



THIS IS MY STORY:
I WRITE AND SPEAK OF MYSELF

Clara H. Fram

These recollections were written by Clara H. Fram
in the eight week seminar called "THIS IS MY STORY:
I WRITE AND SPEAK OF MYSELF".

CONTINUING EDUCATION THROUGH SENIOR SEMINARS

SPRING SEMESTER, 1982
March 15 - May 3

AMALIE SHARFMAN, INSTRUCTOR

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MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS

My earliest recollections take me back to the time I was sitting on the earth floor in my mother's house in Malynov, Ukraine. I was on the floor playing with my china doll, when my attention was attracted to the alcove on the right. There, on the sofa, was a form covered over with a white sheet. Suddenly, our next-door neighbor was beside me. She picked me up, wrapped me in her light brown shawl, and carried me into her house where I soon became absorbed in playing with her little girl. Some time, much later, I became aware that it was my grandfather who had just died.

Of course, I did not remain a year-and-a-half old. Life has a habit of filling the mind of a child with various items, interesting facts that occur and stand out. My home, in retrospect, was far from palatial, or even comfortable. But it was situated opposite the synagogue. And soon I became aware of a baby in the part of the house my mother had rented to a Melamed--a Hebrew teacher and his family.

The little china doll that had been my dearest possession was beginning to lose my attention when I noticed with glee that next door was a real, live baby. In addition, the house was filled with young children, mostly boys, being taught Hebrew by the baby's father, Shimeon Melamed. It was so easy to stand by quietly, to listen and learn while the teacher was giving his attention to each of his students. What a thrill it was to learn to read without being taught. Back in our house, my teen-age brother, Yitzchak, taught me to write. I remember once hearing Shimeon Melamed saying to my mother, "She'll soon be teaching me!"

Do you want to travel and visit a small town or "shtetil" in Poland or Russian Ukraine, about which the famous writer, Sholem Aleychem, speaks in many of his works? Then come with me to the little town, "Malynov," where there live about six or seven hundred Jews; only Jews, except the lord of the manor, the "Count" and his family, the doctor and his family, and a few other ordinary Christians who might be handy on the holy Sabbath.

We are traveling not by a car or train, but with a horse and wagon! Life in this townlet is very pleasant, since the inhabitants know each other well. Each housewife practically knows what the other is cooking. Life in this town is so intimate that nick-names describe some of the people, caricatures not by pen and ink on paper, but by word of mouth. For instance, there is "Chaim, the Long One," a very tall fellow, skinny as well, and very lazy; he just doesn't want to work. And then there is Moshe, the water-carrier, a man who is seen daily on the streets, two buckets of water suspended on a rod across his shoulders, with which he fills the water barrel each housewife has in her kitchen.

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And, there is Reb Henoah, worthy Rabbi of the town, a scholar greatly respected; but he has evidently failed to note that life has been changing, perhaps advancing. For there he is on his way to the synagogue, dressed like George Washington; George Washington with a beard, a long silkén coat, short trousers, long white stockings and low shoes. Another well-known man in the town is Shimeon Melamed, the Hebrew teacher, whose assistant can be seen, most of the day, carrying on his shoulders, to the class, protesting pupils, some even crying, but each one equipped with a bagel for comfort.

And, in the adjoining house lives Pesse the American, a name given to her because her husband keeps going to America and returning, because he doesn't want to raise his children in the "traife" America.

And, if you are a little girl in the house of Pesse, the American, you live in a wonderful spot; the Synagogue is across the way and today is an exciting day, for it is Friday. And while you are playing with mud pies that you place in an opening or aperture in the wall left by a loose brick, like your mother does in the house with the chollas for Shabbos, you watch and you listen, for you know soon they will come. And, suddenly there they come; singly, by twos and by threes, carrying clean underwear on their shoulders, the men, the Jewish men of the town. "They are going to the 'Merchatz' (bath house)" your mother says. But you know! You also know that in the afternoon they will return; and truly, there they are, their dirty underwear on their shoulders, their faces shining, ready for the Sabbath!

And tomorrow! It is the Sabbath. And, if you are that little girl in the household of Pesse, the American, today is the most exciting day. The Synagogue, as you know, is across the way. You watch the men entering via the main door to the left, while the women use the staircase on the right that leads to their balcony in the synagogue. And, during the service, when the men below are engaged in the reading of the Torah, the women use the Yiddish translation of the Bible, called the "Teich Chumash", reading the portion of the week. But there are many women who cannot read! Never mind. They go down the staircase into the street and across the way to the house of Pesse, the American, because they know that there sits a little girl of five on the floor, as there are not enough chairs, her mother's teich-chumash on her lap, and she is reading the portion of the week in Yiddish for the women seated around her who cannot read themselves. That little girl was me!

MY GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER

My grandfather, Mordechai Rivitz, who died when I was 18 months old, nine months after my father left Malynow the last time, had been 7 years old when he was snatched up by the Czar's agents and conscripted into the Russian army for 25 years' duty. His parents were, of course, mortified to think of what would become of him, this young child. Either he would die in the army or they would convert him. So his father journeyed to one well-known Rebbe (a Chassidic Rabbi) for advice and comfort; and he was told that the Lord would protect his child. At the same time he gave him a book, a "Tehillim" (the Book of Psalms) which the young soldier was to keep with him at all times and study it. The Rebbe inscribed it with the young soldier's full name in Hebrew, of course.

My grandfather was discharged after having served 15 years instead of 25 years because the Russo-Turkish war had ended. He found himself then in Simphoropl in the Crimea, opposite the Turkish capital, Constantinople. There, at age 22, he met a young Jewish orphan girl, the owner of a wine cellar. He married her, and began making plans to bring her to his home town in the Ukraine. It took them 2 and 1/2 years to get there, during which time their first child was born, a girl. [my Aunt Chaia] On arriving home, their son David, my father, was born.

Back home with his family, my grandfather soon bought a small estate they called a Possessia in Irslavitch, utilizing his pension and what my grandmother realized from the sale of her properties in Simphoropl. The children grew up there in the country not far from Mlynow, where the boy David was sent to a Cheder to learn. It was there that he met my mother, a girl two years his senior, the eldest of the four beautiful daughters of the town's scholar.

My grandfather established on his property various projects for making a living for both his daughter and his son when they married. There was an inn where travelers could stop and be refreshed, bringing to mind, people said, the Biblical story of Abraham greeting the three strangers [angels]. There was a distillery making vodka; there was cattle, there was farming. For a number of years they all lived together, the daughter Chaia, "ruling the roost" with country strength and authority, cracking down on her quiet brother and his pretty wife.

