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218 Grand Street
Jersey City 2, New Jersey
8 June 1950

United States Gypsum Company
Foot of Henderson Street
Jersey City 2, New Jersey

Dear Sirs:

I want to congratulate you and your wonderful product, Asbestos & Asbestos Shingles. An advancement for civilization. True--we have had it around for years but I've just stopped to realize what a wonderful product it is. I like the advancement of civilization--at times I don't think we have progressed enough. Then when I think of how such advancement as yours has hindered us--I'd like to return to the Caveman era--where health was preserved and man lived beyond the 60 yr mark.

Dad worked in your plant some fifteen years ago. As I remember he had a choice of two jobs at the time--one in a cigar factory on Montgomery Street or a job in your plant. He chose your plant (in spite of the fact that it was far less pay) because it was so very close to home. I REGRET the day he set foot in your plant. Dad was a cabinet maker by trade, but due to the lack of work in his trade he took any job to keep bread

on the table for us - his children.

He was laid-off due to a slack period in your plant--some years ago. He never returned to your plant--for he had gained employment elsewhere--but the damage was done--he spent a few miserable years in your rat trap.

About two years ago we noticed my Dad's health was not up to par. He became short of breath--but he being one never to complain--kept it unto himself for a long time. Soon it became noticeable and unbearable for him. We took him to a doctor--then a chest specialist who informed us he had ASBESTOSOUS. Unable to get around he quit his job. Soon he became bed ridden. His breathing becoming more and more difficult. Soon an oxygen tank was ordered by his doctor to be used when necessary. Then shortly he was using it constantly (did you ever see someone gasping for air--and not being able to help him--its not a pretty thing to see.) After suffering a good deal--Dad passed away on March 19, 1949.

The loss of Dad was an ordeal for us but more of an ordeal for Mother. She fell sick after his death and now she may leave us sooner than we know of.

I feel that your firm is wholely responsible for my Dad's death and mother's illness. Had he not worked in your plant he would be with

us today and would have fifteen years of healthy, happy life before him to enjoy. He was a picture of health--having no ailments of any kind. He never was sick a day in his life--that is until the effects of this Asbestosous hit him. It ate his lungs away. He was like a drowning man--I knew he was drowning but there was nothing I could do but pray for him.

Our home will never be the same and we have you to blame for that. The purpose of this letter is to tell you of your negligence in preventing this from happening to us and I hope to prevent it from happening to other families--and it will less you check your plant for Safety measures.

You see my Dad worked for your firm back in 1935 and suffered a lung condition after leaving your employ. His doctors--the best we could find--Dr. Matturi and Dr. Blum can bear me out that his Asbestosous condition was cause of his death.

So for the sake of God and Humanity--please check your plant for such unhealty conditions and do all in your power to save others from suffering as my Dad did. Remember the little effort on your part will save lives and money. Precaution is better than a cure--there was none for dad.

Thank you for taking time out to read this

I remain--

Yours truly,

Mr. Ben G. Miriello