

PART II

1. AMERICA

I do not remember any immigration camp when I arrived in America. I believe there was only the Statue of Liberty with no guardian Ellis Island or Castle Garden to protect her. I think the immigration camps were built soon after I came to America. I believe they were built, initially, as a protection against cholera, a plague which was spreading over Europe. I believe we were following and copying the German method of taking care of the wave of immigration striking America. I remember that I walked down the plank of the ship and Uncle Meilach was there waiting for me.

Here I was in America with a pfennig in my pocket, a large free country to roam in and an Uncle Meilach to guide me. He took me to his home in an apartment building and kept me until he got a ticket for me to go to Fall River, Mass., to my parents. He had a large family, mostly adults. Two of his sons slept on the roof and that was also my place to sleep.

I do not remember on what floor Uncle Meilach lived. I think that we had to walk up about three flights of steps to his apartment. Then there were about two more flights to the top floor. There was a ladder to go up to a large opening on to the roof. On the roof there were a couple of mattresses to sleep on. An extra mattress was spread for me. Now, instead of a bench or table, I had a roof to sleep on. From the roof I could see nearly all of New York. It was large, even at that time. I was not afraid of falling off the roof as it had a coping around it. However, I was afraid of the large opening in the roof which had no coping. I was afraid I might get up at night and fall through. But again my faith was stronger than my fear and I slept well. The weather was fine. It didn't rain during the entire time I had the roof as my bedroom.

Uncle Meilach had a small peddler's supply store on Orchard Street, a few blocks from his apartment. His main item was matches but he had a few other articles.

A short time after my arrival, Uncle Meilach took me for a long ride on a streetcar. I believe it was a horse drawn streetcar. He took me to a large office where he was going to get me a ticket to Fall River. It was a Jewish charity office. They told us to come back in a day or two. We went back and Uncle Meilach got me the ticket to Fall River. I was to go by boat instead of by train.

Uncle Meilach may have been poor and could not afford to buy me a train ticket or he may have felt that he had done enough for me. He had had trouble in locating the ship and in finding out what time it was to land in New York, because I had failed to let him know. He gave me free room and board for a number of days. Anyway, he did as much and more than any other relation had done for me. Years after I was looking for a chance to reciprocate. I never got the chance. I never afterwards heard what became of Uncle Meilach and his large family.

For the few days that I was in New York, I had time to roam around the city, mainly the poorer section of the city, where Uncle Meilach lived. I had little chance to see where the rich or even the middle class lived. I didn't see any gold lined streets. Instead, I saw large crowded tenements full of poor people living in squalor. Even so, I was glad to be out of Russia and in free America. I was satisfied to accept my lot here, whatever it might be.

After being in New York for five or six days Uncle Meilach took me to the boat for Fall River. It was late in the afternoon. It was an all night trip. I felt that I was again on the ocean which, in fact, I was. I was seasick most of the night. Before morning I was well again. The boat left the ocean and got into a broad calm river. I arrived in Fall River in good spirits.

2. FALL RIVER, MASS

When I got off the boat in Fall River there was no one to meet me, nor did I need anyone. I walked up the main street and when I believed that I had walked far enough, I took out the address of my folks and showed it to a policeman. I remember the policeman asking me a few questions which I could not answer. Then he talked and talked for quite a while. I didn't understand a word but I listened attentively. At last he showed me where to go.

I found my mother living in the downstairs rear of a two story frame house. Besides my mother, there was my younger sister Theresa (Tirza) and two boarders. Father was away. One boarder was Harry Barnet, the son of a friend of ours from Yanova. The other was a stranger by the name of Zeidman. They each paid about \$3.50 a week for board and lodging and I was expected to pay at least the same amount.

My older sister Bessie was a good dressmaker. She didn't want to work in the cotton mills in Fall River. She had gone to Boston where she found a dressmaking job. The reason she chose to go to Boston was because there were more Jewish people there and she thought that she would be more likely to find a

husband. About a year after I arrived in America she got married. I didn't go to Boston to the wedding, even though it was not far from Fall River. I couldn't afford it. I didn't see her until later years when she and her family moved to Toledo, Ohio.

Brother Mendel, who now used his middle name, Harry, instead of his first name, had a job as a weaver in one of the cotton mills. He made good money, from \$12.00 to \$14.00 a week. But Harry had also left mother's home. He didn't want to help support the family. He moved out and got a room, or room and board. He told me later that he used to make himself ten egg fein-kuchens (scrambled eggs) for one meal.

3. LOOKING FOR A JOB

I found brother Harry and he took me to his mill where he was working as a weaver. The weavers did piece work on their looms. Some had more looms than others and made from \$10.00 to \$18.00 per week. Harry showed me how to weave and how to pick up and join thread when it broke during the weaving. However, I couldn't see the break in the thread, so I knew that I couldn't hold a job as a weaver. I would have to take one of the jobs in the mill which paid much less money.

I looked around to find other work to do. There was a Jewish jeweler in town. I went there to see if I could learn the jewelry and watch repairing trade. I was offered a small payment while I was learning. I didn't accept it mainly because I believed that I was too clumsy to become a good jeweler. I remember my failure at tinkering with clocks. We also knew a cigar store man who made cigars. I was offered an apprentice job there. It was piece work. I didn't accept it because I believed that I was too slow a worker. A slow cigar maker made very little money.

I decide to get a job at the mills since mother needed the money so badly.

4. THE CARD ROOM AT THE MILL

I got a job in the can department of the card room at the mill. I had to attend to eight or ten machines that rolled out endless wicks of cotton. I put tall cans to the machines and let them fill up. When they were full I cut the wick and changed the full cans for empty ones. Thus it was an endless job from morning to lunch

time and from after lunch to evening, about ten hours a day. I could handle the job because I could see the breaks in the heavy wicks rolling into the cans and would join them.

It was a weekly wage of \$5.39, just about enough to pay mother board and have a few cents for myself. I worked at the same mill and at the same job for about two years, until we moved from Fall River. It was at one of the Borden Mills where I worked. I started in 1892 and left in 1894. During the year 1893 we were given ten percent cut in wages. Thus it was that I started to work for a wage of \$5.39 per week and after working two years I finished with a weekly wage of \$4.96.

I also happened to get hold of a book called "Equality". It was written by a man called Edward Bellamy. He was an American author. It pictured the grand life and opportunities under a communist system. I was fascinated by it. Here I was in America, a young man with special intellectual talent, compelled to work in the card room of a cotton mill for pitiful wages. Before I left Fall River I gained a basic knowledge of anarchism, socialism, and communism.

5. THE TWO BOARDERS

Ziedman and Harry B. were the two boarders. Ziedman was getting anarchist literature and Harry B. was getting socialist literature. Naturally, I believed that the one was an anarchist and the other a socialist. I was reading their literature and was favorably impressed by both. In their booklets I found the song of the Kidan cellar circle. I now knew that my cellar teacher in Kidan was either an anarchist or a socialist.

Ziedman didn't stay with us very long. When he left he took my overcoat with him. That made me think less of anarchism. Brother Harry, I believe, was also an anarchist. He didn't say so but I had many good reasons for that belief. Brother Harry had taken away my credit in Slabodka. Now, he had refused to help his twin sister get to America. I could not associate myself with people who would take, but not give.

Harry B. was a nice fellow. He kept getting the socialist literature and a socialist Yiddish newspaper called Vorworts (Forward) and I liked to read it. There was a contributor to the Vorworts by the name of Feigenbaum. He wrote anti-religious articles. I used to love to read them. When Harry B. left us and went to Chicago, I subscribed to Vorworts newspaper myself. It was full of instructive reading on many subjects. It gave me a diversified knowledge.

6. FATHER IN FALL RIVER

Father was sent to Fall River by the Hebrew Immigration Aid Society because Fall River had a small orthodox Jewish community which needed an all-round orthodox religious worker (minister). Father could perform all religious rites. He was a shochet (religious cattle killer), a mohel (circumciser), a cantor and a melamed (religious teacher). He could also perform as a Rabbi, though he was not ordained. Father could and should have been able to make a living in any fair sized orthodox Jewish community. He had all of the qualifications, but he had one fault which out-weighted them all. He was a quarrelsome man.

He was a good man. A charitable man. A kindly man. He was capable of making friends, intimate friends. But, in most cases, the friendships did not last long. He gradually began to quarrel with his friends. It often happened that his best friends would become his worst enemies. He was in Fall River about two years before I arrived there. He had already undermined his future there and was traveling around the country looking for a better place to settle.

Father was also a fairly good magid (traveling evangelist speaker). He was able to travel to distant cities and make his expenses and a little money besides. I remember that he was offered a good position in Memphis, Tenn., but mother would not go there. We heard that there was yellow fever there. Mother managed to live on the little that father sent her and from the small profit she made from her boarders and children.

When brother Harry left mother in order to be able to eat ten eggs fein kuchen, mother became unable to make ends meet. She had to take sister Theresa out of school and send her to the mills. Theresa was then not quite twelve years old. It was soon after I came to Fall River that Theresa went to the mills. She learned to become a spinner. I do not remember her wages but it was much less than I made.

7. THE TICKET FOR ANNIE

It took about a year before we were able to send sister Annie a ship ticket and what we believed was enough money to come to America. In the meantime, it became more expensive and much harder to make the trip. Annie wrote that we should send her more money but we were unable to do it. I went to brother

Harry and asked him to help us with a little money to bring his twin sister Annie to America. He refused. I begged him to but he paid no attention. His ten eggs fein-kuchen were more important.

Sister Annie was not doing so well in Kovno now. She was unable to make a living. She used up the money we sent her for the journey. The ticket also expired so we had to send her more money and a new ticket. It was a new burden and my younger sister and I had to carry it. It took us another year before we saved up enough money for Annie's trip to America. When she at last came to America we had already moved from Fall River to Steubenville, Ohio. Annie went to our sister Bessie in Boston. I did not see Annie until later when she came to Toledo.

The year 1893 was a panic year. There were many workers who were laid off and were without jobs for a long time. The rest of us got a ten percent cut in wages. I was not laid off. I worked until the last minute I was in Fall River. Brother Harry was not laid off as long as I was there. He remained in Fall River after I left for Steubenville.

8. SCHOOLING

When I came to Fall River I was able to read four languages – Yiddish, Hebrew, German and Russian – but I was able to speak only Yiddish. Now I wanted to read and speak English. There was a free night school in one of the public schools. It was near our home. I joined it. They taught us how to read the first and second grade books. I thought it was too slow for me. I believed that I could do better by teaching myself. After attending for a couple of weeks I quit the night school.

I brought an English-Yiddish and Yiddish-English dictionary. I studied the double dictionary. With its help I began to read English books. I got books from friends and acquaintances. I got books from the library. During my two years in Fall River I read many books in the English language. Here again, I could read and understand English but I could not speak it. I could not speak it because I had no chance to learn. At home we spoke Yiddish. In the mill no one spoke because of the noise.

There were two outstanding books I read in Fall River that I never forgot. One was Victor Hugo's *Les Miserable*, translated from French. It tells the story of a convict thief who became a saintly man. It also tells of a poor student who would not accept his rich grandfather's money. That reminded me of my own rich grandparents whom I had discovered in Slabodka.

The other book was a translation from Russian. The author's name was Chernishefak. It told the story of a young student who had a sweetheart whom he loved and was going to marry. He committed suicide in order to enable his sweetheart to marry his friend. He believed that she loved his friend more. What impressed me was the letter of explanation. He explained that he did it for selfish motive. It was altruism motivated by selfishness.

When I left Fall River I could read five languages but could only speak one well, Yiddish.

9. ANARCHISM

Anarchism and Socialism were both active movements in the U.S.A. at the end of the last century. Especially the new arrivals were, more or less, tainted with Anarchist or Socialist philosophies. There were many factions in each camp. The largest camps were represented by two immigrant orators, Johan Most and Daniel DeLeon. Most was German. He preached anarchism. DeLeon was French or Italian. He preached revolutionary socialism.

Basically, an anarchist is a hyper-individualist. He believed in the primacy of individual freedom. He believed in no coercive laws from the state nor from religion. He believed that men were born good and could remain good. It was the restrictions from state and religion that spoiled the human race. His aim was to get rid of all laws and governments. Then the goodness of men would make everything turn towards the best.

How to bring this goodness about? The anarchist had no basic, positive rules as to how to bring about the millennium. Each individual with leadership ability could make rules for himself and for his voluntary followers. The followers became a faction. Thus there were many anarchist factions: anarchist individualists; anarchist communists; terrorist anarchists; philosophical anarchists; active or passive anarchists. The Gandhi factions in India were really non-cooperation anarchists, though they did not go by that name.

In those days there were laws passed against anarchists in the U.S.A.

10. SOCIALISM

The socialist had a positive policy. His aim is to bring about the co-operative commonwealth. It means that the state should take over and run our economic activities. It means that the state should take over all of our industries and businesses and run them. It means that the state should furnish the jobs for the workingman. It means that men should not work for other men. It means that men should work either for themselves or for the state.

The socialists, at that time, believed in Karl Marx who wrote a comprehensive book, "Das Capital," in which he attempted to prove that socialism must and would come. He proves it, to his satisfaction, by the theory of evolution. He says (and all socialists repeat), that first we had slavery, then feudalism, then capitalism. After capitalism comes socialism. Socialism is the natural child or offspring or outcome of ripe or highly developed capitalism.

The socialist also believed in democracy. In fact, he believed primarily in democracy. First comes capitalism and democracy, then socialism. It was believed that socialism could not take place in undeveloped and autocratic countries. Only in highly developed capitalistic and democratic countries. The socialist believed in voting and electing socialist officials who would favor the working class and also bring about more democracy.

The socialist also believed in revolution. Not a revolution to be made by the socialists themselves, but by the working class. After the successful revolution, the socialists, with their prepared plan, would take over the government. Then they would put the co-operative commonwealth in working order. They would have both political and economic democracy.

But how to bring about this worker's revolution? Should he wait for it and do nothing or should he help it along? If he were to help it along, then in what manner should he do it? On these and other questions the socialists have been and are today, divided among themselves.

11. COMMUNISM

The communists, in those days, were the saintly, utopian folks. To my knowledge they had no organization. There were just scattered believers here and there. In America they were disciples of Edward Bellamy who wrote two books which gave the advantages of communism. These books were "Equality,,

which I read in Fall River and "Looking Backward," which I read in later years. I had never met a communist in those days. Later, I visited one of their former settlements in the state of Illinois

The communists believed in living in communes or communities where all property belonged to the community. They believed that no individual should own any property with the exception of the things he needed for his individual use. That each individual should give his community his work and his knowledge and in return the community should supply him with his individual needs.

The U.S.A. seemed to be an ideal place to try out communism on a small scale. It was tried. There were quite a few communist settlements started. I was told that there were two communities in the U.S.A., Wallingford and Oneida. These colonies seemed to do well for awhile. Some even prospered. But none lasted any length of time. When I visited one of the communities in Illinois in 1889, it was already dissolved.

The communist philosophy or theory did not impress me very much. It looked much like a utopian dream, and I had passed the dream stage long before. I was now busy working and trying to make a living for myself and help mother. I had time for education but not for dreaming.

12. CAPITALISM

At the turn of the last century capitalism was much different from what it is now. Capitalism then meant limited government and unlimited individualism in economics. Competition was the life of trade. Trade was the life of industry. Private industry was capitalism and the life of the nation. Our government was a limited government -- limited to the protection of the individual -- his life, his property and his liberty. It was limited to law and order.

