

Summary of Interview of Hannah Golden Limerick #1662
At her home in San Antonio (Schertz), Texas
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By Marlene Trestman

[Consents to being audiotaped, and to allowing use of interview; signs permission forms]

Shows photo of painting of the Home (by Works Progress Administration artist Clarence Millett), son took photo at the New Orleans JCC.

Points out location of front entrance and office. Edith Lashman had an apartment on the second floor, above Sup't Ginsburg's offices. She had a son we called Sonny. Nellie Skalka, my best friend, and I were together usually. We used to get invited to the Lashman apartment to play games with Sonny. We were happy to do it because they always had chocolate chip cookies. We played card games, monopoly. Just Nellie and me.

Right above the front door was the infirmary. The boys' dorm on the left, the girls on the right. The counselors had their rooms on the third floor. Irma had her office on the first floor of the girls' dormitory, which had two floors.

Irma Simon? Yes. And then Rapp Laws was the main boys' counselor and he was on the other side.

Did you ever have reason to go up here in the towers? I don't think there was anything in the towers. The building opened onto a courtyard. The dining room was in the way back. The two dorms were perpendicular to St. Charles Ave. Below the dining room was the laundry. The banquet was concrete and we used to go rolling skating. Behind the Home, there was a baseball diamond, and a place for guinea pigs. We went out and played with them

I went when I was seven. My mother died when I was three. I was the youngest one when I was there. 1935. I was born in 1927.

Have you seen your registry page? Went in 1935 and left in 1942. Lilyan left two years earlier in 1940.

I left before I graduated from Newman. My father took me out of the Home. He left us there, but we had been apart for too long. We got along really well. He later married the bitch from hell. We didn't get along so well after that. She wanted him to get rid of us. It was hard to reattach to him after so long. Before we went in the Home, after our mother died, Lilyan and I were running loose.

B'nai B'rith involved in your going into Home? As I understand it, my father's brother, uncle Joe's wife Gert, knew someone in Tyler TX who got us admitted. It was difficult to get into the

Home, you couldn't just get in. We lived with our father for 4 years before going into the Home. We were here and there. We lived with aunts, grandmother. He was trying to hold onto jobs.

My grandfather was from Austria, an upholsterer. He made a loveseat for the empress. He and my father worked in upholstery. We had a room in the back. But nobody had money for furniture or reupholstery.

My kids don't understand. They ask, why didn't your father just mow lawns or something to earn money? People didn't have money to pay for even that.

Recollections about driving around? My sister and I were on the street. He never knew where we were. We used to ride the bus. Go downtown and sit in the movie all day. She would tell the bus driver, I was always little, she would say she's too young to pay. We would steal milk bottles to get money to sit in the Orpheum theater.

Where was your father? He was busy trying to get work, and feeling sorry for himself. He never got over my mother's death.

What did she die from? If I knew I would tell you. It was a big mystery. I asked my aunt. What was wrong with my mother? All I got out of her was that it was an infection.

Women's problem? Probably. I went to nursing school later, and one of the things we learned was about gangrene. And one of the symptoms was changing color and I have often wondered – and it's very common with abortions – I often wondered – because we were so poor, I was born at Home. My father told me she turned color and was very swollen. Abortion is a person's personal choice, I don't care. But in that day they probably didn't have the antibiotics. He never got over it. Never. If you asked about her – he would run out of the room. Her death was as difficult for him as he made it for us.

He was born in Austria. I just found this. Shows photo. This is my grandmother, my uncle Joe and my father, Bill Golden. This was on the back of it. Her name was Rachel Zibner Golden. They were in Cernowitz in Austria. 1898.

[She also had a photo of her father, during the time she was in the Home. And her mother who died at 27.]

My sister looked like my father. Blonde hair and blue eyes.

Earliest recollections of the Home? When we came to the Home, they put us in the Infirmary. Well I think as young as I was. And I was so mad at my father. We had a lady who stayed with us, and she had children in an orphanage and we used to go see them in Tulsa. And I made him promise he would never put me in a Home, and on the way to New Orleans, I screamed at him the whole time. You promised, you promised.

Flat tire? What happened was I was so mad at my father I grabbed the steering wheel and we ran off the road into a ditch. I did it. The car was just a two-seater, and I reached over and I pushed us in the ditch. And a truck had to pull us out. The cars were little. I just remember.

What was it that made you so opposed to orphanage? I don't know, but probably both that the children were not with their families and the orphanage we saw in Tulsa was a terrible place.