In the town Malynow, my maternal grandmother had been an only child of wealthy parents; her father, Moshe Gruber, owning a brass and copper foundry, employing about two hundred laborers. When Rifka was eleven years old her father traveled to various "Yeshivohs" [centers of learning] to find the proper scholar for her to marry. From the town of Ludmir he brought a fifteen year old scholar named Israel Jacob Demb and, according to the prevailing custom, promised perpetual support for him and his growing family.

As the young family grew, my mother being the eldest of the girls, so did their grandfather's so-called wealth diminish. By the time my father and my mother saw each other in Cheder, though he would have desired a scholarly bridegroom for his beautiful and accomplished Pesse, my grandfather did not object to her marrying into the Rivitz family that was well-off in their Possessia.

In 1880, however, came the Czar's decree that no Jew could own land! My grandfather was forced to sell all his property for whatever he could get, and the family moved into the town Malynow I have already described. His daughter's husband, Getzel Fuchs [Fax in Baltimore] left for the new land, America, and a few years later his daughter, Chaia and their child followed. The son, David, my father, left for America at the same time, as he saw that without his father's "Possessia" he could not make a living

Whatever little money he or his sister had, had been borrowed by the nobleman of the area, Graf Lhedochowski, to support his gambling habit, and he made no move to pay them back. Before she left for America, Chaia met the debtor nobleman in the field. She came upon him, grabbed him by the throat, and demanded her 1200 rubles. He paid. He owed my father 600 rubles, but my father was timid and afraid to demand his money before he left for America, at the age of 24. In Balti-⁹more, where his brother-in-law was already making a living, he thought he would try, too.

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MY FAMILY ABROAD AND IN AMERICA

After my grandfather died, my grandmother Zecil decided not to remain in the house with her daughter-in-law, my mother, and the children. There were five of us: Gulza [diminutive of "Margulis"--"Margalit" in modern Hebrew], Minnie [Menucha in Hebrew] Yitzchak, our brother, all three born before my father first left for America, at which time Gulza was six years old. My mother, years later, fond of reminiscing about my father, said frequently: "Whoever didn't see him get off the train in Dubno [on his return], has never seen a handsome man." He had come home perhaps to go into the grain business, so he thought.

The three children, Gulza, Minnie and Yitzchak, were teenagers when my sister Rose was born; and twenty-two months later, I, Kayla, Clara, arrived.

I have no recollection of Gulza in the house, because I was two and one-half years old when she got married, though I remember vividly the little dresses she made for Rose and me to wear at the wedding: white piqué short dresses, the yoke and cuffs trimmed with blue piping.

It was then, I believe, that my mother rented part of the house to Shimeon Melamed.

She herself was always occupied with her garden behind the house, where she grew potatoes, beans, carrots, radishes, cucumbers, etc. I mention these details because my mother so loved her garden, weeding and all; and it was her garden that provided much of the family's food, plus her baking every Thursday night. [P.S. Among her favorite reminiscences was, always, that giving birth to me was so easy and quick, that "she almost lost me among the cucumbers."]

Friday mornings, my mother greeted us with the wonderful hot "popalek", the round flat roll (about three inches in diameter) she baked as a bonus for us children.

Beyond my mother's personal, rather extensive, garden that she and the children worked, there was a very large field for which she engaged a neighboring peasant to work, his pay being half of what he produced there. Much of what was grown was stored in the cellar under the house, but the beans! The beans! The beans kept us busy all winter, because when the growth was dried by the sun in the field, the entire bean crop was pulled up and brought into the house. We all pitched in shelling the beans! My mother had, lovingly, given me the responsibility of tending to the peas in the garden. The blossoms were so lovely, and the peas could be eaten even raw.

My sister Minnie was a tall, beautiful girl, with long, dark hair she could sit on. She was proud of her looks, even to the point of using face powder that came in the form of small, conical bits. She took care of us two little girls, Rose and Kayla [Clara]. It was she that took us walking while she followed behind us, sometimes accompanied by a young man. He was the hairdresser and barber whom she asked for advice about my hair that was plain and straight, while Rose had beautiful, long curls.

Rose was a well-covered, rosy child, while I was small and pale. Seeing us together, people would stop and remark, "What a beautiful child!" meaning Rose, whereupon Minnie would say immediately, "Ah, but she is smart!" pointing to me. Rose, even as a child, was so attractive and aggressive that my mother, in her reminiscences, even recalled a young man who happened to be visiting once remarking, "I'd like to put a deposit down on her!"

My grandmother didn't live very far from our house, and my mother saw to it that her needs were taken care of. It was my sister Minnie who would wash and iron her clothes and deliver them to her regularly.

At times, my grandmother Rifka would visit us on Saturday afternoon and take us children to the nearby countryside and show us various herbs growing that she told us the Lord had put on earth for us as medicine.

My grandfather, when he came, wanted to know what news my mother had heard from her husband, my father, as well as my brother Yitzchak who had left to join him in America.

I remember my mother once going to Dubno to buy some goodies to enhance the coming holiday, Purim. She returned with various small items, like flowers, little tables, little chairs made out of an edible substance (now known as "marzipan")! These special items were meant for us children as well as to add to her own bakings for the "Shalach Mones" (sending of gifts) plates she sent to friends. At the same time, she brought me a pair of little red shoes I would not take off when she took me to bed.

Once a basket of colored eggs was sent to me, the "little one". My mother said it was her friend Zocia, (the Gentile Polish woman who lived diagonally across from our house) and who sent me some eggs she had colored orange by boiling them with onion skins for their Easter holiday

"THIS IS MY STORY"

There was a Russian school somewhere in the area. Once Minnie tried to enroll us children there. They accepted Rose, but they said I needed a nurse, not a school. However, when Rose studied her primer, I listened in and endeavored to learn, especially the last page which was in Greek, evidently a prayer, since the Russians were Greek Catholics.

Frequently, our cousin Hertz Shulman, a youth of about seventeen, a student in that school, would stop in our house to study, memorizing his work, while walking back and forth in the room with his book. We knew he was the son of my Aunt Perl and her distinguished husband and whom my grandfather was delighted to have marry his second daughter. This man had arrived in Mlynov from Lithuania, well educated, rolling his R's when he spoke Yiddish; an emancipated, proud Jew, resembling one's image of Tolstoi, and possessing books in Hebrew and Russian, as well as Yiddish translations of French novels. He also subscribed to a Yiddish newspaper, and would talk to my grandfather about his uncle, the famous Hebrew writer, Kalman Shulman.

