MASA

ODYSSEY OF AN AMERICAN JEW



Lewis H. Weinstein

With a Foreword by Abram L. Sachar

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To my family
and
in memory of
my wife and parents.

Contents

Introduction ix
Foreword xiii
Chapter 1 Immigrant Boy 1
Chapter 2 Coming of Age 19
Chapter 3 Harvard College 33
Chapter 4 Law School 53
Chapter 5 Jewish Activist 69
Chapter 6 Off to War 93
Chapter 7 Paris Liberated 113
Chapter 8 A Civilian Soldier Under Ike 131
Chapter 9 Uncovering the Holocaust 159
Photographs 171
Chapter 10 Home, Sweet Home 193
Chapter 11 John F. Kennedy 223
Chapter 12 Soviet Jewry 249
Chapter 13 The Last Two Decades 271
Postscript 301
Appendix: Rhymes and Poetry 305

Introduction

Masa is a Hebrew word for "journey." In this volume I describe my personal and Jewish travels from the time I arrived, an infant of fifteen months in my mother's arms, at Ellis Island in New York Harbor, a journey that began in a village adjacent to Vilna in Lithuania, until today, in my eighty-fifth year. I was blessed with parents who believed that one could be dedicated to the Jewish way of life, yet live fully as an American, ready to serve one's country in peace and war and to contribute to our nation's growth and development, always with dedication to the noblest ideals of peace and humanity.

If my writing displays a lack of modesty, I must confess that I have never considered humility a virtue. When the prophet Michah urged, "Walk humbly with Thy Lord," he did not include "fellow man." And to me, the truth has always been preferable to modesty or humility.

My late wife, Selma, is most responsible for my writing these memories. She encouraged me and, for a long time (until her illness prevented), kept clippings about me which reminded me of events I had long forgotten.

My life was blessed with friends from my earliest boyhood, through my college and law school years and my adult life of over sixty years. Friends

were important in my development and activity. I have named some of those individuals in this volume; others will be found in a forthcoming volume with the subtitle *Odyssey of a Boston Lawyer.* But I must express my gratitude to the friendship and help of a number (out of hundreds) of individuals, no longer alive, who played key roles in my life: Moe Huberman, Wolf Winer, John Sessler, Judges Charles Rome, Abraham Pinanski, Lewis Goldberg, Reuben Lurie, Charles Wyzanski, Edward Gignoux and Stanley Qua; Myer Israel, Henry Foley, Professor Harry Wolfson, Robert Morrison, Dr. Jacob Fine, Harry Fein, Arthur Green, Mordecai Shore, Dr. Oscar Feinsilver, Dr. Benjamin Rosenberg, Sy Nemzoff, Dr. Samuel Kurland, Chaim Grade, Isaiah Minkoff, Sidney Hollander, Samuel Bernstein, Sidney Rabb, Milton Kahn, Dr. Eisig Silberschlag, Governor Maurice Tobin, Robert Cutler, Anthony Breen, Elihu Stone, Dewey Stone, Harry Levine, Joseph Foster, Henry Hurwitz, Leo Schwarz, Henry Lasker, Colonel William Stephenson, Harriet Michelson, Dorothy Spector, Herbert Ehrmann, Rabbis Louis Epstein and Herman Rubinovitz, among others; and, in almost every case, the widow (or widower) of each of those I have named (with the exception of bachelors Professor Wolfson and Robert Cutler) who have remained my friends.

Those of my friends who are among the living make up a much longer list; and this cannot become a "Who's Who" of my friends. I must, however, single out two individuals who have been closest to me during a good part of my life: Dr. Harry Savitz, my physician for some sixty years, and Herbert Berman, my law partner for over forty years, and the wife of each, the late Beatrice Savitz and the very much alive Evelyn Berman.

I am deeply indebted to my family for continuous help and encouragement: my parents, Jacob Menahem and Kuna Leah Weinstein; their parents, Abraham Isaac and Chaya Sarah Weinstein and Israel Benjamin and Rebecca, then Feygel, Romanow; Selma's parents, Louis and Bessie Yeslawsky; my aunts and uncles, especially Goldie Levinsky; Selma's and my siblings and their spouses: William and the late Rebecca Baren, Anne and Philip Tavalin, Celia and the late Jack Jacobson, Dr. Sidney and Ethel Weinstein, Selma and the late Judge Julian Yesley, Herschel and Ruth Yesley, Barbara and the late Shepard Yesley; nieces, nephews galore and their offspring, including the youngest, Hannah Selma Weinstein, and cousins (from France to Los Angeles). And, of course, my children, David and Liz and Louise and Paul and my granddaughter Karen.

My secretary, Jean Desmond, did much more than type the manuscript from my scribbling. She has been a longtime friend, has caught errors and made valuable suggestions. I cannot adequately express my gratitude to her. I also thank Maryann Calnan, supervisor of word processing at Foley,

Hoag & Eliot, not only for her work, but also for her, and her husband Richard's, friendship. My thanks also to her assistants, Veronica Kelley and Chyrl Brewington. I am also deeply grateful to my editor at Quinlan Press, Kevin Stevens, and my publisher, Henry Quinlan, for their helpful suggestions and manifold contributions.

The Irish poet, William Butler Yeats, described his debt to his friends in these words:

> Think where man's glory most begins and ends,
> And say my glory was I had such friends.

Foreword

Jewish readers who are children or grandchildren of twentieth-century immigrants will find echoes of their own family experience in the early chapters of Lewis Weinstein's moving autobiography. As an infant he was among the stiflingly crowded steerage shiploads who flocked to the Promised Land hoping to embrace its opportunities. He details his struggle for economic survival in Portland, Maine, and greater Boston and his grim tenacity in the tightly governed WASP citadel of Harvard. His own generation, friends and equally successful colleagues will respond with empathy as they read his later chapters, where he discusses the perseverance required to earn his stellar reputation as a lawyer in the world of the Cabots and Lowells. He did not wait for professional recognition to turn as a dedicated volunteer to accept leadership in a host of communal causes.

There is, of course, no dearth of chronicles of the hardships of flight and the obligations of success. But Weinstein played an important part in the World War II effort, often influencing the actions of General Eisenhower, General DeGaulle, and major policymakers. It is this area of his autobiography, narrated with unobtrusive downplay of his own decisive role, that will likely attract the greatest interest.

In 1942, soon after the United States became involved in World War II, Weinstein, then in his late thirties, took a leave of absence from his law partnership and enrolled in the School of Military Government to train for administrative service in liberated areas that had been overrun in the initial Nazi blitz and in occupied enemy territories. Upon completion of training, he was shipped abroad and filled a number of posts in North Africa and continental Europe.

By August 1944, Weinstein had proved his worth so completely that he was named General Eisenhower's liaison to General DeGaulle. His introductory interview gave him early realization that he would have to feel his way cautiously to cope with the moods of a character who carried himself always as if he were the embodiment of eternal France. Sir Harold Macmillan, a later British Prime Minister, described him as a man who had the "rigidity of a poker without its occasional warmth." Weinstein followed the instructions he had received not to discuss *de jure* or *de facto* recognition of the general's government and to present himself to DeGaulle in English. When the general heard Weinstein's English, he barked that all conversations thereafter would be in French; Weinstein then, following the "order," gave a whole series of reports in French. DeGaulle cut him short abruptly, ended the interview, and strode to the door. Suddenly he turned, as if he had found a way to satisfy his own belligerence while recognizing the correctness of Weinstein's adherence to protocol. Almost cordially, as he descended from Mount DeGaulle, he said, "I am delighted to welcome you to our midst. You are one of us."

By the end of 1942, the Allied forces had recovered sufficiently to take the offensive. In 1943 they cleared the Nazis and the allies out of North Africa and entered southern Europe. In the spring of 1944 they were ready to undertake the liberation of France. When the great day arrived for the triumphant reentry into Paris, the ceremonial climax was assigned to DeGaulle. He had earned the recognition by his valiant but lonely leadership of the Free French. Weinstein savored the historic moment as he rode in a jeep directly behind the general's armored sedan. Suddenly bullets began to rain upon the cavalcade from hidden snipers, rear-echelon Germans and French collaborators. There followed other assassination attempts when DeGaulle emerged from his car to walk among the weeping, cheering millions down the Champs Elysee, and into Notre Dame Cathedral for thanksgiving prayers. Through it all DeGaulle (and Weinstein) paid no attention to the danger. While in his car the general nonchalantly kept flicking his cigarettes. At Notre Dame he stood tall and erect at the altar, intoning the *Te Deum* as the bullets whizzed by about him. The snipers were apparently bad shots for none of the bullets hit their mark.

A quasijudicial evaluation that Weinstein was commissioned to conduct involved Maurice Chevalier, one of the most popular entertainers of his time, and it generated international headlines. In the first months of World War II, France, weakened by appeasement and suffering, in William Shirer's phrase, from "military sclerosis," was conquered by the German blitz. The northern half was occupied by the Nazis, the southern half became the Vichy vassal state, shredded by the intimidated French collaborators. When the Free French, under DeGaulle and the allies, ultimately liberated the Homeland, the hatred between the collaborators and the nationalists, who had fought on, poisoned French life for the generations ahead. Maurice Chevalier was accused of caving in to the Nazis and, as a collaborator, carrying out their commands.

Weinstein was suddenly summoned by General Pierre Koenig, Military Governor of Paris, with the concurrence of General Walter Bedell Smith, chief of General Eisenhower's staff, who directed Weinstein to deal with an angry mob of French demonstrators who crossed the military courtyard of the "Invalides," shouting their protests against an American invitation to Chevalier to sing at an American military gala. How could the Americans have been so insensitive as to bring Chevalier to their program when, during the war, he had often sung and entertained at German camps! Weinstein was given the task of examining the accusations and determining, from the result, what policy to follow. Weinstein quieted the angry crowd, promising to conduct a fair hearing and to announce its results.

Chevalier had come for the hearing, and he testified that, at the beginning of 1944, he had been summoned by the German military governor of Paris and ordered to sing at a German gala in Germany a few weeks later. Chevalier had refused and was threatened with execution if he did not comply. His answer was "I am willing to sing to French prisoners of war in prisoner-of-war camps in Germany but to no others." Six weeks later he was taken to such a camp and sang to an emotionally stirred audience of French prisoners. After his performance he was blindfolded and driven to what turned out to be a German theater and he was ordered to sing there. He began singing the French national anthem, but he could not get much beyond the opening lines when the curtain was dropped and the performance abruptly terminated. Chevalier was again blindfolded and brought back to his home and thrown upon the sidewalk with threats that his tormentors would be back to kill him. They never returned. This testimony was offered by a sobbing Chevalier, who had been living alone since the liberation, agonizing over the distortion of his role. The French demonstrators who were present at the hearing refused to believe his story and shouted that he was a liar and an adept actor.

Weinstein listened intently and promised that he would reach a decision on the American invitation to Chevalier to sing at the American gala. In the early hours of the morning he announced that the allegations against Chevalier were groundless rumors and hearsay, that he was not a collaborator or a traitor to his country. Contrariwise, he had risked his life to uphold the honor of France. Weinstein recommended that the United States Army should not withdraw its invitation for the beleaguered Chevalier to sing at the scheduled American gala.

The nationalist superpatriots were furious with the decision and greeted it with curses, but Weinstein held his ground. Chevalier, choked up with emotion, tried to thank him for protecting his reputation, but Weinstein said, "No officer should ever be thanked for performing his duty." It was a message that aptly summarized the code by which Weinstein had served. Later, before embarking for home, he heard from some of the liberated French and American prisoners of war that Chevalier's story of his "entertainment" was true.

Weinstein soon outgrew the restricted role of liaison. The high command Americans who took charge of the liberated death camps (which became Displaced Persons' camps) found that those who survived extermination required very sensitive governance. General Eisenhower and his staff were not prepared for this new breed of Jew who did not fit into the Shylock stereotype, willing to bear sorrows with a patient shrug, for "sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." Weinstein concluded that his major task called for the reeducation of the military governors. It was a priority for them to visit the first of the camps liberated by the American Army to learn personally what the survivors had endured and the special treatment that they needed. But it was not easy to change the inherited views of men like Eisenhower, Bedell Smith, Patton and their subordinates who held bureaucratic positions that gave them power. Eisenhower at first vigorously resisted Weinstein's restrained persuasion and several times showed him the door. Weinstein dutifully saluted after each rebuff. His chief finally yielded, and in April 1945, accompanied by his colleagues, spent a day in the first liberated camp, Ohrdruf, near Buchenwald and Dachau. Leaving Ohrdruf, Weinstein had seen Eisenhower go to the side of the road and vomit.

When Eisenhower returned to his headquarters, he sent a message to the chief of staff in Washington, General George Marshall: "The things I saw beggar description. . .The visual evidence and the verbal testimony of starvation, cruelty and bestiality were so overpowering as to leave me a bit sick. I made the visit deliberately, in order to be in a position to give first-hand evidence of these things if ever, in the future, there develops a

tendency to charge these allegations mainly as propaganda." Eisenhower called in Weinstein and put out his hand to thank him "for pushing me to come: you're persistent as all hell and I was pissed off; but you were right. I never would have believed that such barbarism was possible."

It was a crucial victory for Weinstein because Eisenhower's later report to President Truman of his "poignant impression" became the most compelling rebuttal to anti-Semitic agitation that the allegations of Nazi barbarism had been exaggerated, indeed, that the Holocaust story was a hoax. And a delegation of Senators and Congressmen (first suggested by Weinstein), visited the death camps and confirmed their horrors. Eisenhower became a strong ally in the effort to redeem the survivors' status. He had personally seen Hitler's bestiality. He wrote before returning to Washington for new assignments: "I do not know when the stateless Jews will be given a permanent home. It is my aim, until that time, to make it possible for them to lead a normal and useful life."

Before Weinstein completed his tour of duty and made ready for return to his family and his civilian career, there were still many special assignments that helped to make life more tolerable for survivors in the Displaced Persons' camps and mediation services to ameliorate intergroup animosities that emerged in the chaos of the last days of Hitler.

Completing two and a half years of highly fatiguing overseas service, Weinstein welcomed his imminent return home at the end of August 1945. On the very day that he was to be driven to the airport, he was telephoned by one of Eisenhower's key deputies, Lieutenant General John Lee, who insisted that an appointment be sandwiched in with General DeGaulle, who had sanctioned the appropriation of a camp site that the American military had captured. General Lee was livid. "The French double-crossed me," he shouted. "They tore down a building, put up tents and told our men that they were taking over. . . I don't accept such an insult lightly and I intend to tell DeGaulle off. . . I need you as interpreter." Weinstein tried to reason with Lee, pointing out that the Americans had already withdrawn from the area: "We won the war. Let's not make DeGaulle feel that his nose is being rubbed in the dirt." Lee retorted, "None of that. You'll be my interpreter, translating exactly." They rode on in silence to the Presidential Palace. DeGaulle met them at the door and gave each an exuberant welcome. Then, in French, he offered a totally unexpected apology. "I know exactly why you're here, and I understand your anger. I will do what I have never done before. I will not only apologize orally, as I now do, but I will send you and the commanding general my written apology, and we will pay the American Army every penny of damage we caused you. And the stupid French soldiers who insulted my old friends will be punished not just with

a reprimand." After Weinstein translated DeGaulle's apology, Lee was silent for a moment, then responded angrily, in English, "Tell him he can go to hell, and as for his offer, he can stick it up he knows where." Weinstein translated, "The general is not at all happy with your proposal." DeGaulle, who of course understood the whole exchange, burst into laughter. "*Quel interprète!*" (What an interpreter!) To Lee, Weinstein said, "It was impossible for me to translate your words literally, so I took the liberty, General Lee, of precisely translating your feelings that you weren't at all happy with the proposal." DeGaulle, with cordiality that Weinstein had never before witnessed, turned to Lee and said in English, "Let's depart as friends." Lee asked Weinstein if he should accept the offer. Weinstein instantly responded, "I'd grab it and run." There were hugs and farewells in the final departure. Lee puffed, "We did pretty well, didn't we?" Weinstein agreed that Lee had managed a complete victory.

When Weinstein returned from his war experiences, he resumed his law practice. The nearly half century that followed has been given mainly to his professional life; but, since he enjoyed friendships with prominent movers and shakers of local and national life, he was continually sought out for communal leadership. He therefore has much more to recount and expects to continue with a supplement that tells his postwar career as lawyer, law teacher and public servant. But this initial volume is not a prelude. Emerson said that we all boil at different degrees. Weinstein never stopped boiling.

Abram L. Sachar
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MASA

Immigrant Boy 1

My mother and I arrived in New York Harbor when I was fifteen months old. Those in steerage heard the announcement, quickly translated, that they could come to the upper deck with their baggage. Some two weeks earlier we had left Aran, the town in Czarist Lithuania where I was born, an hour by horse-drawn wagon from Vilna, its capital. Aran had a population of about two thousand, three-quarters of whom were Jewish. There had been tearful farewells; some of our friends and relatives acted as though disaster faced us; others rejoiced that we would soon be in the *Goldene Medina* (the "Golden Country"). I have no personal memories of events before my fourth birthday, but my mother's repeated accounts are etched in my mind.

After long train rides from Vilna, and many customs stops, we boarded the ship at Hamburg. My mother never forgot the rats, vermin and filth of steerage and frequently gave a vivid and frightening description of the ordeal, especially during rough seas and battering storms. A young woman named Rebecca, who slept next to us, was my mother's helper and heroine of the crossing.

On deck in New York Harbor we were almost blinded by the noon sun

after two weeks of practically no light in steerage. It was a clear hot day. All the decks were crowded, as was the harbor. Hoses poured water from fireboats; flags and bunting decorated the shore and the ships at the docks; bands played lively marches; firecrackers exploded. "A *Goldene Medina*," my mother sang out as she embraced Rebecca and other steerage friends. She was then five months pregnant with my sister-to-be, to be named Rebecca, the name also of my mother's mother, who died during my mother's infancy. "What a way to welcome immigrants!" my mother repeated again and again in Yiddish with a look of joy, relief and fulfillment. It was July 4, 1906. She did not then know that the welcome was in honor of Independence Day.

My father, Jacob Menahem Weinstein, and his father, Abraham Isaac, gave us a joyous welcome at Ellis Island. Every immigrant had a greeting squad—there were shouts, sobs, embraces and hugs, long, staring, sometimes unbelieving looks. The Eastern European masses, most of them Jews, were leaving shtetl after shtetl, where their families had settled and lived for centuries, and were now flocking to their new *Goldene Medina*, over two million strong.

My father had first arrived at Ellis Island in 1898, when he was fourteen, with his father, mother, Chaya Sorah (Ida Sarah), and two younger sisters, Annie and Kranie. The family joined a cousin from Bath, Maine, who had welcomed them in New York. In immigration our family name of Sklarsky became Weinstein, because the only name our cousin could write in English for the official was his own name, Weinstein.

In Bath my grandfather first tried his cousin's business of peddling rags. He would buy old clothes, throwaway furniture, furnishings and almost anything else he could manage with his horse and wagon. But the town of Bath could not support two peddlers, and my grandfather soon moved the whole family to Portland. He turned to selling dry goods, clothing and even furniture from his wagon for cash and later on credit. In spite of his humble calling, education had top priority, and my father was graduated from Portland High School in 1901.

A year later, my grandfather suggested that my father return to Aran and try to sell the two-story brick house that had belonged to the family for a century. My father needed no coaxing; he had been corresponding in Yiddish with a young girl from Meretz, near Aran, who was a year his junior, Kuna Leah Romanow. They had never met, but a relative of my father who lived in Meretz had suggested that he write her. They began corresponding when he was seventeen and she sixteen. My father had learned that Kuna had had a good Hebrew and Jewish education, unusual then for girls, and was bright, warm and pretty.

My father once showed me, when I was about nine or ten, a box full of

letters that both had kept, a few with photographs, some with love rhymes and some about books one or the other had read. I remember one book that my father had summarized in a letter: *Auto-Emancipation*, by the early Zionist Leon Pinsker. Some letters were romantic, and my father blushed as he read one love note and gave it to me to read to myself.

My mother was a beautiful girl. She had very long, flaxen-colored hair that almost reached the floor. Later it turned to brown, then gray and white. Her eyes were a rich brown and sparkling. Because of a serious fall and lack of proper orthopedic care anywhere near our small Lithuanian town, my father was a "hunchback." He was slightly shorter than my mother and three or four inches shorter than his father. His face was strong and rugged, and he had a thick black moustache as far back as I can remember. He always called my mother "Kunale" (little Kuna), and she always called him by his Yiddish nickname, "Yankel." His physical infirmity did not disturb him or make him shrink from people. He never discussed it; it was a fact and he always accepted facts.

On April 12, 1903, after the close of Shabbos Hagadol (the Great Sabbath, just before Passover), less than half a year after the couple met, my parents' marriage was celebrated in Meretz. Their first child, a boy, lived for a few months. Then I came, on April 10, 1905, (also Shabbos Hagadol) with the same name as my older brother, but preceded by the word Chayim (life), to "ward off the Angel of Death." Chayim Yehuda Leib later was somehow shortened to Chayim Leib. My sister-to-be was conceived, and my father returned to Portland, Maine. He could not sell what remained of the two-story brick family "treasure," and it was destroyed in the battle of Aran in World War I.

All my father's ancestors, as far back as he and his father could recall, were tailors who worked only part time; they spent most of their days studying the Bible, Talmud and commentaries in Hebrew or Aramaic. The women tended shop, kept the accounts, ran the household, bore the children and did most of the heavy work. When my father left Aran with his family, he was pulled out of a nearby yeshiva he had entered six years earlier where he had studied the Biblical commentator Rashi, a half-dozen tractates of the Talmud and some medieval writings. (When my mother read *Life Is with People: The Culture of the Shtetl*, by Mark Zborowski and Elizabeth Herzog, she told me that the book was a perfect portrait of the villages around Vilna, including Aran and Meretz, where my father and she were born.)

My mother had *yichus* (ancestral status) and on a number of occasions reminded us of her pedigree. My maternal great-grandmother was a sister of Rabbi Yisrael Meir HaCohen, the sage and preacher known as the

Chofetz Chayim ("the will to live"), the title of one of his books. The yeshiva he established in Radin was famous throughout the world (the Nazis later burned it to the ground). Yeshivas in Israel and New York now bear his name.

Jews were limited by the Czar to the Russian "Pale of Settlement," which included Lithuania. In the villages of Aran, Radin, Meretz, Baltremantz, Ostryn and many another shtetl, Orthodoxy, with its rigid Jewish observance, was the only way of life. A chicken with a doubtful entrail was declared *treif* (nonkosher) and was discarded. Life was governed by *halachah* (Jewish law), and the *Shulchan Aruch* (Arranged Table), with its 613 positive and negative commandments, was the cornerstone of our lives, religious and nonreligious, dietary and commercial. Mother told me that once, as a girl of fifteen, her father caught her surreptitiously smoking one of his cigarettes; he did not punish her but taught her how to smoke "more efficiently and with greater relish."

Sabbath began before darkness on Friday. Every mother and daughter, old enough to recite, blessed the Sabbath candles; every father and son chanted the Kiddush over wine and pronounced the Motzeh over the white flour *chalah* (braided bread) that was a Sabbath symbol. Sabbath was synagogue, rest, song, study, cholent and tzimmes (meat, carrot and other vegetable delicacies). When the family recited Havdolah at the close of Sabbath, the prayer of separation of the holy from the unholy and the Sabbath from the weekday, with the lighted braided candle and the silver spice box, Sabbath was over. The struggle for survival began again.

Non-Jews were friendly with my parents and their families. They hid adults and children when rumors spread of an imminent pogrom or the arrival of a military draft supervisor (who would invariably seize more Jews than non-Jews). Whenever I read Chaim Grade's stories or other accounts of Eastern European villages, or when I view the art of Chagall or other painters depicting shtetl life, I am reminded of the many stories my parents and grandparents told me. Aran and Meretz must have been like the village of Anatevka, home of Sholom Aleichem's Tevya, "der Milchiger" (the milkman), in *Fiddler on the Roof.*

Life was hard and cruel, but the Sabbath brought respite, and the hope of a Messiah was in the minds and hearts of all believers. On Saturdays every Jew wore his or her best clothes–which meant the only presentable clothes. While most Jews remained intensely faithful to their tradition, those exposed to study in Lithuanian, Polish or Russian schools, or who had close contacts with non-Jews, occasionally lost faith, in the fullest meaning of the word. My parents read and spoke Russian, Polish and Lithuanian as well as Yiddish; they knew Hebrew, and seemed to keep apace with the

times and with world events in general. Orthodox Judaism was the very essence of their lives.

My maternal grandfather, Israel Romanow (Romanov in Lithuania) was a "Cohen," a descendant of Aaron, the first high priest and brother of Moses. Zadie (an intimate word for "grandpa") took great pride in this ancestral office and his priestly blessing of the congregation on certain Jewish holidays. When he mounted the *bihma*, his eyes glistened and his demeanor showed his ecstasy; he pronounced the priestly blessings with extraordinary dignity. He was so proud of his priesthood that he named my mother Kuna, a contraction of *kehuna*, Hebrew for "priesthood."

Zadie Romanow was once summoned to appear before a Lithuanian tribunal, charged with using the family name of the Czar, Nicholas Romanov, without authorization. Fortunately he produced a letter to an ancestor from the first Czar Nicholas authorizing the use of the name of the royal family. The official warned my Zadie not to use the word "Romanov" more than once a week. My grandfather nodded. After all, who could enforce that limitation? My mother reported the details of the family celebration of "the victory of the name," where vodka and brandy enriched the exultation. On several occasions my mother, winking at me, would say to others that she was a thirty-third cousin of the Czar. My Zadie Romanow was a trader in lumber, grain and almost anything from which he could make a ruble. For several years he was designated overseer of an island off the Lithuanian coast, and he soon developed a wholesale business in lobsters. All shellfish (like pork and other meats forbidden in the Old Testament) was treif. My mother, when teased by some of her friends about the lobsters, told them with a straight face that the family had lobsters at least once a day, but never on the Sabbath, and that lobsters were delicious. The girls expressed horror and Kuna soon told them that it was all a joke.

My earliest memories of Sabbath, from Friday evening through its close at Saturday's darkness, came when I was in kindergarten. My parents had only two children at the time, Becky and me. Although Father's work had been irregular, he was then employed as a picture-framer, a mirror resilverer and a photographer in a store on Congress Street, Portland's main street. His earnings were eighteen dollars a week, which he brought home in fifteen dollar bills and six half-dollars. We had four pushkes, small tin containers with a coin slot and the name or emblem of the charity each represented: Keren Kayemet L'Yisrael (the Jewish National Fund for Israel); our Hebrew School and Congregation, Shaarey Tefila (Gates of Prayer); our Jewish local charities; and our Portland general community charity. One fifty-cent piece went into each pushke, and these two dollars were more than the minimum of a tithe. A half-dollar was my father's

pocket money, for car fares mostly (a nickel then), and the remaining fifteen and a half dollars went to my mother to run our household.

My father sometimes used the expression *tzvay bis tzvelf* ("two to twelve"). When I asked what that meant he answered, "Now we give two dollars a week; I hope we will soon be able to afford twelve." Then he recounted a story he often repeated (translated from lively Yiddish): "A poor man, on a freezing cold day without anything but a skimpy suit, sees in a second-hand clothing stall a coat with the tag twelve rubles. Since he knows that he has only two rubles, he walks away, but the coat is like a magnet and pulls him back. He summons up courage and asks the vendor, 'How much for that coat?' The reply is: 'Can't you read? The tag says twelve rubles and that's the price.' To which the coldster replies: 'You say twelve, and you mean ten; if it's worth eight and I'll give you six, will you take four? Here's two.' " And then my father would explode in laughter. My father knew jokes without end. And whenever he told a story my mother would often tell another. And each laughed at his or her own and also at the other's. They also liked to play gentle pranks. Birthday parties and weddings were livened with fun and cookies baked by my mother. We celebrated the holidays, especially Purim (the story of the Persian Queen Esther, who saved her Jewish people from death) and Chanukah (Feast of Lights to celebrate the victory of Judah Maccabee over the Syrians), with their appropriate games. When tragedy came, my parents often forced themselves to laugh. Fun was part of their existence. Even a serious holiday like Passover bubbled with joy—especially when we chanted "The Only Kid" from the Haggadah (the book read on the first two Seder nights of Passover, recounting the liberation of the Israelites from Egyptian slavery). Fun was an important word in the family vocabulary.

My father was always busy, giving advice to relatives and friends, attending meetings, painting signs or carving wooden memorials for graves without pay when there was no money for headstones. He was a skilled painter and draftsman (although he had no formal training), and his printing and calligraphy of Hebrew letters were amazingly precise and polished. At our synagogue on Saturday afternoons, he helped the rabbi with a class in Mishna and Gemorra (the two constituting the Talmud) and was constantly performing *mitzvos* (good deeds). He often acted as cantor or *bal kriah* (reader from the Biblical scrolls) and always had the honor of the Yom Kippur *mincha* (afternoon prayer) chanting from the Prophets, the Book of Jonah. He was a *koch leffel* (a pot-stirring spoon), always busy. After several years as employee he bought out his employer, completely on credit, and there was more money available for the house and for charity.

The Sabbath eve dinner was a feast, my father and mother king and

queen. After lighting the candles, sipping the wine, nibbling the bread, each with its special prayer, we had our big Sabbath eve meal. Mother would awaken at about four or five every Friday morning to scour the house and prepare the food, not only for Friday, but for the Sabbath as well. We were scrubbed clean and dressed in the only decent clothes we had (except for the resewn and patched everyday wear). When dinner ended my father chanted a long benediction, then began the *zmiros* (the liturgical songs), followed by other Hebrew and Yiddish folk songs, which my father, mother and I sang with gusto.

I did not talk until I was almost four. Apparently, I understood what people were saying but did not speak until I was ready. According to my mother, in a grocery and fruit store I blurted out mandatorily, "I want that basket of grapes. Papa told you to buy it. He gave you money and I like grapes." I remember that incident probably because my mother recounted it often, with the addition, "And Lew hasn't had to learn to talk since." But that is as far back as I can remember.

But the best of Friday evenings were the stories that my father, and occasionally my mother, told from the Bible, the Talmud and the Midrash, from Jewish history, from their own lives and the lives of their parents and grandparents in the villages of Lithuania. Most enjoyable and meaningful were stories about Theodore Herzl, the Viennese newspaper correspondent in Paris who witnessed the conviction and degradation of the Jewish-French captain Alfred Dreyfus, and was so moved that he returned to his hotel room and wrote *The Jewish State*, thus founding the modern Zionist political movement for the reestablishment of a Jewish homeland and state; Rabbi Menasseh Ben Israel, neighbor and friend of Rembrandt in Dutch Haarlem and Amsterdam, who persuaded Oliver Cromwell in 1655 to let the Jews return to England, despite their banishment by King John in 1290, and "live in peace and have their own houses of worship, schools, and cemeteries"; and Yehuda Halevi, poet during the Golden Age of Spain from whose poems my father and mother recited beautiful lines.

In Portland at that time, children began attending Hebrew school at age four or five, certainly–even for the few girls who attended–no later than six. Most of the teachers were dedicated and competent, a few were mediocre, and one I remember only too well was a sadist. We sat on long benches with higher benches as our desks in a crowded small room on the first floor of a two-story building, diagonally across from the synagogue.

Since I had begun taking violin lessons at about age six, music in all its forms became a game with me. I would pour water into glasses to varying levels to make a scale on which I could clink out melodies. Perhaps better, I assembled a set of safety pins graduated in size, the smallest giving a

high C (or what I called "C") and the largest a low C. Having stuck them into my bench, I could pluck out melodies. One spring day, when I was about eight, I carefully stuck my safety pins in the sequence of their respective notes, up and down the scale, into my bench near the back of the classroom, and my musical or pseudo-musical impulse impelled me to play "Hatikvah" ("hope"), the Zionist and later Israeli anthem.

My teacher, Abraham Weisberg, first thought that the music was coming through the open windows from neighbors. After the second performance, however, the teacher became suspicious and began looking into each desk bench. I was able to pull out all the safety pins except the largest. As the teacher came toward my row, I jumped through the open back window assisted by several of my classmates. The teacher followed, caught up with me and pulled me, struggling to get free, into the classroom. A strong slap across each side of my face was not as painful as the lecture my classmates and I had to endure for the "sin" I had committed while we were studying the "portion of the week" from the Book of Leviticus, the disgrace to my family and the community, and the disruption of our class, the bulwark of creative Jewish survival. My mother took the event in stride, but my father gave me the worst punishment possible: he refused to talk to me for several days. Thereafter, I left my safety-pin musical instruments at home, and Mr. Weisberg became my good friend and guide in Jewish studies. But to avoid being called a "sissy," especially since I wore glasses and was called "four eyes," I joined one of the gangs in the North School, three short blocks from my house.

Several months after my frustrated musical performance, a minor war began during recess in the schoolyard (of the North School on Congress Street, near India Street), when the older gang pounced on a small, helpless, unlucky shlemiel named Hirshey Sulkowitch, who looked upon me as his protector. As I entered the fray, the opposing gang leader, named Nick, called the schlemiel and me "dirty Jews," "kikes" and "Christ-killers." Enraged, I tried to fight back, but we were outnumbered and outpowered. The battle left me on the ground, bruised and unable to use one leg. The principal telephoned my mother and ordered the opposing belligerents to carry me home. The family doctor, John Davis, arrived within minutes and, after a quick examination, drove my mother and me to the Maine General Hospital (now the Maine Medical Center) at the other end of town. The x-ray diagnosis by the hospital doctors was "osteomyelitis," a serious bone disease, and their recommendation was immediate amputation.

When Dr. Davis drove us home, my father was waiting for us. Dr. Davis immediately called the hospital about other tests that had been performed on me. The adults sat around the kitchen table and listened intently to

Dr. Davis's report: "I saw the x-rays and I'd have to say it's either osteomyelitis or a couple of defective x-rays or a mix-up. The blood tests don't support bone disease. But there's no history of bone disease. The hospital suggests further x-rays but is strong on amputation." My father asked, "Would waiting a day or two make a serious difference?" Dr. Davis responded, "Are you thinking of taking Leibel to Boston for an opinion from one of the great hospitals?" My father nodded and Dr. Davis continued: "I think that's a good idea. I'll call you back with the names of two doctors, one at Mass General and the other at Children's with the addresses and telephone numbers. Better still, I'll call them."

As Dr. Davis, who was a near-god to our family, picked up his bag to leave, my mother, who had been silent during the entire conversation, kissed his hand and said with words that were barely audible, "Doctor, you'll save my Leibel's leg–you and the Almighty." Dr. Davis replied, "I'll do all I can, but both of you parents can help by keeping up your courage and Leibel's."

The next afternoon, the doctor at Children's Hospital in Boston said that I had nothing more than a bad wrench of the leg muscles and that something must have been wrong with the Maine x-rays. He seemed pleased, however, that we were going to Massachusetts General Hospital the next morning for an additional opinion. After a sleepless night for both Father and me at a cousin's tenement in the South End of Boston, we got the same diagnosis from the MGH doctor. My father promptly telephoned the news to my mother. Joy reigned supreme, and to celebrate my father and I had hot pastrami sandwiches and soda pop at a kosher delicatessen not far from the Boston Common, where my father took me for a "swan boat" ride.

Back at school, the principal called Nick and me into his office; Nick said that he was sorry for hurting me and for using "dirty words" about my being Jewish. Having rehearsed the scene in anticipation, I answered, "Sure, forget it, but don't try to beat up Hirshey again." Nick and I became friends, and he came to my bar mitzvah.

The trip to Boston had been responsible for the cancellation of one of my violin lessons. My teacher, Mr. Tappan, was sure that I was no Kreisler, but he thought I had talent that ought to be encouraged. My playing was at least good enough to let me play in the grade school orchestra, with a solo at graduation, and later in the high school orchestra, where I shifted to viola. To quote our conductor, "Viola players were at a premium; violinists were a dime a dozen."

There was, of course, no violin practicing on Sabbath, which allowed time for some innovation by the time my second and third sisters, Anne Esther ("Arnie") and Celia ("Civie" now "Cele") had arrived. Friday, after

songs and stories, my father began putting on little original plays, with minimum scenery and costumes and maximum hilarity. He always cast himself as villain and me as hero and my two older sisters played other roles. Mother and Celia as audience were the perfect claque. On Sabbath afternoons (when my father tested me on the commentary by Rashi for the portion of the week from the Pentateuch), I read the four or five books I had taken from the school library and did my homework for Monday. Sunday was reserved for Hebrew school in the morning, an hour or more of my father's supplemental Hebrew teaching, then play, practicing violin, play, study and more violin to make up for Saturday. But even with all this activity there was still time for my friendship with Moe Huberman.

Moe's father ran a delicatessen and grocery store on Middle Street, about a block from our house. I was older than Moe by a few months, and at age four our mothers had brought us to kindergarten, our first absence from our mothers. Moe handled himself like a little man; I wept–but the tears disappeared quickly when beautiful Miss Donahue hugged me, picked me up and carried me, leading Moe into the Franklin Street kindergarten with the others. I remember her pug nose, carrot-colored hair, the few freckles on her upper cheeks, bright blue eyes, warm smile and tinkling laugh. Both Moe and I fell in love with Miss Donahue and, as best friends, often talked of her as we did about other momentous matters.

I recall once walking with Moe from his house toward the kindergarten, when we saw Moe's father attempting to force out a rat from the entranceway to his store. Mr. Huberman had a broom, and the rat, cornered, jumped for Mr. Huberman's throat, missed but got away. Mr. Huberman took it calmly, but Moe and I couldn't. Moe went to his father and put his arms around him, then came back to me. With clasped hands and tears streaming we walked to kindergarten together. Even after Mr. Huberman's store expanded and the family moved to High Street among the "Yankees," Moe and I remained the most intimate friends through grade school and high school and thereafter.

Our family continued to expand. My mother's father, Israel Benjamin Romanow, arrived in 1908. Yisrael Benyamin HaCohen, (the Cohen, descendant of the Biblical high priest Aaron, brother of Moses) had a magisterial face and stance. When he would *duchan* (pronounce the priestly blessings on the festivals and high holidays) with his *talis* (prayer shawl) covering his head and face, he stood erect and proud of his role and heritage. With the pennies and dollars that he saved from peddling dry goods and notions out of his wagon with its slow-plodding horse, he sent money back to Meretz. Then came Uncle Harry, my mother's full brother, son of Israel and his first wife, Rivke. (Harry appeared in Portland, departed, then

returned several years later. In the early twenties he arrived with a wife, Sarah, American born, and with a baby son, Robert, but again, after several years, he left only to return alone and depart again several years later.) In 1910 came Grandpa Israel's second wife, Feygel, with their children, Samuel, Harold (who died several years later in a Boston hospital) and Goldie, all of whom my mother treated as mother, brothers and sister. There was never mention of "stepmother" or "half brother" or "half sister." Goldie, who was ten on her arrival, when my mother was twenty-five, was always her younger sister and, in later years, closest confidante. All of the children in our family loved Goldie. Grandma Feygel's family soon came in droves, brothers and sisters and cousins galore, many of them with the family name Lebovitz, which in some cases eventually became Loeb. Some settled in Portland, others in Boston.

On my father's side, most of his relatives came to Boston and remained there. But in 1915, his cousin, Samuel Quint, age seventeen, son of one of the many sisters of my grandfather Abraham, arrived in Portland. Black-haired and strong-faced, like my father, and over six feet tall (in my boyhood I always thought of him as a giant), he was all muscle and energy. My father arranged for his employment as apprentice to a blacksmith. Several months later he became enamored of a beautiful sixteen-year old immigrant, fresh from Poland, named Lily. She was a rosebud and chirped like a nightingale. She worked as a waitress in the coffee shop of her older sister and brother-in-law on Fore Street near Portland's docks. One day, disconsolate, Sam told my father of a misunderstanding with Lily. She had refused to see or talk to him, and his life was now miserable and meaningless. He would go back to Lithuania. My father insisted that I, then ten, remain and listen. Then came my father's decision. He would go with Sam to Lily; he would plead Sam's case, and at the right time Sam would take Lily's hand, kiss it and beg forgiveness; and I was to accompany them and learn how a broken romance could be patched up again. My father began rehearsing with Sam while I played the role of Lily. As we walked toward the coffee shop, my father continued coaching Sam. Here, combined, were my father's interest in fun and play-acting and his dedication to family.

At first Lily would not talk. But my father persisted: "You did not understand Sam. He was so overcome by your beauty and loveliness, that the words became twisted in his mouth and you misunderstood what he intended; it was not your fault, but his. He loves you and begs your forgiveness," my father entreated, as though he were reciting Shakespeare or Sholom Aleichem. Sam grabbed Lily's hand, kissed it and wept, and between sobs uttered, "Please, please forgive me. I love you." There was no dove of peace or love flying in that coffee shop, but my father's pleading and

Lily's warmth prevailed, despite Sam's gauche manner of courting. Several weeks later there was a small wedding in our tenement. I held one of the four poles over which the *chupah* (marriage canopy) was draped. Later Sam and Lily joined the other Quints and the Dobby, Friedman and Burstein and (still later the Fistel and Kupferman) families (all descendants of my grandfather's sister) in Winthrop, Revere and Malden, north of Boston. They lived full and ripe lives; their great-grandchildren are college graduates, one a successful New York lawyer.

Several months after the wedding, our Hebrew school produced a play written by one of the teachers in Hebrew (with occasional Yiddish translations when the Hebrew was too difficult or esoteric) and I played the blacksmith. Sam provided anvil, bellows, tongs and all the other paraphernalia, lugging literally tons of stage "properties." I recited, sang and took the bows, while from the wings, Sam and Lily, with his arm around her waist, beamed and chuckled.

At a Zionist conference in 1914 my father met Boston lawyer Louis D. Brandeis, who had just assumed office as head of the American Zionist Organization. On his return, my father could not restrain his enthusiasm: "What a Zionist leader! What an orator! He's brilliant and he knows Jewish history! And can he move an audience! Have we got a President!" Two years later, during the four months of confirmation hearings by the United States Senate on the Brandeis nomination to the United States Supreme Court, my father's spirits rose and fell as the news reports were cheerful or chilling. On the Sabbath following the Brandeis confirmation in early June 1916, my father made a special *mi she-berach*, a blessing from the pulpit during the reading of the weekly portion of the Five Books of Moses, in honor of the joyous occasion: the first Jewish justice on the United States Supreme Court.

Around this time, my father's business ventures, which had begun with his picture-framing, mirror refinishing and photography store on Congress Street and soon included greeting cards and art reproductions, took a turn for the better. He finally sold the business and paid off his debt to his former boss, using part of the proceeds to pay off the mortgage on our house (some five stores and four tenements owned by my grandfather and father) and the rest as part payment for a business at the west end of Congress Street. The new store was loaded with toys and games and Christmas gifts, and I had fun helping in the store. There was an active shopping period, but January came and my father sold the store again for what he said was a good profit. Then he bought Murdock & Freeman, a soda bottling factory within a half mile of our house, borrowed anew to the maximum on the house mortgage, withdrew all of the family's personal savings and began

his new manufacturing operation.

I began helping in the factory, running the bottle-washing machine at age twelve and helping to provide jobs for my young friends–especially during the school vacation–all in the absence of child labor laws. One day my father reported that the expensive syrup, which, when added to carbonated water, made the variously flavored soda pops and Hires Root Beer (for which my father had a franchise), was disappearing. He thought it was an inside job but he didn't know whom to suspect. The detective and courtroom stories that I occasionally read had their effect on me. Without telling my family, I planned the mystery-solving technique, enlisted five helpers, plus Moe. On Sunday, I surreptitiously took my father's keys, opened the factory main door, placed my fellow plotters in areas throughout the plant and arranged for signals in case we were spotted and needed help. Otherwise we were to be silent and watch closely. I then opened the lock in the syrup room door, accompanied by Moe, and locked the door from the inside. We hid in the clothes closet, keeping it slightly ajar so that we could listen and peek out.

We waited and waited, then heard the insertion of the key and the squeaking of the door. Two men entered; one was in his early twenties, and I immediately recognized him as John, my father's employee. The other, somewhat younger, turned out to be John's brother. They left the door open and, in several trips, funnelled a good part of the syrup into bottles. After the brothers had locked the door, we waited for what seemed to us fifteen or twenty minutes, then left the syrup room locked, rounded up our fellow spies, only two of whom had seen the thieves enter and leave in several trips by the rear door. We opened and relocked the side door through which we had come and pledged that we would tell no one except my father and agreed that Moe and I were to be the tale-bearers.

When Moe and I entered the house, my parents sighed in relief. They had telephoned Moe's house, and his parents were also frantic. Moe called his family immediately, then Moe and I told my father what had happened. My father grabbed me by the shoulders with a threatening look on his face. Moe yelled out, "We were only trying to help you, Mr. Weinstein." My father released me, then flopped into a chair. "What if they had guns and shot you?" he asked. I jumped in: "But we hid all over the place, and Moe and I hid in the clothes closet in the syrup room." My father looked at us and, still very angry, added, "What if one of you had sneezed or made a noise?" My mother rushed over to Moe and me and embraced us. My father said, "Never let anything like this happen again. Now, everyone stand up and we'll *bensch gemel* [recite the Hebrew prayer for escape from death or serious danger]." We followed my father in unison, but I caught Moe's eye

when I was sure my father's eyes were closed during his intensive praying. I winked to Moe and Moe to me, and my mother, who caught both of us in the act, also winked. After Moe's departure I got one of the longest speeches of my life from my father. But never once did he punish me corporally. I've known no one who could control his temper so well.

At the hearing before the grand jury on John's indictment for grand larceny and his brother as his accomplice, Moe, another of our fellow spies (who also identified John), and I were witnesses. Joseph Connolly, later Judge Connolly, lawyer for my father, the complainant, and our family counsellor and friend, put one arm on Moe's shoulder and the other on mine and said, "The district attorney told me that you were excellent witnesses and will probably make good lawyers." My father beamed for the first time since the crime-detecting Sunday. John and his younger brother pleaded guilty and were sentenced, John to a long term.

I was to be a witness in court again only a few months later. On a Sunday afternoon at the end of a buggy ride, my parents, my three sisters and I were about to turn into the back gate on India Street when we saw Kevin McLaughlin, the youngest son of one of our neighbors, running out of the open gate with a smoking gun—literally a smoking gun—in his hand. He dashed up India Street toward Newbury, in the opposite direction from our buggy. As we entered the stable area, we saw Mike, Kevin's oldest brother, lying motionless on the ground with blood gushing from his head. My father jumped from the buggy, rushed all of us into the house, locked the door and called the police. The trial was simple: the prosecution called my parents and me as witnesses. (My mother was obviously pregnant; less than a month later my brother Sidney was born.) The district attorney also introduced a confession by Kevin (this was many decades before the "Miranda" preconfession warning decision). The jury brought in a guilty verdict within a few minutes. Since Maine had no capital punishment, Kevin was sentenced to life imprisonment, and my father, the expert picture-framer, used his T-square and right angle miter to make a frame to fit the newspaper account (with a photograph) of father, mother and son as prosecution witnesses.

Both trials made an impact on me and undoubtedly were factors in my later determination to go to law school.

Meanwhile, my father had become a notary public and a member of Portland's Board of Assessors to fix the assessed value of taxable real estate and personal property. Since he was now a government official in the Golden Country, he performed his duties with great pride and satisfaction. When he impressed his notarial seal on a document with the seal of the State of Maine and its motto *Dirigo* ("I lead") and inscribed his

name below it, he did it with a flourish.

The arrival of Sidney on January 30, 1917, was a great family event. Civie was no longer the baby; Arnie loved to hold and change and dress him, but Becky was the oldest daughter and ready and eager to play the baby's mother. There had been a brother, born after Becky, who died of spinal meningitis in his infancy, after whom Sidney Moses was named: Sidney for *shalom* (the Hebrew word for "peace"), and Moses for his deceased older brother, Moshe, the Hebrew equivalent. (My mother said that although the doctor called the fatal illness "meningitis," it was really an "evil eye," as in the case of her first born, who preceded me and died shortly after birth. Mother said that the symptoms were the same, and I could never learn whether she was serious or playing a prank.) But now I had a brother, twelve years younger than I.

Our tenement was bursting at the seams. We had two bedrooms (one the entry into the apartment) plus a third, the "dark" bedroom, which was used as a storeroom. One could tell whether anyone was in the "inside" bathroom by the light through the frosted glass window. I slept in a cot in the kitchen, the three girls were in one bedroom, with a single and a double bed, and my parents, plus Sidney, were in the other bedroom. The dark bedroom had no outside window, but a window that led into the back hall entrance. Among other furniture, it contained a large trunk with remnants or mill-ends my father had picked up from his acquaintances in the wool and cotton mills near Portland, Sanford, Lewiston-Auburn or Biddeford-Saco, so that Mother could make dresses for the girls and herself and shirts for Father and me. But Mother had little time for sewing and running the household, while father was busy working, attending meetings, painting, chatting or playing at politics. There was also a living room and a kitchen with an old-fashioned coal cooking stove; its red hot coals provided whatever heat our tenement had, and Maine's winters were cold.

The year 1917, which saw the United States enter World War I, also brought the announcement on November 2 of the Balfour Declaration, in which Lord Balfour, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Great Britain, wrote to Lord Rothschild, head of British Zionists, that "His Majesty's government looks with favor on the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine." Several weeks later the Portland Zionist District held a gala in honor of the declaration. My father presided, and our speaker was Elihu D. Stone of Boston, friend of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge (the first). Stone led a large delegation of Massachusetts Zionists to Washington and was largely responsible for the Lodge Senate Resolution favoring the declaration. At the end of the meeting, when Elihu met my mother, they discovered that not only were they both from Meretz but also distant cousins. The beginning

of the meeting was most important to me, because I was permitted to parade in with the Zionist flag, while a schoolmate, son of the prior president, carried the Star-Spangled Banner. World War I news meanwhile told us of the stalemate in Europe.

My Hebrew studies continued. After translating the Pentateuch from Hebrew into Yiddish, and then from Hebrew into occasional English, we translated and studied the entire Old Testament. When I was twelve we began part of the Mishna (the first part of the Talmud, in six tractates); our first studies were in the book Noshim (women). Despite my mother's protestations that we were too young to be taught the rabbinic rules dealing with sex abstinence, menstruation and "cleanliness," we continued with our studies and I had sex education in Hebrew school long before some of my friends acquired their information through "dirty" books or actual experience.

I entered high school at mid-year, in February 1918, several months before my thirteenth birthday and my bar mitzvah. It opened up new vistas, with new subjects, especially Latin, French and ancient history; new activities, especially music, dramatics, debating and the school newspaper; new friends; and new horizons.

My bar mitzvah was on Shabbos Hagadol, and my father announced that I would serve as cantor (and not in my customary role of choirboy) for the Friday evening and the Sabbath morning and afternoon services, as well as reader of the weekly portion from the Five Books of Moses and the Haftorah (the prophetic epilogue of the Pentateuch readings). I protested that this would make me a "show-off" in the eyes of some of my friends, but my father, to whom the synagogue was the most important part of our lives, prevailed. He also agreed that I could have a separate party on Saturday afternoon, after services, for my friends; this meant only boys, although I hoped to invite two girls named Jeannette, one from Portland and her cousin from Boston who was temporarily living with her. I had a crush on each but neither knew it. Also, Portland Jeannette's home was in a Yankee neighborhood, not in our mixed ghetto, which included Jews, Italians, Greeks, Poles and other Slavs, and still other ethnic groups.

My bar mitzvah was the longest in my memory; it began with the welcoming of the Sabbath on Friday evening. I acted as *chazan* (cantor) supported by my regular choirmates, ten of them. Saturday included the regular morning service, with *trop* (cantillation) for the Biblical portions followed by *musaph* (the additional service) and *mincha* (afternoon service). My father and both grandfathers were called to the *bihma* to recite the prayers for their Biblical portions which I chanted. Each of them kissed me after his final blessing.

I performed my bar mitzvah evening and day to my father's and grandfathers' pride, orated in Yiddish and English the speech I had written myself (on that I insisted) and saw all the women and girls (my mother, her "mother" Feygel, whom we also called "Bobie" (grandma), my paternal grandmother and all of my sisters, cousins and aunts sitting in the women's balcony) *kvell* (glow with pride). The rabbi, cantor and *shamas* (sexton) gave their congratulations with superlatives, but the warmest praise came from Jack Levinsky, who was later to marry my Aunt Goldie: "Lew, you really ought to be a rabbi. A cantor you already are. And, if we had you instead of our rabbi, that would be a great improvement." My only reply was, "Please, Mr. Levinsky, respect for the rabbi. I could never be a good rabbi." The bar mitzvah parties were *haimish* (family-like) with the emphasis on *mitzvah* (good deed) rather than *bar.* But I would blush whenever I thought how my father showed off my quasicantorial and Biblical reading skill to the congregation, and I never learned whether kissing the *bal kriah* (whatever the relationship might be) was proper.

Two months later, on a Friday evening, my father announced that he was to drive his small Ford truck to Boston on Sunday to keep some business appointments. Because of the sugar shortage during World War I, he would try to buy sugar substitutes for the bottling plant. He also wanted to take his sister Kranie to Boston to meet a man who might become her groom. If I wanted to join them, he said, I could. We would leave very early Sunday, the drive to Boston of about a hundred miles would take about four hours, and we'd all be home by ten in the evening. "Lew doesn't go with you, he has a Latin exam the next day," my mother interrupted. (I had persuaded my parents and friends to stop calling me "Leibel" or "Louie" and to call me "Lew.") Then she asked my father why he couldn't make the substitute sugar arrangements by telephone, instead of driving back and forth for at least eight hours. Wasn't the whole purpose of the trip to prevent Kranie's spinsterhood and to meet a man through a marriage broker? (Kranie was almost thirty.) My father said he had tried futilely to get sugar substitutes by telephone and he needed to persuade the prospective sellers in person. My mother insisted it was Kranie; he insisted it was sugar substitute for the soda factory, a matter of financial life or death. I heard the loud words of my mother and the soft, short answers of my father as I fell asleep.

Coming of Age 2

Early Sunday morning, June 9, 1918, my father finished his morning prayers, removed the phylacteries from his forehead and left arm, and kissed my still petulant mother, my sisters, brother and me good-bye. I could see him with my Aunt Kranie in the front seat of the truck as they drove off. At about eight o'clock we learned by telephone that in York, Maine, another automobile had forced the truck off the road into a soft shoulder. My father had been killed instantly when his head struck the steering wheel, but Kranie was unscratched. She was returning with his body. "She won't enter the house. She killed him. He went only because of her," my mother screamed, then burst into tears and wept until the *chevre kadisha* (committee for Jewish ritual burial) arrived to prepare his body for burial. I tried to console Mother but to no avail. My sisters joined me in our common effort. "Lew would have been killed if he had gone along. Kranie's the murderer," she cried out and then stopped suddenly. "Leibel, you'll take the Latin exam tomorrow morning. The funeral will be at one o'clock. Go study."

When my father's parents came into our tenement, she ordered them out and then locked herself in her bedroom, sobbing and moaning. I persuaded

my grandparents to stay and told them of the "talk" on Friday evening. Kranie, her sister Channah and Channah's daughter Rose, Arnie's age, came into the house. Before long the house was crowded with family and friends. Goldie, Becky and I finally persuaded my mother to open the door; the two of them helped her dress, and she washed and made herself presentable. She looked like a shadow, and as she walked toward her in-laws, she stopped short, as though they were nonexistent and not entitled to feel the pain. Finally Dr. Davis arrived and gave my mother a sedative. We led her back to her room, where she finally fell asleep.

Toward evening, I conducted *mincha* and later *maariv* (the afternoon and evening prayers). Kaddish was not to be recited until the end of the funeral. My Latin teacher telephoned to say I would not have to take the exam (I'd be graded without one), and she had the principal's approval for me to remain home the rest of the week.

A special visitor arrived after my mother woke up. Percival Baxter, a high school friend of my father, had given my father piano lessons and let him use the family piano for practice in return for art lessons. My father had had no instruction in painting but a natural talent. Baxter seemed to use the right words of comfort and sympathy, but more importantly, he made my mother smile, even laugh for a moment, with a funny story about a cat who jumped on the keyboard while my father was playing the Baxter piano. When he said that two of his most cherished possessions were my father's water colors he had received as birthday presents and then kissed my mother's hand, she seemed to be revived and refreshed. (Years later, friends reported that at least one, perhaps two, of my father's water colors were hung in the executive mansion when Baxter became governor of Maine.)

All of us tried to sleep that night after the non-immediate family and guests had gone. My mother reminisced, reciting from my father's letters to her while she was still in Meretz, singing one of his favorite songs until she collapsed and was given one of the pills Dr. Davis had left for her. We tried to sleep after Mama had become quiet, but Becky, Goldie and I were up most of the night watching her. The next morning was to be filled with visitors. The throngs that attended the funeral and the rabbi's eulogy confirmed my belief that my father was widely respected and loved.

As we passed through the vestry to go upstairs into the synagogue, I saw the many names of those who were dead and whom my father had memorialized in calligraphy. At the cemetery we passed some of the wooden headstones my father had carved, and I recalled his prediction that the Maine winters would soon obliterate the letters and destroy the wood. My mother insisted upon holding Sidney in her arms throughout the services

while comforting the three girls hovered about her. Aunt Goldie, then eighteen, was constantly at my mother's side, calming her. My father's family stood next to Goldie, and my grandmother, Chaya Sorah, kept repeating "let bygones be bygones," but my mother remained silent. When we returned home she again poured out her heart, her cries and her tears. (Only once during her lifetime and those of my father's parents did she talk to any of my father's family. In the late twenties, when my grandfather learned that she might be leaving Portland, he came to see her and effected a kind of reconciliation.)

We children had been torn between mother, on the one hand, and father's family, on the other, but any effort by us toward reconciliation seemed futile. Sidney, a year and four months old at the time of our father's death, later paved the way to restore some warmth to the family relationship. On his way to and from school he would always stop at my grandparents' home for a cookie from Grandma Chaya Sorah. She made him promise that he would say Kaddish for her and frequently reminded him of that promise. After her death, Sidney got up at six every morning for the morning prayers, no child's play in Portland's cold winters. But he did it. He had asked my mother whether she objected to his saying the Kaddish. "You made a promise, keep it" was her answer.

Over thirty-five years later, on the day after my mother's death, the five of us children discussed her emotions at the time of our father's funeral. We agreed that her anger must have helped blunt the cutting edge of her grief to soften the blow of her burden.

Shivah (the week of mourning) for my father ended on Saturday night. Two days later, the bookkeeper at Murdock & Freeman came to our house and told us that Father's trusted manager, Ben, had withdrawn all money from the bank, emptied the safe, taken most of the syrup and disappeared with the company's truck. My mother uttered a long sigh, telephoned Joe Connolly, the family lawyer and friend, and told us that Mr. Connolly would call the police and the insurance company. But my father had been so devoted to Ben and so confident of his integrity that he excluded himself and Ben from the corporation's insurance against theft. On Thursday of that week, the factory building was burned to the ground in a four-alarm fire. The cause was declared to be arson, and the insurance was not enough for the mortgage. Our family was penniless. We were part owners of our building, but its value was less than the mortgage. My mother took the news much more stoically than I had expected. "The Almighty will help us." Everything she knew, she shared with her children. I suggested that I would immediately get a job and not go back to high school. My mother would hear nothing of it, but I did get a summer job working for an ice

man. I did not have to work on Saturdays and proudly brought three dollars to my mother every Friday afternoon. When Becky made a similar suggestion, my mother hugged her and said it wasn't necessary.

Within two weeks after my father's death, Mother emptied the "dark" bedroom trunk on a round table in the bedroom that contained the entrance door. Stripped of all furniture except the remnant-laden table, the room became a retail shop. Word spread through the neighborhood that Kuna Weinstein was selling remnants at bargain prices. Thus began her business career.

One day, when there were few remnants left, she departed, saying that she would not return until nightfall. As the evening shadows fell, a neighbor brought her home from Portland's railroad station; she was loaded with heavy bundles. She had made the rounds of mills owned by her and my father's acquaintances in the mill towns nearby and returned with cloth "mill-ends." Before too long, one of the stores in our building became vacant. With her reputation for integrity, she went to Boston to get credit and was able to open a dry goods shop, with haberdashery and household "white goods"–sheets, pillow cases, towels and a host of items varying from sewing aids and dress patterns to work and sport clothes.

The store had a large storage room in the rear, with a small toilet room. The low front entrance was at the back of the store, and anyone over five feet, eight inches, had to stoop to enter. The rear door led to the back yard. This room became kitchen, study, playroom, dining room and storeroom. We lived here until we went to bed in our tenement upstairs.

November 11, 1918, Armistice Day, saw unrestrained joy in Portland, beginning with the announcement of Germany's railroad-car surrender and lasting throughout the day and night. Bands were interspersed in endless parades: the Veterans of the Spanish-American War, army units from nearby forts, the National Guard, our high school, police and fire departments, bands from nearby cities and towns and, of course, our neighborhood Italian band. And the news that Uncle Sam Romanow, who had been drafted, would not have to report for duty, brought relief to his new wife.

On the first night of Passover 1919, the first Seder after my father's death, we assembled around the table for the family observance. We were all stronger than I had thought we would be as I conducted the family service, following the family tradition. Sid, who was only two years and several months old, asked the "four questions." I would recite a word in Hebrew; he would repeat it; I would recite the translation into Yiddish and he would repeat that, although far from perfectly, until all four questions had been asked and answered in Hebrew and Yiddish. Then I added in Yiddish, Sid repeating each word at a time, "Lew, now give me the answers

to my four questions." There was hilarity and I lifted Sid up to receive the cheers, holding one hand in the air. The only person who seemed distressed was Civie, the youngest sister, who had asked the questions a year earlier, so I quickly asked her to recite the four questions again.

Later, when we came to Moses' and Aaron's efforts to have Pharaoh free the Israelite slaves, I said that we would sing in English a Negro spiritual that I had learned at school: "Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land." That spiritual and Sid's original phrasing in Hebrew and Yiddish of the four questions became integral parts of every family Seder since 1919.

I went to work for a "ship's tailor," Abraham Bernstein, who ran a men's clothing, jewelry and pawn shop diagonally across Middle Street from our store and house. My hours were from a little after three to ten. School let out at three, and at six I had a half-hour for supper. Bernstein's daughter Etta was my classmate and spent considerable time in the store. When there were no customers we often helped each other with homework. A ship's tailor, at least around 1920, sold the crew clothing, supplies and family gifts, including jewelry and trinkets. The captain paid their bills (probably receiving a "commission"), to be collected at trip's end. Once we had an attempted robbery by three armed sailors. I ducked under the counter and pressed the police "panic button"; the police arrived within minutes. Etta was the only person with me and became hysterical; she had to be taken home. On another occasion, when I was alone, a somewhat inebriated Mediterranean sailor opened his trousers and pantomimed indecent suggestions. The panic button again came to my rescue. Thereafter, I refused to go alone to the wharves with baskets of samples of merchandise.

Portland could be a rough town in those days, and Middle Street was often the scene of gang wars, with ethnic groups banded against one another and some gang wars within the same ethnic group. We maintained good relationships with most of our neighbors, and our enlarged home was frequently the temporary shelter when a ship came into Portland harbor with new immigrants. All the children gave up our beds and slept on the floor. Once, when a ship loaded with Greek and Italian immigrants disembarked in Portland, even my mother slept on the floor so that the newly arrived would have beds. Directly across from mother's store was the Siciliano Pharmacy. My mother often reminded us that when a doctor could not be reached, the Italian pharmacist (who, as an immigrant boy, slept in our house and who later became a physician) had kept her alive with some anti-asthma medication, and our families had become intimate friends. One evening during Passover, when Civie was about eight years old, my mother sent her to the Sicilianos with a pot full of matzoh balls from a huge pot

of chicken soup she had prepared. Civie, with her cargo, was walking across Middle Street when shooting began between two gangs. She stood on the streetcar tracks, probably trying to decide whether to protect herself with the heavy matzoh balls. When the shooting stopped, she completed her errand and ran back home in a panic.

Another neighbor had a son, William Vacchiano, whose constant trumpet practicing kept the neighborhood awake at night or brought us the equivalent of reveille in the morning. (In November 1988, at a New York Philharmonic gala celebrating the forty-fifth anniversary of Leonard Bernstein's last-minute debut as the orchestra's conductor, Bill, retired first trumpet of the Philharmonic, and I had a joyous reunion.) And an Italian band that played for festivals and funerals and sometimes gave open-air summer concerts rehearsed constantly. My brother Sid, when he was old enough, became a regular attendant and parade follower.

I worked for Abraham Bernstein during all of my high school years. Sea cargoes kept Portland's wharves loaded, and ship's tailoring was very successful. As the major clerk I worked six hours every afternoon and evening during the school year and six days and evenings during the summer. Friday evenings and Saturdays were excepted because Bernstein was an Orthodox Sabbath observer. Moe Huberman often came to the store, especially if he thought the next day's assignment was tough, and largely through his insistence I remained on the debating team, the school band and orchestra, the Glee Club, the magazine and yearbook staff, the Classical Forum, the French Club, the Public Speaking and Correct English Clubs, and other activities (this breathless list I extracted from our Senior Yearbook). I must have joined the Salesmanship Club to show Mr. Bernstein that I wanted to improve in my job. It now seems incredible that I could have participated in so many activities while working every afternoon and evening, but my classmate Etta often took over selling or talking to customers for me. When the ship's tailor establishment was locked for the night, I would usually go across the street, help trim the windows of my mother's store or lock up—but it was Rebecca who was mother's chief helper. Our Friday evening singing and plays continued and Sabbath was still the holy and happy day.

At high school I continued the college course I had started in January 1918, although I had abandoned any idea of going further than high school. My mother had five mouths to feed in addition to her own, and all my earnings went into the family pot. As for school, I did my work and juggled my activities, rehearsed during school breaks and found time to play Dick Deadeye in *Pinafore*, Launcelot Gobbo in *The Merchant of Venice*, and a wide variety of other roles. I also landed on the winning state high school

debating team at Bates College, played the violin, then viola, in the orchestra and the baritone horn in the cadet band, all with the support of the principal, my teachers and friends, my family, Etta Bernstein, and above all Moe Huberman. There were always books in at least two pockets of my coat and trousers, and I forced myself to use every available moment to read and study.

During my junior year, the Maine Centennial (the hundredth anniversary of Maine's breaking away from Massachusetts and becoming a state) included a Horribles' Parade, and my costume and conduct as a drunk were so realistic that they won me not only twenty Maine Centennial half-dollars, but a purported "arrest" for a few minutes by a police officer. He grabbed me as I turned into India Street from Congress on my way home. Although I protested that I was not drunk, he led me to a police call box for a paddy wagon, when he suddenly stopped, asked me to open my mouth, smelled my breath and said, "You aren't drunk, what's this all about?" I told him and showed him the half-dollars. He let me go, saying, "You haven't been arrested; get home and change, but fast."

I loved the mornings at high school and the homework I sneaked in between work and sleeping. I still found time to join a high school fraternity whose dramatic director I became—and which presented plays for certain institutions and charities. A newspaper picture showed the cast of *The Pot Boiler* in action: Oscar Cox and Moe Huberman, in lead parts, and I, as the frantic dramatist and director, writing the potboiler only as the rehearsals developed the plot.

(Oscar was graduated from Yale Law School and, while serving in a federal office many years later, found the obscure nineteenth-century congressional act that gave Franklin D. Roosevelt the basis of Lend-Lease; he later became administrator of the Foreign Economic Administration. Moe was in the Department of Justice. He developed a highly successful law practice and taught at Hastings Law School in San Francisco. He and his wife, Jane, and their four children came East for a family reunion. One night after dinner, Moe, his son Robert and I walked through our home, and I described for Robert various Jewish works of art, artifacts and old Hebrew books. Several months later, Moe died of leukemia. Only he, his wife and his physician had known of his illness.)

As Moe persisted in his efforts to persuade me to apply for college, I kept insisting that my first responsibility was to my family. "But you'll be of much greater help to all of them if you're a college graduate," he replied, but I was stubborn and convinced that the family needed all I could earn then and there. Two jobs came along: a cub reporter evenings (seven to midnight every night except Friday) for the *Portland Press Herald*; a day job,

seven-thirty to six, for Reliable Furniture Company near Monument Square in Portland.

But the jobs were not to begin for about a month, and I joined a summer stock company through the help of another amateur, my friend and classmate Stuart Bigelow. Our first week's play was *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* The director picked Stuart for the title role. Rehearsals went very well, but on opening night, in the final scene, when the calm Dr. Jekyll becomes the violent Mr. Hyde in his laboratory, and where Jekyll-Hyde is confiding to his fellow doctor (me), Stuart thrashed about and caused a crash of scores of bottles carefully collected by our properties staff, almost starting a fire as the curtain fell to thunderous applause. The next week we performed *King Richard III*, in which Stuart played the title role and I had a variety of small parts: a duke, an archbishop, a lord and a "sir."

For two weeks I was violinist in a four-piece dance orchestra on a boat that sailed to South Harpswell from one of Portland's docks at about eight in the evening and returned about two or three in the morning. The pianist and drummer were tolerable, but the saxophonist (who was also the bandleader) was no better than the violinist. During the second week he began crooning and got a good reception from those who were on the dance floor (and not in the staterooms). He had been at the University of Maine and had made its "Stein Song" famous, but was transferring to Yale. His first name was Rudy and his father owned a drugstore in the heart of Westbrook called Valle's Pharmacy. Rudy's uncle ran Valle's Restaurant, the first of a later large chain. When my mother learned of the unannounced boat activities, including the occupied staterooms, she insisted that I give up my job. Because I was getting bored, I did not resist.

At the *Portland Press Herald* I was sent out on spot stories, but I kept abreast of Jewish and other "ethnic" news about new Americans who came from Eastern Europe, Italy, Greece and way stations. After my first story went into the desk, I was summoned by the managing editor, Nat Gordon (who had hired me). He had red-lined practically every adjective and adverb. "We're not writing essays; we're publishing a newspaper. Cut out the flowers," he added. Since I was paid by the printed inch, I saw my prospective earnings dwindle.

Several weeks later, however, on a late Sunday afternoon, I wrote a story reporting a Jewish funeral of torn and worn-out Bibles and other Hebrew and Aramaic books, and other portions of the scrolls. In my report I outlined the traditional Jewish respect for the Book, with a summary of Jewish literature and an essay on the Old Testament, its commentators and the Talmud. Nothing appeared in the Monday paper. I kept away from Nat Gordon; I was heartbroken. But the next Sunday morning there was my

article on page one, with my byline. The editor had made no corrections.

My article had two consequences. First, Myer Karlin, who wanted his son Sam (three years younger than I) to continue his Jewish studies, arranged for a teacher to come by train from Boston every Sunday for over a year to give us five hours of study of Talmud and Midrash, medieval poetry and other Hebrew and Aramaic works; I was to get a "free ride" because I was the key to Sam's participation. Second, I received an invitation from Alexander Brin, editor of the *Boston Jewish Advocate* (who had re-published my book funeral article) to write a weekly column or two on Maine Jewish news which I accepted.

The furniture store where I worked was owned by two partners, Sam Eisenberg, obviously the boss, and one of his relatives, who did nothing but criticize Sam and me, the only employee. I kept the books, sold furniture, checked so-called credit and was a jack-of-all-trades, which included loading and unloading our only truck. Occasionally I was given a group of cards of delinquent accounts and coached in collecting techniques. The address of one of my early cards was a garish house on Cumberland Avenue. A woman, probably about thirty (I was then sixteen, and I thought she looked old) invited me in. She was wearing a kimono that was open almost to her navel. I told her that she had not made a single payment since she bought four bedroom sets and that she'd have to pay eighty dollars that day. Giving me a broad smile, she asked, "Won't you take it out in trade?" She let her kimono slide off, showing her as naked as Adam's Eve. Frightened out of my wits I ran out of the house as fast as I could, then I calmed down, walked to the store, and told the story to Sam. His only retort was, "I'll take that card."

That winter, I made a trip to collect bills that took me to a half-dozen cities and towns, beginning at Gardiner and ending in Augusta, cities north of Portland. I had left by bus at six in the morning, with the temperature about zero. I had two layers of long underwear, three or more sweaters, a heavy overcoat, mittens and a woolen cap that covered my ears. At three in the afternoon I stood at the busiest corner of Augusta waiting for the bus that was scheduled to take me to Portland. I did not know that reports of a blizzard had been sounded, and I was surprised that no stores were open. The bus did not come. Several cars passed me but would not stop, despite my frantic waving and yelling—and it was several hours before a young man stopped, picked me up, and immediately shut the door after me. By that time, my fingers, toes, nose and ears felt numb.

I had difficulty catching my breath to tell the driver that I was sure that my ears were frozen and that I was bound for Portland. He replied, "It's at least ten below, and we're in for a tough storm. I'll take you to Brunswick,

and you can stay at my house; we'll have a doctor look at your ears." He was Elijah in disguise. But I was so cold that I could barely make myself understood. So I listened. He had been visiting a brother in the state "insane asylum" in Augusta but was warned about the drop in temperature and the imminent storm. He had not seen another car on the road. Only in his house where his wife gave us hot soup did I begin to feel myself a human being and not a small iceberg. He got my mother on the phone; I spoke to her and could hear her sigh of relief. The doctor wouldn't come, but after hearing my symptoms over the telephone he said that he was sure that my ears were no more than "frostbitten." The young couple put me up overnight, and when I learned that my host was a recent Bowdoin dropout, I used Moe's arguments about the value of college and a degree. He listened, but I never learned what happened. Whenever the temperature approaches ten above zero these days, my ears begin to remind me of my Augusta experience.

One Saturday afternoon in late June of 1923, my friend Albert Abrahamson came to visit me. He was my high school classmate, who went on to Bowdoin College. He brought a bundle of copies of the *Menorah Journal*, a monthly magazine that his older sister Leah, then at Wellesley College, had brought home, thinking we would like to read them. She belonged to the Wellesley Menorah Society, one of the many Menorah groups in colleges throughout the country. I was fascinated with the first volume and particularly with its lead article, "Call to the Educated Jew," by the Boston lawyer Louis D. Brandeis. Almost breathlessly, I read another article, "Jewish Students in European Universities," by Harry A. Wolfson, then an assistant professor at Harvard, and "History of the Menorah Movement," by Henry Hurwitz, its editor. An article in the October 1922 issue, "The Affair at Harvard–What Students Did," by Harry Starr (who had been president of the Harvard Menorah Society), moved me deeply; it showed how responsible and representative student leadership could help achieve a solution of a difficult problem. President A. Lawrence Lowell was forced by the outcry of faculty, alumni and students (especially the Jewish students) to withdraw his proposal for a Jewish quota on admission. "If I ever go to college, and maybe I should, I've just got to go to Harvard. That's where the action is and that's where Moe is," I said to myself.

Two months later, Moe persuaded my mother that the whole family would benefit from my going to college. She and he argued well, and by that time it didn't take much to convince me. Moe said that he would talk to Harvard's Dean of Admissions and that I would have little problem getting into Harvard in the fall of 1924, though there would be some question

about making it the following month, September 1923. A few days later he told me that Henry Pennypacker, former headmaster of Boston Latin School and then Dean of Admissions to Harvard College, had informed him over the phone that he had seen my record. But, since I had no high school science (high school laboratory work was always in the afternoons, and I had my job to go to), I would not be permitted to take the late examinations at the beginning of September. But Moe didn't give up, and he persuaded Pennypacker to let me take the exams with the condition that if I was admitted I would have to take two science courses during college instead of the one required. Moe urged me to quit both my jobs and concentrate on studying, but he reluctantly accepted my answer that I would continue working except for a leave of absence during the week of examinations (the week before the Harvard fall term began).

Then began some four or five weeks of intensive restudy of Latin, French, English, math and ancient history. English was the toughest because it meant rereading all the high school texts—plays of Shakespeare, novels of Dickens and Scott, and others. There were also memory or judgment tests, but I couldn't study for them. My two jobs continued, but about ten days before the first exam I realized that there was no future in my furniture job and its poor business. I had a near-promise of something better and no one was upset by my departure. Thus, the hours of that last week were fully used to the very last possible minute.

After a long lesson from Moe about the technique of exam-taking, I bade farewell to my family, caught the train to Boston, spent the nights of exam week with one of father's cousins in suburban Winthrop, and took the exams in Harvard's Memorial Hall, using every spare moment cramming, including the two hours on the narrow-gauge railroad, subway, trolley and bus from Winthrop to Cambridge and back. On Friday I returned to Portland and on Sunday said good-bye to Moe at the railroad station as he was about to leave for his Harvard junior year. He yelled his last words to me as the train started: "I know you'll make it. You've already got a room. Ken [his older brother] and I have two rooms; I'll tell you more later."

My sister Rebecca, who was to replace me at the *Portland Press Herald* (I had told the managing editor that she was a better writer than I, and that was no overstatement), called me to a corner and gave me a small roll of bills totaling over seventy dollars, all of her savings, which she had accumulated penny by penny from sweater-knitting and gifts, and which she had withdrawn because she knew I could make it. I told her that I didn't need the money and that I had enough for the first quarter's tuition. "You'll need more for rent, food, books and lots of other things. And I just know you've passed," was her quick response. I couldn't resist. Later that day

came Moe's telegram: CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR ADMISSION. BE HERE MONDAY FOR REGISTRATION. (Moe later told me that as he waited in the lobby of Harvard's administrative office in University Hall, a secretary posted the list of successful applicants. My name was not among them. He was about to leave "with a heavy heart" when the same secretary added three names–and mine was among them.)

That busy evening extended almost to morning, with telephone calls, visits to my two sets of grandparents, my aunts, uncles and cousins, and a long talk with my mother, who kept repeating that business was improving, that the family needed no help from me in the foreseeable future. But the farewells at the railroad station (where a day earlier Moe and I had talked) were painful. I did not know it then, but I was not only saying goodbye to my family, but to Portland. My mother was then thirty-seven, Beckie sixteen, Arnie twelve, Civie nine, Sid six, and I eighteen. I returned occasionally during my seven years at Harvard, and during three of my six school vacations I worked in Portland, but Cambridge and greater Boston were to be my home and have been now for over sixty-five years.

