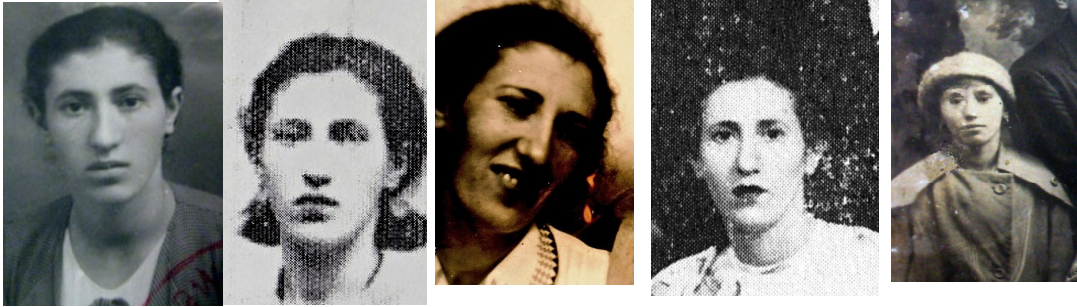


30. FAY AND CHARLIE



In 1938 the "boy's" in America brought Baba and Fay to America. Fay: Then I went back to Torchin. I made passport pictures. Then we came to Warsaw. We bought tickets for the boat. It was the Queen Mary's second transatlantic trip. From Warsaw we went to the Polish port of Gadina, past Danzig. Danzig was a free city. We stayed in Gadina half a day. They gave us a bath. They examined us too. They checked our hair for lice.

Then we got on the boat "Warsawa" With the boat we went to England through the Kiel Canal. They had special food on the Warsawa. They had a man who looked after the kashrus.

Fay: We went with that Warsawa to London. We stayed. in the Imperial Hotel in London. We were already in bed. And all of a sudden they sent a message to us, (that) we should get dressed (This happened while we were still on the Warsawa)

LIST OF PASSENGERS

Mr. L. G. Feather
Mrs. C. Ferdman
Miss F. Ferdman
Mrs. F. B. Field

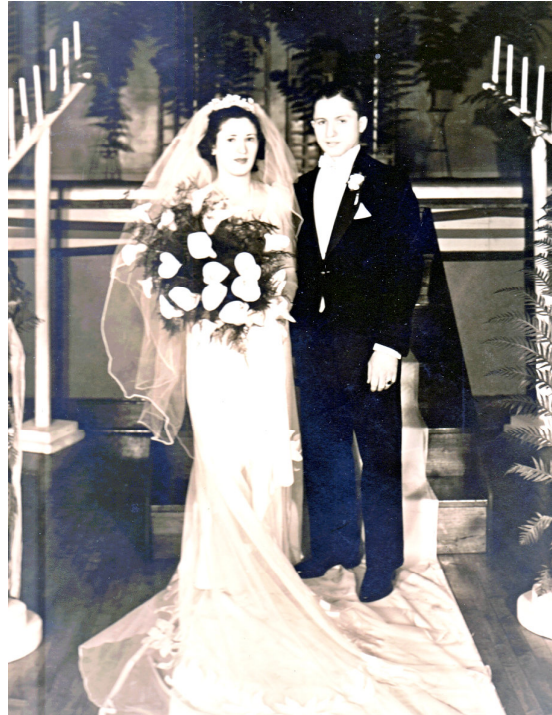
They are going to pick us up from the Warsawa as soon as our boat stops. Because in the morning we have to catch the Queen Mary. A man who spoke German, that I was able to understand, picked us up. He was from the Cunard White Star Line. He took us to the Imperial Hotel. We stayed there overnight. And in the morning they came and woke us up to get dressed. And we went by train from London to Southampton. And there we caught the Queen Mary.



A year later, shortly before Germany invaded Poland, Surca and Favish and their daughters joined them.



Favish Baba (Kaila) Aaron (Shlomo
Moshe's oldest brother)
Dianne Surca Fay



In Torchin Fay had a sense of knowing who she was and a sense of belonging. In America she was the youngest sister of successful immigrants.

A few years after she arrived in the U.S. Uncle Aaron introduced her to her future husband, Charles Snider. He was the son of immigrants: Sam and Raisel Shindel Snider Sam and Raisel were from Kolk Poland, where they married and had three children. Then Sam came to the U.S.

Immigrants at Ellis Island

Kock is a town in eastern [Poland](#), about 45 km north of [Lublin](#) and 120 km south-east of [Warsaw](#). As of 2004, its population numbered 3,509. In the 17th century, a Jewish community was established in the town. In [Yiddish](#), the community is known as **Kotzk**. In the [19th century](#), Kock became an important center of [Hasidism](#) as the longtime home of Rabbi Menachem Mendel Morgenstern, the [Kotzker rebbe](#). Most of Jewish community's members perished in the [Holocaust](#) during the German occupation.



Sam left before the First World War and was unable to bring his family over until 1918, after the war, 7 to 8 years after he arrived in the U.S. During those years Raisel raised the children and worked. (Her father helped). She had a store in Poland. She was a big woman and had a big coat

with pockets. During the First World War she put cigarettes and candies in her pockets, went to the front lines, and sold to both sides. By the time Raisel came to the U.S. Sam had a grocery store in St. Louis. They kept kosher.

