

PREFACE

I would like to express my deep appreciation to Joan Yesner, leader of the Brookline Education Program for ^{em}Remembering the Past. This group which met weekly to recollect how things were and how they are now, has been a very worthwhile experience. Looking at myself in perspective of the passing years, gives my new insight to my own character, aspirations, failures and achievements. It is like looking into a mirror, not only to see how your reflection appears now, but you begin to recall how you looked when you were younger, and how your image was in relation to your peers, your elders and your world.

I believe generations have much to offer each other. Times have changed, but I hope basic values endure. With family and friends I enjoy years rich with love, good fortune, challenge and happiness. I share what I have written in the following pages, with deep gratitude to each of you, for being you.

Sincerely,

Ethel Ellis Chase
July 1982



REMEMBERING THE PAST

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ABRAHAM AND MARY EPSTEIN FAMILY BACKGROUND

In a small village or "shtetl" near Minsk, Russia, in 1871, the families of Bernard Hochstein and Yale Epstein arranged for the meeting and betrothal of their children Mary, 16 and Abraham 18. He was a student of the Talmud, Mary was a pretty and healthy young girl. After the wedding Mary's parents would provide room and board for three years, and follow strict Orthodox procedures. The bride was to cut off her hair and wear a wig or scarf, so she would not be attractive to other men. The dowry consisted of candlesticks, feather pillows and a "perini", a feather puff.

Mary agreed to the arrangement only if Abraham would teach her to read and write, for girls did not go to school. Reading was the most important gift of her life. Reading allowed her to become self educated, to read the Hebrew prayer book, the Yiddish newspaper, and writing made letter writing possible when her family was seperated. Her love of learning continued through the 82 years of her life, and she was an inspiration to her children, grandchildren, etc. etc. etc.

Abraham and Mary had six daughters: Anna, Minnie, Sarah, Celia, Frances and Ethel. Their one son was Harry. Life was very hard with poverty, pogroms and restrictions on Jewish people. Letters from relatives in America told about the Land of Milk and Honey, where the streets were paved with gold. This motivated the Epstein Family to save every "kopek" to reach the goal of settling in America, where there was religious freedom and opportunity for education and advancement.

At last in 1885, Abraham with one daughter, Minnie, who was 13, left on a one month boat journey to the United States, landing on Ellis Island. In Boston they lived with relatives. Abraham had a butcher shop and Minnie worked long hours in a factory sweatshop in the garment district. Then they saved every penny for a few years to provide tickets for passage for the rest of the family.

The day of glory arrived when they went to meet Mary and her four daughters and Harry at Ellis Island. Minnie had sewn dresses and a suit for Harry, so they would not look like "greenhorns" when they arrived. By this time Anna the oldest daughter, was married to Abie Greenberg and Philip was their baby. Abie started a chicken business. They all lived in a crowded flat in the West End, happy to be reunited. The younger children went to school, the older ones went to work and to Night School, but all tried to learn English and became American citizens as quickly as possible.

The years passed and the branches of the Epstein family tree expanded. Minnie married Harry Ellis who sold fruit and vegetables with a horse and wagon, and later progressed to having a retail fruit store. Sarah married Benjamin Albert who became prosperous in the silk business. Celia married Samuel Abbot who had an egg business and loved the game of baseball. Frances married Philip Belmarsh, who was a pharmacist and owned a drug store. Ethel was the first one of the family to become a teacher after going to Salem State College, and she married Philip Maysles who worked in the Post Office. Harry, who married Annie Gordon, worked for a paper company, and later established his own successful paper company.

All these men and women are no longer among us, but we continue to be inspired by the fond memories of their lives. Hopefully, this account of the background of the Abraham and Mary Epstein Family may help you to understand the updated 1990 version of the Family Tree. May the family continue to grow with health, happiness, and success.

by Ethel Cline

THE ABRAHAM AND MARY EPSTEIN FAMILY ASSOCIATION
FAME

The Abraham and Mary Family Association started in 1947. It was after World War II, when relatives returned from service in the Army or as civilians, we decided to honor our grandparents, their thirty grandchildren as well as our aunts and uncles.

It was a great organization which met monthly in each other's homes. We had officers, by-laws, formal procedures and much pleasure. The programs were provided by members of the group. Among the memorable Sunday evening programs were political debates by Republican and Democratic members. A psychologist spoke on the "Nature of Prejudice". A poet read from his original poetry. Two of our aunts presented a skit in costume titled "Arriving in America". A jolly overweight cousin danced the Sailor's Hornpipe in her son's tight fitting Navy suit. An aunt did a Spanish dance with castenets and all. A young relative lectured on "Hypnotism", hypnotized the whole group, but had a hard long time getting the last member out of the hypnotized state.

At Hanukkah we celebrated with a party for all the children, with a puppet show, games, dreidels, an amateur show and plenty of potato latkes. Uncle Harry acted like a "Chana Claus" and gave dollar bills to each child. (A dollar was a lot of money in those days.)

In summer a picnic took us all out to Norumbega Park, Salem Willows, or Mystic Lake for a cook out with a ball games, races, contests and much fun. To raise money each year there was a White Elephant Sale, where we brought things to sell that we no longer needed. Our Sargent at Arms and comedian, my brother Elliot, who was in the fruit business, brought a tree of bananas, and gave free bananas with each sale. With the money earned, we honored high school and college graduates with congratulations and a check.

The most formal event of each year was the installation of officers banquet and program held at a local hotel. With an archway of swords, borrowed from a veteran's group, the new officers marched proudly to the tune of "Anchor, & Away" to the podium with great elegance.

The organization continued for over 15 years, and we have had two reunions. The family tree was updated and has been sent to all the members . A large family tree was displayed at the reunion. How the family has grown!

We have happy memories of our get togethers. The aunts and uncles have passed away. We, the neives and nephews have grandchildren and even ^{great} grandchildren . Our family has spread out far from Boston, to England, California, Israel and places North, South, East and West.

We have become the older generation. May the family tree continue to grow with health, happiness and success!



Our Wedding

August 17, 1937

Beacon House

Brookline, MA.

Minnie + Harry Ellis



My Family Background and Early Childhood

In a surprise snowstorm on April Fool's Day 1915, in Dorchester, Massachusetts, I was welcomed into my family of three older brothers. My parents were delighted, for they had been hoping for a daughter. My childhood was a very happy one.

How did my parents arrive in Dorchester from Russia where they were born? My mother came from Minsk, Russia, where she lived with her family of six sisters and a brother. Life was very hard for the Epstein family in Russia in 1882 with poverty, pogroms, and restrictions on Jewish people. For years they heard of the amazing success of relatives who had gone to America. There was the Promised Land, flowing with milk and honey, where earning a living was easier, where there was religious freedom, and where all children had an opportunity for education.

The family saved every kopec as they planned for the realization of their great adventure. ~~It was decided that Grandfather Abraham would journey to America with one daughter Minnie (my mother) who was then thirteen. When they were settled and could earn enough money for transporting the rest of the family, they would all be reunited in the United States. They were devout Orthodox Jews, and prayed ardently that God who led Moses out of Egypt to the Holy Land, would guide them to America, the land of promise for their future.~~

Crossing the Atlantic Ocean by ship in the 1880's took over a month. Immigrants were crowded together in steerage, the ^{top} lowest deck, and lived on not much more than bread, herring and water. My mother was very seasick because of the rough winter seas.

~~On the~~ On the same ship was a young man of nineteen, named Harry, who

was from Tzitomir, a town of northern Russia. Harry, the youngest child of seventeen children, was travelling with his father to seek their fortune in America, so they would be able to send for the rest of their large family.

