

PART FIVE

“AMERICA, AMERICA . . .”
(WITH APOLOGIES TO “WEST SIDE STORY”)

1950–1970

**WITH A ONE YEAR HIATUS
IN ISRAEL**

1965–1966

“ . . . Send these the homeless:
Tempest tossed to me.”

(Emma Lazarus)

As I mentioned previously the circumstances of our arrival to AMERICA, AMERICA... are obliterated and shrouded by physical exhaustion, turmoil and enormous apprehension about our future in this vast country, where we'll have to succeed strictly by our own efforts and own resources apart from the short time we'll be given sanctuary by Trude's friends from Vienna, whose name were Strauss and who lived here since some fifteen years.

Obviously there is nothing new I can add to all the stories of hardships which were shared by millions of immigrants who preceded us and followed us since, some of them who had it just as hard as we did and some a lot harder. At least we were spared the ordeal of the triage at Ellis Island which was not in use anymore.

Nevertheless, when all this is said, it is also true that nobody's tooth can hurt as your own and one can see only thru one's own eyes.

The Strauss' had a big tree nursery in Park Ridge N.J. managed by Mr. Strauss, a big bear of a man and her two daughters, about the same age as Trude, two big heavy boned women whose faces I forgot, which must have meant that they were "forgettable." Mrs. Strauss died years ago. It was a taciturn hard working trio, whose body language and the general ambiance conveyed the signal that we're more tolerated ^{then} welcomed. This was harder on Trude than on me whose psychic antennas picked up the slightest signals, amplified by her oversensitivity. That ^{they} were not exactly overjoyed by our arrival I could understand. What I could not, was why did this Big Bear took an instant dislike to me from day one as I found out from Trude after we left. He assured Trude that I'm a "never-do-well" and

she married a loser who will never amount to anything, because I'm "stinkfaul" (lazy rotter). The way he found this out was that I did not offer to help in the nursery. This was a bit too much even for Trude to swallow and told him that I don't know one end of a tree nursery from the other and if he wants me to help he should tell me where and what. So he told me to help him with taking the covers off the seedlings etc which of course I did. Another thing Trude told me only after we left was that the reason we two always were served b'fast alone which consisted of bread, butter and jam with coffee, because afterwards they had American b'fast, eggs, sausage, pancakes, porridge etc. The way Trude found this out was that she had to go back once after we left for job and apartment hunting because she forgot something. The Strauss's were not rich but they were definitely comfortably off and this two stage b'fast was not something they had reason to be proud of, to say the least.

Once when I mentioned that I'm somewhat familiar with surgical instruments and medical supplies and perhaps I could find a job as medical detailer (salesman) Mr. Strauss let out a big sarcastic horselaugh remarking that with my poor English I wouldn't even get by the receptionist. Perhaps he had a valid point here but he also told Trude when I was not there, that I suggested this, only because I knew it is a no starter and it was just an excuse NOT to work, which is what I want. I could never find out or understand what this SOB had against me? I'm not the kind of guy who rubs people the wrong way. I'm polite to a fault, I mind my own business, I don't shoot off my mouth, I'm not a pain in the neck.

I don't remember exactly how long we were there but I'm absolutely sure it was not more than two weeks max.

We found a so-called garden apartment with one bedroom, outside Hackensack N.J., called Maywood, at 17 Maybrook Drive. I heard now it is a slum but in those days it was very nice, with most of the tenants being solid middle class, with or without kids. It was an easy walking distance to Hackensack, also with good bus service not only there but also to New York about half hour ride. The landlord was Jewish and gave us a break because he knew we were new immigrants and we told him our story. And so started years of drudgery working sixteen hour days for weeks and sometimes months on end, just as I foresaw in Ecuador when Richie was born. I've no intention to go into all the gruesome details, but if you're interested Dear Reader, you can peruse my *Résumé* of these years at the Appendix at the end of this chapter. Enough to say that I did everything from cleaning restrooms in the department store nearby, trundling 600lbs malt syrup barrels in the Factory in Maywood, working in a dye house in Lodi in the "lab" measuring 6ftx6ft with the temp 90°F during the winter and 110°F in the summer as the only "fresh" air I got was from the dyehouse, having no window or door to the outside world. Three black guys quit in the same year before I took the job, but it took me a year before I could find something better. Fortunately my boss, a tall handsome Italian guy was a perfect gentleman and the dyemasters were very nice too as they appreciated that I was never sick, never late and did my job well. All Lodi was an Italian colony and all the crew were Italians and we got along just fine. My pay was \$60/wk which is the equivalent of \$360 in today's value according to Miss Janet Westin of SEAFIRST. This didn't stretch very far for three people.

