

6442 Bosworth Avenue,  
Chicago, Illinois.  
October 15th, 1924.

Dear Uncle Ettiene and Family,

On behalf of the children of your late and dearly beloved sister - our mother - I am writing you this sad letter to enlarge upon the short, awful cablegram which we sent you on October 3rd. No doubt mother informed you, upon her late visit to you, that a great attachment existed between herself and her offsprings. In fact she was to us more like a sister and bosom friend than a mother. Affectionately we called her Hinda Sarah. Her early life was one of patient sacrifice in the upbringing of a large family. During the daytime she was occupied in feeding and clothing us, and at night she lay awake with all our burdens on her shoulders. No mother could have been more devoted and self sacrificing. As we look back to the earliest period in our lives which we can remember, it is with a feeling of regret at first that such a noble character should be compelled to work so hard; yet upon second thought I recall that pleasant smile with which she performed each task, small or large. From the fact that she always was in good spirits and never complained we can console ourselves that she found true happiness in the upbringing of her children. Hence it is that all our memories of her early life are softened, and we fondly recall her always of pleasant face.

Then came the time when her family was partly grown. She received assistance from the older of the children. Although her burden was lightened, she still lost no opportunity to minister to all our wants - no matter how much hardship she thus imposed upon herself. It was during this time that she really enjoyed herself. A true companion to her husband and a fond mother. At spare moments of rest she would regale us with entrancing tales of her early girlhood, her parents, other relatives, and especially yourselves. Her attachment for her brother Ettiene she professed most sincerely. As she explained, her mother departed this life when you were quite young and she aided in your rearing and grew to love you greatly. These tales finally awakened in her breast a desire to revisit the scenes of her childhood

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and once again see her dear brothers. That first eventful trip ended with her return full of renewed life, and sufficient pleasant remembrances to supply her with cheerful day dreams for a long time. In fact she remarked, "Before I made that return trip to Europe, I was not ready to die". She enjoyed that trip greatly - but from her volume of enthusiastic talk, but one fact stood out pre-eminently - Isa<sup>W</sup> my dear brother Etienne whom I had not seen for thirty years; we recognized each other while I was yet on the boat and he on shore. "My heart was so full, I could not speak, I cried, but I was happy. It was a moment I waited for, for thirty years. It did my heart good to see my dear brother with such a nice family, feeling well and enjoying life. I hope he will always be happy, etc."

Well, gradually she resumed her place in our devoted family. She was happy and we were glad. Father was also very close to us, and although undemonstrative, would confide in us that he would have difficulty without the able advice and assistance of mother. This happy period saw her in even closer touch with her daughters who were now married and who were now her constant companions. Only one fact developed to mar the tranquility of our home; the discovery that mother was suffering from Diabetes (Tsucker-krankheit) in a mild form. her discomfort was not, however, serious, so we got along well. This continued until the bugle sounded, calling upon able-bodied sons of Uncle Sam to mobilize for the destruction of the German Empire. Of the three sons, Morris, the oldest, landed in the trenches on all the principal battle-fields of France. David, the youngest, became an officer in the Navy. and I, (Louis) joined the Emergency Engineering Service, building contonments to house our newly made soldiers. The sudden absence of all three sons from the fireside, and the contemplation of the uncertainties which Dame Fortune held in store weighed heavily on both father and mother. They both recalled, tho rather dimly, the details of bloodshed in connection with war. In addition, father was by temperment, education and the influence of his inseparable companion, his brother Bernard, inclined toward the German side of the great question.

The worry, suffering and grief left an indelible stamp on his features. This was quite apparent at each of the short visits which it was my good fortune to make to home during those eventful eighteen months. Mother was better able to bear up under the ordeal. The final curtain was rung on the activities of War, we all returned with the help of the One above safely home. Our joy at this event was, lessened, however, by the discovery that father had become definitely ill. Worry had won the battle and the doctors advised us that father was suffering of a cancer of the oesophagus, and that his days were numbered. His suffering was continuous and so intense as to be unbearable. Yet he bore up uncomplainingly. We tried to keep the information as to his true condition from him, but it later developed that he knew. But uncomplainingly as he suffered so did mother patiently minister to his wants at all hours of the day and night. She would not sleep, eat nor rest in her efforts to make him comfortable, to alleviate his suffering. In spite of all we could do our dear father passed away on April 5th, 1920 at 4 A.M. In our sorrow we were consoled, however, by the respects of his host of admirers and friends. He had created a name for himself as a great orator and publicist - a leader in the cause of Zionism and Judaism. He left us a heritage to be proud of and an ideal to aspire to.

The loss of father created a void in mother's life. Her grief was deep tho not demonstrative. Her constant care and worry over father, together with the sad blow of his loss, caused her to neglect herself. She did not rest properly, nor did she have time to attend to her proper diet. The result was that her diabetes which had previously been mild gained a firmer hold over her. At times she would allow an excess of sugar to develop. Then she would feel ill and the doctor would restore her to health by proper dieting. Her condition was not sufficiently grave, however, to cause us any great concern. During the war she spent a month at the Sanitarium of Battle Creek, which is a famous hospital for the regulation of diet and treatment of stomach disorders. It did her much good and she learned much regarding the proper care of her diet. At any rate there were times when she felt better and at other times worse. Being close to her we could not notice the gradual change which was

taking place in her. On thinking it over, however, her hair gradually turned grey, she lost some weight, her eyesight became poorer, more and more wrinkles developed in her forehead and around her eyes. But her face always bore a smile, and her carriage was erect and poised like that of a young girl. She was very active, walked rapidly and was always contented with her lot. Secretly, however, she grieved the loss of her husband.