What a happy coincidence, that this young man and this girl, who gazed together at the Statue of Liberty as they entered New York harbor, were to become my parents. Harry was the son of Eli,- Elison. At Ellis Island the clerk recorded the name with two "ll's", Ellis, like the island where they had landed, and that is how my name came to be Ellis.

Minnie and Harry both settled in the crowded tenement district of the West End of Boston, where their fathers had relatives. Minnie worked twelve hours a day or more in a dressmaking sweat shop, and she arose ^{at} ~~before~~ dawn to deliver the orders from her father's butcher shop before she went to work. With several years of hard work and struggle to save every extra penny, at last they had enough money for tickets for the family to be reunited here.

What a holiday it was, when grandmother Mary and the five sisters and brother arrived at the dock, after several years of separation. Home was a very crowded flat, like what was shown in the movie Hester Street, but it was a happy place for the large reunited Epstein family.

While my grandparents and their older children worked and went to night school to learn English, the younger children went to public school to become Americans as quickly as possible. In Russia, boys went to Hedex but girls did not go to school. My Aunt Celia told me about the thrill of her first school experience. The teacher was like a goddess, almost supernatural, as she revealed the magic of a new language English, and a new way of life,- Democracy. Becoming a citizen was an important goal for my ancestors, and the "Citizen Certificate" was achieved and framed in gold and hung on the wall as a great achievement and the special

most precious of family treasures. Many other Jewish families came as they escaped the pogroms and hardships in Russia. They were often called "greenhorns" as they were newcomers, but gradually they settled in and established a community in the West End of Boston, of devoutly Orthodox Jews and ardent Americans.

My mother Minnie Epstein continued her friendship with Harry Ellis and married him when she was eighteen. Together they opened a fruit store and struggled to make a living for their growing family of three sons who ~~w~~ were born in four years. They lived in rooms behind the store, and my mother sewed clothes for the children late into the night while she dreamed of her sons getting an education. Perhaps one might even become a Washington lawyer, another an electrician, and ~~the~~ other a policeman. Who knows some day she might even have a daughter for whom she could sew pretty ruffled dresses? Many of my parents' dreams were realized. My oldest brother James is a lawyer and the father of a lawyer, a lovely daughter ^{AND SIX GRAND} children. My brother Edward became a radio operator and an electrician, and my youngest brother Elliot never became a policeman, was Sargent at Arms for our Epstein Family Association, and is a dedicated member of his ^{go} synogue and his community, and father of an accountant, *comptroller*.

It was my good fortune, to be a daughter born into this family, when my youngest brother Elliot was nine years old. It was a large extended family of loving aunts, uncles, cousins, grandmother, etc, living within a few blocks of each other at a new location near Franklin Park, in Dorchester. I was ten pounds at birth, and a pink ribbon was stuck on to my sparse hair. From birth I was nurtured with all the food and love that I could possibly absorb.

When I was four months old on the Fourth of July, part of the Independence Day Celebration was a Baby Contest at Franklin Field.

Convinced that I was a beauty, for I did weigh twenty-four pounds at that early age, my mother entered me in the contest. The whole "mishpocha" gathered there and much to their surprise, I won the loving cup and was kissed by Mayor Fitzgerald (father of Mrs. Rose Kennedy). My parents took me off to a photographer for my first formal portrait in the almost nude. This was the picture that hung in our parlor until I was a teenager and asserted myself by taking it down from the wall. A small copy is now in my photograph album, and the loving cup has lost its glow, after sixty-seven years.

There was no Day Care as such in those days, but each morning I was taken to my Aunt Celia's house, where I stayed until evening when mother closed the store. My loving Aunt Celia, who had no children of her own, gave me tender loving care and became a special person to me all the days of her life. She helped many neices and nephews whenever the need arose in our large extended family. We all were "her children", by choice.

One of my earliest memories is Armistice Day of World War I, 1919. My mother and I went to meet my brother Elliot at his Roger Walcott School for he had to go sell newspapers proclaiming the end of the war. Then I recall going into Boston by street car that went down Summer Street beside Filene's, to see "Johnny Come Marching Home", the soldiers returning home. Hanging from the wire crossing Washington ^{Street}, was a large dummy of the Kaiser, and the people were throwing things at it. This memory troubled me for years until it was explained that they were representing getting rid of the German Kaiser. Childhood memories are vivid and often distorted.

I was in Kindergarten then. School was a wonderful place to me. The bright colorful room with children and so many things to do, helped me to make an early decision that I wanted to be a teacher, and learn as much as possible. Though my family lacked material wealth, they provided a

happy environment of all the simple pleasures of Boston living; Sunday in the park, a picnic at the beach, or the annual family picnic by a long street car ride to Norumbega Park, the trip to Winthrop or Revere Beach with the train and ferry boat to cross the harbor, before the Sumner Tunnel was built. The only unfulfilled wish I had when growing up was to have a sister, because my mother's sisters were so close to her. However, I did have special cousins, who have enriched my life.

There are so many important memories that flash through my mind, but one of the great triumphs for my family was the purchase of a piano, a new upright, became our most valuable possession. It was paid for in small monthly installments over years, and there was great celebration when it finally was ours. The piano represented culture and the joy of music for my parents, and I was given the opportunity to take piano lessons. My piano teacher came on Friday afternoon, and after my lesson I would sit down ^{and} ~~to~~ play Jewish songs like "EliEli" or "Raisins and Almonds" for my mother before she lit the candles for Shabbos. As I type these words, I can almost hear my mother's voice saying "That was so beautiful to hear, Etely (her name for me)".

In my childhood my Jewish identity was combined with my desire to be a good American. Judaism came from home, family, with customs and knowledge of Jewish history. Americanism came from the school and the world outside. I have great appreciation of the struggle and challenges faced by my ancestors arriving in this country, and the vast opportunities I have to fulfill their dream for me, by being a loving wife, mother, teacher and contributing member of our community.

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Tales My Grandmother Told Me

For years when I was growing up as the only girl in the family, I shared my bedroom with my grandmother, Mary Epstein. She was a great storyteller, and I loved to listen to her relate anecdotes about her life. Many times I heard the favorite story about her marriage.

It was a day for celebration in the summer of 1855 in a small village near Minsk, Russia. The Epstein family from the next village had made the arrangement with the Hochstein family for the betrothal of their children. Abraham Epstein, who was eighteen, had gone to Heder, and was now studying the Talmud. ^{Hochstein} Mary, who had just turned sixteen, because she was a girl, had no chance to go to school, but was learning how to be a good wife and mother from her mother. She helped with the younger siblings as well as taking care of the farm animals.

The two young people had never met, but were assured by their parents that with their similar religious and family background, they would be well suited to each other. That Abraham was a scholar of Talmud, gave him prestige, and that Mary was a pretty, healthy girl would make them a successful match.

The arrangement was made that the bride's parents would provide room and board for three years, so the groom could continue his studies. A dowry of feather pillows and a "pereni" (feather puff), candlesticks and other items were provided by the parents. Orthodox wedding customs in those days included ~~ed~~ the bride ^a having her hair shaved off her head and wearing a "shatel" wig or scarf, so that she would not be attractive to other men. Also to test the bride's patience, she was given a tangled ball of yarn to see if she could take out the tangles without losing her temper.

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Mary was a loving, bright young woman. She could not be disrespectful to her parents and their choice for her, she would even wear a shatel, and go to the mikvah (the ceremonial bath), but she wanted one promise in return. She wanted her husband to teach her to read and write Yiddish. A bargain was made, and my grandmother learned to read and write as her wedding present.

It was the most important present she ever received. Reading made her able to become self-educated, writing made her able to correspond with Abraham, her husband, when he went off with his daughter Minnie. She learned to read the Hebrew Prayer Books and could 'daven' and practise her Orthodox Judaism with knowledge and understanding. Her desire and love of learning throughout her 82 years, made her an inspiration and motivator for her children, grandchildren and through them to the great grandchildren for the importance and joy of learning.