In economics, the capitalist reigned supreme. His property was his to do with as he pleased. Each individual could have as little or as much money or property as he could acquire under capitalist rules. He could sell or buy or charge as much as was within his means. He had an inalienable right and the government could not or would not interfere. If he owned a factory and had many men working for him he could hire and fire them whenever it suited him and pay them as little as possible.

But the factory owner was one individual and the factory workers were many. One could not prevail against the many. When he reduced wages or closed his factory he needed protection. He got his protection

from the city, state or national government under pretext of law and order. The workers were not organized. They were helpless. They had to take what was given them. The hours of labor were long and the wages low.

13. MY ABODE IN THE MIKVAH

When father sent for mother to go to Steubenville she took only sister Theresa with her. Brother Harry stayed because he had a good job and had little to do with the family. I would have liked to get away from Fall River and the cotton mill but mother asked me to stay for awhile. She had a few small debts and she asked me to stay and pay them.

Mother had a friend who kept the Mikvah. It is a ritual immersion bath place for women. Jewish orthodox women have to go to Mikvah fourteen days after the start of menstruation. Brides have to go to Mikvah on their wedding day. It is a cement pit about ten by ten feet in size. It is filled with water to about a four foot depth. The water must be kept running in and out all of the time to imitate a natural stream.

The Mikvah has a room to undress. At Fall River it was a large anteroom. Mother got her friend to put up a curtain or some sort of partition. Behind the curtain she put up a cot. On the cot I made my home. The women who came to the Mikvah could not see me. Ordinarily I could not see them. However, there were peeping places and there was nobody there to keep me from peeping. I do not remember if the Mikvah woman charged me anything or not. If she did charge, it was worth it.

I stayed a couple of months at the Mikvah and paid off mother's debts. I brought a ticket to Pittsburgh, which was near Steubenville. I stayed overnight with Rabbi Sivitz who was a Rov there. He was some relation or friend of father. I stayed there for a day or two. I remember visiting another relation who had a locksmith store. Then I took the train for Steubenville.

14. STEUBENVILLE 1895-1896

In Steubenville father had no competition. It was a small orthodox Jewish community which could not afford to support more than one religious professional to administer to their religious rites and needs. Here

he made use of all of his religious talents. He was the shochet, the butcher, the cantor and the Melamed. He was the Mohel and the Rabbi. Moreover, he now became a real orthodox Rov. Rabbi Sivitz, in Pittsburgh, gave him his smicho, an official paper which gave him the right to act as a Rov. I do not remember if there was a regular synagogue.

Father had no butcher shop of his own. He rented space in a non-kosher butcher shop for his kosher meat. Father would kill cattle for the butcher according to the Jewish ritual; then he would buy the front quarter of the kosher cattle to sell to his Jewish customers. He also brought meat home for the family. He received a certain salary from the synagogue and made some extra money from the religious side lines.

I remember the Esicowitz family, "little" Harris and Mr. Kaplan. They were the old-timers, and they were well-to-do. They had a large clothing store which they closed on Saturday. They were ultra-religious and were pillars of the synagogue. I do not remember ever visiting them at their home.

Harris and Kaplan were father's friends. They were both poor but learned men. I do not remember what Harris did in Steubenville. I do remember that he had a Brith for his son (circumcision ceremony) and I was honored by being the Sandica (Godfather). I regret to state that the little boy died a couple of years afterwards.

It was "little" Harris whom the angels sent to Newport, Ky, to make it easier for me to get a wife.

In Steubenville there were a few Jewish people who were peddling and selling goods to the coal miners and farmers. I was advised to try to peddle notions to the farmers across the river in West Virginia. I was given credit by a wholesale house in Pittsburgh. First I started with a valise which I carried in my hand. Then, I got more goods which I carried on my shoulders. The pack began to get larger and heavier so I trained myself to be able to carry a pack which weighed more than myself.

At first I could hardly speak to the farmers. But gradually I learned to converse with them. In the beginning I used to come home every night. Then I began to get farther and farther away from home and would stay overnight at a farm house. Later I went further and stayed away all week. I would come home on Friday evenings to replenish my stock. My route was between Steubenville and New Cumberland, West Virginia.

15. KAPLAN

Kaplan was father's best friend in Steubenville. He was a talkative man and he knew what he was talking about. He had a wife and seven children, six girls and one boy. He was a middle aged man but his wife was young and good looking. He had a small grocery store which his wife practically ran by herself. Every other week he used to take a pack of goods and go by train to certain West Virginia coal mining camps. He would go there right after the miners had their pay day.

It was Kaplan who taught me how to prepare a pack for peddling purposes. It was he who advised me to try to peddle among the farmers across the river in West Virginia. He told me where to buy goods and how to sell them. When my family left Steubenville for Toledo I made my home with the Kaplans.

16. KATZALKE

For awhile father made a good living in Steubenville. We had a fairly nice house to live in. Sister Theresa was sent back to school. Mother has no money worries. I was doing well with my peddling. Father and mother should have gotten along well together. However, often there was friction and quarrelling. Strange as it may seem, the quarrels often came on account of the Katzalke.

Katzalke is the Jewish name for the meat of the knee bone. Father liked Katzalke best. When he brought home meat for the Sabbath he would bring a piece of Katzalke for himself and some chuck or other meat for the family. But mother knew better. She knew that Katzalke was poor meat. She also knew that a husband should be given the best portion. When she served, she used to give the Katzalke to the children who did not like it. To her revered husband she should give the best portion, the chuck or the roast.

Father used to get mad. Often he would make a scene. Mother didn't like the scene. But on the following Friday evening mother would again not let him have his Katzalke. I used to wonder about it. But really, mother's action was not unusual. I have similar troubles with Ida. She often cooks and serves me, not what I like, but what her dead Uncle Misrach liked.

17. TOLEDO, OHIO

It was at the beginning of the fall of 1896 that I left Steubenville and came to my people in Toledo, Ohio. I came to Toledo with high hopes and with money in my pocket. I had more than \$200 in cash besides the stock of goods I left with brother Harry in Steubenville, which had a value of about \$150. I had high hopes that I would find something more suitable than pack peddling. Instead, I found nothing but frustration, disappointment and defeat.

In Fall River I had been successful as a cotton mill hand; I had kept a steady job for two years until I quit. In Steubenville I had been a successful pack peddler. I left Steubenville to help brother Harry and to find something better for myself.

In Toledo, at the age of 21 and 22, I became a misfit and a failure. In Toledo I found no friends of father who would or could give me any guidance. The few friends he had were poorer and less able than I. As usual I was left to my own resources. Since there were no cotton mills in Toledo, there was nothing else for me to do but start peddling again.

I peddled in the city and in the suburbs. I peddled in the surrounding small town and in the country. I peddled notions, writing paper, soap and red stockings. I was a cattle buyer, a butcher, a sausage maker, a meat deliverer and an inventor. I was a dress manufacturer and a peddler of dresses. I went to the public school with the intention of becoming a doctor. I got a job in a country department store and in a few months I was fired. In Toledo I could hold on to nothing but my rheumatism.

First I started to peddle with a basket of notions in the city of Toledo and its suburbs. I didn't like it very well. I had too many doors closed in my face. I could make but few sales. I then tried the surrounding small towns and the countryside. I used to take a train to some small town; then walk back to Toledo and peddle on the way. It was on one of those return trips to Toledo that my feet got wet in melting snow. I walked for many hours in the slush. It was a long time before I got home to dry myself. The next day I felt pain in my right knee. I could walk but had to limp a little while walking. That was the end of my being a country peddler.

I went to see a doctor about the pain and he recommended an ointment. He advised me to keep my feet warm and dry but gave me little encouragement about a cure. I tried the doctor's ointment. I tried other ointments and remedies. They helped and they didn't help. For a while it would get better and then worse. Altogether, I was only partly incapacitated. I was still able to do some light peddling in the city. I peddled notions and soap in and near our neighborhood, which was not far from the heart of the city. I thus drifted into the Red Light district.

It was in the daytime when I peddled. I did not look for nor see the red lights or lantern in front of the doors. Many doors were readily opened from me. Then some asked me if I had stockings, and a scantily clad young girl came from another room and looked at them. She told me that they were not the kind of stockings the girls wanted. They wanted fancy red stockings.

I found a supply house where I could buy fancy red stockings at wholesale. For a while I had an easy, profitable business selling fancy red stockings to scantily clad girls. I believed that I had a lasting easy job or business but it was not to be. It did not last long. In a few weeks they began to buy less and less instead of more and more. Soon thereafter they quit patronizing me altogether. It seemed that I was unfit for a dealer in the red light district.

18. CHAIM-YUDEL BACHRACH

It was in the winter of 1897, when I was laid up with rheumatism, that Chaim-Yudel came to live with me for a few weeks. He was a middle aged man, a little younger than my father. He was a friendly man. He came from Cincinnati. He was a religious man. He was a kosher man. He made a living, a poor one, for his family by peddling. He did not peddle in the country. He made a living by peddling light-weight articles in different cities. He was then peddling writing paper.

He came from a fine family in Russia. His uncle had married a rich girl in Yanova and made his home there. We had been well acquainted with his uncle's family in Yanova. He stayed with us because of this and also because he could get living quarters and kosher food from us for very little or nothing. I don't know which.

He had quite a family to feed in Cincinnati, his wife, three sons and three daughters. His older children were already grown and were of some assistance. His eldest son, Frank was a little older than I and his oldest daughter, Sarah, was a little younger than I. He seemed to be able to make a living for his family by peddling light articles in cities. This gave me hope for myself.

I still had \$150 which I had brought from Steubenville; Chaim-Yudel knew this. He was a pious man and a good talker. He talked me into loaning him \$50.00, which left me only \$100. He was supposed to repay me some day but he never did. However, in a way he did repay me. In a little less than five years he got me a wife, for better or for worse.

It was soon after Chaim-Yudel left that brother Harry came. He ate supper with us and stayed over night. I asked him what he had done with my stock of goods. Had he sold it and what had he done with the money? He didn't even answer. In the morning he picked up his belongings and left us. Sometime afterwards we heard that he had gone to the house of some friend in Chicago; that he had been cold and hungry and without a cent in his pocket. I never found out what he did with my \$150.00 worth of stock.

19. STORE CLERK -- EAST TAWAS, MICHIGAN

After my failure with the red stockings, I tried to do some regular notion peddling. I could do but little. For besides the rheumatism in my right knee, I developed a corn on my left foot. During the month of February we heard that there was a storekeeper in East Tawas, Michigan, 240 miles north of Toledo, who wanted a young man to clerk in his store. He preferred a religious person. He was a religious man himself and kept his store closed on Saturdays and open on Sundays. I was not religious but because of my father and because of my background, I could qualify. I took a chance, applied for the job and got it.

Mr. Barkman, the owner, was a fine looking young gentleman. Better still, he had a nice looking young and pleasant wife. The trouble was that he had his father living with him who was an over-pious old man. He, too, must have sensed that I was not religious. He seemed to take a dislike to me. He made me feel uncomfortable. But I had to live with them. So I had to be on my guard in religious matters.

It was a department store he owned—a large store for a small town, which sold clothing, shoes, notions and an assortment of yard goods. My first job was in the clothing department, not to sell clothing, but to brush it. For weeks I stood there all day long brushing clothing. This was good for my feet because standing was better than walking, but it was bad for my back. Standing there, slightly stooped, and working steadily with a small brush, gave me a pain in the back.

The pain lasted for a good many weeks. I took it without a murmur. By and by it began to subside and finally disappeared. I learned, the hard way, what is meant by physical adjustment.

The Barkman family lived upstairs, over the store. I boarded with them. Living on the second floor, because there was no dampness, helped my rheumatism. In a short time the pain in my knee disappeared. For my corn, I brought a box of Kohler's corn salve. I used it for two or three nights, as directed. It healed quickly and I had no more corn trouble. In fact, I have never had corn or bunion trouble since then.

By and by I was given a chance to sell notions and other items. Then Mr. Barkman put me in charge of yard goods. Occasionally I also sold shoes, cheap dresses and overalls. I do not remember selling men's clothing.

In the beginning Mr. Barkman also had another clerk. Once, on a Saturday, we both planned to take a boat ride on Lake Huron, which was at the edge of town. By the time we got to the lake, a wind came up and my partner backed out. I went out on the lake by myself. The wind became stronger and I had trouble getting back. With faith and perseverance I got back safely.

20. EXPERIMENTS IN EAST TAWAS: PREMIUM MONEY –COIN COLLECTING

Now, long after the boat ride on the lake, the other clerk was gone. There were just Mr. and Mrs. Barkman and myself. Mrs. Barkman would help out mainly on Saturday nights and other busy days. Often Mr. Barkman was gone and I was left in charge of the store. I had access to the cash register and I would make use of it.

I read in an advertisement that there was a considerable amount of premium money on the loose. All one had to do was to know how to recognize it, collect it and make a large profit. For one dollar one could get a book that told how to make that profit. As bait, the advertisement listed a few coins that could be sold at a profit. One was a dime with a "G" mark; the others were some special old copper and silver coins of certain designated years.

I did not buy the book right away but started to collect "G" dimes and special old coins. I found that there were plenty of "G" dimes and plenty of special old coins. I examined every coin I possibly could. When I was in the store, alone, I examined all the coins in the cash register. When I found one which I believed to be a premium one, I took it and substituted a regular coin in its place. I traded all of my three or four months' wages for premium coins. Thus I gathered quite a collection.

It was then that I paid my dollar and ordered the book on premium coins. I read it carefully. I found that the "G" dimes had to be of a certain year. With all of my "G" times, I had none of that year. I found that the special old coins had to be like new. They were not supposed to be worn from usage. Thus all my old coins were hardly worth their face value. Collecting coins for profit was not an easy task! How misleading an advertisement could be! I got rid of my old coins as quickly as possible.

22. TWO DEFECTS

I soon realized that I had two defects which were a drawback for becoming a good retail clerk. One was my nearsightedness, the other my inability to recognize faces and remember names. My troubles began in the shoe department.

The former clerk and Mr. Barkman could read the lettering on the shoe boxes at a distance, but I could not. They could tell the customer, while standing beside him, what shoes they had on hand. I had to leave the customer and climb up on the step ladder to find out if we had a certain size. The ceiling being high and the shoe shelves high, I had to do a lot of climbing.

Since I was unable to remember faces or names, if I waited on a customer who examined some goods and then came back at a later date to buy the goods, I would approach them as a new customer and ask what they wished to buy. It was embarrassing. I realized that I would never make a good clerk and that my position here was precarious.

I discovered, later, that my inability to recognize faces had nothing to do with vision or memory. Some nearsighted as well as some far-sighted people have the capacity for recognizing faces. Also, after getting my nearsighted glasses later, which gave me full distant vision, I still could not recognize faces. Even now, having better vision than most persons at my age and having better vision than half the people ten or twenty years younger, I am still unable to recognize faces.

Remembering names has little to do with ordinary memory. I had a good memory when I was young. In certain matters I still have a very good memory. I never could remember names, even of people I have just recently met. Now, and as far as I can remember, I have been greeted by persons who seem to know me but I do not remember who they are. It often becomes an embarrassing situation.

Remembering names and faces is a gift which I do not have. If I had had that gift I might have stayed in East Tawas much longer and might have become a second rate store clerk for life. The "Angle of Debt" interfered with and ended my clerkship.

23. THE DEATH OF A STRANGER

East Tawas had a suburb called Tawas City. It was neither a city nor a town. It was, at that time, nothing more than a general store and a few houses. The store was owned by a Jewish man who was a relation of Mr. Barkman; his clerk was a relative, also. The owner died and his wife had to give up the store, leaving the clerk without a job.