My grandmother Rifka was especially attracted to the Yiddish translations of the French novels. This could have been a relief to her husband, my grandfather, because he was known to have said once, "Blessed is the man whose wife doesn't even know the 'Alef-Bais', the Hebrew alphabet". because she frequently took issue with him in his Biblical and Talmudic studies.

Years later in Baltimore, my sister Gulza told me she and grandma had almost weekly arguments about the "Count of Monte Cristo" Grandma was reading only on weekdays because on Shabbos she studied "Perek", the "Chapter" - (the assigned weekly chapter in "Ethics of the Fathers"). Gulza was begging Grandma to let her have the book for Shabbos only, but Grandma said "No" every time, and she said Gulza could have the book only when she, Grandma, was finished with it.

A visit with my Shulman cousins in their forest home was always exciting. Their father was the important manager of the entire forest. My recollection of their beautiful mother, my mother's sister, was that she wore a sweeping "pin-yar" (peignoir) and was generally reading books.

I was about four or five years old on this particular visit when I found myself in the custody of their servant girl together with my three cousins between the ages of four to seven. The girl was to take us into the woods and tell us some stories. One of the stories appeared rather strange to me. It was about what mammas and daddies do with each other, and she vividly illustrated on her own body how they go about it. There was no daddy in my house, so why not wait for another story, a prettier one, I thought.

It wasn't until I was in the sixth grade in Baltimore that some of my chummy classmates, in their own way, clarified that confusing tale I heard in the woods.

Some things that my mother and my big sister Minnie would discuss were not meant for my ears, but since I was a quiet, introspective child, I remember some highlights. For instance, I knew there were young scholars from out of town studying in the synagogue and they had no means of support, so they "ate days", meaning each boy knew by a definite schedule where he would eat Mondays, where Tuesdays, where Wednesdays, and so forth; also where he was to lodge.

Also, I must have been five or six years old when I heard my mother declare "not me, not in my house -- I have girls!" It seems that the town was being over-run by Russian men who had come to work on some new project. They all needed room and board and would pay well. Here was a chance for a household to make money. In one Jewish household my mother and Minnie and the whole town knew, their attractive 15 year old red-haired daughter, evidently fraternizing with their Gentile roomer, was "showing evidence" to the extent that in a very few months she was spirited away to be taken care of. Her mother lost her mind.

My sister Minnie had a very handsome young gentleman friend who would come from a distant town to see her. I remember him well because he always gave me a dime (or whatever that small coin was) when he left. I knew Minnie was planning to marry him, when all of a sudden my grandfather, who was evidently investigating this fine young man came to put an end to all this; he had found out that, to be sure he was a fine fellow, but there was a "meshumad" in his "mishpacha". There was a blot on his family. A cousin of his had become converted.

Here, I should mention the whereabouts of my eldest sister Gulza who had married the young man Lazer Mazuryk (Mazer in Baltimore) when I was about two and a half years old. They lived in another town called Berestechko, closer to the border of Austria, which feature was evidently an asset in business.

I remember, for a certain holiday, they came and fetched me to visit them for a few days when I was about five. I think they wanted to fatten me up, or else why would Gulza have cooked the fish in so much milk and butter? My stomach rebelled; I lost it all. However, on another day, going with Lazer to visit his cow so I could watch him milk it, was wonderful! In my mind's palate, I can still taste the delightful, warm milk that was in the cup Lazer had brought along.

On that same visit I remember Lazer pretended to confuse me in my reading of "Prayers after Eating". When I was reciting one paragraph after another, he would interrupt me, saying, "You don't recite this one today." And I would answer, haughtily, "Is that so?" The paragraph mentions the very holiday. Today is that holiday!"

To his dying day in Baltimore sixty years later, he never failed to repeat my many "bright sayings" he had collected.

So far, I appear to have been a quiet, precocious child; but for the life of me, I cannot recall any scenes of "leave-taking" between my mother and her parents, my grandparents, or between our grandparents and us children. I was already seven years old. But I do remember my Grandpa Zecil was with us when we all went, by horse and wagon, to visit Gulza and her husband and their new baby. We didn't stay in Berestechko more than a day, because we had to travel farther, to cross the border into Austria.

It was winter and very cold. The entire area was covered with three or four days' steady snow fall. I was walking as well and as steadily as anyone in our group, I thought, since it was so cold, and it was hard to pull my little feet out of the deep snow; but I kept on. I noticed that behind me was my stout, very old Grandpa on a sled being pulled by a soldier in uniform. Suddenly, I felt that on lifting my right foot out of the snow, I had left my little rubber in the snow depth, and I could go no further. I stopped, and began to cry. I don't know where he came from, but a soldier appeared and put me on his shoulders. We kept on, but my mother and the rest were not in sight. Suddenly, the soldier carrying me entered a strange, noisy room and stood me, me alone, on a table, where I was surrounded by more soldiers, all talking in a strange language. It was then that I felt alone and helpless, lost in the world beyond redemption!

The five or six soldiers around me could not assuage my wild fear; but my mother's timely appearance did it.

We were crossing the border into Brod, Austria. What I remember of Brod was that there my mother bought each of us, Rose and me, a "paletot" (French for "warm coat") and velvet bonnet to match. Rose's outfit was red and mine was deep blue.

The next notable stop was Vienna where, from a streetcar we were on, someone pointed out the palace of Emperor Franz-Joseph.

It was in Trieste that we spent more time. In fact, we were there a month, awaiting the arrival of the ship that would take us to America. It was here, in Trieste, that my Grandmother asserted her "superior" knowledge about travel. Didn't we recall she had come originally from Simphoropl in the Crimea, where she had had many opportunities for travel by land and by sea? She knew what precautions to take when you are enroute, especially on a ship. "Bread, bread is what you don't get!" So, from every meal, my Grandmother saved for us several rolls she put in a burlap bag, which was full at the end of the month, and which she expected Minnie to carry on board ship.

Meanwhile, the streets of the town were impressing me; they did not stay level, as I recall, but every few yards continued with few steps either going up or down. I recently checked this feature with a native of Trieste, and he said I was right.

Finally, our ship arrived. It was the "Martha Washington" bound for New York, out of Trieste.

And here, as an epilogue, are some of the recollections of the impressionable seven year old that I was, coming to the United States.