Abraham was a loving devoted husband and father, and my grandmother often said that though her marriage was arranged by her parents, it was made in heaven. My grandfather died when I was a baby, but through the stories my grandmother told me, I have shared deeply in the remembrance of their lives.

Dear Bobie,

As I prepare for the Passover Seder, I am thinking back fifty years, and recall the preparations for Passover in those times, when you lived in our home. Many times I have wanted to thank you for your influence on my life, your words of wisdom, your wonderful anecdotes, and how you helped me at an important crossroad in my life.

I remember you well, a short, plump lady, who looked very, very old to me then (you were all of sixty), but you had sparkling eyes and a delightful way of speaking Yiddish. When Zade died you lived with the families of your daughters with Aunt Ethel who was not yet married. When you came to live with us, we shared a bedroom for several years. Early in the morning you arose to "daven" the morning prayers. Half asleep I would watch you put on your shatel (wig) and your heavy laced corset. Though my mother kept kosher, you had your own dishes and pots, - just in case the children did not keep up to the ~~late~~ letter of the Jewish law.

Did you know you changed the course of my life? From childhood I wanted to be a teacher, - but 1930 was Depression times, and my parents decided I should take a commercial course in high school, so I could go to work right after graduation. Along with shorthand and typing, I took all the college preparatory subjects I could take.

I was very troubled and could not sleep when the course schedule for Senior Year was to be passed in, for I still wanted so intensely to go to Teachers College. Remember, you awoke to ask "What's botheringⁿ you?"

I explained how hard times were, my oldest brother has moved in with us when the banks were closed, and besides I was a girl, so how could I expect to go to college?

You said these words, "Sell your shirt, but get an education". In the morning you pleaded my case with my parents so well, that my mother

went to the high school principal, an understanding Miss Dickson. Fortunately I had an excellent record, and with extra courses and much effort, I could prepare for the exams for Boston Teachers' College, a tuition free college for the top one hundred girls who qualified. With your inspiration, my family's cooperation and help, I did succeed and enjoyed getting a liberal education, and became a teacher of young children. I have continued studying and teaching all my life.

I recall that afternoon when I brought my fiance, Jimmy, to meet you. You were so pleased that you knew of his great grandfather, who had been a prominent rabbi, and that he was a graduate student at Harvard. Well, Jimmy Cline has been my loving husband for forty-three years, and we have three wonderful children and four grandchildren. With our two children by marriage, we have a ~~of~~ total of nine.

Our daughter is named for you Mary, and Anne for your oldest daughter so her name is Maryanne. She exemplifies your ideals, is a professor of History and teaches Jewish Studies, as well as having a fine husband and two children, - combining family and career. Harvey, who does research for G.E., is happily married to Elaine, who is a loving wife, mother of two sons, and is active in her community. Hal, our younger son, has varied academic talents, and is now working as an economist in London.

You would be amazed at the world today. Television, computers, jet planes, and men have flown in space to the moon. Equality for women is becoming a reality, and with equal opportunity for education, women are doctors, lawyers, and even cantors and rabbis. The dream of a Jewish homeland is a reality now in Israel.

In your honor we had an Abraham and Mary Epstein Family Association, which met for many years with the offspring of your six daughters and son. There are over thirty grandchildren and innumerable great grandchildren. This year we had a reunion with over eighty relatives in attendance. You would be thrilled to see the Epstein Family Tree, with your picture,

which has been distributed to all your descendants nearby and far away.

The Yiddush you spoke to me when I wished you would learn English, is now very acceptable and I am very pleased that I understand the Yiddush songs and conversation which is so popular.

I still ponder and question one idea that you often expressed. That is your concept of Immortality . You said you thought "this world was just the vestibule to the main world,- the "here and now" is where you did mitzvahs (good deeds) to prepare for your soul entering the eternal world beyond death. (the genim and genadim,- hell and heaven). "

I have thought and read all I could find about immortality, but the question remains unanswered about the world beyond. I do know and feel that you had a great influence and inspiration to me for all the days of my life.

With deep gratitude and love,

Ethel
Ethel or Etely (as you called me)

My Young Adulthood

My graduation from Boston Teachers' College was a great event for my family in June, 1935, when I just turned twenty. Recently in an old scrap book, I found the verse I wrote for my Graduation Party, when relatives and friends overflowed my parents' Doerchester flat to celebrate.

"Commencement Day"
After four years of preparation
Of work and study-concentration
Of work and pleasure in anticipation
I came at last to Graduation

I wasn't alone in my aspirations
My hopes and aims in education
Made strong by family's compensation
To them, what is just appreciation?
I owe my life in dedication.

To my Bobie whose love for learning
Inspired me with college yearning.
My mother's efforts, father's labors
Elliot's goodness, Edie's favors,
To Dot and Jim who tried as the rest,
What may I do, but give of my best?
To my niece and nephew, cousins too,
My aunts, uncles, friends, you and you,
So glad you came to share with me,
This happy milestone, filled with glee.

In my years of college I have learned
Noble service always pays,
And I realize you all have earned,
My never ending praise.

And now I stand before you
My crossroads just in view,
As I ascend my own path of life
I pledge to try my best as daughter and Jew." June 10, 1935

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My years at Teachers' College had been happy and successful. In those days of the Depression few girls went to college. Even though there was no tuition for the one hundred girls who passed the entrance exam, and I lived at home, I still had to find work for Saturdays to pay for my carfare and incidental expenses. The only job I could find was in the congested slum district of Dover Street, where I earned two dollars for working from 9-1 P.M. and 5-10 in the evening. Here I observed many of the social problems that come from

alcoholism, prostitution and poverty. My family had been poor financially, but rich in moral values, love, dedication to hard work, love of study, and had sheltered me from any of these problems.

During the afternoon hours from 1-5, I discovered that I could walk to the Copley Square Library, and enjoy the world of books, do my college assignments, and got a greater appreciation of my opportunity to go to college. The contrast I observed between the seamy side of life I observed working in the ~~57~~ Woolworth's 5 & 10, to goals in training to become a teacher, made me decide that I would aim to teach children who needed special help because of their disadvantaged environment.

At Boston Teachers's College I learned the theory of teaching as well as the practical application in the classroom by student teaching in the Boston schools. I was inspired by some of the professors and enjoyed many friends. I was active in the Menorah Society and became president of the group in my senior year. It was then, one enchanted evening, that I met my husband, Jimmy Cline, at an intercollegiate Menorah dance at the Kehillith Israel Temple in Brookline. He was a graduate student at Harvard, and came from Glens Falls, New York. Thus my college experience had most important influences on my life.

The summer after my graduation, Jimmy went to work in Buffalo with plans to continue his studies at Harvard in the fall. I was fortunate to get work as a playground teacher in the Dover Street district near the Woolworth"s where I had worked. Here turmoil plus poverty strike the keynote of existence; where numerous taverns add moral gloom to streets already darkened by the elevator construction overhead. Here children of seventeen different nationalities came to the school yard playground during the hot summer months. They were difficult children to manage at first, and I tried many innovative projects like puppets, music dramatics to win over their cooperation and their interest and respect. I include the following experience which was later described in the Boston Globe newspaper.

An interest in the varied backgrounds of these children led to and epic-making Flag Day, with all the different nationalities participating with folk dances, music and a grand parade of flags, which had been made by the children. As the procession passed down the street, idle, wayworn men looked out of tavern windows; busy people on the street stopped to hear the toy band and see the children waving their flags. There was one trumpet and toy instruments we had made, accompanying the voices of a happy group of children singing,

"We are marching together
 With our flags flying gay,
 We come from all nations
 To this dear U.S.A."

