

Wed., Aug. 19, 1970

1 P.M.

Dear Sylvia,

Yesterday I picked up your very much awaited letter. It probably arrived several days earlier, but I cannot get to the P.O. every day. I can only go when I know that M. will be out long enough for me to get there and back unobserved. When he is home I do not want to take a chance because the entire road from our house to the P.O. is observable from our windows. Also, I've become a cynic about mail to me. In all this time (since Dec.) I have not received a single letter from my sister! I received one from Alan, one from Stephen, one from David, and, most recently, one from my niece. It is beyond my ability to comprehend their behavior! Also, I have implored them to write to me at home — just a short air-letter with news of the family and to inquire as to our health, etc. if for no other reason than to show M. that I have a family and that they do care about me. It has been more times than I can recall that M. has brought up the subject of correspondence with my family. He is sure that I am not

telling the truth when I say I have not heard from them. At home I received a birthday card from Alan and one air-letter from David. I may, after I complete this letter to you, try once more, and then give up. How much more can I try?! Several months ago (the end of May), not having heard from Pearl, I became worried that my mail may be intercepted, so I wrote to Pearl and told her that if she has written (and as of that date I had not received any mail from her), she should write to my neighbor, tell her that she wrote to me, hasn't heard from me, and wants to know if all is O.K. My neighbor has never received a letter from Pearl, so I must assume she had no reason to write to her. What now can I do?! So, you can see that I was very happy to receive your letter. A day or two after I wrote to you I wrote to another friend. Remember I stayed with Charlotte Binger in Newark, N.J. before the explosion? She had been in Israel until mid March. I wrote to her, too. Perhaps my friends will prove to be truer to me than my family! Believe me, it hurts me more

than I can pay. I know how they were wishing to go to all lengths for me when I was having so much trouble, and they also wished me well when I decided to reconcile, so why shouldn't they want to write to me? Enough of this!!!

Many times in the last several months M. has spoken of the possibility of returning to the States or perhaps trying Canada. To put it in a nut shell it's because he has not succeeded in becoming The King. All his efforts to become a world shaking personality here have come to naught. Here he is only "another Jew"! His ego cannot take it! Also, he says we cannot possibly live even if he receives the very highest government salary. Sure, he drives a car that costs more than most people do! And, he must use the air conditioner. Nothing is too good for the proletariate!!! So far he has been free-lancing and lecturing, but this is not a pure, secure thing. There are not too many outlets for political analysis, and even the very few that exist are not even very anxious for

analysis. When he first mentioned leaving I told him, first and foremost, I did not want Varda to hear of even a hint of her thinking. All she needs is another period of uncertainties or indecisiveness from the very person from whom she should find her security. To my great surprise, he agreed with me!!!

On Monday evening we had guests. Have you ever heard of Amos Merlin? He is an Israeli, was once a member of the Knesset, and now runs some part of research institute on the Middle East - based in New York. When the Merlins were leaving, M. said "perhaps I'll see you in N.Y. in Oct." Varda was there, too. After they left, although she was very tired, she insisted on an explanation of his remark. M. explained his reasons - that he has not been able to make a success here, etc., etc., etc. He also told her that he would not subject her to any change and that I would stay in our apartment with her and that she would go to school, as planned. Also, if she wanted to finish

high school here, that would be her choice. (That means two years of school.) She, of course, told him she has become very attached to Israel and is even looking forward to serving in the army. (Later, I told her she'll be 17½ when she finishes H.S. — she'll have half a year to decide whether she wants to — and will be able to — make it on her own.) He, of course, would have to support us, as well as keeping himself in the States. I can't see how he'll swing that!!! If he is to go, he must arrive in the States before the end of Oct. (after that he would need a new visa, and he's not too sure he'd get one). I could go on for pages and pages, but that isn't necessary now. For my part, I do not want to leave. Life has not been easy for me, so far, but I do not want to make any change now. I even consider that I would not leave until Eli (Seth) is out of the army. (Contrary to everything my husband says, I do have mother instincts.)

The three previous pages lead up to a dilemma in which I think you can advise.

me, and if you see it my way, and if you are willing, you could help me. My conscience tells me to warn a certain number of people who ^{have} ~~not~~ helped him in the past. There are a few with whom he has kept in touch while here — and he has recently written to some of them. They could be warned by an "anonymous friend". What do you think? Please, dear Sylvia, give me your thoughts on this. Incidentally, if you think this should be handled by special delivery, send it to Mrs. Golde Lawrence

6 Hackensack St., Kirou.

do not put your name nor my name on the envelope. Eli left instructions at the P.O. not to send special delivery letters.

How to some "lighter" items. How nice for Susan!!! Please send her my best regards and very best wishes for a healthy baby — and, of course, an easy delivery.

Have you had a vacation? Did you leave the city? My only vacation is a day like today — M. left early this A.M. for Haifa and he won't be back until very late tonight. Varda went to see a friend

in Tel Aviv this morning and at 12:30 she called to say she was with another friend — a boy who lives ⁴⁰ in this building — and they want to go to the sail boat show in Tel Aviv. So, she won't be home until about 5:30. Eli was home last evening. He was home long enough to take a shower and change into civilian clothes. Then he went to S.A. to spend the evening with a girl friend. I was too tired to wait up for him, but I was up at 5:45 to make his breakfast. He had to be back at his base by 7 A.M. He says he's doing well since he found some medical dictionaries some two weeks ago.

I must close now, primarily because my hand hurts already. I hope I have not bored you too much, and, needless to say, I'll be looking forward to leaving from you very, very soon.

Love,

Ruth

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