These years of drudgery initiated unfortunately the beginning of the end of our marriage at least de facto , even if the de jure end had to wait another eighth years when Richie could go to school and my wife could take a job. I might be wrong, but as far as I'm concerned a marriage is first and foremost a partnership/friendship between two people where both parties contribute equally or at best of their ability. As I mentioned my wife was a worldclass commercial graphic artists in Vienna making piles of money. She told me once that her father said jokingly that he doesnt know whether he should be proud or ashamed^{of} himself that her twenty year old daugther is making more money then ^{he} does having been the Director for years of a big Italian insurance companie. Anybody with her talent who could not make money living half hour bus ride from the Mecca of the advertising world, Madison Avenue, is just not trying. And this was exactly what wifeperson did. Not trying. Instead she announced that till Richie is not going to school she will spend every minute with him. Truth to be told this did not caught me totally by surprise as I always knew that she is "Kindernarrish" as they say in Vienna, which means crazy about kids. She told me that her friends used to bawl her out there because she stopped at every baby carriage for a little admiring baby talk. This did not lighthen my load any however, normade it any less ballbreaking and assbusting, working eighth hours in the operating rooms and another eighth hours at Villa Esposito, a first class steak and lobster house on Rt.17 as busboy, ~~only to be told~~ one day that Mrs. Mott, that fat old hag of neighbor said that I must ^{have} something going with one of the waitresses because nobody has to work till midnighth in a restaurant. I told

wifeperson, more amused then angry, that if she thinks that after working sixteen hour days for weeks on end I still have energy for "having something going " with a waitress,I take that as a compliment, specially at my age of thirtyfive which is not exactly a youngster anymore.

Looking at the situation with the wisdom of hindsight, it is obvious that ours was one, of those thousands, of wartime marriages which shouldnt have happened in the first place and that to get married by correspondence is pathetic lunacy. It is also obvious that if it wouldnt have been for Richie we would have been surely divorced soon after we arrived to America, America. But then again as we say in Hungarian, IF my AUNT Mary would have a cock, she would be my UNCLE Mary.

Even when Richie was old enough to go to kindergarten and Trude could take a PT job it had to be in the neighborhood and preferably the lousiest with the lousiest pay. One such was as checker across the street in the Supermarket. One day she came home to tell me very proudly that the Manager told her she is the best checker! As in those days checking was very simple with simple machines not like now, and most of the checkers were teenagers or old biddies, for my wife with her genius IQ this was not excatly a big compliment. And with the manic speed she did evrything, I could well imagine that she was the fastest also. Watching her doing the dishes it reminded me of Charlie Chaplin in Modern Times. Another of her PT job was for one year as Avon Lady Calling in the neighborhood. ("The sample bag is terribly heavy and the people so nasty") She made \$550 in the whole year. (\$3300 in todays value).

Once when I again lost one of my oddjobs I asked her to try to do something in her own line at least for a shortwhile so that I have the chance to find the BEST job I can get not the FIRST job, regardless how lousy and badly paid. A few days later when I got home after jobhunting she told me that she went up to New York to one of the biggest advertising agencies, and guess what happened? I did not even get past the receptionist! Did you had an appointment? No. Are you saying you just walked in cold and expected to see the art director? Why not? Because this is New York not Vienna and you are not THE Trudy Kobler, the winner of every award but Mrs Fuchs nobody ever heard about. Anyway I'm not going anywhere anymore. I hate New York. Why dont you get an agent like most free lance artists? They are all crooks. Oh?

Mercifully this era of oddjobs changed after some seven years when I started to be able to get drafting jobs in so-called jobshops which take the overflow work from big outfits needing temporary workers. And in 1958 I hit the jackpot when I got my first steady job in America with ITT in Nutley, N.J. no less. As luck would have it I was hired during the summer holidays when all the group supervisors where on vacation. After being hired by the Personnel Dept as Detailer with \$82/wk I was sent to the Chief Draftsman for further evaluation and interview. His name was Gene Lombardi and he turned out one of the most decent guys I ever had the good luck to meet and work for, universally liked and respected even by the Union Stewards. After looking at my sample drawings and questioning me a bit he upgraded me on the spot to Layout draftsman with \$112.80/wk. This was a \$30/wk difference, real money in

those days. Gene ran a happy ship needless to say with competent and decent supervisors.

AS by then Richie was eight years old and went to school and we slept in separate rooms since four years, I told my wife I want her to get a fulltime job and I want to have a divorce. As in those days the only reason for divorce in New Jersey was adultery or desertion, which in our case left only desertion, we made a gentleman's agreement that I will desert her and pay her child support, without involving a lawyer, while she will file for divorce and pay for it. She promised to find a job and when she did I'll move out. Months went by but as her "jobsearch" consisted in scanning the New York times for thirty seconds on sundays she couldnt find of course anything. Whatever I pointed out was "not for me". Fortunately one of our neighbors who thought she is really loking for a job came in with an ad rigth in the neighborhood at a two bit printing shop advertising an entry level job for doing colour separations. Trudy had no choice but to grab it, it was in the neighborhood, it was a lousy job with lousy pay which she kept for the next ten years. When I started to get my things together in preparation to move out, she pulled one on me ^{which} even after living with her for thirteen years still knocked me for a loop. She said before I move out she wants to have another baby! Just like that. You are kidding rigth? No, it is not good for Richie to be an only child. I see. And I'll pay childsupport for another ten years for Richie and another eighteen years for the second baby, working again sixteen hour days, rigth? Thanx but no thanx.