It was a happy climax to a successful summer of activity, in which I learned much more than I had taught. Now my college years were over, I had met the man I would marry two years later, I had just had my first paid teaching experience, and I was happily looking forward to the future.

TEACHING AT LONG ISLAND HOSPITAL, BOSTON HARBOR

Whenever I am landing at Logan Airport, I look for Long Island in Boston Harbor, and think back to 1936, when I taught at the Hospital School there. This institution was where unwed mothers from Boston had their babies. The sick, malformed, or diseased children who could not be adopted, lived at the hospital, where the school was under the Boston School Department.

There were very limited opportunities for teachers in Boston then. My adventurous friend Marion, went off to Puerto Rico to teach English, and I accepted the adventure of going on a tug boat each morning from the wharf at East Boston, stopping at Deer Island Prison and then to Long Island where I had a one year assignment as a teacher.

The classroom was in the first floor of the hospital, the twelve children, my students, lived in the hospital wards on the second floor, and the top floor was where the mothers-to-be lived until after the birth of their babies. It was a sad, bleak environment, all white and sterile, with none of the warm comfort of a home and loving family. The nurses rotated their time, so that the children could not get attached to them. How much better off were the children in the South End, though crowded and poor they had the love and relationship of families?

One can imagine how I landed on the island with great enthusiasm and idealistic plans for a program to teach all that I had been learning to these children. I learned much more than I taught that year.

There were thirteen children in the class, ranging in age from two to twelve years. The oldest boy was in a play yard type contraption to hold his body up for he had been dropped on his head at an early age. A few children had venereal disease from birth, one boy had "elephant skin", and others had emotional problems or were retarded. Instead of a home

and school environment known to most children, these boys and girls lived in the hospital, where nurses, doctors, medicine, treatments were what they experienced. The regular books and games had no meaning for them so I had to create stories, materials and devise games that related to what they saw, to motivate them to learn in spite of their handicaps. I discovered that in order to get attention, four year old Susan, had pulled out her hair. I tried to help her and ~~she~~ realized that the only mirror she had seen was the metal sterilizer. When I showed how she looked in my mirror, and promised she could see her hair when it grew, she had enough hair for ribbons before the end of the year. There were many other instances too numerous to mention.

When Christmas time approached, there was funding for a celebration. These boys and girls had been born on the island and had never been to Boston. I asked if I could take four of the children who were able, on the boat to Boston. I can still vividly recall the excitement. A nurse's aide came with me. They saw the big stores, paved streets, automobiles, crowds of people for the first time. The tug boat ride, subway train ride, and going up in the elevator at Jordan's, were extraordinary experiences indeed. Each child had a dime to spend at the 5¢ 10 toy counter, It was their first experience with money. They were fascinated and bewildered, when shoppers stopped to stare at our group. We chose gifts for the children who had stayed at the hospital, Going back on the boat there was so much to talk about, so many questions and answers.

That day in Boston was a turning point, for I had become their friend and they were more receptive to learning about what they had seen. Reading numbers, writing, stories could come from what they saw and did on the trip. With blocks we built a city, and painted pictures of the city. We invited the expectant mothers to a puppet show. Moments of joy came to brighten the gloom.

The classroom, truly a one room school, operated on a very individual basis, trying to meet the varied ages, need and problems of the children. After months of great effort and ingenuity in methods, it was satisfying to watch the children's interest and abilities develop. For Jane, a seven year old, it was learning to read, while for Billy a four year old it was learning to recognize colors and to count up to five.

Spring came and we enjoyed walks to watch the ships coming into Boston Harbor. It was a sad island, a Boston Welfare Island, inhabited by chronically sick, or old people who had no where else to go. Prisoners from Deer Island, when they were on good behavior, came to do chores on Long Island.

When June came and the school year was over, it was difficult for me to say "Goodbye" to these children who had become part of my life. The next year another teacher would arrive to carry on. Since then a bridge has been built across the water from Wollaston Beach to Long Island. The Hospital School has been closed, and children are sent to foster homes subsidized by the state.

My friend returned from Puerto Rico with incredible stories of her experiences in her foreign classroom on that island. I had had an equally extraordinary adventure here in Boston Harbor at Long Island. Vivid memories of that year of challenge have remained with me all through these many years.

My Marriage and Family

As we look forward to our 45th Anniversary in August, I recall the excitement of that hot August day, in 1937, at the Beacon House in Brookline, when over a hundred relatives and friends gathered to celebrate our wedding day. Recently at my 50th high school reunion and fashion show of the 30's, I wore the exquisite white lace gown, which my mother had sewn by hand. It was a masterpiece of love and skill.

After a wonderful month long honeymoon in Nova Scotia and Glens Falls, we lived at Shailer Lane in Cambridge, only seven miles from my parents in Dorchester. It was a new world for me, for it was my first experience of living away from my family. Life with Jimmy at Harvard was ideal, and we enjoyed all the advantages of the Cambridge environment.

Two days before our Third Anniversary, our first son Harvey was born. It was almost five years later (after four years in Alabama), that our daughter Maryanne was born. When we returned north to Brookline, we had an extended family including my mother, father and brother Eddie in our Beals Street home. Jimmy's mother visited us often from Glens Falls. Summers we spent at our cottage by the bay in Nantasket. My interest in teaching continued at Temple Sinai Sunday School and with activities in the Devotion School P.T.A., where I was president for two years. When Harvey was twelve, Maryanne seven, our younger son Harold (now Hal), was born to make complete our family.

Jimmy and I have had busy, happy challenging years with our children all of whom continue to extend our horizons, and have already surpassed our expectations. We are blessed with two more children since Harvey's marriage to Elaine Rubinovitch in 1962, and Maryanne's marriage to

Ellis Horowitz in 1968. So we now have three sons and two daughters.

Grandchildren are extra dividends to parents. I recall the arrival of each one with joy. Harvey was taking Oral Exams for his PhD when Elaine went to the hospital for the birth of Jerry. They all returned to our house for a while, and what fun we had with the baby. Jerry is now seventeen, getting ready to apply to college.

Three years later, Michael was born in Schenectady, and the four grandparents gathered to celebrate then, and joyfully this past July to celebrate Michael's Bar Mitzvah. Mike is a great chess player.

At 2 A.M. one night just ten years ago, I was awakened by a phone call from Maryanne, who was expecting. "Where are you?" I asked. "I am in the delivery room of the Ithaca Hospital. I just delivered a baby girl."

The next morning Jimmy and I drove to Ithaca to greet our granddaughter Ruth. The daughter of a daughter is a special person, and a very fine student.

Three years later, another phone call from a Los Angeles Hospital, announced the birth of their son Edward. Two years ago, when Ellis had a sabbatical, they came to Cambridge for one term, and we had the immeasurable pleasure of being near them, before they went on to Israel, and then returned to live in Beverly Hills. Ed shows great interest and ability in a variety of sports.

Now though our contact comes through letters and phone calls in between visits, we have great "nachus" from our nine children. Though there are 5500 miles in distance from Hall in London, to Schenectady and to Beverly Hills, each one is close to our hearts and they are all the loves of our lives. As our 45th Anniversary approaches, we take pleasure also in the many splended blessings of our extended family. In Newton are Jim and Dorothy, with David and Berl and their children Susan, Amy and Steve in Needham and Cape Cod. In Lexington are Annabelle and Arthur Grenberg and their children Ellen, Joan and Robert. In Winthrop we are fortunate to have Elliot and Paula, and in Lowell Larry and his daughter Karen.

From the "Epstein Family Tree" one can observe the extended family includes relatives and cousins by the dozens in the East, West, North and South. Add to this group the Rubinovitch Family and th Horowitz Family, and our friends who are like relatives, I feel I am the proud participant in a vey large "Mishpocha".