And so I remember the infirmary. We stood at the window and watched him walk away. He never looked back, I don't know how hard it was for him. But it was hard for us. Eventually we adjusted.

Did it help to have a sister with you? Yes and no. We fought like cats and dogs after my mother died. She ended up having to take care of me and I would scream at her, you're not my mother. I hate you. She hated me because she was stuck with me. I couldn't say her name – it was hard for me to pronounce Ls – so I called her Honey. But I was so mad at her I told her I would never call her honey again. So I must not have called her anything.

Anybody to comfort you in the infirmary? No, Lil and I were standing at that window. There was nurse but she didn't help. No other kids at the time. I understand they had to check us out to prevent epidemics.

I went through all of the tests, but apparently they were checking us for gonorrhea or something because they had me up on a table and I was screaming. But they probably had to do that.

In addition to height, weight, blood pressure, they also did psychological exam. I remember they checked our IQs. It was verbal. You had to name certain objects within a certain period of time, in order. My sister always thought she was the smartest thing in the world, she still does. Later, when I worked in the infirmary, as my Home job. I looked up our IQs and mine was higher than hers. I would tell her that.

We stayed in the infirmary for a week to 10 days, and they sent to a professional place for the IQ test.

Nothing to do. Brought us meals. One day they let us go out in the courtyard, and we got to go swing. All the kids were looking down at us from the balcony. Look at the new kids. Then eventually you're assigned to a room. I was Irma's pet because I was the youngest one there. And then Nellie Skalka came, and we became best friends.

We were assigned to a small room. We were high class. I was in a room by myself. Irma looked after me. Lilyan was on a different floor.

There was nobody younger than me. Before I left the Home, a set of boy twins came in. They took a picture of Nellie and me, with Uncle Harry and the boy twins. I wish I could find it.

Remember Sam and Lee Hartman? Maybe.

The twins had a speech impediment or something and I had to take them to therapy outside the Home. I was about 14.

First impressions of Newman? I started in the second grade. Scared to death. I was just scared all the time. I wouldn't talk, it took me a while to adjust. Eventually I was ok. We were pretty segregated at Newman, the Home kids from the others. They didn't interact with us. Miss Christian, she was the principal or something, she was just mean, she hated the Home kids. Every time it rained they sent us lunch from the Home, so we wouldn't have to walk there in the rain. She would make an announcement, as if we didn't know, "Attention – the children from the Jewish Children's Home, your lunches are in the office." And everybody looks at us.

During Passover the Home would send us to school matzos with jelly on them. Yecch!

Friends at Newman? She wasn't really a friend. A girl named Jane, I think she had cerebral palsy. Crutches. And nobody had anything to do with her. Her mother invited me over to play with Jane. But I think her mother eventually took her out of Newman, she was as ostracized as I was.

You feel there was real distance? You were always the last one to be picked for a team. There weren't even other Home kids my age. And then Nellie was never in the same class with me, always. But we would always walk back and forth to school together. We just walked ourselves, not in a bunch.

Did other kids at the Home have Newman friends? Not that I know of.

Big sister? Isaacson. She had two children, J.E. and a girl. Her name was Florence and her husband was a doctor, Dr. J.E. Isaacson. Walter Isaacson was a nephew. They must have been very rich, because they would send their chauffeur to pick us up. Mr. and Mrs. Isaacson were lovely. JE and I were in the same class at Sunday school, the girl was younger and I can't remember her name. But we would spend the day, they would pick us up at noon and bring us back. But I look back on those times and I think, how that woman must have suffered. She was a social worker. I was in the car with her and I asked, Can I call you mother? I remember it took her a long time to answer. She finally said, you can call me Aunt Florence. How difficult it must have been for her. How terrible I must have been for her.

Did you want to live with the Isaacsons? I was very content in the Home. I had a strong sense of security. I don't think it took too long. Irma was very kind to me, I was her favorite. She would braid my hair. We had to darn our own socks, and I made my sister darn my socks for me. You had to have your hair inspected to be sure you didn't have lice I guess, and Irma also checked to make sure you had darned your socks.

Typical day? Bell rang to get up. We had to get up and get dressed and go to school. Clothes were in my room. Standing closet. Once in a while Nellie and I would be roommates, they would change us around. Sometimes we were in a double room. That was good. We could have a radio. My father must have brought one. He brought us skates. We skated around the banquette.

