

M. Maidenberg
R. R. 2, Box 274
Syracuse, Indiana 46567

Friday 24th

Dear Milt;

YOM? (1977)

Just got back from Indianapolis, and found your letter, card, and radish seeds.

I do feel guilty about not remembering your birthdate-especially after getting all those family lists, that you print and mail. Anyway-- Happy Birthday, and thirty five more of them! Did you have a party and fail to invite me? ~~congratulations~~

As for the family history that I remember: I was born Feb 7, 1907, and the folks came over in 1906. In September, I believe. Mom was very uncomfortable with the pregnancy.

I'm sure you know the story that Pop often told-- about the good luck all the peddlers had out west in Colubus. The person who told him pointed out that it was a ~~large~~ growing City, but failed to impress him with the name of the State. So pop made the mistake of coming to Columbus Indiana instead of Columbus Ohio. Both cities are on what is called the Penn. RR Panhandle run. Any way, Pop did well, and while there met a Jewish Horse Dealer named Joseph ~~###~~ Price from Marion. ^(MARCO LOUIS PRICE) There were no Jews in Colubus, and Price sold Pop on the idea of coming to Marion to peddle his stuff. And that is how we wound up in Marion, Ind.!.

From our distant Cousin in Israel, the following story:

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Pop for a while was a tobacco smuggler in Russia-- and on one of his runs to Zegeefka (SP?) he met Mom. One time in her home town, he became sort of a jewish hero. He was held up by two road agents, and he beat the shit out of both of them !

The only relative that Pop ever got sore at was our famous Uncle Joseph. Pop saved up a pile (?) of money and sent it to Joseph for passage money for himself and family to USA. When Joseph got the money, he changed his mind, stayed in Russia, but kept the money.

Pop was a sporty type. In 1920, he bought the first family pleasure car. A Buick. And he had what was then called a California top put on it. I remember how proud we all were to ride in it. But the first winter (he was no mechanic) he failed to put in anti-freeze, and the engine cracked. Cost a pile of dough to fix it, and the feeling about the old Buick was never the same again.

(He was a family favorite with Old Aunt Ida and all the Philadelphia relatives) Tanta Hika as she was called was 80 years old when Pop died, and she came out alone for the funeral.

That's all that comes to mind just now.

I'll certainly play around with those giant Israeli radishes. I'LL try some now though it is a little late, and save the rest for next spring. Irma tells me you have a garden this year, too.

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Did you learn anything new from Ben? You said you were going to phone him.

I hope nothing screws up Mike and Family's visit here in July. I got my reservation a St. Vincent's hosp. for July 12th. We'll have to stay in touch and tell the MD's to get me out in a Hurry !

Let me have a copy of whatever the paper prints about our "Roots"

If Sam Fleck is still o.k. mentally, he'd remember some early family stuff, I'M sure.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY AND HAPPY RETIREMENT

Meyer