I remember that after the funeral I went to visit the wife and the clerk. I felt in my bones that it was to be the funeral of my job. It happened soon after. Mr. Barkman told me that my services were no longer needed. He said that I could stay for another week or ten days and he would pay me off. I asked for a recommendation and he gave me the following letter:

East Tawas, Mich

August 10, 1897

A Barkman

Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing

Furnishings, Hats, Shoes, etc.

The bearer of this, Jake Raphaelson, has been in my employment about six months. During that time I found him honest and faithful in his work and I think he will give satisfaction to any person who employs him.

(Signed) A. Barkman

I had about ten days time. I got an idea. I sent for my basket of peddling goods that I had left at home. I received it and instead of going back to Toledo, I started peddling in the country right around East Tawas. It was a dreary country. The farm houses were miles apart. I found some well built farm houses deserted.

The owners could not make a living there by farming so they left their homes and went elsewhere. It was a sandy country like a desert. I walked about 15 miles northward until I reached the twin cities of Ausable and Oscoda, Michigan.

24. AUSABLE AND OSCODA, MICHIGAN

Ausable and Oscoda were two towns without a boundary line, each one larger than East Tawas. I decided to stop here for several days and sell off some of my goods. I rented an upstairs room from a housewife who lived on the first floor. I told my landlady that I had some underwear which needed to be washed. She offered to do the washing, herself, so I gave it to her. When she brought it back I asked her the price. She told me that she charged eight cents for each piece. I thought that was a little high. I asked her, "Why do you charge so much?" She said, "I am not like the rest of the people in this town who pay no rent. I pay my rent." I asked her how much rent she paid. She answered, with emphasis, "I pay fifty cents each and every week." "And why do you pay it?" I asked. She said, "Well, my husband works for the Odd Fellows and this house belongs to them, so I pay it."

These twin towns were busy lumber towns after the Civil war. They had fourteen saw mills operating day and night. At the time that I was there they had only three saw mills left and they were not operating full time. The trees around the surrounding country had been cut off clean. There were not many trees left to cut. The mills closed down but many of the mill hands stayed there. Needless to say, I did not do much selling there. I took a train and left for Alpeno, Michigan.

Alpeno was a large town on Lake Huron, fifty miles north of Oscoda. It had a few Jewish families. I boarded with one of them. I stayed there for about ten days or more. There was an unmarried girl at the house. I tried to do business in town but neither the girl nor the business seemed to offer enough inducement for me to settle there. I took the train and went back to Toledo.

25. MY BICYCLE

The first thing I did when I came back to Toledo was to buy a bicycle. I did not know, at that time, just what use I would make of it. I figured it would do me good to know how to ride one. With no one to teach

me, I had to learn by myself. At the age of twenty it was not easy to learn to balance myself. As soon as I got on the bicycle I would fall off. I decided that the best and safest way to learn to ride would be to practice and learn how to fall off without getting hurt. I practiced that and when I mastered the art of falling off I learned to balance myself and became an expert bicycle rider.

26. MY FIRST SPECTACLES

At that time a traveling spectacle man came to see us. He stayed with us for several days. I told him about my troubles with the shoe boxes. He sold me a pair of spectacles which opened up a whole new world for me. They were minus 3.5 diopter lenses in a small white metal frame. Minus lenses is another name for concave lens. The unit measure for the lenses is signified by "d." for diopter. I did not know about all this at that time. I am giving the reader the benefit of my future knowledge. Near-sighted eyes are fitted with concave glasses which give better distant vision. At the same time, these glasses are harder on the eye for close seeing.

Now I had a bicycle which enabled me to cover more distances and a pair of glasses which enabled me to see farther away. I had more than one hundred dollars left from Steubenville and also my wages from East Tawas. I decided to become a medical doctor. In those days the requirements to become a medical doctor were more lax. However, a certain amount of schooling was necessary. I had no regular schooling. I decided to go to the regular public school to acquire the needed education.

I went to the principal of a school and told him my story. He gave me an examination and accepted me as a pupil in the eighth grade. I was twenty one years of age but of small stature. I do not remember any inconvenience in going to class with much younger boys and girls. I got along well for the short time I was there. I could have kept up my schooling and perhaps, in time, become a doctor. But now my eyes were failing me.

My eyes began to trouble me about two or three weeks after I started to school. They began to hurt me when I read for any length of time. Then they began to get sore. I had to quit reading and I had to quit school within six weeks. This ended my ambition to become a doctor.

27. MY SECOND WINTER IN TOLEDO

I had a little money, a bicycle and a pair of glasses, but could make little use of any of them. With my new glasses I could see much farther than before. I could now see pretty girls two or three blocks away, but what good was it? What good is a girl to a man who has no earning capacity? In those days girls did not go to work for their fiancées as they do today.

Cold weather was coming on and the rheumatism in my knee was coming back on me. I brought a pair of heavy fleece-lined over-shoes, which was a great help. On certain days I could ride on my bicycle to the outskirts of town and sell some goods. I managed to pass the winter without spending too much of my money.

At this time my father was working for a kosher butcher in Toledo. A new kosher butcher came to town and father's butcher began to lose customers. The butcher said that if he were to go out in the country and buy cattle and kill his own cattle he would do much better. He would have better meat and it would cost him less. The butcher offered to take me in as a partner in cattle buying. I was to furnish the money and he would furnish the horses and wagon, which he already owned. I agreed and gave him my hundred dollars.

Early in the spring our butcher and I drove out in the country about ten or fifteen miles from town. We went to different farmers to find suitable cattle for our butcher shop. He preferred young and fat cattle. He would guess the weight and offer a price. When the bargain was made we would tie the cow to the wagon and lead it to the slaughterhouse.

When father ritually killed the cattle our butcher would cut it into four quarters. One or both of the front quarters would be kept for our butcher shop and the rest was sold to non-Jewish butchers. I remember that my cattle buying did not last long. Business did not get much better. The butcher could not pay my father his salary nor could he pay me back my hundred dollars. He offered to let father take over the butcher shop and he did. Now I had a real chance to become a butcher.

28. A BUTCHER AND AN INVENTOR

Father employed a young man who was from Cincinnati. His name was Harry Schiller. Harry was a good butcher and a good sausage maker. He could make all kinds of Jewish delicatessen, choked meats,

pastrami and salami. He took over the butcher shop under some agreement with father and I was his helper. Harry was a single man, a little older than I. I do not remember whether he boarded with us or not.

Harry gave me the opportunity to learn the butcher trade. He gave me lessons on how to cut meat. He taught me how to make sausage and salami. He let me help in everything he was doing. Occasionally he let me cut some meat for a customer but I could not cut it straight. I was unable to cut a piece of meat the way it should be. I had to give up cutting meat. All I was fit for was to cut out the lungs or liver and bones to give away. I was also able to grind meat but delivering the meat was my main job.

Business became good. We had to grind lots of meat and I had many deliveries to make. We brought an electric meat grinder and Harry and I often used to get up a four o'clock in the morning to grind meat for sausage making. I also used a hand grinder for small orders. I took the streetcar when I had a large basket of orders and used the bicycle for small orders. It was not practical to carry a heavy basket on one of the handles.

I got the idea that I could carry a large load on my bicycle if I could attach it to both handles. I went to a wire factory and had them make me a large wire basket with a hook on each side to fit over each handle. It also had a wire cover. Now I had a bicycle delivery outfit. I was able to put more than seventy-five pounds of meat orders in my basket and make quick deliveries without expense.

It was on those deliveries that I became acquainted with my toothpick lady.

29. MY TOOTHPICK LADY

She was a pretty woman about my age or maybe a little younger. She had a baby about a year old. She lived in a sort of court apartment on the first floor. I rode inside the court to deliver her meat about every other day. I often went inside her house and lingered there for awhile. She had a sweet voice and I loved to hear her talk. Occasionally she would treat me with something to eat. She was the only love I had in Toledo.

I didn't know anything about her or her husband. I never met her outside of her home with the exception of one time. That was at a Jewish dance. I did not dance. I couldn't dance; I was just watching the others. There she was, dancing with a toothpick in her mouth. Her face with a toothpick in her mouth made an

impression on me. Unconsciously I began to imitate her. I began to use a toothpick whenever I had a chance. Even now, I often chew on a toothpick.

Many years ago I came across an item written by an authority describing the dangers of using a toothpick. However, I do not believe that the toothpick lady did me any harm. Now at the age of 83, I still have most of my natural teeth. I eat and chew any kind of food well. I like crisp, not soft foods. I read and hear daily about the necessity of using toothpaste and tooth brushes and I have never used them.

Now, a toothpick has become a real necessity for me. My teeth have spaces between them where food gathers. I have to use a toothpick to get it out. I am thankful to my toothpick lady.

30. FLAXSEED POULTICE

Once, while I was grinding meat in the hand meat grinder, I caught my thumb in the grinder. I did not mash the thumb, just bruised it, but I felt some pain. I put my thumb in cold water, as I was advised, kept it there for awhile, and the pain subsided. The cold water seemed to do it good. For two days it seemed that my thumb was well and I kept on working. On the third night I woke up with severe pain in my arm. I couldn't sleep because of the pain. In the morning I found that my whole arm was swollen. I got some salves and liniments but they seemed to do no good. I went to see a doctor on Cherry Street. He told me to put a flaxseed poultice on my arm and keep it in a sling. His directions were thus:

“Get ground flaxseed or flaxseed meal, put a sufficient amount in a bowl, pour boiling water on it and mix, until it becomes a soft mass. Cut a piece of muslin wider than the affected part and long enough to go around the arm about three times. Put the soft mass on one end of the cloth about one-half to one inch thick. Put the flaxseed mass on the arm while still hot. Wrap around with the balance of the cloth. Pin it with a safety pin and also wrap around at each end with a narrow piece of cloth and tie it. Leave it there for about ten hours or longer. If the swelling is not all gone, repeat the treatment.”

I followed these instructions. In a short while the pain was gone. The next day the swelling was gone. It was a successful remedy. I have used that remedy, with great success, ever afterwards for bruises on my self and anyone who would allow me to use it on them.

31. YOM KIPPUR IN TOLEDO

I came to Toledo in the fall of 1896, two or three weeks before Yom Kippur, the High Holiday for the Jewish people. It is a day of prayer and a day of fasting. It is a day when God forgives the sins committed by men against Him. It is a day when prayer lasts from sun set to sun down. It is a day when almost all Jews—even many non-religious and anti-religious ones—go to the synagogue and it is packed to capacity.

I was an irreligious boy. I started to fast on Yom Kippur at the age of nine. It was voluntary, for compulsory fasting starts at the age of thirteen. I quit fasting at the age of fourteen. I would often get a bite, secretly.

Now, on Yom Kippur day, since I had quite a little money, I decided it would be a good idea for me to go to a restaurant way up town where no one would know me. I went to a restaurant somewhere on Summit Street, about ten in the morning.

I asked the restaurant man if he could serve me a dinner that early. He said, "Any other day I could not, but today is some sort of Jewish holiday and many Jews have ordered an early dinner." I ate my dinner as quickly as possible and left. Luckily I got there earlier than the other early birds.

The next fall, on Yom Kippur, I didn't look for a restaurant. I did my nibbling in secret. On the third Yom Kippur something happened that is worth recording. As I went out of the synagogue before lunch time, another also went out. I knew him. He was the gabbai (religious warden) of the synagogue. He approached me and told me something in a whisper. He said, "Come with me to my house and we will have a little snack." I went to his home and we had a little whiskey and cake.

I did not fast on Yom Kippur for another twenty years or more. After I got married I used to eat secretly because I didn't want to aggravate my wife who was a formal religious woman. Later I started fasting again on Yom Kippur.

32. THE WEDDING OF A STRANGER

It was the wedding of a stranger that put us out of the butcher business in Toledo. Harry Shiller, our butcher, had a brother, a store clerk in Iowa, who married his boss's daughter and whose father-in-law bought a large general store for him in Oxford, Illinois. The brother offered Harry a partnership in the store, and he accepted. He gave us a reasonable time to get another butcher.

Father's new butcher, like Harry, was a young and single man. In all other ways he was unlike Harry. Business fell off slowly and the cash money fell off quickly. I suspected that he was putting money in his pocket. I began to watch him and I became convinced. Just then another kosher butcher shop opened up and we lost a lot of customers. Father gave up the butcher shop and put in a stock of groceries, instead. I was no longer needed so I was again left without a job.

Sister Annie came to Toledo from Boston. She was working with a young woman who was making cheap dresses for a wholesale trader. We thought it would be a good partnership business. I still had a few dollars. I was to put up the money to buy the material. The two women would make the dresses and I would peddle them, retail, to housewives. I gave them the last few dollars I had. They bought the material and made the dresses but I couldn't sell many. I was a poor dress salesman.

Now cold and damp weather was here and the rheumatism in my right knee was bothering me again. In a short time I had to give up my peddling manufacturing business. At the age of 21 I was a failure and misfit with very few dollars left.

33. CITIZENSHIP PAPERS (October 27, 1898)

I always had, and even now have, a good word for the politician. God bless the politician. My politician's name was Davis. He was a well-to-do Jewish man in Toledo. He came to me one evening in October 1889 and asked me to take out citizenship papers. I was twenty one years old and had been in this country for more than five years, so I was eligible. He told me where to go. He also told me that it wouldn't cost me anything.

A day or two afterwards I went to the court house in Toledo. I inquired for the clerk of the court. I was shown to a little window. I told the man that I wanted my citizenship papers and that Mr. Davis had sent

me. He asked my name, how long I had been in this country and from what country I had come. I signed my name and in a few more minutes I got my citizenship papers. He asked for no money. I became a citizen and a voter.

34. THE THIRD AND LAST WINTER IN TOLEDO

Late in the fall of 1889 I again got rheumatism in my right knee. I could walk but had some pain and a slight limp. A specialist doctor was recommended to me. I was able to walk to the doctor's office. He examined my knee and painted it with iodine. I paid my bill and tried to walk back home but I could not do it. I had to limp to a streetcar and ride home. When I got home I could hardly walk around the house. For weeks I sat on one chair and kept my foot up on another chair. I became a problem to my parents.

Chaim Yudel was back in Toledo. He was not peddling with spoons. He didn't offer to repay me the \$50.00 he owed but he did give me some advice—that as soon as I was able, I should start peddling with spoons. He said that it was a good article in the city and the country. But old Mrs. Steinberg said that it would be better for me to try to peddle spectacles. Her son-in-law, when he lost his barber shop, went out in the country to sell spectacles and made good at it.

I knew that my father didn't want to have a problem son on his hands. I was doubtful about my mother. Again I decided to leave my folks and my people, altogether. I decided to go west -- far away west. I decided to try both spoons and spectacles. I had a bicycle to give me free transportation. I began to make preparations.

I made a search in all the stores and found a pair of fleece-lined shoes. I also bought a pair of fleece-lined overshoes to fit over the fleece-lined shoes and, at wholesale, a few dozen spoons. They were white metal, both tea and table spoons. Then I went to Swigart Jewelry Supply House and bought a few dozen ready-made spectacles. I also bought a small testing machine (counts the dots) which tested the eyes for reading. I also searched and found a neat looking satchel which was suitable to carry the spoons and spectacles.

35. SPOONS AND SPECTACLES

I ran away from Toledo in March, 1899, because of my unlucky ventures there. I had no destination in mind and it was too early in the spring to ride a bicycle straight west. I took a southerly course through the state of Indiana where I lingered for more than three months.

I left Toledo riding on a bicycle with two valises, one on each handle of the bike. The larger valise was packed with my personal belongings, the smaller with my peddling merchandise, spoons and spectacles. I soon found that the spectacles were the better seller of the two. I never reordered the spoons. By default, I became a spectacle peddler.