Mother's last words at the station were: "Lew, Leibele, we'll manage very well. Just take care of yourself. I know you'll do okay. And, be a mensch." I thought how fortunate I had been with my parents. My mother was tender but could be tough. Alas, she had been unkind to my father's parents. She had tremendous pride and dignity and would quote an apt statement from the Talmud or the Midrash–and, more often, from her great-uncle, the Chofetz Chayim, or other rabbinic relatives. She was indefatigable, imaginative and infinitely courageous. She was a natural linguist and, in addition to her Yiddish, Hebrew, English, Russian, Polish and Lithuanian, she added street Italian and Greek and even some Chinese words she learned from the laundryman around the corner. She was shrewd in business and a comforting counselor to relatives and neighborhood friends who sought her advice on family, money and health problems. Although she treasured tradition, she was not as devout as Father. A number of times when I was late to catch a train or make another deadline, she would say, "You'll put on your *t'fillin* [phylacteries] tomorrow. Make your schedule. God will forgive you."

As for Father, he loved people and people loved and trusted him even to their last penny. And he trusted others–sometimes with dire results–as in the case of his bottling shop manager. Religion, the synagogue, charities, the community–all were important to him, on a par even with his family. He made me his companion and I was with him every spare moment as early as my ninth birthday; and he confided his plans and his future. He hoped that I would become a rabbi because he saw himself in that role. He

lacked *s'micha* (rabbinic license and authority), but he gave sermons, chanted and cantillated, performed pastoral duties, helped organize and develop the Zionist District, the Minyan Club (the requisite quorum of ten for group prayers), collected for countless good causes, and was the local unofficial ombudsman. My father took risks, but he would talk them out ahead of time. His devotion to Jews in Portland, and everywhere, was limitless, and his frequent meetings gave Mother little time for herself.

Becky was an excellent writer, a very hard worker and Mother's surrogate. Arnie was extremely warm, affectionate and bright. Civie, also intelligent and imaginative, was the house slavey, the Cinderella who was deprived of the opportunity of a glass slipper but on whom my mother always leaned. She had a keen mind and a warm sense of humor. Sid was only six, independent and rebellious, brilliant even as a child, often a loner, and also an innovator; and he was to remain in a household with four older females of whom he complained, "Every one of those four bosses me around."

Later, as I sat on my hard train seat and watched the landscape fly by, I thought back as far as I could remember and recognized how little time I had had to contemplate my future: what jobs I would have to handle to make ends meet and perhaps even help the family. What did I really want to be and do? I pulled out of my pocket a small paper-covered volume in Hebrew and English of Pirke Avot ("Sayings of the Fathers") and began reflecting on which sayings had left their greatest impact on me.

Certainly Hillel's words, preached at the time of Jesus' youth, were at or near the top:

> If I cannot be for myself, who is for me? And if I am only for myself, what am I? If not now, when?

That led to lines from Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., which I had copied into the flyleaf of the volume:

> As life is action and passion, it is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time at the peril of being judged not to have lived.

There were also these lines by Horace Traubel, intimate friend, literary executor and biographer of Walt Whitman:

> What can I do? I can talk out when others are silent. I can say man when others say money. I can stay up when others are asleep. I can keep on when others have stopped to play. I can give life big meanings, when others give life little meaning. I can say love, when others

say hate. I can say every man when others say no man.

But each quotation, no matter how meaningful, I said to myself, must not become a slogan and determine my life, even though it might be a guidepost on a specific path for my future. I decided that I would live each day fully and, to the best of my ability, not aim too high. I would make mistakes, but I would try not to repeat them. And fun was to be high on my agenda. The quotations, the admonitions and teachings of my mother and father and their forbears, all rushed through my mind. How fortunate I had been in my parents! But I had to work hard at my studies and jobs to prepare for a full, active, functioning and happy life–one in which I could help others as well as my family and myself. The Jewish people clearly needed help–non-Jews as well and even all humanity–but that was too broad, distant and overwhelming a vista. I would take each day in stride and do my best. The last few months had been trying and the previous day exhausting and I had slept only a few hours. The next thing I remember was being awakened from a deep sleep by the conductor's stentorian announcement: "Boston, North Station, last stop." I grabbed my suitcase and bundles. I was on my way to Harvard Square, Harvard College and a new world.

Harvard College 3

My four years at Harvard College began in September 1923 and were followed by three years at Harvard Law School. To say that those seven years opened up new vistas for me would be an understatement. From a small town immigrant boy, I grew into a graduate of a great college and law school. I was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar on October 22, 1930. Thus I began the practice of law that would extend for almost sixty years, including over three years in the Army.

During my undergraduate years I was fascinated by French literature, then by chemistry and finally by mathematics, my last college major, but when my plans to do graduate work in the field of Space, Time and Relativity in Heidelberg (then the center of study of Einstein's theory) went sour, I joined my roommates and other friends who were at the law school. My basic interest became people, their interrelationships and institutions, law and government, instead of mathematical equations, formulae and theories.

Throughout those seven university years, my love for Judaism and the Jewish people became intensified. I was active in the Harvard Menorah Society and other Jewish groups, and I served as Hebrew school teacher and

principal. My closest friends in the Boston area were my roommates and several Radcliffe women, including Selma Yeslawsky, whom I met in her freshman year and who became my wife in 1932. My intimate friends also included Harry A. Wolfson, Littauer Professor of Jewish History and Philosophy at Harvard, who became known as the Sage of Harvard, and Rabbi Louis M. Epstein of Congregation Kehillath Israel of Brookline, one of Boston's suburbs. Mrs. Minnie Epstein was the sister of my roommate, P. Wolf Winer.

Moe Huberman met me at the Harvard Square subway stop, helped me with my luggage, and gave me a guided tour of the Harvard Yard (it is never called "campus") as we went toward our Irving Street roominghouse several blocks away. We walked through an old gate; Moe stopped and we read the words aloud: "Enter to Grow in Wisdom." After registering at Memorial Hall and selecting my courses (English, advanced French, elementary German, mathematics and European history), I went to the bursar's office, where I paid my first tuition bill, sixty-two and a half dollars, a quarter of the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar annual tuition plus some charges for medical care and other essentials. Moe left me at University Hall where I was to see Freshman Dean Bacon pursuant to a note given to me at registration. The dean, who never smiled (at least in my presence), very coldly told me that he could not then honor my request that I do some administrative work in payment of my tuition; but he would reconsider after the November hour exams. When and if my grades warranted, I could get a Price-Greenleaf Scholarship for my tuition and, in return, do some clerical work in his office.

Before meeting Moe for my first Cambridge lunch, I squeezed in two telephone calls, the first to a Boston publishing firm, where I got a job selling *Judge* (a comic magazine of that period). I then telephoned the Bureau of Jewish Education to which I had previously written about daily afternoon and Sunday morning Hebrew teaching. All Hebrew teaching jobs were filled, but I was tentatively given a Sunday school position at the Young Men's Hebrew Association (YMHA) in Roxbury. I then hurried to Divinity Hall to find my freshman advisor, Assistant Professor Harry Wolfson (whose articles in the *Menorah Journal* had influenced me to try to get into Harvard). He was casual in his greeting, said he had to leave immediately for an appointment and asked me to return when I was "settled"; I felt let down, especially since he had so impressed me by his writings.

At lunch Moe advised me not to take on any more jobs so I would have time to play the viola in the Harvard–Radcliffe orchestra (the Pierian Sodality) and the baritone horn in the band (Moe played the clarinet in each). I applied to both musical groups and was accepted. Walter Piston was

our orchestra conductor, and the joy of playing under him and the friendships with my fellow players more than made up for the time taken by rehearsals and concerts. Piston, who was a superb teacher, conductor and composer, suggested that I listen in on some music courses, and he loaned me several books that led me to still others and were the starting point of many years of love for music. (For almost sixty years, I was to attend Boston Symphony concerts plus others in this country and abroad and play recorded music whenever I could find time.) The band was fun; the leader in my freshman year was a little older than average, and he taught us techniques from the Army, where he had been a bandmaster. The Harvard Band was the first to indulge in "between the halves" formations and gyrations at football games, but I found practicing for the marching a time-consuming nuisance.

My first classes were a delight. In math, bearded and handsome Professor William Fogg Osgood, who hastened through logarithms and concentrated on analytic geometry and elementary calculus, spent most of the first hour trying to get us to "visualize" mathematical symbols and objects and to concentrate on geometric figures, just as we could create for ourselves the mental image of the Boston Custom House tower (which I had not yet seen but which I later observed for many years from my downtown Boston office). Our introductory professors in European history were Roger Bigelow Merriman and Robert Howard Lord (the middle names were never omitted, but we had nicknames for these teachers and for others). They gave brilliant overviews of European history from the classical Greek and Roman periods through World War I. My French course was largely advanced grammar and reading, and German was a beginner's course which caused me some problems because my knowledge of Yiddish made it difficult to avoid a Yiddish word or pronunciation instead of German.

Freshman English was my favorite. My instructor was the poet Joseph Auslander, who not only taught me the importance of "unity, coherence and emphasis" in writing, but assigned me the whole gamut of papers: essays, short stories, descriptions, poems, book reviews and arguments about people, places and events that I knew first hand. In turn, Auslander got to know something of Portland, Maine. In the spring, he published his volume *Sunrise Trumpets*, and I can still recite some of his poems. After I had written my first serious poem, "To My Evanescent Muse," Auslander encouraged me to write poetry, but I remained a doggerel writer (although several serious poems of mine have been published). Even during the very first week at college I could see that my courses would be enjoyable and not too difficult–for the most part.

One late Friday afternoon in early November, the band entrained for

New York City, its first stop on the way to Princeton for the annual Harvard football game there. This was my first trip to New York, and three classmates and I were assigned to a room in the stately Vanderbilt Hotel. We had been alerted to be ready for an early departure the next morning, but we had time to arrange with the bell captain for second balcony seats on Saturday evening for the Broadway performance of *What Every Woman Knows* (then and now my favorite James M. Barrie play), starring Helen Hayes. The Princeton game was exciting, but I don't remember who won. We returned to New York City in time to gulp down supper and get into the theater seats, but no time to change from our band uniforms, crimson sweaters, white flannel trousers and white navy caps. (When Harvard later played Yale and "Ducky" Pond swam to a Yale victory in a heavy rainstorm, our sweaters and trousers turned almost pink.) This was the first Broadway play for all four of us (all non-New Yorkers). We were enthralled by the performance and captivated by Helen Hayes; she was then twenty-two and our ages varied from sixteen to eighteen. We all agreed we had fallen in love with her and decided to become "stage-door johnnies." Backstage, she laughed at our uniforms (what a singing laugh!), asked us the score of the game, and shook our hands, mine last; I kissed her hand. She promptly kissed me on my cheek, and my three comrades bent over so that she could kiss theirs. We walked out of the stage door with our heads light from star-gazing. (I have been an admirer of Helen Hayes now for more than six decades.) Back at our hotel room we changed into suits, then took the subway to the Bronx, where we attended our first New York party. But the aura of Helen Hayes made my blind date seem pallid and dull, just as I must have appeared to her.

After the November hour exams, Dean Bacon reported that my all A grades warranted a Price–Greenleaf Scholarship for my tuition (with a refund of the first payment), and until shortly after mid-years I spent eight to ten hours a week under his dour supervision, doing elementary filing and question-answering. At mid-years I was awarded a Crowninshield Scholarship, which had a stipend of two hundred dollars more than the Price-Greenleaf and eliminated the necessity of working for sourpuss Bacon.

Meanwhile, my Sunday school teaching led to a job coaching an amateur theater group, which brought me twenty-five dollars a play, a good part going to car fares for rehearsals and performances. A one-act play, *She Must Marry a Doctor*, a hilarious farce by Sholom Aleichem, was to be performed at the YMHA by a young women's group. At one rehearsal I said to the female lead, "Turn your disgusting face to the audience," when I meant "Turn your face to the audience with that disgusted look." (Every time I've

seen her in the last sixty-five years, she reminds me of that blooper.)

My magazine-selling was more profitable than I had expected. On my first evening out, my sales included a subscription each to four freshman roommates in Smith Hall, each also receiving a *Complete Shakespeare Annotated* as a "premium." When I left the room I had a pang of conscience, went back, suggested that all four could get along with one subscription and one book of Shakespeare. But I couldn't convince them, and they declined my suggestion that I return three of the payments. At least I had responded to my conscience.

Later in the year I got a job teaching at a Hebrew school in Somerville on two (later four) afternoons and Sunday morning. It was a long half-hour walk along Kirkland Street, up Winter Hill, especially difficult in zero-degree weather, but I enjoyed teaching. Public transportation would have taken me an hour each way in and out of Boston.

Moe and I spent much time together. He was a surrogate brother; since he was a few months younger than I, I could not describe his relationship as paternal. Our days and evenings were filled with classes and study and a few school activities (music particularly). Teaching, play-coaching, selling and later tutoring soon began taking too much of my time. I dropped the selling job, and increased the time spent on reading. Moe majored in Romance languages and I read almost all of his required reading, which did me no harm in my French course. In my newspaper cub-reporting days I had learned to type at a decent speed, so I typed Moe's papers for him. Since he was an all A student, scheduled for a summa cum laude, I started to acquire a fair knowledge of French literature and chose Romance languages as my field of concentration. But my mathematics professor, William Fogg Osgood, also had an important influence on me. At his home, I met his son-in-law, the young assistant professor Heinrich Wilhelm Brinkmann, with whom I became friendly and who was to be my sophomore-year professor in advanced calculus. My freshman grades were all A's except for one E in physical education. Harvard required all graduates to pass a fifty-yard swimming test, but I couldn't get myself to go into water over my head. I tried and I tried, but I had the frightening certainty that I would drown. So I "flunked" swimming, but I still had plenty of time to learn, or so I believed at the time.

I made several trips home during my freshman year. During the first two Seder nights of Passover, the home festivities became more lively and cheerful and filled with fun. My brother participated actively and was proficient in his "four questions" and the rest of the Haggadah ritual. My mother, who had been exhausted from the store and the holiday preparations, was able to relax, with color coming back to her cheeks from the rest, respite and

reunion. While I was at home I arranged through a friend to work the following summer at Riverton, an amusement park about five miles from our home at 39 Middle Street.

At Riverton I was primarily a cashier and occasionally a barker with such lines as, "Step up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the greatest collection of wild animals, trained performers and human oddities ever brought together for the enlightenment and amusement of the American public." At the end of the evening I assembled and checked the cash, totaled the company's receipts, rolled up the coins in paper wrappers and placed them in the safe for the next day's deposit. My sister Arnie often came by streetcar with my supper. My friend at the Park was the husky, cauliflower-eared bouncer Mark Simon, an ex-prizefighter who knew how to handle interrupters or roughnecks, as I witnessed on several occasions. He lived and worked in Cambridge during the rest of the year and became a frequent visitor. The summer was busy and often boring; there was little time to read, except on public transportation, and the job required seven days of work a week. The only plus was the pay: two hundred dollars for the summer.

For our sophomore year Moe and I had a three-room "suite" in Thayer Hall in the Harvard Yard: two tiny bedrooms and a study, with access "down the hall" to a large room of toilets and showers. Moe had a heavy program, and as he read the French essayists, novelists, playwrights and poets, so did I. I continued to type his papers. One of my courses was a survey of French literature, given by Professor Andre Morize, a French captain in World War I who came to Cambridge, fell in love, married and became a Cantabridgian. The course was entirely in French, and as Professor Morize read from Alfred de Vigny's "Moise" (Moses), who could not enter the Promised Land, Lamartine's "Le Lac" or Alfred de Musset and the other French nineteenth-century Romantic poets, he actually shed tears. (My French reading remained a significant part of my life and stood me in good stead in my war years, which included a year in French-speaking North Africa and some fourteen months in France. I was to enter Paris with General Charles DeGaulle as liaison officer to him from General Dwight Eisenhower. And the elementary course in Spanish was also to be useful in those parts of North Africa where the Spanish language survived.)

Professor Brinkmann made me almost part of his young family, and my work in my German reading course, where my favorites were Goethe, Lessing, Schiller and Heine, was advanced somewhat when he and I talked German together, even though my German remained of the broken, stuttering variety. In chemistry I was fortunate to have Nobel Prize-winner Professor Theodore Richards as lecturer and Albert Sprague Coolidge (later

perennial Socialist candidate for governor of Massachusetts) as my section chief and laboratory instructor. Chemistry was my introduction to science, and I was fascinated by our class experiments, the beginnings of organic chemistry and the magic symmetry of the periodic tables. Coolidge was warm, articulate and dedicated, a rare teacher, and I was almost tempted to shift to chemistry from Romance languages.

In January I received an envelope addressed to me from the dean's office. "That damned swimming–they've caught on to my cutting classes," I thought. When I opened the letter, it was a delightful surprise, a letter from Dean Greenough of the college, informing me that because my first-year grades placed me in the "first group of scholarship holders," I would receive a *Detur* (Latin for "let it be given") prize in the form of a book. The book was a first edition in French (because of my Romance languages major), bound in leather and with the Harvard seal in gold, of Fenelon's "Télémaque," the narrative of Ulysses's son's search for his father. The book turned out to be an ideal subject for a book review for my French literature course.

My sophomore year with Moe at Thayer was one of continual activity. Moe had seen that I could be self-sufficient and was no longer in the slightest way "fatherly." He had decided to go to law school and his senior year at college was a relaxed joy. All of his papers received praise from his professors for their content (not my typing). He and a law classmate were to live together the next year, and Wolf Winer and I agreed to be roommates in the college yard at "Matthews 35," one of the corner ground-floor rooms near Harvard Square. I had met Wolf in my freshman year, when he was a sophomore, and our friendship developed rapidly. He liked to paint and draw copies of the masters in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, majored in fine arts and was deeply concerned with creative Jewish survival, a goal we shared.

Wolf and I occasionally walked from Harvard Square to the house in Brookline (near Coolidge Corner) where his sister, Minnie Epstein, and her husband, Rabbi Louis Epstein, lived. Our two-hour walks back and forth enabled us to attend Friday evening or Saturday morning services followed by Sabbath dinners. Wolf was tall, handsome, very devoted to his sister and brother-in-law and all of his family, romantic and a lover of the arts. He had an extraordinary knowledge of painters, graphic artists and sculptors. His "love affairs" underscored his love of love; he wanted to love and be loved, and his romances with the young women of Radcliffe, Wellesley and other Boston-area colleges during our fours years of rooming together were short-lived and undoubtedly puritanical.

Through Wolf and the Epsteins, Professor Wolfson became a close friend.

During my sophomore year he was promoted to full professor, filling the first Nathan Littauer Professorship of Hebrew Literature and Philosophy established especially for him, the first chair in Jewish studies at any general university and the forerunner of now hundreds of such chairs in the United States. This extraordinary intellectual giant wrote on profound subjects, particularly in the philosophy of religions, with a lucid, rich, brilliant style, and he was always in persistent pursuit of the right word and phrase. I have reread his *Philo and Church Fathers*, not only for their substance, but for their superb style.

Wolfson was also that rare human being with whom one could discuss Curley politics in Boston, matchmaking, movies (particularly detective thrillers), America in international affairs and various styles of kosher cooking. He became known as the Sage of Harvard. In a university rich with great intellects and personalities, he was outstanding, and his goal of excellence became the goal of his disciples. Our friendship remained steadfast until his death in 1974; I was executor of his will, which left his great library and the bulk of his estate to Harvard. (I was later to write the epilogue to a biography of Wolfson by Leo W. Schwarz; still later several of us, including Peter Solomon of New York City as chairman, raised funds to establish a chair in Jewish Studies at Harvard in Professor Wolfson's memory.)

A friend and classmate of Moe, Bernard Jacobson (later at Harvard Medical School and a top internist at the Massachusetts General Hospital, who died in 1989), used me for live experimentation in biochemistry in connection with ultraviolet waves. I had cleared the adolescent acne from my face and neck, but a good part of my back was still covered. With careful measurements and the best equipment of the period, Bernie subjected a circle of my back to ultraviolet radiation; his success in clearing the circle of all acne and the paper he wrote was considered spectacular, and he indulged himself in a bottle of French champagne (only a few dollars then) for Moe, himself and me to celebrate his successful experiment, even though it did not win him the Nobel Prize in medicine.

My play-coaching became more lucrative, the scholarships continued, and my Hebrew teaching led to my principalship of the Somerville Hebrew School, with, of course, an increase in pay. My magazine- and book-selling were soon limited to a few weeks at the beginning of the year, and I became financially self-sufficient. Although my mother would not accept any money from me, I was able to repay my sister Becky and make frequent "gifts" to the family. In addition to the orchestra and band, I became active in the Harvard Menorah Society. I also had my first serious romance, brief but intense, with a Radcliffe freshman. I was not ready for marriage; her mother

(who came to Portland to seek out my mother) was too ready.

The end-of-year examinations were easy; Spanish and German gave me no problems. In the examination for French literature I responded to a question dealing with a play by Molière with an essay comparing characters with those in other plays of Molière, while a query concerning a specific Romantic poet was answered by analyses and comparisons with other poets. What I had learned from Moe's papers undoubtedly helped me persuade my exam reader that I was well versed in French literature. Professor Morize gave me an A+ and wrote me a short commendatory note. In my chemistry paper, I answered a question about a certain atom with a drawing of the whole periodic table and a statement of the relation of the atom to the whole atomic structure. On my return postcard was also an A+. Moe had taught me the fine art of answering exam questions.

Mathematics intrigued me and I changed my field of concentration. I was fascinated by the accounts of Professors Osgood, Brinkmann and William Graustein (who became my tutor) of the importance of mathematics in physics, astronomy and chemistry, and even in biology and the other natural sciences. They called math the "queen of sciences."

As the summer recess approached I determined not to go back to Riverton Park, despite Mark Simon's persistence, and I finally landed a job, not as a reporter but as night switchboard operator for the *Portland Press Herald.* The summer of 1925 was very hot and I had not realized that working from eleven at night to seven in the morning meant trying to sleep during the day with open windows in a tenement at a noisy street corner. But I did have quite a few hours a day to read, primarily in fine arts and history, economics and government. I often read at night, but more frequently I "slept on the job." At about three in the morning, when the newspaper was put to bed and the printing presses began rolling, the switchboard became silent, not to become active again until after five, when the circulation calls kept the operator busy. I moved four desks together to get a large, flat surface, switched two lines into two telephones on the desk (so that I would be easily awakened), stretched out and fell asleep.

Early that July, shortly before two o'clock one morning, I received a call from one of our reporters in northern Maine that a huge fire at a racing horse farm had destroyed a dozen or so valuable animals and threatened to become a widespread conflagration. Presumptuously, I asked the production chief to slow up the printing process until I reached Nat Gordon, the managing editor, who was at a speakeasy. He told me to have the presses stop, to begin writing the story, and to try to get one of the reporters in a town not too far from the fire for more details. By the time Gordon came into the city room I had about three pages of double-spaced material ready

for him. More information kept coming in, and by half-past-five in the morning we had the first copies with a screaming headline across the front page. Under the second caption were the words "by Lewis H. Weinstein with the assistance" of the two named reporters.

The summer's all-night job in no way interfered with my reading, being part of the family, enjoying the remarkable development of my sisters and brother and the growing calm and peace of my mother, helping in the store and seeing old friends. Before long, September arrived and I was back in Cambridge, now in Matthews Hall with roommate Wolf Winer. For my new field of concentration I took two fascinating courses, advanced calculus with Professor Brinkmann, and modern geometry with Professor Graustein. I soon became an "assistant in mathematics," correcting papers and examinations for math professors at five dollars a student a year–which for some sixty students brought three hundred dollars. I also enrolled in American history, the first half year through the Civil War with Professor Samuel Eliot Morrison, and the second half year through World War I with Professor Arthur Meier Schlesinger, Sr., both great historians and excellent teachers. I also took an elementary course in physics, necessary for my work in mathematics (and the second science which had been a condition to my taking Harvard's entrance exam).

Although I was constantly in class, studying, correcting papers, teaching, tutoring, playing in the band and orchestra or working on Menorah projects, there was some time for occasional visits to the Epsteins, other friends and members of my Boston family. My most enjoyable periods were those I spent with my Hebrew school pupils and my fellow teachers and my reading of Hebrew classics, most frequently in Hebrew but occasionally in English translation. Three or four times a year I traveled to Portland, always at Passover, usually at Thanksgiving and Chanukah and, of course, during the summer. There were also dates, usually with a Radcliffe student, often a double date with Wolf. Wolf was sensitive, warm, compassionate, idealistic and devoted to the arts, and he planned to go to law school. He was not the careful, indefatigable, innovative student that Moe was. Moreover, he was, to quote him, "madly in love" with a young, studious and beautiful college student who, I was sure, would never be in love with him. I began playing my amateur love affair advisory role, trying to cool Wolf. The definitive farewell by the young woman caused a difficult lovelorn period. When Wolf, at college, used to telephone her, her older sister, also beautiful, often answered, and when Wolf pronounced her name I translated it into its chemical term $C_2 H_4$ (ethelyne). Another lovelorn Harvard friend was dating a Radcliffe student. My unsolicited advice was that he was wasting his time; he reported this to her, and I received a

caustic letter from her telling me to mind my own affairs. It was addressed to "Dear Grandmother Lew."

When one of my Portland classmates lost his mother I telephoned his father and older brother saying that he was in a deep depression and suggesting that their doctor see him, because I feared that he might need a psychiatrist. I kept trying to be a mother or brother substitute, and he spent much time in our rooms, frequently sleeping on our long, cushioned window seat. (One of my classmates, a relative of mine from Portland, had suffered an emotional breakdown at the beginning of his sophomore year; until the 1970s he spent his life in a state institution, and I had been the one to alert his brother and sister-in-law to his apparent condition.) After all, I was a frustrated doctor and psychiatrist, knowing that I could never get through the premed work, med school, internship and residency on my own—at least not in the late twenties and early thirties. My friend refused to go back to Portland; his father, brother and doctor came to Cambridge. But he refused to see a psychiatrist or a clinical psychologist, as recommended by his doctor and Harvard's physician at Stillman Infirmary. After several months, with some medication, then primitive in that field, he found himself, and never once thereafter in our Harvard years, or in greater Boston, where he lived, did he call or talk to me. This was not the only instance in my life when individuals did not want to see me and be reminded of previous unhappy, even frightening, periods.

After the fall hour-exams in November 1925, near midnight on a bitterly cold evening, I was in bed and alone (Wolf was in New York) when I heard a pounding on the door. I opened the door after putting on my overcoat and in walked Jule Stocker, a senior with whom I had become very friendly and who lived in an upper floor in Matthews Hall. "Congratulations on making Junior Eight, Phi Beta Kappa; I also made Senior Twenty-two. And Milton also made Junior Eight," he shouted, pointing to Milton Katz's room around the corner from me. I knocked on Milton's door; he opened it. "Congratulations on making Junior Eight," I yelled. His response was, "For God's sake, close the door, there's a freezing draft here." (Jule, and later after his marriage, Bea, Stocker became part of that innermost circle of intimate friends whom we have known since college days.)

A few days later I received two Harvard letters in the same mail. The first was from Phi Beta Kappa, announcing my election as one of the Junior Eight, the key to be handed to me by "Bro. A. L. Lowell '77" (Harvard's president), but only if I paid twelve dollars for the gold key, the "banquet" and a year's subscription to the journal, *The Phi Beta Kappa Key.* (The *Lampoon* had an article in its next issue captioned: "No religious discrimination at Harvard. Three Gentiles elected to Junior Eight, PBK.")

When President Lowell presented me with the key, he asked what my major was. I answered mathematics. He responded, "That was mine, too, but I shifted to government and taught that for many years. By the way, if you can't use the key for anything else, it's handy as a corkscrew." (It is not.) He was cordial and hardly resembled the president about whom I had read during the Jewish quota fiasco. The second Harvard letter was from the Physical Education Department, informing me that unless I passed my swimming test before the fall hour-exams, only weeks away, I would be placed on probation; that meant no participation in any university activity and no scholarships. Without scholarships or correcting papers, I could not continue at Harvard.

That afternoon I went to Harvard's "Little Tree" swimming pool. The instructor was a medal-winner in the 1924 Olympics and a first-year law student. I told him of my plight, my absolute fear of going into deep water and my need to continue with scholarships. He asked me many questions and concluded, "You need a psychiatrist, not a swimming coach." Then he added, "Do you think you could do better if you came down here after mid-years, when you won't be under such pressure?" I answered that I would try very hard to ease up and learn. He suggested that I find a friend with whom I could relax, an understanding friend with plenty of time, who could watch and encourage me. Then he spoke in staccato tones: "Up and back, fifty yards. Stay in the water all the time. Hold on to the side ropes if you have to and get back. I have to be here for another hour, so don't rush. But get back to this spot and don't get out of the water." I clung to the side walls and the rope. Several times I went through the motions of swimming, and I came back to my instructor breathless. "Here's your certificate—and get yourself somebody who can really teach you," he whispered, handing me my admission ticket to continued scholarships and assistantships. (During that year I made a good start. Later, during my camp counselor summers while at law school, and especially from Selma, I learned to swim and drove out the dybbuk that had frightened me.)

There was neither time nor inclination for romance during my junior and senior years. For the Junior Prom I asked my sister Becky to come, a big event for the *Portland Press Herald* cub reporter, especially since her "card" was completely filled.

The Menorah movement absorbed much of my time, especially since I helped establish a greater Boston group with all the Menorah societies in other colleges and universities. We had long-standing ties with the Radcliffe Menorah and formed a dramatic group to read Jewish plays, translate some into English from Yiddish or Hebrew, and perform them. In my junior year I had also begun to give talks on "The Jew in Drama" (with honoraria of

ten to twenty-five dollars) to synagogue sisterhoods and brotherhoods, Hadassah and other Jewish groups.

The Harvard-Radcliffe Menorah Dramatic Group chose for production in the spring of 1925 three one-act plays: *The Shunamite*, by Yehoash, translated from the Hebrew by Henry Schnittkind; *Cripples*, by David Pinski, translated from the Yiddish by Isaac Goldberg; and *Poetry and Prose*, by Z. Levin, also translated from the Yiddish by Goldberg. Schnittkind, a Boston book publisher, and Goldberg, critic of the arts for the late *Boston Transcript* and a talented writer, were my friends and friends of Menorah. Rehearsals were in our study at 35 Matthews Hall with the area in front of the fireplace as the "stage." I directed *Cripples* and *Poetry and Prose*; Harvey Golden, a graduate student from Montreal, directed *The Shunamite.*

The Shunamite is the story of old King David (from "First Kings"), "who gat no heat. . .and they brought him a young virgin, a Shunamite, but he knew her not." David, the psalmist with a poetic soul, wanted love, but the virgin's answer was, "Whatever my King commands, I will do." At the last moment, when the student playing David became ill, I stepped into the role.

Cripples is a bitter satire. The setting is the main door of a house of worship (the play said "a church" but it might have been a synagogue or mosque). Two professional beggars plus a one-legged factory worker and a crippled war veteran fight for the right to be nearest the door. The professionals yell their arguments. The veteran shouts his war record and the worker yells of his proletariat right against the capitalists. When their voices increase in volume and become almost unbearable, the sexton (played by me) appears, suave and unctuous, hears each of them and then, with studied articulation, announces that the ideal spot nearest the door will go to the highest bidder.

Poetry and Prose involves two characters, a poet, played by Leo Huberman, a freshman and younger brother of Moe, who looked and acted the part perfectly, and a housewife, played by Fay Goell, a Radcliffe freshman whose friendship long outlived our college years. The prosaic housewife had a poetic soul and the poet had one prosaic thought: conquest. The curtain comes down as the poet, lying on the sofa (stage center, front) draws the woman down toward him. At the reception after the plays, Professor Wolfson asked me, "What would have happened if the curtain didn't fall?" I said, "There would have been a longer embrace."

Exams were over; all the grades were A. Professor Brinkmann wrote on my card "A+, 79 out of 80." After a few days in Spring Valley, New York, with Wolf's family, especially his lovely younger sisters, Rosabelle and

Fruma, I was back in Portland at my night switchboard job. I did much reading and much sleeping–some two to three hours during my job and probably four or five more during the day–and spent much time with my family. I was also beginning to have some doubt as to living a life as an academician in mathematics. Professors Graustein and Brinkmann, as well as Marston Morse (who was to be my senior year tutor during Graustein's sabbatical the next year), recommended the University of Heidelberg for graduate work. In those days, a recipient of a Harvard summa cum laude got a Sheldon Traveling Fellowship. Math was fascinating, and I had signed up for advanced courses in space, time and relativity with Professor George Birkhoff and differential geometry with a visiting German Professor Von Blaschke, a graduate course which required the professor's approval for an undergraduate (Professor Morse assured me that I would obtain approval). I also took statics and dynamics, an elementary course in physical mathematics which I was told was essential for my intended career. But I became more and more concerned with the solitariness of a mathematician's life, with graphs and symbols, abstract concepts and equations, rather than with human beings and their problems, although I was fascinated by the security (so I believed) of an academic career. I had already changed my field of concentration once, and I thought that I would look silly with another change. I also thought I might not have the time to meet the requirements for a new field of concentration; thus I remained in my field of mathematics. I satisfied myself with two half-courses in philosophy: the first in logic, the second in the philosophy of religions.

Wolf and I were back together in Matthews Hall. I continued my assistantship in math, my Hebrew teaching and my Menorah activities, but I decided to drop out of the band (so that I could have female company at football games). Very reluctantly I also withdrew from the orchestra. Leaving Piston was a wrench, but he was to be away part of the year; my viola playing was about a B-, and I would never be a good player unless I was ready to give practically my full life to the violin or viola. I enjoyed music as a listener almost as much as I did as performer, and I went to Symphony Hall for a rush seat on Friday afternoons whenever I could. As manager of the Harvard Debating Council I arranged and participated in a Harvard–University of Cambridge debate at Symphony Hall; George Judd, the Symphony business manager, surprised me with a gift of several sets of seats for evening concerts which I enjoyed tremendously. One of my friends had what was then considered a good record player. So I gave up playing the viola and went back occasionally to my violin but more frequently to records.

A Boston businessman responded affirmatively to my request for a

hundred dollars for a Harvard–Radcliffe Menorah prize for a one-act play on a Jewish theme, fifty dollars for each of two years, and I arranged for the contest to be judged by Professor Harry Wolfson and George Lyman Kittredge ("Kitty") and Charles Townsend Copeland ("Copey"), two important professors in the English Department (Copey was the drama professor and founder of the English "47 workshop"). Of the dozen entries, the prize was awarded to my play *Mourners*, which had the theme of reconciliation between daughter and father during the week of *shiva* with overtones of the conflict between my mother and grandfather. Because I was chairman of the committee, and belatedly realized that there might be a conflict or misunderstanding, I declined the monetary prize so that the contest would last an additional year.

One of my classmates and friends (now one of the best, if not the best, tax lawyer on the Pacific Coast), Samuel Taylor, had two younger brothers, Ralph and Henry, who were among my students in the Temple B'nai B'rith Hebrew School in Somerville. When I taught them Hebrew and saw how well they responded, I was thrilled and rushed back to my room to call Sam about them, while thinking of the line in *The Education of Henry Adams*: "A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops." Shortly after one such telephone call, a knock on the door brought in one of the first-year math students whose papers I was correcting. His last name was that of an old Harvard family and his father and grandfather were among Harvard's most generous contributors. He wanted to discuss his recent papers with me; the grades showed that he was a solid F student. When I went over some of his papers with him, it was clear that he had no comprehension whatsoever of what the textbook and the instructor were trying to teach. He wanted a tutor and I gave him the names of a number of my classmates who were tutoring professionally. "No, I want you to tutor me," he said, to which I replied, "That's impossible. I grade you." "If it's a matter of expense, there's no limit," he spouted. "Thanks for your visit," was all I said and I returned his papers, hat and coat. He flunked his math course and several others. In that case, the teacher had no influence whatsoever.

My course on space, time and relativity was rewarding, and Professor Birkhoff, head of the Mathematics Department, made me want more and more to give my life to mathematics. Einstein became my hero, and I was as charmed by the story of his life as I was fascinated by his theories. The subject was my only difficult one at college, and I recall one long weekend when I completed a paper transposing the Laws of Newton into those of Kepler by pure mathematics and then transposing them back by a different mathematical process. The details I have long forgotten, but when I was

finished, I realized how easy the solution was, had I only thought through the problem and its prospective answer before scribbling on reams of paper. But it was finished on time.

Statics and dynamics with Professor Joseph Walsh was by contrast extremely easy. It took less than a half-hour to do a typical assignment, and I remember no mistakes. Professor Walsh was a dull lecturer, and I considered the subject a complete waste of time. But my fall mid-year and spring exams and papers were all graded A.

When I entered my first class in differential geometry, Professor Von Blaschke from Heidelberg began with *"Meine Herrn"* and I had fifty minutes of agony trying to follow his scientific German, even his Germanic pronunciation of universal scientific words. I looked at the catalogue and the requirement of the professor's approval of any undergraduate's taking the course, and for the first time I saw in tiny type "Given in German." My reading of Goethe, Schiller and Lessing had not included modern mathematical terms; nor had I learned oral or conversational German. Yet the subject was important to me. The study of curvature and its mathematical value at a particular point on any solid geometric figure had been developed by the Russian professor Minkowski and was used by Einstein as his fourth dimension, time, to add to the three dimensions of space. I needed the course for further work in relativity but could not understand the German of Professor Von Blaschke. I approached him at the end of the class and said in my inadequate German that I could not continue because my knowledge of the language was not good enough. "Don't say that, please; come have tea with me this evening at my apartment," he responded. When I tried to continue, he answered simply, "Eight o'clock, this evening," and gave me his card on which he had written his Cambridge address.

Immediately after my arrival at the professor's apartment, he sat me down in his study and told me in broken but comprehensible English that he had three copies of his manuscript on the subject of his course: one was for publication in Germany; one he would use; and the third I could borrow. He was following the text precisely, he told me, and he also had an extra copy of a German–English English–German dictionary or glossary of mathematical and other scientific terms which he would also gladly loan me. I told him presumptuously of my hopes for a Sheldon Fellowship to Heidelberg, and he replied, "You will need my course for your work." Our conversation ended about an hour later, after he had reviewed his lecture of that morning and had told me that the Von Blaschke family which had made the glass flowers at the Agassiz Museum were his cousins from Prussia. I felt relief. And when he asked whether he would see me at the next class, I answered *"Ja, Herr Professor. Danke schön."* I borrowed his

book, understood the course and learned some scientific German. At mid-year, my grades continued all A.

I took time out again to coach the Harvard–Radcliffe Menorah players in three one-act plays. Leo Huberman did the scenery and program art work. The lighting was designed by H. Thomas Austern, a first-year law student (later president of the *Harvard Law Review* and, years later, the senior partner in Covington & Burling, the large Washington, D.C., law firm). Again, the play and the performances received good reviews.

In the second half-year, Professor Wolfson's philosophy of religions course included his lectures on Judaism and Islam. I was also impressed by the sessions on Eastern religions, Hinduism, Buddhism and others, the tribal religions of Africa and the various branches of Christianity. Logic was a fascinating subject and interwoven with my mathematics.

In April I took over teaching Professor Morse's calculus courses for the rest of the year–at his request and over some opposition in the math department, but with the approval of Professor Birkhoff, the department head. Morse had been called for several months' special work at Princeton's Graduate School for Advanced Studies (where he eventually went for full-time teaching). In May, with all my exams finished except in the philosophy of religions, I learned that my degree was to be a magna and not a summa cum laude. There went my hopes for a Sheldon Fellowship and there went my career as an academic mathematician. My closest friends on the math faculty, Professors Graustein and Morse, were away, and I felt (incorrectly in my emotional state) that I could not discuss the matter with Professors Osgood, Brinkmann or Birkhoff. After a short talk with my roommate, I decided to change to law. I walked over to the law school, was admitted and registered and given a tuition scholarship. I felt relieved; I was now certain that I had never wanted to be closeted in an abstract academic career, and I was bitter about the system: all A's and no summa.

On the day of my philosophy of religions exam, my very last, I became angry again and told Wolf, "The hell with it–so I won't get my degree"; but he was wiser and practically forced me to take the exam. I read it; it was easy, but my disappointment at the unknown reasons for no summa led me to write briefly and leave early–perhaps after a third of the alloted time–causing the others in the exam room to look at me with incredulity. I must have aimed for failure; but despite my stated feelings, perhaps I was merely trying to be the average C Harvard man. Alas, I got a B; my straight A record was shattered, and it would have been so easy to get an A. In retrospect, I should have gone to Professor Birkhoff or one of the others in Cambridge and asked for reasons.

The following September, when Professors Graustein and Morse returned,

they learned that Professor Walsh, who taught statics and dynamics, had stated that I was a C student (although he had rated me an A and apparently confused me with another person). By that time, it was clear that I did not want to be in mathematics. Law was to be my life–or a good part of it.

(In the mid-sixties, at an annual Boston Harvard Club dinner meeting, I sat next to a man whose face seemed familiar. He was then apparently seventy or more, and he told me that he was a retired Harvard mathematics professor, Joseph Walsh. I told him that he had been my professor in statics and dynamics and that I owed him a deep debt of thanks. Because he had reportedly told the committee incorrectly that I got a C in his course, when in fact I had received an A from the start and as the final grade, I was denied a summa and therefore a Sheldon to Heidelberg. Had that not taken place, I would never have met my wife, my perfect wife, and would not have lived such a full life as public and private lawyer and community worker, would never have traveled so much and had such opportunities for exciting work in the Army and elsewhere. "So, please, belatedly, accept my deep thanks for your unintentional error." "All this is incredible," he replied. "I did teach that course and you may have been my student. What year was it?" "1926-27," I replied. "I gave the course that year. Were there two Weinsteins in the class?" "I really don't know." "Well, it's incredible; and I'm sorry if I hurt you, but I'm pleased that you seem so happy about it all." He said that he had another appointment and left the table. Later, I thought to myself that, although the 1927 error had been gross, everything had turned out to my advantage and I had been unnecessarily cruel.)

As my senior year at college was coming to an end the newspapers were filled with developments in the Sacco–Vanzetti case. An article by Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School in the *Atlantic Monthly*, later expanded into a book, convinced me of the probable innocence of the unfortunate Italian immigrants, the fish peddler and the shoe worker, and the certainty of the gross unfairness of the trial. The report of President Lowell for Governor Fuller's Advisory Committee shocked me. The night when the defendants were executed, I was among the thousands who marched for a last minute reprieve and then in their memory.

There were several odd jobs waiting for me in Portland: part-time reporter at the *Press Herald*; a month with Bert Bigelow and his repertory company; and tutoring for college entrance exams. My mother and others in the family wanted to come for commencement and I had several weeks on my hands. Wolf and I found a private home near the law school where we could live the next year, and I kept going back and forth to Widener for

more and more books from fine arts to government, music to economics. Meanwhile, Milton Katz came and asked whether he could borrow some mathematics notes to fill what he considered a gap in his schooling. I gave him all my analytic geometry and calculus papers which he finished in about a week, and then all my papers in advanced calculus, which took him a little longer. In an hour's test, I assured him he'd get an A in each subject. He was about to receive a summa in anthropology and had a fellowship for a year to study Pygmies in Africa; thence to the law school. He loaned me some anthropology books, which I read with delight.

Commencement was exciting for the family, and my Boston cousins threw a number of parties, but I wanted the summer to hurry away. It was a nuisance running from one job to another. And I waited impatiently for the beginning of law school. The deaths of my paternal grandparents, Abraham Isaac and Sarah Leah Weinstein brought pain and pangs of conscience for not having seen more of them. When I said Kaddish for them I was also asking for their forgiveness.

Law School 4

My life as a law student was a prologue to my life as a lawyer. My father's friend, Judge Joseph Connolly, had predicted that career for me, and the family hero was the great Boston lawyer and justice, Louis D. Brandeis. Being surrounded by friends as I entered my first year at Harvard Law School in September 1927, especially my roommate, Wolf Winer, his classmate, Jule Stocker, and Moe Huberman, whose persistence had led to my Harvard career, made the transition easier. But I had to work my way through law school, and I found one job after another.

My remunerative jobs were many. I typed menus for the Cheerful Chat, owned by a Britisher, Chester Chatfield, and waited on table at lunch and an occasional dinner. In return, I got my meals, five dollars a week and tips. Chatfield, who had adopted my suggestion of a name for his restaurant, asked me for a slogan. I suggested, "Where friend meets friend and foes are reconciled"; he liked it enough to have it painted on the window and printed on the menus. I also continued as teacher, and later as principal, at Temple B'nai B'rith in Somerville (four afternoons a week and Sunday mornings) and I was assistant to Professor Edward V. Huntington (whose *Logarithm Tables* was our logarithm bible). I corrected the math papers of

seventy-five students three times a week, hour exams, mid-years and finals, for five dollars a student. I also sold books and magazines for the first month of school, earning two to three hundred dollars, and I occasionally coached plays. All of this gave me little time for study, but I planned to give up all of my work at mid-years, except the assistantship and my Hebrew teaching, and then concentrate in the spring on study for the final tests, which determined the year's grades.

In late November, a bout with appendicitis required my return home. (My mother trusted no surgeon but our family doctor, Dr. John Davis.) A neighbor drove my mother and me to the Maine General Hospital in Portland, and on our way we passed John Sessler going in the opposite direction. He had dated my sister Becky a few times during the preceding summer, and I had obtained Harvard–Yale football game seats for him only a week earlier. (After the game he and his fiancee, Evelyn Robbins, who was to become his wife, my date and I went to a swanky dinner-dance in a Boston hotel. Johnny was a securities salesman, working for his father-in-law-to-be in the over-the-counter securities market.) I yelled that I was on my way to the hospital; he turned his automobile 180 degrees and followed us. When I was settled in my room, and my mother was satisfied that I was in good hands, Johnny came to talk to me. "You'll probably have to give up all your jobs?" he asked. "Probably." "How'll you manage?" "I'll get along." "With how much?" "I don't know." "Will a thousand pull you through?" "Much more than I need. At the most, a couple of hundred." "Don't kid me. Here, this will help you make it." He handed me a check for a thousand dollars. I looked at him, said that I couldn't take it, and handed it back. We talked a bit, and he gave me the check again, which I tore to bits. "Here, take this, it's only a loan." He handed me a check for five hundred dollars. I took it and said that I wasn't sure I'd need it, but I appreciated it. (When some years later I repaid Johnny the loan, he refused to take interest and told me how lucky he was that I hadn't taken the "grand." He had job enough "kiting" checks to "make the five-hundred-dollar check good.")

My operation was a success, but not for long. In one of the few times in my life when I could recall a dream after I awakened, I found myself in Caesar's legions during his wars with Gaul. (The last time I had read Caesar was more than four years earlier for my Latin college entrance exam.) We were building a bridge. A centurion yelled, "Jump." I jumped, and the wound was reopened. I was soon surrounded by nurses and interns, who placed me on a stretcher on the floor and gradually lifted me back on the bed. Doctors arrived. The nonsensical jump changed my recovery period from a few weeks to almost four months: adhesions, infections,

re-operations, colon cutting and other surgery kept me in a johnny until the end of March. My brother Sid, then almost eleven, came daily and kept me informed of the family news. My sisters brought me books from the Portland Public Library and returned others. I read almost all that they brought me. My mother took time from the store and, driven to the hospital by a neighbor, told me only good news before rushing back.

When I returned to Cambridge at the end of March I had to decide whether or not I should try to finish the school year without outside work and with Johnny's check and my scholarship. Sam Karlin of Portland, then a Harvard junior preparing for medical school, had taken over my mathematics correcting job and Wolf had stepped into my Hebrew school teaching. Neither enjoyed his chore. The Cheerful Chat was ready for me, but I was not ready to wait on tables. There was no time for play-coaching, lecturing or bookselling. Almost anything remunerative was unavailable or inconsistent with my remaining at law school. But my friends urged me to try to finish the year; I studied long hours and did manage to end the year with a B.

What was I to do that summer? I was exhausted, drained, with no desire to work–just to loaf. I got a telephone call from Sidney Korzenik, who was about to leave for his summer job as a camp dramatic counselor. Sidney had acted in Menorah plays. An hour before his call, his older brother Harold, a recent graduate of Columbia Law School who was scheduled for a similar summer job in the Adirondacks, had told Sidney that the law firm that employed him as of September needed him in July, and he felt obliged to go. The dramatic counselor's pay was $450 for the summer and Harold had enjoyed his previous year's work tremendously and liked the people. Sid pressed me to take the job: "If I hadn't committed myself to my camp, I'd grab this opportunity. You've got to tell me now that you'll take Harold's place." My reply was, "Of course. I need the money, and that's the kind of work I like. I'd be in a rut otherwise. You're a great friend. A million thanks. When do I have to get there?" Sid answered, "Be at Grand Central Station in New York the day after tomorrow before 9:30 A.M. Camp Kun-ja-muk has special cars on the train." My only words were, "Yippee. Hallelujah. Thanks, Sid, more than I can ever tell you, and thank Harold, too." Thus began my three camp summers, my first actual vacations, with the real rays of the sun, the beauty of mountains and lakes and the beginning of distance swimming and fun with youngsters. I packed a box of books (mostly one-act plays for adolescents and children), Gilbert & Sullivan librettos and music, a Hebrew prayer book, a bible and a prayer shawl, because I was also to act as camp rabbi.

Camp Kun-ja-muk in the town of Speculator (near Gloversville, New

York) was owned by two New Yorkers: Conrad Saphier, a New York City high school principal, the camp education and program director and the source of most campers; and George Frank, also of New York, who was responsible for construction, maintenance and finances. The head counselor, Nathan Krinsky, was the physical education director at another New York high school, a sports official and basketball, track and soccer coach; his fairness, firmness and athletic prowess gave Kun-ja-muk its reputation as an extraordinarily good athletic boys' camp. The camp was several miles away from a boxing training center where, the preceding year, Gene Tunney had prepared for his championship heavyweight bout with Jack Dempsey, and where Max Baer was to train the next year. The waterfront and living conditions were the best I've ever seen in a children's or adolescents' camp.

At Grand Central Station the directors and some of the camp staff greeted me, and on the train ride I developed warm relationships with Saphier and Frank, and Saphier's son Jacques, then a camper. I also met Nat and a number of counselors, including David Morse–then an all-American football player at Rutgers–tall, broad-shouldered, with a rich baritone voice. (David would send me my first client during my first year in law practice. Then at Harvard Law School he later became Undersecretary of Labor under Truman and, thereafter, director general of the International Labor Organization (ILO) for many years. During his administration, the ILO received the Nobel Peace Prize. Despite his open Jewishness, he was reelected unanimously by the ILO members, including the Soviet, Arab and Third World blocs.) I also became friendly with another counselor, Lionel Bauman (later a New York lawyer and president of the American Friends of Hebrew University).

All of my newly made acquaintances asked me about Dr. Harry Savitz, the physician at the camp the preceding summer who had Judaized the camp with nightly bible talks in his cabin, his preparing one of the campers for bar mitzvah, and his introduction of Hebrew into the Friday evening services. I had met Dr. Savitz during the past year in the apartment of his first cousin, Professor Harry Wolfson. (It was through Camp Kun-ja-muk, which Dr. Savitz was to visit during that summer, that my friendship with him blossomed, with the result that my wife and I had no closer friends than Harry and his wife, Beatrice.)

At Camp Kun-ja-muk I first learned the joys of a vacation. To be sure, there was so-called work: coaching plays, supervising the camp newspaper, conducting services as camp rabbi and preparing several campers for their bar mitzvah; but it was all fun and relaxation. There was time to overcome my fear of swimming with the help of a patient teacher, sit under a birch

tree with a book, gaze across Lake Pleasant to the mountains, chat with the "intellectuals" of the camp, especially Beryl Levy (who was to study at Columbia Law School and write a biography of Justice Benjamin Cardozo), teach children of life's great opportunities and the majesty of Jewish tradition, swap stories and experiences with Harry Savitz when he came, establish lifelong friendships with him and a number of the counselors and campers and learn that the enjoyment of nature and beauty is an essential part of living.

My three summers at Kun-ja-muk were probably the three most relaxed summers of my life, at least prior to my marriage. Selma (whom I met during my second year at law school and was to become my fiancee and then my wife in 1932) came for visits in 1929 and 1930 on leave from her New England camp, where she was swimming counselor. Wolf Winer joined me as counselor for my second year at camp, designing stage settings and teaching art and athletics. I went on overnight hikes with campers, led by an adult boy scout leader who out-crusoed Robinson Crusoe and taught us from his experience–including World War I–how to survive in forest and wilderness.

In late August, as our final theatrical performance, we produced Gilbert & Sullivan operas: *Pinafore* in 1928 and *The Pirates of Penzance* in 1929. *The Mikado* was aborted in 1930 when our female lead became ill. At the last moment we put on a minstrel show (though not in blackface) which contained bits of Gilbert & Sullivan, popular Broadway songs of the late twenties, skits, tap dancing, solos, duets, trios and a potpourri of double talk and one-liners. Much of the performance was impromptu, with me as interlocutor and old troupers Nat Krinsky, Dave Morse, "Lou" Bauman and Wolf Winer as end-men or stars.

We also ran a masquerade, with prizes for the most original, most beautiful, most humorous and best interpreted costumes, as well as all kinds of special awards. Our circus borrowed heavily from my experience at Portland's Riverton Park, including "Atlas, the Strongest Man in the History of the World, Plays with Giant Weights as Children Play with Toys," "Toothpick Tommy, Positively the Thinnest and Only Living Albino Skeleton Preserved, Seventeen Ribs and an Adam's Apple Visible to the Naked Eye," "Bungling Brothers' Monster Menagerie of the Most Marvelous Array of Performing Animals," and so on. Admission was "two cents, with children under three months FREE."

As well as the Gilbert & Sullivan operas, the campers and counselors enjoyed acting in, or attending, an array of one-act plays, including Richard Harding Davis's *The Zone Police.* In that play Dave Morse declaimed American heroism in building the Panama Canal; one speech ended with

these overdramatic and overacted words: "While the others lie buried on Monkey Hill, we Americans lived clean and built that canal." A camper who had been at the dress rehearsal alerted most of the spectators to this superdrama and at the end of Dave's speech, followed by tremendous applause, the audience broke into Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." When Dave finished these lines, and as the song began, from back stage I told the actors to hold their positions in statuelike formation until the "music" ended. The audience broke out into loud laughter and the cast got many curtain calls.

It was not difficult to find scary one-acters like *The Man Without a Head.* There was much sheet-washing the next day, especially from the bunks of the younger campers. Some supernatural and demonic plays that the children liked I discarded after the first year in favor of the works of playwrights like Eugene O'Neill or prose writers like Edgar Allan Poe, some of whose works we dramatized. But comedies and farces prevailed. We did repeat one drama each year–*The Valiant,* which dealt with a man sentenced to be electrocuted in the death house of a Connecticut state prison. The star performer was our head counselor, Nat Krinsky.

Although boy campers participated in a girls' chorus, or sometimes played minor female roles, they were unwilling to play either the feminine lead or an "old lady." So it fell to my lot to perform Little Buttercup in *Pinafore,* Ruth in *The Pirates* and–until we canceled the performance–Katisha in *The Mikado.* I also had to coach the performances, and Conrad Saphier was musical director, with his wife as pianist. Frank's niece, sixteen and pretty, with a good voice, always played the female lead.

Before I knew it, the summer was over. Back to Portland I went for family reunions and some acting with Stu Bigelow. I returned to Cambridge early, determined to make my second year at law school a productive one. I wanted to maintain my remunerative jobs and attend to my studies; I did not wish to relive the final weeks of cramming of the previous year.

During the fall of 1928 I gave some time to the Al Smith Presidential campaign and I had a fundraiser in our rooms that raised more fun than funds. I was delighted when I was assigned to make a campaign speech in the vestry of a Cambridge church, where, I was assured, there would be a crowd of Smith supporters. I arrived to find only the church sexton sitting among the empty pews. True to my word, I informed the sexton that history would record that I made a rousing speech. I turned to the empty church and shouted with all the volume I could muster, "Let's elect Al Smith." I then marched out, leaving a somewhat befuddled sexton in my wake. (Thereafter I became active in each Presidential campaign except 1944, when I was overseas with the Army.)

As president of the Harvard Menorah Society and the Greater Boston Menorahs, as vice president of the Intercollegiate Menorah Association, and with all my outside jobs, I had little time for study or fun. One of the most fortunate events of my life (if not the most important) was the October 1928 meeting of the Harvard–Radcliffe Menorah Society at Philips Brooks House in the Harvard Yard. Our main speaker was Professor Milton Rosenau of Harvard Medical School on the subject: "Public Health in Palestine." (His son had been a reporter on the *Portland Press Herald* and my occasional mentor.) Dr. Rosenau was introduced by his former student, Dr. Harry Savitz. As presiding officer, I adjourned the meeting; my friend, Sidney Korzenik, then brought a lovely Radcliffe freshman to the front of the podium and announced, "We don't have to look any further for a leading lady for this year's play. Here's Selma Yeslawsky." I was captivated. When I learned that she lived in Dorchester, I asked whether I might take her home, but another of my acquaintances had already arranged for that. Later I checked Sidney for her exact name and asked for her telephone number. He responded, "Do I have to give them to you?" In a commanding voice I proclaimed, "Yes." He gave them to me.

The next afternoon I called Selma's home. When I was told that she was teaching at Hebrew school and would be home at about six-thirty, I asked whether I was speaking to her mother. When she answered "yes" I said that I had met Selma at a Menorah meeting the night before. Her mother informed me that her brother, Henry Hurwitz, had founded the Menorah movement at Harvard some fifteen years earlier and was editor of the *Menorah Journal.* She had urged Selma to go to the meeting and join the Radcliffe Menorah. When I called Selma and asked to see her, she said she really had to study. I was persistent, and our first date was that evening at her home. I was greeted warmly by Selma's mother, who had been told by Selma that I was president of the Harvard Menorah.

But the male Yeslawskys were all cool: her father hardly acknowledged my presence and her older brothers, Julian, a Harvard senior, and Herschel, a Harvard junior, examined me critically. They were apparently not pleased. Shepard, then fifteen and at Boston Latin School, looked at me as though asking, "Who is this interloper?" Selma was all grace, radiance and *joie de vivre.* She had *chen,* the Hebrew word translated "grace" but meaning much more. And even Selma at the outset was taken aback. Later she told me that she had assumed Sidney Korzenik had called her, and that I surprised her when I arrived. She had just turned seventeen, I was twenty-three and Sidney was probably nineteen.

The evening went rapidly. I learned that Rabbi Herman Rubenovitz of Temple Mishkan Tefila had, as she entered her senior year at Girls' Latin

School, persuaded her to leave Hebrew Teachers College to teach the first grade at the temple's Hebrew school. She taught four weekday afternoons plus Sunday morning. She also told me that one of her brightest students during the past year was a boy named Leonard Bernstein, who had the best memory and the best acting ability of any of her students. She thought that she would not be eligible for the Radcliffe freshman tennis team because she could not practice afternoons; but the coach, who watched her play, said that she could join if she would practice on Friday and Saturday afternoons, and so she did. She loved Gilbert & Sullivan, and I gave her a recital of the songs of *Pinafore*, from the opening chorus to the finale. When I told her, "One day you will be my wife," she laughed hilariously and said, "I've gone out with only one boy in my life. He took me to the Harvard freshman prom. He was very tall and I got a sprained back. I want to meet other boys. It'll take a long time before I decide to attach myself to one person." She laughed that lovely, musical laugh and then became serious. It was time for me to leave.

Louis Yeslawsky came from a long line of Lithuanian physicians. For thirty years he had been a food broker in Boston, though in the early twenties his Italian food import business went to smithereens during Italy's maelstrom and Mussolini's rise to power. Instead of declaring bankruptcy, however, he promised his creditors he would pay them every nickel he owed; and so he did, although it took him a decade to do so. His four children went to Harvard and Radcliffe: Selma (helped by her Hebrew teaching) and Julian (who tutored his way through college and law school) lived at home but were otherwise self-supporting; and Hersch's and Shep's college and business school tuitions and other expenses became their father's responsibility. (When there was a family reunion in December 1945, after the return of his "sons" from overseas—I from Europe with the Army and Hersch and Shep from the South Pacific with the Navy—my father-in-law said that he should not have given me such a hard time when we first met. He had wasted many hours, he said, trying to find a skeleton in my family's closet, and that I had proved to be the most devoted and attentive of his four "sons.")

My mother-in-law, Bessie, had been friendly to me from the outset. She was a frustrated intellectual who basked in the glory of the scholarship and creative writing of her brother Henry and of her *yichus* (ancestral pride), from both their mother, Baile Wolfson Hurwitz, and their father, Marks Hurwitz. All her children had good Hebrew training, but Yiddish, which she considered a "vulgar" language, was forbidden in the household, and she would look askance at me if I used a Yiddish expression. In the tradition of Greek tragedy, her sons were her treasures, while her husband's

attachment to Selma, who resembled him closely, was boundless, and "no one, but no one, was good enough for Selma" until he was ready to accept me.

On my twenty-fourth birthday, April 10, 1929, Selma and I met for a sandwich lunch on the Cambridge Common (between Radcliffe and Harvard Law School, near the George Washington elm where he took command of the Revolutionary troops). She greeted me with these words in Hebrew from the Song of Songs: *Dodi li, v'ani l'dodi* ("My beloved is mine; and I am his"). Then and there, in broad daylight, for all the world to see, I took her in my arms, and we were betrothed. We kept our engagement a secret until her senior year, however. She was still a freshman.

Earlier that spring I had learned that a new arrival at Harvard, Sheldon Glueck, a Ph.D. and lecturer at Harvard College in criminology, had coached a Boston amateur group in the play *Disraeli,* by Louis Parker. I also heard that before his scholarly career Glueck had been understudy to George Arliss during his successful Broadway run in the title role, and that Glueck was approachable. I met him and his wife, Eleanor Touroff Glueck (later they became known as the "Great Criminology Couple," wrote many books based on their research and were the recipients of honorary degrees from Harvard in a single citation). Glueck agreed to direct the play for our Menorah societies, if I would cast it and assist him as stage manager. Without realizing how much this would take from my limited time, I assented.

Preparation for the performance took over a month. Cast as Disraeli was my classmate and friend Ben Sigal (who had agreed to be my roommate during the next year in 58 Hastings Hall–the rooms Wolf Winer and I then occupied). Miriam Ganzburg played the Russian spy. I had to attend rehearsals, and whenever Glueck was called away I took over the direction. One afternoon, as the rehearsal was about to end, Glueck returned from a telephone call, jubilant, dismissed the cast until the next afternoon and told me that the dean of the law school had asked him to come to his office so that he could present Glueck with his new official designation as Assistant Professor of Criminology. (The total number of Jewish professors at the law school thus became two, Frankfurter and Glueck.) Sheldon had called Eleanor, who was to meet him at the law school, and they were overjoyed as the dean welcomed them into his office.

Several weeks later, as another rehearsal came to an end, Glueck asked me to accompany him home, and on the way he told me, "We'll have to get a new Disraeli. Your friend Sigal doesn't understand the role. He wants to do it his way. And I want him to do it as Arliss played the part, suave, wily, British, articulate. Sigal is too direct, too straight." I tried to answer the

distressing statement with a question: "Who will play the part?" He responded, "You will; I've watched you at rehearsals and you have the right feel." "But Ben Sigal is my close friend. How can I do it? And who'll tell him? And there's little more than a week until the first performance, and I really don't have the time," I stuttered. "You will find time, and I have confidence in your ability to tell him that you will play the part," Glueck answered. As he entered the door of his apartment building, he turned back and added, "Good luck."

I walked back to Hastings Hall trying to anticipate what would happen, and to my great surprise I found Ben Sigal, as Disraeli, and Wolf Winer, as the governor of the Bank of England. Ben began talking. "Wolf and I have just gone over our big scene–which bothered Glueck so much this afternoon. And I've just told Wolf that I can't play the character that Glueck wants. Glueck and I have completely different interpretations of Disraeli. I don't like being a mere imitator and copycat. You told me that I'd get to understand Glueck's characterization, but I don't. I just can't and won't play the part." As soon as he caught his breath, he threw the playbook at my feet. I tried to talk, but Ben continued, "Don't try to talk me into changing my mind. I won't do it." We all sat down calmly. Ben, who had done much reading on Disraeli, volunteered to do program notes for the program book, and it was quite an assortment of essays that he later wrote. Wolf urged me to play the part and I agreed to try.

Glueck used an Arliss photograph for my make-up. I played the part in the style of "Arliss plus Glueck" and did not try to analyze the personality of Disraeli. Selma, who could not take part in the play because of her afternoon teaching, was chief usher. Mrs. Lowell (the wife of Harvard's president) and the president of Radcliffe led a group of patronesses. Professor Glueck was in his glory. And as imitator, he graded me A. The second night's performance apparently pleased the audience more than the first. I took Selma home after the second performance and we talked about telling her parents about our engagement to be married. I walked from her home on Wolcott Street, Dorchester, as though I were in the clouds that covered the moon, unintentionally passed my transit stop, but finally got a trolley that brought me to the Harvard Square subway, but very, very late.

For the remaining months I tried to concentrate on my studies, but I was restless, and the drive of the previous year was absent. I flirted with the idea of going into the rabbinate, spent a Saturday afternoon with Rabbi Louis Epstein, who orally examined me in various fields, including Hebrew, Jewish history and Talmud, and reported that I would have no problem being admitted to the Jewish Theological Seminary. But Selma put her foot down–she "would not be a rebbitzin," and that was final for her and for me.

I went back to Portland for the funeral of Feygel, my maternal grandmother, and remained longer than I anticipated. I looked for every opportunity to avoid the law books. I knew that I was wasting time, my most precious commodity. I couldn't wait for the summer and Kun-ja-muk; I talked into the wee hours with Wolf, and I saw and telephoned Selma constantly.

Wolf, who was about to graduate, thought it was time for another party at 58 Hastings Hall. He spent one night painting Botticelli's *Birth of Venus* on the frosted glass door leading from our inner hall into the study and a copy of the upper part of Mantegna's *Calvary,* with Christ's head and arms at the top of the cross, on the horizontal upper border of our marble fireplace. On either side of the fireplace he painted an El Greco cardinal and a peasant by Peter Breughel the Elder–in deep prayer. (When Bridget, our maid, came to tidy up our rooms in the morning, she genuflected before the fireplace and made the sign of the cross.)

The lively party at 58 Hastings was crowded with classmates, friends and young women from Boston area colleges: Radcliffe, Wellesley, Simmons and others. Selma and Wolf's current beloved were hostesses, and my cousin, Milton Goldberg of Worcester, a Clark graduate and a first-year student at Harvard Business School, began a lifelong friendship with Wolf. But as the flames roared in the fireplace, Wolf and I saw that the painting looked like an auto-da-fe and a potential sacrilege to some of our guests. Wolf and I decided to remove the paint. That night we scraped and scoured.

Examinations came soon. They were almost torture. I was sure that I had flunked out, but my grades averaged just a half-point below scholarship, and the assistant dean arranged for a tuition loan to me for the next year.

Kun-ja-muk was a respite, and I found myself again. Selma visited me, and I visited her at Camp Modin (appropriately located in Canaan, Maine, just as the ancient Maccabean town of Modin was in Canaan). Each of us had to hitchhike. I was home before and after camp, marveling at my mother's business acumen and her continued observance of Jewish rules and traditions–despite her long days and short nights. I also observed how each of my sisters had grown both in body and personality, saw Sid's development (he was then twelve) and his frustration at taking orders from four women "bosses," his mother and three older sisters. But I was concerned about his reluctance to talk frankly with me; I determined I would spend more time with him either in Cambridge or Portland.

My third year was by far my happiest at law school. Ben Sigal was an ideal roommate: calm, considerate, deliberate, a man of intellect and high ideals. We spent part of every Saturday afternoon of the 1929-30 law school year at the home of Professor and Mrs. Nathan Isaacs and their daughter

in an informal seminar of "comparative law." We generally began with a legal discussion of a sentence or paragraph from the Talmud and its equivalents in the common law, the civil law (that of France and Louisiana), in Islamic or Oriental law (where appropriate), in codes and other legislative enactments, and even in African tribal law. Isaacs, a professor at Harvard Business School, brother of my friend and classmate, Judah (who had also been a Harvard Menorah president), was a devout Jew to whom learning about Judaism was equivalent to observing the halachic laws, as he wrote in his essay "Study as a Mode of Worship." After an hour or two, Mrs. Isaacs would pour tea and serve us cookies or strudel and other *nascherei* (tasty goodies).

My outside workload was lighter than in the earlier two years. I became Mr. Chatfield's "business consultant" and confidant instead of his waiter and menu typist. I had also found a job on Sunday mornings at Temple Israel (the leading greater Boston Reform synagogue) teaching a post-confirmation class in two subjects: "Jewish Contributions to Civilization" during the first half-year, and "Contemporary Movements in Jewish Life" during the second half-year. Reuben Lurie, a Boston lawyer and chairman of the Ford Hall Forum (later a superior court judge), had been giving the course, but the classes had become too large for one teacher. (I earned practically the same amount for that one morning as I did for the four afternoons and Sunday morning in Somerville, and I got a ride to and from my class. The new hours were most welcome.)

On "Black Friday," October 29, 1929, the stock market crashed. I listened to my roommate Ben as he learned from his father in Pittsburgh that all of the family funds had disappeared with the crash. Ben used soothing and comforting words that probably brought calm to his father; I saw Ben's face brighten as the conversation was about to end. He said, "We can't get depressed, even in the worst depression." The next day I went to New York, where I got an associates's job for the next year and saw a number of Broadway productions and a Yiddish play on Second Avenue, *Yoshe Kalb* (with Maurice Schwartz). I spent some time at the Menorah offices in chats with Henry Hurwitz, Selma's uncle, chancellor of the Menorah movement.

Hurwitz reminisced about Menorah's beginnings and the participation of Horace Kallen, Harry Wolfson and Herbert "Brute" Ehrmann, an outstanding Boston lawyer and one of the attorneys for Sacco and Vanzetti. Henry also talked about his family and his parents, Selma's grandparents. I also chatted with Frances Grossel, Menorah's efficient secretary and had joyous reunions with Leo Schwarz and Judah Isaacs. I talked every day with Selma by telephone.

It soon dawned upon me that I could not leave Selma in Boston while

I worked in New York for two years. I telephoned the New York firm, and the senior partner informed me that he was delighted with my decision; he had been flirting with the idea of telling me I would not be needed. After months of waiting, the law school placement office got me a job with the Boston firm of Rome & Israel.

One day in the late spring of 1930, while in the basement of Landgell Hall at the law school, where I was working on my thesis for a seminar course in federal jurisdiction (under Felix Frankfurter), I noticed on an open shelf the transcripts of the 1916 hearings before the Senate Judiciary Committee on the confirmation of Louis D. Brandeis as justice of the Supreme Court. I stood before the shelf, thumbing many pages, reading others carefully and examining the numerous documents received by the committee; there were more than two thousand pages that I had skimmed or read during a period of more than four hours. I felt the need to return some day to those volumes to study this fascinating and dramatic story. (In 1988 I completed my two-act play entitled *Justice Confirmed* on those hearings–when Brandeis "almost didn't make it".)

On April 10, 1930, my twenty-fifth birthday, Ben Sigal gave me the two volumes on Judaism by George Foote Moore, a non-Jewish Harvard professor and close friend and colleague of Professor Harry Wolfson. The work had received the laurels of "greatness" and "masterpiece" by Jewish scholars. On the flyleaf were these words by Ben:

> We have devoted the halcyon days of our youth preparing for the priesthood of Mammon. But, as the days of your happiness and prosperity increase, may this be a token of the fact that in the pantheon of the gods that make our lives more complete, Mammon is only one of the lesser deities.

In late April, the Menorah dramatic group leaders decided to produce *Adam,* by Ludwig Lewisohn, a *Hamlet* without Hamlet because Adam never appears. (As far as I know, this was the only production of this play.) It has numerous scenes. The first is at Yavneh, in ancient Palestine, where Rabbi Akiba ben Joseph and two of his associates argue the methods of creative survival. They are "true to themselves and to the spirit of Israel." The closing scene is a kibbutz in Israel where three *chalutzim* (pioneers) also discuss the survival of the Jews, what obstacles one has to overcome, and how they can transform their difficulties into the triumphs of hope and peace. Adam had tried to conceal his Jewishness and achieve financial success, but his Judaism remained persistent, and he commited suicide. The student who played one of the rabbis in the first scene and one of the Zionists in the last scene became seriously ill at the last moment and

unable to perform; I had been at the dress rehearsal to write reviews for the *Harvard Crimson* and the *Radcliffe Daily.* The next morning I agreed to pinch hit and step into these two roles for the performances.

In May 1930, Rabbi Harry Levi of Temple Israel attended one of my postconfirmation classes and asked me to deliver the talk or sermon at the Youth Service of the Congregation. Later that month, posters at Harvard announced that the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the Reform synagogues of the United States (of which Temple Israel was a part), would award prizes by regions to university students for papers dealing with "Youth and the Synagogue"; the New England winner would receive fifty dollars. I decided that one paper would suffice for both sermon and article.

As I talked to the congregation, particularly the young people, including my postconfirmation students, I addressed my listeners in these words, as best I remember:

> If the Almighty would permit me to participate in a Reform congregation like this fifty years from now, there would probably be a new prayer book with much Hebrew, singing of Jewish traditional and new Hebrew melodies, and chanting or reading most of the service, instead of singing a hymn and reading responsively a few lines; women would receive aliyoth, real aliyoth to read from the scrolls of the Torah or the Prophets, instead of an occasional opening or closing of the Holy Ark, a "talking" rather than a "walking" aliyah; the rabbi or cantor or both might be female; and the concept of Zionism and a Jewish homeland would permeate the synagogue. Sermons would deal with topics of the time involving good government as against corruption and inertia; active participation instead of lip service; decency and humanity instead of violence; and the realization of Isaiah's prophecy of peace, a world of nations living and developing together. We would encourage working together to eliminate hunger and poverty and racism. There are already some indications of this trend in the Reform Judaism movement in New York, Cleveland and elsewhere, and a few rabbis have given us this kind of insight into the future. And, although I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, this future is not only foreseeable, but inevitable.

I had typed the article, which was also my sermon, mailed it to the Union of American Hebrew Congregations and kept no copy. The next day I received a note from Rabbi Levi telling me that I would not be needed the following year (earlier he had asked me to return the following September, but I told him that I would have no time to teach). Before leaving for camp, I received a check for fifty dollars from the Union of the Hebrew

Congregations as my prize. When, years later, I tried to find my article, the Office of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations wrote that it had not kept my paper.

The last time I walked out of the Harvard Yard, I turned back at the 1890 Gate (given by that class to Harvard) and read again what it had said to me so many times: "Enter to Grow in Wisdom." And I read on the inside of the Dexter Gate in the Harvard Yard, "Depart to serve better thy country and thy kind." (I asked myself, What does the world "kind" mean? Fellow Harvard graduates, fellow Americans, fellow American Jews?) But lines by Matthew Arnold flashed through my mind: "Not a having, and a resting, but a growing and a becoming." There was a whole world within which to grow and become.

Commencement Day approached. My mother wanted to be at Harvard on that day and she came with Sidney. He had his bar mitzvah in late January and he was growing tall. They enjoyed the festivities. I was to remain in Massachusetts for the bar exams for which I had to cram.

Selma and I planned for the summer, when she could get away from her swimming counselor job in Maine to visit me at my camp in New York, and when I could manage my schedule to visit her. Since I was due at my new job as associate at the Boston law firm of Rome & Israel on the Tuesday after Labor Day, we would be together then. There were frequent talks and a week's visit with my family in Portland; my sisters Becky and Arnie were planning to move to New York.

On the train to New York I reminisced about my ride from Portland to Boston seven years earlier. My views of the world had changed. My life had been enriched by the standards of excellence synonymous with Harvard (even though I had not taken full advantage of all the opportunities that Harvard offered), the influence of great teachers, the expansion of my fields of interest, and the knowledge that my life would revolve around Selma. My active participation in Menorah and in Jewish affairs, my talks with Professors Wolfson, Isaacs and Frankfurter and with Henry Hurwitz and others, and my extensive reading had expanded my interests. In the world of Jewish creativity, I was not so much concerned with Biblical, Talmudic of Midrashic translation or analysis of texts, as I had become with creative Jewish continuity, with Jewish education and also with "community relations" (how the Jew lives in the non-Jewish world), freedom from prejudice and discrimination based on religion, race or national or ethnic origin for all minorities. Peace, equal opportunity, economic as well as political democracy, were ideals now deeply imbedded in me. I read and admired non-Jewish writers like George Foote Moore and philosophers like George Santayana, great poets, novelists, essayists, biographers and historians—like

those who flourished in the twenties and earlier–writers, not only in English but in foreign languages.

Zionism became a passion for me. I loved teaching subjects with a panoramic sweep, including my courses at Temple Israel in "Jewish Contributions to Civilization" and "Contemporary Jewish Life," as compared with my Hebrew courses, which had concentrated on the translation and explanation of the Five Books of Moses and the Prophets. Original texts were important, as Professor Wolfson pointed out, but for me they were a starting point. Intellectual distinction, writing craftmanship, cooperative work with local and national Jewish and non-Jewish groups, all fascinated me.

Above all, I felt free. Camp Kun-ja-muk would again be a relaxing, refreshing, rejuvenating experience. Two more years would elapse before Selma would receive her degree from Radcliffe and we would be married. But I had found my ideal wife. I was filled with zest and enthusiasm and gratitude for the joy of living, the fun of living. There was so much to do; and it was clear that I would have much to do in my future.

Young Jewish Activist 5

During the weekend before Labor Day, 1930, Selma and I had a joyful reunion after summer camp. She was entering her junior year at Radcliffe, concentrating in psychology, and she continued teaching Hebrew. I had taken my Massachusetts Bar examinations in June, and the results were to be announced in October; but I assumed I had passed them. My law work at Rome & Israel was to begin after the holiday weekend, and I looked forward to my life as a lawyer. My earnings would be fifteen dollars a week plus one-third of any fees that came in through me. (Selma was earning about nine dollars a week.) Meanwhile, I had found a place to live in Roxbury, about a half-mile from Selma's home.

When I reported for work, the two partners, Charles A. Rome and Myer Israel, welcomed me. Both were in their early to middle thirties. Jovial, politically active, Rome was a close friend of James Roosevelt, oldest son of Franklin D. Roosevelt, then governor of New York. Rome was warm, friendly and gregarious. Myer Israel was scholarly and noncommunicative. Israel, it turned out, was married to Leah Abrahamson, sister of my high school friend Albert, who had loaned me the *Menorah Journals* (which Leah received as a member of the Wellesley Menorah Society) containing the

articles that had influenced me to decide to go to college.