I found a furnished room in Passaic N.J. which was close enough to Nutley even for walking to work in nice weather. I had of course unlimited visitation rights with Richie and saw him at least on the weekends or more often, Passaic being only half hour busride from Hackensack. At ITT I did OK and got regular raises and when I quit in 1965 for going to Israel I was designer with \$170/wk plus occasional OT which was not bad in those days even with paying child-support. In 1964 ITT went out on strike which lasted five months. Geneen's people took over the outfit and decided to break the Union's back, which they did. After five months we had to limp back accepting the same offer they made us when we walked out. In those days there was no strike pay and the Union told us to grab any job we can find. After the first two months they gave us some vouchers for the Supermarket to buy food. I was lucky enough to find a job with a jobshop as draftsman in New Rochelle, New York State, actually with a better pay then what I had at ITT but it was almost five hours of commuting with an old rickety, filthy unheated train in the winter I would not have believed anything like that existed in America. When I couldnt pay childsupport after the first two months, one day I got a Registered letter from the Family Court in Hackensack ordering me to appear "for non payment of child support or a warrant will be issued for my arrest." I was thunderstruck! There is no other way to put it. In a thousand years I would NOT have believed that my wife will do this to me and even without having the decency to tell me about it in advance at least. I never in my life laid a finger on a woman in anger but if I would have been there I cant guarantee what I would have done to her.

By the time the documents wound their way thru the bureaucracy the strike was over and I called her up to tell her to cancel the warrant. She refused, so we went to Court and The Honorable Judge Flanagan almost made me believe in god! My wife appeared in a getup worthy of Little Orphan Annie, although she still had some lovely clothes from Vienna, and great "off-Broadway" actress she was in Vienna, she matched the getup with barely whispers, telling how hard up she is trying to feed Richie etc etc. After she finished, Judge Flanagan asked me to say my part and I told him that ^I was paying child support since six years every friday never missing one, my wife never as much as having to make a phone call but during the strike I couldnt do it. The Judge asked her if what I said was true? As I had all my checkstubs with me she had no choice but to agree of course. The Judge gave her a funny look and said: Mrs Fuchs I want to congratulate you for having married such a decent man who never missed a payment for six years. You should see the deadbeats going thru here day after day. Mr. Fuchs are you going to restart paying when the strike is over? The strike is already over your Honour and I already mailed the first check. Mrs Fuchs I cant see what more you can ask for? I would like to have more money. Judge Flanagan gives me a funny look ^{and} says: Mr Fuchs can you pay three dollars more per week? Yes your Honour I can. Case dismissed. I tell you DEar Reader it was a very chastised Mrs. Fuchs who left that Court Room.

Going back after the strike I realizeed that I just cant go on doing electronic diagrams for the rest of my life. I got into touch with my former school buddy Horowitz Feri, lately Efrayim,

the champion fencer who traumatized the balls of our fencing teacher Cserjóska, if you remember, and asked him if there is a possibility to come to Israel and work as operating room technician? He lived in Israel since 1938 where after a slow start of selling condoms on street corners he worked himself up to a rich importer of heavy machinery driving an air conditioned Mercedes by the time I arrived in 1965. To my surprise he wrote me a glowing letter saying that I will not only ^{be} able to get a job in that field but pick my choice of several ones as there is very great demand specially in the smaller hospitals in the outlying areas. I got a leave of absence from ITT as I didnt know how things will work out and started to make preparations for my first ALIYA (going up) to Israel. My dear friend Joe Chalupa, whom I met during the ITT strike in a jobshop tried to talk me out of it but unfortunately I didnt listen to him. When the strike was over I got him a job at ITT, recommending him to Gene Lombardi. Joe was one of those lucky people who was a wizard with his hands. He could build his own house but also could do the most intricate technical illustrations, all self-instructed. He worked himself up to supervisor and made ITT his whole life and damn near died for it too. He had a massive coronary years later and had to have open heart surgery with three bypasses and that was the end of his career and had to retire on doctors orders. Now, sweet guy what he was ^{he} built me a big crate for my wordly goods, although he hated doing it because he didnt want me to leave.

To make it short and bitter, my Aliya to Israel was a disaster. My old friend Efrayim instead of asking the proper health authorities for the correct info asked his asshole cousin who

was an X-ray technician, who gave him hearsay instead of FACTS, but this I found out too late. I said farewell to Richie who was going by then on sixteen, promising him that I'll send the child-support money as I was promised to be able to make a good living in Israel as operating ^{room} technician in Israel.

It took Efrayim's wife, who was an attractive redhead and very smart, just one day to find out that her husband gave me a bumsteer and there is no way for me to get a job as I'd need a diploma from America as OR technician AND pass an exam in Hebrew to boot, to be permitted to work in this line in Israel. As in those days, we're talking about 1965, was no such thing in America as Certified OR Technician much less in the early fifties when I was working as such, I'd no such diploma of course, and as for taking an exam in Hebrew for ANYTHING was even less likely, it was obvious that I was up poopoo creek without my waterwings. Efrayim was also up to his neck in the above mentioned substance specially with his redoubtable redheaded wife who realized that they are sorta responsible for my predicament. Efrayim suggested that I try to get a job anyway with one of the smaller hospitals which might be willing and able to hire me without papers. So I started to make the rounds of all the hicktown hospitals but the story was everywhere the same: the hospitals were willing to hire me on the strength of my testimonials and written recommendations from the surgeons I worked in America, which I brought with me of course but when my papers came back from the Health Ministry in three months the verdict was the same: out! One of the hospitals I worked like this was in Nahariya a small but pleasant town five miles from the