I was on the road only a few weeks, selling my spectacles, when I began to feel in my bones that, at last, I was doing something for which I was fitted. I soon gained my self-confidence, lost a good deal of my bashfulness and timidity and became more able to confront anyone without fear or shame. Besides, I lost my rheumatism, and it was for good. I soon realized that by selling spectacles I would become a benefactor instead of a nuisance. I could see in the faces of people to whom I sold spectacles not only satisfaction, but gratitude. I decided to make the selling and fitting of spectacles my life work.

On my southerly course through Indiana I peddled at farm houses, stopped over-night at farm houses and nearly always exchanged a pair of spectacles for the night's lodging. Sometimes I sold spectacles in small towns while passing through. I do not remember stopping in any city until I reached Fort Wayne, Ind.

I rode to Fort Wayne on my bicycle and stopped at a corner place where there was a saloon at the front and a sign, "Rooms for Rent". I rented a room which was upstairs, over the saloon and slept there over night. In the morning I went into the saloon and ordered a glass of beer. I was standing at the bar holding my spectacle valise in one of my hands. There was a tall man standing beside me, also having a glass of beer. He asked me, in a friendly, manner, "What are you selling?" I said, "I am selling spectacles." "Spectacles?," he exclaimed. "To sell spectacles you have to have a 'brass' face." Said I, "Suppose I do not have a brass face"? Said he, "Then put in on." I decided, then and there, to put it on.

I didn't ask the man what he meant by a "brass" face, nor what it had to do with spectacles. However, I felt that it was suitable advice for me. I was being handicapped by being timid and bashful. I was already convinced that in selling spectacles I became a benefactor. It gave me a sense of security. I had no reason to be ashamed or afraid. From then on I do not remember the time when I was really ashamed or afraid.

It was still cold while I was in Fort Wayne. I continued southwestwardly. I stopped for a few days in Bluffton, Indiana. Then I rode south to Muncie. I must have stayed a week or more in Muncie. I became acquainted with a Jewish family there and they invited me to their home for a card game. I remember that

they played hearts and I lost 99 cents in the game. I remember that it broke my heart. I soon left Muncie. It was beginning to get warmer so I rode straight west to Lafayette, Indiana.

In Lafayette I rented a room upstairs above a corner restaurant. I had most of my meals at the restaurant and I also kept my bicycle there. I made the restaurant a kind of office for my spectacle business. I used to ride away eight or ten blocks, leave my bicycle and peddle a few blocks. Then I would ride to another location. I even began to take orders for spectacles. I already had it in my mind to settle in some town and have a permanent location. I did fairly well in Lafayette.

36. FIRST ATTRACTION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, 1899

There was an eye doctor in Muncie or Lafayette who I went to see for information about becoming an eye doctor. He told me that one could not become an eye doctor unless he was first a regular doctor. He also told me that there was an optical school in Chicago where one could learn to fit glasses and become an optician. I felt that because of my eyes and my health and my pocketbook, it would be too much to try to become a doctor. But if I decided to remain in the spectacle business, I would go to school and become a full-fledged optician.

After many weeks in Lafayette I became somewhat sick. I went to see a doctor but he didn't do me much good. I decided to go to Chicago where they had free clinics with good doctors. In Chicago I went to a free clinic. They gave me some medicine and soon afterwards I was really cured.

My sister Theresa was in Chicago at that time. She worked in a department store. She shared a room over a saloon with her friend, the saloon keeper's daughter -- and she wore red stockings. I didn't like her red stockings because it reminded me of the red stockings I used to sell in the red light district in Toledo. She introduced me to her friends. Harry B., who was our border in Fall River, was amongst them. There was also his sister Sarah, who had a friend by the name of Michaelson. It was Michaelson's sister Ray who attracted me to the circle.

Maybe I would have managed to go to the optical school then. I might have stayed and settled in Chicago if there had been any chance of marrying Ray. But Ray paid no attention to me. Her attentions were for Harry B. Later she married him. On account of my disappointment with Ray and perhaps, also, because I didn't have enough funds to go to school, I did not linger in Chicago very long. After a few weeks I again resumed my journey westward on my bicycle.

37. OPTICAL ADVANCEMENT

In the few weeks that I was in Chicago I made arrangements for a change. I made a change from being a spectacle peddler to a professional eye fitter -- from a seller of ready-made spectacles to one who makes up spectacles to fit the eyes. I did not then go to the optical school to learn to fit glasses. Instead I brought a book and learned it myself. Instead of buying ready-made glasses for resale, I brought a stock of separate frames and separate lenses.

The book was quite new. It was printed in 1895. The author was William Bohn. It was called, "Handbook for Opticians." I still have the book I just reread parts of the book and find that it is still reliable and not obsolete. It is now 9:15 P.M., August 16, 1954, and I am writing these pages in my mountain home on Pisgah Creek in North Carolina.

This book gives the basic principles of refraction and dispersion of light. It tells how optical glass is made. It tells all about convex and concave lenses, cylinder lenses and prisms. It has a chapter on the anatomy of the eye. It tells about nearsightedness (myopia), far-sightedness (hyperopia), old sight (presbyopia) and also astigmatism. Of course it didn't take me long to read and digest a book of a couple of hundred pages.

I went to Morris & Co., a jeweler-optician supply house and brought a pocket trial case and a stock of lenses and frames, three kinds -- straight bows, curved bows and nose frames. They were in three sizes, No. 1 (small), No 0 (medium) and No. 00 (large). They were all small lenses in comparison to what the sizes of lenses are today. The larger 00 lenses were smaller than children's glasses are today. I was now ready to fit a pair of glasses and make them up while the customer waited.

38. SATCHEL AND TRIAL CASE

I didn't carry the pocket trial case in my pocket. It happened to fit exactly into my small optical satchel. Besides the trial case, my satchel held a reading chart, a small distance chart, some frames, a few dozen pairs of lenses in lens boxes and some small tools for inserting the lenses into frames. Thus I was able to test the eyes and make up a pair of glasses at people's homes while they waited.

I was now able to test eyes, not only for reading, but also for distant seeing. I do not believe that I tried any cylinder lenses for astigmatism because I had no astigmatic chart. It was in later years that I learned to fit cylinders without an astigmatic chart. I remember that I felt sure of myself. I felt sure that I was capable of doing my work well.

During the next six months that I traveled from Chicago to Dubuque and Muscatine, Iowa, and back to Chicago, where I attended an optical school and got a diploma, I gained a lot of knowledge and experience in the art of fitting spectacles. I remember that when I went to listen to the lectures at the optical school I found that there were few matters about spectacles that I did not already know.

When I came back to Chicago in January, 1900, I was again financially independent. I had a fitting apparatus. I had quite a stock of lenses and frames, and quite a little cash on hand. I also seemed to have very good health.

39. ILLINOIS

Sister Theresa told me that brother Harry had gotten married and had moved to Elgin, Illinois, not far west of Chicago. I decided to stop there on my way westward. I believe that I spent the night there. I met his wife who was a tall red headed woman. He also had a small child. I didn't know whether to stay in Elgin for awhile or not. Harry worked in a small rug-weaving factory. In the morning, after Harry went to work, his wife began to complain to me about him. She kept talking a long time about Harry not doing things right. When she got through she asked me to tell her "Yes" or "No" if she were right or not. I answered, "No". She gave me no chance to explain. She gave me a hard slap on my face. I decided, then and there, to never answer "Yes" or "No." I picked up my valises, took my bicycle and left. I was again riding westward.

I kept on riding westward on my bicycle and sold glasses to farmers along the way. I did not linger in any towns, large or small. I rode mostly on the road. When the road was poor I rode on the railroad track. In this way, by the end of summer I reached Dubuque, Iowa.

In Dubuque I was far enough away from home. Far, but not too far from Chicago. Far enough away from Harry and his red haired wife. Far enough from my disappointments. It was almost fall and cold weather would be coming soon. It was also near the High Holidays. I decided to halt and again try my luck in a city. I looked up some Jewish people in town. I was offered room and board by the shocket and Rabbi

of the Jewish community. I accepted the offer and decided to stay in Dubuque for the Holy days and for some time afterwards.

40. DUBUQUE, IOWA

The Shocket had a daughter, a girl of marriageable age. Her name was Esther. She was good looking. She was a good worker. She seemed healthy, capable and friendly. She seemed to have all the qualities needed for a wife, mate and helper for a poor young man like myself. She gave me friendly attention.

But I didn't know if they were sexual attentions or not. I was not sure, either, if I could make a living for a family. I was not sure if she would accept me. Also, there was a young man across the street who used to come and see her occasionally. I did not have the nerve to compete. I stayed in Dubuque for a few weeks and left.

I didn't leave Dubuque in disappointment. I left it in doubt. I didn't go farther west anymore. It was getting colder and not suitable for bicycle riding. I sold my bicycle and bought a horse and buggy. I took a leisurely course southward. I sold glasses mainly to farmers on the road. I kept away from cities on the Mississippi river. I drove through the Iowa farm country almost straight south until I reached Muscatine, Iowa, where I again halted.

41. A SPECTACLE FAKER

It was in October, 1899, that I was driving southward from Dubuque, Iowa to Muscatine, Iowa, a distance of about a hundred miles. Along the way I stopped in a villages and farm houses to sell my spectacles. It was on this trip that I came across the trail of a spectacle faker. A spectacle doctor who was a phony.

I stopped overnight at a farm house where there was a young woman wearing spectacles. She told me a pathetic story. About three years before, she had not been feeling well for quite a while; her eyes had been bothering her. A traveling optical doctor happened to come around at that time and promised to help her with a pair of spectacles. He charged her \$150.00 for the spectacles and told her that the frames were solid gold and the lenses were pure crystal.

She didn't have the full \$150.00 at that time, so he let her have the spectacles on the payment of \$75.00; he was to collect the balance in a couple of weeks. She said, "The poor doctor! Something must have happened to him. It has been more than three years and he has not yet come back for his money." She was still keeping the \$75.00 case in her home, waiting for him to collect it.

When I examined the spectacles I found that the frames were not sold gold but the cheapest roman alloy. The lenses were clamped in the frame and there were no hinges and screws for repair purposes. The plus 1.50d lenses had bottle-greenish tint which were the cheapest kind of glazed spectacles sold in those days in some hardware stores for less than twenty-five cents. I returned her spectacles, but the woman seemed to be so healthy, I didn't have the nerve to say anything. I didn't want to spoil the woman's faith and satisfaction by telling her that she had been defrauded.

This episode, in the year 1899, gave me an incentive to search for the relationship of vision, spectacles and health. In the early part of that year I had already committed myself to make the fitting of spectacles my life work.

In later years I came to the conclusion that the benefits to vision and health, derived from wearing plus 1.00 or plus 1.50 diopter spectacles is worth not only \$150.00, but ten times as much. Fifteen hundred dollars for a pair of plus one spherical glasses, or stronger, would be a low price to pay for prevention or remedy of human ailments in comparison with the amount we pay for many other methods of treatment.

42. MUSCATINE, IOWA

In Muscatine I found a small Jewish community with a Shocket-Rabbi who had two pretty young daughters who were above the ambitions of a poor spectacle peddler. I found a place to stay with a Jewish family by the name of Seigel. They had a place for me and my horse. I stayed with them for quite a few weeks, until I left Muscatine.

For a week for two I drove around the country selling glasses to the farmers. The surrounding country had some specialized farming – watermelons and onions. I saw an onion farm where, I was told, they raised 500 bushels of onions to the acre. I was also told that an acre of onion farm land was worth \$500.00 an acre and more. Later, I sold my horse and buggy and sold glasses in Muscatine and nearby villages. I believe I did fairly well in Muscatine.

Mrs. Seigel, my landlady, had two single sisters, Lottie and Rosie. Lottie was the older and I liked her better. But my landlady tried to persuade me to court Rosie. I didn't know nor did I ask why she wanted me to court the younger sister. I liked Lottie but didn't know whether she would give me a chance to court her. Here, again, I was in a dilemma.

Occasionally I would visit Lottie's family. But I was never really invited. I was not invited until five years later when my wife, Ida, and I received an invitation, in Davenport, to come to Lottie's wedding. We took a boat ride from Davenport to Muscatine and were guests at the wedding.

My landlady was beginning to press me. She wanted to make a party for Rosie and me. It was the reverse case from the Bible story of Jacob who loved the younger Rachel better. But I didn't believe that it would happen to me. I didn't believe that at the last minute they would change and replace the older one for the younger. I didn't want to take the chance. Again I was disappointed. Again I picked up my belongings. I took a train that was going westward towards Des Moines, Iowa.

43. THE DREAM

It was in the fall of 1899 that I resumed my westward course from Muscatine, Iowa. I intended to continue westward – far, far westward. A couple of nights later, not far from Dubuque, I woke up in the middle of the night with a dream, a reproach and resolution. It seemed like a voice calling. It said, "Why don't you go back to Dubuque and propose to Esther? You surely liked her and she seemed to like you. Why are you so timid, so afraid and so bashful?" I decided, then and there, to take the next train in the morning for Dubuque and to propose to Esther.

I arrived in Dubuque the same day, before sun down, on a Friday. I went straight to Esther's house and knocked at the door. It was Esther who opened the door. She was cheerful and beaming. She told me the good news even before I entered the house. She had become engaged, the night before, to the young man across the street. I need not state what I felt but I suppressed my feelings. I entered the house and stayed overnight.

During the night I decided that I must leave Dubuque in the morning. That I would not be able to stay there another day. That I should again resume my journey westward. I know that there was a train going westward in the morning. I fell asleep and must have overslept. When I got to the depot I was told that the train had just left and that there would not be another train going westward until the next morning. As I had

decided not to spend another day in Dubuque, I asked where the next train was going. I was told that the next train was going east, to Chicago.

When I heard the station man say "Chicago," I forthwith felt and heard an inner voice saying, "Go to Chicago and get your optical diploma." I took the next train to Chicago and in less than two months, on the first day of March, 1900, I got my diploma with the title, "Doctor of Optics".

Again I was nearer to my family, to my people and to some old acquaintances and old friends.

44. MISSED THE TRAIN

It was the latter part of December, 1899, in Dubuque, Iowa, when I missed the train going westward, which resulted in my taking the next train eastward to Chicago and getting an optical diploma. I missed the train and was soon transformed from a spectacle peddler to a traveling Doctor of Optics. Like the prophet Jonah, I was trying to run away. I was running away from God, my family and my past. I was going to the unknown west and hoping to get lost. Missing my train brought me back to the family and my past.

It was in Chicago, in the early part of 1900, that I took a course in optics at the Northern Illinois College of Ophthalmology and Otology. At this school an optical diploma could be obtained either through correspondence or by attending class at the school. There was no time limit. The only requirement was to pass their examination. If you passed the examination you got the diploma. I decided to take an attendance course. I stayed there not quite two months, passed the examination and got my diploma. The cost was \$25. I believe it was a good school.

During the time that I attended the optical school I had a room downtown within walking distance of the school. I attended each and every one of the lectures. I practiced with the instruments and watched their method and technique in the fitting of glasses. I was ready to make use of my diploma.

After receiving my diploma, the first thing I did was to make a connection with a first class optical house, the F. A. Hardy & Co. I got credit and made arrangements for them to send orders to me or to my customers. I brought a full sized trial case, suitable for traveling. I bought a hand retinoscope and a battery retinoscope. I also bought a battery ophthalmoscope. I bought a stock of lenses and frames. I was ready for traveling or office business.

I decided to settle far enough, but not too far from Chicago. Somewhere west of Chicago and east for the Mississippi river. Somewhere between Chicago and Rock Island, Illinois.

I took the train to Dixon, Illinois, which is about 100 miles west of Chicago and about 60 miles east of Rock Island, which is on the Mississippi river.

