

# Good a letter of a jewish immigrant from ukraine to the united states essay examp...

[Sociology](#), [Immigration](#)



**My dearest auntie Rachel,**

sorry we didn't write you since our departure. I didn't believe they'll force us to leave our homes and go to America, but the pogrom was so huge and devastating that there was no other choice. Still leaving our house was very painful for me despite of the massacre the day before. But we know that our migration was the only choice to survive - weren't we asked to leave?! I can never forget my friend reading the edict stating our forced exclusion. Whom else can we blame if not our fellow villagers, it was them who started the whole hatred and slander towards us.

As you know, leaving wasn't easy and the journey was very taught. Me and my wife Ayala couldn't get a place on a ship, our little luggage got lost and we didn't have enough food. Luckily Rabbi Tevie was with us and helped with some provision. Because who else would care of us? Nobody, believe me, was interested in us, immigrants, nobody gave as any supplies or made sure we'll survive the trip. But everything is possible with a prayer, we used a prayer book of Travellers to America, distributed by our Rabbi, kept Sabath during the trip and upon our arrival. Few words about that, some people from Jewish community came when we touched the ground but the place we arrived to, called Ellis island, was full of immigrants. People speaking Polish, Serbian, Bulgarian, Italian and many other languages all heaped in groups waiting until some decisions where to go were made. We joined a group of Poles and decided to travel to Boston, although many others left to New York.

The " Golden Land" of America wasn't as great as we've heard in many stories. To be honest, nobody knows how many times we said to each other “

let's go home to our village". I was often shocked by local people who openly showed their disgust when seeing us. Some of them wouldn't allow us to go to their shops or enter a tavern. We settled in a Jewish district, but our tenement was so expensive, both of us had to work.

Regarding a job, as no skilled workers we could be employed only at a factory. There were many huge factories. Ayala started working at a shirtwaist factory. The job is difficult and the wages are low but she quickly learned how to make the most in a shift. I got a job at a machine-making factory. We worked hard almost 10 hours per day with the only day off on Saturday.

Not knowing English was a big challenge for me, I used to read a Yiddish-English phrase book and go to the public evening school, so now I can read in English although I do not understand much. We were asked to do a naturalisation course, but I think we do not need it. Our son David somehow picked the language very quickly, now he speaks English with his friends, I am afraid he'll forget Yiddish one day.

Also I am so happy to inform you of a birth of our little daughter. We named her Hannah, after my mother. Ayala talks only in Yiddish to her, but I think one day when she's older she'll say " I'm American" and forget our traditions.

**Say our best wishes to those who stayed in the village.  
Shalom Aleichem!**

Very truly yours,

Solomon