

MOTHER'S BIOGRAPHY

Sarah Silbert Pinx

To our daughters, Miriam, Adele and Riva
and their families

and to our

Grandchildren and great grandchildren

To my sisters, Esther, Annie, Rosa and Connie
and their families

And to my brothers, Sam, Joe and Saul
and their families

MOTHER'S BIOGRAPHY
by
Sarah Silbert Pinx

The writing of my mother's biography, came about in the following way: My mother, quite simply, said to me, one day, "Sarah, I want you to write my biography".

Of a family of eight children, I was the first born child, named Sarah, daughter of my parents, Molly and Louis Silbert. I was born in Ananiev, Russia.

My mother was born in Talmaz, Bessarabia, Russia. Bessarabia, at one time also belonged to Roumania. My father, was born in Kherson, Russia.

To my maternal grandparents, Sholom and Passye Shoufman, was born Molly, (Hebrew name Malka) Shoufman, my mother. My mother was one of a family of seventeen children, brothers and sisters.

Many were the stories told to us by our parents, of happenings and events, which occurred, during the era, or period of time, which was the world of our parents. We had heard these many stories on various occasions, all of us children, my brothers, my sisters and I, as we were growing up. From my earliest recollections, these stories were vividly impressed, retained and stored in my memory. Here, for example is an interesting story told to us by my mother:

When my maternal grandfather was a young married man, with a young wife and three children he was called into military service by the Czarist Russian army. He was assigned to the Cavalry in the Bugle Corps.

Being as he was of orthodox, religious Jewish faith, it was incumbent upon him, at that time, to divorce his young wife, before entering into the service. This turned out to be a lengthy, arduous and involved procedure. At the conclusion of this ordeal, grandfather was now ready to leave the premises and be on his way. Coming out of the building, to the outside, and breathing in the clean, fresh air, he immediately went to check his horse, which had been waiting patiently for him, all this time. Grandfather could not believe his eyes, at what he saw. He was shocked, and amazed to see, that while his horse was waiting for him to come out, he had dug a huge hole, which almost buried the horse alive. After some considerable doing, struggling, and effort, the horse was finally brought up on level ground, after help had been summoned.

When the allotted time had passed and having completed his stint in the service grandfather finally returned home. He remarried his wife and returned to his family. This was a time of joyful reunion with his family. It was also, at the same time a period of adjustment. However, it was only a short while, before things were back to normal in the Shoufman household.

Grandfather would rise very early, in the morning and would (even) Tivlen (the Psalms of David) and other prayers. In order to earn a livelihood for his family, grandfather kept a liquor store. My grandparents had a vineyard and orchard. From the grapes, the family made their own wine. This was stored in wine cellars and eventually sold in their store. Bessarabian wine was world renown for its delicious, very excellent, flavor and taste. It was rated amongst the very finest of wines in the world.

Also, my grandparents had some horses, cows, goats, chickens, ducks and geese. They were thus assured of an excellent source of daily supplies of fresh milk, butter, cream, cheese, and fresh eggs. Also goats' milk and goats' cheese, which was processed and dried, resulting in a very delectable, tasting goats' cheese.

In those days, it was not fashionable for young ladies to go to work outside of their homes. Mother was a spirited, energetic and very active young woman. She was also considered to be a young lady of considerable beauty.

Besides sharing in the daily household chores, mother would also help out with the milking of the cows and goats, as well as feeding the poultry. She would also help with baking the bread and prepare and assist in cooking the family meals.

Mother, like most young ladies of her time, hoped to marry some day. And with this thought in mind, she aimed at perfecting her skills in the culinary arts.

During leisure time and for relaxation, mother liked to go horseback riding, and also swimming. She was an excellent swimmer and excelled in both sports. One day, one of my grandfather's horses ran away. Mother was immediately in pursuit of the horse and finally caught up with him. He had run into the Dniester River. She straddled him, swam ashore and finally brought the horse safely home.

Amongst some of mother's other accomplishments, she was very adept at sewing. She often sewed her own clothes and on occasion, outfits for a brother or a sister. Mother also had a fine talent for doing various kinds of fine, beautiful and intricate needle handwork, such as embroideries and fancy stitcheries of various kinds. Some of this beautiful, fancy hand work can still be seen in the family home.

On one occasion, mother met a certain young man, with a handsome, red beard and a beautiful head of hair to match. The young man was a lawyer by profession. After keeping company for a short while, they became formally engaged.

However, it just seemed that this was ^{not} meant to be. For a time it seemed that they were both quite happy. However, within a short period of time, mother felt that she did not, after all, love her fiancee enough to marry him. She therefore wrote to him, returning all the gifts of jewelry he had given her, explaining the situation at hand, painful though this was to both parties.

