communities for Middle and Upper Income Elderly

The development, sale, and management of housing facilities ranging from low cost boarding homes to expensive retirement life care communities has become a huge business enterprise. These communities, originally located in the Sunbelt states, were now evident in the outer ring of metropolitan

areas throughout the country. They offered independent housing and a range of services including security guards, building maintenance, social and recreational activities, and transportation. In 1976 there were an estimated 2,363 retirement communities in the United States housing one million residents. By 2009 they have more than doubled their number and population.

The life care communities offered a continuum of health, personal care, and medical and nursing services. In 1987 there were an estimated 300 to 600 life care communities serving more than 90,000 residents. Life care communities were developed and operated by proprietary as well as nonprofit institutions. Some of the proprietary facilities have gone bankrupt because the costs of providing long term care exceeded estimates with the growing longevity of the aged.

The greatest number of housing units has been produced by business interests for middle-income purchases. Their developments were age-restricted communities and provided only modest services at the cost of residents. The "sun city" communities were highly successful enterprises, meeting the needs of middle class retirees in lower cost areas. JASA and other nonprofit agencies considered involvement in housing for middle-income elderly. The great business risks for such development militated against our participation. Our Board would not consider such an effort as philanthropic.

In recent years with the curtailment of new housing developments greater attention was paid to alternative opportunities to assist the elderly to retain their own homes and apartments and to assure their continued occupancy, adequate maintenance, and the installation of health, safety, and security devices. It has long been recognized that most aged will grow older in their own homes and will not relocate. There is great comfort and security among friends and neighbors, even in changing neighborhoods.

During the past twenty-three years JASA assisted thousands of elderly to leave disintegrating, crime ridden areas and to relocate to our own housing facilities and other new large scale developments such as Rochdale City, Starrett City, and Co-Op City. Many elderly stayed on, secured in a rent-controlled apartment. More recently some of these neighborhoods became gentrified and other problems have arisen from the efforts of landlords to displace elderly rent controlled tenants. This has been observed in communities with three family homes not protected by rent control.

JASA social workers have assisted elderly tenants by persuading landlords to provide grab bars for the bathrooms, sometimes paying for their installation by JASA cash grants. City funded subsidies, "Senior Citizen Rent Increase Exceptions", have been secured. House owners have been assisted to secure "circuit breaker" tax relief or "Real Estate Tax Exception for Senior Citizens" or "Home Energy Assistance" grants.

In 1987 JASA initiated a home sharing program in Queens funded by the city and state. This modest experiment, staffed by one social worker, succeeded in relocating elderly persons in homes and apartments. Given the availability of unused bedrooms amongst elderly "empty nesters" home sharing is a constructive alternative worth exploring.

With the shortage of affordable housing in New York City and its suburbs there has been an observed increase in development of legal and illegal accessory apartments, particularly in areas zoned for one family homes. There has been an increased incidence of community conflict in the effort to secure zone amendments to permit conversion of one family homes.

Public Policy and Legislation for a Better Old Age

As my responsibilities at JASA came to a close I enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing the continued value of our housing facilities for several thousand older adults. Their apartments provided a good home at an affordable cost. They could enjoy life with security and services available to them as they needed. They all recreated a new life in new surroundings. In my last visits to the buildings I observed the great increase in the elderly who moved with difficulty, assisted by canes and walkers. The rising number of elderly in advanced age has contributed to new problems of housing in age. There remain millions of older Americans who are ill housed. For many their limited retirement income has made it difficult for them to pay their rent. For the survivors, community services need to be secured. In New York City a successful network of services has been established to serve the poor and near poor. Middle class aged, with resources, need to learn to purchase these supportive services. Government support for development of housing for the elderly needs to be restored.

JASA's Financing

Dr. Maurice B. Hexter, long experienced in the world of philanthropy, knew well the value of capital contributions. In some ways it was easier to raise money for buildings, hospitals, nursing homes, childcare institutions, community centers, and housing for the aged facilities than for their maintenance. These were long-term investments with utility for patients and residents over many generations. Like the pyramids they were named for the kings of our day, the merchant princes whose gifts made them possible. The buildings were a testament to their status. By the middle of the twentieth century American tax law granted benefits to the rich who could realize tax deductions for

contributions to charitable organizations. Early in the twentieth century the Rockefellers were advised to give away significant portions of their fortune to restore their name to the aura of benefactor, a transformation of their reputation as avaricious malefactors.

Within the Jewish community, "tzedekah", charity, had always enjoyed great social and religious value. The earliest Sephardic settlers in New Amsterdam established their own synagogues and welfare funds. Later German Jewish immigrants, and then the Eastern European Jews, created their philanthropies to support their needy brethren, to avert their dependency upon the gentile commonwealth. By 1917 there were 3,637 Jewish philanthropic organizations in New York City, representing the charitable inclinations of a very diverse Jewish community of more than one and a half million souls. Felix M. Warburg, with Jacob Schiff, organized the Federation for Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies of New York City on January 1, 1917. Felix M. Warburg became its first President. In 1918 Federation, at the behest of Jacob Schiff, Warburg's father-in-law, undertook the War Relief Campaign to assist needy Jews overseas. Five million dollars was raised.

Dr. Hexter was one of the early pioneering professional Executive Directors in the leadership of metropolitan federations. By the mid sixties he had initiated the establishment of Associated YM-YWHA's , the Henry Kaufmann Campgrounds, the Jewish Community Services of Long Island, and the Long Island Jewish Hospital. He enlisted the aid of key laymen and women in his efforts. Several were attorneys and trustees of charitable foundations and trusts. In his campaign to establish the new agencies he secured commitments for major contributions of capital funds. These were critical elements in his campaign to secure approval of his proposed new agencies from the Board of Trustees of Federation.

Leonard Block, Chairman of the Communal Planning Committee of Federation, was one such important ally. Leonard Block's father had come to the United States as an immigrant from Eastern Europe and became a pharmacist. He founded the Block Drug Company, which, under Leonard Block's management, became a huge, successful corporation. His pledge of $500,000 for JASA was its first gift. Dr. Hexter then secured a grant of $750,000 from Norman Goetz, a trustee of the Henry Kaufmann Foundation. The pledge of Lewis A. Green of $2,000,000 was ultimately paid by the Evelyn and Lewis A. Green Foundation. A gift of $1,100,000 had been made by the Henrietta and Stuard Hirschman Foundation to establish an experimental service center for the aged in the Mosholu neighborhood. This fund was transferred to JASA at its founding. The sum total of $4,350,000 announced that JASA's founding was very impressive.

No doubt the availability of these gifts enhanced the aura of JASA as a very well funded agency. In fact the Hirschman fund was allocated to support

of the staff of the Coordinating Committee in the Bronx. The fund was to be consumed within a ten-year period. It was therefore fully committed and helped sustain current operating costs. The balance of the pledges, $3,250,000, took us more than fifteen years to secure. These pledges undoubtedly attracted the interest of Henry Schwartz, benefactor of the Brookdale foundation, who contributed $1.3 million for the Brookdale Village housing project. The gifts of Si Scheuer, through his Helen R. and S.H. Scheuer Foundation, of $1,675,000 for the Scheuer Houses of Manhattan Beach, Brighton Beach, and Coney Island followed. The pledge from Leonard Block, the Green Family, the Scheuer Foundation, and the Siegels paid for the Hexter Building. Finally the Green Family gifts made possible the two Green housing facilities in the Rockaways and at Cooper Square in Manhattan. A modest remainder of the Green Foundation gifts for the buildings was left after completion of these buildings and transferred to our endowment funds.

Martha K. Selig referred Harold Resnick, representative of the Brookdale foundation and Henry Schwartz's accountant, to me at a time when we were discussing the possible transfer of the Home of Old Israel buildings to JASA's sponsorship in 1971. Henry Schwartz was then an elderly man, a widower, and keenly interested in contributing to the well being of the aged. He had made his fortune in the oil business. He and his brothers founded the Paragon Oil Company during the 1920's. Paragon became a distributor of oil in Brooklyn and Queens, to homeowners and factories. They were converting to oil heat from coal. He was a very able executive and a firm believer in statistics, particularly the correlation of the weather and home heating oil consumption. This made it possible for him to purchase oil futures on a very large scale. Then Paragon Oil was purchased by Texaco in an exchange of stock worth more than one hundred million dollars. Henry Schwartz and his brothers became the largest stockholders in Texaco. They did not sell their stock, and the shares multiplied and increased in value. Henry Schwartz had no children and in the last years of his life made many philanthropic contributions. One day I was invited to lunch at his estate, a large farm in Rockland County. The lunch was noteworthy. Henry Schwartz was interested in our work and our intentions. He listened keenly as I told him about my life, my professional career, and my family. This was his way to gain an appreciation of the executive of the agency to which he would allocate significant sums. The large pledge of $1,000,000 for Brookdale Village, on August 22, 1969, was increased to $1,350,000 on August 16, 1973. The foundation's contribution was used to acquire the property, fund the obligations of the original developers, and meet the added costs of the service center for development, equipment, and furniture. The lunch was very pleasant. All the fresh fruit and vegetables were grown on the Schwartz farm.

There were many other gifts. The foundation provided $101,250 for the Joint Public Affairs Committee from June 1977 through June 1981, the start up costs for this service. The source of this grant was the Brookdale Fund at Federation. Initiated in January 1971, the JASA/Brookdale Legal Services for the Aged was financed by a grant of $90,000 from the Brookdale Fund at Federation. During a two-year period, July 1, 1977 to June 30, 1979, the Brookdale Fund paid for $30,000 in fellowships for social work students at the schools of social work at Adelphia, Hunter College, and Columbia University. A number of studies at JASA were also supported by this grant. We were able to engage the services of Dr. Abraham Monk at Columbia. Marjorie Cantor of the Brookdale Center for the Aging and others conducted important studies of JASA's management and statistical reporting systems. The foundation funded weekend cultural activities at the JASA/Brookdale Center in the Rockaways beginning in 1976 through June 1981 at a cost of $17,333. In Long Beach the Brookdale Fund at Federation contributed $65,875 from 1976 to 1981 to pay the rent for the JASA/Brookdale Senior Center in Long Beach.

Another important initiative supported by the Brookdale Fund was the JASA/Brookdale Department of Volunteer Services and the "JASA/Brookdale News" from May 1, 1974 to August 31, 1979. The sum of $213,019 was contributed over five years. The Brookdale Foundation grants were significant. They contributed greatly to the services JASA could provide in its early years of development. Altogether the Brookdale Foundation contributed $1,867,477 to JASA from August 22, 1979 to June 1981.

Si and Helen Scheuer continued their benefactions to JASA during their lifetime and long afterwards. The Helen R. and S.H. Scheuer Foundation, to which Martha K. Selig relocated upon her retirement from Federation, continued to support programs at JASA long after the Scheuer buildings were completed. Their grandson James, Jr. and later his wife Sylvia became helpful members of our Board.

Establishing and maintaining good relationships with benefactors and foundation executives was a constant, unremitting effort. There were always new proposals to be made and reports to be rendered for programs under way. But the time was ripe. There was great interest in our JASA effort, and I found welcome listeners.

JASA Income and Expenditures, October 1, 1968 to June 30, 1991

How can I describe my engagement in the management of JASA's finances from my first day of employment, October 1, 1968, to my retirement, June 30, 1991, a twenty-three year period? My first exposure to business and bookkeeping began shortly after my Bar Mitzvah. My father had confidence in me to prepare the bills to wholesalers for the sale of his rags. I transcribed the names of the rags, their weight, unit costs, and value of each item sold and totaled the entirety. All this was by hand, and we had no adding machine! You can imagine that I calculated and recalculated the multiplication and addition numerous times before submitting the completed bill to my father. There were times I hand delivered the bill to secure a check speedily in payment from the wholesaler. One firm I remember particularly well was Glaser and Jaffe on Mercer Street. They owned a huge four-story loft building on this shabby street. Their freight landing stood high above the sidewalk. Mercer Street was paved with cobblestones, and the sidewalks were made of solid slabs of granite. The street was crowded with trucks loaded with waste paper. This was the 1930's and the Soho loft district, once the center for light manufacturing, had become a locus for the waste trades. It would be thirty years before Soho would be discovered by artists who made glorious illegal apartments in these lofts. They transformed the area! Joe Glaser was a kindly man and always wrote a payment check speedily. He knew Joe Warach to be a very responsible, poor ragman who needed the money. I kept the books for my father during the years I lived with the family before leaving for Pittsburgh.

During the depression my father's business income could not have exceeded thirty thousand dollars a year. The rent at the apartment on Seventh Street, which had fallen to $35 a month, was always paid on time. My mother always had enough money to purchase food. But they were hard times.

I never forgot some elementary lessons in business.

- Bill promptly to collect money to pay bills and meet the payroll.
- Never borrow money you can't repay.
- Maintain a keen sense of anticipated income, expense, and cash flow.

- Keep exact records.
- Save money and accumulate a savings reserve.

These simple precepts I learned from my father and stood me in good stead as a social agency executive and in my personal life.

All of my administrative experience prior to JASA contributed to my capacity to manage this new assignment. My work with the United State Department of Agriculture and UNRRA exposed me to government procedures, management, finances, and budgeting organization. I gained perspective. All our activity was bound by the statutes establishing the agencies and their programs. I grew sensitive to the nuances of administrative law. I became adept at interpretation and utilization of administrative law to achieve immediate objectives. Government officials actually had enormous discretion if they were so determined. An adamant government apparatchik could be an inflexible martinet. My later work as Director of Emma Kaufmann Camp and Director of the Mosholu Neighborhood Center was exercise in perfecting budget management on a very small scale with very real people. The annual expenditures of these enterprises were on the order of thirty-five thousand dollars a year. We counted every penny twice and succeeded in bringing in our annual income and expenses on the mark every year.

On a much larger scale from 1957 to 1968 as General Director of the Associated Y's I managed the administrative affairs of the fifteen community centers and two camps. Concurrently, I supervised the development and construction of ten new community center buildings and one camp. This was a strenuous undertaking. It was made more difficult by the contradictory character of the agency by-laws. These split the authority of the central board and its executives and the branch boards and their executives. The branch boards failed to fulfill their financial responsibilities to pay their local deficits. No center executive or branch board suffered any disciplinary action for this grave breach. Much later the Associated Y's in 1986, eighteen years after my departure, accumulated so large an accrued deficit that agency was forced out of business. I was determined to manage JASA quite another way. There would be only one financial master; that would be me.

It was obvious from the outset that JASA could not fulfill its ambitious objectives without marshalling vast sums beyond the resources available to Federation and voluntary philanthropy. Ben Kaplan and I did tentative budget estimates early in 1968 and determined that we should need more than fifty million dollars to fund the fifty neighborhood community service offices and senior centers asserted as our goal. Provision of home care would cost twenty million dollars a year. The capital costs of the housing facilities would reach a hundred million dollars. Only government sources could fund so huge a

program. I believe our founders Messrs. Hexter and Block understood that JASA would have to turn to government funding. They did not have an immediate clue to the source for this funding or how JASA could gain access to these resources. We should have to find our own way.

As we began, we organized JASA's administration and fiscal affairs with one central authority, which was me, as the Principal Executive and Ben Kaplan as my Deputy/Director of Administration. We signed off on all financial commitments, contracts, purchases, and staff appointments in accordance with the allocation of our annual budgets as approved by the JASA Board of Directors. The budgets were organized by month and quarter and so recorded. We received monthly financial reports about ten days after the end of the month. Our accountant, Samuel Pak, kept accurate records. With the assistance of our auditors, Ernst and Whiney, who had served Associated Y's, we established our accounting systems. Within the first decade we secured a programming firm, Chaiken and Associates, to transfer our hand recorded accounting system to computers. As JASA developed many programs financed by government and foundations, they became "special projects", each requiring their own income and expense statements. Monthly billing reports were required by JASA to collect its reimbursement. Ben Kaplan was a very keen administrator, closely supervising our accountant, securing our billing procedure firmly, and filing on time. He ensured our cash flow over all the years of his employment by JASA.

JASA began its first year, October 1, 1968 to June 30, 1969, with expenditures of $345,000. Our staff was modest and essentially included social workers transferred from the Hirschman Services in the Bronx, a small cadre of the staff of the Jewish Family Service's Older Adult division, headed by David Soyer and Sara Lederman and three social workers in the older adult service of the Jewish Community Services of Long Island. At our central office were Ben Kaplan, Peggy Wood, Sam Pack, and me. Federation of Jewish Philanthropies provided a grant of $204,522 and allocated a "special" foundation grant of $34,077. The Hirschman Endowment grant yielded $86,034. To my chagrin we recorded a general fund deficit of $3,891 that first year, a consequence of our misunderstanding of the calculation of income and expenses of "relief expenditures". This first year was a good beginning.

The Federation Annual Grant

In a long tradition, affiliated agencies gave up their annual fundraising campaigns to Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. The Federation Campaign, launched in the spring of each year, continued through year end with funds collected on pledges in the spring. Federation estimated its receipts annually

and determined the overall sum to be allocated to the agencies for the following year. There was the grand ritual of the "Request for an Annual Grant" submitted by each agency in February. These requests were highly detailed financial reports for the prior year and estimates for the year to come, which included the "Grant Request". By 1968–1969 Federation had accumulated a large number of endowments earmarked by their donors or in a legacy for specific purposes. Federation established a powerful Distribution Committee, which was responsible for review of all requests and allocation of grants.

Dr. Maurice B. Hexter was the principal professional executive responsible for the Distribution Committee and lay trustees appointed by the Federation President. These trustees were not members of any agency board. Dr. Hexter was assisted by Dr. Morris Hinenberg, Consultant for Hospitals and Homes for the Aged, Graenum Berger, Consultant for Community Centers and Camps, and Martha K. Selig, Consultant for Family and Children's Services and Community Services for the Aged. Jerome Saltz was the Budget Director and Consultant. With Federation responsible for the major fundraising campaign for support of the agencies and their allocation and the initiator of the Building Fund campaigns conducted intermittently, power and authority over the agencies gravitated to Federation officials. They acquired the domineering, authoritative manner of the early German Jewish philanthropists beginning with Frederick M. Warburg. They were benign, well intentioned, very serious, and concerned for the condition of the agencies in their domain. The Federation fundraising campaigns were successful efforts. Joseph Willen, Vice President for fundraising, was renowned for his effectiveness. Still, however generous the philanthropic contribution of Federation benefactors, the sums raised could never equal the increasing needs of the clients of agencies and the inexorable rise in costs induced by inflation. Federation's Distribution Committee and its access to a network of foundations funded by Jewish philanthropists became a powerful instrument in shaping the future of each of the affiliated agencies.

Federation grants came in several parts. First there was the "Basic Grant". This grant could be used by the agency to pay for its basic administration, salaries, and office maintenance. These were costs which government agencies termed "overhead". In addition to the "Basic Grant" the Distribution Committee allocated "Special Funds" and "Reserve Funds". These were earmarked for specific programs or special needs. The source of these special grants might be from general funds of the campaign or from gifts, benefactions, and legacies on deposit at Federation for use at its discretion.

The allocation of these special gifts required the agencies to fulfill the Distribution Committee mandate for its use. These earmarked funds enabled the Distribution Committee to exercise control over utilization of communal funds and to ensure Federation priorities. Clearly Federation had become a much more than a fundraising organization. In 1917 there were 3,637 social

agencies within the Jewish community. As the years went on many fell by the wayside and many merged. Only 24 agencies formally affiliated with Federation in 1917, growing to 81 within a few months. In 1919 Federation raised $5 million for the relief of Jews in war torn Europe. In 1938 Federation organized the United Jewish Appeal as a new agency to raise funds for the needs of Jews abroad. The United Jewish Appeal supported the American Joint Distribution Committee, the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, World Organization for Relief and Training, and later the New York Service for New Americans and the Jewish Agency for Palestine in Israel. In 1937 the Brooklyn Federation and New York Federation merged. In 1974, in the wake of the Yom Kippur War, the campaigns of the UJA and Federation were merged. By 1968 there were sixty-seven corporate agencies affiliated with Federation.

Federation, though committed to having its agencies serve everyone in the community without discrimination as to race, creed or color, was dedicated to providing service to the Jewish community. A very long-term problem was the continued demographic change in neighborhoods throughout the city. After World War II a vast influx of Afro-Americans from southern states and of Puerto Ricans rapidly changed the composition of Jewish neighborhoods in all the boroughs. Some of the changes were threatening and accompanied by a high incidence of juvenile delinquency and crime. Some neighborhoods in the South Bronx, North Brooklyn, Flatbush, and Coney Island changed completely. Some of Federation's agencies continued to function in these neighborhoods. These agencies ultimately relocated.

I knew the Distribution Committee hearing ritual well. We submitted our financial data, the auditor's report completed by Ernst and Whinney annually, our financial request for the following year, a long narrative description of services for the prior year, and our program requests for the future year. I always consulted with Martha K. Selig prior to our hearing and received her guidance for special fund requests to be made to the Distribution Committee or the Scheuer or Brookdale Foundations. At JASA I had a meeting with our Executive and Budget Committees and JASA's President to review our submission to the Distribution Committee. It made for grand theatre.

Our JASA Board always attended these meetings in force. A great many were important contributors to UJA-Federation. Board members took responsibility for representing their JASA committee interest in housing, program services, personnel, and financial matters. Over the years Ted Silbert, Bob Olnick, Carl Glick, and Ruth Perelson were effective spokesmen for JASA and had excellent command of the facts and issues. I prepared them well. I spoke up at the hearing and after all the years was well received. The meetings were always very cordial.

The critical issue annually was whether the size of our requested increase should reflect our true need for money to expand services or a more realistic

consideration of what Federation could afford to grant to JASA. Federation certainly wanted to grant JASA significant increases. These were possible when fundraising was successful. Otherwise it meant reducing grants for other agencies. That was a very difficult political problem. The Distribution Committee and its professionals always projected an air of infallibility. They could so easily have consoled the agency representatives by accepting their requests, however extravagant they might have felt they were with the simple comment "We simply don't have the money," a confession that no government official would find difficult to simply state that funds were unavailable.

Our letter of request to Arnold Levine, Chairman of the Subcommittee on Human Services of the Distribution Committee, in 1990–91 was relatively succinct:

> "Dear Arnold:
> JASA will complete its 22nd year this June. It will serve 62,000 elderly this year, 28 percent of the Jewish elderly of metropolitan New York. In our neighborhoods of seniors, JASA has become a familiar byword, the place to turn for help, for friendship, at a senior center, a hot meal or a place to live at an affordable rent.
>
> JASA Board and Staff have succeeded in marshalling more than $62,444,643 this year for the benefit of the aged, 2,200 staff members, more than 750 volunteers, and hundreds of advisory committee members serve our clients and constituents.
>
> Yet with all this achievement has come a heavy burden of responsibility. The JASA enterprise this year will cost the Jewish community $2,727,000 in contributions from UJA-Federation and more than $1,170,000 in JASA endowment income and Board contributions. The Board has determined to maintain services without cutback despite the increasing gap between income and expenditures.
>
> We believe the Distribution Committee should support the services provided by JASA for the Jewish community as a major priority.
>
> The Distribution Committee Basic Grant Allocation to JASA decreased in FY 1989–90 by 2.08 percent, increased in FY 1989–90 by 1.06 percent, increased in FY 1987–88 by 3 percent, and increased by 0.08 percent in FY 1986–87, a cumulative increase of 2.7 percent over four years. JASA's costs increased by 6 percent a year. The shortfall of 21 percent, approximately $400,000, has been met by the JASA Board. Looking forward to FY 1990–91 we believe we

have reached the limit of our fundraising capacity unless we embark on multiple fundraising efforts for current maintenance. We believe this could threaten the integrity of the UJA-Federation campaign and lead to the fragmentation of our community.

Cordially,
Ruth Perelson
President"

The following schedule sets forth the UJA-Federation grant in FY 1968–69, compared to the grant in my final year, FY 1990–1991.

Jewish Association for Services for the Aged Summary
Income and Expenses
October 1, 1968 to June 30, 1991

Income	10/1/68–6/30/69	7/1/69–6/30/70	7/1/90–6/30/91
Federation	$204,522	$622,464	$2,977,205
Government Grants			$7,909,881
Foundations	$34,077	$85,190	$710,934
JASA Endowment Contributions	$86,634	$150,000	$1,134,103
Client Fees	$15,606	$25,461	$1,122,956
Housing Management		$37,161	$1,035,540
Miscellaneous	$870	$50	$21,719
Total	**$341,109**	**$920,426**	**$14,912,338**

I firmly believe Federation fulfilled its commitment to JASA. Our grant from Federation was $204,522 in 1968–69. In 1990–1991 the grant was $2,977,205. This was a rate of almost six percent a year in each of twenty-three years. A number of those years were a time of economic recession.

Government Funding

During JASA's first decade, 1968–1978, the mayoralties of John Lindsay, (1966–1978) and Abe Beame (1974–1978) were disastrous years for New York City. The city was beset by recessions, strikes by municipal unions, the school wars, black and white tensions, rising crime, and near bankruptcy. Governor Hugh L. Carey assumed control of the city by imposing the Emergency Financial Control Board's management to guide the city to solvency. The federal government in Washington led by Richard Nixon (1970–1974) and then Gerald M. Ford (1974–1977) was unsympathetic to the city. Nonetheless, federal funding for benefits and services for the aged, through the Republican administrations of Nixon, Ford, the weak Carter Administration, and the years of Ronald Reagan continued unabated and increased significantly. Lyndon Johnson in 1965, ensured passage of the great milestones in aging programs with the enactment of Medicare, Medicaid, the Social Security amendments Title XVI and XX, and the Older Americans Act. Democrat and Republican legislators favored these aging programs. In New York a number of new programs were wholly funded by the state: the Extended in Home Service for the Aged (EISEP) and the Crime Victims Program. The City Meals on Wheels Program, a voluntary effort, was initiated by the Department of Aging and raised large sums to supplement the city-funded program.

These funds percolated down to the city. At HRA Mayor John Lindsay's Commissioner, Sidney Sugerman, Deputy Commissioners Henry Rosner and Gladys Harrington, and Sarah Eady, Director of the Bureau of Purchased Services, supported the efforts of the voluntary agencies. Mayor Abe Beame elevated his Office on Aging to departmental level under Commissioner Alice Brophy and her Deputy, Roberta Spohn.

Our first government funded grant came to JASA in 1969. The U.S. Public Health Service consented to the transfer of its third year contract with the Arthritis Foundation, New York Chapter, effective September 15, 1969, to fund counseling services for an office in the Bronx and to reimburse elderly volunteers to assist other aged persons to secure services. We were delighted to receive this modest grant, which gave us the experience of managing a federal program.

Then on July 1, 1971 we secured a second government grant. The New York State Office for the Aging funded JASA's demonstration program in protective and legal services in the Rockaways. The grant for this project came to $47,000 for the first year of operation, provided under Title III of the Older Americans Act. This program provided a useful demonstration of a legal-social work partnership in providing protective services for the mentally impaired aged. This was our entrance to the conservator program.

In 1971 I spent a great deal of time with the Deputy Commissioners at HRA, Gladys Harrington, Henry Rosner, with Marvin Schick, Special Assistant to Mayor Lindsay for Jewish Affairs, and with Harriet Dronska, Director of Program Planning, to discuss a proposal for a five million dollar program for citywide services for the aged. This was an outrageously large proposal on the face of it, yet it asserted the argument that the "War on Poverty" programs of the Community Development Agency were spending one hundred million dollars a year and none for the poor aged. At last I was invited to submit a service proposal for 1.5 million dollars a year to provide social services for the elderly in a citywide program.

This proposal wended its way through HRA and then the New York State Department of Social Services since it was to be funded by federal and state funds. The city's share, 12 ½ percent, would be paid by UJA-Federation. UJA-Federation's share would really be a transfer of funds already allocated to JASA to pay for existing salary lines. The city, in straightened financial circumstances, would thus be relieved of the cost. For JASA the increase was $1,312,500, a huge gain. One year later the city paid JASA the full sum. By 1972 Mayor Lindsay initiated a large-scale program of "100 Senior Centers" citywide, fully funded by the Social Security Act Title XX program which then had no budgetary limit. This initiative was an element in the Lindsay campaign for the Presidency and an effort to recapture the white working class vote.

Following this major grant JASA was awarded a series of contracts for services for the aged in a number of neighborhoods. These were:

Government Program Contract Awards
1971–1976

1971	JASA/Community Services for the Elderly in the Rockaways A Legal and Protective Services Program Title III, Older Americans Act New York State Office for the Aging
1974	Home Services for Senior Citizens A Demonstration Program New York City Human Resources Administration

1974	Home Services for Senior Citizens in Long Beach Title III, Older Americans Act Nassau County Department of Senior Citizens Affairs
1975	Brighton Beach Community Services Office Social Services Title III, Older Americans Act New York City Department for the Aging
1975	Rochdale Village, Queens, Community Service Office Title III, Older Americans Act New York City Department for the Aging
1975	JASA in Mapleton, Bronx JASA at Scheuer House of Coney Island Social Security Act, Title XX B.P.S.S.A., HRA
1975	JASA/Brookdale Senior Center of Long Beach Title III, Older Americans Act Nassau County Department of Senior Citizens Affairs
1975	JASA Recreation for the Aged

By the end of the first decade, FY 1977–1978, JASA's gross expenditures had grown to $5,122,512. Government income had swelled to $3,058,539. A summary of income and expenses is as follows:

JASA
Income and Expenditures Summary
FY 1977–78

Income

UJA-Federation	$1,222,570
Government Grants	$3,058,539
Foundations	$232,519
Endowment	$64,461
Fees	$231,050
Housing Management Fees	$116,088
Miscellaneous	$88,808
Total	$5,048,046
Expenditure	$5,122,512
Deficit Funded by Endowment Income	$74,406

Initially government contracts were awarded after JASA's written responses to "Invitations to Bid". HRA and the Department for the Aging circulated these invitations widely, and many responses were received. There were many newly organized nonprofit agencies created expressly for the purpose of competing for the sponsorship of government funded senior centers. These services were fully funded and presumably required no contribution from sponsors. The HRA funded senior centers provided an allowance for rent. Churches and synagogues with adequate space hoped to collect rent from the senior center and contribute to their support. Some political organizations incorporated to secure access to jobs. The government departments did their best to screen proposals and make awards to our grant submission.

JASA was one of the successful contenders; we brought experience, a competent social work staff, accounting, and philanthropic resources. The new housing facilities we provided contained well-designed center spaces. We were interested in serving in neighborhoods with few competing social agencies and many unserved elderly. Once a contract was awarded there were regular evaluations of service, reports, and financial statements rendered. The initial submissions had been very detailed descriptions of staff tables of organization, job descriptions, objectives, and budget estimates. These were the basis of annual resubmissions. JASA enjoyed the satisfaction of continued financial support of programs once awarded. The centers acquired local political support. City Councilmen, State Assemblymen, and Senators visited the centers regularly and made their presence felt. They were prohibited from making election appeals.

As JASA's government and foundation programs increased it was fortunate there was a revolution in office technology. We shifted from producing copies of documents by typing twenty onionskin copies on an electric typewriter to producing a hundred on the Xerox machine. We rented a machine which could duplicate, assemble, and staple documents with literally hundreds of pages within an hour. Submissions of reports to government and foundations were very cumbersome. We kept our Board and staff advised of all submissions by circulating copies of documents.

These submission and review processes honed our skills in proposal writing. We received a flow of statistical documents about the aged from the census department and many other sources. Every submission was reviewed by our staff: David Soyer, Ben Kaplan, Sam Hock, and our accountant, Ralph Sassoon. As required they were reviewed by our Board President and Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Our grant submissions expanded to the United Way of Greater New York and the United Way of Nassau and Suffolk counties. Special requests were made to the New York Times Hundred Neediest Cases Appeal through Federation.

Foundations, trustees, and philanthropists became an important source of income. These grants came to JASA in response to specific proposals for

appealing imaginative new programs. We were constantly challenged to create innovative services. It is an American cultural value ingrained in all of us to value innovation. In foundation circles, particularly among their professional executives, there is always the hope, perhaps the expectation, that their grant will produce some new discovery or innovation worthy of a Nobel Prize. Some grants to scientific research organizations may succeed.

Our JASA proposals were innovative. We had the benefit of a large body of professional literature describing the shape and character of services for the aged and demonstration programs. Our day-to-day field experience pointed the way to new combinations of professionals in social work, health care, and law, which contributed to the character of our proposals. Foundation grants served to initiate services, which were ultimately funded by government. JPAC, the Senior citizens Advocate, our legal services, Protective Services, and Conservatorship programs originated with this maternity.

In our first year of service, October 1, 1968–June 30, 1969, we received $34,077 from foundation grants. By my last year of service FY 1990–1991 our foundation income was $710,934. We secured more than one hundred foundation grants in twenty-three years of service. The source of the grants were foundations whose founders and executives were families within the Federation orbit, on the JASA Board, or new relationships I established in my outreach efforts. Slowly JASA's services became well known within the community and among the legal fraternity. I take great comfort in citing some of them; initially there were the Adele and Leonard Block Foundation, the Henry Kaufmann Foundation, the Henrietta and Stuard Hirschman Foundation, the Brookdale Foundation, the S.H. and Helen R. Scheuer Foundation, and the Evelyn and Lewis A. Green Foundation. Then there were other notable grantors: the Louis and Anne Abrons Foundation, the Herbert and Jeanine Coyne Foundation, and the Bruner Foundation, the Baron De Hirsch Fund, the Herman Goldman Foundation, the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation, the Hagop Kavorkian Fund, the Maury P. Leibovits Foundation, the Liris J. and Saul B. Katz Foundation, the Henry and Lucy Moses Fund, Inc., the New York Council for the Humanities, the Tarbuth Foundation, the Tisch Family Foundation, the Uris Brothers Foundation, and the Gustave Wurzweiler Foundation. There were others. I am astonished at the long list. A very wide circle of benefactors responded to our requests.

Securing funding from foundations, government, UJA-Federation, and our trustees was a constant personal engagement. The success of these efforts was encouraging, and I was always eager to enlist new and old benefactors in our campaign. There were times of frustration. How to persuade donors that meeting the costs of ordinary social workers or the Con-Edison bill was essential to maintaining our capacity to provide needed services was difficult.

1978 to 1991
Edward Koch, Mayor, Three Terms in Office, 1978–1989
David Dinkins, 1990–1994

One of the very difficult problems confronting our social workers was securing home care for disabled, homebound clients. Unable to attend to the ordinary activities of daily living, rising out of bed, walking to the bathroom, bathing, showering, getting dressed, preparing meals, going shopping, these disabilities must be overcome to ensure the survival of the elderly client. In 1968 if a client was poor enough to be eligible for Medicaid, arrangements could be made for provision of a home attendant. But the procedure was very difficult. For the elderly with income above the Medicaid level or savings higher than the modest allowable burial and assets allowance, then a total of three thousand dollars, the aged client had to use their own assets, sometimes a difficult matter to accept. For many families relocation to a nursing home seemed then to be the only solution. A nursing home bed was very difficult to service and the financial arrangements even more troubling. Our social workers often made emergency cash grants to clients for home attendant care until the problem could be resolved. For the city the growing number of disabled aged and the paucity of nursing home beds presented a very large-scale, difficult social problem, which cried for a solution. Costs of nursing home care then exceeded fifty thousand dollars a year. The state, in an effort to contain costs, granted few permits for construction of nursing homes. Most nursing home patients ended up on Medicaid at great cost to the federal state and municipal governments.

In 1974 HRA launched an experimental "Home Care Demonstration Program" with three voluntary agencies: JASA, Self Help Community Services, and the New York Foundation. Each agency had fifty homebound clients. The agencies provided case management and home attendant care in periods of time prescribed by Public Health Nurses. The programs were carefully monitored and analyzed for costs. George Kaplan, a young social worker who had completed his fieldwork with JASA, was our Program Director. The project ended December 31, 1978. It was successful and demonstrated the value and economy of the case management home attendant program.

During 1978 we participated in the planning of a large scale Home Attendant Program mounted by the City of New York and funded by Medicaid on a "Medicaid Waiver". Aged and disabled clients eligible for Medicaid and physically or mentally disabled would be assigned to a Home Attendant agency and granted scheduled hours of home attendant care based on a Public Health Nurse's assessment. The clients would require a medical examination and medical certification of need. Even clients with income levels

modestly above Medicaid would be eligible for care, presumably paying the city for amounts of income above the Medicaid level. Completely disabled persons could receive twenty-four hours, seven days a week care.

The social agencies awarded the Home Attendant contracts engaged in a very large-scale enterprise. We negotiated the contracts very carefully with HRA in advance of their initiation. The agencies were concerned about the financial risks of the contract. HRA provided the agencies with a large cash advance to cover costs of start up and the first weeks of service before reimbursement was made for services rendered. Reimbursement procedures were established to assure speedy repayment and to met payrolls on time. HRA approved union contracts for the Home Attendants at rates of pay, which would be reimbursed, and to provide health insurance.

Home attendants were paid very modestly, an hourly rate of little more than five dollars an hour, but the health insurance provision was a very attractive incentive for large numbers of unskilled workers.

HRA was very concerned about averting the scandals of the early years of the Lindsay Administration. Social agencies accepting an HRA home attendant contract were obliged to organize an entirely new, freestanding, not-for-profit corporation to manage a single contract. The sponsoring agency could nominate the board members of the new corporation. HRA approved the appointment of agency executives. HRA had the right to seize all the assets of the new agency at will, essentially funds advanced or paid by HRA. The new agencies were audited regularly.

The State of New York funded the "Extended in Home Service Program for the Elderly" (EISEP) to provide modest allocations of Home Attendant care for elderly with incomes above the Medicaid level.

In retrospect these Home Attendant programs were among the most successful social service programs for the aged and disabled of that era. The procedures for establishing eligibility for care worked well. The Home Attendant program was well managed. Within a few years forty thousand clients were served annually at a cost of half a billion dollars a year, a number equal to the nursing homes beds in New York City. Before the program was initiated these vast numbers of aged, well over 75 and 85, would have been eligible for nursing home care and for non-existent nursing home beds. I marvel that in its first decade the Home Attendant program was able to recruit, train, and deploy thousands of home care workers. They were largely minority women, Jamaican, Puerto Rican, Dominican, American blacks, and large numbers of former Jewish Soviet Russian immigrants. Despite the differences in the ethnic backgrounds of the clients, predominantly white, ethnics, and Jewish, home attendant-client relationships were very good, and strong friendships developed. There was no financial scandal. We were very proud of this program.

Association for Services for the Aged
Services for the Aged
JASA Home Care Services for the Aged

JASA organized three home attendant service corporations to manage our three contracts. "Association", our first, served Brooklyn and ultimately one thousand clients a year. "Services" served four hundred clients in Queens, and "JASA/Home Care" served 400 clients in the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Far Rockaways. By 1990–1991 the cost of these programs was thirty million dollars a year. JASA employed twenty-two hundred home attendants, nurses, and administrative staff. George Kaplan was Director of Home Care Services from the beginning of the program.

We negotiated a union agreement with D.C. 1707, the union for JASA staff workers. One difficult financial problem was overcome when the state government secured a labor law exception to overtime provisions, which made it possible to employ home attendants for a twenty-four hour assignment with a single additional premium for overtime, which granted no pay for sleeping hours. Our biannual contract negotiations were completed very, very slowly and sometimes more than a year after expiration of contracts. The city budget office, and in fact the governor of the state, settled all Medicaid funded union agreements. The first to be settled were the hospital agreements, followed by the nursing homes, and then the home attendant programs. Millions of dollars were involved. My last two years in office were difficult. Mayor David Dinkins was beset by severe financial problems with a recession. The senior citizens programs, once funded by unlimited Title XX Social Security funds, had been interred in federal allotments of "block grants". These funded family and children's services as well. Consequently, the senior citizens programs were funded by municipal tax money. In 1989–1990 the Department of Social Services reduced JASA's community services for senior citizens programs at $2,000,000 a year, the largest single senior citizen's grant by twenty percent or $200,000. Other agencies were cut as well. This was a disaster. No amount of political advocacy or pleading with Commissioner Prima-Davis could secure a reversal. This would have required closure of four offices and termination of twenty-eight social work staff lines. I worked might and main to secure foundation and Federation funding to restore some of the lines. Ruth Perelson pledged a significant gift to JASA and appealed to the Board to increase their contributions for the operating budget. In the end we restored twelve social work positions from 1989–1991. But the loss of sixteen positions was severe and discouraging. Fortunately our Board's fundraising efforts and growing endowment income permitted JASA to sustain an operating fund deficit of $1,151,074 in FY 1989–1990. The following year, voting again to sustain the restored lines, we ended the year with incomes of $13,778,235, expenditures of

$14,913,103, and a deficit of $1,134,868. JASA's endowment fund income for the year ending June 30, 1991 was $472,077. Board contributions amounted to $662,797. The Board contributions were raised in a fundraising cocktail party and by personal gifts. Ruth Perelson brought passion to her presidency, and her appeal to the Board to meet this crisis was persuasive.

JASA Financial Statements FY 1990–1991

In November 1991, some time after my departure, our auditors, Ernst and Young, completed their audit of our financial experience for FY 1990–1991. Despite the discouraging impact of reductions in municipal funding for our "Preventive Services Programs", increases in UJA-Federation grants, and JASA Board support made up for the losses and mitigated the damage. Overall total revenues for FY 1990–1991 were $14,896,300 with increases of $725,393, 5.1 percent over the past year, including endowment income and fundraising contributions. Costs were $14,913,103 with a deficit of $16,803. Financially this had been a successful year.

JASA's revenues from its subsidiaries in home care and housing amounted to $48,453,548. With JASA's FY 1990 expenditures of $14,913,103, gross expenditures were $63,366,651 for the year. A summary of that experience is as follows:

JASA and Affiliated Entities Revues during FY 1990–1991

Entity	**Year Ended**	**Revenues**
JASA	June 30, 1991	$14,896,300
Home Care Companies		
JASA/Home Care	June 30, 1991	$1,992,000
Association Service Aged	June 30, 1991	$24,685,000
Services for Aged	June 30, 1991	$9,968,000
	Subtotal	$36,645,000
Housing Companies		
Israel	December 31, 1990	$1,925,772
Coney Island	December 31, 1990	$975,662

Manhattan Beach	December 31, 1990	$1,375,883
Brookdale Village	December 31, 1991	$2,746,372
Brighton Beach	December 31, 1991	$1,618,277
Seagirt	December 31, 1990	$1,511,056
Cooper Square	December 31, 1990	$1,655,526
	Subtotal	$11,808,548
	TOTAL	**$63,349,848**

As of June 30, 1991, JASA's capital assets had increased to a total of $6,346,810. These funds were invested in State of Israel Bonds, Time Deposits, Dreyfus Liquid Assets, U.S. Treasury Notes, commercial paper, and corporate bonds, a conservative investment program. The investment income for the year was $472,077.

The Gertrude Price Legacy

In February 1991 during the hectic months before my retirement, Esther Kane, our Brooklyn Borough Director, telephoned to ask me to meet with Gertrude Price, a retired social worker and an active member of our Brooklyn Advisory Committee. Gertrude Price had some important news for me. Esther Kane arranged for a JASA vehicle to bring Gertrude Price to my office in Manhattan. She was a very interesting woman. In the months which followed I visited with her at her home in Brooklyn several times; I met her husband, Herbert, then a retired engineer. Gertrude Price admired JASA and its services for the aged. She was glad to have the opportunity to serve on our Advisory Committee during her retirement. I learned that she and Herbert had been Jewish refugees, arriving in the States as a young couple out of Vienna. To her lifelong disappointment persecution had so embittered Herbert that he refused to have children. They came into late age childless with family remote and scattered worldwide. She told me that she was determined to leave JASA her estate after the death of Herbert and herself. I was astonished to see many bank passbooks in both their names already inscribed payable on their death to JASA. The bankbooks represented their lifelong savings. I urged her to execute a will. She accepted Donald Perry, my attorney, and Charles H. Tally's former associate, to serve as her attorney and executor. Herbert died in 1991. Gertrude died in 1992. Donald Perry advised me that despite the clear intent of the will, the Intestacy law in New York State required notification of all Gertrude Price's known relatives throughout the world to advise them of this

estate so they could submit their claims, if any. In 1997 at a meeting of the JASA Board, I delivered a check for $1,200,000 to JASA, an addition to the endowment fund. I urged the Board to establish some memorial to Gertrude and Herbert Price.

A Photo Exhibit: The Coming of Age

In the mid sixties American society turned its attention to the needs of the aged. The number of aged had grown to more than twenty-three million people. Longevity was noted, and the provision of health care for the elderly became a major political issue. In 1965 President Lyndon Johnson, with masterly political acumen, managed the enactment of the Medicare and the Medicaid statutes. These provided health care for the elderly, the disabled, and the destitute. It was evident too that the aged were portrayed during those years as frail, impoverished, wheelchair bound, and many mentally impaired. This view wholly disregarded the new reality. Most aged were coming into their sixties and seventies in relatively good health, competency, and with great capacity to contribute to the lives of their families and to enjoy their later years in full possession of their faculties. One of JASA's important missions was to inform the public of that view and to change public perception of the status of the elderly.

We publicized our activity programs at our senior centers. "Sundays at JASA" offered serious intellectual fare. Our volunteer services engaged the elderly in significant public services. In all of my talks to adult organizations I informed the public about the extraordinary advances in longevity and good health in age as an opportunity for the good life. My campaign included the rabbinate of the metropolitan New York for this key leadership group in the Jewish community to recognize the opportunities in the aging of their congregations, otherwise regarded as a threat to the continued existence of their congregations.

I persuaded Edward Klein, the editor of the magazine section of the New York Times, to join our Board of Directors. In January 1985 I had met him during the course of service to him for an elderly relative. I felt he could bring his journalistic experience to bear on our public relations problems but especially to advance our campaign to promote the widest acceptance of the elderly as significant members of society.

I had in mind the mounting of a world-class photography exhibit: "The Coming of Age". The exhibit would illustrate the many elements of the aged in countries the world over and their life experiences. The aged would be portrayed as competent, fulfilling many roles in later life, as well as frail, poverty stricken, and disabled. There had been a great exhibit mounted by the

Museum of Modern Art called the "Family of Man". This had been received with great acclaim. Photographs of young and old families and children who lived in many countries were exhibited. This was above all a liberal exposition emphasizing the humanity of people throughout the world. Coming after the end of World War II and the establishment of the United Nations it suited the mood of the day. As we discussed the proposed project Edward Klein enlisted the interest of Alfred Eisenstadt, the world famous photographer for Life magazine. Eisenstadt was then an older man and Life magazine was being published in monthly issues. But he was enthusiastic about the project. Edward Klein arranged for an appointment for Alfred Eisenstadt, himself, and me with John Szarkowski, then the Curator of Photography of the Museum of Modern Art.

Now Alfred Eisenstadt thought John Szarkowski to be a hateful man. He viewed significant photography to be a function of art. Photorealism and journalistic photography, Alfred Eisenstadt's métier, did not fall within the compass of photography as an art form. Not to our surprise, when we arrived John Szarkowski had a photograph of an aged person in a wheelchair for us to consider. Our meeting did not go well at all, as it was evident that Szarkowski was not interested in an exhibit "The Coming of Age", which in his view would be photojournalism.

Edward Klein then arranged for us to meet with Cornell Capa. He was a world famous photographer in his own right and then Executive Director of the International Center for Photography located in its own building on Fifth Avenue and 93rd Street. Cornell Capa was the brother of Robert Capa, the photographer who was killed in the Vietnam War. Cornell Capa was interested. We were informed that the mounting of an exhibit of the magnitude of the "Family of Man" required the employment of a curatorial staff for three or four years, a worldwide search for photographs, and the involvement of photographers the world over. The writing of the catalogue and its publication was costly, although such publication costs might be met in sales of the book. Cornell Capa priced the project as costing over one million dollars. Firm pledges from foundations and corporations had to be in hand well in advance in order for the museum to undertake the project. He did not volunteer to undertake the fundraising effort. Edward Klein and I discussed the project and possible sources of funds. Major corporations had made pledges for the "Family of Man" and for other art exhibits. These contributions were solicited by museum curators and directors with long standing relationships with corporate executives. The foundations with which I had relationships would not be interested in funding a great museum exhibit. They were interested in creating substantial welfare services, housing for the elderly, and such. And indeed I was constantly raising money for such programs. We ended our effort to seek a major museum exhibit.

Instead I enlisted the cooperation of the New York City Department of Aging to co-sponsor with JASA a very significant exhibit at the New York City Public Library at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue in 1986. Since JASA's founding we had engaged the services of some wonderful photographers to record our services and our elderly participants. The photographers included David Grossman, George Kalinsky, Marie Norkin Warach, Audrey Seidman, and Mimi Koren. These photographs illustrated our semi-annual Progress Reports with stunning effect. We had many of the photographs enlarged and mounted using them in exhibits at Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, the Department of Aged, and in our building. With Mimi Koren and Marie Norkin Warach we were able to mount an impressive exhibit for the New York Public Library. The exhibit was well received, remained for several months, and was finally returned to grace the halls of our Hexter Building. By the end of my service at JASA in 1991 there is no doubt the aged were portrayed in more considered fashion. By then the number of the elderly in the U.S.A. had increased to thirty-two million.

Writing

In my last year at Henry P. O'Neal Junior High I was all of twelve. Our principal, William Krampner, sponsored a short story writing contest. To my astonishment and delight my entry, "Record Number 1211", was awarded first prize, a fine complete edition of the works of William Shakespeare inscribed by William Krampner. Best of all the one page story was published in the final issue of the JHS 64 Reporter, our graduation journal. "Record 1211" was a brief tale of a ship at sea, battered offshore by a great storm. A lighthouse keeper and his son guide the ship to shore. Alas, the ship founders on the rocks. All its men are lost. Record 1211 is closed. This was an unusual tragedy for a boy to write.

The publication of this story did not inspire me to continue. At Stuyvesant High School, Hyman Mostow, my wonderful English teacher, commended a number of my essays, as did Irving Rosenthal, a teacher of a generation of newspaper reporters who were his students at City College. In our clubroom, the grim bedroom my schoolmate Jack Wasserman shared with his father off Twelfth Street and Second Avenue, my buddies Abe Judson, Felix Dushnick, Abe Vinik, Jack, and I spent many hours playing poker and ruminating about the hard times. We talked of our writing ambitions. We would all resettle off the Champs Élysées in Paris and write the great American novel in the manner of our hero, Ernest Hemingway. We never met in Paris. I met Abe Judson in London and Ave Vinik in Mainberg, Bavaria. After the war Felix, married to Eileen, his second wife, spent several years supervising the construction of the American Hospital. None of us wrote the great American novel.

Abe Vinik was coauthor of a volume in social group work. Once out of school I began a long series of expositions, writings tens of thousands of words. They dwell in the minutiae of reports, memoranda, communiqués, statements, letters, testimonies, and proposals. In 1942 as we began our work at the Department of Agriculture, the entering trainees were expected to render monthly reports describing their experiences in the field. I was challenged to make my narratives dramatic, making my tiresome meetings with school principals, farm agents, welfare commissioners, and milk dealers in the county seats of West Virginia and school districts of Vermont vivid and interesting. Our reports were read by all of my co-conspirators, fellow trainees, and the

personnel officers at headquarters in Washington, D.C. I am now impressed by the work we did as I reread the reports on disintegrating yellow mimeograph paper. We were engaged in a grand New Deal effort to bring school lunches and penny milk to the impoverished children of those poor states. This crusade was being carried on, although the war effort in 1942 and 1943 was underway in the factories and fields. Our work was crafted with contracts, vouchers, and federal money. The programs continue to this day, still feeding many undernourished poor children and sustaining farm income.

By early spring of 1945 I was riding in an open troop carrier, a British Leland, with my UNRRA Team I comrades across France from Granville, on the coast of Normandy, to the Panzer Caserne in Neustadt an der Weinstrasse, twenty miles short of the Rhine. There we established a huge assembly center for eight thousand Soviet nationals, displaced persons. I was appointed scribe for Team I by A.G.A. Van den Bogaert, a Dutch national, and our Team Captain. There were weekly reports, and they were dramatic. We succeeded in bringing order to a very chaotic, milling body of refugees. In short order we established a Soviet collective within the terms of the Yalta Agreement and U.S. Army Civil Affairs regulations for an assembly center for D.P.'s.

A unified internal Soviet military command was appointed, roofs and walls were repaired by the U.S. Army Engineers and German civilians, kitchens were made operational, beds scrounged and installed, latrines dugs and constructed out of prefabricated plywood, and community activities organized. Everyone was doused with DDT almost immediately after we arrived. The eight thousand people were fed and by the end of May 1945, re-clothed, and, in much better health, shipped off to the Soviet exchange point in East Germany to their fate. There was much to report. My narratives were lengthy and detailed. They were filed with our U.S. Army Commander for his superiors at Civil Affairs, SHAEF, with our UNRRA headquarters in Munich, and then on to London and Washington, D.C. I retained copies of my reports.