REMEMBERING THE PAST

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5/7/81

Edward Ellis' Clinic

The Charles River flows quietly in Cambridge as I drive along, thinking back over forty years when I was a bride and we lived at Shaler Lane. It is still a charming ivy covered narrow street of two story houses for couples from all over the world, who are teaching or doing graduate work at Harvard.

Here we lived in walking distance of all the academic, cultural and social activities of Harvard Square. The Charles was unpolluted then, there was no Memorial Drive with traffic there, - and there was a Bath House for swimming in summer in the Charles River. In winter when the River froze over, we skated on the ice, and on starry nights we observed the planets with the telescope that Jimmy had built.

Our one bedroom apartment was lovingly furnished with wedding presents. We decorated our small ice chest with design of hearts and flowers, and my mother sewed curtains and accessories with love and skill. It was our paradise, only six miles from Dorchester where I grew up, but this was such a different environment.

While Jimmy did research and teaching in Photochemistry at Harvard, I continued teaching in Sunday School, because married women were not allowed to teach in public schools. I also became Program Chairman of the Harvard Dames and had the privilege of inviting great people like Eleanor Roosevelt, Robert Frost, Admiral Byrd, etc. as speakers. These were years of rich experience, sharing our joy with both of our families and our many friends.

In this happy environment in 1940, our first child Harvey was born. The hospital, the Wyman House was just across the road at the river. He was a delight and made complete our happiness in Cambridge.

From this academic urban cosmopolitan northern setting, the scene ^{changed} suddenly to the deep South, Wilson Dam, Alabama, when Jimmy accepted a research position with T.V.A., and we reluctantly left Cambridge. For the first time in my life I lived in the country among cotton fields and farms, with miles of flat red dirt all around. Looking

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of cotton fields, two houses on the other side, and a large farm with cows grazing across the road. In the distance you could hear the whistle of the Chatanooga Choo Choo in the still of the night. My parents grieved about my departure as if I were going to another planet, for it was a long thirty four hour trip by train to reach Sheffield, Ala.

Rural Southern life among the cotton fields replaced the city civilization I had known. The real "tobacco road", where the Negroes (Blacks) lived was more sordid than either movies or books portrayed. Separate drinking fountains, separate schools, the back of the bus were realities in those times. Being a Yankee, I could feel the Civil War was still affecting daily life.

For Thanksgiving Day we gathered in our home with several couples who worked at T.V.A. and had a wonderful cooperative dinner, with these people who were also far from their families. This group became our close friends and we enjoyed picnics, Temple and many happy events.

To provide playmates for our son, we gathered women from several miles around, and the Highland Park Mothers Club was formed. The mothers met and brought their children, who were taken care of by the Southern Mammy of one of the members. This group grew to sponsor a Brownie Scout Troop, Boy Scout Troop, and we built a playground for the community. T.V.A. was trying to help the farmers with electricity, and provided us with night lights for our playground. We even worked to start a public library, but could not arouse enough interest in it. We had always taken for granted there were playground and libraries in the North.

Personally I enjoyed visiting country schools with my young son to give puppet shows for the children. "Peter Rabbit" was well received but at a school for Negro children, the teacher insisted on staying outside with Harvey for he was white. I had to explain that he was part of the show. When I met my neighbor in the country store, she said "I didn't know that you had nigger blood in you,"

Farm life was a new experience as we saw the birth of a calf, cows being milked, animals canned and slaughtered, in the farm across the way.

In our own field, Jimmy grew tomatoes and corn in abundance. Water melons grew where you dropped seeds, and wild blue morning glories covered the front lawn and climbed up the porch.

These were the years 1941-1945 of Pearl Harbor and World War 2. There was gasoline rationing, food and clothes rationing and nightly blackouts and air raid practise. With all this we were so far removed in the country, that what we heard about the war on the radio and in the newspapers seemed unreal.

It was in the spring of 1945 just before V.E.Day, when I was expecting # our second child, that we returned to stay with my folks in Dorchester, until we were settled in Brookline with a baby girl Maryanne.

As I reminisce about the past years, I can now begin to appreciate how much we gained in knowledge and understanding from the life experiences of living four years by the Charles River followed by four years close to the Wilson Dam.

A RED LETTER DAY - 1940

The event came about in February, the year was 1940, when I was Program Chairman for the Harvard Dames, an association of wives at Harvard. My position was to arrange for speakers for our meetings. I wrote to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, then the First Lady, hoping but never expecting that she would accept my invitation. How thrilled we were when she accepted, and I have treasured the correspondence which excites me to this day. Her youngest son John, a student at Harvard, came to the train station to meet her. Mrs James Conant planned a luncheon for her and the the committee.

When we arrived at the Conant House, the place was crowded ~~ed~~ with newsmen and photographers. They hurled questions about President Roosevelt's plans for a ~~fourth~~ ^{third} term, and inquiries about life in the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt was much taller than I expected. I was asked to stand on a stool when the pictures were taken. She was not beautiful in features, but had charm that came from inside her, and when she spoke, though her voice was raspy, you felt she was speaking only to you alone, personally. I recollect her being a very old lady, and now realize she was just fifty-six, but I was only twenty five. I had the pleasure of introducing her when she spoke on "Women in the World of Tomorrow," in which she predicted that women would have more access to education and would begin to play a more important role in society. She had worked for women in unions, had resigned from the Daughters of the American Revolution, when they were unfair to Marion Anderson because ~~she~~ she was black. Mrs. Roosevelt helped sponsor many of the social programs established in the Roosevelt era. She was asked questions about her own family why her children had divorces and other problems. She replied that their children were brought up to be independent, to learn from their mistakes, perhaps because Franklin had been so dominated and directed by his mother. Now I am quoting from notes I took while she spoke in 1940, long before the Civil Rights Bill or the Women's Liberation Movement.

She spoke of avoiding prejudice by dealing with people not nations.
"Democracy is slow, - not like a dictatorship, because you need to get large numbers of people to learn quickly enough to act. Time is important. We need equal opportunity and education for girls as well as boys no matter what their race or creed in the U.S.A."

"We are living in a period of transition. We don't know how the world or civilization will be changed by the war, what relationship this country will have to the rest of the world, but it is growing to be a smaller world- as science draws us closer together."

"What can women do? We can acquire knowledge of ^situations, give time and energy to help educate your own families to understand and cooperate in solving problems. The world of man and woman will not succeed by war, -but by people cooperating."

In this statement she was predicting the formation of the United Nations Organization, in which she later became the U.S. Delegate. Could Eleanor Roosevelt have known that in the 1990's a woman, Madeline Albright would become Secretary of State?

The audience that cold afternoon in February 1940, was thrilled to hear Mrs. ~~R~~oosevlet, and it was one of the most memorable days of my life. We were inspired to do our part to carry on ^{her} ~~the~~ ideals and spirit.

Walking home through Harvard Square, I bought newspapers that already had pictures on the front page. I have put them in a scrap book, in which I have collected clippings and articles about the rest of the years of her life. I continue to read all the books and biographies about her and her family. Eleanor Roosevelt is my hero."

PASSOVER, _ A FAMILY TRADITION

Passover was a very special time when I was a child. My mother and her mother carried out month^e long preparations. Special dishes were brought up from the cellar, pots and all utensils were made kosher for Passover, cabinets were scrubbed, so all signs of bread could be removed. Cherry wine was prepared with great attention to detail by my father. Fat chickens were chosen so the fat could be stored and rendered with onions in to "gribins". My Uncle Sam arrived with a whole case of eggs to use for all the holiday foods. No one seemed to be concerned or at all troubled by the dangers of cholesterol. Sugar was purchased in a solid large black coated shell instead of powdered sugar used throughout the year. We used no milk or dairy products during the whole week, so that is why chicken fat was used exclusively for cooking. The Passover order of matzo, matzo meal, etc, included prunes, apricots for compote, - and what fun it was to secretly sample some of the goodies.