When we left New Orleans we had a very heavy accent. My sister used to make fun of me for certain words, like "dollah" instead of "dollar." Like a New Orleans accent.

We had a bed, and a night stand and a little desk. We got once a week, one sheet and one pillow case. You'd take the old top sheet and make it the bottom sheet, the new sheet became the top sheet. Blanket. It could get cold.

Drafty? We had radiators in our room. It was never drafty.

Summer? We were just hot. We went to camp, it was exciting.

To get to the dining room from your bedroom, you could go on the balcony.

Did you have to go outside to get back there? Not necessarily, there was a staircase that took you down there. You could go down the back steps.

How to get from the front building to the back building? They had to walk across the court yard to get to the back building, and then had to go upstairs when they reached the back building because the first floor was the laundry.

From Harry's apartment, he would have to go through the girls dorm. He walked through the girls dorm every night. You could hear him, clomp clomp clomp with his cane.

Did he need a cane to walk? No. He probably carried it to let people know he was coming. But he checked late at night, I think he was always afraid there would be trouble. One time they said a boy went to the girls dorm, I never who it was. But Harry kept asking me and I told him I didn't know. I think he interrogated everyone. As far as I know they kid never got caught. Uncle Harry walked through the dorms almost nightly.

Irma was the closest supervisor, she had counselors under her. They changed a lot. They were supposed to come around and make sure we did our homework. But there was one we called the Nazi spy. She would peer in the window, and spy on us. So we decided we were going to get even with her. My sister was in on this too. There was one bedroom that was divided by a hallway. There were about four of us. One was going to hit her with a pillow, the others were going to grab her by her feet. We were going to get even with her. We heard footsteps coming. Lilyan had a pillow, I was underneath, to grab a leg. But guess who it was? It was Irma. We got in trouble. The punishment was probably not being able to do something for a week.

We told Irma we didn't like the counselor and that she spied on us. But she kept out of her way.

Who else? Lilyan, Helen Skalka and Nellie Skalka.

Breakfast? Oatmeal with milk. Miss Joe was the dietitian. She was a big woman, I was always afraid of her. But we had very good food. For lunch we had red beans and rice, but I love red beans and rice. I think we had a balanced menu. We sat in the dining room. We served ourselves. At dinner, we set the table and learned how to set a table properly. Table cloth and napkins. If you were on dining room duty, you set all the tables. If you were on kitchen duty, you helped clear the tables. The Home must have been very advanced because we had a stainless steel kitchen with a dishwasher. We had to scrape the plates, but you put them in the tray and slide the tray into the dishwasher. And then when the tray came out we had to put the dishes away and slide in another one. So they were advanced in having a dishwasher, and stainless steel.

Teachers? I remember a librarian who encouraged reading. I learned to love reading, and still do.

Lunch walk home. Red beans. I don't think we ever had ham. We didn't have milk with meat. Meat in the evening, milk in the day.

Back at school in the afternoon. Came Home. Had chores. As I got older, I got Infirmary. If there was somebody there, you had to get their meal and bring it back. I can see the nurse but can't remember her name. Anna Kamen, they called her Veenie. I liked her.

I never had to sweep the banquettes. You had to make your own bed before you left for school. Irma was a soft touch with me, perhaps more than she should have been.

It was devastating when she left. Must have been a year before I left. They replaced her with a woman who had escaped Germany.

Inga Elsas? We didn't like her, and Nellie and I were mean to her. They gave her an apartment across from Mrs. Lashman. She went on a vacation once to Guatemala, and brought me a little doll.

Nellie and I were so mean to that poor woman, Inge Elsas, I am so ashamed of it. We went in one night and unscrewed all the light bulbs. And moved all the furniture. We were bad. No one ever knew who the culprits were.

Ever heard about the Candy Crooks and the Hobos? No, but the girls and boys didn't really mix. You ate dinner together. They did their thing and we did ours. It was really very separate.

Did your homework. Take a shower. Big bathroom with several showers and sinks. Separate commodes.

Lights out time probably 8 or 9. One of the counselors would come around, to make sure we got showered and in bed. They were at the end of the floor.

Fire drills? Don't remember.

Hurricane or other scary events? I guess we were just all together and felt secure. I never felt lonely. It was home. It's still Home. I told my sister, that if I had a lot of money, I would hire a driver to take us to New Orleans, and have him hoist her up - because she's having trouble walking – on a street car, and we would ride that streetcar up and down St. Charles Avenue. y

Everybody's speaking French on the street car. We were required to take French at Newman. I can still sing the Marseillaise.