As I was about to organize my desk, in walked a tall red-haired young woman. "I'm Gertrude Consodine, secretary here. My brother Bill, your law school classmate, is clerking for a Newark judge this year. He asked me to take good care of you and I'll try. I'll give you a 'who's who' and 'what's what' in the office. Watch out for Hy Olian; he may be the boss's brother-in-law or the boss's wife's brother-in-law, but watch out for him. He doesn't look 'kosher' to me." "So you know Yiddish?" I asked. "Just a word or two," she replied. "Charlie Rome and Myer Israel (he doesn't like to be called 'Mike') are real gentlemen. Everybody here's okay. Be sure to laugh at Moses Lourie's jokes—even if they are corny." (The Rome & Israel space was a part of a larger suite, leased by Lourie & Lourie.) The telephone rang; she picked it up. "It's for you, Mr. Weinstein. Mr. Elihu Stone."

Boruch haboh (Yiddishized verson of the Hebrew *baruch habah,* "blessed is he who comes," "welcome") was Elihu's greeting. "I heard that you're in town. You're with a good firm. Charlie Rome and Myer Israel are good lawyers, both Zionists. And the Louries are top conveyancers. Are you seated? Okay, now listen to me."

Stone was my mother's cousin and "landsman" (fellow townsman) from Meretz, near Vilna, in Lithuania. He came to Boston in his teens, attended law school, was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar, began working for Republican candidates, was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, was a strong supporter of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and was soon an assistant United States attorney. Although Lodge had led opposition in the Senate to the Brandeis confirmation, he managed to get a good share of Jewish votes. He mustered very few Irish or Italian or other Catholic votes, and relied heavily on the votes of his fellow Yankees and Jews.

In its 1920 Presidential victory the Republican party had waged its political campaign on the issues of isolationism, rejection of the League of Nations, nonparticipation in the Old World alliances and aloofness from the "political schemes" of Europe and Asia. Serious restrictions on immigration were enacted. Senator Lodge led the isolationist position and was the single most effective opponent of America's joining the League of Nations. American voters overwhelmingly endorsed the Republican program, electing Warren G. Harding President. The Republican leadership wanted nothing to do with the "European League" or any "foreign entanglements."

Meanwhile, the American Zionist movement was being torn apart by two factions: those who supported Dr. Chaim Weizmann, who had attained European leadership and was president of the World Zionist Organization, and those who supported Justice Brandeis. Among the Brandeis supporters

were federal appeals court judge Julian Mack, Professor (later Justice) Felix Frankfurter, Rabbi Stephen Wise and Robert Szold. Among Weizmann's supporters were Louis Lipsky of New York and Elihu Stone. The 1921 Cleveland convention of the Zionist Organization of America (ZOA) failed to give the Brandeis administration a vote of confidence; and Justice Brandeis and his lieutenants resigned their offices to become, as Brandeis stated, "humble soldiers in the ranks where we may hope to hasten the coming of the day when the policies in which we believe will be recognized as the only ones in which our great ends may be achieved."

In 1922 Stone initiated and masterminded a resolve by the Massachusetts legislature petitioning the American Government to approve the fulfillment "of the desire of the Jewish people for a national home in the land of its forefathers." Then Mr. Stone prevailed on Senator Lodge to introduce on March 30, 1922 (the day after the Massachusetts vote), a congressional resolution supporting the Balfour Declaration. The resolution was passed without debate or count. The House then passed a resolution to a similar effect introduced by Congressman Hamilton Fish without a single negative vote. When President Harding signed the Lodge-Fish Resolution, it became the official policy of the American Government.

Stone continued his telephone call. "The Dorchester Zionist District needs a new president, and you're the one to fill the bill." I interrupted. "I don't live in Dorchester and I've just started work as a lawyer this morning. I'm not the right person." "Don't interrupt me again, Leibel." Stone almost shouted, "You're the man for the job. I've cleared it with everyone." "Except me," I spoke out. "I want to practice law. Of course, I'm a Zionist, but I want to make my way, become an experienced lawyer and earn enough to support me and my wife." "Don't tell me you're married," Elihu interposed. "Not yet," I answered. "Lew, don't hurry. Don't get too serious. I've got just the right girl for you." "Mr. Stone," I said formally, "I'm engaged to be married. My fiancee is a junior at Radcliffe. She teaches in your temple Hebrew school at Mishkan Tefila." "But Leibel," jumped in Stone, "I have just the right girl for you, a beautiful 21-year-old Ph.D." "A Ph.D. at 21—in what?" Elihu spoke with vehemence: "P stands for 'papa,' H for 'has,' and D for 'dough.' Papa has dough, that's the best Ph.D. Her father's the greatest heart specialist in Boston."

I interrupted. "Mr. Stone, Elihu. Please let me talk. I don't want a girlfriend. I don't want a bride. I don't need a *shadchan* [marriage broker]. Let me lead my own life. Selma and I plan to marry as soon as she gets her college degree." "Lew, I was only trying to be a good cousin. Okay, you don't want a bride. That's one worry off my shoulder. Zionist membership has dropped since Brandeis and his group left the movement." "They didn't

leave. They were forced out," I said. Stone's voice hardened: "Please don't interrupt. We need new leadership. The Zionist movement needs you. I'll be reporting on the last Zionist Congress at the first meeting of the Dorchester district. It's a week from Sunday in the vestry of Temple Beth El on Fowler Street, Dorchester, at three o'clock. I have to hang up. I'm wanted on another line. *Mazal tov; l'hitraot.*" Several days later I received this note from Elihu. "*Mazal tov.* The officers welcome you as president of our district. Remember your obligations to your people. We've been praying for a return to Zion for two thousand years. Your cousin, Elihu."

When I told my seniors of my conversation with Elihu Stone, Charlie urged me to accept the office. Myer disagreed: "Get yourself established as a good lawyer. Earn a reputation. You'll help the cause more if people know you're somebody." Selma's response was: "That's your decision to make yourself. That presidency will take lots of time. You've always said that time is our most precious commodity. It won't be easy. Whatever you decide, I'll accept—not grudgingly, but fully."

I got a telephone call on the Friday before the scheduled Sunday meeting: "Mr. Weinstein, I'm Frances Burnce, vice president of the Dorchester Zionist District. Elihu Stone got an emergency call for an important Zionist meeting in New York. He can't be with us on Sunday. Will you talk about Zionism and the universities, or about Professor Felix Frankfurter or Justice Brandeis? Whatever you say, I'm sure, will be instructive. See you on Sunday." I was torn between being forced into activity for which I had no time and my feeling of responsibility as a Jew and a Zionist.

In the Beth El vestry, at the appointed time, I was the only male with seven women. Dr. Burnce, vice president, presided, Dr. Anna Mintz, a dentist, nominated me and the seven women elected me president. I reported on the Zionist activities of Menorah societies and other Jewish college groups and gave short accounts of the roles of Justice Brandeis and Professor Frankfurter in the Zionist movement. (Later, it became clear that Hadassah had been too feminine for these women.) When I asked how many members there were in the Dorchester district, I was told that, in addition to the seven female members, there were eleven males, including Elihu Stone and me—a total of eighteen members out of a Jewish population of some fifty thousand. Mrs. Sonya Horowitz, membership chairperson, reported that the year's goal for new members of the Dorchester Zionist District was three hundred members, the number then of the Mattapan Zionist District. Thus was I catapulted into Zionist organizational activity. I was to hold the presidency for four years. The Dorchester Zionist membership was some five hundred when a new president was chosen.

In the period of 1930-31, a group of some twenty lawyers, with other professional and businessmen I had known, formed the Palestine Society. Our purpose was to intensify our knowledge of Zionism, impart that knowledge to others, prepare speeches, and take office in the Zionist movement. Our group included lawyers: David A. Rose, Manuel Berman, Jackson Holtz and Isadore Muchnick; physicians: Dr. Harry Savitz and Dr. Max Davis; educators: Joseph Shubow, Samuel Nemzoff and Arthur Green; and several accountants, engineers and businessmen. We were able to assume office in Zionist districts. We made innumerable speeches, and our pockets always carried membership card blanks. Eventually, we won the attention not only of the old-time Zionist leaders, but of the Boston Zionist intellectuals, including some Harvard professors and Zionist leaders like Coleman Silbert and Benjamin Ulin, and Hadassah stalwarts, like Sarah Ansell, Dorothy Rossyn and Mildred Goldberg. We worked closely with members of Junior Hadassah, including Dorothy Spector and Hannah Goldberg (later the lifetime secretary of National Hadassah). The Palestine Society adopted the Justice Brandeis–Judge Mack–Rabbi Wise approach, rather than that of Louis Lipsky, Elihu Stone and Robert Silverman.

During the High Holidays in the fall of 1930, I attended services with Selma's family in Temple Mishkan Tefila on Seaver Street in Roxbury near our apartment. After Yom Kippur, I had a telephone call from Rabbi Louis Epstein, brother-in-law of my college and law school roommate and friend, Wolf Winer, the rabbi of Temple Kehillath Israel in Brookline. "Lew," Rabbi Epstein began, "we missed you on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. Wolf told us that you had settled in Boston. Can you come for Succoth [harvest feast of tabernacles], you and Selma, and have dinner with us after the service? And there's a problem with our brotherhood and synagogue brotherhoods generally that I want to discuss with you." Selma and I had dinner with the Epsteins and Rabbi Epstein talked of what his brotherhood faced.

> In the last few years, there has been a change in brotherhood programs. The change began when the brotherhood of one of our neighborhood Reform temples invited Bill Cunningham, a sportswriter for the *Boston Post,* as the guest speaker. From then on the whole Synagogue Brotherhood movement seems to have undergone a program change. To succeed, many of the brotherhoods believe, a program speaker has to be a sportswriter, coach or star; and our young American Jews have, all of a sudden, become sports crazy.

I told the rabbi that what was happening in Brookline was also happening in Roxbury and Dorchester. The rabbi continued: "You developed a positive, Jewish cultural program at Harvard Menorah and with other

Menorah groups throughout Massachusetts. Take on the Brotherhood Program chairmanship and create a Jewish educational program at Kehillath Israel."

I pointed out that I lived in Roxbury and had no car. I was already heavily involved with Zionist work and my law practice was increasing only at a snail's pace. The idea intrigued me, though, and Louis and Minnie Epstein were almost like parents–or at least like older brother and sister–to us. I suggested that the brotherhood's president telephone me. Soon, I became the Kehillith Israel Brotherhood Program chairman and began arranging for speakers.

The first speaker for our first year's program in the early 1930s was young assistant professor Abram Sachar of the University of Illinois, whose fascinating *History of the Jews* had been published earlier that year by Knopf. (In 1948 he became the founding president of Brandeis University.) I had found his name and his intriguing topic "Picturesque Jewish Rascals" in a list of speakers prepared by the Menorah Association. His subject was the basis of an exciting historical talk. The "rascals" were the false messiahs like Shabbthai Zvi of the seventeenth century and Jacob Frank of the eighteenth, whose influence rose sky-high and then collapsed. Sachar was articulate and exciting and the audience was delighted. The rest of the year's programs followed a similar pattern of historical or cultural talks by unusually able lecturers–expect for one.

The one was President Daniel L. Marsh of Boston University, a friend of my law senior, Charles Rome, who introduced Marsh on the subject: "How Shall the Jew Live in the Face of Modern Conditions?" Marsh analyzed each word in the minutest detail. For example, "how" was not only "in what manner," but in various areas and fields. "Shall" related to the future with no relationship to the present or past. We could "disregard the past and tradition, so long as we planned well for the future." "The Jew" was two words and each had its own meaning and background, its own set of definitions and field of inquiries–with "Jew" requiring an answer to the question "What is a Jew?" (which, years later, neither Ben Gurion nor the Knesset of Israel had difficulty answering). Nothing could faze President Marsh. When he had completed the analysis of the eleven words, including even the meaning of each "the" and of one "of," Marsh then gave a short biography of Charlie Rome–a blessing after the hour-and-a-half hour that he had previously take–and gave a short answer to his question by saying: "Live like Charlie Rome!" The audience was polite, and I closed the meeting with thanks. (I didn't say to whom.) Charlie was embarrassed, but Marsh acted as though he had given a major address on a profound topic. The other speaking programs that year, however, were top flight, and I was

elected president of the brotherhood. Within a short time thereafter, I suggested and helped organize the United Jewish Brotherhoods of Greater Boston, with a membership of all the Reform, Conservative and Orthodox synagogues, including some sixteen men's clubs. Later, I became its chairman. Similar activities, with respect to the National Federation of Jewish Men's Clubs, resulted in my becoming its New England president and its national vice president. The members of all the United Brotherhoods met at Chanukah once a year. The organization helped eliminate rivalries and encouraged joint meetings.

My interest in the Menorah movement led me to address various Menorah societies in greater Boston and occasionally in other parts of New England. For the Harvard–Radcliffe Menorah Society Dramatic Group, I helped find a director to stage *Jew Süss,* the dramatization of Lion Feuchtwanger's novel *Power.* The director was a Harvard '47 (dramaturgy) workshop alumnus.

Süss was the financier for the Duke of Wurtenberg, whom he served as "court Jew." Leo Srole played Süss. Secretive, Süss kept his family and private life away from the duke and lived in a luxurious mountain retreat with his mistress, his daughter, Naemi, and his uncle, a devout rabbi. Nahum Winer, brother of my former roommate, Wolf, took the role of the uncle. Selma played the daughter, Naemi. The most dramatic moments of the play were the duke's discovery of the hideaway, Naemi, and the chasing of her across and off stage, so that she either jumped or fell from the roof to her death. As the curtain falls and rises again, the rabbi carries Naemi's body into the salon, lays her on a low bench (stage front left), with her head to the audience, her hair streaming to the floor. He then lights two candlesticks and places one on each side of her head. Contrary to Jewish tradition, but dramatically effective, the uncle recites the Kaddish (a prayer traditionally not recited until after burial) and the audience is moved to tears. In rushes Süss from the opposite entrance, sees his daughter, hears his uncle's Kaddish, rushes to her body, throws his head on her solar plexus and her legs automatically shoot up. The audience bursts into uproarious laughter and the spell of the tragedy is shattered. Srole never did this in rehearsal and would never do it again in succeeding performances. Fortunately, the *Boston Transcript* reviewer, Isaac Goldberg, did not come until the next performance. Süss overcame his momentary anguish. And Naemi did not reappear until the final curtain call, as the cast received an ovation.

In early 1932 my college and law school friend Jule Stocker announced his forthcoming marriage to Beatrice Klipstein, and a new member was added to Selma's and my most intimate group. When we came to New York

for the marriage of Wolf to P'Nina Paley in June, we went to the Stocker apartment, and Bea and Jule took us in their car. We picked up the bride and continued toward Spring Valley, New Jersey, site of the Winer summer home. The five of us were crowded into one tiny sedan, and as we approached the Hudson River ferry station, we found outselves at the end of a long, long line of automobiles. We were late. Jule, knowing how punctual Wolf's father was and how enraged he could be with latecomers, pointed to P'Nina sprawling between Selma and me in the back seat. She had her hands about her abdomen, and the police officer must have believed that we had a pregnant woman in the beginning of labor pains. We were led alongside the long queue of cars by a police escort and were put first in line. We arrived at the wedding site precisely on time. The ceremony was a joy. Wolf's father's toast was largely a summary of the greatness of the groom's family. Wolf's response, though, was a beautiful tribute to his bride and her family.

Later that June, Selma was a beautiful Radcliffe graduate in her cap and gown. She quickly joined the Camp Modin group at Boston's North Station for her summer counselorship. We had selected a back apartment in the Seaver Street, Roxbury, area of three- and four-story brick buildings facing Franklin Park. We had a back porch which faced hundreds of other back porches, each with a garbage pail and clothesline, and some with ice boxes and a few refrigerators. Selma returned home on Thursday, September 1, 1932.

Selma and I were married at her parents' house on September 2. She was a lovely bride. Her three brothers and my brother Sidney held up the four poles of the marriage canopy, the *chupah.* My mother and Selma's grandparents (who came from another shtetl near Vilna) discovered that we were third or fourth cousins and part of a family group called *shmoogler* (running noses), named after an ancestor with that disability. Our honeymoon began with a short overnight stay with the Stockers in New York, a boat trip to Jacksonville, several days in Savannah, including a visit with a fellow camp counselor of Selma, and a return boat trip to Boston.

My mother, sisters and brother adored Selma, but except for Selma's mother, her family members were, at the outset, lukewarm toward me. The years produced tremendous changes and my father-in-law, shortly before his death, informed me that I was "the most loving of his four sons." He had begun to call me his son immediately after Selma's and my marriage. And each of Selma's three brothers became my close friend. Julian, as a fellow lawyer, became my intimate and began his law practice in my office. (He later became a district court judge for the City of Newton.)

In June of 1933, Sidney, whose graduation from Portland High School

Selma and I had attended earlier that month, telephoned Selma from New York City. He had been staying with my sisters, Becky and Arnie. Selma answered the telephone and heard Sidney's hesitant voice: "Do you mind if I visit you for a day or two? I'd like to talk to you and Lew. Perhaps you can help me find answers to what I should do?" She responded, "Visit us? You'll live with us. This place will be your home until you pick one of your own." We had been married less than a year. Every weekday (except Friday) she taught Hebrew school at Temple Mishkan Tefila, a half-block from our apartment. She was at Hebrew school from quarter to four to half-past-six on weekday afternoons, and from nine until shortly after noon on Sunday mornings.

Fortunately, my occasional share of fees permitted us to pay off some of my debts, buy furniture, take short vacations, enjoy plays and concerts, send checks or gifts to members of the family, pay dues and make charitable gifts. (I had not forgotten the mandate of "at least a tithe for charity," but there were difficult times when I had to postpone a portion of the full amount.) We arranged for Sid to sleep on our living room sofa and keep his books on a bridge table. Before long, we were able to find an apartment nearby on Seaver Street, with one additional room, more space, and a living room that faced Seaver Street and Franklin Park, instead of back porches, fire escapes and trash barrels. We trusted to luck that we could afford the sixty-dollar-a-month rent. But the new room gave us breathing space. Sidney's room became a study with his sofa bed and desk and with bookcases (there has never been enough room for books in our home). Our larger living room made space for a baby grand piano and the showing of home movies, and our enlarged kitchen enabled us to have a small dining area.

Sid looked for jobs so that he could help support himself, but he wanted to take the college board examinations as soon as possible. He was able to find a job as usher at the Fenway, a movie theater on Huntington Avenue, wearing what he called a "monkey suit." He also worked as a laborer with a construction company carrying heavy loads of cement and bricks. He took well to physical labor. Every morning he would prepare his luncheon sandwiches of tuna fish, "three if on dark bread and four if on white," a regimen he adhered to, that was later recorded in song.

Soon Sid was reviewing courses under Selma's guidance. She taught him how to read, think, concentrate and study. He seemed to follow her teaching with dedication. He had dropped out of high school, and only my mother's pleading and my letter-writing and telephone calls helped his return. The one B he got in high school was in chemistry. He became a full-time postgraduate student at Boston Latin School, took the college boards a second time, did well, and was later admitted to Harvard. Selma played

a major–and I a minor–role in helping to improve his study habits and his ability to concentrate on his reading. He was the master of his own life, however, and despite the physical demands of his jobs he studied well and graduated from Harvard with honors in chemistry.

In 1933, my physician friend Dr. Harry Savitz and his wife, Bea, suggested to a group of friends, most of whom had also been married in 1932, that we meet monthly for a "cultural" evening with the presentation of original papers, preferably on Jewish subjects. We lived three doors away from the Savitzes and all the apartments of our group were in nearby Roxbury or Dorchester. The men were Harvard graduates, most of us had been Hebrew teachers, and all were dedicated to Zionism. Our first meeting took place in May 1933, at the Savitz home. (Bea was pregnant then and the first Savitz daughter, Charlotte, was born less than a month later.) Harry Fein, a graduate of Harvard College, Law and Business Schools, and a director of a number of small community agencies, read an original libretto for an opera, based on the "Song of Songs," which he called *The Vineyard Keeper.* At the next meeting, Dr. Savitz read a paper on medieval physicians who were also Jewish scholars.

At the first meeting, several names for our group were proposed and rejected. I was then representing a group of owners of kosher butcher shops in labor negotiations with the Amalgamated Kosher Butchers' Union. As a temporary name for our literary group, I suggested that we call ourselves The Amalgamated Society for the Spread and Advancement of Jewish Culture and Ideals by Creative Writing, Unincorporated (leaning heavily on the Menorah movement's statement of purpose). That name has lasted for more than half a century.

At the outset, I acted as secretary, and when I left Boston for the military in 1942, Harry Fein was selected as secretary and wrote imaginary reports of extraordinary meetings, dealing with issues of high finance, politics, history, the Bible and its commentaries, some in rhyme, some in Yiddish, most in English, but with quotations in various other languages.

Throughout the years, various publications followed these oral papers. There were seven volumes of Harry Fein's poems and of his translations of Hebrew and Yiddish poetry, his poetic plays *The Vineyard Keeper* and *King Boo* and his story "The Flying Chinaman"; two volumes by Dr. Savitz on Jewish physicians who made contributions to Jewish scholarship and related subjects; essays on Jewish education by Samuel Nemzoff, Boston Latin School master and principal of the Temple Israel Hebrew School; autobiographical sketches and scholarly research by the late Dr. Jacob Fine, professor of surgery at Harvard Medical School, chief of surgery at Beth

Israel Hospital and trustee of the Weizmann Institute in Israel; sociological papers by Dr. Benjamin Rosenberg, executive director of our Boston Jewish Federation; articles on Zionism and Jewish life in various parts of the world by lawyers Morris Michelson and Robert Morrison; essays and translations by Drs. Max and Mildred Davis, Samuel and Marian Kurland, Dr. Oscar and Goldie Feinsilver, Dr. Carl and Ruth Seltzer, Mordecai and Freda Shore, Arthur and Sadie Green, and others.

In one year, Selma read two of her essays on Judah Monis, an early-eighteenth-century professor of Hebrew at Harvard, who had been converted from Judaism to the Congregational Church to be eligible to teach at Harvard. She had written the papers primarily for a Radcliffe graduate course in Christianity, but then rewrote them specially for the Amalgamated. The first paper was on Monis's *Hebrew Grammar*, the first Hebrew book published in the New World, and "its many [thirty-six] errors." The second paper dealt with the original Monis conversion speech in his handwriting, which she found under glass in the Harvard Library of rare books, incunabula and other treasured works. She copied the four-page handwritten speech. When I came home, I read the speech aloud with her. We agreed that three paragraphs were plainly Cabalist, probably copied from the Zohar. And Selma found the specific Zohar text which Monis had copied and used—without attribution—as portions of his conversion sermon. All this was the result of her research of the manuscripts in the Houghton Library at Harvard.

For my first Amalgamated paper, I read about a dozen lyrics for a proposed operetta poking gentle fun at the American Jewish community and synagogue life. The lyrics were written on Boston's then elevated railway, while I rode to work. Eventually, I had about twenty lyrics, and in short order I added the book of two acts. I called the play "a modern, merry, musical mirror-scope of American Jewish community life." The plot was simple: a synagogue without a rabbi, but with a heavy mortgage, acquires a rabbi (and a rebbitzin, a rabbi's wife) and pays off its mortgage. The rabbi is named Peretz Chesterfield (who has all the requisites that the various temple groups demand, including the brotherhood's insistence that the rabbi have an Anglo-Saxon name). The musical comedy ends with four successive weddings, and the finale includes "replays" of the "hit" songs, including the new theme song for the temple: "Tune in on your station/For weekly salvation/With our electronic sermonette."

I had written the lyrics to Gilbert and Sullivan melodies, but it was soon clear that the libretto needed original music with a Jewish flavor. I met Henry Lasker, a graduate student at Harvard working for his Ph.D. in musicology, who earned his living playing the piano in a dance orchestra.

For several months, I indoctrinated Henry with Jewish folk songs and Hebrew liturgical music while we worked on the score. He came up with some delightful melodies which he later orchestrated. Henry met his wife Gertrude through the play, and their marriage and children indefinitely postponed obtaining his doctorate. He earned his reputation as composer and as director of music in Newton's North High School where the auditorium bears his name.

I titled the operetta *So Let 'Em Foreclose,* and its first performances were in March of 1934 at the then New Repertory Theater (now the Huntington Theater of Boston University) opposite Symphony Hall. (I had spent one whole day and night from early Saturday morning to early Sunday morning writing a legal opinion requested by the city council for my boss, Henry Foley, Corporation Counsel of Boston, so that I could be free for that Sunday's full dress rehearsal.)

The libretto was published by Walter H. Baker Company, the Boston play publisher, which sold some 25,000 copies of the paperback edition. There were over 1,200 amateur performances, each paying a royalty of fifteen dollars (half of which went to the author). The number of presentations was undoubtedly due, in part, to the favorable reviews by Professor Abram Sachar (then national director of the Hillel chapters in colleges and universities) and by Rabbi Louis I. Neumann of Temple Rodolf Shalom in New York City. Rabbi Neumann wrote a series of articles in his syndicated columns in the Anglo-Jewish press after he attended a performance of the operetta by his temple brotherhood.

The first Boston performances were presented by the Sisterhood and Brotherhood of Temple Kehillath Israel of Brookline, the synagogue to which Selma and I belonged and where Louis Epstein was rabbi. Our performances did not include one of the songs, "The Rebbitzin Rules the Roost," out of concern for the sensitivity of Rabbi Epstein's wife, but did include "It's Tough to be a Rebbitzin." Lifetime friendships developed with the Laskers and with members of the cast, particularly with Elmer and Helen Gorn. Elmer was a patent lawyer and basso profondo who played the role of chairman of the board of the temple. Helen was a soprano who played the heroine, the temple secretary who finds and marries the rabbi and who saves the temple from foreclosure. (Some lyrics appear in the appendix of this book.)

My boss, Corporation Counsel Henry Foley, had talked me into taking a month's vacation—and we decided on a Mediterranean cruise in the late summer of 1935. On our third wedding anniversary, we had a champagne party aboard the Italian liner *Roma.* With our newly found friends aboard, including the pianist Frank Glaser and two young women from New York,

we took a number of shore trips. We had single-day stops at Gibraltar, Boulogne-Sur-Mer on the Riviera, Genoa, Naples and Athens, and seven days between Palestine and Egypt.

At Haifa, in Palestine, we hired a car with a talented driver/guide and had four crowded and exciting days in the British Mandate of the Holy Land. We visited *kibbutzim* (communal settlements), *moshavim* (privately owned farms) and the cities of Haifa, Acre, Safed, Nazareth, Tiberias, Caesarea and Capernaum and the Sea of Galilee. We skirted into Trans-Jordan for a short ride to see the Rutenberg power plant, returned to Samaria and Judea ending our day in Jerusalem. After a traditional Jewish Friday night dinner at our pension on Jaffe Road, Selma and I felt compelled to see the old city before going to bed. The day had begun at five in the morning and it was almost ten at night. We saw two British soldiers, and Selma, assuming that everyone in Palestine spoke Hebrew, asked them: *"Ayeh shaarey yaffa?"* (Where is Jaffe Gate?). One soldier scratched his head, saying, "That must be Hebrew." But Selma also spoke English and immediately asked, "Please, where is Jaffa Gate?" We were given directions, and warned not to enter the old city at night. We looked into the old city from the Jaffa Gate with deep emotion. But since the old city was on our itinerary for the next day, we returned to our pension.

Selma fell asleep immediately, but I had difficulty erasing the discomfort from my mind I felt early that morning when an Arab guard at Haifa had searched me for arms, and my combined pain and joy in talking to young refugee children and adolescents who had just arrived from Nazi Germany, now members of a Youth Aliyah settlement. In a number of kibbutzim and moshavim, we met young refugees from Hitler's Germany and heard the name Gisela Warburg described repeatedly as a young German Jewish woman who was the right hand of Henrietta Szold, the founder of Youth Aliyah. The goal of Youth Aliyah was to rescue Jewish children from Hitler's horrors and bring them to Palestine. Gisela's name was always spoken with the highest respect and the deepest gratitude, as if she personally were their rescuer. (Gisela later married Judge Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., my college and law school classmate, settled in Cambridge, and converted her husband from a nearly assimilationist Jew to a concerned and dedicated Jew, as he recounted in our Harvard, Class of 1927 twenty-fifth reunion book. She played a key role in Zionism and, among numerous other responsibilities, became president of the Boston chapter of Hadassah.)

We chatted with recent German escapees, especially at Nahariyah, and met Jewish families who had lived in Palestine for generations. It was fun to lunch on "St. Peter's fish" caught in the Sea of Galilee and to visit

unforgettable cities and towns, especially Rishon LeZion (first in Zion), the first modern Jewish settlement in Palestine. But the long day was tiring and eventually I fell asleep.

We awoke early for our visits to Jerusalem, Mount Scopus, with its Hebrew University, Bethlehem, Hebron and the Dead Sea. We prayed and recited the Kaddish at the West (Wailing) Wall, at Rachel's Grave on the road to Bethlehem and in Hebron, where religious students had been murdered by Arabs in 1929; we floated in the Dead Sea, visited Beersheba and its camel market, and arrived in Jaffa. We finally arrived in Tel Aviv in time to check in at the Hotel Dan and rush to the Ohel Theatre for a performance of *Liliom* by Moliere, translated into Hebrew. We then went to a nightclub to end another exciting day into the early morning of the next day.

We were awakened early Sunday by Arab hawkers shouting in Hebrew *dagim* (fish) and *anavim* (grapes) and Moslems from their parapets, in Arabic, *Le ilahu illa la, Muhammed resul Allah* (There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet). We called on Tel Aviv's acting mayor Israel Rokach (Mayor Meir Dizengoff was away) and delivered a letter from Boston's mayor Frederick Mansfield with greetings "from an old city in a new land to a new city in an old land."

We swam in the Mediterranean and were about to take a fifteen-hour train ride to Cairo, when we learned that there was to be a pre-opening flight for the executive staff on Misr Airlines (*Misr* is the Arabic word for Egypt; *Mitzraim* in Hebrew) from Lydda, near Tel Aviv, to Heliopolis, near Cairo. We managed to get aboard, offered to pay, but were welcomed as guests and shared in the staff's sandwiches, wine and fruit. We watched the yellow and brown sands as far as we could see, south of the Lydda Airport, until we turned east an hour or so later and saw the lush, deep green on both sides of the Nile and the sands of Egypt.

Because of our plane ride, we were in Cairo many hours earlier than our scheduled train arrival. We went to the address given us by our Cairo hosts, Dr. Kamel Fahmi and his wife, Bertha London Fahmi, an in-town mansion of Kamel's parents, who were away on vacation. Kamel, a physician, who had been a student at the Harvard School of Public Health in Boston, met Bertha London, a Simmons graduate and a social worker (whom Selma's brother Julian had dated). Kamel and Bertha were married in Boston in a Jewish religious ceremony, after Kamel had been "converted" to Judaism. In Cairo, after Bertha had been "converted" to Islam, they were married in a Moslem ceremony. Neither was religiously observant. When we came to Cairo, Kamel was Deputy Minister of Public Health and Bertha a social worker. His parents were members of Egyptian nobility and his father had

a high government office under King Farouk. Our taxi driver told us that the guard had said that no one was home, and would give no other information to strangers.

Selma and I returned to Shepard's Hotel where we had left our two New York companions. We had dinner with them at the hotel and then decided to take a street car to sightsee. The street car had four classes, the fourth with the name *harim* (Arabic for native women). When the four of us were about to get off the street car, I realized that none of us had any Egyptian coins (we had paid the taxi driver in American money). A scene with the conductor began to develop, when a tall and husky Egyptian Army officer came to our rescue. He spoke to the conductor, put several coins into the box for himself and for the four of us, a total equal to two pennies. After we had reached the sidewalk, the officer said that he was delighted to meet us, since his cousin had married an American young woman from Boston.

Thus we met Kamel's cousin, an Egyptian general. He took a fancy to both New York women, and we went to a music hall and a nightclub with him until it was almost time for our expected arrival from Tel Aviv. He came with us to the railroad station, and there were Kamel and Bertha. They greeted us, the general and the two young women, and asked us all to return to the home of his absent parents where we had drinks and snacks. The general took the young women back to Shepard's. In the Fahmi home we were shown to our huge bedroom, with a massive bed enclosed in drapes and screens. The bed's four legs were each set in a large tumbler of water. Kamel explained that this was the only way to keep ants from entering the bed (but ants could climb walls and ceilings and some of them fell on the bed).

The next morning, after a perfect night's sleep, the steward wanted us to eat a full Egyptian breakfast, but the Fahmis and we insisted on a small, quick meal, "continental style," so that we could crowd as much sightseeing as possible into our three days in Cairo. Our first stop, with our two New York companions, was the newly constructed Cairo Archaeological Museum, which housed the indescribably magnificent Tutankhamen Tomb treasures. The mummies of various dynasties were overwhelming in their historical and archaeological importance. One visit of about four hours was not enough and we spent a second afternoon there. Thanks to Kamel, who knew the "right" people, we went to mosques that non-Moslems could not enter. Our trip to the pyramids and the Sphinx, the crowded city center, the markets, synagogues, Moslem schools, handicraft factories and workshops (with too many children employees) were memorable experiences. (Cairo had a population of less than million in 1935. When we visited the city again in 1979, it had grown to over twelve million–with ugly overcrowding

and only a slight increase in area. Kamel was killed in a post-World War II airplane crash outside of Cairo, and Bertha later returned to the United States and remarried.)

Our third day in Egypt included a return trip to Gizeh and south to Sakharah and Memphis, back to Cairo and a train trip parallel to the Suez Canal north to Port Said. The ride gave us the chance to write some fifty postcards, typical tourist notes, heavy on magnificent sights and light on substance. Because we had little time to get to our ship, the *Roma*, which had been waiting for us, I gave the cards, along with enough money for stamps to an uniformed Egyptian official, who told me that he would affix the stamps, and we hurried aboard. (Not a single card ever arrived.) We sailed to the harbor of Piraeus.

At about six the next morning, Selma and I left Piraeus by subway to Athens and we returned to the *Roma* after midnight–just as the ship was about to depart. We were fortunate enough to meet a young American on the subway who had worked for five years in Athens for an American oil company, and who had planned a last all-day visit to Athens before returning home. He took us under his wing and was, with his knowledge of the city and fluency in modern Greek, the perfect guide. Our first stop was at the Acropolis, then the archaeological and other museums, the Plaka and more sites than we have seen in all our subsequent trips to Athens. Next was an outdoor performance of Sophocles' *Antigone*, a "look-in" at several nightclubs, and delicious (but inexpensive) meals, ending with our subway trip back to Piraeus. From Athens we went to Naples, then back home. (Selma and I visited Athens at least six times since, but never with more joy, excitement and sightseeing than on that day in September of 1935.)

Our stay on the *Roma* had been our first introduction to French Impressionist painters. One of the passengers, a recent Columbia graduate (bound for graduate study in Florence), had a large album of Impressionist prints and gave us an outline of the year's course he had just finished, tracing the Impressionist period back to its sources and ending with new developments in expressionism, cubism and surrealism. When we returned to Boston, we felt that new vistas had been opened to us in music by the piano-playing of our *Roma* companion Frank Glaser and in music history, as well as in archaeology and art. We also developed a deeper commitment to political Zionism and its goal of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. Travel became an important part of our lives–and there are few countries in the world that we have not visited in more than thirty trips abroad.

On our return home from the Mediterranean, I found myself in a fund-raising effort on behalf of Jewish Palestine. The United Palestine Appeal (which included Keren Hayesod, the Palestine Foundation Fund, and Keren

Kayemet, the Jewish National Fund) announced its national campaign with a goal of $3,500,000. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise was its national chairman and Nathan Straus its treasurer. Judge Jacob J. Kaplan (a partner of the old Brandeis law firm) served as the greater Boston chairman, with a campaign goal of $75,000. The Boston Advisory Board members were Louis E. Kirstein (then president of the Associated Jewish Philanthropies and of Filene's), Professor Felix Frankfurter, Rabbi Harry Levi (of Temple Israel), who had been converted to Zionism, Lewis Goldberg (later Superior Court judge), Dr. Hyman Morrison and Elihu Stone. Judge Kaplan asked me to serve as vice chairman, and I accepted. With hard work, we raised $60,000. When we seemed to stall, I had the nerve to suggest to Judge Kaplan that he run a dinner in his Jamaicaway home. It was a success and we raised over $25,000 for a total of $85,000. (This may sound trivial compared to our Boston CJP 1988 and 1989 campaign results of over $25 million each year, but what we raised over a half-century ago was "big money" then.)

This drive led me into more direct work with the Associated Jewish Philanthropies and later with the Combined Jewish Appeal, when it was formed in 1940. (As early as 1930 I had worked for the campaign as a member of the "lawyers team.") But with an active law practice, my schedule became so crowded that I was afraid Selma might become an "organization widow," one of the characters in my operetta. And my pocket calendar, so filled that it was almost illegible, was the essential guide to my active community existence.

One of Selma's fellow Hebrew teachers was a Harvard undergraduate who often had supper with us. That man was Teddy White (later author of numerous books on *The Making of the President* and other works). Once, after he translated the Chinese words on our woodcut of a court scene (I had assumed they were Japanese), he answered my questions as to why he had come to major in Chinese at Harvard. He answered with a short version of what now appears in his *In Search of History.* Although he miscalculated his expected Japanese invasion of China by a year, he went to China by crossing Europe and heading east. His knowledge of Chinese created his first career as a journalist in China.

My talks to synagogue and Zionist groups often kept me out late, but Selma was constantly busy with her wide assortment of flowering plants (a prelude to her later magnificent garden), crewel work and embroidery, and voluminous reading in psychology and English, French and Hebrew literature. The social events in our new apartment gave us the opportunity to produce home movies of the overacted variety, introduce new musical artists to our friends, run Purim costume parties (with various depictions of characters from the Book of Esther), and conduct discussions on sober or

light and pleasant topics. The apartment was also the scene of officer or board meetings of various organizations (which I headed or served), or the place where I worked intensely on legal briefs. At one time, the walls of our study were covered with the unfolding charts of the appendix to the brief which I wrote for the city, in the appeal of former Boston city treasurer under Mayor Curley, Ed Dolan, against whom we obtained a judgment for–and later collected–almost $160,000.

I became a more active Democrat in '36 than I had been in both '32 and '28 and wrote position papers and gave speeches for F.D.R., as I did in the '37 Boston mayoralty campaign for Maurice Tobin. My synagogue and Zionist activities were consuming much of my time outside of my practice, and I assumed greater responsibilities in the New England region of the Zionist Organization of America. Through Jacob Kaplan, I became more active in the lawyers team of our Boston Jewish Federation (Associated Jewish Philanthropies), and through Dr. Harry Savitz, I participated in some fundraising for The Hebrew Teachers College. Through the urging of my boss, Henry Foley, Selma and I spent the month of August 1937 in London and Paris and in areas of Holland around Amsterdam and the Hague and in western Switzerland.

During a Rosh Hashanah service in Amsterdam's synagogue (made famous by Rembrandt) and a Yom Kippur service in a pension in Interlaken, Switzerland, we learned first hand of the increasing terrors of Naziism. Some of the refugees we met were desperate for a visa to any part of the free world. On our return home, we became a temporary Jewish hostel for German refugees. Family after family stayed with us on their way to assignments and jobs for longer periods. One couple, who had been in England for several years, and who left us to become chauffeur and maid on a North Shore estate, had learned some English. They would respond to sneezes with the word "pleasure" which they mistook for the British "bless ye."

My activities for an organization did not terminate with the end of my term as president. For example, after my brotherhood presidency, I edited its newsletter and announced that the famous Russian movie director, Professor Ivan Bareslavsky, would talk on "The Jewish Drama" and would personally help cast the next play. The professor appeared with white hair and beard, talked with a Russian accent until one of my friends recognized my voice. A titter started some commotion, then spread through the hall. I had been exposed, but, despite the grins and laughter, I kept a straight face until the end of the program.

We learned in 1938 that I could not biologically father children, and we decided on acquiring a family by adoption. In early June, through our

friend Dr. Savitz and the Boston Jewish Family and Children's Service, we found a boy we considered ideal–David, aged two, handsome, lively, warm and communicative.

With David's arrival, and the need for more space, we found a new home in a two-family house on Colbourne Road in Brighton, a part of Boston next to Brookline and Newton. We bought a car and made friends with our neighbors, especially our landlords, Jim and Anne Walsh. Their son and daughter became David's playmates. Selma dropped her five days a week of teaching and I my Sunday school work. We had become full-time suburbanites.

In back of our house was a small area in which Selma developed a garden and where a brick fireplace was available for cookouts. Selma began her gardening career with a small patch of annuals and perennials and with rhododendron bushes. We had a bedroom for both David and a young woman from Nova Scotia as Selma's helper. My brother Sidney occupied the study, and a separate dining room gave us a feeling of comfort.

We had attended Boston Symphony concerts on a spasmodic basis, but now we were regular subscribers. Occasionally, Selma or her brother Julian at the piano, and I on the violin, played sonatas. I was also part of a chamber music quartet for a while, but since I knew I would never be a topflight violinist, and since there was little time to rehearse, my violin playing stopped in the late thirties. I revived it while I was overseas (with a borrowed violin in Oran, Algeria, and Paris) in the early forties until my career ended in 1950 as performer, though not as a listener.

One of Selma's first Hebrew students had been Leonard Bernstein. He and she adored one another, and our families became close friends. After a Hebrew school PTA meeting in the Mishkan Tefila vestry, at which Leonard, shortly after his bar mitzvah, played his brilliant piano version of "A Yiddish Melody (Which My Father Sings in the Shower) in the Style of the Great Composers," I asked him and his parents whether he would perform his piece at our synagogue brotherhood meeting in Brookline. His first performance outside of his home territory was at Kehillath Israel in Brookline, and the audience gave him an ovation. We next heard him play at his and my brother Sidney's Harvard Class Day in 1939, where he accompanied himself on the piano and sang class day songs he had written, also in the style of the great composers. Wagner was represented by a heavily chorded "Klass Tag" and Gilbert & Sullivan by a lively "Appleton Chapelton."

Meanwhile, David was growing into a lively and lovely boy. His two best friends, except perhaps for his parents and a few boys his own age, were his Uncle Sidney and our friend John Sessler. When David was about four or

five, his Saturday or Sunday fishing trips to areas near the Cape Cod Canal with Johnny and Evelyn Sessler began. Occasionally, Selma and I went along. We were picked up at about six in the morning and returned home after supper. Johnny attached his outboard motor and whoever caught the first fish won a prize (usually more fun than substance). In the car, down and back, we would sing popular songs of the period or a decade or two earlier, old reliables, Gilbert & Sullivan or operatic imitations. In 1939, when the Sesslers acquired their home at the foot of Varick Road in Waban near the Charles River, David, at age five and six, became Johny's helper in building rooms out of the bare basement. Sidney, who occasionally acted as David's sitter, developed a rare knack of keeping David interested and absorbed so that Sidney could study. A deep attachment developed between the two of them.

Over the radio on November 10 and 11, 1938, Selma and I heard of Kristallnacht, which began on November 9, when Nazis ran amuck in most German and Austrian cities, looting and destroying thousands of shops, stores and homes owned or occupied by Jews. They killed hundreds of Jews, deported thousands to Buchenwald and Dachau and then made claim to a billion marks seized for "losses caused by Jews." The pronouncement was that Germany had been outraged by the murder of a minor German envoy in Paris by a seventeen-year-old Jewish boy whose parents had been deported by the Nazis. Kristallnacht means "glass (or broken glass) night." I was soon on the telephone, but I did not know to whom to turn. We had not been prepared for this devastating foretaste of what the Nazis would do to Jews.

I telephoned Congressman John McCormack (with whom I once worked on public housing) and his answer was: "I'll send a protest to President Roosevelt. Tell me what else I can do." I asked whether he would circulate a letter among Congressmen. He did, but told me that he could interest only a few. Senator Robert Wagner of New York had also made an effort at protest, but without success. The American Jewish Congress, the American Jewish Committee and B'nai B'rith issued statements nationally and locally. But we were not organized for planned, coordinated action. The only tangible result was the creation of the United Jewish Appeal. It turned out that Kristallnacht had been the personal "baby" of Joseph Goebbels, and that Hermann Goering and other top Nazis took umbrage at the undisciplined events; Hitler and Goering determined that the Final Solution to the "Jewish problem" should take on the appearance of order and regularity, at least at the outset.

In December 1938, I was asked to address the "Junior Divison" of the Associated Jewish Philanthropies. I suggested that my talk deal with

German Jews. Those arranging the meeting told me that they wanted a pleasant subject. And I was persuaded to speak on "Louis D. Brandeis: Justice and Jew." Several weeks later, Rabbi Samuel Sherman of the new Temple Emanual in Newton invited me to speak at a Friday night service. I suggested a talk on "The Jews of Germany?" His answer was: "No, the congregation won't come to hear that." Instead, my talk was "The Life and Philosophy of Justice Felix Frankfurter" (the newly appointed replacement for Federal Justice Benjamin Cardozo).

I lacked stature. I was thirty-three and still relatively new to Boston. Although there were Bostonians who believed strongly that Naziism was a severe threat, men like Charles Rome and Myer Israel, Judge Jacob J. Kaplan and Benjamin Ulin, we just were not organized. And alas, we could not seem to arouse national leaders to collective action. Justice Brandeis was eighty-two and becoming ill. Justice Frankfurter tried to orient President Roosevelt to the severity and enormity of what was happening to German and Austrian Jews, but the President was concerned primarily in helping England and France win their war with Germany. Senator Herbert Lehman served only one term. Congressman Manny Celler and Sol Bloom made speeches. There was a severe frustration that enfeebled national Jewish leaders.

The American Jewish community was not organized for action. In one short sentence: It lacked clout. Our help was sorely needed, but we were not prepared. We did achieve, however, one fortuitous result. Although there had been opposition to the concept of a United Jewish Appeal, the UJA came into existence at the end of 1938 with the assent of top Jewish leadership, Zionist and non-Zionist. But this was little solace for the overwhelming Nazi barbarism that would kill six million Jews.

When Sidney's Class and Commencement Days came in June 1939, our mother and Civie were with us to celebrate. We joined Sam and Jennie Bernstein, Lenny's parents, in some of the festivities. As Sidney received his bachelor of arts degree cum laude, my mother whispered to me: "To live to see Sholem Meishelei [the diminutive of Sidney's full Hebrew name] get a degree with honors from Harvard–that I never expected." (Many years later, when he received his Ph.D. from New York University in chemistry, she proudly referred to him as "my son, the doctor.")

That summer of 1939, Sidney had a job as a busboy at the Empire Hotel in Old Orchard, Maine. There he met Ethel Blanck, a waitress at the same hotel, and before long they were engaged. Sidney returned to Brighton and went job hunting without success at practically every chemical company in greater Boston. Some of his friends told him that his last name was a handicap, and that the last name "Winston," instead of "Weinstein," would

open doors, but Sidney would not hear of a change of name. He went to stay with our mother and sister Civie in Brooklyn, and conducted an organized campaign of interviewing for prospective jobs by geographical location and by the alphabet. After months of searching, he found a regular job plus another on weekends. He and Ethel were married in her home in Providence, in August 1940, and I had a reunion with her uncle, Dean Harry Shulman of Yale, whom I knew from Harvard Law School and to whom Ethel was deeply attached. We reminisced, sang Yiddish folk songs and exchanged stories. Harry was an extraordinary human being, a brilliant man and the soul of honor, humor and judgment. (For many years, he served as impartial arbitrator between the United Automobile Workers and each of the three giant automobile manufacturers.)

My interest in plays, which began in childhood and led me into various semiprofessional acting and directing ventures, continued. During the Mansfield and Tobin mayoral administrations, the city censor shared his two complimentary tickets with us, and Selma and I saw most of the plays, spoken and musical, that came to Boston during the thirties and early forties. Almost always, the seats were second or third row, center, orchestra. I came to know many of the works of contemporary playwrights, as well as the great plays of the past.

The Boston openings of three musical plays *Porgy and Bess, Of Thee I Sing* and *Lady in the Dark* were deeply moving. I would often hear myself humming or singing their songs. The Monday night Boston play openings over a period of six or seven years are still happy memories. The opening of *Lady in the Dark* in Boston found Selma and me, by accident, in the very last row of the orchestra, one of the exceptions to the "up-front" rule. There were frequent whispered conferences behind us, the loudest between author Moss Hart and composer Kurt Weill. The story, dialogue, lyrics and music enthralled us. Gertrude Lawrence was never better, Danny Kaye made his debut with his show-stopping "Tchaikovsky," and the whole cast was excellent. Early the next morning, I typed a fan letter to Moss Hart, who was staying at the Ritz Carlton. The superlatives must have been gushing, because I had barely slept from excitement. I was still in the glow of the night before and I typed as rapidly as I thought. Probably by error, I typed the letter on the stationery of the law department of the City of Boston and I drew a diagonal line through the printed caption, and mailed the letter to Hart's hotel. There were rave reviews in the Boston newspapers, as there were later in the *Times* and the other New York papers. Then, about a month after I had written, I received a letter addressed to me at the law department, City of Boston, 11 Beacon Street, New York City. It was dated January 7, 1941, the day Hart received my fan letter. Here's what it said:

Dear Mr. Weinstein:

Thank you so much for your nice letter. I cannot be coy about it, I was delighted with what you said and very pleased that you said it. I am not sure the play is as good as all that, but at this particular moment I am very pleased to hear it.

Perhaps before I leave Boston we might have a drink together. Why don't you call me at the Ritz. Meanwhile, thanks again and good wishes.

Sincerely,

Moss Hart

Because Hart's letter traveled here and there in New York City until it finally arrived in Boston about a month later, this frustrated actor, director and playwright did not have a drink with Moss Hart and never met the addressee of his only fan letter. Hart's book *Act One* was delightful; but our paths never crossed. Years later I recounted this story to the actress Kitty Carlisle, Hart's widow, and she renewed his invitation to Selma and me.

Selma suffered from allergic reactions during the hay fever season and, in our effort to escape the pollen, we left Boston. First we went to Cape Cod, then in later years to the White Mountains, and still later to Yarmouth in Nova Scotia, where, with each change, she seemed to get more relief. The trip usually included our wedding anniversary on September second. I remember vividly the radio news of the invasion of Poland by the Nazis on September l, 1939, the day before our seventh wedding anniversary. Selma, David and I were in the back seat of the car of a couple at our motel in South Yarmouth on the Cape, who could afford an automobile radio! We listened to the radio account of Germany's invasion of Poland, the beginning of World War II. David was a little more than three. I tried to explain to him what war meant. "Daddy, will you have to be in the war?" he asked with a look and sound of fright. "No, David, Daddy will stay with you and Mummy. The war is far, far, far away."

But the war came closer to home. And David, then five, heard with us the news of Pearl Harbor on "the day that will live in infamy," December 7, 1941. As I approached my thirty-eighth birthday, after months of trying to squelch the drive within me to enlist, I talked to Selma and said that I could not stay out of the war. Hitler was our deadly enemy. Selma and I had been following in detail the news from Europe, the rise of Naziism, its defeat and occupation of most of Continental Europe, Kristallnacht and the extortion of millions of marks of Jewish blood money. Selma and I had

listened, glued to the radio, to the German and Soviet invasion of Poland, and to the frightening news thereafter from Europe and the Far East. Being a fire and air raid warden and serving on the National Defense Commission's Housing and Rent Control Committee were not even close to the real thing. I had *shpilkes,* the Yiddish slang for pins and needles, a need to be were the action was. I asked Selma whether she'd be upset if I talked to Bobby Cutler, my former law department boss, who had left Boston, had been commissioned a colonel and was recruiting Army "specialists." Her answer was simple: "I know that you're convinced that you have to join [her brothers Herschel and Shepard had enlisted, or were about to enlist, in the Navy]. I can take care of David and help take care of your mother. I'll go back to teaching Hebrew. You won't earn what you're earning now, but we'll manage."

In October 1942, I was enrolled in the Army School of Military Government in Charlottesville, Virginia. Within a few days, I found a small apartment and Selma drove down from Boston with David to join me. We were now personally part of World War II, which was then ten months old for the United States. The war would not end for us until three years later.

Off to War 6

In early October 1942, attired in an army officer's uniform with the oak leaves of a major, and the recipient of a farewell salute in stone seriousness by our six-year old son, David, and by my wife, Selma, a forced smile covering her misgivings, I went off to the School of Military Government. The school was in the law school building of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. Ten days later, Selma and David joined me there, and we moved into an apartment. David was enrolled in the first grade of the local public school. We lived across the street from the families of two new majors who had been sworn in with me, Charles Schottland and Bill Stephenson. I also became friendly with George Parlin, who had been an infantry soldier in World War I. Seven years my senior, he was also a Harvard Law School graduate, and up till then had been chief counsel for the New York office of the Securities Exchange Commission.

Another military government student was "Buddy" Fogelson, who, with his new wife, Greer Garson, lived in the Monticello Hotel. Fogelson was a Texas oil tycoon. He asked me to look at the papers sent him by his lawyer to close his divorce case. I told him that since he had a lawyer, I couldn't advise him. Moreover, since I wasn't admitted to the Virginia Bar, I would

be overstepping my bounds. He would better follow his own lawyer's advice, which sounded absolutely right to me. I said, "So sign the check to her and her lawyer and the other papers, but fast!"

In the warmth of October, spaniels came into the open doors of our classrooms, and pigeons flew in through the open windows. Charlottesville, home of the University of Virginia, with architecture by Thomas Jefferson, was not far from his Monticello. Selma, David and I were delighted with our trip there one Sunday. We also visited Moe Huberman and his family in Washington and renewed our friendship with the closest friend of my childhood and Harvard years. One weekend we drove to Williamsburg and Richmond. Everywhere, it seemed, we saw the influence of that greatest, or one of the greatest, of all Americans, Jefferson. While I was busy with classes and learning how to be a soldier, Selma established a warm relationship with the wives of my fellow officers, particularly with Catherine Stephenson.

Our school assignment was to prepare military government officers for their responsibility to govern occupied enemy areas, and to help Allied governments become reestablished. Before our graduation on December 29, 1942, we held a Class Dinner and Gridiron evening for the 1942 OCCA's, as we called ourselves (the acronym stood for Officer in Charge of Civil Affairs). The word lent itself to various rhymes and puns. We were the school's first class, had worked intensely at our studies, and were graduated in three months, instead of the planned term of four. Buddy Fogelson, actor par excellence, was the star of a so-called farce written by me. The first act was a Saturday morning in our main Charlottesville study hall "with a feature presentation of problem No. 48 by an all-star cast of colonels," and the second act was set two years later on the Pacific Island of "Wucki Wucki," which we claimed we rescued from the Japanese. There was no time to rehearse our play, although we ran through our entrances and exits, and the cast and audience joined in singing a half-dozen or more lyrics of doggerel from song-sheets I prepared ahead of time. Even General Wickersham (our commandant) laughed loudly along with some of the brass who came to the graduation, including the Under-secretary of War (now Army) and the provost marshal general.

New Year's Eve was a time for fun, and Selma and I were at the Stephenson household. There, at the stroke of midnight, their two daughters, Sally and Nancy, three years old, wearing silk sashes with the figures 1943, walked down the stairs into the front hall, amidst music, champagne and a huge table groaning under its load of food.

Bill Stephenson and I reportedly had the highest grades of our class; he was given an assignment in the office of the chief of staff, General George

Marshall, and I was selected to attend the Command and General Staff School (now College) in Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas. When George Parlin left his rooming house, his landlady told him that a "little birdy" had disclosed his and my overseas destination: a claims commission in North Africa.

On New Year's Day, 1943, Selma and David left for Boston by car. They were to rejoin me in Kansas, after I found a place for us to live during my three month concentrated term at the Command and General Staff College. I went by train to become a student there, and soon I was able to rent a small apartment, one of three converted from an old house in Leavenworth, not too far from the federal prison. I was assigned quarters at the college, but spent at least three nights a week at "home" with Selma and David. Our apartment was not on Leavenworth's Mansion Row, and David would often bring his school friends to demonstrate how our indoor toilet worked.

One late afternoon Selma telephoned me to report that David had not yet returned home from school, although she had expected him two hours ago. He arrived during our conversation. David said he was so late because "a big guy called my friends a dirty name." Selma asked, "What name?" And David answered, "You told me not to say it, but it was 'niggers' and we fought them and we really beat up the guy who said it." On another occasion, David rushed home and slammed the door after him, to prevent the entry of an older boy, with a kitchen knife in his hand. Our son was midway between six and seven at the time, but he was never injured in any of his battles with school "toughies." January, February and early March of 1943 in Kansas were among the coldest in history. When I returned to the "college" from our apartment, and walked through the quadrangle with howling winds and heavy snows, I was reminded of my frigid experience twenty years earlier in Augusta, Maine.

In late March 1943, Selma, David and I drove home to Boston, then to New York for the first evening of Passover with my mother and all of her children and grandchildren. The husband-to-be of my sister Celia was still a soldier in England. They were to be married the next New Year's Day. As we approached the end of the Seder, my mother began to sob. Others around the table also began to shed tears. It was obvious to them that I was bound for overseas duty, since Selma and I were about to spend the night in New York without David. The "goodbyes" were sad, but over quickly. The next morning, Selma and I bade one another farewell (I was not to see her or David or talk to them for two and a half years). She walked to our car, erect and without tears, as I hailed a cab with my duffel bag and gear, my Colt .45 in its holster. A week passed at Camp Shanks before I was aboard ship.

After a voyage of several weeks, as part of a huge convoy, with troops and

supply ships, a battleship, cruiser, destroyers and occasional antisubmarine depth charges, we arrived at Mers-el-Kebir, the French naval base in Algeria. Our destination was Oran. George and I sat beside the driver of a truck filled with GIs from our ship. Our driver spotted a German dive bomber headed toward us. He dashed off to a dirt road on our right, tried to warn the truck behind us–by horn-blowing, hand-waving and flashing headlights on and off, his left arm pointing to the sky. But the bomber hit its target and we later learned that the two trucks behind us were crushed, and all their occupants killed.

We checked in at Oran and were then shipped to Algiers. We then went back and forth to and from Oran twice on "forty and eight" (forty men and eight horses) "train-wrecks," remnants of World War I. I became a war casualty when I gashed my hand opening a C ration can and had to have several stitches. I also got the North African version of *turista*, even though I was not a tourist. The Algerian variety was worse than that of Mexico or the West Indies.

We were alongside a "hospital train" bringing back wounded Americans to Oran. After about a week, back and forth on the railroad, we spent one night in an Algerian warehouse where two toilets and two trickling faucets purported to serve some forty American officers who slept on cots and got lumps from bedbugs. Soon we were given orders to report to the Claims Commission of NATOUSA (North African Theater of Operations of the United States Army) in Oran. This was exactly as Major George Parlin's landlady had told him months earlier.

On our first day in Oran, in April 1943, after a quick lunch at the officers' mess, George and I went to the PX to buy some essentials, and a sales girl, about fifteen or sixteen, asked me, when she saw my name on my army ID card, whether I was Jewish. All this was in broken English. I answered in French that I was, whereupon she gave me her condensed biography. Her name was Colette Bensimon. Her family lived in Sidi-Bel-Abbes, an hour's drive south of Oran and the headquarters of the French Foreign Legion. She roomed with one aunt, in the same building where another aunt, Louise Eruimy, lived. The Eruimys, she said, always had some American guests and she invited us to come to Friday evening dinner at the Eruimy home. I told her that George and I planned to attend the services in the *grande synagogue*. But dinner wouldn't start until after the services were over, Colette replied, and she asked for our telephone number. Madame Eruimy telephoned and asked George and me to dinner, and she said that Colette would pick us up at the end of services.

On our first Friday night in Oran, George, a good Methodist, joined me at the services at Oran's *grande synagogue*. There were yarmulkes at the

door, but I suggested that we continue wearing our overseas caps. The sermon was delivered in French by Oran's *grand rabbin* (chief rabbi) and translated by an American chaplain. Both French and English were in monotonous voices, and I noticed that George would occasionally doze off, awaken with a start and, apparently believing that he was in church, begin to remove his cap. I had to interject each time: "Keep your cap on, this is a Jewish service."

During the recess and after the service, there were two concentric circles of worshippers outside. The larger circle was of males and the smaller circle inside was of females, with about ten older women as chaperones for each adolescent girl. The circles moved, much less regularly than a dance, one clockwise and the other counter-clockwise, and when the movement would occasionally stop, young men would talk with the young women nearest them, trying to avoid the chaperones. The reason for these concentric opposite circles, I did not know then, nor do I know now. Many of the worshippers came to talk to us. As I explained to George, who called me a social lion, the attention I received was undoubtedly because I was a Jew and a major. Under the Vichy government, a Jew could never attain any rank higher than a simple *soldat* (buck private) and, in addition, I was an American who spoke French and Hebrew, so that I was somewhat of a circus freak to stare at and to chat with.

Soon Colette spied us and she led us to the Eruimy home, where we joined Louise, her husband, Josef, and their children: Gaby, fifteen; Pierrot, fourteen; and Marie Jose ("Mimi"), five. The first two were children of Josef and his late first wife. When Louise, her sister, who was then eighteen, came to take care of Gaby and Pierrot, romance and the children's need for care blended, and Josef and Louise were married. Mimi and, some years after our departure, Jean-Marc and Françoise were born to Louise and Jo. No family could have been warmer or more hospitable than the Eruimys. George's birthday and mine, and those of our numerous acquaintances, were celebrated with special dinners and huge homemade cakes and pies that make my mouth water even today. On one birthday, there was *dinde aux marrons* (turkey with chestnut stuffing and sauce) and, as dessert, *pièce montée*, a big cone or pyramid of small spherical cakes with creamy centers and with birthday candles to blow out. At other times there was an excellent local fish *lotte* (monkfish) followed by *gâteau St. Honoré*, a circular layer of similar small cream puffs, or *tartes aux fruits* (fruit pies), especially apple and cherry.

We often played games. One was *Je te pince et je ne ris pas* (I pinch you and I don't laugh). With a burnt wine bottle cork, one would smear charcoal on the fingers of one hand, and then, with black fingers pinch

another's cheek, reciting the name of the game, and, while the victim laughed with the others, the charcoal kept covering his or her face, wherever it had been pinched, while the pincher's face remained clean. (About a year and a half later, I introduced the game to a swank party in Paris, and was almost expelled by the hostess.)

There was also much storytelling. One story with a familiar ring the French enjoyed dealt with an American general and a WAC corporal driver who were lost. Their gasoline almost exhausted, they stopped at an inn where there was only one single room with a small bed. This dialogue then took place:

General: Shall we stop here?

Driver: *Comme vous voudrez, mon général.* (As you wish, General.)

General: We'll stay.

Driver: As you wish, General. Will you sleep on the bed, while I sleep on the floor?

General: No, you sleep on the bed, and I'll sleep on the floor.

Driver: No, no; General, not with your rank. Why don't both of us sleep in the bed?

General: Fine with me. Do you want to sleep as general and corporal, or as husband and wife?

Driver: As husband and wife.

The corporal gets into bed, her face to the wall and her back to the general, and the general takes from his bag *The New York Times* and begins to read. After I finished telling the story in French, the reaction invariably was: "Are all American generals like that?" followed by laughter.

George Parlin often sat with Mimi on his lap, and she read him stories. Once when she read him *Les Trois Petits Cochons* (The Three Little Pigs), he listened attentively, studied the pictures as she read him the story and, as the end came, they both burst out laughing. "Lew," George said with a straight face, "I can't understand the French, but what I saw in the pictures and what Mimi explained to me reminds me of a story that I used to read to my children many years ago. You know—the plot is exactly the same." And, when I translated, the whole group showed how much they enjoyed George's dry humor.

We saw the Eruimys and their relatives often, and on occasional Sundays we would go with them to the outskirts of Oran and beyond to picnic. The Eruimys had countless cousins, first and remote. One was a profound student and listener, Andre Chouraqui, somewhat younger than I, who had an intimate knowledge of the history of the Jews in the Magreb (North Africa) which he generously shared with me and enriched my knowledge. Recently, the Jewish Publication Society of America published, in English,

the history which he had written in French, under the title *Between East and West.*

Joe Eruimy had a store on Rue d'Arzeu, where he sold wines, liquors and fancy dry and canned groceries, like Boston's old S.S. Pierce Company. He recommended a specific brand of alicante as the best wine aperitif he knew. Before long alicante became a favorite of many of the Oran American military personnel.

My activities were not limited to the claims commission or to my Oran Jewish friends. I had met Orlando Pelayo, a young painter and refugee from Madrid under Franco, who did house painting with his father in Oran for a living. He had dinner with me at the officers' mess once or twice a week and then would come back to my office to give me a Spanish lesson, followed by an English lesson which I would give him in return. Before I left Oran, he gave me his water color of witches and demons atop Spanish mountains, which illustrated his Spanish poem of some forty lines, "Aquelarre" (Witches' Sabbath). The poem is rich in metaphor and alliteration, profound and satirical in mood, and as colorful as his painting. Selma sent me a book of Goya engraving reproductions as my gift to him. (In 1965 my friend Abraham Bornstein—a former book dealer and art publisher in Boston—gave me a beautiful set of seven leather-bound volumes of the complete works of Camus, many of which had their settings in Oran. Each volume is illustrated by a different, important contemporary French painter or lithographer. Volume II is illustrated with numerous lithographs by Pelayo.)

I found friendship with members of the Oran community rewarding, because this helped fill part of the vacuum caused by the absence of my wife, family and friends. Through our office interpreter, Max Sayag, I became acquainted with his sister, *la veuve* Madame Cohen (Widow Cohen), who had a brood of talented children. Her oldest son, a soldier in the French Army, was a violinist, and when she heard me play, she loaned me his instrument for my stay in Oran.

In the fall, George Parlin left for Tizi Ouzou near the Atlas Mountains, in preparation for his work as military government judge in Sicily and Italy. Later Jack Honig, the Jewish chaplain for the Mediterranean base section, was assigned to another unit. But I remained in Oran. I left the hotel and was given the billet of a small apartment with a private bathroom, but no kitchen, within the larger apartment of *la veuve* Madame Friess, a woman of about sixty, of Alsatian origin. One of my friends who came to visit me frequently was Lieutenant George Turitz, two years ahead of me at Harvard Law School, chief censor for the Mediterranean base section on the outskirts of Oran. He would come into Oran on a Sunday, join

me for lunch or a walk or dinner, and then come to my room where he would remove his flute-recorder and some two-part music from his army bag. I would take out my borrowed violin and we would have our own little chamber music concert of Bach or Mozart or even Brahms.

One Sunday afternoon, Madame Friess knocked on the door, saw and heard two American Army officers playing away at their duet and exclaimed with appropriate gestures: *Quelle guerre en dentelles!* (What a lace war!) The phrase developed when Louis XIV and his courtiers, each in court dress with long lace sleeves and their legs encased in silk stockings, would go out to do battle, thus making a "lace war"–or a playing at war in costume without danger.

Turitz was a frequent visitor and friend who, like so many of us, had enlisted only to learn that the actual army job was only occasionally consistent with one's ability or career.

Apparently the Oran area was not considered important enough by the army for a full-time Jewish chaplain, because one by one they came and went. I had come to know through them the chaplain's assistant, Corporal Donald Butler. Before long, in the absence of a Jewish chaplain, the senior chaplain designated me "Acting Jewish chaplain of the Mediterranean Theater of Operations." On the high holidays of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, I conducted four services in one day: a service in the *grande synagogue* in which the *grand rabbin* welcomed American Jewish soldiers; another in a synagogue in Sidi-Bel-Abbes; a third in Mostaganem, east of Oran on the way to Algiers; and a fourth in Oujda, west of Oran just over the Moroccan border. Probably a total of three thousand troops attended all the services, and I probably covered over eight hundred miles. I used an army GI prayer shawl, with the army military symbol under the two tablets of the ten commandments and the Star of David, all in gold embroidery, given to me by the senior Army chaplain, which I still use on the "high holidays." I officiated with prayer books provided by the Jewish Welfare Board, containing a text prepared by American rabbis, representing Orthodox, Conservative and Reform denominations.

I also held graveside burial services, wrote condolence letters to the next of kin and visited seriously wounded Jewish Army, Air Force and Navy personnel. The chief chaplain told me at one time that there were more than forty thousand American Jewish soldiers in North Africa (most of them preparing for the invasions of Sicily, Italy and later southern France). Many divisions with Jewish chaplains came through our area. I remember a delightful visit with Rabbi Israel Kazis, a close friend, graduate of Boston Hebrew College, who had an A.B. and a Ph.D. from Harvard, chaplain of an infantry division. He later became our rabbi at Temple

Mishkan Tefila in Newton.

When I received a letter from the chief Jewish chaplain in Washington, asking me to convene groups and to welcome Rabbi Barnett Brickner of Cleveland to the Oran area, I arranged for two conferences during the day and a full evening for his one-day stay. This meant that my chief, Colonel Madison, had to perform a full day's claims duties, since I was acting chaplain. The morning was devoted to a meeting in the senior chaplain's office of all the Jewish chaplains in North Africa we could assemble, to discuss positive achievements, suggestions, proposed programs and gripes. The discussion was lively, and I was deeply impressed by Rabbi Brickner's experience, wisdom and dedication. I was also impressed by the frankness with which the military rabbis discussed issues, expressed their disappointments or their satisfactions, and made their recommendations with no holds barred.

After lunch at the officers' mess, we had a conference at the *grande synagogue* with North African rabbis from all across North Africa, from Tunis to Casablanca and from Algiers to the Atlas Mountains. These talks were in French and I acted as interpreter. All of the North African rabbis were Sefardim (originally from Spain) which included all of the Mediterranean areas. The Sefardim had their own Hebrew pronunciation, used now in Israel and in prayer services. The last name of Oran's *grand rabbin,* a Sefardi, was Ashkenazi, which means "originally from Germany." The Ashkenazi have their own pronunciation and services, used by the Jews of Central and Eastern Europe and their descendants, constituting the overwhelming majority of American Jews.

I had come to know and respect Rabbi Ashkenazi, despite the pomp and ceremony that were part of his service. (His long cape was held by altar boys as he climbed up a short spiral staircase to a pulpit about a flight higher than the congregation.) He pronounced his sermon in French and the hymns sounded almost like those I heard in French churches. But he was devoted, alert and intelligent, concerned about his flock and secretly active against the Nazis during their occupation, often at serious personal risk. Except for a few rabbis from the larger North African cities, the impression that North African religious leaders gave was hardly flattering. Rabbi Brickner brought them hearty greetings from American Jewry, praised them for keeping Judaism alive–despite the Germans–and urged them to continue their Jewish studies and the long-range meaning of survival.

Following a delightful dinner in honor of Rabbi Brickner at the home of the *grand rabbin,* which included the rabbis of Casablanca, Algiers, Tunis and several other communities for whom I acted as interpreter (except

when conversations went on simultaneously), we returned to the synagogue for a special liberation service. Both Rabbis Brickner and Ashkenazi read the service in Hebrew, then the *grand rabbin* spoke briefly in French and Rabbi Brickner in English delivering a rousing address. Whenever I translated it into English, the GIs cheered, and when I translated it from English, the local congregation rose and applauded wildly at the stirring, often moving words, of the American rabbi.

When the service was over, and the congregation dispersed, with only a few of the officials and special guests remaining, Rabbi Brickner told me he was exhausted and asked how soon he could get to bed. I told him,

> I know how tired you are, but the great old lady of Oran, Madame Toledano, has arranged a special reception for you. She is truly the last example of Jewish royalty without having inherited a kingdom. She is lovely, proud of her *yichus* and of her *mitzvoth*. She and her family have been responsible for financially supporting practically all of the local institutions. She is former president of *la maternelle*, the organization to provide dowries for indigent brides-to-be and of *la pitié*, the group that takes care of fatherless children.

I had a longer list, but Rabbi Brickner interrupted with *Sha, Shain genug* (Yiddish for "Quiet, enough already").

Madame Toledano believed in noblesse oblige, that she had a responsibility, a duty, to keep the Oran Jewish community together. She and her husband were descended from Spanish Jews who had been expelled from Spain in 1492. Her name showed that his ancestors came from Toledo, and, since she was a remote cousin of her husband, her own family had undoubtedly also originated in Toledo, or in nearby central Spain. Madame's two sons were in the French Air Force. Her elder son was married to a tall, handsome woman, Hélène, and they had a five- or six-year-old son who lived with his mother and grandmother while his father was engaged in military flying in Europe.

The Toledano home was a large mansion, built probably in the early part of the century, with large, high-ceilinged rooms and crystal chandeliers in the salons and reception rooms. Some forty or fifty guests greeted us, with the two Mesdames Toledano as hostesses. At the older woman's request, Rabbi Brickner pronounced the blessings over the wine and bread. I translated the Hebrew into French. Then, Arab servants, male and female, began serving hors d'oeuvres, wines and liqueurs, some from Algeria, and others that were old treasures from Europe, especially France.

At an appropriate time, Rabbi Brickner was asked to say a few words. He described the party of Jewish leaders in Cleveland who bade him

farewell, who asked him to give greetings to their brothers and sisters in North Africa, and for them to join Jews in the hopes that the enslaved Jews of Europe would also find freedom and that Zion would soon be restored. Hélène whispered to me that it was the loveliest party that the Toledano home had hosted since the Germans invaded France, and that she was happy I persisted in my efforts to have her mother-in-law consent to act as hostess. Although Rabbi Brickner was tired, he insisted on staying and chatting. I had to interrupt to tell him that it was late and that his plane would be leaving early that morning for the Sicily-based staging area. I almost had to drag him away. He told me in the car that it was worth staying up for such a joyous party and for the opportunity to meet an ideal Jewish noblewoman. (Rabbi Brickner was one of many who saw me abroad, but one of the very few who telephoned Selma and David on returning to the United States.)

One event that I arranged was a gala celebration of Purim, the Jewish holiday memorializing the Book of Esther, with its story of the victory of Queen Esther, wife of King Ahasuerus of Persia, cousin of Mordecai, over Haman's villainy. The Mayor of Oran gave us permission to use the *grande salle* of the Hotel de Ville (City Hall). The commanding general of the Mediterranean base section loaned us the base section band for music and dancing. The synagogue's women's auxiliary *(la maternelle)* agreed to change the ratio of female chaperones for young women from ten to one into one to ten. The Cohen family presented us with a beautifully designed silver-plated crown for our Queen Esther beauty contest winner. The provost marshal provided German and Italian prisoners of war to bake and serve *homentaschen* (Haman's pockets or hats, small triangular tarts filled with prunes). Alas, we had no *mon* (poppy seeds), ordinarily used (at least in the United States) for the filling. We made do with canned prunes. A young, very attractive woman whose name was Esther Cohen won the contest for the Queen Esther beauty prize after stiff competition. Later that evening I introduced her to a young captain, an American medical officer. Cupid took hold (Greek mythology for Jewish purposes) and the field of operations of my uncompensated marriage brokerage extended to North Africa.

I had prepared song sheets and we not only sang Purim songs in traditional Hebrew with English and French translations, but also others. I translated a popular children's Purim song that in English went:

> O, once there was a wicked, wicked man
> And Haman was his name, sir;
> He tried to murder all the Jews,
> Though they were not to blame, sir.

into French with lines like

Il y avait une fois an homme méchant
Qui s'appellait Haman.
Il voulait tuer tous les juifs,
Qui etaient complètement innocents...

Rabbi Israel Kazis, and other Jewish chaplains, came with truckloads of soldiers. About half the guests were Americans (including some nurses and WACs) and the other half were from the Oran Jewish community. It was an evening of fun.

Max Sayag's sister, *la veuve* Madame Cohen, had a younger son, Georgeot, who played the piano well, and he and I played duets, he at the family grand piano. Georgeot and I would often chat. Before long, our talks expanded into group discussions with some fifteen to twenty young men and women, ages eighteen to twenty or more. The group soon began studying Jewish history and traditions, and I arranged for some French books for them. My young friends became interested in current American plays, and Georgeot and some others translated and then produced—with my help—a French version of *Our Town,* which they presented to a goodly audience in a local movie theater. He and others asked questions about Zionism, and, before long, we had the makings of a Zionist district.

Again, Selma sent me materials she had obtained through our friend Ben Ulin, then the president of the Brookline-Brighton-Newton Zionist District, but all were in English. I translated appropriate portions into French, and soon we had an organization devoted to Zionism in what before had been a barren, non-Zionist atmosphere. I gave a number of lectures, beginning with the nineteenth-century pre-Zionist writers, Herzl, the Zionist Congresses, the Balfour Declaration and its American supporter, Justice Brandeis. And to my surprise, what had begun with a handful became an organization of several hundred by the time I left North Africa.

I recall participating as sandek, holding the infant, at a *b'rith milah* (Jewish circumcision rite) and attending bar mitzvah ceremonies (including that of Grand Rabbi Ashkenazi's son), Jewish, Moslem and Catholic marriages, celebrations of families with Jewish, French, French Colonial, Spanish, Arab and other names. When I left Oran, there remained behind many Jewish friends like the Eruimy family. There also remained a relatively strong, incipient Zionist movement and a somewhat more Jewishly inclined inner core of Jewish leaders. At least that's what some of them told me.

In March 1943, I was ordered to London. As soon as I was settled there, despite a hectic schedule planning for the invasion of Normandy, I found

time for Jewish activities. I began meeting Jewish, especially Zionist, leaders, including Dr. Chaim Weizmann, president of the World Zionist Organizations, whom I had first met in New York in 1942. I spent the second Passover Seder night at the Anglo-Palestinian Club on Great Windmill Street near Picadilly Circus. I had to miss the first Seder at the home of Leonard Stein, Chaim Weizmann's top assistant, secretary of the World Zionist Organization and London barrister, because of a staff meeting conflict. He was married to Sarah Kitay, friend of Harvard professor Harry Wolfson and of my Harvard intimate Jule Stocker.

I also went to performances of Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit,* Gilbert and Sullivan's *Yeomen of the Guard* and William Congreve's *Love For Love.* A Myra Hess piano concert also turned out to be a gala with then Princess Elizabeth in a box accompanied by armed guards in the rear and even onstage. I wondered whether Czar Nicholas Romanov would have been disappointed that his alleged thirty-fourth cousin was not physically closer to British royalty. Evenings, when I left our office in the John Lewis Building Annex on Oxford Street, I trudged to my billet at 30 Wimpole Street (diagonally across the street from the Barrett home, where Robert Browning wooed Elizabeth).