45. DIXON, ILLINOIS

I took a train westward from Chicago to Dixon, Ill. In the beginning I made my headquarters in Dixon, with the intention of eventually settling in a small town south of there.

First I made a short-stop train tour circuit. I stopped and sold spectacles in Sterling, Walnut, Prophetstown, Tampico, New Bedford, Deer Grove, Yorktown, Lamoille, Subletts, Amboy and back to Dixon. I canvassed the business people first, in these small towns, to inquire if they or their families wished to have their eyes examined.

Then I would take my trail case and stock with me and go back to those who wanted my services, make the examination and sell them the spectacles. On my next trip I canvassed the residential sections of the towns in the same way. If someone needed spherical cylinder lenses or bifocals, I would take their order and send them the spectacles by mail. I collected no deposit. I trusted them to send me a check or money order after they received their spectacles. In the more than two years that I worked that circuit I never lost a payment.

Later I bought a horse and buggy, in which I could carry my trial case and my stock, and began to canvass the farmers in this same territory. I used the same technique in the country. First I made a tour of the main highways. Then I would repeat the tour, stop to see the people to whom I had sold glasses, inquire as to how the glasses fit and make inquiries about their friends and neighbors who might be in need of glasses.

For nearly two years I traveled in my territory, south, southeast and northeast of Dixon, with my horse and buggy, examining eyes and fitting and selling glasses. I made many friends both in the towns and in the country.

For nearly a year I was undecided as to what town I should make my permanent headquarters and open an office. Then, mainly because of Dr. Miller, a dentist, I decided to settle in Prophetstown. I had the good

will of Dr. Miller because I had helped his wife. She had been suffering with headaches, and her eyes also had been bothering her for close seeing at night by lamp-light. I fitted her with a pair of plus glasses which made it easier for her to read at night and they also cured her headaches. Dr. Miller gave me a letter of recommendation.

Dr. Miller offered me a part of his office. The small town of Prophetstown suited me fine. I had the good will of the people there and in the surrounding small towns and farming communities. I had excellent opportunities to try spectacles on all sorts of eyes and observe the good effects they had on all sorts of bodily ailments. I found that plus glasses were beneficial to eyes AND HEALTH.

It was soon after I cured Dr. Miller's wife of her headaches that I met Mr. Courts in the village of Deer Grove, near Prophetstown. It was Mr. Court's story which gave me an added incentive to try spectacles for ailments other than headaches.

I made many friends in Prophetstown and after four or five months I joined the Knights of Pythias. I fully intended to make this my permanent home, but the angel of matrimony came and took me away.

46. THE THREE WONDERS

I stopped over night at a farm house on one of my trips, where there was a man, a woman and a baby. The man seemed to be around fifty years of age, the woman a little over forty and the baby about a year old. After supper we were resting and chatting and I asked whose child it was. They told me that it was their own child and the only one they had. I asked how come they had their first child after middle age. Then the husband good-humoredly told me the following story: "When I was a young man I was popular. I could have married almost any of the girls I knew. Many times I used to wonder whom shall I chose. Wonder No. 1. When I got older, my popularity diminished. Then I began to wonder whom shall I get. Wonder No. 2. Then when I became an old bachelor I began to wonder who would have me. Wonder No. 3. Well, here is the woman who said that she would have me. We got married and this baby is the result."

On another trip I met an elderly couple without children who told me another story. He had courted his wife since she was a young girl. They'd been sweethearts for over forty years but had not decided to get married until about a year before.

Another time, when I knocked at the door of an old two room shack and heard a loud voice say, "Come in". I went in. There was no one in the first room so I went into the other room. There was a man lying on a cot at the end of the room. He told me to sit on a chair which was near his cot. He was an elderly man and seemed to be in good humor. He told me that he had some kind of rheumatism and that he was unable to walk. He said that he had been lying there for about nine years. Some neighbor woman brought his meals. He told many funny little stories but one of his sayings, which showed his psychology of life, I shall never forget – "Neither the preacher's praying nor the drunkard's swearing will drive the bug out of the cucumber."

47. DIXON HOSPITAL

Late in the fall of 1900, at the end of one of my circuits on my way back to Dixon, I stopped at a farmhouse over night. For supper I was given a piece of extra fat sausage. I didn't feel like eating it but I did, anyway. During the night I felt a pain in my stomach. The next day I drove on to where I was staying in Dixon and took a physic. It seemed to do no good. During the night the pain was a little worse. The following day the pain was becoming severe. I was told that there was a doctor not far away.

I walked the few squares to the doctor. He examined me and found the pain to be most severe on the right side of the stomach. He told me that it was a case of appendicitis and the medicine would do no good. He charged me a dollar and advised me to go to the hospital. The hospital was not far away. I walked there and told them what the doctor had said. They took me in, gave me a room and a bed all by myself. There I was, a patient in a hospital!

Next morning a fine looking young nurse gave me a real good enema. Soon after the enema I was relieved of the pain. In a day or two they began to give me meals, good meals, three times a day. The bathroom was across the hall and I could take a bath whenever I wanted to. It was a pleasure to be in that Dixon hospital. Nice room, good meals and good looking young girls to wait on me. And the cost? Yes, the cost. Eight dollars for the 7 1/2 days I was there.

The doctor never came to the hospital to see me. I really did not need him. He didn't ask for or receive more than the dollar I had paid him. I went out of the hospital well and able to drive and take care of my horse and attend my business.

48. MY ICE CREAM GIRL

Once I stopped over night at a large farm. They had a large house. I faintly remember that there was another house for extra help. The family was composed of the father and mother, three or four grown sons and a sweet looking young girl. I faintly remember that her name was Edna. Later, I used to go out of my way to stay there over night. Sometimes I would get there on Saturday and stay over Sunday.

On Sunday Edna would make ice cream for the family. She would treat me with a large dish of ice-cream and it tasted so good! Even today I can still remember and faintly taste Edna's ice cream. But it wasn't just the ice cream. Edna was sweet and refined. I was ready at any time to stay with the family, marry her and become a farmer. It was not to be. There was a fine looking young man courting Edna and I didn't have the nerve to compete. I was satisfied with the pleasure of just going to see her and eat her ice cream.

I was told that they didn't own the farm. That it belonged to some rich man. I was told that in the summer season they had ten or twelve extra men working on the farm but in the winter months their own family could take care of all the work themselves. When the summer season was over they let the help go. That taught me a lesson which made it easier for me to understand economics and socialism.

Once I was there while they were doing some threshing. There was a large machine with a large crew tending to it. There was chaff flying in all directions. I stayed as close as I could and watched the men and the machine doing the work. I noticed that two men out of the crew had to occasionally stop working and rub their eyes. They had to get some chaff out of their eyes at times. I noticed that it was always the same two men. The others had no trouble. I surmised that the fault might be in their eyes.

49. MY FORGOTTEN TRIP TO CHICAGO

For love or money, I cannot remember when or why I took that trip to Chicago, while I was busy around Prophetstown. I know that I was in Chicago for a short while because I well remember an incident that happened there. Also, I do not remember how I found out that sisters Annie and Theresa got married, unless it was while I was in Chicago. Annie got married in Toledo in October, 1900, Theresa on March 27, 1901, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

While in Chicago I heard that a shochet from Dubuque, Iowa, had recently moved to Chicago. I went to see him. Lo and behold, there was Esther in Chicago! She told me that her engagement with the fellow in Dubuque had been broken off and that she was free. But she didn't try to make advances to me. On the contrary, she told me that she would like to make a date for me with a girl friend of hers.

The date was not just between the girl and me. It was a date with the whole family. They made a grand supper for me and sat me beside the girl. I do not remember any conversation or kissing. I do remember that she was dark, complicated, good looking and seemed intelligent. Before I left, I gave them my Prophetstown address.

About a week or two later I got a letter from her. It was a sweet letter, well and intelligently written. It was an invitation to come and get her. Possibly I could have gone, but I noticed a discrepancy between the hand writing of the letter and the signature. The letter was of good penmanship. The signature was like that of an illiterate person. Evidently the letter was written by someone else. Now, if she had been a newcomer to this country I might not have minded it. However, she had told me that she had been in this country many years, longer than I had been. I thought she could have been able to write English and didn't answer the letter.

50. MY FIRST TRIP TO ROCK ISLAND

The tri-cities of Rock Island and Moline, Illinois and Davenport, Iowa, were on the Mississippi River about forty miles from my territory. Once, when I was on the edge of my territory and nearest to Rock Island, I decided to drive over there and see how I liked the town. I took the road going southwestward. After I had driven about half way, the road branched into three roads. I didn't know which one to take. I decided to drop the lines and let the horse decide. The horse picked the middle road and it turned out to be the right one. It took me to Rock Island, Illinois.

There was a Jewish community there. I inquired and found a Jewish family who would give me room and board. I decided to stay for a week or two. Usually only the mother and daughter were at home. The father was away most of the time and would come home on Saturdays and stay over Sunday. The daughter, Anna, was not large or small. She was not fat or skinny. She was neither dark nor light. She had a pretty face and a sweet smile –how I loved that smile!

I tried to sell spectacles in Rock Island and also in Moline but was not very successful. I decided that it would be best to stick to my territory around Prophetstown and make occasional visits to Rock Island. On these visits I became quite friendly with Anna and she returned my friendship.

It may have been that she was not only friendly but that she really loved me. The trouble was that there was a young man, a neighbor and also a newcomer, whom she seemed to love more than she did me. She knew it would be easy to get me for a husband but the other fellow was harder to get. He seemed to pay little attention to her. She picked him, instead.

51. A LETTER FROM CHAIM YUDEL

Sister Theresa was now married and lived in Cincinnati, Ohio. She married Frank, the son of Chaim Yudel, to whom I had loaned the \$50.00 and had not been repaid. Chaim Yudel sent me a letter, inviting me to come to Cincinnati to visit him and my sister. It was just at the time when I had given up the idea of having my girl friend Anna as a future wife. I accepted the invitation. I left my horse and buggy in Rock Island. I brought a suit and a stiff high hat. I took the train and went to Cincinnati. That was in the fall of 1901.

I found Chaim Yudel living in the slum area, in the rear rooms on the second floor over a store on Central Avenue. He had a tall, skinny and forlorn looking wife and a marriageable daughter by the name of Sarah who was also tall and skinny. He also had three other children who were at home and another daughter who was married. Neither the mother nor the daughter nor the surroundings were tempting. It was for skinny Sarah that he had sent me the invitation.

Sister Theresa lived in a better neighborhood in a nice looking house. But she lived on the third floor which looked like fixed up attic rooms. She made a place where I could sleep while I was in Cincinnati. I stayed in Cincinnati for a little over a month, until my engagement to Ida. I suppose I paid her for my room and board.

Theresa's husband Frank was a cigar maker. I guess he was a far better cigar maker than I would have been, had I taken it up in Fall River. He made a poor living for Theresa but they seemed to get along.

After a short while in Cincinnati, Chaim Yudel began to bother me about why I didn't pay attention to his daughter. I didn't tell him, but I told Theresa why I kept away from Sarah. Theresa asked him why he

bothered me about Sarah since I didn't care for her. She asked him why he didn't get me another girl. He said, "Alright, I will." He took me to Weinberg's bakery. There was a young girl behind the counter. She was well built and good looking. He said, "If you like her I will see that you get her." I wasn't impressed. The girl was too busy, too busy. "Alright", he said, "I will take you to Newport."

52. A TRIP TO MARION, OHIO

Theresa told me that sister Annie was now living in Marion, Ohio, which was not far from Cincinnati. I took a train to Marion to visit Annie. I got there late in the afternoon. When I got out of the station there was a wild snow blizzard and it was cold. I would have taken a taxi but I was too stingy. I took a chance and walked. It was quite a distance. I didn't have my ear muffs along; and my ears froze. It took two years before the effect of that freeze left me.

Sister Annie had an upstairs sleeping room with kitchen privileges, where she kept house for herself and her husband, Louis. He was not at the house at that time. He was on the road peddling scrap iron. From the looks of things it seemed that Annie, also, was not doing so well. Annie introduced me to her landlady. She took me in, gave me supper and a sleeping room downstairs.

The landlady had a young daughter. She was tall, plump and had fair looking skin. She had well noticeable breasts, which I admired. Later in the evening Annie and the landlady went upstairs and left me downstairs with the milk and honey daughter. I do not remember the conversation but I do remember the action. I got close to her and she did not resist. I unbuttoned her blouse and played with her naked breasts. I remember we played like this until very late. Once her mother opened the door and peeped in. She closed it at once and let us alone. I felt that there was no resistance in her and that I could have gone on and played below her breasts. It was caution that kept me from doing it. I knew that if I did the sexual act I would have to marry the girl. I was not ready to marry a girl at first sight, especially a non-Jewish girl.

The next day I took a train back to Cincinnati.

53. NEWPORT, KENTUCKY

Newport was a good sized town across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, a suburb of Cincinnati. We went there by streetcar across the bridge. Chaim Yudel took me there to meet the Berman family who lived in a brick house on West 4th Street. He introduced me to the family and left me there. It was a large family, father, mother and eight children, five boys and three girls. The oldest of the children was Ida, whom I had come to court.

The father was a small man with a small beard. He was a religious man who attended to the religious matters of the small Jewish community of Newport. Like my father, he was a shochet, a cantor, a mohel, but he was also in business. Unlike my father, he seemed to be able to make a good living for his large family. Somewhat like my father, he was an excitable man.

The mother was a large middle aged woman. She took care of her house and her children. She seemed to be a practical, sensible woman. The children seemed to be healthy, well behaved and good looking. It was a nice family to fall into. Beckie, the next youngest, looked beautiful to me. Like the old patriarch Jacob, I fell in love with Beckie, the younger, but had to marry Ida, the older.

I had to marry Ida. It was ordained. It wasn't just Chaim Yudel. It was prepared, beforehand, by the angels of matrimony. I didn't know about it then. Long after we were married, Ida told me the story. It was because of our old friend Harris, from Steubenville, who moved to Newport. For a year or more he lived next to the Bermans and used to brag about the Raphaelson boy he knew in Steubenville. He told them over and over again that I would make a good husband for Ida.

Beckie was a peach but Ida was an apple. She was solid in mind and body. She had a model figure. She had dark hair and light skin. Her face was like the face of a beautiful princess. She was also young, six or seven years younger than I. But she was reserved. She did not have the flame of Anna from Rock Island. She did not have the sweetness of Edna on the farm, nor did she have the warmth of the girl from Marion. But I felt it in my bones that this stately girl, Ida, was to be my future wife. In about three weeks I gave her a half karat diamond ring and we were engaged.

54. THE COURTSHIP

I remember very little about my courtship with Ida. I faintly remember we walked over the bridge to Cincinnati a couple of times. I remember that once I wanted to take the streetcar and Ida didn't want me to spend the money. She said that she would rather walk. I don't remember any moonlight spooning. I don't

remember any intimate conversations about our future. Ida was too practical to question the wisdom of the angels of fate. She was just not enthusiastic about leaving her family and going to a strange place, far away.

Chaim Yudel told Ida's father that I was well off, that I had two offices over in the west, one in Rock Island and one in Prophetstown. Her father was satisfied about my making a living for his daughter. What worried him was that we might make our home in a small town where there was no Jewish community and Ida wouldn't be able to keep a kosher home.

He promised Chaim Yudel that he would give me \$500 nadan (dowry) when we got married. He broached the subject to me about not wanting me to take Ida to live in a small town. I sort of promised him that I would make my home in Rock Island and not in the smaller town of Prophetstown.