Performances? From the Home I took ballet lessons with Nellie. Mr. Belcher. A dance studio. We must have taken the street car to get there. Someone asked if we wanted to take ballet. Mr. Belcher was the teacher for a couple who danced in Hollywood. Marge and Gower Champion, they danced in the early 40s movies. I googled it. She was Marge Belcher, so he was either her father or brother. She is 96 years old, still alive. And Mr. Belcher coached her. So I always told my sister we had someone famous teaching us.

We took ballet until I left. One year, Mr. Belcher put on the Nutcracker and I was the Sugar Plum fairy in the dance of the flowers. We danced with the New Orleans symphony at a large auditorium.

How about Home anniversaries? We did put on plays. I was in Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, I guess it was the anniversary. We performed the Home, I played the role of the bad kid. And the woman said you are a born actress. We performed in one of the rooms off the Home's main entrance. They had a little stage in there. It was a big room.

We thought we were pretty special, with our own rooms with a glass door that closed it to the hallway.

Clothes? We must have gotten a new dress or two every year. There was big storeroom down by the banquet hall filled with donated and new clothes and shoes. We wore those clothes. Before I left the home, they gave me this green coat. It came down to my ankles. When I left the Home I took it with me. If I didn't look like Orphan Annie in that coat...

I loved that coat. It was green and had a little fur collar. It was donated.

Go to department stores? I had a picture of Nellie and me in confirmation attire. I wish I could find that picture. We got those white dresses at D.H. Holmes.

Pay? Irma must have gone with us to get our attire for confirmation. White shoes also. We looked pretty cute. The picture was taken right in the front of the Home.

I almost didn't get to be confirmed because Rabbi Leipziger at Touro said I had to come to confirmation rehearsal. And if you remember, Newman School always had final tests. And I had a final at the same time as the rehearsal. He was mean. H.M. Levine was in my class and J.E. Isaacson were both in my confirmation class, but HM didn't have a final and JE went to Country Day. So Leipziger had me report myself to Uncle Harry, who simply said, OK.

Rabbi Leipziger was mean. I went and took my test and still got confirmed. He was always mean. He didn't like that we were late, but we had to walk there from the Home. And we were always late to Sunday School, and he would say, Why are the children from the Jewish Children's Home always late? And my sister who was always in trouble said, "we overslept." I don't know why he was so mean.

What about staff at the Home? Miss Lottie, the head cook. She was a character. You better not call her anything but Miss Lottie. She was a little tiny thing, we were afraid of her. She was good. She always acted like she was tough. I had kitchen duty. She'd say, get the work done. Cracking the whip.

We had very balanced meals. I don't ever remember being hungry.

The only time, we were going to camp, we would save up something from a meal to have snacks on the train.

Camp. Loved going to camp. Irma saw to it we had shorts, bathing suits. We were always very excited about going. I hated stepping on the muddy bottom. We had to go in the water twice a day. We had plays at camp. There was a catholic camp next to us. Our camp was much better and our team always won. We had cots, and screens. Girls were in the house. Boys were in cabins. We went for two weeks. The kitchen was in the house.

The home staff went with us. Miss Lottie. We would go crabbing. We'd set the nets at night with bait, stingrays. We'd get them in the morning, Miss Lottie would cook them for dinner. No issue about not being kosher. We were always playing tricks on the counselors. Short sheeted the counselors, put stickers in the beds. The nurse would come, come counselors. They had to sleep on the screen porch. We would walk into town, and I played the slot machine. I won the jack pot. I bought all the kids an ice cream cone. That was big excitement.

Physically it was good for us to go to camp. Change of routine. Relax. Just had fun.

What about the rest of the summer? Played ball, skated. Badminton. Swam in Audubon Park. Didn't have to pay.

Birthdays? We got to go to Uncle Harry's apartment for dinner. To them, him, it was special. Miss Simone, it was also her birthday, the assistant to the dietitian. We called her Missamonie. You could invite one person. I always invited Nellie. So I had dinner with Nellie, Harry and Miss Simone. He had beautiful dishes and silver. Uncomfortable for kids. Probably had a cake but I always had to celebrate with Miss Simone.

Poem? Not for me. I was so afraid of Sarah Karp. She was so mean to everybody. You better stay out of way, or she'd give you a smack. We didn't report her.