New clothing was also part of the celebration, and I can still recall the stiff, tight feeling of those beautiful shiny patent leather Mary Jane shoes. Seder nights were very special. Every chair, stool, and bench were placed around the extended table for aunts, cousins and family assembled for this event. The table was overflowing with the ceremonial foods and wine.

My father was king that evening, sitting on pillows for a throne, as he sang out the prayers and the service. The Four Questions were asked by the youngest son, - girls not included. It is interesting that I never questioned why, but perhaps it was because girls did not have to go to Heder as boys did, in order to have a Bar Mitzvah. When the door was opened for Elijah, I could actually feel the presence of the old bearded patriarch. The two Seder evenings overflowed with food, song and ceremony of an extended family in my father's house.

When my children were growing up we continued the observance of Passover with its tradition, spirit and food modified to conform to Reformed Judaism. Many years we gathered with our children, relatives and the Rubinovitch family, parents of Elaine, our daughter-in-law. Now our children have their own homes distant from us, and they carry on the tradition with their families and friends.

As I prepare tzimmiss to share with friends this Seder evening, I listen to hear my father's voice, taste my mother's gefilte fish, smell the strong odor of horse-radish grated by hand for bitter herbs, and feel the glow of happy memories of days gone by.

Ethel E. Cline
348 South Clark Drive
Beverly Hills
CA 90211

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THEN AND NOW

May 9, 1982

Dear Jerry and Mike,

Recently in an Antique ^{Shop} ~~Shop~~ window, I was surprised to see an old ice chest that looked just like the one I remember in my mother's house, when I was growing up. Before refrigerators stored food and made ice cubes, the ice chest was a necessity. You had to buy ice from the ice man who had a big load of square bricks of ice on his wagon, which was pulled by a horse. You indicated how much ice you wanted by placing a card in your window that showed the amount. The iceman carried the big chunk of ice on his back up the stairs to your flat. The problem was that the ice melted and ^rdripped down into the pan under the ice chest. You had to remember to empty the pan each day, or you might have a flood. Food did not keep fresh very well, so you had to sh~~op~~ almost every day, and you could not enjoy ice cream or ice cubes, or any frozen foods as we do today.

That reminds me of how sh~~opping~~ was before there were super markets with large parking lots for cars, and computerized check out booths. There were no sh~~opping~~ carts for self service. You had to go to several stores, - one for fruit, another for meat, another for bakery, and still another for groceries. You told the salesman what you wanted and he ran around the store selecting the items, and reaching with a pole for items on the ~~high~~ shelves. Foods were in large barrels instead of packages, and he had to weigh the amounts of cheese or butter that you wanted.

The first self-service market I recall was called The Big Bear Market in Cambridge, in 1941, when your father was a baby. It was strange, exciting experience to walk around the aisles with a basket ⁺ ~~to choose yourself what you would like to buy, and then go the the,~~

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to choose yourself what you would like to buy, and then go to the check out counter.

Can you imagine the days without electricity, therefore no electric plugs, and so no toasters, electric clocks, radio, television, vacuum cleaners, etc. etc.? An iron was heated on a coal stove, the sewing machine worked by pressing your foot up and down on the foot pedal. I vividly recall turning up the switch in our first apartment that had electric lights. The light bulb was so dazzling and bright, compared to the gaslight ^{that} ~~that~~ it replaced.

Other memories of the past remind me that fire engines were driven by horses racing to the fire, instead of gasoline engines. The milkman delivered milk, cheese and eggs each morning with his horse and wagon in Brookline even when your dad was in kindergarten.

Your grand uncle Eddie Ellis was interested in wireless radio when it all began. He made a simple wireless Morse code sending set in the early days, which later developed into an Amateur Wireless Station ICST, and he sent and received messages from the far corners of the world. This led him to his career of Radio Operator on ships.

What excitement there was the night Grandpa went with Eddie to bring home our first T.V., which arrived in time for your father to see the Milton Berle Comedy Hour. Harvey was about nine then.


What progress has been made since then, with color T.V., recorders, tapes, men reaching the moon, satellites going to the planets, and now a whole new era of computers, robots, and games like Itari, for you to enjoy in your home.

My bygone days were more easily understood by me, than this age of computers is to me now, but I have great confidence that you ^{and your peers} ~~and your peers~~ will understand, enjoy and even improve the world of tomorrow.

As ever,
Nana

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THEN AND NOW

2 b  Ethel E. Cline
348 S. Clark Dr.
Beverly Hills, CA 90211

W
Dear Ed and Ira, and Ruthie,

When I go to take a swim here, the pool is just a few steps from the back of the house. I recall how different going swimming was in Boston, when I was a child.

It was a major excursion, starting out on a hot Sunday, packing the lunch, bathing suits and supplies, taking a street and a bus for an hour's journey to catch the cool breeze at City Pont Beach. There you stood in a long waiting line at the bath house to change into your suit, and then on to the crowded beach to find an empty spot on the crowded sand, and at last into the people filled ocean to swim between waves splashing amid the crowds of humanity. I recall enjoying the lunch when suddenly clouds, lightening and a downpour of rain made everyone run for shelter in the long line to the bath house to get dressed, and on to the packed street car to arrive home all sandy, still wet, in time to see the sunshine reappear. It was the climax of an exciting happy childhood family excursion to the beach.

I shall never forget one time when I was a full grown teenager, my father (who always felt I was his "baby"), couldn't see me in the packed street car when we got to our car stop. He shouted out, "Where's my baby?" The startled crowd of passengers on the car separated like the waters of the Red Sea, - and I embarrassed beyond words emerged down the passage way, a humiliated, very oversized baby. So tired, sunburned, sandy we returned from one of the "good old days" at the seashore.

Many years later, when your parents were your age, we were very fortunate to have a cottage for summers at Nantasket Beach which we enjoyed with our family. Each day we would walk to the beach with

Harvey, Maryanne and Hal in the wagon that transported him as well as the lunch, pails, shovels, balls, books etc. Near the ocean we had pleasant afternoons of sun, sand and swimming. For twelve summers from 1951- 1963 we were fortunate to enjoy summers of family vacation at Nantasket Beach. I specially appreciated being at the seashore for the summer, because of my own childhood experiences.

Now a generation later, you have the pleasure of just walking out of your back door to dive into the buoyant clear waters of your pool, surrounded by orange trees and flowers. It is interesting to observe how things have changed from the days of my childhood to the present. Perhaps by looking back and recalling how things used to be, we all can more fully appreciate and enjoy things as they are now.

As ever,

Nana

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Mrs. Ethel E. Cline
348 S Clark Dr.
Beverly Hills, CA 90211

28.

THANKSGIVING DAY 1979- A SPECIAL REUNION

Thanksgiving Day has been a day for family gathering equalled only by Weddings, Bar Mitzvahs or Seders. In the past several years since our children have moved away to pursue college and careers, we have not often been together at Thanksgiving. Lucky we were to have even one or two of them home, so often we gather with friends or relatives who also have offspring in other places. That is why Thanksgiving Day 1979 was so special. For the first time ever our nine offspring, -(three children, two spouses, and four grandchildren) all were here. Harvey and Elaine with their sons had just returned from a year as a Coolidge Fellow at Stanford University, California. Our daughter ~~was~~ Maryanne, from Los Angeles, was teaching one term at Harvard Divinity School, while Ellis was on sabbatical at M.I.T., before leaving for the next semester for Israel with Ruth and Ed their two young children. Hal, our younger son arrived from Princeton, where he was writing his PhD thesis in Economics.