Saturdays, (our Sabbaths) usually were eagerly looked forward to, not only because it was our day of rest. It was also a day for socializing. Girl and boy cousins would come to visit on Sabbaths, as well as the older members of the family. In anticipation of this, a variety of fruits, such as the finest of grapes from the vineyard, as well as other choice fruits and nuts would be stored away. Also cakes, cookies and other pastries would be baked in preparation.

One day, mother, feeling in a creative sewing mood, busied herself at the sewing machine, wearing a bright red blouse, with a contrasting skirt to match. As she sat there, busily sewing away, a knock came at the door. On opening the door, mother was greeted by a slim, handsome young man, still dressed in his work clothes. This shy, boyish appearing young man, asked to see her father. He had come to see him on business. Not having expected any visitors at this particular time of the day, mother remarked "Oh, how embarrassed I am".

From that moment on, she felt instinctively, that this was the young man for her, that this was her destiny.

The name of this young man was Louis, and the family surname was Silbert, son of Maier and Mariam Silbert. They and their three sons, were an orthodox Jewish family. Grandmother Mariam's father was a Cohain (a Jewish man descended from Aaron, the first Jewish High Priest of the House of Aaron).

The young couple became engaged, and within a short period of time, were married. Their first born child was a daughter, named Sarah, and the naming took place in the following way: It seemed that on both sides of the family, each of the grandparents had decided on giving the new granddaughter, a particular name of their choice.

My paternal grandfather, was a quiet man, of few words. On this particular Sabbath morning, a week after the new granddaughter was born, grandfather Maier went off to synagogue, as he usually did on any other Sabbath morning, saying nothing to anyone about his own feelings regarding the naming of the new baby.

In due course of time, when the services had ended, grandfather

Mother returned home from the synagogue, greeting the family with a cheery "Good Sabbath", announcing, "you may now all wish us Mazal Tov (congratulations) on the naming of our new baby granddaughter. She has been named "Sarah" after our mother Sarah, as mentioned in the Bible". So this is the way I acquired my name.

My brother, Samuel Isaac and my sister Esther were also both born in Russia, Esther having been born in Kassel.

The winters in the village of Kassel, where we lived, were very severe. The snow would come in very deep, with snowdrifts occurring quite frequently. It was while living in this village, that at just about this time, something strange had happened, which eventually resulted in the saving of a human life, by my mother. This incident happened in the following way.

On one occasion, my father found it necessary to be away from home for a few days on business. It was during this time that frequent winter snow storms occurred. One blizzardy, stormy night, with an icy cold wind blowing, the snow had piled up deep in front of our house. It was almost impossible to open the front door. Mother was alone with the three of us young children, who were all asleep. As she listened to the howling wind in the snowstorm, she suddenly thought she heard the faint sound of a human voice, that of an elderly person. At first, she was terrified at the thought of opening the door to a stranger, late at night, being alone with the children. Then she thought, what is to be, will be. As she listened more closely, she heard some pleading to be let into the house.

Mother took heart, and summoning all her strength and courage, she attempted to open the door. After struggling with it for some time, the door finally opened.

The stranger, a poor old man, exhausted from the severe cold, practically fell into the house, icicles having formed on his beard and moustache. When he had thawed out and looked around him, he began to cry. He fell to his knees in prayer, expressing his thankfulness to the A-Mighty for having spared him his life. Mother made the stranger as comfortable as possible, giving him a hot meal and hot beverages to drink. He stayed until the storm had subsided and was ready to be on his way. He thanked mother for her kindness to him, and was then ready to start out on his way home.

We continued to live in this village for some time, where my parents watched us thrive and grow. My maternal grandparents Shoufman

7.
would come to visit us quite often. My brother, Samuel Isaac, being the first born grandson in the family, as a toddler, would be carried upon grandfather Sholom Shoufman's shoulders, from which grandfather would always derive pleasure in doing.

One on occasion, grandfather Sholom came visiting with a pal of his. After expressing her delight, at seeing her father and his friend, mother immediately invited them to stay and dine with us and also to remain and have dinner with the family in the evening. Also to stay overnight, if they so desired.

Some time later, grandfather Sholom confided that his main reason for bringing along his friend, was to test mother's hospitality. Before coming to visit us, grandmother Pasye would be sure to bake some cookies and pastry, while grandfather Sholom would pack a sack or two of walnuts, almonds, choice grapes, and a variety of other fruits, which they would bring.

On other occasions, we, in turn, would come to visit our grandparents. Right in front of my maternal grandparents' home, stood a cherry tree. In the summertime, when the cherries were ripe on the trees, my young uncles would reach up to the branches and bring down clusters of cherries for us children. At other times, we would be hoisted up, to reach the tree branches and bring down the clusters of cherries ourselves, to our great delight.

On one of these visits, I can remember my mother taking me on a tour of the wine cellar. I tasted some of the then grape juice from one of the vats and barrels stored there, which was later to become a superb, very delicious and very fine wine.