The house mistress of our billet, whom the American officer occupants dubbed "the witch of Wimpole Street," told us that there was to be no heat–not even fire in our fireplaces. She also said that if she ever found out that we used the bathtub more than once a week, or if the water rose above a painted line six inches from the bottom, or if its temperature went above fifty-five degrees, she would report us in writing. I never saw her without a scowl, and when I departed to go to the Southampton area for the English Channel crossing and bade her farewell, she grunted. During the cold March and April nights, I often slept in my clothes and winter army coat, having inserted under my uniform several sweaters. I often worked very late on reports and critiques.

One of my assistants was Captain Lockwood Thompson. A dedicated army officer, he would arrive before seven-thirty every morning and did not leave until he could barely reach the officers' mess for dinner. But he would make an exit every day at twelve noon, not to return until two or even half-past-two. Although we would often have breakfast or dinner together, he was never available for lunch. "Have you a babe somewhere?" I boldly asked him one noon as he was leaving. "Hell, no," was his answer, "I'm shopping for drawings by Rodin and Klee. Come along sometime." Then he told me that he had set aside a substantial amount for acquisitions, and that he'd already bought over a hundred drawings (which he sent home); they were selling at bargain basement prices. One noon, at his urging, I joined him

and watched him negotiate in a gallery with skillful technique for two Rodin drawings. He paid the British equivalent of seven hundred dollars for both. It was clear that British collectors were frightened by the threatened German invasion or by bomb destruction and were selling art for whatever they could get.

In one visit with Thompson to an art dealer, I saw on the shelves a number of fascinating art books and a Pesach Haggadah, the home service for the first two nights of Passover. It was a facsimile of the Darmstadt medieval Haggadah found by Rabbi Bruno Italiener, formerly of Darmstadt, then of London. The gallery owner asked twelve guineas for it (each guinea being a pound plus a shilling) and I bought the book for ten pounds, then about forty dollars. On the way back to the office, Thompson and I gulped down a sandwich and beer at a pub, and he then offered to loan me a large sum for art purchases. I turned down his generous offer and gave him my reasons. The loan would violate the military code of ethics, since I was his superior officer, and I didn't want to go into debt again–not after that long period when the cloud of school debt had hovered over me. About twenty years later, while a judge in Cleveland, Thompson told me that his London purchases were worth fifty times what he had paid for them.

That evening, I brought my copy of the Darmstadt Hagaddah to the Balfour Club (a British Jewish counterpart of a Jewish Welfare Board Center for military personnel, with provision for meals and gatherings), where I was to meet an American friend. As I was showing my fellow American some of the magnificent illuminations in the Hagaddah, a volunteer waitress interrupted us *sotto voce* and said, "There's a spelling error in the calligraphy." And, sure enough, there was a misspelling. I asked, "Where did you learn your Hebrew." She answered, "In Palestine, where we lived for five years after we fled from Danzig." And thus began a friendship with Mira Woznianski, her fiance, and later husband, Herbert Rothschild (not of the banking family–but also a recent escapee from Germany). I met some of her intimate group, including Rabbi Bruno Italiener, his wife and two daughters.

On several occasions I met with Dr. Chaim Weizmann, whose chemical and diplomatic skills had helped obtain, in 1917, the Balfour Declaration by Great Britain's Foreign Minister Lord Arthur Balfour. The British had assured the Zionist Organization, through Lord Rothschild, that "His Majesty's Government views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." Dr. Weizmann later became the first President of the State of Israel. In one talk alone with me, he discussed, in some detail, Jacob De Haas, once secretary to Theodore Herzl, who had come to Boston, became the editor of the *Jewish Advocate* and an intimate

of Brandeis. Weizmann, who was in a talkative mood, described his own relationships with Brandeis, Louis Lipsky, Judge Julian Mack, Felix Frankfurther and others, and his hopes for a greatly increased role by American Jews on behalf of a Jewish Palestine. I did not need to be converted. I reminded him of our meeting in 1942 at the Biltmore Zionist Conference. His mood varied from intense, finger-pointing affirmation, to softspoken, almost whispered, hopes and aspirations.

Through Dr. Weizmann, Leonard Stein and some American and British officers, I met numerous British Jewish leaders, members of Parliament, barristers, professors, scholars and other active Zionists. But there was too little time available to make friends out of acquaintances. Similarly, through British officers, I met several cabinet members and numerous political, legal and military leaders. Winston Churchill appeared with Generals Eisenhower and Marshall at a SHAEF conference to which I was invited. Churchill and I once chatted after he learned that my job was to help the French reconstruct their government at all levels. It was clear that he had doubts about DeGaulle. There were other occasional chats with bearers of other great British names. As for American Army and Navy personnel, I met them at work, in mess halls in London and while waiting for D Day in South England.

I signed up for "Advanced French" classes, but learned at the first meeting that my French was undoubtedly better than the teacher's. But I bought a couple of slang dictionaries, English–French and French–English, one of military slang, from which I learned words I had never known in English, and another with the title *For Diplomats,* containing, by contrast, a superpolite and double entendre-ridden French. Both gave me a wide range of vocabulary. Later, my French improved with the expanding circle of the French in England, from *le grand Charlie,* Brigadier-General Charles DeGaulle, to the simples *soldats.* One Frenchman who had charm, warmth and brilliance was Lieutenant General Pierre Koenig to whom I went with the big problems. Another, whom I tried to avoid, was DeGaulle's arrogant aide-de-camp. I also developed a certain rapport with Admiral D'Argenlieu (a priest turned naval officer and DeGaulle's chief military adviser). I also came to know Colonel Roger Brunschwig, a New Yorker, who retained his French citizenship, had been badly wounded in his lower face and jaw in World War I and won numerous French medals. French military personnel suffering similar injuries formed *la guele cassée* ("the broken puss"), a section of the Wounded French Veterans Organization. Roger was the son in the firm of Brunschwig et Fils, New York dealers in French fabrics. He later became the chief of the French Liaison Mission to our headquarters. I learned from Roger extreme military argot, which the publisher of my

special dictionary of military slang apparently did not dare print.

Except for the embarkation areas, I left London only twice–once on Sunday to visit Cambridge and another time to spend a Saturday at Amersham. Bill Stephenson called me several times to join him in trips to Shrivenham and other areas where he had helped establish military government and civil affairs schools.

One of the very hospitable Jewish families I met was Conrad Silverman's, whose home I went to on several Friday evenings and where I was always be asked to make Kiddush, and lead in the chanting of *benschen* (benediction). Mrs. Silverman gave me a London *siddur* (prayer book), which had been in his family and published about the time of the American Revolution. I had difficulty in preventing homesickness and was reminded of similar, but more intimate, Sabbath evenings at home.

While I did little sightseeing, it was a joy to study the statues of Abraham Lincoln and Benjamin Disraeli near Westminster Abbey. Even during the London bombardments, Disraeli's statue was surrounded by primroses (his favorite flower and his political insignia). I also visited Disraeli's home, where he lived before he became Prime Minister. And in the gardens of the Temple Inns (where many barristers and solicitors have their offices), I stood before the statue of Charles Lamb and read the words: "Lawyers were children once."

My first view of the stairs leading down to the London underground came as a shock. There were whole families lying on the steps trying to sleep, as London survived the Nazi V-1 and V-2 bombing, in an area which left only a narrow passage for those descending to the trains or climbing from below. The subway floors and other level areas were practically covered up by blankets, defining specific areas for separate families. I was amazed by the dignity and order with which the British staked out their territories, moved when they impinged on another's terrain, and appeared to be able to sleep. When I later saw Henry Moore's drawings or graphics of the London Underground scenes, or when in Calcutta I saw Indians laying down their tattered sheets on the sidewalks of its streets, I was always reminded of London in 1944, and its protection of parents and children against bombardment.

While there were periods of exceedingly hard work and tension, and while wartime London was hardly an amusing place, I tried to find time for fun, since fun and laughter had always come to my rescue in times of stress. Here's one of the stories which I recall having told in London about Sir Rufus Isaacs, a Jewish barrister who became Attorney General of Great Britain and chief justice of its highest court. During World War I he held the important post of ambassador to Washington, and later he became

Viceroy of India. His Majesty named him Marquis of Reading. There was only one honor which Lord Reading lacked. Soon a courier from His Majesty came to report that His Majesty would bestow upon Lord Reading the highest order of peerage, "The Order of the Garter," at a specific time and date in the Royal Palace. When His Majesty would pronounce Lord Reading's admittance to the order with his scepter on his shoulder, Lord Reading was to speak the key words of the Order in old French: *Honi soit qui mal y pense* (Shame to him who thinks evil). The courier left a card with those words and Lord Reading memorized them.

Came the great day in Buckingham Palace. The King's scepter was on Lord Reading's shoulder as the King pronounced, "I admit you to the Order of the Garter, the highest honor of knighthood." Lord Reading's mind went blank. He had forgotten the old French words; and, instead, he uttered what first came to his mind: *Ma nishtana halayla hazeh mi-kol-haleiloth* (Hebrew for "Why is this night different from all other nights?"–the start of the four questions asked by the youngest child at Passover). The King looked in astonishment at all the nobility, at all the knights about him, and asked, "Why is this knight different from all other knights?" Whereupon Lord Reading rose and said, "Your Majesty, I did not know that you understood Hebrew."

On D Day, our military government/civil affairs units were perched on seven landing barges with the mission of helping to restore French local and national governments after the years of occupation. We were prepared to fight our way onto the beaches. At about five in the afternoon, we were told to get off the barges and into buses which would take us back to London. Why? Our artillery losses, both in equipment and personnel during the attempted Normany Beach landing, were heavy, and our barges were needed for substitute artillery and personnel. We were driven from our bivouac area near the English Channel back to London. We could hear the roars of the Allied Air Forces, and our ears were glued to the radios and our eyes to the bulletin boards to learn the success of our efforts and the fate of our men. We found out that all seven of the barges on which we were scheduled to reach Normandy were destroyed by the Nazis. Almost a month later, on July 4, 1944, we did land in Normandy, but had a quiet crossing, and cast anchor near a village called Yvetot Bocage. *Bocage* is the French word for "thicket" or "hedgerow."

There was a small church near the center of town. Its courtyard contained a cemetery, with many old graves and about a dozen new ones bearing crosses with the names of German soldiers. There were also several American graves with crosses and one with a Star of David, an American named Silverman. I entered the church from the rear door, as the cure

entered from the side. We introduced ourselves. He was Père Mallet. The interior of the church was probably forty by fifteen feet. There was a carved wooden crucifixion scene on the altar and the stations of the cross on the other three walls. The priest was the first Normandy resident I spoke to. He was soon joined by three nuns and by a number of villagers who briefly described the events of the last five weeks. There were pre-D-Day preparations by the Germans and their forced mobilization of Frenchmen, the bombardments, the arrival of American parachutists, the heavy fighting, and the removal of most of the casualties, except those bodies that were found later.

When the others departed, Father Mallet and I continued our talks and before I realized it, it was almost noon. I asked whether he would permit a Jewish service the next evening, Friday, and a Bastille Day ceremony ten days later. He answered with a delighted affirmative. I then asked whether we might cover the Catholic religious figures with army blankets for the Jewish service, and again he answered with a warm *bien sûr* (of course).

Word apparently spread about our Friday night service. The church was filled with some forty men (all I had expected) plus perhaps three hundred more, who stood or sat outside near the side door. Army blankets covered the crucifixion scenes, stations of the cross and other Christian symbols. I could not locate a Jewish chaplain, but found a supply of Jewish Welfare Board military prayer books. I conducted the service from the open side door and the men inside and outside participated devotedly and sang with feeling. I gave an atypical talk: the history of the Jews of France from the time of Gaul and the Romans. I touched on Rashi, the great Biblical commentator born in Troyes; the Crusaders and their violence against Jews; Jews in the court of Louis XIV; the anti-Semitic eighteenth-century intellectuals, including Voltaire; the Revolution and the Rights of Man, including the Jews; Napoleon and the Jewish *sanhedrin* (court of scholars) assembled by him; the treason trial of Captain Alfred Dreyfus and the anti-Semitism that accompanied his conviction; the Austrian Jewish journalist, Theodore Herzl, who witnessed the Dreyfus degradation at the Ecole de Guerre, in Paris, and wrote *The Jewish State* and founded political Zionism; and, finally, the role of the Americans and their allies in their resolve to destroy Hitler and Naziism. "We are fighting to destroy the enemies of our country and its allies, the enemies of Jews, and the enemies of civilization," I concluded.

I called upon Father Mallet; he responded and I translated: "First, my deep gratitude to you for our liberation. Next, my joy that you can worship God in my church. And last, my blessings and my hopes for a speedy victory." And then he made the "V" sign. The soldiers cheered. When I led

mourners in their Kaddish, the soldiers who had been seated in the pews, on the floor or outside on the ground, rose to join me and there was much sobbing, as all of us mourned our dead comrades.

A few days later at breakfast, with outdoor tables and benches, yellow-jackets buzzing around the large jars of jams and jellies, we were told that each of us was to dig a slit trench against possible German air bombardment. By seven-thirty, each of the military personnel, from colonels to buck privates, armed with folding shovels (that slip into a canvas holder attached to the trouser belt), began to dig his slit trench. After no more than fifteen or twenty minutes, the air raid siren sounded. I saw the man in front of me throw his shovel over his shoulder toward me and run. That was the last thing I saw until after four in the afternoon, when I awoke under the cover of my shelter. It was a tarpaulin-covered ammunition dump. If it had been hit, there would have been no recognizable portion of me left, not even a fingernail. I crawled out; with the help of several soldiers, I was walked to the nearby "medics." I had been hit in the head and had a huge bump. The concussion had left me unconscious for some eight hours. The medical captain drove me to a nearby field hospital, where I had orders to stay overnight for observation. The next morning I was allowed to leave, and went to Bill Stephenson's headquarters.

Our billet, the Chateau Sevigny, sometimes also called Chivvervast (I don't know why, but "shiver fast" may have been the explanation), near Valognes. It had been inherited from earlier combat groups as headquarters for the advance section of Com Z. "Lightning Joe" Collins had used it while he surrounded and reduced Cherbourg. Some of Bradley's people occupied it briefly. It had once been the residence of a French aristocrat who had cooperated so closely with the Nazis to save his own riches that he had to flee with them or be killed by his liberated countrymen. He chose to flee.

In early August, Catherine Coyne, a Boston newspaper correspondent, returned to Valognes. One day at mess, she asked me where I was billeted. "In the Chateau of Sevigny, which had been occupied by Germans and now has about a dozen American field grade officers," I responded. "Would you like to see it?" She accepted and we headed for the chateau with a couple of my "roommates."

On the main floor, where salons, dining and reception rooms once were, and with all the furniture removed, we had spread out our bed rolls on the floor (a few lucky ones, including me, had cots). Clotheslines extended criss-crossed about the rooms, tied at one side on electrical wall fixtures and on the other to hooks which once held paintings. Since there was only one closet, clothes were laid on tables and chairs, but there was a certain order in the disarray. A few remaining portraits showed Sevigny ancestors

undoubtedly frowning at the American interlopers, as once they must have frowned at their diminishingly conservative descendants. It was not luxury living, but it was indoors and there was decent plumbing–bathrooms and showers. The caretaker showed Catherine the entire interior, including the cellars from which the Germans had removed or consumed most of the wines and cognac. Their American successors had adequate access to calvados and cognac, and we locked up the wine cellars.

Not until some weeks later did I receive from Selma a copy of the *Boston Herald* with the headline: "Living Styles Vary in Normandy; GIs Suffer in Muddy Foxholes as Officers Live It Up in Luxury Chateau"–with pictures of several greater Boston soldiers and me. It gave the appearance that I was waging a lace war, as Madame Friess had described our two-officer concert in Oran, Algeria, almost a year earlier.

Almost four months had passed since I left North Africa. Mail had been very slow, and I was concerned about Selma, David, and all the family. I was in low spirits. My thirty-ninth birthday in England had come and gone and the only cheerful notes were belated ones from home. While the planning work was significant I asked myself, "Why am I not permitted to do more?" I was disappointed and despondent. Then a telephone call came from Bill Stephenson. He shouted into the telephone, "I've got a great assignment for you. Get here on the double!"

Paris Liberated 7

It was Tuesday, August 24, 1944. Colonel Bill Stephenson was waiting for me near the trailer office of the chief of staff, Walter Bedell "Beedle" Smith. Bill took me behind another trailer and whispered:

> Ike was going to name a World War I retread, a colonel, to be his liaison officer to DeGaulle for the liberation of Paris. I smelled a rat and went to work. A friend of mine in G-2 [Intelligence] helped. We found out that this guy was the European chief of one of the big American oil companies. And an intimate friend of Pétain and Laval. G-2 and I alerted Beedle Smith. He tore up this character's orders. I was told to get three names from G-5 [Military Government and Civil Affairs–the latter to restore government and order in Allied and friendly countries]. I got three. You were the only one really fluent in French. You've got the job. But right now you know nothing. Now get going. Put on a good show and impress Smith.

As I was thanking him, he shouted, "Get going–but fast."

General Walter Bedell Smith returned my salute and urged me to sit down. Then he said:

> General DeGaulle wants an American liaison officer for his entry into Paris. You're it. Get yourself a jeep and find him. And, remember, this is not a diplomatic mission. You know nothing of the State Department or its attitude toward the French provisional government. You're the American liaison officer representing not only General Eisenhower but the whole American Army. Let me read to you from the cable: "The liaison officer should have a rank not higher than a colonel, must present himself to DeGaulle in English–"

I cleared my throat and the general looked up. "You heard it. Listen carefully. DeGaulle managed very well with English in London. If he insists that you talk French, do so–but you must present yourself to him in English." He gave me dozens of details about how to express *de facto*, but not *de jure*, recognition of DeGaulle's government. He warned me to keep away from politics. The general continued: "You're not the State Department. You represent General Eisenhower and the American Army. They tell me your French is okay."

"Yes, sir," I replied. I didn't want false modesty to deprive me of a juicy assignment. Besides, my fluency had been sharpened by my French literature course in French at Harvard, two prewar trips to France, a year with the Army in French North Africa, and five months with the French in London and Normandy.

"May I take along an extra enlisted man?" I asked with some hesitation.

"By all means. Best of luck, and I'm always here. Get going."

In a half-hour, my driver, Steve O'Brien, a gawky, six-foot, twenty-year-old buck private from Seattle, redhaired and freckled, helped me load the jeep with gasoline cans (jerry-cans), cases of rations, barracks bags, bed rolls and a motley array of other gear. We then picked up a PFC from North Carolina, Charles Leigh. Leigh had landed with me in Normandy and had been my right-hand man ever since. He was twenty-eight, small in stature, with a strong face, alert and efficient. He was enthusiastic and daring, alternatingly taut and relaxed, with an infectious smile and a pleasant Southern drawl. In civilian life, his last job had been as administrative officer of Defense Transporation in Washington.

In the army, Charlie was the equivalent of a platoon. *C'est vraiment un débrouillard,* my friend Father Mallet, the cure of Yvetot Bocage, had described him–which was another way of saying that Leigh was a big-time operator par excellence. He knew his way around and could make two plus two equal five. He had started as clerk in the purchasing office of the Department of the Interior in the early days of the New Deal. Bill Stephenson spotted Charlie as a bright young man who got things done. When Bill

moved on to other levels in government, Charlie, along with a few other persons of ability, moved along with Bill to other agencies. Charlie eventually became administrative chief of Defense Transportation, under the railroad expert Joseph B. Eastman, its director. When Charlie's unit was to be shipped to the South Pacific, a prearranged phone call from a booth near the staging area to the Pentagon to Bill at SHAEF in London brought urgent orders for Private Leigh to report to the European Theater headquarters.

Our little task force, armed with Leigh's submachine gun, Steve's carbine, my Colt .45 pistol and plenty of ammunition, headed for Le Mans. Because I was not sure whether the fighting had ended in the Falaise-Argentan gap, I decided to make a wide sweep through Coutances and Laval. Laval was then the headquarters of General Bradley's Twelfth Army group.

The advance of General Patton's Third Army was evident all along the route. Lining the road were dead cattle, empty ammunition boxes, jerrycans, disabled enemy tiger tanks (some toppled over, others with their turrets blown out), bits of German uniforms and helmets. At one road crossing, a crucifix stood guard over dozens of shell cases. I caught sight of two French boys, about eight—the age of my son in Boston—standing in a bed of yellow chrysanthemums. They were waving tiny French flags and yelling, *"A bas les Boches, vive l'Amerique."* They answered, *"Merci, merci"* when I threw them some chocolate bars, and when they asked, *"Avez-vous du chewn-gum?"* I knew that the Third Army had left its mark.

At Laval, a captain in G-2 at Army group gave me the latest intelligence report on Paris:

> The armistice between the Germans and the French Forces of the Interior [FFI] that was announced early this week was a phony. They're shooting all over the town. An officer of the Resistance got through yesterday and told us that the prefecture and other buildings are in FFI hands and that the tricolor flies over Notre Dame. Two of our divisions have cut across the Seine north and south of Paris; the city is practically surrounded, and the Germans there know that they're trapped.

"Where's DeGaulle?" I asked. The captain answered, "Haven't the slightest idea. But here's some news. General Bradley has chosen Leclerc's Second French Armored Division to enter Paris. That'll make the French feel that their own troops are liberating Paris."

I restrained a smile and thought to myself, So it finally worked, after all. I had recommended that French troops be the first to enter Paris. I thought

of my weeks of maneuvering, when I got one loud "no" after another. Fortunately, General Bradley, whose decision was definitive, believed that French soldiers, leading the liberators, would raise morale. Once Paris was liberated, however, Bradley believed that the Leclerc Division should move on across France, along with American and other Allied forces.

I had seen General Leclerc in Normandy with his clipped moustache and his cane, which he used to describe maneuvers on a field map. He had been noncommunicative, cryptic, monosyllabic. Still, I felt it was important to choose his division to enter the city as liberators from without, joining the liberators from within. This would restore French confidence, smooth ruffled feelings, and give a new spark of pride that would help the French hold their heads high once more.

"When will Leclerc enter Paris?" I asked.

The captain replied: "Tomorrow. Some elements are probably going in tonight. He'll set up his command post at the Montparnasse railroad station. You lucky so-and-so, to be going to gay Paree. Now if I were there, I'd have one arm around a blonde from the Folies Bergères and the other around a brunette from the Bal Tabarin, with a bottle of cognac in one hand and champagne in the other."

"That would take four arms," I pointed out.

"Not me, I can do it with two," was his happy rejoinder.

I left, humming *Aupres de ma blonde.*

After some quick chow in Laval, we were off. It was almost midnight when we landed at advance section headquarters in Le Mans. Rain was falling in buckets. After sloshing about in the dark streets of the town, ringing wrong doorbells, pounding on wrong knockers, awakening wrong townspeople, some of whom responded with pugilistic faces with the French equivalents of four-letter words (only in French they have five letters) and directed me to warmer climates, I finally located the French major who was to give me the latest details on DeGaulle. "He'll be at the prefecture at Chartres by eight in the morning. Hopes to get into Paris by afternoon. *Bonne nuit. Dormez bien.*"

But the night was sleepless. Tanks and trucks kept rolling. Planes kept flying. And memories and visions of Paris kept flashing before me in a vivid kaleidoscope. My wife and I had been in Paris together seven years earlier, in 1937, the year of the Exposition. What would Paris be like now? What had the Germans done to it? To me, Paris was sparkling, dazzling, despite its shabby buildings. It was truly the city of light. What had happened there? What had become of my cousins and my friends? Had they been deported? Were they alive? How soon would the war end?

At dawn I was out of my bedroll. It was easy arousing Leigh, but what

a pity it was to have to shake O'Brien out of his dreams. We shaved, then washed with water out of our helmets. I put on a clean uniform and a new field jacket, to look *bien soigne* for General DeGaulle. We had breakfast mess in a field shooing away the yellowjackets from the jars of jam and marmalade. We were off to Chartres.

We saw the cathedral from the distance, two spires, not quite twins, and, as we made a semicircle, they silhouetted majestically against the glow of the rising sun. As we approached the outskirts of the city, its gothic splendor was a sight to behold. Because we were still early, we drove directly to the cathedral. My heart sank when I saw the empty spaces instead of the twelfth-century stained glass windows which I had expected. But a priest quickly dispelled my fears. He described the care that had been used in removing the *vitreaux* in 1939 to protect them against damage.

At the prefecture we found an American civil affairs detachment already at work. A captain brought me over to the prefect's office. The prefect greeted me effusively, throwing his arms around me and giving me the traditional kiss on both cheeks. But General DeGaulle was not expected at eight. He was driving directly to the French "summer white house," the Presidential chateau at Rambouillet. Wouldn't I stay for the flag-raising ceremonies? Wouldn't I join in the public reading of the Eisenhower and DeGaulle liberation proclamations? Wouldn't I at least drink one *coupe de champagne à la victoire*? The last was difficult to refuse, even at half-past-seven in the morning.

From Chartres to Rambouillet, our three-man unit, with Leigh perched on the gear in back, was cheered as if we personally had driven back the enemy. I was embarrassed by the unrestrained gratitude, but Leigh and O'Brien, with grins wider than their faces, were taking the plaudits in stride. At one intersection, while we were waiting to cut through a First Army column, two French demoiselles, probably in their late teens, brightly, almost gaudily dressed, with coiffures piled high, jumped on the jeep, gave each of the two young soldiers a huge bouquet, and practically smothered them. I roared with laughter at the lipstick marks on their faces until I was told that this thirty-nine-year-old major also had a few smudges. It was an old April Fool's Day trick, but I fell for it. "Can't we rest for a while, Major?" pleaded O'Brien. "On to Rambouillet!" I ordered in mock seriousness, with my arm and forefinger pointing ahead.

In the courtyard of the chateau at Rambouillet we found scores of staff and command cars of American make but with French markings, and many captured enemy vehicles. A Sherman tank with the Cross of Lorraine–DeGaulle's insignia–stood at the gate. Like all the others in Leclerc's division, the French sergeant in the tank turret wore a GI uniform

distinguished only by French insignia and the rose-colored kerchief he wore around his neck. I recognized the armored sedan of General Eisenhower, which he had loaned to General DeGaulle for the entry into Paris. Beside it was the sparkling automobile, also armored, that General Bedell Smith had made available to Lieutenant General Pierre Koenig, commander of the French Forces of the Interior, who had just been named military governor of Paris. O'Brien parked our muddy jeep right alongside Koenig's four-starred car.

Inside the chateau, Lieutenant Guy of the French Air Force, DeGaulle's aide-de-camp, finally took a copy of my orders with a fretful face after having ignored me several times. He disappeared, promptly returned, and ushered me into a large room. It must have been a peacetime ballroom, but now it was completely bare except for several chairs and a table loaded with papers. There, behind the table, at the far end of the room, stood General Charles DeGaulle. Majestic and overbearing, with a snooty, almost snarling expression, he watched me intensely as I approached. He seemed even taller than when I last saw him, and was wearing a resplendent army uniform and high-visored cap with two stars denoting his rank as a French brigadier general. I felt a momentary qualm about the informality of my field uniform—especially the steel helmet and the trousers tucked into my combat boots.

I approached and saluted and, following my instructions to report in English (which DeGaulle understood and spoke), announced, "Major Weinstein, reporting as American liaison officer to General DeGaulle."

The question came like a bolt: *"Est-ce que vous ne parlez pas français?"*

I firmly replied, *"Oui, mon général, je peux me faire comprendre en français."*

DeGaulle gave a thunderous response, the English translation of which only remotely suggests the explosive French original: "With me, you will talk only in French, always in French, exclusively in French, solely in French and in nothing but French!"

I swallowed and answered, *"À vos ordres, mon général"* (at your orders, General).

Then came my outline of the arrangements that had been suggested for General DeGaulle's entry into Paris. I gave a summary of the latest intelligence: "The reports on the German surrender are premature. General Leclerc expects the Germans to knuckle under shortly after noon. His command post is at the railroad station at Montparnasse." I gave more details.

"Et alors? [What then?]" the general asked.

I remembered that DeGaulle was impatiently awaiting American recognition of his government. I had been in North Africa when General

Eisenhower selected Admiral François Darlan as commander of the French forces there, despite widespread rumors that Darlan had been in cahoots with Hitler. The hue and cry had reached violent proportions. Fortunately, the storm blew over when Darlan was assassinated. I recalled General Bedell Smith's advice to steer away from politics. But I could not resist the obvious. "General Eisenhower sends you his warmest greetings and rejoices with you in this magnificent day, which will forever live in the history of France." Quoting from the "Marseillaise," I added to General DeGaulle, "The day of glory has arrived."

"Et alors?" the general said, waiting for further information from me.

"General Lee," I said, "deputy commander to General Eisenhower and commanding general of the services of supply and communications zone, extends his felicitations and most affectionate salutations." (In French these words did not sound quite so stiff.)

"Et alors?" continued DeGaulle. He was silent, but he wanted answers I could not give him.

I described the radio and transportation facilities that had been provided for the general and his entourage—eighty-five vehicles and two radio stations, one manned by French and the other by French-speaking Americans—and his face warmed up. There was even a trace of a smile. For each successive *"Et alors?"* I added an additional report or congratulatory message or *comme vous le désirez,* or *selon vos ordres* or variations.

The general then discussed the need to eliminate the possible communist threat to Paris with so many in FFI cells. His words were staccato. "The Leclerc Division must remain in Paris." I responded that General Bradley had set the limit at forty-eight hours. "Get that extended," he pronounced. My answer was: "I shall report your request to General Bradley."

The general strode slowly to the other end of the salon. It seemed like an eternity, but undoubtedly only a few moments elapsed. I remained at attention. I thought of DeGaulle's insignia, the Cross of Lorraine, and of Churchill's sharp description: "The heaviest cross I have to bear is the Cross of Lorraine." To myself, I said, "I'm now the American Army. If he wants to tell me to scram, let him say so."

Suddenly DeGaulle wheeled around, walked toward me, and shook my hand warmly. There was almost a smile. *"Vraiment, le jour de gloire est arrivé"* I was reminded of his moving 1940 slogan: "France has lost a battle, but France has not lost the war." His eyes seemed to glow. Now his face and especially his lips turned into a full smile. "My country owes much to yours and to our other allies. Please send General Eisenhower, General Bedell Smith and General Lee and all their associates my deepest, my warmest, my most sincere thanks and the profound appreciation of my people. France

does not forget. France lives on. France will never die." The image of Joan of Arc, gained from scenes from George Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan,* surged through my mind.

DeGaulle stopped abruptly and grasped both my shoulders. He seemed taller than ever. "You will, of course, join our column into Paris." He looked at his watch. "We will leave in two hours. You must meet my staff. I think you know most of them. I am delighted to welcome you to our midst. You are now one of us."

Within a few moments I was introduced or reintroduced to a group that included General Juin, chief of staff, Colonel de Rancourt, executive officer for military affairs, and Admiral d'Argenlieu, priest turned admiral. I saluted and made a military exit, but I felt as though I was being watched as I marched out of the room. Then I saw Lieutenant Guy, with his pained expression and came back to reality.

After about an hour in the chateau, which I spent in establishing a rapport with various members of the DeGaulle entourage, I was back at the jeep. It was spic-and-span beyond recognition. An American flag was tied to the driver's side of the windshield. Where Leigh got the flag in Rambouillet is still a puzzle to me. He was beaming. "We'll be shoving off in less than an hour," I announced "What'll it be, C or K rations for lunch?"

"Better than that, Major, it'll be *table d'hôte,*" Leigh replied, pointing across the square. "The restaurant keeper hasn't opened yet. He wants us to be his first customers."

Soon our ebullient host was escorting us to a table set for three, in front of the window facing the chateau. The sparkling crystal, the snow-white linen, the gleaming silver in neat array were waiting for us. It was a far cry from the officers' or enlisted men's mess in Normandy.

"I regret infinitely that there is no menu," the restauranteur said. "If the commandant [major] will grant me some time, I will try to find meat for a delicious *filet mignon aux champignons.* We have enough mushrooms."

"I also regret it infinitely," I was constrained to reply, "but there is insufficient time. Perhaps Monsieur would be gracious enough to prepare us an omelette."

"But certainly. I regret that we have no paté with which to open the lunch, but my wife is already preparing an onion soup for your pleasure."

We lunched in style. The soup was ambrosia. The omelette was a masterpiece of yellow fluff, the Brie cheese perfection itself, and no nectar could have surpassed the white Bordeaux, Chateau d'Yqem, which our host's daughter poured into our glasses. I admonished Leigh and O'Brien to drink sparingly. There was a drive ahead. They gingerly sipped the wine.

When Monsieur arrived with four unopened bottles of cognac–Martel,

Hennessy, Courvoisier and Remy Martin–and asked me which he was to open, I responded, "Again, I regret it infinitely, but we will be unable to partake of the cognac." Leigh's and O'Brien's faces fell.

"But you will take these to Paris with you," our host insisted. Their faces lifted. My protestations, my efforts to pay for our lunch, my reluctance to accept the gift were to no avail. "This is the least I can do on the day of liberation. We have waited so long."

My host, his wife and two children, each of the four carrying a bottle of cognac, and a third child who suddenly came running with a magnum of champagne, accompanied us to the jeep. Each of them insisted on kissing us on each cheek. It was a few minutes after two when our column started for Paris.

As we approached Paris, the small clusters of people became multitudes. At the Porte d'Orléans, the entrance to the city proper, we found a densely packed, swarming, enthusiastic crowd. A narrow lane between the masses on both sides was just wide enough for our vehicles to squeeze through. We slowed to a crawl. Flags and arms and flowers waving; voices cheering, singing and yelling; faces joyous; infants perched on their parents' heads; ladders holding more than their load; balconies jammed–this was a reception. I swapped places with Leigh. He was now alongside O'Brien and I got into a cleared out space in the back.

Teenagers and children threw themselves on our jeep. Struggling at the wheel, O'Brien gurgled to me, "I ain't been kissed by so many babes in all my life, and what babes!"

"Merci, merci . . . bienvenu . . . vive Leclerc . . . vive DeGaulle . . . vive Eisenhower . . . vivent les Alliés, vivent les Américains!" came from hundreds of thousands of throats shouting themselves hoarse. The phrase "Hello, boy!" took hold and spread. Someone must have told the French that this was good colloquial English. I had heard it several times in Normandy, but here it was like a college yell.

Bright, colored dresses were everywhere, and many were red, white and blue. Coiffures were high, so were skirts. We saw shoes with high wooden platforms, countless bicycles, trim figures, and always faces showing exultant joy–sometimes tears of joy–but always an outpouring, an intoxicated, exhilarated outpouring of jubilation, of delight, of triumph. To Paris, liberation was the end of four years of Nazi occupation. To Paris, liberation was tantamount to the end of the war.

Ever the inveterate tourist, even in uniform, I drank in the spectacle; and with my movie camera I filmed scene after scene, even when my better judgment told me that shots taken from a moving jeep would be far from professional.

As I looked at the DeGaulle car in front of us and the Koenig car behind, with Leclerc tanks some twenty cars back, I thought of the long road since June 1940–the many long roads, through Mers-el-Kebir in North Africa and across French Equatorial Africa, through London and the Blitz, through Omaha and Utah Beaches and St. Lo, through Normandy mud, hedgerows, hospitals and cemeteries, with row after row of crosses and Stars of David, through Bastille Day. And I thought of home, because Paris seemed like home and its liberation was a step toward home.

We were heading in the direction of the railroad station of Montparnasse, up Avenue d'Orléans into the Boulevards Raspail and Montparnasse. Suddenly, we heard the crack of bullets. They came from open windows on the top floors of the buildings on our left. Bullets bounced off the DeGaulle and Koenig armored sedans and the cars zoomed into side streets. Civilians fell flat to the ground, others just seemed to disappear. The crowded street emptied itself.

We were sitting ducks in our open jeep. "The sidewalk!" I yelled and pointed. O'Brien took a deep swerve to the right, whipped the jeep onto the broad sidewalk, and stopped dead behind a large tree. The three of us jumped out. The sniper had hit the spare tire at the back of our jeep. O'Brien, with his carbine, fired away at the snipers. I had a flash of doubt for an instant, a vestige of my tourist habits, as I asked myself, "Shall I shoot with my camera or my pistol?" But the hesitation was for less than a split second. The movie camera fell to the ground; it still bears its war scars. The only damage done by the German and *miliciens* (activist French collaborators) was to nick off the top of the spare tire at the back of our jeep. Four or five inches higher and the bullet would have hit my spine.

A group of French officers were in an open command car perhaps a dozen lengths behind us. They had been absorbed by the exciting welcome and they were veering into the line of fire. Before I could restrain him, Leigh was out on the street shouting, attracting attention away from the French car and drawing fire on himself. The car lurched to the sidewalk. The officers leaped out. The salvo from their weapons replied to the attack. Leigh ran to a tree. "Cover!" I shrieked. Leigh was behind another tree. In a moment he was behind our jeep. He grinned. Perspiration flowed down his cheeks; but his smile was as broad as his face. No one had been hurt. Leigh's boldness had warned the French officers and saved them, and his courage won him a Bronze Star.

Minutes passed. Not a single bullet of the Germans hit its mark. The snipers were German rear-echelon troops and French collaborators, who were even worse shots. We were lucky. Several Leclerc tanks entered the fray and raked the windows from which the enemy had fired, back and

forth. French infantrymen vaulted from halftracks and trucks and crept into the buildings. Soon the firing stopped, and the Germans and *miliciens* with bewildered expressions, unbuttoned blouses, disheveled hair, and hands above their heads were led into the boulevard and herded off as prisoners.

We were within a few blocks from the railroad station and arrived quickly. Leigh and O'Brien remained outside while I found my way to Leclerc's headquarters in time to witness the surrender of Paris by General Von Choltitz.

The French command post was in the waiting room of the station. As I headed toward the edge of the room, where Leclerc was standing behind a long table and near some windows marked *bagages,* I passed a train platform where the rails were about two feet below the floor. There sat seven or eight German staff officers, their legs dangling above the rails. They had been whispering and seemed cheerful. Undoubtedly, they were delighted to have been captured by the French Army rather than by the French Forces of the Interior.

Near Leclerc was Lieutenant General Leonard T. Gerow, commander of V Corps, to whom Leclerc's division had been attached. Next to him was Colonel Rol (a *nom de guerre*), chief of the resistance forces (the French Forces of the Interior, FFI), the number-two communist in Paris while his boss was in Moscow. The FFI had been responsible for the successful insurrections in Paris. Three or four American newspaper correspondents, a few French civilians, a half-dozen French officers and a corporal-interpreter from V Corps (whose name, as I recall it, was Cohen) were also present. Somewhat apart from them stood Count Von Choltitz, commanding general of the German forces in Paris and the city's military governor—a man in his early fifties, round-faced and roly-poly, with a bemused expression. There were two German officers with him wearing the distinctive German staff corps insignia. They were waiting for DeGaulle.

I learned from a French lieutenant that Von Choltitz had been a ready and willing prisoner that morning, practically welcoming the men from the Leclerc Division at his palatial suite on the second floor of the Hotel Meurice. He had actually surrendered at about noon, and again an hour later, but Leclerc wanted le grand Charlie to be present at the formal surrender.

A few minutes later, DeGaulle arrived. The ceremony was brief and formal. DeGaulle was annoyed when Colonel Rol pushed forward and also signed the French acceptance of the surrender. Cohen, the corporal-interpreter, read the terms of unconditional surrender in French, then translated them into English and German. Von Choltitz got into a brief

huddle with his two staff officers, came back to the table and signed the instrument of surrender with a deep flourish. Everybody saluted everybody else. Von Choltitz and the other Germans, including the group at the platform, were led off. General Gerow made his departure. Soon, the only ones remaining were the DeGaulle group, Leclerc and I. A French photographer arrived. DeGaulle put on a pair of tortoise-shell glasses, winked at me with obvious delight, and assumed a stern expression. He and Leclerc posed for the picture, reading the document of surrender.

Lieutenant Guy and I chatted briefly about the shooting incident on the Boulevard de Montparnasse. No one in the DeGaulle party had been hurt. I urged caution during the general's public appearances, but Guy laughed it away. Neither of us then knew that the next day DeGaulle was barely to escape with his life when snipers would fire at him both on the Champs Elysées and in the Notre Dame Cathedral. (I was close to him near the Place de la Concorde when the bullets danced around him as he nonchalantly flicked the ashes from his cigarette. In the cathedral, he walked deliberately toward the altar, completely disregarding the volley aimed at him.) "The general wants you to join us at the Ministry of National Defense at nine tonight," Guy whispered as we left the station.

I went back to the jeep. It was 1610 hours, ten minutes after four. In my mind's eye, I saw the photograph of Paris in despair after the 1940 armistice. There was a Frenchman whose tragic picture had been flashed around the world. He was biting his lips to contain his anguish while the Nazis were on parade. His eyes were filled with tears, but they seemed to say, "Someday Paris will be free again. Someday." Perhaps he's here somewhere, I thought. I took movies of a German officer fastening a white flag to a German vehicle and then getting in alongside the French driver and of the crowds swarming around the railroad station.

"Let's bed down," I said to O'Brien. Leigh pointed to a sign, Hotel de Versailles, on Boulevard de Montparnasse, only a stone's throw from the railroad station. We drove to the sidewalk in front of the hotel. In not much more than a moment, we were surrounded by thousands of Parisians. They began singing the "Marseillaise." Many were off-key. But I have never heard the French anthem sung with more feeling. The three of us stood at attention. I sang too. There was a lump in my throat.

A girl rushed forward with a large American flag. The three of us sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," O'Brien in a monotone. A woman handed Leigh an infant, which he kissed on both cheeks. The crowd roared its approval. It was time to get into the hotel. I made a short statement and every sentence was cheered. Then I told the group that German snipers and *miliciens* were still around and that they ought to get to their homes before

it was too late. My remarks were punctuated by the distant crack of bullets. The people hung on. They left reluctantly.

A man who had been edging forward through the crowd came alongside the jeep. He was bald, slight, almost emaciated. His eyes were sunken deep. He stared at me, then asked, *"Vous êtes Israelite, n'est-ce-pas?"* I answered, "Yes, I am Jewish." I noticed on his jacket a yellow, six-pointed Star of David, with the word *juif* in black letters simulating Hebrew script–the yellow identification badge that the Nazis had ordered. The man blurted out in French, "I'm the last of my family. The rest went to Drancy." (Drancy was the deportation center from which Jews and political prisoners were sent east into Germany and which also served as a death camp.) He tore off the yellow star and put it in my hands together with an envelope. He began to sob; he grabbed my hands, kissed them, covered them with his tears, finally let go, and disappeared in the crowd. I had difficulty in holding back my own.

In the envelope I found an American dollar bill. I was taken aback. Then I saw that it was not real currency but counterfeit. The front was a copy of a silver certificate with the picture of George Washington, and the back was green with the American seal. It was a very neat printing job. The bill opened–and there in the middle was a yellow Star of David and within it these words in French: "This dollar is worth nothing unless signed by Morgenthau. The Minister of the Treasury, the Jew Morgenthau, Junior, related to the great swindlers of international finance." There was a long list of symbols. The American seal, with thirteen stripes and other marks of the original thirteen colonies "proved" Jewish influence. After all, the number thirteen has special Jewish significance! On the right side was an anti-Semitic diatribe against the United States and the "Jewish War." "This dollar has paid for the Jewish War." The closing lines were, "The dollar has no smell, but the Jew has."

We left Leigh at the hotel with all our gear, and O'Brien and I began a search for my Paris relatives. In an effort to reach the home of one of them, we drove past the Palais Royal and we landed at the Place de l'Opéra. Hundreds upon hundreds of sandbags stood around the Café de la Paix, in place of the outdoor tables and chairs. Cobblestones and broken truck barricades made passing difficult.

We reached the Place de la Concorde. Fighting had been fierce at the Navy Ministry and the Crillon Hotel. We edged up the Champs Elysées toward the distant Arc de Triomphe.

At the address of the first of my relatives, the concierge told me that the family had been taken away by the Gestapo more than a year earlier. "Not a word from them since." My heart sank. I feared what might have

happened to deportees spirited away by the Gestapo. Other neighbors answered coldly, *"Je n'en sais rien"* (I know nothing about it). None of us then expected the enormity of the eventual truth—the massacre of six million Jews by the Nazis.

O'Brien then left me at the Hotel des Invalides, Napolean's veteran hospital, headquarters of General Pierre Koenig, military governor of Paris. On the way I had arranged for GI uniforms and shoes in truckloads to be sent to Paris for those FFI men who would become part of the regular French Army. Koenig and I drove to the Ministry of National Defense on Rue St. Dominique where DeGaulle was to hold his first staff meeting. The entire building had been blacked out as a result of a German bombardment that had hit a power plant in the southwestern outskirts of Paris. DeGaulle and his staff were seated around a long oval table lighted by candles. It was the first time DeGaulle had been in the building since his departure from France. Two *gardes républicaines* were at the entrance. I began to enter but turned back. I told the guards that I was going out to my jeep so that I could light up the meeting room. Accompanied by one of the guards I returned to the jeep. Back I came swinging the Coleman lantern (with its three mantles). The guard asked me who I was, and I answered, "Liaison officer to General DeGaulle." I actually thought of Diogenes with his lantern, searching for an honest man, but I didn't dare utter those words aloud. I learned the guard's brief life story as we walked back, still swinging the lantern, and then I identified myself again as General Eisenhower's liaison officer to General DeGaulle. (The guard hadn't been listening the first time.) Camaraderie immediately turned to apparent respect.

As I walked into the room, DeGaulle welcomed me and announced who I was. I asked if I might have a minute or two for a brief ceremony. As I lighted up the mantles, there was a burst of applause, because the room became almost as bright as day. I said that this should remind us of the verse from Genesis, when the Almighty said, *"Yehi Or,"* which I translated from Hebrew into French: *Qu'll soit la lumière* (Let there be light). There was more applause and handshaking. General DeGaulle then said in French, "I am delighted that Weinstein could so quickly bring light into our discussions. Let's have a special toast." And he pronounced, *"Vive l'amitié franco-américaine."*

Several of DeGaulle's staff officers had messages for me. General DeGaulle wanted the Leclerc Division to remain in Paris until things quieted down, to prevent riots and keep the communists from getting control. General DeGaulle wanted uniforms and weapons for the FFI. General DeGaulle wanted to know when the SHAEF mission to France would arrive. General DeGaulle wanted to know how quickly arrangements could

be made for the arrival of the French provisional government from Algiers, and he wanted to know when General Eisenhower would come to Paris. Eisenhower came two days later on Sunday.

The next day, General Leclerc had orders from the corps commander to leave Paris and head east no later than noon the following day, August 27, 1945. At that hour, he and his division remained in Paris at their leisure. A courier handed me a message from General Bradley, which I was to read in French "immediately and personally" to Leclerc, one he had already received through other channels: "Unless the Second French Armored Division by 1400 hours is on the march eastward, leaving Paris, the division will be dissolved, with all of its components attached to other Allied units or kept in reserve." Leclerc scowled and walked away. Before two P.M. the division was on the march to the east out of Paris. A few days later, the French provisional government was delivered to DeGaulle by Bill Stephenson, who made a stirring speech in English, which I translated into as stirring a French as I could. Bill was aglow with the embrace he received from General DeGaulle.

Leigh was all smiles when I returned to the jeep. "Major, I was just talking to a cute FFI number. She's a student at the Sorbonne. Paints, too. She has a studio apartment at the address she wrote on this card. It's right off Place de la Sorbonne. There's going to be a victory celebration tonight, beginning about eleven."

I spoke out: "I don't like your being out tonight. There's fighting still going on, and we didn't get much sleep last night. Let's get back to the hotel."

Boulevard de Montparnasse was lined with Leclerc Division vehicles settling down for the night. A light tank was parked near the entrance of our hotel, and a French soldier was opening a bedroll on the sidewalk. I felt sorry for his having to lie on that hard sidewalk while the three of us had comfortable beds inside.

Back in my room, I dictated the day's journal entries for Leigh to type, and asked him to prepare some requisitions for our rations and other supplies. O'Brien began cleaning his carbine and Leigh's submachine gun. The two men looked at their watches. It was almost ten-thirty. A knock at the door announced a telephone call for Leigh. He was back in a few minutes. "It's that FFI girl. Would you please talk to her? I can't make out what she's trying to say on the phone."

The ploy was transparent, but I took the call. Wouldn't I also come along? she asked. There would be officers and men of the FFI and the Leclerc Division. This was not a night for rules. It was not every day that Paris was liberated. Weren't we allies?

It was easier not to resist. She gave me the address: the fifth floor, which meant the sixth floor, the fifth above street level. "The elevator is presently out of order. Ask the concierge for Marcelle Martin."

Our guns were clean in no time, the journal entries complete in even less, and all of us were neatly shaved as we set out for the party. We tiptoed past the tank at the hotel door. The streets were quiet, although, from the Place de la Sorbonne, we heard singing.

The party was already in full swing when we entered the studio. Marcelle greeted us extravagantly, with dozens of kisses: "This is for the liberation of Paris, she said. "This is for the defeat of the enemy. This is for Allied solidarity. This is for the ultimate victory. This is for no reason at all."

We were in a large room where the walls were covered with one canvas after another, most of them unframed–still lifes, landscapes, portraits. Marcelle had talent, but she was no Cézanne nor Renoir. She introduced us to a dozen or so FFI men, an American lieutenant and a sergeant from the Leclerc Division (liberation seemed to level all ranks). Then she presented Nicole, Yvonne, Henriette, Gaby, Marie-Hélène, Marie-Louise, Marie-José.

Leigh and O'Brien had brought along a dozen or so packages of K rations (they were good substitues for hors d'oeuvres) and one of the bottles of cognac that had been given to us at Rambouillet. A victrola was playing *du jazz hot.* Three or four couples danced. One FFI man played the accordian, another a guitar. One of the girls acted out a Charles Trenet ballad with gestures. The victrola began again: more *jazz hot.*

I walked out on the balcony. Below I could see the Luxembourg Gardens. There, seven years ago, almost to the day, my wife and I had strolled together. . . Marcelle came beside me. She told of her family in Lyons, of a brother who was prisoner in Germany. "I wanted to fight with the FFI," she said, "but all they would let me do was sew flags and armbands. But I wanted to fight, to make the pistol go pouf, pouf." We returned to the studio where the party was still gay. O'Brien was asleep on the sofa. It was soon time to go. There were toasts, toasts and more toasts, and all of us sang the "Marseillaise." The eyes of the French were moist as they sang, "The day of glory has arrived." Our farewells were tender.

"It was fun, wasn't it, Major?" asked Leigh, as he drove us to the hotel. And I had to concede that it had been fun. O'Brien was too sleepy to talk.

As we came to our hotel door, I stumbled against the bedroll. The soldier cursed in colorful French, saying, "Watch out where you're going." A female voice cooed, "Don't mind him."

Paris was blacked out. German planes dropped a few bombs, while I sat

at the table in my room. I wrote by flashlight my personal report and recommendations for priorities to the deputy chief of staff. I added a few notes to my diary: "Day of liberation, unrestrained joy, DeGaulle–dynamic, difficult. Leigh, O'Brien, real soldiers. Bradley decision for liberation by Leclerc Division, great. DeGaulle's speech. Relatives, deported. Paris, *magnifique.* To sleep–dead tired." I later learned, alas, that we were not permitted to keep diaries.

A Civilian Soldier Under Ike 8

I slept little during the night that followed the liberation of Paris on August 25, 1944. Fire engines raced through the streets of the Left Bank, past our hotel on the Boulevard de Montparnasse, as bombs fell on the outskirts of Paris–the only time the city was bombed during the entire war. I was uncertain as to just what my job was. I was liaison officer to DeGaulle, but that could mean almost anything: a messenger boy, a back-and-forth advisor, a troubleshooter, a quasi-spy, romance (or sex), the Office of Strategic Services (which later became CIA) or numerous other possibilities. On the other hand, the uncertainty of the term might also be useful. I could take on whatever work I considered significant or send it to another agency. The title "Liaison Officer" was indeed flexible. Every so often, I scribbled a note, with the help of my flashlight, on matters which General DeGaulle wanted me to handle–a list to which I kept adding key words of my own.

I was kept awake by my worrying about my family in Boston and their concern for me. Letters had been held up in both directions. I was distressed by my inability to find any of my Paris relatives at their old prewar addresses, and by the coldness with which neighbors stated their lack of

knowledge. I kept thinking of my lucky escape earlier that day from the bullets of German or *milicien* snipers (who seemed to be in many parts of Paris). And I had memories of my wife's and my visits to France.

I was to meet General Pierre Koenig, military governor of Paris, at Les Invalides at 7:30 in the morning. At six I jumped out of my bed with its overly soft mattress and awakened Leigh, my jack-of-all-trades, and O'Brien, my driver, with mock reveille and a warning: "This is going to be a full and rough day." Before breakfast, O'Brien and I continued our search through the area where several of my cousins had lived, without success. We returned and gulped down our C-ration breakfasts, even though Leigh announced that he was ready to get us a "real American breakfast" and we put on clean uniforms. We were soon at the Invalides. O'Brien let Leigh and me off and then went to park the jeep.

General Koenig greeted us warmly. He shook hands with Leigh (the four star general with the buck private) and suggested that I use a small room adjoining his suite as my office until I got settled. General DeGaulle could always reach me there and it was only a stone's throw from the Ministry of National Defense, which DeGaulle was using as his headquarters. Koenig invited me to join his group at the Plaza Athenée as my hotel and suggested that my two enlisted men join his soldiers. Koenig and I chatted about the basic problems: eliminating the threat of Germans in Paris, rounding up the key collaborators and *miliciens,* providing adequate food, medical supplies and fuel (as cold weather approached) for the Paris population, and the integration of the French Forces of the Interior (FFI) into the French Army.

On my return to Les Invalides, there were stacks of telephone slips and mail. Leigh, who had installed O'Brien behind an available desk, opened the envelopes and enjoyed the correspondence. "Nothing exciting. Lots of notes to our liberators. Lots of invitations. But listen to this from the deputy chief of staff of SHAEF. 'The liaison officer to General DeGaulle should come from SHAEF rather than ETOUSA.'" Leigh continued, "I think you're better off with Koenig than DeGaulle. He is a great guy; and has more brains, compassion, quick and good decisions, and all that it takes, than anyone else around." I agreed.

Several days later Major Robert Levy, a stockbroker from New York City, arrived and told me that he had orders form SHAEF to be liaison officer to DeGaulle. SHAEF, the small staff of the American and British military, with Eisenhower commanding both it and ETOUSA, was the joint top planning group–purportedly combining the views of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. All the operations and activities however were through ETOUSA. I read Levy's orders, which looked authentic, and I

suggested to Levy that he report to DeGaulle's headquarters, and I showed him how to get there. I also told him that, if he had questions, I would be glad to help. If ever there was a special need for him, I would let him know, and I hoped that he'd do the same for me. (I did not see or even hear of or from him again until DeGaulle's farewell party to Eisenhower almost ten months later, when Levy told me what a pleasant, easy life he had spent.) When I gave the news about Levy to Koenig, he embraced me and told me that Major Levy's presence solved many of his problems, that there was much to be done through his office. When I reported Levy's imminent arrival to Lieutenant Guy, the latter scowled.

No sooner was I installed, than activity became hectic. All calls and mail were delivered to me. Here are some examples: "Check on my missing relatives"; "Make sure that the Hotel Majestic is ready within two days"; "Report urgent supply needs to G-4"; "Be at General DeGaulle's office tonight"; "Get us the best hideaway apartment in Paris for two female WAC warrant officers–you know who they are." For the next few weeks until the Hotel Majestic housed the complete central staff of ETOUSA, I had a small office at the Invalides from which I could see the Rodin Museum, which was a little more than a block away. I also could look down on the courtyard with its sculpture of the "little corporal," Bonaparte. I recalled that here, in 1895, the Alfred Dreyfus conviction had been announced. He had been degraded, his insignia medals and even his gilded coat buttons cut off at the Ecole Militaire. And part of the captain's degradation was here in this courtyard. It was there that the young Viennese journalist, Theodore Herzl, was so moved that he rushed back to his room, wrote *The Jewish State* and became the founder of modern political Zionism.

Our meeting with General DeGaulle consisted of a long series of requests that sounded more like orders. "The LeClerc Division must remain in Paris." The division was ordered to proceed west and join its corps. I had the chore of orally confirming the written orders that LeClerc received, with the statement that unless he followed orders, the division would be disbanded and its elements added to American units. All I received in return was a scowl and an about-face.

American and French telephone calls asked all sorts of questions. Leigh had to keep reminding me of lunch, but I did sneak in a quick walk to the Rodin Museum. I walked through that small though exquisite building and its grounds with its great sculptures inside, including *The Prodigal Son,* and outside, the *Gates of Hell,* the *Thinker, Balzac and the Burghers of Calais.* Then I went back to work. While I was at Les Invalides, the long, always endless list of chores kept growing. During my first week, Stephenson called me from Cherbourg. General Stearns, who had been our professor

at the School of Military Government in Charlottesville and who was now chief of G-5, Civil Affairs and Military Government of ETOUSA, had given Bill the job of welcoming the French Government, which had left Algiers on the French cruiser *Jeanne d'Arc*, the fastest in the French Navy. To avoid German submarines the cruiser had zig-zagged in radio silence. The ship was too large to come into the harbor of Cherbourg and had to be unloaded by our buffalo landing barges with supervision from a fast air-sea rescue craft. Bill also arranged for ceremonial greetings and had twenty-two command cars (with a few trucks for baggage) to carry the group into Paris. The motorcade was led by Bill and the French Minister of Finance in General Smith's old British four-door Packard, which Bill had inherited when General Smith got his new armored sedan. Two American military police motorcyclists scouted ahead. Bill had asked me to join him when he delivered his ministerial and legislative party to General DeGaulle. There were fourteen departmental ministers and seventy regular members of the Chamber of Deputies for a total of eighty-four on board. (In the years that followed, fourteen of them—a coincidence of numbers—became Prime Ministers of France.) Three or four kissed the French soil when they landed.

Bill had quite a few prima donnas, some of whom he had to round up from bistros, banks, chateaux, friends' houses and even from a bordello. A few sailors had been rounded up for the first landing. One of them had a trumpet and played the "Marsellaise" while all the others stood at attention.

I met the group at the Ministry of Defense where the welcome by DeGaulle took place. Bill made a brief delivery statement which I translated into French: "Sir, representing the Armed Forces of the United States of America, I have the honor and privilege of delivering the Provisional Government of France." His salute, a stiff one, was acknowledged by DeGaulle with a casual return salute and a nod. Then came the reception. There was more embracing than I'd ever seen, even at a big old-fashioned wedding. And Bill, handsome in his bemedalled Patton jacket uniform, with his silver oak leaves, strutted like a peacock, as the occasion required.

Rabbi Judah Nadich, senior Jewish chaplain of ETOUSA (later the advisor to Eisenhower on Jewish affairs when the death camps were liberated), called me to help prepare a liberation service at the Rothschild Synagogue on Rue de la Victoire and to be his *gabai* (chief lay leader). "Even your *shammas* [sexton]," I answered. The synagogue was jammed beyond its capacity with Jews who had crawled out from their hiding places and crammed into the pews and along the walls. Judah spoke in good French and excellent Yiddish. When he recited the Kaddish for those who had died, the weeping and wailing turned the synagogue into a huge house of mourning. Otherwise, the congregation was silent as Judah spoke, shedding tears

or listening intently. At the end they expressed their profound emotion with outbursts of grief. I was embarrassed as people insisted on kissing both the chaplain's hands and mine, as though we were their personal and individual liberators. Two women (I estimated that one was in her early twenties and the other in her early fifties) waited for most of the group to leave and then pressed a slip of paper into the rabbi's hands. Later as we headed back in his jeep, he passed me the slip with the name "Eligoulachvili" and a telephone number.

Shortly thereafter, on Erev Succoth (eve of the Feast of Tabernacles), the rabbi called me: "On the other line is a Leon Eligoulachvili, who invites us to come to his home tomorrow for Succoth dinner. His mother and his wife, Myriam, were the two women from whom I got the slip of paper with the family name and their telephone number." "Okay with me," I answered. We went and had a delightful, Georgian-style Jewish meal with many courses, jokes, fun and hilarity. We learned of the Eligoulachvili rescue of many French Jews by a master stroke of Leon's uncle, foreign minister of the independent Georgian Republic (which Hitler formally recognized), by making French Jews into Georgian citizens, with special identity cards, thus freeing them from Nazi arrest or deportation.

While in London, late September of 1944, after I finished my army chores, I telephoned Sir Leon Simon, a Hebraist, Zionist and holder of high rank in the civil service. He invited me to a Sabbath dinner at his home that evening. Before the meal began he led me into his study to show me the results of his work on a new translation of Ahad Ha-am, the Zionist philosopher who stressed education and culture as essential elements of Zionism. Suddenly, we heard the whine of a German V-2 bomb. We instinctively counted to ten, as did all the English, especially those in London. If we reached ten and heard the burst, we knew we were safe. We heard it. Then Sir Leon finished his sentence and continued as though nothing had happened. As we walked into the dining room, he said to Lady Simon, "That was a close one. There'll be others. But we're the People of the Book, and life must go on. I've just got to finish that translation!"

In late September, I received a V-mail letter from my mother. She had heard by letter and telephone from her cousin in Brooklyn news of the cousin's brothers and sisters in Paris and their families whom Selma and I had met in 1937. While we still had hope that those who had disappeared would be found when all the Nazi camps were emptied, eight of my cousins who had been taken "toward the east" did not return. We eventually learned that one entire family had been murdered. In another family, both parents were killed leaving two children; in a third family, the parents survived and all of the children but one were murdered. In the fourth family,

that of the widow Leah Kovarski and her two children, all remained alive. My mother sent me their Paris address and telephone number and I immediately called Leah. In no time, Leah, her son David and his sister were at my office. There were embraces, tears. David's wife, Berthe, was expecting a child at any moment, and David had a frightening story to tell.

Berthe's sister had been with her at home on August 21, 1944, four days before Liberation. While Berthe was in another room, the pro-Nazi *miliciens* appeared at the door and mistook the sister for Berthe, an error that David and his sister-in-law obviously did not correct. David and his sister-in-law were seized and brought to Drancy, the French "reception area," a death camp in France and the loading station for Germany and its eastern death camps. In their cell, after their pockets had been emptied, David tried to give his sister-in-law and himself courage. He found a tiny piece of broken pencil lead in his pocket and scribbled above the door, where it could not be seen below, *Les Nazis ne nous tueront jamais* (the Nazis will never kill us). Then, they both recited the basic Hebrew prayer, the Shema.

The next morning, the Drancy prisoners were all marched down to the courtyard. Six buses waiting were loaded and left. The remaining prisoners, including David and his sister-in-law, were taken back to their cells. On the next day, only one bus was available. Again, those who remained, including David and his sister-in-law, were led back. On the third day, the FFI strikes were very effective. There was no bus. The fourth day was August 25, Liberation Day. There were no guards, no *miliciens*. Someone discovered the keys and David found his door unlocked. Grabbing his sister-in-law by the arm they slinked out of Drancy, they ran to one bus stop, then another, then to a Metro station, and made it home for a joyous reunion and celebration.

All this I learned at our first meeting. Some ten days later I was sandek at David's first son's *bris* (circumcision). I gave the child the name his parents chose, the Hebrew equivalent of Charles, and then handed him to the *kvater,* the recipient of the child. As the infant was bandaged, he wailed until he was given a drop of the wine that had just been blessed by the *mohel* (circumciser).

From my cousins, the Eligoulachvilis and other French Jews, I learned of the ugly role played in the Holocaust by Pétain and his Vichy government. Deprivation of Jewish rights was frequently initiated by Vichy and reportedly announced even before orders came from Nazi officials. Obedient French police and *miliciens* performed the duties of the SS in other captive countries, and anti-Semitic laws were originated by Vichy without any Nazi encouragement. Jews were expelled from public offices, including the military. But those who reported these outrages never used the words "death camps" or talked about liquidation or organized scientific murders.

Reports were often received of individual murders, but not on a mass basis. The Final Solution was described as a relocation of Jews to concentrated ghetto areas. On my first visit to the Drancy area, I interrogated many individuals and no one referred to that staging area as the stepping stone to the destination of massive deaths in murder camps. I was told that the Jews had been sent to concentrated Jewish areas for resettlement. Not until six months later was I told that over seventy thousand French Jews died in German death camps (that number turned out to be much too low) and not until the publication of *Vichy France and the Jews,* by Michael Marrus and Robert O. Paxton, did I learn in detail that Vichy had out-Nazied the Nazis. For example, in 1942 Jewish children were arrested by the French along with a specific number of their parents, even though the French were not asked by the Nazis to take the children.

Meanwhile, in late September, I was reassigned to the liaison section of both ETOUSA and Com Z (Communication Zone), with Colonel Elbert Farman as its chief. ETOUSA included the areas of both Combat Zone and Communications Zone. Almost all of the staffs of ETOUSA and Com Z were identical. Only the commanders and chiefs of staff were different. General Eisenhower was in command of ETOUSA and General John C. H. Lee of Com Z. The Combat Zone was divided into the areas of Army Groups. In the later part of 1944, General Bradley's Twelfth Army Group and General (later Marshal) Montgomery's Twenty-first Army Group occupied the Northern Combat Zone and and the Sixth Army Group was advancing for their invasion of France from the south.

In early October, General Koenig telephoned me. "Don't ask any questions. Come to my office as soon as you can. My aide will be at the front entrance to bring you here. I've cleared this special assignment with Beedle Smith and its okay with him and General Eisenhower." As I approached Les Invalides with Leigh and O'Brien, the streets became crowded, and I heard a tumultuous noise, apparently from the courtyard. I was promptly ushered into General Koenig's office where immediately he said, "Lew, this is your baby. The American army invited Maurice Chevalier to sing." Koenig led me to a window, where I saw and heard hundreds of men and women crowding the courtyard, waving their fists, and shouting unrepeatable epithets and phrases that could be translated as, "Down with our American liberators, stupid and naive fools, Chevalier to the guillotine," and "Death to collaborators and Nazis." My look must have expressed my thought: What is this all about?

Koenig replied, in substance, "They're infuriated by some posters they've seen of a big gala to be run by the American Army for American troops. It's starring Chevalier, a week from now. And they're screaming their heads off

that he was a collaborator. *Collaborateur* is the worst word in the French vocabulary, even worse than 'Nazi.' It looks to me like a total American problem." As he walked away, he added, "If you need some French troops, speak up. And so far as I'm concerned, handle it any way you decide. I'm having the Deuxieme Bureau [the French G-2 or Intelligence staff] see what they can find on Chevalier, and I'll give it to you. Meanwhile, use my office for whatever you want."

I asked Koenig's aide for several squads of military police and a platoon in reserve. I called the special services officer at ETOUSA and confirmed Chevalier's invitation. The officer said, "We had not heard that Chevalier was a collaborator. I called General Smith and got the okay from Ike." I was not able to reach General Smith, but I did call General Stearns, chief of G-5, Military Government and Military Affairs. Everyone having any interest agreed that I handle the situation. I went out on the balcony. Using a bullhorn and firing several shots in the air, I quieted the crowd to some extent and announced that I would see a half-dozen representatives of the group in General Koenig's office as promptly as they could get there. Any disturbances or outbreaks or interruptions would terminate our conference. The American Army was willing to discuss the issue, but not under threats of violence or abusive language. Punctuating my last statement with some colorful argot, I left the balcony amid screams and boos.

I reached General Bedell Smith, summarized what had happened and outlined the next steps, and he concurred with General Koenig and said that he would alert the Judge Advocate's office, G-2 and G-5. Special Services also agreed that I should handle the matter. Smith said, "I hadn't heard about a Chevalier invitation." He added, "Do what you think best." Then General Koenig looked in and said that I had authority to speak for the military governor of Paris and the French authorities. If his approval was necessary, I could act for him. I was to call him only if I had grave doubts and needed advice or help.

No donnybrook could have been more tumultuous than Koenig's office when about a half-dozen men pushed themselves into the room, followed by some thirty or forty others, each yelling that he was entitled to be there. With the help of French troops aided by some *gardes républicains,* we finally reduced the crowd to only six representatives. What had been a brawling racket became a discussion, one-sided, but at least intelligible.

After a half-hour of trying to resolve the wrangling, I announced that I had been authorized by the American authorities, with the concurrence of the French, to decide one single issue: whether there was sufficient evidence of Chevalier's collaboration with the Nazis to justify the withdrawal of his invitation to participate in the American gala. I would hold a

conference to hear complaints in a few hours, and a formal hearing that evening. When they heard this news, the crowd outside would not disperse. Leigh gave orders to French majors, captains, lieutenants and noncoms, and they emptied the halls. Soon there were only a few stragglers left.

Because of this incident, I had to miss the delightful dinner party given by General Koenig at his swank hotel. Instead, we planned the hearing, helped by a young French lawyer captain assigned to us by Koenig, as we ate our C and K rations. We arranged for a French stenographer, who also knew some English, and we made sure that Chevalier had been notified and would come with any witnesses. We were still scribbling notes as the original objectors and their numerous witnesses filled the room again.

Using my pistol as a gavel, I gained near silence. I emphasized to the group that if one person spoke at a time, I would listen. If any additional member of the group simultaneously added to the talk, the conference would abruptly end. I wanted to hear first-hand evidence, not rumors or hearsay. The next half-hour was pandemonium. No one gave any evidence. Each one reported that he had heard from others, and "all Paris knew" that Maurice Chevalier had gone to Germany in a German car to sing at a German gala. Shouts, curses in the worst French slang and name-calling interrupted and followed each utterance. I called the conference to a halt a half-hour after it began. When I finally obtained relative silence again, I announced that the formal hearing would begin at eight that evening in the main hall of the building. No more than fifty objectors, including the six representatives and their lawyer, would be permitted. Witnesses would testify, the hearing would be conducted in French and would continue until I ordered it to stop. Although I would be acting for the American Army with the approval of the ETOUSA headquarters, General Koenig, the military governor of Paris, had authorized me to represent any French interests. No sooner had I stopped talking when the door was forced open and new "witnesses" tried to enter.

The session that night began promptly at eight and ended at 2:30 the next morning. My opening statement–to the extent that it was loud enough to be heard–laid down the ground rules for the hearing. I appealed for calm and friendship (undoubtedly a wasted effort), pointing out that we were French and American allies and that we were trying to defeat our common enemy, the Nazis. I said that the American Army owed a great debt to the civilians, and especially the FFI for what it had done before and during liberation, and that we would make our decision fairly and would announce it within an hour after the close of the hearing. I asked whether everybody approved, and there was a thunderous roar of intermixed *ouis* and some *nons* which I said "represented assent."

Complainants were numerous, and they screamed their answers to the questions posed by the "leader" of their group. There were fewer answers than shouted speeches. The hearing room was filled with yelling: *À bas les collaborateurs* (Down with the collaborators) and *Morte à Chevalier.*

Their case, in summary, was that "everybody in Paris knew that Chevalier was a traitor, a collaborator who sang for the Germans in France and in Germany." They had not a single scintilla of first-hand evidence, only remote hearsay.

Maurice Chevalier was then sworn and sat in the makeshift witness box. He had arrived with a friend whose name I have forgotten, but whom I will call Charles. Charles was also a singer and was Chevalier's only available witness. Hesitatingly and softly, as the noise quieted down, Chevalier stated that at the beginning of 1944 he had been summoned to the office of General Von Choltitz, German military governor of Paris. Chevalier had told this to Charles, who accompanied him to the Hotel Meurice, then the headquarters of the German Army, but who had not been admitted to Von Choltitz's suite. The Nazi general ordered Chevalier to sing at a gala in Germany some weeks later. Chevalier had answered, "Respectfully, mon general, I cannot sing there." "You are ordered to do so," Von Choltitz had shouted, "and if you don't obey, you'll be shot." Chevalier responded, "I regret that I am unable to obey that order." "You have three days in which to change your mind," said the general, "or you will be killed." He then turned his back and entered his inner office, and a Nazi soldier led Chevalier out.

As Charles and Chevalier went to the latter's home, Chevalier told what had happened and added that only the two of them should know the story. To try to hide in or out of Paris was even riskier than remaining in Chevalier's home, they both agreed.

A week later, Chevalier was picked up by a command car carrying a German lieutenant and three soldiers, and was ordered into the front passenger seat. A blindfold was put over his eyes. When it was removed, he recognized a corner of the Bois de Boulogne. He was tied to a tree. The three soldiers aimed at him and he heard the rifle triggers click. The lieutenant asked him whether he had changed his mind. Chevalier answered, "I am willing to sing to French prisoners of war in prisoner of war camps in Germany, but to no others." The lieutenant then shouted, "Untie him. You will be picked up six weeks exactly from today at 6:00 P.M. You will sing at the two French POW camps in X and Y [two German towns not far from the French border]."

"I was taken back home, where I telephoned Charles and told him what had happened," Chevalier testified. "We agreed that it was better to wait it out and keep it to ourselves. I knew that I was being watched."

I asked Chevalier whether he thought the firing squad had been engaged in a mock execution or was for real. Chevalier answered, "There was no time to think of that. I spouted out my willingness to sing in French prisoners' camps. I was sure it was real, and I was beginning to recite my 'Hail, Mary' when the lieutenant yelled. 'Untie him.' "

A week later, the same command car (and, Chevalier thought, the same occupants) picked him up; they tied his hands behind his back and covered his eyes. He related:

> After what seemed like many hours, but may have been only an hour or two, we stopped. My hands were untied and the blindfold was removed. I was trembling, but the cheers of the French prisoners warmed me and I went into my act, singing "Let's Eat at Maxim's" or some similar song. At the end of about a quarter-hour, with the prisoners shouting, *"Bis, bis,"* I began singing encores and added some jokes. My last song was cheered and bravoed so much that I had to sing more encores, although my tears were flowing. A group of prisoners rushed over to me and were about to put me on their shoulders when three Germans raised their guns, the lieutenant raised his pistol, and the German interpreter in the camp ordered all the French prisoners to stand back.

Chevalier was then driven to another performance at another POW camp, where the soldiers were mostly French but there were some Americans and English, who shouted to him in their own language.

At this point in his testimony, Chevalier dropped his head and began sobbing. Then he began again:

> After being blindfolded again, with my hands tied behind my back, I was led and pushed into what I assumed was the front passenger seat of the same command car. We traveled for what seemed like hours. I was led inside a building; my hands were untied, my blindfold removed. I was placed in the center of a lighted stage behind the curtain. I was introduced in German, and an orchestra struck up one of my favorite songs, to much applause by the audience. When the curtain rose, I waved my hands for silence, stood at attention, and began to sing the French national anthem. I had only reached *le jour de gloire est arrivé* when the curtain was quickly dropped. I was grabbed by the same three soldiers, tied up, blindfolded and thrown into the back of the car. The lieutenant's voice yelled, "You're going to be shot in Paris." The trip home seemed endless. At long last, I was delivered to my home, where I was thrown violently out upon the

sidewalk. The lieutenant screamed, "This is not the end," then tore off in the car.

Charles was in my house; he rushed out to help me and I told him what had happened, but I had difficulty talking. My bruises remained for several months. As for the Germans, I never again—never—heard from them. But I remained almost entirely inside the house until the day of liberation.

Chevalier was sobbing, half choking on his tears and dabbing his eyes. I called a short recess. Charles confirmed what he had seen and heard, including seeing Chevalier being dumped from a German command car at the doorstep. Finally he described Chevalier's fright and weeping after the experience, when Charles had tried to comfort him.

The rebuttal of the objectors was that Chevalier was a great liar, "stage-trained to be a liar," skilled in acting and in developing a "tissue of lies." We heard arguments, curses, deprecations, slang of the most malicious sort, and ugly accusations about Chevalier's ancestry, legitimacy and heterosexuality. Chevalier shook his head when I asked him whether he had any further evidence.

I adjourned the hearing at 1:30 A.M. and announced that my decision would be made at 2:15 A.M. I wrote a short statement, then discussed my conclusions with the deputy chief of staff at ETOUSA and with General Koenig, whom I awakened at his hotel by telephone. After assenting, Koenig talked to his aide and arranged for adequate security. Only the original six objectors, Chevalier and Charles, Koenig's aide, the French lawyer captain, Leigh, O'Brien and I were to remain in the hearing room. It took numerous French soldiers to get the rest of the crowd out and dispersed. French military surrounded the building.

When quiet was at last regained, I read my decision:

No credible evidence has been presented by the objectors. Their testimony consists of rumors and a number of instances of hearsay to the third and fourth degree, which I do not consider adequate to support their allegations. I believe that the testimony of the respondent, Chevalier, was truthful. He did sing in Germany at two prisoner-of-war camps, one entirely French, and he did began to sing the "Marsellaise" at a German gala until he was forced to cease. Despite threats of imminent execution, he was ready on several occasions to risk his life for the honor of France and his devotion to his country. He was neither a collaborator with the Germans nor a traitor to his country. On the basis of all the evidence and my findings, I determine that the United States Army should not withdraw its invitation to

Chevalier to sing to American troops at the scheduled American gala.

When I appeared to be about to give my decision, the surging crowd outside my door began screaming. I was halfway through my first sentence when the roar of disapproval turned to near thunder. Despite the warnings of the French military police and the removal of the more troublesome objectors, I continued reading. When I finished there was high-decibel turmoil as hundreds of fisted hands were raised and shrill voices shrieked curses and epithets threatening violence.

Eventually, the halls and stairways were cleared and the outer doors of Les Invalides were locked. I asked Chevalier and Charles to remain. When Chevalier approached me with words of thanks, I stated, "No officer should ever be thanked for performing his duty." I asked the MP lieutenant to arrange security for Chevalier, Charles and the stenographer, then ordered the room cleared except for our French lawyer captain, Koenig's aide and my two soldiers. Leigh started to open a bottle of champagne. I stopped him. "Let's get some sleep. Tomorrow will be another active day." The MPs took us back to our quarters.

Months later, during my stay in Paris, many liberated French POWs from both camps described by Chevalier visited my office and confirmed the singer's testimony of what happened. Obviously, they could not have been witnesses for Chevalier, because they were all still prisoners of war at the time of the hearing. General Von Choltitz declined my request to discuss the matter, and I heard from no German who saw or heard Chevalier at the German gala who could give any contradictory information. I did not see Chevalier perform or hear from him while I was in Paris. I believed him as a witness, but I did not want even the slightest personal or social contact to be misunderstood. While the episode may seem insignificant now, at the time it was a *cause célèbre.*

Shortly afterward, Rabbi Chaplain Captain Joseph Shubow of Boston walked into my office, without waiting to be announced, and said, "What an office! That shows you have authority. I don't even have an assignment. I joined the chaplaincy as an old man (he was probably five years older than I) for one purpose: to kill Hitler. And what happens? I don't have an assignment. And Rabbi Nadich tells me to be patient. Now, Lew, you've got to help me. Give me a 'to whom it may concern' letter that will get me close to Hitler, so that I can strangle him with my own hands."