Subsequently, there were other reports written as Chief of Supply Division. They were prescriptions of the mundane problems of establishing supply depots, truck fleets, of shipments received from Antwerp, and of staffing and managing this large operation. The UNRRA supply system was a complex organization in which assembly centers secured supplies from the indigenous economy, U.S. Army Depots, and the UNRRA Depots. There were forty-four voluntary relief agencies attached to UNRRA for support. They brought thousands of tons of material for the displaced persons. Then there were continuous negotiations with the Civil Affairs Division of the U.S. Army with the termination of UNRRA in 1947 and the initiation of the International Refugee Organization, which replaced UNRRA. I wrote a history of the UNRRA Supply Division, late 1947, which was received at European Headquarters in Geneva, and is buried in their archives somewhere. I kept copies of these reports.

In 1985 a young historian, Professor of Immigration History at the University of Illinois, in Normal, Illinois, Dr. Mark Wyman, called upon me for several days of long interviews. He was engaged in writing a book, "DP European Displaced Person, 1945–1951". It was published by the Balch Institute for Associated University Presses in London and Toronto in 1989. Dr. Wyman was very interested in my experience with UNRRA and the PCIRO. He copied many of my documents. His book was a very authoritative account and illuminating, giving me insight into phases of the D.P. Experience of which I had not been aware. I was gratified to read his citation of my recollections and services.

Upon my return to Pittsburgh my writing was limited to an Annual Report for the Board, staff, and parents of Emma Kaufmann Camp. I continued to correspond with a few old comrades still with IRO in Germany, intensely interested in developments and gossip at this agency I had left behind. I treasured my letters and have kept them all in letter files.

On my return to New York City in 1952 as Director of Mosholu Neighborhood Center I began to write scholarly social work articles, originating with my work. There were a number on the field of Day Camping. In partnership with the Play Schools Association of New York JANC conducted an experiment over three years in programming for children during their bus rides from the Bronx to Pleasantville Day Camp. The demonstration was successful. With Rowena Shoemaker of Play Schools we wrote a pamphlet, "Program Planning for Bus Trips". This publication was widely circulated and well received. Several years later Federation developed three large summer day camp sites more than twenty miles from the city in Rockland County, Staten Island, and Suffolk County.

There were two articles written with staff members of Montefiore Hospital. Manuel Cohen, Assistant Director of Montefiore Hospital, and I wrote "Teaching Health to the Community", published in "Hospitals", Journal of the American Hospital Association in 1956. With Dr. Martin Cherkasky, Marvey Machaver, Elizabeth T. Staats, Irving Brodsky, and Judith Gutman I co-wrote, "Nursing School Comes to the Aid of the Nursing Staff" in the Modern Hospital, 1958. This was a description of the childcare center our Mosholu Center conducted for hospital nurses. The articles contributed to the sense of partnership of the center and the hospital, which led to the hospital donation of the building site for the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center.

Miriam Ephraim, Program Director at the National Jewish Welfare Board, commissioned me to write a number of documents. She was an old friend and colleague at the Pittsburgh Y in 1940–1941. I wrote the "Group Leaders Handbook", circulated nationally throughout the center field. In 1958 I wrote a chapter in the JWB Yearbook, 1960–1961, on "Jewish Communal Camping Trends, Resident Camping". Then there followed publication of

articles on the Jewish Community Center in the Journal of Communal Service in 1965 and 1969. The articles were highly valued at Associated Y's; reprints were circulated to Board and staff members.

My professional writing took another turn in 1968 with my leadership of JASA. I wrote a series of articles on the aged, their needs, their problems, and the organization of community based services for the aged. These were published in a variety of journals of the Jewish Community Center Association and the Jewish Communal Service Quarterly. There were chapters in several volumes edited by Rabbi Isaac Trainin, Religious Advisor to Federation, and Graenum Berger, Consultant on Community Centers of Federation. A paper on "Filial Responsibility in Care of the Aged" was published by the Yeshiva University Wurzweiler School of Social Work. There was an important report, "The Status of the Jewish Elderly of Greater New York and Recommendations for Action", written with Dr. Abraham Monk and Amy Weintraub in 1980.

I delivered one paper on the "Status of the Jewish Elderly in the United States" at the International Conference of Jewish Communal Service in Jerusalem, 1988. Then there were papers on housing given at the National Council on Aging in 1985, at a conference of the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development, the Mortgage Bankers Association in New Jersey in 1988, and a chapter of the Winter Issue of the Journal of Housing for the Elderly, published by Hawthorn Press, Winter Issue in 1991.

Then in 1981 I wrote a book at last. Prentice Hall published "The Older Americans' Survival Guide for Better Health and a Longer Life". In 1978 Mary Kennan, editor for the publisher, invited me to write the book. She read a number of my articles and was confident I could write. After receiving my outline I was requested to prepare a marketing proposal. That came as a surprise to me. The book was designed to be written for the general public as a "trade book" and for students in the field of gerontology and social work. I signed a contract on July 1, 1979 and delivered the manuscript a year later in 1980. Mary Kennan actually cut my outline in half; the book emphasized the health aspects of growing older, leaving the income and living arrangements sections to a second book.

I embarked on the writing with enthusiasm. I spent hours and hours on research. In 1972 Simone de Beauvoir, the great French writer, wrote "The Coming of Age". This book was very well received and sold thousands of copies. De Beauvoir's view of aging was dourly pessimistic. She decried the circumstances of the elderly and their declining capacities and opportunities. Then in 1974 an excellent and obscure journalist wrote a book published as, "To a Good Long Life, What We Know About Growing Old" by Universe Books, New York, in 1974. Puner was an optimist. The work was well researched, and he emphasized the prospects for a long life in relative good health with care. This was an optimistic outlook, and I agreed. All the social

demographic data pointed in the direction of increasing longevity. This book received little notice and was buried in the remainder shelves of bookshops.

In 1975 along came the sensational book in aging. Dr. Robert M. Butler, Director of the National Institute on Aging in Washington, D.C., wrote "Why Survive? Being Old in America", published by Harper and Row. Dr. Butler described the tragedy of millions of older Americans who lived in poverty and neglect, were ill housed, and received poor medical care. Thousands were in nursing homes and poorly treated. Dr. Butler decried this national scandal. He did admit that the aged were living longer and prescribed better social security benefits, Medicare, Medicaid, and better education for physicians in aging. This book came at the right time. It won a Pulitzer Prize, became a best seller, and established Dr. Butler as the national authority in aging for the rest of his life.

I had hopes that my book would become the Dr. Spock infant care guidebook equivalent for mature Americans and the elderly. I was thrilled to receive my author's copies of the books. JASA purchased five hundred copies and sold most of them. I sent copies to all of our agency benefactors. There were scattered reviews. The New York Times published a lovely story with a picture of me and a review in the Long Island edition of the Times featuring a Great Neck writer. Prentice Hall published ten thousand copies in soft cover and two thousand copies in hard cover. Most were sold, but still I barely earned my modest advance. The writing of the book had been a painful exercise. I arose early morning every day for a year to complete the writing and research. By 1981 I was so fully engaged in my work at JASA and in my new life at home with Marie that I could not go forward with the book writing project, although I had written three chapters. I did not complete my second book.

My book was a contribution to the well being of adults and the aged. Its findings were based upon my research in gerontology, medicine, and demographic studies. There were good reasons for the rise in population of Americans and worldwide and for the aged over 75 and 85. Following modest prescriptions for healthy living and medical care would add years to life. I completed the book with a renewed feeling of optimism about our prospects.

My writing of my articles and the book deepened my knowledge, insight, and understanding of aging. These exercises enhanced my reports, proposals, and requests for assistance from all the sources of support of JASA.

The JASA Progress Reports

There were nine "Progress Reports" produced over twenty-three years. Our first, a modest beginning, was published for JASA's First Annual Dinner meeting, April 9, 1970. This report reaffirmed our mission and described our achievements since establishment. It expressed our thanks to our benefactors.

The "Progress Reports" which followed every other year until 1988, were unusual. I was determined to make the reports a celebration of older men and women, a statement of advocacy for their needs, as well as a recitation of accomplishments. Each of the reports had a principal theme: "The Eighties, Adapting to Change", "The Many Shades of Grey", "Older Women, the Problems and the Promise", "Here it's Heaven", devoted to our tenants, and finally, "JASA at 20". The reports were designed as magazines replete with stunning photographs and narratives on slick paper. Their dimensions were eight and a half inches by eleven inches and ran from thirty to forty-eight pages. Their narratives included vignettes of our older clients, JPAC representatives, volunteers, staff, and Board members. JASA's achievements were described year by year.

I am very proud of our photographers. They were among the humanistic interpreters of the aging. Their photographs were dramatic. I cite them here; they included: David Grossman, George Kalinsky, Mimi Koren, Audrey Seidman, Tzach Ostrovsky, Herman Bernstein, Sara Cedar Miller, Bernard Cole, Nachum Bitan, Herbert Halweil, Josh Sider, Ivan Spane, and Marie Norkin, who became my wife in 1976. Their work gave JASA a wonderful archive, which we used for many photo exhibits.

The reports were passionate statements of advocacy for legislative and financial support for the aged and JASA from taxpayers and contributors. I established the guidelines for each issue and wrote most of the early reports. Later Audrey Seidman, Mimi Koren, and Candice Cohen became the editors and did more of the writing. Our Board Presidents reviewed all the copies before publication. The reports were unusual too because they cited the names of all of the staff of JASA and our affiliates. In the final issue more than twenty-two hundred employees, including every home attendant, maintenance man, volunteer, advisory committee member, and our trustees were cited, as were our benefactors in the federal, state, municipal, and county governments who funded our programs. Our mailing list for distribution of the reports was comprehensive. Every elected official in the State of New York, every Board and staff member, and JASA residents received a copy. We sent the editors of New York daily and weekly newspapers a copy. There were 15,000 copies published at a cost of more than twenty thousand dollars an issue. The reports were well received.

The Journal of Aging and Judaism

At my farewell reception on June 3, 1991 I was honored to observe the distribution of the Journal of Aging and Judaism, Volume 5, Number 4, Summer 1991, to every guest. This was a special issue of the journal devoted to

Bernard Warach and JASA (The Jewish Association for Services for the Aged). The magazine was edited by Rabbi Kerry M. Olitsky, D.H.L. of Hebrew Union College in New York. This was the last issue of the magazine, which would be merged with the Journal of Psychology and Judaism. Its publisher was the Human Sciences Press.

The contents of the issue were an encomium to me. Beginning with an editorial by Rabbi Olitsky, there followed a section, "Bernard Warach, the Man and his Mission", my vitae, down to the last bibliographical reference, and a section on "All About JASA" and five of my articles and testimony. I could not have asked for any greater tribute. How long an odyssey it was since the publication of my tragic little short story, "Record 1211", in the JHS 64 Reporter in 1933.

Testimony

How long has the tradition of congressional hearings, open to the public, on matters of great public importance prevailed? During World War II the hearings conducted by Senator Truman investigating defense industry production made sensational headlines. During the Kennedy and Johnson administrations public congressional hearings became a significant factor in shaping legislation. The hearings helped secure enactment of the laws initiated benefiting the aged and disabled. Both the Senate and House established Special Committees on Aging, whose hearings did much to influence public perceptions of the needs of the elderly.

Congressman Claude Pepper's chairmanship of the Select Committee on Aging of the House of Representatives conducted a series of historic hearings which turned the tide of public opinion to support federal programs for the aging. By the mid seventies these hearings were projected to the nation on television.

By 1968, with the organization of JASA, the legislative and administrative processes of government were marked by the increasing utilization of public hearing by federal, state, and municipal legislative committees. The chairmen of the committees found them to be a facile method of engaging his public in the creation of new legislation. His political presence was greatly enhanced. His constituents had opportunities to be heard. Then the executive branch of government conducted hearings. These were held to consider major administrative regulations or departmental plans. I believed these governmental hearings were influential. Immediately in office at JASA I determined to participate in the hearings and give testimony on the status of the elderly in metropolitan New York and the Jewish elderly particularly.

There is no certain path to influencing public opinion. The time was ripe, in the decades following the election of Lyndon Johnson in 1963, to secure that broad sympathy for the plight of the aged which would persuade the executive and legislative branches of federal and local government to enact legislation favorable to the aged and to appropriate the money needed to fund the programs enacted. There was a steady swell of support nationally, even during the Republican administrations of Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Ronald Reagan.

My effort was focused on the campaign for the aged in New York. I immediately began gathering all the relevant demographic, health,

income, and social service data about the aged. I continued gathering this intelligence until my last day at JASA in 1991. I was determined to reach the influential publics to secure the resources needed to fund JASA's program services and improve the lot of the elderly. The relevant publics included the JASA and Federation trustees and staff, the synagogues, and secular Jewish organizations, such as the American Jewish Committee, the American Jewish Congress, and Bnai Brith. I made a particular point of enlisting the Orthodox world, including the Agudath Israel, and that cluster of Orthodox neighborhood organizations in Jewish Community Councils affiliated with the newly established Metropolitan Council on Jewish poverty. I organized the Council of Senior Citizens Centers and Services and the Home Care Council of New York. I thought my JASA clients, senior citizen members, housing facility residents, to be important constituents. The Joint Public Affairs Committee Organization was important and played an increasingly significant role in public advocacy. I communicated with all the elected officials in the metropolis.

I took every opportunity to give testimony at legislative and departmental hearings on issues concerning the aged. My statements were presented in writing and orally. They were thoughtful reviews of the social data relevant to the issues and presented a series of pragmatic recommendations for legislative action. The information resources of the U.S. Bureau of Census of the New York City Department for the Aged and of Community Council of New York were invaluable. The Senate Committee on Aging published an annual review of data concerning the aging, which was useful.

My testimony was given at hearings of the House Special Committee on Aging, the Senate Committee on Baking, the Subcommittee on Human Services, and the House Committee on Aging on the Social Security Block Grant. On March 31, 1982 President Reagan had proposed reducing the federal Block Grant for social services below $2.5 billion dollars. Congressman Mario Biaggi of the Bronx invited me and Lillian Kandell, a JASA senior center officer in several of his centers, to come down to Washington, D.C. to testify on the deleterious effects of the budget reductions. There were other hearings before Congressman Bill Green who was a JASA trustee.

On May 13, 1975 I addressed the annual Legislative Breakfast of the Metropolitan Coordinating Committee on Jewish poverty. There was an extraordinary turnout of almost every elected official in the city, including the Mayor, Abraham Beame, and his successor, then Congressman Ed Koch. I gave the principal address of the morning on "The Jewish Poor of New York and What Needs to Be Done to Help Them". This was a broad, detailed statement based upon our most recent studies and then succinct recommendations. A copy of the statement was circulated to every attendee. I was highly gratified to receive a copy of my address printed in the Congressional Record, Tuesday,

May 13, 1975. This statement was duplicated and widely circulated. One of Congressman Ed Koch's assistants informed me that every Congressman and Senator had the privilege of inserting such statements into the Congressional record as an "extension of remarks", actually spoken on the floor of the House or Senate, or not! No matter, I was thrilled! As were my family, friends, and JASA constituents.

There were statements made at hearings of Commissioner James R. Dumpson of the Human Resources Administration, Alice Brophy and Janet Sainer, Commissioners of the New York City Department of Aging, and Haskell Ward, Commissioner of the Community Development Agency. These hearings were held to consider the departmental proposals for fulfillment of area plans for services. My recommendations were generally supportive, urging broader considerations. At all of these hearings I set forth a brief synopsis of JASA's services, functions, and sources of our funding.

Some of the Congressmen I knew, Bill Green, Mario Biaggi, Jerold Nadler, all informed me that the advocacy of our senior citizen constituents, of JPAC, and my testimony were influential. Such advocacy was deemed to be authentic and representative of many voting citizens. These representations strengthened their sympathies for support of the programs for the aged. Congressman Bill Green, a Republican, represented the "Silk Stocking" district of the Upper East Side, which had earlier elected John Lindsay. He was a liberal Republican and in Washington, D.C. an important counterweight to the growing strength of the southern and southwestern Republicans. They later captured the Republican Party in its sweep to right wing fundamentalism. The consequences of our advocacy, of which mine was but one voice, was evident in the continued funding of the major programs for the aging. American democracy was imperfect. However, in my lifetime I had witnessed its incremental evolution toward a more just society. I was glad to share in that effort.

A National Conference on the Measurement of Poverty December 12–14, 1985

The "War on Poverty", first enunciated during the Kennedy Administration and vigorously pursued by Lyndon Johnson, required some illuminating measurement of poverty – an index. Poverty could then be measured and its status in the U.S. population determined from time to time. How many poor people were there in the United States? Who were they? Legislation to provide remedies for poverty were enacted, providing funding for programs which would ameliorate poverty. The distribution of these grants was determined by the incidence of poverty in the affected communities.

In 1964 the Social Security Administration completed a study to develop the Social Security Crude Index of Poverty, which became the official U.S. statistical definition of poverty. The Poverty Index was defined as three times the annual amount of money needed to purchase the food needed by a person for a minimum adequate diet as determined by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The poverty income level was defined for one person in 1990 at $6,652 per annum. The author of the poverty index was an economist with the Social Security Administration, Mollie Orshansky, enshrined in the annals of the war on poverty as one of its heroines. Her index became a powerful symbol of a profound American problem, poverty in a land of plenty.

In 1968, the year of JASA's founding, the Census Bureau reported upon the extent of poverty amongst the aged. The following tabled is based on the census data:

Poverty of Aging in the United States

Population	Persons with Income Under Poverty	Percentage of Population
1968		
193,386,000	28,510,000	14.7%
17,929,000 (Aged, 65+)	5,114,000	28.5%
1990		
248,644,000	33,585,000	13.5%
30,093,000 (Aged 65+)	3,650,000	12.2%

During the twenty-two year period, 1968–1990, major forces in American life reduced the poverty level of the aged. During this period the educational and occupational status of the postwar generation improved enormously. Many older Americans came into retirement with fixed pensions, social security benefits based upon higher earnings, and greater assets. Another major reason for the disparate improvement in the status of the aged was the power of advocacy on behalf of the aged, which greatly influenced the passage of federal legislations benefiting the aged. Indexed and improved society security, provision of Supplementary Income, Medicaid and Medicare, subsidized housing and rent subsidies, food stamp benefits, and energy benefits were all income transfer programs which increased the income of the poorest elderly. Moreover, these federally funded programs enjoyed Republican support even during the administrations of Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Ronald

Reagan. However, Republican Congressmen and Senators demanded some revision of the Poverty Index to reflect the benefits received by the poor through federal income transfer programs. Nominal reduction of the poverty rates would diminish federal grants.

The Bureau of Census, responsible for publication of the Poverty Index, called a "Conference on Measurement of Cash Benefits" on December 12–14, 1985 in Williamsburg, Virginia. The Census Bureau invited more than one hundred professionals to attend. There were academicians, economists, gerontologists, sociologists, demographers, many representatives of federal legislators of state and local governments, and advocates for the poor. I was invited to represent the interests of the aged through the good offices of Representative Charles A. Rangel, Chairman of the Subcommittee on Oversight of the Committee on Ways and Means, which included the Census Bureau within its purview.

The Census Bureau began to collect data on the cash value of the many benefits received by the poor. These benefits were substantial. Conference members were asked to answer such questions as:

1. What type of cash receipts and non-cash benefits should be included in the Census Bureau definition of income?
2. What are the appropriate methods of evaluating the various non-cash benefits?
3. If income is defined to include non-cash benefits what are the issues of comparability for current income and poverty data?
4. What are the implications for federal laws regarding use of the poverty data in allocating funds to states and local areas?

Conference delegates received a number of scholarly documents and statements concerning the issues.

Advocates for the poor and aged took the position that including the value of non-cash benefits in the Poverty Index would invalidate the measurement of poverty. Adding the benefits in cash value, particularly Medicare and Medicaid, would reduce poverty by 40 percent and yet were meaningless, particularly since the actual value of the health care benefits were not evenly distributed over the population of beneficiaries. The most costly health care was provided a small percentage of the aged population in their last year of life.

Aging advocates, including me, maintained that the present index was an inadequate measure of poverty given the great improvement in the standard of living of the population at large since the index was established in 1965.

On January 30, 1986 the Subcommittee on Census and Population of the Committee on Post Office and Civil Service, chaired by Charles Rangel, held a hearing on the Bureau of Census Conference of December 1985. I

testified and submitted a formal statement. In my testimony I stated that the cash value of all of the government funded services and benefits provided by JASA would amount to $670 a year per client or $55.83 a month. In 1985 the New York State Supplementary Security grant was $407.91. The federal poverty level was $437.50 a month. Adding the cash value of JASA provided government funded cash benefits would bring all the JASA beneficiaries over the poverty level. They would have ceased to be deemed poor, yet they still were. I agreed that the "non-cash" programs and services, such as home care and protective services, were immensely valuable to the aged and made it possible for 1,500 frail and disabled JASA clients to remain at home and avert institutionalization. However, these beneficiaries constituted only three percent of our clients and consumed 44 percent of our budget. "Average" in kind benefits did not provide a fair picture of the status of our aged clients.

The Census Bureau distributed their "Technical Paper 55 Estimates of Poverty Including the Value of Non-Cash Benefits, 1984". Applying the market value of these benefits would reduce the percentage of aged over 65 in poverty in 1984 from 12.4 percent of the aged population, a total of 3,330,000 persons, to 2.6% or 698,225 persons. In New York State, with some of the highest costs for skilled nursing care in the country at $8,921 per patient per month, paid for by Medicaid, the application of this benefit to all of the aged of the state would statistically eliminate all poor aged.

I further testified that the use of the 1964 standard for poverty was unfair. The national standard of living had increased substantially and the Poverty Index should recognize that change.

Advocates for the poor and aged have prevailed in this statistical conflict. The Poverty Index continues to be published to this day without inclusion of the value of non-cash benefits. The Census Bureau continues to publish reports of the value of the non-cash benefits. We have continued to advocate for these benefits. They have made life possible for millions of aged beneficiaries.

Teaching, 1948–1988

While at college I spent four happy summers at Northover Camp in Bound Brook, New Jersey as a camp counselor. Among other skills I learned to draw an English long bow and send an arrow arching into a straw filled target. Archery was a sport I mastered. My campers called me Robin Hood as I taught them archery. I was a teacher and enjoyed the rapt attention of my young merry men.

My old friend Abe Vinik and his wife Maiga returned to the United States in 1947 and took a job at the Irene Kaufmann Center in Pittsburgh with Sam Levene, its Director. Abe had long known Sam as the Director of

the Jewish Community Center of Cleveland in 1940–1942. By the spring of 1948 Sam Levene moved on to Chicago as Director of the Jewish Community Center and was about to take Abe along with him. So it came to pass that Sidney J. Lindenberg, the new Director of the Settlement House and Center in Pittsburgh, invited me to replace Abe. I needed a job and had failed to find any position in New York City. Pittsburgh was dear and familiar to me, having attended the School of Social Work at the University in 1940–1942. An invitation from Professor Gertrude Wilson, head of the Group Work Department at the school, was a welcome development. I would be appointed a Field Work Instructor at the school that September.

For graduate students in Social Work the Field Work experience is a twenty-one hour a week placement at a social agency for two semesters a year for each of the two years at graduate school. The student usually serves at two social agencies. It is a full and rigorous immersion in the work of the agency. The student is assigned a number of groups and administrative assignments and writes detailed "process" records describing the work and activity of the student. These records are submitted to the Field Work Instructor, an agency staff member, for review and discussion at a weekly conference. Concurrently, the Field Work Instructor attends an initial semester course in Student Education and attends regular monthly meetings of the Field Work Instructors. The Field Work Instructor is formally appointed to the school faculty without compensation. The agencies paid the school five hundred dollars a semester for student stipends, the sum of which was paid to the student. For the agencies the students provided earnest enthusiasm as part-time workers, some of whom became staff members. For me and other Field Work Instructors it was an invaluable reorientation to the field and an opportunity to became au courant with social group work. I had been away for more than six years. I met a crowd of new people, the social work fraternity in the city. And indeed it was this school association which brought me Shirley Wagner, my wife to be, then a student in her last year at school in 1948–1949.

I had eight students and one of them, Lorraine Buxbaum, was notable. She went on to Chicago to work at the JCC with Abe Vinik. I recall one effort in my guidance of Lorraine through a year of leadership at an early childhood Sunday School group. The Jewish mothers were eager to have their children participate in a Jewish cultural experience that would wholly avoid any reference to the supernatural, to God. Lorraine and I rigorously explored Jewish holidays and historic and bible experiences in order to introduce Jewish cultural content to the children. We met with the mothers concurrently so they could enrich their lives at home with this experience. At the end of the year we concluded, Lorraine and I and the parents, that we had attempted an impossible task. Jewish experience was unavoidably intertwined with the idea of God. The parents were advised to identify with one or another of the

religious or secular movements in the Jewish community and enroll their children in their schools. I learned from this experience that even if I were not a true believer, for my family to become Jews, I should need to participate in some authentic strand of Judaism. Years later Shirley and I joined Temple Israel in Great Neck and enrolled our three children in its schools.

At the Mosholu Neighborhood Center in New York City, 1952–1956, I served as Field Work Instructor with the Columbia School of Social Work. The graduate students assigned to the Center were an invaluable resource and strengthened my staff. At the school Clara Kayser was the professor of Group Work. I joined her coterie of Field Work Instructors at monthly meetings and took one course with her. Gertrude Wilson and Gladys Ryland at the University of Pittsburgh were her old friends and colleagues. I met the group work crowd in the city, located at the Y's and settlement houses. Clara Kayser invited me to enroll at Columbia as a doctoral candidate. While I would have received a full scholarship, the program would have needed a year and a half of class attendance, a comprehensive exam, and easily another year to write a dissertation. Most difficult of all, Columbia required a year "in residence" during which time I would have had to take a leave of absence from my job. This would have been very costly. The doctorate would have been a key to a career in academia. I was succeeding too well in community center work to have that choice.

From 1954 to 1988, over a thirty-four year period, I was a lecturer, an adjunct faculty member at the Schools of Social Work at Adelphi and Hunter College with Dean Paul Schreiber, at New York University with Dr. Tessie T. Berkman, Director, at Yeshiva University with Dr. Saul Goldstein, Dean, and Dr. Celia E. Weisman, Director of its Gerontological Institute, at the New School of Social Research with Lois Blume, and Hebrew Union College, with Dr. Paul Steinberg, Dean.

The courses I taught were in "Group Work", "Social Work Administration", "Community Organization", "Social Policy and the Aged", and the "Organization of Senior Centers". The faculty appointments were all subject to the continuance of student enrollment; a minimum of eight students required to pay the university for the course. I was employed because of my experience as a teacher and my status in the field.

During all the years as teacher I learned as much as my students. I prepared a course outline, reading assignments, midterms, and final papers. I did an enormous amount of reading in preparation for the courses and filled several filing cabinets with social work materials and magazine and newspaper clippings relevant to course lectures. Through all of my courses I emphasized the principle enunciated by Dr. Kenneth Pray of "social work as cause and function". During this period in American society there were many notable developments in government social work and the economy, which were topics

for discussion. Most of my students were mature adults; many were women returning to train as social workers and gain a career after raising a family. There were many social workers taking advanced training in administration of programs for the aged.

By the late eighties the faculties at the schools of social work were academics with doctorates in social work or the social sciences. Years earlier faculty had been successful practitioners in social work, and the master's degree had been the terminal academic credential. The distinctions between social casework, social group work, and community organization were obliterated. The social group work specialization disappeared from all but a few schools, Hunter College and Yeshiva University in New York City, maintaining that field of study. Social research was emphasized as the route to tenure. At the National Association of Social Work its professional journal was captured by the academics with doctorates. Articles were almost exclusively written by academics with doctorates about social research studies. In my judgment they were all far removed from the realities of social work practice.

I believe that my several hundred students in social work came away from my courses with having learned something of value to them in their work. It was an invaluable experience for me.

The JASA Board

Many years ago while a member of Christodora House, I observed the settlement house staff escorting board members through the building to observe activities. By that time I was at City College, a Sociology major, and versed in concepts of the upper class and the power of the affluent in American society. At Christodora House the James family, heirs of the railroad magnate, was the principal donor. They had paid for construction of the handsome building at Ninth Street and Avenue B in 1929 just before the onset of the depression. There were long dinner table discussions at home about the "uptown" Jews, the German Jewish philanthropists who supported the Lower East Side settlement houses, Henry Street, Education Alliance, University Settlement, and Emanu-El Brotherhood.

My mother remembered the Triangle Shirtwaist Company fire in the loft building at University Place and Fourth Street. More than a hundred young women died tragically because the factory doors had been locked shut by company foremen. German Jewish owners of the company were exonerated at their trial. But that dreadful episode reverberated through the decades which followed. Alfred Smith was elected Governor of the State of New York and much progressive legislation followed, precursor to the New Deal.

When I was a young child I had been given physical therapy at an outpatient clinic supported by the New York Society for Crippled Children. This was a German Jewish philanthropy. Dr. Louis Mayer, my orthopedic surgeon, was the attending physician at the clinic and performed my foot operation. This was followed by several years of physical therapy. There had been no charge for this service or the operation. My mother and I walked from the apartment on Seventh Street to Eighteenth Street three times a week. It was a long walk. The stores on First Avenue and Second Avenue became very familiar to me. Then there was the incident at the Society's Christmas party. The patients were invited to this celebration, and my mother could not refuse my obligatory participation. The party was attended by the young women board members. They were delighted to see their handicapped patients walk across the dining room floor. I was ashamed but walked, rather stiffly because my left foot carried a heavy brace above my knee. When I returned to my dinner the chicken course was accompanied by a glass of milk. The food was of course not kosher.

The milk was an absolute violation. When I returned home that evening I was ill and vomited. I would not tell my mother why. I was ashamed. Years and years later I learned that Ellie Bernheim as a young woman had been a board member of the New York Society. I remember the physical therapists who treated me to this day. There was Mrs. Farley, a very dark, heavy, muscular English woman whom I found unpleasant; she was so rough. Then there was a gentle blonde therapist whom I preferred. I was only seven then, but who knows how this experience affected my sexual inclinations? These experiences left me with mixed feelings about board members.

Federal and state laws accord great authority to the governing boards of not-for-profit agencies. American society has always supported the voluntary philanthropic organizations' tax-exempt status and supported their assumption of responsibilities for provision of health, welfare, and educational, cultural, and religious services. In Europe government has performed many of these services in another tradition. De Tocqueville, in his historic description of the United States, observed the early proliferation of voluntary societies.

The nonprofit agency is incorporated in each state, and then secures tax-exempt status from the federal and state governments. They are regulated by the Internal Revenue Service of the Treasury Department, the Charities Registration Bureau of the Attorney General's Office of the State of New York, and the Department of Social Services, Health or Education of the State. They are exempt from payment of income taxes, sales taxes, and real estate taxes. The agencies are obliged to collect income taxes, Federal Old Age and Survivors and Medicare taxes, and contribute the employer's share. Agencies must pay Disability and Workmen's Compensation insurance. Agency board members are not legally liable for payment of the agency's legal obligations unless they have been derelict in performing their duties as trustees. They are personally liable for payment of taxes withheld from employees' paychecks to government.

During the Great Depression of 1929–1941 the voluntary agency system of welfare collapsed, and government succeeded to provide the welfare benefits needed by the unemployed. The New Deal demonstrated the utility of the role of government to meet the social problems of the day. Voluntary philanthropy could no longer meet the needs of American society. Between 1929 and 1968, the year of JASA's founding, federal and state government laws provided a great body of statutes, benefits, entitlements, and social service programs which provided an underpinning of support for the poor, disabled, and the aged.

In New York State and New York City by the late nineteenth century, sectarian religious communities and their charitable agencies provided shelter for orphan children, the disabled, and the aged. Hospital care was provided through sectarian hospitals. State and municipal government found it expeditious and economical to fulfill their constitutionally mandated

responsibilities for the health and welfare of its citizens by utilization of these institutions and to reimburse them for care of their indigent charges. By 1965 these institutions were receiving millions of dollars in reimbursements. In New York City the municipal hospitals were directly operated by the city, and the voluntary hospitals still treated thousands of indigent patients. The city believed it could provide mandated services by purchase of service arrangements with voluntary agencies of less costs than by direct provision.

During the Kennedy and Johnson administrations the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington funded many indigenous organizations in the minority communities to provide services and job opportunities. Awarding these contracts was deemed a method of "black empowerment". This practice hearkened back to the legal rationale for funding the postwar relief efforts of the U.S. Army in Europe through the "prevention of disease and unrest", formulas for funding allocations to the Civil Affairs Division of the U.S. Army. During the decades following establishment of JASA, government funding enabled health and welfare agencies serving the aged to become large scale, effective organizations. The responsibility and authority for managing the agencies rested with their Boards of Trustees. Government regulated all of the service.

Recruiting the JASA Board

Dr. Maurice B. Hexter was determined to establish JASA as a significant institution in the field of aging. He needed an effective Board of Trustees, the status of whose members would immediately acclaim the significance of the agency. In creating the Associated Y's in 1957 he had persuaded Salem L. Lewis, President of Bear Stearns and a well-known Wall Street plunger, to accept the presidency of that new agency. Joe Willen, Executive Vice President of Federation for fundraising, had found him. Salem L. Lewis served as President of Federation of Jewish Philanthropies without prior experience in any other Federation office. He was a member of the new and rising group of Jewish philanthropists of Eastern European origin.

In 1939 the United Jewish Appeal secured the loyalty of this class of new financial leaders within the Jewish community. All of the early presidents of Federation were of German Jewish origin. Following Frederick M. Warburg in 1917 there were Arthur Lehman, Joseph L. Buttenwieser, Sol M. Strook, Joseph M. Proksauer, Samuel D. Leidesdorf, Lawrence Marx, Mrs. Sidney C. Borg, Benjamin J. Buttenwieser, George Z. Medalie, Norman S. Goetz, and Ralph S. Samuel. With the election of Milton Weill in 1951 he became the first of the new generation of Presidents of Eastern European descent: Salem L. Lewis, Gustave L. Levy, Irving Mitchell Felt, Samuel J. Silberman, and

George H. Hyman, Jr. In 1971–71 Lawrence B. Buttenwieser followed the tradition of his grandfather and father in the office of the presidency. Frederick P. Rose, Harry M. Manchel, Mrs. Laurence A. Tisch, Daniel L. Shapiro, and Peggy Tishman in 1986–1989 were representative of the new generation.

Theodore H. Silbert was delighted to accept the JASA presidency in 1968. I was impressed with his commitment to JASA and his deep feeling for the Jewish elderly. He extended a warm hand of support to me as his Executive Director. During his ten years in office he was always available, sympathetic, and helpful. He read every memo I sent and did his homework in preparation for every meeting in which he was Chairman.

The Board nominees of Dr. Maurice B. Hexter and Leonard Block were upper class heirs of affluent families. They were well educated and had served as trustees of other organizations. S. William Green, "Bill" as he preferred to be called, was one of two children of Evelyn and Lewis Green, JASA's benefactors. Bill was a very able young attorney, a graduate of Yale and its law school. He was keenly interested in housing. He served as Regional Director of DHUD in New York City before his election as Congressman of the "Silk Stocking" District of the Upper East Side of New York. He was a liberal Republican. During his terms of office he was a stalwart proponent of social legislation for the aged and federally supported housing. In the eighties as the State of New York lost population and several congressional seats, he was mapped out of his district. It was enlarged into heavily Democratic areas in Brooklyn. He was succeeded by Carolyn Maloney, a Democrat. Bill was a very loyal and responsible member of the JASA Board. With his sister Cynthia Colin he was Co-Trustee of the Green Foundation and fulfilled his parents' pledge to JASA.

Edward M. Warburg, son of Felix and Frieda Warburg, was an avuncular elder statesman and philanthropist when he joined the JASA Board. During our first four years he attended meetings regularly. After graduating from Harvard he was a partner in Kuhn, Loeb, and Company. His heart belonged to more important cultural endeavors. He was a founder of the Museum of Modern Art and the American Ballet Company and helped bring Balanchine to the city. He devoted the greater part of his life to philanthropy. He was a long time Chairman of the Board of the American Joint Distribution Committee during and after the war.

Among other founding trustees were Robert V. Tishman, President of Tishman Realty and Construction Company, and Tishman and Speyer. He remained a devoted trustee through 1991. He was particularly interested in our housing and building programs and remained its long time Committee Chairman. During the last decade of my administration Bob Tishman made some large contributions to pay for our computerization and long term planning. Irwin H. Rosenberg, a very keen attorney, was counsel to

Leonard Block and his family. He had been a member of the Communal Planning Committee of Federation for JASA. Concurrently, he had been an Associated Y's trustee and Chair of its Legal Committee. He was elected President of JASA in 1983 and did not survive his term, dying in 1984. Thomas L. Kempner, a partner in Loeb Thoades and Company, became our Treasurer. His wife Nan Kempner was an international socialite renowned for her promotion of international couture. He dutifully served as a trustee for two years and resigned. Our Board was definitely not his crowd.

Dr. Herbert Beskind, Richard M. Danziger, Leonard Block's son-in-law, Mrs. Randolph Guggenheimer, Mark O. Lynton, young Peter J. Soloman, Lawrence Tisch, and Mrs. Frank Weil were nominated by Messrs. Hexter and Block.

Ted Silbert brought a number of his Sterling Bancorp stalwarts to the JASA Board. Ezra J. Denerstein, his deputy at the bank, succeeded Thomas L. Kempner as Treasurer. Ezra J. Denerstein was an able financier, a City College graduate, and an accountant by training. Simon H. Fabian, Jesse H. Barkin, Stephen Chan, a partner in Ernst and Young, auditors, Jack Himoff and Charles H. Tally, senior partner in Tally, Bachner and Mantell, Joseph Howard Katz, and Maurice C. Kaplan were among the founding trustees.

I visited every JASA Board member that first year. We had lunch at some of New York City's finest restaurants and of course the Harmonie with those who were members. This was an opportunity for me to cement our relationships, to learn about their professional interests, capacities, family, friends, and resources. I told them about myself and my aspirations for JASA. I began their education in the field of aging. I was very interested in any of their political relationships.

One of JASA's trustees, Hans J. Frank, was referred by Martha K. Selig. Hans J. Frank was President of United Help and Self Help Community Services. These agencies were founded by German Jewish refugees who had immigrated to the United States in the 1930's. They were determined to assist "victims of Nazi persecution". In none of their literature was the word "Jew" every mentioned. This reflected the ambivalent attitudes of upper class German Jewish refugees long after their departure from their homeland. We were well acquainted. I had assisted United Help during their effort to develop the Kissena Apartments in Queens and Associated Y's constructs its Flushing Y adjacent to their building.

Despite my effort a number of the early trustees left the fold. Some had joined as an accommodation to Dr. Hexter and Leonard Block or Ted Silbert. Some were disinterested and others retired. These were Jesse H. Barkin, Simon H. Fabian, D. Herbert Beskind, Richard Danziger, Hans J. Frank, Thomas L. Kempner, Mark O. Lynton, Jack H. Rothstein, and Edward M. Siegel. His wife Frieda Siegel joined the Board and became an enthusiast. Peter J.

Solomon, Laurence A. Tisch, and Edwin M. Warburg retired as well. Three of these trustees, Hans J. Frank, Laurence A. Tisch, and Edward M. Warburg, accepted honorary trusteeships.

Managing JASA's Board affairs was one of the most important functions in my service. The Board was responsible for the funding of the agency's services and of fulfilling its legal obligations. On most voluntary agency boards it is assumed that trustees will contribute financially each year and participate in its fundraising efforts. However significant the government funding of the agency services, the voluntary philanthropic contribution remained a crucial element of agency budgets and agency resources. When JASA was organized prospective trustees were assured that the agency had extraordinary capital assets and that their contributions would not be needed. Under Ted Silbert, Ezra Denerstein, and Stephan Chan's leadership the Board followed a very conservative investment policy and financial prudence ruled our management. JASA's Hirschman Fund provided a cash reserve to finance our receivables and permit payment of our obligations on time. Our government grants provided for immediate payments to fund start-up costs until our monthly vouchers were paid. After the first year JASA had no deficits after application of Endowment Fund income and contributions.

Few among our early trustees, saving Bill Green, Bob Tishman, and Stephen Ross, were truly wealthy. Ted Silbert gave generously within his means, but his annual contributions to JASA were modest and his annual appeal to trustees tempered. All of the JASA trustees understood and accepted responsibility for contributing to Federation annually.

Board Organization

The Board was speedily organized into a number of committees and trustees were appointed Chairman by Ted Silbert. The committees were the Executive Committee, Scope and Function Committee, Budget and Finance Committee, Community Services Committee, Building and Sites Committee, Personnel Committee, Legal Committee, and Nominating Committee. Later the Fundraising Committee, Public Affairs Committee, and Public Information Committee were added. The committees met quarterly; much time and energy was spent in committee meetings.

Board meetings were held the first week of each month at noon. Meetings were held for a decade in the splendid boardroom of Sterling Bancorp. Trustees assembled at a long, polished, oak table, sitting in comfortable black leather chairs. I prepared the agenda for each Board meeting, reviewed with Ted Silbert. A master agenda was written for Ted Silbert and myself, essentially an annotated libretto for the conduct of the meetings and Board action to

be taken. Trustees received a Board folder containing the agenda for the meetings and committee reports. This detailed document was prepared by me, David Soyer, and Sam Hock for the committees with which we served. These "Board Books" were delivered to trustees on Monday, two days before each meeting. They were brought to Board meetings and followed closely. Ted Silbert suggested this useful organization of Board meetings following a pattern he devised for his own bank board. I usually met with Ted Silbert at least once a month before Board meetings to review agency affairs and the prospective Board meeting. I followed this pattern of organization with each successive Board president.

The Board meetings began with an informal lunch provided by Ted Silbert and Ezra Denerstein and Sterling Bancorp. It was catered by a local delicatessen store, a Jewish repast, with coffee, tea, and cake. Within a year Board members became friendlier and the original circles widened in Board fellowship. We invited key staff members to attend Board meetings. David Soyer, Ben Kaplan, and Sam Hock, and later Morris Stutman and George Kaplan, came. They participated in the discussion of their functional areas. Peggy Wood kept the Board minutes. I edited them, and they were reviewed and approved by our Board President. The Board meeting was a monthly ritual. All of us wore our "Board suits" for the meeting.

Ted Silbert brought a certain theatrical flair to Board meetings. He always arrived a little late, and his entrance seemed dramatic. Well dressed always, he cut a dashing figure. He was a gregarious man, and his sociability livened our meetings.

My functioning with the Board was very similar to that of "party whip" and Deputy Prime Minister in the British parliamentary system. In the last years of my office my title was changed to "Executive Vice President". More recently the chief professional officers of large institutions, hospitals, nursing homes, and such have been titled "President" as Chief Executive Officer. The head of the governing board has become "Chairman". The current chief professional at JASA is called "Chief Executive Officer". There is still a Board President and Chairman.

At monthly administrative staff meetings at JASA headquarters we reviewed Board activity. The Board Books were circulated to our district directors and kept them informed of agency developments.

The most intense Board discussions centered around the agency initiating important new developments: the JASA/Community Services program, the acquisition of Seagirt Village from Home of Old Israel, accepting sponsorship of Scheuer House of Coney Island, and successive housing projects. The proposed Home Attendant contract required much deliberation. The annual request to Federation was thoroughly reviewed. I understood that the greater the involvement of Board members in JASA affairs, the greater their

identification with the agency and financial support. New trustees were invited onto the Board. Carl Glick, a Wall Street banker, Abraham Lindenbaum, an attorney and a political power in Brooklyn, Robert S. Olnick, a brilliant real estate attorney and developer, Fred Segal, and Phil Sokol, a former Deputy Commissioner of HRA, were welcome additions.

Henry Pearce was an early trustee and an indefatigable enthusiast. He was esteemed in the real estate industry and a senior partner in his brokerage firm, Pearce, Mayer, and Greer. I learned that his mastery of real estate development and finances made him a key figure in helping developers shape their real estate proposals to attract large construction loans and long-term mortgage investors.

Robert S. Olnick succeeded Ted Silbert to the presidency in 1978 to 1982. He and Carl Glick, Chairman of the Executive Committee, changed the pattern of Board contributions to the agency. When I met with Bob Olnick at the inception of his presidency he asked me how he could most contribute to the development of the agency. I asked him to consider a radical change in the pattern of annual contribution of the Board and then secure federal government approval for two housing facilities we were developing. Bob and Carl Glick each generously pledged the sum of $50,000 to JASA to be contributed over a five year period, $10,000 a year. This was a significant change. Board contributions increased thereafter. Bob Olnick was very persuasive politically. He had a strong relationship with Senator Alphonse D'Amato. With Bill Green's help, and the soundness of our own applications, Scheuer House of Manhattan Beach, Brighton Beach, and the Green Buildings at Cooper Square and the Rockaways were funded by DHUD. He was a devoted president and enjoyed our achievements. We were all aggrieved when shortly after his term of office he was diagnosed with a tumor of the brain. He retired to Florida and died. We had misfortune with his successor, Charles H. Tally, who died after several months in office (1982–1983). Alas, his successor Irwin H. Rosenberg too died soon after his election in 1983. Carl Glick followed as President and served for four years (1984–1987).

In the years that followed Bob Olnick's presidency a number of notable trustees joined the Board. Henry Pearce nominated a number of friends, associates, and colleagues in real estate. They included Stanley Berman, a former Counsel to the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development, Leonard Boxer, Senior Partner at Strook, Strook, and Lavan, Steven M. Jacobson, Senior Partner at Dreyer and Traub, Saul B. Katz, Sterling Equities, Howard P. Milstein, who became President of Emigrant Savings Bank, Stephen Ross, head of Related Housing one of the largest developers in the country, and Selma Shavits, a lifelong friend of the Pearces.

Our relationship with the Brookdale Foundation yielded the Board membership of Harold Resnick, partner in M.R. Weiser, the foundation's accountants, Sam Sadin, a retired businessman and social activist employed

at the Brookdale Center, Hunter College, legal advocacy service, and Dr. Rose Dobroff, Director of the Brookdale Institute, Hunter College, and a professor of Social Work at its School of Social Work.

With Selma Shavits we acquired an activist in volunteer circles at Federation and a number of her associates. They included Rena Blackman, Frieda Siegel, wife of Ed Siegal, a former trustee, Ruth Perelson, Anne E. Schneider, Elizabeth Scofield, and Ellen Shapiro. Marilyn Friedman, a very able housing attorney and daughter-in-law of Leonard and Adele Block, would become a JASA President. Ellie Guggenheimer rejoined the JASA Board in 1978 after an interim leave of four years.

Marvin H. Davidson, a Wall Street banker, headed our Investment Committee for some years. Aaron L. Solomon, a labor relations attorney, was a welcome addition and chaired our Personnel Committee through difficult union negotiations. He was President of Jewish Community Services of Long Island and Long Island Jewish Hospital.

One day in March 1985 I received a call from Albert Vorspan, then Director of the Commission for Social Action for Reform Judaism. He called to ask me to consider the nomination of Dr. Maury Leibovitz, his cousin, to the JASA Board. Vorspan assured me that Maury would meet all the criteria for JASA Board membership. He was resettling in New York City to assume the Presidency of Knoedler and Hammer Galleries, which he owned with Armand Hammer. Vorspan described his cousin as an extraordinary man. He had been a successful accountant on the west coast. Armand Hammer engaged Dr. Leibovitz as a financial consultant at Occidental Petroleum. When he was fifty he closed his accountancy firm and enrolled at the Jung Institute in Zurich for psychoanalysis. Later he completed his Ph.D. in psychology at the University of Southern California. My first meeting with Dr. Leibovitz at the Grolier Club was memorable. Dr. Leibovitz was intensely interested in me, my antecedents, aspirations, and JASA. I was equally interested in Dr. Leibovitz. We spent a long afternoon together listening to each other. Subsequently, Dr. Leibovitz was elected to the Board and became a devoted trustee. During 1990–1991 he initiated an unusual national essay competition for older Americans to describe their most memorable experiences. The response was overwhelming and more than 6,000 submissions were received. A selection of these essays was compiled and edited by Dr. Leibovitz and Linda Solomon, his JASA staff co-editor. The contest received national media notice. A collection of the essays was published by Harper and Collins in New York in 1993 in the book "Legacies, Stories of Courage, Humor and Resilience, of Love, Loss, and Life-changing Encounters by New Writers Sixty and Older". Sadly, Dr. Leibovitz died in 1992 before he received a copy of his book.

Samuel H. Lindenbaum, one of New York's leading authorities on zoning, joined the Board after his father, Bunny Lindenbaum's, death.

Carl Glick served as JASA President during his five years in office. He did an extraordinary job. JASA continued to grow and develop. New trustees were added. In 1989 our most successful dinner dance was held at the Hotel Pierre honoring Henry Pearce. Henry Pearce worked hard to make this event successful. Generous accolades to Henry Pearce were made by Ruth Perelson, Peggy Tishman, President of UJA-Federation, and by Stephen Ross. After dinner the orchestra played dance music. At the close of the evening Henry danced with Sally, his wife of many years. It was a romantic ending. The dinner dance raised more than $800,000.

The following year the dinner dance "A Flag Day Salute" was held on June 14, 1990 and honored Carl Glick and Ruth Perelson. This splendid affair celebrating JASA's twenty-second anniversary was also held at the Pierre. Marvin Hamlisch, the Broadway composer, was our guest artist. Leonard Boxer was Dinner Dance Committee Chairman. Joseph Gurwin, Chairman of the Board of UJA-Federation, gave greetings. A Humanitarian Award was presented to Ruth Perelson and Carl Glick. The food was splendid and the dance music played by the Mark Towers-Richard Evans orchestra was excellent and very expensive! The dinner-dance programs, artfully designed, included brief biographies of the honored guests and a statement for JASA.

Ruth Perelson was very proud to be JASA's first woman President. Her biography described her participation in a unique teaching program adopted as a national project of the Union of Hebrew Congregations. After completing her bachelor's and master's degrees at City College, where she met Sam her husband, she taught at secondary school and college. She and Sam were very proud of their two daughters, one of whom was then married and the other at Cardozo School of Law of Yeshiva University.

Carl Glick had a successful career on Wall Street and in real estate. He had been an active participant in the Jewish community. He was a trustee of UJA-Federation, President of the American-Israel Cultural Foundation, President Emeritus of HIAS, and President of the Jewish Cultural Foundation of New York University. Carl was very proud of his involvement with JASA. The dinner dances were black tie affairs. They were the only time I wore my tuxedo. Marie enjoyed the parties and could wear her evening gowns. Many of JASA's benefactors and friends attended these dances.

Ruth Perelson was elected President of JASA in June 1988, succeeding Carl Glick who became Chairman of the Board. She was overjoyed to have this opportunity to lead JASA and was determined to do a good job of it. I knew that she would be a change. Ruth, unlike her predecessors as JASA presidents, was not employed and had the time and energy to plunge into full participation. She attended most committee meetings and visited almost all of the JASA community service offices and all of our housing facilities. During her visits she interviewed staff and elderly participants. She was

keenly observant. I believe she was circumspect in refraining from usurping my authority. Our staff received her cordially and appreciated her interest and empathy. No doubt her visits strengthened her identification with JASA and its mission. During her term of office Board contributions, and her own, increased, as did Federation's allocations.

The most severe test of her leadership came in May 1990. That month I was invited to meet with Deputy Commissioner of HRA, Kathryn Haslinger. She advised me that JASA would be obliged to terminate its sponsorship of the "JASA/Community Services for Senior Citizens Program", then funded at $1.3 million a year and effective July 1, 1990, and reallocate that sum to a new "JASA/Protective Services for the Aged" program, which we had been developing with the department. I was shocked. The "JASA/Community Services for Senior Citizens Program" was the first major grant I secured from Mayor John Lindsay and Commissioner Sugerman in 1972. During the eighteen years the program had been funded with HRA the Senior Center elements were removed and funded as separate projects. There remained twenty-eight "preventive care" social workers in ten community service offices. These social workers were the front line of the network I had so painfully created over all these years. HRA was asking us to fund the new protective services program with thirteen social workers and supportive staff to serve 325 impaired and disabled aged clients. As a consequence of these cutbacks JASA would be obliged to close neighborhood offices in Pelham Parkway and in Coney Island. JASA would lose its capacity to serve as many as ten thousand clients a year. The protective services program promised to expand by January 1, 1991. The staff would increase to 18 social workers to serve 450 clients.

Carl Glick, Ruth Perelson, and I met with Commissioner Haslinger, but she would not be dissuaded. Her comments about JASA were highly complimentary, and she pointed out that HRA grant allocations to the agency would actually increase overall. HRA priorities had changed. Case management in protective services had been demonstrated by JASA itself to be an effective alternative to nursing home care. Advocacy efforts by Federation and JPAC did not succeed in changing this decision. JASA accepted the funding for the new JASA/Protective Services program

After careful analysis of the budget proposal for the new program we determined that the new contract absorbed costs otherwise borne by JASA. We allocated savings of $160,000 to fund six social work lines and one clerical line for general social services.

In response to Ruth Perelson's appeal the JASA Board authorized the expenditure of an additional $120,000 for social work services. This increased our authorized General Fund deficit to $1,134,865 to fund an additional four social workers.

Requests were made to Federation, the Scheuer Foundation, and the Silverman Fund for an additional $90,000 for line social workers.