My paternal grandfather, Maier Silbert, it seemed, was blessed with the gift of foresight and a real pioneering spirit. He had heard so much about that new land, that wonderful new country called America. How he longed to go there, to make the journey and see for himself the land of golden opportunity, America.

So, at the turn of the century, grandfather Maier made the journey, with very little resources to fall back upon, except for his faith and courage. On arriving at his destination, he took on whatever employment was available, such as working for the railroad, on farm fields or whatever other employment he could find, to sustain himself.

Grandfather Maier loved this vast, new, promising land, and although after a period of time, he decided to return to his family in Russia, he vowed that he would one day return to America, bringing his family back with him this time, to make their new home in America and build a new life for themselves there.

A very warm welcome awaited grandfather Maier from family and friends.

upon his return from his expedition to America. Excitement ran high and grandfather was bombarded with questions about the new country, America, especially from the family. Since returning home from his exciting trip to America, Grandfather Maier found that his thoughts were almost continually preoccupied with the memory of his recent exciting trip to America.

Two years later, my paternal grandparents, grandfather Maier, grandmother Mariam, my two uncles, Joseph and Morris, all made their way to America. They came by steamship to the port of Liverpool, England. Then from there on, to Canada, by way of Bemidji and Gretna, finally arriving in the little village of Plum Coulee, in the province of Manitoba, Canada. They were skilled in the leather trade, and soon established a business for themselves.

It now seemed inevitable that sooner or later, my parents too, would be taking the decisive step to emigrate to America, thus joining my father's family, who were already there.

My mother's parents and family were told about their decision to emigrate to America. Now came the time for our parting and good-byes. This was sad, difficult and very emotional experience for all the family. There was much crying, weeping, sobbing. It was as though our hearts told us that we would never see each other again.

We set sail on the steamship Cecilia, which was to take us to our destination in America. The Atlantic Ocean voyage was a long and arduous one. It was especially difficult, traveling as we did, with three young children aboard. The youngest child, Esther, who was still in diapers, had become ill with diarrhea. Mother's hands were almost endlessly in cold water, washing diapers. There was little or no hot water for the passengers to use. Our youngest sister was, in fact, so ill, that our parents were not at all sure that she could survive the balance of the trip with us to America. Our baby sister Esther did, however, miraculously survive and recovered from her illness, thank G-d, arriving with us in Canada.

After what seemed like an endless voyage, our ship Cecilia arrived in Liverpool, England. From there, we sailed on to Halifax, Nova Scotia in Canada.

We arrived on a frosty winter's day, in January 1907, in the small country town of Plum Coulee.

To offset the rather frosty reception of the weather outdoors, however, we were rewarded by a very warm, joyous reception, welcoming us, from the entire family, neighbors and friends, who also came to extend a hearty welcome to us.

This was to be our temporary home, with my father's family, until

Such time as we were prepared to move into a place of our own.

Father went to work daily, on grandfather's leather business. Mother helped with the family chores and did the family sewing, besides caring for the needs of her own young children. Life was not easy in those days, but mother did not complain. Although everyone worked hard all week, there was always the Sabbath to look forward to. Early Friday afternoon, work would come to a halt, and everyone hurried to get ready for the Sabbath.

Saturday mornings (our Sabbath), there were Sabbath religious Jewish services held at my grandparents' home. This was necessary as we had no formal synagogue of our own, in the town. As soon as a quorum (ten men) had gathered, the Sabbath services would begin and the Torah scrolls were read.

After a period of time, my parents rented and moved into a house of their own. My sister Anne was born in this house, December, 1908. About my sister Anne, I shall write later on.

My father, having worked with his father and brothers for a few years, decided to venture forth on his own. We moved to a small village called St. Boniface, where my father started a small leather business of his own. The village of St. Boniface was a small, French settlement at that time, not far from Winnipeg.

It was here, in St. Boniface, that my sister Rose was born. We lived in St. Boniface for only a very short time, when my parents decided that it would be best for them to move back to Plum Coulee after all.

Immediately on our return, my father proceeded to rent a large house, which was suitable to the needs of our family. There was a good sized piece of land, on which we planted a good sized vegetable garden. In the back of the yard there was a barn. We had a cow, a horse and buggy, some chickens, some geese and some ducks. We had fresh milk daily, as well as sweet cream, cheese, butter and fresh eggs daily. We also grew all the vegetables we needed. Father and also mother, would rise about 5:00 A.M. every morning to milk the cows.

Our new home, was graced by the arrival of a Blessed event, as in this house, my brother Joseph was born. Whereupon my father immediately sought out a well recommended Rabbi, and arranged to have the circumcision performed in due course of time. The Rabbi came in from the neighboring town of Winkler, Manitoba.

The people in this little town of Plum Coulee were just wonderful, especially on occasions like this. The men helped set up the long tables, while the women folk cooked and baked. They brought cooked fish, and a variety of breads, cakes and cookies. They also brought tea, coffee and cold drinks.

everyone came to help celebrate, family, neighbors and friends, toasting the parents of the new baby boy.