I reminded him of his obligations to the Army, his family and his B'nai Moshe congregation in Brighton, Massachusetts, to which he ought to return in good health. "Cut the crap and give me the letter," he answered.

Although I knew that Joe's methods were not always moderate, I dictated a letter, which my memory tells me went like this:

> Captain Joseph S. Shubow is engaged in a secret mission, very significant (in his view and those who share its secret) to ultimate victory. Any assistance to him, including transportation, equipment, and special orders, will be deeply appreciated by this headquarters.

At this point, I said to myself, "What chutzpah—not Joe's, but mine!"

After I signed the letter as chief of the liaison section of ETOUSA and put on the ETOUSA liaison section seal, Joe was still not satisfied. "I want this sheet covered with tampons [official stamps or seals]. I gave the document to my secretary and told her to embellish it with as many tampons as she could get. When she returned, she had obtained the stamps of G-1, G-4, G-5, Quartermaster, Ordnance, Transportation, Engineer, Psychological Warfare. (G-2, Intelligence, and G-3, Operations and Training, would be too risky.) Joe asked, "What about the Protestant and Catholic chaplains?" I answered, "I don't want to have to share your secret with them."

Years later, back in Boston, Joe showed me the document crumpled and almost illegible. "This got me into Berlin, the death camps, everywhere," he said, "and I never had a single assignment." Moral: how to keep a valued friend. Lesson: how the Army operates. Still, I was lucky that Rabbi Shubow's exploits did not get me into a jam, and that he was able to carry on toward his "mission." Joe was an ardent Zionist and the *Avukah Annual*, which he edited, is an encyclopedia on Zionism and contains the famous Felix Frankfurter *Foreign Affairs* article, "The Palestine Case Re-stated."

The situation room of our headquarters was on the same floor of the Majestic Hotel as our liaison section. Its high-ceilinged walls were literally covered with charts and maps. One wall had a huge map showed in great detail the Allied and German order of battle in the European theater, complete with descriptions of army groups, armies, corps and divisions with each commander's name. I paid it at least one daily visit, more frequently on several occasions when "hot events" were taking place. One day, I noticed a new Panzer division on the German line. Its number was there on the map, with the name of its commander, Von Blaschke. I asked G-2 for material on him, and I was given a number of details: he was a longtime Nazi, a mathematics professor at the University of Heidelberg, and a cousin of the Blaschke family who had made the Glass Flowers at Harvard's Agassiz Museum. He also had been a visiting professor at Harvard in 1926-27 (when I had been his student). I remembered how pleasant and helpful he had been to me in my senior year in his differential geometry graduate course given in German. It just couldn't be the same one! But it was. I saw

his photograph. I never saw him after that, nor did I seek to see him after VE Day when he was a prisoner of war, although I knew exactly where he was and the temptation to see him was great.

Occasionally I allowed myself an extra hour or so for a social event or an artist's or writer's party, and sometimes stole away for a concert or an opera or an art opening but probably no more than a dozen times in the whole year. There was a war on, and I carefully read daily reports from all theaters of operations. But a lifetime's routine was hard to change. Whenever I was asked to show a special VIP the sights, I would take him to the Louvre and give him a quick view of three treasures: the *Winged Victory* of Samothrace, the *Venus de Milo* and Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* (like Art Buchwald's hilarious piece on record-breaking times for running from the entrance of the Louvre to those three masterpieces and back to the entrance). Then I would take the visitor for a leisurely hour or so through the small Rodin Museum, a gem of its kind.

One luncheon that I recall was at the home of Colette, the French writer. She was about seventy then and a hefty bundle of charisma. I was delighted to meet her because I had read a number of her stories, including "Gigi," which was the book for the musical in which Maurice Chevalier later made such a hit. To my surprise I was the only man present. After a delicious lunch, during which Colette gave us a delightful monologue, she told this story (it sounds better in French)—much to the consternation of a few of the women and to the hilarity of most. She told us:

> One of my friends had a champagne lunch with delightful meats, delicatessen, rolls, coffee, cream, sugar—sugar and cream with coffee—think of it. And during austerity, when we all needed *cartes d'alimentation* [ration cards]. The hostess was asked by one guest, "Where did you get such delicious cold cuts?" "I know the *charcutier*" was her response. "Where did you get such scrumptious rolls?" "Oh, I know the *boulanger*." She had wood, because she knew the woodcutter, she said. This went on through a dozen different types of shopkeepers. Her fireplace was roaring with flames while the rest of Paris froze, and as she was inadvertently backing toward it, one of her friends called out "Watch out! You'll be burning your ration card."

I once accepted an invitation to visit the apartment of the Comte de L, who often came to the French liaison mission. Practically every inch of the walls, from floor to ceiling, was covered by great paintings and French Impressionist drawings. In addition, almost every later contemporary painter of importance was represented. One of the guests was a White Russian, Prince Yusopoff, who had killed Rasputin. His wife, the princess, was all

white, completely white: skin, make-up, hair and eyelashes. I thought of a favorite white mouse that one of my friends had in his laboratory, since she too had pink eyes. In any case, the conversation was lively, the wines of the best vintage years from the great chateaux, the food exquisite, the clothes by the best *couturiers,* and the art overwhelming. When I was about to leave, the host asked whether I could spend the night. I answered that I still had several hours of work and an early appointment the next day. On my desk the next morning was a vase of forty to fifty red roses with a note inviting me to lunch or dinner at the Comte's place. One of the members of the French liaison mission who admired the roses told me that Comte de L was known as a *tante* (aunt or auntie, a derogatory term for a male homosexual). I recalled that the concierge had told me on the day I had moved into my apartment that the prior occupant had been a German colonel who was a *tante* and that all of the colonel's beautiful furniture had been removed on the Day of Liberation by two male friends of the *tante.* I had to cross the count off my list. His values and mine were obviously inconsistent.

I had never personally encountered anti-Semitism in the Army, but every so often a Jewish soldier or officer wanted me to look into a situation that had a possible anti-Jewish implication. I tried to help clarify some situations–particularly one at the time of the Bulge.

On a December night in 1944 a Boston sergeant and family friend, Norman Richmond, who worked as a radio man at the top of the Eiffel Tower, listening and orally deciphering the German codes, had been waiting at my billet for me for hours. He was almost in a state of shock: He showed me a G-1 order for personnel to report to the Infantry Replacement Pool. He wept as he spoke. "There are a hundred names on that list, out of a total of some three hundred of us, all sergeants, all specialists. Eighty-five of that hundred are all the Jews of our outfit, every one of them, including me. All three hundred are billeted together, mess together and spend most of their free time together. Every Jew in our unit is on that list!"

I tried to interrupt, but he continued talking and sobbing: "I never had basic training. I never fired a weapon. I was told back in the States that I was needed in a hurry. I have developed a number of ways to break those Nazi codes and decipher them. If I'm sent into an infantry unit, I'll know nothing. I'll be killed."

I told Normie to calm down. I made him some coffee and listened to him as he repeated again what he had told me. Finally, I told him to be at my office in headquarters at eight the next day, and I'd bring the matter to the attention of the Theater G-1 (Personnel).

The next morning, with Normie waiting outside, Colonel Jim Franey, his assistant, Lieutenant Colonel George Shirk, and I listened to the captain who prepared the order with the hundred names. One question from Colonel Shirk as to how he prepared the list received a response, a confused, repetitive statement that the hundred were really not essential in their specialties. The question as to why there were so many Jews on the list resulted in an explosive, repetitive series of disconnected statements: "Jews can't be trusted. They started the war. They're a menace in their specialties. We've got to get rid of them before they get rid of us. I've been ordered by the highest authority to place them where they'll be sure to be killed." My quotations are more coherent than his own words were. I suggested that Colonel Franey and I talk outside the room while Shirk continued talking to the captain.

"He's really crazy," said Franey. "He's dangerous," I added. "You ought to call a psychiatrist from the headquarters hospital." "Right," said Franey. The psychiatrist arrived, and was alone with the captain. The doctor soon came out, his arm around the captain's waist. The psychiatrist spoke. "I'm taking the captain to our hospital for some rest and a check-up. He may need some help." Within an hour the psychiatrist telephoned Colonel Franey. I listened on an extension: "The captain has a severe case of paranoia, schizophrenia and much more. We'll try to help him here, but we'll probably have to ship him back home, where he can get better professional care." Colonel Franey rescinded the hundred sergeant order, and the captain was sent back home.

In early March 1945, a delegate from David Niles, an old Boston friend who was then administrative assistant and a top White House advisor to the President, had come to Paris. He asked me to help with some chores, in anticipation of the division of occupied areas among the USA, USSR, Great Britain and France. I discussed with him, in a heart-to-heart talk, the rumors of murders of Jews. His response went something like this:

> Of course we get rumors in Washington, and I have been told that Auschwitz was a really horrible place, but I have seen nothing specific beyond what has been verified. The President's strict orders are that no one and nothing interfere with our continuous drive toward victory. No tangential issue, no side-trip, no interruption, no matter how important, terrible or tragic, will stop is in our efforts to destroy the enemy. We'll rescue those who need help as soon as we can. But we'll drive to victory first. We have to finish the war with a complete defeat of the Nazis as quickly as possible. That will save the lives of Americans and Europeans, Jews, non-Jews and all the rest.

"Does David agree with this?" I asked. There were few individuals concerned with the Jewish future who had greater access to information about Jews in Europe than Dave Niles and for whose judgment I had greater respect. "I only know what I was told is the President's firm policy." I began to doubt even more.

On March 31, 1945, I noticed on a wall map the words "death camp" near the city of Gotha, with a red arrow marked "Fourth Armored Division" pointing to it. I was present at the liberation of Ohrdruf (a village next to Gotha) on April 4, Buchenwald on April 11 and Dachau on April 29. From Buchenwald I went back to Ohrdruf to the camp when Eisenhower, Bradley, Patton and some twenty others witnessed for themselves the first-hand evidence of Nazi barbarism. I had told General Eisenhower twelve days earlier that he had to see the brutality for himself; when he said "no" I became persistent, and he ordered me out of his office. From the field, I asked General Hoge, the commanding general of the Fourth Armored Division, whether the old man shouldn't see the horrors for himself. He telephoned the chief of staff, Beedle Smith. Eisenhower came, saw for himself, was deeply shocked and thanked me for being so persistent.

My fortieth birthday was April 10, 1945. Birthday greetings from home had not arrived. The day was passing and I had not remembered it. A captain on my staff, my Russian expert, who was an art collector, told me that he had acquired two Picasso etchings. He wanted me to "come to the apartment to see the etchings" but early, "no later than four-thirty" because he had to be at a Russian dinner meeting. I arrived a few minutes late and there was everyone from my office, gathered for a champagne party for "the old man." (Every office head is considered by his crew as the "old man," just as the whole theatre of operations and SHAEF considered Eisenhower as their "old man.") I asked who was minding the store? It was Charlie Leigh, always ready to help. The party was great fun, and when I got back to the office there were V-mails and regular air-mails from Selma and others, all arrived on the exact date. I suspected that my secretary, Marianne Riesiger, had guessed their contents and saved them for the right day and time.

In mid-April 1945, after the liberation of the death camps of Ohrdruf and Buchenwald, I had another visit from Dave Niles's delegate. He admitted that he had known much more than he told me when we talked in March, but he had been given rigid orders about noncommunication. This time Dave had asked him to see me and get my personal best estimate as to when the war would be over in Europe. David knew that there were many variables, but said that the date I'd give would help him with various problems, especially those dealing with Jews. Niles was particularly troubled, so I was told, by British intransigence about Palestine, constant reminders

to President Truman by high executive officials and military personnel as to how to fulfill so-called obligations to the Arab countries and about a so-called "Roosevelt promise" to King Saud of Saudi Arabia not to hurt the Arab nations. Niles was very high on Truman and his decisiveness. Truman was not impressed by the State Department "striped pants diplomacy" and had been deeply moved, even cruelly dismayed by what happened to Jews. That afternoon, after a long and careful study of the war maps in the situation room and an intimate talk with General Smith, I reported for Dave Niles's ears only that my best estimate (really an "educated" guess) was between May 5 and May 10, 1945. (The Germans surrendered on May 7.)

In retrospect, I know that irrefutable information about the death camps had been known to others but was kept from me and from millions more. I still feel I was duped and that I allowed myself to be duped when so much was at stake. It is not a comfortable feeling.

Several days after Dachau was liberated, Chaplain Nadich, who had been named advisor to General Eisenhower on Jewish affairs, telephoned me. Rabbi Israel Goldstein, a leading New York Conservative rabbi, who was particularly active in Zionism, was in Paris. Chaplain Nadich suggested to Rabbi Goldstein that he discuss certain problems with me before leaving for Germany to meet Colonel Schottland, in charge of displaced persons (DP) camps (later president of Brandeis University). Between that call and Rabbi Goldstein's arrival, I had been informed by General Smith that I was needed immediately in Frankfurt for a conference on coordinating DP and refugee supplies with Colonel Schottland (who was at SHAEF) and with ETOUSA G-4, G-5 and the various supply branches. When Rabbi Goldstein arrived, I told him that he'd see Schottland more quickly if he came by car with me to Frankfurt; and, if the rabbi wanted, we would stop at Buchenwald and Dachau. Rabbi Goldstein agreed, and we were off. I remained at the entrances to the camps; Rabbi Goldstein entered and then returned; he was pale; he had been sickened. At one point I was sure that he was about to faint, and I put my arm around his shoulders to prevent his falling. He came back to himself quickly though and we remained near the entrances, talking with groups of survivors, who asked us to do all we possibly could to help them get to Palestine.

At Frankfurt, on our way to our appointments, we passed a building with the sign "DP Temporary Office"–officially designated as the Jewish Displaced Persons Community Center by General Eisenhower, Colonel Schottland and Chaplain Nadich. We stopped and were greeted by a group of Jewish DPs who were emaciated but amazingly energetic. They listed their most urgent needs: reunification with their families and their

landsleit (people from the same town or region), Jewish and Hebrew books, bibles, grammars, newspapers–anything in short to make them feel, since they were able to survive Hitler's murders and atrocities, that there was work for them to perform. We had to be careful about our answers to their questions about how to get to Palestine, including how to obtain British visas and transportation. (A picture flashed through my mind of Sir Leon Simon in London, interrupting his reading of his latest translation for a V-2 explosion and using People of the Book to describe the Jews.) I arranged a conference on the special DP problems for later in the day, and left Rabbi Goldstein with Charlie Schottland.

Soon the DP camps began to open and the role of Colonel Schottland, as the American officer in charge, became more difficult and important. The president of the French Women's International Zionist Organization (WIZO) asked me to arrange that General Eisenhower greet the first busload of Youth Aliyah orphans to come from the death camps to Paris. The commanding general came and spoke briefly but eloquently, describing the victims of the Holocaust with more compassion and warmth than I had ever heard from his lips before. At one point, the general took a tiny, emaciated boy of about six or seven, lifted him and placed him on his shoulder. The general asked the boy what his name was and the answer came back "David." "David," said the general, "That's the name of my own son. You get an extra handshake for that." And he lowered the child and gave him a hug. The boy, back on his feet, spoke in German and I translated into English his words: "I'm so happy, Mr. General. You helped me stay alive. I wish you could have saved my mummy and daddy." The general wiped his eyes. He then asked me to say a few words. I answered, "How can these children thank you adequately! To you and all your soldiers our deepest thanks." I looked at these victims of starvation with emaciated faces and asked them to join me in singing "Hatikvah," the Zionist and now the national anthem of Israel, which I had been told they knew well. Their faces brightened and they smiled as much as their desperate physical conditions permitted.

Later that same day, my secretary told me that her fiancee, Pierre Bernheim, who had been liberated from Buchenwald, was returning. He was a Catholic of Alsatian background, a lawyer who was outspoken and who had been sent to the camp for his liberal views and statements. Marianne asked me to come to her home the next day for a family reunion. There I met a tall skeleton-like man who must have shrunk from two hundred pounds to about eighty. But he seemed full of energy and wit, even when recounting tales of outrageous sadism and brutality. When I asked him how he managed to survive, he told me then and later dozens of stories of raw courage, miracles and narrow escapes that must some day be recounted.

One evening I was scheduled to visit Gertrude Stein, her brother, and Alice Toklas for a *soirée* with some great names in the art world, but a special staff meeting was called at the last moment and I had to attend. I telephoned apologies and asked for a rain check. Gertrude Stein, who answered, said that she was not accustomed to being stood up, and as I tried to explain she hung up. I was never invited again.

By chance I met Helene Toledano in Paris; I had last seen her at the home of *la grande dame* Toledano, her mother-in-law, a year earlier in Oran, Algeria. Helene told me that her husband and his only brother, both flyers for the French Air Force, had been killed in air battles, and that she reluctantly had to leave her mother-in-law, Madame Toledano, to rejoin her own family as soon as Paris had been liberated. Life was very difficult, but the senior Madame Toledano had tremendous strength and courage. When I had last seen Helene, in Oran, she had seemed filled with energy and enthusiasm. Now she seemed almost broken. One evening, Helene brought me to the home of Edmond Fleg, whose *Jewish Anthology* was almost a bible to me and from whose superb essay "Why I am A Jew?" I had quoted many times. Fleg was the essence of warmth and wisdom, with a profound knowledge of Jewish history and culture. Helene told me that her own tragedy had overwhelmed her, but that she regathered the will to live from the writer and thinker, Edmond Fleg, and his wife, whom she visited frequently. No sooner did Mr. and Mrs. Fleg greet us than her spirits seemed to rise. It was as though Fleg's charm and *joie de vivre* gave her new life and a reason for living.

I was asked to join Fleg's circle–mostly literary personalities, community leaders, professional men and women, writers and artists. It had some of the characteristics of our own Boston Amalgamated Society for the Advancement and Spread of Jewish Culture and Ideals by Creative Writing. This French intellectual circle, or its survivors, had stuck together all through the Nazi occupation and none had ever been arrested. At the suggestion of Henry Hurwitz, editor of the *Menorah Journal* and uncle of my wife Selma, I asked Fleg to write an article for the magazine on "French Jews Under the German Occupation," which he did; and I translated it into English. It appeared in the issue of *Menorah Journal* published shortly after my return home. (When I bade Fleg and his wife farewell, he gave me a complete set of his works and each volume contained a warm inscription and autograph. It is one of my treasures.)

My office remained busy with clean-up work and errands galore through my very last day in Paris. A letter came from Chaplain Honig of Miami, who had been with me in Oran, Algeria. His mother-in-law was worried because no mail had arrived from her cousins, Josef and Fritzi Vida,

formerly of Hungary, who lived in Rueil-Malmaison just west of Paris. I sent Leigh on a scouting expedition. When he returned without success, only three farmhouses were left on his list of all the possible places where the Vidas could be. On the following Sunday, I drove to the area, and the first farmhouse I visited contained the Vidas. They were still in the attic, where they had existed on the few leftovers and handouts of the farmer and his family, and on beet roots, their main food. Apparently, no one had bothered to tell the farmer or the Vidas that the Germans were gone and the war in Europe was over. I finally persuaded the Vidas, who were very thin but not skeletal, to come down. Later, I found Josef a job with the chief PX officer, who wanted a new accountant. He told me that Josef was the best worker he had, and on the strength of his PX work and his resume, plus good letters from his boss and me, Josef eventually became a *comptable* expert, equivalent to our own CPA.

Soon I received a telephone call from the liaison chief in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations in Rome: "I hear you did a good job with Polish DP and POWs. The Vatican was very pleased. They'd like to delay the Poles' return from this theater of operations. They might save some souls by keeping them here instead of sending them to communist Poland. And the Army wants all the confusion stopped. Would you come down for a few days?" My answer was: "I'd love to. I don't think I'll be able to get Tony Biddle or Kowalski, who really did the job. But you and I and–hopefully–if you can find one, some Polish-speaking American, can do it. I've never been to Rome, although I've been to Italy. Get General Mark Clark to cable Ike requesting me for special important liaison duties." "Great, we'll be seeing you," was the reply.

On the morning of the plane flight I had breakfast with Major Bob Riesman, of Boston and Providence, whose parents were my friends. I told him I was taking the morning flight to Rome and briefly described my mission. Bob's answer, although not original, was simple: "Go in, see the Pope and say *'Gut Yontiff, Pontiff'* (Happy holiday, Pontiff)."

Rome was a delightful experience. Our work was finished in less than a day. I saw the sights with my college classmate, Ben Alper, then a major, who talked with me for hours about life, learning and liberalism. Ben asked whether I would be seeing the Pope. Monsignor McHugh of the Vatican State Department had hinted that I'd be invited to a private audience, but I had not heard more. Ben said, "I know the Pope's nephew, Count Pacelli. I'll tell him you're a *pezzo grosso*, a big shot." Early the next morning, a Swiss guard knocked at my door and delivered an invitation to an *audienza privata* with His Holiness Pope Pius XII. I put on my summer dress khaki uniform with my ribbons and my General Staff Corps insignia and was

driven to the Vatican where I was led to the office of the secretary to the Pope.

In a few moments I was in the Pope's study. When the Pope extended his hand, I shook it, and he embraced me. He welcomed me in a very slow English and then groped for the English equivalent of a word that he used both in French and in German. I quickly responded in French (which was better than my German) and after that the conversation was in a lively French. The Pope thanked me for resolving the Polish DP and POW matter. I replied that I had tried only to help others resolve it. He asked questions about DeGaulle, expressed gratification that the communist threat seemed to have disappeared in France, wondered about the food situation, and then paused for a moment. I found the opportunity to speak.

"As an American officer and a Jew, may I remind His Holiness that for two months now, after VE Day, Jewish rights destroyed under Nazi Nuremberg laws have not yet been fully restored. One word from His Holiness with his profound moral influence would speed up the process."

The Pope nodded at my statement and looked at me quizzically. I added, "Even a sentence or two of reminder would be of enormous help." He remained silent. I continued: "May I also suggest, respectfully, Your Holiness, that the hundreds of thousands of Jews still in European displaced persons camps, the relatives and remnants of the six million murdered, would have their deep desires to go to Palestine fulfilled with only a nod of assent and a few words from His Holiness."

He responded: *J'ai toujours fait mon possible pour les pauvres* (I've always done everything possible for the poor ones, the underdogs, those to be pitied).

I repeated my statement in different form. "If only there were a word from His Holiness, it would help open the doors of Palestine for those Jews who are willing to risk drowning or being killed to fulfill their most urgent desire to go to the Holy Land."

I got the same answer. A third and a fourth effort, with some variations, got exactly the same response. Then there was a pause. I asked him to bless the crucifix I had bought for my friend, Maurice J. Tobin, a devout Catholic and the governor of Massachusetts. He did so, then blessed me and my family and presented me with the Vatican Military Medal. I tried to reopen the Jewish rights and the Palestine questions again, but he clasped my hand and terminated the audience, saying, "I deeply thank you for the great service you performed for your army, which pleases me and the Church very much. I pray for your safe return home and another visit on another occasion."

The audience was over. As I walked out of the study door, I thought,

"Complete failure," and then I remembered Theodore Herzl's description of his failure with an earlier Pope–presuming, of course, no other similarity.

The Pope's secretary asked in a very friendly manner whether I had ever visited the Vatican Museum, which had been closed during the war but was practically ready to reopen in a few days. "No, but I'd like to." Then came a three-hour visit to the museum, where shades were raised and lowered by three guards and a guide who gave me a personal tour. My disappointed mood after the audience with the Pope cleared somewhat as I saw the treasure of paintings and sculptures, drawings and manuscripts, including Jewish manuscripts and books. We came to the Sistine Chapel and, after all the shades had been raised and the curtains drawn, I lay on the front pew and had an uninterrupted, silent view of Michelangelo's masterpiece, where the Almighty's finger does not quite touch Adam's.

The tour was soon over. I thanked the guards and guide and went on to an appointed but delayed lunch with Ben and other friends.

The next morning I had breakfast with Bob Riesman. "You rascal," I said, "you didn't expect me to see the Pope, but I did. I couldn't say *'Gut Yontiff, Pontiff,'* because it was the third of July and not the holiday. But I did ask, *'Vos is neies, Pius?'* [What's new, Pius?]." That reply came back to me many years later on several occasions as a purported original joke by others.

Meanwhile, as work relaxed, I had more time for friends. I attended conferences of the Consistoire Israelite, the central Jewish religious body, and of Zionist, welfare, immigrant aid and other groups. Edmond Fleg was an occasional host and also took me to the homes of other Jewish intellectuals, writers, artists and public figures. Our office threw a party for a French war heroine whose first name was Marie-France. I went to the Louvre for day-long stays instead of the VIP run-through of the *Mona Lisa*, the *Venus de Milo* and the *Winged Victory*. When I met Sheldon Rotenberg, first violinist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Paris (as I met hundreds of Americans), he assured me that he would give me violin lessons on my return home.

General Koenig and his family were very hospitable. I taught the general something about Zionism and the need for a Jewish state, and he eventually became president of the France-Israel Society. The families of Colonel Duché and other French officers lavishly poured their hospitality on me. And then there were the operas, museums, theaters. Many of the plays that I later saw in English I first saw in Paris, such as Sartre's *Huis Clos*, translated as *No Exit* instead of *Dead End*. I met Sartre, Camus and others, but alas, never Gertrude Stein nor her circle of writers and artists. She continued to say that I had stood her up. I met people who were part

of the various Jewish communities of Paris: old French, Russian, Georgian, Polish, Moroccan, Algerian, Tunisian and others. I met the two *grands rabbins*, chief rabbis, of both France and Paris, and every other rabbi (so it seemed) in Paris. I met labor leaders, agnostics, religious extremists, and I went to superb kosher restaurants, one of which had, as I remember, a three star Michelin rating.

Late in August, after VJ Day (another exciting day, but nothing like VE Day), my boyhood friend Oscar Cox came to Paris. He was a year after me at Portland High School and had been in our Jewish dramatic club in the early twenties. He was a graduate of Yale College and Law School, and had become one of the most successful lawyers in Washington, as well as a friend and advisor to President Roosevelt. It was he who found the old Congressional Act on which the Lend-Lease program was based. He was administrator of the Foreign Economic Administration (FEA) in 1945. For three days I was with him, arranging for his medical shots, acting as his interpreter in high-level conferences with French and other European representatives, giving him intensive sightseeing and museum tours of Paris and chatting with him into the wee hours.

As we approached the airport for his departure, he said, "You haven't told me what I can do for you?"

"Get me home," I answered. "I have about double the points I need: time overseas, medals, theater and service points, even my expert's badges in shooting count for points." A minimum of points for length of service with specific numbers for all the other elements listed in the text was required for return home. "Great," said Oscar. "Would you like to be general counsel of the FEA [Foreign Economic Administration]?" "Of course," I answered, "since it would get me home to Selma and the family, and let me practice law again." We shook hands, then embraced. "Thanks for three wonderful days. You'll be home in less time than I've been here," he said, and walked onto the waiting plane.

Two days later, I received a cable with orders for my immediate departure. I had top "triple-A" priority for assignment as general counsel of the FEA. The telegram was signed by Chief of Staff George Marshall and addressed to Theater Commander Dwight D. Eisenhower. I was given the first air space available–two days later on August 25, 1945, five in the afternoon. My friends and my staff helped me get ready.

There were many farewells: the Koenigs, the French liaison mission, which presented me with the mission's own medal and named an honorary member of the mission, Leah Kovarski, who invited me to a dinner attended by all my cousins, the Eligoulachvilis and half the Paris citizens of "The Independent State of Georgia."

I was able to close my files and say *au revoir* to my friends and fellow officers. Whatever unfinished matters existed had been turned over to other staff sections; and, where there was doubt, to G-1 (personnel). The few remaining staff members, including Ted Germann and Charlie Leigh, were transferred to G-1. The liaison section had completed its chores. By noon of the departure date, I had finished practically all chores and I was ready to leave. Charlie Leigh was to drive me to the airport, so I could get there before the deadline at four.

At half-past-one, I received a telephone call from Lieutenant General John C. H. Lee, who had been Eisenhower's deputy and was then the commanding general of the Communications Zone. I never heard him use "cuss" words. On the phone he spat out the words: "I'm picking you up at 2:15 for a 2:30 appointment with General DeGaulle. The French double-crossed me! They took a camp-site that was to be transferred tomorrow, tore down a building we planned to move, put up tents, and told our men there that they were taking over. I don't take this insult or damage from the French, and I told Guy, DeGaulle's aide, that it was going to cost the French plenty in many ways."

My heart sank, because I knew Guy and did not trust him. "And my role?" I asked. "You're to be my liaison officer and interpreter" was the reply. "But I'm leaving this afternoon for the Zone of the Interior on an important assignment, and there won't be another plane seat for two weeks," I quickly replied. He snapped back, "We'll be out of there in ten minutes. I want to tell DeGaulle off."

I demurred and then said, "You know that DeGaulle speaks and understands English very well. He'll understand every word you utter before I translate it into French." "I don't give a damn as to whether he understands or not. You'll be picked up at 2:15." And I heard the click of finality. At the precise time, I was escorted to Lee's car. I spoke calmly: "You'll be going home in a few days. Why not leave as friends? We've won the war. Let's not make DeGaulle feel that his nose is being rubbed in the dirt." I didn't finish. Lee shot back: "None of that. You'll be my interpreter, translating what I say exactly. This is not a farewell party. I'm performing my duty as I see it."

We rode in silence until we arrived at the Presidential Palace. DeGaulle was at the door to greet us. He threw his arms around Lee and said, "It's been much too long since I've seen you, old friend." And he gave me a hug. "Welcome, my old liaison officer. Where have you been hiding, except at parties? Have you both had lunch? Will you at least have a cognac? We have tea and cakes that my wife herself baked especially for you, General Lee."

DeGaulle put on a magnificent act. I had never seen him so friendly and outgoing. As we sat down he said (in French, of course), "I know exactly why you're here, and I understand your anger. I will do what I have never done before. I will not only apologize orally, as I now do, but I will send you and the commanding general my written apologies, and we will pay the American Army every penny of damage we caused you. And the stupid French soldiers who insulted my old friends will be punished not just with a reprimand."

I translated. Lee remained silent, then exploded: "Tell him he can go to hell, and as for his offer, he can stick it up he knows where." I translated this outburst as, "The General is not at all happy with your proposal." DeGaulle looked at me, at first quizzically, then with a broad smile. He burst suddenly into explosive laughter, saying in between gusts, *"Quel interprète!"* Soon he was bent over, his loud laughter filling our room and all its surroundings. Half-crying, he said in French, "Lew, tell General Lee how you translated his statement."

I turned to General Lee and with downcast eyes muttered, "It was impossible for me to translate your words literally, so I took the liberty, General Lee, of precisely translating your feelings that you weren't happy with the proposal." Lee remained stern, but DeGaulle walked over to him and said, "Let's depart as friends." And then he turned to me and said, "My precise interpreter. You won't work for me again." Then he roared with laughter. Lee cracked a smile, then began laughing, but timidly. He turned to me and said, "Tell me, Weinstein, would you accept the offer?" I instantly responded: "I'd grab it and run. I never expected such a generous act. You'll never, but never, do better or even as well." For the first time to my knowledge in France, DeGaulle spoke in English and directed it to Lee: "I've gone further than I expected to, but I want your friendship, and I thank Weinstein for his mistranslation."

There were hugs and farewells. In the car Lee turned to me and said, "We did pretty well, didn't we?" I didn't dare say what I thought. My answer was, "A complete victory." (I had forgotten about this mistranslation until I read how President Carter's Polish interpreter had once ignorantly translated Carter's polite words as, "I've deserted my country in order to visit the country and people for whom I lust.")

Back in the office Leigh was edgy. "We'll just make it," he said. At the airport I found a long table with a line of soldiers checking papers. Then I was stopped: "You've returned all the equipment? We're missing a Coleman lantern." "How much does it cost," I replied. "I'll pay for it now." "No, that wouldn't do," I was told. I searched my memory and I was getting tense. The steward yelled from the plane, "Five more minutes and we're off." It was

already five o'clock. Then I remembered in a flash. "I put it on General DeGaulle's table our first night in Paris." I reported what had happened, scribbled a brief note, and gave my oath. Only then was I given a boarding pass.

On the plane, there was not a vacant seat. I sat on my duffel bag. The pilot objected: "No safety belt." A fellow passenger, a general I knew, came to my rescue, and I remained on my duffel bag during the whole flight, even though I was seriously tossed about many times. (My best memory is that I was the only non-general aboard.) I left Paris on August 25, 1945, exactly one year after the city's liberation.

The plane ride was long, over sixteen hours. But at long last, I was on my way home. I was given terminal leave, and my promotion to full colonel finally arrived. By year's end, I was a civilian again, although I remained in the retired reserve.

Uncovering the Holocaust 9

In April 1945, the American Army liberated three Nazi death camps: Ohrdruf on the fourth; Buchenwald on the eleventh; and Dachau on the twenty-ninth. I was present at each one. When I read the headline in the army GI newspaper *Stars and Stripes* the day after Dachau, "Dachau Gives Answer As to Why We Fought," I agreed. But much more, what I saw, heard and smelled was burned, was seared into my memory.

On March 31, 1945, during one of my daily visits to the situation room with its war maps, I noticed near the town of Gotha, northwest of Dachau, an "X" in red crayon with the words "death camp." It was the first time I had ever seen those two words on a map or in a report or anywhere. The words flashed through my mind: "Death camp. Death camp? It can't be a cemetery. It must be a camp for murder and the victims must be Jews. A death camp to murder Jews!"

Within minutes, I talked to the deputy assistant chief of staff or G-2. I reminded him of my top secret clearance. He told me that a million, perhaps two million Jews, perhaps more, had been murdered at Auschwitz. I was overwhelmed. I had never heard any such numbers. I had not known of the bestiality of Nazi systematic, scientific, high-priority mass murder,

nor did I learn much more in the three years since I had enlisted. I knew, of course, of Kristallnacht on November 9, 1938, and its barbaric murder of Jews, looting of stores, breaking of shop windows, burning of synagogues and the deportation of many Jews. But after that, I had heard little of Nazi brutality. Now I was hearing of murders not in the hundreds, not in the thousands, but in millions! The information was shattering. G-2 also told me that the first death camp to be liberated by the American Army was in Ohrdruf outside the city of Gotha; it was so small that it had not even been on the war maps, but thousands of Jews had been murdered there. It was a kind of satellite of Buchenwald to its northeast and of Dachau to its southeast. He showed me other death camp locations in our Allied zones, but he was sparing of details, hesitant, almost embarrassed about it, and reluctant to talk. I listened but heard little. I was almost in a state of shock. I recovered quickly. I had to act.

I rushed back to my office and telephoned the assistant to General Walter Bedell Smith, the ETOUSA chief of staff. I asked how soon he could see me about General Eisenhower's coming to the liberation of Ohrdruf. The assistant's answer was: "Be here in half an hour, but make it short. Beedle's up to his ears; the office is loaded with VIPs, and the old man wants everything yesterday."

I knew a physician in the Forty-sixth Armored Medical Battalion, part of the Fourth Armored Division, and I reached him on an open field phone. I told him that I would attach myself to his unit. "Great!" my doctor friend replied. "You can sleep on a cot in my ambulance. But stick to your knitting. Don't try to practice surgery." In our own impromptu private code, including pig latin, he told me that the unit would probably reach its destination on Wednesday, April 4. I said that I'd try to be with him Tuesday afternoon. He answered, "Get here on time. We're rushing like a comet."

"Beedle" Smith saw me, heard me out and answered: "The old man can't make it. Absolutely not. We want to finish this war before June. He just can't come." I argued that the commanding general's presence was absolutely essential. He would give the lie to those who might later deny the existence of death camps. Smith's retort was: "Tell it to the old man. I'll send him a note as to why you're here. But don't punch too hard."

General Eisenhower saw me and threw staccato words at me: "I just can't be at Ohrdruf on the fourth. I know how specially important this is to you personally, but I just can't." I knew what he meant by "personally." At General Eisenhower's pause, I interrupted:

> It's not so much that it's important to me as a Jew, but it's important that the world know that the Nazis are deliberately, scientifically

> annihilating Jews in enormous numbers. The liberation of the first Nazi death camp is one of the most important events of the war. And there's always the possibility that someone in the future might claim that no such extermination ever took place, and that it was all war propaganda. The Nazis have killed millions of Jews, but they've also murdered an enormous number of non-Jews. It's important for history that you tell the world what you yourself have seen.

I drew my breath. The general, who had been looking at me sharply, pointed to the door and said, "I'm too busy to talk or listen any further. You're persistent as all hell and you never give up, do you?" He was referring to an earlier encounter dealing with the desegregation of black soldiers into the Infantry Replacement Pool. "I can't make it. There's too much to do." He then began reading documents. At the door I turned back and began to speak: "General. . ." General Eisenhower looked up and said, "There's the door." I left.

I reached the Fourth Armored Division and the Forty-sixth Medical Battalion on April 3 before dark. I found my doctor friend. We arranged a billet for my driver, we talked and I got little sleep on the ambulance cot. At dawn the next morning, forward elements of the Fourth Armored Division entered Ohrdruf, with the 602nd Tank Destroyer Battalion crashing into the camp. Most of the Germans had escaped but, a dozen SS men and about twenty German soldiers were taken prisoner. There were also six civilians, residents of Gotha, who worked at the camp.

The medical unit, including my driver and me, entered Ohrdruf as it was being liberated by the tank destroyer outfit. One medic was wounded by enemy fire, but not seriously. At 7:20 A.M., I was in the trailer of Colonel Hayden Sears, chief of the Fourth Armored's Combat Command B, when he reported to the division's chief of staff that Ohrdruf had been liberated. Shortly, we learned that Colonel Creighton Abrams, chief of Combat Command A of the division, had received the surrender of the Gotha burgermeister. Colonel Sears was on the telephone talking to Abrams and I stepped outside.

A sergeant from the 602nd stopped his jeep. "I'm looking for the camp commandant's shack. My name is Joe." (I don't remember whether his last name was Goldberg, Goldenberg or Goldstein, but Joe was Jewish.) "Jump in," Joe yelled, "I've got to find the commandant's office." We found a small wooden shack with the word *Amt* (office) on a small sign. Its occupants must have left in a hurry. Under a huge pile of boxes and papers the sergeant spotted the safe, about three feet each way, almost a cube. The sergeant got down on a knee, put his ear to the knob, and began turning

the dial. To and fro he turned. Finally, we heard a click–and then he let out, "Son-of-a-bitch! I thought I had it." "Are you a safecracker on the loose?" I asked Joe. "Nope," he answered, "but I worked in a shop that opened safes when people lost their combinations. I think I almost have it." Another few turns and he yelled, "*Mazal tov*"–pulled the handle and the safe door opened.

The sergeant pulled out a ledger containing thousands of names, almost all with a J for *Jude* (Jew); M for *Mann* and F for *Frau,* each with the "tatoo number"; the date of arrival, and the date of death or transfer to Dachau ("D") or Buchenwald ("B"). "I'll get this to G-2," the sergeant said. Then he pulled a box out of the safe. In it were gold teeth, earrings and finger rings (some with rotted flesh). "Look at the cartons on the floor." He forced one open. "Soap from human bodies. I've got to rush to G-2, Colonel. Try not to get sick." And he left me at Colonel Sears's trailer.

Colonel Sears said to me, "Let's look around." His G-5 (military government officer), the driver and I got into Sears's jeep, and we drove through the camp. We saw more evidence of horror: hundreds of bodies in shallow pits, many others stacked or thrown about at random in buildings or sheds or along the roads. Emaciated, putrefied, covered by insects, flies, maggots, they created an unbearable stench. All around me I saw the consequences of barbarism, appalling atrocities and monstrous slaughterhouses.

Human beings were dying before our eyes. One moment they were slow-moving, living skeletons; the next moment they collapsed and died. Some uttered *essen* (food); others just held outstretched arms. I saw the tattooed numbers on their arms. The medical staff, officers and men, were working with tense fury, without respite. They had been well trained. Living skeletons begged for food and were given soup and warned to eat slowly. One living corpse was on a blanket. His mouth and lips were swollen, he had sores and oozed pus. He tried to talk and I understood him to say in broken German and Yiddish that his brother had been murdered the day before. A medical captain ordered him to be handled with extreme care and fed intravenously. But it was too late; in a few moments the living corpse was dead. After the doctor returned, the medical aides covered the body with an army blanket. I was shaken. I had to force myself to remain standing. I recited the Kaddish. Then I became physically sick, but I soon stood erect and tried to give the appearance of being tough and hard.

The gallows in an open space near the camp commander's building had been used to hang any inmate who had tried to escape. One inmate told me that the hanging noose was made of wire, and its height could be changed. The victim's toes were allowed barely to reach the ground and death took some ten to fifteen minutes, all to the delight of the spectators, steeped in Nazi *Kultur.*

Back at Sears's trailer were the Division G-5 chief and, under guard, the Gotha burgermeister and his wife. Colonel Sears ordered Herr and Frau Burgermeister to make an inspection with one of the American soldiers and to be back within ten minutes. When the German couple returned to the trailer, their faces were ashen. She was sobbing and he repeatedly denied any knowledge of the camp or even of its existence. His words sounded like those in the Book of Deuteronomy, where elders from the village nearest a murdered corpse had to pronounce the formula: "Our hands did not shed this blood; nor have our eyes seen." He repeated, reiterated, remouthed the words: "I did not know." But he could not explain why the inhabitants of his town were found working in the camp, nor how those in Gotha could not have smelled the stench of death.

Colonel Sears then told the burgermeister and his wife that they would lead a walk through the camp by every inhabitant of Gotha age twelve or older, beginning the next morning at eight. Sears asked the burgermeister to repeat the order and his answer showed that he understood. Because of an important staff meeting and other urgent work waiting for me in Paris, I told Colonel Sears that I had to leave immediately for the long ride back to my Paris headquarters. Colonel Sears grabbed my arms and said, "Don't let this death camp remain a secret."

I found General Hoge, the Fourth Armored Division commander, and asked, "Shouldn't the old man be here to see for himself?" The general uttered some expletives, cuss words as to why he hadn't thought of informing Eisenhower. In minutes, General Hoge had Beedle Smith on the phone, and Hoge described the barbarism and horrors. Smith responded, "I'll talk to the general. I'll do my best." Beedle called back. "It's impossible for General Eisenhower to come this week, but he and General Bradley will be at General Patton's headquarters at the Third Army next week. All of them will come to Ohrdruf on April 12." Smith then asked, "Is Weinstein with you?" Hoge handed me the phone. I thought I'd get a chewing out. Smith said, "Let's plan this. See me as soon as you get back to Paris. This has to be a very significant and well-organized visit."

Not until October 28, 1981, thirty-six years later, at the International Liberators' Conference of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council in the State Department Building in Washington, did I learn from Colonel Sears what happened at Gotha on April 5, 1945.

I was a member of the military panel at the 1981 conference with an American military historian and various foreign military officers from the Soviet Union, Great Britain, France, Poland and others including "the Jewish Brigade." After the panel members completed their talks and answered questions, Colonel Sears, now a civilian in the Midwest, came to

the podium, shook my hand and said: "Weinstein, I didn't recognize your face or remember your name, but when I heard your voice, it all came back to me. You were there when I told the Gotha burgermeister that he and his wife would lead the walk through the Ohrdruf camp the next day." "Right!" I interrupted, "and they answered, 'yes'." I asked what happened on the morning after Ohrdruf's liberation. Sears replied, "The march took place, but without the burgermeister couple—they committed suicide the night before." He stared at me, and I at him. And we threw our arms around one another. I later learned of the forceful anti-Nazi statement that Sears had made in German to the Gotha marchers on April 5, 1945. And I was told that Sears had been American military attache at the American embassy in Berlin when America entered World War II, and that his father had been military attache in Germany when the United States entered World War I.

On April 11, 1945, I was at Buchenwald at its liberation. The special shock of Buchenwald came from its enormous size and the huge number of its victims. The horror I felt was not as overwhelming as at Ohrdruf. Ohrdruf had been forced into my brain. Buchenwald had larger piles of corpses, thousands of them strewn about unburied, huge cartons of human soap stacked high, large containers of personal belongings, dentures, all signs of a human slaughterhouse. Some of the bodies surrounding the area of the gallows had rotting faces. Huge numbers of survivors were being treated by army doctors and enlisted "medics." Some of them were fed intravenously, and a few skeleton-like individuals walked like human beings. This was incredibly huge and overwhelming, compared to the relatively small Ohrdruf.

One inmate told me in Yiddish that he came from Budapest and had been at Auschwitz. He spoke of a Swede (whose name he could not remember), a "hero" who had rescued tens of thousands of Hungarian Jews near the end of 1944. He asked me if I could find out what happened to the hero. A story had spread that the Russians seized him. With this scanty lead, my subsequent efforts with G-2 yielded no results, and one of the staff of the Swedish embassy in Paris said that he knew nothing about such a person. Not until 1980 did I learn that the hero's name was Raoul Wallenberg and that the Russians had imprisoned him and then said that he died in prison (although the Swedish government has not accepted this report).

The next day, after Buchenwald, April 12, I came directly to Ohrdruf, a short distance away. Shortly after my arrival, Generals Eisenhower, Bradley and Patton, several other generals and staff personnel, and about twenty others, mostly correspondents and photographers, appeared on the scene. The liberating Fourth Armored Division had moved rapidly forward,

and others had followed. There were no Germans left and only a few of the former inmates, none of them as emaciated as the living skeletons I had seen just eight days earlier. American military government personnel, with civilian help, had partially cleaned up the camp, though some of the unburied bodies and limbs were still there, skeletons and bones. The stench of death seemed more overwhelming than a week earlier, even more than at Buchenwald, because of the small, concentrated area.

I saw Eisenhower go to the opposite side of the road and vomit. From a distance I saw General Patton bend over, holding his head with one hand and his abdomen with the other. And I soon became ill. I suggested to General Eisenhower that cables be sent immediately to President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and General DeGaulle, urging people to come and see for themselves. I also suggested that delegations from Congress, Parliament and the Chambre des Députés come to the camp. Eisenhower nodded. Then he stuck out his hand and said, "You and Hoge did a good job in pushing me to come, Weinstein. You're persistent as all hell, and I was pissed off, but you were right. I would never have believed that this was possible."

Before I left Ohrdruf I learned the final count of the murders and I can still see those numbers in my mind's eye: On the morning of its liberation, the Germans killed sixty inmates–all Jews–before the Americans took over. In the five days before, about three thousand Jews had been murdered and some one thousand shipped to Buchenwald and Dachau. During the five months of the camp's existence, after its establishment on November 6, 1944, the Germans had killed some seven thousand human beings. According to the SS records all but a few were Jews. All these numbers came from a camp no bigger than a few city blocks.

When Eisenhower returned to Third Army headquarters near Hersfeld that night, he decided that what he had seen at Ohrdruf and what would undoubtedly be found in other camps would have to be seen and told to the world by eyewitnesses and photographers. He said that he was determined that this not be treated as "just war propaganda." He also sent messages to Washington, London and Paris, urging newspaper editors, members of Congress, Parliament and the Chambre des Députés to come to Germany and witness for themselves the horrors of Naziism.

In his *Crusade in Europe*, General Eisenhower wrote in some detail about the first liberated death camp near the town of Gotha:

> I saw my first horror camp. It was near the town of Gotha. I have never felt able to describe my emotional reactions when I first came face to face with indisputable evidence of Nazi brutality and ruthless

> disregard of every shred of decency. Up to that time I had known about it only generally or through secondary sources. I am certain, however, that I have never at any other time experienced an equal sense of shock.
>
> I visited every nook and cranny of the camp because I felt it my duty to be in a position from then on to testify at first hand about these things in case there ever grew up at home the belief or assumption that 'the stories of Nazi brutality were just propaganda." Some members of the visiting party were unable to go through the ordeal. I not only did so but as soon as I returned to Patton's headquarters that evening I sent communications to both Washington and London, urging the two governments to send instantly to Germany a random group of newspaper editors and representative groups from the national legislatures. I felt that the evidence should be immediately placed before the American and British publics in a fashion that would leave no room for cynical doubt.

The following is a portion of a message that General Eisenhower sent on the evening of April 12, 1945, the evening of the day he visited Ohrdruf. The message was directed to the chief of staff, General George C. Marshall, in Washington:

> The things I saw beggar description . . . The visual evidence and the verbal testimony of starvation, cruelty, and bestiality were so overpowering as to leave me a bit sick. In one room, where there were piled up twenty or thirty naked men, killed by starvation, George Patton would not even enter. He said he would get sick if he did so. I made the visit deliberately, in order to be in a position to give first-hand evidence of these things if ever, in the future, there develops a tendency to charge these allegations merely to propaganda.

On April 13, I also learned that on April 12, the same day, Third Army units uncovered Goering's salt mines with their treasures of looted art and gold. (The gold alone was worth about half a billion dollars at what was then a fixed price.)

My driver and I went back to Paris. I sat in my jeep, trembling, bitter, uncommunicative. We stopped only a few times for gas and the latrine. I could not eat, nor could my driver. When we arrived at my billet, I said to him, "Go to the movies, get some sleep, try to forget." His answer was, "Never." He insisted on walking with me up the four flights of stairs to my apartment. The next morning, April 13, as I was shaving and listening to the BBC, the news of President Roosevelt's death (also on the 12th) came

over the radio. I sat on the edge of the bathtub. In a few weeks victory would come, and Roosevelt would not live to see it. Nor had he seen or read what was uncovered at Ohrdruf, but he must have known, if not in detail, what the Nazis' Final Solution meant: the most barbaric, monstrous, mass annihilation in history.

Several days after General Eisenhower's trip to Ohrdruf, I saw him and Bedell Smith in the war room. I showed them with a pointer a single railroad track leading to still other death camps on the Western Front and suggested that they would be easy targets for bombers, even a single bomb. Eisenhower said, "We don't have a single bomber to spare nor a single bomb, nor a single pilot or bombardier. Our orders are to destroy the Nazis as quickly as possible and with every resource at our command." When I tried to talk further, he waved his hand to indicate that the conversation was finished. Then he put his index finger over his lips to indicate that what we had discussed was a secret. (I learned later that there were formal requests to bomb the track leading into Auschwitz on the Eastern Front, which were similarly turned down.)

When our armies approached Dachau, I decided not to be present at its liberation–but a mysterious force pulled me there. This time we traveled the long roads in a sedan instead of a jeep. As we came close to the death camp, my driver asked if he could be excused from entering into the enclosure. I answered, "Let's wait and see." He added, "And hear and smell." He was right. We soon began to smell death.

We entered the camp. Its expanse was huge and a captain volunteered to drive me through the area. He gave me some details, almost repetitions of what I already had known, but they were a huge enlargement of Ohrdruf, which was incredibly massive and monstrous in its bestiality.

Then a captain in the Forty-second Infantry Division (whom I had last seen on our troopship in Algeria in 1943) rushed over to me and asked me to join him in a nearby hovel. There were eleven human skeletons inside. A medic told me that there was no hope for victims, although the medics worked like fury. Soon all eleven were dead. One medic showed me his notes on each: nine were Jews, one a Hungarian Catholic, one a German Protestant. The captain, an American Protestant, and I uttered a prayer, he some words, I others. We ended up with words like these: "*Avinu malkenu*–Our Father, our King, Father of all of us, give peace to these our brothers, take them into the shelter of thy loving kindness." Then I recited the traditinal Jewish Kaddish, "*Yitgadal, v'yitkadash . . .*" And the captain wept, and asked me, "Why must the world wait for brotherhood in death? Why can't we have brotherhood in life?" I did not answer and had difficulty in walking back to my car.

I could not allow myself to become sick. I was not a masochist. I had much work to complete. The war would end soon (surrender would come a week later). I wanted to be ready for victory, and the post-victory, closing-out work. I wanted to be free to go home, but I forced myself to see the gas chambers and crematoria. We drove back, the driver tired, but obviously relieved. I sat beside him, but the return trip was again almost completely without conversation, and again he walked me up to my billet. He whispered, "I'm glad we went, and I'm happy that we did not stay."

In response to General Eisenhower's request, Congress named twelve members, six from the Senate and six from the House with Senator Alben Barkley of Kentucky as chairman, to observe for themselves Hitler's inhumanity and bestiality. The Congressional report, dated May 16, 1945, records in detail their findings of the atrocities of Buchenwald, Dachau and also Nordhausen. The committee described the Nazi process as "no less than organized crime against civilization and humanity." The final words of the report summarized what the members of Congress saw: the "sickening spectacles of the degradation to which human beings have been subjected." When I later discussed the report with Senator Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, one of those who went to the three death camps, he emphasized how important it was for the Senators and representatives to see for themselves the brutality, the horror of the death camps.

Why had I not known the truth earlier? Of course, I had been aware of public events, some of which had happened long before I entered the Army. Following the 1929 German economic crisis, the Nazis won over a hundred seats in the Reichstag and began boycotting Jewish shops and manning armed guards outside them. By 1932, the Nazis had more than doubled their Reichstag membership. In January 1933 Hitler became Chancellor of Germany, and the reign of terror against Jews and his political opponents began, including individual murders. By the end of that July, the Nazis had over 90 percent of the votes in the Reichstag and had strengthened their single-party rule. Hitler's *Mein Kampf* and the writings of Alfred Rosenberg emphasized the Nazi goal of eliminating Jews from German life. While "Death to the Jews" became a slogan, part of Julius Streicher's series of anti-Semitic outrages and calls to violence seemed to be the expression of a madman. But even the so-called good German agencies and institutions joined with the Nazis in the transfer of Jews. Everything seemed to lead to enlarged ghettos and degradation. In September 1935 came the anti-Semitic Reichstag–Nuremberg Laws, which classified Jews into degrees of "mongrels" depending on the number of Jewish grandparents they had. "Aryanization" of businesses and professions increased, usually through sales brought about by violence or theft. But by 1938,

only a third of the Jews had left Germany.

And I have always remembered the German-Jewish boys and girls brought in by Youth Aliyah whom Selma and I had met in Palestine in 1935 and the refugees in Switzerland on Yom Kippur in 1937 hungry for visas.

At the Evian Conference in 1938, the great powers had shown that they were unwilling to become involved, and *Anschluss* with Austria that year brought some 200,000 additional Jews under Nazi control. On November 7, 1938, a young Jew, Herschel Grynszpan, killed a German embassy official in Paris in revenge for what the Nazis had done to his parents. They had been shipped to their deaths. Two days later, on Kristallnacht, as reprisal (so it was claimed), the SS and Nazi mobs attacked Jewish homes and murdered some occupants, destroying some seven thousand stores and shops and hundreds of synagogues in Germany and Austria. They rounded up over twenty-five thousand "comfortable" and "middle-class" Jews, and forced them into concentration camps, and then imposed a billion mark fine. After the Munich agreement, when Chamberlain brought "peace in our time," the Sudetenland became part of the Reich. In early 1939, Czechoslovakia was divided up, and huge areas became German protectorates. When World War II began with the German invasion of Poland on September 1, 1939, there were still some 400,000 Jews under the Nazis, despite a huge exodus. But there was not a hint of the mass murders of six million Jews.

Most of Central and Eastern Europe followed the Nazi lead, especially Poland and Hungary. The partition of Poland between the Reich and the USSR after the Nazi invasion brought another two million Jews under Nazi rule, and the use of yellow badges to identify Jews (copied from medieval outrages) became commonplace. Jews were forced into areas specifically designated as ghettos. As the Scandinavian countries (except neutral Sweden and the Danish Jews rescued there), the lowlands of Belgium and Holland, and eventually France fell, hundreds of thousands of additional Jews fell into the hands of the Germans. In France, I had firsthand evidence that the Vichy government was vicious in rounding up Jews, including children not listed in the Nazi orders, showing a special cruelty toward those who had escaped from Germany and Eastern Europe to find freedom in France. We knew that there had been mass attacks against Jews when the Nazis invaded the Soviet Union in June 1941. But we did not know of the organized, systematic, "scientific" liquidation being carried out that year in wide areas of German occupation.

And despite occasional uprisings, like that of the Warsaw ghetto, individual acts of heroism by Jews and non-Jews and even the opposition to

Naziism and secret fair treatment of Jews by some officials in Denmark, Holland, Greece, Finland, Bulgaria, Spain and Italy (there was no public statement from Pope Pius XII, although he saved the lives of probably two hundred Jews), Jews were subjected to violence and murder. But we did not believe, could not believe and did not want to believe, that the Final Solution meant total extermination. It was incredible that six million Jews were being killed in gas chambers, burned in crematoria, shot into pits and buried, alive or dead. We did not and could not believe that on one Yom Kippur in the Ukraine some thirty-five thousand Jews were killed by the Nazis, with the help of Ukranians, and buried at Babi-Yar outside Kiev. We did not believe and we were unable to believe that about the same number of Jews had been murdered by the Germans, with the help of Lithuanians, in a death area outside of Vilna (once called "the Jerusalem of Lithuania"), and that entire communities where Jews had lived for centuries, such as Riga, Kovno, Minsk and Bialystock had been wiped out. This, we didn't even suspect. We could not and would not believe. It was a monstrous, impossible, incredible lie–the wildest of rumors.

VE Day came and went, then VJ Day. And on August 27, 1945, back home, I had a reunion with my wife and our son, then nine, after two and a half years of separation. We had no communication except by letters, mostly V-mail (photostatic miniatures on special paper), and the three of us tried quickly to make up for the long, long absence.

For twenty years I did not speak or write about the death camps except to say that I was there. One night in 1965, Selma awakened me. I had been screaming from a nightmare: I saw myself heading the line at the entrance to a gas chamber near the crematoria at Dachau. Bodies were being carried out. My wife said I muttered words that sounded like *Sh'ma Yisroel.* She urged me to get some sleep and gave me a sleeping pill. I could not sleep, but she did. The next day at noon, my friends, Professor Harry Wolfson of Harvard, and his cousin, my physician, Dr. Harry Savitz, told me that I had to write and talk about the death camps. Professor Wolfson emphasized my role as a witness, and Dr. Savitz spoke of my health. That evening, my wife listened to me as I poured out those tragic memories. At times I had to stop, drink some water, wipe my eyes, fill in details and remember more. I have had no nightmares since.

I was a witness to the greatest tragedy known to humankind.

Photographs



Family portrait: I am seated at the front, age four; my parents are standing at top right, my paternal aunts top left. Seated, left to right: my paternal grandfather, holding my cousin Rose; my paternal grandmother, holding my brother Moses, who died in infancy; and my maternal grandfather, holding my sister Rebecca.



The Portland High School debating team that won the 1921 state of Maine championship. My closest friend, Moe Huberman, is top left; I am top right.

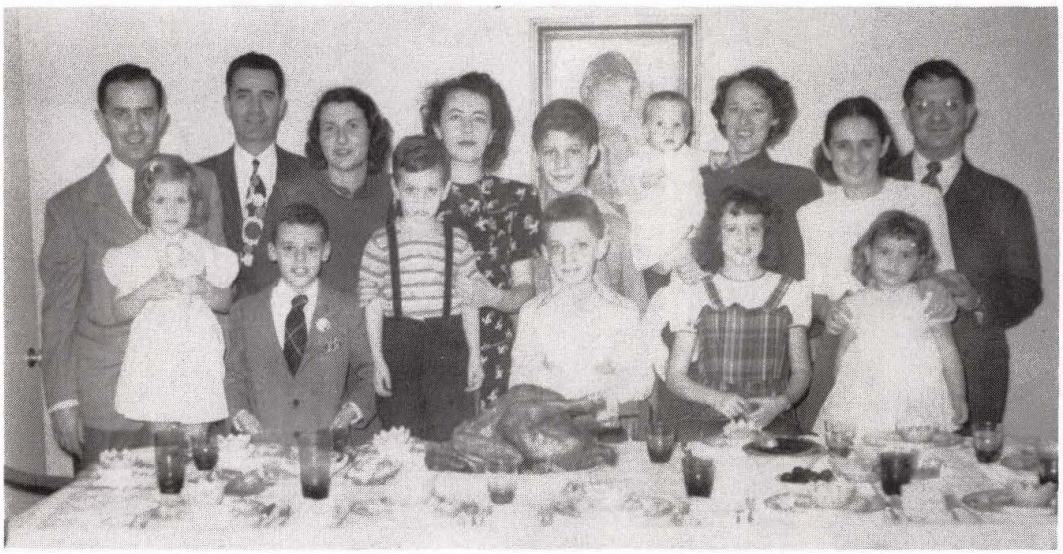


I pose next to my sister Rebecca.

(inset) *My Uncle Harry with his three nieces, Celia, Anne and Rebecca, and me. My Aunt Goldie is on the right.*



Dress rehearsal of Disraeli, *1929. Playing the Prime Minister, I expose the Russian spy, played by Miriam Ganzburg, Radcliffe '32.*



The Yesley family join us for Thanksgiving dinner, 1948. Back row: Shep, Julian, Barbara, Selma Yesley, David, Marjie (in the arms of Ruth), Selma and I. Front row: Nan, Mark, Joel, Michael, Louise Yesley and our Louise. The photographer was Herschel.



September 1, 1932: I propose marriage while Selma looks over her shoulder in scorn. The next day we were married.



Major Lewis H. Weinstein in 1942, with Selma and David (age six).



With Charles Leigh and driver Steve O'Brien, I celebrate the liberation of Paris, August 25, 1944.



I receive the Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre (with Palm) from General Revers, deputy to General DeGaulle, at Les Invalides, Paris, on Bastille Day, July 14, 1945.



Ohrdruf, Germany, April 12, 1945—the first death camp liberated by the American Army. Generals George Patton, Omar Bradley and Dwight Eisenhower observe a first lieutenant from the Fourth Armored Division (which had liberated the camp eight days earlier) describing a reenactment of Nazi torture. I was standing next to the photographer, identifying those present.



My family in 1952, when Louise was seven and David sixteen.



David Ben Gurion addresses a Hebrew College convocation in Roxbury, Boston, in 1951. To BG's left is Judge Lewis Goldberg, a Hebrew College trustee; to his right, two Hebrew College professors, myself, Rabbi Israel Kazis and Dr. Leon Medalie, Hebrew College's first president.



Robert Briscoe, Lord Mayor of Dublin, presents a Waterford vase to Richard Cardinal Cushing, while I look on.



I greet President-elect John Fitzgerald Kennedy a week before his inauguration.



As chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations and the National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council, I bid farewell to Secretary of State Dean Rusk before leading the group of presidents to the White House and a meeting with President Lyndon Johnson. Left to right: Rabbi Jay Kaufman, acting president, Union of American Hebrew Congregations; Yehuda Helman, executive vice chairman of the President's Conference (partly hidden); Rabbi Joachim Prinz, president of the American Jewish Congress; Adolph Held, president of the Jewish Labor Committee; Isaiah Minkoff, executive vice chairman of NJCRAC (partly hidden); Lola Kramarsky, president of Hadassah; and Label Katz, president of International B'nai B'rith.



(above) *Waiting to take off for visits to a score of metropolitan Boston Jewish communities, with Bernard Garber– but the helicopter wouldn't rise.*



Selma and I with Benjamin Ulin, president of Combined Jewish Philanthropies, at campaign closing dinner.





Selma and I visit President Yitzhak Ben Zvi at his office in Jerusalem in 1956.

(above) *A 1968 family reunion. Back row: nephews Mark and Steve Jacobson, son David, brother Sid, brother-in-law Bill Baren; front standing row: Sarah Blanck (the mother of my sister-in-law, Ethel), Uncle Jack Levinsky, sister Celia Jacobson, sister Becky Baren, Aunt Goldie Levinsky, sister-in-law Ethel Weinstein, Selma, sister Anne Tavalin; seated behind me are my nieces Jane Tavalin Shwartz and Nancy Tavalin; to my left are my nephews Peter and Jonathan Tavalin.*



After receiving a community service award from the Jewish Theological Seminary, I stand with (left to right) Ambassador Sol Linowitz, seminary chairman; Rabbi Gerson Cohen, seminary chancellor; Rabbi Israel Kazis; and Rabbi Eli Bohnen.

At 1964 Yeshiva University commencement with chief Justice Earl Warren.





Selma in Honolulu in 1972.



After being honored at the Harvard Center for Jewish Studies, I am flanked by Harvard Law School professors Paul A. Freund, left, and Alan Dershowitz.



Recipients of honorary degrees from Hebrew College in 1987: (left to right) myself, Samuel Schafler, president of Hebrew College; Abram L. Sachar, chancellor of Brandeis University; and Harvard professor Henry Rosovsky.



Mayor Jacques Chirac welcomes Bill Stephenson and me to Paris on the fortieth anniversary of Liberation Day. Admiral DeGaulle, son of the general, is at top left corner.



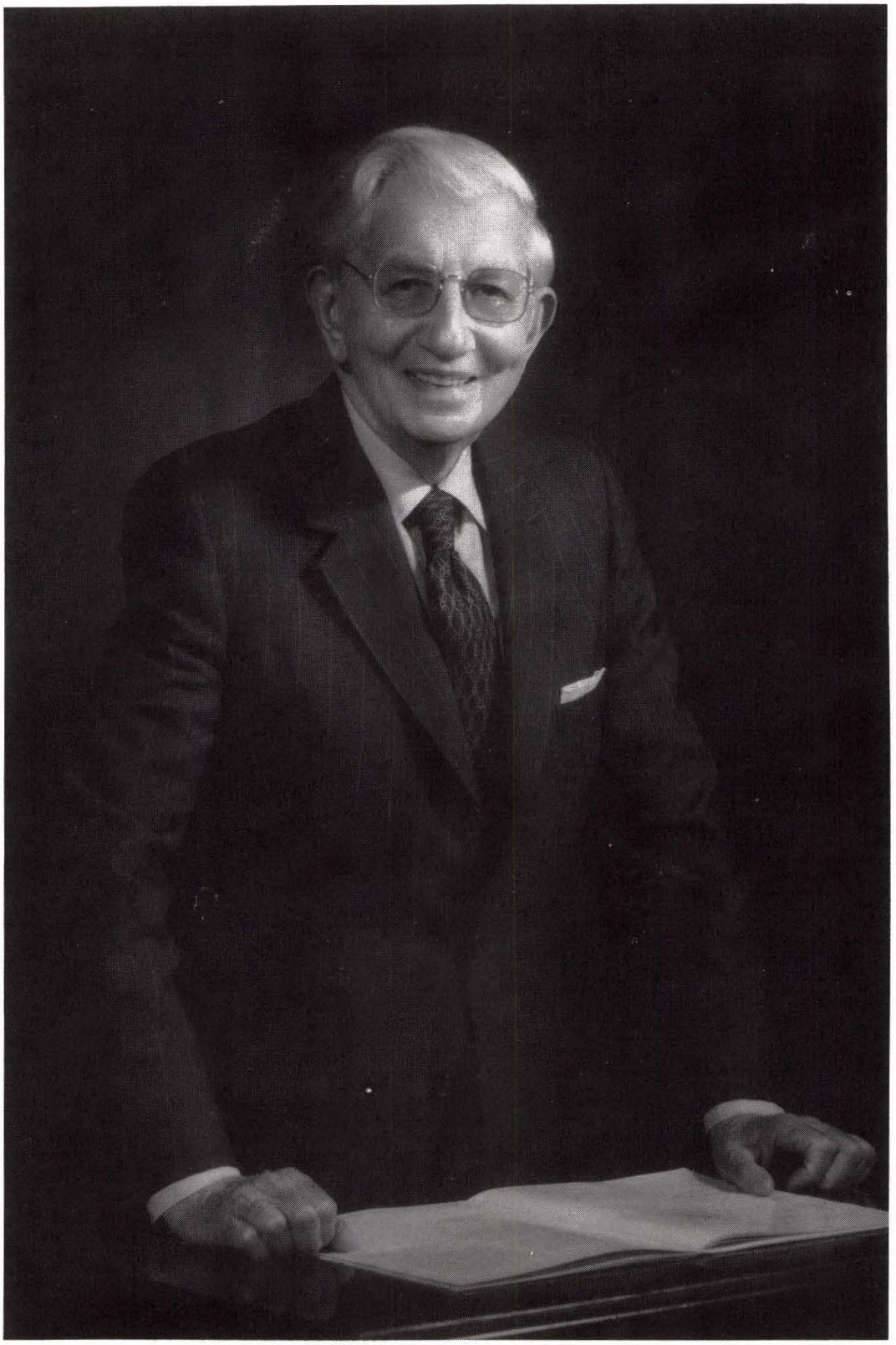
I embrace my friends Dr. Harry and Mrs. Beatrice Savitz at the Harvard Center for Jewish Studies.



At the 1972 Harvard Commencement with Herbert L. Berman, my law partner and friend.



Selma and I on our forty-fifth wedding anniversary.



Louis H. Weinstein at eighty.

Home, Sweet Home 10

On August 26, 1945, I arrived in New York after a long overnight flight with too many stops. I was returning home after two and a half years overseas with the Army. No one had been permitted to smoke and I rushed to a tobacco shop. In Paris, I had been smoking four packs of cigarettes a day (our ration was a carton a week, and I had to give up my candy and other rationed items to swap for cigarettes); my fingers were black. In two and a half years overseas I had gained over thirty pounds, munching and nibbling K rations (too much like hors d'oeuvres), especially during long stretches of work. I stopped short and thought to myself, "If I am ever to stop smoking, it must be now. There will be reunions galore, and I'll be busy. And when I've quit smoking, I can go on a diet." I was annoyed at myself for thinking about such mundane, even trivial, subjects being here at home, or almost home, at last, at long last. I have not smoked since I left Paris, and my weight also dropped and has remained at its prewar level.

My hands were unsteady as I telephoned Selma at Camp Modin in Canaan, Maine, where she was a swimming counselor and David a camper. When I heard her voice, tears flowed down my cheeks. It had been thirty

months since I had talked to her. Her voice was magic. The dark cloud that seemed to hover over me since April 4, when I was with the Fourth Armored Division as it entered Ohrdruf, the first Nazi death camp liberated by the American Army, disappeared temporarily. I was relatively free and I was home.

Soon I heard David: "Will you be here tomorrow night, Dad? I'm in the lightweight boxing finals." And I answered, "Of course, I'll be there, cheering with all my might for you at ringside. I'll see both of you tomorrow morning. There are very few planes on Sunday. I'll get to Boston late this afternoon and drive up to camp from Portland the first thing tomorrow." David, nine years old, sounded like a young man, not like the child of six that I had last seen and heard. And a recent photograph had shown him reaching Selma's shoulders.

I talked to my mother. One sentence still rings in my ears. She sobbed as she forced out the Yiddish: "I was sometimes afraid, Leibele, that I might never talk to you again. [I had not heard her use the diminutive of my name in Yiddish in many a year!] Let's say *Shehechiyonu* together." And then over the telephone we recited together the ancient Hebrew blessing expressing gratitude that the Almighty had kept us alive to reach this joyous day.

My Boston plane was not to leave for several hours and I had a telephone jag, talking with my three sisters (two in Florida and one in New York) and my brother (in New Jersey), their spouses and a few friends. My pocketful of coins needed constant replenishing. Soon, I felt as though I had never been away. The war, Hitler, the death camps, all seemed to have evaporated as though they never existed. I was home.

At the Boston airport I was greeted by Selma's father and her brothers, Julian and Shep (the latter just returned from New Guinea with the Navy), who reported the imminent return, also from the South Pacific, of Selma's middle brother, Hersch. The reunion at the Thanksgiving-like dinner at the home of Selma's parents was a delight. Julian drove me home to Brighton, and he gave me news of my law office and of my friends. He wanted to talk more, but I was exhausted.

Once inside my home, I looked around at the familiar rooms for a moment or two, saw little change and then went to bed. I slept from the moment my head touched the pillow until the alarm clock woke me at five. The car started easily, and I headed northeast to Portland, then to the town of Canaan, the ancient name for Palestine, which had its own Modin, home of the Maccabees. I had forgotten about ersatz rubber tires at home and had a blowout that could have been serious. I changed the tire and arrived at Camp Modin as the campers were finishing breakfast.

As I walked toward the tiny bridge leading to the main house, Selma rushed into my arms, and there was David also hugging me. The whole camp was my reception committee with a thunderous welcome, and I was greeted as though I had single-handedly won World War II.

David's activities and Selma's reduced duties gave the two of us time to talk and also to learn that two and a half years could not be condensed into a few hours. On the lakefront near a huge rock, we sat, looked at each other and spoke. Our love seemed even deeper than that morning when I had said farewell. That evening, at the end of the boxing match, the referee announced that all three votes were for David, and the camp cheered. When I told his opponent what a good scrapper he was, the boy shook David's hand and then began sobbing: "I can outpoint David most of the time, but tonight he could have beaten our heavyweight champ. It's not fair. My father didn't just come back from the war."

Then, with the campers and counselors, directors and staff around a huge bonfire, I reminisced about my years overseas, dropping the names of Winston Churchill, Dwight Eisenhower, Charles DeGaulle, Chaim Weizmann (Camp Modin had a special devotion to Judaism and Zionism), Pope Pius XII and many others. I described five exciting days: my arrival in North Africa, D Day, the liberation of Paris, VE and VJ Days. I could not get myself to talk about the death camps. When I finished, there were cries of "more, more." I raised my hand and said, "Enough for tonight; perhaps one day I'll put some of this on paper."

Selma and I spent the last few days at Camp Modin as it prepared to close for the season. When we were not together, she performed her chores, and I loafed, drinking in the beauty of Maine's lakes and forests. I had grown up in Maine, and I knew its magnificent coastline but little of its internal natural beauty. I tried to think through the next steps of our lives. Then, after a week in the Adirondacks with our close friends, Jule and Bea Stocker and their children, Selma, David and I returned home.

We had barely crossed the threshold when Leonard Kaplan (son of my old friend Judge Jacob J. Kaplan) called to ask whether I could pinch hit the next evening at a Bench and Bar dinner for the Combined Jewish Appeal. The scheduled out-of-town speaker had become ill and a good turnout was expected. I responded, "Lenny, I'm in the process of bringing my stuff into the house, after almost three years." Lenny answered, "I know that we ought not to impose on you, I know you have just come home, but we need you. Will you make it?" "Yes," I replied. "But call me tomorrow morning. I am in the midst of unloading the car."

As soon as I hung up, the telephone rang again. "Lew, this is Fannie Goldstein. I'm glad you're back. Will you chair the opening of Jewish Book

Month at the West End Library the Sunday during Chanukah?" Fannie asked breathlessly. She told me who would be on the program and repeated what I had heard her say many times: "We are the people of the book. Jewish books have to be given attention, and you've always participated in our work." She was unmarried and had dedicated her life as a librarian to the sole mission of preserving Jewish books and enhancing their significance. After several unsuccessful attempts, I finally interrupted her and said, "Please, Fannie, let me get a word in edgewise. I have just come back after being in the Army for three years. Chanukah is three months away. I can't talk to you now. I'll call you. Even better, drop me a note. I really have to hang up." And, after a few more speeches, Fannie ended her conversation.

Selma laughed: *"Es fangt sheyn on, veiter."* (Things are beginning again.) "Where did you learn such good Yiddish?" I asked. "Your mother told me that it was easier for her to write in Yiddish than in English. Of course, I knew the Hebrew script and her handwriting is clear. At first I had to struggle with the help of a Yiddish dictionary, but I've managed." I questioned her: "And how is your mother taking this? After all, she considers Yiddish a bastard language, although she'd never use that word." Selma answered, "I think she's getting used to the idea."

Soon David was asleep. I took the telephone receiver off its hook, then put an all-Beethoven program on our record player: the Fifth Piano Concerto, the Violin Concerto and the Ninth Symphony; then, as Selma nodded, I added my favorite, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, which I had once played to a recorded orchestral background. I don't recall the names of the conductors or the pianist; but the violinists were Heifetz and Milstein. As we went to bed, I told Selma that, after the initial telephone tumult, what a joy it was to be home, to relax together, as though there had never been a war!

Selma and I soon reestablished our personal lives. We were back with full programs of evenings and weekends with family and friends, plays, concerts, museum openings, meetings and a wide variety of other events. We discussed the burning issues of the period or chatted and made home movies. Every night we read stories to David and, after we adopted Louise in 1946 (when she was a year old), we sang her songs, including a special lullaby that I had written for her.

One evening a month was devoted to our Amalgamated Society for the Advancement of Jewish Culture and Ideals by Creative Writing Unincorporated, a temporary name I had suggested some twenty years earlier. A secretary's report at the next meeting used wild imagination as to what had transpired a month earlier and was a fanciful essay in itself. Fun and

learning were at the core of our Amalgamated meetings. We indulged in satire that was pungent enough to sharpen issues, but sufficiently gentle to avoid annoyance. The master in these fantasies was our secretary and poet laureate, Harry Fein, scholar, linguist, master of wit and humor.

In late 1945, Selma's father, who had been impatient for the return of his son, Herschel, from the South Pacific, was overjoyed with Herschel's homecoming. My father-in-law learned that glaucoma had destroyed the use of one eye and that there was grave danger to the other. Then he died of a massive heart attack. After the shock had subsided, Selma's mother came to live with us.

Our Brighton home soon became inadequate for the needs of Selma, her mother, our children and me. In 1948 we moved into a more comfortable apartment in a new residential complex, built by the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company in South Brookline (one of the results of my intensive efforts for new housing). Four years later, Selma and Barbara Yesley (wife of Selma's brother Shep) searched up and down the streets of Newton for suitable land so that we could build two homes beside one another. We wanted our adopted daughters, who were only a month apart in age, to grow up and play together. We found two adjacent parcels, tossed a coin to decide which couple would acquire which lot, and each of us ended up with the land we preferred. Then, with plans drawn by architect friends, the Yesleys built a Georgian Colonial and we, a modern, functional home in the Waban section of Newton, with a porch large enough to seat twenty-five to thirty people for a meeting or a party. Selma first cultivated a small garden, which developed into a group of gardens, with annuals and perennials in a wondrous display of colors varying with the seasons, flowering shrubs, wisteria, dogwood, azalea, rhododendron, lilac–even a silk tree, with the whole area enclosed within borders of evergreen, isolating us from our neighbors. And, in the spring, we had tulips from the bulbs which Selma had ordered from Holland in large numbers and in a rich array of colors, some of which were reminiscent of Belgium and the Netherlands. When the weather permitted, Selma worked in the garden from dawn to dusk. We added sculpture to our garden. Before long, when the number reached a dozen outdoors and even more inside, plus paintings, drawings and graphics, we installed a burglar alarm system to avoid another break into our home (when thieves had stolen some silver and a few pieces of jewelry, but not art).