When we cleaned our room, we had dustdown. Cedar shavings with a red oil. It picked up all the dust. Once a week. Never seen it since. We had to pass inspection. We had a broom and a dustpan.

We didn't have to clean the bathrooms.

Learn cooking or sewing? Irma showed us how to darn our socks with a darning egg. Got a new pair when they couldn't be repaired anymore.

Medical issues? I had my tonsils out at Touro Infirmary. Was that scary? Yes, they gave me ether. I remember how sick it made me. Nurse took me. But let me tell you what was really scary. I swallowed a safety pin. They took me to Touro, Dr. Isidore Cohn operated on me. I got peritonitis, almost died. They had to open up my stomach to get it out. I was 9. I have a big scar.

Years later, when my husband and I went to the VA. A lot of the doctors at the VA were from Louisiana. When I told them Isidore Cohn operated on me, they told me they named a building in the medical after him.

I was in the hospital probably a month or six weeks. They brought my sister to see me. I had the finest medical care available. They had private nurses to sit with me all the time.

I graduated from Kilgore High, my father didn't think girls needed to more education. I was 17. I wanted to join the army. He wouldn't sign. Said I would end up as a prostitute. I wrote to Touro, they said they would accept me. He was now married to the bitch from hell. Lilyan had already left. My friend Peggy's dad was a Texas ranger, when we graduated Peggy went to Corpus. I went to Corpus Christi and stayed with her mother, but were interfering with her new marriage. The mother found us a room, with a young couple. Peggy and I got jobs at the Naval air station. We couldn't do anything but we were cute. She was tall and blonde and I was little and brunette. We did secretarial work. We rode the bus back and forth. Happy as larks. Ate only once a day because we didn't have money. The couple we rented from invited us to dinner. They introduced me to my husband. I got married instead of going to nursing school. Years later I went to school for licensed vocational nursing. We got married in 1947. We had four children. I always wanted to be a nurse. But we kept getting transferred for my husband's job. Ten times. Ten schools for the children.

When we wanted to open a new store, we always want to send Joe. When we finally moved to San Antonio, and never moved again. He was a unit manager at the end, he had 300 employees under him. At the time, they didn't help you move other than provide a truck.

Did you keep up with the Home? What did you think when the Home closed? Sad, because that was Home, that was my home. You take a 7-year old who grew up there. I always feel like that's my home. I always want to go back, I tell my sister. Well, we were going, they were having a reunion, but the hurricane hit. We had reservations. But the hurricane hit.

I guess my main thought was I'm glad my kids didn't ever need a Home. I was determined they would have more security. More celebrations. The kids could have friends spend the night. Big birthdays for each of them. I didn't have to share mine with Miss Simonie.

I was told by my children that I was very strict. I was determined to protect them, from outside. I wanted them to be safe. Some psychiatrist will have to look about that. Have a safe haven. Moving them around for my husband, I had to go with the flow. My important role was to take care of my family. Joe was in the grocery business, working 12 hours a day.

Were there particular moments you needed an adult voice? You just sucked it up. You learned to be very independent. If anyone, I turned to Nellie. Years later, Nellie and her husband David came to visit, and they stayed with us. It was great fun. Showed them around town. It had been 100 years since I had last seen her. Not too long after that she called and said she had lung cancer. She died soon after that. If I had known I would have gone up there, and when I did learn it was too late. I couldn't talk to her on the phone. She was unresponsive when I called.

What happened to Nellie? She was a nurse. Harry Ginsburg put her on a train and sent her to NY to a relative she didn't know. The relative said she was going to CA, so Nellie went to live in the dorms and went to nursing school. Morris Skalka and his wife Paulette came to visit us in Kilgore.

I don't think she actually practiced nursing very long. She married David and his family had a grocery store. Nellie stayed home with her family, a son and two daughters. She was a real special childhood friend. The only childhood friend I had. On her birthday, she invited me to join her for dinner in Uncle Harry's apartment. When my father visited, you were allowed to take someone, so Nellie would join us. To a movie or something. When her father came, I went with them.

Did you continue being mad at him for putting you in the Home? I was only mad at him on the trip on the way to the Home.

What did he do when you pulled the car off the road? He probably wanted to slap me but he didn't. I was screaming at him.

Looking back now, what was going on his head when he was driving you and Lilyan to the Home? As I look back now, it must have been horrible for him. Painful, Not only had he lost his wife, and now his children, and his whole life was a mess. He really in today's environment would have benefited from counseling. But in those days, you just didn't talk about those things.