Life in this small Canadian country town, especially in the winter time, was by no means easy. In those days, we did not have all the modern household appliances and conveniences that we all take for granted today.

In the winter time, when there was always an abundance of snow, the snow would be brought into the kitchen of the house, was melted down, and this water heated up, was used for the family clothes washing.

Drinking water had to be brought into the house from a nearby well. A short time later, we had a pump with a handle, installed in our kitchen for the family drinking water.

But in spite of some of the hardships, there was a beautiful side to country style living. In small villages and towns, there is a feeling of closeness. There is a friendly, close knit feeling of family living, a bond of friendship in times of family jubilation, and rejoicing, and at times of not so happy occasions. There would be house parties and socials of friends and neighbors, the women folk bringing their favorite cakes, cookies, and other goodies.

The children would march off to school every day, and in the winter months, quite often in 25 or 30 degrees below zero weather, in knee deep snow. However, we did not forget that, when school was out, we could look forward to playing in the snow. We would take out our sleds and go across to our neighbors and go sledding down the steep snow bank, with a whoop and a holler, and shouts of sheer keen delight. This was really fun and enjoyment in the snow.

During the summer, my brothers, sisters and I and our friends, would all go across the coulee to pick choke cherries, wild plums and goose berries. We would bring back our baskets and bags of fruit, and our mothers would in turn, make jams and jellies for us.

The time came, one day, when my parents thought we should move to the city, Winnipeg. One reason was, they felt, that the children's education would be improved considerably, and also that they might be able to better themselves economically

My youngest sister Connie and my youngest brother Saul, were both born in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

We accordingly moved to Winnipeg. Father rented a large house with an upstairs area. The children were all registered in school, and all seemed to be going well.

At this point and time, I would now like to write concerning my sister Anne. While still a young child, of pre-school age, Anne had the misfortune of being taken ill with polio. Anne felt ill, one day, crying and

11.
She refused to eat or drink, complaining of pain in the area of her left leg. A medical doctor was summoned immediately. A very thorough and exhaustive examination was made. The doctor seemed to suspect paralysis of some sort or Polio to have set in, about which nothing, or very little was known at that time. The doctor proceeded to prick Anne's leg two or three times, but there was no response whatsoever. There just did not seem to be any apparent feeling in that part of her leg.

My parents were advised to take Anne to see an Orthopedic specialist. After a thorough physical examination, the doctor advised and subsequently performed surgery. Anne spent much time in the hospitals, as much as two or three months at a time and once as long as a year. Eventually Anne was fitted for and wore a leg brace, which was attached to a raised boot. This allowed her to do a certain amount of walking. Anne attended school every day, with the help of her brothers and sisters. In the winter months, with temperatures of twenty-five and thirty degrees below zero, with deep snow, Anne would be helped into a sled, tucked in with a blanket and taken to school, to be brought home from school later.

I also attended this same school, the William White School, and as a sixth grader, I remember one particular incident.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire paid a visit to our school one day. While on a tour of the school, they stopped off in the millinery section, where I and my classmates learned the art of sewing, hat making and how to make artificial flowers.

A boutiniere of violets which I had made, was selected by the Duchess of Devonshire. To my regret, I was absent from school on that day and was told about it the following day.

My sister Anne has a pleasant disposition, with a sunny, cheerful smile for everyone. To know Anne, is to know a warm, kind, understanding and caring human being, always ready and willing to listen to someone's troubles and problems, and to be of help if, and wherever possible. You could always count Anne not to forget a family member's birthday, wedding anniversary or other occasion.

I shall continue this writing, regarding my sister Annie (as she is called by the family) a little later on.

During the period of time that our family was living in Winnipeg. My parents, while working hard, each in his and her own way, while raising their family, they were also community minded and involved in community work.

...with an organization, serving the elderly. She became president of the Ladies auxiliary of the Jewish Old Folks' Home in Winnipeg, devoting much of her time and efforts to the organization. Mother would organize member groups who had cars, to take the senior citizens on outings, for fresh air rides or picnics, periodically. Both parents, my father, as well as my mother, were members of the Board of the Jewish Old Folks' Home.

After an active, lengthy term of office, on retiring, mother was presented with an inscribed lady's wrist watch, a token of appreciation from the ladies of the Auxiliary.

This same Jewish Old Folks' Home, with its small beginnings, is now housed in a new building, known as The Sharon Home. It is a beautiful home for senior citizens, and would be considered a show place for any city to be proud of. The building has three floors, with rooms for senior single citizens or couples. The entire place is kept immaculately clean at all times.

There is a resident doctor and nurses on the premises at all times. There is a very large and beautiful dining room on the main floor, which can also be used for lectures, parties or concerts if necessary.

Outside the building, there is a very large, park-like area overlooking the river. The lawns are kept in good condition, and in the summer time the senior citizens are able to go outdoors to enjoy a picnic or concert, from time to time.