We were all, Ruth Perelson, Carl Glick, trustees, my staff colleagues, and I, highly gratified by the Distribution Committee's response to our appeal for funding to make up our HRA losses. We were able to restore thirteen of the twenty-eight positions we lost with the HRA reorganization. Federation provided a special reserve grant of $190,000 for FY 1990–1991. Our total Federation grant for GY 1990–1991 increased to $2,977,205, our highest level ever. This was an increase of $507,520, twenty percent, unprecedented. I could not have expected a better response. Our JASA Board approved a deficit of $1,134,868 in our General Fund to be paid for by Board contributions and endowment fund income. That year our government funding actually increased to $7,909,881 by a total of $245,387, 3.2 percent. Overall for the FY 1990–1991, my last year, our gross expenditures at JASA rose to $14,913,103, a 6.4 percent increase over the prior year. We came through the year with great difficulty. I felt that that great swell of support for services for the aged was beginning to recede. The mind and heart of the electorate was shifting. A recession reduced government income. The Reagan Administration was focused on cutting taxes and armament. Mayor David Dinkins, during his single term, was most concerned for the well being of poor minorities; the aged were a second priority.

In the spring of 1990 I met with Ruth Perelson to discuss my employment arrangement. I had originally been employed by a simple letter from Ted Silbert. Thereafter all of my salary increases were made after requests to Messrs. Ted Silbert, Bob Olnick, and Carl Glick and confirmed by my memoranda. There were substantial increases over the years. My last agreement with Carl Glick extended my employment to 1991, at which time I would be seventy. I was in excellent health and sound of mind and body. I requested Ruth Perelson to agree to my continued stay for another two years to June 1993 to complete twenty-five years of service. Her immediate response was non-committal.

In May of 1990 Ruth Perelson urged me to initiate a search for a successor to Ben Kaplan as Director of Administration. Ben was then in his late seventies, and he was becoming less attentive and alert. He was fulfilling his responsibilities. I had recruited a young, competent administrator, Ruth Gilden, to serve as his assistant and was a possible successor. She was an aggressive young woman and evidently complained to Ruth Perelson that I was protecting Ben Kaplan as an old war buddy. This was Ruth Gilden's women's rights attack on the male dominance of the JASA front office. Ruth Gilden was very eager to succeed Ben, and she was impatient. Ruth Perelson was very delicate in her discussion of this matter with me.

The matter was resolved by my persuading Ben Kaplan to retire as Director of Administration and be elected as Associate Treasurer of JASA and part-time consultant to December 31, 1990. I appointed Ruth Gilden as Director of Administration as of July 1, 1990. She continued in that job beyond my term. Some years later I learned that a new JASA Chief Executive Officer, a woman, had reorganized Ruth Gilden out of that job.

I took note of a special insert made by Ruth Perelson into the minutes of our annual meeting which set forth plans for a search for a successor to Ben Kaplan and his election as Associate Treasurer. For the first time I read:

"An active search for a new Executive Director would be deferred until 18 months before Mr. Warach's announced date of retirement."

I had thought about retirement. My house in East Hampton was a part of my long retirement plan. Research in the field of aging found that the retirement decision was a crucial juncture in the lives of older Americans. I had been a strong advocate, with JPAC, in the successful campaign to secure enactment of a federal law prohibiting mandatory retirement based on age and discrimination based on age in employment. Companies had been terminating the employment of workers at age sixty or sixty-five. The new law provided that no worker could be terminated at an attained age with certain exceptions. Executives could be terminated at any age or retired at a defined age. For a period of seven years university faculty members were exempt from coverage of the law on the ground that they were deemed to be executives.

Large numbers of workers do in fact retire at age 62 when they are eligible for a social security retirement benefit, discounted in the amount received, for early retirement. The number of workers employed over age sixty-five was diminishing steadily. Among corporate executives the age of retirement was typically sixty or sixty-two. They were paid splendid pensions and bonuses on retirement. Within the field of health and welfare agencies there was no set rule. Unsuccessful executives, and there were many during the difficult years of 1940 to 1990, were terminated all too often at an early age with modest severance payments. At Federation there was a struggle to persuade Dr. Maurice B. Hexter, at seventy-eight, and Joe Willen, at seventy, to retire. In 1990 my old chief, Irving Brodsky, retired at the Associated Y's, and then he was employed as a consultant, remaining on in an adjacent office.

At Federation there was a determined drive to bring young people into the ranks of the trustees and to retire the elderly trustees, some of whom had been on board for many, many years. We made a vigorous effort at JASA to recruit young trustees. I believe the Federation executives, Stephen Solender and Jeffrey Solomon, were eager to see some of the long-time and successful agency executives depart. They were a threat to their unchallenged authority. The agency executives had organized an Agency Presidents and Executives Council in recent years to consider ways and means of defending domestic

agency interests after the merger of UJA and Federation. The Federation executives were not invited to the meetings of the council, to their chagrin. At the time of the merger the domestic agencies had been assured that their allocations would not be diminished because of the merger with UJA, which raised funds for the agencies serving Jews overseas. Within a two-year period the retirement of Jay Goldsmith at JBFCS, Dr. Alvin Schiff at the Jewish Education Committee, and Percy Abrams at the Nassau-Suffolk Y's was announced. At Federation more than a third of the trustees retired. When David Soyer informed me he would retire December 31, 1990, I was very disappointed. I had hoped he would be my successor.

During the summer of 1990 Robert V. Tishman came to Ruth Perelson and Carl Glick with an unusual and unsolicited grant, his personal contribution of $150,000, to pay for a "Strategic Planning Study of JASA for the Year 2000". This would be completed by a management consulting firm called APM Incorporated. They had completed a study for the Board of Trustees of Montefiore Hospital to the satisfaction of its key leadership and Robert Tishman, a trustee. In my judgment none of the management consultants with that organization were authorities in management of social welfare organizations. This was galling to me because I had been an administrator of social agencies for almost fifty years and a lecturer on administration at schools of social work for thirty. I was considered one of the nation's leading voluntary agency executives.

I understood that this was Robert Tishman's reassertion of control of JASA by securing an analysis of its income, expenditures, and trends in management, gaining a better understanding of the agency. The contract with APM Incorporated was a clear message to me that the Board was determined to recruit a new executive to succeed me. Robert Tishman gave the JASA Board no choice but to accept his contribution.

APM consultants delivered a huge volume, nicely wrapped in a loose-leaf notebook, entitled "Managing the Challenge of JASA to the Year 2000" on January 31, 1991. I set forth portions of the summary of the report, which reads like copy from our semi-annual "Progress Reports". I should have been happy with the laudatory tone of the report. The recommendations of APM were obvious to our trustees and my colleagues.

Executive Summary

> To date, JASA has been highly successful at meeting its mission to serve the elderly (particularly the Jewish elderly) of New York City, Nassau, and Suffolk Counties with a broad range of services geared toward assisting the aged to remain within their communities. Overall JASA serves more than 50,000 clients in a varied array of over a dozen distinct programs.

> Of the nearly 30,000 individuals JASA serves annually in its social service programs 72% are Jewish. Traditionally established as a major provider of services for the elderly, JASA has achieved high market shares across programs and particularly high levels of coverage for the most at risk – the frail, low income Jewish elderly. JASA enjoys a reputation among clients, staff, and authorities in the field of aging for providing a critically important service and filling a unique social policy and advocacy role.

The report goes on to record the changes in the Jewish and aging community. APM anticipated a fall in the Jewish elderly population by 7% within a decade by the year 2000 with the greatest losses in the Bronx and Manhattan and the greatest increases in Suffolk and Nassau Counties. The frail elderly, those over 75, would increase in number. Funding agencies would hold spending levels constant but increase funding of the most impaired.

APM recommended that JASA shift its geographic focus and maintain the diversity of program services. APM predicted that competition for philanthropic contributions would increase. They recommended that JASA develop an organized campaign to raise more endowment and operating funds. Fee for service programs should be considered. They recommended strengthening the administrative organization of the agency to improve the efficiency of the organization. Four areas needed improvement: organizational structure, reporting relationships, management information systems, and human resource policy (including workload, compensation, training, and professional development). APM felt that only through increasing collaborative relationships with other agencies would JASA continue to grow. APM supported the proposed merger with Self Help.

APM urged JASA to continue its commitment to advocacy for the elderly. They noted that JPAC had 7,000 members. This was the sum of the membership of all the JPAC affiliates, a modest exaggeration of its strength.

> In today's negative economic climate, the increasing scarcity of resources is creating the need for continued advocacy and education about the needs of the elderly as a whole and the Jewish elderly in particular...This objective may be achieved by developing and promoting demonstration programs, continuing JPAC's community education, public information, and social action functions, and making a clear policy commitment to – and providing appropriate organizational resource for support for – social policy and advocacy in a way that will transcend the current management transition.

These were heartfelt adjurations, and I should have accepted the APM report as a commendation for our achievements.

APM in comparing JASA with two of our sister agencies enjoying endowment funds in excess of $20 million or with Catholic Charities or the Metropolitan YMCA was gravely in error. JCCA and JBFCS's were agencies with a long history of one hundred years of many accumulated mergers and legacies. The citywide agencies were of course not comparable. Their recommendation that JASA consider a significant investment in a fundraising effort deserved consideration. I had been JASA's principal fundraiser with Board members crucial associates. Adding a full-time fundraiser to our staff with one secretary would cost $100,000 a year. I doubted the fundraiser would raise sufficient additional income to cover the cost of her offices. We had considered a mail order campaign. Federation rules prohibited appeals to the general public by affiliates. The 92nd street YM-YWHA was able to breach that rule. I initiated a legacy campaign by sending every attorney in New York and the suburban counties copies of our semi-annual progress reports with a letter. We observed a slow increase in legacies.

The recommendations for improvement of our internal reporting systems and staff communications were gratuitous. JASA's table of organization and management system was similar to Jewish Community Centers, family and children's agencies, metropolitan area YMCA's, and federal government agencies. We were not overstaffed and added assistants to our senior department directors slowly to contain administrative costs. The problem was a lack of money to pay for overhead. Our JASA executives and other members of the administrative staff worked hard. During the last decade as our Board contributions grew and as responsibilities increased, salaries for administrative staff increased. The complaints and grousing of our line social workers with then low salaries was understandable. They were paid less than social workers in hospitals and homes for the aged. At JASA our staff were members of a union, D.C. 1707, and negotiated their contracts with a Joint Bargaining Organization which consisted of a number of sister Federation agencies: Federation Employment and Guidance Service, Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services, Jewish Community Services of Long Island, Jewish Child Care Association, and JASA. The employers engaged Jerald Jacobson as our labor relations counsel. Negotiations were long, tedious, and acrimonious. Agreements were reached based upon salary settlements dictated by the Budget Director of the City of New York. The agencies had no discretion and were contractually prohibited from paying any more. Historically salaries in hospitals and nursing homes were always higher than in social agencies in New York. Their settlements were established in union negotiations with the Governor of the State of New York as the final arbiter. APM did not review the employment and tenure records of JASA staff members. Actually our staff turnover was modest. Despite their dissatisfaction with their salaries, they were devoted to service with the aged. Their health insurance, other fringe benefits, and their work schedules and

vacations were satisfying. Our staff identified strongly with the agency and were proud employees. Most of our administrative staff were promoted from within our ranks. The APM report was submitted and discussed by the Board at length. Robert Tishman was satisfied.

Then Ruth Perelson informed me that Stephen Solender, Federation's Executive Vice President, informed her that if I would retire Self Help Community services would be ready to merge with JASA with its Executive, Richard Aronson, to succeed me as Executive of the combined agency. Ruth Perelson asked me to retire and committed JASA to providing me with a handsome retirement "package" as it was called. Carl Glick and Robert Tishman would be responsible for negotiating these arrangements with me. I responded to Ruth Perelson that I seemed to have no choice, but that I would make my final decision after we had completed discussion of the retirement settlement.

During the eighties when Dr. Kurt Herz, Executive Vice President at Self Help, died, he was succeeded by Laurence Matloff, former Executive at the Flushing Y. We met from time to time to discuss a Self-JASA merger. Our functions and services were similar, indeed parallel. Self Help served an elderly clientele of "victims of Nazi persecution". It had been an independent agency supported by German restitutions funds and voluntary philanthropic contributions. The agency provided senior citizens services: case work services, relief, and housing. Self Help had a devoted board, largely German Jewish refugees, devoted to the agency, and a good social work staff. Self Help was a contractor for services for the aged with the municipal government and sometimes competed with JASA for programs. Larry Matloff, once an Associated Y Center Director, was not at all eager to merge, to become once again subordinate to me. Then he died, suddenly. His deputy, Richard Aronson, succeeded him to the Executive Directorship. Richard Aronson too was disinterested in a merger if I became the principal Executive. This was understandable. At the time Self Help was prospering and after its affiliation with Federation had additional financial support. By 1991, as it seemed I could be forced to retire, a merger could result in Richard Aronson becoming Chief Professional. Moreover, at the time, restitutions funds from Germany seemed to be diminishing and might shortly be terminated. A merger with JASA could be helpful to Self Help and of some benefit to JASA and to Federation, which encouraged the arrangement.

Stephen Jacobson and Carl Glick took the initiative for JASA in a series of meetings with Self Help to consider the proposed merger. Marilyn Friedman, Saul Katz, and Sam Sadin were also on the committee. Carl Glick did a detailed analysis of the United Help and Self Help financial documents. He concluded that their funding was so uncertain, coming from German restitutions payments which were coming to an end, and the liabilities of Self

Help for services to "victims of Nazi persecution" were so great that JASA would be unable to assume the burden. Carl Glick was concurrently involved as Chairman of Federation's "Workout Committee for the Associated Y's" to save Associated Y's from bankruptcy. Associated Y's liabilities exceeded $25 million. He was therefore most sensitive to the financial liabilities assumed by Self Help.

I believe there were other factors mitigating against the merger. Richard Aronson, at some point during the merger discussions, circulated his own memorandum to his Board asserting JASA's interest in the merger to be the acquisition of competent executive management, i.e. Richard Aronson. This self-serving allegation was disturbing to JASA trustees and untrue. The most profound issue, never discussed, was ideological. JASA as an institution, and with profound support of its trustees and staff, was dedicated to service for the "Jewish elderly". The Self Help-United Help trustees were predominantly German Jewish refugees. They brought with them a deep aversion to their status as Jews and hostility to Jews of Eastern European origin, the very background of JASA's trustees. In all the years I was associated with Self Help and United Help, their service was always defined as for "victims of Nazi persecution". The word "Jewish" never appeared in any of their literature.

The JASA Board minutes of June 19, 1991 record the decision: "In the end the JASA Board had come to the conclusion that a consolidation or merger with Self Help was not auspicious at this time. The JASA Board looked forward to continuing cooperative efforts with Self Help." I was pleased with this decision of the Board.

I believe Ruth Perelson secured the accord of Robert Tishman and Carl Glick, among my staunchest supporters, to my retirement. Robert Tishman had retired as President of Tishman-Speyer, a large real estate developer. Carl Glick lived in semi-retirement, managing his financial affairs out of a small office on Fifth Avenue. Only Henry Pearce, in April, called me to inquire as to whether I really wanted to retire. His call was too late in the day. No other trustee called. I accepted the reality of my impending retirement and initiated my discussions of the terms of my "package" with Carl Glick.

My negotiations with Carl Glick and Robert Tishman were concluded in several months. To my chagrin I found that Federation terminated my original pension plan in 1990, a year and a half ago, and established a much poorer plan. The federal government had forced this change under the new ERISA regulations. An insufficient number of Federation agency employees had participated in the plan. The new plan was non-contributory but provided considerably lower benefits. Under the new arrangement I would lose the benefit of a calculation of two of my highest paid years of service of the last five. Carl Glick and Robert Tishman generously agreed to make up this loss

of pension income by JASA purchasing an additional annuity. JASA agreed to my employment as consultant for a ten-year period to June 30, 2001 and to pay for my supplementary health insurance costs during that same period. With my UJA-Federation pension, based upon forty-four years of covered employment, JASA's Consultancy, supplementary pension, and social security benefit, Marie and I could maintain our standard of living in retirement for a long time to come. But I was very sorry my life at JASA would come to an end by June 30, 1991. My bully pulpit gone.

Valedictory

Late afternoon, June 3, 1991, Ruth Perelson organized a reception to celebrate my retirement, "A Salute to Bernard Warach". It was held at UJA-Federation and all of my New York colleagues and friends had been invited. The Warburg room was filled with JASA trustees, staff, volunteers, JPAC delegates, and senior citizen center presidents. Federation trustees and staff and senior government officials from DFTA and HRA attended. Commissioner Prima-David, Deputy Commissioner Roberta Spohn, Ted Taberski, Director of Administration, and Sara Eady, Director of HRA's Bureau of Purchased Services, were present. There were many colleagues and executives of sister member agencies of UJA-Federation. There were cousins, David and Phyllis Farber, and Harry and Sylvia Shpuntoff. Marie, Jon and Robbie, and Beth came. I was highly gratified to see so grand a turnout. So many of the attendees had been important to me during my years of service in the city.

There were notable encomiums. Ruth Perelson began, followed by Alan Jaffe, President Elect of UJA-Federation, and Stephen Jacobson, President elect of JASA. My valedictory was a final salute and expression of appreciation to one and all for their years of support. I touched on my life experience, the roots of my commitments, and the importance of my family to me. I expressed the hope that the effort to remedy the ills of society and the aging would continue.

The last week in June was consumed with the effort to design a new budget for FY 1991–1992. Our UJA-Federation and government grants were hundreds of thousands of dollars lower than the grants for the current year. It was depressing and necessary to accept significant program reductions to affect the economies. Then there was the final annual meeting of the Board on June 19, 19991. The Nominating Committee met to consider the election of the new Board President with Ruth Perelson ending her final term in office. There were statements to write in draft for Ruth Perelson, Stephen Jacobson, her successor, and me.

At the annual meeting of the JASA Board of Directors, June 19, 1991, at the Harmonie, a final "Resolution of Appreciation" of the trustees for my service was recorded in the minutes. I report this resolution in its entirety as an appropriate summary of my work and a judgment of my trustees.

"Resolution of Appreciation
For Bernard Warach
Executive Vice President
October 1, 1968–June 30, 1991

Bernard Warach was the first staff member and chief professional officer of the Jewish Association for Services for the Aged from October of 1968 to June 30, 1991. During this 23-year period the Jewish Association for Services for the Aged developed an extraordinary range of comprehensive services for the elderly in New York City, Nassau and Suffolk Counties. The primary emphasis of the agency and its mission to fill the unmet needs of the elderly through programs designed to help them to continue to function with dignity and autonomy in their homes was fulfilled during the years of JASA's services. JASA's services were marked by a Jewish ambiance to make it possible to serve the Jewish elderly of every persuasion, as well as elderly persons without regard to race, creed or color.

With imagination, strong advocacy, and daring under Bernard Warach's leadership, JASA developed demonstration programs which were innovative and which made it possible for JASA ultimately to establish extensive in-community services that were effective, economical, sensitive, and understanding for the well-being of the elderly. By the end of his term in office in June 1991, JASA was serving some 51,000 elderly people in metropolitan New York. These services included social services through 22 local multi-services centers in the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, Manhattan, Staten Island, Nassau and Suffolk Counties, financial management and protective services, community guardianship, and legal services for the elderly. JASA senior citizen centers served over 20,000 older adults.

Its home care services through three subsidiaries, Association for Services for the Aged, Services for the Aged, and JASA/Home Care Services, served more than 1,800 homebound clients daily.

Bernard Warach was an outstanding developer of housing facilities for elderly people, bringing to bear his long experience in development and construction of community centers. JASA developed six and manages seven housing facilities for the elderly: Brookdale Village in the Rockaways, Scheuer House of Coney Island, Friendset House, Scheuer House of Manhattan Beach, Scheuer House of Brighton Beach, the Evelyn and Louis A. Green Residence at Cooper Square, and the Green Residence in the Rockaways. The development of each of these facilities required long community effort and extraordinary political relationships in the City of New York and state and federal

governments. The JASA home care and housing relocation programs also contributed to the well being of the elderly.

Another outstanding program of public advocacy, probably one of the most unusual in the country, was initiated through the Joint Public Affairs Committee. Through its efforts JPAC represented a coalition of 155 senior centers, the YMHA centers, and other affiliates. The JPAC Central Committee, with over 245 older adults, represented 7,000 persons. JPAC's advocacy efforts for social security, national health insurance, and other federal, state, and municipal programs were extraordinarily effective.

By 1990–1991 JASA's gross expenditures and income exceeded $63 million. Bernard Warach secured and mobilized resources form a very broad range of philanthropic sources. These included the United Jewish Appeal-Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, United Way of New York and Long Island, and the departments of the City of New York, state, and federal governments. JASA became the largest community-based agency serving the elderly in the United States.

Bernard Warach's relationship with his Board was outstanding. He provided professional support to key leadership and trustees. A succession of Presidents, Theodore H. Silbert, founding President, Irwin Rosenberg, Robert S. Olnick, Charles Tally, Carl Glick, and Ruth Perelson, were served effectively by him. His sense of partnership with lay leadership imbued the work of JASA through the 23 years of his service. For many trustees JASA became a passionate philanthropic engagement.

Under Mr. Warach's leadership an able professional staff of social workers, nurses, attorneys, housing professionals, and physicians was mobilized to serve the elderly. Some 2,250 administrative, clerical, maintenance, food service, and support and home care staff were employed by JASA and its subsidiaries. JASA became an important training institution for students in social work. Always through the years Mr. Warach enlisted the professional staff as partners in the effort to create a new constellation of services for the elderly.

With great appreciation for all these services the Board of Trustees is pleased to elect Bernard Warach as Executive Vice President Emeritus as of July 1, 1991."

Ruth Perelson, outgoing President, Stephen Jacobson, newly elected President, and I made closing statements. Ruth Perelson urged support for "preventive social work services", legal services, and JPAC. She decried the diminution of funding. My statement reaffirmed my appreciation for support of our JASA services and the hope that support would continue. In closing

I said, "The fundamental fact of life in American society is that, however successful a family, and our Jewish families have been successful, their adult children are no longer immediately available to them. They live far away. Twenty percent of the Jewish elderly never had children or have no living children to assist them in their later years. Hence JASA."

Stephen Jacobson's final statement appealed to the Board to contribute to "JASA Endowment Fund 1991". He reaffirmed JASA's mission to serve the aged.

David J. Stern was appointed Executive Vice President, effective September 1, 1991, as my successor. He was the Executive Director of Lenox Hill Neighborhood House. He was a tall, imposing man, graying at the temples, and well spoken. He was my nominee. I had met him at meetings of the Board of the Council of Senior Citizens and Centers. His agency was a sponsor of a number of programs funded by HRA and DFTA. Stern took a personal interest in his aging programs. He impressed me as an effective executive. He was esteemed by his Board of Directors, which included Hadassah Loeb.

The JASA Board had me contract with the Korn/Ferry Company to complete an executive search. The large fee JASA paid Korn/Ferry disturbed me. The Korn/Ferry executive managing the account relied on me to review the names of every potential executive in the field of aging, nursing homes, social agencies, and health administrators who might meet the agency requirements. Finally they agreed to nominate David J. Stern. The employment of Korn/Ferry and the APM Management consultants at such great cost was the JASA Board's assertion of its independence from me. Such is the way of the world. I was reminded of the novel by Mary Renault, "The King Must Die". It describes the Spartan kingdom in ancient times, which obliged their kings in maturity to leap off a cliff to make way for their youthful successor. The Chinese had more respect for their esteemed aged rulers.

With regret I noted that David Stern would be required to manage JASA with a reduction in funding by DFTA. The UJA-Federation grant for FY 1991–1992 at $2,689,203 was a reduction of $296,651, nine percent lower than FY 1990–1991. The recession had severely affected the UJA-Federation campaign. Dr. Jeffrey Solomon, Chief Operating Officer and Director for Domestic Affairs of UJA-Federation, stated that the reduction for JASA was far lower than that for other agencies. This comment did not ease our distress.

The JASA budget for FY 1991–1992, approved by the Board, reflected harsh realities. Revenues of $12,914,600 and expenses of $13,664,600 and a deficit of $750,000 were anticipated. JASA's endowment fund was yielding an income of $600,000 for the year. The Board agreed that it would raise $150,000 in contributions. This budget would enable JASA to survive the recession, maintain most of its services, and leave the endowment fund intact.

The Council of Senior Citizens and Services, at its annual meeting of June 26, 1991, awarded me its first Elinor Guggenheimer award for services rendered the Council. The delegates assembled heard some laudatory remarks by Egal Jellinek, its Executive Director, and Elinor Guggenheimer, its Honorary President. I responded with words of appreciation for the original agency delegates who had responded to my invitation to join the organizing committee on March 24, 1974 and later the first delegate assembly of the Council on November 1, 1978. Randolph Guggenheimer, Ellie's husband, incorporated the Council. Pastor James C. Amos was elected Council's first President and Ellie Guggeneheimer its first Executive Director. We wrote the first funding proposal to United Way and were delighted to receive a three-year grant for our organization. Ellie Guggenheimer was persuasive.

We had felt strongly the need for the Council. The contracting agencies for HRA and DFTA were small, unsophisticated organizations with little political influence. They felt weak and unable to negotiate with the municipal department. Council represented their interests as advocates for funding the programs, in securing adequate contracts, and procedures for reimbursement. In the decades since the Council was founded it became an effective organization. I was very proud of Elinor Guggenheimer who was so effective a community leader. She enabled the Council to secure funding from corporate New York through her relationships with executives. I left that annual meeting with a lovely, and valuable Tiffany Clock, appropriately inscribed.

David J. Stern was not due to arrive until September 1. I remained on as Principal Executive during July and August of 1991 to manage JASA and to support Stephen Jacobson, the new President. Now, however, I was Executive Consultant and Executive Vice President Emeritus. I came to the office several days a week and continued to sign checks. David J. Stern arrived in September. I left some notes as guidelines. During the years which followed we had a number of business lunches. I attended several JASA fundraising events in subsequent years. Being a consultant had not been demanding.

For the first decade after my succession David J. Stern seemed to have done well. JASA survived and prospered. Then to my surprise David J. Stern was asked to resign, and he spent a year trying to find another job. No trustee would tell me what had happened to cause his loss of the confidence of the Board. I learned that he had ceased to respond to telephone calls. A fatal error! He was succeeded by his deputy Eileen Gittleman, a social agency executive who had served at Westchester Family Services. She has been in office now, 2009, for a period of four years. JASA is thriving and has continued to grow. The agency grows more remote, but I am happy it continues to serve the aged well.

The Aftermath

After Shirley's death and our period of mourning we resumed our life pursuits. Jon and Beth returned to Great Neck North and Temple Israel Hebrew High School. I was back at JASA and immersed in the routines of agency management. I tried valiantly to leave the office promptly at five to get home to dinner with Jon and Beth. Josh was in Hanover completing his freshman year at Dartmouth. I was home weekends in June. Beth and Jon returned to their friends and completed their year-end studies. We celebrated Jon's splendid finish at Great Neck North and his admission to Cornell University with a State Scholarship Award, a significant sum.

At high school and college my children had great initiative and were able to secure interesting and enlightening internships and counselor jobs during the summer. They were self-supporting for three months of the year, a significant contribution to our family economy. During the summer following Shirley's death I was grateful for the opportunity given Beth for a summer fellowship at the Jackson Laboratories in Bar Harbor, Maine. The Jackson Laboratories were a renowned research center and a major producer of lines of purebred mice for scientific experimental work worldwide. The laboratory was on a lovely campus overlooking the harbor. The laboratory sponsored a summer program for high school and college students with scientific inclinations. The students were all excellent students and in addition to room and board were granted a cash stipend. During the summer every student conducted some scientific experiment under the tutelage of a mentor. Beth was fortunate to have a warm and kindly mentor, a woman scientist who was aware of Beth's bereavement. Beth had a grand summer at Jackson Laboratories and made some lifelong friends. As it happened Josh had been at Jackson Laboratories the summer before.

Jon and I went to work every morning together into the city. Jon had an internship at the Rusk Institute at New York University and its laboratory. This was a fascinating summer for Jon and an introduction to rehabilitation medicine.

My brother Akiva and sister-in-law Miriam invited me to visit with them at their home in Rockland County. I was their guest for a ten-day stay. My brother and I walked and talked together. He shared his dream to resettle

in Israel. Aliyah had been their common aspiration when Miriam and Akiva married. My parents' objections prevailed. They did not want to lose their son and the grandchildren to come. Now Akiva had completed thirty years of teaching with the New York City Board of Education and could soon retire. Their eldest daughter Lenore had resettled in Israel. She completed her social work degree and had married a young Israeli, Moshe Bar-Gil, of a Moroccan family. I returned home to Great Neck in a calmer mood but remained depressed. I had lost Shirley.

My Great Neck friends invited me over to dinner. Elaine and Lester Brookner and Robin and Howard Hess were especially attentive. There were a number of Shirley's friends whose invitations gradually diminished. I spent weekends at home. Jon had his friends still in Great Neck. We used the Parkwood swimming pool, a fine amenity of the Great Neck Park department. There were chores at home and some light cooking. Rabbi Mordecai Waxman had me visit with him at his home several Sabbath afternoons. I wrote letters to my children. I was very lonely. During the past several years I had lost Shirley and earlier my mother-in-law Min, Aunt Esther Glaser, and my own mother. With summer's end Josh came home to visit, and Beth returned from the Jackson Laboratory experience with a splendid paper, some wonderful memories and good friends. I helped Jon pack and drove him up to his dormitory in Ithaca. He was a happy freshman.

By 1975 I was earning a better living and could pay the costs of college for Jon and Josh, and later Beth. They were the beneficiaries of a modest social security dependent's grant, a benefit of Shirley's estate. Jon's State Scholarship, which Beth won a year later, helped them meet their out-of-pocket expenses.

Beth and I made our home together that first year without Shirley. We both were off to work early morning, Beth to school. Beth had an absorbing schedule; there were her senior year studies, Hebrew High School, and the school orchestra. Beth played second violin and enjoyed this experience. Beth had many friends and spent some weekend nights visiting. I determined to return home early and did mostly. In retrospect I am uncertain that I was as sensitive a father as I might have been. Beth was even more deeply depressed that I was with the loss of her mother. Might I have listened to her grieving more attentively?

Some time during the autumn of 1974 I began to visit with Mitzi B. She was a very good friend of Robin and Howard Hess. She was a widow and had two grown children; one daughter was a nurse and her son an attorney on the west coast. Mitzi was employed by a manufacturer of a chemical solvent used in the manufacture of concrete. She was an unusual figure in the construction industry and traveled to many conferences, promoting her product. She lived in a suburban house with her two brothers, single men, both working for the post office. I told Beth about Mitzi, and she met her once. I sensed her

great discomfort at the very thought of me seeing another woman. Mitzi was understanding and knew all about my family from the Hesses. It was very difficult for me to begin a new relationship. I felt profoundly disloyal. While I understood this to be understandable, it remained an impediment to an easy and happy relationship. We attended some concerts and the theatre, had dinner out, and then our relationship petered out.

In 1975 Beth graduated Great Neck North and her Hebrew High School. She had been a fine scholar and had been accepted at a number of colleges. She chose Cornell, as did a number of her friends. That summer Beth lived at home and followed her brother to an internship at the Rusk Institute in the city. The summer went speedily, and in the fall I drove Beth to her dormitory in Ithaca with Jon. Now all of my children were away at college. I was very proud of them. They were good scholars, and I was confident that they would do well at school and pursue some higher calling. During their years away we kept in close touch. There were letters. The day of the cell phone had not yet arrived, so we did not telephone much. But they were home on school holidays.

They had good summers. Beth was at the Vacation Camp for the Blind in her sophomore year as a counselor, and then worked as a housekeeper at Cornell dormitories one summer and a Resident Assistant for high school students at the college. During the year after her graduation from Cornell in 1979–1980 she worked for the Tompkins County Mental Health Association as a counselor in their residence program for mentally ill adults. Beth felt she needed a year out of school to consider her future. This troubled me for I felt she might not continue with graduate school education.

Jon too, once away at school, made his own life. Upon completing his freshman year he was employed as a counselor at Camp Maimonides with retarded adults and Camp David with retarded children the following summer. During his junior year he was a laboratory assistant with Dr. Silverschmidt, a renowned scientist conducting a research experiment. Jon was proud to be one of a number of co-authors of a scientific article published that year on some abstruse topic. During the summer of 1978 Jon's graduation gift from me was the cost of several months hostelling across Europe on the grand tour.

Joshua was a student intern at the Jackson Laboratories in Bar Harbor, Maine in 1973 and then proceeded to Dartmouth, his very first choice for college. Josh, graduating first in his class at Great Neck North, might have chosen some other school. But two of my cousins, Kenneth and Myron Falchuk, had been Dartmouth college students and completed two years at the Dartmouth Medical School and their medical education at Harvard Medical School, which had a complimentary arrangement with Dartmouth at that time. During one summer's camping trip our family had swooped through Hanover, New Hampshire. The glistening white colonial buildings on the college campus were beautiful, and Josh determined to enter Dartmouth.

In September of 1973 Shirley and I drove Josh to school and installed him in his dormitory room. We brought along some extra floor lamps, and I assembled a bookcase for our young freshman. Shirley and I were very proud of Josh and returned home to Great Neck, happy parents. Josh spent one unhappy summer in the laboratories of Northwestern University in 1974, the summer after Shirley's death, and then two summers at Dartmouth at school during the summer of 1976. Josh did the summer hostel tour of Europe. Marie and I met him in London. He was a very hungry young man, doing most of his eating out of grocery stores on the road to save money. Josh graduated from Dartmouth in 1976 in three years, Summa Cum Laude and Phi Beta Kappa! He was accepted at a number of medical schools, entering New York University in autumn 1976. He graduated medical school in June 1980, completed a year of internship at Dallas Hospital, and then spent three years at New York University and Bellevue Hospital as Neurology Resident, becoming Chief Resident. In 1983 he passed a very grueling examination for his certification as a neurologist. During his years as a neurology resident Josh lived with Marie and me at the apartment at West 86th Street. He enjoyed New York City. Then he accepted a fellowship at Massachusetts General Rehabilitation Center in Boston for a two-year stint in behavioral neurology.

I was happy to se my children on their way and realized that I would have to resolve my future. My work at JASA was consuming and very satisfying. I was making my way in the city. Still, once Beth had left, I was alone at home.

I had never been aggressive in my pursuit of women. My relationships had all developed naturally, meeting people at work or in very ordinary social discourse. Since earliest childhood I had always been anxious about my acceptability to young women. I understood that I was a reasonable looking man, but I walked with a distinct limp. I knew my left leg was shriveled and ugly. In adulthood long pants covered the impediment. I did overcome my feelings, and the responses I elicited were encouraging. I was fifty-four, and my loneliness drove me on.

I considered every mature and eligible woman in the field of social welfare in the city. There were not many. Most were married and few were of the right age, shape, and size! That was true of all the trustees and committee members I encountered. I met one colleague on the faculty of the New School for Social Research pursuing her doctorate. This became a warm and endearing relationship, which gave way to yet another. Then I met Marie Norkin some time in 1975. I cannot recall the nexus of our meeting, but I did visit her at her apartment on 86th Street in Manhattan. She was an artist, and her work hung on the walls of her home was impressive. These had been painted some years earlier, much affected by the abstract expressionist movement. Marie was a very comely, mature woman with an attractive figure and a composed

manner. She was very pleasant and easy to be with, and given my mood, her quiet demeanor was very appealing. In the course of a half year of dinner, concerts, and theatrical evenings I learned about Marie.

She was the mother of two grown children. Richard her older son, married to Mary, lived in San Francisco. Laura her daughter, a divorced young woman, lived in Ithaca, New York with her two young children, Johan and Sam. Marie had married Sam Norkin in 1938 at the age of 21. She was the oldest daughter of Jacob and Dina Friedlander Sieff. Her parents had immigrated as teenagers to the United States from Libau, an ancient Hanseatic city in Latvia, in 1905. Jacob, her father, came to New York City at the age of fourteen. He had fled the old country during the year of a great revolution in Russia and, no doubt, to escape conscription. He had been an unusual lad. Though his family was religious, Orthodox, and traditional, he had rebelled. He became a socialist, rejecting all religious practice as the "opiate of the people". He had organized a strike at his place of employment and was fired. In New York he was an immigrant. He was a lifelong member of the Workman's Circle. As Marie described it, her parents had little relationships with other members of their family. They observed none of the Jewish holidays. Years later in Richmond Hill, the family hardware store was closed on Yom Kippur Day as a show of Jewish identity in a gentile neighborhood. Marie had no Jewish education. Yet her father and mother's attitude toward her was very traditional. They did not believe she should secure a higher education. Her younger brother Milton was the favored child. He should become a dentist. Alas, their highest hopes were dashed. Milton was a neighborhood boy, and his buddies were red-neck boys. When he returned from service in the Navy he soon met and married Adele Bader. She insisted he go to work immediately so he could support them and have a family. That is exactly what Milton did. Milton went to work for his father who, after the war, had acquired a factory to manufacture building materials. Marie attended college at night for a little more than a year and then married Sam in 1938.

Sam Norkin was a very jolly young man, passionately in love with Marie. He was an artist and a brilliant caricaturist. After the war he became a theatrical caricaturist for the New York Herald Tribune and the Daily News for many years. Regretfully his single competitor in the New York theater world was Al Hirschfeld, the caricaturist for the New York Times. His renown far outshone Sam Norkin. After Marie married Sam, he was drafted, and she and baby Richard followed Sam to war. He impressed a classification officer and became a non-commissioned Information and Education teacher for soldiers in basic training, stateside. He was an instructor on the political reasons for the World War. He missed combat. After the war the couple returned to New York City and bought a house in Queens. Shortly afterward their daughter, Laura, was born. They subsequently moved to the apartment

in Manhattan. Thirty years after their marriage Marie secured a divorce in 1968. The divorce had been a long time coming.

How very brave of it was Marie to divorce Sam! They had made a good life together. Sam was making a living. They had built a vacation home in Barnes Landing, East Hampton, and had a circle of friends on the west side and the island. Marie received a very modest alimony payment, had no profession, and would have to support herself. Their life had not been easy.

Here was a very new set of experiences for me. Every one of the mature women I met had a past. There were widows but far more women who had been divorced. It was difficult for them to discuss, to recount the painful years, the marital troubles, and the problems with children. I came with my own past. As a grieving widower, how accepting could I be of a new woman? Then there were my formidable children. I thought they were impressive, but how might a new woman find them? Would they accept her? I understand these were the complexities of men and women in their middle years beginning again. We talked a great deal, Marie and I, to better understand each other.

At the time we met Marie was employed as a designer of appliqués in the womenswear industry. She had been a photographer at the Lord Baltimore Press, a design division of the International Paper Company, for many years. Dissatisfied with her status and compensation she made an effort to find another job in photography and found that prejudice against women was a glass barrier.

In the year which followed we spent time together. Late August 1975 Marie and I enjoyed a long weekend in Martha's Vineyard. We stayed at the Carol Apartments. The American colonists arrived in 1642 and in short order had usurped this lovely island from the Wampanog Indians. The settlers paid this tribe a pittance for their land. The history of the Vineyards records a peaceful relationship of colonists with Indians. Indeed there is a Wampanog Indian settlement on the island to this day. Beth and Adam are very good friends with a Newton family whose wife is a Wampanog Indian and owns a profitable souvenir shop on the island on tribal property.

We enjoyed the lovely beaches and pleasant streets of Edgarton and Vineyard Harbor. There had once been several important whaling ports on the island in the nineteenth century. The island had been transformed. It was now a very expensive twentieth century resort center for affluent New Englanders. There were some excellent restaurants. The weather over the weekend was fair. We returned to New York City with pleasant recollections.

In the year which followed we were together in Manhattan and in Great Neck. We picnicked in the Great Neck parks and visited Temple Israel. For Marie my identification with the Conservative movement in Judaism and with Zionism was a new encounter. Her antecedents and politics had taken her distinctly leftward as a young woman. I was not frightened of her ideology.

Like so many "progressives", Jewish left-wingers had been attracted to the progressive movements by the idealistic promise of redemption from historic anti-Semitism and a utopian cure for the ills of capitalism. Shirley had been a member of the Progressive Party and an activist in the campaign for Henry Wallace. As a child I learned the politics of the depression years and the fierce arguments between my father and mother and my uncle Moshe and aunt Jean who were leftists and anti-Zionists. Marie had become by 1975 a liberal Democrat. She accepted my tempered identification with Judaism. I recall Shirley had gone back to college for a course in Jewish history and so did Marie. I believe the political movement of the enlightenment in Europe and Socialism, in its intense hatreds of bourgeois nationals and traditional Judaism, robbed generations of the rich culture which had so deeply served our forbears. In the end, the God that failed, Communism in the East, revealed itself in Stalinism to be a bitter enemy of all humankind and of the Jewish people in particular. The anti-Zionist propaganda of the contemporary Communist parties is allied with the hostility of the Muslim fundamentalists against the United States, Israel, and all of the West. The tremors of these hostilities continue to reverberate amongst our people to this day.

Marie and I visited East Hampton as houseguests of Morton and Bernice Hunt. They were part of Marie's circle of old friends. There was Lydia and Morton Deutsch. Lydia was once a fellow student with Marie at the Art Student's League and was now a designer of women's sleepwear. Morton was a professor of Psychology at Teachers College of Columbia University and head of the Department of Social Psychology. Morton Hunt was a well-known writer of books and journal articles on the emerging sex scene in American. He was the author of several best sellers. Bernice too was a writer of children's books. They were marvelous hosts; Bernice was a superb cook. Then I was introduced to Irene and Edward Engelman. They too were long time friends of Marie. Ed was a world famous photographer. He took pictures of the Freud apartment and portraits of Freud himself immediately before their hasty departure from Vienna in 1938. Ed fled Vienna shortly thereafter, meeting his fiancé Irene in Rome, and then they fled to Nice. Ed came to the United States in 1938, and Irene had to wait for her American visa in Cuba for almost a year before being admitted. During the war Ed worked for Western Electric as an electrical engineer, then established an impressive photo shop in mid-Manhattan. Irene and Ed had two children, Ralph and Tom, who knew Marie's family since their childhood. Irene, with great determination, completed a graduate degree program in social work at Adelphi University and worked for many years as a psychiatric social worker at Hillside Hospital. The Deutsches and Engelmans had homes in East Hampton and lived on the west side of New York. Morton and Lydia lived in apartment 2A below Marie at 161 West 86th Street. They were part of a close coterie of friends. I was warmly

welcomed as someone appropriate for their friend Marie. As I learned later, they had not approved of her prior escort. For my part I thoroughly enjoyed the weekend at the Hunt House. It was located on an inlet. Morton was an excellent gardener and had a lovely vegetable garden in full sunshine outside his door. East Hampton suggested some attractive possibilities.

Marie met my children during several school holiday weekends at our house in Great Neck. I listened ever so carefully to their reactions to Marie. Josh and Jon were reserved in their comment. I knew Beth was strong to react and free enough to tell me how she felt. I was relieved by their reactions, talking with them privately about my interest in Marie. I assured them of my continued loyalty to them all the days of my life. I felt that Marie would add to their lives. And so it has been. I believe my children and grandchildren have come to mean a great deal to Marie as she is to them.

Marie and I had some very serious discussions of our personal needs and commitments. I was impressed by the complications of our lives, but somehow that they could be mastered. Indeed they have been since. We agreed to make our lives together and to be married.

We were married May 30, 1976 by Rabbi Mordecai Waxman at Temple Israel. All of our close family and friends attended. There was a party at our house. All of my children came, as did Marie's. Her mother Diena Sieff was brought from the Jewish Home and Hospital. Of our friends there was Ben Kaplan, Jane and David Soyer, Morris Stutman and his wife, Sam Hock and his wife, Elaine and Lester Brookner, and Robin and Howard Hess. Ben did a marvelous job catering the dinner party. Then Marie and I drove into New York with Ben and stayed at the St. Moritz Hotel in a room overlooking Central Park. We had a very happy weekend together.

I moved into Marie's apartment. Our JASA offices in 1976 were at 18th Street and Park Avenue, an easy commute from the station at Broadway and 86th Street with a change for the B.M.T. at 42nd Street to 14th Street. In 1981 JASA acquired the Hexter Building, and we relocated our administrative offices to West 68th Street. I was then able to walk to work on clement mornings, a great privilege. Weekends we went out to my house in Great Neck. We were in Great Neck for the High Holidays and attended services at Temple Israel. I was hanging on to my old life as best I could.

Travels, 1978

During the summer of 1978 Marie and I were able to travel to Europe, the first of our many trips together. We departed John F. Kennedy Airport July 22, 1978 with Pan Am Airways. It was almost thirty years since my voyage from Hamburg to the port of New York on my return from Germany. We arrived in Rome Friday morning, July 23, 1976. Our hotel, La Residenzia, off the Via Veneta, was modest but felt so Italian with marble lavished on the lobby floor and its halls. There were pleasant restaurants in the neighborhood. Marie had a grand passion for Italy and its art and antiquities. Her studies of medieval and ancient art and sculpture enhanced her appreciation of this historic city.

The glories of ancient Rome were evident in the many well-preserved stone ruins scattered through the city. During our four-day stay we visited the grand tour highlights: the Roman Forum, the Coliseum, and the Arch of Titus. The relief sculpture on the arch of the Hebrew slaves and the Menorah were visible signs of the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. We had some gelato in the Piazza Navona and were entranced by its sparkling fountain and felt its eternal romance. The museums, the Borghese Gallery, the National Museum of Rome, the Capitolino Museum, the Vatican, and the Sistine Chapel and its luminous paintings, were notable. It was fortunate that Rome escaped major bombing by the Germans and Allied air forces during the war. This was a modest gesture to the Pope and the glories of this city. We visited the Jewish Quarter of Rome. There were still some Jews left, remnant of a once thriving community, which had survived more than two thousand years until 1944. The Jewish synagogue still functioned with a small congregation on Sabbath evening.

I marveled at the history of this great Roman city. Once master of the inland sea and the ancient world, it was destroyed during the onslaught of the Northern barbarians. There was a long, quiet sleep. But the city slowly revived and became the capital of Italy reunited. It is today a very civilized metropolis. Its opera, symphony halls, museums, great art and antiquities have contributed much to our society of today. Our arts, our sciences, our literature, and our laws have all been enriched by that heritage. The Italian people of Rome were a friendly, lively community. We felt easy and at home. We left Rome with a sense of contentment with this experience.

We took a train to Sienna, a very interesting Tuscan city of fifty thousand souls. Its medieval buildings survived unscathed by the conflicts of the Italian states and the last Great War. The center of Sienna was its square, "il campo", paved with squared granite blocks. Twice a year Sienna conducted historic horse races within the square called the "Palio delle Centrale". There were brass bands, flags and cheering to great fanfare. The horses are entered by competing guilds. During medieval days the Catholic Church stirred the crowds to anti-Semitic frenzy and Jews were burned on the square as an expression of Christian faith.

Given that history we were surprised to find a beautiful old synagogue on the third story of a building behind the town square. It was hidden behind the huge wooden doors of the apartment house. Only one small discreet sign marked its presence. The synagogue was a very large hall with stained and gold embellished polished wood decorating the walls and windows. The ornate candelabras were brass, now displaying electric light bulbs. The Oren Koddesh stood at the center of the hall. There were services Friday night attended by a small gathering of tourists and a number of foreign students from the music school. We were told that during the war in 1944, the Jewish community of Sienna was destroyed by the Nazis. The Italian government assumed responsibility for the maintenance of the synagogue and restored it to its former beautify. A part time Rabbi served as minister.

The city's center was the site of the handsome Mangia Tower next to the Town Hall, which soared three hundred and thirty-one feet above the square. The cathedral was a huge Renaissance sanctuary whose columns were decorated with black and white tiles which rose in serpentine fashion from the floor to the roof. The stained glass windows glowed in the afternoon light. The Music School in Sienna was renowned and attracted students from the world over. The city hospital too was an ancient remnant. Its large white wards had many windows and overlooked the valley below Sienna. Each floor was dedicated to the name of the principal physician attending his patients recuperating in a long line of beds. Sienna was a living city. It had prospered as a center of a prosperous rural area. Its restaurants were well attended and excellent. Tuscany was one of the most prosperous regions of Italy. Its people were not among the numerous, impoverished immigrants from Sicily who came to America. We were impressed with Sienna. Life could be good here.

We found Florence to be the most charming of the Italian cities we visited. The Della Signora Hotel, located in the center of the city, was comfortable and well located. We had read about this great city and found its notably and historic buildings, museum, and sculptures to be as impressive as we had imagined. Florence had been founded by the Etruscans in 400 B.C. and located on the Arno River in its fertile valley. Florence prospered as a center of commerce and the arts. The house of Medici ruled Florence for more than

three hundred years. Its great buildings, churches, and palaces are testimony to the rich industry and commerce of the region and the strength of the rulers. Florence too had the good fortune to escape the depredations of the world war.

During our all too short stay we visited the world famous sites: the Piazza del Duomo and the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore. Its magnificent cupola designed by Brunelleschi was completed in 1434 and its lantern in 1461. What a triumph that must have been! Its tower, the Campanile, was one of the greatest creations of medieval art. We visited the grand palaces. There were the Palazzo delle Signoria, the Loggia of the Bigallo, the Fironi Palace, and the Pitti Palace, a great museum. The Hospital of the Innocent was an example of a medieval facility still in operation in the twentieth century.

There were so many splendid medieval churches. Interestingly they are of Roman design with Roman arches, preceding the later Gothic cathedrals of France. The church then commanded the loyalty of all of its people. In Florence the church found the means to create the great edifices of the day, to the glory of their faith.

The Uffizi Gallery was deemed to be Italy's greatest museum. How great the treasures of its art and sculpture! The Pitti Palace and its Gardens of Boboli overlook the city. We were exhausted visiting all the landmarks and happy to end out tourist day at a restaurant in the city. Marie managed to visit a number of shops, particularly those dedicated to leatherwear for which Florence is famous. She purchased many gifts, large and small, as souvenirs of our trip for our family.

Florence still had an active Jewish community of several thousand souls. They had restored the Jewish Center of Florence, a large synagogue, community house, and a home for the aged with aid from the American Joint Distribution Committee. The Jews of Florence were aging and most were old Italian families who miraculously had survived the concentration camps. We were informed that many of the younger people had immigrated to Israel.

Florence was very impressive. Its artists, architects, and writers had been in the forefront of esthetic developments in Italy. They included Dante, Machiavelli, Giotto, Brunelleschi, Masaccio, Donatello, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michelangelo. They all practiced their craft in Florence. Marie, a student of the arts, could appreciate this trove and shared her enthusiasms with me. She had visited Florence on several previous trips to Europe and loved being there again.

As with travelers since time immemorial we could only imbibe lightly and briefly of these great arts and architectural creations. The Florentine city had evolved and produced its art over hundreds of years. Its artists were encouraged by dictatorial rulers who esteemed the arts and were able to extract the wealth of the Florentines to create their great aesthetic achievements. It

was good fortune for this generation of Florentines to have inherited such grand creations. It is our good fortune to enjoy these triumphs, for however brief a moment.

From Florence we proceeded to Venice, one of the great wonders of the world. We stayed at a charming hotel, the Flora. Its approach is a narrow alley, and then suddenly the entranceway is covered with nestling roses bathed by a shaft of sunshine filtering down through the surrounding buildings. How could we spend only two days in this city? There was too little time.

Venice had been established as a refuge by its founders on the marshes of the northern shores of the Adriatic. They had been fleeing from the onslaught of the Franks invading Italy form the North during the first millennium in 811 A.D. Over the centuries the city had carved hundreds of canals and built many, many bridges to connect the islands. The Venetians became a seafaring people. They prospered mightily in trade with the Moslem world and as a great seaport for commerce with Europe. Its government was effective and the Doges ruled with a strong hand. Over the centuries they employed great architects and built splendid churches and palaces. These are all embellished with wondrous art. Somehow the city resisted the depredations of the wars. It became a tourist destination. Its many buildings and churches attract tens of thousands of people to the great square of St. Marks. We did a great deal of walking through Venice. We visited the Doges Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, observed the tall Campanile, saw the Council Chambers, the museum, and a number of churches. At last during one day we observed the sea rising in the Square of St. Marks. Long before our cognizance of the warming of the globe, it was evident that Venice was slowly sinking into the sea. During the past thirty years the state of Italy determined to spend billions of dollars to build huge gates to contain the sea and to save Venice. This city is a treasure for Italy and the world. It is a tribute to the ingenuity of humankind. Despite its modest industry, the manufacture of exquisite glass and leather goods, Venice could not survive without tourists. I wonder whether we shall always have economies whose people have the means to be tourists. In more recent years Venice has become a very, very expensive resort. The world recession in 2008 and 2009 has sharply reduced the number of visitors to Venice.

We rented a little Fiat in Venice to motor back to Paris. It was a hard drive for me because I rented an economy model with a clutch to shift gears. This required my use of the clutch pedal with my left foot. I did so with difficulty, but I managed. I should have rented the more expensive hydromatic. Still, the drive was pleasant. The European roads had all been restored in Italy and France; the principal highways were designed as turnpikes following the German model of the autobahn. We drove north and west through Nice and Lyon in France and reached Troyes. The French countryside in August was

glorious and beginning to turn color. There were picnics along the way, sitting alongside fields of ripening wheat. We bought fresh bread, cheese, and wine in village grocery stores. We stayed in country inns.

