

Name: Samuel (Blum) Bloom

Father: Yekutiel Zalman (Blum) Bloom

Mother: Miriam Cohn (Catz)

Birth Date: Saturday, 2 Dec 1893 (23 Kislev 5654)

Birth Place: Frumusica, Romania. According to "Where Once We Walked"-population between 1920 and 1940 was 88 Jews.)

Hebrew Name Date: Saturday 9 DEC 1893

Shmuel b. Yekutiel Zalman ve Miriam
שמואל בן יקותיאל זלמן ומרים

Spouse: Sarah (Sally) Segall שרה בת משה לייב ומלכה

Marriage Date: Sun 20 Mar 1921-10 2nd Adar 5655

Marriage Place: Havemeyer Street, Brooklyn New York (Home of Jenny Locker, Sally's Sister.

Children: Norman Bloom, נחום בן שרה ושמואל
12/29/21

Solomon Bloom, שלמה בן שמואל ושרה 2/25/25

Jack H Bloom הרב יעקב צבי בן שמואל ושרה 9/26/32

Death Date: Tuesday, 14 Heshvan 5722 -24 October 1961

Death Place: Heb. Home & Hospital. Jersey City, New Jersey

Burial Date: Thursday 16 Heshvan 5722-26 October 1961

Burial Place: Cedar Park-Beth El, Westwood New Jersey

Occupations: Bakery worker; Dry Goods salesman; Ship Riveter. Card & Record Store owner; Linoleum Mechanic; Owner; Bloom's Bargain Floor Covering-Go Where the Thrifty Go to Save; 3 Dairy Queens; Real Estate Owner.

Education: Fifth grade? Self educated.

Religion: Jewish

State Archives in Botosani-Frumusica Register for Births No.72

1893 Dec. 4, 10 a.m. Birth certificate. of Smil Solomon Blum, Jewish, male, born in Dec, 2, 12 at night, in the house of' his parents in Frumusica, son of Solomon Blum, 45, and Marim, 40, both merchants,, residing, in this Village. Declaration, made by the father, who presented us the child. Witnesses; Froim Leibovici, 40; Moise Sfarti, 30 both merchants, residing in this village, who signed together with us Gavril Bancianu, mayor and Registrar of Storesti.

Sam always had claimed to be born on the 28 DEC 1894, except for the entry at the Hebrew Home and Hospital in Jersey City, where he spent his last illness, in which he wrote the date as 1893. Perhaps he needed to be a year younger to leave Romania, so as not to go to the army, or perhaps he simply did not know.(JHB)

According to World War 1 draft card-28 DEC 1894- other 29 DEC 1894

Sam immigrated to the United States aboard SS Vaderland, Red Star Lines (Belgian) April 1,1914. First job in bakery at \$7 per week. In 1919 at the time he was naturalized he lived in New York City at 142 E. 4th Street. During these early years, utilizing the facilities of the Educational Alliance, he took piano lessons, English, (he was put into grade school to learn) worked in Bloom Bros. Department store. In 1920/21 had a card and record store which failed, but from which we had a whole bunch of old records when the family lived at Inwood Terrace after 1938). By the time of his marriage, he was living in Jersey City, New Jersey. He became a linoleum mechanic, and then opened Blooms Bargain Floor Covering Store in 1930. The store remained open until 1948, when under pressure from his wife's Sally's serious menopausal depression, it was closed. He then opened a Dairy Queen in North Bergen New Jersey, at 72nd Street and Bergenline Ave in 1950. He opened a second Dairy Queen at the Transfer Station, at the Union City/ Jersey City line. He sold it, and opened a Dairy Queen in Bayonne, New Jersey

Sam apparently left Romania when he was eligible for military service. Though Jews were not allowed to be citizens of Romania they were drafted into the army. His mother did not want him to leave for the" goyishe medinah" and offered to buy him a horse so that he might be in the reserves and not in the regular army. The last words Dad had heard upon leaving Romania, were, "That's one less Goddamn Jew in Romania". One can imagine that he had a deep distaste and distrust of anyone in a uniform. Dad said that when he came

to the States and was a new immigrant, he needed some instructions on how to get somewhere. He went over to an Irish Policeman and inquired. The policeman not only answered respectfully but called Dad “sir”. It was an experience that the immigrant boy, in his early twenties never forgot.