We often vacationed on Cape Cod during New England's delightful summers, primarily in Hyannis, Chatham and in the nearby towns. When Selma sought relief from her various allergies in Nova Scotia, I commuted by overnight boat between Boston and Yarmouth. To escape from some of

the bitterly cold Massachusetts winters, we went south for a week or two, staying in Florida with my mother (until her death in 1953) and my sisters, Rebecca and Civie, and their families. We also explored the Caribbean, repeatedly visiting the three American Virgin Islands and their British counterparts, Virgin Gorda and Drake's Anchorage (formerly called Mosquito Island), Puerto Rico, St. Martin and others. We spent a half-dozen vacations in Mexico, where we soaked ourselves in the sun and in the triple cultures: Indian, colonial and modern, where we also acquired some works by Mexican painters (including Rivera, Siqueiros, Chavez Morado) and sculptors and some pre-Columbian ceramics.

In the winter of 1959-60 we spent six weeks in Latin America. Our first stop was Panama and we went south along the Pacific coast into Ecuador, Peru (where we hiked and wandered in the Andes at Cuzco, Pisac and Macchu Picchu, and acquired an Inca bowl) and Chile, where we again visited my old housing friend Harold Robinson and his bride, Ruth. We flew to Buenos Aires, traversed Argentina southwest to Swiss-like Barriloche, with the Andes (like the Alps) hovering over the lowlands, then to Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro in Brazil. We arrived at our Copacabana Beach hotel in time for Mardi Gras with its excitement and enchantment. Then we went to Venezuela where dinner in an army officers' club provided us not only with delicious food but with *turista* (gastro-intestinal disorders) and where the view from our magnificent Caracas hotel uncovered unbelievably ugly slums. On our way home we stopped at Dutch Curacao (which we were to visit again on several occasions). We took a number of vacations which lasted as long as six weeks: one swinging around in Africa in 1963, with Selma's brother Shep and his wife, Barbara, and another to the orient.

Much of my nonprofessional life has been devoted to Jewish activities. From my first day back home from the Army in 1945 until the present, I have been deeply involved in Jewish education and culture, the maintenance and enhancement of Jewish identity, the creation of the State of Israel and its relationship to the American Jewish community, philanthropy, social welfare and fundraising. I have involved myself in Jewish community relations, issues of civil rights, church–state problems and interreligious activities. The position of Jews vis-a-vis foreign governments, especially the Soviet Union, West Germany, Argentina, Ethiopia, the United Nations and the American Congress has also been a concern. Involvement with civil rights included not only efforts to eliminate discrimination against Jews–but against all minorities.

Ben Ulin, who took over as president of the Brookline-Brighton-Newton (BBN) Zionist District when I joined the Army, gave me a rundown of events, increased membership and the beginning of activities with the goal

of a Jewish state in Israel. A group that included Ben had acquired a building on Commonwealth Avenue near the Public Garden (which the Jewish Welfare Board had used as a center for servicemen during the war) and renamed it Zionist House, to be a center for Zionist activities. At his urging, I threw myself again into Zionist work.

On July 1, 1945, two months before my return from the Army, Philip Lown (who had been the leader of the Maine Jewish community before moving to Boston) met with a small group of American Jews in New York to hear the plea of David Ben Gurion for help to procure military materiel and supplies for the Haganah in the inevitable struggle with Great Britain and Arab neighbors over Jewish immigration into Palestine. Later, Phil, Nathan Friedman and his brothers-in-law, Dewey Stone and Judge Harry Stone, played key roles toward the goal of making Palestine Jewish and defending Jewish lives.

The United States–Great Britain Inquiry Commission for Palestine, which included Frank Buxton, editor of the *Boston Herald* among its members, began to hold hearings. A number of us in Boston began lobbying. Buxton's closest friend, Judge Abraham Pinanski, must have been a source of much information to him. In May 1947 the United Nations Special Committee on Palestine (UNSCOP) (appointed as a result of Great Britain's termination of its Palestine Mandate), commenced its investigations. A group of us in greater Boston rolled up our sleeves and went to work.

UNSCOP rendered its report on August 31, 1947. It recommended the partitioning of Palestine into three areas: Jewish, Arab and International. At the time, Palestine was only a fifth of the size of the Palestine of the Balfour Declaration of 1917 and of the League of Nations British Mandate under the World War I peace treaties. What had been the areas of three ancient Israel tribes, Manasseh, Gad and Reuben (sons of Jacob), and other areas which were in Solomon's Kingdom, had been given to the Arabs as part of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. In 1947 partition was reluctantly accepted by the majority of Zionists and by the Yishuv (the Jewish community of Palestine) on the theory that half a loaf (or even a fifth of a loaf, if even only a part of a fifth) was better than none. The next step was to obtain the approval of the UNSCOP plan by the UN as a whole. The UNSCOP majority report was submitted by Canada, Czechoslovakia, Guatemala, the Netherlands, Peru, Uruguay and Sweden with a minority report by India, Iran and Yugoslavia, Australia abstaining–or seven for, three against, and one not voting. The importance of the Latin American vote–then 40 percent of the total UN membership–was emphasized by the naming of three Latin American countries out of a total of eleven nations to UNSCOP.

Several historians analyzing the UN vote have concluded that the Latin American governments accepted the majority UNSCOP report at face value. Professor Howard Sachar, distinguished for his scholarship and literary ability, has written:

> Zionist pressure [on Latin American countries] was minimal. Nor was the intercession of the United States anywhere apparent in the Latin American stance. On the contrary, later, in April of 1948, when Washington proposed temporarily shelving partition in favor of a trusteeship, the Latin American delegates unanimously rejected the notion. . . Simple compassion for the displaced persons unquestionably influenced their decision.

But there was unofficial Zionist pressure of which Professor Sachar was unaware.

Brothers Dewey D. Stone and Judge Harry Stone, both of Brockton, played an immeasurable role in the November 29, 1947, UN vote, with the significant help of President Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua and with some assistance from me. The Stones were deeply involved in the secret gathering of arms and supplies for the Haganah, in preparation for the inevitable war which the Arab nations would wage if the UN adopted the UNSCOP report. Even earlier, in July of 1945, David Ben Gurion had come to the United States for funds and arms for such defense. Somoza may also have been helpful with arms, but he made a significant contribution through *sub rosa* diplomatic efforts.

Judge Stone had befriended Somoza during the latter's hospitalization at Massachusetts General Hospital. Somoza had been dictator of Nicaragua from 1937 until his illness in 1947 and was to become its ruler again from 1950 until his assassination in 1956. Harry and Dewey gave a large reception at Converse Rubber Company (one of the Stone enterprises) in honor of Somoza and his entourage. They presented each member of the huge Somoza family with sneakers, rubbers and raincoats all made by Converse for good public relations. When Somoza required serious surgery, Harry helped prevail upon an important Boston surgeon to perform the operation. Judge Stone also made certain that Somoza and his family did not want for transportation and other requisites during their Boston stay.

President Somoza gave Harry and Dewey the names of key figures in politics (delegates and other representatives to the UN) of each of the Latin American countries, their telephone numbers and information as to whether and to what extent they spoke English. This included individuals who had been alerted to the importance of a pro-partition vote by Somoza or others, and in which cases Somoza's name was to be emphasized and in

which it was not to be even mentioned. President Somoza said that there was no use talking to Fulgencio Batista of Cuba (who was bitterly opposed to a Jewish Palestine, with Cuba eventually voting against partition) and hardly any need to talk to Raphael Trujillo, dictator of the Dominican Republic, since he was heartily in favor. Somoza was also helpful with his friend Carlos Romulo of the Philippines, although the Philippines would probably have voted in any event for partitioning. Help–even from dictators–proved most useful. To quote from Cervantes' *Don Quixote:* "Give the devil his due." I recalled also that our American founding fathers accepted the help of money and soldiers from the autocratic King Louis XVI of France, and the name of a leader of the King's Army, General Lafayette, heads a proud chapter in the history of the American Revolution.

We made telephone calls from either Harry's or Dewey's home in Brockton (except for a period when we suspected that the calls were being intercepted or bugged; and then we called from the home of the Stones' sister, Evelyn Teplow, also of Brockton). For about a week, Dewey, Harry and I were on the telephone every day. Since my Spanish was fluent, I initiated most of the telephone calls with a few brief statements in Spanish, including reference to Somoza or some other Latin American who permitted his name to be used. If the listener spoke English or preferred that someone in his office who spoke English continue the conversation, I would introduce Harry or Dewey, who would take the telephone and give our arguments in support of partitioning and of a Jewish Palestine. Where the only person significant and available knew no or very little English, I continued in Spanish and made those arguments. In the case of the Brazilians (fortunately, since my Portuguese was totally inadequate for diplomatic purposes), the officials spoke good English and Dewey was able to use his effective arguments.

We did not put the specific question as to how the country's UN representative would vote, but in many cases, from statements volunteered at the other end of the telephone, we concluded that most of the Latin American countries would vote for partition. In about a quarter of the nations, the matter was still being discussed, but a positive vote was probable, and the remaining representatives talked but did not express, or hint at, any fixed view.

We were in continual communication with the Jewish leaders from Palestine at Lake Success. We knew that other intensive efforts were being made primarily through nationals of the countries who were favorably disposed to us. Even among Dewey, Harry and me, we had no way of knowing precisely whether, or to what extent, our lobbying efforts were productive. From several talks and scraps of information, however, we were certain we

had produced at least four affirmative votes from the doubtful category and had reinforced the positive approach of five or six others. We patted each other on the back—at least figuratively. President Somoza told Harry that he heard quite a few favorable accounts of our telephone activities.

On November 29, 1947, as we listened to the roll call at the United Nations, the votes for partition were thirty-three for and thirteen against, or more than the necessary two-thirds majority. Of Latin American nations only Cuba voted in the negative. Argentina abstained and all the others voted favorably. The United States, the Soviet Union and Western Europe (except for Great Britain, which abstained) voted for partition. All the Arab and Moslem states voted against. There had been last-minute problems as to how the United States and others would vote. Although the roll call was scheduled for Wednesday, November 27, 1947, a delay of two days was arranged because of the intervention of Thanksgiving. The two days gave supporters of partitioning enough time in which to strengthen ties and remove doubts. As Peter Grose wrote:

> When the Assembly reconvened on Friday the Jews had the votes and Israel had its birth certificate. A historic Thanksgiving made the difference. Dr. Nahum Goldmann, one of the members of the Jewish delegation, put it: "On what remote, and often irrelevant factors, historical decisions may sometimes depend."

The Somozas' friendship with Harry Stone and the lobbying by telephone of Latin Americans may have been another factor.

Our work within the American Jewish community for Jewish Palestine intensified sharply. Some of us were heavily involved in helping the Boston group, which had been sparked by Dewey Stone, Nate Friedman and Harry Levine to purchase and ship essential supplies (anything from ships to canned foods, from planes to artillery parts) to the Jewish population of Palestine and to raise funds for these supplies. Meanwhile, we also arranged for funds and other material help to *B'richa*, the Haganah-sponsored illegal or half-legal rescue of hundreds of thousands of Jews who fled from Eastern and Central Europe, crossed Europe to Mediterranean ports—especially in Italy—and crawled or swam into Palestine; many did not survive the strenuous effort or the British blockade or the sinking of rescue ships like the *Struma*. Dewey and Harry Stone had established a shipping company to transport airplane and naval parts, motors and equipment. Dewey called the company FTB Shipping Company, the initials of which purportedly stood for "Fight the British," but on occasion the first word was vulgarly changed.

On May 14, 1948, after Great Britain lowered its flag in Jerusalem, with

the city's Jews beleaguered, David Ben Gurion in Tel Aviv read the Declaration of Independence of the State of Israel. Although the Palestinian Jews extended their hands in peace and expressed their readiness to contribute to the progress of the entire Middle East, the Arabs attacked them from the north, east and south. The battle raged. On the same day, President Truman for the United States recognized, *de facto*, the State of Israel, the first nation to give such recognition.

My involvement in American Jewish assistance to Israel has continued from long before the day of its independence until the present. Congressman, later Senator, Jack Kennedy and Massachusetts Democratic and Republican Senators David I. Walsh, Leverett Saltonstall, Henry Cabot Lodge II and Edward Brooke were responsive to our requests for help throughout the years. When matters became critical, David Niles, special advisor to President Truman, who had been most helpful during the struggle for partition, independence and recognition, always took time to listen and to follow through. These were demanding times, with frequent absences from my professional work.

Later, when Eisenhower was President, General Robert Cutler, my longtime friend and former Boston Law Department chief, was special assistant to the President. He recommended the establishment of the Office of National Security Affairs (the National Security Council) in the White House, and he was designated its first director (a post later held by McGeorge Bundy, Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski) as Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs. He discussed his recommendation with me, *sub rosa*, and I helped with some of the language in the executive order creating the National Security Council. Occasionally, I came to see Bobby for help (which he sometimes gave) in connection with Israel's difficulties with Henry "Hank" Byroade, Assistant Secretary of State for Middle East affairs. Bobby arranged a daylong meeting for me with Byroade when I opposed American arms to Iraq and asked instead for support for Israel. (Byroade's and my talks were interrupted by his meetings with visitors, including a long meeting with the ambassador from Saudi Arabia.)

President Eisenhower would not listen to any requests by Israel to purchase arms, but he authorized the sale of weapons and materials to Iraq, one of Israel's most hostile neighbors. In 1956, when Israel, Great Britain and France joined in their plan to take the Suez Canal, and Israel successfully invaded the Sinai, Eisenhower was infuriated. A rare twosome, the United States and the Soviet Union, joined in mutual denunciation of the invasion and in their demand that there be complete withdrawal from the Sinai and Egypt. (Winston Churchill later said that he could not

understand how his successor, Anthony Eden, would have joined in such a venture with France and Israel without first having consulted with President Eisenhower.) Golda Meir was insistent that Israel remain until basic issues were resolved, but Eisenhower was adamant. My friendship with Cutler helped little. Although Cutler understood Israel's position, the President refused to discuss the issue.

Alas, I had many other frustrating conferences in 1956 with General Cutler, and some painful talks with Golda Meir, before Israel's reluctant withdrawal from Sinai and Gaza. These quasi-diplomatic efforts on my part were only occasionally successful, and only then in minutiae, but I had to do all in my power to accomplish what I strongly believed to be in our nation's, as well as Israel's, best interests. And I worked with a whole array of Israeli ambassadors and ministers.

Within a few weeks after my return home, my friends Dr. Savitz and Nathan Friedman invited me to become a member of the Board of Trustees of the Hebrew Teachers College in Roxbury. I was delighted to accept. Selma had been a student there until she began teaching Hebrew, I had been a Hebrew school teacher and principal during my college and law school days, and, before I entered the Army in 1942, I participated in some work for the college. I had developed a warm respect for its faculty, administration and students.

I have always had a deeply rooted conviction that the Jewish community has, as a top priority, the responsibility to support Jewish educational institutions at all levels, particularly college, and with the highest possible standards. My predecessor, Abraham S. Hirshberg, was elderly and physically handicapped. Moreover, he no longer resided in Boston. Dean Louis Hurwich, who had seen the college through the pains of birth and growth (and who devoted his life to the Bureau of Jewish Education and the college), was soon to seek retirement. The Bureau (through which the college received its community financial support) had not yet been reorganized, and was relatively inactive. The location of the college was beginning to undergo population changes, with Jews moving out of Roxbury and Dorchester to Brighton, Brookline, Newton and other areas in the Boston suburbs, and with blacks moving in. The college had little in the way of general community acceptance. Only a few stalwarts kept it alive during the Depression.

But the purpose of the college was important to a group of us, and the people directly involved, faculty, students, alumni and trustees, were zealous in their loyalty. Because I was too uninitiated to realize how much time would be required, I responded affirmatively to Mr. Hirshberg's request that I serve as chairman of the executive committee. Several months

later, I was elected president.

The college promptly obtained approval of its request to establish a fund for endowment and building purposes, and our first substantial gift came from Nathan and Sadie Friedman. Property of the Gordon College of Theology and Missions in Brookline became available to us (because of that college's move to northeastern Massachusetts). Its building once had been a mansion and its grounds were beautiful and sufficient later to add a large building for an assembly hall and classrooms. The Friedmans and members of their families, especially Sadie's brothers Dewey and Judge Stone, and Abraham Hirshberg, made the acquisition financially possible.

We had an uphill battle getting the approval of the Boston Federation, the Associated Jewish Philanthropies (AJP), for the move from Roxbury. The staffs of the AJP and the Bureau of Jewish Education were unanimously opposed, because they claimed our move would pronounce doom on the Roxbury Jewish community and accelerate its demise. I countered with charts based on my studies for the National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council (NJCRAC) which were published in a booklet titled *Changing Neighborhoods.* These studies showed in detail how a neighborhood, in five years, could change from predominantly white to considerably black and that the inevitable future was a completely or very heavily black area. My charts showed the specific area (including the Roxbury site of the Hebrew College) as it then existed, what its condition had been five years earlier and how it would look five years later, applying development standards I had helped establish at various other local areas through our national study. We agreed to maintain our Roxbury building with a reduced staff, so long as there was need for its use by residents of Roxbury and Dorchester. The AJP board voted approval of the new site. We closed our Roxbury school in a year and sold the building to Freedom House, a black community social agency (which was heavily supported by Jews).

In early 1947 Dean Louis Hurwich, who had been director of the Bureau of Jewish Education and a founder of the college, requested retirement after having suffered several illnesses. We did not have to search far to select another dean. Dr. Eisig Silberschlag had begun teaching at the college in 1931 and had been named Professor of Hebrew Literature in 1944. As dean he was the synthesis of scholar, teacher, prize-winning poet and translator into Hebrew of Aristophanes' plays. We became intimate friends.

With a new dean, a new home in a beautiful location, easily accessible to the greater Boston Jewish community, and the new status as a direct beneficiary of AJP, the prospects for the college were bright. In the seven years of my presidency, from 1946 to 1953, the college grew from a registration of 167 to 308. My rabbi, Louis M. Epstein, bequeathed his entire

library of several thousand volumes, some of them rare, to the college. Its library of Judaica in the early fifties became the third largest in New England, exceeded only by the libraries of Harvard and Yale. David Ben Gurion, Prime Minister of Israel, shepherded by his secretary, Ralph Goldman, a college alumnus, visited the college in May 1951, and described it as "one of the most precious miracles in our history." Professor Morris Schwabe, former rector of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, called the college "a Hebrew fortress, influencing the community with the highest of Jewish standards." During the thirtieth anniversary convocation in the early fifties in the Nathan H. and Sadie H. Friedman Building, the college awarded its first two graduate degrees, Masters of Hebrew Literature, to Arnold Band and Isadore Twersky. Two others, David Weinstein and Walter Ackerman, received their masters a year later. All four were awarded doctorates by Harvard, and had been trotted out to impress BG.

BG had been amazed by the brilliance of Dean Silberschlag and the fluency in Hebrew of the four students. Each of those four has since achieved high distinction in academia: Isadore Twersky is successor to Harry A. Wolfson, Nathan Littauer Professor at Harvard, and is the director of the Harvard Center for Jewish Studies; Arnold Band is Professor of Hebrew and Comparative Literature at UCLA; David Weinstein has served as president of Spertus Hebrew College in Chicago and as director of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council; and Walter Ackerman is Dean of the School of Education at Ben Gurion University in Israel.

One of the collateral benefits of my seven-year presidency of Hebrew Teachers College was to re-acquire some of my Hebrew knowledge, just as in recent years my friendship with the Yiddish writer Chaim Grade, and my desire to read his novels and poems in the original, were the necessary spark for me to relearn Yiddish–a language in which I had been fluent before college.

Phil Lown and I were involved in numerous Jewish causes, including Jewish education at the national level and his campaign chairmanship of the Boston Combined Jewish Appeal in 1956, when I was its president. When he was about to complete his tenth year as president of the American Association for Jewish Education, he told me that its nominating committee wanted me to be his successor. I had been its vice president and a fellow, but the pressures of other community commitments and my professional work forced me to decline.

Ben Ulin also urged me to become active in both the Associated Jewish Philanthropies and its fundraising arm, CJA. In my first 1945 fundraising speech for the CJA, I described my personal experience with the displaced persons camps in Europe and my involvement in the efforts of survivors of

the Holocaust, whose uppermost desires were for visas and transportation to Palestine. (It took me two decades to get myself to describe the liberation of the death camps and what I had witnessed at Ohrdruf, Buchenwald and Dachau in April 1945.)

The AJP, which came into being in 1895, was the first philanthropic federation, Jewish or non-Jewish, in our country (predecessor of all Jewish federations, the United Way and community fund groups). In the CJA, I worked closely with Herman Gilman, a small dynamo who moved audiences to tears, chairman of the 1948 Boston campaign which raised eight and a half million dollars and sparked national efforts for the United Jewish Appeal. From making speeches and my activities in the lawyers' and other professional and business teams, I helped develop the metropolitan areas around Boston into integral parts of the Boston fundraising and community planning efforts.

When I was elected president of the CJA, I was also a vice president of the AJP. Ben Ulin, AJP president, named me chairman of a committee to prepare an account of the AJP's sixty years. We selected Barbara Soloman of the Radcliffe faculty as historian, and she wrote *Pioneers in Service*, an excellent volume on our Boston Federation. After a successful CJA campaign in the fall of 1956, under the leadership of the multifaceted Phil Lown, the CJA agreed to change its fundraising campaign from the fall to the spring to avoid conflict with the general community's United Community Services (now United Way) which ran fall campaigns. In addition, we wanted to accelerate and intensify our efforts for Israel's health, educational and social welfare needs for immigrants, the old and the young, needs which were particularly acute because the 1956 Sinai Campaign, and its consequences, had sapped Israel's financial resources.

Both Phil Lown and I tried unsuccessfully to find a successor for him as the 1957 campaign chairman. One evening Phil (who was also my client) telephoned me to make an urgent appointment for the next morning at my office. At half-past-eight the telephone operator informed me that Mr. Lown had arrived "with an army." "How many in the army?" I asked. "About twenty," she answered. I went to the reception area and saw Phil and every past general campaign chairman and president of the CJA. I was greeted with applause, and it took no clairvoyance to recognize the obvious purpose of the meeting. Phil told me in our library conference room that a "no" answer to the campaign chairmanship was out of the question. I led myself to believe that I had no choice but to accept the campaign chairmanship. I received the assent of my two fellow managing law partners, Henry Foley and Garrett Hoag, for what was, in effect, a three-month-plus leave of absence. The efforts were intense but exciting, demanding but fun-producing.

Our second campaign within a single year (October 1956 through May 1957) produced more in contributions than the first. The total of these two campaigns had broken the record of the single 1948 campaign of eight million dollars by almost five million dollars. When results seemed to lag, we created a task force of experienced campaigners led by Joseph Linsey to bolster the particular trade or professional team. We named a Committee of 100, volunteers from the younger workers who would provide additional support for existing teams which needed manpower. The chairman of this committee, Norman Cahners, publisher of a score or more of trade magazines, and his wife, Helene Rabb Cahners, also an experienced campaigner, produced excellent results.

The star attraction of our 1957 campaign was Robert Briscoe, Lord Mayor of Dublin, who was with us on March 17, 1957, Saint Patrick's Day, and March 18, 1957, proclaimed by John Hynes, Mayor of Boston, as Ireland and Israel Days, respectively. Michael Kelliher (an active worker for good causes in the general community) and I were cochairmen of the joint celebration. Bob Briscoe, an Irish patriot, a devoted Jew, a master of brogue, blarney and brilliant witticisms, and his wife, won the hearts of all the Bostonians who came out to greet them. It was a joy marching with Mayor Briscoe and my cochairman at the head of the Saint Patrick's Day Parade in South Boston, sitting with Irish-American leaders at the dinner of the Charitable Irish Society and in pubs and churches, and laughing at Irish jokes with Cardinal Cushing, bishops and priests at the Chancery of the Archdiocese and Irish-Catholic institutions. (During the parade, one of my fellow marchers told me that an elderly woman with an Eastern European accent rushed up to Mayor Briscoe, kissed his hands and exclaimed: "A Jewish mayor of Ireland–it could happen only in America!")

We began our Israel Day with an early breakfast and ended with a near-midnight supper. During the long day, we visited every major Jewish agency in greater Boston. A picture of the Lord Mayor reading from a Yiddish newspaper to a bearded patient–with Mrs. Briscoe, the hospital general director and the Weinsteins looking on–was widely published. The Briscoes and the Weinsteins also visited the elderly at the Jewish Home for the Aged (now the Hebrew Rehabilitation Center for the Aged), Jewish women basketball players at a Jewish community center, and a packed Boston Symphony Hall rally with Briscoe, Danny Kaye, personages from Israel and Massachusetts, Boston political brass and national Jewish leaders on the stage.

The 1957 campaign was not always a bed of roses. The CJA was preparing for a change in its staff leadership. We had selected, on a tentative and experimental basis, a person who had achieved success in the management

of a national campaign but who seemed gauche when it came to local professional leadership. Our campaign consisted of dividing prospects into business and professional groups, into various sizes of prospective gifts and into area or locality groups. Two important fundraising dinners were unwisely scheduled to take place in adjoining large dining rooms of a Newton country club, one for the women's apparel team and the other for the shoe team. Large sums had been contributed in the past by each team, and it was unwise to have two such teams meet on the same night when all the campaign leadership, professional and lay, was needed for each of the two, and—even worse—to meet in adjoining rooms.

The speaker for one function was to be Rabbi Roland Gittelsohn of Temple Israel, a relative newcomer to Boston, a scholar and exceptional orator. For the other dinner, we had a last-minute replacement. At about four o'clock in the afternoon on the day of the campaign dinners, Israel General Chaim Laskov walked into my office. He was a husky young man in his late thirties, with a broad winning smile and a body like that of a football guard. He had been a tank commander and a hero in the 1956 Sinai Campaign and his name had become a byword in Israel. He had never made a speech (except to a military group), had no idea of what to say at a campaign fundraiser, and his English was extremely limited both in accent and vocabulary. My decision, with General Laskov's warm approval, was that he would make a brief statement of four or five minutes and that I would then ask him questions to which he could answer with a simple "yes," "no" or a number. I wrote out a brief speech and some questions. We rehearsed his statement and his answers over and over again. We were about to begin our program when we heard, as if from the same room, the introduction of the rabbi next door, the loud applause and the beginning of the rabbi's speech. The sound insulation between the two rooms was the equivalent of cheesecloth. We solved the problem by coordinating the sequence of speeches and gift announcements. When the spokesman in one room was at the mike, we were busy gathering pledges in the other room. And the general made a hit by his brevity and simplicity, warmth and modesty.

We met another "crisis" when Bernard Garber, chairman of our Metropolitan Division, and I decided that we would go by helicopter to each of the more than twenty metropolitan Boston suburbs on a designated Sunday. Our helicopter, in 1957 a fairly new means of nonmilitary transport, failed to function and would not even get off the ground. We arranged for a relay of automobile transportation instead. We were at an early breakfast in Sharon, rushed from one community to another and arrived after ten in the evening in Chelsea. We had thus made almost a

circle around Boston to each of our metropolitan communities.

The results of our second campaign during the Jewish calendar year 1956 were even greater than the previous late 1956 effort. Phil Lown and I worked closely together in both campaigns.

Phil discussed his various proposed benefactions to Brandeis University with me, he outlined his plans for its School of Near Eastern and Judaic Studies (which bears his name) and his Center for Contemporary Jewish Studies at Brandeis. I helped him implement some of those plans.

In 1954 the American Jewish community celebrated the three hundreth anniversary of the arrival of a group of Dutch Jews from South America who had been admitted to Harlem, New York, by Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch colonial administrator. Boston participated in the celebration with a series of events including a public function at the Opera House. Professor Leon Jick of Brandeis wrote an oratorio which was warmly received. Lee Friedman, Boston lawyer, art collector, philanthropist, president of the Boston Public Library and president and benefactor of the American Jewish Historical Society, and Abram L. Sachar, president of Brandeis University, both spoke movingly of what America had done for Jews and what Jews had done for America. Public officials, including the governor and mayor, spoke effectively, and I, as chairman, kept things moving for an eventful meeting. Several weeks later I was one of three hundred American Jews at a dinner by the National Tercentenary Committee.

In the spring of 1957, a number of events were significant to me. My post-World War II activities with the Armed Forces resulted in my becoming chairman of the Armed Forces Advisory Council of Greater Boston. After the establishment of NATO, its first regional conference in this country took place in Boston, where we welcomed military leaders from Canada, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Turkey and West Germany. Civilian community leaders had the opportunity of communicating directly with some of our allies. Shortly thereafter, the National Conference of Christians and Jews (NCCJ) called a meeting on housing and human relations for Northeast America, which I helped plan and organize. The Massachusetts Housing Council, of which I was chairman, played a key role in helping to obtain legislation to eliminate segregation in housing, followed by desegregation in employment and education.

In March 1957, Father Robert Drinan (then Dean of Boston College Law School and later Congressman), Harold Russell and I were appointed by the governor to the Massachusetts committee to conduct the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. We arranged a number of programs. On April 2, 1957, on "Brotherhood Night," I was given, as the Jewish nominee, the award of the National Conference

of Christians and Jews for Distinguished Service in the Field of Human Relations.

Presentation of the citation to me was made by Robert Mansmann, the Catholic cochairman (preceded by a fulsome account of my activities), who referred to me as "lawyer, linguist, mathematician, public housing expert, military liaison specialist, playwright, and community leader." My response included these words:

> From the 133rd Psalm comes the verse "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." We are here, not just to sit together, to praise one another on a Brotherhood Night that comes but once a year, to utter glowing phrases about mutual understanding under a spotlight—and then forget them. Instead, we are here to reaffirm our faith in the principle, basic to this conference, that brotherhood must motivate our thoughts and actions—not just on one selected day but every day; not just by lip service, but by constructive action; not just by dining together, but by working together for the causes in which we believe. We must not only preach brotherhood but practice it, as does this conference, with its year-round, ongoing educational program.

After referring to the recent appearance of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Jewish mayor of a Catholic city in a nation with a Protestant President, I reported on CJA's shift to a spring, rather than a fall campaign, to prevent interference with the Red Feather Campaign of Greater Boston's United Fund and to help meet Israel's extraordinary needs. I also pointed out a number of recent communal events that had the support of various religious, racial, economic and area groups in the recent NCCJ housing conference, in the coordinated attack on the racist McCarran-Walter immigration law, in fighting for equal opportunity in employment practices and in opposing discrimination and segregation in schools. I also pointed out that my law firm included partners who were Irish and French Catholics, a Quaker, Unitarian, Methodist and Episcopalian, as well as Lithuanian Jews and a German Jew.

For our 1958 CJA campaign, we were able to attract fifteen thousand people to the Boston Garden to hear former President Harry Truman—a hero to the huge audience, particularly for his prompt recognition of Israel's statehood on May 14, 1948, the same day that Ben Gurion announced the birth of the State of Israel. Louis Smith (who was to succeed me as CJA president) introduced President Truman. Smith had a warm empathy for Truman because one of his top advisors, David Niles, had been Smith's closest friend. President Truman gave a powerful message on the importance

of Israel's security to the United States, especially with the failure of the Eisenhower administration to take advantage of Israel's invasion of the Sinai in 1956 to help achieve peace in the Middle East. The ovation that Truman received must have broken all records for decibels in the history of Boston Garden history–except perhaps for certain Celtics or Bruins games.

Not all of my efforts for the CJA and the AJP were as much fun as the 1957 Israel Day with Lord Mayor Briscoe and Danny Kaye or Metropolitan Helicopter Day, but some were necessary to achieve a more unified and effective community. In 1960 a merger committee, of which I was chairman, joined CJA and AJP into a single Combined Jewish Philanthropies. We thus created a central Jewish federation. The federation has been an active member of the Council of Jewish Federations of the United States and Canada (serving some eight hundred communities) since its creation. As early as 1948 I had become active in the CJF and immersed in most of its activities. I assumed the chairmanship in sequence of practically all its committees, served as its secretary and vice president until, in Montreal in 1965, its General Assembly elected me president.

My fourth major Jewish activity, in addition to Zionism and Israel, Jewish education and the Jewish Federation for social planning and fundraising, was Jewish community relations. Within two weeks after my return to Boston, Ben Ulin told me that I had been elected a community member of the Jewish Community Council of metropolitan Boston. The Boston JCRC was one of eleven similar local agencies which met in 1944 under the auspices of the Council of Jewish Federations (CJF) with four other national agencies (the American Jewish Committee, the American Jewish Congress, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith and the Jewish Labor Committee) to form the National Community Relations Advisory Council, or the NCRAC (the word "Jewish" was added and the acronym became NJCRAC). This filled part of the gap caused by the demise of the American Jewish Conference, which had been stillborn a year earlier, largely due to the dispute over the issue of a Jewish state.

Ben told me that the JCRC had been formed following incidents in the Dorchester and Mattapan areas of Boston, where Jewish children were beaten. Instead of everyone and his brother rushing to the governor, the mayor, the police commissioner, hither and yon, they could deal with a body broadly representative of the greater Boston Jewish community, with some members representing all greater Boston Jewish organizations. The JCRC would deal with relations between Jews and the rest of the community on issues of security, anti-Semitism, interreligious activities, Zionists and non-Zionists. The JCRC was also built upon the basic concept that Jewish

community relations were the concern of the entire community, most effective with maximum democratic representation and involvement. Ben told me that the president of JCRC was Caspar Grosberg, who had strong ties to the federation and the community at large. In only a year the JCRC had clearly established its role and had won community acceptance.

"You belong with us," said Ben. I responded, "You know I have to earn a living, with a family to support. And I want to develop a law practice. I'm now head over heels into community work–even more than before the Army." "You'll do all right," Ben responded. "The community needs and wants you. And I'm as sure as I can be that you'll do well as a lawyer."

One of my early chores as chairman of the Committee on Equal Opportunity in Education of Boston's Community Relations Council was to prepare a classmate identification chart based on an analysis of each Harvard Medical School class during a ten-year period by a knowledgeable Jewish member of each class who identified his Jewish classmates. The period covered by the chart, ending about a year before its completion, showed almost a perfect horizontal line with no substantial change in the Jewish percentage of 5 percent. When I showed the chart to the Dean of the Medical School, he said that it was "incredible." He called in the director of admissions, who replied, in substance, that he never knew who was Jewish. "We never inquire as to religion," he said. I reported to the dean and director statements made by certain Jewish Medical School alumni. One had given us details of a conference with an earlier dean who had tried to dissuade him from entering the Medical School, stating that there were already numerous Jewish applicants and that one could never be able to do intensive medical school work while teaching Hebrew school to cover expenses. After a long wait, my friend was admitted, taught Hebrew school, and completed his medical school career with distinction.

Harvard Medical School had been unique among Harvard's schools for its limitation on the number of Jews it admitted, but its policy changed. The Law School, by contrast, appeared to have had a fully open admissions policy for students for many years, and its faculty, since the early thirties, has shown a sharp increase in its Jewish members. When I taught at Harvard Law School, I once took a count, and over 40 percent of the faculty was Jewish. Other departments of Harvard, particularly its college, and Radcliffe, have also opened their doors wide to Jewish students and faculty. In my own Class of 1927 of Harvard College, I concluded that some 20 percent of my classmates in our senior year were Jewish. And Henry Rosovsky, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences (who turned down offers of the presidency of Yale and the University of Chicago), aptly described the change of Harvard's policy toward Jews as "no longer at the periphery but

at the core of Harvard."

In addition to issues of discrimination, the JCRC dealt with a wide variety of problems, some with the Orthodox community. One night, one of the council members told me that the Vaad Harabonim (rabbinic organization) and the Vaad Hakashrut (organization for Kashrut, i.e. compliance with Orthodox dietary laws) were planning to picket the Statler Hotel because there was only one set of dishes for both meat and dairy products. I had met and greatly admired Rabbi Joseph Soloveitchick, the unchallenged leader of enlightened Orthodoxy (as the *Encyclopedia Judaica* describes him), who had declined the office of Ashkenazi Chief Rabbi of Israel and was honorary president of Mizrachi, the Religious Zionists. I telephoned him and he told me that he would look into the matter. We were able to get an agreement for a day's delay in the proposed picketing by the Boston Orthodox organizations.

The next day, a letter signed by Rabbi Soloveitchick was delivered to me, stating that the rabbi had visited and inspected the kitchen facilities and had discussed the matter with the Mashgiach (supervisor of Orthodox dietary observance). The hotel china was found to be highly glazed and the temperature of water used for dishwashing to be very high, meeting Orthodox requirements even with only one set of dishes. There was no picketing.

There were numerous individual issues which came to the JCRC's attention, some of which required bold action (to eliminate attacks on Jewish children for example), and others which could be handled with quiet finesse. In all these matters, the work of Robert E. Segal, JCRC director, was of invaluable help.

The NJCRAC had grown from its original four national members to eleven, by the addition of the three congregatioinal bodies, Orthodox, Conservative and Reform, three national womens' groups, Hadassah, National Council of Jewish Women and Women's ORT, and the Jewish War Veterans; and the local community members increased to 115, including every major American Jewish community. As an executive committee member of the Boston JCRC, I soon became a member of the NJCRAC executive committee and chaired its civil rights committee, dealing with discrimination in housing, employment and education. I also worked closely with Leo Pfeffer of the American Jewish Congress, a national authority in the field of church–state relations. My name appeared on briefs as *amicus curiae*, with him as chief counsel.

In 1950, the Large City Budgeting Conference (LCBC), made up of the representatives of the fifteen large Jewish federations, became concerned with the developing competition for funds by the national Jewish

Community Relations agencies, the Committee, Congress and the ADL particularly, and the interrelationship of local and national agencies. Ben Ulin was chairman of the LCBC, and, before long, LCBC, CJF, NJCRAC and its national and local agencies worked together to create the NJCRAC Evaluative Studies Committee consisting of some twenty individuals with Harry Barron of Cleveland as chairman and with Ben and me as members of the committee. We were able to select unanimously as the professional in charge of the study process Professor Emeritus Robert M. MacIver of Columbia, former head of its department of sociology. We worked intensively in separate sub-committees and in the overall committee for almost two years. When his report was issued, the AJ Committee and ADL (B'nai B'rith) dissented sharply. The MacIver report was approved by all the local and the other national agencies. The two dissenting organizations withdrew from the NJCRAC, despite the eloquent appeal of NJCRAC chairman Irving Kane of Cleveland. The two withdrawing groups opposed the MacIver report because, they claimed, it impinged on their "autonomy" and the NJCRAC should not speak with a single voice (even though one of the recommendations of the report was that each public statement issued by NJCRAC required unanimity; and that, in the absence of unanimity, the statement would be issued in the manner only of those agencies which approved). It took a decade of time-consuming and occasionally difficult consultations before the two agencies returned to the NJCRAC. I was chairman of the NJCRAC committee on the return and worked intensively with Alan Lowenstein of Newark, chairman of the CJF Committee on this issue, and with representatives of the two groups that had withdrawn.

The MacIver report, containing over 260 printed pages, still stands, after forty years, as a beacon for wise and effective intergroup community relations.

For over thirty years, the NJCRAC has produced an annual "Joint Program Plan for Jewish Community Relations" which is used not only by the national and local community relations agencies, but also by federations and other organizations in American Jewish community life. The 1988-89 plan covers some sixty pages of programs on the local, national and international issues that face American Jews, and is widely used.

Devotion to the work of NJCRAC is exemplified by the continued participation of its former officers and chairmen in its varied activities. At the plenary session in Washington in February 1989, eight of the nine former NJCRAC chairmen whose terms began in 1960 were in attendance. They had participated actively in all the annual and many more frequent deliberations. And several of its former chairmen have served as presidents of the CJF and as chairmen of the Conference of Presidents of Major

American Jewish Organizations and the National Conference of Soviet Jewry.

One of my first experiences in the Presidents' Conference (which I chaired from 1963 to 1965) was with Senator William Fulbright of Arkansas (then Chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee), who announced that the Presidents' Conference was being financed by the State of Israel and questioned its tax exempt status. I was able to refute his statement and report that our funds came from membership dues paid by our members. We heard nothing further from Senator Fulbright (now a lobbyist for Arab countries).

My chairmanship of the Presidents' Conference involved a continuum of international concerns: Israel and its neighbors, Israel and the United Nations, continuous efforts on behalf of Jewish minorities in communist, Arab and Latin-American countries, apartheid and relationships with South African Jews, and efforts to maintain Jewish religious activities in all corners of the world. We dealt with those problems with a minimal staff, and more often than not we helped resolve those problems. The Canadian Jewish Congress filled in Canada many of the functions of the NJCRAC, its national agencies and the Presidents' Conference in the United States. The Presidents' Conference also dealt with the World Jewish Congress, the Boards of Deputies of British, South African and Australian Jews and the Jewish Community Council of Mexico. I traveled to those and many other locations on behalf of the organizations which I chaired. On several occasions, I conferred with foreign heads of state when they came to Washington.

One of the institutions which I have tried to help throughout the last half century is the "Hebrew Rehabilitation Center for the Aged"; and I have served on its board of trustees since the early thirties. During the sixties, when it acquired the site for its present structure, I was able to resolve a zoning problem with its neighbor, the Harvard Arboretum, which might have precluded construction.

In all my communal work, I encouraged new young leadership and an active and equal role for women, the importance of Jewish culture (literature, arts, theater, dance and music), the enrichment of Jewish family life, closer rapport among community agencies and synagogues, respect for all facets of Jewish faith and recognition of Jewish observance by Orthodox Jews (so that, for example, those who ate only kosher food and performed no work or business on the Sabbath could fully participate). I also stressed the need for growth in our endowment funds, the unification of multiple local federations into one central local agency, and a community conscience, all with a feeling of belonging, caring and sharing. The federations in

Montreal and Chicago–along with Boston–pioneered in the merger of multiple agencies. I was led to believe that my speechmaking and organizational pressure had been of some help. I remember one visit to Montreal where I spoke to the boards of both citywide agencies, recommending a merger, and where I gave talks to new immigrants the next evening. I spoke in French to one group just in from Morocco and in Yiddish to another group from Eastern Europe.

On April 16, 1964, I addressed the biennial session of the Jewish Welfare Board. (The board is the governing body of Jewish community centers throughout the country and the agency responsible for meeting the religious needs of Jewish military personnel, including provision for chaplains, their assignment and supervision). My topic was "Lay Leadership in the American Jewish Community" and I told the audience that a speech which Louis D. Brandeis had given to the Harvard Menorah Society entitled "A Call to the Educated Jew," exactly fifty years earlier to the day, just two years before he became a justice of the United States Supreme Court, would constitute the basis for my talk.

In describing the Jewish community, I said that the Jewish feeling of community which Ahad Ha'am, the Zionist philosopher, and Brandeis shared is a feeling of belonging one to the other, and of being responsible one for the other; this feeling is based not only on common religion and common tradition but stems from a total heritage, including patterns of remembrance, attitudes, disciplines, each generating and stimulating its own individuality, and distinguishing it from that of its neighbors. I also pointed out that the Jewish community is not based on biological heredity or common faith in survival alone. It is also a consciousness of kind, a sense of identification and cohesiveness. I said:

> The choice of belonging or not belonging to the community is for every individual to make. It is all voluntary. We have no Kehillah which can enforce performance or provide taxation. And however diverse and disparate our religious convictions, ethnic ties, economic status, political outlooks, private views, public actions, Jews know themselves to be inexorably involved with other Jews in this kind of community.

I pointed out that the American concept of ethnic, religious and cultural pluralism acknowledged and sanctioned our affinity with, and our concern for, Jews in Israel and Europe. This included the Soviet Union, Ethiopia, North Africa, Argentina and South Africa and wherever there are threats to Jewish security, abridgment of Jewish rights or assaults upon Jewish dignity. I added:

> The American Jewish population is now almost entirely native-born, four-fifths living in our dozen largest cities, a large proportion of them university graduates, professional and business men and women, almost all economically secure, homogeneous and integrated into American life. Our sense of peoplehood and community has fostered participation and involvement–not just in giving, but in thinking, planning, guiding and acting in the interests of the entire community.

My talk dealt with qualifications for leadership, not the least of which is a certain basic minimum of Jewish knowledge. I described the self-dedication of Brandeis to the study of Jewishness, his reading of the *Jewish Encyclopedia* from A to Z and I asked, "If Brandeis, the busy lawyer, could thus prepare himself for Jewish community leadership, how can any of us respond with the question: 'Who has time?' " I described the need for integration of the young with the old, the fundraisers with the fund-distributors and the lay with the professional. Using the Brandeis listing of the four qualities for imparting and receiving knowledge–intellectual capacity, appreciation of the value of education, indomitable will and capacity for hard work–my talk developed each of these elements and then discussed the four conditions which Brandeis had described as innate in American-Jewish living and requisite for American democracy: a highly developed community sense, submission to leadership as distinguished from authority, relatively high intellectual attainment and an all-pervasive sense of duty. The four qualities and the four conditions of Brandeis's day were as meaningful in 1964 and are today.

The talk described certain events that had recently occurred as examples of the pooling of leadership, including the American Jewish Conference on Soviet Jewry. These were the community efforts which were the background for President Kennedy's decision to arm Israel with Hawk missiles and our coordinated efforts on behalf of the civil rights programs initiated by President Kennedy and brought into being by President Johnson. I said:

> A Jewish leader, to be worthy of that title, must embrace within the ambit of his understanding and sympathetic acceptance all of these manifold aspects of Jewish living. He need not be expert in all or indeed in any, but he must comprehend them all, recognizing and affirming that they have their place and play their role in the Jewish collectivity, which is itself a pluralism.
>
> Isolation is as dangerous to American Jewish life as it is to international affairs. Responsible leaders must not permit themselves the fantasy that all wisdom or competence is concentrated in themselves

> or their organizations or indulge in the vapid notion that the only problems that require solution are those affecting their own agency. A responsible and valid leader must be interested in K'lal Yisrael, the totality of Jewish life; he must be able to view the entire Jewish community in its proper perspective, the parts in their proper relation to the whole. And he must know that, around the common table, national leaders and local agencies, sitting together, talking together, working together, sharing their experiences, expressing their attitudes, giving one to the other, not always agreeing, but always respecting the others' views, will produce the best collective judgment for the entire American Jewish community. And he must know that the total, paradoxically enough, is greater than the sum of all its parts; and that all of us working together can do a great deal more for all of us than the best of any of use can be working separately.

I concluded with Edmond Fleg's poetic declaration *Why I Am a Jew.*

The chairman generously stated that I embodied all elements of the ideal community leader. I replied that I constantly tried to reach my goals, but that there was a great distance between my practice and my preaching.

But I was not always so serious. Fun has been essential to me. For example, in late June of 1964, at the NJCRAC plenary session in St. Louis, we dedicated our final meeting to the twentieth anniversary of Isaiah Minkoff's professional leadership. I quoted Emerson's lines, "There is properly no history, only biography." After sentences of praise, I said:

> But again to quote from Emerson: "Every sweet has its sour." Every plus has its minus. You are insidious: after talking to you, one hears himself uttering your words, repeating your arguments, as though they were his own. You are subversive: you give no honor to the status quo; you despise the sham, the shallow, the shoddy, the stupid, and the pretentious.
>
> You are a radical: you encourage experimentation and progress in the human adventure. You are radical, also, in the literal sense that you penetrate into the root of everything that is important and you reach the primary sources, the essential causes, the fundamental truths.
>
> You also inspire envy, envy at your dialectic skill. You plunge into a muddled debate, a befuddled diatribe, and with the *mot juste*, the perfect phrase (sometimes more than a single sentence or phrase), the precise precedent, you get to the jugular, you strip away the nonessentials, you set up, step by step, the irrefutable logic; and then you identify, clarify and convince.

> You are an intellect without pedantry, an optimist without superficiality. You are a *chochom* without *chochmos* (a "wise man" without being a "wise guy").

My personal and family life was happy and fulfilling. But we had some occasional problems with our children. Our daughter, Louise, had cried every night from age one–when we first brought her to our home–until after her bat mitzvah. We were advised by Dr. Greta Bibring, child psychiatrist and director of the Judge Baker Foundation, that Louise was not sick, but undoubtedly suffered from a very difficult first year, probably because of many mother surrogates instead of a single mother surrogate. Louise grew out of whatever had bothered her and has been a kind and loving daughter, a warm and dedicated wife and mother and an excellent human being, although she has always been shy and retiring. She stubbornly insisted on an unwise marriage, and then later told us that, although she was pregnant, she had to divorce her husband, a printer. She then married a toolmaker, now employed at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in its nuclear division. Their marriage has been happy. Her daughter, Karen, has been a joy. She attended a community college and is now an assistant in the registrar's office of MIT.

Our son David was a brilliant nonstudent. While a sophomore at Clark University in Worcester, he decided that he would join those who walked out of college during the student rebellions of the 1960s. He left for Mexico to start a "de-tinning" business, removing tin from cans and other containers, but we heard from him frequently and visited him in Mexico. He later returned to this country, learned some chemistry from my brother Sidney (who has a Ph.D. in that subject and was a highly successful chemical industrialist). David is now chief salesman and assistant sales manager of a sizable chemical company. His closest friend, Elizabeth Franceschini, is a vice president of Tiffany, beautiful, brilliant and caring.

The maelstrom of an active law practice, public service, teaching at Harvard Law School and MIT, sharing in the "passion and action" of my time; my heavy involvement in Jewish issues, local, national and international, continuous travel with speeches across the country all had me juggling many balls in midair.

Not one ball dropped, to the best of my memory–except on a few occasions with our childrens' problems. Suddenly, in June 1965, without warning, everything came to a stop. I was diagnosed as having a malignant prostate which required immediate surgery. Fortunately, my law work and community work had been adequately organized so that I could obey my doctor's orders.

The surgery had complications. Once I was near death, and my urologist surgeon developed cancer and died. New physicians had to be called in. I had problems with a defective catheter. (I recalled the Book of Job.)

There was a spell of recovery in late 1965. I attended the General Assembly of the CJF in Montreal and was elected its president, but a few months later, it was clear that I was not up to the task of being a full-time president. With the help of Phil Bernstein, executive vice president of CJF, and of other officers, especially Lou Fox of Baltimore, a vice president and my successor, the CJF performed in high gear.

Selma, cool and persistent, kept the family boat from capsizing. It was her inner strength, her calm disposition and her wise judgment that pulled me through a long period of hospitalization and recuperation that spread out over a year and a half. On New Year's Day of 1967, I was ready to take on the world.

John F. Kennedy 11

It was a late afternoon in early August 1946. The day had been sultry and hectic. I was juggling a good many public, professional and personal matters to prevent any one of them from being dropped. They involved my chairmanship of the State Emergency Housing Commission, drafts of proposed housing and urban renewal legislation, various cases to be litigated, help to Governor Tobin in his reelection campaign, presidency of the Hebrew Teachers College, Zionist, synagogue and other Jewish community and fundraising activities, civil rights work for the Jewish Community Relations Council and–above all–my family. With our newly adopted daughter, Louise, one year old, our son David, aged ten, and Selma, from whom the army had separated me for some three years of overseas duty, I had my hands full. I was beginning to wonder whether I had been unwise when I declined Dr. John Slawson's offer that I work for the American Jewish Committee as its foreign affairs representative, with offices in London, Paris, Jerusalem and elsewhere. But I never spent much time with such hypothetical questions. Any doubt disappeared in a flash.

Tom Eliot, who had become a partner of the firm two weeks before I arrived, walked into my office. He ushered in a tall, thin young man of less

than thirty, whose broad smile was captivating. "Lew, meet Jack Kennedy. He wants my old seat in Congress. See how we can help him." Tom left quickly, as though he had performed his stint. (Tom was a grandson of Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, had been solicitor of the Department of Labor and was the principal draftsman of Social Security legislation.)

With Jack were his companions, Frank Morrissey and Dave Powers. Jack summarized the status of his campaign, listed his opponents and told me he wanted a "smashing victory." He talked about himself and his book *While England Slept,* and he answered my questions with complete sentences and paragraphs, all in rich vocabulary and with a lively, witty style. I was charmed by him. He said he didn't need money but wanted as many contributions as possible, with no more than ten dollars from any person.

I told Kennedy that I thought I could help him with contributions and issues, such as housing and other veterans' matters, federal, state and local taxation, and various facets of domestic and foreign policies. I would also try to help him get small contributions. Did his district have any Jewish voters, for whom the freeing of the DP camps and a Jewish homeland in Palestine were key issues? He answered, "I don't think that I have many Jews, if any at all, in my district. But I'd like to discuss some Near East questions with you. I've already had one visit from a group of Syrians in Cambridge about Palestine."

When Kennedy and his two companions left, I found myself no longer juggling problems in midair. Matters seemed to fall into place, and I had a very productive evening.

I helped him in his campaign. I don't recall how many of the five- and ten-dollar contributors I got for Jack, but there must have been about fifty. He, Frank, Dave and others telephoned me frequently, and at the Kennedy ladies' teas Selma and I met Jack's mother, Rose, sisters Eunice, Patricia and Jean, and brothers Bob and Ted. Rose had an aristrocatic stance and a commanding presence, even though she was small–about Selma's height. She was a bundle of energy, wise and sharp, with a smile as broad as Jack's and a laugh as hearty. Rose regaled us with stories of years gone by when she was at the side of her father, John "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, as he successfully campaigned for Mayor of Boston and Representative in Congress and as he sang Irish melodies and "Sweet Adeline." Eunice, twenty-five, was tall, athletic, angular, aggressive and somewhat cool. She had perfect features and deeply probing eyes. Patricia, twenty-two, was alert and questioning. At the outset she appeared distant, but became friendlier as we came to see her more often. Jean, eighteen, was pretty and lively; she threw her arms around Selma. Bob, twenty-one, was generally silent in

company, but spoke out fully and articulately in private, with strong views on practically every issue. He rarely smiled and was always for the underdog. Ted, fourteen, was already as tall as Bob and still growing. He always volunteered to help and worked hard. He was particularly kind to our son, David. This was the family team, with Jack, Rose and Jean being at their peaks in charisma. Jack was clear in his thinking and precise in his answers, especially to specific questions. Not once during the campaign, nor any later campaign, did I ever meet Joe, Jack's father.

After a few weeks of campaigning, it was almost certain that Kennedy was at the top of the field of nine candidates in the Democratic primary. Powers and Morrissey told me how many flights of stairs they had climbed in Charlestown, Cambridge and elsewhere for Jack, and how many persons came to rallies and the Kennedy ladies' teas. The Congressional area had been re-districted several years earlier for an Irish Democratic victory—undoubtedly at the orders of James Michael Curley, so that he could get rid of Tom Eliot.

Kennedy's victory in the 1946 primary came easily. Two months later, he defeated his Republican opponent by an overwhelming margin. At the victory rally, Jack was extremely generous in his remarks about his supporters and singled me out. On January 1, 1947, I became a partner in the firm of Foley, Hoag & Eliot, and my efforts as chairman of the emergency housing commission and later of the state board of housing, although producing results, were consuming a great deal of my time. As a climax to my last week in public office, I planned a series of housing rallies, the last to take place in Faneuil Hall with freshman Congressman Kennedy as the main speaker. The commanders of all the state veterans' groups, constituting the Allied Veterans' Housing Council, were its sponsors. The housing address and another about a month later on Jewish Palestine won national attention for Kennedy before he had even completed his first six months in office.

On Friday evening, May 11, 1947, I picked up Jack Kennedy at his small apartment on Bowdoin Street, opposite the side entrance to the Massachusetts State House. I told him that I had just learned by telephone that Faneuil Hall was already practically filled. As we walked down Beacon Street, I showed him a telegram which the state commander of the American Legion had received that afternoon from his national counterpart. I read as we walked:

> The Massachusetts Department of the American Legion is ordered to withdraw immediately from the Allied Veterans' Housing Council. We are able to do all appropriate work ourselves and do not care to

associate with some of that council's members. You will withdraw immediately.

It was signed by the American Legion national commander. "The Legion, as you know," I added, "has been bitterly opposed to the Taft-Ellender-Wagner Bill and other public housing legislation. Several past national commanders were officials of the National Association of Home Builders or of the National Association of Real Estate Boards and are opposed to any kind of public housing." I also told the Congressman that, according to reliable reports, the Legion had not been too successful in making World War II veterans into members—but one couldn't tell about the future.

Kennedy replied that he had already been critical of the Legion in Congress and asked, "If I blast the Legion, what are the pluses and the minuses?" "On the plus side," I answered, "you're supporting a great movement. You've already thrown yourself into public housing. You'll have the crowd with you, those outside listening to the loudspeakers and many thousands who are not here but need homes and will hear you or read about you. A lot of young veterans have joined the Amvets, the AVC [American Veterans Committee] and other new organizations. The VFW [Veterans of Foreign Wars] strongly supports public housing. You'll get good press coverage. On the minus side," I added, "there are young veterans, though not too many, who have joined the Legion, and there are plans for a real Legion drive to get the veterans of World War II." Jack's response was quick and clear: "I've already criticized the Legion for opposing the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill. That telegram of today is a good starting point for what I want to say."

We had to force our way through the crowds surrounding Faneuil Hall. As Kennedy was recognized, his name was shouted and cheered. We entered and immediately went to the podium under the huge 1850 painting of Daniel Webster addressing the United States Senate. Each state commander was introduced and allowed a one-liner. I waited until the jammed audience became quiet, and introduced Kennedy with the brief statement: "Our fellow veteran and freshman Congressman, who has a great future ahead of him, John Fitzgerald Kennedy." The jammed audience rose and gave Kennedy an ovation. Kennedy quieted them with his hand gestures.

"Do you know what Lew Weinstein showed me as we walked down here?" He took the telegram out of his pocket and read it. "Do you know who signed the telegram as national commanders of the Legion and who his predecessors were?" "Who?" yelled the crowd. "Officials of the National Associations of Home Builders and Real Estate Boards, both opposed to public housing and the Taft-Ellender-Wagner Bill." The response was a loud

unanimous "boo." "How many of you need housing?" asked the Congressman. Practically every hand in the audience went up. "Will we stand for this nonsense?" "No," the crowd roared like thunder. "The American Legion hasn't done a damned thing for the American veteran since World War I—if ever," continued the Congressman. The crowd yelled, "More, more." Kennedy paused until there was quiet, gave a brief analysis of the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill that he was pushing, and reported the substance of the Massachusetts program that I had outlined to him. He was interrupted by another outburst. "I've got to be in Washington early tomorrow morning for an early vote," he announced. "Lew and a few of my other friends are walking me to South Station, and I'll get more details. We're in this fight together. We won't give up. And we'll build housing for veterans." Another ovation followed. It took a real effort to get through the audience in the hall and on the street.

Before I left Congressman Kennedy at the South Station track of the overnight federal express train, he told me that it had been an exciting evening and how grateful he was for the opportunity to speak. The next morning, he telephoned me from Washington. "Weren't the headlines great?" he asked. "The front page newspaper reports were amazing. I didn't know that *The New York Times* had a reporter there. Thanks a million."

The annual convention of the New England Zionist Region was scheduled for Boston about a month later. I was to book the speaker for the opening session. My discussions about Zionism with Congressman Kennedy had been brief. The Anglo-American Committee on Palestine and UNSCOP (United Nations Special Committee on Palestine) had completed their reports. Zionists had argued bitterly among themselves. The World Zionist Congress had heard hot exchanges between many a *Ja Säger* (in favor of partition) and *Nein Säger* (opposed). The latter insisted that Jews obtain all or the largest part of Palestine, and they meant Palestine as of the time of the Balfour Declaration. In 1923 four-fifths of the Balfour Declaration area of Palestine had been turned over by British Colonial Minister Winston Churchill to King Abdullah (grandfather of the present King Hussein). The area was called the Emirate of Transjordan—which later became formally established as the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. When it was established, Jordan was clearly "Arab Palestine." Ultimately, the Jewish supporters of the Palestine partition prevailed.

Several days after the Faneuil Hall rally, I telephoned Kennedy, asking him to deliver the opening address at the Zionist Convention. His reply was direct: "I'm afraid, Lew, that I can't make a pro-Zionist speech. I hate to say no to you, but I believe the Arabs have rights under the McMahon letters, and I doubt that Great Britain had the power to issue the Balfour

Declaration. In addition, I don't believe that a Jewish homeland can exist and be self-sufficient in a huge Arab sea." I gave him brief answers to his statements and told him that I'd send him materials on these and other issues, but that Zionism would be a significant issue for him and that a Jewish homeland was important for the interests of our country. I added that I couldn't accept what he told me as an answer. "Please, keep the date open, and your mind open, too. I'll write and talk to you further." I sent him books, articles and a letter about a dozen pages long; we had telephone talks during the week, and it was clear that he read everything in the big bundle I sent. He said he would be in Boston the latter part of the following week and hoped that we could meet for lunch. He was to bring Frank Morrissey and Dave Powers and perhaps one other. I could, if I wanted, bring some others with a like point of view. "How about a week from Friday at noon at the Parker House?" he asked, and my answer was an instant yes. Kennedy arrived at noon, loaded down with books, pamphlets and folders, followed by Powers and Morrissey.

At about twelve, nine of us sat down to lunch. Those with me were Benjamin Ulin, Morris Michelson, Hirsh Freed, the late Coleman Silbert and Isadore Muchnick—the last four lawyers and all active Zionists. Kennedy had prepared three or four pages of questions. We answered them. He raised one issue after another, usually with detailed notes in front of him. He had done his homework well. Didn't the McMahon letters commit Great Britain to the Arab claim to all of Palestine? Summarized, our answer was that Sir Henry McMahon had firmly stated that his understanding with Sherif Hussein of Mecca (in the post-World War I Kingdom of Saudi Arabia) did not include Palestine and, in addition, the Arabians (to quote McMahon) had not kept their part of the bargain. Lord Arthur Balfour, on the other hand, as Foreign Minister, spoke openly and officially for a united British war cabinet. What about the Sykes–Picot understanding? It was a tentative exchange between a British and a French diplomat, irrelevant to the Balfour Declaration—an exchange which became fortissimo, when it should have been pianissimo and stifled.

More questions and answers: "How could a Jewish Palestine exist with Arabs and the Mediterranean completely surrounding it?" Our answer was that knowledgeable Arabs, including Emir (later King) Abdullah at the San Remo peace conference, and Emir (later King) Feisal at Versailles, had already welcomed their "brothers, the Jews, back to their ancient home." And once Arabs and Jews talked together, strove together, differences would disappear. (How optimistic we were!) Abdullah's grandson, Hussein, now king, was present as a boy when Abdullah was assassinated. "Did Winston Churchill have the right to give four-fifths of the total area of Palestine to

King Abdullah as the Hashemite Emirate of Transjordan?" "Of course not, but one has to live in a world of realities and the Yishuv and the World Zionist Organization have shown a willingness to accept even a portion of the remaining one-fifth of Balfour-Declaration Palestine as a Jewish homeland." And so went the questions and answers.

At five that afternoon, only two of us remained, Jack Kennedy and I. Kennedy commented: "I've spent a lot of time on this. I read everything you sent me. The best single piece was Felix Frankfurter's article, 'The Palestine Case Re-stated' from *Foreign Affairs.* I'm convinced that you're right. I think that a democratic Jewish state is what America needs in the Middle East. I'll give the speech." "Great", I responded. "Shall I send you a draft?" "No", answered Jack, "I'll write the draft myself. I've concluded that I was wrong. Quite a U-turn—180 degrees! But you've really sold me. Jewish Palestine is a great subject for a speech. Now I'll have to telephone my Syrian constituents." He sent me his draft. By telephone, I suggested that he adopt some modifications; and he did.

On Saturday evening, May 14, 1947, Congressman Kennedy opened the New England Zionist Convention with his speech on Palestine. He read from his prepared text, stressing the international mandate for Palestine signed by fifty-two nations, and America's responsibility for leadership in carrying out that mandate. He did not mince words.

> Today the United Nations has before it the solution of the Palestine problem. It is my conviction that a just solution requires the establishment of a free and democratic Jewish commonwealth in Palestine, the opening of the doors of Palestine to Jewish immigration, and the removal of land restrictions, so that those members of the people of Israel who desire to do so may work out their destiny under their chosen leaders in the land of Israel. If the United States is to be true to its own democratic traditions, it will actively and dynamically support this policy. . .
>
> In August 1945, President Truman requested of Great Britain the immediate entry into Palestine of 100,000 homeless Jewish refugees. When the British Government failed to honor this request, the Senate and House of Representatives in December of 1945 voted a concurrent resolution commending him and resolving "that the United States shall use its good offices with the mandatory power to the end that Palestine shall be opened for free entry of Jews into that country to the maximum of its agricultural and economic potentialities, and that there shall be full opportunity for colonization and development, so that they may freely proceed with the upbuilding of Palestine as the

Jewish National Homeland."

He quoted from an early report of the American delegation to the mandate conference:

> . . .that there be established a separate state of Palestine and that Jews be invited to return to Palestine and settle there being assured that it will be the policy of the League of Nations to recognize Palestine as a Jewish state, as soon as it is a Jewish state in fact.

Kennedy's final statements urged that a strong and secure Jewish Palestine was essential to the security of the United States. As an ally, with the same democratic ideals as this country and with its dedication to social justice, Jewish Palestine would become a commonwealth which would develop into a "strong and decisive" ally. His speech also described the Jews still in camps in Europe–the remnants of Hitler's atrocities–as wanting urgently to go to a Jewish Palestine. And he declared: "A Jewish Palestine is required as an obligation under international law under promises made by Great Britain and the United States."

Finally, Congressman Kennedy announced:

> America's responsibility is to exercise its position of leadership, and give new hope and new heart to the fear-ridden peoples of the world. I support with all my energy a free and democratic Jewish commonwealth as an essential American ally in the Middle East with common ideals and in the security interests of our country.

He closed to thunderous applause and received a tremendous ovation, but beckoned the audience to be seated again. He ended with these remarks:

> I have failed to include a statement of what a Jewish commonwealth means to the Jews of the world. For two thousand years you have been praying to be able to return to Zion, every day and three times a day. What I have personally seen of the results of Nazi atrocities has left me outraged and also emotionally spent. Lew Weinstein has explained to me your profound emotional involvement; but he has also emphasized what I believe: that the security needs of the United States require our country to have a strong and democratic Jewish commonwealth as a trusted ally in the Middle East. And that goal will be realized not only in our lifetime, but soon.

It took a long time for the crowded audience to leave. On November 29, 1947, the General Assembly of the United Nations voted to adopt the recommendation of UNSCOP to partition Palestine into three portions, one

Jewish, one Arab and the third an international zone for Jerusalem and its environs. The Arabs refused to accept this vote and invaded the Jewish portion by armies of the Arab states on the north, east and south of Jewish Palestine. Ultimately, the war ended with an armistice, areas for Jewish Palestine having become greater than provided for in the UN vote, and the State of Israel was established on May 16, 1948, in Jerusalem.

Palestine and housing were not the only issues on which Jack Kennedy and I worked together. In Jack's next two Congressional campaigns, in his two Senate contests (1952 and 1958) and, to a lesser extent, in his Presidential campaign, I was active for him in fundraising and campaigning; I wrote drafts for speeches and parts of speeches (in the latter years with Ted Sorensen) and argued with Jack the strengths and weaknesses of different points of view. I helped with the investigation and selection of some individuals for public office. But the pace was uneven. At times months passed without any communication between us and at other times telephone calls and letters were frequent.

On September 12, 1953, Senator Kennedy married Jacqueline Bouvier. During their honeymoon later that month, he telephoned from Hyannisport to say that he was driving to Boston the next Sunday afternoon and would like to stop at our new home in Newton with his bride. "Delighted," I answered, and asked whether I might invite some friends to join us. His response was, "Of course."

The handsome and vibrant newlyweds arrived dressed in sport clothes on their way to pick up friends in Boston for a return to Hyannisport that evening. Jackie's long, dark brown hair set off her radiant face and sparkling eyes, and Jack proudly presented her to us. She was breathlessly beautiful, had a musical voice and obvious determination. She kissed Selma's cheek and then mine, and after warm introductions, asked Selma whether she might see the garden. Selma replied, "This has only been our second summer, so don't be disappointed." She then led Jackie and three or four other women, including Catherine Stephenson, into the garden. (Catherine and her husband, Bill, my old army buddy from North Carolina, were staying with us.)

Bill cornered the Senator and lectured him:

> I hear that you've become friendly with George Smathers of Florida. I know him and I don't trust him. Do you know how he campaigned against Claude Pepper and licked him? By double talk. Here's a gem from Smathers when he uses words that sound like others with a sinister meaning. Listen: "Claude Pepper is known throughout

Washington as an extrovert. If that's not bad enough, he engages in open nepotism with his sister-in-law. Besides, it's well known that his sister is a thespian in New York City, that city of sin. And before Pepper's marriage, it was common knowledge that he practiced celibacy. He's a real hot Pepper and a red Pepper."

As I was pulling Bill away from Jack, the Senator responded, "Bill, I appreciate your advice. But I think that I can handle Smathers. It's always wise to keep close to a potentially dangerous person–you can be in control over him."

When the women came back from the garden, Selma said to Jackie, "It's amazing. You know the name of each flower and plant." To which Jackie replied, "It's a beautiful garden." Selma then added, "Wait a few years from now until we've cleared more trees and added new areas, with pieces of sculpture. It's not a garden yet. It's nature with a sprinkling of culture." And Jackie answered, "I love that." Jack and Jackie chatted briefly with guests and soon left. Socializing with Jack Kennedy was rare, but always a joy.

In early 1956, the National Conference of Christians and Jews named Senator Kennedy and my old Harvard friend, Professor Harry Wolfson, as the recipients of the National Brotherhood Award. I told each of these two friends a great deal about the other. When I arrived at the reception prior to the awards dinner, there were the two of them, chatting away, beckoning me to join them, practically ignoring the others waiting in line to greet them. Soon came the third honoree: my friend and former chief at the Boston Law Department who had been responsible for my first Army assignment, General Robert Cutler. In June of that year, both Senator Kennedy and Harry Wolfson were also among Harvard's honorary degree recipients; and they were again engrossed in conversation at the lunch following Commencement and asked me to join them. In 1962 President Kennedy sent Professor Wolfson a seventy-fifth birthday telegram which Wolfson proudly showed to his friends. They were almost exact opposites in so many ways, especially appearance; yet the friendship between them lasted until the assassination. I had to console Professor Wolfson.

Domestic matters on which I frequently worked with Kennedy were primarily public housing, urban affairs, immigration, taxation, public lands and environment. In foreign affairs and security the issues were the United Nations, Israel and the Middle East, NATO, France and Algeria.

The selling of arms to Iraq and Algerian independence were important subjects during the Eisenhower administration. Personal visits, telephone conferences and memoranda on these topics flowed frequently between Senator Kennedy and me. Kennedy remembered that I had come to know

North Africa (mostly Algeria) and France firsthand. My correspondence with residents of Algeria and France, both military and civilian, showed that as many were bitterly opposed to Algerian independence as those who supported it vigorously. I was convinced, after much work and a long, hard struggle within me, that Algerian independence was the only solution. It was essential for French, Mediterranean and world peace. In one final telephone talk with me before he left for the Senate Chamber to state his views on Algeria, Jack and I had what was practically a mock debate: I was for the opposition and he batted down my arguments. Then I took Senator Kennedy's role answering his opposition. I told him that this was almost like the preparation for my last college debate or for my arguments at army staff meetings, but fun. He told me that it was more than fun. It had helped sharpen his views.

His speech to the Senate on July 2, 1957, supporting Algeria's independence was brilliant, bold, clear, scholarly, high-minded, but practical. Ted Sorensen played a key role in its final preparation, as he did in so many of Kennedy's speeches. Senators Mansfield and Javits gave him the opportunity to emphasize his position by appropriate, imaginative and compelling questions and interruptions. When support for Algerian independence came from Charles DeGaulle, its independence was assured despite the outrages it provoked and even the assassination attempts on DeGaulle by right-wing colonial opponents. General Pierre Koenig (who had been DeGaulle's deputy, then military governor of Paris) wrote me that the Kennedy address was magnificent and perfectly timed and a factor in DeGaulle's support for independence.

On Sunday, February 8, 1958, I received a telephone call to come to the Bowdoin Street Kennedy apartment for a "special job," which turned out to be the rewrite of a speech on the Middle East which he was to make in New York the following evening. As I entered the apartment, the Senator was talking with one person in his tiny bedroom, while others waited for him in the small living room. He handed me the draft and told me that he had marked several pages which he wanted me to check and rewrite, because of possible inaccuracies and a lack of clarity. I went into the kitchen, closed the door behind me and became absorbed in my task. After about twenty minutes, I had marked several pages of the draft with my suggested changes and additions on sheets of yellow foolscap. When I emerged from the kitchen, I found no one in the apartment. I tried the entrance door and, to my shock, it had a lock requiring a key to open it. I could see no way of getting out. Not knowing how long I would be confined, I telephoned my wife and told her of my predicament and the delay in getting home. I was finally able to reach the building superintendent by telephone and

convinced him that I was not a trespasser. When he opened the door for me, I showed him identification. I left the draft with my proposed changes on the table near the entrance and my note: "That's a fine way to treat a guest! Lock him in, especially when he's trying to do a job for you. This is like Edgar Allan Poe's 'Purloined Letter.' You didn't look for me in the obvious place, the kitchen."

The Senator telephoned only a few minutes after I arrived home. "I was in a stew when I thought you had walked off with the only copy of the speech I have to give tomorrow night. I'm terribly sorry that I didn't think to look in the kitchen. I'll read what you wrote and if I have any disagreement or questions, I'll call you. And, Lew, please forgive me for locking you in." Then he laughed that rich, hearty, contagious laugh. When I read the talk in the *Congressional Record* later, I saw that my suggestions had been adopted.

I received a telephone call from my secretary while on active duty with my Army reserve unit at Fort Devens in the summer of 1958. She read me this letter dated August 5, 1958, from Senator Kennedy:

> Dear Lew:
> Are you familiar with a Mr. Kivie Kaplan of Boston? I understand that he is a very active board member of the national NAACP. There appears to be a continuing personal and political vendetta directed at me by the national staff of that organization, and it will be very helpful to have a real friend on the board. Who do you think would be a good person to arrange a conference between Mr. Kaplan and myself? As always, my thanks for your help.
> With every good wish.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Jack

In a telephone call, Kennedy told me that Roy Wilkins, the director of the NAACP, had characterized a certain Kennedy vote as anti-civil rights and anti-Negro. The Senator was unable to persuade Wilkins to discuss the issue with him. He said that Wilkins was "as stubborn as a mule and has made up his mind that I am wrong, and that I don't deserve NAACP support. I've tried to reason with him, but he has refused to read the memoranda I sent him or to talk further with me. And he's all wet! I don't think there's a Senator who has a better voting record than mine on civil rights."

I told JFK that I knew Kivie Kaplan well, that he was active in numerous good causes, especially civil rights, and had established a life

membership fund for the NAACP. I also said that it would be easy to arrange a conference between the Senator and Kaplan. But I told him that I doubted the approach of "a real friend on the board" would be effective, despite Wilkins's respect for Kaplan.

I suggested to the Senator that a more productive alternative might be to ask my old Boston friend Arnold Aronson to intervene. Aronson was the number-two professional at the NJCRAC (National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council), and, as program director, he was deeply involved in civil rights activities. The NAACP, NCRAC, AFL-CIO, religious groups and other pro-civil rights advocates had created the Leadership Conference for Civil Rights of which Wilkins was chairman and Aronson secretary. Aronson was also an intimate friend of Wilkins. (When Roy Wilkins died, Aronson at Mrs. Wilkins's request delivered the eulogy.) In any event, I asked the Senator to send me the correspondence.

Copies of Kennedy's (but not of Wilkins's) letters came to me, and from them I immediately concluded that his relationship with NAACP had indeed reached a critical state. Two letters of Kennedy dated August 2, 1957, and June 13, 1958, were polite, the former suggesting "a closer working relationship," and the latter strongly opposing a Senate bill which the NAACP also opposed. The Senator's concluding statement was: "If the bill came to the whole Senate, I would fight it with the utmost vigor." But in three letters, May 6, June 6 and July 18, 1958, Senator Kennedy "barred no holds" in his outrage at Wilkins's denunciation, especially at the story by Wilkins that he had seen a photograph of "a smiling Senator Kennedy with his arms around the governor of Mississippi and I'm no friend of anybody who embraces that governor." Kennedy described the "photograph story" as "just not so."

The feud narrowed down to a single issue: whether Kennedy was right in accepting a legislative provision that a civil rights violator, who was being tried for criminal contempt, had a right to a jury trial. The Senator told me that he had relied on the opinion of constitutional scholar Professor Paul A. Freund that the denial of a jury trial in a criminal case would violate the Constitution, and accordingly Kennedy supported the provision. Wilkins felt strongly that this would be an "escape hatch" for violators.

I called Senator Kennedy and suggested that the feud could most likely be resolved by Aronson's acting as peacemaker and that I'd also arrange a lunch for Kennedy with Kaplan at a later date. A peace conference took place. Although I was not there, Arnold later described the "exciting game of chess played by two masters." Wilkins seemed to anticipate Kennedy's statements several moves in advance and Kennedy alternated dramatic surprise with persistent caution. Although both Kennedy and Wilkins

stuck to their guns, press releases quoting Wilkins's extolling of Kennedy's civil rights record became frequent. In one dated October 19, 1958 (just before the Senatorial election), Herbert Tucker, Boston NAACP leader and chairman of the Massachusetts Citizens' Committee for Minority Rights, quoted Roy Wilkins as writing:

> The Senator's record, taken as a whole, and including certainly his forthright and repeated support of the Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954, in the public school desegregation cases, must be regarded, as we said at the outset, as one of the best voting records on civil rights and related issues of any Senator.

Roy Wilkins became one of the strongest supporters of John F. Kennedy, particularly in the Presidential election which Kennedy won by less than one-fifth of 1 percent of the total population votes. And Kivie Kaplan, delighted with the turn of events, also became a Kennedy supporter.

During the 1960 Presidential campaign, I worked closely with the Massachusetts Kennedy group, and occasionally with the national committee staff, but I saw little of Senator Kennedy. I received some telephone calls from him and several letters after primaries. I was with him when he spoke to the nation in his election-eve speech and now and then I was called in for a rush assignment: talk to designated individuals, get specific prospects to contribute, write a memorandum, paragraph or special paper. I once suggested, in an attack on housing discrimination and segregation practices, that the President did not need new legislation, but that he could, by the stroke of a pen, declare the prevailing housing practices illegal. Candidate Kennedy included this in a speech, and it came back to haunt him later because of his delay as President in making that necessary stroke of a pen.