We were five; my mother, my aged and stout Grandmother with one leg shorter than the other, my two sisters and I. Over and over again I heard my Grandmother declare: "With a husband, (in this instance, to a husband) you even cross an ocean!" She was evidently trying to console my mother who had left her own parents behind, never to see them again! A very vivid impression that lingers, is seeing my aged Grandmother being hoisted into a hammock for the night -- no beds in steerage, of course. And then, in the two weeks' voyage, one very stormy night, adding to the miseries engendered by the storm, a rumor was spreading that a sailor had passed through the women's section, announcing, "Tonight you all die!" But we didn't.

Then, the all-night train trip from New York to Baltimore. While we were sitting in the dark, dimly lit rumbling train, there suddenly appeared a man with boxes of candy. "Welcoming presents", I thought gleefully. He put one box on my mother's lap, one box on my Grandmother's lap, one box each on my sisters' laps, but not on mine! Later, however, he returned and took them all back. I ✓ felt better then. *Ng was crossfallen*

The train finally stopped; and, as we were alighting into the gray, early dawn, we saw in the distance one man, standing behind the gate in Mt. Royal Station, a lone solitary vigil, and I heard my mother exclaim: "Children, there, there's your father !!!"

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PART II

CONTINUING EDUCATION THROUGH SENIOR SEMINARS

FALL SEMESTER, 1982
October 18 - December 16

AMALIE SHARFMAN, INSTRUCTOR



SENIOR SEMINARS wishes to thank AMALIE SHARFMAN, without whose dedication and devotion these personal histories might never have been written. A published author in her own right and teacher of creative writing, Mrs. Sharfman is a treasured part of the SENIOR SEMINARS faculty. SENIOR SEMINARS is indebted to its staff of volunteer professional instructors, all of whom bring enormous talent and expertise to share with older students as a gift to the community.

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EARLY CHILDHOOD

My father had waited alone in Mt. Royal Station throughout the night, all others having left when they realized an all-night vigil was before them. He had prepared for us an apartment or, rather, a flat at 852 East Pratt Street, which was exactly one block from 752 East Pratt Street, where his sister, Chaia, lived with her husband, Getzel Fax and their son, Joe Fax, later a prominent Baltimore attorney. Their daughter, Toba, had married and was already the mother of several children.

It was at this address, 752 East Pratt Street, that Getzel and Chaia Fax had developed their wholesale match business; the stock in cases upon cases were stacked in more than half of the house. In fact, it was through a narrow path between two walls of cases of matches that one could reach the kitchen in the rear. And they were rich, we all knew. So it was assumed that Grandma would be living with them. She had carefully gathered her valuable belongings, such as her large silver candlesticks, silver beakers, silver spoons, forks and lesser items, brass and copper utensils, her several strands of seed pearls, and even the vestige of a squirrel fur coat, which was the last of the three fur coats she had brought from Simphoropl. Perhaps there were other things I, as a child, did not consider interesting, such as bedding, etc. With all her belongings she went to live with her rich daughter and her daughter's family.

As for her son, my father, all he could manage was to rent two rooms and a summer kitchen for his family in the rear of the second floor at 852 East Pratt Street. There was no room for my 23 year old sister Minnie, so it was arranged that she would sleep at Aunt Mollie's, around the corner, until her wedding which was to take place in a couple of weeks. Aunt Mollie was mother's youngest sister who had preceded her to Baltimore by one year.

Almost immediately my sister Rose and I were enrolled in School No. 93 on East Baltimore Street at Aisquith Street, Rose in the third grade, and I in the first grade, since I had never had any schooling before. It was a German-English school, one of only two such schools in Baltimore, where the daily afternoon curriculum was devoted to the study of German. Most of the teachers were proficient in both German and English, except Miss Nellie McHale of the seventh grade and Miss Eva M. Burke of the eighth grade. In those two grades, it was the distinguished looking Mr. John A. Korff, the Principal, who taught, or rather presided, over the teaching of German and the appreciation of German culture. German was easy for me since it bore a notable similarity to the Yiddish we spoke and read at home.

But it was English I was anxious to learn, and so my undivided attention was focused on the teacher, Miss Clara Hoffman, to the extent that the girl sitting on the bench next to me kept saying repeatedly, "I'm a go'n a tell the teacher!" I did not understand what that meant, and so I kept on doing

my "writing" using the ^{pencils} pencils the teacher had given us with which to copy ✓
what she had put on the board. What a thrill it was, one morning, to be
able to read and understand the first sentence Miss Clara (Hoffman) had
written on the board. It was March 9, 1909.

Years later, on applying for U.S. Citizenship and having to supply details
of my entry into the United States, I stated that "March 9, 1909" was the
first date I recalled. Using all the data I had supplied, the Immigration
Department came back and informed me my name was "Kayla" and my ship, the
Martha Washington, had landed in New York on February 28, 1909.

EARLY DAYS IN BALTIMORE

The man my sister Minnie married so soon after our arrival, was Sam Fox, twenty-six years old, the younger brother of my uncle, Getzel Fax. He was a widower, the father of two small boys, Martin three years old, and Ernest one year old. My Aunt Chaia, in this emergency, was displaying her piety and kindness of heart, by caring for the little children until we arrived, as it was understood that Minnie would marry Sam Fox and be a mother to the two little boys. Sam Fox was a pants operator in a shop, as was my brother Yitzchak (Isaac), although he appeared to be suffering some ailment. Minnie and Sam were married and took an apartment in the same house, 852 East Pratt Street, second floor front.

My father was not one of the workers in the pants shop. I discovered that his work was peddling various items of merchandise, dry goods he obtained at a wholesale house owned by two men he knew from the synagogue. The firm was called Nachlas and Freiden. I never saw my father carrying a basket with his merchandise. He and mother discussed his earnings in the evening after we children went to bed.

My mother, though disappointed by the poor reception she and her little family had received, evidently understood immediately that her husband, my father, was still under the denigrating influence of his older sister Chaia, as had been the situation when they all lived together in Irslavitch. My father had had only a cheder schooling in Hebrew, and no schooling at all after he married at the age of sixteen. He was an obedient son to his father and his adoring mother. He was what you might call a "law-abiding citizen" trying to do the right thing, but evidently lacked the self-confidence and initiative to strike out for himself. His father had always been behind him, but here in Baltimore his sole family contact was his stern, overbearing sister.

However, it was in the synagogue that he met other East European immigrants who were also struggling in their endeavors to come to terms with life in America without any skills whatsoever. It was the "Shomrei Mishmeres" Congregation, an orthodox group housed in the building whose Doric Columns, to this day, distinguish it as a gem of Greek architecture, and its history as being the oldest synagogue in Maryland. It had been built as a Temple in the middle of the 19th Century by the German-Jewish Community that had settled in the area and had prospered. When, in the 1880's, however, Jews of East European extraction, from Poland, Russia and Lithuania, began to flood East Baltimore, the German Jews, almost to a man, left the area and moved to West Baltimore.