Lebanese border on the coast. The hospital had one operating room with one technician, called "ach chadar nituach" (operating room brother as the all the nurses in Hebrew were called sisters, "achot") and one RN who was the supervisor/ scrub nurse/ circulating nurse all rolled into one. The name of the technician was Giora the equivalent in Hebrew of György or Gyuri in Hungarian, which he was. These two greeted me with the enthusiasm as if I were the brother or equivalent of Typhoid Mary. Giora had watery blue eyes which reminded me immediately what my wife, who was psychic about people, told me once when we met a bureaucrat somewhere with these very same eyes: always keep away from people with ^{these} kinds of watery blue eyes. They are all vile, dangerously mean people. I didn't pay much attention to it then, assuming that it is just one more of her many meshuggas, but I found out in short order that this time she was right on the money. Giora was by any yardstick the VILEST human being I EVER met anywhere. The whole hospital hated him with a passion and the whole town likewise. As I mentioned it was a small town, hardly bigger than a large village and as sooner or later everybody had to go to the hospital ^{and} met Giora, his "fame" spread by word of mouth in no time. Everybody I met asked me of course who am I what am I and what am I doing here and as soon as I mentioned that I'm working in the OR they told me the same thing: that bastard Giora will get rid of you sooner or later with the help of Dahlia (the supervisor etc) as they got rid of a whole bunch of Israelis before, who tried to work here. They consider the operating room their private territory. I never in my life experienced such NAKED hatred directed toward me and so openly. If this would

have been something strictly personal I'd have been able to understand, writing it up to jealousy for intruding on his fiefdom, but this bastard was VILE thru and thru. Once after I finished scrubbing for a case he helped me to push the patient out of the room on the stretcher. I wanted to take the patient back to the ward, as we had no Post Anesthesia room of course, but this swine said, leave him here in the corridor, somebody will find him sooner or later. Go and clean the tracheal tubes. This was his favourite job for me, the tracheal tubes being the tubes used for intubation for anesthesia. They were kept in a jar with soapy water and the tubes were of course full of snot and mucous which had to be cleaned out with a brush, not a very pleasant job. Fortunately I was not squimish and although I did not enjoy it I did not particularly mind it either. If you have a weak stomach OR work is not for you. The Chief of surgery was Dr. Pollack a very nice German gentleman about fifty who hated Giora even more then the others. As he told me once, what I cannot forgive myself is that I can blame only myself for creating this monster. I teached him everything from scratch when he came years ago, never realizing what a swine he will turn out to be. It was of course impossible to fire him once he had tenure, as it was the universal custom in Israel. Dahlia was otherwise OK but he hated me because I intruded on their private territory and she needed Giora as she couldnt scrub for cases which took long because she had a badly broken leg in a car accident. AS in this little town everybody knew everything about everybody it was common knowledge of course that the accident happened when Dahlia went out to

"party" with a married doctor, they got both stinko, the doctor drove and hit a tree. The doctor died and Dahlia got a compound fracture of the leg. Once I scrubbed for Doctor Pollack and as I was not born yesterday and knew by then what was going on too, I checked the instrument set before starting and soon enough this bitch took out one of the needle holders, every set have to have at least two, so that while the surgeon is using one for suturing the scrub nurse or technician can thread the other one so that there is no interruption or waiting. I told Doctor Pollack that I've only one needle holder, who called Dahlia. Nothing. Daaahlia. Nothing.

DAHHLIA! nothing. DAAAAALIA!!! (screaming at the top of his voice). Dahlia comes sauntering in, stops in the door, leans at the door jamb... keen? (yes) Why is only one needle holder in the set? One is enough, and walks out. Doctor Pollack says, Erwin, do you know another country where a Chief surgeon cannot fire a nurse for something like this? No doctor.

Another incident was more amusing. I scrubbed for a vaginal plasty for a Hungarian gynecologist who had a great sense of humour and we always had a good time. The anesthesiologist was also a Hungarian and a big schmuck incidentally, kept telling me that I will be fired soon without warning. After the surgery got under way the GYN asked me, do you know Erwin what we used to call this procedure in Vienna at the medschool? No. Fotz'n vernag'lung. I couldn't stop laughing because the expression was not only deliciously vulgar but hilariously funny, the English translation can not do justice to, which would be cunt nailing. A little later he asked for an instrument which was not in the set either. He called

Giora, asking him why dont you show Erwin the routine you know he is new here. I did show him says this bastard. I say, in Hungarian of course, your mother's cunt you did! The Doc starts laughing and he digs me in the side, careful Erwin the patient is Hungarian too and she has only spinal with sedation.

