

Mr. Ted Gup
Washington Post
1150 15 St., NW
Washington, D.C. 20005

2/4/85

Dear Mr. Gup,

Your great-grandfather preceeded me by 20 years, but I was born here, first on either side of my immediate family and except for three third cousins on my mother's side, the oldest living of my family. So I found your "My Family, Myself" interesting and I think quite worthwhile.

There is always the problem of space, of what not to include and sometimes what we didn't think of. So I write in the hope that you and the Post get enough good reaction to this piece for you and it to consider a possible sequel, something you mentioned only once and in my seniority I've come to believe is significant in making some of us Jews what we are, the pogroms.

No one person in my immediate family ever referred to them or would respond, with the single exception of my maternal grandmother who, when in her 80s, told me that if the Zzar had known about them they'd never have happened. And she believed this, too, quite sincerely.

On a couple of occasions and I was old enough to drink with him, an older cousin, born in the Ukraine and brought here as a child, the youngest of my paternal grandfather's first cousin, told me horror stories that may or may not have been entirely true and may or may not have been magnified in my recollection by the passing of 50 years. But nobody else would ever mention them.

After my mother died several months ago (she'd have been 94 yesterday) I was again in touch with close friends of my youth. One is a successful scientist who was born in Russia and only recently told me that he's been trying to record his recollections of the pogroms but just can't do it. (I've suggested to him that perhaps we can sit and talk and record. From my reporting days I'm used to interviewing.)

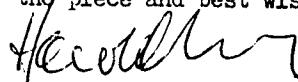
With such things as Jesse Jackson reaching and speaking for many when he said he's tired of hearing of Hitler's atrocities, I think there is additional usefulness if any of your relatives remember any accounts of the pogroms. With the prominence of the Cossacks in them, perhaps more those from Georgia. I guess it was bad enough for the Litvaks, too. (On my father's side, the Ukraine, near Zhitomir, my mother's from Bessarabia, not too far from some border, which was allegedly crossed in flight with a stolen wagon.)

With the accumulation of years and illnesses I've thought more and more about why I've done what I've done, a massive study of which you probably know nothing, and I think more and more that an important and unrecognized factor is our history as Jews, the sufferings and the roots. What Moses, Bar Kochba, the Maccabees and yes, the Chassidim represent.

For younger people, Jews and non-Jews, the pogroms never happened and few know the word. I think it would be good for them all to know, good that so many saw the greatly understated Abba Eban series on TV. While a few first-person accounts are still available I wish they could be collected and published. I'm surprised that no foundation has ever sponsored such a study and possible book. And I do think you'd have more understanding of the "Myself" part of your title if you learn a little about that terrible, terrible experience so many did not survive.

P.S. My father never got over his trouble with Hs, as reflected in records of your family name. *many spellings were provided by the immigration people, I'm told*

Thanks for the piece and best wishes,



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