I don't remember what sort of engagement we had. I remember that I paid fifty dollars for the engagement ring. I remember that our courtship lasted about a month and that soon after the engagement I left Cincinnati. I was to go back and get married in about six months. I don't remember my departure from Ida or my trip back. I do remember that I brought Ida's picture back and that I showed it to Anna and her mother and they were surprised that I got such a fine looking girl.

55. APPENDICITIS

In January, 1902, remembering my promise to Mr. Berman to settle in Rock Island, I decided to try again to solicit spectacles there and in the surrounding country towns. I went to Rock Island and stopped at Anna's house for a day or two. Anna told me to try the country town of Cable, where her brother lived and had a store. She said that I could live with him for a little while and do business there. I took the train for Cable, went to see her brother and was offered room and board for a few days.

I remember that it was on a Friday night that his wife made an extra good Jewish supper for me. First we had a plate of soup. A plate of fat soup. A plate of soup all covered with fat. I was a little afraid to eat it, but I did. It must have been about one in the morning when I woke up with a severe pain in my stomach. I didn't want to awaken the family. I suffered all night until early daylight.

I got up and went to the drugstore. I took a big dose of castor oil. It worked but the pain didn't leave. I could hardly walk. About noon I took a train back to Rock Island and managed, somehow, to get to Anna's house. I told them that I was sick and needed a doctor right away. They put me to bed and called Dr. Sala.

A short time after, Dr. Sala came and examined me. He said, "It is a case of appendicitis." I said, "Yes, I know." He said that he would give me some medicine. I asked him if it would do me any good. He said, "Maybe not. What do you want me to do? Take you to a hospital?" I said, "Yes, take me to the hospital." He then explained to me that it is best to operate within 36 hours from the time of the attack or wait until the attack subsides and then operate as a preventive against future attacks. I decided to wait until the attack subsided.

56. THE ROCK ISLAND HOSPITAL

Dr. Sala took me to the hospital in his buggy. Then, after he got me a room, the doctor and I had another conversation. I asked him what it was going to cost me. He said, "One hundred and fifty dollars." I said, "No. I cannot afford to spend that much money." He said, "Would you rather die?" I said, "Yes, I would rather die than be poor." He asked me if I wanted him to do it for nothing and I told him that I could afford to pay him for work done but could not pay for knowledge. He asked me if it would be alright if they charged me \$75 for the whole bill, including the hospital. I said, "Yes. I can afford \$75." And so it was.

It was a Catholic hospital. I was attended by a nurse and a nun. Rather by nurses and nuns. I was more sick here than I had been in Dixon. I needed more attention, but I got less. On the next morning I asked for an enema. They paid no attention at first. When I insisted, they gave me one, using only a cup of water instead of a quart as they had done in Dixon. The pain lasted much longer this time, but in a few days I began to get better.

About six or seven days later I told Dr. Sala that I was ready to take the preventive operation. They prescribed a fast for, I believe, twenty four hours. Then they gave me ether and operated. A few hours after the operation I woke up for about a minute. I asked the nurse if they found diamonds in the appendix and fell asleep again. When I really woke up I felt the pain from the cut but the smell of the ether was even worse. For quite a few days I had to lie on my back. When I got better I could hardly stand on my legs. I had to learn to walk again. However, about ten days after the operation I was well and ready to go home.

57. MY WEDDING

About one year had elapsed between my first appendicitis attack in Dixon and my second attack in Rock Island. The first attack came on gradually. The second attack came on suddenly and violently. My operation was just three months before the day set for the wedding. I remembered my promise to settle in a city where there was a Jewish community. I wound up my spectacle business around Prophetstown and gave up my office.

About three weeks before the wedding date I took the train to Cincinnati. I was well but looked paler than before. A few days before the wedding I told Ida about the operation.

We courted mostly in a formal way. We got along very well, though we did not show any strong affection. Once we went to visit her Uncle David in Cincinnati. He lived on the second floor above a store on Central Ave., with a side entrance. When we were ready to go home Ida said that she would rather walk home than take a streetcar. When we got on the street I tried to turn left towards Newport. Ida said, "No. We have to go the other way." She insisted that she was right. I knew that she was wrong but I just let her have her way. We walked four or five blocks in her direction until she discovered that we were going wrong. I then discovered that I was getting a wife who not only had no sense of direction but was also stubborn in her ways.

Father Berman made an elaborate wedding. It was in the Odd Fellows Hall on York Street. We had a fine wedding supper, two Rabbis from Cincinnati and music and dancing afterwards. I do not believe that I danced with Ida because I had never learned to dance.

58. THE DEPARTURE FROM NEWPORT

Now Ida was mine. For better or for worse. I was given \$300 nadan (dowry) and it was decided that we should stay with her folks for another week or ten days and then I would take Ida to Rock Island. Ida was to gather her wardrobe and presents and I was to buy our tickets and ship her belongings.

Brother-in-law Frank told me that for fifty dollars he had a chance to buy all the tools he needed for cigar making. He asked me to let him have the fifty dollars and I did. Now, here was my financial standing; after I got married. I had had a little over \$300 before I was engaged. I paid fifty dollars for an engagement ring, seventy-five dollars for the hospital and operation, fifty dollars to Chaim Yudel and fifty dollars to his son Frank, a total of \$225. That left about \$75. But the trips to and from Cincinnati and the expenses while

there were more than that. I saved very little between my engagement and the wedding. I was nearly broke. I had just about enough money left to buy tickets for Ida and me to go to Rock Island.

On the other hand, I had an extra \$300 nadan which was mine to do with whatever I wanted. However, I didn't consider it as being my money. To me, it was Ida's money.

At the railroad station there was a big crowd to see us off. Not only every one of the Berman family was there but also some of her uncles and aunts and some of their families. When the time came for us to leave they all began to cry, not silently, but loudly. All but Ida and myself. The departure was almost like an old time funeral.

59. DAVENPORT, IOWA

On the way to Rock Island we stopped in Chicago where Ida had an uncle, her father's brother. We stayed with her uncle for two or three days. He had worked in a kosher butcher shop. The owner had died and left a young widow with two or three children. Ida's uncle married the widow and took over the butcher shop. Later, they had a baby.

While in Chicago I took Ida downtown. I had to go someplace and I told her to wait for me at a certain corner. When I got there she was not there. It took me a long time to find her.

When we got to Rock Island I was told that brother Harry was in town and that he had attended the synagogue on a Saturday and had made a speech there. He was well liked. I couldn't make my home in Rock Island, then, because of my former experiences with Harry. I couldn't go back to Prophetstown because of my promise. I decided to settle across the river, in Davenport.

I was told that there was a young Jewish couple from Rock Island who had recently moved to Davenport and would have room for us. The wife's name was Edith Cantor. We went to Davenport and made our temporary home with the Cantors. They lived up a hill on Ripley Street, a side street near 5th and Harrison Ave. We stayed with Edith for two or three weeks.

I still had my horse and buggy. I drove to the country on the outskirts of Davenport and sold glasses to the farmers. I used to come home two or three times a week. I didn't like to peddle in the country and I didn't like to stay away from Ida. I had an idea. Ida was an American girl and she had \$300. Why not start

a little business for her and let her make half the living expenses? There was an empty store nearby, further up on Harrison Ave. It was near a school house.

I rented the store. It was a large store. I put up a partition and made our home in the rear of the store. In the front I put in a few notions and an assortment of candy for the school children.

60. BROTHER HARRY IN DAVENPORT

A short time after we moved to the rear of our candy store, brother Harry came to Ida and she took him in. She gave him a place to sleep and free board. I could not object. He had no job and no money. At first I tried to teach him to fit glasses. I taught him to tell the strength of lenses. He caught on easily. In a few days he could take a lens, move it up and down and side-ways and tell exactly what strength it was. He could do it better than I. I taught him the necessary rules. I gave him some spectacles and told him to try to sell some. He was unable to sell any.

I knew a man who was foreman in a window glass shop. I asked him to give Harry a job in his shop. He promised to do it. Harry went to work and made fairly good wages and Ida still gave him free board. I asked Harry to save up a little money and send it to his wife and he promised that he would. A few times he saved up a little money, then it was suddenly gone. He would never tell what became of it. So I told him to let Ida save it for him.

Harry came in one Friday with a five dollar gold piece. He said that he would give it to Ida to start saving money for him. He gave it to Ida, but on the next Monday night Ida told me that in the morning he had taken it away from her. He told her that he needed it so she gave it to him. I was provoked. I told her to get rid of him and she did.

I decided to have nothing to do with Harry anymore. I gave him up completely, as a brother. I had a family, now, and I didn't think that it was fair to let him drown me.

I heard later that Harry's red haired wife came to Davenport and that they had rented rooms there. Later still I heard that his wife gave birth to a baby boy and that there was to be a Brith (circumcision). Later on I was told that they had no money and that the Jewish people were taking up a collection for them. I was asked to contribute. I didn't contribute and I didn't go to the Brith. Soon after, Harry and his family moved away from Davenport.

61. CHARLIE AND YETTA

There was a young Jewish cigar maker in Cincinnati by the name of Charlie, who had gone to Davenport shortly before we did and had started a one man cigar factory. He was engaged to a girl in Cincinnati by the name of Yetta whom Ida knew. Soon after we settled in Davenport, he sent for Yetta to come to Davenport to be married. She came. They had a formal Jewish wedding and we were the only ones who represented their families. We became close friends.

He copied my idea of having a store and living quarters with one rental. He found a vacant store in another part of town and put up a partition as I had done. He had his cigar store and factory in the front and lived in the rear. We used to visit each other. Once there was a storm while they were visiting us. They stayed over night and all four of us slept in one bed. Another time we were visiting them, the same thing happened and all four of us slept in their one bed.

Later, Yetta sent for her brother Leo, from Cincinnati. He helped Charlie make cigars. Leo was a big fresser (glutton). He used to come over to our house and clean out our ice box. Ida didn't seem to care. He called her "Punenutzky" and she seemed to like the name. Charlie and Yetta lived in Davenport until I took Charlie along on my trip to Oklahoma City.

We had many other close friends in Davenport. We often went to Edith Cantor's to play cards. Then there was our friend Fivis, who lived close by and had a nice looking wife. We also knew a mattress maker who didn't live close by. It was a good thing that he didn't, because he was very good looking and Ida loved the mattress maker. Ida was not lonesome in Davenport.

62. MY HORSE AND BUGGY

It was only for a few weeks that I drove out into the country to sell spectacles to the farmers. Often I drove further out and spent a night or two away from home. Ida found out that I was not a good business man because I came home too often, that I thought more of her than I did of my business. She believed that a good business man should think of his business first. I worked up a good clientele in the country and managed to make a living for my small family.

Once I had an appointment to see a farmer's wife some cities away from town. I told Ida to ride along with me. On the way she told me that she would like to buy a few dozen eggs, cheap, from the farmer. I said that it was alright. While I was attending to my patient Ida asked if they had any eggs. They said that they had a good many eggs and Ida told me about it. I said, "Did you ask the price?" She said that she hadn't, so I told her that she had better ask before she ordered a lot of eggs. When she asked the price, she found that they were dearer than the store price, so she didn't want to take any. I told her that she must take a dozen or two and if she wanted more we could get them on the way home.

On the way home I stopped at a little wayside grocery where they had eggs to sell. We went in and Ida asked and was told the price of eggs. It was so much cheaper and she was so surprised that she exclaimed, "Are those chicken eggs?" We brought a few dozen and drove home.

It was soon after my brother had come to live with us that I sold my horse and buggy and gave up spectacle selling in the country. Maybe I gave it up because I found that I would drum up customers in the city. Or perhaps it was because I didn't trust Harry with Ida while I was away some nights. If that was the reason, then Harry really did me a favor by coming to live with us. Besides, Ida had a store and was to make half the living. I needed to make only the other half. I believed that I should be able to make at least half of a living in the city and stay home.

63. CANDY STORE IN DAVENPORT

When I opened the store for Ida I phoned some wholesale or manufacturing candy companies. They sent some agents with samples and gave me the prices. They told me that if I bought the candy in large bucket sizes, it would cost me about half the price. Being green and inexperienced I got caught on the bait. I brought a large assortment of candies in large buckets.

In the beginning we did a little business. We sold a few notions and quite a little candy. But Ida didn't know how to bait the children. The candy trade didn't increase; rather, it began to diminish. Then hot summer came. The candy began to spoil and most of the children quit coming. The school closed for the summer. There was little business so Ida used to close the store in the afternoon and go to sleep.

One day I looked over the candy and found worms in much of it. I didn't know if it was right or proper to sell wormy candy, even if it has been cleaned. I sorted all the candy and left just the good. But we had very few customers for candy after that.

I decided that Ida was not meant to be a business woman and that she was not meant to make half our living. She was to be my wife, only, to cook for me and sleep with me and to keep me company and have children.

I sold everything I had in the store for whatever I could get. There were many buckets of candy for which I could get nothing. Out of the \$300 nadan I got from Ida's father there was very little left.

I looked for a suitable place to move. I found a nice flat on the second floor over Tennenbaum's grocery store on the corner of Fourteenth and Harrison Ave.

64. MY HOME OFFICE

Our flat was well suited for home and office quarters. We had four rooms and used the front room for the office or examination room and the rest for our living quarters. I put up a spectacle sign and had cards printed. I went out soliciting prospective customers for eye examinations and for glasses. The examinations would be made either at my office or at their homes.

I made a good living up there on the hill on Harrison Ave. We lived there for more than a year. We even saved up a little money. It was there that our first child, Nettie, was born. It was while there that I met Bertha Zwicker. It was while there that I got tied up with the Socialist Party. It was there that I had my second showdown with Ida.

We seemed to get along very well together, by day and by night. With company and by ourselves. But Ida began to bother me about religion. I didn't follow or was not performing some religious rites as she thought I ought to. She kept a strictly kosher home. I didn't interfere but she began nagging me about being more religious.

I told her to stop bothering me but she didn't. I went to the butcher shop and bought a big piece of non-kosher meat. I do not remember if it was beef or pork. I brought it home, fried it and ate it. It shocked her. She didn't say anything. She just cried a little. This cured her. She didn't bother me about religion any more.

65. THE SOCIALIST LOCAL

I was told by some acquaintance that there was a Socialist Local in Davenport. I wasn't that much interested. Then he told me that they were nice fellows and that it might help my business if I got acquainted with them. I decided to look into it. I was told that they met on a Thursday night at the Odd Fellows Temple. I went there early one Thursday evening and inquired about the socialist meeting place. No one seemed to know about it. On the way out I met someone who told me that they met in a room on the third floor.

I went up to the room and found a few young people there who told me that it was the right place. After a while a middle aged man came in named Gifford, accompanied by a young woman. Then the meeting started. I don't remember much about this first meeting. I do remember that it was an orderly, dignified meeting. Nearly all were young or middle aged and nearly all were real Americans.

Gifford was a religious man, a serious man, a soft spoken man. He was the chairman. My friend was right in his statement that they were a nice bunch of fellows. But he was wrong in stating that it might be good for my business. I spent lots of time and some money in the Socialist Local in Davenport but got very little business from them.

I found out later that there were two factions in the socialist movement and the Socialist Party. These two factions were right here in the Davenport Local. There was a harsh faction and a mild faction or revolutionary and evolutionary or the reds and the yellows. Gifford belonged to the mild faction.

66. THE BIRTH OF A CHILD

It was more than a year after we were married that Nettie was born. We had Dr. Sala, a brother of the Dr. Sala in Rock Island who had operated on me, attend to Ida. Mrs. Tennenbaum, our landlady and friend, also helped us in any way that she could. Ida was well built for childbirth and had little trouble. She gave birth at our house. The doctor charged us ten dollars and the other expenses were nominal.