In Troyes, just short of Paris, we visited a local synagogue. This too was hidden in an apartment building on the town square. The synagogue was hundreds of years old, and its location a consequence of Catholic imposed sequestration of Jewish houses of worship. They were not permitted to be seen. To our surprise this synagogue Friday night was a very lively place with a large congregation. They were Algerian Jews who had immigrated to France with the establishment of the state of Algeria and the withdrawal of French authority. Following the invasion of Egypt by the French, English, and Israelis in 1957, almost one million Jews were expelled by the Muslim states and resettled. Many immigrated to Israel and several hundred thousand to France. Troyes was an industrial and a medieval city, and the Sephardic Jews were employed in the factories. The synagogue had a young Rabbi. To our delight Marie and I were invited to dinner at his home. It was a memorable and sumptuous repast. The dinner was served by the Rabbi's wife, a young, fine looking, and attractive woman who, though a mother of four children, was a teacher of the dance and had the carriage. She was a splendid cook and the Sabbath dinner, at a very large table with a white tablecloth, had a number of courses. In addition to the Rabbi's children there were other guests, one a young visitor from Israel. The hymns sung before and after dinner were all familiar melodies. When we returned home we sent the Rabbi and his wife a package of some of Zabar's kosher foods as a thank you gift.

The Rabbi told me that he had come from Tunisia and was concurrently a Chaplain in the French Army. His congregation had prospered. There was work for the Algerian Jews in Troyes. They all spoke French, and their children did well in the schools. France provided full tuition scholarships for able students right through graduate schools. His son was a medical school student at that time. They were far better off than in the North African states. His community was very Zionist and many had kinfolk in Israel.

We spent three days in Paris, stopping at the Hotel Duminy at 3 Rue du Mont Thebor. As ever, Paris was enthralling. The Louvre, the Jeu des Pommes, the Champs Élysées, and the streets of the city were a pleasure. We left Paris taking a train from the Gare du Nord for Amsterdam.

At Anne Frank House, a museum dedicated to the memory of that young Jewish martyr, I had an extraordinary and unanticipated encounter. In a corridor of the museum, at some distance I spied a woman walking away from me. She had white hair but somehow felt very familiar. I walked toward her and called out – Eileen! She turned around, and to my astonishment she replied to say, "Bernard – it is you!" I had last seen Eileen Wilkinson

twenty-eight years ago in New York City. I had been visiting to tell her that I was resettling in Pittsburgh. She was bitterly disappointed and dismissed me harshly. She had every reason to do so. I had given her hope and then rejected her love.

In London in January 1945, we met at an orientation meeting of UNRRA staff entraining for the continent. We met in a dimly lit hall in a bombed city enduring wartime economies. There were more than fifty of us, men and women clad in khaki uniforms with red and white UNRRA shoulder patches. The women wore berets with UNRRA insignia. There I spied Eileen, a slight, comely young woman with a clear pink complexion and dark auburn hair. After the meeting I introduced myself as an American Welfare Officer. Her voice was beautiful, her English fine, elegant, and quite unlike the working class English of the UNRRA secretaries I encountered. She fulfilled all of my romantic feelings about English women. Since my boyhood I had dreamed of being with King Arthur as a knight of the Round Table. Galahad, Sir Lancelot, and Lady Guinevere were part of the mythology of my adolescence. We spent time together during those cold and wintry nights of January and February in London. There were nights when we huddled closely in fear of the German VI and VII bombs, which were still falling on the city. The last of these bombs fell when Allied forces finally reached Peenemunde on the German coast.

I learned that Eileen was then 27, three years older than I. Her parents were working class people, her father a printer. Eileen had been born in 1918, and I was uncertain of her origins. Somehow she was educated in a private Lycée in France and became fluent in French until she was repatriated at 21 to England when the war began. There remains the mystery of who paid her school tuition. Upon her return to England she was obliged to work and was placed in a factory outside London which manufactured surgical sutures with cat gut. It had been an altogether unpleasant experience. In 1945 the opportunity for employment with UNRRA was announced. Eileen being bilingual was offered a secretarial job and came aboard in December 1945.

Eileen was very well read and politically sophisticated. She was very nice. Late February I was assigned to UNRRA at Granville on the coast of France, a Personnel Placement depot. Eileen arrived soon thereafter. After a week I departed Granville with UNRRA Team I and said farewell to Eileen. We continued to correspond. Eileen was assigned to Bad Oynhausen, the headquarters for UNRRA in the British Zone. In 1946 Eileen had some bad experience in Bad Oynhausen and reappeared in Heidelberg, U.S. Zone headquarters where I was stationed. After several months Eileen then was transferred to Paris. In 1948 I met Eileen again in New York City. She had become an employee of the United Nations. In June 1948 I left for Pittsburgh. I was not prepared to marry her. I had thought about Eileen a great deal. Even

in my mind's eye I could not conceive of making a life together, however deep my affection for her.

The United Nations Personnel Office informed me that Eileen had been married in 1950 and returned to London. After our meeting at the Anne Frank House, Eileen, Marie, and I had a drink together at a local tavern. I was startled to see all of the tables covered with Oriental rugs. I had a glass of cold gin, neat, a Dutch drink of choice. Eileen told us of her marriage to a young Jewish sculptor who taught at a local high school, Josephs by name. They had a daughter, Andrea, who was then at high school. Her marriage went badly and Eileen divorced. She was raising her daughter as a single woman. She was employed as a bilingual secretary working for a key executive at British Petroleum. Her apartment was in a council flat in Portchester Square in Bayswater near Kensington Gardens. She invited us to visit when we were in London. We did. Her one bedroom flat was on the third floor of a walk-up apartment building in a pleasant neighborhood. Then we said goodbye.

For Marie this encounter must have been provoking. Was her new husband still enthralled by Eileen? I assured her that I was not, though I told her about my sentimental affection. We continued to exchange New Years cards. Eileen's daughter successfully completed college and went on to become a chartered accountant and an executive with one of the major accounting firms. Andrea married Dr. David Thomas, a historian who rose to become a Deputy Director of the Department of Archives of the British government, a huge establishment. In 1998 during a visit to London we were guests of Andrea and David. We met their children, Hope and Frances. Eileen had purchased then sold her apartment to resettle in a flat in Croxley Green, not far from her children. I was glad for Eileen to see her two grandchildren and her daughter living in upper middle class comfort. Some good had come of her lifelong struggle.

On December 26, 2007 I received a letter from Andrea in response to my New Year's greeting card. This was very sad news. Eileen had slowly succumbed to Alzheimer's disease. She had been found wandering some distance from her apartment and had been placed by Andrea in an assisted living facility. She was unable to live alone and required help. Andrea asked me to communicate with Eileen through her. For the past year I have been sending Eileen an art notecard once a month. I have not heard from Andrea since. Eileen has left her miseries far, far behind.

Our trip to London had been a happy and enriching experience. We had made the grand tour together and created some common memories. For both Marie and I it fulfilled our hopes and expectations.

Israel and Egypt, 1979

In 1979 UJA-Federation invited a group of agency executives to participate in a study mission to Israel, "Project Renewal". The National Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds, with the AJDC and the Israeli Ministries of Health and Welfare, organized "Project Renewal" which engaged communities in the United State in a welfare project in a community in Israel. The New York UJA-Federation adopted the Hatikvah neighborhood in Tel Aviv, a low-income area adjacent to the Tel Aviv bus terminal which housed poor Moroccan immigrants. The invitees included Al Miller, Executive Director of F.E.G.S., and his wife Zora, Jay Goldsmith, Executive of J.B.F.C.S., and his wife Lee, Stephen Kaplansky, Executive of the Gustave Hartman Y, and his wife Dolores, and myself, representing JASA, and Marie.

During our stay in Israel Donald Feldstein, then Associate director of UJA-Federation, arranged for a series of meetings for us with administrators of the health and welfare services of the Israeli government and the municipal departments of the city of Tel Aviv. We visited with a number of families in the Hatikvah neighborhood and were impressed by their friendly response to their American visitors and with the character of their families. Their homes were pleasantly furnished in Moroccan fashion with rugs and many pillows.

The ceilings were decorated with hanging plaster drips as if they were stalactites, again a Moroccan fashion. The families, fathers, mothers, grandmothers, and children, seemed to us to be intact, by contrast with families we might meet in low-income neighborhoods of New York city. Project Renewal funded day care centers for the children of working mothers and vocational training schools for young people and unemployed immigrants, and was an encouraging resource for the future of the immigrants.

During the time the visiting executives were engaged our wives participated in excursions from our hotel, the King David, a splendid old establishment in Jerusalem once used by the British as their headquarters. The Irgun bombed the hotel in 1947, and many people were killed, Jews and British. During our visit the King David was the hotel in Jerusalem in which to stay with a marvelous swimming pool in the courtyard, which faced the splendid views of the Old City. The breakfasts, Israeli style, were notable with many varieties of cheeses, smoked fish, yogurt, and other dairy products. The fruits and vegetables, from

a country truck garden that very morning, were fresh and delicious. The service was dignified, a lingering remnant of the British Empire.

Marie on her own was able to visit the city of Safed in the Galilee, staying at the Rimon Inn. This is an ancient city, which during the seventeenth through the nineteenth centuries had been the home of Jewish mystics studying the Caballah. After the establishment of the State of Israel the city became an artists' colony. When our study tour was completed Marie and I enjoyed some free time. We visited with my brother Akiva and Miriam, with my niece Lenore and Moshe and their children, and my nephews Danny and Myron. There was even time to visit with Tscharne and Chaim Rabin, my first cousins. They had come to Palestine shortly after World War I. Chaim was a cousin of Israel's former Prime Minister, Itzchak Rabin, assassinated by a religious fanatic for his peace efforts with the Palestinians.

In Jerusalem we particularly enjoyed visiting the home, now a museum, of an extraordinary Israeli artist, Anne Ticho. She had been the wife of a famous Middle Eastern ophthalmologist. We have one of Anne Ticho's prints hanging in Marie's studio in Manhattan. This was Marie's first visit to Israel and she was enchanted. The social fraternity of the agency executives and their wives was a very compatible and happy experience. We met and had dinner with our old friends David and Frieda Macarov. For me the Macarovs were some of the few people who had the memory of Shirley and me. Frieda was now a public health nurse with the geriatrics department of the city of Jerusalem and very interested in JASA. Marie enjoyed their company too. Then of course we looked forward to the second and very exciting stage of this tour; we were off to Egypt.

On to Egypt, 1979

Marie and I had planned a grand adventure, a trip to Egypt. As a student of art and art history, Marie had been fascinated by that ancient civilization of Egypt, which preceded the Greeks and Romans. But there was a grand sequence. The Egyptian temples, their pyramids, and the sphinx were vivid remnants of their mighty craft whose memory was evident in the Parthenon in Athens and Roman temples which followed.

We were reminded of the glory of that civilization in our years of visits to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. The Temple of Dendur stands in the north wing of the museum, a splendid exemplar of Egyptian architecture. There are of course Egyptian halls replete with replicas of the art and hieroglyphics on the walls of the tombs at the Metropolitan Museum. We have traversed these halls many times, but now we had an opportunity to see these ancient monuments in their actuality.

For me I had yet another memory of Egypt. Since earliest childhood, once a year, our family gathered for the Passover Seder. The Haggada set forth the story of the kidnapping of Joseph, his sale to the Egyptians, and his subsequent rise to become a Prince in the house of the Pharaoh. The Israelites in a time of famine descended into Egypt and were themselves enslaved. Generations later, Moses, another Prince of Egypt, lead the Israelites across the Red Sea, which parted so miraculously, into the Sinai. There Moses ascended to the peak of Mt. Sinai and descended with the Ten Commandments.

Moses led the Israelites to the Promised Land, but it was Joshua who conquered its inhabitants before the Israelites could resettle in their land. My Aunt Faye gave me a very large illustrated Bible storybook, which I read and reread through my childhood. The Zionist passion for Israel begins in early childhood. There is no doubt that many of the slaves who built these overpowering monuments in Egypt were Israelites.

In more recent times the plight of the Jewish refugees fleeing into West Germany in 1946 into our UNRRA displaced persons camps was engraved in my mind. The establishment of the State of Israel and the fierce hostility of the Arab States and Moslems throughout the world was all too well known to me. The miracle of the Israeli victory in their war with the Arabs in 1967 was a great relief. The terror of the Egyptian onslaught in 1973 and their subsequent defeat was so recent a development.

We could hardly believe that Menachim Begin, once an Irgunist, would lead his government to signing a peace treaty with Egypt in 1977–78 with Sadat, the Egyptian President, blessed by Jimmy Carter. The Sinai was returned to Egypt. How safe was it for Americans, American Jews, to travel to Egypt in 1979? There was no direct air commerce between Israel and Egypt in August of 1979.

Our foreign affairs counselor was Ruth Gruber. I knew her as the wife of Henry Rosner, once Deputy Commissioner of the Human Resources Administration and a JASA trustee. She was very reassuring. She had personally visited Egypt after signing of the treaty, had interviewed Mrs. Sadat, and traveled as a well-known international correspondent and advocate for Israel. Ruth Gruber told us that the peace treaty with Israel marked a turning point for Egyptian foreign policy. From 1957 the invasion of the Sinai by the British, French, and Israelis through 1973, the government had followed a pro-Soviet line. Soviet Russia had granted Egypt billions of dollars for armaments and construction of the Aswan damn. The two wars with Israel, 1967 and 1973, had been disasters for Egypt. Sadat was determined to change the course of his foreign policy and look to the United States government for economic and political support. The peace treaty with Israel was the most dramatic change, and Egypt was rewarded with the return of the Sinai and billions of dollars in aid from the United States and trade. Egypt was determined to resurrect

its tourist industry, historically the source of billions in foreign currency from European and American visitors. That was why Ruth Gruber could reassure me that we would be traveling safely. Nonetheless we were advised to have the Israeli customs stamp a blank sheet of paper on arrival and departure from Ben Gurion Airport rather than our passports. We followed these instructions and contracted with the travel bureau Polo Tours, which she recommended.

In August of 1979 there was no direct air travel between Israel and Egypt. Polo Tours booked us on Trans World Airlines from Ben Gurion to Athens on September 1, 1979. We arrived early morning at nine A.M. Our departure from Athens Airport for Cairo was not scheduled until 4:25 P.M., and we had a glorious half day in the city. We left our baggage at the airport and dashed off by taxi to the Acropolis. We climbed to the top and there standing high on its mount above the city was the Parthenon, glorious despite the damage by artillery fire it had suffered. At 4:20 we departed the Athens Airport for Cairo and arrived an hour later.

On debarking we had the helpless feeling of civilians confronting a battalion of soldiers standing guard at the airport. The soldiers all looked so very young. They appeared to be Eagle Scouts carrying a rifle with fixed bayonet. What was the danger? Were the Egyptian forces guarding against an attack from Israel? More likely this was security in place against Moslem fundamentalists hostile to the Sadat government. There was reason to be fearful. Soon enough Sadat would be assassinated by his Moslem adversaries. We were concerned about our own security. Still, customs was very polite, and as soon as we passed through to the great waiting room we were greeted by our guide waving a very welcome sign with our names and Polo Tours. I regret my recording of our guide's name has vanished into my archives. He was warm, faithful, enlightening, knowledgeable, skilled, and spoke English, French, and of course Arabic fluently. He was a man of status in all the villages we visited during our drive south of Cairo to Luxor. Our guide introduced himself and assured us all our arrangements with Polo Tours would be fulfilled. Our tour group, a dozen fellow travelers we expected, was never enrolled. Polo Tours had contracted with Frank Tours, our guide, to fulfill the contracts. The international travel industry, I learned, buys and sells contracts for service, a regular practice. In Egypt every jot and tittle of our agreement was fulfilled. As each day passed in the secure hands of our guide we grew more comfortable with our private tour.

Our baggage secured, we were seated happily in the rear of a very luxurious Mercedes Benz chariot, our vehicle for the entire tour. We were driven through Cairo, through miles of streets teeming with people in Middle Eastern dress with vehicles and wagons of every description, even a few camels. The streets were flooded with sewage. Cairo was a city of more than twenty million people and poverty stricken. Here and there, as we came closer to the Nile,

were some residential neighborhoods, walled villages, which served the well-to-do residents of the city. We crossed the Nile and very shortly we spied the pyramids and the Sphinx standing in the desert, and then drove into our hotel, the Mena House.

At the end of the day after the climb to the Acropolis, the flight to Cairo, the strenuous observations of this burgeoning city, and the sight of the pyramids, we were exhausted. Mena House, a walled establishment, is a garden oasis. Palm trees and huge potted plants abound. The inner court of Mena House is the setting for an opulent swimming pool. That very evening we plunged in and were thrilled to observe the pyramids looming across a stretch of the desert above us. Mena House is a famous hotel owned and operated by Indian interests and host to visiting notables as well as rank tourists.

The hotel was constructed lavishly. All the public places and the guest rooms were floored with white marble. The draperies, which graced all the windows, were diaphanous and during the heat of the day could shade the windows. Our dining room was opulent, the service elegant, and food divine. The cuisine was Middle Eastern and guests had many choices. Breakfast followed a British tradition, hardly comparable to our fare at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem. Still, breakfast was better than any I had in London!

Mena House was just north of the great antiquities – the pyramids and the Sphinx. We joined a small cadre of visitors from Mena House and were profoundly impressed by the majesty of these ancient tombs. Photographs cannot do justice to the huge mass of these constructions. How many thousands of slaves had labored to carry the huge stones from their quarries on the river to their setting, then to transport them from the river bank to their foundations and high, high above ground level. Engineering studies suggested that great mounds were constructed and the stones were winched into place by Herculean hand labor tugging at ropes. Still, to this day, the stones, which were cut so perfectly, stand in place, immovable. The Sphinx, half buried in the sand, has been scoured by the desert winds. We were treated to a light and sound show for tourists' amusement. Neither the sound nor the lights had any relationship to these monuments.

We visited the city of Cairo. The Egyptian Museum is of course one of the great depositories of Egyptian archaeological artifacts, tombs, particularly the tomb of one of the great Pharaohs with gold walls, a gold sarcophagus, and ancient hieroglyphics. Alas, Egypt's poverty has condemned this most noble of its museums to a sad collection of crowded objects, poorly catalogued, and crowded in dusty halls. The museum awaits some happier, more prosperous days! We were taken to the Khan El Khalili, that wondrous bazaar. The tourist cannot escape the importunities of the merchants. We escaped with the purchase of a modest collection of perfumes and some hand wrought copper bowls. The

perfume vials sat in our closet for years, a reminder of a weak moment at the Khan El Khalili. This bazaar and others we observed in cities along the Nile as we drove south of Cairo served that essential function of supermarket, to serve the needs of their residents. We marveled at the food markets, the displays of fruit, vegetables, of meats and fish, all of which looked fresh and inviting despite the lack of refrigeration. There were huge bags of spices sitting on gorgeous display. The spices were essential to the preservation of food in communities so poor they could not afford refrigeration or ice boxes.

Then at last we left Cairo to motor in our air-conditioned Mercedes Benz with the best guide in the Middle East south along the Nile. This principal road parallel to the Nile was mostly a two-lane highway in fairly good condition. There was little traffic, although every now and then a huge tractor with a double trailer would pass us by. My recitation of our featured stops reads like a guidebook to Egypt. We visited the ancient kingdom of Sakkara, its ruined temples, and the alabaster sphinx of Ramses II. We saw the great step pyramid of King Zoser and the tombs of Tip-Tah-Hotep and Mareaa.

We drove on to Luxor. After our long road trip we found our hotel on the Nile very pleasant. How often in a lifetime can one observe the feluccas sailing majestically down the river? At Luxor we crossed the Nile to the West Bank to visit the necropolis at Thebes, the Valley of the Kings, and the royal tombs of Tutankhamen, Set I, and Ramses II. The visit to these ancient tombs was overwhelming. We walked through the monuments in the heat of the day with temperatures over 100 degrees Fahrenheit. These ancient tombs were monuments to the glory of kings long gone. They believed their tombs, by preserving their mortal remains, would help them navigate life in the world to come. How much misery their people suffered to give them that opportunity!

We drove south to the great damn at Aswan. This huge construction was financed by the Soviet Union in its effort to win the loyalty of the Moslem world during the Cold War. The dam changed the lives of millions of fellahin who lived on the shores of the Nile. Their lands would no longer be flooded annually with the enriching soil from the upper reaches of their great river. The dam ensured easier navigation of the Nile for commercial traffic. There is still debate about the value of the dam to the people of Egypt. There have been gains and some losses. Farmers along the Nile now need to use artificial fertilizer. The silting of the dam will need corrective action. But the dam stands to this day, and there is no thought to its destruction.

We learned about our guide. He was an engineer by training, father of a large family. Upon completion of his education he had been obliged to serve for a number of years as a teacher in a rural community to repay his scholarship. He had worked in Saudi Arabia for several years. Upon his return

to Egypt he learned that tourism and the tour guide business was the best opportunity for him to earn a living. We were very grateful for his services when at last he delivered us to the Aswan airport. Egypt Airline flew us back to Cairo in a DC-4, an airplane which had seen many miles of service.

We returned to New York City September 11, 1979. We had much to think about and memories of an extraordinary experience. We had visited an ancient land whose farmers on the river lived lives unchanged for centuries. They lived in mud brick buildings; some shared their homes with their livestock. We observed houses along the road painted gaily to proudly tell the world that the master of the house had been to Mecca and completed the Hadj! The countryside was barely electrified and in the cities along the Nile only a few people enjoyed the amenities of life we accept as an ordinary entitlement. The citizens of Egypt elected and reelected their President, and his party dominated the government for decades. What gain had there been for the Egyptian government in so impoverished a country to initiate a war with Israel? Even after the first disastrous defeat their government persisted in a second effort to defeat Israel in 1973. It is now thirty years since our visit to Egypt. Tourists are murdered from time to time by Moslem extremists. They are determined to undermine the government and care not for the destitution they visit upon their own compatriots. I understand all too well the force of religious and ethnic beliefs which transcend all rational consideration. The wars in the Middle East continue. We would never visit Egypt today, and we are glad we were able to enjoy a brief glimpse into that ancient land in 1979.

Marie and I, Post 1976

Out life together, Marie and I, after our memorable tour through Europe, was marked by a series of notable experiences. Soon after our return to New York Marie enrolled at Hunter College as a full-time student. Here at last was an opportunity to complete her college education. Hunter College gave Marie credit for a year and a half of education for courses taken and life experiences. Marie completed her work for a baccalaureate, magna cum laude, in two and a half years. I was impressed by the quality of her papers, one particularly on Home Care, which included a number of notable photographs. Marie might have continued at graduate school in social work or public health administration. She chose to take a certificate program at the New School in Art Therapy. This professional field was just getting underway and received recognition as a useful therapy in health care and mental health services. Upon completion of this program Marie secured employment as an art therapist with Federation Employment Service at a new Day Center for the Retarded in the Bronx.

The care of retarded persons, children and adults, had reached a low by 1975. Advances in health care contributed to the longevity of retarded children and adults and their number increased; the burden of care upon the family of the retarded person was great, however devoted the parents. The number of retarded persons in institutional care grew and grew. To all observers and the parents it was apparent that retarded persons in the state institutions were neglected. They simply sat in assembly halls without meaningful activity and vegetated. By the mid seventies a vigorous advocacy movement in mental health and amongst parents who organized the statewide Association for the Care of Retarded Children and Adults made itself heard. They were plaintiffs in a famous lawsuit, the Willowbrook State Hospital Case of 1975. The courts held the state in contempt of the state constitution, which obliged the state to provide adequate community based care for retarded persons. Governor John D. Rockefeller, sympathetic to the plaintiffs, accepted full responsibility for state provision of services.

Within the decade which followed, the State of New York established many small group residences for retarded adults managed by voluntary agencies under purchases of service arrangements. Interestingly, local neighborhoods accepted

the retarded persons into their communities without great conflict, by contrast with their attitude to similar residences for mentally impaired adults.

In addition, the state funded many day centers for retarded persons. FEGS was a contracting agency. Their center in the Bronx initially served about one hundred retarded adults five days a week in an enriched program of recreation, training classes, and art therapy classes. Lunch was served, and participants were transported to the center in the morning and home in the evening. Most retarded persons lived at home. A serious effort was made to involve parents in the program with some success. For the participants the day center was a very meaningful service.

I visited Marie in her art therapy classes. How impressive it was to see the serious engagement of her students! The art experience released some profound emotional feeling for the creation of visible artworks. The clients created their work with involvement and intensity. The results gave them a sense of pride and accomplishment. All were serious results of serious efforts. Marie knew each of her students, and they had great, sometimes visible, affection for her. Marie organized an annual Art Show for her classes. They were attended by all of the students, parents, teachers, the administrative staff of FEGS, and state and local welfare officials. Al Miller, a good colleague, friend, and Executive Director of FEGS, was enthusiastic about this art therapy program and made a point of the exhibits to his board. During her four year stint at FEGS Marie was invited to give a paper at he National Association of Art Therapy at their conference in Chicago. Marie gave the paper with some wonderful color slides of her exhibit, which was enthusiastically received.

Alas, Marie fell victim to a movement in the field of therapeutic psychological services to require an objective demonstration of the effectiveness of the provision of the service. In medicine too there rose a demand to evaluate the effect of treatment modalities by objective measures rather than reliance on anecdotal observation. This demand was being made by scientific investigators and by the organized bodies paying for the service, government, insurance companies, and corporations providing health insurance coverage. The mental health services were particularly affected. Psychiatrists, psychoanalysts, psychologists, psychiatric social workers, and art therapists were being expected to provide their diagnosis prescription for service and prognosis for each client as a condition for reimbursement. The American Psychiatric Association was hard pressed to revise its "Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders" with language which could yield objective criteria for diagnosis, treatment, and measurement of consequences of treatment. Concurrently, there was a huge increase in scientific study of the organic basis of mental disorder and of chemical therapeutic treatment.

The Art Therapist could diagnose the lack of skill in use of artistic media and the low effect and low self esteem of the retarded adult. Art therapy could

provide experience to increase the participant's skill and heighten his or her sense of self-esteem. The State of New York, in its wisdom, engaged a crew of psychologists to create paper instruments for measurement of retarded participants progress. However, Marie had ninety students a week in two-hour classes. To complete the forms provided would have required twenty hours a week. Her service with her clients would have been reduced to the provision of crayons and paper and not much more. Marie refused to continue to serve under such circumstances. FEGS could not provide a half time assistant to complete the evaluation forms. Al Miller accepted Marie's resignation with great regret. Her parting with her clients was a sad and emotional event.

In the years following her employment at FEGS as an art therapist Marie tried valiantly to establish a practice as a freelance photographer. I thought she was superb. Marie had worked at the Lord Baltimore Press, the graphic design studio of the International Paper Company, for eight years. Design services for paper products were provided to IPC customers who purchased their products. I was very impressed with the astonishing quality of the tabletop photography of food taken by Marie for use in frozen food packaging. Marie, dissatisfied with her status and poor compensation at the company, sought another job in photography. To her dismay she found it impossible to secure employment because of the prejudice against women photographers. There has, since that time, been a radical change of attitudes toward women in photography.

As a freelance photographer her efforts to secure clients met with modest success. Some of the social agencies in the city engaged Marie to do photographs of their service. JASA engaged Marie to take client photographs for our Progress Reports. They were stunning. She photographed some of the neighborhoods we considered for the location of our housing facilities.

Marie was engaged by the architectural firm of Schuman, Lichtenstein, Claman, and Efron as an interior designer. She created the interior color schemes for the Green Buildings at Cooper Square and the Rockaways. We had a grand time purchasing framed color prints of fine art to decorate these buildings. We found the Harvard Cooperative Bookstore in Cambridge to have the best selection and most economic prices for these prints. These prints added to the attractiveness of these facilities. I was glad to have Marie participate in the JASA experience.

We had a very interesting and difficult summer vacation in 1978. Although she had never been camping before, Marie very courageously accepted my invitation to go canoe camping on Raquette Lake. We loaded our canoe at Raquette Lake Village and though the skies were darkening paddled to our campsite across the lake. We set up our tent and prepared a campfire. Then it began to rain. This was a very severe thunderstorm. The lightning was frightening. We stayed low and under the trees. Fortunately no lightning bolt

came near us. We were up half the night. The next morning we packed again and retreated to the village across a very choppy sea. We spent the rest of our vacation in a series of Adirondack motels.

Next summer we determined to tour Toronto and try another camping adventure. This time the gods smiled upon us, and the weather in August in Canada was pleasant, warm, and fair. We spent several weeks in the Algonquin Provincial Park, about one hundred and forty miles north of Toronto. The park, with 7,571 square kilometers of forests, lakes, and streams, is one of the largest in Canada. It is one of the world's most famous canoe camping areas. There are some lovely campsites carefully located throughout the park with immediate access to lakes and streams.

The park authorities provided some amenities at each campsite. There was a comfortable parking area for the automobile, a picnic table, campfire site, a stove on a pedestal for charcoal cooking, and a central washhouse with hot and cold-water showers and flush toilets. This was a civilization in the wilderness. We were in the wilderness. At night we could hear the wolves howling. We spied elk and deer in the forest. There were many birds, some unfamiliar to us. At nightfall the Camp Forest Ranger gave an interesting talk to his campers on the flora and fauna of the park. By contrast with our last year's expedition to Raquette Lake, this was a successful effort.

We then motored back to Toronto for a long weekend. This great city had some wonderful museums, restaurants, and a very modern subway system. We returned to Great Neck. Our route took us through Niagara Falls and the New York State turnpike.

The following summer we spent two weeks at a lodge on Blue Mountain Lake, one of the Fulton chains of lakes in the Adirondacks. This hotel, nestled by the lakeside, had a central dining hall, a large living room, and fireplace. There were a number of small log cabins, each with its own fireplace. We enjoyed our stay and the hotel services. Three meals a day were served. We used the canoes on the beach and traversed Blue Mountain Lake. My memory of the canoe camping trips I took with Harry Zuckerman returned. We had passed through Blue Mountain Lake to Long Lake, the Raquette River, and completed our expedition at Tupper Lake. It seemed a long time ago.

The years after our marriage were punctuated by the arrival and departure of our children for college. They would be home during the school holidays and intercessions. Slowly their ties to Great Neck diminished, and they began to prefer to stay in Manhattan. On several long weekends Marie and I drove up to Ithaca. We could visit with Laura, Fred, and Marie's grandchildren, Johan and Sam, and Jon and Beth, both enrolled at Cornell. I recall one visit vividly. Jon was in his senior year and lived with some students from Thailand. He had become a rice eater. We were shocked at his appearance. He

had subsisted on rice and carrots for a spell and had turned distinctly orange, economizing on his food costs. We treated Jon to some hearty dinners and increased his monthly allowance.

Laura had progressed in her fortunes in Ithaca. She began as an assistant teacher in the Head Start Program that little Sam attended. Then she served as a waiter in an Ithaca hotel. When the hotel owner, an attorney, saw the beautiful posters Laura made for the restaurant lunch, he made her his art director, opened an office for her, and dropped his New York advertising agency. Wally Wiggins, the attorney, was the president of the Divi Corporation, which ran a chain of hotels in the Caribbean. Their main office was in Miami. When Fred was admitted to the doctoral program at the University of Miami, Fred, Laura, Johan and Sam moved there. Laura continued in the Miami office of Divi as their art director and made numerous visits to the hotels in relation to her job. Johan attended the University of Miami and graduated magna cum laude. Sam attended Boston University, majoring in engineering, and earned his MBA there.

In San Francisco Richard Norkin and his wife Mary, after being evicted by the new owner of their rental apartment building, purchased a condominium, a one-bedroom apartment in an attractive neighborhood. This was a propitious turning because the apartment's value increased greatly as the real estate market in the city inflated values. They made a good decision in the face of adversity. Marie helped them to purchase the apartment.

We visited San Francisco one holiday. Rick and Mary showed us through the city. It is a pleasant metropolis. It is physically attractive, and its residents are given to the use of bold colors in painting their hillside homes. Its public transportation system, trolleys, and buses serve its residents well and at moderate cost. The steep hills make San Francisco difficult driving and very hard on the brakes. Still, Rick and Mary have long enjoyed their automobile. They are away many weekends. California's great federal and state parks are evident immediately to the north side of the Golden Gate Bridge. Marie and I motored north on Route 1 along the California seaside. We stopped at some charming motels each owned by some unusual hoteliers – former easterners who determined to find the free life of the far west. We completed this trip in the Napa Valley. This was and is a wondrous land of vineyards and wineries producing great vintages. We noted a number of elderly relics of the sixties, men and women who had once been hippies. Now in their age they still wore long braids down the rear of their necks. This seemed incongruous given their balding foreheads. We were impressed by the life Rick and Mary adopted. They had a great zest for the out of doors – for camping and marathon running. Their circle of friends all enjoyed this style of life. They could traverse great distances and landscapes at modest cost. They became world travelers

of extreme adventure in the Antarctic, Africa, climbing to the top of Mt. Kilimanjaro, and to Butan and the Himalayas.

The steady progress of my children through college gave me great satisfaction. They were fine students and enthusiastic participants in their university life. Their college graduations followed seriatim. Josh completed his work at Dartmouth in three years. He found the time to become a Vice Commander of the Ledyard Canoe Club. He organized several canoe expeditions. The first was a voyage down the Connecticut River. This took several days with the students spending nights in local prisons on the river. I was witness to the end of this voyage as his classmates dumped Josh into the river to celebrate their triumph. The second voyage was a canoe trip in Florida from Everglades City to Flamingo at the southerly end of Everglades Federal Park. This was a difficult water trail winding through the mangrove swamps. The canoeists slept on wood platforms high above the alligator infested waters. Then Josh graduated in 1977. He completed his degree Summa Cum Laude and received a Phi Beta Kappa key. Accepted at a number of medical schools, Joshua chose to enroll at New York University in the City of New York. We met Josh in London during his hostelling tour of Europe.

Jon completed his four years at Cornell in June of 1978. We attended his graduation. He accepted a four-year fellowship in biology at Brandeis University to complete a doctorate there in research. Then he left for his grand tour of Europe, our graduation gift to him. He had made the waiting list for admission to the State University of Buffalo and had not heard from the school when he left for Europe. His acceptance for this medical school arrived during his tour. We reached him at the American Express office in Rome, advising him that we had accepted the place at the medical school for him. Jon was of course elated. Upon his return we drove him up to school in Buffalo. We visited the Albright Museum, one of the great collections of art in the country.

Beth, after graduating at Cornell in June 1979, determined to take a year out. She secured employment as a counselor in a group home for the mentally impaired operated by the Tompkins County Mental Health Society. The home was located in Ithaca, and so Beth continued to live in a friendly environment. Beth was twenty-three. My argument for Beth's continuing on with her postgraduate studies was to no avail. Beth was a very determined person, and she prevailed. Fathers are rarely privy to the emotional turmoil of their children. For Beth I sensed the lingering anxieties and depression which followed the death of her mother. Then she completely surprised me in the spring. Beth advised me that she had enrolled at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland in a unique program, a four year joint social work-law degree offering! I had high hopes for Beth. She had been as good a student

as her brothers and our ambitions for her, Shirley and mine, were as great. Still there was always – there is always – the issue of the biological clock for young women. How to encompass marriage, child bearing, and a professional career? This is sometimes impossible to master. Beth was determined to try. In September of 1980 we drove her to Cleveland.

Her four year experience in Cleveland was enriching. Her social work fieldwork at juvenile detention centers was combined with law courses. She made some interesting women friends at the school. Upon completion of her degrees in 1984 Beth determined to resettle in Boston. She enrolled in a course for the Bar examination. There was an unusual problem of registration for the examination, which was only mastered in the last hour. Beth succeeded in passing the Bar examination the first time around.

Josh enjoyed his four year stay at medical school. He was a resident at the school. The hours were long and study difficult. Still, Josh was able to see some of the city's concert halls and theatres. Tickets were available to medical students at very low cost, marketing efforts for future theatergoers.

In 1981 Josh did his internship at Dallas General Hospital in Texas. This hospital was renowned for its treatment of gunshot wounds, frequent occurrences. During Josh's year in Dallas he was invited to the wedding of Sharon Laufer, daughter of Leo Laufer, once a concentration camp victim rescued by Ben Kaplan when he was Depot Director for UNRRA in Hanau, Germany. Ben had helped Leo to secure a visa to the United States and kept in touch with him after he resettled in the south. Leo had married and had four daughters. I knew Leo too, so the invitation to Josh was natural. Then an astonishing occurrence ensued. At the wedding a guest collapsed with a severe heart attack. Josh, then an intern, leaped to the rescue. Ben described Josh's treatment as the administration of a hard, sharp whack to the chest. When the ambulance crew arrived the patient was already revived. The crew all seemed to know Josh. I was very proud to listen to Ben recount this tale!

Jon progressed through his medical school at Buffalo successfully. His graduation in Buffalo was celebrated with our visit in June 1982. After a year of internship he proceeded to his residency in neurology at Boston University Hospital. Josh returned to New York University Hospital and Bellevue as a resident in neurology. He became a Chief Resident by 1985. During that period Josh lived at the apartment with Marie and me and enjoyed his stay. Then he accepted a fellowship at Massachusetts General Hospital for two years in Boston.

During this time Fred DeSena secured a scholarship at Ithaca College. He completed his work notably and secured a fellowship for his doctorate program at the Music School of the University of Miami. Laura and her children relocated to Miami with Fred. Laura was able to secure work as an interior designer with the architect for the Divi Hotel system and later with

a large insurance company as a graphic designer. Johan completed college at the University of Miami very credibly. Sam graduated from high school and entered Boston University for training as an engineer.

My diaries for the eight years between 1976 and 1985 record a number of concerts, operas, and plays attended. There were social gatherings at our apartment and visits to friends. We visited with Robin and Howard Hess at their new home in Greenwich Village and had dinner out with them. There was Ben Kaplan and his wife Betty, and Jane and David Soyer who were part of our circle. Lester and Elaine Brookner relocated to Florida, and it would be several years before we renewed our friendship. The Brookners suffered the tragic death of their son Howard. In adolescence he was once a buddy of Joshua. Then he disappeared, was off to a private school, to Columbia, and then to the New York University School of Film. He succeeded in becoming a very promising young film producer and director. Then at the age of thirty-five he died of AIDS. Neither Josh nor we had any clue to his inclinations. This was heartbreak for Elaine and Lester. Our friendship with the Brookners surely rests in part on memory. Howard's memory resides within our minds, my mind and Josh's, as does Shirley within Elaine and Lester's recollections.

I introduced Marie to the scattered remnants of our family. My brother and sister-in-law, Stanley and Dorothy, visited for a week during the summer of 1976 at our house in Great Neck. This was awkward, but I had committed to the visit during 1974 and determined to keep my promise. Marie met Joe Wagner, my father-in-law, who had become a very difficult curmudgeon as he aged. He remarried, as did I, and we both must have felt rather awkward about our new relationships. Joe's new wife died. He broke a leg and convalesced at an assisted living facility right next door to his apartment. He went berserk during his stay there and demanded to be returned to his apartment before he had healed. He was very angry with me. Finally he was resettled with his son Stanley in Phoenix, Arizona. He required nursing home care before he died, suffering from senescence. He died an angry man.

Marie met the cousins on my mother's side of the family, the Farbers. I organized an annual dinner party, which we held at lovely restaurants in the city. There were David and Phyllis, Milton and Cyril, and Hal and Barbara Laeger. Our cousins in Boston, the youngest of us all, Kenneth and Myron Falchuk, both physicians in the Harvard medical system, never did join us. Marie always marveled at the numerous kinfolk I had. The Sieff and Friedlander families never saw much of each other. Her relationships with the Norkin family ended with her divorce.

My work at JASA was engaging. I attended evening meetings, and there were ever so many ceremonial dinner parties. Marie joined me in attending these affairs. I tried to orient her to the persons attending and their significance

in the world of Jewish philanthropy and public welfare. In New York City the strong professional relationships of board members and colleagues did not extend into our personal social lives. This line was rarely crossed. This was equally true for the presidents and trustees of the Federation affiliated agencies. Historic class lines of the German Jews and their descendents, the members of the Harmonie and various golf clubs on Long Island and Westchester were maintained. Wealth and status in the corporate world tended to be replicated in status in the philanthropic world. At the apex were the boards of great museums, the Metropolitan and the Museum of Modern Art, the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Opera, and New York and Columbia Universities. The boards of the major hospitals, New York Hospital-Columbia Presbyterian, Mt. Sinai, and Montefiore-Einstein, followed. Jews were accepted onto the boards of all of these institutions by the end of the century, 2000. The JASA Board was important but a notch below the hospitals. The executive directors of these institutions shared some of the status of their boards so long as they held office. Marie enjoyed the annual dinner parties at the Plaza and the Pierre held by JASA and UJA-Federation. They were gala turnouts, certainly important social events in the world of upper class New Yorkers.

East Hampton, 1981

For our summer vacation in 1981 we discovered a delightful old colonial house on Springs Fireplace Road to rent for August through Labor Day. It had once been owned by Jean Stafford the novelist and her husband A.J. Liebling. Jean Stafford, depressed by the death of her husband, perished in a haze of alcoholic despair. During her last years she was attended by Mrs. Josephine Monsell, a local Bonicker, her housekeeper. Jean Stafford left her estate to Mrs. Monsell. She was our landlady that glorious month.

For Marie it was a return to a circle of her old dear friends who had settled into East Hampton for their summer stay. The Hunts, the Engelmans, and the Deutsches particularly, made us feel welcome. Then we found an old shed in the backyard once used to store hay. Now it was infested with spider webs and bumblebee hives. I donned an old raincoat and encased my head with screening as protection against the bumblebees. Then I whacked away at the invaders. Soon enough, after a clean sweep, the shed was a working studio. Marie painted some wonderful work. One in particular was a landscape of horses cavorting in the meadows sloping down to the Accabonic just across the road. This painting was acquired by Joshua and hangs on the wall of his medical office in Springfield to be observed every day.

The Liebling-Stafford House once belonged to a farmer at the turn of the twentieth century. Its bedrooms on the second floor were tiny and on the first floor the living room, dining room, and kitchen too were small. The house was nicely furnished and we found the stay comfortable. Joshua visited with us for a spell and found East Hampton very compatible. Our happiest night of our stay was a grand house party to which we invited all our friends, the Gwathmeys, Hunts, Engelmans, and Deutsches. We discovered a number of bottles of apricot liquor in the basement, which had undoubtedly been distilled by A.J. Liebling. They had become fine vintage liquor by 1984. We found a collection of 78 R.P.M. dance records of the thirties and forties. We played these with a great sense of nostalgia. This was a party long remembered.

Summer days were spent at the beaches at Louse Point and Albert's Landing. We could swim in the water. The bays by mid-August were warm and inviting. We met many of our friends at the beach. Then our vacation came to an end Labor Day weekend. We packed and returned home to New York City.

During my vacation of 1985 we rented a property in Georgica, the upper class neighborhood of East Hampton south at Route 27. This house was much newer than the Liebling House. The Passicks, friends of the Engelmans, had renovated and refurnished the house. There was a guesthouse in the rear yard, which our children enjoyed during a short stay. I recalled the rear yard of the house had a great spread of flowers, black-eyed susans and white lace. The sunshine that August was intense. We were able to use the Georgica-Atlantic Ocean Main Beach and its shower house. Once again Marie and I found this vacation restful and immensely satisfying. It was time for a change.

The Sale of My House in Great Neck

When Marie and I married in 1976 we agreed upon a family life arrangement in which I would retain ownership of my house in Great Neck. We would be in Great Neck weekends and holidays. For my children, though they were away at school, their home was still in Great Neck. When they left for college they left their rooms intact. Beth packed every one of her childhood dolls ever so carefully. Jon washed and stored his collection of toy soldiers. Josh stashed away "Mr. Last Chance", a petrified plastic cowboy doll. These treasures were stored in the eaves of the attic. Josh had been delighted to take possession of his attic when I had completed its renovation. Jon gained full possession of his bedroom, and Beth always enjoyed her room, all painted yellow with maple furniture, which had been her mother's. Keeping the house for me was keeping my dearest life experiences and love. As I progressed at JASA I was earning enough to support the house, my share of the apartment expenses, and to support Marie and my three children through college.

In Great Neck Marie and I enjoyed the company of Lester and Elaine Brookner and Robin and Howard Hess. Within the first year our relations with Shirley's old friends diminished and ended. Ben Kaplan and David and Jane Soyer visited with us. We enjoyed the great Neck parks and the Parkwood swimming pool during the summer. We retained our membership at Temple Israel, attending services during the holidays. Rabbi Waxman's sermons still were meaningful to me. For Marie the synagogue was a new experience. I appreciated her effort to accommodate me and my inclinations despite her long hostility to a doctrinal religion. Still, married to me, she learned a great deal more about the Jewish community, its divisions, and problems than she had known before.

Living in Manhattan weekdays was a comfort. The commute to work was a subway ride to Park Avenue South and Eighteenth Street. By 1980 when JASA acquired the Hexter Building at West 68th Street there were days during clement weather when I could walk to work. Central Park during the spring with the forsythia heavy in bloom was a great pleasure. We attended the opera, philharmonic concerts, and the theatre from time to time. There were social evenings with west side friends.

Then as the years went by my children did not return to Great Neck. Rather, they enjoyed visiting with us in Manhattan. From 1981 to 1984 during his residence at New York University Hospital, Joshua lived at the apartment with us. He has had a lifelong affection for New York City ever since.

The Brookners resettled in Miami. Lester became Executive Vice President of the Dade County Community College, one of the largest in the country. Robin and Howard Hess fulfilled their lifelong dream of relocating once again to a home in Greenwich Village. They bought a four-story apartment house on West 12th Street, close to the New School. It took them several years to gain possession of their full apartment. By 1985 it was evident that Great Neck was no longer home for my family or Marie.

Then real estate took a hectic turn, and home values in Great Neck escalated. We had spent some happy weekends in East Hampton. I gave thought to acquiring a home in East Hampton and following the style of living of the west side intelligentsia – the psychologists, the analysts, and the artists. They lived in Amagansett and Springs, north of Route 27 all during their August vacation and weekends. I consulted with my children about the plan to sell Great Neck and acquire a home in East Hampton. They were enthusiastic. I had very mixed feelings. Shirley and I had planned to fulfill our life in Great Neck. This community had great resources for retirement living and was close to New York City. The house would have been fully paid long before my retirement. But that plan was not to be fulfilled.

I advertised the sale of the house at 10 Hampshire Road on Sunday early in the spring in 1984. There were three or four families which bid on the house that day at the price I asked. I sold the house to a young couple, an attorney, with a wife and young child. We were in contract at $224,000. I had bought the house for $28,000 in 1961. I had no mortgage on the house at its sale.

Marie helped me with the packing of my goods and chattels. In the end I was alone with the last remnants of the creations of my children and my workshop scrap, set out onto the street side for disposal. I was alone then, and I remember the sadness of my mother and father at their leaving their home at 111 East Seventh Street. For them, and me as a child, that had been such an immense step forward. It was an apartment with an elevator on the fifth floor, sunny and bright. The bathroom was inside the apartment, and in the kitchen they had had a gas burning stove and an icebox, replaced by a refrigerator. They purchased a telephone service and enjoyed several radios. They raised their two children on Seventh Street. At last their neighborhood was abandoned by family and friends; they too moved to Brighton Beach. Here I was, leaving Great Neck.

Then the moving vans came to transport my furniture and "Barco", my eighteen-foot Gruman canoe, to a storage room in Scheuer House of

Brighton Beach. It would be two years before the moving vans would come again to restore my furniture to our house in East Hampton. I cried bitterly on moving day. It felt like a second funeral for Shirley. I was at last bringing that chapter of my life to an end. I understood this passing was inevitable, but that made it no easier. I was sixty-three and had experienced too many arrivals and departures.

Picture 33: Robbie and Jonathan's Wedding, 1984

Picture 34: Alegria and Joshua's Wedding, 1984

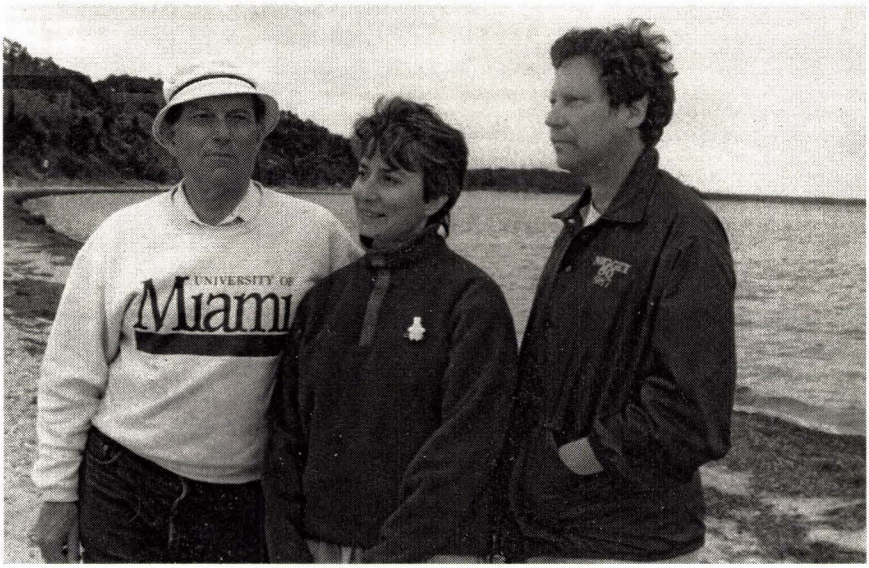
Picture 35: Beth and Adam's Wedding, 1988

Picture 36: Marie and Bernard, 1988

Picture 37: Marie and Laura

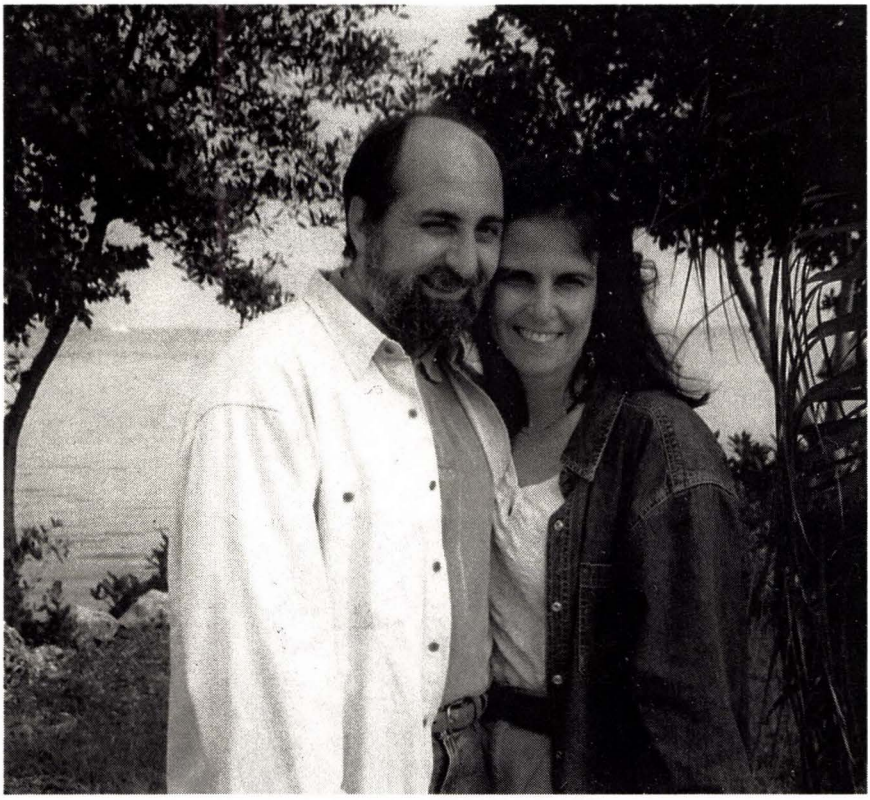
Picture 38: L to R: Fred, Laura, Sam, Jeana

Picture 39: L to R: Johan and Sam Gilbert, Bernard, Laura and Fred DeSena



Picture 40: Bernard, Mary and Rick Norkin

Picture 41: Rick and Mary Norkin in Bhutan, 2005



Picture 42: Fred and Laura DeSena

Weddings, 1984

During Jonathan's second year of residency at Boston University Hospital we were startled to learn of his impending marriage to young Robbie Fritz, a nurse he had met at the hospital. They were married May 13, 1984 at the home of her uncle, Moe Sherman, in Wabban, Massachusetts, a hamlet close to Newton. The wedding was followed by a small family dinner at a nearby restaurant. Josh, Alegria, Beth, Robbie's younger brother Michael and her parents, Bill and Lee Fritz, Marie, and I attended. Ben Kaplan came up to Boston too. Robbie was a pretty young woman, an adopted child in a New England Jewish family. Bill, her father, had been an attorney employed by major defense industry manufacturers to represent them with government. He had been at Gruman Aircraft when its principal factory was at Lake Success. Robbie and her brother were raised in Huntington, Long Island. She completed her college education in nursing at Boston University. Her mother, Lee, was a southern beauty and came from North Carolina. They lived in Freedom, New Hampshire on a wooded hillside and a country road some miles south of Mt. Washington. Interestingly, Bill's father had once been a staff member of the National Jewish Welfare Board during World War I and later was proprietor of a summer camp in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. They were delighted to have Jon as their son-in-law. Their first child, Rachel, arrived November 16, 1984.