[In 1997 I, (Jack H Bloom) was invited to teach a seminar to the Stratford, Connecticut Police Force on understanding the differences in how ethnic minorities respond to the police, and to different life situations. I introduced each talk by saying that I was repaying my fathers debt to an Irish cop of long ago. Dad only spoke of the police with great respect. He did not use the nickname “cops” nor do I remember having heard him refer directly or indirectly to any Police official as anything but “Officer”. This was influenced by an exchange he had with an Irish Policeman, when he was still a new immigrant.]

On his World War 1 draft card his name is listed as Samuel Zalman Bloom age 23 of 155-157 E. 4th Street, (across the street from where he lived on date of Naturalization in 1919, which was listed as 142 East 4th Street) with birthdate of DEC 28 1894 and the added information that he had submitted his first papers. He was from Frumusica (Roumania) and was a salesman working for Eagle Bag & Paper CO of 57 1st Ave. He affirmed that his mother was single (Iris says [June 6,1998] that when she left Romania our grandmother was with another man ca. 1920) and was solely dependent on him for support and he was Caucasian. He claimed exemption from the draft on those grounds. Listed on other side as tall, of medium build, brown eyes, brown hair and not bald and not disabled. Date of registration looks like June 5 1917. Was signed Samuel Z. Bloom. (So the spelling of the last name was changed by then, maybe at time of first papers.) From Morris Blum's draft card dated Sept 12, 1918, the name for Morris was still Blum, so Sam might have been the first to change the family name to Bloom.

Sam married Sally Segal on March 20,1921. Sally, when she had gone prior to her leaving Romania, to be blessed by Sam’s mother Miriam, (she had a special status as a “holy woman” in Romania), had been instructed to tell Sam, that it was time for him to get married. Sally saw to that personally.

Iris says that when she left Romania our grandmother was with another man ca. 1920

Sam and Sally's marriage certificate, indicates that they were married at the home of Sally's sister Jenny at 94 Havemeyer St. in Brooklyn. Sam's address is listed as 320 Jackson Street Jersey City, New Jersey, so by then he had

relocated. The address is curiously close to the 332 Jackson Ave, the address of Blooms Brothers Department Store. (Did the Reverend Schachter (was he the same one who married Morris and Tillie?) who married them and filled in the form, mistake Street for Ave. Did Dad or Mom make the mistake? Maybe there's one of each in Jersey City) Dad is listed as being 25-if his date birth is 12/28/1894, he's going on 27. He's listed as being a Merchant (did he already have the card and record store? his fathers name is listed as Zalman and his mother as Mary Cohen. Sally's listed as living at 94 Havemeyer Street (Harry and Jenny Locker's) being 21,(a fib of four years in terms of her birth certificate); her father as Moses L. Segall and her mother as Mollie Rotman. The witnesses to the wedding were Abraham Gordon and Hyman Baer. The Officiant was Morris Schachter, whose official station was 224 Hopkins Street and whose residence was 72 Van Buren Street. Sam's signature is without the Z (Zalman) that appears only on his World War 1 draft card.