Jimmy had recovered from two heart attacks in the past few years, and I from an acute attack of rheumatoid arthritis. We were very thankful, and felt we had much to celebrate with our children, "mishpoke" (family, in-laws and friends. Sixty guests had dinner with us at the Holiday Inn. It was a day to remember.

Our four grandchildren's smiling faces gave us confidence in the future of our family, as we delighted in the present. Maryanne expressed our feelings in her original prayer of Thanksgiving, comparing modern times to the days of the First Thanksgiving.

After dining on a delicious traditional turkey dinner with all the fixings, -Jimmy and I sang a duet of the following words that we wrote to the tune of "Oh What a Beautiful Morning" and Thanks for the Memories'

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Oh what a Happy Thanksgiving
Oh what a glorious day,
With friends and family gathered
From New York State and L.A.

Oh what a Happy Thanksgiving
Oh what a glorious day
We are so joyful and grateful
For blessings that have come our way.

and

Thanks for the memories
Of lovely little heads
Nestled in your bed...
Your toys and trains, books and games,
The merry chase you led
How lovely it was!

Thanks for the memories
Of sunshine at the shore
Of measles, bumps, and more
You all have been a challenge
But you never were a bore
So thank you so much.

Thanks for the memories
And now that you have grown,
With families of your own
We share so much of happiness
As near or far you roam'''
How lovely it is.

Thanks for the memories,
Of forty-two short years
With laughter and few tears..
To greet you at this homecoming,
We sing our rousing cheers.
We THANK YOU SO MUCH!

My brother Elliot entertained even more professionally singing with Adeline at the piano, "Enjoy Yourself, It's Later Than You Think" "When You're Smiling" and "If You Knew Paula". To conclude Ellis took us on a trip to China as he narrated the slides of his recent trip. As we said "Goodbye" to our guests, we felt our "cups running over with joy and love. Now as I write this in May 1981, our children are scattered far with Maryanne and family back west in L.A., Hal has flown east to London, while Harvey and family are in Schenectady. By phone and letters we keep the ties strong between visits, as I fondly reminisce about our Special Thanksgiving Day in 1979.

My Second Commencement Day

It was a lovely day in June 1969, and I was very happy to be wearing a cap and gown for the Wheelock College Commencement Day exercises. What was I, a fifty-four year old woman doing in the procession with over two hundred women in their early twenties?

Twenty-four years earlier, in 1935, I had graduated from Boston Teachers' College, and became a Kindergarten teacher in the crowded slum area of the South End of Boston, and then to Long Island. When I married two years after graduation, I had to give up teaching, for married women teachers were not allowed in Boston. This was part of the "Feminine Mystique" that woman's place was in the home, and before the movement for equality and liberation of women.

I became a happy home maker with my husband, had a busy involved life with three children and an extended family of my parents and brother in our home. I was a care giver to them in their illnesses. My spare time was taken up by PTA, teaching Sunday School, and ever continuing my interest in teaching and education.

When my children had grown up and my mother had passed away, I returned to teach in Boston, in the very district I had been in, twenty years earlier. ^{The law now allowed married women as teachers.} Conditions had deteriorated. It was a much more dilapidated building and neighborhood, the children were mostly black and Porto Rican. Many children spoke only Spanish. There were more emotional problems, probably from broken homes, poverty, alcoholism, drugs, prostitution in the neighborhood. This was the era of trying to implement the Civil Rights Act, to speed integration and help the culturally deprived child. ^{Day} The sad after Martin Luther King was killed, a bright eyed youngster said to me, "Our preacher said, "All whites is bad. Mrs. Cline, are you all white?" I thought before I answered, "I have some brown spots, my freckles." How could you explain complex things to a loving child?

2.

To find answers, to update my education and to learn to cope and motivate the children, I began taking graduate courses. I found it difficult to get back to academic studies, especially written exams, ^{when} when I first opened the blue exam book, I could hardly remember my name. Child Psychology, Modern Music, Abnormal Psychology, Cultural Anthropology, were challenging, but I was most interested and motivated by Creative Experience with Children, and this was the topic I chose for my Masters Thesis. Here I found ways to reach children to learn through exploring, art, music, science by their own creative discovery. My own ^{husband and children} family had shown great originality and creative power, and I had learned much from living with them.

It took several years of courses, two a semester, before I qualified for my Master's Degree in Education. I had attended many commencements of my husband, my sons, my daughter, and here I had arrived at this special day in June 1969. My family shared my pride in achievement.

This event was significant to me, for my own self esteem that I could do it, as well as it opened the door for me to teach at Mass Bay Community College and give State Courses in the education of young children, especially through creative experiences.

The motto carved on the Teachers College many years ago, has continued to be my motto for today, "Education for Service".

MY RELIGION

According to Webster's dictionary, "Religion is the expression of man's belief in and reverence for a superhuman power." With this definition I believe I am a religious person. My religion has been influenced by the Orthodox Judaism of my grandparents, the Orthodox-Conservative practises of my parents, and has developed into Reformed Judaism during the years since my marriage. ^{My husband's} Jimmy's parents were among the leaders of the Reformed Jewish community in Glens Falls, New York. Soon after our marriage I was asked to teach Sunday School at ^{Reformed} Temple Sinai, and we have continued our membership there. Harvey and Hal had Bar Mitzvahs at Temple Sinai, while Maryanne went on to Kehilith Israel for more conservative religious education.

I appreciate and value the spiritual quality of Judaism, and have been guided by the moral code expressed in the Ten Commandments, subject to modern interpretation. I feel that the Bible and Talmud are beautiful, inspiring literature. Since thousands of years have passed since they were written, it is essential to revise and re-interpret their contents to meet the changing times and developments of civilization. For these reasons I have grown to accept the developing, changing concepts of Reform Judaism, which gives ^{women} equal ^{status} with ^{men in the} participation ~~and~~ ^{in the} service of the ~~Temple~~ and religion. Emotionally I still enjoy the more traditional service which I recall from my childhood.

I firmly ^{believe} believe in religious tolerance for all people of all religions or those who have no religion. Though I do try hard to overcome my own prejudices, I have to admit that my own ethnic background makes me look at things from a Jewish point of view.

With thoughts of religion, comes the subject of immortality. My grandmother expressed her sincere belief in an after-life, with the "genadim" (heaven) and the "genim" (hell) for life everlasting. Life here on earth was just the vestibule to the main structure of existence, the world of the hereafter. My grandmother followed to the letter, of the Talmud, the rules of Orthodox Judaism, for she believed that we are born and live on earth to do good deeds (mitzvahs) to earn our admission to heaven. Her life and good deeds continue to be an inspiration to all her loved ones.

I believe in a spiritual God, whose creative expression and power we find all around us in the miracles of nature and nurture. I agree with Rabbi Kushner's idea in his book Why Bad Things Happen to Good People, that God is not directly responsible and in control of all the good and evil of humankind in the universe.

I believe that your immortality comes from the quality of your life, in the seeds you have planted, what you have accomplished, what joy, love or inspiration you have produced for society and for descendants in future generations.

I am proud to be a Jewish wife and mother. I feel grateful for my ethnic background and heritage that inspires devoted caring, humane relationships, and values learning and morality. My religion includes the belief that growing understanding and tolerance among people will bring hope of peace.

Ethel Ellis Clunie
1990

THE JEWISH WOMAN, APRIL, 1976. WHO IS SHE? WHERE HAS SHE BEEN?

WHERE IS SHE GOING?

She's a volunteer worker taking positions of work and responsibility not for pay but for service to Temple and community.
She's a mother going back to school to finish or continue her education.
She's a single or married woman involved in her career.
She's a single parent working and raising her family.
She's an older woman who carries a medicare card and is forced to turn to non-family people for services family members used to perform.

The Jewish woman, who is she? Her history is only recently coming out. For centuries past, it was his story that was recorded. Since we are living with constant change, it is difficult to evaluate trends in the changing role of the Jewish woman. Her story may give us some insight.