When he visited, do you think he was comforted to see how well you were being cared for? I guess but he usually had some woman with him.

I would ask my aunt, tell me about my mother. They told me she was sweet and a lot of fun, but I don't think she was a scholar. When she was 12 or 13 she wanted to live with her father, her mother had died. She was from Muskogee, Oklahoma.

[At this point I interrupted the interview to note that on the TV, which was on mute, a headline scrolled by to say that Trump had attacked the media. Hannah, who obviously had been paying attention, told me that "He's [Trump's] crazy. I think he is nutty as a fruitcake, and this country is in terrible, terrible danger with him. You know he's a fascist."]

My mother wanted to live with her dad in Tulsa. I guess she was living with her grandparents. And he had a house. When Rachel Zibner moved her family from St. Jo to Tulsa, and was renting this house, he said, if you will let my daughter live here, I won't charge you any rent. So she lived with my father's family from the time she was 12 or 13. My father was six years older than her.

So my mother lived with them, she was 12 he was 18. As she grew up he went off. When he came home they eventually got married. She was not a stranger to my father's family. She was close to my aunt [his sister].

Dogs around the Home? Just the guinea pigs.

Religion? Learn Hebrew? Oh, no. Rabbi Leipziger would try to teach Hebrew, and he would scream at me, what does that mean? I hated him so I wouldn't answer. He tried to teach us, not early, but later. He would come to Sunday School, maybe after confirmation, and try to teach us Hebrew. But prior to that there was no Hebrew instruction.

We enjoyed going to concerts and lot of cultural things. Somebody would take Nellie and me, not in a big group. Orchestra, symphony.

Theater? No other than us doing the Nutcracker. Nellie was in that with me.

Ballet? We had to strengthen our muscles, Mr. Belcher wouldn't let us put on toe shoes until we had strengthened our muscles.

Reach that point? I had just reached that point and then I left the Home. For the Nutcracker, we had costumes. We went to a dress maker and made the costumes. I had a picture of me in the Spanish costume, in the Nutcracker as part of the Spanish dance. I had three parts. I was a good dancer. Isn't that fantastic that we had private dance lessons while living in an orphanage.

My uncle, my father's brother, younger, lived in Overton near Tyler. They joined the Jewish community in Tyler. They thought it was a disgrace that I was living in the Home. They took me out of the Home. It was the worst thing that ever happened. I wish they had left me there so I could have finished my education at Newman. And when I came out, I was lost, just lost. Because my whole family and my life was the Home. I once told my aunt once, you all didn't do me a favor. She said we thought it was the right thing to do. I said, yeah, you all were ashamed I was in the Jewish Children's Home, in front of your Jewish friends. And that was the truth.

What was the public school like that you went to? It was like a joke. It was a terrible thing to do to me. I could have finished school at Newman, and I know I could have easily gotten a college scholarship to Touro to go to nursing school. I told my sister, I could have been a doctor.

What haven't I asked you? I think we've covered everything.

My grandfather (father's father) was the one who saw that we went to Temple. I don't remember if we observed in my own Home.

After the Home, what kind of religious observance? We went to Temple, but Kilgore was very small.

Kilgore? I had first been in Overton after the Home, where my father worked for my uncle Harris in the pipe yard. It was the oil boom. My uncle Harry didn't like the woman my father was seeing, and said if you marry her I will fire you. They all didn't like her. I wasn't jealous, she was just mean. And my father married her, and my uncle fired him. Earlier, Harry had started out as a ditch digger, worked his way up and bought the oil Pipe supply business from the owner.

My father eventually divorced ["the bitch from hell"], and she remarried, no. 5, I think. A soldier in Colorado. He deserted her there. She called my father and he wired her the money to take the bus back to him. And then he married her again when I was a senior in high school. That didn't last long. I can't figure it out, she was not attractive, she was an alcoholic. The only thing I can think of is that they must have had a wonderful sex life. She had beady little eyes.

You came back to your father, with an almost Newman education, exposed to the fine things in the Isaacson household. How did that affect your relationship with your father? I'm sure, if you look back, he was just the typical Texas person in the oil field business. No culture. After he got fired, he stayed in the oil field business, but in Kilgore.

He died in 1976.

So he lived to see you and Lilyan, married and with families? Yes, and he liked Joe very much. He probably was happy he didn't have to support us. When I left to go with Peggy. I had \$20.