I received telephone calls or short letters, some in response to my communications to him, some spontaneous. For example, when I concluded my term as president and campaign chairman of the Boston Combined Jewish Appeal or when there was a newspaper article or the report of a speech by me, he wrote warm notes. On a number of occasions, he would call me about an appropriate anecdotal or historical reference. He tried a few "religious" jokes and puns on me, including one story in which Vat 69 (the Scotch whiskey) became one of the cellars in the Vatican, and "Ex-Com" (the short name for the Executive Committee in the White House during the Cuban missile crisis) was translated into an abbreviation of "excommunicate." I vehemently objected to the story, but he told it anyway to no unhappy consequences.

During the campaign, when he was about to speak to the Zionist

Organization of America, I suggested that Kennedy treat the subject of Israel on the basis of a broad national commitment. I recommended that this might also be the occasion to meet the opposition issue of his youth. He might mention, for example, that he was six years older than Theodore Herzl when he wrote *The Jewish State* and founded political Zionism, and that it was young David who slew Goliath, and that Jews had never considered youth as a barrier to leadership, or measured maturity by a mere length of days. (Later, Kennedy told me that a chuckle in the audience rose to loud laughter and then the audience stood up and cheered.) The same ideas and words which I had first suggested to him years earlier also found their way into his speech.

Before he gave his Houston speech to the Protestant ministers, I was shown portions of the proposed text, and I suggested that he eliminate the sentence which said that if there should ever be a conflict between Kennedy's conscience and the national interest, he would resign as President. I told him that I considered that statement to be one on which his opponent might easily pounce. The Senator said he considered it essential that the sentence remain; but he accepted a compromise—that he did not conceive any such conflict to be even remotely possible. My role, however, was not that of speechwriter as it had been in his earlier campaigns, but that of someone he could "sound off" to and try out ideas and phrases on. It is possible that I was not the only one who gave him the same suggestions. There was one basic speechwriter, Ted Sorensen, and he was a master craftsman. There were also others, who were competent and available, such as Arthur Schlesinger, McGeorge Bundy and John Kenneth Galbraith.

In 1960, while he was discussing some religious issues with me, Senator Kennedy asked whether there were any repercussions in the Jewish community because of stories of his father's reported anti-Semitism. I answered, "Of course. And some attribute pro-Nazi and anti-Jewish statements to him especially following his return from his post of ambassador to Great Britain." "Why," he asked, "haven't you told me about this?" My response was: "He's been keeping a low profile. And I always considered those reports irrelevant. His views are just the opposite of yours on key issues." Kennedy said that some of the stories he had heard were true and could be damaging. He referred to some unhappy incidents. He concluded: "He is my father and I love him—you're right. On many issues, he and I are on opposite poles. Some of the stories about him and the Pope are funny—though viciously so. One is about the Pope's moving into the White House on the day of my inauguration and, at my father's invitation, taking over. I'm grateful to you for the way you've reacted. I hope others will do the same. And I know you'll do all you can to neutralize these stories about my father."

During the 1960 campaign, my relationships with Bob and Ted Kennedy had become–and continued to be–frequent and intimate. Neither could equal the President in charisma and humor, but Bob could approach problems, especially those involving minorities, the underprivileged, the young and the aged, with deep passion and forceful action. Ted, whom I watched mature from boy to man, was extremely articulate. His capacity to analyze problems and to get at their core was extraordinary. He was constantly learning and eager for more knowledge. He rarely went home at night without two briefcases, and in the morning it was clear that he had mastered their contents. All the brothers shared these qualities. For intellect, I would rate Ted as tops. Bob was the greatest in his passionate, intense concern to change dreams into reality. Jack had outstanding charisma, warmth, wit, humor, wisdom and, above all, a masterful leadership and decisionmaking capacity.

After his election as President, Kennedy asked me to talk with him in the Carlyle Hotel in New York. He said that he wanted me on his "team." I told him that I'd take on any short-term or part-time job that he wanted. "Not even a top-level spot in the Justice Department, to help teach Bobby to be a great lawyer?" I answered, "No, Bobby will be his own best teacher." Jack asked, "How about being chief administrator of HUD? That'll be a cabinet department soon." "I'm really honored," I answered, "but the best man for that office is Bob Weaver. He's absolutely tops and you'd have a Negro in your Cabinet." The President-elect then told me that he was considering Senator William Fulbright of Arkansas for Secretary of State. "He'd be a disaster." I chose my words. "He opposes everything you stand for in civil rights. That appointment wouldn't sit well with many in this country. And what an image he'd create abroad! I don't have to tell you about his pro-Arab position." "I know," answered the President-elect. And I added, "There'll be a tornado of opposition to his nomination." (The Leadership Conference mounted a strong campaign against Fulbright. And some of those objecting became very vocal. Dean Rusk became Secretary of State.)

Kennedy asked me whether I knew Arthur Goldberg. He added, "Goldberg is being pushed by labor. I think he's a great guy for Secretary of Labor and has been extremely helpful." I answered that he was perfect for the job, even without the strong additional factor of labor support. It was a warm and intimate talk, and I was moved by his consideration of me. "I'll have to find a place for you," he added. "I thought of you as ambassador to Paris, but you probably can't afford it, and General Gavin can. And you want only a short, or part-time job." He concluded our talk with a firm handshake. "Come see me," he said, "and don't wait for me to call you." That was more easily said than done.

When I left the hotel, I considered what had just happened. President Kennedy offered me no post–nor did he press me on anything specific. He was merely sounding me out. Was he playing games at which he was expert? Was he testing me for reactions? I knew that, to him, fun was an important part of life. He was a master of stories, anecdotes, jokes, puns and games. He delighted in describing esoteric situations, unlikely denouements and mysterious developments. He liked to keep people, including large audiences, in suspense. Was he testing me? And why did I answer so negatively an interrogation which was purely preliminary? My answers, I thought, were appropriate. I believed that I could handle at least two of the posts of about which he spoke: HUD and Paris. After all, I had been Eisenhower's liaison officer to DeGaulle, and later chief of the Liaison Section of the ETOUSA. My responses were not due to my modesty, if any. I have never, as I recall, indulged in bombast or self-glorification, nor have I ever considered humility a necessary virtue. When the prophet Michah pronounced, "Walk humbly with thy Lord," he did not say or mean, "Walk humbly with thy fellow man."

My motives, I believe, were twofold. I did not want to be "chopped down." Kennedy was a consummate and astute politician, even with his closest friends and advisors. I did not want my expectations to rise sharply and then drop quickly. More important to me were my future and those of my wife and children. I had already given more than three years of my life to the Army, beyond the call of duty. But the aftermath of my Army service was, in effect, the need to start my life all over again, financially and professionally. If I were to try to return again after a stint of several years (whatever the number), at age sixty, instead of forty as in 1945, I would find myself back at the old status quo, or even worse. And I was becoming accustomed to the comfortable feeling of the absence of financial pressures, which had been with me throughout my boyhood and through most of the early years of my adult life. I also had deep satisfaction from my work and my community involvements. I would always be ready to do all I could in an emergency, especially if it was short-term. These may have been rationalizations, but they were my strongest motivations.

On January 8, 1961, the President-elect sent me a telegram at a breakfast arranged by the Jewish Community Council of Metropolitan Boston (of which I was a past president) on the occasion of my becoming chairman of the NCRAC (of which the Boston council was a member). The telegram included the statement: "I know that you will contribute to this important effort the same talent and ability that I have found so helpful. . ." The next day, I was with him when he addressed the Massachusetts legislators with his "City Upon a Hill" speech. He quoted from the 1630

sermon of John Winthrop aboard the *Arbella*, as it approached North America. "For we must consider that we shall be a city upon a hill." He was using the words of St. Matthew, and spelling out the meaning of each of the four qualities–courage, judgment, integrity and dedication. His speech continued:

> Today, the eyes of all people are truly upon us, and our governments, in every branch, at every level, national, state, and local, must be a city upon a hill, constructed and inhabited by men aware of their grave trust and their great responsibilities.

Eleven days later Selma and I were in Washington to hear his masterful inauguration speech. During the ceremonies that followed, although there was no real conversation between us, the new President greeted Selma and me warmly at one of the balls and several receptions whenever we came within his sight. Still later, the Boston Jewish community celebrated the merging of its fundraising organization (for overseas, national and local needs) and its local planning and allocating agency into the Combined Jewish Philanthropies. A telegram came from the President to me, in my capacity as chairman of the merger group, which read: "This merger marks a milestone in the philanthropic history of Boston and gives promise of even greater achievement in the future." He also expressed his desire "to pay special tribute" to a few of us who were active.

But these polite, graceful rituals were no substitute for the intimate discussions that the President and I once had. Telephone conversations and personal visits with him became rare, but the friendship seemed to renew itself whenever we talked. My work as chairman of the NCRAC called for occasional, formal meetings with the President, with Vice President Lyndon Johnson, cabinet members and others of the Kennedy inner circle. We discussed issues of support for Israel, treatment of Jews in the Soviet Union, Argentina and elsewhere, the German statute of limitations on Nazi crimes and other matters.

After a short telephone alert from Myer Feldman, special counsel to the President, I was in the "fish room" of the White House on September 13, 1962, along with twenty other American Jews, including two others from Massachusetts. The President gave me a bear hug, and asked me to see him in the Oval Office after the meeting. There was a map of the Mediterranean and the Middle East behind him as he spoke, giving a detailed account to the audience, frequently using a pointer to emphasize geopolitical considerations that affected United States security interests. It was a polished summary, without a note in front of him and with detailed historical references and numerous quotations. He made reference to his

first study of the situation fifteen years earlier and to his first pro-Jewish Palestine speech. He described America's need of Israel as a strong military ally, both having the same goals of peace and democracy, and the same ideals of freedom and justice. Then he stated that the United States would grant Israel's application to buy Hawk missiles, the first time ever our country was to provide arms for Israel. The statement occasioned an outburst of applause and a spontaneous, cheering, standing ovation.

Later, in the Oval Office, he told me that he was proud of the statement he had just made on Israel. The President said that it was a happy interlude and a respite from his "pent-in" feeling caused by the tremendous amount of paperwork, pressures for signatures and crowded schedules. Many of these, he said, were purely formal or nominal, but others required conferences or telephone calls. He confided how much he missed the chance to relax and chat, and also mentioned that he had just come from a NATO meeting, and was now overdue at a press conference. As he walked out with me, he asked me, whenever I was in Washington, to give him a "ring" so that we might see each other again soon. And as he rushed out for his press conference, he said—almost in a whisper—"We've come a long way in seventeen years," and embraced me again and as he walked away, he turned to me and said, "Life is full, and I love it."

Even in the earliest days of our friendship, John F. Kennedy liked to try out stories on me. Here is one which he later said he "had dreamed up":

> I was working away in the Oval Office when the telephone rang. I heard: "Jack, this is Nikita," and I recognized Khrushchev's voice. "You've got to help me. The Russian people are beginning to worship Stalin as he lies there embalmed near Lenin in the Kremlin. Find me a secret place in America where he can be buried and where no one will know about it. Please, Jack, say you'll let Stalin's body be buried in your country." I replied, "Nikita, I want to help you—but, you know, I had a close election. And I can't add another communist in America, dead or alive. Why don't you call Charlie DeGaulle or Harold MacMillan?" Khruschev replied: "No use. I already called them. They claim they have problems." "Have you talked to David Ben Gurion?" I asked. "I'll bet he'd let you bury Stalin there." Nikita called David and David said, "Of course, you can bury Stalin here. We'll bury him ourselves. Deep, deep down. And don't worry about the secrecy. If you want, let the whole world know about it. I just want to warn you about one thing, in this country the rate of resurrection is very high."

During June of each of the three years, beginning in 1961, President Kennedy sent a special message to me as chairman of the NCRAC for each

plenary session. In June 1962, for example, he sent a telegram for the NCRAC which stated:

> Your success in coordinating the efforts of national Jewish religious and civic organizations is of great importance to your local committees and to the nation.
>
> There is no effort too great and no task too unimportant if it helps us to achieve mutual respect between men of different faiths, creeds, color and background. Throughout the world, people look to our democratic ideals, but they also watch to see if our practices live up to our ideals. We are grateful for the work you have done. Best wishes for a fruitful meeting.

In my talk to that plenum, I discussed the favorable Supreme Court decision in the case of the New York Regents' prayers in the public schools. The court made it clear that such prayers in the public schools violated the First Amendment to the Constitution and broke down the wall of separation between church and state. I said:

> The decision has reaffirmed the role of religion in our hearts and minds without the intervention of political authority. . .The Supreme Court language against prescribed prayers in public school classrooms is clear and decisive; and President Kennedy's statement reminding families that they can pray a great deal more at home and attend churches with greater fidelity is indeed welcome.

When Pope John XXIII died in June 1963, as NCRAC Chairman, I stated that his death was a loss "not only to the Church that he headed with such grace, compassion and wisdom, but to the world. His eloquent pleas for improvement of conditions of life will long stand as a milestone on the world's march toward justice.

"The profound tolerance he taught for the many ways in which men seek to do God's will may point the path toward acceptance of religious difference upon which a world greater amity and cooperation can stand. We mourn his loss."

As I finished writing the text, I thought of the contrast between Pope John XXIII and Pope Pius XII, with whom I had a private audience eighteen years earlier on July 3, 1945, when I pleaded for the Pope's intercession on behalf of Jewish DPs in vain.

The President telephoned to congratulate me on my statement. He said that it reminded him of some of the lines in his Houston campaign speech before the Protestant ministers. "Keep using the good lines," he added. "I don't always know whether what I say on the big issues of life and peace

and democracy originated with you or Ted or me or someone else."

At the plenary session of the NCRAC in June 1963, I heard Roy Wilkins, one of its principal speakers, deliver an address on civil rights. His speech ended with the hope "that, as the Negroes win their fight, they will assume their full obligations as citizens and emulate the performances of the Jewish groups, so that Negroes like Jews will make their contribution to the arts and sciences and to the professions and to social movements." He also expressed the hope that the President would soon present a full message on civil rights. Following the NCRAC meeting, Robert Kennedy and I, with his and the NCRAC and NAACP staffs, worked closely to establish grassroots support for the imminent civil rights program.

Several months later President Kennedy assembled members of Congress, government officials, civil rights advocates and community leaders in the East Room to read them his significant message on civil rights, expressing the need and timeliness of the legislative program he was recommending to Congress. His message of June 19, 1963, was then referred to the Senate Judiciary Committee. The President was in top form and his presentation was one of the most effective that I had ever heard him deliver. Again, as NCRAC chairman I appeared before the committee and read a statement that gave our reasons in detail for full and unequivocal support of the President's bill. I read the list of the national Jewish organizations (then six, now eleven), including the religious groups of American Judaism, and over sixty local organizations throughout the land. All endorsed our statement. The bulk of my talk was made up of historical and moral reasons for our support. Some voices murmured that the Jewish support was based solely on selfish self-interest for their own status. I said that this alone would have justified our position on civil rights, but our support for the ideals and goals of the program was based on two thousand years of Jewish tradition, of human rights for all people, regardless of race, color, religion, national origin, including all "strangers" or "dwellers" in the land.

I concluded that Judaism includes human rights for everyone as an inseparable tenet of the Jewish faith; and that the American Jewish community's civil-rights stand can and must be attributed to ideological motivation rather than to any self-motivated Jewish interests. And I added that, long before the Jews thought of themselves as a minority, they conceived great ideas and ideals which embrace all of mankind, and that these ideas and ideals still impel the Jewish community to acts of humanity, decency and courage. And I pointed out that the Jewish stand on Negro rights constituted one of those ideas and ideals.

The President telephoned me with warm words of praise and thanks in

which he concluded: "You've used words like 'superb' and 'brilliant' about things I said. Your civil rights statement was superb and brilliant and reminded me of many of our civil rights discussions throughout the years. I particularly liked your Jewish references at the end. You never forget that you are a Jew." I tried to comment, but he continued to describe his feelings about my statement. He then told me that he had been delighted when he saw me in the East Room when he announced his program, and that he was sorry not to have had the chance to talk to me then. He asked how many local communities were then in the NCRAC. I told him sixty-six and he responded, "My, how the number has grown." I added that before he left the Presidency, there would be over a hundred. His assassination a few months later proved, if proof were ever needed, that I was not a prophet. There are now 115 local members.

In September 1963, I prepared a memorandum on the Soviet mistreatment of Jews, including pages of details for Bobby Kennedy, the Attorney General, and worked closely with him and his special assistant Milton Gwirtzman on that issue. When the President addresed the General Assembly of the United Nations on September 20, 1963, he again included a reference to that issue, and the commitment of all members "by the charter to promote and respect human rights." The President suggested that I keep in close touch with the Attorney General and with Ambassador Averell Harriman.

The statement on Christian–Jewish amity (which underwent long study by the Catholic Church) was presented to the Vatican Ecumenical Council. The final statement that the Vatican made public in November 1963 included the sentence, "The Jewish people are not to be blamed for the crucifixion of Jesus." It admonished the "Catholic preachers and catechists not to present a contrary position." In my press release, I included the following words:

> This statement has most significant and far-reaching potentialities for removing an age-old impediment to Christian-Jewish amity and will help to establish mutual acceptance and cooperation among men of goodwill of all faiths in the causes they share in common.

Mike Feldman called to tell me that the President had tried to reach me by phone to tell me how much he liked the statement, learned that I had gone to court and therefore asked Mike to transmit a message of congratulations. "Have you read my statement?" I asked Mike. "Who has time?" was Feldman's answer.

In November 1963, after our Housing Committee meeting, I met with the President and told him that I would soon take office as chairman of the

Conference of Presidents of Major Jewish Organizations. He answered, "Congratulations, Mr. President of Presidents or King of Kings of the Jews," shook my hand and laughed. I requested that he set up a conference with American Jewish leaders to discuss the growing intensity of Soviet oppression of Jews, the deprivation of their right to practice their religion and to instruct their children, and their victimization in obviously trumped-up economic trials with numerous executions. He interrupted my litany of abuses of human and civil rights to tell me of his imminent political trip to Texas (in order to prepare for the 1964 Presidential election). He suggested that I call Ken O'Donnell, his appointments secretary, to arrange a conference for about a week after his return to Washington to discuss the entire matter of Soviet Jews. I told him that no American President since Theodore Roosevelt had intervened with Russian authorities concerning the treatment of Jewish minorities. He replied, "Well, here's one President who's ready to do something." On my way out of the White House, I told O'Donnell about the proposed date. He took notes of the purpose of the meeting, proposed a maximum of twenty individuals for the conference, and asked me to keep it tentative until the President returned from Texas.

The next day, President Kennedy telephoned me: "I was up to my ears in work yesterday. And there was just no time to talk. I meant to give you a new photograph but it slipped my mind. I'm sending you the picture which shows my battle scars and wrinkles, although I don't see any warts. I'm not the skinny kid you once knew. In the picture, I'm looking upward, watching eternity. I hope you like it." It arrived with the inscription: "For Lew Weinstein, with best wishes from his friend, Jack Kennedy." Two days later, he was dead.

The assassination of President Kennedy on November 22, 1963, was a tragic personal loss. Selma and I were at the funeral, the moving services held in the Capitol and at Arlington Cemetery. President Charles DeGaulle walked with the delegation of foreign heads of state. He waved to me and later we talked briefly. He told me that President Kennedy and he had become close friends, and that his grief was profound; it was as though he had lost a son, he said. In a letter to the editor of the *Boston Globe*, I wrote that Jacqueline Kennedy with her streaming hair at Arlington Cemetery brought to mind these lines by Joseph Auslander:

> So there are no more words and all is ended;
> The timbrel is stilled, the clarion laid away;
> And Love with streaming hair goes unattended
> Back to the loneliness of yesterday.

Emily Morrison Beck, editor of *Bartlett's Quotations*, telephoned me. I gave

her the name and date of the volume that included the poem, and the lines have been in later editions of Bartlett's.

In the years 1946 to 1963, the deeply luminous qualities of the mind and heart of John F. Kennedy, his courage, his decisiveness, and yet his cautious calculation of the strengths and weaknesses of each major situation, his incomparable charisma, whether in person or on television, his loyalty and devotion to his family and friends, his almost perfect recall and his ability to talk and pay full attention to his children in the midst of somber and serious matters of state, all were etched in my memory. Some may have found "warts"; others may have serious faults or disagreements with his words or actions. He was obviously human, but I consider him one of the greats of our century.

There, in my mind's eye, spread out the crises that occurred during his Presidency, every one of which he met with resolution and gallantry, always with self-deprecation, wit and humor. His public denunciation of the steel companies' price hikes made them back down. When James Meredith was denied admittance to the University in Mississippi, he dispatched federal troops and marshals and Meredith was enrolled. At the beginning of his administration, in an operation developed under his predecessor, when Cuban rebels tried unsuccessfully to invade Cuba to overthrow Castro and were repulsed at the Bay of Pigs, President Kennedy publicly assumed full responsibility. When the Soviet Union and East Germany erected the Berlin Wall, President Kennedy showed strong defiance and the tension ended. When later in Berlin he pronounced the words: *"Ich bin ein Berliner,"* the decibel count of his ovation must have broken world records. When he was confronted by the Cuban missile crisis, after two weeks of tension, he stood fast, and gave the Soviet Union an "honorable way out." The missile bases were dismantled and the missiles returned to Russia. John F. Kennedy gave youth important roles with his Peace Corps and "New Frontier." Under him, NATO prospered and he won the respect of Latin America with his Alliance for Progress. He was composed, externally relaxed, articulate and charismatic. He was a young David who had overcome many Goliaths. He always had charm and grace, but also concern and determination.

On the day of our return to Boston from his funeral, I attended a large Jewish community meeting. I was asked to pay tribute to President Kennedy, and, although I was deeply moved and choked up and had to dry my eyes at times, these are the words I spoke:

> Part of all of us lies buried in Arlington under an eternal flame, the Ner Tamid, over the grave of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. The flame is the perfect symbol of the completely civilized man whom we knew

and loved, with the spark of the Hebrew prophet in his quest for peace, justice and brotherhood; the warmth of his compassion and friendship; the fire of his courage and strength; the light of his intellect and cultivated reason; the heat of his passion for freedom and equality; the glow of his wit and humanity and wisdom.

A flood of memories came surging as we stood before his coffin in Washington. Many in Boston are part of those memories.

The memory of the freshman Congressman who devoted an afternoon in early 1947 to page after page of questions which he had carefully prepared, who had read everything we had sent him about Palestine and much more; his incisive, pungent probing of the arguments, our answers, and finally his statement that any doubts had been resolved, and that he was ready to speak out for a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine.

The memory of the beaming young husband, in a Newton living-room, as he presented to a small group of friends his bride, with her grace and loveliness.

The memory of the statesman in the East Room of the White House only a few months ago, the same room where his body was brought last Saturday, where he advocated with eloquence and fervor to representatives of all faiths the moral imperative of his civil rights program.

And now from that eternal flame what would he tell us who are blessed by having lived in his generation?

He would repeat his favorite quotation from the command to Joshua: "Be strong and of good courage. Be not afraid. Neither be thou dismayed." To use some of John F. Kennedy's own words: With that strength and with that courage let us "not shrink from this responsibility to go forward, step by step" in our "struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, hunger, disease and war itself," and against the hate, bigotry and prejudice, the madness, that cut down our friend, our fellow Bostonian, our President.

Soviet Jews 12

In early August 1963, Rabbi Irving Miller, chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, and Yehuda Hellman, its executive director, met with Isaiah Minkoff, executive director of the National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council (NJCRAC) and me, its chairman, to deal with the increasing mistreatment of Soviet Jews. Individuals were being accused of black marketing and other crimes, forced by torture to confess, convicted by their confessions and executed. Most of the synagogues had been closed. The teaching of Jewish subjects and participation in Jewish rites were forbidden. Jews were not even allowed to emigrate from the Soviet Union, although a few somehow managed to leave each year.

President Kennedy had informally assigned Attorney General Robert Kennedy to be his alter ego on certain Soviet issues, particularly to work with Averell Harriman in preparation for a conference with Nikita Khrushchev concerning a nuclear test ban. Because the President had appointed me to the three-man executive board of his Committee on Equal Opportunity in Housing, I conferred with him from time to time in the Oval Office. The President learned from me the details of the outrageous Soviet

treatment of Jews, and I prepared an extensive memorandum on Soviet conduct toward Jews with a long litany of abuses for the Attorney General. The President told me that he had asked Harriman to raise the issue of Soviet treatment of Jews with Khrushchev. When the President addressed the General Assembly of the United Nations on September 20, 1963, he also included a statement on the commitment of all members "by the charter to promote and respect human rights. Those rights are not respected when a Buddhist priest is driven from his pagoda, when a synagogue is shut down."

When Harriman returned, he told the President and the Attorney General that he raised the issue of Soviet Jews with Khrushchev and that he had said that Soviet actions toward Jews were "an internal matter and none of America's business," and that "the door was shut tight on the emigration of Soviet Jews and on all government policies concerning Jews." Mr. Harriman later filled me in on the details and I told him, as I had told the President and Robert Kennedy, that the American Jewish community had no alternative but to continue pressing the issue.

On November 19, 1963, after I had been elected chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, President Kennedy told me that he would meet with a group of fifteen to twenty American Jewish leaders–whom I was to select–to discuss the issue of Soviet treatment of Jews, and that I was to set up a specific date during early December for the meeting. His assassination, of course, intervened.

The day after our return to Boston from the President's funeral, Selma and I left on a six-week trip to Africa. Our trip was to take us to the Ivory Coast, Ghana, Nigeria, South Africa, the two Rhodesias, the Lake Victoria area, Uganda, Tanzania, Kenya and Ethiopia. I was to address a joint meeting of the Board of Deputies of South African Jews and of the Zionist Organization of South Africa in Johannesburg. I was also to meet with Israeli ambassadors or other foreign service officers and Jewish community leaders elsewhere. Finally, Selma and I were to spend a week in Ethiopia, meeting with leaders of the Jewish villages in the Gondar region. Isaiah and Yehuda knew my itinerary and had helped with its Jewish facets. They were to cable me in the event of any emergency.

On December 31, 1963, at the end of our African trip, Selma and I returned to Addis Ababa from Gondar. At our hotel in Addis Ababa I received a cablegram from Isaiah Minkoff, informing me that a letter from Rabbi Abraham J. Heschel (professor at the Jewish Theological Seminary, scholar, philosopher and author) required prompt response. The rabbi wrote that unless the NJCRAC or the Presidents' Conference took bold action in expressing outrage at the horrors to which Jews were subjected by the

Soviets, he would begin his own national movement to do so.

I had profound admiration for Rabbi Heschel and I knew what deprivations Soviet Jews suffered. I cabled Isaiah that I would soon be home and would talk immediately to Rabbi Heschel, adding that Isaiah might inform Heschel about our activities in the White House.

On my return, Isaiah told me of the most recent economic trials and executions and of a new vitriolic volume written by Trofim Kichko and published by the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic. This was *Judaism Without Embellishment,* and it equaled the worst of Goebbels and Streicher. We reviewed what we already knew: the Soviet edict against matzoh baking, the continued shutdown of Jewish emigration, allowing only a few individuals a year to trickle out, the restrictions on teaching Hebrew or Judaism, the reduction in the number of rabbis and synagogues, and the virtual death of the Birobidjan project for a Soviet Jewish state in the Far East.

The American Jewish Committee was not a member of the Presidents' Conference, having opposed what it called a "single American Jewish voice." After we spoke with Morris B. Abram, its president, and Dr. John Slawson, its executive director, they concurred with our proposal that the committee participate in a national meeting on Soviet Jewry to include representatives of the total American Jewish community.

Professor Heschel and I agreed on an early national conference in Washington, and I called a special meeting of the President's Conference for mid-February, with the A J Committee in attendance as observer. Professor Heschel was to be the speaker. Unlike other occasions, when I sat beside him as he spoke shuffling papers and inserts into his typed script, Professor Heschel gave a short, succinct, moving talk without a note on the need to act with speed and unity on behalf of Soviet Jewry. The conference voted unanimously to adopt his proposal, the A J Committee agreed to participate, and the American Jewish Conference of Soviet Jewry was founded. (It is now called the National Conference on Soviet Jewry, having reorganized and raised its own funds.) Because of the need for the most thorough preparation possible, we planned a two-day meeting in April 1964 at the Willard Hotel in Washington to be attended by a cross-section of leaders of every significant organization in the American Jewish community, key Senators, Congressmen and important non-Jewish national leaders in welfare, religion, labor, industry and civil rights. Secretary of State Dean Rusk agreed to meet with the presidents of all the organizations in the Presidents' Conference immediately after, plus the A J Committee, and we hoped that a smaller group of us could meet with President Lyndon Johnson at the White House.

Meanwhile, two sources of expected support disappointed us. Nehemiah Levanon, Israel's minister in Washington and chief staff officer for the Prime Minister on all issues relating to the Soviet Union, gave me the chilling news that the Prime Minister believed that the conference was unwise and untimely. I spoke to the Israeli ambassador, Abraham Harman. His answer was that Nehemiah spoke for the Prime Minister on all matters affecting the Soviet Union, and that neither Harman nor any other Israeli official would address the conference. (I later learned that secret negotiations between Israel and the Soviet Union had been taking place, and that the Prime Minister's office was reluctant to participate openly in what might be considered anti-Soviet activities.) Several American Zionist organizations suggested postponement of our conference, but with the help of a number of our member presidents, particularly Mrs. Lola Kramarsky of Hadassah, we reached a completely unified American Jewish decision to proceed with the Soviet Jewry Conference.

Dr. Nahum Goldmann, president of the World Jewish Congress, the World Zionist Organization, and founder and first chairman of the Conference of Presidents, urged us not to call on President Johnson. In a letter from him to me at the end of February 1964, he wrote that our proposed presentation to the President would be equivalent to a hypothetical visit by Soviet blacks to complain to Khruschev about American treatment of blacks. In one telephone conversation, he said that such a conference with the President might be disastrous. In reply, I wrote of our preparatory work and of our conferences with Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg and President Kennedy. I also said that, if indeed there were blacks in the Soviet Union, no one should be upset if a group of them spoke as Soviet citizens to General Secretary Khruschev about the treatment of their brothers and sisters in the United States. We would, therefore, be speaking to President Johnson as American Jews and for American Jews. Dr. Goldmann replied from Geneva on March 7, 1964, that my response was inappropriate. He was convinced, in any event, that the President and State Department would not agree to raise the matter formally and therefore he had no objections to any "private talk with the President about it."

My wife and I had met Dr. Goldmann and his wife about two years earlier in Caneel Bay, St. John, in the American Virgin Islands. We had a delightful time with the two of them. He was obviously questioning and testing me to determine whether I would pass muster as chairman of the Presidents' Conference. He had an apparently limitless amount of information at his command–witticisms, stories, reminiscences–and he did practically all of the talking. It was clear that he believed no one could equal him in diplomatic skill, of which he was indeed a master. Dr. Goldmann

had been the single most effective factor in persuading West Germany to pay reparations to Nazi victims, their families and the State of Israel.

Our two-day conference (April 5 and 6, 1964, at the Hotel Willard in Washington) was exhilarating and produced highly satisfying results. The conference filled the hotel's large public rooms. Every major American Jewish organization participated in a positive way, and key members of both branches of Congress made strong statements of support. Forceful messages of support came from George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and leaders of many religious, social welfare, business and political groups. The press was heavily represented, and among the reporters were several from *Pravda* and *Izvestiya.* About a score of letters had come from individual Soviet Jews and purported representatives of Jewish worker groups, giving factory numbers and so on, expressing their indignation and outrage at our conference since "Jews were enjoying their lives and their treatment by the Soviet authorities, and were grateful to their political leaders." I read several of these to the conference, and, when the large audience responded with laughter, I asked them to treat the letters and their senders with dignity, suggesting that we consider the pressures to which the signers must have been subjected.

When the conference ended, the presidents of the participating organizations met with Secretary of State Dean Rusk. He gave us a warm welcome and, after hearing our report and some of the resolutions the conference passed, enthusiastically agreed to express American concern to the Soviet authorities and to discuss all the issues with Soviet ambassador Dobrynin. As we were about to conclude our meeting with Secretary Rusk, Mike Feldman of President Johnson's staff (with whom I had been talking frequently) telephoned me from the White House to say that the President would meet with a small group of us within the next half hour at the White House. The larger group concurred in my selection of the presidents of six organizations in a two-minute huddle; and with Isaiah Minkoff and Yehuda Hellman we went to the White House where we were met by Mike Feldman. We were soon greeted by President Johnson.

The President had been well briefed and made an effective welcoming statement of his agreement with our views and of his intention of meeting immediately with Ambassador Dobrynin and expressing his strong feelings to him and the Kremlin. I was the last to leave the Oval Office. On my way out, the President suggested that Mike Feldman and I meet with him on the day of the next meeting of the Committee on Equal Opportunity in Housing so that we could discuss Soviet Jewry further. The group of presidents left the Oval Office with a glow of solid achievement and high expectation. Our hopes for prompt action by the President and the Secretary of

State were realized. Lyndon Johnson was the first President since Theodore Roosevelt to forcefully and publicly denounce Russian treatment of Jews. His meeting the very next day with Ambassador Dobrynin was widely publicized.

Within a short period, the Kichko book was withdrawn, the economic trials ceased, matzoh baking was permitted, and we received assurances of more emigrations from the USSR. In the next three years, some 4,500 Jews emigrated. But the number was still low. It became clear that the movement on behalf of Soviet Jewry had to involve the Jews of Western Europe and of the rest of the free world. In November 1968 the American Jewish Conference on Soviet Jewry chose me as its chairman. For several years I did intensive work with public officials, including Adlai Stevenson, our ambassador to the United Nations; his successor, former Justice Arthur Goldberg; and my fellow Bostonian Elliot Richardson, then the Under-secretary of State. After that, I made several extensive trips throughout the country, gave innumerable speeches on Soviet Jewry and chaired meetings addressed by Israeli officials, including Prime Ministers David Ben Gurion, Levi Eshkol and Golda Meir and Ministers Yitzhak Rabin and Moshe Dayan.

After conferences in France and Israel following the Six Day War, in August 1967, on our last evening in Jerusalem before leaving for our trip to the USSR, there was a reunion at the home of Joseph Tekoach (the last Israeli ambassador to the Soviet Union, which had broken off relations with Israel). The guests were all alumni of the Israel embassy in Moscow, and Selma and I were given "briefings," advice and tips from a score or more of experienced former residents of the Soviet Union.

The next morning we bade farewell at Lydda Airport in Israel to the members of our Council of Jewish Federation mission. On our third day in Istanbul, Phil Bernstein telephoned me from Jerusalem with the news (in our own private "code") that Charlie Jordan, executive of the American Joint Distribution Committee, was missing in Prague; he urged me to change our plans to go to the Soviet Union, but Selma and I determined to continue our itinerary. About a week later, we learned at the American embassy in Moscow that the body of Charles Jordan had been found floating in the river flowing through Prague, and that he had been murdered, probably by Arab terrorists. Apart from this tragic interlude, our stays in Istanbul, Sofia and the four cities in the USSR which we visited (Kiev, Moscow, Vilna and Leningrad) were crowded with excitement, fun and revelation.

The plight of Jews in Kiev, capital of the Ukraine, appeared to be the worst of the four cities we visited, while the treatment of Jews seemed least severe in Vilna, capital of Lithuania, but–even there–extremely difficult

and cruel. We had talks with probably several hundred Jews, young and old, men and women, in Yiddish and occasionally in English, Hebrew or German. A talk with one or two often led to a group of listeners, varying from a few to as many as thirty.

The overall impression we gained from those with whom we talked was that most Jews, an overwhelming majority, were eager to leave the Soviet Union, and most of those wanted to go to Israel. This was when the machinery of emigration was just beginning to function and when the number of applicants was starting to expand from a trickle to a flow. The later trials and tribulations of refuseniks had not yet become an important part of Soviet Jewish life. The victory of Israel in the Six Day War, two and a half months before our visit, was uppermost in the minds of these Soviet Jews. During the war, many had listened to radios, from night through to morning on several occasions; their identification and pride had strengthened their desire to go to Israel; they listened to every word we used in describing our trip to Israel. When we mentioned our visits and talks with Eshkol, Eban, Rabin, Dayan, Allon and especially Golda Meir (who had been Israel's first ambassador to Moscow), and as we referred to former leaders–Theodore Herzl, Chaim Weizmann and David Ben Gurion–whose names some knew, their eyes shone, and when I was asked whether I had personally met them and answered "yes" to all except Herzl, they acted as though I was a person whose hand was worth shaking. Many knew the melody and some the words of "Hatikvah." Few would talk and, then very cautiously, in a hotel room, apartment or inside corridor; but they appeared free of restraint in the street, a bus, a museum or concert hall, if other people were at some distance away. The Jews we met seemed to spurn Russian propaganda but were cautious about disclosing their inner feelings. The old were more frightened than the young; mixed marriages were widespread and very few male children were circumcised; the synagogues were under rigid Soviet surveillance, with sextons and other officials having an official "intelligence" function. The Jews in Vilna were more outspoken and acted more freely than those in Leningrad, and the latter were more relaxed than those in Moscow. Kiev was the worst for talks and frankness; we conversed there with many non-Jews, some of whom were married to Jews.

In Kiev we attended several operas (understanding none of the Ukranian word translations, but enjoying the music). During the first intermission we chatted with a number of musicians from the orchestra, two of whom I spotted as Jews; they, in turn, called a number of others to join the conversations. During the second intermission they went into the musicians' room without talking to us. One of the first violinists had said that he would join us at the musicians' entrance at the end of the concert; another

musician had said that he would see us the next evening. Neither appeared for the appointments and none of the musicians with whom we talked returned to the orchestra pit thereafter. Apparently we had been too hasty and too open in our first conversations with Soviet Jews immediately after our arrival in Kiev. We spotted a few individuals near the Kiev Synagogue who appeared to be Jewish, began to converse and were told that many Ukranian non-Jews had expressed delight with the Arab defeat ("not that they loved Mordecai so much, but because they hated Haman"). Generally, on the streets of Kiev, people who appeared to be Jewish were inclined to talk less than in the other cities; most of those with whom we conversed appeared to be middle-aged; many were elderly. In the central Kiev Square, we were shocked by the enormous statue of Bogdan Chmielnicki, the seventeenth century Ukranian hero–and the pogrom-butcher of Jews. The synagogue had no worshippers, but the sexton was present on both occasions when we were there, and knowing that he was KGB–or at least a Soviet informant–we talked little. Next to the synagogue the matzoh bakery was boarded up. When we prevailed upon the Intourist guide to take us to Babi Yar, there were only a few people in that area. We saw the sites of the pits into which Jews were shot and thrown, buried alive or dead, thirty-four thousand murdered on Yom Kippur, 1941. The monument erected by the authorities referred to the huge number of "Soviet citizens" who were murdered there; but there was no inclusion of the word "Jews."

In Vilna we saw fifty or sixty Jews in the synagogue, the only one remaining in a city once filled with synagogues–synagogues for a wide variety of groups, even rogues. I was asked to sit "at the front" when we were there for Friday evening and Saturday morning services, as an "honor," but undoubtedly to keep us under watch and to prevent us from chatting. The sexton was unctuous and asked me to accept an "aliyah" (to read from the Bible "portion of the week"), and I accepted. Seated on the pulpit was the rabbi (who did not utter a word during the service, but rose and sat as the occasion required). When I extended my hand after I had recited the prayer following the reading of my portion, he clasped it without a word. At the end of the service, the worshippers clung to me, asking me questions; whenever the sexton came close, they were silent; but they listened to every syllable of my description of our trip to Israel, especially about the West Wall in Jerusalem on the evening and morning of Tisha B'av (the day in the Hebrew calendar which commemorates the destruction of both Temples). When we described the old city of Jerusalem and its holy places, the Mount of Olives and the tombs of famous rabbis, or when we talked of Tel Aviv and Haifa, or the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee, they seemed transfixed. There were many questions; the sexton was officious,

but did not silence the questioners or me.

The only individuals in Vilna about whom we knew anything before we arrived were the occupants of the courtyard dwelling which had been the home of the parents of Phil Bernstein. His son Paul had located these occupants, Chasia Goldberg and her family, earlier that summer of 1967 and, in Israel, had told us that they were very much worth meeting and knowing. Chasia and her daughter became our informal guides (when the Intourist guide was not with us); they took us through the old Jewish areas and pointed out the remains of the Great Synagogues. (The only one remaining in Vilna was not one of the great ones.) When I told Chasia that I, my parents, Selma's parents and ancestors going way back, all came from the Vilna area, and that my great-grandmother's brother was the sage, the "Chofetz Chaim," they accepted us as members of their family. The only known Jewish survivor of Aran (my birthplace) told us that the village was completely destroyed (probably the reason for our being refused a visa there) and that only a few Jews had survived the Nazi Holocaust and they had since died.

In our hotel room, Chasia, with her husband beside her, after some trivial talk began to heap praise upon the manner of treatment of Jews by the Soviet authorities. On the street, she told us the contrary and explained the reason for her contradiction, repeating the old cliche: "The walls have ears. We can't risk being taped."

We met a Jewish physician who, very early one morning, took Selma and me to the museum of the death camp outside of Vilna, with its soap from human fat, hair, dentures, ornaments, personal notebooks, so similar to those I had seen in the death camps but which Selma had never before seen, all organized and marked, and without the stench of the German camps immediately after liberation. The doctor gave us three Hebrew books which he had rescued from a burning Jewish library. (The customs and airline officials did not open our bags when we left the Soviet Union at the Leningrad Airport. Had they found the books, we probably would have said they came from the Moscow black market, where purchases were reportedly winked at by the authorities.) We gave the books to the Hebrew College library.

Chasia also took us to meet the superintendent of the Vilna public market, who was Jewish. On the late Saturday afternoon, we went to his home for a party at Havdolah (the traditional end of Sabbath). In his apartment we met his wife, a physician, and their two daughters, medical students, and where we sang Yiddish and Hebrew songs. (The family now lives in New York City.)

Chasia, her daughter, about sixteen at the time (another daughter was

in Poland with her child), and the daughter's friend took a long bus ride all the way to the airport, probably a dozen miles from Vilna, and gave us a huge bundle of flowers for our departure. (We corresponded with her while she was still in Lithuania, and later in Israel. We saw her and her family in Rehovoth and in Beersheba, living with the daughter whom we had met in Vilna and the daughter's family.)

In Moscow, there were numerous talks with Jews, one with a young man on a bus from the airport; we were in the rear seats and the young man turned back to us and listened intently as others also did, and also during a visit to a hotel room which I was assured had been completely "debugged" and was "safe." There, another young Jew from Odessa with a dozen others crowded to listen to me about Israel's military victory and my estimate of future prospects. I was no authority on Israel's tactics, but the questions were easy to answer; and, as I left, I gave a copy of Dayan's *Diary of the Sinai Campaign* to the young man from Odessa, who acted as though he had received a treasure.

We went to services in the Great Moscow Synagogue. We tried to remain in the rear, but after the sexton had created a commotion, we were led to the front (the religious rules about separation of men and women were relaxed for foreigners), and communication during the services was practically nil. We met the synagogue rabbi, Levin, with whom I later had some correspondence. After the services, for almost two hours outside the main entrance, Selma and I were surrounded by about twenty-five or more men and women and a few children. We talked, engaged in chitchat, laughed and felt in complete rapport with those around us. There seemed always to be one or two persons who could act as quasi-interpreter, if no Russian spoke any language that we knew.

On one occasion, when Selma was resting, I went alone to the synagogue between *mincha* and *maariv* (afternoon and evening prayers); I entered the *bet-midrash* (the room of study) where there were almost two *minyonim* (each a quorum of at least ten), eighteen or nineteen elderly men, including the sexton, seated around a long table; one was leading the group in a study of certain portions of the Talmud from the tractate *Bava Basra* dealing with property law (which I had studied in my teens). The reader was translating the text from Aramaic to Yiddish, quoting cross-references and commentaries to which the reader added his own views. I began to participate and, before long, the Talmudic study ended. I was questioned by the reader about my background. When I told him that I had studied Talmud in the United States until I was about eighteen, he appeared incredulous; but when I told him that I was born in Lithuania, and that my great-grandmother was a sister of the Chofetz Chayim of Radin in Lithuania, he

threw his arms around me, and, in a broken voice, said that he had studied under that great sage.

From then on, the men, whose ages ranged probably from sixty-five to eighty, forgot their Talmud study and listened very attentively while I described our several weeks' stay in Israel, the aftermath of the Israel victory in the Six Day War, but especially Tisha B'av at the West Wall in Jerusalem and the traditional reading there of Jeremiah's Lamentations; and I chanted a line or two from the Hebrew with the traditional liturgical melody. Except for my voice, there was not a sound in the room for at least another half-hour. I listed the great names in Zionist history, especially those from Russia; I described Jewish contributions to the development of Palestine from the earliest Aliyah days. I quoted from history great names from Yochanan Ben Zakkai in Roman times to Theodore Herzl and Chaim Weizmann. I talked of the tremendous victory of the Six Day War and the effect upon Jews in Israel, the United States, everywhere, even, I added hesitatingly, in the Soviet Union. The men listened; there was silence; no one moved—not even the sexton who had been almost like a jack-in-the-box at the outset. And then, after a pause, without any sound from any of them, I ended with, "I have to say *Sholem Aleichem* and *L'shana ha-baa b'Yerusholayim* [next year in Jerusalem]." I nodded; the reader and others and others returned my nod. There was again silence as I walked out into the cool Moscow evening; my taxi was still waiting. Selma was relieved after my overly long absence.

In Leningrad, we spent time sightseeing, with several trips to the Hermitage Museum, but we also went beyond the regular tourist tours. We inveigled our Intourist guide into coming with us to a court hearing, her first. (By a ruse, I had learned from a hotel official the address of the nearest courthouse.) We proceeded to the courthouse and entered the hearing room. The judge (a woman) presided, with two male lay "jurors," one on each side. Our guide whispered translations of what was said by the witnesses and finally the defendant's testimony. The defendant was charged with aggravated assault and robbery, and the judge found him guilty of both crimes—after consulting with her two lay jurors. And then, after some words with a person who seemed to be akin to an American probation officer—she sentenced the defendant to two years in prison. Selma, our guide and I came to the bench as the judge was assembling her papers. Through our guide, I asked whether she would chat with us, telling her that I was a trial lawyer in Boston and taught trial practice at Harvard Law School. She invited us into her chamber. (Apparently she did not know that Intourist discouraged attendance at trials.) The judge was gracious, did not mind my numerous questions and gave informative responses. Our guide was

delighted with the experience and the unusual questions and answers. It was I who had to call a halt. I had learned nothing that I had not known in general, but it was an unusual experience to see and hear a Russian trial firsthand.

We also persuaded our guide to take us to the Marriage Palace of Czarist elegance where one ceremony after another was performed by a female registrar, who gave some warmth and drama to the occasion. Families and friends observed from the rear, then, with the couple leading, the group descended a long staircase to still other groups, with much kissing, smiling and laughing, and with this photographer snapping each descending ecstatic couple. I gave three or four couples Polaroid snapshots with the background of the stairway bedecked with artificial flowers. There was a kiss for me from the loveliest of the brides whose photograph I wanted to keep. I wrote her name and address into a notebook and promised to send her a copy, which I did and later received a pretty response.

We returned to our hotel after a long day, which had included a visit to the afternoon *mincha* service in the synagogue. At my insistence we remained in the rear, and chatted more freely with individuals, but under the scrutiny of a non-smiling sexton, continually attempting to lead me to the *bihma* (the dais in front of the ark with its Torah scrolls). After dinner, a young man approached us outside the hotel and asked whether we would join him and friends for a party in a nearby park. He looked "safe" and we joined him with perhaps thirty or more others. I talked to the group. No official approached us. Here they were, enthusiastic, questioning, clearly excited by the Six Day War, with the expressed fervent desire to leave jobs and give almost anything to get to Israel. It was a very meaningful hour with answers by me in Yiddish, which one of the guests knew and translated into Russian. Permeating the meeting was the openly expressed love of Zion, the enthusiastic embrace of Israel and the joy of its victory in the Six Day War. Apt questions gave me the opportunity not only to answer, but to make my own inquiries. I had another copy of Dayan's *Diary of the Sinai Campaign:* I gave it to the young Russian Jew who had brought me to the group, and he acted as though the book was manna from heaven.

One day, when we went to the Hermitage without our guide, we were in a room devoted completely to paintings by Rembrandt. I spotted one painting, from the Queen Esther story of her denunciation of Haman to King Ahasuerus, a reproduction of which I had seen. As Selma and I studied the painting, a man, probably in his late seventies, tall but stooped, and a girl of about eighteen (who we soon learned was his granddaughter), approached the painting, and she read aloud the title with the names of the three characters. I asked her whether she spoke English, and she said that

she had studied it. I asked her whether she knew the story which Rembrandt had depicted. She did not; nor did she know that there was a book called the Bible. She introduced us to her grandfather, and I asked him whether he spoke Yiddish. He did and, in response to my question, told me that he was born in Vitebsk. I asked whether he had known the artist Marc Chagall, who was also born in Vitebsk, and who, I guessed, was about the age of the grandfather. He repeated "Chagall, Chagall," and said, "Yes, there was a Chagall, and I think his name was Marc who studied the Talmud Torah with me." I told him that Chagall had become an internationally known and respected artist, and I added that the Hermitage Museum had a number of his paintings but that the authorities did not display them, probably because Chagall was Jewish. The grandfather stiffened and with a tone of finality said, "I can't talk to you any more. Talk in English with my granddaughter." By stating that Chagall's paintings were denied exhibition at the Hermitage I had, obviously, been guilty of a "boner." We chatted for a few moments with the young woman, but he soon beckoned to her. To my *"Spasibo, tovarich"* (Good-bye, comrade), he repeated in Russian, *"Spasibo,"* as he walked away briskly and the granddaughter followed him reluctantly.

For our last evening in the Soviet Union and our thirty-fifth wedding anniversary I had asked the head waiter in our Leningrad hotel to bring us caviar and vodka to open our special dinner, for dessert, a chocolate-puff cake, which seemed to be the house specialty, with three and five candles for the number 35, and champagne (from Georgia in the Caucusus). When we arrived in the dining room the head waiter was not there, but an assistant answered all my questions with a negative shake of his head. We were led to our table, and in a moment a waiter appeared with the caviar and vodka. As we were finishing our main course (a variety of coq-au-vin, or chicken with a heavy spice and wine sauce) I asked about the anniversary cake and champagne–again receiving a negative head shake. But soon the cake was brought in on a gilded wagon with champagne in an ice-bucket, as a waiter quartet sang (with expressionless faces, apparently in a hurry to fulfill their chores) what must have been "Happy Birthday" in Russian but to our traditional melody. This was one of the few meals in the Soviet Union when the waiters or waitresses were not completely sullen, and did not practically throw the food at the guests. We were not bothered by this lack of courtesy or smiles, and we told each other jokes and light stories to overcome the dour milieu. The next afternoon we left Leningrad; the airport examinations were hurried, and we were pleased that our Soviet trip was behind us.

In April 1970, after negotiations with Jewish leaders in Europe and

Israel (and particularly with Abraham Harman, President of Hebrew University and chairman of Israel's Committee on Soviet Jewry), a European conference on Soviet Jews took place in Paris. Two hundred fifty Jewish delegates represented seventeen European countries, including Rumania and Yugoslavia. These last two national groups showed tremendous courage since it was obvious that the purpose of the conference was to criticize Soviet treatment of Jews and ask the world to use its best efforts to improve Soviet conduct. I proposed that a European Assembly for Soviet Jews be established and the groundwork be laid for a world conference with the appointment of a steering committee, of representatives of organized American, European and Jewry. My proposal was unanimously adopted.

The steering committee met late into the night and again the next morning. It prepared a prospectus for a World Conference on Soviet Jewry to be held February 23 to 25, 1971, at the Palais des Congres in Brussels. I had arrived in Paris Sunday morning and was in my office late the next day.

As the World Conference was about to begin, I entered the hotel lobby in Brussels and was greeted by Elie Wiesel. (I had come to know Wiesel the previous fall at the Kansas City General Assembly of the Council of Jewish Federations, where he was the principal speaker.) He said that I was to be part of a three-person panel on Belgian national television to talk about the conference, and that I had to be ready in a few minutes. There was not even enough time to check into my room. The three of us had a lively hour-long program (in French). There were Wiesel, alert, articulate and moving, and a young French Jew (about twenty), head of his country's "Jewish Youth for Soviet Jewry." He was a firebrand who quoted French philosophers and scholars. I was the final, "clean-up" panelist.

Each of the World Conference delegates was a member of one of its five commissions which dealt with governments, jurists, mass media, youth groups and nongovernmental bodies plus the conference administration, including its committees, and delegates. I chaired the last commission.

Our commission, which had to deal at first with organizational and parliamentary matters, scheduled its meeting several hours before the opening of the plenary session so that we could dispose of what we considered formal and routine matters. The commission consisted of twenty-two members. Most countries had one representative member, but the United States and Israel had two members each. One of Israel's representatives was Menachem Begin, leader of Herut, the leading opposition party in the Knesset from the time of the establishment of the state. I first met Begin through Nathan Yalin-Mor in the earliest years of Israel's statehood.

Begin had been the head of the Irgun and Yalin-Mor the head of the Stern Gang (after Stern's murder). Irgun and the Stern Gang both considered Haganah, the organized Jewish Defense Forces, too timid; and both considered their own terrorist activities against the Arabs and the British essential for the establishment and defense of the state. Begin and Yalin-Mor were members of the first Knesset, and most of the conversation with the two great opposition leaders in my presence dealt with whether Begin or Yalin-Mor was the best Hebraist in the Knesset.

Mr. Begin unsuccessfully tried to change our ground rules in our commission, showing himself to be a master of filibuster and in-fighting. He tried to create issues out of trivia and to transform the matter of increased representation of Herut on conference commissions into a matter of profound significance. The other members of the subcommission and I went out of our way to accommodate him because the conference was being delayed by our report, being the first item on the agenda, but Begin was apparently bent on delay. When we joined the conference, Begin moved to send our report back to the subcommission for reconsideration, but without success.

Rabbi Meir Kahane, who had announced his intention to charge into the conference, caused a slight disturbance at the outside entrance to the conference hall. He tried to enter, but because he had neither a ticket nor credentials, the Belgian police stopped him. He reportedly sought admission a second time, also without success.

The substantive program of the Brussels conference commenced with a comprehensive analysis of the issues by Arthur Goldberg. He was followed by Dr. Albert Sabin, codiscoverer of polio, then active in the Weizmann Institute of Science in Israel. Sabin presided at the first general session and was one of the group of scientists, scholars, philosophers, writers and artists who participated in the program. Two other men who made deep impressions on the assembly were Elie Wiesel, who stirred the audience to tears and laughter with mysticism and poetry, and the chief rabbi of France, Jacob Kaplan, who heroically survived two world wars. The highlight of the conference was the appearance and statement of David Ben Gurion, who was then approaching his eighty-fifth birthday. The former Israeli Prime Minister had been scheduled to open the conference, but because of a severe cold and exhaustion was confined to his hotel room. The death of his wife, Paula, had left him in continuous low spirits. During each of my visits to him he said, "Be patient, I will not return to Israel without addressing the conference." Finally, an Israeli official and I helped him into the conference hall. Thousands of participants rose and applauded him thunderously. He waved the audience into

silence and spoke:

> Don't applaud me. Give your applause to that planeload of young Jewish boys and girls who came from the Soviet Union only yesterday. I am certain that they were allowed to leave because of this conference. Applaud those young new Israelis. Applaud them, not me. They represent the future of Israel, the aliyah we need from everywhere in the world, especially the Soviet Union, but also from Europe and America.
>
> We have defeated our enemies. We will safeguard our borders. We will grow. We are strong. We will be stronger. Israel is the land of yesterday and tomorrow, the land of our fathers and our children and their children, a land flowing with milk and honey but also a land of science, culture, learning. Strong, secure, free, the land of Israel will grow with the people of Israel. *Am Ysrael chai.* (The people of Israel live!)

When Ben Gurion sat down another ovation followed. Afterward in his hotel room, he asked me, "You liked what I said?" almost like a child seeking his parent's or teacher's approbation.

As the conference was about to enter its final day, it chose five representatives to present our declaration to the Human Rights Commission of the United Nations, which was then about to begin its meeting in Geneva. The conference selected Lord Barnett Janner of London, a longtime leader in Great Britain's House of Commons and a powerful advocate for Jewish causes; Judge Binyamin Halevy, member of the Knesset and a former justice of the Israeli Supreme Court; Claude Kelman of Paris, chairman of the Council of Jewish Communities of Europe; Dr. Rubin Merenfeld of Caracas, medical doctor and head of several Venezuelan Jewish agencies and physician to the chairman of the Human Rights Commission; Dr. Andres Aguillars; and me. Our consultant was Dr. Yoram Dinstein, formerly Israeli consul in New York City, legal advisor to the Brussels conference, to our group, and later the rector of Tel Aviv University. My farewell to the Brussels conference contained these words:

> Our appeal to the conscience of the world must be continuous and fervent and at every level and into every corner of the Jewish world. Our allies are many; among the strongest are the Soviet Jews of courage. Even non-Jews of the Soviet Union, whether they now live abroad like Kutznetzov or remain within the Soviet Union, like the Nobel Laureate in Literature, Solzhenitsyn, or the poet Yevtushenko or the composer Shostakovich, are our allies. And for a message of

hope, listen to the first movement of Shostakovich's Thirteenth Symphony, music to the Yevtushenko poem, "Babi Yar," banned in the Soviet Union.

The six of us left Brussels by plane on the last day of the conference and were soon in Geneva. Our first call was on the chairman of the Human Rights Commission, who greeted his physician and friend and the rest of us warmly. We then went on to meet Rita Hauser, a New York lawyer and the delegate of the United States to the commission. She looked at our schedule, made a few suggestions as to our memorandum to the commission, and had one important addition to the intake: we were to have lunch with her and her husband (the officer of a large American corporation who was on a business trip to Switzerland), together with a few friendly delegates and some staff members of the commission.

The entire day was filled with conferences, one (through an interpreter) with Nikolai Tarrasov, the Soviet representative. He was pleasant personally but vehement (as one would expect) in his opposition to our views and strongly supportive of his government's position.

Ambassador Hauser made probably the strongest statement ever asserted by an American representative at a UN meeting on the issue of Soviet Jewry. Two-thirds of her fifteen-minute address were devoted to the specific problem of Soviet treatment of Jews from the perspective of historical factors, international agreements, and United Nations obligations. Soviet ambassador Tarrasov immediately asked for the right to respond, and his answers showed that she had touched raw nerves. Mrs. Hauser had quoted from *Pravda* that any Soviet Jew who wished to migrate to Israel is automatically "an enemy of the Soviet people." Soviet delegate Tarrasov said that Mrs. Hauser's quotation was baseless, slanderous and deceptive. He read from the original, which said that any Soviet Jew who wished to migrate to Israel is a Zionist and thus automatically an enemy of the Soviet people. In his denial there was affirmation. He uttered a tirade against Zionism, racism and imperialism. When he added that the *Pravda* editor spoke only as an individual, even though Tarrasov agreed with him, the otherwise solemn assembly burst into laughter. Only the Iron Curtain and Arab representatives did not smile.

The publicizing of the Brussels conference was ensured by unsuccessful Soviet efforts to cancel the program and then to attempt a counter-program. Without Russian intervention the conference might have made a headline in the Yiddish and Anglo-Jewish press but would have been buried in the back pages of general newspapers. The USSR charged that the conference was anti-Soviet and formally demanded cancellation. Claude Kelman,

chairman of the conference secretariat, answered each allegation with precision and diplomacy. The Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs responded suavely that Brussels was known for its great congress structures, its hotels and its hospitality. Moreover, he added, "We have always had room in Belgium for those who believe, rightly or wrongly, that they have suffered injustice or discrimination, like Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels–both of whom enjoyed Belgian hospitality." What impact the conference had we could not know since, as Winston Churchill once said, the USSR is "a riddle wrapped in mystery inside an enigma."

Soviet Jewish emigration reached its peak with an exodus of 51,320 in 1979. The percentage of Soviet Jews who continued from Vienna to Israel decreased as Israel's security and political and economic problems became more difficult. Many officials of Israel and of the Jewish Agency deplored the trend among the emigrants away from Israel and toward the United States. The Jewish Agency proposed a policy denying financial support to those Soviet emigrants who decided not to go to Israel calling them *noshrim* (dropouts).

I knew the importance of immigration into Israel, but I was shocked by the presentation to the board of directors of CJF of a resolution embodying such a policy. I stated that such action would be the first time in Jewish history, to my knowledge, when Jews declined to help other Jews escape from tyranny to freedom, merely because the escaping Jews chose to go to one area of freedom and not another. I suggested that at some future date we ought to consider how much more effectively to encourage Soviet Jews to go to Israel voluntarily, but that any compulsory deprivation of freedom of choice would be inconsistent with our Jewish tradition and our standards of decency and humanity. I said that the argument that the Soviet Union might reduce or eliminate future exit visas because Jews were not going to Israel was puerile. The cause of the sharp decline of Russian-Jewish emigrants was not the destination of the emigrant Jews, but the absence of detente between the Soviet Union and the United States. The Russians knew exactly where the emigrant Jews were going from Vienna or Italy. I made a motion to table the resolution, and it was overwhelmingly adopted.

On August 12, 1982, the thirtieth anniversary of Stalin's murder of the twenty-four leading Jewish artists, poets and writers in Moscow's Lubyianka Prison, I described this sharp reduction in Jewish emigration in an op-ed piece in the *Boston Globe*. I pointed out that the Soviet Union, with the third largest Jewish community in the world, was the only country with a large Jewish population without a single Jewish school for children. The newest tactic, I added, was that of stripping academic degrees of Jewish scientists requesting to go to Israel. "How can one erase acquired

knowledge?" I asked. "In the USSR, the answer seems to be, 'If you want to go to Israel, we take it away, your knowledge ceases to exist.' " And I pointed out that while almost five thousand Jews were allowed to leave in August 1979, and over fifty thousand during that entire year, probably no more than several hundred would be permitted to leave in August 1982. I closed my piece by quoting from the "Elegy for the Soviet Yiddish Writers," by Chaim Grade (in my opinion the greatest Yiddish poet and novelist of our era) translated by Cynthia Ozick:

> I weep for you with all the letters of the alphabet that made your hopeful songs. I saw how reason spent itself in vain for hope, how you strove against regret–and all the while your hearts were rent to bits, like ragged prayer books. . .
>
> But your darkly murdered tongue, silenced by the hangman's noose, is no longer heard, though the muse again sings in the land. You left me your language, lifted with joy. But, oh, I am bereft–I wear your Yiddish like a drowned man's shirt, wearing out the hurt.

What the Soviet Union did to its Jews was subtle, skillful and brutal. The Soviets' actions were interwoven with broad political goals of its posture toward the West, its Middle East penetration, its relations with Arabs, its sensitivity to criticism and its adherence to certain slogans. All of this had to be viewed in the context of a totalitarian, monolithic structure with internal forces struggling against one another. There was the background of a long-standing, deeply rooted anti-Semitism. Svetlana Alleluyeva, Stalin's daughter, told me at a dinner party in the early 1970s that changes in Soviet policies toward Jews could come only "after a complete change in Soviet leadership." A decade later, Svetlana returned to the Soviet Union and still later moved to Great Britain. Kremlinologists in the State Department and elsewhere have always emphasized the unpredictability of Soviet responses. The rise to power of Mikhail Gorbachev, following the short terms of Chernenko and Andropov, created hope for detente or some other *modus vivendi* between the United States and the Soviet Union. Gorbachev's policy of *glasnost* created new expectations. And there has been practically a complete change in Soviet leadership. The release, under Gorbachev, of Andre Sakharov from Gorky and the permission for him to speak without prior restrictions, after nine years in the Soviet gulag, which was followed in 1986 by permission for Natan Anatoly Sharansky to emigrate and join his wife in Israel, were evidence that *glasnost* permits greater Jewish emigration.

Morris B. Abram, chairman of the Presidents' Conference and the National Conference on Soviet Jewry, and Edgar M. Bronfman, president of

the World Jewish Congress, returned from Moscow in late March 1987 and reported that the Soviet Union would soon permit a major increase in Jewish emigration by direct flights through Rumania, then to Israel. They also reported the improvement of opportunities for Soviet Jews remaining in the Soviet Union to observe their religious practices and traditions and to study Hebrew. This improvement is vital to the continuation of some two million Jews in the Soviet Union who want to remain there but have "Jewish" plainly stamped on their identity cards. Abram and Bronfman stated that high-ranking Soviet government officials and high-ranking Communist Party members had personally given these assurances.

On February 12, 1989, an officially approved Jewish Cultural Center was opened in Moscow, with Jews from all the Jewish areas of the Soviet Union in attendance. It was truly a day to chant the blessing of *she-he-chianu,* thanking the Almighty for having permitted this realization of long-term hope. And Elie Wiesel pronounced the gratitude of world Jewry to Soviet Jews for their effective statement of faith.

Abram and Bronfman quoted the officials as saying that all Jewish religious books from any source would be imported, a kosher restaurant and ritual slaughter would be permitted, and synagogues would be opened at all sites having a demonstrated need. The two Jewish leaders added that if emigration rates increased sufficiently, they and their colleagues would recommend repeal of the Stevenson Amendment, a ban on easy credit terms for Soviet imports to the United States, and relaxation of the Jackson–Vanik Amendment, which bars reduced customs duties on Soviet exports to the United States. A denial of this report promptly came from other Soviet officials, but both Abram and Bronfman asserted that their statement was accurate.

In 1987 exit visas were given to long-time refuseniks Ida Nudel and Iosif Begun, and also to Feliks Abramovich, Vladimir and Masha Slepak, Misha and Ilam Kholmiansky, Yuli Edelshtein, Irina Braslowsky and others. It was a moving experience to watch Sharansky and the other refuseniks light the freedom candles of the large menorah on the platform on the Washington Mall on "Freedom Sunday," December 6, 1987.

The organized American Jewish community, including the Presidents' Conference, the Council of Jewish Federations, NJCRAC, the National Conference on Soviet Jewry, the Action for Soviet Jewry, among others, planned a Mobilization and Demonstration March to Washington, D.C., on the day preceding the summit in which President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev were to sign a treaty to ban all small and intermediate nuclear missiles in Europe. The Freedom Marchers came, more than 200,000 of them, orderly, but with strong voices and innumerable placards. The hopes

of the organizers of Freedom Sunday had been for a total of 100,000 marchers, but more than 200,000 men, women and children were on the mall expressing with words, shouts and placards: "Let My People Go." (Over 200,000 was the estimate of Washington, D.C., police. A National Park official told me that its estimate was "at least 250,000.") The chairman, Morris Abram, read a message from President Ronald Reagan stating that the issue of human rights was also on the agenda for the next day's summit, and that he would strongly present the American position that Soviet Jews should be permitted to leave the Soviet Union. Other public figures, including Vice President Bush, other Presidential candidates, church and labor leaders, and a cross-section of the general American community leadership raised their voices in firm language. The refuseniks expressed outrage, particularly at the violence that Soviet officials had exercised in Moscow that very day against Jewish protestors. The American Jewish speakers were firm, but moderate. It was a joy to be on the platform and to watch two decades of tireless efforts bear fruit.

After the small and intermediate nuclear missile treaty was signed and the summit ended, Gorbachev was cheered in Washington as a hero. He responded angrily to reporters' questions about human rights in the Soviet Union, including the right to leave. He said that there would be no "brain drain," and that he was "not a defendant." His words were ill-tempered and intransigent. Notwithstanding his rhetoric, the number of exit visas again increased and shortly afterward, Dr. Alexander Lerner, who had been told that he would never–but never–receive an exit visa, was given the green light to leave. In brief, the Soviet bark may be worse that its bite and its performance has not always reflected its rhetoric.

NJCRAC issues an annual joint program plan as a guide to programming planning of the constituent organizations. The 1988 program plan contains the following sound analysis:

> There have been occasions over the course of the past twenty years when the Soviet leadership has responded to Western protests with indignation and anger, and yet subsequently significant increases in emigration occurred. From 1968-1970, four thousand Jews emigrated. On the eve of the First World Conference on Soviet Jewry held in Brussels in February 1971, Soviet officials and the media vehemently denounced day after day the convening of such a conference. A month after that conference, however, there were indications of a steady growth in emigration. The total for 1971 was thirteen thousand. Similarly, after the imposition of the educational ransom tax in August 1972, and the outraged response of the West, particularly the

introduction in the United States Congress of the Jackson–Vanik bill, emigration reached thirty-five thousand in 1973.

In his volume *Perestroika*, Gorbachev poses the question: "What stands in the way of good Soviet-American relations?" He answers: "For the most part, the arms race." Now that the Senate has approved the small and medium nuclear missile treaty, the arms race should take a downward turn.

A new problem has developed. Soviet Jews may become unable to claim refugee status in their efforts to come to the United States, because they may, if *glasnost* and *perestroika* persist, no longer be mistreated as Jews in the Soviet Union. They will, however, in sizable numbers, continue to migrate to Israel, South Africa and Australia. Increasing efforts will be required to enable the two million Jews (who will remain in the Soviet Union and who want to live there as Jews, as their mandatory identity cards describe them) to learn what it means to be a Jew. There has been some success recently, largely due to the efforts of the World Jewish Congress, the National Conference of Soviet Jewry, the NJCRAC, the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations and the CJF, but there is a need to do more. Soviet Jews who remain in the Soviet Union must be assisted so that they can understand what it means to be Jewish and how to lead meaningful, creative Jewish lives.

When the Jewish Cultural Center opened in Moscow, Elie Wiesel spoke to Soviet Jews there present with these words: "What a statement of faith you have made and how proud we are of you!" Jewish faith, patience and persistence, plus Gorbachov's *perestroika* brought about this first significant act in some four score years toward Jewish cultural continuity in the Soviet Union. (We were later informed that in the preceding year fifteen Jewish cultural centers had been quietly opened in cities throughout the Soviet Union, including Vilna.)

One piece of evidence emphasizing change was the announcement by the American Jewish Historical Society that its 1989 Emma Lazarus Award would be presented in May 1989 to Edgar M. Bronfman, president of the World Jewish Congress, and that the "keynote speaker" would be Uri Vladimirovich, ambassador of the Soviet Union to Washington.

The Last Two Decades 13

As the clock was ticking away and approaching midnight to usher in 1967, Selma and I were seated in our study watching the New Years Eve, Times Square, crowds on television. She said, "You were telling some of your partners at the party tonight that you'd see them the day after tomorrow. Yet this morning, you said you were still exhausted. You went back to the office four times since your prostate operation, and each time you were too early in returning. I don't want you sick again." I hastened with my reply: "I'll make you a New Year's resolution. No community jobs if my darling says no, and no night law work unless it is really urgent." She replied, "Lew, I trust you in everything except your need to jump in whenever you think you can help. You'll be sixty-two soon, and you've got to watch out for yourself." I responded, "The doctor has given me the okay and I promise you I'll try very hard not to overdo things."

I returned to my work and I found my office in excellent shape. My partners and associates had handled matters very well. I tried to be cautious. At the outset I limited my involvement in community affairs, but I accepted the chairmanship of the CJP opening campaign dinner at which David Ben Gurion was to speak. For several months I was home every evening,

except for our Boston Symphony nights and an occasional evening at the theater or with friends.

Ben Gurion had retired as Prime Minister of Israel to live in the desert town of S'de Boker. His Boston speech was a part of his eightieth birthday tour. Twenty of us met Ben Gurion and his wife, Paula, at the railroad station on the morning of the dinner. She quipped, at first separately to individuals, and finally to all of us, "So many Jews! Why don't you all come to Israel?" At the hotel, several of us chatted with Ben Gurion, who was full of optimism about Israel's security, economic future and prospective immigration. CJP commissioned a wood-block of him for the occasion. He was delighted to have the original and autographed my copy in Hebrew and English. He was scheduled to visit Brandeis University and I accompanied him. He compared Israel's growth with that of the university (both born in 1948) and reminisced about Justice Brandeis, who was "never afraid of the charge of double loyalties; Brandeis was a loyal son of the United States and was also loyal to his faith in the future Jewish state."

At our Ben Gurion dinner meeting, there were 1,600 guests crowding the ballroom. As the guest of honor and his welcoming group walked through the narrow space between the tables, the audience spontaneously rose and burst into singing *"Haveinu Shalom Aleichem,"* the Hebrew song of welcome. After Ben Gurion's brief talk about Israel's strength and the role of American Jews in assuring its future, I was finally able to quiet the standing, cheering audience. I announced that the Dean of our Hebrew College, Dr. Silberschlag, had been awarded the Poetry Prize of the City of Tel Aviv for translating all the plays of Ari*stoph*anes into Hebrew from Greek, emphasizing the third syllable. Ben Gurion yelled "Aristo*phan*es," putting the emphasis on the fourth syllable. He had learned enough Greek to read Plato in the original, enough Spanish to absorb the true feel of Cervantes, and enough Arabic to follow Maimonides in the language that the great philosopher, scholar, physician and jurist had used to write his works. I thanked Ben Gurion for his lesson in Greek pronunciation.

I then added that, in honor of the Prime Minister's eightieth birthday, each of eighty Boston Jews has contributed, in addition to his increased gift to our 1967 campaign, a thousand dollars, for a total of eighty thousand dollars as a special gift to the school which Ben Gurion had established near his home in S'de Boker in the Negev. And I handed Ben Gurion the check. He jumped up from his chair, threw his arms around me and whispered, *"Todah rabah,"* and then said with a grin, "How many Zionist members did you finally get for your Zionist District?" a question he had put to me twenty-five years earlier when he was chairman of the Jewish Agency and I was president of the Brookline, Brighton, Newton Zionist

District. He had told me then that we had to increase our membership.

Our 1967 Passover Seder, around the enlarged family table, took place at our home with the traditional readings: my brother Sidney's chanting of "The Four Questions" in Yiddish and Hebrew (in the childlike pronunciation of almost five decades earlier), the toasts at each of the four goblets of wine, the singing of Passover songs from the lively *Chad Gad Yoh* (single kid or goat), and the more serious, *Echad Mi Yodaya* (Who knows one, two, and so on until thirteen, then the answers: one God, two tablets of the law, and so on). There was also the "stealing of the *afikomen*" (the larger half of the middle of three matzohs, unleavened bread, symbol of Passover), with rival claims to the "theft" amidst hilarity. (The Seder in 1966, while I was quite ill, had been very sober, even somber, and I had conducted it without the liveliness and fun that had been characteristic of each Seder night since 1919, the first after my father's death.)

Weeks later, reports announced that Arab armies were massing on all of Israel's borders. Our political telephone lines became busy. Officials of the Council of Jewish Federations and the United Jewish Appeal called an emergency meeting in New York for Sunday, June 4, 1967; the hotel ballroom was overcrowded. As the meeting was about to close, I felt that the finale had been much too quiet and uninspiring. I rose, spoke briefly about the imminent emergency and urged each of us to go back to our communities, reopen our fundraising campaigns and start anew to help meet Israel's new emergency needs. When I closed with my punchline: *"Am Yisrael Chay"* (the People of Israel live), the audience rose with an uproar. Individuals raised hands and shouted: "Chicago will increase by a good percentage," "Los Angeles will top anything before," "Cleveland will break all records." And the meeting hall seemed to jump with excitement, like a market rally at the hectic New York Stock Exchange.

From New York, I telephoned Mortimer Weiss, who was Boston's CJP campaign chairman, and suggested that he check with the CJP president and executive vice president and arrange for a special meeting the next morning at eight o'clock, preferably at Congregation Mishkan Tefila in Newton, to report on developments in Israel because great events were in the making. I slept little that night and was glued to the radio, listening to the news of the beginning of the Six Day War.

As our emergency meeting opened at eight, the social hall of Temple Mishkan Tefila was filled. I announced that a radio broadcast from Israel reported that Israeli bombs destroyed the huge armada of Egyptian planes as they were about to take off to destroy Israel. The audience rose and cheered. Our renewed campaign was a success. Israel's complete victory came with Jerusalem, the Golan Heights, the West Bank and Gaza taken

by Israel in six days.

Soon after Israel's victory, the main speaker at the annual NJCRAC plenary session was Abraham Harman, ambassador of Israel to Washington. Mrs. Harman had been the speaker in the same Atlantic City hotel room for the Conference of Jewish Communal Service a week earlier, and many members of which were now back in the same hall. I told the story of an Egyptian officer who had been captured in the Six Day War by an Israel soldier. The prisoner was profuse in his praise of the captor's "alertness, tactical brilliance and superb marksmanship." The Israeli soldier replied, "Oh, yeah? Wait till you meet my husband." I added: "Last week, some of you were thrilled by the soldier Zena Harman. Well, here's her husband."

In September 1967, as chairman of the Overseas Committee of the Council of Jewish Federations, I was part of its mission to visit France, the Soviet Union and Israel. With Israel's victory over its Arab neighbors in the Six Day War, the Soviet Union broke off relations with Israel and the visit of the CJF group was to be limited to France and Israel; Selma and I decided to go to the Soviet Union ourselves, after visits to France, Israel, Turkey and Bulgaria.

Our trip to Paris and our meetings with representatives of the French and European equivalents of America's CJF and NJCRAC were informative and productive. Selma and I had the opportunity to visit with family there and with some of my World War II friends. Our stay in Israel was even more crowded and eventful than our original short trip to Palestine in 1935 and our numerous later visits. We had meetings with Israel officials: President Zalman Shazar and Prime Minister Levi Eshkol, ministers, generals, local officials, members of the Knesset, the judiciary, the Jewish Agency staff—a cross-section of the nation. We saw old friends and visited the country from the north, at the Golan Heights, to the south, at Eilat. On a visit to the Golan Heights, Selma scared me out of my wits when she jumped out and picked up an object, next to a destroyed Syrian Russian tank, that I feared might be a booby trap. It turned out to be an exploded Syrian artillery shell (105 millimeters) with Russian markings. Since we were to visit the Soviet Union before reaching home, we asked friends to ship the shell to Boston. It looks like a modern vase and, because of holes caused by its explosion, it now holds dried flowers.

The most significant part of the trip was the economic conference which Prime Minister Levi Eshkol called. There were Jewish representatives from all over the world, including a number of top leaders from South America, South Africa and Australia. Ambitious plans were made and many were later realized.