When he married Sally, according to Iris Bloom, the Bloom family in Hirlau was very very upset. Sura Zeilingher would not even acknowledge the family. According to Iris, who speaks about peasant background of Sally often, ("she did not even know how to set a table, etc. etc."). Two of Sally's sisters (Segall's) who came here, had gold silver and furs and the sister who was left back in Romania to go through all kinds of privations inevitably inherited all that stuff from them. According to Iris, Sam was already in New Jersey for a long time, because she remembers in 1926 going to New Jersey to get Norman, and that they had already been in New Jersey for a while. He sold Christmas cards over the Christmas holidays, and later worked for someone and learned to be a linoleum mechanic. According to Ace (Sol Bloom)-Dad worked for somebody and then did piece work. He would go from store to store and pick up jobs. Ace remembers going to Jersey City and picking up Tillie and Morris and taking them on picnics. Sol noted that Tillie had a mole on her nose. My (JHB) recollection is that Dad lived at one point in Jackson heights Queens, though I'm not clear about the dates.

In 1930 He and Sally opened Bloom's Bargain Floor Covering Store-"Go Where the Thrifty Go to Save. According to Iris. "She (Sally) did very well with low class clientele. She related to them more than he did. He (Sam) was willing to do the work but wouldn't be any part of low class clientele contact. He had during the depression studied Italian in the WPA(or was it PWA schools, his knowledge of Romanian must have made it easier) and he was very proud of his excellent Italian. He used it with a lot of customers, corrected their faulty dialects, and told me (JHB) countless times of how beautiful Italian was; It was

THE “Bella Lingua” he said over and over again. In 1956 on the way to Israel, he visited an Italian Jewish family at the request of one of my (JHB) schoolmates at the Jewish Theological Seminary—a cantorial student whose name was Mario. Mario wanted him to reassure his parents that the Seminary, unlike the Rabbinical College in Rome was an OK place for a Jewish boy to be. So for Sam to visit an Italian Jewish family was a treat on the Italian front and on the Jewish front. When he returned he told of having at the same meal, being served Milchiks, probably some pasta, and then having all the dishes and silver cleared away, new settings brought in and meat being served. There is more about this in Jack H Bloom’s history.

Opening the store at the depth of the depression was an audacious act. Sam would tell quite often about those early years when he was not given any credit by the linoleum manufacturers/wholesalers and had to go by truck and pay cash to get goods. By 1938 they owned a string of taxpayers. Stores they rented to others that they were able to obtain during the depression by agreeing to pay taxes. The corporations he created which “managed” the stores, were known as the Sally Realty Co. a name it took me years to figure out (JHB); the Kfar Nahum Realty, (after my oldest brother Norman) and later Gvat Realty, (named after my brother Sol’s first Kibbutz location in Palestine. There may be one more I do not remember. Among their tenants was Jochem Radio, Levy’s sporting Goods Penny Profit, later on a health food store. Later when Bloom’s floor covering was reopened in a much more modest location, it was in one of these stores. . By 1938 they were able to move up to Inwood Terrace, Palisade New Jersey, and owned two cars. The first two cars I remember; a 1934 Pontiac and a 1930 Model A with a rumble seat. The 1939 brand new Pontiac followed those. I also remember a 1938 Dodge truck I (JHB) was especially drawn to it by the Ram on the front hood.

Sometime in World War 1 probably 1917-1918. Sol recalls the story of Sam working in a shipyard as a riveter, putting his coat down, going to lunch or for a break and upon returning finding the section riveted closed with his coat in it and thus losing his coat. Sol recalls when visiting family going to either Bronx or Brooklyn. i.e. Fruyims (Dad’s brothers home, or Jenny’s house. Mother stayed with Jenny when she came. Dad must have courted her from there i.e. Brooklyn. Judge who gave Dad first papers-If you want to pronounce that name Bloom-you’ll have to change it to double oo.

According to a telephone conversation with Sol (Ace) -The walk down to Christ Hospital Jersey City (to attend my (JHB) bris, which took place on Rosh

Hashanah) was some 10 miles. Sol recalls hiding under the bed to get some chocolate that Dad had hidden there, a little chocolate package with chocolate in different shapes, cigar, cigarette lighter etc. On the way home a nail had come through the heel of Sol's shoe and dad had to stop somewhere and ask a man if he had a hammer to straighten the errant nail out.