Shortly afterwards one of the other doctors, Shapiro, tells me not to take the pickup home as usual he wants to give me a ride because he wants to talk to me. So we go out for dinner and he says, Erwin, much as we would like you to stay here, we talked it over with the doctors and realized it would not be fair to you if we wouldnt warn you that you dont have a chance. As you probably already realized Giora and Dahlia will do everything they can to get rid of you, as they already got rid ^{of} several very well qualified Israeli nurses. They consider the OR their private fiefdom and as we cant fire them we're stuck with them. I thanked him and told him I'll resign, which I did the next day. When I told that bitch Dahlia that I'm leaving she siad with great gloat(sic) I AM GLAD! I said I'm too. - My next job was in Poryiah hospital near Tiberias, another small place on the Sea of Galilee or as it is called in Hebrew Kineret meaning harp, due to its shape. It was there that I met Hezi who initiated the Innah/Ine story as you migth remember. The orthopedic surgeon and Chief of surgery was Doctor Goldman from South Africa who was in Israel since many years, spoke Hebrew fluently but still considered the Israelis as the "natives" in South Africa and handled them likewise, which went over with the Israelis as the proverbial lead balloon. He took a big shine to me righth away because I spoke fluently English and was polite. He wanted

train me for his own cases and insisted that I scrub for him not any of the Israeli nurses, although some of them could easily have scrubbed rings around me, having much more experience. This resulted in an ambivalent reaction. On the one hand they were glad because Doctor Goldman was a perfectionist not easy to scrub for, on the other hand they felt slighted. The whole problem was solved again the same way, when after three months I had to leave again. Later I heard from Hezi that Doctor Goldman had a stroke and is in wheelchair and soon after he had another stroke and died.

I made up my so-called mind that I'll give it one more try and if it doesn't work out, Shalom Israel. This last try was Elisha hospital in Haifa, a small but nice private hospital and it was thought that as a private hospital they might get away with hiring me. While I was there one of those strange cases of "isnt it a small world?" happened. One morning when I came in, the whole place was a beehive of activity, as they say, which was very unusual as it was a very slow easy going place. It turned out that an American neurosurgeon is going to operate on a brain abscess who has^a reputation being a very good surgeon but a madman and a terror on scrub nurses, since many years in Israel and wellknown for his spiel.

Neurosurgery was something what happened about once a year in that small hospital everybody wanted to rubberneck of course, myself included. For the life of me I don't remember his name. He was about forty I guess, medium height, not a bad looking guy either. I was modestly standing by the wall but he must have noticed me because after he got the patient draped he asked the anesthesiologist who is the guy with the glasses standing by the wall? He is an American

operating room technician who just arrived. So come a bit closer hey! Whats your name? Erwin. Where did you train Erwin? In Hackensack hospital New Jersey. I dont know the place. Did you have a neurosurgeon? Not our own but we had a consultant coming in when we needed one. And what was his name? Doctor Medinetz. You kidding me! Medinetz was my best buddy on medschool! Go scrub up! Doctor I cannot possibly scrub for you. First of all I didnt scrub since years for neurosurgery and I havent got the foggiest idea about your routine. Well, OK I see your point but scrub up anyway so you can stand close and I'll explain everything I do. I was only glad to of course and he starts the surgery and for a while he is as nice as can be. However, after he opened the skull he started his sing-song: boooone...WAX, boooone...WAX...(wax is smeared on the boneflap to stop oosing blood) and from then on he went crazier and crazier. When the poor nurse dropped a Cushing clip he started to scream, Shula you foool, you are killllling my paaaaatient! Which was all nonsense of course. Occasionally he interjected with a remark for me, Erwin did you EVER saw a goddamn FOOOOL of a nurse like this in America? etc. He did a good job nevertheless.- My job ended even sooner then usual and I told my old friend Efrayim I'd enough of this shit and I'm going back to America. I asked him to buy my ticket because I'm broke, which was true enough. I got a berth on the S.S. SHALOM, which was a gorgeous ship built in Germany and given to Israel as part of the Repararations. Unfortunately I could not enjoy the trip as I was worried sick about arriving again broke with no job, no apartment, nothing. Fortunately my dear friends Joe and Erna Chalupa wrote me not to worry about

anything as I can stay with them as long as I want or till I can find a job and settle down. With incredible luck I found a job the next day after my arrival in a job shop as draftsman. The pay was not exactly great but enough to get by till I found something better. I was in Israel exactly one year to the day.

It took me two years to find a steady job again this time at BENDIX at Teterborough N.J. - After my arrival from Israel my outfit sent my Insurance papers to the address of my son who told his mother of course that I'm back who promptly notified again the Family Court which promptly sent me again an invitation to appear again "for non-payment of childsupport "etc etc. This time it was not Judge Flanagan but Judge Rosenberg, a landsman who promised me to send me to jail if I dont pay up etc etc. My former wife did an encore of heracademy award winning performance of course but I told Uncle Judge that I make \$50 less then before and I cant pay the same amount as before. My wife started to whine that she has arthritis and "the boy eats a lot" and uncle Judge ordered me to pay the same amount. I wrote him a long letter explaining the whole story and went to see the guy at the Family Court to whom I also recapitulated the whole story. He told me to pay what I can and nobody can put me in jail as long as I pay anything because every Judge knows that when I'm in jail I wont pay anything. And that is what I did till Richie was eighteen years old. I was at BENDIX till 1970 when they started to layoff people and I decided to give another try to Israel about which you can read in the next chapter, which proves the old saw that everybody can make one mistake but only an idiot will make the SAME mistake TWICE!