Jon and Robbie rented an apartment in Boston. Jon completed his residence in June 1985 and passed his board examination in neurology. After exploring work opportunities in Boston, New York, and New Jersey, he decided to accept an appointment at the Brandon Hospital in Brandon, Florida. The community was a burgeoning suburb about twenty miles east of Tampa, exploding with industry and newcomers to the state. Jon was the first neurologist at the hospital and in the area. As the years ensued, his practice prospered. He was an excellent practitioner and devoted to his patients. Jon and Robbie bought a new house in the neighborhood.

We were uncertain about the prospects of their marriage from the outset. We learned that Robbie and her brother Michael had been adopted children. Robbie had a difficult early childhood and a troubled adolescence. At the wedding and during our later visits to Jon and Robbie, Robbie was obviously

hostile to Jon, Marie, me, and Jon's brother and sister. Jon, for his part, was a loving and enthusiastic husband, doing his best to placate Robbie and acceding to her wishes at every turn. To our surprise their children, Jeffrey, Aaron, and then Sam followed in short order. Jon was a devoted father.

During Josh's last year in residence at New York University Hospital we noticed his long absences on weekends. He informed us that he was visiting with Alegria Azoulay, a young woman of Sephardic Moroccan descent in Montreal. She taught European literature in a high school. Josh was then in Boston in 1984, a Fellow at the Massachusetts General Hospital Rehabilitation Center in behavioral neurology. Josh and Alegria married at the Clerk's office in Boston on April 5, 1985, and we were advised that a proper Jewish wedding would follow in Toronto. We visited the young couple in Boston. Alegria was a lovely, dark-haired young woman. The family fled Morocco in 1969. It was a large family, father, mother, four daughters, and two brothers. The oldest sister immigrated to Israel, settling in Beersheba. The rest of the family relocated in Toronto. They were poor immigrants. The family originated in Fez, a remote mountain city. Alegria's father had been a grain trader. However, by 1958 the family, now in Casablanca, was reduced to poverty. The Canadian government welcomed the new immigrants.

The Azoulay exodus to Canada and Israel was part of a great expulsion forced by the Arab states of North Africa and the Middle East upon a million Jewish residents after the British, French, and Israeli invasion of Egypt to recapture the Suez Canal in 1956. This successful effort was foiled by President Eisenhower who feared Soviet Russian threats of a nuclear war if the Allied forces did not retreat. They did, under pressure from Eisenhower. That defeat was followed by harsh threats of the Arab states against their Jewish residents. Their expulsion followed. They left robbed of their property and funds. Most relocated in Israel; several hundred thousand emigrated to France and Canada. Very few were admitted to the United States.

Canada granted Alegria's elderly parents a social security pension and healthcare benefits. Her brothers and sisters married, started businesses, and prospered. Alegria was determined not to follow the traditional lifestyle of her sisters and proceeded to college and graduate school, earning a master's degree in European literature. She was fluent in French, her native language in Casablanca, Spanish, and Arabic. Her family retained the memory of the Sephardic exodus from Spain in 1942 and traditional Orthodox religious practice. The Sephardic wedding at the Toronto synagogue differed from the Ashkenazic tradition but retained the traditional prayers. Their young rabbi, with a black, square cut beard, looked like an Assyrian archer on a stone frieze at the British Museum.

The Azoulay family welcomed us heartily. It was evident that Alegria adored Joshua. She conveyed her delight to Marie and me and has ever since. I was impressed by the wedding feast created by Alegria's sisters. They were superb

cooks. The Moroccan cuisine was really interesting. Jon, Robbie and Rachel, Beth, Laura's Sam, and Ben Kaplan attended the wedding and the dinner party. The Azoulay family was very large, and there were many cousins, aunts, and uncles in Toronto. Alegria's mother and father had their own flat. We visited several museums in Toronto and then returned to New York City.

My oldest children were married. I was happy they had found life partners but uncertain about Jon's choice. My sons certainly were old enough to marry. They had kept their social lives and their adolescent romances close to their hearts. In my mind's eye my hopes for them were some young women much like one of Beth's many friends. I fantasized Caryn Resnick, our JASA JPAC Director, as a daughter-in-law. She dated a medical school classmate of Joshua's but never met him. In American society parents have no great influence over the marital choice of their children. It is so heterogeneous a community that our children meet young men and women of very varied background, of creed, ethnicity, culture, class, and color. In American ideology prejudices are to be repressed and differences accepted. Marie and I made every effort to convey our love and affection to our children's new partners. Alegria, and later Adam, reciprocated in fullest measure. We were sadly disappointed when Robbie did not.

In Florida Fred progressed well in his graduate school studies. Laura found stable employment as a graphic artist. Laura and Fred decided to get married. They had made a good life together. Fred was a devoted father to Johan and Sam, Laura's children. Johan completed college at the University of Miami, cum laude, in art. Sam graduated high school and enrolled at Boston University in engineering. They were both excellent students. Fred and Laura then purchased a lovely condominium apartment in Sabol Chase, a large, well-designed garden apartment development in Miami. The ground of Sabol Chase was beautifully landscaped, and the line of sight of the housing units was obscured by tropical trees. In central areas Sabol Chase provided two large community centers and a heated outdoor swimming pool shaded by palms. One of the centers was a very short walk from Laura and Fred's apartment. Sabol Chase was ten miles from Laura's job at the insurance company and Fred's University of Miami Music School. They made a good decision to purchase the apartment. After graduating from college Johan decided to resettle in Tivoli, New York, the little village on the Hudson in which his father, Will Gilbert, still lived.

My House in East Hampton

In the spring of 1986 Marie and I spent some pleasant weekends in East Hampton house hunting. I had sold my house in Great Neck in 1984. We had rented the houses in Springs owned by Jean Stafford and A.J. Liebling. Subsequently, we rented the Passick House in Georgica in 1985. Then we determined to buy a house in Springs.

For Marie this would be an important reprise of her earlier life with Sam Norkin. Their house in Barnes Landing had been at the center of a circle of friends and a style of living which came to an end with her divorce in 1968. For myself I looked forward to securing my home again and to creating new experiences. We would be using the house for summer vacations and throughout the year for weekends. The drive to East Hampton Friday night was three hours. The house would be a happy substitute for the summer camping expeditions I had so much enjoyed with Shirley and my children. Moreover, East Hampton would be a good retirement community.

Shortly after the Civil War in 1865 the south shore of Long Island, then peaceful rural communities, was discovered by the newly rich entrepreneurs of New York City. Some of the most well to do settled their families in such far away places as Campobello Island off the northernmost coast of Maine, as did the Roosevelt's. Farther south the Rockefellers chose Bar Harbor. Others created great estates, camps they called them, in the Adirondacks near Saranac Lake. During our canoe camping trips Harry Zuckerman and I cruised through the Whitney Estate past Raquette Lake. The Whitney's owned more than fifty thousand acres of woodland on a mountaintop, their seclusion assured. The moguls chartered a railroad train to convey their families to their summer holidays to the Hamptons. West Hampton, South Hampton, and East Hampton were much closer by the end of the nineteenth century. Clusters of affluent summer residents were well established along the Atlantic shore, south of Route 27. They built large shingled cottages on estates. South Hampton became the location for the Catholic rich, East Hampton for the Episcopalians and Presbyterians. They erected some very beautiful churches, white wood structures with very tall belfries. The railroad, which finally reached Amagansett by 1910, brought more newcomers to the shorefront. In East Hampton the summer residents established the Maidstone Club for tennis, golf, and swimming. The Maidstone

remains restricted to a Christian membership to this day. The remainder of the Hamptons continued to be a farming community. The principal crops were potatoes and garden vegetables.

Some time after the war in 1945 impecunious artists in the city discovered Springs. Land and housing was cheap. DeKooning and Jackson Pollack were among the more notable abstract expressionists who resettled in Springs. The artists were followed by psychiatrists, psychotherapists, and other west siders. A house in the Hamptons was a welcome alternative style of living. Weekending became even more feasible as the Long Island Turnpike was extended east to Riverhead, shortening the motoring time to three hours to East Hampton. Marie and Sam Norkin built a house in Barnes Landing at a cost of $23,000 in 1965. Mortgage rates and maintenance costs were low. Many of the new colonists were Jewish. By 1986, forty years after the war, the Hamptons accepted Jewish residents. The Jewish Center, a Reform synagogue, acquired a site on Main Street at the very entrance to East Hampton and constructed a beautifully designed edifice. The synagogue by then had a membership of eight hundred families. The High Holy Days were celebrated under a huge white tent.

East Hampton was an attractive community. Guild Hall was a long established cultural center. It was a notable art museum, and its theatre was the venue for dramatic presentation and concerts. The village itself, East Hampton, was established by New England settlers. Main Street residences constructed by the rich New Yorkers were single-family white clapboard and shingled colonial homes. The remnants of the first settlers were carefully preserved by the East Hampton Historical Society and the Ladies Village Improvement Society. The elm trees, which lined Main Street, arched over the road. Each tree was tended by the loving care of gardeners and protected from marauding insects. At the entrance of the village was the pond, maintained year round in pristine condition. Most years two pairs of swans graced the pond. Driving into East Hampton was enchanting. East Hampton was cited as one of the loveliest villages in the country.

The village fathers had enacted some tough zoning regulations; the commercial half of the village had one and two story buildings with stores. These were originally simple vendors of household necessities. They were transformed into stores selling internationally famous womenswear and menswear, jewelry, and other high cost goods. The East Hampton movie house had six screens. There were several banks and real estate establishments. The village created a large parking lot behind the stores on Main Street. A huge supermarket, once an A&P, was renamed "Waldbaums", a sign of the passing times.

Marie's friends Morton and Bernice Hunt were year round residents of East Hampton. Morton, a renowned author, was able to work in his study and visit

his editors in the city. Bernice, completing a college master's degree program in counseling, became a psychotherapist. Edmund and Irene Engelman had a summerhouse on Hog Creek. At the time Irene was a supervising psychiatric social worker at Hillside Hospital, a mental health center. Edmund retired. I learned that he had become a world famous photographer with the exhibit at Guild Hall of his extraordinary photographs of the Sigmund Freud's apartment and Freud portraits in Vienna. He had been asked to take the photographs several weeks before the hasty departure from Vienna of Freud and his family in 1938. The negatives were left with one of Freud's colleagues, Adomo, and subsequently were sent to Freud's daughter, Anna. She returned them to Edmund Engelman after the war in England. The Director of Guild Hall, Inez Whipple, learned about the photographs at a cocktail party. She recognized their significance immediately. The Freud exhibit received world attention. The photographs were exhibited at other museums. Edmund wrote two books about the photos. The books were bestsellers.

The Engelmans came to the United States in 1938 and 1939 just managing to escape death at the hands of the Nazis. Ed had been a prosperous merchant in Vienna. He was a graduate of the Technical Hochule in Vienna as an electrical engineer specializing in photography. He owned the photo shop in the center of the city. Irene was the daughter of a very affluent executive in the textile industry in Lodsz, Poland. In 1938 she was a student in Belgium. She and Ed became engaged and fled Belgium and Vienna. They were interned in Nice by the Vichy government. Ed reached the United States first. Irene waited for a year in Havana, Cuba before her visa arrived. Their escape was miraculous. Marie and Irene had met when their children Rick Norkin and Ralph Engelman went to summer camp together.

Then there were the Deutsches. Marie and Lydia Deutsch attended the Art Students League together for three years. Lydia became a designer of sleepwear. Morton earned his doctorate in Social Psychology at M.I.T.

After service in the air force during the war as a navigator with more than thirty missions of combat over the continent he was discharged and returned home to graduate school. He was appointed to the faculty at Teachers College. There he became Chairman of the Department of Social Psychology and a noted authority on conflict resolution. By coincidence the Deutsch's acquired an apartment in the same building as Marie and Sam on West 86th Street, living there ever since. Marie knew other artists in Springs. By 1986 a society of artists called the "Jimmy Ernst Artists Alliance" was organized and became an important center of Marie's social life and engagement in the world of art in East Hampton.

Our requirements for a house were simple. We needed a ranch house, on one level, to avert climbing stairs as we grew older. The house would have at least three bedrooms, a dining room, living room, kitchen, and a studio

for Marie. A garage for our automobile would be useful. Springs was our location of choice, partly because our friends all lived there. Costs of housing were lower in Springs than other neighborhoods. Springs was south of the Accabonic and the Gardiner's Bay beaches and three miles north of the Atlantic Ocean Beach. Because of the large number of children and low tax base, school taxes were highest in Springs. Still, in 1986 the taxes appeared to be affordable. The studio requirement was difficult to achieve within our budget. It meant we would need a fourth bedroom, increasing the cost of the house. I was determined to acquire our house at a cost no greater than the proceeds of our house in Great Neck, about two hundred thousand dollars. The issue for me was my need to pay the costs of my household in Manhattan with Marie and the costs of higher education and professional schools for three children. This was a very serious responsibility, which I was determined to fulfill.

Early spring, 1986, we visited a number of homes in Springs with our real estate agent. In one, which took our fancy, we were startled to see a painting on the dining room wall of a wedding. It was the wedding of Henry Rosner and Ruth Gruber with their children in attendance, including the owner of the house, Barbara Seaman. Her sister Elaine had painted the picture.

Barbara Seaman was at the time a famous author and leader in the feminist movement of the 1970's. Her first book, "The Case Against the Pill", was groundbreaking when it was first published in 1969. Seaman charged that oral contraceptives containing high dosages of estrogen were potentially harmful to women, leading to heart attacks, strokes, blood clots, and cancer. In her judgment physicians had been irresponsible in not warning women about these possible side effects. With three other women she founded the National Women's Health Network in 1975.

In the painting Barbara Seaman is depicted with her third husband, Milton Forman. Her first marriage to Peter Marks had been annulled. Her second to Dr. Gideon Seaman, a psychiatrist, ended in divorce after three children. Her father, Henry Rosner, had been a Deputy Commissioner of the Human Resources Administration of the City of New York, JASA's supervisor in our first major contract, and on retirement from his department, a JASA trustee. He died before I met Barbara Seaman.

The Seaman House met all of our requirements. At 14 Harrison Avenue it stood on half an acre in a large development of homes built on similar tracts. The East Hampton Town Board had approved this land division on half-acre lots to encourage middle-income housing. This house, constructed by a mid-island developer who went bankrupt in 1977, was a year round residence. There were three bedrooms, two and a half bathrooms, a dining room, a large kitchen and laundry room, a living room with fireplace, and, uniquely, a large library which could be converted into an art studio for Marie. The large two-

car garage and full basement were welcome. In the rear of the house was an outdoor swimming pool, eighteen feet by thirty-two feet, with a plastic liner, an unanticipated feature installed by the Seamans in 1984. The cost of the house was $160,000. When the Seamans purchased the house in 1978 it cost $77,000. Taxes were $3,200 a year.

Marie then brought her design talents to the task of configuration of the house for our use. The house needed alterations. Marie laid out the changes needed: two windows in the garage and in the kitchen, replacement of the two sliding doors in the kitchen and our master bedroom, and installation of skylights in the studio and above our central hallway. New electrical fixtures were required in the library-studio. Additional wood decking was needed in the rear of the house. The kitchen and laundry room floors and studio required new vinyl tile, and all of the floors throughout the house needed carpeting. The interior of the house and the exterior trim needed repainting. We asked three contractors to bid for the work and awarded one contractor the job for forty thousand dollars. Thus the cost of the house came in within our budget at two hundred thousand dollars. The work was completed on time for our move-in in June 1986.

In the subsequent twenty-three years we replaced the furnace and pressure tank in the basement, the refrigerator, dishwasher, washing machine, and dryer. We replaced our roof, rear deck, installed a heater for the swimming pool, and had several hundred cedar shingles on the exterior walls replaced and treated. The single most delightful installation was the automatic garage door opener activated by a remote control device in our automobile, which Marie gave me one night when I came in from the city. All of these alterations and repairs were acceptable and anticipated, having been a homeowner for some years in Great Neck.

By July 1, 1986 all of our furniture and equipment had been moved into the house from storage at Scheuer House of Brighton Beach. We spent a month unpacking. During my vacation in August we had a grand house party. I shipped my three children fifty cartons of their childhood papers and toys. We were happy to be relocated in East Hampton. My first vacation in our new house ended too quickly.

Our summer vacation in 1986 ended Labor Day, but this year we kept our house open through the winter. We spent weekends in East Hampton. Our little Datson was conveniently parked in a garage on West 87th Street off Broadway. We left our apartment at seven or eight Friday evening and arrived in East Hampton three hours later. En route our favorite radio station, WQXR, featuring classical music, faded out about fifty miles due east of the city. Marie and I took turns driving and that eased the way. Sometimes we stopped at the Southampton Diner or the Candy Kitchen in Bridgehampton. This weekly automobile trip became a familiar routine.

During the winters of 1987 and 1988 Marie determined to live in East Hampton and to paint undisturbed by the distractions of the city. Marie produced some fine paintings. I was impressed by the new direction her paintings were taking. She was creating vivid landscapes in brilliant color. Her earlier abstractions were gone.

Marie became very involved with the Jimmy Ernst Artists Alliance of East Hampton. The Alliance had been organized several years earlier. It was an initiative of a small group of local artists determined to establish an advocacy organization. Jimmy Ernst, son of the world famous Max Ernst, had been an artist in East Hampton and died.

Summer life at the house followed a vacation routine. We enjoyed gardening. On the easterly side of the house I made three planting beds. During the first years it was possible to grow vegetables and flowers. Then the trees grew taller, and this became more difficult, and we had to find plants which grew in the shade. Swimming in the pool was very pleasant. We enjoyed having houseguests.

Marie and I attended concerts, summer stock theatre, and museum and art exhibits at Guild Hall, the Parish Museum in Southampton, and in galleries. These were all close at hand and the parking easy. There were many late afternoon and evening social visits.

Beth and Adam Marry

Beth Warach and Adam Lerner were married on May 29, 1988. We met Adam a year earlier when he became Beth's companion, and in the way of their contemporaries they made a home together. Almost a year later, when Adam's letter to me arrived requesting my approval for their marriage, I was astonished. Here was a return to an ancient tradition flouted in practice. It was a wonderful letter setting forth Adam's devotion and love of Beth and her response. Adam set forth his vitae, which was indeed impressive. He was the son of Max and Edna Lerner, a graduate of Exeter, Amherst and the Medical School of Yale University. He was in a residence in oncology at the Dana Farber Institute in Boston. He was sound of mind and body. Beth and Adam were thirty-one at the time. He shared Beth's interests in music, the arts, and camping. He had agreed with Beth that their children would be raised as Jews.

During the year of their pre-nuptial relationship I had given much thought to the prospect of Adam and Beth's marriage. As a grown young man and woman I could not resist their desire. Still, there was much to consider. Adam's mother was a Presbyterian. She had been raised in an upper class physician's household in Kenilworth, Great Neck, not far from our home. Our families were vast worlds apart. As a child Edna had been driven to the Friends School in downtown Brooklyn. Her first marriage to a handsome college football hero, a Princetonian, had ended in divorce, as did Max Lerner's first marriage. Max was a name to conjure. He was a world famous writer, journalist, columnist, and an academic. He had been a professor at Sarah Laurence College and had met Edna as a student. Later he was Dean of the Graduate School at Brandeis University. He was a hero of liberal students of my generation.

Max Lerner divorced his first wife after three children to marry Edna. They had three sons, Michael, Stephen, and then ten years later Adam. But Max was known in the gossip columns of the press as a notorious womanizer. He was a long time guest at Hugh Hefner's Playboy retreat. Still, his marriage to Edna remained intact. At his end Max returned to his home, and Edna took care of him in his illness. It was this family history which gave me pause. Would young Adam follow in the path of his father? How significant

would the Christianity of his mother be in the lives of Beth, Adam, and their children to come?

There was no resisting Adam's request and Beth's insistence. I sent him my blessing. It is more than twenty-one years since Beth and Adam were married. I have had no cause to regret their union. They have had a happy marriage. Their two children, Gabriel and Noah, give them and his grandparents great joy. Adam has been my Dr. Arrowsmith, a loving and concerned son-in-law to Marie and me.

It was given to Marie and me to attend to the wedding arrangements. As it happened the May 29, 1988 date was perfectly convenient for Beth and Adam's busy job schedules. In East Hampton the Memorial Day weekend is the dazzling opening of the summer season and one of the busiest times on the East End. Our family is indebted to Marie for her execution of the wedding details. There were invitations to send, address lists to gather for review, and approval by Beth and Adam. We could house no more than two couples at our house, and so the rest of the family and friends had to find their own hotel rooms. Marie telephoned every motel in the Hamptons to find available space and then informed all of our out of town guests.

There was a grand turnout on our side of the family. My brother Akiva and his son Myron flew in from Israel. Josh, Alegria, and their little son Benjamin, Jon, Robbie, Rachel, and Jeffrey, and David and Phyllis, my cousins, arrived. Marie's children, Laura and Fred and Rick and Mary came. Ben Kaplan helped us with some of the arrangements. Jane and David Soyer and all of Marie's East Hampton friends attended. Bernice and Morton Hunt, Lydia and Morton Deutsch, and Irene and Edward Engelman came. The Lerners and their many friends were present. Max and Edna, brothers Michael and Stephen, and their wives were there. Stephen had married the daughter of one of Edna's lifelong friends, Irving Berlin's granddaughter.

The wedding was held on the great lawn of the Lerner house in Southampton. The ceremony was conducted by Rabbi David Greenberg of the East Hampton Jewish Center under a flowering pear tree. The marriage ceremony followed traditional custom. Both the bride and groom looked adorably slim and beautiful. Their youth and the joy of the wedding imparted the sunny afternoon on the greensward with grace.

A happy surprise for us was the statement Max Lerner made immediately after the ceremony for the assembly. He stepped forward wearing a yarmulke, bible under his arm, and citing the mosaic references, delivered his Judaic blessing upon the newly married couple. We knew Max was a learned man; it was evident that his studies had carried him much farther in Jewish tradition and history than we were aware.

I believe the marriage of Adam and Beth must have been a joy to him. They were his only Jewish family, and their first child Gabriel was born

before he died on June 5, 1992, his only Jewish grandchild. Max Lerner never disclaimed his Jewish status. As a public figure and columnist he decried anti-Semitism and the danger of Nazi Germany. Later he was a leading protagonist of the State of Israel. Edna had reservations about Beth. Given Edna's antecedents, that was understandable. Kenilworth residents in the early 1920's had strong reservations about the incoming Jewish residents of Kings Point. At the wedding Edna wondered what the "beanies" were that the men were wearing. Had she been Catholic she would have recognized the Jewish counterpart of a priestly biretta.

The party which followed the wedding ceremony was festive. The food provided by the caterer which Marie had engaged was delicious. The champagne was sparkling. Beth and Adam stayed on with their guests until late evening. They spent their first night together with a friend of the family in a house on Springs Fireplace Road. The next day they departed for India on their honeymoon. Adam had been there as a child with his family, but I felt India to be a land filled with great hazards for Americans and Europeans. I was happy when they returned safely several weeks later. Now all of my children were married, and I was sixty-seven years of age.

The Demise of the Associated YM-YWHA's

Some time in 1990 I was dismayed to learn that my old alma mater, the Associated YM-YWHA's had defaulted on payment of its debt of $21 million, a disaster. The outstanding obligations included ten million dollars in bank debt to Manufacturers Hanover Bank and Bank Leumi. Federation had guaranteed payment of two million dollars of the debt and the $2.5 million mortgage on the Mid-Westchester YM-YWHA building. My JASA Board Chairman, Carl Glick, was chosen by UJA-Federation to take responsibility for a workout arrangement to assure repayment of the debt and avert a bankruptcy. UJA-Federation was determined to maintain the credit of the Jewish philanthropic enterprise. Both Bank Leumi and Manufacturers funded UJA-Federation receivables over many years.

The Associated Y's debt required principal payments on $10 million in 1992 and 1993. The UJA-Federation and the creditors accepted a repayment plan forged by Carl Glick of the entire debt by July 1, 1999. Interest payment on the debt was 9.3 percent. Associated Y's accepted the final debt of $27 million including accrued interest with the guarantee of UJA-Federation.

The Associated Y's Workout Plan, as of April 18, 1991, sets forth succinctly the extent of the disaster and the consequences.

Associated YM-YWHA's Workout Plan
($000's)
Sources and Use of Funds Over Ten Years

Cash Requirements and Obligations	$3,089
Operating Deficits (After UJA-Grants)	$16,807
Bank Loans (including interest)	$1,610
Other Loans	$2,400
Due Vendors and Others	$4,008
All Other Known Debts	$27,914

Sources of Funds	
Redirection of Basic Grants	$13,900
Rents from Northwestern and Mid-Westchester Y's	$4,675
Sales of Properties	$5,300
Philanthropic Funds	$3,400
All Other Known Funds	$550
	$27,825
Deficiency	$89

This Workout Plan contemplated the sale and termination of services of the Gustave Hartman Y in the Rockaways, the Flushing Y, the Emanu-El Midtown Y, and the termination of the Associated Y's Central Administration. The annual UJA-Federation grants to these centers would, over a ten-year period, amount to $13.9 million. This sum would be reallocated to debt payment. This plan was adopted by UJA-Federation. The debts were paid, and Associated Y's quietly ceased to exist. There was no bankruptcy.

By the end of this process a number of centers became independent agencies, their service continuing unabated. These centers included: the Mosholu-Montefiore Community Center, the Mid-Westchester Y, the North Westchester Y, the South Westchester Y, the Samuel Field Y, the Kings Bay Y, and the Shorefront Y.

This major default was unprecedented in the history of Jewish communal services in the United States. When I left Associated Y's in 1968 the organization was thriving. We had accomplished much in ten years since its founding. There were ten new center buildings and two new summer camps standing. The Associated Y's Board was functioning well, and we were adding to the strength of the local center boards and staffs. I had invested much of myself in the effort to create the new facilities, which were so promising in the revival of community center service in New York.

It was evident in 1968 that some of the local centers were not fulfilling their responsibilities in management of their annual budgets or paying for the pledges made each year by the local boards to meet operating costs. Associated Y's annual deficit rose to $150,000. I sensed a rapacious hostility to the rich downtown board by the neighborhood boards. They assumed that Associated Y would pay their obligations. By 1968 Irving Brodsky was indenting summer day camp receipts to pay for operating expenses of the prior year. He was always conciliatory and never ready to use force majeur to terminate center executives who failed to keep to their budget limits. The central Associated Y

Board and UJA-Federation permitted Associated Y's to assume the obligations of a large $2.5 million mortgage to pay for the swimming pool facility at the Mid-Westchester Y without pledges raised to meet the cost. It was assumed that somehow Fred Klingenstein, President of the Mid-Westchester Y Board, would assure that obligation. I learned that by 1985 Associated Y's could no longer secure an audit. This meant that the auditors believed Associated Y's was an agency in bankruptcy. I am not certain why Irving Brodsky's successor, Ira Steinmetz, accepted the Executive Vice Presidency of Associated Y's in that year. Perhaps he had received assurance from his older mentor and friend, Bill Kahn, then Executive Vice President of UJA-Federation, that the financial problems of Associated Y's would be resolved. Ira Steinmetz did not wait for the disaster. He left Associated Y's for a position as Executive Vice President of the Jewish Community Centers of St. Louis, leaving a caretaker behind. Bill Kahn too left shortly thereafter to return to St. Louis as Executive of their Federation.

So many of the centers I had worked with so hard were gone: the East Tremont Y, the East Flatbush Y, the Flushing Y, the Coney Island Y, and the Gustave Hartman Y. Some were closed long before the Associated Y bankruptcy. Changing neighborhoods coming soon after completion of the buildings reflected the population tides of this great city and were inevitable. Funds were found to save the Emanu-El Midtown Y, which carries on as a viable center affiliated with the Educational Alliance. Many centers continued. My experience with the Associated Y's strengthened my hand in the financial management of JASA. I left behind a very sound organization with excellent financial management and resources.

Early Years of Retirement

The Friday evening of my retirement at JASA I took the Long Island Railroad train out to East Hampton. It was the six o'clock express, a festive, noisy crowd headed eastward after a long week at work. There were so many young men and women, shirts open, ties loose, still in summer office dress, chatting, animated, eyeing each other with that marvelous enthusiasm of the nubile, expectant youth. At East Hampton the train emptied, passengers dragging their weekend suitcases to their waiting vehicles and their hosts. I was pleased to see Marie waiting for me on the station platform near the passenger terminal building. Marie was so dear and familiar to me, a welcome sight. Marie then drove me to Ashawagh Hall and her exhibit. This was the first Friday evening for the exhibit, and there was a large crowd.

What a wonderful exhibit it was! I had admired Marie's oil paintings from the very first evening I had met her. Her artwork in Manhattan was created during an earlier period when the influence of the abstract expressionists and Vaclav Vitlacyl, her teacher, was evident in her work which hung on the walls of her apartment. These were interesting to me. When Marie came out to East Hampton, to my astonishment, her palette, the colors, her drawing, and creations changed completely. She was overcome by the East Hampton landscape, the seashore, the brilliant sunshine, as had prior generations of East End artists. Her worked reflected that new enthusiasm. Moreover, Marie could draw, and the exhibit was a marvelous expression of her passion for the countryside of our present residence. There were some artworks which were especially interesting. These were acrylic paintings on paper and then immersed in a plastic liquid and crushed. When the work dried it became a novel creation to be exhibited under a plastic cover. Marie's pastel drawings and watercolors were vivid and pleasing expressions. We were of course encouraged by the response of our visitors, our patrons, who purchased a number of her works. There were, in the custom of the art exhibit, the gallery, little red dots alongside the title of the work on the wall denoting their sale. I rather regretted the sale of some of her works, which had graced the walls of our house. But parting with completed work is a necessity for the artists. The judgment of the marketplace is, alas, the ultimate criterion for acceptance of the value of the work. It is of little solace that Van Gogh was not esteemed until long after his death.

During that first summer I returned to JASA for several days a week with my hand still on the tiller to give assurance to our new Board President, Stephen Jacobson, that agency management was in safe hands. Interestingly, I had offered to defer my retirement for two months until my successor, David Stern, would arrive on September 1. That offer was firmly rejected by Robert Tishman. My retirement on June 30 was graven in stone, perhaps a Board achievement they thought was hard won. Once David Stern arrived we had a number of business meetings and lunch over the months which followed. By springtime our meetings ended, and David Stern made his way forward without my counsel. There were a number of fundraising dinners to which I was invited with some reminiscences voiced. But that was all the communication there was from JASA.

I continued to attend Board meetings of the Council of Senior Citizens, which I had organized for a number of years. David Stern too, as Principal Executive of JASA, was a Board member, and then I was retired with a thank you note, a pure formality. Another advocacy organization, the New York Citizens Committee on Aging, a last cry of Community Council of New York, which perished a number of years ago, assassinated by the United Way of New York and Catholic Charities, which terminated its funding. Catholic Charities had long objected to the concurrent membership of Planned Parenthood in the Health and Welfare Council. That Council was shut down, and the new Community Council sans Planned Parenthood was organized. Still, Bernard Schiffman, Executive Director of the Community, was far too liberal for Catholic Charities, and during a recession year of poor fundraising Community Council's funding was terminated. So the Citizens Committee on Aging was the last remnant advocacy wing of the Council to remain. Doris Rosenberg, its only upper class member, was its President. The Executive Committee of the organization, conveniently for Doris, met at her apartment for coffee and business. I knew Doris well as an active member of the Distribution Committee at Federation, and her husband, Irwin Rosenberg, had been a founding Board member of JASA and its President for a short while before he died. Roberta Spohn, in her retirement, became Vice President of the Council. Its Executive Director, Jerry Shroder, a loyal, devoted social worker, had been Bernard Schiffman's Deputy and had succeeded him as Community Council Executive when he retired to lead the council through its unhappy demise with its debts far exceeding its assets. The board members of the committee were dear old comrades of my years of social work in the city, all retired. Indeed the committee was a haven for social workers who had enjoyed their years of service in a variety of agencies. Advocacy for the aged was a worthy endeavor. The council's annual conference attracted several hundred people. The council wrote letters to legislators, attended hearings, and debated the issues with the seriousness of

more august bodies. The council was a familiar place to be, and its members were old friends who still remembered me.

Life in East Hampton every season of the year could be pleasant. To begin with, my retirement from office brought a measure of relief of anxiety. As JASA's Executive there was the constant, unrelieved pressure to achieve. Year after year there were grants to be secured, programs to be initiated within rigid time frames, overwhelming needs which could not be met, constituents to be satisfied, a Board of Directors whose loyalty had to be won and maintained, Presidents to be sustained in their office as key lay leaders, a staff which deserved to be better paid and had to be led to greater productivity, a budget to be established and rigorously followed, and an annual accounting to be made which would close each year with a surplus. The job was a work of art every day, a great political enterprise in a most worthy cause. Still, there was ever so much of the ordinary, of the grit and unpleasant realities to be confronted. In retrospect I had great fortune, and my work benefited many, many elderly people and elderly Jewish people. I was very happy my mother and father observed their son at our building dedications of the three Scheuer Houses: Coney Island, Manhattan Beach, and Brighton Beach. Their son was there welcoming Mayor Edward Koch at these assemblies with all their friends and neighbors attending.

So there was relief from the day-to-day anxieties. My financial arrangements in retirement were fortunate and reflect forty-four years of service within the employment of the system of Jewish communal service, which provided a generous retirement benefit of a fixed income for me and Marie. JASA's retirement provision for me was generous. I had managed to complete full payment of the mortgages on the apartment in Manhattan, and there had been none on our house in East Hampton. I had paid all of the schools debts of my children some years ago. Our income in retirement would equal my earnings at JASA, and so we could consider all the retirement experiences we ever dreamed of, particularly if our health was maintained. I owe my parents and forbears a constitution which brought me to retirement at age seventy without any major disease. Physical activity and a moderate diet were among my prescriptions for survival into very old age.

Marie and I had long talked about fulfillment of our dreams and hopes for our retirement years. East Hampton was the community for expression of her very being as an artist. Immediately upon our arrival in the summer of 1986 Marie became an active participant in the Jimmy Ernst Artists Alliance. The Alliance had been organized by friends of Jimmy, the son of Max Ernst, the world renowned artist, and was himself an artist. Upon his death they organized the Alliance as he had hoped to advocate for the artists of East Hampton. The Alliance sought to promote the work of its members, and by 1986 the Alliance was conducting an annual art exhibit for

members, a studio tour, which became a moneymaker. There were monthly meetings devoted to business and lectures by a member illustrated by their art. The Alliance published a monthly bulletin full of news of its members and meeting notices. The Alliance had an Executive Committee, which included all the former presidents who continued to have a vote. The arrangement provided continuity. The Alliance had succeeded in its advocacy effort to persuade the East Hampton Town Board to enact a zoning code amendment which provided that artists could build a separate structure on their property which would be a studio with a toilet, sink, and running water. This was an important concession because the town zoning laws permitted no other building structure once a permit was granted.

The Alliance had no facilities of its own. The part-time Administrative Assistant and the President worked out of their own homes. Marie became an enthusiastic participant and Chairman of the Annual Artists Alliance Membership Exhibit. Marie made some very good friends and amongst her admirers were Marie Rosso, then President, and her friend Diane Plitt. When Marie Rosso, after two terms in office stepped down, Marie was elected President. Marie Rosso, a very fine artist and a single woman, was a person of large energy and so straightforward in her expression she could arouse hostility. This became a problem for the Alliance, which was dependent on other institutions for facilities. There was no alternative to Ashawagh Hall for art exhibit facilities. The hall was once an elementary school and leased for the longest time to the Springs Improvement Society by the Town of East Hampton for one dollar a year. That society was responsible for maintenance of the building and its use. The society leased the facilities to local organizations and artists for exhibits and meetings. There were fundraising events, one notable Fisherman's fair, which brought in a lot of money and attracted large community participation. Then there was Guild Hall, the most prestigious meeting hall in East Hampton, used by the Alliance for its monthly meetings.

During that one harrowing year as president Marie did a yeoman job. She restored the Alliance to the good graces of the Springs Improvement Society and Guild Hall. Meetings were well planned, and sociability was restored to the membership. The membership grew to almost four hundred, and the finances of the Alliance were left in good order. Then, exhausted, Marie yielded the presidency to Diana Plitt but continued on the Board as a former president. Marie continued as Chairman of the annual exhibit. Our circle of friends grew, as did our involvement in the passion of this organization.

My transition to retirement was easy enough. We had been driving out to East Hampton from Manhattan for five years, vacationing in August and spending long weekends during all the seasons. Autumn was pleasant, weather sunny and mild, and the woodlands of the countryside crimson, russet, and

gold. Winter too, though brisk and cold, was a welcome interlude of quiet. There were few people on the streets of the village. Our hearth was warmed by the cheerful fire. Our modest lot yielded firewood in oak logs every year of our stay. Spring came late, about two weeks after the trees and foliage of Central Park displayed their first signs of green leaves. Our automobile drive out to the East End of the island was a pleasant diversion.

Marie's circle of friends was augmented by my own. One of my dearest friends and colleagues, Roberta Spohn, former Deputy Commissioner of the New York City Department of Aging, and her husband Santo Pafumi acquired a house in Sag Harbor just eight miles away. They were an interesting couple, quite unlike each other. Roberta had been a single mother of two daughters, Jessica and Madeleine, and survived a disastrous marriage. Her first husband, Dr. Spohn, had been an eminent psychologist, born a Jew, and converted to Christianity as a child by his parents. He had narrowly escaped the Nazis, leaving Germany under the auspices of the International Refugee Committee. Only after their marriage did Roberta discover he was an alcoholic. After one dreadful, near fatal accident she divorced. Dr. Spohn ultimately recovered after treatment at the Menninger Clinic and remained a staff member there. Though he provided child support, the years raising the children were difficult.

Santo was a trained civil engineer, a Catholic, and his first wife divorced him despite his resistance. Theirs was a civil divorce and never having been divorced by the church, Santo would from time to time declare himself still married to his first wife. He had a grown daughter too. Santo was a gruff, warm, and cordial man, conservative politically; his acceptance of interracial difference was surprising. When we met he was engaged in a series of building construction projects including renovation of a tenement house he had purchased at an auction from the City of New York. Roberta funded the projects with the cash secured by a mortgage on her apartment. They were profitable in the end. Theirs was a happy marriage despite their differences, and we enjoyed their company. Roberta was a sophisticated woman, wise in the ways of the municipal government. Interestingly, though she had been Deputy Commissioner, her responsibilities never called for her management of any matters concerned with JASA. She had been responsible for the intergovernmental relations of the department with the State of New York and the federal government.

Then there was Dr. Jerome Goldsmith, once Executive Director of the Jewish Board of Family and Children's Service, who lived on Beverly road just two streets north of us. We had been longtime colleagues in common bondage, as it were, to the UJA-Federation of Jewish Philanthropies with which our agencies were affiliated. We had served together on a joint agency committee, which negotiated union agreements with D.C. 1707 every two or

three years sharing an attorney, Jerold Jacobson. This enterprise, in which we were joined in duress vile, was cause of friction and hostility between us. The interests of the participating agencies were diverse, as were our resources. Jay Goldsmith could pay his staff more with his large endowment and sources of funding in Federation and the child welfare system. I was absolutely bound by the strictures and active supervision of the municipal Bureau of the Budget, which would ultimately pay our costs. I was therefore the most difficult and determined agency participant. Consequently, Jay Goldsmith held me personally responsible for at least two strikes. I never disclaimed responsibility. Still, we were joined together in another association, the Agencies Presidents Conference. This association was organized at my instigation to consider and represent the interests of the agencies within the UJA-Federation system. At the time of the merger of UJA and Federation the officers of the two agencies made firm commitments that the domestic agencies would suffer no reduction of grants because of the merger. The new organization raised money for both the domestic agencies and the overseas organizations: AJDC. HIAS, NYANA, and the Jewish Agency for Israel. The two UJA-Federation professional executives, Stephen Solender and Jeffrey Solomon, bitterly resented this new organization and their exclusion from its meetings. They felt this was an attack on their authority. We enjoyed the opportunity to vent our concerns to our assembled presidents and executives. I doubt whether this committee ever really influenced the decisions of the Distribution Committee. So, it was good to visit with Jay Goldsmith and Lee, his wife. I understood that they particularly liked Marie and her art. They were collectors.

Then there were David and Jane Soyer. David had been Director of Community Services since JASA's very beginning in 1969. His wife Jane was a tall, elegant, and very beautiful woman. She was lovely and charming, and Marie and I found her endearing. Jane had been a superb schoolteacher. In retirement she was a full-time volunteer with an organization dedicated to women with cancer, Share. The Soyers owned a summerhouse in Hampton Bays, a legacy of David's father Moses and his mother. We had dinner out several times a summer in Southampton.

My dearest friend and wartime comrade, Ben Kaplan, usually spent several weekends with us every summer. He enjoyed arriving with the visits of our children and grandchildren. Ben was fond of Joshua, who had spent several weeks with him at his golf course, of Jon, with whom he enjoyed throwing a baseball, and Beth. Ben had attended each of their weddings and visited with them when their children arrived. Jack Wasserman visited once a summer, and we could reminisce about our early school days; we invited Felix Dushnick to a backyard picnic with us.

Best of all were the annual summer visits of our children. Marie's daughter Laura and her husband Fred flew up from Miami, rented a car at Kennedy,

and drove out to East Hampton. Then Rick and Mary came in from San Francisco. This was an important family reunion and a joy for Marie. They had lived in East Hampton and loved the ocean beaches. Rick and Mary were marathon runners and rose early every morning to welcome the sunrise at Gerard Drive. Their ritual included a visit to the farmer's market for coffee and the purchase of a bag of sweet rolls for our breakfast. They visited their father Sam Norkin and Frances who then had a house in East Hampton. Laura's younger son Sam and his companion Jeana McNeil would join us from time to time. Some summers Laura, Fred, and Marie drove up to Tivoli to visit with Johan, Marie's grandson. Rick and Mary drove to Providence at the end of their stay to visit with Mary's mother and sister. This summer visit was an important annual reunion for Marie's family and for me as well.

Then at various times during the summer my children and their numerous brood arrived for a one week stay. We were delighted to have them and to see the grandchildren. There seemed to be more and more of them, and they grew taller and taller. The first was Rachel, Jon and Robbie's first born child, followed by Ben, Josh and Alegria's son. Soon enough Jon and Robbie arrived with four, Rachel, Jeffrey, Aaron, and Sam, Josh and Alegria with Ben and Yael, and Adam and Beth with Gabriel and Noah. For them East Hampton was their natural habitat. My children, growing up in Great Neck, spent many weekends at Jones Beach. Robbie lived in Huntington and loved the bay beaches and the south shore. Adam, whose parents had a summerhouse in Southampton, roamed the East End of Long Island as a youth. For the grandchildren the Atlantic Ocean beach was the joy of the summer. The great waves washing upon the shore, the sand castles to build, and the visit to the Coast Guard Station for ice cream was a very happy time. Then they came home to their grandparents to spend several hours in the swimming pool, rubber floats and all.

Among the delights of visiting us, for our grandchildren, was the food. Marie baked several pans of meat loaf and roast chicken for our guests. The meat loaf was a favorite. Then we had picnic cookouts in our backyard. They were jolly family reunions.

A truly great pleasure for me was a spell of carpentry with each grandchild. Their schools did not provide this introduction to manual skills, and I did. Over the years each grandchild made some significant toy, and all of them shared in the making of a treasure chest painted black, embossed with their own name in gold plastic letters. The chests came with a lock and key. There were birthday gifts of silver dollars and foreign coins, which were carefully secreted in their treasure chests, which they have to this day.

By the end of the summer Marie and I were happy to see all our guests depart and quiet return. They were memorable summers. The house in East Hampton proved to be a wise decision for ourselves and our families.

East Hampton has acquired national renown as the summer vacationland for the rich and famous. This reputation has been incubating for many years. The first colonial settlers arrived in 1648, Puritans seeking new lands as they sailed down the New England shoreline from Boston, past Rhode Island and Connecticut to the east end of the island. They usurped the land of the Montauk Indians, a pacific tribe, who fell easy pretty to the depredations of the invaders. They were decimated by disease caught from the newcomers. Just west of the town of Southampton there is a tiny Shinnecock Reservation, the last remnant of the people who had originally inhabited the south fork. Now they seek recognition as an Indian Tribe from the federal government. Once recognized, they will be able to exact some reparations from the white man by establishing an extraterritorial gambling casino. The good citizens of Southampton have fought this legal status in federal courts for years. Every now and then among the Afro-American neighbors living on Springs Fire Place Road a fleeting glimpse of Indian genetics can be discerned in their faces.

During the colonial years the East Hampton settlers stood with the revolutionaries and suffered the oppression of the British military occupants of the island. Through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the area was a poor rural community. Fishing and farming were their primary vocations. Dairy farming, corn, potatoes, and hay were grown. The forests were logged for firewood and shipped to the markets in New York City.

North of the Montauk Highway in the area which became known as Springs, old settler families, the Millers, Kings, and Parsons, multiplied. By 1870, south of Montauk Highway along the Atlantic Ocean Shore, new settlers arrived. The Long Island Railroad reached Bridgehampton. In 1895 the railroad reached East Hampton and Montauk. They were the nouveau riche of New York who built splendid cedar shingle cottages large enough to house numerous servants and summer guests. Their families moved in for the season and some found the environment so attractive they stayed year round. They were Protestant in denomination, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, and founded and built some splendid churches, which are still functioning today.

By the end of the nineteenth century the newest settlers attracted an important colony of artists. In 1878 the Tile Club, a group of artists, poets, and writers, arrived to visit, some to stay. Thomas Moran and his wife Mary Nimmo, a foremost American etcher, arrived and built a house on Main Street in 1884. Chile Hassan was among Moran's circle of friends. A little further west in Southampton William Merritt Chase settled to attract an art colony and stimulated the founding of the Parrish Museum.

The new arrivals had some determined notions of civic beauty. Their forebears had in New York led the battle to create Central Park. They seized firm control of the government of the village of East Hampton, established the Ladies Village Improvement Society and the East Hampton Historical Society,

and enacted a zoning plan which preserved the beauty of this extraordinary historic community. Driving into East Hampton is a wondrous experience. Only one gasoline station mars the entrance. Main Street wends its way past the village pond, adorned by two pairs of swans, and on the southerly side by a cemetery founded during colonial times in the eighteenth century. The Historic District follows with long rows of white colonial houses, many cedar shingled, on both sides of the street. There are twenty-six properties included in the National Register of Historic Places. A stroll past these buildings is an enchanting review of colonial history. The village has acquired Mulford House, the Clinton Academy, the Daniel Osborn House, Home Sweet Home, and the Gardiner Mill. The village cemetery is the site of so many little gravestones, marking the resting place of infants who died long before antibiotics of the twentieth century. Then on Main Street are two stately rows of tall elm trees shading the avenue during the summer season with their leafy boughs. These trees have been the very special responsibility of the Ladies Village Improvement Society, each carefully treated with anti-insect venom.

The commercial district of the village follows the residential area. Firm regulation has kept the commercial buildings to no more than two stories and requires owners to retain historic features. Since our arrival in 1986 the stores of the village have changed character. Once there were services for ordinary citizens; a newspaper store, stationer, shoemaker, tailor, and notion stores have all been replaced by retail establishments for the very rich. Chase, Ralph Lauren, Elie Tahari, Tiffany, London Jewelers, and Sotheby's have spent millions for refurbishing. The market must be there, and the retailers advertise their names in East Hampton.

Guild Hall, East Hampton's museum of art and theater, stands near the westerly entrance to the village on the southern side of Main Street. On April 19, 1931, early in the depression, the building was opened. Mrs. Lorenzo E. Woodhouse, a local philanthropist and widow, was founder of Guild Hall and its principal benefactor. She was a determined leader and gathered a group of enthusiastic board members, all members of her upper class coterie of Maidstone members. They had the wisdom to employ Inez Whipple as Executive Director from 1943 to 1981 who transformed the institution.

The community of artists in East Hampton was revived shortly before the beginning of World War II. A number of recent refugees from Nazi Germany made their way to East Hampton. They included Max Ernst, Marcel Duchamp, Léger, Matte, Breton, and Robert Motherwell. Isomo Noguchi and the architect Fred Kiesler arrived, as did Constantine Nivola, the Sardinian sculptor and designer. By 1945 a group of impoverished artists now known as the New York School relocated to Springs; they included Jackson Pollock and his wife Lee Krasner and DeKooning. Marie and Sam Norkin built a house in the Barnes Landing area of the island just north of Amagansett in 1963.

Then, with the initiative of the Eisenhower Administration and the vigorous leadership of Robert Moses, the Long Island Expressway, Route 495, and the Southern State Parkway ploughed their way across the island. These roads reduced automobile travel time greatly; a five hour trip became three to East Hampton. After 1950 the first artists were followed by waves of rich professionals, Wall Street executives, lawyers, and businessmen and north of the Montauk Highway, psychotherapists, artists, college faculty, and even one or two social agency executives. Up until 1990 the cost of real estate and building construction and availability of mortgage loans made acquisition of a second vacation home quite feasible for middle class apartment house residents in the city. The vacation home represented a new style of life. Then by the end of the twentieth century, despite the huge rise in the cost of east end housing, movie stars and theatrical people relocated. They could find privacy in the area.

There was another change. In 2009 the Jewish Center of the Hamptons celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. In 1959 the few Jewish storekeepers, year round residents of the area, were members of the Sag Harbor Reform Synagogue. This was one of the oldest congregations on Long Island. At the turn of the nineteenth century the Bulova Watch Company built a huge factory whose four-story red brick building still towers vacant over Main Street. They imported a large number of Jewish watchmakers into Sag Harbor. By 1959 the few Jews of East Hampton determined to organize their own synagogue. With the help of Evan M. Frankel, a local real estate investor, they purchased a magnificent home on Main Street at the very entrance to East Hampton. It is said that Evan M. Frankel was very angry with the Maidstone Club, which refused him membership because he was Jewish. He contributed a very large sum to build a new synagogue facility designed by Norman Jaffe. This cedar and glass construction is one of the most magnificent synagogues I have ever visited. Marie and I have been members of the center since 1986. I was truly astonished to find on attending High Holy Day services in 1986 that there were more than a thousand congregants seated under a huge white tent on the lawn. My membership at the synagogue, Reform as it was, was an act of affirmation of my Judaism, an affirmation of loyalty.

Retirement Living

How well prepared were Marie and I for retirement living? I had been working steadily for almost fifty years in jobs which were demanding, inspiring, and dedicated to the public good. Now my time was free, and I could devote myself to leisure time pursuits. Marie and I had a large family to whom we were devoted. Moreover, Marie was an artist living in a community of artists in an area whose landscapes, seashore, and skies were inspiring. The East Hampton light is pervasive and confluence of the diffusion of the sunshine reflecting off the Atlantic Ocean and the great bays. We had the security of adequate pensions to support our lifestyle.

The cultural institutions of the community were a resource we enjoyed. In East Hampton Guild Hall was the venue for exhibits which focused on regional artists. Its Annual Members Show invited local artists to participate, and Marie did. There were concerts and theatrical productions to be seen at Guild Hall. The Jimmy Ernst Artists Alliance met monthly at Guild Hall. These were friendly gatherings prefaced by a coffee and cake with business followed by an interesting talk by an Alliance artist. The East Hampton movie theatre presented films concurrently with their display in New York City on all of its five screens. Not far away in Sag Harbor a group of theatrical enthusiasts established the Bay Street Theatre to bring new plays and Broadway revivals to the East End. We attended these performances with our friends after dinner out in Sag Harbor.

We celebrated the ease of morning breakfast with our reading of the New York Times. Whenever I stepped out to our driveway to pick up the newspaper in its familiar blue plastic envelope I had a sense of reassurance. The Times in hand I could explore the world in all its desperate tragic occurrences. I shared this reading with one million other subscribers, all literate, most liberal, and so many Jewish. I had originally become addicted to the New York Times while at City College from 1936 to 1940. During one semester of Urban Sociology I had written a paper about the Times after a careful analysis of its contents and its advertising. "All the News That Was Fit to Print" was the newspaper's slogan then. The Sulzberger family, Jewish owners and publishers, were careful during those pre-war years and thereafter to bury the dreadful news of anti-Semitism in Nazi Germany in its back pages. The

Holocaust received little attention until the revelations of the concentration camps could not be suppressed after their liberation by Allied forces. With the establishment of the State of Israel and the efforts of the Arab states to destroy Israel receiving so much public notice, the New York Times had to print this news on its front page. The Sulzberger family has striven mightily to report on all news about Israel and other Jewish affairs with what they consider to be even handed circumspection. No sooner does a terrorist bomb a café full of Jewish youth, but there is an interview with some Palestinian to report upon their oppression by Israel. The reporter is usually an American Jew. Still there is no alternative to the New York Times. Its coverage of international, national, and municipal affairs is superb and unavailable elsewhere. Now the business pages of the Times and Wall Street Journal report the continuing losses of the Times Corporation and many newspapers during the recessions of 2008 and 2009. Now we are concerned about the continuing viability of the newspaper. Shall we have "All the News That's Fit to Go" forever more? Most of the time we end our reading discouraged. The journalistic tradition values conflict, tragedy, war, depression, and reporting insistently upon all the ills of the world. This news sells, and I doubt newspapers will ever change.