Both my parents usually belonged to one or two other organizations, and they were active members. They had a good number of close, good friends.

Usually, about the end of August, or early Autumn, would find mother busy putting up jams, jellies and preserves. In the basement, you could always find a few barrels of dill pickles, pickled green tomatoes and small pickled melons during the winter months. These would usually be put up by both father and mother.

At just about the same time every year, we would also put up our own wine. Father would go to the market and purchase the required number of baskets of grapes, from which he and mother would make the grape wine. This would be carefully prepared and stored away, to be used at the time of our Passover holiday season.

My father was a quiet, kind hearted, gentle human being, always ready and willing to lend a helping hand, wherever and whenever needed. It was he who first introduced us to Jewish songs and to Jewish theatre. Father had a nice, sweet, though not very strong, cantorial voice. We would always have some Jewish song records in the house, and on Friday nights (our Sabbath eve), on holidays and on other special occasions, father would sing various cantorial selections with us.

I vividly remember our Passover holiday season, (Pessaah) in Hebrew, our Spring Passover Festival of Freedom, celebrating each year anew, our liberation from Egyptian bondage. How painstakingly, my father would explain to all of us young children, the meaning of the Seder table, the rituals and the entire passover festival. How eagerly we all looked forward to this holiday from year to year.

We continued to live in Winnipeg for a good many years, my parents watching us children thrive and grow, making good school progress. Some of us had already entered High School, while still others, were preparing and looking forward to high school graduation day. The children were all gradually growing up.

My father's line of business seemed to be on a gradual decline, really deteriorating and just seemed to be going from bad to worse. This was so apparent that bankruptcy seemed inevitable. The day finally came, when father did declare bankruptcy. The only material possession that my father had, of any substance, and tried desperately to hold on to, was a small life insurance policy. However, in an attempt to clear his name, he finally surrendered the insurance policy.

These were very trying days, and this was a very traumatic experience in my father's life, so much so, that I feel, it severely affected his health.

His voice took on a hoarseness, which gradually seemed to be getting worse. It was finally decided that mother would go along with my father, to the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minnesota, travelling there by train. There he would receive the expert advice of the most highly specialized doctors in the field of medicine.

After many tests, many consultations and many anxious moments, the doctors finally emerged with the results of their unanimous findings and their advice as to what the procedure should be. They met with my parents, advising them, that in their studied opinion, after an exhaustive, diagnostic examination, surgery was required, that it was necessary for my father to have a laryngectomy and that this should be done as soon as possible. They also advised father that he would have to learn to speak through an artificial device.

Mother of course, stood by, all this time, trying to steel and steady her own nerves, through this gruelling experience. While in the visitors' waiting room at this particular time, as one of the physicians came by to talk with her, he said to her, "Mrs. Silbert, why don't you try smoking a cigarette?". It might help to calm your nerves". Acting on the doctor's advice, mother did try to smoke a cigarette, which was probably her first and last attempt at this. Also, this might have appeared facetious, were it not for the seriousness of the situation and mother's worried, heavy heart.

sessions, for learning to use the artificial speaking device, to enable him to be able to speak.

On completion of the required period of hospitalization, father was now ready to leave the hospital and he and mother were now preparing for their return trip home, to Winnipeg.

Home, was now a two-bedroom apartment, where my parents and my sister Anne lived. The old house, which had been home to our family in Winnipeg for many years, had long been sold.

Most of us were married by now and on our own. One of my brothers, and two of my sisters, were now living in California, and kept sending letters to my parents, urging them and Anne to come to California.

They thought about this for some time, and within a year later, my father, my mother, and my sister Anne, emigrated to the United States and became U.S. citizens making their home in Los Angeles, California.

After living in Los Angeles for a short time, my parents sought out an Orthopedic doctor, whom they had heard about and who came highly recommended to them. This doctor specialized in the field of polio cases. An appointment was set up for a physical examination for my sister Anne, after which the doctor strongly urged to have surgery done, as soon as possible. He held out high hopes to Anne and my parents that the surgery would be successful.

On thinking over the doctor's advice, and after a brief family consultation, Anne consented to go ahead and have the surgery done. After the necessary stay in the hospital, Anne was taken home for convalescing and rest. The surgery did prove to be a success. Anne was now able to walk on her own power, without the use of the brace or a cane, with only a slight limp. Anne took up a business course and eventually worked in an office as a clerk typist.

By now, nearly half of our family had already been living in the U.S.A. However, regardless of this, one of my sisters, Rose, and her family, and two of my brothers, Samuel Isaac and Saul, with their families, remained in Canada, as Canadian citizens.

At this point and time, I want to write something regarding each of my brothers and sisters and also myself. During the growing up years, while we were all still living at home with our parents, we all received a pretty good education.