Sol also recalled a saying of Dad's. When walking through Central Park after an Edwin Goldman Franco concert and Dad would give money to panhandlers, and Sally would object, SAM WHAT ARE YOU DOING! Sam would say; " Sally, it won't make me poor and it won't make him rich"

Data from a letter of my (JHB) brother Sol (Ace);

Your most recent note indicates that no record exists in "Manhattan" on our parents' marriage and perhaps you should try Brooklyn. I say this as I know Jenny Locker, Mother's sister lived in Brooklyn, from between 1930 to 1940, their place was one of the prime visiting places on our family's agenda. I also remember that when Mother came to the United States in 1918, she stayed with her sister in "Brooklyn" and to that point Dad must have come to court her. If this is so, it may be most probable that the marriage took place in that borough of New York City., and almost sure not in the Bronx or Queens.

Now as I remember, week-end visits to family, from West New York and Palisades, we were always crossing Manhattan, but not our destination there. We would either turn up to Bronx and visit Uncle Phroim and his many children, or go across one of the bridges taking us to Brooklyn and down, I think, Prospect Blvd. This lovely broad thoroughfare I remember, as it was the first time we had encountered staggered traffic lights, and remembering Dad showing me that if he adjusted his speed to 35 or 40 MPH, we would coincide our course with the lights changing in our favor all the time. So, as I remember, Manhattan was seldom our goal on family visits.

Now let me bring out a few more pictures of childhood and I suppose I can only go back to 1930.

A. 234 11th street (4th floor S.W.. corner apt.) W.N.Y., New Jersey

1. The first car dad ever had was a Jewett. This must have been 1929/1930. It was a four door sedan. My only remembered ride in it was

infamous. Dad, took us for a scenic drive on East Blvd., which sits atop the Palisade and I looked across the Hudson to the skyline. We were heading toward Weehawken, the next town south of West New York. and as we reached the end of the East Blvd., with its monument of Alexander Hamilton, killed in the duel with Aaron Burr on that spot, the right rear wheel of the Jewett just fell completely off its axle. I can't recall sequential events, but what vividly remains is a virtually screaming Momma, lambasting our ugly fate on this joyride and imprecations of Dad's unthriftiness in buying such a wreck. Whatever happened to that first Jewett (a diminutive Semite?) I can't remember.

2. When Mom and Dad opened the store on Bergenline Avenue, they were both gone from the house and Norman was in charge when alone. One time on the ceramic base of the kitchen range we built a little fire with safety matches but luckily our act was snuffed out in time, I believe by a neighbor, the Seidels next door.

3. With Dad on the road, Mom in the store, it was a walk of about 12 blocks north on Hudson Ave. to 17th then west on 17th to the store and as the business grew the family had to have a maid. She was Swiss and one of her duties was to prepare a lunch for Momma in the store which Norman and I would carry those 12 blocks. Soup in a leaky container was part of this transport, and can recall the warm wet sticky feel of that boy with about 1/2 arriving safely for Mother. Once a letter came for our maid with tragic news that her brother had been fatally gored by a bull at their farm, and I believe she left us to return to the old country and family.

4. My first whiff of politics came at 7 years old with the campaign between Hoover and Roosevelt. Perhaps there was a polling station in the public school across the street, and a dispute arose among voters. The fight got bad enough to have the paddy wagon of the West New York. police dept. park by Merkens Candy store and the patrolman arrested and took away a number of men.