We were getting along well now. We had a nice home, a child, many friends and good neighbors. I didn't have to go traveling in the country. I made a good living in the city and saved a little money. But matters, whether good or bad, didn't seem to last long with me.

There was an optical doctor (we call them optometrists now) who had an upstairs office downtown in Davenport. He had been there about two years and wanted to sell out his office equipment and move away. He was a high class examiner. He had dark room fitted up. He didn't even use a trial case. He looked into your eyes with a retinoscope and ophthalmoscope to prescribe a pair of glasses. He offered to sell me his place.

He had a large flat on the second floor over a large store on 310 West Second Street, near the corner of Second and Harrison. It was in the main business section of Davenport. Next was the dark room. Then there were two or three rooms to the rear where we could live. Ida didn't want to move there but reluctantly consented. I told her that business comes before a home. I brought the office and some of the testing equipment and we moved into the rear room. I was now a real doctor of optics with a real office and a separate dark examination room. That was late in the summer of 1903.

67. A LODGE COFFEE MEMBER

Besides the Socialist Party I joined two more lodges in Davenport, the Modern Woodman of America and the Odd Fellows. First I joined the modern Woodmen, which had a large local of about 1500 members. I was given an insurance policy. Dr. Lindlay was the leader. In fact, he was the leader in many other lodges. He told me that if I would join the lodge he would give me a chance to become known to the members.

He did give me the chance. A short time after I joined, he called upon me to give a talk. I had a good chance to make a speech before a large crowd and become known as the new optical doctor in Davenport. I got up and warbled a few words, then stopped and sat down. He was disappointed and I lost my chance of benefiting my business.

I fit in well in the Socialist Party because they had discussions. I was good at discussions but was a poor speaker. My other handicap of not being able to remember names and faces began to plague me. I would sit near a man and talk and become friendly. Then I would give him my card. Next time I met the man, even if I sat near him again, I would not remember him. Lodges didn't bring me any clients, business or friends.

I went to lodge meetings only on special occasions. Once the Odd Fellows had a special meeting where they served coffee. I went and they called on me to say something. I told them that I was just a coffee member.

Later, the Modern Woodmen had a special meeting which I attended. I didn't make a speech but I learned something. There was trouble about the secretary of the lodge. He was short \$1,500 of the lodge money and there was a petition to discharge him. This was a special meeting for that purpose and there was a large crowd. The hall was filled to capacity. The secretary had made friends who wanted to retain him regardless of his usurping the lodge money. His supporters went early and were nearly all sitting in the front. We who had no special interest but who wanted to do the right thing came later. There was not enough sitting room and many had to stand in the rear. The rear was also packed. They gave out blank pieces of paper on which one was to write "yes" or "no". Then the men came around to collect the votes.

There were many men standing around me and they expressed themselves as to how wrong it was to keep a secretary who puts the money of the lodge to his own use. They were voting against him. However, I noticed that some of these men who were speaking so righteously were putting more than one vote in the ballot box. The right men were doing the wrong thing: they were stuffing the ballot box! The secretary's friends won out. They may also have stuffed the ballot box!

68. SOCIALIST PARTY MEMBERS

FEUCHTER was a big well built German. He spoke good English with a pronounced German accent. He had a forceful voice. He was married but had no children. He was a mail carrier when I first met him. It was he who was the leader of the revolutionary faction of the socialist party. His arguments were sound. He was convincing. He took the leadership away from Gifford and his wishy-washy followers. He wanted more life in the local. He wanted us to do more work, have more revolutionary literature and more distribution, engage more revolutionary speakers. He wanted to stress in our platforms the Cooperative Commonwealth instead of the wishy-washy reforms. Greenberg, a merchant tailor, was his main support. I used my two feet. I kept my right foot in one camp and my left foot in the other.

Some time later Feuchter lost his job. He was without work for awhile. One afternoon he came to my office and told me that he had gotten a job with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company to sell insurance. I said, "Write me a thousand dollar policy." I decided that twenty year payment was best for me. I still have the policy. I quit paying premiums years ago. For ten or fifteen years the company used to pay me a small dividend. For fifteen years or more they quit paying me dividends.

GREENBERG was a Jewish merchant tailor. He was a bachelor. He made suits to order for his customers. He had a store and a shop about a block and a half from us on Second Street. He had two or three girls and one or two men working for him. He used to come and visit with us often on Sundays and evenings. Greenberg was a good tailor and a good story teller. He used to come and talk to Ida and also teach her socialism. Often he would tell dirty jokes. Ida loved his dirty jokes and I believe that is the main reason that she became a socialist.

She agreed and believed that a woman should get better wages and better treatment. She agreed that it would be better for the government to own all those big factories instead of a few rich men. She agreed that it was good to have a party where all the women and other good people could vote for those good things. She joined the party. She went to some of their meetings and to all of the social affairs.

Once Greenberg had a dispute with one of his workmen about wages. He would not pay the man what he asked. The man sued him in court. After the trial I asked Greenberg, "Who won?" He answered, "The court and the lawyers won. We lost." I ask him how that was. He figured it out for me: "The man asked \$12. I offered him \$9. The court gave him \$11. However, I had to pay the lawyer \$5 which made me lose \$3. My employee had asked for \$12 but got only \$11. However, his court costs were \$4 so he had a loss of \$3."

KENNEDY was a married man with children. He was a thin excitable fellow. He was a good handy man, jack of all trades. He changed trades often. He was a good speaker, almost an orator. He was our main soap box speaker. Kennedy could always get a good crowd. A good crowd also meant a good collection. We had certain corners set aside by the city for street speaking.

Kennedy used to come in and tell me about his new ventures. About the money he was going to make out of them. But they never seemed to turn out good. Once, later, when I was already in the wholesale manufacturing optical business, I had a venture of my own. I explained it to Kennedy and he liked it very much. He said that he would go in with me on it. He was sure that we could make at least a million dollars.

My idea was to make a special easel stand for ready made spectacles. It was something similar to the easel stands now being used to display sun glasses for sale. It was to have a graduated reading chart attached to the stand and was to be put in all drug and other suitable stores. However, we never got beyond the talking stage. I was already becoming cautious about patents and new adventures. Besides, I was not in the wholesale manufacturing business very long. The angels of change had already undermined my wholesale business.

In retrospect, from the knowledge I have acquired in the more than fifty years that I have been fitting glasses and doing research work on eyes and their relation to health, I believe that the venture would have

been practical and beneficial to mankind. A successful operator of such a venture would have been entitled to one million in profit each and every year.

FLOYD DELL was a newcomer. He joined the party at one of our picnics. He was a young fellow, working at a candy factory, at that time also. He was highly intellectual. He was the main contributor to our little magazine. He was an avid reader and seemed to know all the books on the library shelves. He stayed in Davenport a little longer than we did. Then he went to Chicago as a reporter. Later he went to New York where he was the founder of the Bohemian Greenwich Village.

He became a successful author. He wrote a number of books, one of which was, "Moon Calves." In it he described the Davenport Local. He called us fellows "Moon Calves". For awhile he was associate editor of the monthly magazine called "The Masses" and later on the "New Masses." I wrote to him, once, from Newport. I still have a couple of letters from him. He is the only one of our local whom I ever heard from after we left Davenport.

Once he came to my office and after chatting awhile, he showed me a little poem that he had written the night before. I thought it was a good poem and put in away in my files. I don't remember ever showing it to anyone. Here is the copy:

THEOLOGY

The Lord God spake to me last night

of debts of faith unpaid,

Of prayers unsaid and hymns unsung.

I answered unafraid:

"And though Thou be the greatest God

that e'er knelt on bended knee,

And though Thou madest heaven and earth

think who it was made Thee!

or sure as heathens make their Gods
of stock and stone and star,
Sure I raised Thee from myself
where the Eternal are."

Floyd became one of the leaders in the local. Like me, he was independent. He belonged to both sides, the mild and the revolutionary.

Before I left he borrowed \$3.60 from me. I left without giving him a chance to pay it back. When I was in New York, at the World's fair, I tried to look him up and collect. He was then in California. Six years later, when I was in California I tried to find him. I found one of his associates who told me that he was back in New York. If I ever get to New York again, I hope that he will not be back in California.

GIBSON was usually broke and sometimes hungry. But he always seemed to be in good humor. Sometimes he would come and eat with us. He was a good story teller and Ida liked him. One afternoon he came over and borrowed a quarter from me. I asked him if he was going to use it for supper. He told me, no, that he was going to spend it for a concert that evening and do without supper.

It was Gibson who was the originator of the Tri-City magazine, a socialist monthly magazine. He was the editor, Floyd Dell was an associate and I was a contributor. I still have a copy of it. I wrote under the name, "Moflex".

69. PATENTS

There were two men having a conversation and a third man was listening, on the corner of 2nd and Harrison Ave., in Davenport. Said one man to his friend, "You see this cigar in my mouth? I smoke about ten a day. If it were not for these cigars I would have enough money to own this corner." Said the third bystander, "I smoke more than ten cigars a day and I do own this corner." When the owner of the corner left, I got into conversation with the cigar smoker.

He was an inventor. He was then manufacturing a new kind of door hinge. It was a springless hinge. It was a spiral hinge. When the door was opened it would raise itself on the spiral and when you let go of the door it would close itself by gravity. He was manufacturing it with a partner who was furnishing the money.

So far, they were selling it on a small scale. He didn't know what the outcome would be. He showed me the hinge and how it worked. It seemed practical. He said that this was the thirteenth patent that he had put on the market. He said, "So far I have already busted twelve money partners with my inventions."

At that time, I too was spending time and some money on inventions in the optical line. One was an ear charge or cord. Another was a one piece bi-focal lens. Another was an invisible rim to keep rimless lenses from breaking. It was during the time when kryptok bi-focal lenses came on the market. The kryptok lens under a patent right sold for a minimum retail price of \$15.00. The one piece bi-focals were not yet on the market.

I also tried to learn how to solder frames but never could. It was well that I didn't learn, for later in Newport, Ky., my inability to solder frames gave me a chance to make \$20,000.

70. "THE ANGEL OF CHANGE": THE MOVE TO NEWPORT, KENTUCKY

When I came back from Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, I told Ida that Oklahoma City would be a suitable place to settle. She said, "No." She would not move so far away. That if she was to move, the best place would be to Newport, Kentucky, where her people lived. Her friend Yetta also didn't want to move to Oklahoma. She cried when she found that her husband Charlie would not come back. However, Yetta had to go to her husband. Soon after, she moved to Oklahoma City and they did well there. Later they bought some property and found oil in their back yard. Ida had her husband back. She didn't have to move to Oklahoma. To please her I said, "Alright, we will try Newport."

Again I had to sell out. There were no customers for optical shop equipment or machinery. My competitor offered me \$50.00 for one of my grind stones for which I had paid more than \$150.00. I didn't sell it. I shipped it with the rest of the optical equipment to Newport. The equipment I sold for little or nearly nothing. Later, after paying freight and storage, I sold the grindstone in Cincinnati for \$50.00.

We stayed with my in-laws for about ten days. On the third or fourth day my mother-in-law was trying to give me some advice. Maybe it was a complaint, I do not remember which. I told her not to mix in my

business. She was excellent after that. She lived to be ninety. She lived not far away from us and she never did mix in our affairs. She was an excellent mother-in-law.

We rented rooms on the second floor at 321 York St., over Dr. Crowley. We paid ten dollars a month for rooms which were to be used, at least for awhile, as our home and also my office. It was a stone house at the edge of the business district. It was outside the flood district. It was almost across from the court house.

It was a nice pleasant home. We lived there for more than five years. I made a living and we gradually saved up a little money. It was there that I made my first venture in buying property. It was there that my daughter Selma was born. It was there that I taught her to speak plainly when she was nearly five years old.

For about three years I had no regular office other than the one in my home. I did most of my optical fitting in the houses of my clients. There were only a few who came to my home for eye examinations. Then I rented a small store, further up on York Street, which was suitable for an optical office. I was then able to quit soliciting trade. I was able to make a living from the customers who came to my office.

When I found out that I could make a living in my store-office without having to solicit trade, I decide to buy the building. Within a year's time I brought the building which was composed of two stores and rooms upstairs and in the rear of the larger store. About a year later, when these rooms became vacant, we moved into them. I again had my home and business in the same building.

71. INSURANCE AGENT

I was nearly broke when I got to Newport. I needed money to tide me over until I could work up some optical trade. I believed that a temporary insurance job would give me a chance to make my living expenses and, at the same time, a chance to get acquainted. I got a job with the Western & Southern Life Insurance Co. They gave me a debit in Cincinnati to collect weekly payments and also to sell life insurance.

My debit was in a poor neighborhood in Cincinnati on Mt. Adams, which is right across the river from Newport. In the morning I would take the street car to Cincinnati, which cost five cents. Then the street car which went up the incline to Mt. Adams cost another five cents. It cost the same to go home, making my daily expenses twenty cents, besides my lunch which was very cheap in those days.

To hold the job, an agent had to collect a stipulated sum of money each week. He also had to increase the insurance about the lapses about ten cents a week. Thus, if I had fifty cents worth of lapses during the week,

I had to write sixty cents worth of new insurance. I was just about able to make the debit but was unable to get the increases. I didn't have the heart to talk these poor people into buying more insurance. I held on to the job for about 7 to 8 weeks. I quit before I was fired.

One tragic insurance story is still in my memory. There was a large family on my debit. They had many children of different ages. I do not remember if the husband was out of a job or working part time. They were always in arrears in their insurance, but the mother managed to pay me more than a dollar a week to keep the policies from lapsing.

One of her boys needed to have his shoes repaired. She didn't have enough money from both shoes and insurance. She decided to let the shoes wait and pay the insurance before it lapsed. Then the boy got his feet wet, caught a cold and got sick. It was then a question of whether she should pay for insurance or the doctor and medicine. She decided to spend the little money she had for the doctor and medicine. Then what? I don't know and I didn't want to know. I quit before it happened. Perhaps the boy died because of the insurance, but if he did die the insurance had lapsed. He had no insurance.

72. BELLEVUE AND DAYTON, KENTUCKY

When I quit the insurance job, I sold quite a few pairs of glasses to my former insurance customers in Cincinnati. I had optical cards printed with my address at 321 York Street. I believed that if I intended to open an office in Newport, it would be best not to canvass in Newport but in the smaller towns adjacent to Newport.

Bellevue and Dayton were two adjacent towns. When I found a prospect or was recommended to one I would make an appointment. I would bring my trial case and fit them with glasses at their home. Occasionally I would get a customer to come to my home-office for an examination.

For nearly three years I kept on soliciting for possible prospects for glasses. Again I had a chance to experiment. I fitted glasses to diseased eyes, to nearly blind eyes and to those who were dissatisfied with their oculist or optician.

But my optical research did not cover just Bellevue and Dayton. It covered the territory of greater Cincinnati. Some of my clientele in Bellevue and Dayton sent me to their friends in Newport, Covington, Cincinnati and its suburbs. I remember once that I was sent to see a farmer's family who lived two miles from Williamsburg, which is 25 miles or more from Covington.

I charged nothing for my time and work. Nothing for my spectacle knowledge. Nothing for the extra benefits I gave them. All I charged was a reasonable price for a pair of glasses. If the people were poor I would give it to them for a nominal sum or for nothing. I didn't make much money but I did make a living and a little extra to buy real estate.

73. IDA'S FAMILY - NEWPORT

Ida's sister Beckie was a pretty girl. She was the one I was in love with when I courted Ida. She had had some marriage proposals but her father was against them. They were only poor cigar makers. Later, she married and became very rich. Beckie fell in love with Louis or Louis fell in love with Beckie or they fell in love with each other.