Beginning with myself, being the eldest, I at one time wanted to go into the field of education, and eventually become a school teacher. I, however, took up a general business course, which included bookkeeping and stenography. On completing the course, I accepted employment as a stenographer with a large business firm in Winnipeg.

I later met and married my husband, Joseph Pinx, of Winnipeg, an accountant, who, at a later date, entered into the garment industry. We have a family of three lovely daughters, Miriam, Adele, and Riva, all high school graduates.

Having immigrated to Los Angeles with our family in 1950, and making our home here, we immediately enrolled the children in the local schools. We involved ourselves in community work, and joined our neighborhood synagogue. We both became active members, my husband taking on an office in the men's club, and I in the sisterhood as recording secretary.

A distinct honor received by my husband, Joseph Pinx, was, when, at one of the yearly inaugural dinners, he received the "Man of the Year" award.

Miriam, our eldest daughter, is an accredited school teacher, having taught school in Los Angeles schools. Miriam married a young Israeli, Tsvili Yardeni, who fought in the 1948 War of Independence. Tsvili is a University lecturer, having been on the staff of the Hebrew University for a period of time, and currently with the University in Haifa. Tsvili is also a public administration consultant, and has written a book in connection with his work.

Also, Miriam has her own school, on the grounds, immediately adjoining their home, which is a nursery school, or pre-school age children's school.

Tsvili and Miriam have a family of five lovely children, Eres, Opher, Liati, Ari and Gali. Their home is in Jerusalem, Israel, and Miriam and Tsvili and both involved in community work.

Adele, our middle daughter, has her own real estate business, and is a licensed, real estate broker.

Adele is married to Marvin Goldsmith, a lawyer, and deputy attorney general, in the Attorney General's department, for the State of California. Marvin is also a real estate broker, in his own right, and has taught real estate law and other subjects in Los Angeles.

Marvin and Adele are both involved in community work.

One of the honors received by them, was a time, when they were honorees at a banquet, where Marvin and Adele received an Honor Scroll, commending them for their efforts and dedicated work in the Chabad Lubavitch movement.

Adele, Marvin, and their family live in Beverly Hills, California. They have four lovely daughters, Teri Ann, Sharon, Ellen and Michele Margolit.

Teri Ann, their eldest daughter, is married to Daniel B. Berghof, a building contractor. They have adorable twin babies, a baby girl, and a baby boy, and an infant baby sister. They make their home in Santa Monica, California.

Riva, our youngest daughter, after graduation from high school, attended Los Angeles City College. Riva has excellent skills in executive, secretarial work.

Riva met and married her husband, Avraham Lutfi, a young Israeli Hebrew school teacher. They have a family of three fine children, Anati, Oriti, and Nili. They make their home in Jerusalem, Israel. Both Riva and Avraham, are involved in community work.

My brother, Samuel Isaac, while still living at home, worked with and helped his father in the business. Sam is a considerate, good, kind hearted human being, always ready and willing to extend a helping hand, wherever, and whenever needed.

Our paternal grandmother Mariam, who had been living with us at this time, became quite ill with a serious toe infection. She was confined to bed, being unable to walk around. Sam would pick her up in his arms, like a child, and carry her upstairs, or wherever necessary. Sam was very fond of grandmother Mariam, and it grieved him, to see her so ill.

As for me, I have my own, private, precious memories of grandmother Mariam teaching me, my very first morning prayers.

Sam was an energetic, active, restless, teenage high school youth. He seemed to have visions, dreams, constant thoughts about traveling, making his own way, striking out on his own, to seek his own fortune. He decided that this is what he wanted to do, and set out to make his way to Eastern Canada. On arriving in Montreal, he followed up all available job opportunities, and decided to accept whatever line of work came along, in order to sustain himself.

Things did not always go smoothly, in fact, were rough at times. However, after a good deal of perseverance, he finally did find employment, and stayed on in Montreal for a considerable length of time. He enrolled in a class, offering an intensive course of study in French language and conversational French, and learned to speak quite well.

Some time later, Sam (as he was most frequently called by the immediate family and friends), decided that he would like to go to the Canadian capital, Ottawa. Here, he met and became acquainted with a young lady, Goldie Diener. Within a short period of time, they became engaged, and eventually were married by, and in the home of a young Rabbi, who was also Goldie's nephew.

And so, Samuel Isaac, and his young wife, Goldie, settled down and made their home in Ottawa, Canada. Goldie loves to sew, and is very talented in this line of work, having designed dresses and outfits for herself, and also apparel for her husband, on various occasions.

Sam and Goldie were, for a number of years, in the grocery store business, and later also in the novelty shop business. They both worked very hard, with these two lines of business, but did very well, and were successful in both of these business ventures.

After a period of time, Sam decided that he would like to go back to school. This he did, and continued from where he had left off in high school. He enrolled in a course of study, applying himself, and studying diligently, with a determination to succeed. As recently as 1976, Sam received his Bachelor of Arts degree. Sam and Goldie are both involved in community work.