5. A prime summer joy was the trolley-car trip straight north from 11th St., the tracks ran right by the east side of our apartment building, to the wooded setting of Palisades Amusement Park at Cliffside, New Jersey That public service trolley line ran a rustic route, unshared with other road traffic and so the swaying rush of the car was most satisfying and the trip pleasantly long. We would go on the week-end for then not only did you have all the rides to

enjoy, but there was a vaudeville show gratis to all entrants. There was minor ritualism linked with those shows, for Dad would invariably buy Norman and me a box of "Cracker Jacks", a treat I thought was enjoyed exclusively at the Amusement Park, for I never saw or sought Cracker Jacks at Merkens back home. We'd settle into our seats, hunt for the prize in each box, (oh how the quality and allure of those prizes have evaporated lately) and really anticipate the puzzle, tiny booklet, or tiny toy figure we found. That box of caramel pop-corn lasted through the show, and I especially enjoyed their brown skinned glazed peanuts hiding between the longer pop-corn segments.

Those shows were really good and there would be a progression of magicians, trained dog troupes, acrobats, dancers which made the variety so satisfying. That outdoor stage had its back to the New York skyline on the top of the Palisades so its location was also appealing. The usual finale was the high diver who would climb this immense ladder (so it seemed to a 6 year old) higher and higher until he reached a small platform, upon which he set himself looking 1/2 the size he had when he began his climb. Then as he prepared to dive into this tub of water (maybe it was 8-10 feet high and no more than 30 feet in diameter), the assistant would torch the waters surface into which with much preparatory fanfare and suspense, the diver would jump, his tremendous splash putting out the fire with him emerging triumphant to our cheers. Yes, those summer evenings; rides, "Cracker Jacks", show, the diver hero, and the swaying lulling trolley car ride - by now fast asleep against Dad - were the high points of kids life for Norman and me.

6. Jack, do you remember Dad taking us into his bed on Sunday mornings and with the help of two boxes filled with pamphlets would instruct us into mental and bodily virtues. He had collected , it must have been through the 20's, literature from any number of companies who through allegorical tales instructed one how to live well, and at the same time, subtly, or not so subtly, encourage one to use the product. There were pieces from "Scott's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion", with a leather fisherman in oilskin hat and cape aboard a storm tossed trawler, Borden's, Metropolitan Life Ins. Co., toothpaste companies, Ovaltine, and other trademarks of that day which catered to personal hygiene, nutrition and the good moral life. Dad, even had one pamphlet programmed to instill a deep loathing to smoking. To a 5 -6 year old this fierce picture instilled fear: Picture a hapless man, entwined from toe to above his head with the suffocating coils of "Serpent Nicotine", with scales, piercing eyes and flaming breath. With the poor man completely in its grip, she is placing a lighted cigarette between his lips, which the victim with insufficient strength

tries vainly to push that cigarette away. And as I remember the word "nicotine" in ornate letters covered the scaly coat of this monster. This is how Norman and I learned not to smoke.

Every Sunday we would spend an hour going through this indoctrination to help us live cleanly, healthily, and happily. So we learned the importance of bathing, brushing teeth, drinking a quart of milk daily, though Dad did not believe in Scott's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion, he kept in ready supply a big bottle of Squibbs Cold Liver Oil in the ice box, and each morning after breakfast and before school, we would get a whole tablespoon of Vitamin. A & D Rich fresh oil, followed mercifully by a big green olive, whose salty tangy flavor cut the loathsome fish flavor out of our mouths by the time we reached public school across the street.

7. One more incident at 234 11th Street. As I said the trolley ran by our apt. and terminated at the 42nd St. Ferry Terminal. For a number of New Year Eve's, Dad had the ritual of greeting the New Year along with the multitudes at Times Square. Mother never went on these jaunts. We would take the trolley, which descended the Palisades by a long sloping downward cut in it's side. Then across the 42nd Street Ferry, and we always hoped there would be floating ice to hit and crush on our way over. Then another trolley up 42nd Street to Time Square. Sometimes this adventure had it's pain, especially if the weather was cold, and no matter how insulated by clothing, to a youngster waiting in the throngs with toes so cold it seemed an eternity for that last 1/2 hour of the year to pass and, as last night, 62 years later, we kept our eyes on the Times building for the blessed announcement of the Holiday. Then we would push our way to the Horn and Hardart Cafeteria on Time Square and got the treat that warmed and satisfied; three big griddle cakes with butter disappearing rapidly between their hot sides, accompanied by a foaming cup of hot chocolate, dispensed through the tube surrounded by a marvelously sculptured metal lions head. We were then cozy, happy and would from warmth see the happy crowds through the broad panes of the Horn and Hardart.

