

[2 oct 1922]

Monday evening

Dear Mother, Father, and pete:

I came back on the three-thirty, inasmuch as there was no room for grown-ups at the children's service and the Memorial Service would have lasted too late for me to get back tonight. I am glad I went--more because I relieved my conscience by going than because I thoroughly enjoyed it. I had a feeling, which was more or less in my mind, that the Heller family were sore that I never go out there, and I think I was right. So I thought I would go, besides which, Uncle Ike would play golf with me on Sunday and take us automobile riding. But I took my clubs for nothing--he went to Cleveland Thursday night and will be gone a week!

So Saturday night I talked to Aunt Bessie, and Sunday morning played with the kids. In the afternoon we went crabbing at the Woodmere dock, and caught no crabs. in the evening we went to Temple and this morning we went to Temple. I left there at two-twenty.

The kids are not a bit well-behaved, otherwise they are very lovable and entertaining. They have great difficulty getting into their heads what college is. Among other things Frances wanted to know if all the "children" go to bed at the same time, and then she wanted to know if the teachers go to bed when we do. Richard wanted to know if trains run on Yom Kippur. That's what it is to live in New Palestine! I can't say that I enjoy their house--it is one constant Schreierei, and Aunt Bessie does I enjoyed it somewhat.

Rabbi Landman conducted services last night. He annoys me beyond measure in the smugness of his ecclesiastical gown. Aunt Bessie says she likes them, because most rabbis are of a very awkward build, and the robes concealmost of them. There is something to that--but I don't think that is why Mr. Landman wears his! He spoke rather well on the subject of Yom Kippur in general--he

wailed and wept and rose and fell to a degree only adapted to high holidays. On the way home, Mr. Blumenthal a friend of Uncle Ike's who took us in his car, and who incidentally impresses me as a remarkably cheap N. Y. Jew, said, "He cries pretty that guy!" He read most of the service in Hebrew, which I thought was rather dumb. I have never seen such a homely collection of people in my life. I asked Aunt Bessie if there was something about the N. Y. climate that makes people's noses grow, but she said the only reason I noticed it was that I didn't know the people. Maybe! After Temple she introduced me to Mr. Fried, the ex-president of the congregation, with the little speech that "my niece says she never heard so much Hebrew in any one service before". I thought she was starting to tell him the other remark I just made. He

argued for a minute, and then he agreed that nobody understand it. This morning he read the service, and there were two Hebrew sentences, but I have a suspicion that the reason was ignorance on his part.

This morning Rabbi Schwartz of the U. C. faculty conducted. I knew I had seen him somewhere, and I finally remembered him as the boob who was in Pittsburgh one year for the holidays. He has not put on any flesh since--he is as thin as a clothes-pole and in appearance is a cross between Gerald Goldsmith and Uriah Heep, if the latter calls forth the same mental picture to you that he does to me. He preached a very lugubrious sermon on Tears, but since I didn't feel abnormally weepy, I felt like a duck out of water. He spouted all the poetry he ever learned, whether it fit in or not. I think you would like him, Pete. He justifies the "Woe is me", attitude.

On the whole I am glad I was there for the holiday. I certainly did not get anything out of Poughkeepsie last year, but there was something missing in this, too. There is something wrong with either me or the variety of religion that exists today--very likely it is with me. But as I said before, I am glad I went.

Love,

Fannie