They have an adopted son, who is married, and now has a family of his own, living in Canada. Goldie and Sam were both present at the celebration of the Bar of one of their sons.

My sister Esther, after high school, decided that she'd like to go in for nurse's training. So she applied to Mount Sinai Hospital nurses' training school, was accepted, and started in on her nurse's training career. After the required period of time, Esther was graduated cum laude, as a registered nurse, from the Mt. Sinai Hospital nurses' training school in Chicago. Esther married a young

...*Maurie Levin*, who was also from *Winnipeg*, where they were married, immediately after the nurses' graduation took place. Esther and Maurie immigrated to Los Angeles, California, and made their home there. Maurie completed a course in the field of specialized automobile mechanics, and opened up a business of his own. As with most new business ventures, it took a little time and patience, before any real progress could be seen, but within a short period of time, this proved to be a good, successful business.

Some time later, Maurie and Esther owned and managed a yardgoods business, which they had for a few years, and did well with it.

They have a family of three fine children, Leonard, Adele and Michael, all married. Leonard, the eldest son, owns and operates a thriving automobile parts business. Leonard and his wife Carole, live in Florida.

Adele took a course in the field of education, and has her Master's Degree in history. Adele and her husband Larry, have a fine son, Aaron, and make their home in California.

Michael received his degree in the field of pharmacy. However, after working as a pharmacist for a few years, he decided to change his vocation. Michael was interested in law, and therefore went back to the University, to pursue a course of study in law. After a lot of hard work and determined effort, he finally received his Degree in Law. In due course of time, he passed the State Bar examinations and is today a practicing lawyer, in the State of California.

My brother Joe, is an alumnus of the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Canada, having received his Bachelor of Arts Degree there. Joe, at one time had thoughts of becoming a lawyer, and for this reason, entered law school. As a result of this, he has one year of law school to his credit. He also took a course in accounting, and thought about actuarial work.

Joe also, for several years, studied the piano, and seemed to have a good talent for it. He learned to play the piano quite well, and to this day, enjoys playing at family gatherings or with friends, using whatever music is available.

Immigrating to California, he met and married Mary Finegood, of Winnipeg. Mary is an accredited school teacher, teaching in California, and is working towards her Master's Degree.

When first coming out here, Joe was in a partnership business, in the egg and poultry business. He later sold out his share of the business, and went into a completely different line of business.

Joe now owns and manages his own business, which is a Finance and Investment business.

Joe and Mary have a family of three lovely children, Andy, Patty, and Joannie. Along with their regular school work, they received music instruction on various instruments, the piano being one of them. On weekends, Joe and the children would all play together, Joe accompanying them on the piano. Sometimes, they would invite some of their friends, who were also musical, thus forming an orchestra, or the beginnings of one.

At this time also, Joe became involved with doing volunteer work with underprivileged children, in the field of music. He would help organize orchestras, working with these children, and giving them whatever assistance he was able to give them.

As a result of this, Joe had the distinction of being honored, in receiving a Citation of Commendation or Honor Roll from senators of the California State Assembly, commending him for his volunteer work and untiring efforts on behalf of the underprivileged children in his community. This came as a wonderful surprise.

Andy, their eldest son, is an alumnus of West Point, having graduated from West Point with a music major. He is a member of a prominent symphony orchestra, and is working towards his doctorate. He is at present a high school music conductor. Andy is married, and he and his wife Sue and their family live in New Jersey. Sue is a music teacher.

Their daughter Patty, a Montebello high school graduate, plays the piano quite well. Patty is married to Dr. Peter Nash, and they and their three lovely children, all boys, live in Santa Cruz.

Their youngest son, Dr. John Silbert, is a graduate of the Northwestern University, School of Medicine in Chicago. Joannie is at present completing his term of residency in one of the hospitals in Oregon.

Joe and Mary are active in community work and Joe is a past president of his synagogue.

My sister Rose, was born in St. Boniface, Manitoba, near Winnipeg. St. Boniface was a small town with a population of predominantly French speaking people, and was separated from Winnipeg by a bridge. One could either walk or ride a street car to get to the other place.

After graduation from St. Johns Technical High School in Winnipeg, Rose also decided to enter the Mount Sinai Hospital, school of Nurses' training in Chicago. Thus Rose joined her sister, in a nurses' training course, a year

On fulfilling the required period of time, for completion of her nursing training, Rose graduated cum laude, as a registered nurse, and was awarded a Merit Pin.

Rose met and married Phillip Haid of Winnipeg, where they made their home. Phillip joined in a partnership business with his father and brothers, which was a Shirt and Overall Manufacturing business. They have a family of three lovely children, three fine sons, Marshall, Sydney and Harry.

Marshall, their eldest son, is an alumnus of the University of Manitoba, having graduated cum laude, from the School of Architecture.