About three years ago there reached us your announcement of the approaching nuptial of our dear cousin Madeline, with an invitation to mother to attend the wedding. It was the first ray of sunshine that entered into her life after her loss. It awakened new interest in life for her and she expressed a desire to visit you once again. Our great joy, she said, was just as much hers, and she would dearly love to celebrate with you. We, the family, thought however, that it was not advisable for a woman of mother's age to travel in Europe alone because of the unsettled conditions which existed in the Continental Europe during the period following the war. We were especially uneasy because of her diabetic condition, and we understood food was none too plentiful and travelling conditions hard. So when we suggested the difficulty to her, all she said was, "If you, my children, do not wish me to go, I shall not go". But immediately following this, however, she was so dejected and disappointed that we prevailed upon her to reconsider and she decided to go. Then her sorrow turned to happiness and she made all preparations to go. Her joy at the thought of once more seeing her dear brother and his dear family was unbounded. We cannot express to you how glad we are now that she did make the trip. She came back to us a different woman. For months she would relate in minute detail each event, important and unimportant. A happy, satisfied light shone on her face whenever she told us of this second trip. So vividly did mother picture to us the wedding, the receptions and balls that we felt as if we too had been with her.

Again she settled back into the routine of her former life. For a period of a year and a half everything went well. Then without warning the first of a series of symptoms appeared which finally resulted in our losing our dearly beloved mother. Late in December, 1923, she complained that the large toe on the right foot hurt and was numb. The doctor ordered her to the hospital at once because the blood had

ceased to circulate in the toe. This was the beginning of such an intense siege of suffering as we had never seen any human being endure. Dear uncle, words are futile in describing her intense, unbearable pain, day and night, night and day, without relief, without end. By careful nursing the doctors reestablished circulation. But he found the arteries at the bottom of the foot had hardened and an abcess had formed under the toe nail. In an attempt to cure the abcess the doctor removed the nail. For weeks and months the awful pain continued and the toe did not heal. In an effort to give relief, narcotics were administered. These soon lost their effectiveness. After about six months, however, the toe seemed suddenly to heal. From being an invalid in bed for about six months mother's joints were stiff all over and she had great difficulty in walking. She went to a sanitarium to recuperate and learn to walk again. The pain, however, seemed to continue. After just a short time the toe became worse once more. We then had mother taken to the hospital where it became evident that the toe had developed gangrene. Some doctors advised cutting off the toe, but the biggest authorities advised waiting. We waited. In the mean time, her suffering became even more intense, the foot got worse and her general condition weaker. So unbearable was her pain and suffering that we would weep just to look at her. This was during September, 1924. Six months previous, one of the biggest doctors in the city, with whom our doctor consulted, advised mother she might lose her foot. Her horror was so great of this that we never mentioned it to her after that. She was always so proud of her figure and erect carriage. The prospect of her grandchildren seeing her as a legless cripple broke her heart. We never, therefore, urged her to undergo an operation, altho we felt it might relieve her suffering. At last however, her endurance reached its limit and we realized that it was her only chance. She and we all consented to the operation. On October 2nd, consequently, with five doctors present, including Dr. Benj. H. Breakstone, the lower portion of the right leg was amputated to a point half way between the ankle and the knee. The operation was successful and mother came out of the anesthetic quite bravely. She was cheerful and her mind was alert. It seemed that she was making such good progress. The operation was performed

at ten o'clock in the morning. She was in the operating room for almost an hour. Shortly after that she came out of the influence of the anesthetic. She realized at once what had taken place and was glad the trying ordeal was over. All day long she rested fairly well. We were all with her until eight o'clock at night. She insisted that we all go home and get some rest. When I kissed her good-night she spoke cheerfully to me. We went home feeling comforted. But alas, what an awful awakening. At one o'clock the following morning, October 3rd, the hospital authorities advised us by telephone Mother had passed away. That awful shock I never will forget. For the first time in ten long months of illness we had commenced to hope - all in vain. An Embolism, or blood clot, caused by the operation had gone to the heart and stopped its action.

Somehow, we have gotten along since, but the loss we can never replace. Every day we feel it more keenly. Every day we feel it more keenly.

During those long dark months of her sufferings we did almost everything imaginable to take her mind off herself. The only expedient that was successful, however, was to get her talking about her recent trip to Europe. Then she would tell for hours at a time of all the details of her arrival, of the wedding, of Karlsbad, of Poniemon, of the people she met, what good times she had, and so forth. The only bright spots she found in her prolonged sufferings were when she spoke of you, her dear brother Ettiene and sister Betty. She repeated often how she regretted that she did not go to Paris as you wished her to, but instead went straight through to Poniemon. Her thoughts were ever with you. Several times I suggested writing to you of her true condition, but she cried not to, for if you came to visit her, as she was, she would not be able to entertain you, and it would only hurt you to see her as she was. You will now know the reason for her prolonged silence - which has now become permanent.

Now that this long narrative is completed, we wish to convey to you our respects. During the long association with dear Mother in her illness, she spoke of you so often that we have really come to know you. It is our great desire and hope that some day you and your dear

family will see fit to visit the United States and give us the opportunity of meeting you in person.

With kindest regards to your dear wife, children and yourself, we are

Your devoted nieces and nephews,

*by Louis J. Horwich.*

P. S. We have not the exact date of Mother's age. Will it be possible for you to furnish us with it?