Louis was also a cigar maker but he already had his own shop. That made it satisfactory. But Louis had a bad name. He seemed to be the black sheep of a large family in Cincinnati. Her father was violently against his Beckie being married to Louis. He would give them no Nadan. Regardless of her father's opposition, Beckie promised to marry him and they kept on courting.

Once, while in Covington, I met Joe Nathan of Cincinnati who was well acquainted with the Jewish people there. I inquired about Louis. He told me to advise Beckie to keep away from him. She broke off for three full days, then resumed the courting. Regardless of what might happen, Beckie was determined to marry Louis. She cried and she threatened until her father consented to give them the \$300 Nadan and let them get married.

I do not remember the wedding. I don't remember if it was a public or private wedding. Anyway, now the black sheep Louis had the pretty Beckie as his own. But he had it in for her family. He soon began to show his colors. He forbade Beckie to visit any of her family. He also forbade her family to visit her.

Soon after the wedding they moved to Cincinnati. For a long time Beckie never came to see the family nor did we go to see her. We knew where she lived. It was not far from the business district. Once Ida and her mother and I were in Cincinnati. We passed by Beckie's residence and stopped across the street. We stayed there for quite a while but neither Ida nor her mother had the nerve to cross the street to see her. After a while we resumed our way.

74. IDA'S BROTHER MEYER

Meyer was Ida's half brother but he was raised by his stepmother, Ida's mother. He was the rich one in the family. He had married the only daughter of a wealthy family She later inherited a lot of money. She was also an excellent business woman. They had a large store in Covington. She was both sweet and shrewd. It was she who managed the store and made a success of it. Their main items in the store were wallpaper and crockery.

Meyer asked Ida if she would be willing to go to Covington to help them in their store for a few weeks before Christmas. Ida was willing. He didn't mention any pay and Ida also didn't mention it. For quite a few years Ida was a saleswoman before Christmas and other Holy days. She seemed to make a good saleswoman. For pay she used to bring home a fancy vase that here rich sister-in-law gave her. Most of the vases were damaged. I became a rich man in fancy damaged vases. Meyer's mother-in-law died while I was still living on York Street in Newport. We didn't go to the funeral. But I read a newspaper item that she was buried in the Catholic cemetery. I couldn't believe it. I investigated. I found that there was not a word of truth in it. Since then I began doubting newspapers even in such matters as funerals and weddings. I later found that news reporters, either by carelessness or sometimes by design, seldom report matters exactly as they happen. Meyer had lots of money but few children. He had only one son who also married into a rich family and they also have no children. God divided his blessings. He gives the money to the rich and the children to the poor.

75. PERJURY

One of Ida's close relatives formerly lived in Newport. He moved his family to Cincinnati before we came back from Davenport. In Newport he had a small factory. When he moved to Cincinnati he started a small general store. One day he came to see me in Newport. He wanted my consent to deed a piece of his property, in Cincinnati, to me.

It seemed that he was tied up with a lease on his store and he wanted to break the lease. There was a better location where he wanted to move. I could see nothing wrong in the transaction. I consented to become a fake property owner. Soon after he reported the deed in my name, he moved. The lessor smelled

something wrong about the sale and asked the court to annul it. Now he came to see me again. He requested that I be a witness at the trial and that I go to see his lawyer who would tell me what to say in court.

I went to see his lawyer. He took me in another room and instructed me as to what to say in court. I didn't like it. I told him that I couldn't tell a story like that. He argued and then compromised. I couldn't let my brother-in-law down. I had to go to court and perjure myself. When I left the lawyer's room I noticed the sign on the door. It said, "Private." From then on, for a long time, I used to call the lawyer's private rooms, "Perjury school rooms".

At the trial there was some of Meyer's family and myself as witnesses on our side. The other side also had quite a few witnesses. We all told our stories and the judge decided against us. After the trial, one of our witnesses, Meyer's mother-in-law, a fine bright little old woman, went to the lawyer on the other side and excitedly asked him, "How can you people tell so many lies?" The attorney for the other side replied, "Mother, don't get so excited about it. You lie for your side and we lie for our side."

76. MY OWN FAMILY

In 1902, soon after I moved to Davenport, father moved from Toledo to Cincinnati. At that time the family consisted of father, mother and their grandson Iskeh, sister Bessie's son. Father got a position with Ida's Uncle David who had a kosher butcher shop in Cincinnati. They lived in Cincinnati for about two years, then moved to Denver, Colorado. They lived in Denver about two years, also, then moved to Columbus, Ohio. On their way from Denver to Columbus they stopped in Davenport to see us. They stayed with us for about a week.

When we moved to Newport from Davenport father was already in Columbus. His employer then was a kosher butcher by the name of Jake who was a single man. Father lived in Columbus much longer than he had lived in any other place. He did fairly well there and saved a little money. Occasionally Ida and I would visit them. It was on one of those visits that father's butcher, Jake, fell in love with my Ida. He asked father if Ida had a sister. Father said yes. Said Jake, "I am going over to Newport to see her and if she looks as good as Ida I will marry her." He went to Newport and married Ida's sister Jennie.

Father still used to quarrel. Jake told me that many times he had to protect father in a regular fight. Jake quit the butcher business and went into the barrel business and got rich. He became my rich brother-in-law.

Father made many friends in Columbus but he had many more enemies. The enemies were mostly the tough ones. It was becoming uncomfortable. He moved to Flint, Michigan, and then to Detroit, Michigan.

Father had a little money when he moved to Detroit. He bought a home on 191 Napoleon Street. I believe that he also had a tenant there from whom he got a little rent, which helped pay the building and loan association. He lived there for quite a few years but he was getting pretty old. It was becoming hard on him to do cattle killing. His son-in-law brought him to Adrian, Michigan, to teach their children.

77. FRANK BACHRACH, MY BROTHER-IN-LAW

Sister Theresa's husband Frank B. did not buy the tools for a cigar shop with my fifty dollars. Instead, he brought a partnership in the junk business from brother-in-law Louis, Annie's husband in Marion, Ohio. Soon after, the two got a third partner -- sister Bessie's husband Ben, from Boston, Mass. He must have brought a little money. He was an artist painter. He often painted murals and also decorated homes. His participation in the partnership didn't last long. I was in Davenport during the whole time.

Ben, the painter, moved to Toledo and went back to painting. Frank B. got connected with a rich junk dealer in Toledo who advised him to move to Adrian, Michigan. Frank now had a rich backer and he did well in Adrian. Later he took Louis, who had moved from Marion to Toledo, to work for him in Adrian.

When I came to Newport, Frank B. was already well-to-do, while I was nearly broke. I had also had credit so I also got optical credit in Cincinnati. However, the optical companies gave 6 % discount if the bills were paid within ten days or in 30 days if it was the net price. I was able to pay small bills within the time to get a discount. But it cost me more to buy my optical supplies in small quantities. I wanted to buy them by the dozen instead of a few pairs at a time. But I didn't have the money to take advantage of the discount.

I wrote Frank B. and asked him to loan me one hundred dollars so that I could buy stock and discount my bills. He refused. He wrote that he would give me fifty dollars if I needed it badly but he wouldn't loan me a hundred dollars.

I was provoked. I wrote back that I could get along and that he didn't need to give me or loan me any money. I went to the bank and was told that I would need three signatures on a hundred dollar loan. I got my father-in-law to sign it and on the strength of his signature, got another co-signer.

They say that it is better to give than to receive. I will add, it is better to loan than to borrow. I managed not to borrow money from my relatives, but for many years I have been loaning money to my relatives and friends. Many times I had to go to the bank and borrow the money for which I paid interest and loaned it to my relatives and friends without interest.

78. THE SMELL OF THE FLOOD WATERS

It was in the year 1907 that we had a big flood in Cincinnati and Newport. It reached 63 feet, which made it 11 feet above flood stage. In Cincinnati and Newport the water comes creeping up slowly, by inches.

Some of the streets in Newport were lower than the river banks. In these streets the flood waters came first, not directly from the river, but from the sewers. I believe that it was on Fifth and Isabelle Streets where the water first came out of the sewers. Then it began to spread. Then it began to come out of other sewers nearby. Then the sewage waters mixed together and made a lake of sewage water. I believe the sewage lake was 3 or 4 feet deep and covered a number of streets before the river got over its banks. Then the river water and the sewer water became one, the filthy, slimy flood water.

Eleven feet of water meant 2 or 3 feet of water on the second floor of many homes. Many homes had to be evacuated. Many people were rescued by boats from the second floor windows. Those who had no relatives to go to were cared for by the city. They were given food and lodging. Those who managed to remain in their homes on the second floors were brought food and coal by boats.

After the flood was over the cleaning process started. The city cleaned the streets and sidewalks. They may have also cleaned the yards. The people had to clean their own homes before they could move back. The floors and walls were covered with a layer of slime that had a special smell. Even after cleaning, the smell lingered for many months afterwards. It was a nauseating smell. After more than fifty years, that smell is still in my memory.

79. MY FIRST REAL ESTATE VENTURE

After the Newport flood, Ida's brother Meyer came to me with a proposition. There were two property units in a row of six that were to be sold at a bargain. They were in the flood district. They needed repair.

They had to be sold as one unit. He was a director in a building and loan association in Covington. He could get a loan that would cover the purchase price and repairs, except for a down payment of two hundred dollars. That would be one hundred dollars for each of us if we brought the two units together. He wanted me to go in with him because I lived in Newport and could take care of both properties and give him half the profit. By himself, he would not bother with them.

I didn't have any money, but I knew that Ida had saved some. Ida did have a hundred dollars saved up in her stocking. She gave it to me to buy the property. I didn't like the flood district. I didn't like the smell. But it was psychology against a physical sense. Psychology won. I figured that God and the angels are with the rich and that I should not turn down the chance. We bought the property but I got no benefit from it.

It was a comparatively good piece of property, a brick building, almost new. Each unit had four rooms, two rooms on the first and two rooms on the second. It should have been a good rental property. Well, it was maybe to rent, but not easy to collect the rent. It was cheap rent but I was unable to get good steady tenants who could or would pay the rent. I didn't get enough rent to pay the building association and other expenses.

One of our tenants was an old maid with twelve cats. She paid her rent regularly. She was our best paying tenant but the neighbors complained. I visited her and told her about the complaints. She told me that she would not part with her cats for love or money. Her place really smelled. I don't know which was worse, the smell of the flood or the smell of the cats.

I got rid of this piece of flood property as fast as I could. I kept it for about two years and then sold it. I barely got my hundred dollars back. But I did get some experience in real estate. Besides, Ida quit saving money in her stockings. She figured that if I was going to take the money away from her after she saved it, she should rather let me save it.

When I first came to Newport I was uncertain whether I would settle in Newport or Cincinnati. I wanted to make some acquaintances. I didn't know if there was a socialist local in Newport but knew that there was one in Cincinnati. I joined it. I went to their meetings occasionally and made some friends.

Like the Davenport Local, I found that here, too, the two factions were about evenly divided. Unlike in Davenport, the division here was sharp. There was real dissension. The reds were redder and the yellows were more yellow: it was really not so much the membership that was red or yellow, it was the few leaders. And the leaders had their followers. I became friendly with the leaders of both factions.

Here I became acquainted with comrades Zitt and Tryling, who were among the leaders of the reds, and with comrades Lanfersick and Nick Klein, who were among the leaders of the yellows. It was comrade Lanfersick who told me about the local in Newport. His parents lived in Newport. It was comrade Zitt who told me about his mother who lived in Bellevue and had real bad eyes. It was comrade Tryling who held me down by force on my seat, so that I couldn't stand up and vote for Nick Klein.

Nick was expelled from the socialist party because he had printed cards and run for a political office without the endorsement of the Local. Even though it was a non-partisan office, *that* was considered against party policy. I didn't think that it was fundamentally wrong—surely no sin that deserved expulsion. But the reds made the charge. There was a trial. The hall was packed. Tryling kept me from voting. The reds won.

I became well acquainted with the Zitt family. I did optical work for his mother and his younger brother. They were of American stock. Comrade Zitt had a downtown office. It seemed to be a collection office. Once, when I visited him at his office a woman came in for a donation for charity.

Comrade Zitt gave her a lecture on socialism instead of a donation. I listened and as well as I can remember here's what he said. He told her that he was as much interested in the poor working man and their families as she. In fact, he was much more interested than she, only she was trying to help them in the wrong way and he as trying to help them in the right way.

He told the woman that it was all the fault of the capitalist system. That there was enough food, shelter and clothing to go around for every man, woman, and child in the country but the capitalists wouldn't let them have it. If the working men got the full product of their toil then they would not need charity. He was working with the socialist party to overthrow the capitalist system. Then we would have a cooperative commonwealth and would need no charity.

She was working for charity which helped sustain the capitalist system. It retarded the day of revolution and liberation. The working man wouldn't revolt unless the oppression became too unbearable. By giving

them charity it eased the burden a little for the present but it retarded the day of deliverance for the future. It did more harm to the workers than good.

Thus I was initiated to the hard boiled logic of the reds. It was good logic but hard boiled. I don't know what became of Comrade Zitt. I did meet Tryling in later years. He was working for an intensive religious sect. He came to me for glasses; I gave him a prescription and charged him nothing.

81. THE SOCIALIST LOCAL OF NEWPORT

I joined the Socialist Local of Newport in 1907. I still have my first Newport red card membership. It was a yearly card divided into twelve spaces, one for each month of the year. A member had to buy monthly stamps for twenty-five cents which were pasted on the spaces of the cards. This showed if one was in good standing.

The Newport Local seemed to be divided into two factions, only it was not noticeable. There were three Jewish members, Taaco Hauer, who was a mild type and an opportunist, Comrade Kritt, who was a revolutionary and a leader of the red, and myself, who tried not to be associated with any faction. Other members I remember well are Walter Lanfarsiek, Frank Steine and John Gamble. Mr. and Mrs. Bolzer, Mr. and Mrs. Preuse, the Shreibers, James Delany, Buerger, Joe Heuspickle, George Brill, Ben Hauera and the Mayberries.

They were a nice bunch of men and women, mostly young and middle aged. They were worthy people to have as friends. It was an active local. We got an outside speaker occasionally. Before elections we had soap box speaking. We had picnics, yearly, and occasionally there was other entertainment.

In 1908 when Eugene V. Debs, socialist party candidate for president, came to Cincinnati on his speaking tour, the Newport Local turned out in full force. The Cincinnati Local organized a parade for Debs and we marched in that parade. In 1908 Debs received the biggest vote the socialist party ever had. He got nearly a million votes. I was a member of the Newport Socialist Party for nearly ten years.

82. JOHN GAMBLE

John Gamble was of Italian descent. He became an orphan when young and was raised in a Catholic orphanage. He was a single man and worked at the Newport Rolling Mills. The rollers in the mill were organized in a union. John belonged to the local union and later became its president. He regularly attended the socialist local.

John used to come and visit me at my York Street store. He was telling me about the rollers. They had a strong union and were making good money. The helpers and laborers were not organized and were making little money. I asked John why he didn't organize the laborers in the mill. He thought a while, then said that maybe he would. I believe that John did organize the laborers but I don't believe that it did any good. A few years later there was a strike at the mill on account of the laborers' union demands.

There was a certain amount of violence on both sides. The governor sent in the militia and broke the strike. Also, both unions were busted, the old rollers' union and the new laborers' union.

John died before the strike took place. He died but he was not buried. He was cremated. I attended his funeral. It was well worth seeing. John didn't have a priest but he had a nice coffin. There was a large oven with an iron door opening at the front. After the ceremony they opened the door, put in John's coffin and closed the door. In a few minutes they gave back John's ashes.

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