Marshall was awarded a fellowship in Architecture, and travelled to Sweden and other parts of Europe, to observe and study various types of architecture. Marshall is married, and he and his wife Judy and their family, make their home in Winnipeg. They have a family of three lovely children, two daughters and one son.

Harry, the youngest son, like his brother, is also a University of Manitoba alumnus, and a graduate of the School of Architecture. Harry is married, and he, and his wife Elzbeth and their baby son, make their home in Winnipeg.

Marshall and Harry, are both in partnership in the architecture business in Winnipeg, under the firm name of "Haid & Haid, Architects".

Dr. Sydney Haid, their middle son, is a medical doctor, specializing in open heart surgery. Sidney is married, and he, and his wife, (also named Judy), and their family, make their home in Chicago, Illinois. They have four lovely children, two girls, and two boys. Their eldest son, Jonathon, was recently Bar Mitzvah, at which event, Rose, mother and grandmother, had the pleasure of being present.

Connie, my youngest sister, was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Along with her regular school curriculum, Connie received violin lessons. She also loved to sing, and at a later date, had voice training. Connie immigrated to California, thus joining her sister and a brother, who were already residing there. Her avocation was in the field of practical nursing, working for a period of time in a dentist's office, and later on in a doctor's office. At just about this point and time, our parents, mother, father and sister Anne, immigrated to Los Angeles, California, which made my sister Connie very happy, as she felt, she was now back home again, being still single. And within five years' time, all had become U. S. citizens.

Connie met Robert Frischman, a young man from New York, and after keeping company for a while, became engaged, and were later married, making their home in Los Angeles.

After a short period of time, Connie and Robert or (Bob), began to look around, to either buy into a small business, or perhaps to start a business of their own. They finally decided to start a messenger service business. Things had gone slowly at first, and it took a lot of patience and perseverance, but although it was a slow, uphill climb, it was worth the effort, as this developed into a good, successful business.

Connie and Bob have two fine children, a son and an adopted daughter. Their daughter Hope, is a high school graduate. Their son Leo (Yehuda) in Hebrew, is a graduate of the Yeshiva University of New York, where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree. He also spent a period of some two years in Israel, where he continued his studies in one of the Yeshivas there.

My youngest brother, Saul, who was so named for our maternal grandfather, whose (Hebrew name, was Sholom) was born in St. Bonifant, at that time a village near Winnipeg. While going to school. Saul studied the violin, and later the viola.

Saul met and married Sophie Eskow of Winnipeg. They have two lovely sons, Michael and Jerry. Both are married. Michael and his wife, Cecily, have three lovely children, two little girls and a baby boy. Jerry and his wife Eldine, have a fine son. Michael and Jerry and their families all reside in Winnipeg.

For a number of years, Saul was a member of the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, playing in the viola section of the orchestra. Saul and his two sons, Michael and Jerry are in the textile business.

In 1950, my own immediate family and I, also immigrated to Los Angeles, California, that is, my husband Joseph and I, and our three daughters. In 1955 we all became U.S. citizens, and thus joined the rest of our family, already living in California. After we had arrived here, however, it was only one short year that we had the good fortune to still have my father, Louis Silbert with us having passed away in September of 1951.

My mother and my sister Anne, stayed together, and shared an apartment. After the period of mourning and with the passing of time, mother gradually returned to the everyday duties and responsibilities of living, also taking an interest in and involving herself in organizational work.

A few years later, mother unfortunately broke her hip, which necessitated surgery. This was, of course, a painful and trying period in mother's life, being confined to a wheelchair. She was, however, able to get around with the aid of a walker some time later.

Anne, who had been with mother all this time, day in and day out, really did more to help nurse her back to health, than any other member of our family. Mother, of course, felt that she was blessed to have most of her family and children and grandchildren, all living around her, in and around Los Angeles. Each of us tried to help, in whatever way we possibly could.

In the year 1968, our dear mother passed away, at age 92, having lived a full, useful and good life.

My paternal grandfather, Maier Silbert, of blessed memory, with his prophetic like soul, and pioneering spirit, who dreamed and envisioned the future generations of his family all living in the new, wonderful country of America, must be smiling down on them today.

If he could only see them now, in Canada, in the United States, and some of them living in Israel, all of them, the grandchildren, the great grandchildren, and the great great grandchildren!

How, for instance, could grandfather Maier have known, that the husband of one of his great granddaughters had fought in the 1948 War of Independence? And that one of his great great grandsons is now in basic military army training, in the Israeli military defence forces? And as our youth goes in for military training, there is hope, and a prayer in the hearts of the nation of Israel, that we will yet, with the A-mighty's help, have true and lasting peace in Israel, and throughout the world.

Our family roots, and the roots of our genealogical family tree, therefore, first began in Talmaz, Bessarabia, Russia, where my mother, Malka Shoufman, later (Silbert) was born, and Kcherson, Russia, which was the birthplace of my father, Eliezer (Louis) Silbert.