The German Jews had built not only the beautiful Temple, but many fine, substantial homes that were now turned into flats and rented to new immigrants, like 852 East Pratt Street, where we lived. We had been told that the house was owned by three maiden lady sisters named Jacobs, who now lived up town.

As for conveniences, there was a coal stove in the kitchen, also running cold water from a spigot, but no lighting.

We used the same kerosene lamp we used in Europe. Nowhere in the three story house was there a bath or a toilet, though the needs of the latter could be fulfilled in the long multi-sectioned outhouse in the back yard, about 100 feet, no, 100 yards, to the rear of the house. On High Street, around the corner, was the Public Bath, where for three cents one was admitted to a tub or a shower. If a woman was married she deserved a tub, while other females only a shower. My bath was generally in the washtub my mother had in the summer kitchen.

The prosperous German-Jewish Community had built another temple in the vicinity of the elegant Eutaw Place, where they made their homes in fine houses, following the modus vivendi they had enjoyed in Germany where the privileges of education and personal development had been theirs. They had nothing in common with the hordes of Polish or Russian Jews now in East Baltimore, whose almost total sphere of education had been the Cheder and the Siddur (the Prayer Book). All other education or learning had been denied them virtually throughout the Russian domain.

Once in awhile, the name Sonneborn was heard in East Baltimore. The Sonneborns had a large clothing factory somewhere between the old and the new neighborhoods, where any immigrant Jew could come and be given the sum of \$5.00 to start him in American living. Other prominent German-Jewish names filtered through to our part of Baltimore, as they had established large, fine department stores, such as Hochschild-Kohn, Hutzler's and Bernheimer's. Some of these stores, like Hochschild-Kohn's were, at that time, closed on Saturdays and High Holy days, as their owners were of the German Orthodox aristocracy.

A scion of the German Jewish aristocracy, however, was still among us poor, uneducated Jews: and we, my sister Rose and I, were privileged to know her, though at "arm's length", to be sure. She was Miss Deborah Cohn, a woman of about forty-eight, who taught the third grade where our cousin David Roskes, Aunt Mollie's son, had come to her notice the year before. My sister Rose had been enrolled in her class immediately and, within a year, I too, reached her class. Miss Deborah Cohn's family lived in a very large and spacious home about a half mile from our school on South Broadway, the house being distinguished by a wide and imposing group of steps that led to the entrance that we observed from afar.

It was rumored among our friends and neighbors that Miss Deborah had remained unmarried because she could find no match among her German-Jewish "landes-leute" to be as piously Jewish as she and her brothers were. They, too, had a department store, but it was on South Broadway, called THE FAIR, a few blocks away from their home. Of course, it was closed on Saturdays and on High Holy Days. It was reopened Saturday night after dark and kept open until late at night.

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My sister Rose, being bright as well as aggressive, soon caught Miss Deborah Cohn's attention to the extent that she gave her a Saturday night job at THE FAIR for 75¢ each week. I was never offered a Saturday night job; I was too shy and immature socially. We all felt that she, Miss Deborah, sort of kept her eye on us poor children, because it was through her that our cousin David Roskes, then Rose, then I, discovered Branch No. 11 of the Enoch Pratt Free Library in our neighborhood, and Miss Danneker, the Librarian who, year after year, kept us supplied with interesting books.

The former Temple the German Jews had built on Lloyd Street at Aisquith was now the "Shomrei Mishmeres" Synagogue (The Keepers of the Covenant). My uncle Getzel Fax was the president when we arrived in Baltimore, and it was here that my father, when he was a new arrival, had casually changed his name from Rivitz to Hurwitz because a man told him that Rivitz cannot be spelled in English. "What is your name?" asked my father. "Hurwitz", the man replied. "So mine will be Hurwitz, too", agreeably said my father. I never did know our family name in Europe, and so Rose and I were entered in school as Rose and Clara Hurwitz.

The school, No. 93 I speak of, had two definite sections, one bearing the word BOYS overhead and the other the word GIRLS, each section with a yard of its own. I was also soon aware that I was in the German-English section, but that there was another group of classes where German was not taught. From this I deduced that Rose and I were put in the German-English classes to facilitate our general educational progress since German sounded almost like the language we already knew.

One thing, however, was puzzling to me. I don't remember knowing any Jewish girls in my classes; my classmates, as far as I could tell, were gentiles, and so many were named "Johanna". It never occurred to me to find out why. I was too absorbed in my work. It wasn't until about ten or twelve years later when I had a particular reason for walking deeper into Aisquith Street past the school, that I observed behind the school yards that there was a large four-story red brick building on which was painted at the top, in a large semi-circular sign these words: ALLGEMEINES DEUTCHES WEISENHAUS in the old German lettering we had been learning in our classes. The Johannas were evidently all orphans.

FAMILY LIFE AND EARLY SCHOOL DAYS

As I refer back to my early school days, I do not recall ever being in the same class with my sister Rose who began to speak English almost immediately, while I kept quiet, more or less, until I was satisfied I was correct. Even when we went to Spring Gardens, the city playground a few blocks from our house, Rose jumped in at once to the games with the other children. Not I. I remember once we were to dance in a circle, singing: "Now let me see you hustle, mezoo, mezoo; now let us wash the windows, mezoo, mezoo ---". Rose, already a big girl, joined in the game with enthusiasm. I left the ring. I must have felt it was beneath my "dignity". I was already eight or nine years old, and I sensed an atmosphere of condescension in being taught this stupid game.

Even in our early childhood days in Poland, Rose and I appeared to be different. She was remembered by Mother, and especially by our big sisters, as a child who demanded her way, even relentlessly hollering and screaming till she got her way. Gulza used to recall the time when Rose kept hollering and screaming for days for something she wanted, while I stood by quietly. Trying to quiet her diplomatically, our big sister would say to her, "See, Clara isn't demanding and screaming. You don't want it, do you, Clara?" "Yes, I do", I replied. "Then why don't you scream and holler?" asked Gulza. My reply was, "If Rose will get it, I'll get it too." (whatever "it" was)

I early learned not to cross Rose, and kept out of her way. She was growing up faster, and I did not try to keep up with her.