JOB HYSTORY.

Name of firm & address	From	To	Position	Salary	Reason for leaving
DSHELL CO. of ECUADOR	4.20.48	3.3.49	Ind. nurse	\$ 900/mth	Poor pay. - T. compl'g
PHILIPS OF ECUADOR	5.7.49	10.30.49.	Stock rm.	\$ 1000/mth	" Dmftg offer
HAROLD T SMITH ECUADOR	12.10.49	4.30.50.	Draftsman	\$ 1200/mth	Contract fin'd. Firm
AUDIGER & MEYER Paterson N.J.	10.9.50.	3.1.51.	Jacquard des,	\$ 50/wk	Poor pay. Better offer later canl'd.
GOODMAN & THESE N.Y.C.	4.1.51.	4.30.51.	Office clerk	\$ 80/wk	Unsuited ^{FOR OFFICE DUTY} Fired.
MALT SYRUP mfrg Co. Maywood N.J.	5.7.51.	5.10.51.	Laborer	\$ 70/wk	Unable to do heavy labor Fired.
VILLA ESPOSITO Rest't Rt 17 N.J.	5.19.51	7.29.51.	Busboy	\$ 50/wk	Unable to stay after 12p Fired.
HACKENSACK HOSP N.J.	6.6.51.	8.17.51.	O.R. techn.	\$ 1/hr	Poor pay insuff. alone
JACQUARD FABRICS Paterson N.J.	8.20.51.	3.14.52.	Jacquard des.	\$ 80/wk	Offer to Allentown Pa.
BARNERT HOSP Paterson N.J.	8.22.51.	3.7.52.	O.R. techn.	\$ 1/hr	"
SIMONE TEXTILE Allentown Pa.	3.17.52.	3.17.52.	Jacquard des.	\$ 80/wk	Unable to handle job. Fired.
JACQUARD DES SERV Paterson N.J.	3.31.52.	4.18.52.	Jacquard des.	\$ 80/wk	Laid off in favor of better quali'd des.
LINDHOLM ENG & RES E. Orange N.J.	4.21.52.	2.26.52.	Draftsman	\$ 80/wk	Owner died. Firm broke.
SUNSHINE JACQUARD Paterson N.J.	2.27.53.	3.12.53.	Jacquard des	\$ 70/wk	Refused to work O.T. without pay : Fired.
B.L. HALTENHOFF Hackensack N.J.	3.16.53.	6.12.53.	Draftsman	\$ 80/wk	Laid off in favor of relative (Called back)
HACKENSACK HOSP N.J.	6.15.53.	6.26.53.	O.R. techn	\$ 1/hr	P/T hrs unsuitable
BARNERT HOSP Paterson N.J.	6.29.53.	8.15.53.	O.R. Techn	\$ 1/hr	Chgd to oredrly-porter Resigned.
PASCAIC GEN HOSP N.J.	8.17.53.	12,31.53.	O.R. techn	\$ 1/hr	Chagd to oredrly. Resigned.
ATED PIERCE DYE WORKS	1.6.54.	2.4.55	" Lab techn"	\$ 60/wk	Offer for drafting
NORTHERN IND PRODUCTS	2.7.55.	2.15.55	Draftsman	\$ 80/wk	Shifted to "lab" not able to handle. Fired.

⑩ THE HEIL CO. Lyndhurst ?	3.14.55	4.1.55	First aid man	\$55/wk	Refused to take on additional (clerical, " safety eng ")duti Fired.
LACKENSACK HOSPITAL	4.1.55	3.11.56	O.R. Techn.	\$50/wk	Resigned for unkept promises of pay raise.
LEHIGH ENG Newark N.J.	3.12.56	1.23.57	Draftsman	\$80/wk	Better offre from Design Ser
DESIGN SERV. N.Y.C.	1.24.57	4.20.57	"	\$110/wk	Laid off(contract canc'd)
ZENITH ENG. Newark N.J.	4.21.57	7.23.57	"	\$110/wk	Supervisor Nazi - fired at <u>last</u> day of of trial period.
I.T.T. Nutley N,J,	8.5.57	8.1.65	"	\$112/wk \$170/wk	Went to Israel
ATLANTIC DESIGN	9.6.66	5.14.68		\$120/wk \$142/wk	Laid off. Contract finished.
-II-	7.14.68	8.17.68		"	RESIGNED FOR BENDIX
⑪ BENDIX	8.19.68	2.27.70		\$160/wk \$ 780/MO	MASSIVE LAY-OFF DUE TO CANG. OF NASA CONTR

LEFT FOR
ISRAEL

ISRAEL
AIRCRAFT
INDUSTRIES

1970-1981

FOREIGN
EXPERT
ELECTR
DRAFTING

RETURNED TO US FOR
RETIREMENT.

SWEDISH HOSP 7.7.83-7.3.86
MED. CTR

LOBBY
ATTENDANT
(P.T.)

5.00-
5.65

RESIGNED

Pipeline
Seattle

4mo.

Comments /explanations re Job History as marked by red circles.

1.)

The poor pay was only part of the problem as I'd full board and lodging. The main problem was that wifeperson in Guayaquil kept bitching that she did not marry me for being away in the jungle. Actually the job would not have lasted much longer anyway because SHELL did not find a drop of oil and pulled out of Ecuador soon after.