Charlie Shaul was born in 1912. He was the second of 4 children and was 6 when he arrived in this country. He went to American schools and graduated from the St. Louis School of Pharmacy in 1934. He loved athletics, working out. He played handball so well that when he was older he often would beat men who were much younger

After he graduated he worked for a while as a pharmacist and wanted to open his own pharmacy, but he couldn't raise the money and was deeply disappointed. About this time Uncle Aaron introduced Charlie to Fay and the match took. Charlie went to work for the Fredmans and spent most of the following years in the furniture business. Later in life he opened 2 furniture stores of his own.



Charlie's older brother, Leon, was a soldier during the Second World War. He ran little grocery stores, and was good at it. He would find a store that was going under. Then he would turn it around, make it profitable and sell it. His wife Gertrude worked and they had no children. He never drove. He was not close to Charlie.

Charlie's younger sister, Bella was married to a man named Olberman and had two daughters. In the 40s she moved to LA and later her parents also moved west.

Sister Esther Gallant was born in the USA. Her husband Bud manufactured clothing and did well. They moved to Los Angeles and had three children.

Arlin Perkins (Olberman) has a son who is in Jane's addiction. A rock star.

Jane's Addiction is an [American rock](#) band formed in [Los Angeles, California](#) in 1985. For most of its career, the band comprised vocalist

[Perry Farrell](#), bassist [Eric Avery](#), guitarist [Dave Navarro](#) and drummer [Stephen Perkins](#).

Sam and Raisel Shindel Snider

Charlie and Fay moved to Los Angeles in 1971. Charlie liked L.A. Fay didn't. They returned to St. Louis and shortly thereafter split up and divorced. Charlie moved to Los Angeles in 1973. He was married 4 more times. Fay remained in St. Louis, later moved to Florida, and much later to the San Francisco Bay area.







**Charles Snider In Memoriam
January 29, 2009 (BERNARD STEINBERG)**

Charles Snider was my father-in-law. We were not close. Yet I always respected and admired him. And, over the years I have come to recognize that I feel a deep fondness for him, albeit from a distance.

After all he was the father of my beloved Roz. His eyes would light-up, and he would smile broadly whenever he would see her. He liked to tease her with corny jokes. He loved her as he did Marsha and Joe, and she, I discovered through the veils of her complex irony, loved her Dad--profoundly.

Charles was a complex man. He was a Polish Jewish immigrant who ate kosher food, put on tefillin, read Rosacrutian literature, and introduced his teen-age daughter to the music of Aretha Franklin, then known only in the black ghetto where Charlie worked. Whether backward or ahead of his time, Charles was his own man. So is his daughter; and so is his granddaughter; and so is his grandson.

Charlie, as he liked to be called (although I would never call him that) was athletic. When I was in my twenties, I ran into an old high school acquaintance, a fellow varsity athlete, and we talked sports. In discussing his weekly racket-ball game at the St. Louis “J”, he mused about “*this old-man who used to beat my ass every time. You should see him! His name is Charlie!*” I was amused; even more: I was secretly proud.

CHARLIE FOREGROUND. NEPHEWS AND NIECES. FAVISH IN BACK.



Charlie had tenaciously worked to make the best of a difficult marriage. No doubt he had contributed his share to the breakdown, just as he had cooperated in hurting the children he loved. Years later he accepted responsibility in the most direct and honest way: he asked his children to describe what he had done to them years before; he took it in deeply, and he asked for forgiveness.

When I was a teenager, Charlie was the one of Roz’s parents who had welcomed me into their home. He had a great smile and a warm heart. He was strikingly handsome and down-to-earth. He sometimes reminded me of Kirk Douglas playing Will Rogers. He once counseled me: “*there is no reason ever to be bored or lonely as long as you have books to read*”. I’m

not sure that he was always an avid reader, but I do know that he consistently focused on the positive. Charlie definitely walked on the sunny side of the street.

And when it rained, he struggled to find shelter. Charlie eventually--over many years--did find shelter. He built a home for himself with Rose. They married, and Charlie became a father to her children. He considered her children his children. I am grateful to Rose and her children for regarding Charlie as their Dad, for caring for him, and for loving him.

Charlie was a man who harbored no ill-will. Over the years, he asked Roz: "*How is your mother doing?*" He was not being polite. He honestly wished Fay Snider well. He was also a man of few regrets.

I must admit that I myself do have one: I regret that Charlie didn't know my children, Adena and Avi, his grandchildren. He was a playful man who would have delighted in them. He would have loved them.

But I do not, I dare not, judge, my father-in-law: I have not walked in Charlie Snider's shoes, a man who began a journey 96 years ago in Kolk, Poland, found rest in Burbank, California, and never once in my memory said an unkind word about anybody.

May his memory be a blessing.



Bernard Steinberg is the President and Director of Harvard Hillel, and is the former President of the Harvard Chaplains. He lived in Israel for 13 years, during which time he directed the Wesleyan University Israel Program, taught at the Hebrew University, and was a founding Fellow of the Shalom Hartman Institute. He and his wife Roz have two children, Adena and Avi.