In Baltimore, when we arrived, my father was earning about six dollars a week. He was in his early forties but looked like an old man with his long black beard a la Theodore Herzl, whose portrait graced many a Jewish home. My father, though handsome, showed none of Herzl's pride and look of importance. My father presented a quiet appearance; subdued but not fearful. I heard him tell mother how on his route where he was peddling, frequently gentile boys would try to attack him, pulling his beard and calling him "Santa Claus". My father, as I have said, was not a learned man (scholastically), and he must have had an inferiority complex on that score. He envied nobody. His idol in the synagogue was the saintly and learned Rabbi Avrom Nachman Schwartz, whose physical appearance and mien might have been a model for an artist's likeness of the "Messiah". My father could have learned from him that suffering and pain was the portion of the Jew in life.

My mother soon realized that her husband never was, and never would be, a money maker in America; and so she began to listen to her younger sister, my Aunt Mollie, whose life in Baltimore was no rosier. Aunt Mollie was a "pants-finisher" by hand, working at home on stacks of men's pants sent to her by the shop where her husband was one of the pants operators. And so Mother also became a "pants-finisher" at home. She probably earned about two or three dollars a week.

It could have been then, perhaps, that Rose and I were enrolled in the newly established "Samson Benderly Hebrew School" directly across from our Public School No. 93. Dr. Benderly was a well-known pedagogue who had come to Baltimore from Israel, then called Palestine. He came with his own ideas of teaching the Hebrew Language and cognate subjects that Jewish children should learn. He had established the school with the enthusiastic encouragement and assistance of several scholars and their grown-up sons and daughters who became the knowledgeable and respected teachers whom the students looked up to and admired.

Tuition, for us, was thirty cents a week each. I believe this modern Hebrew School, pedagogically designed, helped to do away with the former method of sending a child to a learned old man who tried to do his best to teach the child Hebrew against his will, the instructor often being obliged to resort to the ruler over the boy's knuckles, or elsewhere.

Of the teachers in the Benderly Hebrew School, I recall vividly Mr. Peretz Tarshish, the Principal, who taught Chumash (the Pentateuch). Once, when Reuven Brainin, the eminent Hebrew writer, was visiting the school, Mr. Tarshish had me stand up and recite, verbatim, the detailed morning prayers, of course, in my Russian accent. It did not take me long to change over to the Lithuanian accent. There were evidently more "Litvaks" than Russian Jews in Baltimore.

There were two brothers and a sister named Steinbach who taught Hebrew Grammar and Jewish History. There was the Freilichoff family, father and daughter, both valued and respected teachers. I was especially appreciative of Mr. Allan Steinbach who, while he himself was a student at Johns Hopkins University, gave us such an erudite course in Hebrew Grammar. Years later when I was a subscriber to "Hadoar", the Hebrew monthly, I was delighted to read that Rabbi Allan Steinbach (my teacher) was a prominent rabbi in Norfolk, Virginia.

More recently I met a Rabbi Reich, now a volunteer rabbi (I believe) at our Hebrew Home for the Aged, after having retired from a Norfolk pulpit where he had served thirty years. I asked him if he ever knew Rabbi Allan Steinbach. Rabbi Reich told me that thirty years ago it was Rabbi Steinbach who was then retiring after he had served in that same synagogue for thirty years. He even told me Rabbi Allan Steinbach studied at Johns Hopkins University before he became a rabbi.

I do not recall how long Rose remained in the Benderly Hebrew School, as she was taking an interest more, in sewing herself a dress, as if her beauty needed embellishment, I must have been thinking. As for me, I was thinking to myself, "Is there anything better in the world than learning?" I stayed in the Benderly Hebrew School until I entered High School.

IN THE FAMILY AND AT SCHOOL - PLUS HEBREW SCHOOL

Within a few months after their marriage, Minnie and Sam decided not to remain in Baltimore. Sam knew of some men from his home town who were doing well in Washington, and so they decided to take their friends' advice and buy a small grocery store in Washington at First and L Streets, S.W., where they moved with the two little boys. In the summer of 1910 Mother took Rose and me to Washington, as Minnie was going to have a baby. There, in the rooms over the store, my niece Sarah was born on the day Jack Johnson beat Jim Jeffries, then the Heavyweight Champion, July 3, 1910. I remember the day well, as I was playing Hopscotch on the sidewalk while Minnie was in Labor upstairs. But it was my mother who was screaming instead of Minnie. Dr. Mortimer had given Minnie chloroform and mother was there watching the very difficult birth. When, at last, I was permitted to go upstairs, I saw this very fat baby, her eyes hardly visible.

It appeared that the store, in a totally black neighborhood, even sold beer and ice cream which Minnie had evidently tasted too often in the months prior to the birth of her baby. In fact, they soon moved back to Baltimore, as it was risky to live there any longer. Little Ernie's hand had already been bitten by a rat, and it was Rose and I who were wheeling him to Providence Hospital for treatment. Furthermore, Minnie was adamant about going back to Baltimore where the rest of the family was. So they moved back and Aunt Chaia said she would take the little boy Ernie to raise, as it was too much for Minnie under the circumstances. Years later I learned that a small boy of her own had been run over by a street car.

Meanwhile, I got to know my brother Yitzchak who had taught me to write when I was a small child in Malynov. When he returned from his pants-operating job he was very tired, and after supper he sometimes sent me to Klein's Confectionery Store on Pratt and Exeter Streets to bring him a soda. And I liked to go there. First, I met other young people on a similar errand; and while I waited my turn, I could feast my eyes on that beautiful doorway across the street. Beauty, or what seemed beautiful to me, always attracted my attention, sometimes for keeps. I even remember to this day the warm Eastern design on the heavy hanging near my bed when I was a child in Malynov. And I even remember my sister Rose making fun of me when, as a child, I would go into ecstasies holding up a thing especially beautiful, admiring it and saying, at the same time, "Oo -Oo - Oo - Oo-Oo."

The doorway on Pratt Street across from Klein's Confectionery Store was unique in its beauty for me. There wasn't another one like it or as beautiful in the whole neighborhood. I recall that some years later I went back to the house with the beautiful doorway to see it once more, and was told it had been moved to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

It was also here, at 852 East Pratt Street that we had a small fire on a Friday night. It was Chanukah week. My father had lit the candles in the series of scooped-out halves of potatoes and put the entire Menorah on the book--shelf in the front room. It was thought that these candles could produce enough light for the evening, so they wouldn't have to bring in a Shabbos-Goy to extinguish the coal-oil lamp for the night. But the books on the shelf

caught fire, and most of them were destroyed. They had forgotten, perhaps, to note the warning in the "Hanaro Halolu" (These candles, etc.) which warns us that we are not to make real use of the Chanukah candles, except to admire them and their beauty.