2.)

This stock room job was a real BEAUTY ! They never had a stockroom clerck ever since they opened the store and all the technicians in the repair lab just went to the stockroom and pulled out the spare parts they needed and put it back - helter skelter hodge podge ! My wife was working for them in the office and heard that they have to CLOSE down the lab because the stockroom is such a MESS that they CANNOT find anything anymore! Guess WHO got the JOB to make a COMPLETE INVENTNORY FROM SCRATCH and organize everything according to catalog numbers - tens of thousands of items from washers to X-Ray machines ! Yup , this boy dood it ! I LOCKED THE DOOR for two weeks to get it done . My Boss (who was a German Jew) couldnt believe his eyes when I " opened for business " .

3.)

This was my FIRST drafting job ever ! The Chief draftsman , who was a VERY nice young guy - and a crackrjack too - from Miami , hired me - as he told me later - because he wanted to have somebody he can BULLSHIT with in English ! The Project Engineer was an 80 yr old guy - one of the engineers on the Panama Canal ! Honestly. We lost the contract - to design a completely new water supply system for Quito - because the Boss refused to " grease " the necessary palms without which NOTHING can get done in South America. They pulled out and came back to Miami.

4.)

This was my first try to get back into my old field I apprenticed for in Hungary-after finishing school- to become a Jacquard designer (textile). As you might have heard Paterson was "The Silk City " of America. I had a better offer from another place which cancelled it later leaving me high and dry. See next entry.

5.)

This is a big textile outfit in New York , still in business I think , also called STAFFORD HOUSE . I went for an interview " cold " as I need a job badly { see #4) and the boss happened to be a Viennese Jew and being a Landsman wanted to help me. However he told me ^{he} already HAVE a Jacquard designer but he does need an " assistant " to help with all the paperwork . I told him I NEVER did any kind of office work and have no idea of " paper shuffling ". He assured me that he will help me and show me the ropes. I was sceptical righth from the start but being behind the proverbial 8 ball I had NO choice. To make a longstory short every time I asked him something he was busy and told me to " use my own judgment ". This is fine IF you have some idea already about the job but when you ^{know} NOTHING About NOTHING - it does not work. So I Got fired of course because everything I did was screwed up and the NEXT person I hadⁿ it to had NO choice but to do it over and when this is becoming ROUTINE - someone gotta GO ! This teached me NEVER EVER To accept a job I am NOT qualified to handle and I NEVER did. -

6.)

This was the BEN - HUR job I told you about.

7.)

This was TWO part time jobs. From 7am-3pm scrubbing in the OR and from 4pm-10pm bussing in the restaurant. This was MORE then enough already but after a while another boss took over who wanted me to saty till MIDNIGHT to polish the chafing dishes ! When I told him I cannot do it he fired me. As the OR job was not enough to live on (\$ 1.00/hr !) I had to give it up and get another job as Jacquard designer also with lousy pay. When I had a better offer(?) I quit.
See # 8

8.)

Although it says I was " unable to handle the job " I found out later by chance that there was MORE to it then that. I got into the middle of a " family feud " in this outfit in Allentown. The YOUNG guy wanted a second designer but the OLD guy did NOT.As it was the OLD bastard who was my immediate supervisor he told the YOUNG guy I'm NFG !

9.)

This was a real lulu ! The owner of the outfit and his two daughters lived like if they were MILLIONAIRES ! All of them came to " work " in Caddy convertibles dressed to the nines ! When the Old Boy dropped dead it turned out that the outfit is BANKRUPT and we didnt even get paid for the last two weeks!

10.)

This was a so-called " jobshop " taking on surplus work from outfits temporarily flooded with work. Textile design . The bastard was a real slavedriver and wanted me to work OT as a hobby ! We're talking about HOURS not just 5-10 minutes. - THAT will be the effing day !

11.)

This was electrical drafting and I really hated to lose this job because the Boss was a TIP-TOP Gentleman of The Old School. One day he came to tell me VERY embarrassed that he " has to let me go " because a young guy who is a relative needs a job badly and although he is a beginner he must give him a chance." I feel very bad about it Erwin because I like you and you do a good job but I really have no choice." So what happened ? A couple of months later when I was already working at the Hackensack hosp as scrub technician he called me up and told me that his relative left him as soon as he got a better offer and would I like to come back ? I TURNED him down but the hospital job did not work out either. See # 12 & 13

12 & 13)

Both of these hospitals hired me as scrub technician. However when their orderly QUIT they wanted ME to work as orderly. The trouble was that there was a big turnover in the ORDERLY jobs everywhere because the job was hard AND very poorly paid. As they had NO problem to find scrub nurses they figured they will NOT miss me in the OR but they NEED an orderly MORE . As the pay for scrub technicians was the SAME in those early days , as I told you , then for orderlies I told them to shove it. I worked as scrub technician because I LOVED to scrub.

14.)

This was the " lab technician " job I told you in the " squirell cage " three black dudes left in ONE year!

15.)

To tell you honestly I Dont remember exactly WHY they shifted me to the Lab , probably not enough work in drafting. I had NO idea about their effing Lab so I got fired of course.