One day, the women in our group were scheduled to visit Masada, where almost two millenia earlier Jews who had been holding off Roman legions committed suicide rather than surrender. Some of our men were to visit Ben Gurion at S'de Boker, and I made a friendly bet that, despite Ben Gurion's reported total lack of humor, I would get him to laugh. He frequently smiled, but none in our group had ever heard him laugh. When we were with him, I recounted the story of Levi Eshkol, then Prime Minister who, during the Six Day War, would come home at three or four in the morning, exhausted, paying no attention to his new, young, attractive bride. One night, she stood at their bedroom entrance and the worn-out Eshkol stumbled by her, completely ignoring her. The next night she stood there alluring, scantily clad, with one breast exposed. As Eshkol dragged himself into the house and looked at her, he cried out, with one hand covering one eye, "Good heavens, I forgot to telephone Dayan." Ben Gurion listened, smiled, and then laughed heartily. I won my bet.

After briefings on our last day in Israel from former ambassadors to Moscow, we flew to Istanbul, then Sofia and we finally arrived in Kiev in the Soviet Ukraine. The next two weeks were crowded with events in Kiev, Vilna, Moscow and Leningrad, all essential to an understanding of the role of the American Jewish community on behalf of Soviet Jewry. Our activities soon expanded to include the creation of the European Conference in Paris and then the World Conference on Soviet Jewry in Brussels. In 1968, I became Chairman of the American Conference on Soviet Jewry. And this led to years of intensive work with public officials, including our ambassadors to the United Nations and my fellow Bostonian, Elliot Richardson, then Under-secretary of State. I made a number of extensive trips throughout the country and innumerable speeches on the issue of Soviet Jewry; and chaired meetings which were addressed by great names in Israeli affairs, including Prime Ministers Eshkol and Golda Meir and Generals Dayan and Rabin.

My activity for Jewish education intensified. I accepted a number of assignments from the Hebrew College, including the chairmanship of its fiftieth anniversary celebration and of a convocation to which national leaders came. I worked closely with Philip Lown (who was president of the American Association for Jewish Education), became a fellow and then vice president, but had to decline its presidency. I also assumed certain tasks on behalf of Brandeis University, served on several boards, including that of its Florence Heller Graduate School of Social Welfare, and was named a fellow. But I was also concerned with general education, having had a taste of teaching mathematics at Harvard College and having taught trial practice at Harvard Law School and the law of land planning and

development at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I still serve as vice chairman of the Committee of Harvard's Class of '27 for fundraising and reunions. I was also a member of several visiting committees appointed by the Harvard Board of Overseers to college departments. For many years, too, I was class agent for fundraising of the Harvard Law School Class of 1930.

One "education story" that I occasionally recounted helped lighten some sober discussions. A mother and son were in a sharp dispute. She said, "You will go to school!" He yelled, "I won't go to school!" As the voices became more heated, the mother announced, "We've always been able to talk out our differences, let's quiet down. Let's sit down." She sat, as did her son. In almost a whisper, she declared, "Give me two good reasons why you should not go to school." He responded, "One, I don't like the kids and, two, the kids don't like me. Now, Mom, give me two reasons why I should go to school." She answered, "One, you're forty-three years old and, two, you're the principal."

My pro-Israel activity continued, but not with the intensity and frequent trips to Washington of the mid-fifties. But there were trips to Israel for meetings of the Assembly of the Jewish Agency and other conferences; and I served on the boards of the United Jewish Appeal and the United Israel Appeal. And I was almost always the greater Boston chairman of the quinquenniel celebrations of the establishment of the State of Israel.

Selma's mother, Bessie, had been living with us for over twenty years, ever since her husband's death in 1945. She was becoming forgetful. She would sit silently—often for hours—in a livingroom chair. She continuously rubbed her hands over the chair's arms until their crewel-work covers wore off; when Selma tried to replace the work so that she could repair the arms, Bessie raised an alarm. One morning, at about three A.M., she climbed up the stairs to our bedroom and screamed, "Turn off the faucets, you're trying to drown me." The next day's diagnosis was hardening of the arteries to the brain. We brought her to a nearby nursing home. Within a year she was dead. Later, when I came to know the ravages of Alzheimer's Disease, I was as certain as any layman can be that she was its victim.

Several years later, Selma's oldest brother, Julian, then senior judge of the District Court of Newton, was conducting a trial, when his head dropped. The diagnosis was a malignant tumor. Within several months he died.

On August 29, 1969, a month after Selma's fifty-eighth birthday, I came home from my office to be greeted by these words: "Lew, there's something wrong with my brain. It's not normal. I can remember everything, it seems, except what happened to me, or what I did from the time you left this

morning until just now." I tried to brush off her anxiety: "You're just tired, darling. I often feel a blank." She was persistent: "Lew, this isn't normal. We ought to see someone." And we did.

The following morning, a neurologist gave Selma some simple memory tests for about ten minutes and then said to us, "It looks as though Selma has Alzheimer's Disease. That means a gradual loss of memory, but I can't be absolutely sure. There's no perfect diagnosis yet." I jumped up, pulled the physician aside and said, "You shouldn't have spoken that way in front of Selma." He held me by the shoulders and replied, "Selma won't remember what I've said by the time you've left this office." I told him that I needed another opinion and asked who Boston's greatest expert was. He answered, "The world's greatest neurologist is right here in Boston at Mass General, but he doesn't take patients." I interrupted, "He will, if you ask him hard enough." And he did.

We met with Dr. Frederick Adams, Chief of Neurology at Harvard Medical School and Massachusetts General Hospital. He was president of the world's association of neurologists. He gave Selma tests similar to those of a day earlier, asked numerous questions, and then led me into the outer office and said, "I'm afraid that we still don't have a perfect diagnosis, but I'm convinced that your wife has Alzheimer's Disease. She may be ill for a short period or for a long time, but you had better be prepared for the worst." I asked, "And the outcome?" He sat down and spoke softly: "Ultimately, if my prognosis is correct, she will suffer complete dementia, no memory, no judgment, no emotion. I'm afraid that it's kind of a living death." "How long will this last?" I could hardly utter the words. He told me that it was impossible to tell. "But it may be less or even longer. It may be that it's some other kind of dementia that can be cured and not Alzheimer's for which we know no cure. I'll look into all these possibilities carefully. I'm being completely frank with you. I could have given this to you more gently. But I'm taking you at your word–that you want the truth, even with its painful details." "Will you continue taking care of her?" I queried. "As long as I can, but you should know that I've not taken on a new patient for over a year. And I truly hope that I can be of help."

Dr. Adams gave me a brief history of Alzheimer's Disease, telling me that a German doctor named Alois Alzheimer had a patient who lost her memory and died in 1906. Dr. Alzheimer described what he found in the autopsy: tangled and broken filaments between memory cells and protein plaque around the dead cells. Because his patient was in her forties, the doctor called what he found a "young person's disease." Dr. Adams gave me a number of pamphlets. "We're just beginning to deal with this disease. It's a tough one. I hope that we can find something of cause or cure that can

help Selma. But I can't be optimistic." He met regularly with Selma until he discontinued his practice several years later. He then recommended Dr. Richard Tyler of Brigham & Women's Hospital, and until Selma was hospitalized, Dr. Tyler was Selma's neurologist. Selma's condition grew worse.

For ten years, Selma lived at home. At first there was a practical nurse and a housekeeper. In a few years, there were three nurses around the clock, each with an eight-hour shift. Selma's condition deteriorated. As her memory loss became more serious, there were slight personality changes. Selma became–for the first time in our lives–angry with me when Dr. Tyler told her that she would have to stop driving because of the slowing down of her reaction time. She cried out at me, "You told the doctor to tell me that I have to stop driving! You know that car is part of me." It was the first time she had spoken unpleasantly to me. She had been as nearly perfect a driver as I had known and she was familiar with every nook and cranny in greater Boston. She soon calmed down, and then forgot why she had been angry. Not only was she losing her memory, but her personality changed, although only slightly. Unlike so many other Alzheimer's victims I know, she remained calm and gentle. It was my task to keep her as long and as comfortable as possible.

Within a year after her diagnosis, I determined that the easiest way for me to be with Selma as much as possible was to travel. My law partners generously told me to take as much time as I wanted. Beginning in 1971, we made trips abroad, first for three or four weeks a year until 1980, the last year of our travels, when we were away for over two months. There were few corners of the world we did not visit.

There was a short period–two years or so–when, without knowing what the experiments would prove, I took our doctor's advice and spread powdered lecithin over all of Selma's main courses, three times a day. Investigation had shown a lack of acetycholine in Alzheimer's patients, and there was expectation or hope that some choline from the lecithin might reach the appropriate area in the brain. Before a trip I would measure out enough tiny plastic containers of lethicin for three meals a day, wrapped and rewrapped to prevent moisture from entering (which would harden the lecithin and make it unusable). But lecithin, which had taken up so much time, turned out to be an exercise in futility.

In 1978, we flew to China with my sister, Anne Tavalin, and her husband, Phil, by way of Zurich and Bucharest and across China to Beijing. Our Chinese guides were highly competent, but it was fun to be able to use about a dozen words and expressions in Chinese. Beijing and its surrounding areas (including the Great Wall and areas of archaeological

interest) were a delight. We then headed directly south, almost in a straight line to Canton, through numerous primitive areas and the city of Wuhan. There we watched from a floor above a surgical operation below us, with acupuncture as the anesthesia, and in the next room an operation with the patient under ether. In the acupuncture-controlled operation, the patient waved to us, while the interior of her abdomen was open and exposed.

My sister, who was a teacher of dental hygiene, brought with her thirty or forty small containers of folding toothbrushes, dental cream and floss. One day, she put on an amusing but informative demonstration in a classroom of about fifty children, nine to ten years old. She showed the teachers and pupils what modern American techniques were for the care of teeth. The two Chinese women teachers, Phil, Selma and I were almost doubled over with laughter. The slides of that instruction period are particularly amusing now because of the straight faces of my sister and her students.

After several days in Canton and Hong Kong, the Tavalins returned home. We went to Bombay and New Delhi for several days, then spent a week in Nepal. One day, we took a plane ride beginning at a spot south of the northwest corner of the country and our plane traveled in almost a straight line to the easterly border, with the overwhelming mountain peaks (always snow-covered) of the Himalayas on our left with its Mount Everest, and then a return to the starting point, so that we saw the mountains again on our right. Nepal was delightful. Its people were friendly, and Tibetan refugees were everywhere, especially in Katmandu and other cities where they sold their wares, always including their hand-woven rugs. Religious freedom seemed to exist everywhere in the country.

A large Katmandu temple, which served both Buddhist and Hindu worshippers, had a Buddha standing about twelve feet tall beside his ten foot Tara, each rigid with arms at their sides and faces expressionless. A sculptor was finishing a clay copy of Buddha, about five feet high. Instead of the rigidity of the Temple figure (with stiff arms and hands), the clay sculpture had a sinuous body, with hands and fingers pliant and supple in beautiful Buddhist gestures, and a soft smile. The Nepalese spoke some English and said that he was commissioned to do the Buddha by an American, and that it would be cast in brass. I asked him how much he wanted for a brass Tara, shorter than the Buddha, but with a pleasant expression and similar lithe movements of body and hands. He said, "I'll finish the Tara in about six months at the same price as the Buddha and ship it to you air express collect." I gave the artist a check; Selma expressed her expectation that we would never see the sculpture, but it arrived in a small coffin-like box; the express collect charges were more than the sculptor's fee. It is a warm, almost human, imaginative work, rather than a reproduction,

and stands on one side of our fireplace with a wooden African sculpture about the same height on the other side.

Our travels took us to almost every corner of the world, and we delighted in nature's magnificence and the widely divergent human population of all colors and races, with people varying from highly civilized to primitive, almost aboriginal. The most concentrated natural beauty anywhere, we found in South Island, New Zealand, with its Alps, fjords, caves and thermal areas. To us the most idyllic and restful spot we ever visited was the Island of Bora Bora in the Pacific, halfway between the Great Barrier Reef and Chile. But this account must not turn into a travelogue.

In 1959, CJF established the National Foundation for Jewish Culture on the recommendation of a committee headed by the Sidney Vincent, one of the two extraordinarily able professionals of the Cleveland Federation. The committee included both Phil Lown and me. We had urged Sidney to assume the directorship of the NFJC, but he preferred to remain in Cleveland. Soon, Judah Shapiro became its first director, and Harry Barron his successor, both very able and experienced in Jewish culture. NFJC had a slow start, but increased constantly in productivity and effectiveness. It now has become a great institution, supporting Jewish scholarship, theater, museums, libraries, music and arts, and with significant concerts and performances. Phil Lown and I were among its trustees from the start.

Meanwhile, there were stirrings in the American Jewish community by a growing number of individuals, particularly university graduate students, young rabbis and rabbinic students, stating that not enough support was being given by federations to Jewish culture, Jewish living and Jewish day schools and that too much was going to Jewish-supported hospitals. They were saying, "Medical schools are now accepting Jewish applicants in sizable numbers and the old practice of *numerus clausus* (a quota system) no longer applies. General hospitals are now naming Jewish physicians in respectable numbers as interns and residents. The huge sums of money that have been allocated by federations to Jewish supported hospitals should be cut, and those amounts spent on better Jewish education, Jewish culture and the quality of Jewish life."

Boston was the host city to the 1969 general assembly of the CJF. No sooner did the proceedings begin, when a march began outside the entrance to the GA, with signs and shouts: "Wake up federations; act for the future. We want more funds for better Jewish schools." The leader of the group of young people (mostly men, but some women) was Hillel Levine, then a graduate student at Harvard (now professor and head of the Department of Jewish Studies at Boston University). I urged the president of Boston's CJP, David Pokross, and our executive director, Dr. Benjamin Rosenberg, to

give the young people a hearing. I made the same recommendations to Lou Fox, my successor as CJF president, and Phil Bernstein, its executive vice president. There were huddles of CJF ex-presidents, including me. We soon learned that the one immediate request of the marchers was to allow a spokesman for the demonstrators, Levine, to address the assembly. I suggested that we also offer him a seat on the podium (which he declined).

Levine addressed the general assembly and praised the CJF's action in creating the National Foundation for Jewish Culture (NFJC), but said that the NFJC was not doing enough and federations were not adequately supporting it. Levine argued for more funds for Jewish day schools, for more appointments of scholars and rabbis to federation boards and committees, and for federation emphasis not to be on "fat cats, fundraisers and givers," but on intellectuals devoted to the Jewish creative continuity. Many of the young rebels are now, two decades later, part of the Establishment.

At the annual meeting of our Boston Federation in 1970, two young people approached me and asked why we couldn't have *Birkat Hamazon,* the traditional Jewish thanksgiving prayer after meals. I recommended the suggestion to the president and meeting chairman, Dave Pokross. The rabbi, who had given us the invocation, led the assembly in the post-prandial Hebrew prayer.

Max Fisher of Detroit was elected president of CJF at the assembly later that year in Kansas City. He presided at the Saturday evening dinner, sitting next to the guest speaker, Elie Wiesel, and Phil Bernstein, CJF executive. I was seated not too far away. Again, the same young Boston couple who had added the *Birkat Hamazon* to the Boston proceedings came to talk to me. They had spoken to Max Fisher, who had angrily ordered them back to their seats and told them "not to interfere with the meeting." I approached Max who also gave me a strong negative in sharp words, and so I reported to my young Boston friends. A few moments later, Phil Bernstein came and whispered to me that Elie Wiesel, who could not help but hear what had transpired, said to Max, "Why don't you let me lead the chanting of the *Birkat Hamazon?*" Max, after some hesitation, agreed and, at the end of dinner, Wiesel led the chanting. Thus began the increased Judaization of CJF.

I remember that at some earlier assemblies of CJF, for example, in the fifties and sixties, we had difficulty in getting a minyan for our Sabbath services. In contrast, at the last assembly in New Orleans in November 1988, we had numerous breakfasts with Sabbath morning study sessions, based on traditional texts, followed by four very large assemblages for Sabbath services (Orthodox, Conservative, Reform and Reconstructionist), with a huge hall for one sermon for all the Sabbath observers. At the

assembly there were over 3,500 representative of some 800 Jewish communities in the United States and Canada.

One of the stalwarts of CJF had been its former president, Sidney Hollander of Baltimore, who served in that capacity from 1939 to 1945. He was a passionate advocate for humane social services, social justice and equal opportunity for all. Religious survival, Jewish education or Israel did not concern Sidney. On his ninetieth birthday, a group of us gave him a surprise party. He began his response to our doggerel and our cheers with the simple question and answer: "What's so wonderful about reaching ninety? Each day is followed by the next; and before you know it, you're ninety."

In April 1976 CJF conducted a Sidney Hollander Colloquium and, as chairman, I opened the proceedings with a summary of his goals and achievements; his passionate advocacy of humane social welfare services to make sure that government and the voluntary health and welfare agencies did everything possible to prevent dependency; and with self-respect adequately provided. I pointed out that there was seldom a CJF board meeting at which Sidney did not ask how many federations had taken action to encourage their Senators or Congressmen or state and city administrations to pass a needed bill or take the necessary steps to improve the standard of social service and health administration.

Although neither Sidney nor Harry Lurie, CJF executive director, was seriously concerned with Jewish education, Zionism or Israel, by 1976 CJF had begun to make substantial progress in emphasizing Jewishness as well as social progress.

As a result of discussions at CJF general assemblies (following pressures by community leaders who wanted to advance a positive Jewish way of life), the CJF created the Institute of Jewish Life as an experiment with a three-year life. I knew its work best during the period when Leon Jick was its director. Some communities jumped at the opportunity to develop the art of positive Jewish living. As a member of its board, I considered its life—though short—a valuable contribution. Dr. Arnold Gurin, who evaluated the institute's program, said that "new ideas and approaches were generated, a climate of greater concern about the issues of Jewish life had been created, and significant contributions were made."

Over the eighteen or so years since the assembly of CJF in Boston, its programs have dealt not only with issues of fundraising, Medicare and Medicaid, long-term-care financing, endowment funds and other similar topics, but also more and more with Jewish history and culture, education and Jewish living. Thus the Judaization of the CJF has made great headway.

In 1979 Selma (whose memory was now fading rapidly) and I had

invitations to two weddings in Paris, five weeks apart. We arrived the morning of the first marriage, that of the son of Leon and Myriam Eligoulachvili to a Turkish Jewish girl. We then spent several days in northwestern France, flew to England and drove from York to Bath, then to Oxford where we visited Eisig Silberschlag (former president of Boston's Hebrew College) at the Oxford Graduate School of Jewish Studies. We flew to Budapest and Prague for ten days and then back to Paris for the second wedding, of the grandson of Joe and Louise Eruimy (who had moved from Oran to Paris) to a Parisian Jewish girl. The following evening we were home in Boston.

In Prague, there was a foul-up with our hotel reservations so that we had to find a place to sleep for our first night there. In the national airline downtown office, I seated Selma where I could watch her, surrounded her with our baggage, and began making telephone calls for a room. I frequently looked up and waved to Selma and she waved back. When I heard of rooms that seemed adequate, I began writing down the names, addresses and directions. At one point when I was busy taking down information, I glanced in Selma's direction, and she was gone. We were in a building facing a small circular monument where eight avenues converged, like the Etoile in Paris. I ran around the innermost circle of the square, looking down each street. I caught sight of her with her bright red cap and scarf, a little over a block away. I yelled. She heard me, waved and started walking toward me–as I walked to her–and soon she was in my arms.

When we returned to Boston, it was clear that Selma would soon need a nursing home. I found the best one available about three or four miles from our home, but I postponed it as long as I could–her leaving home. All the doors in our house leading outside were connected to an alarm which would sound, unless the system was turned off. One evening in October 1980, I turned off the alarm as I entered the front door. The telephone rang and I answered it, failing to turn the alarm on again. A client was giving me a long list of names and numbers. When I got off the phone, Selma was no longer sitting in the living room. She was not in the house. I sent the housekeeper and nurse outside with directions where to go and I called the police. It took over an hour for one of the three police cruisers to find her. Selma was seated on the curb of a side street, in the dark, about half a mile from our house. She had crossed busy Beacon Street, where traffic speeds up, approaching the Newton–Wellesley Hospital, to avoid a red light. Selma was in a panic and rushed into my arms. Apparently, she had been rubbing a large bracelet which gave her name, home address and telephone numbers, with the words "Alzheimer's patient," as though she recognized that the bracelet was somehow important.

The next morning, Selma was in a nursing home in Weston, just over the Newton line. I was with her all that day. She had a charming, bright and friendly roommate of about fifty, a victim of multiple sclerosis, paralyzed from the waist down. The second day I was at my office, but left at about noon for Selma's nursing home. As I arrived, there was Selma running toward the highway with two nurses chasing her and two police cars, one from Newton and another from Weston, converging on them. I opened my car door and Selma rushed in. Soon, I heard a lecture from the head nurse on the two classes of Alzheimer's patients, the "wanderers" (of which Selma was one) and the "screamers." Within a few days, Selma seemed to adjust better and began to make friends. While there was an adequate nursing staff, Selma's doctor believed that she needed one always at her side, and she had a nurse with her day and night.

In 1976, I had brought Selma to the Hebrew Rehabilitation Center for the Aged, which is accredited as a hospital. It was ideal for Selma, particularly with its large medical department, including several gerontologists and nurses trained in geriatrics. But the waiting list was long. In mid-1983, Selma's name was reached and she walked into the Rehabilitation Center with me on one side and her afternoon nurse on the other. There was no problem of adjustment. She seemed to be acting exactly as she had in her nursing home; quiet, uncomplaining, gentle. Selma could still speak, but with a very limited vocabulary. Selma's roommate was a kindly soul, very old, whose mind was sharp and who kept her eye always on Selma.

Selma's situation turned worse. By the end of 1984, her speech had completely disappeared and her capacity to respond even by gestures became limited. In early 1986, her epiglottis failed to function, and Selma developed pneumonia. After three successful bouts with that disease, she finally succumbed and died on April 20, 1986. She had not reached her seventy-sixth birthday.

When I saw her motionless, her expression calm, her features perfect, I remained standing there. The words of John Donne spoke to me: "No spring nor summer hath such grace, / As I have seen in one autumnal face." Memories flashed through my mind, beginning with the first time I saw her back in October 1928. Selma, many years earlier, had signed a living will, which provided that if and when she became brain-dead, she was not to be kept alive by tube-feeding or other heroic measures. Two physicians with whom I had talked about Selma's living will entered and led me to their office. They had been ready to make a decision to act but the pneumonia had made action unnecessary. The autopsy showed that she had a severe case of Alzheimer's which caused pneumonia, which, in turn,

caused death. All I could think was, "Selma has not been Selma for a long time. Now she is no longer suffering. She is at peace."

My rabbi, Samuel Chiel, urged me to speak at Selma's funeral. I was sure that I would be unable to talk, but he persisted, and said that he'd be ready to step in if I stumbled. I spoke. The first words I uttered were: "We are here not to mourn a death, but to celebrate a life." And I reminisced about cheerful and amusing events in Selma's life and mine, beginning with our introduction at a Menorah meeting fifty-eight years earlier and our next evening together. I told of her dramatic scene in the play *The Jew Süss* when her distressed father saw her dead, landed on her solar plexus and changed tragedy to farce. I related incident after incident that brought laughter and relief to those who had come to mourn. On the family's return home, I remained awake and alert. When I was alone that night I slept little and I wept. I have not wept for Selma since. She would have wanted me—I was certain, if and when she knew—not to mourn.

Three days after Selma's funeral, my brother Sidney and my sister-in-law Ethel held the Passover Seder at their home in New Jersey, as they had for a number of years. As the traditional family service was about to begin, Sidney spoke:

> It was the end of June 1933. Selma and Lew had been married less than a year; their combined earnings totaled less than twenty-five dollars a week—unless Lew received a legal fee. I had just graduated from Portland High School and gone to live with my two oldest sisters in New York. I telephoned Selma: "Can I come to stay with you for a couple of days and talk with you and Lew about my future?" Selma interrupted: "Stay with us? You'll live with us! This is your home."
>
> I lived with Selma and Lew for the six years it took me to prepare for college, be admitted to Harvard, and to graduate. The first year I slept on the couch in their tiny living room; a bridge table was my desk. The next year we moved into a nearby apartment with an additional room for me. Selma taught me how to read, study, think, write and take an exam. Selma was an extraordinary woman; even though she was only twenty-one when I came to live with her and Lew.

I no longer mourn. But I recall, usually as I awaken, or when I rest after an extra-long ride on my stationary bicycle, joyous events, incidents from our travels. I often recite to myself the scores of bits of doggerel I had written for Selma over the years, especially for her birthdays and our wedding anniversaries.

In the fall of 1980, Myer Saxe, an excellent fundraiser for many good causes, whose wife was also an AD victim, came to my office. He was accompanied by Marrott Sinex, a Ph.D. in biochemistry. Myer introduced Marrot as a researcher actively involved in the study of Alzheimer's on the staff of Boston University Medical School.

Myer asked me to form a Massachusetts charitable corporation, contributions to which would be federally tax exempt, to support research, create family support groups, provide public information and education, help establish policy and, in general, help Alzheimer's victims and their families. Dr. Sinex would be president. Creating the charitable corporation was easy and took place on October 1, 1980. Many months elapsed, and many telephone calls were made, before we obtained federal approval of our tax-exempt status. On July 29, 1981, Selma's seventieth birthday, the Alzheimer's Disease and Related Disorders Association (ADRDA) was recognized by the Internal Revenue Service as a charitable corporation with tax-deductible contributions. Later, we encouraged the formation of two similar Massachusetts corporations. One was for Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, and the other for Western Massachusetts. The original Massachusetts corporation, changed its name to add "of Eastern Massachusetts." The ADRDA of Massachusetts joined with several other state ADRDAs to create the national ADRDA, a very effective organization for fundraising, research, policy formulation and action.

ADRDA grew, and before long, the Massachusetts legislature created a commission to investigate and study Alzheimer's and to make recommendations for state action. Governor Michael Dukakis appointed sixty members and designated me as chairman on November 24, 1984. Few people knew of the ravages of the disease and some of us from ADRDA wore buttons with the slogans: "Bring Alzheimer's Out of the Darkness." During the commission's life of several years, we filed two detailed reports with the governor and the legislature. We made numerous recommendations, some of which were adopted, including the appropriation of two million dollars for the first year of a respite program. In 1987 Congress created a fifteen-person advisory panel on Alzheimer's and I was appointed a member. We have been meeting regularly in Washington and have completed a report. There is still no knowledge as to the cause of the disease or its cure or mitigation, if any. Even diagnosis is not certain. I intend to work on behalf of Alzheimer victims and their families regardless of this, as long as I am physically and mentally able to do so.

In the spring of 1985, Sid and Ethel gave me as an eightieth birthday gift a trip to Jerusalem and several European capitals. In Jerusalem, we observed the Shoah (Holocaust) memorial service at Yad Vashem, the Israel

center for Holocaust remembrance. Justice Moshe Landau (who had presided at the Adolph Eichmann trial) took the three of us under his wing and we witnessed a wide variety of moving events, including the lighting by President Herzog of six huge ceramic oil-filled bowls, each flaming bowl representing a million Jews murdered in the Holocaust. Later we observed a group of about forty recently arrived Ethiopian Jewish adults listening to an Israeli teacher recount the story of Nazi barbarism. As he finished each sentence in Hebrew, another Israeli translated the sentence into Amharic, the basic language of Ethiopia. It was a moving experience to watch these young black Jews, with wide eyes showing amazement and horror as they learned, sentence by sentence, of Nazi barbarism.

Ethel, Sid and I soon arrived at the home of Judge Aharon and Elika Barak. Their dinner guests included eight other Supreme Court justices, plus the spouses of some of the justices. Aharon pronounced: "There are nine judges of the Supreme Court here plus four spouses. Our court functions in panels of three judges. So, we have three panels and we should be able to solve all Israel's problems." He then toasted the American and Israeli guests.

When it came time for me to respond, I described Selma's and my first visit to Jerusalem exactly fifty years earlier and, by contrast, what she would have seen fifty years later. I proposed a toast to Israel, Jerusalem, the three judicial panels, and particularly our hosts.

Selma's and my last visit together to Jerusalem (out of many) had taken place in 1978. She and I had flown from Rome to Amman, capital of Jordan. We had spent three days as tourists, visiting historic ruins and monuments and also Palestinian refugee camps. We came to the Allenby Bridge, which we were to cross, find our car and be driven to Jerusalem.

We were the only non-Arabs in the customs office on the Jordanian side. There was no baggage problem. But an officious Arab asked for my papers. I showed him my passport and the Jordanian visa. "That's not the paper I want. It's in your wallet." I understood what he wanted, but I was not about to give him anything. I took out my wallet and pulled out two small photos: one of Jack Kennedy with me; the other of Jimmy Carter with me. "Are these what you want?" I asked. The official became almost servile. "No", he answered, "but it's okay. Have a good trip and thank you." Selma and I crossed the bridge. We were soon in Jerusalem and joined Sid and Ethel for a delightful ten days which included a meeting of the Jewish Agency for Israel and a visit to Cairo and trips up the Nile to Luxor, Aswan and as far as Abu Simbel. That was eight years before Selma's death.

Leon Brock, chairman of the Board of Trustees of Hebrew College,

informed me that the 1985 annual meeting of the corporation and board would end with a tribute to me. The guest speakers were Mrs. Ruth Fein, former president of Boston's CJP and of the American Jewish Historical Society; Professor Charles Haar, holder of the Louis D. Brandeis Chair at Harvard Law School; Chancellor Abram L. Sachar, founding president of Brandeis University; and Judge Jerry Wagner of the Superior Court of Connecticut (who had worked closely with me in NJCRAC, the American Jewish Congress and various pro-Israel activities). I had to blush throughout the proceedings. There were several other eightieth birthday parties, an office lunch at Foley Hoag & Eliot, with the whole professional staff and a few others, including my secretary, Jean Desmond, and the members of my immediate family. A portrait of me was unveiled to hang in a conference room bearing my name and my firm established a book fund in my honor at the Social Law Library which serves the courts and lawyers of Massachusetts. (Henry Foley and I had been trustees of the library and I was chairman of its 175th birthday celebration.) My children also ran a "family and close friends" party at my home and the house was filled with family, friends, children, balloons and even a costumed gorilla to greet the guests.

During the last week of August 1988, the Boston Symphony Orchestra dedicated its final four concerts to Lenny Bernstein in honor of his seventieth birthday. For the first concert, Goldie Gans Feinsilver came with me, and we were seated in the box directly behind Lenny, his mother, Jenny, and his sister, Shirley. Goldie had been Lenny's second Hebrew teacher. His first had been Selma, then sixteen, in her first year as Hebrew teacher, when he was eight and in his first year at Hebrew school. (Lenny once told me, "With Selma I learned to love Hebrew and Selma.") Our box was the center of attraction and there were hugs, kisses, back-slapping, handshaking galore. Lenny's close associates conducted the first two concerts, rich with music specifically written for the occasion. Lenny's older daughter, Jamie, wrote a lively, joyous piece sung by her, her husband, her brother and her sister, which brought down the house and inspired Lenny to jump up with excitement.

I was the weekend guest of my niece and nephew, Louise and Dr. Ira Wasserberg, at their summer home in Stockbridge. Just before the third concert, Lenny's Mass, Ira and I were wending our way through the overcrowded lawn—where many thousands of listeners were finishing their suppers waiting for the concert to start—and I fell. Ira helped me up, sat me on a bench and examined me, then announced that I had broken my upper left arm, that all that could be done for me at the hospital would be to put my arm in a sling. He then took off his sweater and made it into a

sling for my arm. And he gave me a painkiller and codeine. He then said that if we went to the hospital after the concert, we would be home earlier than if we left before the concert, because accident victims would have to be taken care of and a new medical shift came on at midnight. He asked whether I wanted to stay. I answered, "You bet!"

We enjoyed the magnificent Mass. Ira was right. The surgeon put my arm in a sling and gave me more anti-pain pills and a sleeping pill. We were at the cottage before one. I also attended the fourth concert with Louise's parents, Hersch and Ruth Yesley, and with my arm in a sling. The music was not Lenny's, but he conducted. The concert was ideal, and the ovation extraordinary. I missed all the parties to which I had been invited and my first call back home was from Jennie Bernstein, Lenny's mother: "Where did you disappear to?"

In early November 1988, Jennie telephoned me that she was not well enough to go to New York for the forty-fifth anniversary of Lenny's debut as conductor of New York Philharmonic (November 14, 1943) and I was to be her proxy. On that Sunday in 1943, Bruno Walter, visiting conductor for the afternoon concert, became ill. The regular conductor, Artur Rodzinski, was snowbound in the Berkshires. Lenny, then twenty-five and assistant conductor, without a rehearsal brilliantly conducted the concert, nationally broadcast over the radio. And thus a new, brilliant musical personality appeared on the world scene.

In Carnegie Hall on the evening of November 14, 1988, exactly forty-five years later, I sat with Lenny's three children, son-in-law and sister and a family friend, in the family box and, after the concert, with them and Lenny at table number one at an exuberant gala supper in the Waldorf Astoria. It took Lenny some two hours to nibble away his food while being greeted by intimates who kissed and embraced him, and also by many an obvious stranger who asked and received his autograph, with an exchange of warm words.

When Lenny and I were able to talk, we reminisced about the bar mitzvah of his son Alexander, when all of us had been together. Lenny and his late wife, Felicia, his parents, Sam and Jennie, Rabbi Israel Kazis and his wife, "Sis," and Selma and I sat together. He rejoiced that his father and son had been together with him on the *bihma* in front of the Oren Kodesh (the Holy Ark). He had just returned from his first Vienna concert and he described his mixed feelings about the city. What began with distaste, and then doubt, developed into mixed feelings for the warmth shown him, although he always remembered the city's Nazi past. After the death of Felicia, Selma and I had brought Jennie to the memorial service in Lincoln Center. Later, we accompanied Jennie to the opening night of his Mass in

Washington for the dedication of the John F. Kennedy Theater. Lenny remembered all these events and described details. I said, "If only your father and Selma could have been here with us this evening, they would have *gekleibt naches* [enjoyed parental pride]."

At the Waldorf Astoria, I also chatted with William Vacchiano, a retired first trumpet of the Philharmonic, who was one of seven retired Philharmonic musicians who had played in the concert of November 14, 1943, and were introduced, among the ovations, at the end of the 1988 Carnegie Hall concert. Bill, who lived across the street from us on Middle Street, Portland, Maine, seventy years earlier, had kept us awake with his trumpet playing.

In 1983 there had been a warm family reunion in Lawrence, Massachusetts, for Lenny's sixty-fifth birthday. We visited the house where Lenny was born and the textile mill where his mother had begun to work as a girl of twelve. We also attended ceremonies to rename the Municipal Park Theater in honor of Lenny. And, at an outdoor expanded family lunch, I read some doggerel I had written for Lenny's birthday.

During the past few years, I have spent much time with Dr. Harry Savitz, physician and Jewish scholar. He had been my friend for over sixty years since we were together at the summer boys' camp where he had been physician and I dramatic counselor. His wife, Beatrice, had died in early 1977 and he had become disconsolate. His late cousin, Professor Harry A. Wolfson, professor of Jewish History and Philosophy at Harvard, had been Harry's ideal, and we occasionally read aloud from his works. Wolfson had been one of Selma's professors at Radcliffe and he talked of her as his best Radcliffe student. Wolfson had also been my freshman advisor and had been far from warm to me on my first day at Harvard. However, he was like an older brother to Minnie Epstein, sister of Wolf Winer, my roommate, and also to her husband, Rabbi Louis Epstein, and I came to know him intimately. When I reminded Professor Wolfson of our first meeting, he said, "That was my way of developing your self-reliance." Then we both laughed, and he added that September 1923 had been an extremely difficult period for him, but that he should have shown me some warmth and perhaps expressed a willingness to help.

In the early twenties, Judge Julian Mack had annually gathered funds to give to Harvard, which it then used to pay Wolfson as an assistant professor. Among the Mack papers given to the archives at Hebrew Union College following his death and only recently discovered, was a letter to him from Wolfson, which showed how he was then living from hand to mouth. He had been offered a post at the Jewish Institute of Religion and was tempted to take it. Why? Because, when he returned to his room a few days earlier, he had seen his furniture stacked on the street. He did not

have enough money to pay his rent. Wolfson was, as he wrote, most eager to remain at Harvard, but the uncertainty of income and the threat of no place to sleep tempted him to accept the offer from the Jewish Institute. It was then that Judge Mack fully understood Wolfon's precarious position and began the process which ended when Lucius Littauer established the Nathan Littauer Professorship in his father's honor, specifically for Wolfson.

Over the years, Selma and I often saw Professor Wolfson in his apartment or in the Savitz home or the homes of common friends. Dr. Savitz had been our family physician during his entire practice, and he had become physician-in-chief of the Hebrew Rehabilitation Center for the Aged, where he established its important medical unit concentrating on geriatrics–the first in the country.

Dr. Savitz and I occasionally reminisced about Wolfson and his hobbies, including movies and politics. Wolfson had often discussed with me Mayor James Michael Curley's peregrinations into crooked municipal activities. Wolfson knew many details of the political activities of Boston mayors and Massachusetts governors, just as he was an expert at guessing who the murderers, thieves and graft-takers were in the movies. His scholarship was catholic, and his knowledge of all religions phenomenal.

My late partner Henry Foley had been a philosophy major at Boston College, and one of his key avocations was Catholic philosophy. When Professor Wolfson's *The Philosophy of the Church Fathers* appeared in 1956 with the subtitle *Faith, Trinity, Incarnation,* I read the volume. It was erudite and mind-boggling. I brought my copy to Henry and suggested that he look at it. The next day, Henry left the volume on my desk with a note. "Thanks. I looked at the book and weighed it. It's heavy. How can a non-Catholic write about the Church Fathers and Church philosophy?" Later, when Henry was about to leave on a vacation, I brought the volume back to him and said, "Do me the personal favor and read the first chapter: 'The Wisdom of God and the Wisdom of the World' or the last chapter 'Heresy.' " Henry scowled and said, "The awful things you make me do!" When Henry returned to the office, he couldn't wait to tell me: "That Wolfson book is a masterpiece. I read the last chapter, then the first and then the whole book. I'm delighted that you forced me into this." I told Wolfson the story and he was pleased.

Wolfson's student and disciple, Leo W. Schwarz (one of my predecessors as president of the Harvard Menorah Society), wrote a biography of him, but Wolfson would not give permission for its publication while he was alive; Leo was unhappy. In Wolfson's last years he worked intensively on Islamic philosophy, specifically the *Kalam.* Once Leo wrote me that Wolfson had told him that he could publish the biography "when the *Kalam*

appears." Leo added, "Substitute for *Kalam* the word 'Messiah.' " The *Kalam* was published posthumously with the help of Wolfson's successor as Littauer professor (and also director of the Harvard Center for Jewish Studies), Isadore Twersky.

Professor Twersky also arranged for the publication by the Jewish Publication Society of Leo Wolfson's *Harvard: Portrait of a Scholar.* Because Leo died almost a decade before Wolfson, I wrote an epilogue of the last years of Wolfson's life at Professor Twersky's suggestion. Included within it was doggerel which I had written for Wolfson's eightieth birthday in 1967 and which is included in the appendix to this book.

In September 1986, Harvard celebrated its 350th anniversary. Its three days, crowded with activities, showed Harvard's deep involvement with Hebrew (once a required subject) and Jewish studies. At the first of three convocations, Rabbi Ben-Zion Gold, Director of Harvard–Radcliffe Hillel, gave the opening prayer in Hebrew and English. Professor Twersky delivered a stimulating talk on the Hebrew role at Harvard and numerous Jewish students and faculty members participated in the convocations, colloquia and seminars.

One extraordinary exhibit was "The Jewish Experience at Harvard and Radcliffe," organized by Nitza Rosovsky, Director of Exhibitions at the Semitic Museum (wife of Professor Henry Rosovsky, former Dean of Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences).

The exhibit was a superb showcase, and Mrs. Rosovsky published an excellent volume with the same title as the exhibit. Prominently displayed was a huge enlargement of a photograph taken at a dress rehearsal of the play Disraeli, produced in the spring of 1929. There was I (with the Disraeli wig, but no make-up) exposing the Russian spy (played by Selma's classmate, Miriam Ganzburg) who had been trying to prevent Great Britain's purchase of the Suez Canal. The photograph was also reproduced in the volume and served as its front cover. The exhibit was filled with a wide variety of memorabilia, including significant letters during the period of President Lowell's determination to limit Jewish admission, even Professor Harry Wolfson's Phi Beta Kappa key (which I loaned to the exhibit) and a photograph of Matthews Hall, "meeting place of Jewish students" (as Mrs. Rosovsky described my dormitory). President Derek Bok told me how delighted he was with the exhibit.

In 1970 Harvard added to the Littauer chair a second professorship in Jewish Studies (Hebrew and Jewish history). In 1978 the Center for Jewish Studies was established and Twersky was named its director. Harvard now has four additional endowed professorships in Jewish Studies, the last named for Harry A. Wolfson. With the help of Sidney Rabb, I had persuaded

Peter Solomon, his nephew, to serve as chairman of the Wolfson Professorship drive. He handled the "wholesale end" in New York; I, as his assistant, the "retail" portion in Boston. We exceeded our million-dollar goal.

Professor Twersky wrote, "Wolfson's career at Harvard marked the emergence of Judaica in the great universities as a respected, self-sufficient discipline with its own integrity, autonomy and comprehensive mores."

In the summer of 1982, when a book by Bruce Murphy purported to tell of a secret cabal between Justice Louis D. Brandeis and then Professor Felix Frankfurter, with the justice allegedly making improper payments to the professor, I publicly protested the inaccuracy of the charge of secrecy and the implications of impropriety. This incident reminded me of my frustration in not having completed a play on Brandeis which I had begun more than thirty years earlier. In 1987 I completed a two-act play with the title *Justice Confirmed.* The play deals with the four months of the Senate Judiciary Committee hearings on the Brandeis confirmation, when "he almost didn't make it." It has been given several unrehearsed readings, and I am hopeful of its performance and publication. For the Special Constitutional Issue of the *Journal of the Boston Bar Association* of October/November 1987, I wrote an article on Justice Louis D. Brandeis and included my tribute to him in poetry, which I had written the night of his death, and which also appears in the appendix to this book.

I have also brought up to date my libretto of the *Merry, Modern, Musical Mirrorscope of American Jewish Community Life* which I had written over a half century earlier and had more than twelve hundred performances, with over twenty thousand copies of its libretto sold. The title had been *So Let 'Em Foreclose,* but synagogues, these days, have few mortgages and, in any event, there are no foreclosures. The Brotherhood, like all the other synagogue groups, had as its aim a rabbi with an Anglo-Saxon name. A half century ago his name was "Peretz Chesterfield." Now it is "Mendel Marlborough." (The years have brought changes in cigarette popularity). Several lyrics are also included in the appendix. I also hope that the modern version will soon be published and performed.

I have passed my eighty-fourth birthday, and my health is reasonably good. I have practically recovered from my fall at Tanglewood during Lenny Bernstein's seventieth birthday celebration. During 1987 and 1988, I have been spared from the "fever of unknown origin" from which I suffered spasmodically in past years (even though it did not prevent my working). That fever had begun in the early sixties and lasted for a few days. Every so often, skipping a year or two, my temperature has been rising higher and higher and lasting longer and longer. My namesake, Dr. Louis Weinstein, world famous authority on fevers, is still puzzled after hundreds of tests.

I have lived alone since Selma first went into a nursing home in 1980, and I have become accustomed to my solitary life. I ride a stationary bicycle while I watch television, for at least five miles a day. Thus far–despite absences and illnesses–I have clocked almost ten thousand miles. I do very little traveling now, a week or two in Miami to visit family, two or three trips a year to annual meetings of CJF and NJCRAC and an occasional meeting of the American Bar Association or the American College of Trial Lawyers. I also attend a conference of the Alzheimer's Disease Advisory Panel in Washington every other month. My overseas trips have dropped sharply.

I come to my office every day by an early bus and clean up my desk from the previous day, prepare my office diary and get to work. Some clients still insist on seeing me, although I have been retired for many years. Where I have been most effective these days, I believe, is in training young lawyers to be litigators. I taught trial practice at Harvard Law School for sixteen years. The present one-to-one instruction is productive and fun. I'm delighted when I get a telephone call from a young lawyer at the court house who shouts either, "We got the injunction!" or "The witness was as easy as pie!"

I attend some meetings of the board or executive committee of local organizations and annually, or more frequently, of national agencies. From time to time I talk at a synagogue or church or bar association. My Kristallnacht 1988 talk at the Temple Emanuel Brotherhood was entitled, "The Organized American Jewish Community Fifty Years Ago And Now." And in early May 1989, I addressed Temple Mishkan Tefila at its memorial observance of the Holocaust.

A series of honors have come to me over recent years. Yeshiva University gave me its Heritage Award, and the Jewish Theological Seminary its National Community Service Citation. The liberal Americans for Democratic Action presented me with its Roosevelt Day Award for "lifelong dedication to philanthropy, education, civil rights and civil liberties, good government, peace and understanding," no less. The conservative Greater Boston Chamber of Commerce inducted me into the Academy of Distinguished Bostonians, as "lawyer and soldier, bipartisan advisor to five [I count eight] Governors of Massachusetts, inventor of laws to provide housing in our cities, crusader against corruption, and friend to the elderly and poor." I have received numerous citations from various Jewish agencies. The Hebrew Rehabilitation Center for the Aged awarded me its "Over-achiever Citation" and Massachusetts ADRA named me its first "Humanitarian of the Year." Brandeis University gave me an honorary doctorate of Humane Letters; Boston Hebrew College, an honorary doctorate of Hebrew laws; and

the Harvard Center for Jewish Studies, its first citation.

I read a great deal; and when unread books pile up to a dozen or fifteen, I go on a reading spree. My interests vary, from a light novel or mystery to a tome on foreign affairs, science or even mathematics (my college major). My most serious reading in recent months has been of *Responsa,* answers by rabbinic scholars to questions in Jewish law posed to them by Jewish communities throughout the Jewish world–questions that began being asked over a thousand years ago. There is fascination in noting the changes over the centuries. In recent years, Holocaust victims asked poignant questions, like this one: "How could I utter in the morning prayer thanks to the Almighty for making me a free man, when I was not a free man, but a slave in a Nazi death camp?" And the answer came: "You were only temporarily enslaved. The Almighty knew that. Although you were powerless for the time being, you would, one day, be free." Some answers were not always convincing, but they had the ring of humanity and eternity. And I have also been reading the *Mishne Torah* (the code) of Moses Maimonides, and Professor Isadore Twersky's masterful *Introduction to the Mishne Torah.*

Occasionally, I host a family event or a meeting of the Amalgamated (the quasiliterary group which was formed in 1933) at my home. I attend my regular Boston Symphony concerts (in the same seat for over fifty years) with a relative or friend. I believe that I have warded off a few overly aggressive would-be female companions.

Much of my spare time is spent in writing and community work. My articles and book reviews have appeared in law journals, the Boston newspapers and the *Boston Jewish Advocate,* and various Anglo-Jewish journals. I spend much time on the telephone, giving answers to questions (my own *responsa).*

From time to time, a friend will stay over at my home. Warren Robbins, founder of the National Museum of African Art, who came to visit his ailing sister, Evelyn Sessler, is like a family member. Every so often, Warren spends a night or two with me. One of these days I hope to write of his brilliance in creating the Museum of African Art, now a part of the Smithsonian. Melvin Stein, for many years on the legal staff of Equitable Life and, before that, regional counsel of HUD, comes to my home every so often. My brother and sister-in-law, Sid and Ethel, and my son and daughter, David and Liz, and nieces and nephews spend occasional nights in my home. Three sons of Sid and Ethel and their families live in Boston; each has a talented wife and at least one child. The youngest is named Hannah Selma. My sister-in-law, Barbara Yesley, has been a devoted friend; and my partner, Herb Berman, and his wife, Evelyn, and Dr. Bernard Lown

and his wife, Louise, have been very attentive to me.

Every moment of my life is precious to me and I want to keep every moment productive, to the best of my ability. I want to continue to function, to live fully and completely, to participate in the action and passion of our time, to treasure life and to try to enrich the lives of others. I try to be a total human being, and to remember that there are always unfinished tasks to complete, a heritage to help transmit, a contribution to make, a purpose to fulfill, and a peace to help achieve. I know this even though my role in any of these may be trivial or nonexistent.

While I try to function in the fullest meaning of the word and to the best of my capacity, I recognize that there are limitations on my capacity. I am not as physically able as I was even a few years ago. I don't remember names or numbers as well as I once did and I no longer walk at a brisk rate. But except for the loss of those close to me and the tragedy of Selma, my life has been happy and fulfilling. I want the remainder of my life to be active and functioning.

My belief is firm that American Jews must retain and strengthen confidence in Jewish communities everywhere and provide any needed help to them. And we must persist in our organized American Jewish communal efforts. Impatience and despair should not be part of the vocabulary of those of us who want the Jewish people to be "a light unto the nations," who want Israel to be at peace with its neighbors, economically secure and free to contribute to civilization and to its social and economic development and that of its Arab neighbors.

The uprisings in the West Bank and Gaza, *intifada,* distress many of us deeply, and the beatings, home demolitions, deadly rubber bullets and expulsions may be necessary for Israel's security, but are too reminiscent of conduct against the Jews. The real victims are the Israeli soldiers who have been trained to fight skillfully against an enemy, but now have to withstand stones and rocks, as well as curses and sniping. It is significant that, of the crimes listed in the Bible for capital punishment, stoning to death was punishment for the most serious. We know only too well the security threat to Israel from the PLO, Iraq, Syria, Lybia and Iran, and the possibility of poison chemicals. I have a profound devotion to Israel, and a love and dedication to the concept of a Jewish homeland since my earliest boyhood and to the State of Israel since its creation.

Israel never wanted to be a "bristling fortress." It has long recognized the need of autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza, but there has been no one–but no one–who could or would represent and speak for the Arabs occupying those areas. Arafat, despite his recent peaceful words, has more recently made statements contradictory to his assurances to American

officials. My hope and expectation are that the United States, perhaps with the participation of the Soviet Union, will create a process for negotiation of a solution which will include Israel's right to exist as an independent, secure nation with autonomy for the Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza.

I have always been an optimist. I am still hopeful that Arafat will now carry out his promise of "no terrorism" and that a solution, satisfactory to the Arabs and with as little hurt as possible to Israel, will come to pass. The United States has expressed concern at the efforts of PLO groups to enter Israel by way of south Lebanon.

The February 1989 United States report on Human Rights Violations named Israel as an offender in its response to the Palestinian uprisings in the West Bank and Gaza, the *intifada.* Later American reports stated some justification for Israel's conduct. There are many pluses and minuses in an analysis of Israel's position as of mid-April 1989. Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, reported that, while Israel will undoubtedly receive a grant of three billion dollars in the 1989 budget, the following year's appropriation may be in doubt. Moshe Arens, Minister of Foreign Affairs, stated that King Hussein is the Arab to help resolve the status quo, and Prime Minister Shamir has talked of autonomy and elections. The improved relations between the Soviet Union and our country bodes well for world peace, and may lead to a unified decision on a Middle East settlement (we hope not one that may pay more attention to Saudi Arabia and Jordan than to Israel). The short answer to these negative factors is that Israel has for many years been ready to talk peace, but there has been no Palestinian leader or group ready and willing to talk. And Israel cannot talk to itself. After all, to use an old cliche, it takes two to tango. I am convinced that the pressures are approaching a climax. There will be talks. There will be a solution. There will certainly be autonomy. While I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, I am an optimist. Thus far most of my optimistic hopes for Israel's continuity and growth have been realized.

Yitzhak Shamir, Prime Minister of Israel, called a Conference on Jewish Solidarity in Jerusalem for March 21 and 22, 1989. My inclination at first was not to attend; I thought that the conference had, as its purpose, support for the Prime Minister, with whose views and actions I did not always agree. When I learned that the call had come from the Unity Government, that the cochairmen were Ministers without Portfolio Mordecai Gur (Labor) and Ehud Olmert (Likud), and that a committee with good American representation would draft the solidarity statement, I concluded that, since the Prime Minister was about to visit President Bush, World Jewry should

properly and justifiably express solidarity with the Unity Government in its efforts for peace.

One evening in Jerusalem, Minister Olmert addressed a meeting with sixty Americans who had come as an NJCRAC group. When he became cocky and then angry at some of the questions and statements, several of us expressed our distress that for over two decades since the Six Day War and a decade after the Camp David peace talks there had been little movement to get the occupied territory issues resolved and the peace process moving. We recognized the difficulty in finding Arabs (who were not part of the PLO) with whom the Israelis could talk with appropriate safeguards that those Arabs not be assassinated. The exchange became sharp. Olmert soon realized that we were all on the side of peace and recognized the validity and the depth of our concern; he quieted down and soon began talking techniques and procedures in the peace-finding process. The leading sentence of the Declaration of Solidarity, unanimously agreed upon, was, "Linked by our common history and shared destiny, we support the democratically elected Government of National Unity in its effort to achieve peace and security with its neighbors." Shoshana Cardin, former chairperson of the Council of Jewish Federations, was chairperson of the drafting committee.

All of this might be considered as "much ado about nothing," but I believe that it was a positive move forward, and the leaders of Likud recognized the strong evidence of World Jewry's desire for peace.

Following moving addresses by the Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister, the Solidarity Declaration was read by Minister Gur in Hebrew and by Seymour Reich, chairman of the Conference of Presidents, in English. Over fifteen hundred Jews from every corner of the earth outside of Israel plus hundreds of Israelis rose to sing "Hatikvah," the national anthem of Israel and the Zionist anthem for decades before the creation of the state. We faced a long row of young teenagers, each with a lighted flare and behind them the West Wall, the "Wailing Wall," all that is left of King Solomon's Temple and its glory. When the ceremonies ended, a group of us, who had been sitting together, a Jew from Singapore, two from Norway, a few friends from France and England, chatted. We recalled that the PLO National Covenant calling for the destruction of Israel had not been repealed; and Arafat had stated that "military operations against Greater Israel" do not constitute terrorism. We agreed that the conference was meaningful and that it had pushed Israel leadership into recognizing that peace plans must move forward, that *intifada* must stop and talks must begin with non-PLO Arabs. We all agreed that our trip to Jerusalem had been a step, but only a step, in the direction of peace. And we were

convinced that Shamir and his party now understood the pressure for peace of the world Jewish community.

Shamir's April 1989 trip to Washington produced a proposal of elections in the occupied areas. Reportedly, President Bush and Secretary of State Baker have reacted favorably. Even King Hussein of Jordan, who had previously "cut himself off" from the West Bank and Gaza, seems cautiously favorable. Perhaps the proposal will catch fire.

Within Israel, at least for the time being, success has been achieved in preventing a change in the definition of "Who is a Jew" in the Israel Law of Return. Israel has many problems, including that of its economic stability. Israel depends upon the continued economic help from the United States and World Jewry. With peace and economic viability recovered, Israel could be a beacon light in the Near East for peace, stability and social and economic progress.

Despite increasing intermarriage in the United States, late Jewish marriages, and the reduction in the number of marriages, the American Jewish community need not expect a decrease in Jewish life, education, institutions or activities. But the change from a downward to an upward curve will come only with intensive efforts for creative Jewish continuity. Jewish education at all levels must be intensified. American Jews have a rich heritage and the opportunity for a meaningful future. The positive Jewish future will not arrive by itself. It will come only with unified, well-planned programs for the future.

I see many unfinished tasks. How happy all of us would be if the world made some progress in preserving its terrestrial self from disaster, and if we could eliminate or sharply decrease various serious ills, such as drugs, hunger, homelessness and illiteracy! There is a long list of other hopes to be realized or strengthened: a more effective system of justice, equality of opportunity, separation of church and state and other good causes that are important, indeed essential.

I still race against time, but not with the breathless pace of years past, but relaxed and cheerful, so that I live every moment to its utmost. As for my religious beliefs and practices, like Professor Harry Wolfson "I am a nonobservant Orthodox Jew."

Never have I found conflict between my being an active Jew and an active and liberal American. I am a liberal in the fullest sense of the word, as Lenny Bernstein described himself in an op-ed piece in *The New York Times* just before the November 1988 national election.

Occasionally, I hear the voice of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in his 1931 radio speech on his ninetieth birthday, when I had been a lawyer for just a year:

> The race is over, but the work never is done, while the power to work remains. . .For to live is to function. That is all there is in living.

I also hear my father's voice quoting Rabbi Hillel in Hebrew:

> If I cannot be for myself, who is for me? And if I am only for myself, what am I? If not now, when?

I hear Bobby Kennedy's voice quoting George Bernard Shaw:

> Some men see things as they are and say: "Why?" I dream of things that never were and say: "Why not?"

I hear my own voice reciting the words of Horace Traubel (friend and biographer of Walt Whitman) to my bride Selma on our honeymoon:

> What can I do? I can speak out when others are silent. I can say man when others say money. I can stay up when others are asleep. I can keep on when others have stopped to play. I can give life big meanings, when others give life little meaning. I can say love, when others say hate. I can say every man when others say no man.

I hear the ringing voice of John F. Kennedy, as I stood near him in Boston's State House, less than two weeks before his inauguration as President:

> Today the eyes of all people are truly upon us, and our government. . . we must be as a city upon a hill, constructed and inhabited by men aware of their grave trust and their great responsibilities.

Quotations do not make a life, but these quotations have enriched mine. I have always believed that one can be dedicated to the Jewish way of life, yet live fully as an American, ready to serve one's country in peace and war and to contribute to our nation's growth and development with dedication to the noblest ideals of peace and humanity. While the Almighty may fix the length of each life, every one of us alone determines its breadth and depth.

Postscript

The second volume of *Masa,* with the subtitle, *Odyssey of a Boston Lawyer,* will recount my travels as a law student, lawyer, law teacher, soldier, public servant, political activist and participant in numerous public commissions, especially in the areas of public health, public housing and honest and efficient government.

After Harvard Law School, I was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar. I have been an active law practitioner, with an unusually diverse practice, for almost sixty years, (except for the World War II years 1942-1945). Opportunities came early: At age twenty-eight, I argued before the United States Supreme Court a first-degree murder case which, alas, I lost five to four–and which, I believe, I would have won, as soon as the "Nine Old Men" no longer held sway.

The next year I began to work with three great Boston lawyers, Henry E. Foley, Edward McClennen and Robert Dodge, in litigation which resulted in my collecting (in a "Poor Debtor" court proceeding) some $38,000 from former Boston mayor James Michael Curley, for a secret kickback to him in a phony water damage case, and almost $160,000 from two surety companies on the bond of Edmund Dolan, Curley's city treasurer, for secret

profits he made on security dealings with the city. With the passage of time, there were many legal matters which fortunately came my way; some significant, with unusual circumstances and significant consequences, covering a wide array of issues, some trivial, some important.

My bar association work has included local, state and federal activity. As a member of the Standing Committee on the Federal Judiciary of the American Bar Association (representing the "First Circuit": Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Puerto Rico), I helped evaluate all federal judicial appointments. During those many years, there have been many changes in the law and the practice of law, which I will try to portray briefly.

In the fall of 1942 I volunteered for military duty, which was to last over three years; some with extraordinary situations. While only a lieutenant ("light") colonel, I became the chief of the Liaison Section of the European Theatre of Operations of the United States Army (ETOUSA) as the lowest ranking section chief on Eisenhower's staff (a few were colonels, the overwhelming majority had stars); and I had a wide variety of experiences.

At his last press conference before returning home for a hero's welcome, General Eisenhower was pressed to describe the "secret weapons of the war that the world doesn't know about." He described two such "secret weapons." I was responsible for one (inviting trained black soldiers who had been assigned to menial tasks as ditchdiggers, kitchen help, longshoremen and truck drivers to volunteer as infantry replacements in a segregated army–infantry soldiers were needed desperately). I played a key role in the other "secret weapon." When General Eisenhower was pushed, almost harassed, on all sides for air supply priorities, my closest Army friend and I recommended a forward echelon in my liaison section to determine all priorities for such supply, transporting by air thousands of tons of supplies a day, subject always to an appeal directly to General Eisenhower–and there was not a single appeal in eight months.

At Harvard Law School, I taught trial practice to third-year and graduate students for sixteen years; and at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, I taught graduate students during eight years "The Law of Land Planning, Use and Development." I have lectured on legal issues locally and nationally for the American Bar Association–American Law Institute, the National Institute for Trial Advocacy, the Practicing Law Institute (which also published a number of volumes including articles by me), Massachusetts Continuing Legal Education, Massachusetts Bar Association and other legal organizations.

A good portion of my life has been devoted to public service. I became involved in public housing as early as 1935 when I became general counsel

of the Boston Housing Authority and, some thirty years later, I served as a member of the three-person executive committee of President Kennedy's (and later President Johnson's) Committee on Equal Opportunity in Housing. I was also chairman of the Massachusetts Emergency Housing Commission and the State Housing Board. In pre-World War II days, I gave volunteer service to the National Defense Commission and worked particularly in the areas of defense housing and rent control.

As a member of the Massachusetts Kiernan Commission, named by the State Commissioner of Education, a "blue ribbon" panel, I dealt with segregation in public schools, and several cities paid penalties as a result of our investigations. I was a member of the Ward Commission (named after its late chairman, William Ward, former president of Amherst) which investigated and made recommendations for change after finding and reporting corruption and mismanagement in public construction in Massachusetts by state and county agencies. After two and a half years, the Ward Commission came out with a detailed report which exposed a veritable mess and resulted in legislation and improved governmental standards. All the issues we raised are far from being resolved; but an excellent start has been made, especially with the naming of an effective Inspector General, a position that we recommended be established.

In the area of public health, I have served for over three decades on two hospital boards, Beth Israel and the Hebrew Rehabilitation Center for the Aged, and helped create the Alzheimer's Disease Association of Massachusetts, and served on its board. I was chairman of the Massachusetts Commission on Alzheimer's Disease created by the legislature and named by Governor Dukakis, which submitted two reports to the legislature and governor. I am also a national member of the fifteen-person Alzheimer's Disease Advisory Panel, which makes recommendations to Congress and to the Secretary of Health and Human Services. Our first report was published in mid-1989. I formed the Lown Cardiovascular Research Foundation, headed by Dr. Bernard Lown, world famous cardiologist and cochairman of International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War, and I have served as one of the trustees of the foundation since its beginning.

My political activities, which began in the unsuccessful Al Smith Presidential campaign of 1928, have continued with only one interruption, during 1944 (when I was overseas); and, in each of those campaigns I worked for the Democratic candidate. In Massachusetts, I have also generally worked for Democrats, but there were some Democratic candidates whom I could not support. Michael Dukakis was a clerk in our office in the summer of 1959 (between his second and third years at Harvard Law School) and I have been his staunch supporter in each of his campaigns for

state representative, governor and President.

These highlights of *Odyssey of a Boston Lawyer* give a glimpse of a full life as a lawyer, teacher, soldier and advocate of significant causes.

Appendix: Rhymes and Poetry

1. Some lyrics from *So Let 'em Foreclose* brought up to date as *Mazal Tov, Rabbi.* (See pp. 80, 293.)

We are Ladies of the Sisterhood,
And the Temple's cornerstone;
We're the pinnacle of Womanhood,
And we give it a social tone.

We've reason to be proud;
With quality endow'd,
We're quite above the crowd.
Oh, we're quite above the crowd.

The Brotherhood has for its aim,
A Rabbi with an Anglo-Saxon name,
Whose application we'll have to decline,
If his name ends in -vitch or -sky or -stein.

In addition to being an Aryan,
He must be a Parliamentarian.
Who can table a motion and squelch hubbub,
And who'll represent the Temple at the Rot'ry Club.

A Rabbi's position now,
With our money circumstances,
Requires knowledge how
To deal with high finances;
Never mind Talmudic lore
And Biblical romances,
We've a budget to restore,
Must cut extravagances.

A Rabbi's job right now
Is not to *hechshar* meats,
But a Temple to endow
And increase its receipts.

At first she didn't know a soul,
Our Lizzie played a silent role,
  She didn't count a hang.
But her recipe for strudel'n cake
Showed *nascherei* she well could bake,
  Especially meringue.

For her blintzes filled with cottage cheese,
And other kosher recipes,
  The women's praises rang.
Her *kreplich* soup was a fav'rite dish,
But when it came to *gefillte* fish,
  All of us her glory sang.

Tune in on your station,
For regular salvation,
In our weekly sermonette.
From ten unto eleven,
A message straight from Heaven,
In our broadcast sermonette.
It doesn't cost a dime,
Just remember the time,
Of our weekly sermonette.

If you're eager to hear–the latest book review,
If you want the recipe–for delicious chicken stew,
It really doesn't matter–if you own a pew,
You'll find peace everlasting
In our televised broadcasting
Of our weekly sermonette.

If you're interested in–the Near East situation.
If you're after a change–in your political affiliation,
If you want a truly gratis–liberal education,
You'll find peace everlasting
In our televised broadcasting
Of our weekly sermonette.

When our Rabbi's enigmatic,
Don't confuse him with the static.
He's there to save the ladies
From a road direct to Hades.
Faith, hope and charity,
All explained with clarity
In our televised sermonette,
Our weekly sermonette.

We're the Community's top leaders,
For good causes the best pleaders;
We don't need to be scholars
Just raise the most dollars;
Our card-calling techniques,
Help us rise to new peaks;
We tell UJA's story;
Israel's courage and glory,
Make your gifts mandatory;
We're the Community's top leaders.
For good causes, the best pleaders.

If I were a Miracle Rabbi I,
What magic I'd perform!
All unpaid dues I'd soon collect,
To be a member would be select,
We'd weather the Temple's storm.
The membership I'd multiply,
The mortgagee I'd then defy.
On the stock exchange our temple seats you'd buy.
If I were a Miracle Rabbi, a Miracle Rabbi I.

If I were a Miracle Rabbi I,
What wonders I would do!
I'd find for each unmarried maid
A man both rich and unafraid,
Who would with valor woo.
Their wedded bliss I'd sanctify,
Their babies' sex I'd prophesy
And write for them a lulla, lullaby,
If I were a Miracle Rabbi, a Miracle Rabbi I.

Dear Rabbi, my daughter is free,
The prize of this vicinity,
Her blood's aristocratic,
Her eyes, astigmatic,
But she comes from the Loeb family.

Dear Rabbi, my family tree
Has branches of rare ancestry.
To Adam we've traced it,
And no one's debased it,
This ancestral Loeb family.

Dear Rabbi, my daughter is free,
Just think, she's a Vassar A.B.
A dowry is waiting,
It's ours at the mating,
What though she's just turned forty-three?

It's tough to be a Rebbitzin,
Remain both gay and feminine,
While the ladies scrutinize.
They watch your clothes, they watch your hair.
They study your modes, they study your air.
They study you with an icy stare.
It's tough to be a Rebbitzin.

If you stay at home – "Conservative."
If you ride and swim – "Too primitive."
If you sit and smile – "Just negative."
It's tough to be a Rebbitzin.

They stop and ask the butcher boy
What meat you'll eat tonight.
They quiz your maid hysterically
About your appetite.

If you reduce – you're much too thin.
If you flirt a bit – you're a libertine
And if you dance – that's a venial sin.
It's tough to be a Rebbitzin, Rebbitzin, Tzin, Tzin,
Rebbitzin, Tzin, Tzin,
Rebbitzin, Rebbi – Rebbitzin.

What is love and what is affection?
What are fancy and desire?
Are they of our very own selection
Or does Heaven them inspire?

Love's a pious, religious duty,
Our Bible teaches love,
Especially with a beauty,
Like you, my little dove.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself."
That's the highest decree,
But my little, dimpled elf,
You're more than a neighbor to me.

Hurray, hurray, hurray,
Upon their wedding day,
Chossen, Kalah, Mazal Tov.
Blessings on their wedded love.
Hurray, hurray, hurray, upon their wedding day!

2. Tribute to Justice Louis D. Brandeis, written on the night of his death, October 5, 1941, and published, within a black border, as the front cover of *The New Palestine*, then the American Zionist journal, on October 17, 1941.

Louis Dembitz Brandeis
(November 13, 1856–October 5, 1941)

Heritage

Son of pioneering parents, pilgrims in a promised land.
Scion of an ancient people steeled by struggle to withstand
Tyrants' fruitless efforts to efface its trust in truth;
Heir to Israel's faith in freedom, battling slavery from youth,
Child of a prophetic nation, preaching justice, hatred's ban,
Lincoln-like in face and fervor, mindful of his fellow man;
Kentucky-born, Harvard taught, trained to find the slightest flaw,
Vigorous in quest for right, he found his future in the Law.

People's Lawyer

People's lawyer, legal statesman, fighting fallacy with fact,
Dauntless spirit, armed with figures, mathematically exact;
Foe of bigness, wealth entrenched, he struck at greed with iron will;
Railroads, trusts, insurance titans felt his piercing, lashing skill;
Champion of the public weal, exposing wrongs of die-hard might,
His briefs condensed from life itself shed penetrating legal light;
From Boston blazed his freedom torch, his forward, social justice creed;
Broad his vision for the future: humankind from shackles freed.

People's Judge

People's Justice, liberal jurist, gearing thought to social change,
Sweeping cobwebs, gray inertia, giving Law dynamic range;
The Court became his new arena, striving for equality,
And Law, like science, found its roots in "logic of reality";
He spread the Constitution's wings to meet the changing needs of time;
He warned against complacence, fear; proclaimed that truth makes man sublime;
Dissenting words with Holmes, Cardozo, in flaming faith the future told;
"If we would guide by light of reason, we must let our minds be bold!"[1]

Israel

Ghetto walls and Israel's suffering filled him with the will to lead
Homeless children back to homeland, out of wandering exile freed,
His name shone as a beacon star to sanctuary from the night,
Culture's haven, Zion's refuge, not on sufferance but of right;
Seeding sand-dunes, flowering deserts, life revived in sterile soil,
Hallow his immortal name in land redeemed with patient toil.

Four score years and four were his, with "happy words to lift the heart";[2]
His life has left all mankind rich with guide-posts for the morrow's chart.

---

1 From the Brandeis dissent in the Oklahoma Ice Company case.
2 Characterization by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.

3. To Professor Harry A. Wolfson, November 2, 1967, on his eightieth birthday.

Four score years ago in Austryn
Zvi Hirsh ben Mendel's[1] life did begin.
In the arms of his mother Soreh Dvereh,
He learned to face life without any *mereh*.[2]
Shmuel Leib's *einikel*[3] was an obvious *iluy*,[4]
At Slobodka yeshiva, he was *generis sui*,[5]
The youngest in years, but the first in his class,
In Talmud, no one his skill could surpass.
His talents were many, he wrote poems galore,
Drew sketches of heroes–Herzl, Montefiore–
Till the Statue of Liberty from over the sea
Beckoned; and he came in nineteen-o-three. . . .

To New York he sailed to become American
With the help of Yeshiva Yitzhak Elhanan.
His self-sufficiency was a need adamantine,
Soon he was a teacher of Hebrew in Scranton.
Mornings at high school he studied with zeal,
In his lexicon no such word as *difficile*.
Three years elapsed, a cynosure of all eyes,
A scholarship to Harvard, his graduation prize.
His class year was twelve; his degree was eleven,
And his three college years were his nearest to heaven;
His brilliance brought him a Sheldon award,
And all Europe's book shelves with care he explored.

Back in Cambridge, his Ph.D.
Was ticket of admission to the faculty,
Instructor in Hebrew Lit., his rank,
'Til the Army called: "We need you, Yank!"
So off to battle, off to war
Marched Harry Wolfson, bachelor;
His potato-peeling licked the Hun,
His scrubbing floors the victory won.
The world now safe for democracy,
Back to ivy halls with glee,
Then progress upward, with steady grip,
Assistant, associate, full professorship.

---

1 Wolfson's Hebrew name
2 Fear
3 Grandchild
4 Genius
5 One of a kind

His teaching skill brought widespread fame,
His literary style won him acclaim,
In Jewish studies, the man of the hour,
Occupant of the chair, endowed by Littauer.
Head of Bible exegesis, he had his own thesis,
He wrote how the Jews would reclaim Rabbi Jesus,
Not as a God, nor God's prophet or son,
But Galilean sage, with sermons homespun.
For Harvard he assembled with fulsome measure,
Rare Hebrew books, a bibliophile's treasure;
And his Sunday teas brought much romance,
But not to Wolfson, not a chance!

Hypothetico-deductive, his Crescas Hasdai,
Illuminated the work *Or Adonai*,[6]
His critique of the Physics of Aristotle
Shattered cliches, stand-patism did throttle;
Historico-critical, he analyzed Spinoza,
Elliptical ethics were his *amorosa*;[7]
He separated Baruch from his twin Benedictus,
And cleared away cobwebs of thought that afflict us;
A warehouse of learning, of scholarship a silo,
His analysis of philosophy of Alexandrian Philo,
A link in the chain back to classics of Plato's–
This was the sweep of our peeler of potatoes.[8]

Years of study and careful research
Went into his *Fathers of the Church*;
He played the theme with variation
On Faith, Trinity, and Incarnation.
Priests, bishops, even the Pope,
Scrutinized his work with a microscope;
Rumor hath it that in Rome
Wolfson was offered a permanent home.
But Islam cast its potent spell,
The *Kalam*, the work of this infidel,
Will *imyirtzyeshem*[9] sing his philosophic song,
With footnotes often chapters long.

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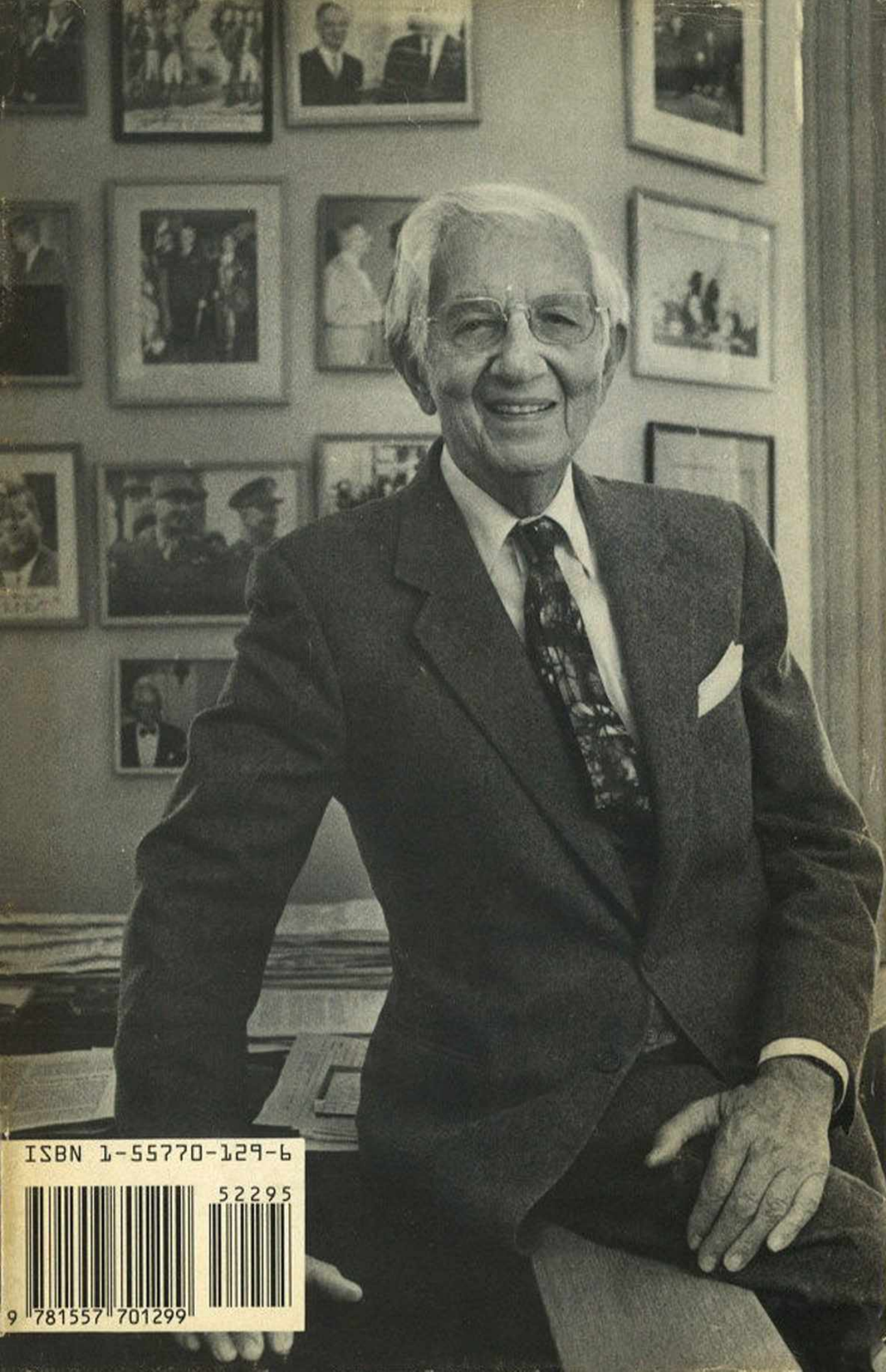
6 Light of the Lord
7 Beloved
8 Wolfson's chore as a soldier in World War I
9 With the help of the Blessed Name (i.e. the Almighty)

The psalmist's non-believing fool[10]
In Wolfson's hand becomes the tool
To fashion sense from ideas obscure,
Write philosophy as literature.
Manifold manuscripts fill his files,
Bundles of writings lie heaped in piles.
First into Widener,[11] last to leave,
He drives himself without reprieve;
Tireless in his quest for truth,
He studies the text like a mystery sleuth,
But sit for a portrait? *Chas Vechalilah*,[12]
Until he succumbs to a modern Delilah,[13]

With delicate midrashic style,
Scholar, linguist versatile,
Disdainful of ideas absurd,
Genius of the written word,
Profound in *pilpul*,[14] razor sharp,
Lyric as King David's harp;
We admire the brain, we cherish the man,
We pray for the gift of a long lifespan
To enable the children of his mind
To enrich the thoughts of all mankind.
Your friends bring you all their love,
They send you their fondest Mazal Tov,
We ask you to accept this rhyme,
With our wishes for health, for joy, *l'chayim*!

---

10 In a short sermon by Wolfson in the Harvard Memorial Chapel
11 The Harvard College Library
12 Heaven forbid
13 Hebrew pronunciation (with short "i") rhymes with last word of previous line
14 Hairsplitting logic



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