Name spelling change: Dad was most proud that he applied for United States citizenship ASAP after disembarkation. He remembered the name of the judge and it was an Irish one linked to a Mc. Dad gave his name and then the judge told him that if he wished the pronunciation Bloom, he would have to change the spelling of Blum to Bloom. Dad agreed to that and so we officially became the Blooms.

2 years which was in the center of the street. Also its glass display front was small.

<-18th

17th->

Shemesh/ Luncheonette/Hat Blocker-Shoe Shine/ Zeitlin's/ Saputo's/Berman/
Bloom's/Notions/ German Bakery/Funeral Home

Shemesh Grocery (Jewish rye at \$.17 and butter and cheese out of tubs with angry looking knives for portioning fixed in those wooden staves when not in use)

Luncheonette as best as I recall: remember a donut making machine in window.

Hat Blocker-Shoe Shine (Run by a Greek)

Zeitlin's Baby Carriage and toy store

Saputo's Italian Grocery (all those enormous cheeses hanging on hooks)

Berman Pharmacy (with those big blue and red gloves in the front window)

Bloom's Floor Covering

Notions Shop

German Bakery

Funeral Home

2. Later thirties and early forties:

Shemesh/Luncheonette/Liquor/Levy's /Blooms/Saputo/Ziegler/Two small
storefronts/German Bakery/Funeral Home

Shemesh the grocer on the corner of eighteenth street.

Luncheonette and seems the Greek had moved up to that from hat blocking

Liquor Store

Levy's Sporting Goods(Ah the smell of a new 1st baseman's mitt)

Bloom's Bargain Floor Covering-"Go Where the Thrifty Go to Save" (jhb) Our Larger store with those big glass fronts bordering the entrance.

Saputo Italian Grocery still producing a plethora of pungent smells

Ziegler Furniture and Appliance Store; believe it took the place of Berman's Pharmacy. I (jhb) can corroborate that-have memory of

going into store two doors down and recording "By the Shores of Gitchee Gummi, Longfellow's Hiawatha.

Two small storefronts, one of which held our first store and don't remember what they later had, but one was still that notions place.

German Bakery

Funeral Home

Data from a letter of Sylvia (Bloom) and Israel Paul;

1. OUR WEDDING--On March 21, 1943, your dad drove his car from North Bergen to Israel's parents home in Brooklyn and drove the Bride to the Menorah Temple Hall where the ceremony took place. After the festivities were over he drove the two of us to New York City for the start of our honeymoon. On both trips he vigorously honked the horn to attract attention, much to our embarrassment!

2. OUR FIRST CHILD'S GIFT--Our daughter Rosalyn (named after your cousin Solomon's erstwhile 2nd child Rosalie) was born in 1947, and in 1949 we moved from Ohio back to New York. Following this we lived for 2 years in Levittown Long Island. when our daughter Phyllis (named after your cousin Pauline) [ed. note-Solomon Bloom's wife] was born. At that time, Lyn (Rosalyn's nickname) at age 4 gave up her crib to her new sister and needed a more grown-up youth bed. Your generous dad brought us a brand new youth bed which he personally drove in his truck from North Bergen to our house in Levittown.

Data from Lil and Rose Bloom (Morris and Tillies children) tell of being invited to the house and Sam reading to them from Sholom Aleichem and "it was wonderful". They also tell of Norman having to practice 4 or 5 hours a day.