16.)

Boy this was ANOTHER " dream job " ! This was the CHEAPEST outfit I ever worked in my life - and THAT covers a bit of territory ! First of all they hired me for ROCKBOTTOM pay as Industrial First Aid man. It was^a BIG sprawling monster of an outfit manufacturing those

big stainless steel tanks hauling all kinds of fluids on trailer trucks. They had hundreds of workers and according to Law they should have had an RN , not a First Aid man , but an RN cost MONEY of course. The first aid box was practically empty and to get even the most elementary supplies was like pulling the teeth of a croc ! AS it was heavy sheetmetal work AND as they had NO Safety engineer and practically NO safety gear to speak of there were any number of accidents of course , mostly cinder in the eyes from welding. I WORKED AROUND THE CLOCK(8 hrs The things I couldnt handle I sent it to the hospital of course. So after the first week my idiot boss takes me to another room and motioning to a 3 feet pile of old safety goggles on the floor says : when you got a chance I wanna you repair these goggles ! HUH ? I have NO time to take a piss as is ! Do your best ! Two days later the same idiot comes back with a PILE of files under his arms and says : These are personal files which need to be updated for the Insurance - do it when you got a chance. I say : I would like to see the PersonnelManager WHY ? I want to find out once and for all WHAT my duties are. I was hired as First Aid man, but it seems every day I get additional jobs for the same pay. - Stay here I will find out . He comes back and tells me : The Boss said you're fired . Pack up and get out. - When I found out that they did NOT even pay me for the whole week I took them to Labour Court. The bastard shows up with a shyster and a " witness", I NEVER saw before! He told a cock and bull story to the Judge that I " refused to do the work I was hired for " and his " witness " keeps nodding his f... head ! So the JUdge ask me to tell MY part of the story . First of all I tell him the "witness " is a phony who NEVER saw me before. The Judge gives him the cold stare and he starts hewing and hawing . So the Judge tells me he wants to hear the WHOLE story , smelling a rat by then . I tell him and he says to this bastard : YOU PAY this man the full week. Case Dismissed. -

17.)

BENDIX laid off some 3000 people reorganizing the whole outfit and getting rid of a lot of deadwood they should have gotten rid off YEARS ago. We had some 200 drAFTSMAN AND YOURS TRULY , with another ten or so where offered a temporary job as clerck - for the same pay- for two months in another department taking into consideration our " outstanding work " and hoping that in two months they will get a new contract and enough work to keep us busy. I took the job of course

but by that time I was looking for a job in ISRAEL. As it turned out the contract did not materialize and all of us got laid off anyway . As it turned out I Picked up my LAST unemployment check in the MORNING and took the plane for Israel in the EVENING !

And as LONesome George Gobel used to say in the good old times when I still watched TV while being married : AND THEEEERE YOU AAAAARE ! NOW you KNOW the story of an immigrants first five years in the U-ASS-E

A bowl of sherries on a bed of roses it was NOT - but I was a whole LOT LUCKIER then most of my school friends who did not make it OUT of HUNgary.

If Western jewry would have accepted the challenge of spending a LIMITED time, say a year or two, on a sabbatical in Israel, to show how to do what needed to be done, Israel would not be today what it is, just another Levantine bardak(whorehouse).

If they did not do what they should and could have, what did they do? They committed the same sin rich parents committed since time immemorial with their kids. What do you want? Money? Here, now get the hell out of my hair, I'm busy. Did anybody ask occasionally, Nu? what did you DC chevreh with all the money we sent you? You did. And the answer was: it's none of your business! We're a sovereign nation and we dont owe anybody an accounting, adding for emphasis: if you want to tell us how to spend OUR money, get your tachat down here and MAYBE we will listen to you. And NO Western jew had the balls to answer: Now, just a goddamn minute chevreh! If we give you all that money we've a perfect righth, nay duty, to look at the books. Not even in the Holy Land is everybody Holy, as a matter fact we know that you have your share - or more? - of ganefs (crooks), nor are all of you financial wizards. We want to make sure that you are spending OUR money not only well but wisely. You dont buy this? You remember the story of the old man with the coffee and the parrot?

We had a very smart guy and many generation sabra who spoke fluent English, I always turned to when I needed "confidential" information we Americans were "included out" of if possible, and he never disappointed me. He also had a wonderful sense of humour, his name was Gideon. Tell me Gideon old chaver, where are all the billions of dollars ^{going} America poors in here since years? I cant see that it does much good? He had that kind of wall-to-wall smile spreading across his face which always heralded an answer worth listening to and a good laugh also: You want to know? I tell you. Between the competent ganefs and the incompetent schlemiels it just disappears. Another time I told him I can hardly see any Israelis working with their hands, so I cant help wondering WHO actually BUILT this country Gideon. You can stop wondering. While we were a British mandate the Brits did. After they left the Arabs did, and still do.

Did Israel past the point of no return? Yes and no. It is an old truism that it is easier to do something RIGTH from the start then to bollix it up and then try to fix it. Israel will NEVER be what it COULD have been, but it still could be better then what it is. But WHO would listen to an old kacker and a Westerner to boot? MAPITOM?!