I have always been a reader. My subscriptions to the New Yorker, the New York Review of Books, Time, Commentary, Midstream, the Jerusalem Report, Foreign Affairs, and the professional journals of the National Association of Social Workers, the Gerontological Society, and National Conference of Jewish Communal Service provide a large stream of essays, reports, and data of varying political viewpoints to keep us reasonably well informed.

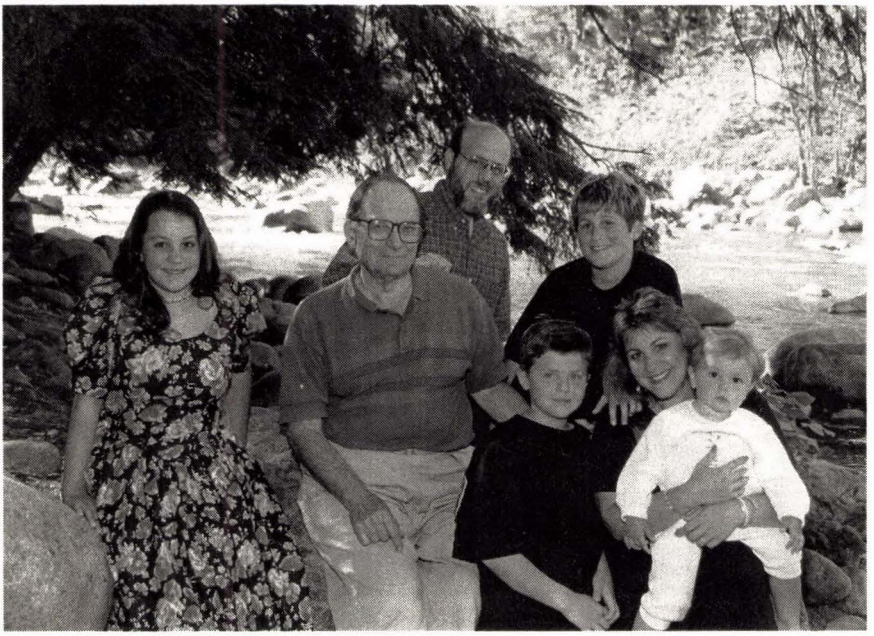
Then there is television. We have had very large screen television sets in East Hampton and Manhattan and cable subscriptions. Marie and I have, for the most part, been able to agree upon control of the remote control device and the programs of interest. We have both been enthusiastic about the McNeill Lehrer Report, opera concerts, and Masterpiece Theatre on the Public Broadcasting stations. There are many choices, which can easily consume hours of time in recreational pursuit. Sometimes I can persuade Marie to join me in a game of Scrabble, particularly when she is enthused about its therapeutic value as a vigorous exercise for the brain.

I have been addicted to the collection of books. Ever since my mother walked me to the Tompkins Square Park Library on East Tenth Street to enroll me as a member, I loved to borrow library books and later to purchase them. Barnes and Noble, then a single bookstore on Fifteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, bought and sold college textbooks. These were my first acquisitions. There were some wonderful novels published during the war on inexpensive paper, which turned yellow and disintegrated upon my return home. More recently in East Hampton, during a favorite weekend pastime attending house and yard sales, I have gravitated to the books. The Springs Library

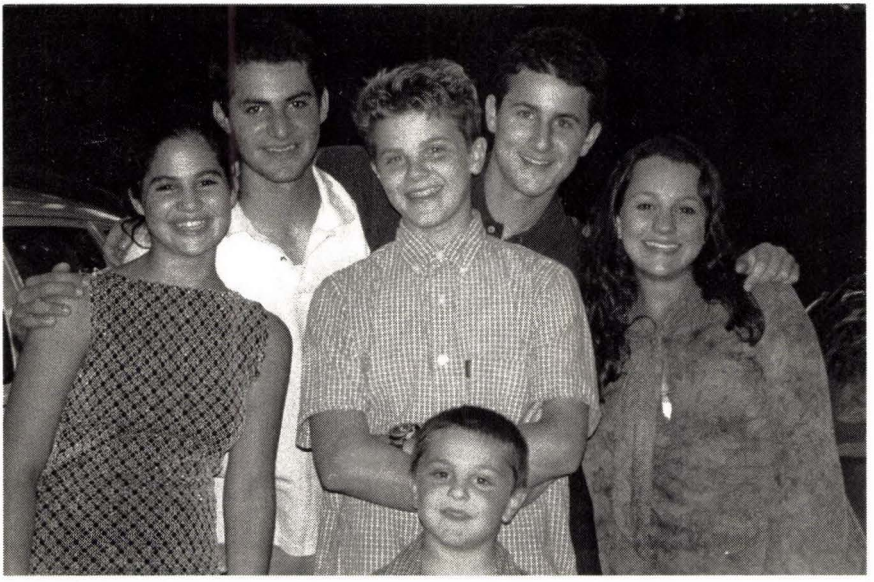
and the Ladies Village Improvement Society have had some marvelous book sales thanks to the generosity of East Hampton's very literate readers. Consequently, my modest library in East Hampton has a collection of the New Yorker, New York Review magazines, and books I shall never read. But my ambition remains.

Picture 43: L to R: Noah, Beth, Gabriel and Adam Lerner

Picture 44: L to R: Joshua, Alegria, Yael and Benjamin Warach
at Alegria's Gallery 33

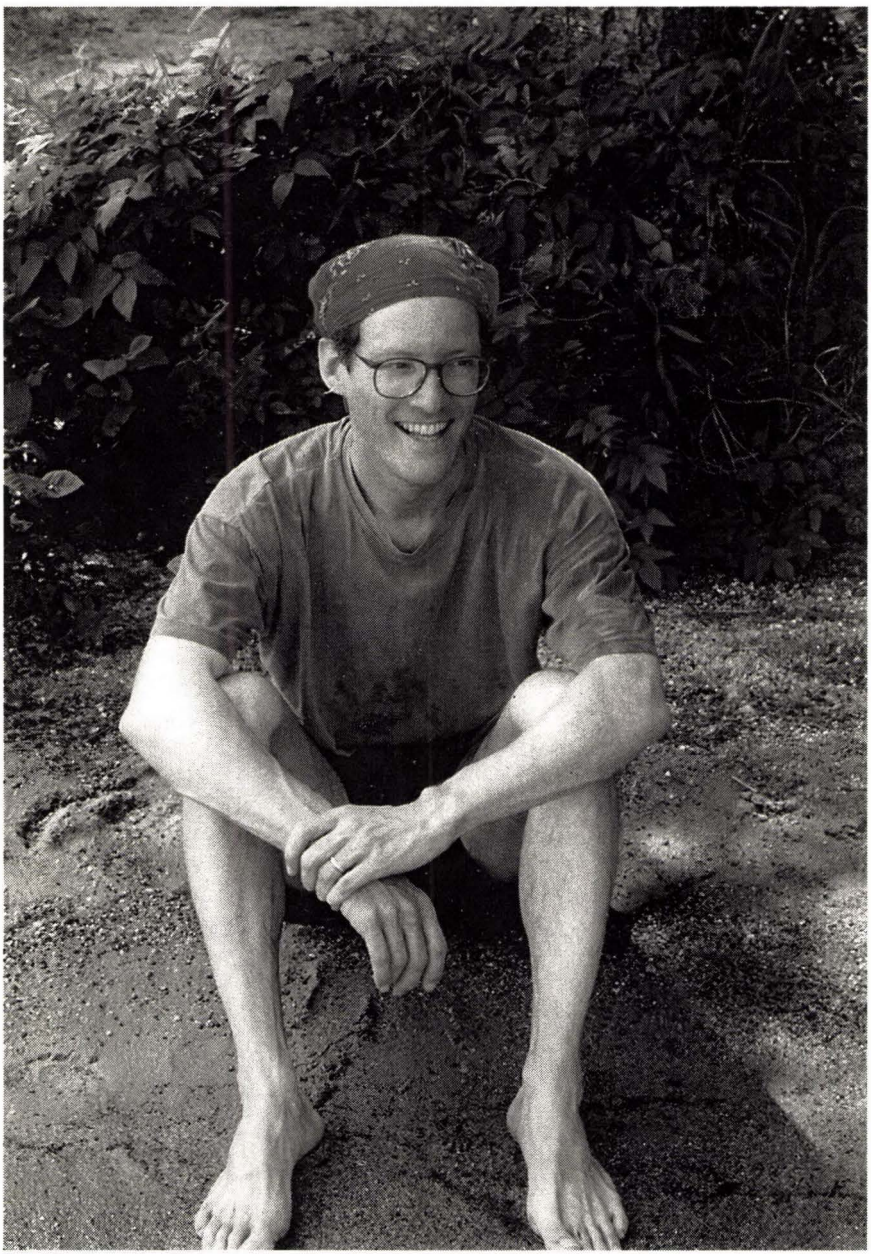


Picture 45: L to R: Rachel, Bernard, Jonathan, Aaron, Jeffrey, Robbie and Sam Warach



Picture 46: L to R: Yael, Benjamin, Aaron, Jeffrey, Sam and Rachel

Picture 47: L to R: Jonathan, Joshua and Beth



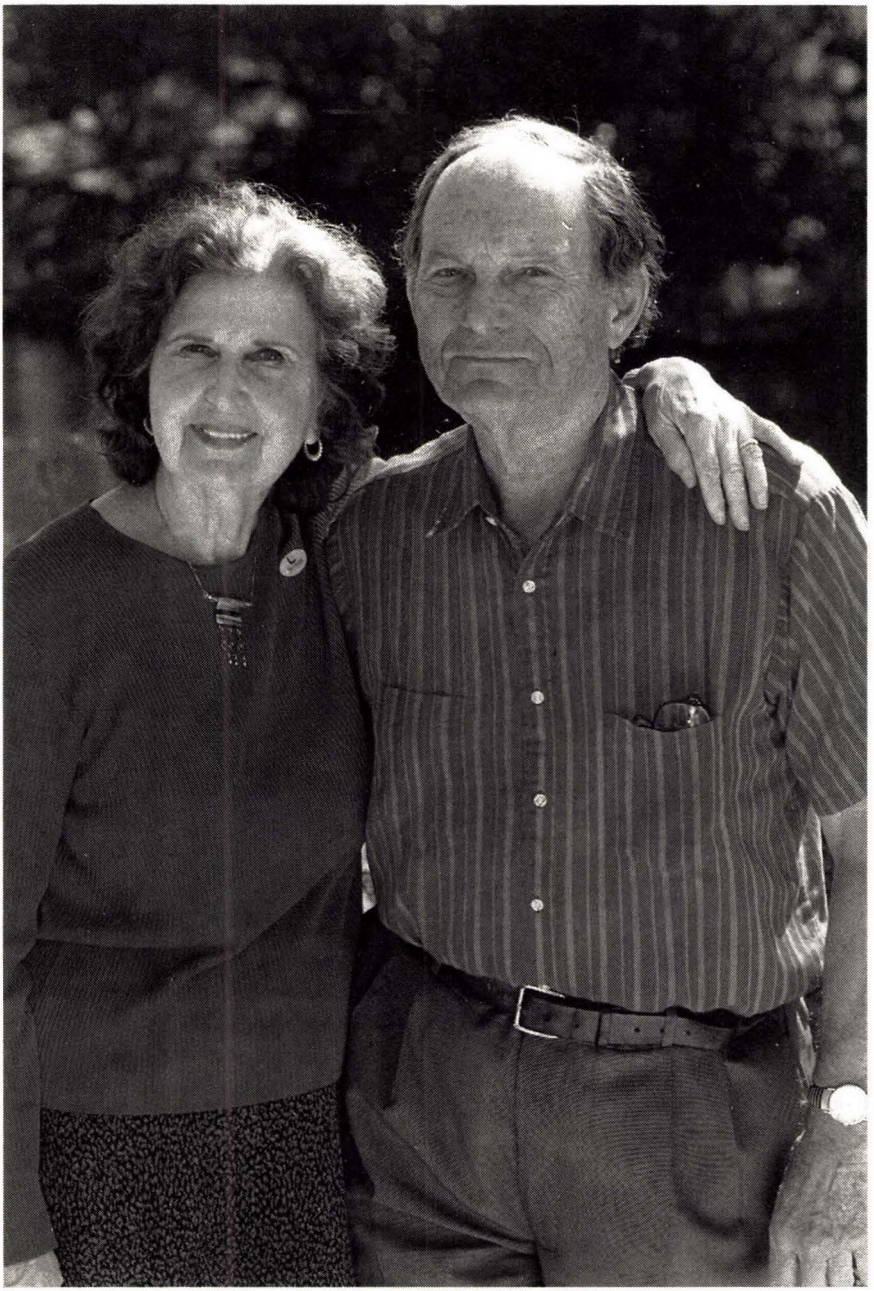
Picture 48: Adam Lerner

Picture 49: L to R: Phyllis and David Farber, Marie, Harold and Barbara Laeger

Picture 50: L to R: Milton and Cyril Farber, Marie, Phyllis and David Farber

Picture 51: Betty and Akiva Warach

Picture 52: Ben Kaplan, Alexander Squadrilli



Picture 53: Marie and Bernard Warach, 2005

Beach Plum Jelly

During our second spring season at our house we were delighted to walk along the bay beaches and to observe the masses of white flowers bedecking the beach plum bushes. We knew they presaged a crop of beach plums in autumn. Beach plum jelly is one of the delicacies of the East End, expensive and delicious. We determined to make our own and after securing several recipes for their manufacture, cartons of jelly glasses, and wax at the hardware store, awaited the fall season. The beaches at Albert's Landing were heavy with beach plums, particularly the area just south of the lake. We observed the plethora of poison ivy, which infested the groves of beach plum bushes. With great care we donned our long jeans, heavy high socks, jackets, and large straw hats to shade us from the sun. Within several hours in the sunshine and warm breezes we picked at least a bushel of ripe, deep purple beach plums.

At the house we converted our kitchen into a jelly factory. Dozens of jars were boiled. Our beach plums too were cooked with a great deal of sugar and then poured into our jelly jars. The wax was melted and poured into the jelly jars to make airtight containers. What a wonderful sweet aroma filled the air! We had succeeded in transforming this season's crop of beach plums to magnificent jelly. There was enough for all of our children and for ourselves through the following long winter, the jelly a reminder of the joys of the past summer. We harvested the beach plum jelly crop for several summers that followed, and then our enthusiasm waned. In more recent years as we pass ripe beach plums, the thought of gathering another crop comes to mind and soon fades away.

With the house we acquired an array of Rhododendron bushes, which yielded beautiful purple flowers in early June. Then there are patches of purple irises, which have been planted and replanted to sunnier areas over the years. These plants require care, pruning, fertilizing, and watering. With the growth of our trees our garden beds on the east side of the house became less inviting to the flowers, zinnias and marigolds, we planted. We accumulated many large flowerpots and set them out on the deck of the swimming pool. We learned that we could not leave the flowerpots out full of soil during the winter. The soil froze and expanded, cracking the clay pots. We stored the pots in the garage during wintertime. And each spring we set out the pots again

and restored their soil. Then we repaired to Whittendales to buy our spring collections of flowers: geraniums, impatience, and zinnias. We had some large patches of Montauk daisies and black-eyed susans, but these flowers failed to reappear. Marie was master of the aesthetics of our garden and brought to bear her fine sense of color and composition to the garden. There were hours of gardening, weeding, fertilizing, and most of all watering. Marie was most attentive to the watering. There were summers during which we had little rain and watering kept our lawns and shrubs green.

Some years after Jon and Robbie settled into Brandon they prospered, and Robbie persuaded Jon to purchase a summerhouse on Silver Lake in New Hampshire, several miles from Freedom, the residence of her parents, Bill and Lee Fritz. The house, designed in Adirondack fashion, was on a three-acre site on the lake. The community was lovely, and there was no doubt it was a wonderful vacation home. But one consequence was Robbie and her children retreating to Silver Lake, leaving Jon behind for a long three-month stretch. He flew up to Silver Lake frequently and spent his vacation there, but I have no doubt this distant location added to the stress of his life. There never was a complaint from Jon.

We accepted their invitation to visit with them at Silver Lake. We drove up. I hoisted our family canoe, Barco by name, an eighteen foot Gruman aluminum boat, atop our car and brought it to them. To my chagrin I saw another eighteen-foot aluminum canoe on their beach! Bill and Lee Fritz had already given them a canoe. Our surprise came to naught. However, we left the canoe with them. I doubt both canoes were ever in use concurrently. Jon purchased a sailboat and motorboat some years later, and the family became good sailors.

I purchased a thirteen-foot Gruman aluminum canoe with a seat and oarlocks which could be secured mid-ship. The canoe only weighed fifty pounds and could be carried atop my little Datsun to Landing Lane on the Accabonic. The canoe could now, with two oars, be used as a scull. Many a day I would make a sandwich, fill a bottle with water, and knapsack in hand, proceed for half a day of sculling on the Accabonic. The harbor is a salt water bay whose shoreline is circumscribed with marshes, reeds, and sea grass. The waters are shallow for the most part, but the tides bring the salt waters of the bay into the harbor. There are some deeper areas, and a tiny harbor for a number of lobster boats is set at the easterly end of the bay. The Bonicker lobstermen must set out their pots and tend to them very early in the morning because the boats float quietly at their moorings most of the time. Lobsters sell for four or five dollars a pound, and this sea trade has sustained the little fleet all the years we have visited the Accabonic.

A thirteen-foot canoe with oars is easy to maneuver even in brisk wind and choppy seas. Because the Accabonic is an enclosed harbor with only a

single narrow opening to the bay, it is sheltered from most storms except during the winter. Traversing the Accabonic, about a mile and one half from Landing Lane to the north end at Gardiners Neck, could take me several hours as I meandered through the many bends in the shoreline. There was much to see. The waterfowl of the sea were evident, seagulls, terns, geese, especially in autumn in huge flights southward, hawks, flying slowly and so gracefully high above, and herons. Here and there some ardent bird lovers planted tall telephone poles capped with a flat plywood bed for the ospreys. This bird in the sea hawk family had been a dying breed but now returned to build nests and bear many goslings. Every now and then the waters would be stirred by fish leaping into the air. Sunshine washed the Accabonic shoreline. There were a few homes nestling close to the waters, precious locations. One at the very entrance to the Accabonic beach with notable architectural design was a one-story box with windows, straddling foundation piers at the shore. This was one of the very early sensational cottage designs in the 1950's which received great public acclaim. This house had been featured in Life magazine. The Accabonic beach was a local favorite for families with young children. I walk the Accabonic to this day and marvel at the creations of nature. Past the summer season there are very few people at this beach, even on weekends. I have stopped canoeing during recent years. Mounting the canoe atop the car and taking it down into the water is tedious, and I am now many years older. There is a great distance between seventy and eighty-eight.

Family Life

By the time of my retirement my children had resettled into their family homes. Jon and Robbie bought a modest house in a large development in Brandon, twenty miles east of Tampa. Brandon before 1945 had been a freight station for the shipment of citrus fruits and cattle. After the war, with the explosive immigration into Florida and the west coast, Brandon became a huge suburban community. The Humana Corporation constructed a two hundred-bed hospital in Brandon and planned to add another one hundred beds. One of Robbie's schoolmates at Boston University, also a nurse, had married a physician, an urologist, who was a member of the hospital staff. They really needed a neurologist; there were none around for miles. Jon visited the hospital and determined to accept the appointment. It seemed much more promising that the positions he had seen in New Jersey and Long Island. Their first child Rachel was born in Boston on November 16, 1984, followed by Jeffrey on July 22, 1986, and Aaron on March 3, 1989. Sam, their last child, was born December 17, 1995.

Joshua and Alegria resettled in Chicago after a fruitless search for a position in New York City. He was appointed as an attending physician at Mt. Sinai Medical Center and its Health Maintenance organization. Mt. Sinai then was a teaching hospital for the Medical School of the University of Chicago. They settled into a high-rise apartment house building on the Chicago waterfront. Then Benjamin was born on January 11, 1985. Their second child Yael did not arrive until June 7, 1990, after they had moved to Springfield, Illinois.

Beth and Adam found a large condominium in Medford, a village adjacent to Cambridge, Massachusetts, a third-floor walkup. Adam was working at the Dana Farber Institute and had completed his oncology residence. Beth was an Administrative Law Judge in the state Medicaid program. Then after a difficult pregnancy, Beth gave birth to Gabriel, September 30, 1989. He was very early, but thanks to the superb care he received in the neonatal section of Children's Hospital he survived and returned home to his anxious parents, a complete, intact infant. Within a year he had fully recovered and reached normal infant weight. I happily set forth our joy in Gabriel's subsequent development. He is now, at twenty, a sturdy, bright, and personable young

man who has just completed his freshman year at Colby College in Waterville, Maine. That had been a difficult and anxious time for all of us. Noah was born May 5, 1993. He had an unusual arrival. Beth had been advised early in her second pregnancy that she should spend the last four months in bed to avert a premature birth. Beth did, and I arrived to spend the last four months with her as House Mother. I brought along some of Min's old cookbooks and prepared the meals, did the chores around the house, and paid attention to Gabriel. Noah arrived on time to his adoring parents and came home with Beth after her hospital discharge. Some of my good cooking added to Noah's girth. He was a lovely little infant and of course has been a splendid child and boy ever since.

Marie and I visited our children and grandchildren with each new arrival. Marie was a wonderful grandmother, and I was happy to observe her with the grandchildren. They took to her so comfortably. We visited Laura and the children during the years of Jon and Beth at Cornell, all up in Ithaca.

We could drive to Medford by automobile from East Hampton. This was a pleasant drive with three ferry crossings from Sag Harbor to Shelter Island, Shelter Island to Greenport, and Orient Point to Connecticut. The trip took five hours, but there were only about one hundred and forty-five miles of driving. The airline trips to Chicago, later to Springfield, and to Brandon were more tedious. We used the LaGuardia or Kennedy airports and then rented automobiles in St. Louis or Tampa. We felt it well worth the effort.

We enjoyed our visits with our children and grandchildren. During our weeklong stays we could observe their life together and play with the grandchildren a little. There was even an opportunity to give the parents an evening out on the town as we took care of the children. Alegria and Adam were very affectionate and received Marie and me very warmly. They were true additions to our family. The family and their children were the very center of their lives. Their professional lives gave them great satisfaction. Jon's wife Robbie was a very reserved young woman from the outset. She was cordial, but her life habits seemed strange. She rose late in the morning, with Jon rising early to see his children off to school or nursery, had some coffee with us, and then just disappeared. When Sam arrived Jon and Robbie were fortunate to employ Shana as a nanny for the children, which gave Robbie enormous relief. Aaron particularly became very fond of Shana who became a second mother to him. Robbie then enrolled at the University of Florida in a program to earn her degree as a nurse practitioner. She succeeded in that effort and secured her master's degree before her departure from Brandon to Dover, New Hampshire.

How best to secure the love and affection of our grandchildren? I suppose every generation considers the quality and character of relationships with succeeding generations. Perhaps it is only now, with the widespread insight

that Freudian psychology has brought us in the late twentieth century, that we have become so highly conscious of the need to think about it and even take some active measures to affect the outcome. I recall how distant my mother and father were from their beloved grandchildren. They were truly beloved, all that my mother and father could have hoped for, but they could not make a hard effort to speak to them in English or undertake any activity that would be of interest to them. They were very generous in giving the children gifts at their birthdays and Passover, but they were money gifts and of little meaning to the children. Shirley's parents, Min and Joe, lived with us for several years, and we had visited them often. They were much jollier, and were beloved by Josh, Jon, and Beth. They spoke English, played canasta, and Joe had Josh and Jon help him in his mechanics in our household. Joe installed a telephone in every room in the house, and the children could talk to each other from the attic to the basement. No other child in the neighborhood enjoyed a Bell Telephone Company specialist as skilled as their grandfather Joey.

Marie and I arrived during our visits loaded with gifts, books, dolls, and such. We read stories to the children and taught them how to play card games, checkers, and chess. I had saved my children's building blocks, and they were available during visits to East Hampton. The visits to East Hampton were the highlight of their vacations. They loved the Atlantic Ocean beach, the swimming pool at the house, and the delicious feasts prepared by Marie.

I thought about my grandchildren and about Johan and Sam and considered how the accident of birth, of DNA inherited from parents and grandparents, greatly affected their capacities. They are all unique personalities. Their futures depended upon the attention of their parents and the resources of their family. All of the grandchildren, Marie's and mine, have already in their childhood, youth, and adulthood had such varied experiences. At the moment it is still too early to know how their lives will unfold. How much is chance, and how much of their fate lies in the determination and intentions of their family and their very own will? It is late in my day and still very early in theirs. Yet already one of my grandchildren, Aaron, died in tragic circumstances, wholly unanticipated circumstances.

Requiem for Roberta and Santo

During the summer of 1991 Roberta Spohn and Santo Pafumi purchased a two family house on Madison Avenue in Sag Harbor. This was an old Sag Harbor street, and the next-door neighbor's house sat fifteen feet below the street and indeed the level of the Spohn-Pafumi house. It certainly was a hundred years older. We were delighted they were resettling into Sag Harbor, just seven miles away from our home in Springs.

Sag Harbor had a history as old as Springs. It was a port as early as the late seventeenth century. Grain, potatoes, and firewood were shipped from East End farms to the City of New York during the colonial era and later. By the mid-nineteenth century Sag Harbor became a major whaling port. Its ships set our for long two year voyages to the South Seas, coming back laden with whale oil. It was a profitable trade, and in downtown Sag Harbor the great white clapboard houses of the merchants and sea captains rose three stories above the street, capped by cupolas enclosed by glass windows for expectant wives to spy their husband's ships sailing into port. They stand there to this day. By the end of the nineteenth century the Bulova Watch Company erected a very tall, massive, red brick factory right in midtown and imported many Jewish watchmakers. Sag Harbor soon had its first synagogue, one of the earliest on Long Island. The synagogue, now Reformed, is a very active congregation.

Santo Pafumi, a trained engineer, mechanic, and general contractor, immediately set to work to renovate their new house. Within the years its plumbing and electrical systems had been replaced, the two apartments restored and painted, and even a new ground level one bedroom apartment created. With these two rental apartments the house was affordable. In 1991 housing costs on the east end had not yet taken their meteoric rise.

I had met Roberta in 1968, more than forty years ago, at a reception for the new Commissioner of Aging, Alice Brophy, and her Deputy, Roberta Spohn, appointed by Mayor Lindsay. The reception was very elegant, though simple, hosted by the handsome Mayor in the Blue Room at City Hall immediately next to his office. From that day on I had a great deal of business with the Department of Aging. Curiously, because Roberta Spohn's functions focused on municipal relations with Albany and Washington, D.C., I actually saw little of Roberta on JASA affairs, dealing with the Commissioner and her

Deputy for Administration, Theodore H. Taberski. But we met frequently at meetings, conferences, and seminars. Both Alice Brophy and Roberta Spohn attended important affairs conducted by JASA, its annual Board meetings and dinner-dances. Roberta fortunately continued as Deputy Commissioner through the terms of Mayor Abe Beame, Lindsay's successor, and the three terms of Mayor Edward Koch when Janet Sainer became Commissioner. With Roberta's prior service within the civil service of the city of New York, Roberta earned her municipal pension.

Some time after I met Marie we became friends, meeting after business hours in the city. Roberta and Santo, each having once been divorced, remarried and settled into Roberta's spacious apartment on the West Side. Santo, a trained civil engineer, succeeded in a modest business as a general contractor, renovating one large condominium and an apartment house he purchased from the City of New York on Tenth Avenue and the fifties. Santo completed one contracting job for JASA, an addition of two thousand square feet of office space, an extension of our second floor. He once had worked for Tishman Realty and Construction in the building of the World Trade Towers in lower Manhattan. Santo knew a great deal about the mechanics of the city, its building trades, and the real estate business, and so we had much to discuss. We met socially after hours and then in Sag Harbor.

Roberta had two daughters, Jessica and Liene, whom she raised through college alone as a single mother. Her first husband had been a psychiatrist and analyst, a converted Jewish refugee brought to the United States as a child by the International Migration Agency. Their marriage foundered after two children because of his severe alcoholism, which ended in a disastrous automobile collision. Her husband was treated and cured at the Mayo Clinic and was brilliant enough to be retained as a staff member. He fulfilled his responsibilities as a father for support of his children, but the Spohns never reconciled. After my retirement we met Roberta's daughters, their husbands, and their young families as their children arrived, at very jolly backyard picnics at their homes and ours.

The Spohns were good company, sophisticated in the ways of the world, knowledgeable about the politics of the day and of the city. Roberta loved Marie's art, and we found our lives in retirement complementary.

Roberta was a vigorous, heavy woman, yet attractive in a feisty way. She enjoyed weekend Tag sales and would always come back with some extraordinary bargains. Particularly, she purchased a box of huge jigsaw puzzles and mystery stories, which she read assiduously. Roberta loved to garden and converted their backyard, an overgrown jungle of weeds, into a pleasant, verdant field of flowers.

Santo had been married for many years to another Italian woman, once his childhood love, and they had one daughter. He was divorced by his first

wife, to his despair. Santo was an interesting fellow, a large, well-muscled, good looking man. He was easy of manner and cordial but could, if aroused, create quite a stir. He had served in the U.S. Air Force as a navigator during a long stretch overseas. In Roberta he was marrying a Jewish woman, though both were secular in orientation. Santo's divorce was civil. He secured no Catholic annulment. From time to time Santo would allude to the chimera that he was still married to his first wife. Still, I believed it was a very happy marriage.

Then we were dismayed to learn that Roberta had cancer in her lungs. She had been a heavy smoker for years and despite all the adjurations had found it impossible to break her habit. In the fall of 1998 she had her first resection and then in the spring became much more seriously ill, and on March 13, 1999 she succumbed to the disease and died. Marie and I had been just about ready to leave the apartment for Beth Israel Hospital when Santo called us with the sad news. On May 16 at her funeral I gave a eulogy. I had lost a very good friend.

We saw Santo in the city during the year which followed. He did not return to Sag Harbor again. He too was ill. He had severe asthma and circulatory disorders. A year after Roberta he too died. His funeral, at a large Catholic church on West 83rd Street, was very traditional. The Parish priest gave the eulogy, which was very moving and a tribute to a good man. To my surprise, when he completed his statement the congregation applauded! I had never been to a Catholic funeral before and was unfamiliar with the custom at the close of the ceremony. A priest circled the bier with a container of incense.

So the Spohns were gone. The three daughters inherited the house, and ultimately Liene bought the shares of her sister and Santo's daughter. We drive by the house when we visit Sag Harbor, but the Spohns are no longer there. My daughter Beth, Adam, and their children have been visiting with Jessica and Scott in Newton and continuing their friendship as their children have grown.

Israel, 1994

We returned to Israel in the spring of 1994 to join my brother Akiva and Betty in a celebration of Passover in Tiberius. This visit there were no agency responsibilities and tedious meetings with Israeli officials. On Monday, March 17, 1994 we departed from Kennedy Airport on flight 4, El Al, at four in the afternoon. We passed through a lengthy but friendly interrogation by Israeli security personnel, comely and intelligent. Our baggage was very thoroughly inspected. Then we boarded the huge Boeing 747, an airplane which carried more than five hundred passengers and crew. I was very impressed with the stability of this heavily laden airplane. We ascended to a height of thirty-two thousand feet and followed a great circular route to Paris. There was a short refueling stop at De Gaulle Airport and some passengers departed and were replaced. Our air transit was undisturbed until we passed over the Alps and Switzerland. Even at 42,000 feet our airplane bounced severely. Then at last we descended over the Adriatic, Greece, Cypress, and early in the morning we landed at Ben Gurion Airport.

We ascended a flight of stairs and were driven by bus to the terminal. Nothing much had changed since our last visit in 1985. The Israeli flags fluttered bravely, and there were many young soldiers armed with submachine guns. There was good reason for the military guards. Some years ago a Japanese Red Guard terrorist attack murdered a number of passengers and visitors at the airport. The airport had been freshly painted and was a pleasant and orderly terminal.

Once we had traversed customs and immigration we spied David and Frieda Macarov, our old friends who were there to welcome us. It had been several years since they visited with us in New York. They drove us to their home, which was a large, three bedroom apartment in a four unit prefabricated house on a hillside in a very pleasant central neighborhood in new Jerusalem, Nayot, not far from the Knesset. They enjoyed the ownership of a large garden outside their apartment. The Macarovs were excellent gardeners, and given the tropical climate in the city they were able to harvest three crops a year of vegetables. They had several bearing fruit trees, oranges and grapefruits, which were delicious.

It was a happy reunion. David had settled into retirement from his academic life as a professor of Social Work at the Hebrew University. He

continued to write books and articles, to attend conferences in Europe and the United States, giving papers of note. Frieda was still employed as a public health nurse in the geriatric care service of the municipality. She was keenly interested in developments in New York in the field of aging.

Three of the Macarov children lived in Israel with large families of their own. Ronnie, their son, had made a career as a tour guide, a licensed and important occupation in Israel. He was an independent operator and made a good living. Tour guides in Israel knew the geography of the land intimately and all the security arrangements. One of their daughters and her husband were in the United States completing some academic programs. The Macarovs had a large circle of friends in Jerusalem and Israel. They were members of a bowling league and attended the round of concerts and lectures available year round. Then David was a volunteer docent at the Tower of David and a serious historian and biblical scholar. All of the antiquities in Jerusalem had a great deal of meaning to David, as I learned during our stay.

The Macarovs were our hosts during our walk through the Old City. The city is divided into Christian, Arab, and Jewish quarters to this day. Between 1948 and 1967 Jews were expelled from the Old City by the Jordanians. They returned with the Israeli victory and found their quarter desolate and its ancient synagogues in ruins. The quarter was restored at great cost and its residents returned.

We visited the Ben Zaccai Synagogue, the Hurva Synagogue, and King David's Tower. The Old City is claimed by the three faiths as transcendental monuments in their religious history. For the Jews the Temple Mount was the place where two historic temples were created and destroyed by the Babylonians and later the Romans. In an act of triumph the Christians constructed their churches on the very site of the ancient temples and claimed the Via Dolorosa as the route of the crucifixion of Jesus and the site of one church as the place of his ascent to heaven. The Moslems constructed their great mosque, the Dome of the Rock, atop the site of the Temple and the El Aqsa Mosque nearby. Their gold and silver domes are symbols of Jerusalem.

With the reconquest of Jerusalem by the Israeli Defense Force, Jews once again had access to the Wailing Wall, a grand stone wall at the very base of the Temple Mount, revered as the holiest place in Jewish worship. Indeed there are always devoted men and women in a separate section praying at the Wall. We too stood at the Wall, the Macarovs, Marie, and I. Though not pious I gave thought to Shirley and to my mother and father, so long departed.

We walked through the market street of the Old City. Most of the vendors seemed to be Arab or Christian, and they had owned these stalls for generations. There were many who catered to tourists with trinkets as well as some fine crafts, copper, textiles, rugs, shawls, costume jewelry, and pottery. The municipality of Jerusalem is now in the hands of the Israelites. Access to

the holy places is guaranteed to all, but day-to-day management of the churches and the mosques is governed by religious trusts. Specific Christian church orders control each church and sections of each church are allocated to various sects. The Armenians and Greek Orthodox churches control many properties historically. The King of Jordan still controls the Moslem institutions and charitable trusts, which handle the great mosques. Still, Israeli security forces stand atop the Temple Mount and guarantee the peace of the area. This is keenly resented by Moslems the world over. Since 1967 Israelis, Christians, and Arabs have lived together in Jerusalem and all of the faiths have access to their holy places, which certainly was not true during the Jordanian occupation.

Mishkenot Sha'ananim

The Macarovs drove us to Mishkenot Sha'ananim. Ruth Gruber had recommended a stay at this unique hotel in Jerusalem. Mishkenot Sha'ananim had been redesigned by Mayor Teddy Kollek after the war's end in 1967 as a hotel for visiting artists, writers, and other notables. Marie and I were accepted after sending her vitae to its manager. Marie was the artist! It is magnificently located on the slope of Mt. Zion facing the Old City of Jerusalem above the Kidron Valley and the Chativat Jerusalem, a road under the westerly side of the city. The views of the Old City, its walls and towers, were memorable and each hour of the day, with its passing sunshine, brought new perspectives. Below lies a great park converted from an ugly no man's land shrouded with barbed wire, marking the division of Jerusalem between Jordan and Israel at the end of the war in 1949. The lavender was in full bloom, and its fragrance wafted up to the walk fronting the hotel. Mishkenot Sha'ananim was built in 1861 on land purchased by Sir Moses Montefiore, the English peer and philanthropist. He was deeply moved by the poverty of the Jewish residents of the Old City and intended that on the land just outside the city walls a new residence could be constructed – affordable, low income housing. A little further west he installed a windmill powered by four great sails. Alas, the engineers misplaced the mill, and it never faced the prevailing winds. But it stands to this day as a monument to the good intentions of Sir Moses Montefiore. The housing project was completed with funds provided by a legacy of the American philanthropist Judah Touro. The name Mishkenot Sha'ananim means "peaceable abode", after the language of Isaiah, "and my people shall abide in peaceable habitation and in secure dwellings and in quiet resting places." However, the Jewish residents of Jerusalem in the mid-nineteenth century were very fearful of sleeping outside the walls of the city and only used the residence by day. By the close of the War of Independence Mishkenot Sha'ananim faced barbed wire and the intermittent gunfire of

Jordanian snipers, making the building uninhabitable. On August 13, 1973 restoration undertaken by the Jerusalem Foundation headed by Mayor Teddy Kollek was completed.

World famous visitors have included Pablo Casals, Yehuda Menuhin, Arthur Rubenstein, Saul Bellows, Marc Chagall, and Jean Paul Sartre. During our stay we encountered the Dalai Lama striding by our door. He had come for a very private visit to Israel.

Our stay was a unique experience. We strolled through the gardens and the park below us. The spring is a glorious season in Israel. We sat quietly on the park benches to see the flowers about us and the flight of birds, species unfamiliar to us. There were many families, Arab and Israeli, with children who came by. Our room windows looked out upon the Old City, and at dawn when the sun rose in Jordan to the east the silhouette of the Old City was dark and foreboding. Inside the hotel were a number of public rooms, several concert halls, and a quiet library with the Anglo-American newspapers. The restaurant was well known in Jerusalem for its cuisine. The Macarovs, Marie, and I had dinner out one night.

David and Frieda were gracious hosts to us in Jerusalem. We visited Hebrew University on Mt. Scopus, the Knesset, the Jerusalem Museum, the Rose Garden, Yad Vashem, and the shops on Hebron Road to purchase gifts for our family. Then at last we said farewell. The Macarovs were optimistic about their future in Israel. They had served in the Hagana in 1948, and they had survived the successive wars in 1956, 1967, and 1973.

Netanya to Tiberius, 1994

A week after our stay in Jerusalem, at the appointed hour a big black limousine arrived with a burly Israeli driver. Akiva had sent him from Netanya to drive us to his home. Thirty years ago the German government began making restitution payments to Israel; the first grant was in the sum of eight hundred million dollars. Much of the sum came as "in kind" grants, including the ubiquitous Mercedes diesel, which became the universal taxi. Actually, it was an excellent automobile, and I had enjoyed the use of a war-torn Mercedes my last year in Heidelberg with UNRRA. Our drive to Netanya, about one hundred and fifty miles, took no more than two hours over excellent four lane highways all the way. From Jerusalem to Tel Aviv, the direct east west route, we traversed an area of fierce and mortal combat. The remains of trucks and tanks, destroyed in battle, were a mute remnant of that dreadful struggle. The Haganah kept control of the road and of the new city of Jerusalem.

Betty and Akiva warmly welcomed us to their new apartment high up in a tower above the Mediterranean and overlooking the city. The tower

was one of three on its landscaped site and its outdoor swimming pool. My brother looked well, and of course he towered over Marie and me. Betty too was, as always, elegantly attired though informally for the afternoon. They had a splendid apartment with a terrace overlooking the sea. My brother had a number of tropical plants on the terrace, which he tended carefully. The apartment was handsomely furnished; most seemed to be from Betty's original flat. We noted the kosher kitchen equipment with no less than two sets of sinks, refrigerators, and stoves. The arrangement ensured the facile observance of the law. Betty was a very gracious, thoughtful hostess, and we learned a very fine cook. Betty was a leader in the Women's Division of the synagogue and its board and was Chair of the Emunah organization in Netanya. Emunah sponsored a childcare center for immigrant children and a food pantry for poor people. We learned that she was an excellent bowler, an important sport in Israel; they were members of the Wingate Club, a sports club. This night we repaired to a fine restaurant on the central square in Netanya.

At dinner Betty and Akiva informed us about their family developments. Betty had adopted three children, each of whom had come to Israel, married, and had grandchildren. Howard, Betty's son, was in England with his young wife and two children completing a doctorate. Her other two were in Israel. Akiva's children, Lenore, Moshe, and her family, lived in Raanana, Myron and Danny in Netanya. Myron had gone back to school to learn to be a tech writer in the computer industry. Betty and Akiva enjoyed a busy and involved life.

Akiva had become Orthodox with Betty's persuasion and had joined the Anglo Synagogue. This was a center of their lives. My brother attended synagogue morning and late afternoon and was a member of the board. He was an avid and very able gardener. He supervised no less than four gardens, the grounds of his condominium, those at his old apartment house, the garden and plants at the synagogue, and several acres of bushes at a national conservatory just outside of Netanya. The exercise was good and even more gratifying the joy of gardening. I learned that in Israel the foundation of gardening lies in the skill in laying out plastic drip tubing to provide a continual and very economic use of water. We had arrived in the spring and visited three of Akiva's gardens, which were flourishing.

We learned more about my sister-in-law Betty. We observed her obvious affection and esteem for Akiva. She was a very impressive woman, of fair stature and bearing, and clearly worldly wise. Betty had been a young woman growing up in an Orthodox family in Cardiff, Wales. She completed her medical school education and then married a young man, one of three Seal brothers, Orthodox and very wealthy. Betty gave up her medical residence and the profession. However, at some point she served as a Lady Justice of the Peace in Cardiff. The Seal family had become bankers in the dog

wagering business, a national affair. Subsequently, they invested in real estate. The two older brothers died, unmarried, and without issue. Betty and her husband emigrated to Netanya, and then her husband died after many years of marriage. Betty was a very well to do widow and trustee of several very important charitable trusts, many of whose benefactions came to Israel. Within one year after Miriam, Akiva's first wife, died Betty and Akiva were married. Betty deemed her marriage to Akiva ordained. They have had a happy marriage.

The next morning after a splendid Israeli breakfast served by Betty, we drove to Tiberius to the Plaza Hotel in Akiva's automobile. This ancient city on the Sea of Galilee must have been founded three thousand years ago as a resting stop for caravans on their way to Damascus and further yet to Babylonia. In more recent times the Romans had occupied the city and constructed great towers and a theatre whose ruins are still evident. Tiberius had been a city beloved of religious Jews and a place of Talmudic studies over the centuries. Today the city, along its waterfront, is a place for high-rise confections, contemporary hotels facing the inland sea.

The architects were all students of Morris Lapidus, that highly successful designer of Miami Beach hotels. Shirley and I had our honeymoon at one of his masterpieces, the Fontainebleau. To enter the grand lobby of the Plaza is to partake of an unusual extravaganza. The high windows were covered with damask. There were mirrors all about the walls and cascades of crystal sparkling below the ceilings. The furniture, the many easy chairs and couches, were sumptuous. Our hotel room was the equal to the lobby arrangements. Then there were brandy and chocolates at our bedside. The bathroom was inlaid with marble; all was totally luxurious.

Upon our arrival it was evident that Betty and Akiva knew many, many hotel guests. The Passover holiday excursion had been planned many months earlier by a Netanya Rabbi who was a travel organizer for the Orthodox community and of course the synagogue to which he belonged. Betty and Akiva had traveled with him on many other vacations to Russia, Central Europe, and South America, among other places. On all these trips all of the facilities and food services were glatt kosher and religious services were available. The comfort of holiday excursions with friends and congregants was apparent. Marie and I were introduced to many of Akiva and Betty's friends.

Needles to say the luxury of the appointments at the Plaza, the delicious food, and the Passover Seder were a great pleasure, though we overate. The presiding Rabbi at the Seder had come down from England, and his sermon was a very contemporary appreciation of the state of affairs in Israel and for Jews in England. The fellow congregants in Netanya were a very interesting group of upper class professionals and businessmen who actually stood fast with the practice of Orthodoxy. They were very religious Zionists and

concerned for the political affairs of the state. There were many young families who came to their homes in Netanya for the holidays and intended, ultimately in retirement, to resettle in Israel. Betty and Akiva visited London three or four times a year, an easy commuting stop. Betty still had family in England and business affairs to attend.

During the Passover stay Lenore, Moshe, and Myron visited with us, and we had lunch together. We missed Danny.

During our stay Marie and I walked the city and visited many of its ancient sites. We visited the Galilee on a tour, the Golan Heights, and Mt. Herman. From the Heights it was possible to see far into Syria. The capture of the Heights was an extraordinary feat during the war in 1967 and remains an important defense point. During the years after the establishment of the State of Israel Syrian artillery fire rained down on the Sea of Galilee from the Golden Heights. Our guide gave us a vivid account of the battle for the Heights.

We drove home with Betty and Akiva, happy to have the time together. Akiva had made a wise decision to make Aliyah to resettle in Israel. This was a fulfillment of the dreams of his life.

We spent several days in Tel Aviv before our departure, one with Danny. He met us in the art district of the city and showed us the galleries. We were surprised at his geniality and knowledge of the district. He was dressed appropriately, neatly shaved, and combed, altogether presentable. We were glad to have the opportunity to see him.

Tel Aviv is a large metropolitan city with a grand waterfront designed to accommodate thousands of people. There were so many young people about, all very athletic looking, trim, and handsome. We then took a taxi, a Mercedes Benz again, to Ben Gurion Airport and returned to the United States. It was a long walk through customs and immigration at Kennedy. We secured our baggage with their precious gifts and returned to the apartment on West 86th Street, exhausted.

My Friends Felix, Judson, Jack, and Abe

Felix Dushnick, my old schoolmate, died in 1996. We had been schoolmates at the Henry P. O'Neal Junior High School, J.H.S. 64, at Ninth Street and Avenue B from the time of our enrollment in 1933 through Stuyvesant High School and City College. Half our class, R.A. 1, organized the "R" Club and then joined the Christodora House right next door to our Junior High School. Then in the ways of young lads, five of us, Abe Judson, Abe Vinik, Jack Wasserman, Felix, and I became buddies. The club membership at the settlement house, summer camp together, and the school experience brought us together. Four of us were the children of poor Jewish immigrants; Felix, interestingly, was of Ukrainian heritage. His father and mother came from the same districts of Wolyn as my father. Because his father was a manager of a large cafeteria, Hectors, Felix was always the most affluent of the boys. He was the only child, and his mother adored him. Felix's uncle was editor of an important Ukrainian journal and a nationalist. Despite the anti-Semitic antecedents of the Ukrainian immigrants, Felix always affirmed his preference for his Jewish friends.

After junior high school Felix and I were at Stuyvesant High School; Abe Judson, Abe Vinik, and Jack Wasserman attended Seward Park High School. We were joined from time to time by Sam Rubin, another "R" Club member and a particularly good friend of mine at Stuyvesant High School. What cemented our friendship were the endless hours we spent in the miserable little bedroom rented by Jack Wasserman's father, a taxi driver, in a rooming house on East Twelfth Street just west of Second Avenue. This room was our gathering place for poker, played for pennies, and talk, right through the years of high school and college.

From 1933 to 1936 the depression unfolded and was very evident on the Lower East Side. We were coming through school and college with little optimism about our job opportunities. We were very conscious of the war in Spain, the repression of the Republic, and the gathering clouds of anti-Semitism in Germany, Europe, and the United States. Both Abe Vinik and I chose to make our lives in social work, emulating some of our social work mentors at Christodora House. Felix and Sam Rubin determined to be engineers. Jack Wasserman was very interested in the theatre, and Abe Judson was indecisive.

To our surprise, Abe Judson dropped out of City College and took a job as a messenger with the Navy Department. We were uncertain about the reasons for the dropout and surmised he might have needed the money. Jack Wasserman dropped out of college too, and we knew he needed the money. There were many times we confiscated our little poker kitty in which we dropped some coins for Spain to pay for a dinner for Jack Wasserman, usually frankfurter specials for twenty-five cents at the local delicatessen store. Then Jack found a job reviewing books for Columbia Motion Picture Studios. His task was to summarize the story of the novels and then make his recommendations for the suitability of their conversion into movie scripts. During the war years Jack actually established a summer stock theater in Blauvelt, New York with a partner whose family owned a farm with a very large barn, which he converted into a theater. We contributed to Jack's stake in the theatre and to our surprise he completed three successful seasons. They were successful theatrically but not financially, and Jack was forced into bankruptcy and closed the theatre.

When I came back from Europe I found Jack recuperating at the Will Rogers Sanitarium in Lake Saranac, New York. He had contracted tuberculosis and was in treatment for two years. The Sanitarium was sustained by the theatrical industry for poor actors and other theatrical professionals who needed care. Upon discharge Jack made his way out to Hollywood where he found a job with the William Morris Agency, once again as a script reviewer, and worked there for many years until his early retirement.

The Great War intervened to scatter our old bunch to the winds. Abe Judson, Felix Dushnick, and Abe Vinik were drafted. Abe spent his war years as an enlisted man at the headquarters of the Eighth Air Force in north England. He wrote citations for the medals to be awarded members of the air force. I met him one afternoon in London in January 1945. Felix made sergeant in the engineering corps and supervised a company building air force strips behind the lines in Belgium. He suffered some cold winters. Abe Vinik, after a stint in the Army Students Training Program, was dragooned in to the Civil Affairs Division and assigned to American Military Government in Mainberg, Germany. I visited with Abe in this little town in the hop country of Bavaria in 1945. Abe met his wife to be, Maiga Ramats, and her mother, Latvian refugees, in Mainberg. Abe stayed in Germany for a year after the war as a civil service employee with A.M.G. and then returned to the States to work for the Irene Kaufmann Center in Pittsburgh in 1947.

Felix Dushnick, upon military discharge, returned to City College and completed his degree in Civil Engineering; this was a five-year program. Upon graduation he secured employment in engineering for all his life to retirement. He worked on the design of the great suspension bridge over the Straights of Macinac in Michigan, married Doris, once an actress, divorced,

remarried a lovely Irish girl, Ellen, and worked in Paris for a number of years as construction supervisor for the new American Hospital. These were very happy years for Felix. Upon return to the States he was employed as Chief Engineer with Preload, a French owned engineering company which specialized in the construction of huge tanks made of pre-stressed concrete. Felix designed the tanks and then went into the field in cities throughout the country to supervise their construction.

Felix and Ellen, unable to conceive, adopted two children, one in Florida and one in England, Mindy and Robert. Then, to Felix's utter dismay, Ellen died leaving Felix a widower with two children in his care. Felix was very devoted to his children, though life was very difficult for this family. Felix was working full time and childcare arrangements desultory. He never consummated a new long-term relationship with another woman. The children grew, completed their schooling, and had some sad experiences. Nonetheless, they grew to adulthood with the sustaining love and care of their father. Marie and I attended the weddings of Mindy and Robert. We observed them becoming parents themselves.

In his late seventies Felix was diagnosed with cancer of the larynx and treated at Sloan Kettering Hospital in New York City. In the end he sold his house in Brentwood and moved into an apartment with his daughter Mindy and their family. During his last years I would take Felix out to lunch, and we would reminisce. I learned about Felix's death when I telephoned his apartment and found Mindy instead. Felix was buried at the veteran's cemetery at Calverton in Suffolk County, New York. His is a very simple gravestone, like thousands of others, for marking the last resting place of Sergeant Felix Dushnick, U.S. Army Reserves.

My old friend Abe Judson suffered another fate. When he was discharged in 1945 he enrolled in the University of Maryland under the federal program granting college scholarships and room and board for veterans. In record time, five years, he completed his baccalaureate and doctorate in psychology! He married Mary Schussler, our childhood neighborhood friend, and the young couple proceeded to Utica College. Abe was appointed to the faculty and in short order was appointed Professor and Chairman of the Psychology Department. The Judsons had two daughters, owned their own home, and were thriving. When Abe was still in his young forties he contracted acute hepatitis, which yielded to no treatment, and died. Had he eaten infected clams? No other members of his young family became ill. Mary, a widow, had her mother living with them. She secured a job as a teacher and with her mother raised her children. Elizabeth, her oldest daughter, completed college, married, and relocated to New Jersey with her husband. Barbara, her youngest, did brilliantly at college, completing her doctorate in English but never was able to find employment at a university. Something very tragic happened

to Mary and her daughters. Both became estranged with their mother and completely terminated their relationship. None of us could understand what had happened after the death of Abe, their father. They had seemed such a happy family to us before his death. Recently, after years of long distance telephone calls to Mary, I learned that she had required placement in a nursing home, had suffered some form of dementia, and a friendly neighbor had been appointed her guardian. Neither her daughters nor her older sister, Deborah in Chicago, would help Mary in her last days as a frail aged widow.