I refer, again, to my Public School No. 93, as it was situated in a most fortuitous spot. The Benderly Hebrew School was directly across the street, and it was there I was able to add considerably to the Hebrew knowledge with which I had come from Poland. For me, the schedules of the two schools fitted in beautifully:

At School Number 93:

9:00 A.M. - 12:00 M --English
12:00 M - 1:30 P.M. --Lunch at Home
1:30 P.M. - 3:30 P.M. - German

Every week day except Friday, I went directly across the street to the Benderly Hebrew School after 3:30 P.M. and stayed until 6:00 P.M.

I had plenty of spare time to play "Hopscotch" or "Simon Says" with my friends on the sidewalk before the famous "Flag House" on the corner of Pratt and Albermarle Streets, where had been made the flag that flew over Fort McHenry during the War of 1812. (P.S. In 1912 there was a citywide celebration of the event on which Francis Scott Key had composed our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner." Hundreds of Baltimore school children were assembled at Fort McHenry, each wearing cape and hood, either red, or white, or blue. We were placed, according to the colors we wore, on a pre-constructed bleacher, so that we presented a human flag of red, white and blue. I was in one of the white stripes, as I wore a white cape and hood.) P.P.S. President Woodrow Wilson and many other dignitaries were in the tremendous audience we faced. I have a duly signed and dated picture of the scene.

FAMILY EVENTS IN ABOUT 1912

It was in 1912 that my brother got married. I remember thinking he was evidently getting tired of trying to attract a certain young woman whom he knew and admired. He feared she might turn him down, and so he permitted himself to look favorably on another young woman named Celia Kramer who had been brought over from Memel, Lithuania, by a German Jewish family who still had contacts in East Baltimore and whose niece was this young woman, Celia Kramer. It was a happy time. I remember the wedding and even the trousseau, which Celia received from her benefactors, as well as some items with which to set up their first apartment.

It was about the same time that my father was receiving bitter complaints from his mother, Grandma Zecil, about her miserable life in her daughter's home. My mother said she wasn't surprised, as she hadn't forgotten her own hard life in Irslavitch when Chaia ruled over her and her meek husband, my father. Under her breath, Mother called the "Chaia" (Hebrew for 'animal'). Mother was actually afraid, even in awe, of her. Only once did I ever see the two together, my mother not daring to speak in the "tutoyer" familiar form with which Chaia talked down to her, while my father stood by with his enigmatic "deja vu" smile.

Things got so bad for Grandma at Chaia's house that neighbors "got wind" of it and began talking that Chaia Fax threw her mother out. My father, sensing what was coming, was making arrangements to move our family to 921 East Lombard Street where, in addition to the two very large rooms on the second floor, there were two small adjoining rooms facing the back yard at right angles to the two large rooms in the front. So my father had Grandma move in with us, occupying the two small rooms where she moved in with her valued belongings that her daughter was to have inherited; her large silver candlesticks, silver beakers, etc., etc., etc., her parure of strands of seed pearls, a quantity of bedding, the last scrap of a fur coat, as well as the "pensia" she was receiving from the Russian Government. It was ten rubles every six or twelve months (I don't exactly recall).

The fact that she "threw" her mother out of her house did not improve my Aunt Chaia's reputation among relatives and "landes-lite", Had they had the use of the modern expression, she would have been known as "hard-hearted Hanna", People kept recalling that when she arrived in Baltimore years ago with her eight-year old child Toba, she sent the little girl into saloons with a basket of matches, and that is how she started the match business.

I even heard Mother say that when we arrived in Baltimore in the middle of the night, she had loaned her brother, my father, the one blanket he still needed that night for us. The next morning she asked for it back.

People were saying Chaia was compensating for her hard-heartedness by her religious orthodoxy in wearing a full "perrick" (perruque, French for "wig") and being a do-gooder in caring for the little orphan, Ernie Fox. But when it became known in the community that she threw out her old sick mother, Sam Fox, who was also her brother-in-law, became so incensed by her hypocrisy as she ignored and even broke God's commandment "to honor thy father and mother", that he actually extended his hand and grabbed at her "perrick", tearing it off her head.

People were saying Chais was compensating for her hard-headedness by
 her religious orthodoxy in wearing a full "petrick" (petrune, French for
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 thy father and mother", that he actually extended his hand and grabbed at
 her "petrick", tearing it off her head.

ADDITIONAL REMEMBRANCES
 BY ALMA FINKELSTEIN LEWIS

As I think of it - I'd better get it down on paper - certainly not with the style, or even the spelling that Aunt Clara produced in her autobiography - but here goes: Our grandmother (Bubbe Pessy) had 3 sisters and 1 brother that I'm sure of - Aaron (Fetta Aaron he was) - and the sisters were Perel (Shulman I think), Molly Roskes, and Yenta Schwartz.

Molly and Yenta were close in age and were both engaged to be married. Yenta was older - so she was first. She was pirouetting in front of the mirror during a dress fitting at the tailor shop - arms extended - when the tailor's apprentice - who was a boy from an undistinguished family and not even a scholar - grabbed her hand - put a ring on her finger - and said the Hebrew words that are traditionally said by the groom under the Chuppa. All of this in front of witnesses - which was the essential setting. They were therefore married in the eyes of the whole town - religiously - in every way. Her parents refused to allow this union - and a divorce was arranged almost immediately - but poor Yenta was now considered a marked woman - a divorcee - even though she was untouched - she was 'blemished'. Her fiancée's family refused to allow their son to marry a divorcee - so she was given to a widower who needed a wife and was quite a bit older than she. This widower's brother was engaged to sister Molly - and it was quite a love match - but because his brother was marrying his love's sister - 2 brothers couldn't marry 2 sisters - TRADITION - so that wedding was called off and poor Molly was given in marriage to Shimon Roskes - who she hated from the very first. So all because of a love-sick tailor's apprentice - the loves and lives of 2 young girls and 2 young men were ended and ruined.

✓ Everyone of these characters ended up in Baltimore - and there was an organization called the "Mlinova Verein" (???) that met several times a year to socialize and to help any of their landsmen who needed it. It was said that Mema Molly and her ex-fiance used to sit together - off away from the group - and talk - and just be together. ---And this was long after they were old---I am told.

Mema Chaia - the nasty one who was our Grandfather David's sister - was married to Fetta Getzel (Fuchs) Fax. His younger brother - Sam Fox - married Aunt Minnie. So Sam Fox was Chaia's brother-in-law and Nephew-in-law at the same time. Aunt Minnie (Sarah's mother) did not have a sunny disposition - in fact she was rather a dour person - and given to sarcastic remarks that had a way of getting right to the point of a situation. Rose and Clara often (and secretly) remarked on how much alike Minnie was to Mema Chaia - definitely not a nice thing to say about their sister.

