

I will try to make this letter as brief as possible and yet at the same time tell you all of the important facts.

On December 20, 1955 I became suddenly violently ill, my husband called our physician Dr. Goldstein and told him that I was too ill to come to his office. Dr. Goldstein refused to come out to our home although I had such severe stomach cramps, that I was unable to move and we suspected poisoning.

A few months later there was an accident in our home, my husband fell and cut his arm on a broken glass. Although it was purely an accident someone started the rumor that I had cut him, which wasn't true as he had fallen on it. Then a short time later he was warned that I was going to be railroaded to an insane asylum. When he heard this he insisted that I go to a physician that he knew in Milwaukee. We went to this physician and explained the situation. He said that there was nothing mentally wrong with me and that if they gave me any trouble to let him know.

Later I came down with the flu and Dr. Goldstein was called again. He answered that "what I needed was a psychiatrist not a physician", and he refused to come out or administer any medicine. He had made up his mind that I needed a psychiatrist, in another way other than by examining me, because I hadn't seen him for a couple of years.

The police started coming over to my house several times a week, sometimes twice a day, but they wouldn't tell me what they wanted, they just asked for my husband then left. When my husband got home he went down to the police station and asked what they wanted and they wouldn't tell him. All of this was making me very nervous and we were getting quite jumpy.

Shortly after this I was taken in by court order signed by Judge Zievers for a mental examination. I was locked in a cell in the county court house. I had no privacy and men prisoners and police officers could peek in any time they liked. I had a severe cold and was unable to eat the jail rations that I was served. Then I developed a severe stomach pain. I called for help. I told an officer that I pained so much I couldn't stand it, and I asked for a physician, however I wasn't allowed one. There was a tremendous yelling and racket going on in the jail. I could not rest, and the police woman had told my husband. My husband came to see me the next evening. He then told me that the baby was in the hospital. I was shocked when he told me this as there was nothing wrong with him when they took me away. I had the flu, but the baby was alright. He said that the police woman had taken the baby from his arms the day before when they were down town, shopping.

The next day my husband came to the jail. He said that he would get me out because they had no right to hold me. I had confidence that he would. However when he did come to get me we headed for Milwaukee instead of going home. As yet I hadn't talked to anyone about why I had been locked up and I haven't been able to find out to this day. I asked him why I had been locked up and he said that he didn't know. But Judge Zievers said that I had to get out of town for a few weeks or the neighbors would call up again and they would just have to lock me up again. I asked him what the neighbors had reported and he said that he didn't know. I pleaded with him to take me to talk with Judge Zievers so that I could find out what this was all about; and to find out what right neighbors have to run a young mother and a property owner out of town. What were the charges?

I was famished as I had been unable to digest those dry sandwiches which was all that we were allowed to eat. I then asked him to stop and get something to eat. I also wanted time to think over what was happening.