Data from Ruthie (Ruthie is Morris and Tillies granddaughter) and **Mike Rosen's** 20th anniversary, (June 15, 1996) Miriam who is Ruthies mother and David (Morris and Tillies son) widow, described what nice people Sam and Sally were and how they were at the Concord Hotel when Dave got out of the army and invited them to come up there for dinner with them.

Posted on Ravnet 6/17/01

Friends and Colleagues;

When my dad said Havdalah, he would say it over some hard liquor, I assume it was Rye. He would in conclusion pour the contents of the cup into a plate, and place the Havdalah candle in it. The burning alcohol would make an iridescent blue flame, tinged with other colors shimmering and bouncing on the surface of the liquid.

Whether it had any profound meaning, I do not know. It was a dramatic way to conclude Havdalah and begin the week.

Jack H Bloom

For many years Dad was the secretary (recording) of Temple Beth Abraham in North Bergen NJ. As I remember (and my memory was jogged last night

10/28/03, at a talk about my book, by one woman who grew up on first avenue in North Bergen and was a child at Temple Beth Abraham) he had all the minutes written down in a series of bound notebooks. He was incredibly loyal in doing that job month after month and took much pride in his office.

Name: Sarah (Sally) Segall

State Archives in Botosani Birth Certificate No. 82 Hirlau

Name: Sigal

First name: Sura

Sex: Female

Birth date: 1895, May 12

Birthplace: Hirlau, county Botosani

Parents:

Father: Sigal Moisi-Leib

Mother: Sigal Malca

Registered in Hirlau, county Botosani under No. 82 in 1895, May 13

ROMANIA

PRIMARIA HIRLAU

SERVICIUL DE STARE CIVILA

CERTIFICAT DE NASTERE

Seria 82

cod numeric _____

Numele Sigal

Prenumele Sura

Sexul F.

DATA NASTERII

Anual 1895

(cifre si litere)

Luna MAI

(cifre si litere)

Ziua 12

(cifre si litere)

LOCUL NASTERII COPILULUI

Comuna

Orasul Hirlau

Municipiul

Judetul _____

PARINTII:

Numele tatalui: _____

Prenumele tatalui: _____

Numele mamei: _____

Prenumele mamei: _____

LOCUL INREGISTRARII:

Comuna

Orasul _____

Municipul

Judetul _____

Nasterca a fost trecuta in registrul Starii civile

la nr. _____ din annual _____

luna _____ ziua _____

Eliberat astazi _____

cu nr. _____

Semnatura,

Birth Date: Sunday 12 May 1895. 18 Iyar 5655
(Birthdate Used in US; 13 May 1899)

Birth Place: Hirlau, Romania

Father: Moise Leib Segal

Mother: Mali (Rotman) Segal

Hebrew Name: Sarah b. Moshe Layb ve Malkah

שרה בת משה לייב ומלכה

Spouse: Samuel (Blum) Bloom

שמואל בן יקותיאל זלמן ומרים

Marriage Date: Sun 20 Mar 1921-10 2nd Adar 5681

Marriage Place: Home of Sally's sister Jenny; 94 Havemeyer St in Brooklyn, NY

Children: Norman Bloom נחום בן שרה ושמואל

Solomon Bloom, שלמה בן שמואל ושרה

Jack H Bloom הרב יעקב צבי בן שמואל ושרה

Death Date: 25 Elul 5729, 8 September 1969

Death Place: Long Beach Hospital; Long Beach NY

Burial Date: Wednesday 27 Elul 5729, 10 September 1969

Burial Place: Cedar Park Beth El Westwood N. J.

Occupation: Merchant-Blooms Bargain Floor Covering

Education: Unknown

Religion: Jewish

Sally always claimed that she was born on May 13, 1899. The date was always suspect. After her death the doctor reported when told that she was 69, that she had the body of a 75 year old woman. Riding in the limousine at her funeral, Pauline Schwarz, wife of Beryl (Bernard) Schwartz of Hirlau asked me (JHB) how old mother was. I said 69. She replied No way! I (Pauline) am 72 and your mother was ahead of me in school. Then I received her Birth certificate from the town hall of Hirlau, Romania which indicated that she had been born May 12, 1895. So much for vanity.