Rose and Clara spent most of their teen-age years at the house on East Fayette Street in Baltimore's Jewish - and increasingly black - ghetto. Our grandparents had a grocery store - and I remember large barrels of 'kroyt' whole cabbage leaves made into sourkraut - and pickles. The store was fragrant with garlic from the barrels and the smell of kerosene that was sold to light people's lamps. To get into the living quarters - you walked through the store and then entered a fairly large room that was furnished with a big table - lots of dining room chairs - a dark wood dresser with shelves and drawers and a mirror - on which stood a large cut glass punch bowl ~~and~~ ^{with} cups around it. There was also a sort of couch - with a raised part for the head - very Freudian - and I remember that this is where Aunt Clara used to lie when she was suffering from her frequent bouts of "quincy" throat.

The kitchen was beyond this room - and it was large and cheerful. The center of that room was the large iron coal stove which stood against one wall. This was the stove that Bubby Pessy fed everyone from. We used to visit every Sunday - and I still remember the fat chicken soup with unhatched hen's eggs floating in it. Bubby Pessy had many many cats - and I used to sit with my legs up on the chair because I hated it when the cats were under the table and their tails tickled my legs. There was a door that led out into a passage/alley sort of place. It was here that Zayde David put the Succoh every year. This out-of-doors place was also where Bubby kept her chickens - real live ones.

I remember sitting at that dining room table - with the cats underneath - and Bubby and my mother performing the ritual of "Shlug kapuris" - don't ask me to translate - I don't remember what holiday it was - or what those words mean - I just know that the ritual was to bind the legs of a chicken (live) together - and wave the chicken over your head - while chanting something in Yiddish or Hebrew - or something...and of course the chicken was squawking and batting its wings - and us kids were cowering in terror - and after this was done - the chicken got thrown on the floor - out of the way - as terrorized as were we kids - and then another chicken was fetched. Every person - or maybe every 2 or 3 persons - I don't remember - got his or her or their own chicken. So by the time the whole thing was over - there was quite a pile of bound and live chickens on the floor adding to the confusion. I never asked what became of the chickens - probably next Sunday dinner's soup.

I was hardly ever upstairs - there must have been a bathroom - but I can't picture it. There was a 'living room' - with a pot bellied stove in the middle for heat. I don't think I was ever in any bedrooms.

Bubby Pessy died during surgery to amputate her leg. She suffered from diabetes.

Zayde David followed her soon after.

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Gulza, Minnie, Rose, and Clara's only brother - Yitzchak (Isaac) - was Howard Hurwitz's father. He died during the flu epidemic of WW I. He left only Howard and his young widow - Ceily. She later remarried and had many children - Howard's half brothers and sisters. One of his half brothers was killed during the Korean war. Howard spent much of his growing up years living with Rose and Harry Finkelstein and family. It wasn't that he didn't get along with his mother and her new family - it was just that the Hurwitz's didn't want to be separated from their brother's son - and felt that they could do more for him than his mother could - and maybe they were right. Anyhow - Howard Hurwitz was like a brother to me for a long time. He was also a very troubled kid - (not surprizingly) -, I think that he flunked out of high school - drove a cab - and had a hard time 'finding himself' - way ahead of his time.

Bubby Pessy was a large - big bosomed - round face - almost story-book looking grandmother type. Tante Gulza looked very much like she did. Bubby didn't sleep on Thursday nights. She was up all night long baking for the Sabbath....for herself and husband and for all of her daughters and their families. Every Friday - my father would come home early in the evening - before my mother lit the Shabas candles - carrying a tray covered with a snow white napkin. Under the napkin was a large braided Cholla, a 'feinkubhen' (coffee-cake) and a small braided cholla for each of the grandchildren. I don't know for sure - but I suspect that Uncle Sam (Minnie), Uncle Lazar (Gulza) and Uncle Phil (Clara) did the same.

Tante Gulza's husband was half her size - never said a word that mattered - and liked to touch his little neices - who didn't like him to. They had a grocery store in a black neighborhood - in an alley - really. This was where the black people lived in Baltimore. The street was so narrow that it was difficult to drive a car in it. Gulza, Lazar, and Martin lived upstairs. I remember Lazar cutting pork chops with a big knife and a saw for his customers. I hated the smell. Many years later - they moved uptown - near Minnie and Rose on Callow Ave. (2219 - I can't believe I still can remember the address). They bought a grocery store on Brookfield Ave. - in a very respectable Jewish area at that time - and did very nicely.

Tante Gulza had a large collection of copper pots that her mother had brought over from Russia - along with her feather beds. These were pots that her mother had - our great-grandmother Rifka - whose father had been a copper-smith. Real heirlooms. Tante Gulza - who was a kind and generous person - somehow never shared the things she had from her mother - and preferred to give away most of these marvelous copper vessels during the scrap ^{mehi} drive - WW II. I have 1 pot - and I think Betty has a kettle.

Tante Gulza and Uncle Lazer had many children - but the only one that survived past infancy - was Martin. It was believed that what saved him was the milk he got from the wet-nurse that was hired - the assumption being that Gulza's milk was 'poison' for her children. Martin was born in Europe - someplace - wherever it was they lived after Gulza left Mlinov. He was the image of his father - both in build and personality. He died of cancer - several years before his mother - which was tragic beyond belief for her.

Rose and Clara were alike as far as personality and achievements were concerned. They were constantly competing with each other and had a difficult relationship - almost from the time they were very little girls. Clara said that Rose screamed until she got her way -(she has never really gotten over doing that) - and Rose remembers well that when Clara didn't get what she wanted - she would faint. And yet - they were always there for each other - and I am sure loved each other very much even though it was hard to see... at times.

Clara used her knowledge and her love of Jewish tradition and forged a career preparing her students for Bar and Bat Mitzvah. Rose used her knowledge to do the same thing - but - for blind children. Clara's roster of students included the children of Supreme Court Justice Goldberg as well as many other Washington celebrities who happened to be Jewish. Rose's roster of clients were not only blind Jewish children - but also blind students that she never met. She was certified by the Red Cross as a Braillest - and she would receive a year's worth of law school texts that she would transcribe into Braille for someone that she never would meet or even know that student's name. She did this for many years and received many awards for this work that she performed on a volunteer basis. These 2 girls travelled far from Mlinov.