Greece, 1996

Elderhostel was so enthusiastically recommended by some of our friends; Marie and I determined to consider one of their tourist experiences. Their fat, tightly printed catalogue for the spring of 1996, which arrived during the dark days of January, listed an intriguing variety of travel options. There were keen descriptions of trips to Australia, New Zealand, Antarctica, China, and the Galapagos Islands. We chose Greece in which we would spend one week in Athens and one week cruising the Saronic Islands just south of Piraeus. That would be two weeks, from April 11 to April 30, 1996, and we would be home again, time enough to return to East Hampton for spring planting.

We enrolled in Elderhostel, sent in our payment, and received a fat envelope with welcome instructions, a description of our trip, airline tickets, and a course outline of the lectures and talks we could expect. Our passports were still valid, and Americans were not required to secure visas for Greece.

Olympic Airways, in a huge Boeing 747 airliner, carried us to our destination, the airport in Piraeus. It was a tight landing because the runways had been gouged out of the hillside and stood on landfills right in the harbor. The Elderhostel travelers disembarked and after securing our baggage were welcomed aboard a bus which drove us into Athens and our hotel, the Arethusa, a modest facility at 6–8 Mitropoleus Street just below the Acropolis. After checking in and washing, we joined our company at lunch. This was a friendly and enthusiastic congregation. There were many more women than men; most seemed to be in their early sixties, well appointed, and intelligent. They were all college graduates and some had been faculty members before retirement. They came from the Midwest and the far western states of the union and only one other couple were New Yorkers. For all of us the journey to Greece was an old romantic affinity for the origins of our civilization, studies of ancient history, literature, philosophy, drama, and especially the arts.

During that very night immediately before Easter Sunday, we stayed up late to observe an extraordinary parade on the Main Street of Athens. It began in the principal Greek Orthodox Church with a cortege carrying a palanquin with a statue of the body of Christ on a cross and was followed by a great procession of uniformed men of the Greek army, navy, air force, the national police, firemen, a host of civil servants in ordinary dress, and

then many bearded priests. They represented the major institutions of Greek government. The Greek Orthodox Church was the recognized and established religion in Greece. This parade was a formal and ritual acknowledgement of that relationship. During one afternoon Marie and I visited the church and at the very center of the nave stood an easel and a printed statement whose English translation affirmed the independence of the Greek Orthodox Church from the Bishop of Rome, a separation which occurred more than a thousand years ago.

Elderhostel had arranged for a rigorous daily schedule during our stay in Athens. International Study Tours in Athens was the sponsor of our program. I.S.T. was affiliated with "College Year in Athens", an intercollegiate consortium which offered a third year of accredited college experience in Athens. The College Year had its own accredited faculty and enrolled eighty students who came from forty to fifty colleges in the United States and Canada. I.S.T. assigned its own guide, full time to our Elderhostel group, who shepherded us through field visits and classes.

Our academic day began early morning after breakfast with a pleasant walk through the National Gardens, one of Athens' lovely parks, to the Academic Center, the building of the College Year Abroad. After coffee and crullers we moved into the lecture hall for the first of a series of talks by our faculty. There were two very able scholars, Dr. Joergen Ernstson of the University of Upsala in Sweden and Dr. John Raish of Cambridge. Both were permanent members of the College Year Abroad faculty. At a class break Dr. Raish told us that during his years in Greece, completing his doctorate in archaeology, he met, loved, and married his wife, an Athenian, and determined to stay in Greece.

Our lectures were illuminating and excellent. There were five: "An Introduction to the Minoan and Mycenaean Civilizations", "Dark Ages and the Rise of the City-State", "Origins of Western Sculpture", and the "Golden Age of Pericles". The lectures were followed by class discussion. We then walked back to lunch at the hotel.

There were field trips after lunch. We visited the Acropolis and Acropolis Museum, the Cycladic Museum, the Ancient Agora and Agora Museum, the Greek Folk Art Museum, and the Greek Popular Instruments Museum.

During our visit we passed by the Houses of Parliament, the Presidential Palace, through Syntagma Square, Plaka, Monastiraki. We were able to browse some of the retail shops and a few with tourist souvenirs. Marie and I were particularly attracted to the ceramic ware, enameled pots, and traditional house decorations. We purchased a suitcase full for our family.

Athens was a modern city and in 1996 had made a recovery from its wartime neglect more than fifty years ago. The buses were trim, efficient looking, and crowded; the automobiles, French and German, had seen

better days. There were many motorcycles and scooters, an economic form of transportation.

Our visit to the Acropolis was of course deeply moving. For me it was a long, hard climb up the steps to the pinnacle. There it was, that great marble ruin whose vision represented so much of ancient civilization. The Turkish artillery first had badly damaged the tall pillars and roof of the Acropolis, and then the British tore the great statues from the façade to transport the marbles to the British Museum in London. They had been legally purchased from the Turkish rulers of Athens, but still it was a desecration. From the mount all of Athens stood below us.

We had one interesting dinner hosted by an Athenian family of modest circumstances. They were excellent hosts and fine cooks. The meal was authentically Greek. However, thanks to the excellent Greek restaurants in New York, it was familiar fare. Of great interest to us was their account of their effort to build their own home in which we had dinner. It was only two thirds completed with the third floor yet to come. They told us about the credit system in Greece. It was very difficult to borrow money at all for people who earned low salaries. Although our host was a business executive in a small company and the hostess a nurse, they could secure no mortgage and had the house built in stages as they saved the money needed to pay the contractor. How significant is the availability of credit to ordinary wage earners in the United States! This is the engine of our economy. Our hosts told us that life had improved in recent years. The war period more than fifty years ago with the Italian and then the German Occupation was a dreadful time. The guerrilla movement, especially toward the end of the war, was very effective, and the Nazi retaliation very harsh. When the war ended the guerillas, Communist dominated, installed their government in Athens and all of Greece. However, at Yalta the great powers had agreed to yield suzerainty to the Western powers. The Soviet government withdrew its support from the guerilla movement; the British landed troops in Athens and a bloody civil war ensued. Ultimately, the British and the Royal Greek forces, which landed with the British, won that struggle. But families were divided and many people died. The British have dominated the foreign policy of Greece ever since, although the Royalists were out of office.

The second half of our excursion was delightful. We boarded the Motor/Sailor Zeus I in Piraeus. We were not actually piped aboard, but the Elderhostels were warmly greeted by the crew. There was even a mimeographed handout reciting their names: Dimitris, Captain, George, Chief Engineer, Vasilis, Chief Steward, Victoria, Chief Cook, Vasilis, Boatswain, Fotis, Sailor, Ingrid, Stewardess, and George, Assistant Cook. The Zeus I was a picturesque little ship with three decks, passengers on the main deck and deck above, and a walkway around the ship with a guard rail. There was a single mast up forward

with a jib and mainsail. The ship's diesel engines furnished the motive power and our Captain, Dimitris, explained the sails added to the power at low cost. Still, the ship under way, white hulled with red stripes, was a lovely sight to behold.

We were assigned tiny staterooms with tiny little bathrooms. So we could sleep in the berths, but only one of us could dress at a time. The size of the cabins was not important. The ship had a marvelous stateroom amidships and a dining room. Meals were good, and in a very democratic fashion the crew ate with us. Some spoke English fairly well; the Captain Dimitris, particularly, was a young, handsome, and very able seaman. Passengers were encouraged to visit the bridge and chat with the crewmembers on duty.

The Zeus proceeded to each port of call late afternoon and evening. Early morning we assembled at the Stateroom for a morning lecture and discussion. The topics succeeded the sessions in Athens. There was "Greek History and Archaeology, The Bronze and Early Iron Age", "A Golden Age, Art and History of Greece in the Classical and Hellenistic Periods", "Rome and Byzantium and the Foundations of Modern Greece", "The Age of Turkokratia and the War of Independence", and "Greece and Its Saronic Islands Today: Society, Arts, and Literature".

After lunch we debarked the ship and by bus proceeded to the archaeological sights of the islands we visited. The very names of the islands resonate with their historic significance in ancient times. We visited Poros, Spetses, Ermoini, Hydra, Paleo, Epidauros, Aegina, and its Aphiai Temple. The ancient Greeks created some great works of art. There were so many, and we walked and walked from one site to another. They now remain a blurred memory. For Marie they had so much more meaning as a student of the arts. Most of all I am left with the thoughts of the astonishing cultures created by people so long ago and now gone; a trace of their contributions remain with us. O Tempora O Mores!

Marie and I remained in Athens for four days after our Elderhostel excursion. We could recuperate from the exertions of our walking tours. In more leisurely fashion we visited the art galleries of Athens. There were some, and they showed some fine artists. We chatted with the gallery owners and learned a little about the art scene in Athens, which was not very strong. Athens looked to Paris for leadership, and aspiring young artists headed west to that center of the art world.

As tourists we had seen little of workday Athenians. The city was a busy metropolis with people making modest livings. Here and there we observed neighborhoods for the more well to do, but even the main streets had none of the display of wealth to be observed in New York City. The government was dominated by the Socialist party but struggled to make ends meet. Every resident of Athens had to be conscious of the historic and ancient heritage of

their people. The remnants of the Greek civilization of old were very evident. We observed the excavation for an underground subway from Piraeus to Athens and were told that construction was moving very slowly; at every half mile work came to a halt until the Antiquities Commission could inspect some new evidence of yesteryear at the excavation.

Late during our stay Marie and I visited the Jewish Museum of Greece. It was in a tiny building on 36 Queen Amalias Avenue, adjacent to the National Gardens. We learned that the Jews of Greece had an unbroken tradition of residence in Greece dating back to the third century before the Christian era. After the conquests of Alexander the Great there were flourishing Jewish communities in the center of Hellenism. During the Roman-Byzantine Empire the Jews became known as Romaniotes. Later during the 15th century the Sephardim, Spanish, and Portuguese Jews found refuge in the Ottoman Empire at the invitation of Sultan Beyazit II. The Sephardim settled in Thessaloniki, Edirne, and Izmir. The Sephardim spoke Ladino and Greek. By the beginning of World War II there were nearly 100,000 Jews in all of Greece. The Nazis murdered most. Greek Orthodox hostility to the Jews was evident. Of the survivors who returned home at war's end, many resettled in Israel. In 1996 it was estimated that the Jewish population of Greece was no more than 5,000. The Jewish Museum seemed to be such a sad and quiet place. It had been founded in 1977 and displayed a few religious ceremonial objects. We learned that the Greek government, with its socialist orientation, had been hostile to the State of Israel since its founding. Their sympathy for the PLO followed the Communist Party line, the sympathies of the British government, and their economic interests. The Greeks operated huge fleets of oil tankers in the Mid-Eastern trade.

We returned home on Olympic Airlines once again and after clearing customs and immigration found a yellow cab to drive us back to West 86th Street. After a tiresome air journey – more than twelve hours – Marie and I were exhausted and fell fast asleep. We were left with so many memories. We had seen another corner of the world in time present and past.

France, 1996

Marie and I determined to take a second Elderhostel trip in autumn of 1996. This time we chose France: Nice, Provence and the Côte d'Azur, Lyon, Dijon, and Paris. Air France, in a Boeing 747, carried us from Kennedy to De Gaulle on September 28. From De Gaulle we flew south to Nice. The Hotel Rivoli and the International Study Tours were our hosts. We found Nice a pleasant Mediterranean resort. There were tall palm trees and flowers abounded. The houses were low lying, three or four stories at best, with facades of pastel colored cement and red tiled roofs. People, natives and tourists, strolled slowly about, casually dressed. Nice was indeed a historical vacation place. Marie and I recalled our very brief sojourn in the city twenty years ago as we motored from Venice on our way north to Paris.

International Study Tours had planned a very rigorous set of lectures for our morning activity. Our faculty was from the University of Lyon. The lectures covered the history of Nice and the region and the principality of Monaco, which was just across the border. Afternoons we visited in the city the Chagall and Matisse Museums. We were transported by bus to St. Paul De Vence and the Maeght Foundation Museum. In Antibes Picasso had created a small and exquisite museum for a sample of his work. We were delighted to visit Les Colettes, Renoir's home in Cagnes. The Riviera and the Côte d'Azur, tropical land year round, had attracted the great impressionist artists. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries living was very inexpensive, the landscape glorious, and to paint "en plein air" a joy for that generation of painters.

During the second week our bus conveyed us through Provence and the Côte d'Azur, north through lush farmlands ready for harvest and vineyards until we reached the city of Lyon. In my mind's eye I had a vision of Lyon as a great center for manufacture of textiles, shrouded by the haze of coal burning electric generators. How very wrong I was. Lyon was a beautiful metropolis nestled on the Rhone, astride its two branches, which forked asunder for the city. The Grand Hotel Concorde was several cuts above our hotel in Nice and its cuisine, fulfilling the promise of Lyon, superior.

Our university lecturers informed us about the ancient Roman history of Lyon, which secured Roman power in France early. The Gallo-Roman

Museum we visited later had an important collection of Roman artifacts and exhibits. By the latter half of the nineteenth century Lyon had become a center for the manufacture of silk and exported its textiles worldwide. We observed a small 19th century silk weaver's shop preserved for a century. Of great interest to us were the accounts of life and the circumstances of ordinary people in contemporary France, told to us by our visiting lecturers. We had some time together at lunch. The economist had taken his doctorate in the United States and could compare living conditions aptly. France provided health insurance for its people as an element of the social insurance, which supported families through all the vicissitudes of life. Unemployment benefits were generous; employment regulations required provision of minimum vacation, sick leave, maternity and paternity leave, and protections against termination of employment without due notice. Education was provided at state expense from pre-school daycare centers through higher education and professional schools for qualified students. Our lecturer and his wife, both faculty members of the University of Lyon, lived in a modest home on the outskirts of the city with a mortgage and two teenage boys, one of whom had just been accepted at an elite lycée. They earned far less than their counterparts in the United States, and their income taxes were almost twice that of their American colleagues. Still, they would not exchange their life for a place in the United States. Indeed, emigration from France is very low. Lyon was a very civilized city. The university was a very significant element of its economy and the concerts and theatre well supported. On our way out of Lyon I noticed a huge atomic energy generator just outside the city. France, I learned, produced three quarters of its electricity with nuclear energy. Because of the highly centralized and controlled system of government, local objections to the location of these nuclear energy plants were easily overridden.

From Lyon we motored north through miles and miles of Beaujolais vineyards. It was autumn, and the vineyards had ripened; their leaves were red and russet and grapes still unpicked. We visited some vineyards, and I was taken with the aroma of the ripening grapes. There were some noble chateaus in the vineyard country converted into factories for the manufacture of wine. One patron spoke so proudly of his vineyard, which had been owned by his family for generations. The Beaujolais wine was excellent and even at the vineyard a very expensive bottle. The cultivation of wine is a very ancient art, and evidently it is still pursued by many people in central France.

Then at last we reached Paris and the Trianon Hotel at 3 Rue de Vaugirard on the left bank. The hotel was not one of the glories of Paris. Its rooms were small, its tiny dining hall crowded, and the lounge had few chairs. Still, the hotel was least important to us. We were determined to see our Paris once again. The morning lectures in Paris at the hotel were familiar ground. But we were glad to visit the Louvre, the Cluny, the Orsay, the Orangerie, and

the Picasso Museum once again. During our free time we walked through Notre Dame, Sainte Chapelle, and on the Champs Élysées. We were shocked to see a McDonald's restaurant crowded with Parisians! Here was an invasion of American culture. Our final dinner at the restaurant at the Louvre was a fitting close to our French adventure. The courses were all served with wine.

Then at last we departed from De Gaulle airport on Air France, Flight 6, at 1:00 P.M. The Boeing 747 deposited us at Kennedy about six hours later at 2:50 P.M., New York time. Once again, we were exhausted and glad to come home.

London, October 1998

Marie and I rented a lovely flat in Hampstead, London for a three-week stay in October of 1998. Our cousins, Milton and Cyril Farber, recommended a real estate broker in the area, and we completed our arrangement by telephone and mail. This stay in London would be completed without the support of Elderhostel. We thought we could manage London on our own.

Our choice of Hampstead was most fortuitous. This neighborhood, just four miles north of Piccadilly Circus, was for more than a century the residence of England's literati, artists, journalists, and other liberals, much like our west side in New York City. Prior to the Second World War some of Nazi Germany's distinguished refugees settled in the area. Its most notable resident was Sigmund Freud and his daughter Anna who became a noted child psychiatrist. Their home at 20 Maresfield Gardens became a museum, enshrined in the annals of psychoanalysis. Freud's grandson, Lucian Freud the artist, lived in Hampstead. There were other renowned residents: Yehuda Menuhin, Marcel Breuer, John Le Carré, Thomas Lord Byron, and during the nineteenth century Isaiah Berlin, among others. The very thought of living in Hampstead for a little while was a joy. Of course during our stay, we met no one of note and depended upon our very own distinguished company.

We could indeed enjoy London during a brief interlude. Of course we had Michelin and other maps and descriptions of London's places of interest to guide us. We visited most of London's world famous museums: the British Museum, the Tate, and the Victoria and Albert. We walked through the city's parks, Kensington Gardens, Leicester Square, which once had witnessed many American soldiers and sailors, and Regents Park. We were able to attend a session of Parliament and were impressed by the utterly Englishness of the oratory and repartee. We traversed London Bridge and trudged through the old city. We passed through the East End, once the Jewish ghetto, and observed the Asiatic character of the neighborhood residents, Pakistanis and Indians for the most part. I marveled at London's resurrection. During the fifty years since the end of the war, all of the miles of rubble piled high on the city blocks had been removed. The shattered houses had been demolished and new housing constructed. London shone with new facades, painted brightly,

with sparkling retail shops and restaurants. The grimness of the war years was gone, replaced by a very prosperous looking population of well-dressed Londoners with streets full of new automobiles and taxis. The new taxis were of course a regretful change. They were not as comfortable as the old high top vehicles. Notable especially in the area around Hyde Park were the Moslem visitors. The women were clad in black burkhas, covering their faces against viewing by the males of humankind. This was disturbing.

Early during our stay Marie and I secured tickets to a number of plays and concerts. There were many productions, and tickets were moderately priced and easy to obtain. We were able to take the underground at a station on High Street, several blocks from our flat, and were downtown in fifteen minutes. High Street, the principal avenue in Hampstead, had a number of restaurants and a supermarket. We filled our refrigerator at this shop. The Hampstead supermarket seemed thinly stocked by comparison with our Waldbaums in East Hampton. Shoppers seemed to be young men and women, single folk for the most part, and they purchased moderately. The kitchen in our apartment served us well. We would come home from a day of walking and observing, exhausted. We would take off our shoes and after a light supper watch the BBC and some of our old favorites, including Masterpiece Theatre.

The park Hampstead Heath was a historic amenity in the area. It had been part of the royal estates and bequeathed for public use during the nineteenth century. The landscape remained wild, though paths crisscrossed the area. The heath was featured prominently in Hampstead history. There had been a number of notorious murders in the park. As we visited there were many young families and children playing in its fields. We had lunch at a garden restaurant and purchased souvenir postcards and history books.

We had one experience with an English family. Eileen Josephs, my old UNRRA friend, had resettled in Croxley Green, a suburb west of London, to live near her daughter and her family. We took the railroad train to Rickmansworth Station in Hartfordshire. We were picked up at the station by Andrea Thomas and Eileen and driven to the Thomas's house. It was several miles from the station in a lovely suburban development.

Eileen had raised her daughter alone as a divorced woman, and Andrea completed college, became a chartered accountant, and a member of the world famous accounting firm of Deloitte, Touche Ross. David her husband, after completing his doctorate in history, became a civil servant and ascended to its higher ranks as Deputy Chief of the Department of Archives. The British Archives were an enormous establishment responsible for preservation of all the government papers in every British office throughout the world. David did a great deal of traveling and was very knowledgeable about government affairs. Andrea was responsible for corporate governance at the accounting firm. They had two children, Hope, sixteen, and Francis, their son, seven. Both attended

public school but lived at home. The Thomas family was comfortably upper middle class, and for Eileen that was an achievement.

Andrea prepared a pleasant and simple lunch, and we talked about our affairs in New York as retirees and in England. I thought David Thomas and Andrea were circumspect in discussing political affairs, though their leanings were left of center. Eileen, still a slim, white haired woman, was reserved and yielded the conversation to her daughter and son-in-law. We had no opportunity to exchange any private words. After lunch Andrea and Eileen drove us to the station, and once again we said farewell. I would not see Eileen again.

Eileen had resettled in Croxley on the Green to be near her daughter and grandchildren. Andrea dropped in on Eileen regularly, took her shopping, and shared her housekeeper to tidy up regularly. I sensed some resentment on David's part to the attention Andrea paid her mother. Such are the complexities of later life for the elderly and their families. Eileen was no financial burden to the Thomas family with her own pensions, some savings, and the national health insurance coverage for medical care. It was apparent that in relocating to Croxley on the Green she had left behind old friends and familiar places in London.

We returned to our flat and spent our remaining days in London attending the theatre, concerts at Royal Albert Hall, and shopping for family gifts. We returned home to New York with a sense of satisfaction to have been in London, restored to glory, a far more prosperous city than it ever had been.

Nantucket, 2000

Marie and I arrived at the Nantucket School of Design and the Arts on June 11, 2000 at 5:00 P.M. It had been a long drive from East Hampton along our familiar New England route: the ferry from North Haven to Shelter Island, the pleasant ride through the island, the little ferry to Greenport, and the huge automobile ferry from Orient Point to New London. We parked our vehicle in the Nantucket parking lot and embarked on yet another ferry for a thirty-mile cruise to the port of Nantucket. We were able to walk to Harbor Cottages, the New England School of Design and the Arts' residence.

The school, NISDA as it was called, was established in the 1970's by Kathy Kelm, a faculty member of the Rhode Island School of Design, as an accredited art school on Nantucket Island. Later in 1978 NISDA affiliated with the Massachusetts College of Arts in Boston. NISDA had expanded its college course offerings to provide for Elderhostel experience, instruction in drawing, watercolor, painting, pottery, and photography for children, families, and extramural participants. NISDA's facilities included the Harbor Cottages near the inner harbor and the Farm, which were a number of rustic buildings made into studios. The Harbor Cottages were former fishermen's shacks converted into studio and one-bedroom facilities. They were small, well furnished, and reasonably comfortable. The Farm, near Polpis Harbor, was about eight miles from Nantucket port and NISDA provided Elderhostelers with a bus to convey us to the classes at the Farm.

Nantucket was a picturesque setting for the school. The island was thirty miles off Cape Cod. It was small, a mere three and one half by fourteen and one half miles. It had been settled during the seventeenth century by the early Puritan immigrants and during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries became an important whaling port. By the end of the twentieth century Nantucket had become a vacation resort for the wealthy, and its old colonial homes were restored to contemporary glory. The harbor was an important center for yachting and an important port of call on the New England coastline. The town was picturesque with retail shops selling tourist souvenirs, travel books, and postcards. Bicycling was very popular on the island with few automobiles to clutter up the roads. Nantucket had miles of beaches open

to the public and walking trails through the hills and dunes. The Nantucket heath is covered with native wild flowers. We were there in late spring and the gentile hillsides were covered with wild Rugosa Roses, grapes, holly, blue chicory, and scotch broom. The island abounded in waterfowl, seagulls, tern, and high above hawks and osprey floated in the blue skies.

There was time enough during our stay to stroll the streets of Nantucket and to explore the village, visit several historic colonial homes, and shop its stores. Our daily routine was carefully designed by the school. We arose early morning and had breakfast in our cottage; NISDA filled our larder. Mornings were devoted to classes in the field and at the beaches with our teachers. We then returned to the Farm for lunch. There were classes again after lunch and dinner at the Farm or at several interesting restaurants. The fish was very fresh. Our fellow Elderhostel participants were a very skilled group of artists for the most part, and this week in Nantucket was a welcome return to drawing, watercolor, and painting. It certainly was for Marie, whose skill and talent was evident. She completed several very lovely watercolors during this stay.

One memorable experience was a nature walk through the heath and along the beach with John Simms, a lecturer who was an environmental authority. We learned much about the plants, animals, and birds, which inhabited Nantucket Island. Another notable teacher was Barbara Insalaco, a painter of note whose Nantucket landscapes were impressive and charming. She lived on Nantucket year round and was a member of a small but thriving art colony on the island.

Our class sessions were simple; we all proceeded as a group with our pads, watercolor paints, and brushes or pastels to the outdoor class site, proceeding by bus if we were going some distance. The class then proceeded to draw and paint in a lovely outdoor setting. The landscapes to be seen were inspiring. Then we returned to the Farm or the cottages for lunch or dinner. Our teachers were not intrusive, and we could work uninterrupted for several hours. It was a very satisfying time for Marie and me. At the end of the week we embarked upon our ferry and returned to our automobile on the Nantucket parking lot.

On our way back to East Hampton we stopped in Newton Highlands to visit with Beth, Adam, Gabriel, and Noah. Our family was happily ensconced in their new home and busy gardening. Noah was now seven and Gabriel ten, and they had grown. They loved their school and had found a number of playmates in the village. After a several day stay we returned to East Hampton and our ferryboats. In Orient Point we stopped at a favorite farmer's market, Sepps, and purchased several bags of tomatoes, peppers, lettuce, scallions, and broccoli. Then we were home again, tired. Marie had made some really lovely watercolors, one of which hangs on our wall to this day.

My Friend Jack

The next old classmate to die was Jack Wasserman. He lived quietly at the United Bialystoker Senior Citizens Residence on Willet Street off Grand for more than a decade. I helped Jack to relocate to this residence from his home in Vancouver. This was a friendly home protected by a security guard at the door. Its Luncheon Club was funded by the New York City Department of Aging and provided a hot, kosher meal at whatever cash contribution the elderly participants wanted to pay. In November and December of 2000 the volunteers of the Luncheon Club delivered meals to Jack at his apartment for he was too ill to come down himself. The residence was located just south of the Williamsburg Bridge, and Jack's apartment on the tenth floor had a southeasterly view of the East River.

Jack managed his life on a modest social security payment monthly of eight hundred dollars. With rent at thirty percent of his income at three hundred dollars and with some savings, he could pay his telephone and cable television bills, for his food, and the New York Times subscription. Jack and I had lunch at a historic old restaurant, Pete's Tavern, once a speakeasy during the prohibition years on Irving Place, every month. These were pleasant reunions, and we chatted about our old friends Felix, Abe, and Judson and Marie and my family. Jack was a devoted reader of the Times and particularly interested in its film and theatrical sections. But I was always impressed by his abiding sense of loneliness. He really had few other friends. He saw Felix every now and then when Felix came into the city.

Jack had been married to an English woman, Eileen Lazell, on March 9, 1973 when Jack was 53 in Santa Monica, California. Marie and I met Eileen during their visit to the city. Curiously Jack and Eileen filed for divorce on August 8, 1973 just four months later. The marriage was dissolved on November 8, 1977. The final settlement obliged Jack to pay $4,000 to Eileen. We assumed that this had been a marriage of convenience to enable Eileen to acquire permanent residence and citizenship in the United States. That was not the case. Eileen returned to live with her daughter in Blackpool. Jack visited Eileen several times and stayed with her at her home. In his last will and testament Jack left his remaining savings to her. Alas, I could not fulfill his last request.

In December of 2000 I visited Jack at his apartment and found him in dreadful shape. He was ill and almost incoherent. He had an appointment with his physician that day, and I brought him to the office by taxi. His physician informed me that he had been treating Jack for cancer of the lungs, and that he was now suffering senile dementia. At his direction I brought Jack to Beth Israel Hospital for immediate treatment. I signed Jack in with his Medical Power of Attorney. Some days later I was advised by the hospital social worker that Jack had been referred to the Wayne Nursing Home in the Mosholu Neighborhood of the Bronx, not far from Montefiore Hospital. I visited Jack at the nursing home several times and helped the nursing home secure Medicaid funding for Jack's stay. Wayne Nursing Home was owned by an Orthodox Jew who directed the facility and was there every visit. I was impressed by his concern and awareness of every patient. By the end of April three months after his hospitalization, Jack became desperately ill again and was transferred back to Beth Israel. I was called and informed he died on April 27, 2001.

Jack Wasserman's estate was settled by the Public Administrator. The surrogate advised me that his will, because it had been signed by only one witness, was invalid. I arranged for the cremation of Jack Wasserman with the Direct Cremation Corporation. About one year later the Public Administrator reimbursed me for the costs of the cremation. Jack's estate at his death was twenty-three hundred dollars in a checking account and six thousand dollars in credit card debt with one unpaid bank loan. I was impressed by the greed of the credit card companies and the banks to extend credit to Jack. Still, when I reviewed his accounts I found that he had been current in his payments to each of his credit card companies and the banks. Modest monthly payments kept that valid. The Public Administrator seized seventeen hundred dollars for its costs after paying for the cremation.

Several weeks after Jack's cremation I received a package at home in East Hampton. It was an urn with Jack's ashes. It stood on a shelf in my study alongside his big brass clock until June. On a brilliant, sunny day, skies blue with white cumulus clouds, I paddled my canoe out into the middle of the Accabonic and scattered Jack's ashes into the bay. I was very sad. Jack had been a good friend. He had a hard life with misfortune early in his childhood. I particularly remembered his triumph at his summer stock theater many years ago.

EECO Farm

Among the programs financed by the East Hampton Land Use Fund was the East End Community Organic Farm. Forty acres of farmland at the westerly outskirts of East Hampton village were purchased for seven million dollars. The town then granted EECO Farm a lease for the land at one dollar a year. In addition an annual grant of thirty thousand dollars was provided for maintenance. EECO Farm, a nonprofit corporation, was organized to promote organic farming, to provide young people with employment and job training opportunities, to raise food for the hungry through local food pantries, and to demonstrate sustainable agriculture. Community participation would be encouraged through participating memberships and their rental of garden plots for personal cultivation. The plots, twenty by twenty, would be laid out in a beautiful garden grid with water spigots and hose bibs close by.

I followed this proposal carefully, and when an article in the Star announced the opening of EECO Farm to membership I leaped at the opportunity. This was in the spring of 2001. This was fifteen years after I had purchased our house, and all the trees on our property had grown taller and completely shaded our little garden areas on the east side of the property. I was assigned plot 6 and set to work immediately.

My immediate neighbor was a very affable and cordial man, John Malefront, a retired banker. He was an excellent gardener and his wife a fine Italian cook. He grew many tomatoes. Another gardener who was especially friendly was Elaine McKay, a retired schoolteacher who cultivated two plots. I recalled the "victory" gardens of World War II, which were vigorously promoted by the federal Department of Agriculture as contribution to the war effort. To be able to garden a plot in full sunlight during the summer fourteen hours a day was a delight. Marie and I planned our first garden together. We grew tomatoes, peas, beans, carrots, peppers, lettuce, radishes, beets, basil, marigolds, and zinnias.

The spring season began in mid-May. We secured our seeds and sprouts from the Whittendale Nursery on Newton Land and by mid-June were harvesting our lettuce, radishes, and carrots. The lettuce and radish crop was splendid; the carrots in this soil were poor. By mid-August our tomatoes arrived, large and plum and grape sized. I was delighted to bring them home

and distribute some bags to our friends. The marigolds and zinnias were a welcome decoration of our house. The basil, a marvelous herb, was rendered into pesto by Marie. The crop was abundant enough for Marie to produce some jars for every one of our children. The basil pesto made a delicious pasta dish. Gardening at EECO Farm required about three sessions a week, about nine hours in all, to cultivate, weed, water, and harvest our produce. Weeding was the most burdensome chore. Still, working in full sunshine on a breezy summer day was a pleasure.

By 2009 EECO Farm had grown to one hundred and fifty gardeners. Our principal farmer, Peter Garnham, an Englishman, managed the tracts directly cultivated by EECO Farm and was our advisor. There were three commercial farm tenants leasing between two and fifteen acres each. I was surprised to learn from Peter Garnham that they could with hard work earn fifteen to thirty thousand dollars a summer selling their fresh produce to local restaurants. Their seasons began early with the planting of seeds in their greenhouses in February.

EECO Farm sponsored Friday evening talks and potluck cookouts. These were fun, and we found some very interesting fellow gardeners, many of whom were retirees like ourselves. Gardening at the house and EECO Farms was physically demanding and invigorating. About ten years ago, in a fit of enthusiasm, I mowed the lawn around my house using my hand pushed lawn mower, a very ecologically correct instrument. The job completed, I rested, but arose the next morning with astonishing aches in my hands and right leg. I visited an orthopedist that week and learned that I had suffered tendonitis, and inflammation of my muscles due to severe stress. This was more typically the illness of baseball pitchers. I spent several months in physical therapy to cure the pain. Consequently, I engaged Hoi Cao as our gardener to do the lawn mowing, to cut the olive bushes on the perimeter of our property, and other year-end gardening chores. By 2009 it is evident that my muscular vigor is diminished. This spring I was grateful for Peter Garnham's work in turning over my garden plot with a machine cultivator, a task which would take me two days.

Still, Marie and I are devoted gardeners, and this endeavor is a great element in our residence in East Hampton. We have secured new plantings to add to the green wall circumscribing our property. Out front the rhododendrons provide a vivid lavender wall every June, and the beds of irises on the east side of the house are lovely. Year round there is fertilizing to be done and watering. Marie is especially assiduous in watering. Every now and then she walks the rear wooded area, which now have so many varieties of seedlings in addition to the oak trees. There have been seasons when we have been surprised by patches of daisies and black-eyed susans, which then disappear in subsequent seasons. Our Montauk daisies, great blooms which flourished for a decade, shriveled

to a miniscule little growth. We now grow cosmos, zinnias, and marigolds in our easterly gardens and on our rear decks and around the poolside are russet ceramic pots of impatience, begonia, and geraniums. They are a lovely display. The bird feeder hanging off the oak in our rear yard brings some delightful neighbors. There are astonishing varieties of birds that live with us.

We have been disturbed by the deer. East Hampton, with its acres and acres of woodland, succulent shrubs, and very limited hunting season, is home to larger herds of deer than ever lived here three hundred years ago. They are an aggravating nuisance. Our fencing at five feet is far too low to discourage their entrance. They adore eating many of our bushes, the euonymus particularly, and their destruction brings tears to our eyes. We should have to construct a tall deer fence to surround the property to keep them out. In East Hampton and many other communities in the northeast deer have become very numerous; they are especially dangerous to automobile drivers during the fall rutting season and have caused many accidents. Still, the Bambi effect, the beloved Bambi made famous by Walt Disney, has enlisted the loyalties of countless families with little children whenever any drastic deer eradication program is proposed. Consequently, we drive ever so carefully year round. Many a deer have crossed our path. No doubt they are a lovely phenomenon.

Family Celebrations

As my children completed their schooling and married, Marie and I were profoundly moved by these inevitable changes. There was reason to celebrate and to observe these achievements with satisfaction, and yet they marked the passage of time and their distance from us. Laura, Marie's daughter, lived in Ithaca with her two young sons, Johan and Sam, and later her companion, Frederico DeSena. She had a difficult time but slowly and surely made her way. First she was employed as a teacher's assistant at the Head Start program in which Johan and Sam were enrolled. Later she was employed as a waitress at a local hotel owned by Wally Wiggins, a very astute attorney. Wally Wiggins was very impressed by a poster Laura created for the hotel and immediately organized a two person advertising agency to execute work for the Divi Hotel Corporation in which he had a controlling interest. The Divi Hotels were a large chain operating the West Indies. Wiggins saved the ten percent commission charged by advertising agencies for work placed through their offices in newspapers.

The boys grew and completed high school in Ithaca. Fred DeSena graduated with honors at Ithaca College and secured a fellowship at the Music School of the University of Miami. Laura, Fred, and the boys relocated to Miami. Once again Wally Wiggins very helpfully placed Laura as an interior designer with the architect in Miami he employed for his hotel renovations. Marie and I drove to Ithaca to visit with Laura and her family and to see Beth and Jon during their undergraduate stay at Cornell.

We drove to Ithaca from the city on Route 17, now a four-lane highway traversing the Catskill Mountains. We passed through Parksville, once the location of the dairy farm rented by my grandfather Zalman Meyer and grandmother Bess one hundred years ago. There was still a synagogue nestled on the side of the road. We took a bypass on alternative 17 at Cooks Falls to observe once again the Cooks Fall Lodge, the resort operated by cousin Ida Fradin. The hotel building was still there, painted freshly white, its long porch with overhanging roof standing above the road and the Beaverkill River below. As we made our way to Ithaca the towns looked impoverished, stores on their main streets vacant. The area had seen better days.

Rick and Mary, Marie's son and daughter-in-law, resettled in San Francisco within the first year of their marriage. Mary could not leave the

city soon enough, taking Rick away from his first job in market research following his graduate degree in sociology. They drove across country, cats and all. San Francisco was the city in which they could fulfill their hearts' desire and all their hopes and aspirations for a free life in the seventies, far away from their families, and the hide bound conventions of the east. In the path of their contemporaries they found modest jobs, which together gave them a fair livelihood, particularly as they had determined never to have children. In their early years after settling in the city in a satisfying rental apartment they were faced with disaster. Their house was purchased by a Chinese family which demanded their rent-controlled apartment for the use of an older son. The new owners prevailed in court, but the Norkins were awarded compensation for their loss of the apartment, though they were evicted. With the award money, their savings, and a generous gift from Marie, they were able to purchase their own one-bedroom condominium on Broderick Street, a pleasant neighborhood in mid-San Francisco in which they have been living ever since. They were fortunate to be able to purchase the apartment at a time when housing was still affordable.

Marie and I visited Rick and Mary in their new home and enjoyed several weeks in San Francisco and the country north of the city along the seacoast to Route 1 to Sonoma, glorious country. Rick and Mary have found San Francisco immensely satisfying. They have chosen to live their lives out of doors, camping, running marathons, boating, and touring remote and exotic places. They have visited Antarctica, the Galapagos, climbed Mt. Kilimanjaro in Kenya, Bhutaan, and the great parks of the far west. They have a wide circle of friends who share their enthusiasms.

Upon completion of their school and medical residencies, Josh, Jon, and Beth resettled their families in Chicago, Brandon, Florida, and Medford, Massachusetts. Jon and Robbie were the first to leave Boston with Rachel in 1985. Jon accepted an appointment on the Brandon Hospital staff, and they purchased a home in a new development nearby. This was a fortunate choice, Jon being the only neurologist in a burgeoning region twenty miles east of Tampa. Then within another year in 1986 Jeffrey arrived.

That same year Josh was appointed to the staff of Michael Reese Hospital and its H.M.O. in Chicago. This seemed to be a very promising location at a teaching hospital affiliated with the Medical School of the University of Chicago. It was located in the Hyde Park area near the University, once densely Jewish and now a minority neighborhood. Josh and Alegria rented an apartment in a high-rise building overlooking Lake Erie. Within a year Benjamin was born in January of 1986.

Three years later in 1988 Beth and Adam married, and after living in the attic of a friend's house they purchased a five-room condominium in Medford. Adam completed his residency in oncology at the Dana Farber Institute and

continued to work there. Beth, after service as a Legal Aid Society attorney, was appointed an Administrative Law Judge in the state Medicaid system. By September 1989 Gabriel was born, a very premature infant. We were on tenterhooks as he struggled to survive. Children's Hospital staff in their neonatal section are among the best in the world, and thanks to their excellent medical and nursing care Gabriel survived and was at last, after several months, delivered to Beth and Adam intact. Great joy reigned, and we were delighted to have Gabriel home. In Brandon Rachel and Jeffrey were followed by Aaron in 1989 and Sam in 1995.

In Chicago Josh's fortune took a turn for the worse. For several years rumors, later confirmed, had wafted about that a merger between Michael Reese Hospital and the South End Hospital of the University of Illinois was being negotiated. The medical affiliation of Michael Reese with the Medical School of the University of Chicago would be terminated and a new affiliation with the University of Illinois consummated. The South End Hospital would be closed. This consolidation of two hospitals would obviously mean termination of the positions of half the physicians. Many physicians, including Joshua, left before the proposed merger. Joshua took a position with a three man neurological group in Springfield, Illinois, the state capital, three hundred miles south.

Springfield was a promising community. It was the state capital, headquarters for a number of corporations, the location of three major hospitals, and the center of commerce for a vast agricultural area of southern Illinois. It enjoyed a very stable economy.

Josh and Alegria found an apartment, and later a lovely house, near the westerly edge of the city with a cornfield of ten acres not too far away. That field blossomed into new housing in a few years. Then Yael arrived in 1990. Josh learned several years later that the Michael Reese Hospital merger never occurred. The political leadership of the south side, another minority community, vehemently objected to the closure of their hospital. The leadership of Michael Reese had obviously failed to clear the merger with Mayor John Daley. Michael Reese Hospital lost its affiliation with the Medical School of the University of Chicago. The hospital and its H.M.O. were sold to the Humana Hospital Corporation for several hundred million dollars, and the hospital shut down. The hospital trustees established a new Health Foundation and moved on. Josh had made a wise decision.

In Medford Beth and Adam made a new life for themselves as young parents. Gabriel, within a year, grew to normal weight and was a thriving, alert infant. To everyone's relief he suffered no impediments due to the premature birth. Now twenty years later, he stands tall and is a sturdy sophomore at Colby College and a counselor at a Canoe Camp in Maine.

Early in 1993 I arrived in Medford to spend four months with Beth, Adam, and Gabriel as a housefather, attending to Beth during her last four

months of pregnancy with Noah. Her obstetricians had prescribed bed rest. We were so happy when Noah arrived, a sturdy, full term infant.

Jon and Josh succeeded in establishing independent medical practices in their communities. Josh had been offered a partnership in his group but determined to become an independent practitioner. There was a risk because medical practice in Springfield is dominated by the Springfield medical group, a practice with more than fifty members including the neurological group with which Josh had been affiliated and the staff members of the Medical School and Hospital of the University of Southern Illinois. Though Josh was an attending physician at all the Springfield hospitals, referrals were closely made to the membership of the affiliated groups. Nonetheless, Josh survived well as an independent. He purchased new office facilities. Interestingly, the space was large enough for Alegria to establish her own art gallery. Alegria attended to the architectural design and contracting for construction of these facilities. We admired her courage because she had had no prior experience in such matters. But clearly she had a keen business capacity. This was evident in their purchase of a beautiful building site on Lake Springfield several years before they really needed a house in the Chatham School district when Benjamin was ready to enter kindergarten in 1991. Alegria succeeded in having the architectural plans drawn by a student of Frank Lloyd Wright and serving as her own general contractor. The house was completed on time and within budget with no major errors! We were amazed and delighted. We thought Alegria had taken some great risks, but she succeeded.

During these years with the arrivals of the grandchildren and the house warmings, Marie and I visited our children at least once a year. We flew in from Kennedy or LaGuardia to Chicago and later to St. Louis when Josh and Alegria moved to Springfield. Several times we motored to Springfield, a nine hundred mile trip. We spent several long weekends in Pittsburgh, a nostalgic visit. How the city had changed! The steel mills were gone, and the air was clear and lambent. The Cathedral of Knowledge rose high above the greensward of the university campus. My old Pittsburgh Y had been sold to the university. The Irene Kaufmann Settlement was demolished by the city to make way for a new highway. A new Y had been constructed in Squirrel Hill.

We drove by Harmony, Pennsylvania, forty miles north of Pittsburgh into the town square. Dr. Stewart's House, covered with ivy, was still there, but he was long gone. The general store owned by Mrs. Sapienza was now owned by her grandson. The little town of Harmony looked unchanged. But I was shocked to drive over the bridge into the site of Emma Kaufmann Camp. The new owner was evidently in the used car business, and the campus was strewn with old automobiles. We learned that the camp had been relocated to a new site a hundred miles west.

Pittsburgh had changed in the fifty years since I had last visited. The steel industry was gone, and a new regional center for commerce and industries had developed. The universities thrived and vastly increased their student population. Carnegie Tech was now Carnegie Mellon, in honor of the family which had bequeathed a great legacy. The Art Institute and the Botanical Gardens were as grand as ever. We were able to purchase tickets for the Philharmonic concert for a same night performance easily enough. The city of Pittsburgh now had a population of 350,000, reduced by several hundred thousand since I had arrived in 1940. Its residents have dispersed to its suburbs.

On our way to Springfield we passed through Cincinnati and Indianapolis. There were two wonderful museums in Indianapolis, the Museum of Art and the Eiteljorg Museum of the American Indians. Though an industrial city, its university, museums, theatre, and philharmonic orchestra attest to the esteem of higher culture held by the key industrial and commercial leadership of the city. During the year of our visit it was already evident that the cities in Ohio and Indiana, Canton, Youngstown, Dayton, and Cleveland were suffering the loss of their industrial capacity, exported to the Far East to Japan, Korea, and China. Champagne-Urbana, at the eastern border of Illinois, was thriving as the seat of the University of Illinois. My nephew Myron had been a student at its Law School for all too short a time. Then we reached Springfield, glad to be visiting with Josh, Alegria, Ben, and Yael. Our drive back took us three days with Marie and I taking turns at the wheel. Our Toyota proved a very reliable vehicle.

Bar Mitzvahs

Our family visits continued as our grandchildren grew older. My children, despite their Jewish education at Temple Israel in Great Neck, did not find the Jewish community organizations in their communities empathic to their interests. Still, Josh and Alegria and Jonathan and Robbie affiliated with the synagogues in Springfield and Brandon. For their families these were the only institutions offering a smattering of Jewish education and particularly an opportunity to learn the sections of the Torah needed for the Bar Mitzvah ceremony. In Newton Beth and Adam enrolled Gabriel and Noah in a Sunday School conducted at Brandeis University for the children of secular minded Jewish parents. I recalled here a similar enterprise I had conducted at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement many years ago, a nursery school program, Jewish oriented, which would nonetheless omit mention of the Almighty.

The Bar Mitzvah celebration has emerged in the United States as one of the great "rites of passage" for Jewish children in the most secular and unreligious of families. No accident as the Jewish population has dispersed from inner

city neighborhoods to the far suburbs and to the vast country beyond, Jewish families have found in the Bar Mitzvah and the wedding a time for family celebration and an ingathering of the tribe. The Bar Mitzvah is the motivation for the Talmud Torah education, part day and part week at most synagogues. Once celebrated, the child, and sometimes the family disappear from the synagogue. There is attendance largely during the High Holy Days when the full membership of the synagogues appears. Best estimates have no more than half the Jewish population as members of synagogues.

Rachel celebrated her Bat Mitzvah in 1997. This was the first family celebration, and a large crowd gathered at their synagogue and house. Our poor Rachel was petrified. Completing the ceremony, which required her reading from a portion of the Torah and then giving a brief address, was a frightening demand. She was a very young adolescent experiencing the travails of physical development. We were all relieved when she completed the ceremony very credibly. At this Bat Mitzvah we were glad to see members of the Wagner family who had dropped out of view after Shirley died. Uncle Jack, Betty Wagner, and Uncle Ed Wagner appeared. There were a number of my cousins, David and Phyllis Farber and Hal and Barbara Laeger. Of course, Uncle Ben Kaplan came as he did to all the weddings, births, celebrations, and Bar Mitzvahs of our children and grandchildren.

Ben's Bar Mitzvah, on a miserably wintry day in January 1999, was a notable affair. We had not been able to persuade Josh and Alegria to postpone the Bar Mitzvah to a more clement spring day, which would certainly have been possible. We arrived in St. Louis during a snowstorm and drove one hundred miles from the airport to the house with a high level of anxiety. The roads were icy. Despite the weather we had an enthusiastic turnout. This time Aunt Dorothy and her daughters, Anne and Eve, arrived, as did Jack, Betty, and Aunt Cukie from Detroit. Aunt Cukie won the admiration of the assembled guests. She was in her mid-eighties, remarkably well dressed, vigorous, and full of good humor. We learned she was a bridge master and attended tournaments all over the country. Ben was masterful and completed the ceremonies with panache. We were very proud of him.

There followed the Bar Mitzvahs of Jeffrey and Aaron in Brandon, and later of Yael in Springfield. Once again the family gathered, and our grandchildren did well. Tradition was satisfied, after a fashion. In Newton Highlands Gabriel was not willing to prepare for a Bar Mitzvah and did not. Noah, on the other hand, at fourteen, had continued at Sunday School and actually took his Judaic studies seriously, intellectually even. Beth secured a marvelous teacher who prepared Noah for his Bar Mitzvah. In 2007 the family gathered in the backyard of Adam and Beth under a tent. Noah read the Torah portion splendidly, with great feeling, and his statement before the assembled family was a marvel, written by Noah in its entirety. This was

a mixed gathering; the Lerners had intermarried, and Noah was beloved by one and all. Beth and Adam, who participated in the ceremony, as did Marie and I, were of course delighted. By 2008 young Sam was thirteen and living with his mother Robbie, now divorced from Jon, in Durham. He could not be persuaded by Jon to prepare for the Bar Mitzvah, and there was none.

Once I had some very iconoclastic ideas. These ancient traditions and ceremonies were, I thought, perfunctory repetitions and meaningless functions. In my age I understand better the profound need of all humans of every race and creed to celebrate the rites of passage. Beginning with marriage, the birth of children, and coming of age, these experiences are fraught with meaning and need to be celebrated. Every culture has its own means of expression. For me these Bar Mitzvahs were a reaffirmation of my love for my mother and father and Shirley, to whom my mind's eye wanders during these ceremonies.

The Bar Mitzvahs were followed by graduations. There were high school graduations, Ben, then Yael, in Springfield, Rachel and Jeffrey in Brandon, and Gabriel in Newton. Aaron had a more difficult time, and Noah and Sam have yet to complete high school. Then Rachel graduated at Boston University, cum laude, and entered Boston Law School. Her cousin Ben completed his senior year at Cornell, summa cum laude, with honors and Phi Beta Kappa, and then at last he was accepted at Cornell Law School. Jeffrey has been struggling to complete Boston University. By 2009 Marie and I determined the motor drive to Ithaca to attend Ben's graduation would be too fatiguing. We celebrated his passage at dinner with him in East Hampton. Ben has been our houseguest in Manhattan during his summer internship at Legal Aid Society at the Bronx County Court House.

Marie and I visited with Fred and Laura in Miami. There Johan completed his college years graduating from the University of Miami, cum laude, and then decided to resettle in Tivoli, New York, his birthplace, and the village of Will Gilbert, his father's residence. Sam, their youngest child, completed high school in Miami and entered Boston University. There he earned a degree in engineering and within a year was employed by Verizon. Over an eight-year period he progressed as a supervising engineer. Verizon funded his master's degree at Boston University, an M.B.A. He found a true companion in Jeana McNeal, a Wellesley College graduate, upon college graduation. Jeana became a partner in a consulting firm in Cambridge. The young couple purchased a home together in Melrose, Massachusetts and have been living together ever since. Several years ago Sam, growing tired of employment in a large corporation, accepted a severance payout for retirement and left Verizon. Sam, once a childhood collector, has been buying and selling comic books on a fairly large scale and has been renovating their house. In Miami Fred successfully completed his doctorate at the University of Miami. After

working as a lecturer he was at last appointed to the faculty at the music school with high hopes of ultimately earning tenure. Laura and Fred and Rick and Mary visit us in East Hampton and New York City once or twice a year, and by frequent telephone calls remain close.

South During the Winter

In 1985 on our drive down to Florida we spent a week in Washington, D.C. visiting the museums, Mt. Vernon, and Jefferson's home. We stopped in Charleston, South Carolina and Savannah, Georgia. These coastal cities had escaped the wrath of General Sherman on his march to the sea. The costal area was well preserved and the colonial homes a wonder to observe. We arrived in the spring, and the gardens were flowering gloriously. These cities had prospered in recent years and had become important tourist centers.

Marie's brother Milton Sieff divorced his wife Adele and sold his share of his vending machines business to his partner and then went south with his beloved companion. Milton invested all of his assets in a retail shop – cosmetics – in a retirement area, and it failed. That ended his relationship, and he then proceeded to Reno, Nevada to secure training as a mechanic in the slot machine business. Upon completion of his training he relocated to Atlantic City and secured a job after months of waiting for security clearance in one of the major gambling emporiums in the city. He then met Edna, a retiree living in the city; they married, Milton quit his job, and the couple relocated to Sarasota. There they purchased a very pleasant home in a large development. Milton found a part-time job, which could pay for his golf club membership and dues. Edna had been a civil servant with Suffolk County for many years after her divorce and before her retirement. She was a college graduate and a very bright and able woman. She had been the wife of a stamp dealer with a shop in Radio City and knew a great deal about collecting fine objects. She excelled in operation of the computer. After her arrival in Sarasota she became a volunteer in the workshop of a botanist and a field research scientist at Selby Gardens, a world famous botanical garden specializing in tropical plants, vermiliads particularly. Many years later upon her retirement as a volunteer, her botanist named a new vermiliad species after her: Bromeliad Sieffiana! No member of our family ever had so signal an honor.

Our visits with the Sieffs were very pleasant. Edna and Milton were warm and thoughtful hosts, Edna a superb cook. We attended a number of performances at the opera, symphony hall, and the theatre.

Sarasota became a favored retirement community by the 1980's for former federal civil servants, Foreign Service officers, ministers, faculty members, and

later even some former Jewish Community Center executives. This west coast city on the Gulf of Mexico had been rebuilt after a devastating hurricane years ago. It enjoyed a well-managed government concerned for its incoming retiree population. The city had an art center, concert hall, opera house, a number of theatres, and a great art museum endowed by the Ringling family. The Ringling Brothers Circus still made its winter headquarters in Sarasota when we came visiting. A School of Art was named after the Ringling Brothers. Of particular interest to Marie and me were the forum series sponsored by the city. For many weeks during the winter season there were public forums on civic and international issues with renowned authorities. These lectures attracted more than a thousand people every week, early morning and afternoon at a local movie house. We shopped the largest remainder bookstore in the country. I have a carton full of Sarasota books still unopened in my house in East Hampton.