Sally arrived aboard SS Rotterdam July 12, 1920-Ships manifest said she was 22, spelled her name as Seagull, said she was a seamstress, spoke German and was going to her brother-in-law Harry Locker, who lived at 94 Havemeyer St. Brooklyn. She was listed as a 5'4 blue eyed blonde .

She took a trip to Romania in 1938 to visit her mother and family. She went over on the Normandie and came back on the Ile de France. She passed

through Austria in a sealed railroad car because of the Anschluss. It was aboard the Ile de France that she met Martin Lichtenstein. That story is told in another place.

Data from Rose Bloom Keller & Lillian Bloom who tell of Sally having a big trunk upon going back to Romania in 1938 and everybody bringing things to take to their relatives. She was the only one who went, took pictures, brought them back and showed them to people.

From the handbill distributed by Norman Bloom, Moshe Leib's grandson at the funeral of his mother, Moshe Leib's daughter...a word on the beauty of her father-A man though being ground to pieces by poverty-never betraying the grand nobility of his character--let us speak of an action in his life-He had been entrusted with funds by a wealthy man-for the purchase of cattle-there was a fire in their home-at the risk of his life-he saved those monies-Everything they owned was destroyed in that fire-he could have easily said-the funds were destroyed in this same fire, wherein he lost everything-nevertheless he returned intact-every penny of those monies-though he was in desperate poverty-and his house was in ruins...

From the handbill distributed by her son Norman Bloom at her funeral. Handbill is dated 9/9/1969

"She was born in Harlau Romania 5/13/1898, (inaccurate but not at fault, none of us had any idea and we usually thought it was 1899.) a direct lineal descendant of the Bal Shem Tov-that most beloved person in the history of the Jewish People--this according to her father--"

When she was but a youngster-her country and town were caught in the horror of World War 1, this child by her special ability of prophecy-was able to provide for her family in the midst of the prevailing starvation. (jhb-I think Norman may be referring to her tutoring and the Russian soldier who billeted at their house.

Caught in the grinding mills of poverty in Europe-she escaped to the US After an experience where her courage and quick intelligence-saved her own travel money and the funds of a Romanian Government official-who out of gratitude to her gave her the exit visa to the United States. This act of courage occurred when highway robbers stopped at gunpoint the stage coach on which they were traveling. (jhb) *If I remember correctly listening to the same story, the money was placed underneath the mattress, seat cushion?*

...she had a younger sister in Romania, who was of marriageable age-but with no dowry-so Sarah Segal-Sally Bloom-each day after her work in the home-would carry huge piles of skirts from a nearby factory-for hour after hour-late into the night-she basted the hems of skirts for a few pennies for each skirt she basted-and for what purpose id she accumulate this money---she denied herself and every penny she earned she sent to her sister in Romania...to her family in poverty

From Shellie Ritterman

All I remember is your dad bringing me to a place where I think I was the only female and only child. I waited in a room with him with other grown men. The door opened and a man came in. Your dad had him shake my hand. He leaned over and looked me in the eye and smiled at me. He was gorgeous with red hair and blue eyes and deep lines in his face. Even though his skin wasn't smooth, he was very handsome and had a bigger than life quality. I didn't know who he was but still he left a lifelong impression on me. He shook my hand and really connected with me. I felt special. Your dad also surprised me in the grim unhappiness of my childhood with a typewriter as a gift. I think my father was jealous that your father was so thoughtful and generous with me, as he was not able to be. But I was in heaven and that typewriter was a first ticket to freedom from the family. I'd journalled my whole life. And my mother had typed some of my poems over the years. For some reason, she was very good about that. Now I could do it without her help and that pleased me. I was free!
M.