Besides the green coat, what else did you take with you from the Home? Just a few clothes, probably second hand.

Any money? No.

How did they tell you that you were leaving? Probably Jean Avegno called me down to her office, and they, probably Harry Ginsburg, told me I was leaving. That I would be leaving to live with my father. No choice.

Mixed emotions. I wanted to see my family, but I didn't want to leave my home.

Nellie left after I did. Nellie probably thought it was great that I was going home. But she didn't have a great life before the Home either. Lilyan and I were laying around watching movies, but Nellie and her family came into the Home with no shoes and no clothes. They were really very desperate. She said she and Morris used to break into other people's houses for food. They broke into one house, and cut their feet. Morris's feet got infected.

Kids in the Home didn't talk about life before, but Nellie and I were especially close. They came right after we did. So we were now the Home kids watching a new family enter.

Was it disruptive when a new kid came in the Home? It was exciting to see who it was and whether there was anyone our age. We could check 'em out.

Did anybody tell you to be nice? I'm sure Irma told me Nellie was coming, and Helen [Skalka] was more my sister's age. Nellie and I were joined at the hip. We were together all the time.

Any bad fights? No, we didn't. One time, I don't know why, we hid from Irma all day. In the closet, and they were frantic looking for us. When we heard them, we moved to another place. When they found us, they were so glad to see us we didn't really get in trouble.

Nellie and I were joined at the hip.

What about when someone was leaving? Like when Lilyan left? I don't think it bothered me so much because we were pretty separated. She was four years older, loved on a different floor. When you're 12 and 16, it's a big difference. It didn't bother me too much because I felt so secure there. If the Home didn't do anything else, it gave me a sense of security, of belonging someplace. Even though you didn't feel that at Newman or Temple.

For high holidays? Nellie went to Gates of Prayer. I went to Touro.

See each other's confirmation? I guess not.

Your mother was Zora Murray. Rachel Zibner was his mother.

The recommendations on the registry, the names mean anything to you? No. As I understand it, my uncle Joe's wife, in Tyler, had some contact with Bnai Brith.

In the 50s or 60s, did JCRS Executive Directors Viola or Sanford Weiss offer you your file? No, Don't recall.

Did your father contribute to your upkeep? Lilyan says Uncle Harry was always asking why our father didn't send any money.

Dowry? No. I talked to Jean Avegno about it and she said because I left before graduating, I didn't qualify. Lilyan got the dowry.

Something going on between Harry and Jean? We all thought that, because they were always together.

What about Harry's sister Sonia? I don't remember her. Irma had her area, Lashman had a larger apartment. When Inga came, they didn't give her Irma's area, instead they gave Inga another area across from Mrs. Lashman. So, if there was a Sonia there, I don't know what she was doing.

We didn't see Mrs. Lashman very much, I assume she was traveling. There was a caretaker for Sonny. It was kind of sad. He didn't interact much with the other kids.

New Orleans? Mardi Gras? Oh, yes. We rode around on trucks and threw out beads. We would go down St. Charles and throw beads.

The Japanese consul came to New Orleans and enrolled his daughter at Newman. Her name was Umo Ito. And the kids were so mean they would say, you can eat my toe.

Then when war started, the consul's house was on St. Charles like two doors down from the Home. On the other side of St. Charles (Newman side). When Pearl Harbor was bombed, Umo was taken out of school. And we could see the Japanese consul with two big barrels in the yard burning his papers. And we stood out there and watched. And they had immunity to leave. It was 1941. Just an interesting event.

When we first went to Newman, the Shushan kids went there. The dad got arrested. It was Shushan airport. His name was engraved on all the door handles. When he got arrested, they had to put on all new door handles. He got arrested with Huey Long. The son was going to Newman, I guess they withdrew him.

Right after we got to the Home, there was the disgrace about Long and Shushan.

Irma took Nellie and me to see President Roosevelt. He came to see the levee that was being built by the WPA. I can remember seeing him sitting in the convertible, smiling and waving. There was a glow around him. I was fairly close to him. It was the only president I ever saw. I wish we had him back.

Alums come back to the Home? Lillian Hoffsteder married Wembley tie. She came back after she married him and had on a fur coat. She was very pretty and looked very rich.

Ever hear about Bessie Margolin? No.

Please let me know if you find any of those pictures? Yes, please write down your address.

END OF INTERVIEW.