In Sarasota I found my old friends Abe and Maiga Vinik who had purchased a lovely two-bedroom apartment right off St. Armand's Circle not far from the beach. They relocated to Sarasota at the end of November and stayed until mid-April of each year. Then there were the Urbonts, Carl and Eugenia. He was once Executive Director of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA. I had spent many hours with Carl during our union negotiations in New York City forty years ago. Matt and Edith Elson were there too. Matt, a tall, imposing man, had been Executive Director of the Metropolitan Council of the National Jewish Welfare Board in 1948. He had welcomed me back warmly into the Jewish Community Center field. Later he became Executive Director of the New Jersey Y's summer camp and served for many years before retirement. These were all old, dear friends. We gathered at the Urbonts, whose beautifully decorated home with original paintings by Eugenia attested to her aesthetic skills. They were famous hosts, served very good food, and Carl was a well-known raconteur. He was just a little pompous in manner, faintly reminiscent of his first years as an actor in the Yiddish theater. He could speak three foreign languages, Yiddish, French, and German, fluently. Best of all he could do monologues and regaled us with jokes. Carl was always a featured comedian at our national conferences of center workers. For me these reunions were a delight.

Then I had two cousins who wintered in Sarasota. There was cousin David and Phyllis Farber and cousins Harold and Barbara Laeger. David and Phyllis rented an apartment at Pelican Cove, a huge development laid out on a former estate. Harold and Barbara purchased a home on the Sarasota Bay. These cousins, with Milton and Cyril who lived in Connecticut, joined us in New York City about once a year for a reunion at a splendid restaurant chosen by each of us in turn. I chose the Café des Artistes. My cousins had each accomplished a great deal during their lives. David, after his army service,

completed his degree as a chemical engineer at City College. He was the first Jewish engineer to be employed by Brooklyn Union Gas. Later he worked in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania with Dow chemical company and then joined the Foster Grant petrochemical company and reached its Executive Office as Director of Manufacturing Operations. Foster Grant was purchased by Höchst, the German chemical company, and David ended his employment at their headquarters in New Jersey. He was retired, perforce, with a "golden parachute". Cousin Milton, after his army service, completed his doctorate in Chemistry at Columbia University and had a brilliant career, ending as a Director of Research at Uniroyal. He was renowned as inventor of some important polymers. Harold, after completing his undergraduate degree at M.I.T. and M.B.A. at Stanford, went into the advertising business at the Wall Street Journal, and then established his own advertising company. Finally he purchased a company which processed test film exposed to X-rays in dental and medical offices all over the country. The film was returned to Harold, processed, and test results returned to the medical offices advising them of overexposure. We were amazed that this apparently simple mail order operation was a secure enterprise. In his later years Harold turned over the business to his two sons, Jonathan and Brian. Harold sold this business for a very large sum. Who would have believed this American dream come true! So visiting with these families in Sarasota was a pleasure.

Some years later one of Marie's friends, Irene and Edmund Engelman, rented an apartment in Naples, about eighty miles south of Sarasota. Naples was the most recent of the west coast retirement communities. As the most southern and last to develop, it was the most expensive and attracted some of the richest retirees in Florida. Its port sported some very big yachts and fishing boats. The Engelman apartment was in a very tall, white brick façade apartment house overlooking the Gulf. The Engelmans were our last stop on the west coast, and then we drove due east across the Tamiami Trail through the Everglades to Miami, a four-hour drive. The Everglades were divided into federal lands and a great Indian reservation. These Indians had never been conquered by white settlers or their troops. They were able to hide in the depths of the Everglade swamps, and in the end their independence was recognized, and they were awarded their own reservation. As we could observe it during out stop at their roadside shop, they are impoverished.

In Miami we stayed with Laura and Fred DeSena. We found Miami a pleasant city. With Fred and Laura we visited its museums, attended the opera and concerts, and picnicked in the park. A nighttime visit to Miami Beach was interesting. This city has been transformed, its old hotels renovated and the elderly Jewish retirees, living poorly on their social security checks, replaced by international tourists from France, Germany, and England, all young and gorgeous! At that time Fred had at last been appointed to the

University staff with hopes of gaining tenure. Laura was working for a large insurance company as a graphic artist, and they were optimistic about their future.

We visited with Elaine and Lester Brookner, our old Great Neck friends. They had made a new home in Miami. Lester was employed as Executive Vice President of the Dade County Community College, one of the largest in the country with more than 50,000 students. Their son Stephen and his family lived in Miami too.

On our way back we stopped in Boca Raton to visit with Soni Wallace, an old friend of Marie's during her single years as a divorcée. Soni was persevering as a single woman, a retiree, living in an attractive one-bedroom condominium on her income from social security and investments. Some years earlier Soni, one winter day, was crossing an avenue and was struck by a truck making a right turn. Her settlement, several hundred thousand dollars, has been just about enough to permit her to survive. Her daughter, a single woman too, and a schoolteacher, was not contributing to Soni's support. Still, Soni, a designer and an artist, learned a new skill, photography, and succeeded in making her way into the forefront of artists in the area. She exhibited frequently and even sold some of her work. She had been a loyal friend of Marie's. She was a brave woman, surviving despite the hazards of life.

We made our way back to the city. These trips to Florida continued in the same pattern for a decade and then by 2006 came to an end. Whether by air or by road it was becoming too tiring. Some of our old friends died: Carl Urbont, then Milton and Edna Sieff. My friend Abe became too ill to migrate to Sarasota, and the Viniks stayed north. Robbie and three of her children resettled in Dover, leaving Jon and Rachel behind. Rachel, completing high school, enrolled at Brandeis, then transferred to Boston University. Jon, in a last desperate effort to save his marriage, sold his practice in Brandon and resettled in Dover, New Hampshire. His relocation was fruitless, and Robbie, determined, divorced Jon on January 1, 2008. These last years we closed our house in East Hampton for the winter after a bad waterline break one winter's day when our heating system failed. New York City at the apartment has been a comfort. Our family, all of whom enjoy the city, have come to visit us in New York.

Edmund Engelman

Irene and Edmund Engelman were among the good friends Marie brought with her into our marriage. They were interesting people who had survived the dreadful trauma of Nazi oppression of the Jews in Europe. When I met the Engelmans they were mature people in their fifties. Ed still had a large retail shop in the mid-fifties selling photographic equipment. They lived on the west side of the city and had a summer home on Hog Creek in East Hampton. Irene was a fine looking woman, slim of figure, with blonde hair. She was a psychiatric social worker, and, after a struggle to have her undergraduate credentials at the University of Louvain in Belgium accepted, she completed her social work training at Adelphi University. When we met in 1976 she was working in the outpatient clinic of Hillside Hospital, dedicated to the treatment of the mentally ill. Irene would later upon retirement continue her work in private practice. Edmund, a tall man under ordinary circumstances, suffered a severe curvature of the spine and walked about stooped in manner. He was a warm and friendly man and very knowledgeable in the way of the world. He was the son of Orthodox Jews who had migrated to Vienna from Galicia before the end of the First World War. Edward had been an excellent student and completed his studies in electrical engineering. He succeeded in developing the largest photographic supply store in midtown Vienna, which became a center for the growing interest in photography. He was elected to the Businessmen's Council of the City of Vienna. Somewhere in Europe he met Irene, then a college student in Belgium. She was the daughter of a very rich textile executive in Lodz and was raised in a household with many servants. The onslaught of the Nazi regime brought their lives as they knew it to an end. Irene and Edmund fled to Italy, Nice, and Casablanca. They were married, but only Edmund had a valid visa for entry into the United States. Irene, with a student's visa, was obliged to enter the United States and then stay in Cuba until her visa, as the wife of a permanent resident of the United States, arrived a year later. During the war Edmund was employed at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in military research. Afterwards he was able to establish his retail photography shop. Somewhere along the way he invested and patented a process for the recovery of the silver amalgam used in the development of film. This process was adopted by a large photo laboratory in New York and yielded the Engelmans royalties.

Marie and Sam met the Engelmans at a parents meeting called by the summer camp attended by their young sons, Tom and Rick. When Sam and Marie had a summer home constructed for them in Barnes Landing, East Hampton in 1964, the Engelmans followed and became their neighbors. Irene was assiduous in developing a wide circle of friends in East Hampton. Later when Edmund became a world famous photographer after the exhibit of his Freud pictures, the Engelmans became even more popular guests. Their crowd included the writers, psychiatrists, businessman, and artists, Jewish for the most part and politically "progressive" as it is said. Despite the revelations of the Stalin years and the Communist government's oppression of the Jews, this crowd had not, for the most part, left the progressive line.

Edmund and Irene had two sons grow to maturity. Ralph, a tall, fine looking man, completed his doctorate in political science, a study of the origins of the Nazi movement and Adolph Hitler, at the University of Munich. There he met Cinerva, a young German woman, a student in psychology. Cinerva was a very liberal, perhaps radical, young woman, very attractive, and keen with no prejudice against the Jewish lineage of Ralph. They married and returned to the United States. Ralph became a distinguished professor at Long Island University and Chairman of its Department of Communications. Cinerva is a practicing clinical psychologist. They had two children. To their despair, Alena, their daughter, was born deaf. She is a very bright and pretty girl and succeeded, despite her severe handicap, in completing high school, college at Brown University, and obtained a graduate degree at Yale in Public Health. Recently she enrolled at the University of Southern California, Berkeley for her doctoral program in Public Health. Their son, Jan, diagnosed with mental illness, has grown into a tall, handsome man, severely disabled by his illness.

Tom, their younger son, after college, became a director of a youth commission in a city outside of Boston. His wife Lori an attorney with a very prominent law firm in Boston. Lori is the daughter of an old line New England family of great wealth. After taking her law degree she served with the state environmental department, then joined her law firm to head a department of environmental law, which burgeoned in the years of corporate concern for compliance with environmental law. We recently learned that Lori had been appointed Commissioner of Environmental Affairs for the state of Massachusetts. Their daughter Alexa had entered the Law School of Leland Stanford University. She is at present an intern at the White House, concerned with environmental affairs.

Over the years in many meetings with the Engelmans we learned of the experiences of the Engelman children, of their distressing illnesses, and their achievements. After retirement she retained many of her clients. Edmund always listened patiently. Then Edmund died at 92, leaving Irene a widow at 82.

Edmund was such a decent and kindly man, devoted to Irene beyond measure. With his death his wide circle had lost a good friend. His life had been full of distress, yet in the United States they had raised two children and enjoyed the bounty of this country. Marie and I continue to see Irene in the years following Ed's passing. Irene, despite the vicissitudes, carries on. I admired Irene for that courage.

My Friend Ben Kaplan

On June 26, 2002 I received a telephone call from the Chief Nurse at Peninsula General Hospital in Palisades, New Jersey. I was asked for my consent to removing Ben Kaplan from the respirator. He had been hospitalized a week earlier with severe pneumonia and respiratory disease. This had been his second hospital stay in the last six months. The surgeons had operated and found cancer had spread beyond the lungs to the pancreas. Ben was dying. Several years earlier he had revised his last will and testament and designated me as his Power of Attorney and Health Authority. He had admonished me to refrain from having his physicians maintain him beyond reasonable care. I consented to the request and later that day had another call from the hospital advising me that Ben Kaplan died. He was eighty-eight years of age.

About a year earlier Ben had completed dictation of his autobiography to Peggy Wood, and then after review and editing by David Soyer and me, had his brother-in-law Mike Gladstone publish "A Life Voyage" in several hundred copies. These were sent to his family, his adopted kin, and friends. I made a point of sending a copy to the Library of Congress, the American Jewish Veterans Association in Washington, the United Nations, the American Joint Distribution Committee, World Organization for Rehabilitation and Training (ORT), and JASA. We were all astonished to read this life story and the extraordinary detail and fine memory of events long past that Ben was able to record. He had been aided in his effort by a large collection of records and files which he had saved during his long years of service.

Before Ben died he had named me his Executor, and indeed I had been his closest associate and friend for many years. We had met in August of 1945. Ben was then a First Lieutenant in the Medical Administrative Corps in an Anti-Aircraft battalion. The war in Europe ended with the surrender of German forces on May 8, 1945, but the war in the Pacific had not yet ended. The 134th Mobile Anti-Aircraft Battalion was ordered to prepare for transshipment to the Pacific. At that time General Eisenhower was determined to assist UNRRA in recruitment of its staff for the displaced persons operation. U.S. Army personnel who accepted employment with UNRRA and with enough points for prior service were granted an immediate discharge. I interviewed

Ben for a position as Deputy Director of UNRRA's largest warehouse in Europe at Hanau. We desperately needed a resolute, intelligent, and honest man. Ben's vitae reflected his capabilities. Moreover, he was an Eagle Scout who had worked at Pleasantville Cottage School, a branch of the Jewish Child Care Association, before the war. His war record was impressive. We employed Ben who then secured his discharge from the army as a Captain in the Reserve Corps.

Ben was not aware of the grave problem UNRRA had at Hanau. Our Depot Director, Colonel George Cardwell, a British national with a very distinguished war record, a man with a large family, wife, and children, had succumbed to some very wayward personal inclinations at the depot. He was having an affair with a young man, had been enticed into drinking, and his depot supplies, particularly its cigarettes destined for the displaced persons camps, were being stolen. He was then under investigation by the Criminal Investigation Division of the U.S. Army. Not long after Ben Kaplan arrive at Hanau George Cardwell was sent home, and Ben became the Depot Director.

Ben Kaplan's book "A Life Voyage" sets forth the account of an unusual life of adventure which reflected the turbulent times and opportunities in the United States during World War II and its aftermath. Ben was born November 18, 1913, the youngest of three children, in Hartford, Connecticut. The family the moved to Philadelphia. His tale grows vague. His father Morris abandoned his wife Rose, and there were hard times. Ben moved to Brooklyn, lived with his older sister, and attended Lincoln High School. He was a fine athlete and student and became President of the High School Students Association. There he was befriended by the first of many friends and classmates with whom he renewed his comradeship years later. Bertha Cohen, the Assistant Principal, who on learning of the death of his mother when Ben was eighteen, adopted him. Ben continued to see Bertha Cohen all the years of her life.

Upon completing high school Ben was accepted at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio. After his first year Ben dropped out, in his account, for want of the money he needed for tuition, room, and board. He then found employment as a counselor at Pleasantville Cottage School. Immediately after the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor on December 8, 1941, Ben requested his Draft Board to change his classification from "1B" to 1A", and in February of 1942 he was drafted. He proceeded to Petersburg, Virginia for basic training and then in August was ordered to report to Officers Candidate School in Abilene, Texas. After a rigorous course Ben completed OCS as a Second Lieutenant in the Medical Administrative Corps. He was then stationed at Patrick Henry Hospital in Hampton Roads, Virginia, an Embarkation Center, as Quartermaster, his first exposure to supply functions. Early in 1944 he was shipped overseas to England and assigned to the 535 Anti-Aircraft

Battalion. On June 6, 1944, D-Day, Ben's battalion landed with the Third Wave at Omaha Beach in Normandy. He survived, though many of his mates did not. By the third day his battalion at last reassembled, though all of its cannons were lost in the sea. These were restored, and the battalion made its way forward into Belgium. Ben, on a mission to collect white cotton rags to clean the battalion guns, was not far from Malmedy in December 1944 during the Battle of the Bulge. He returned to his unit, and they proceeded into Germany to the Remagen Bridge crossing. Their war ended deep into the heart of Germany near the Czech border. Ben's battalion was ordered to return westward, and they ended the war in Wetzlar. Ben had survived a dangerous war.

His service with UNRRA as Depot Director at Hanau was exemplary. He restored the depot to its former efficient condition when it had been a central German army warehouse. He had the donkey engine working and accumulated a fleet of British lorries, which we used to transport supplies to displaced persons camps throughout the U.S. Zone of Germany and to Berlin. Ben made an excellent use of displaced persons as labor. We discussed his staff often, particularly the Baltic nationals who originated in Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania. These men had retreated west with the German forces. I believe many of them had served in military forces with the German army. They had feared the Soviet forces. By September of 1945 the Western powers, the United States and Great Britain, recognized Baltic nationals as citizens of Allied countries, and suddenly tens of thousands of Balts appeared at UNRRA displaced persons camps. Our Baltic staff was very disciplined and hard working.

After a year, and just prior to a U.S. Army takeover of the Hanau Depot from UNRRA, Ben resigned and accepted an appointment as Supply Director for the European operation of the American Joint Distribution Committee (AJDC). By 1946 there were three hundred thousand displaced Jews in centers in the U.S., British, and French Zones of Germany. They had for the most part fled Soviet Russia and Poland after the postwar pogroms in Poland. Most were determined to immigrate to Palestine. AJDC brought in millions of dollars of supplementary supplies for the Jewish displaced persons. It was Ben's job to ensure their transportation from Amsterdam to the camps in Germany. Securing Passover supplies was a very important amenity. Ben succeeded in this job; he was able to use the UNRRA Supply Depots and transportation with efficiency. I saw him frequently during these years as his business brought him to our Zone headquarters.

Then in 1948 the U.S. Congress enacted a Displaced Persons Act to permit 200,000 displaced persons to come into the United States, above the normal immigration quotas. Alex Squadrilli, then head of the Displaced Persons Division of the Civil Affairs Section of the U.S. Army Headquarters

in Frankfurt, was asked to serve as head of European operations. Ben Kaplan was a really good friend of Alex Squadrilli. They shared adjacent offices at the I.G. Farben building in Frankfurt, SHAEF Headquarters, and an apartment residence. Ben became Administrative Assistant to Squadrilli and Chief of Operations. Within a two-year period they had established an effective working staff and had overcome many bureaucratic obstacles to process two hundred thousand refugees for admission to the Unites States and handled their relocations as well. There had been fierce opposition to the program. Anti-immigrant opinion had for decades been a barrier to immigration. There was fear of Communists and hostility to Jewish refugees. The statute required the immigration of 60,000 Baltic citizens. There was a secret quota of the same number of Jewish displaced persons. Security clearance and job guarantees had to be obtained for the applicants. Still, they succeeded. At congressional hearings in 1953 both Squadrilli and Kaplan testified nobly despite efforts by Senators Pat McCarren and John Eastland to confound them. An amended statute was passed and an additional 100,000 displaced persons were added to the quotas to a total of 300,000. Then Squadrilli was fired, a price that President Truman paid to have the law passed. Despite his close relationship with Ugo Carusi, one of three commissioners, he could not stay. Ben Kaplan then resigned with him. They both had done a splendid job.

In 1953 Ben was asked by the European Director of Marketing for American Distilleries to represent that company's whiskies at all the U.S. Army Exchanges and U.S. government and state department offices with commissaries. Later Ben represented Charles Heidsick Champagnes. After several years he left American Distilleries and represented Jacks Daniels and other champagne companies. The American companies were eager to sell abroad, particularly to customers with American dollars. Ben had an easy way; he spent time at officer clubs and had security clearance. Moreover, he became an excellent golfer, so good that he endeared himself to General Officers stationed abroad in the cities, which Ben visited. These years he traveled well, staying at the best hotels in Europe: England, Scandinavia, Italy, Greece, and Turkey. He had a lovely apartment in Frankfurt and maintained an office in that city. Ben would come back to the United States and during his visits would spend some time with me and Shirley.

By 1961 Ben became tired of traveling and his life as a liquor salesman. He accepted a job as Director of Administrative Services with the U.N. Mission to the Congo. Before departing for Leopoldville he married Irene, a very beautiful young woman twenty years his junior, who he had met in Frankfurt. He was forty-eight at the time. The U.N. Mission to the Congo was a very large operation with more than fifteen thousand people, two or three thousand civilians, and the balance soldiers from India, Ethiopia or South Africa. Their mission was to bring an end to the civil wars which beset the Congo. The

country was very rich in minerals and diamonds and conflict made civil life and commerce impossible. Ben's responsibility included communications, budget finance, and security services for the staff. This was a time of unrest. Ben Kaplan and Irene enjoyed a beautiful house, servants, and a permanent security guard. Indeed Ben went out evenings armed. The job was fascinating for Ben and fearful for Irene despite the constant party celebrations amongst representatives of the foreign services and U.N. staff. At the end of three years in 1963 Ben resigned and came back to the States.

After a time he was asked by Paul Bernick, Executive Director of the International Organization for Rehabilitation and Training, to serve as Administrative Officer for the World ORT Mission to Mali in Bamako, its capital city. World ORT was assisting the government of Mali to establish a training school for the mechanical trades: electrical, plumbing, air conditioning, refrigeration, auto mechanics, and administration. A school was to be constructed and equipped and teachers employed from overseas. Ben was the only American on staff; there were as number of Israeli, French, and Swiss teachers. Irene, Ben's wife, refused to go. She had enrolled as a student at the Fashion Institute of Technology. She had been very afraid during her stay with Ben in the Congo. Ben left without her, continuing her support.

In May 1965 Irene telephoned Ben to tell him that his father had died. Ben flew back to the United States to attend the funeral. When he called Irene from Paris he learned that she wanted a divorce. In about three years Ben's friend and attorney, Joel Fisher, negotiated a settlement, and Ben was finally divorced by 1968. Ben completed his service in Mali in 1966 and returned to the States.

For about a year he negotiated a job with the State Department Displaced Persons Mission in Vietnam, headed by an old friend at SHAEF headquarters, Eric Hughes. He later learned that this responsibility had been transferred to the Defense Department, and then his interest in that job ended.

In April of 1967 Ben moved into a nine-hole golf course in Monroe, New York, which he had leased for three thousand dollars a year. This was an interesting and courageous business venture. Ben Kaplan knew a great deal about golf and nothing about gardening or care of the greens. Fortunately, he employed the former groundskeeper, an excellent gardener who took a liking to Ben. Ben for his part learned a great deal about maintenance of grass, greens, and turf. That summer he reequipped the Golf Shop and employed Joshua, my son, then fifteen, for a ten-day period. In each of two summers Ben made a modest profit and lived rent-free.

During all of these years of travel Ben kept in close touch with his old comrades and schoolmates. Within that circle of friends was Leo Laufer, the young concentration camp victim he befriended at the close of the war and ultimately brought to the United States, Leo's wife Shirley, their four

daughters, Sharon, Susan, Rita, and Lisa, and their grandchildren. There was Alexander and Renata Squadrilli and their two daughters, Armanda and Beatrice. And then there was me, Shirley, and later Marie, my three children, Joshua, Jonathan, and Beth, and my eight grandchildren. He remained friends with Ugo Carusi and his wife Shaef.

In 1968, after I became Executive Director of the Jewish Association for the Aged, I asked Ben Kaplan to serve as Director of Administration. He was my closest colleague and associate from 1968 until he retired in 1990. He brought a keen intelligence and competence to this difficult assignment. He was responsible for budget management, finance, personnel, union negotiations, and administrative services. Most of all I could count on Ben's absolute integrity. He was really a member of my family, visiting us often and attending all of the family celebrations: my wedding to Marie, the arrival of my children, their birthdays, Bar Mitzvahs, weddings, and the arrival of our grandchildren.

Ben had ill fortune in his second marriage. In 1978, two years after my remarriage, he met Betty Goldstein Fishman, once a girlfriend who he had escorted to a Lincoln High School prom. This was a year before his draft into the army. He saw her family who liked this serious young man. Then his army service intervened. They lost touch, and Betty married a young economist, Dr. Fishman by name, who became a professor at the University of West Virginia, as did Betty. They had two children, Margaret and Robert. For Ben this reunion with Betty was meaningful, and they married after several months of courtship. They set up housekeeping in a lovely apartment at the Galaxy Towers located on the western shore of the Hudson River facing 72nd Street in New York. Though in New Jersey transportation into the city was very convenient, just half an hour to the 42nd Street bus station. Sadly, Betty previously had been institutionalized for mental illness. Three years after their marriage she needed psychiatric treatment, and then in 1983 she had a stroke which severely impaired her. Betty died in 1985. During this spell Ben grew very fond of Robert, her son, and Margaret, her daughter, who had a difficult time reconciling herself to her mother's second marriage.

By 1998, about four years before his death, Ben became severely ill and was homebound. His old JASA friends visited with him often, David Soyer, Peg Wood, and I. There were times when Josh, Jon, and Beth, on their visits to the city, would visit Ben as well. Then for a period of two years Peg Wood was at the apartment several times a week to have Ben dictate his memoir. In the end, his work, "A Life Voyage", was a remarkable achievement. Ben was a very able administrator and made notable contributions to some very worthy causes.

After Ben's death I was appointed his Executor. He had a considerable estate. He had invested in the stock market for forty years with Joe Gima,

his broker, husband of Licia Albanese, the world renowned opera singer, at Lehman Brothers. Gima counseled him wisely, and at his death his estate amounted to two and a half million dollars. All of his relatives and friends were beneficiaries. Disposing of his apartment and personal effects was sad and difficult. At one settlement conference at the Galaxy his oldest nephew took me aside to tell me the family secret. Ben's father, just before the marriage of his daughter, Ben's older sister, absconded with fifteen thousand dollars, which he spent on his daughter's wedding. Morris Kaplan had been a collector for the notorious Jewish gangster, Dutch Schultz, otherwise known as Arthur Pfleggelheimer, and he took this collection money under severe threat to his life and limb. Morris then went to Canada and was arrested during the course of a bank robbery and incarcerated. Ben received mail from him through family members and died never knowing about his father's crimes.

It took me two years to complete my work as Executor. There was a great deal of time to think about my friend Ben Kaplan. He had always been such a serious man but very calm, even-tempered, and considerate, and a wonderful host. Still, there was always something wistful about Ben; he never expressed enthusiasm, gusts of laughter, or good humor. I believe he was an orphan child, losing his mother and father at an early age and their love.

Sam Rubin

Sam Rubin was another of my classmates at Henry P. O'Neal Junior High School who became a good friend. He was a sturdy lad when we met, a fine athlete and runner. He was a very distinctive boy because he looked Mongolian with slant eyes and high cheekbones. His mother was Jewish, and they lived on the second floor of a walk-up tenement house on East Third Street. She was a single woman, and I never learned from Sam the whereabouts of his father. Sam came to visit me at home often, and my mother thought he needed special attention. She fed him milk and cookies. Sam taught me to play chess, and we played often. Sam joined the "R" club with me at Christodora House and came to Northover Camp with our bunch in the summertime. We both were enrolled at Stuyvesant High School. Sam and I were in many classes together and after school were on the high school chess team and mathematics team. Sam was definitely more competent at these pursuits than I. Sam joined us at Jack Wasserman's room on East Twelfth Street often.

Once at City College our ways parted. Sam pursued a course in electrical engineering, and I was in the social sciences. Upon completion of college I did not see Sam again for many years, though we exchanged letters from time to time. By 1961 Shirley and I visited Sam and his family in Queens Village. It was a lovely reunion. Sam told me about his war years with a Defense Department Laboratory in Ohio working as an electrical engineer. He had married a young woman, the daughter of a minister. They had three children a little older than ours, and we met them at Sam's house in Queens Village. Then time elapsed.

I learned that Sam had a mental breakdown and had been very depressed. He separated from his wife and lived in Paris for several years. He returned to New York, and I met him again twenty years later. He was employed by the Metropolitan Transit Authority in our New York City Transit System as an electrical engineer. He lived alone in an apartment on West 82nd Street, right off Columbus Avenue. We renewed our friendship and met again for lunch and dinner as both of us were retired. Sam's pension from the MTA was adequate and permitted him to live well as a single man.

In appearance Sam looked unchanged. He was still a vigorous, muscular person with a full head of black hair. He read a great deal, but his mind had

taken a peculiar turning. Although Sam was scientist he believed in extra-terrestrial visitors. He really believed the U.S. government was repressing all evidence of their visitations. Then Sam acquired neck and back pains and was distrustful of his physicians. He had a great collection of vegetarian remedies on his kitchen table. Sam was a full-time volunteer at Asia House teaching English to Asiatic students. It was his way of meeting women. It was apparent that though Sam and I shared some good times together as children and youth, life had dealt us with different cards. His former wife lived in Washington with her oldest son, a public health administrator. His daughter had become a psychoanalyst. His youngest son, a brilliant boy, had been awarded a four-year scholarship at M.I.T. After his freshman year he had been forced to leave, ill with schizophrenia. Sam supported him for many years and helped him to secure treatment at Columbia Physicians and Surgeons Hospital. He did go into remission and completed a number of years of college in New York and worked in the computer field. This son's illness had been heartbreak for Sam.

Our visits together became infrequent, but still I knew Sam was there and important to me. Then one day in 1998 I received a telephone call from his daughter. Sam had died alone in his apartment. The building superintendent, fearing something was amiss, called the police who broke through the door and found Sam dead on the floor. He had died more than a week before. The police reached his daughter. I attended a family memorial meeting at his daughter's apartment several months later. I was the only one present who could recall Sam's youth.

A Death in the Family

On Saturday, April 19, 2008, Jonathan telephoned with some shocking news. Aaron died early that morning. Aaron had dinner with Jonathan Thursday evening. He returned home and had apparently taken some prescription drugs to ease his pain and had fallen asleep. Aaron slept through his Friday morning appointment with his psychiatrist who telephoned to remind him. Robbie could not awaken Aaron. He was taken by ambulance to the hospital and pronounced dead. Peter Stanhope, now Robbie's companion and fiancé, informed the family that he had observed Aaron, apparently fast asleep early that morning, and thought nothing of it. He had tried to awaken him to no avail and called Robbie. Jon informed me that an autopsy would be held. It would be several months before a final verdict would be pronounced. It was probable that Aaron had taken an overdose of a narcotic, a prescribed painkiller.

There was a memorial meeting for Aaron at a Dover funeral home on Monday, April 21, 2008. Marie and I took an Amtrack train at the Pennsylvania Railroad station Sunday morning. We arrived in Boston at 2:00 P.M. but missed the 3:00 P.M. bus to Dover, New Hampshire. We departed at 5:00 P.M., arriving at 6:30 P.M. Jon picked us up; we had dinner together and talked.

Aaron had been a very troubled young man. He had been in psychiatric treatment for some time to discuss his anxieties, depression, and his drug abuse. Aaron was dreadfully disturbed. He informed me that his mother was being left penniless by Jon who was cruel and heartless. Aaron was then living with Robbie who had moved out of the Dover house. My assurances that Robbie would receive a fair settlement as required by New Hampshire law did not persuade Aaron who remained uncommunicative, though he apparently still saw his father. In the fall of 2007 Aaron, having completed high school, enrolled for two courses at the University of New Hampshire and two again in the spring. The university in Durham, New Hampshire is just seven miles north of Dover, and Aaron drove to school. That winter he talked about enrolling at college in the spring of 2009 and was completing his school applications.

The memorial was very sad. Our family attended. Josh and Alegria flew into Boston and rented an automobile to reach Dover. Beth and Adam and

their boys came. Bill and Lee Fritz were present, as was Margie Green, Robbie's mother. Some moving statements were made. Jeffrey expressed his sadness and announced the engagement of his mother Robbie to Peter Stanhope. Peter was a real estate appraiser who Robbie had met during his visit to the Lake House. He seemed a personable, mature man and was understandably reserved during the memorial meeting and the condolence visit we made to Robbie's apartment before the service. After the memorial service we all returned to Jon's house. Alegria and Marie had prepared a lovely repast for this sad occasion.

I was very, very sad and at a loss as I presided over this memorial for my grandson. Aaron had died of an overdose of pain killing drugs, powerful narcotics. In this day with drug abuse to rampant, there has been a great incidence of death by drug overdose among youth. I believe Aaron died of an accidental overdose, but the accident was waiting to happen.

When Robbie left Jon in Brandon and moved to Dover, she took Jeffrey, Aaron, and Sam with her. She filed for divorce, but Jonathan strongly resisted and persuaded her to defer. Rachel stayed behind with Jon and completed high school in Brandon.

During that five year stay in Dover before the divorce, January 1, 2008, Jeffrey was the man in the house doing all the chores.

During 2007 Robbie conducted her negotiations for her divorce settlement with Jonathan. The final divorce decree was effective January 1, 2008.

In September 2009 Jeffrey registered at Boston University for his last semester. He found an apartment near the college in Boston and moved out of the household of his mother and Peter Stanhope in Durham. We all hope he succeeds in completing his undergraduate program.

I am not certain of the impact of Aaron's death on Jonathan, but it must have been devastating for him. Just several months earlier his divorce from Robbie was completed, effective January 1, 2008. The divorce had been a long time coming.

During the years of her children's early childhood Robbie engaged Shana Fruke, a local Brandon adolescent, as child caretaker. Shana loved the Warach children, was young and energetic, and really took over. When she left the family to marry, she resettled in Texas and had five children of her own. Her departure was a great loss to Aaron.

In the end Jon could not believe Robbie was serious about wanting a divorce. I had to journey to Dover to persuade him to defend himself, to retain his own attorney after Robbie had her attorney secure a court order evicting him from his home in Dover. To this day Jon will not speak ill of Robbie. He parted with half his assets, including the house on Silver Lake and substantial cash. He will pay alimony and child support for Sam to Robbie for five years from January 1, 2008 until Sam will be eighteen.

It is eight months since the divorce. Jon has gone about his professional practice in Dover calmly. It is now the focus of his life, as is his continued concern for his children. He sees Rachel often and has helped Jeffrey resettle. Robbie has moved out of Dover to Durham, New Hampshire to live with Peter Stanhope. This is a university town, and the schooling for Sam will be much better than in Dover. Jeffrey now lives with his mother too. It will be a while before Jon recovers. He and Rachel have visited with us more often.

As for me, and Marie, we have lost a beloved grandson. Both Marie and I remember Aaron as a little boy who nurtured his infant brother Sam. During one visit to Brandon he walked us around his neighborhood. He was perceptive. He knew all the neighbors, their homes, and the foliage. There was something plaintive about Aaron. He was the youngest child, and then Sam came along. He assumed all the responsibilities of the older brother and the mother, caring for Sam. Shana, who had left to marry, was his true mother, giving him care, love, and attention. But we were always concerned about Aaron. He grew into a tall and handsome young lad and was a good student but remained withdrawn and shy. And now he lives in our memory.

Robin Hess

Saturday afternoon, June 28, 2008, Liz Hess called. She informed Marie that Robin Hess had died in New York University Hospital during a diagnostic procedure to determine the extent of her lung cancer. That cancer had metastasized into other organs. Robin had been a very heavy smoker since her youth and was eighty-two years of age. We attended the memorial service at the Plaza Community Chapel at Amsterdam and 91st Street on Sunday, June 29 at 10:30 in the morning. We came in from East Hampton. It was a Jewish service; the casket was simple and unadorned, in traditional fashion. Liz, her daughter, her husband David, and two young children were down from Ithaca. Lincoln, his charming wife, and two children were there too. There were a few old friends of the Hesses I recognized from their attendance at some of Howard and Robin's New Years Eve parties. After the funeral late afternoon we visited with the family at their apartment on Twelfth Street. It was a familiar place. All the furniture and the paintings on the wall were as Howard and Robin had arranged them.

The Hesses were one of our last family friends once resident in Great Neck. When Howard was alive we would go out to dinner from time to time in some pleasant restaurant in Greenwich Village. We could recollect many old pleasantries, exchange news of our children, and chat about all and sundry. Howard was still in active psychiatric practice and kept up with developments in the city. Both Robin and Howard enjoyed their house in Greenwich Village. After Howard died we had dinner out and attended a ballet together. Robin's vision was failing, macular degeneration. She bought a house in Ithaca to be near her daughter, son-in-law, and two grandchildren and then sold it, the arrangement being impractical, and she wanted to live in the city. We saw Liz and Lincoln in the apartment, extended them our deepest sympathies, and bade them farewell. We shall not see them again. Marie and I knew that another friend had gone, and another chapter in our lives closed. For me, Robin was one of few friends who still carried a trace of memory of Shirley in her mind's eye.

I particularly recalled one very pleasant weekend we had together in the farmhouse at Camp Poyntelle-Rayhill. When Associated Y's purchased the adjacent one hundred and sixty acre farm on the south side of Lake Poyntelle

it acquired an old farmhouse, which had been modernized by the farm owner, and an adjacent orchard on the hillside. This was an unusual orchard because it held many truly antique apples. The weekend of our visit in late September the orchard's apples were all ripe. The hillside glistened in the sunshine with apples which were red, yellow, green, and of mixed color. They were delicious. Robin, Howard, Shirley, and I picked several bushels of apples and brought them home. They became wonderful apple pies, baked apples, and compotes. I enjoyed watching Howard just eat them; he was a gourmand. The weather was glorious and the fall foliage in northern Pennsylvania brilliant. It was a memorable weekend for all of us. On leaving the Hess apartment that mournful day I remembered that experience and so many other parties. The Hesses were grand hosts.

Hail and Farewell

On Monday, July 13, 2009, the Senate Judiciary Committee hearings for Judge Sotomayor to consider her candidacy for the Supreme Court began. She was President Barack Obama's first nominee for the court and a stunning choice. Her life and legal career were an ultimate expression of the American dream fulfilled. She was a judge of the Federal Appellate division, nominated by President Clinton. The first President Bush nominated her to the Federal District Court. She was the daughter of a Puerto Rican immigrant, a widow. Her father died early in the lives of her two children. Sonia Sotomayor was born June 25, 1954 and with her family lived in an apartment house sponsored by the New York City Housing Authority in the shadow of Yankee Stadium in the Bronx. Her mother worked as a practical nurse and ensured the education of her two children. Sonia's brother became a physician. She graduated from Cardinal Spellman High School, Princeton College, Summa Cum Laude, and the Law School of Yale University. Subsequently, she worked for Robert Marganthau Jr. as an Assistant District Attorney, then in private corporate law as a litigant. During that period she was an active board member of the Puerto Rican Civil Defense Committee and an outspoken advocate for the rights of minorities.

Sonia Sotomayor served as a federal judge for more than seventeen years, presiding over more than three thousand cases. A close analysis of her decisions reveals a judge whose decisions hewed to the center. During her hearing Republicans made much of her many speeches during which she was a vigorous advocate for minorities and the possibilities of Hispanic students and women to achieve much. The Republican minority of the Judiciary Committee tried hard to suggest that she was more empathic with minority rights than to provide equal justice for all. They could not get the judge to respond to any questions on issues which might come before the Supreme Court. In this she responded in a manner much like that of Justices Roberts, Allito, and Thomas. She was impressive in her command of the law and precedent on all the issues which came before her at the hearings. We have reason to believe that if confirmed, as I believe she will be, that her rulings will be similar to that of Justice Souter whose seat she will be taking.

I have taken note of Sotomayor's hearings, which commanded my rapt attention for three days because they point so dramatically to the promise of

the American dream for children of immigrants. Every American child may aspire to become the President of the United States, as did Barack Obama, or a Supreme Court Justice, as I believe Judge Sotomayor will. For myself, in my lifetime, I believe I have had such opportunity. I too was the child of immigrants and found fulfilling opportunities far less likely of attainment in other lands and times.

My mother and father, Frances and Joseph, were born in the Pale of Russia and came to the United States as immigrants. My mother was one of a large family of pious Jews who made their first home on a farm near Parkesville, New York in the Catskills. My father arrived as a seventeen year old lad with all of twenty-five dollars in his pocket to the tenement apartment of an uncle on the Lower East Side. Neither had any education, and my father had no trade or skills. Later my mother and her family, unsuccessful as farmers, resettled in Brooklyn, my grandfather making a modest living as a kosher slaughterer of chickens, a schochet. My father made his way in the rag trade, a Jewish waste industry, which required little skill as a sorter. Still, Joseph became a small businessman and made a modest living for himself and his family all the days of his life.

It was a good life. My father and mother loved each other. They lived a fulfilling life. During the depths of the depression my father earned enough to pay the rent every month and to give my mother the money she needed for food. My father loved his landesman who were his fellow members of Branch 210 of the Verband and their dedication to the relief fund for their old village Lonowicsz in Poland and later to the Labor Zionist effort to establish the State of Israel and sustain it. They enjoyed their apartment, tiny as it was. It had been an enormous step forward, a pleasant little flat on the fifth floor of the McKinley Apartments with windows which were filled with sunshine through most of the day and an elevator which could accommodate a young mother and two little children, one of whom was a boy with polio. The Village East, as it would later be known, had some wonderful community resources, several fine libraries, many retail shops for all the nationalities of the neighborhood on First Avenue, and Tompkins Square Park half a block away. Second Avenue, during the two decades of the twenties and thirties, had four or five Jewish theatres which were very popular and sustained the best of traditions. The Tompkins Square Public Library and the Seward Park Library were sanctuaries. My mother was a member of the Seward Park Public Library Mothers Club whose librarian advisor, Mrs. Finkel, led the group through literature for many years. For the children the local public schools, P.S. 25, J.H.S. 64, Stuyvesant High School, and Talmud Torah Darchei Noam, the Boys Club and Christodora House were institutions which were to mean much in our lives. They were all within walking distance. Although the neighborhood was quite heterogeneous with immigrants of Jewish, Polish,

Ukrainian, and Italian origins living close upon one another, some in our building, people lived in peace. I can recall only one instance of anti-Semitic hostilities with a group of Polish children in the park. For my mother and father, whose early childhood had been a life in Russia replete with anti-Semitism in their daily lives, America was truly a blessed land; there was freedom from fear for themselves and their children.

I grew up in a strong family with parents, uncles, aunts, and friends who adored me, paid attention to me, and encouraged me in all my efforts. They followed traditional beliefs. My father loved his father, grandfather Akiva, a Chassid, and knew he was a respected man in his community. And yet my father became in his youth a devoted Labor Zionist and remained dedicated to that cause. So too my mother, her parents were more rigidly Orthodox in the Misnagdish tradition of Byelo-Russia. But my father had to make a living, which meant working on the Sabbath, much to his regret. My Jewish education came to me in a marvelous child centered Hebrew School at Ninth Street and Avenue B, led by a wonderful Jewish educator, Rabbi Raiskin. After my Bar Mitzvah I attended the Yiddish Pro Academische Folk Schule, a Sunday School headed by a Yiddish Insicht poet, N. B. Minkoff. I spoke Yiddish fluently and then learned to read and write well. Minkoff introduced me to Yiddish literature.

I am reminiscing. I remember the years of Sunday meetings of the Executive Committee of the Branch 210 of which my father was President and my mother Recording Secretary, doing the minutes. Here I learned about the politics of the Jewish community and the nations of the world, with its engagement in the Zionist effort, and the rise of the Nazi menace during the 1930's. I learned about the conflicts between the Socialists, the Zionists, and the Communists, then the Stalinists. The discussions were fierce and very meaningful. They were in Yiddish, and I listened to every word.

I owe much to my mother and father for their steadfast support of my development. My poliomyelitis must have been a heartbreaking experience for this young couple. There were years of being walked by my mother, three times a week for physical therapy at the outpatient clinic of the Association for Crippled Children on Eighteenth Street and Second Avenue. The memory of the vigorous massages by Mrs. Farley, a very massive English woman, lingers with me to this day. There was an operation when I was seven and more physical therapy. I wore a heavy steel brace, which ran up to my groin, until I was twelve. One of the joyful memories was my father's gift to me, a red tricycle. I was delighted because I learned to whiz around Tompkins Square Park while my mother tended to my brother Kenneth in his carriage.

In New York City a child of immigrants like me received a fine public school education. For the better students the Rapid Advance Classes, Stuyvesant High School, and the City College of New York offered a superb

education at no cost – certainly within the means of a poor family. At home both my brother and I were expected to go on to college. But my parents were at a loss in guiding me into any profession. There were dreadful constraints to becoming a doctor or an engineer with severe limits to admission of Jewish students to medical schools or to jobs in engineering. The only lawyer my parents knew about was one landsman who lived with us as a boarder and then failed to pay the rent. I chose Social Work, though my father could not understand how a person could make a living as a "Community Worker". That was something volunteers did. My brother became a schoolteacher, a familiar occupation with the security, once appointed, of lifetime tenure. They were hard years during the depression, but my family maintained its closeness and sustained me. When at last I had completed my college education I was glad to leave home and to make my way in the world at graduate school in Pittsburgh. The very strength of my family had become stifling; their opinions were so very strong.

I made my way. Upon completing graduate school I served in the United States Department of Agriculture in its Distribution Divisions Programs in West Virginia and Vermont. Subsequently, there were three years in West Germany in the Displaced Persons Programs of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration and the International Refugee Organization. I returned to the United States; it was time. At last I found a young woman who I loved and would be my wife, Shirley Wagner, a recent graduate of the School of Social Work at the University of Pittsburgh. I did well in Pittsburgh, a return to my early training in community center work and camping at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement House and the Emma Kaufmann Camp. We seized an opportunity to return to New York City to become the Executive Director of the tiny Mosholu Neighborhood Center. It was a very depressing beginning, but by the dint of good organizing and an ingenious scheme for a partnership with the neighboring Montefiore Hospital, I secured the resources to build the first of the Associated Y's centers. The years which followed were marked by my professional achievement in leadership at Associated Y's and then as first Executive Director of the Jewish Association for Services for the Aged. I am forever thankful that Shirley shared these years with me and sustained me in all the difficult decisions to be made in my professional occupation. Shirley always had confidence in me.

We were so happy together in our new home in Great Neck with our three children. We shared our pride and good fortune in having them and the privilege of raising such wonderful, young people, such unique persons from the day they were born. Then Shirley suffered a dreadful heart attack in 1964. She survived surgery and lived for another ten years. Shirley and I drove Joshua to Hanover in New Hampshire as he began his freshman year at Dartmouth. We were very proud and happy for him. We enjoyed our family

life together. My parents and hers loved their grandchildren. Then Shirley died in 1974. This was a dreadful tragedy for me and my children. My friend Jack Wasserman gave me a great gift at the funeral. He told me that Shirley had said of me that I made her glad to be alive.

Then I had the good fortune to meet and marry Marie. She has been my beloved companion, friend, and guide to new experiences since 1976, thirty-three years of life together now. Marie has been a good mother to my children and grandmother to my grandchildren, not always an easy adjustment. We traveled to many lands, visited with her family and mine frequently, attended their weddings, house warmings, the arrivals of their children, graduations, and Bar Mitzvahs. We have attended countless performances of the theatre and operas and visited ever so many museums. Marie introduced me to her circle of friends. Marie brought her artistry and aesthetics into our life. Our homes in East Hampton and Manhattan display her paintings on every wall. I believe she is a fine painter, and I am her most devoted patron. Marie encouraged me to dabble in drawing and pastels and to attend several winter seasons at the Art Students League. I believe I have brought security to her life and supported her effort to assist her family. We have managed to resolve significant differences in philosophy and perspective.

As I recently celebrated my eighty-eighth birthday, I reflect on the devotion and love still bestowed upon me by my children, Joshua, Jonathan, and Beth, Adam, Beth's husband, and Alegria, Josh's wife, and their children, my grandchildren. We have always contacted weekly by telephone, and several times a year their families have come to visit us in Manhattan and East Hampton. Our homes are in propitious places, and one and all enjoy the museums and Central Park of New York and the Atlantic beaches of East Hampton. I recollect the happy times I have had with my grandchildren making woodwork projects and the treasure chests I made for them. Marie has been intimately related to my children and grandchildren. Now, after thirty-three years of our life together, they have come to love her.

For Marie's family I believe we now have a warm and more cordial relationship than when I first arrived at Marie's as husband and consort. I was after all replacing their own true father who lives to this day at the Belnord, an apartment house half a block away on 86th Street. I have admired Marie's devotion and loyal support of her family through all the trauma of life. They have come to know my children and grandchildren too.

Life in these last years of retirement has been reasonably placid. It has been my good fortune to have inherited a strong constitution and have suffered no major illnesses so common in age. There has been a decided weakening of my left leg, and so I walk with a cane and far more slowly than ever. Moreover, I try to be very careful to avert a fall. Several months ago, a doorstep away from

my dermatologist, Dr. Altchek on East 91st Street, I fell badly and strained a muscle behind my knee on my right leg. I was taken home by taxi, and it took a month of distress before I recovered. There were no bone breaks.

My financial provisions for retirement have sustained me in a style of living unchanged since my time of full employment. Despite the recent recession of 2008 the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies Retirement Fund has remained viable, as have other resources. We have no mortgages at the apartment in Manhattan or the house in East Hampton. So many other people throughout the United States suffer badly.

I rise every morning with a sunny view of my backyard. The grass is greener than ever and the juniper hedges more solid. Hoi Cao, our gardener, ministers to the grass every week. This season's rain, bad for our tomatoes, and grand for our household greenery, has been copious. I am always reassured by the view through our glass doors. I am glad to spy the blue plastic cover of the New York Times delivered to the front driveway of our house every morning. The news is, of course, dismal. The wars continue throughout the world. There is no end to it, now in Afghanistan, in the Sudan, in the Congo. Since coming home from Europe I have escaped the wars, and my children were too young to be drafted or to serve in the Korean or Vietnam Wars.

In the quiet of the evening there is time to think about all of my family, now long departed, of my mother, father, Shirley, and my lifelong friends and schoolmates, Jack Wasserman, Felix Dushnick, Abe Judson, and Sam Rubin. I miss Howard and Robin Hess.

A long time ago in 1974, soon after Shirley died, I spent a long week with my brother, still called Kenneth then, and his wife Miriam, grieving. Our bond as brothers strengthened after our mother died, and we both shared the tasks of caring for our father, then a lonely widower at home in Brighton Beach. Kenneth and Miriam and their children, Myron and Daniel, resettled in Israel. It was then that Kenneth, in the transformation of so many who resettle, changed his name to his Hebrew patronymic, Akiva. From that time on Akiva and I have been faithful correspondents, and he has kept me abreast of family news. I observed my brother's happy marriage with Betty Seal and his steady evolvement as a devoted religious observer. Akiva's son Myron, who became a proficient technical writer for computer programs, has become a faithful correspondent by e-mail. The internet, to his generation, is the way to correspond, and we do during my months in East Hampton with access to my computer.

There remain two beloved cousins with whom I chat from time to time, David and Phyllis in Boston and Edith in Maryland, whose annual New Years card is a welcome reminder of another day. My friend Abe Vinik and his wife Maiga, who live in a retirement colony in Lake Forest, Illinois, and I exchange family news and reaffirm our survival from time to time, as does

Elaine Brookner in Miami. Alas, Howard, her husband, was stricken with Alzheimer's several years ago and has been deteriorating ever since. In East Hampton the relationship with the Artists Alliance was shattered with the election of Tom Steel as its President five years ago. He ejected the former presidents from its Executive Committee in his effort to secure absolute control of the organization. He relinquished his post two years ago. The Alliance has been reduced to a shadow of its status. In East Hampton there remain a small coterie of Marie's old friends: Lydia and Morton Deutsch, Irene Engelman, Marie Rosso, and Diane Plitt. So many others have departed.

Our families remain close and visit several times a year in East Hampton and New York City. My grandson Ben served as a volunteer advocate with the Legal Aid Society in the Bronx this past summer and lived in our apartment. He returned to Ithaca to commence his education as an attorney at Cornell University Law School. Yael is a junior at Washington University. Josh and Alegria, bereft of their offspring, work and attend concerts and lectures in Springfield. In Dover Jon attends to his professional practice in neurology and visits often with his children, Sam, who is now a freshman at high school and lives with his mother in Durham, and Jeffrey, who has returned to Boston University to complete his last semester once again. We hope he succeeds, and Rachel is in her last year at the New England Law School. Gabriel returned to Colby College for his sophomore year after a rigorous summer as a counselor with a canoe camp in Maine; his brother Noah is back at high school and Beth and Adam at work. Their camping holiday in Iceland was a vigorous and happy experience. We all still grieve for Aaron. My grandchildren are forging ahead and have good chances for a decent life. Jon is alone, and I am concerned for him.

In Miami Fred has made a great recovery after his unjust rejection of tenure by the new dean of the University of Miami Music School. He is now an adjunct at the Dade County Community College and its New World School of the Arts, where he is warmly accepted. He is composing actively. Laura is a highly esteemed graphic designer at the Assurant Group, a very large insurance company. In San Francisco Rick and Mary live happy lives and remain enthusiasts for the great state and national parks with which California abounds. Marie remains concerned about her grandchildren, Johan in Tivoli and Sam in Melrose, Massachusetts.

For the future Marie and I have our lives together. We shall have some difficult problems of disability to resolve as the years enfold. We have survived for a long time. There is time now to reflect upon the past and to hope for the future.

U.S. $46.95

As the child of poor, young immigrant parents, Bernard Warach came of age during the depression on the lower East Side of New York. At three years of age he suffered an attack of poliomyelitis, which left his left leg severely impaired. Overcoming his handicap, Bernard completed his schooling at Stuyvesant High School, City College and the School of Social Work at the University of Pittsburgh.

Bernard recounts a fascinating and dramatic tale of a remarkable life journey of significant achievement, contributing to the well being of thousands of people, young and old. His last assignment, as professional leader of JASA, was a significant contribution to the elderly of greater New York. During this turbulent period Bernard married, raised three young children, suffered the tragic loss of his first wife, remarried, and carried on, imbued with the hope of his family, a significant legacy.

HOPE: a memoir, provides an intriguing glimpse into the saga of a family, and how one man overcame adversity as a child to live a long, full, and rich life.