Traditional Judaism has always held women in high esteem in regard to positions of influence within the family and in business. In past centuries girls were barred from the study of Torah. Theirs was a practical education dealing with household duties and commercial ventures. She contributed to the preservation of Torah by relieving her husband of the pressure of mundane affairs.

The Jewish woman also shared the burden of supporting the family because the economic opportunities for Jews was severely limited. Since it was rare for the Jewish male to earn enough for his family on his own, his wife was needed. Thus it was common and an accepted practice to have women in the family work outside the home. Handmade clothing, dairy products, and all matter of odds and ends were made by the family and sold locally.

As large numbers of Eastern European Jews emigrated from the Pale to America in the 1880's and after, women brought with them the role of mother and small businesswoman. But in the new land, America, men, not women were expected to provide for their families. Torah scholars became shopkeepers and factory workers. Women were still employed, but often they worked for no pay, minding the store, keeping the books. Her work was usually not considered employment. As Jewish men succeeded in America, woman's economic contribution was no longer needed. Raising children and keeping the house became of prime importance, but was not their only function. For Jewish women have also been committed to the welfare of the community as a whole. Ours is a tradition of tzedakah, justice. Social welfare organizations were transplanted here, but in America's soil of freedom, they were able to prosper and flourish.

As early as the Civil War, Jewish women founded orphanages for unfortunate children, and have been continuously involved in charity as is in keeping with their tradition. At the turn of the century, while poor Jewish working seamstresses marched in picket lines to get better wages and conditions in the sweat shops, there were also more affluent club women meeting to exchange recipes, hear concerts and lectures, but also to raise money for coal, clothing, scholarships and provide for the less fortunate. Their motto was, "There but for

This tradition for philanthropy has multiplied with the years, and today there are over a hundred Jewish organizations operating nationwide with thousands of hours of volunteer work done annually by dedicated women.

Temple Sinai Sisterhood, sponsoring this evening's service, is one of 660 groups in the National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods, founded in 1913. The purpose is to further Temple activities, religious education and take part in the Jewish Braille Institute, sponsor interfaith programs and support the community through the Temple. The common denominator of faith, learning and service unites thousands of Jewish American women.

Volunteering and organization work are frowned upon by advocates of NOW, who feel that women should require a salary for any service rendered. But how could Hadassah, Bnai Brith, hospitals and schools possibly accomplish their great deeds without the caring services of volunteers? Some women find fulfillment in the world of careers and work, for others home, family and charitable activities combine to enrich their lives.

Let us now consider education, a very high priority in Jewish families. Sixty-two percent of Jewish youth attend college compared to 26% of all other groups. Although public school is available to boys and girls equally, Jewish families up until recently, considered it more important for their sons to attend college than daughters, for boys prepare to make a living, while girls need to become homemakers, wives and mothers. Presently changes are coming about, giving opportunity towards equal admission to college, graduate school and careers, and we find a great increase in the numbers of Jewish women entering law, medicine, engineering and the other professions and occupations. It is interesting to observe why Jewish people are so often leaders in new fields of endeavor. In Eastern Europe edicts banned Jews from owning land, from entering many occupations, or even surviving, - so they had to become innovators. Here in America the dream of success made the struggle worthwhile. Now the women have the door of opportunity opening for them, we find Jewish women in the forefront of the Women's Liberation Movement, - just to mention a few examples like Bette Friedan, Gloria Stienam and Bella Abzug.

It was after World War Two when many women had been employed in factories, to replace the soldiers, that there was a great revival of family togetherness; mother in a home with children in the suburbs, gave great pride to the provider of the good life, the husband. Family organizations flourished with the prospect of peace and prosperity.

You may yourself be one who went to college, but felt that home^{me} and family were of utmost importance, unless economic necessity demanded your working. If you had a career it was parttime to fit around the needs of your family.

Now with women's liberation, with the cost of raising children and the high cost of sending them to college, with marriage later, or with choice of alternative life styles, and the rise in the number of single parents, women are employed in greater and greater numbers. At present over 40% of women are working. At dinner parties you are no longer asked, "What does your husband do?", but rather "What do you do?" The 1960's brought women face to face with the questions, "Who am I?" "Has my potential been reached?" Such consciousness raising has inspired the Equal Rights Amendment and Affirmative Action, but has also brought much frustration for women of all ages.

Women are plagued with should they choose or should they not choose between a family and a career. At this point in time, many women seem to think that it must be one or the other, and others are involved and pressured by the logistics of trying to put the two together. Until respect and status for each woman's choice of role is accomplished, true liberation will not be a reality.

Great strides have been made in the economic and political spheres. On the local and national scene women have risen to the top in many social welfare organizations. Thus it would seem at a quick glance that women have made similar strides in the religious world. But looks are deceiving. In the Reform movement, women are rabbis, cantors, presidents of congregations, and members of boards of trustees. But the traditionally oriented woman may be uncomfortable with the Reform community. She wants movement on religious equality within her own milieu.

The traditionally oriented woman has hurdles that are almost insurmountable. How do we change the facts that in "halachically" (traditional law)-----

- 1) Women are not viewed as independent legal entities.
- 2) Women cannot serve as witnesses.
- 3) Women cannot inherit equally with male heirs.
- 4) Women can only play a passive role in a traditional marriage ceremony.
- 5) Women cannot initiate divorce proceedings.

Even if the "halachic" barriers could be overcome, and who knows when this may come about, the most fundamental barrier is psychological. The young Orthodox girl has few role models to follow. Most positions of status and authority are held by and given to men. Many women hesitate to engage in ritual behavior that has been sanctified by time and custom. There are no barriers to the laying of tefillin. Girls can and do study much of the same curriculum as boys up until rabbinical school. Even though she may have the same knowledge and training, once she enters the synagogue and looks around, she can easily get the feeling that her place in the community as well as in God's eyes, is less important. Her concerns should be home, family and moral development. She just is not needed in the positions of leading the congregation in any way.

However, there is some movement in Conservative synagogues. Women are laying tefillin, saying Torah blessings, and reading other parts of the service. BatMitzvah is becoming more widespread. It was only since World War II that Reform communities began bat mitzvah ceremonies for their daughters. Conscious raising groups such as the "Women's Minyan" and "Lilith" have been organized. Parents of newborn daughters are feeling the need for a special ceremony to welcome their baby girls into the Covenant of Abraham. Reform women have the freedom to choose as much or as little religious involvement as they desire. Religious equality is theirs if they choose it. We should take heart in the fact that other more traditionally oriented women are seeking and finding their own religious identity in their communities.

We have attempted to survey the changing role of Jewish women in relation to history, economics, education and religion. Now we need to consider the factors responsible for these trends.

We hear criticism of the "Jewish Mother" with her protective devotion. But does she not provide the nurturing warmth and stimulation that gives the child the basic trust and strength which is regarded so important for the development of the child's full potential?

experience

Our Jewish heritage provides many opportunities for family life. The common~~d~~ expressed symbolically in a Passover Seder (which we celebrate this month) is much more than matzo, blessings and wine. It is a time for reflection and togetherness, though you may travel 3000 miles to be there, you gather as an extended family with no generation gap. The youngest child is honored by asking the Four Questions; the father is king and the mother a queen surrounded by a loving dynasty. You recall ages past when you were a child, as you observe the present advance from generation to generation.

As we look to the future and ask "Jewish woman, where is she going?", we think of our daughters and on to their daughters in the brave new age of tomorrow. The world of opportunity is becoming wide open to women, and there will be a smorgesboard of identities and choices.

For man or woman, Jew or non-Jew, liberation should proceed with the awareness that committment offers meaning to life. We must accept the freedom as well as the burden of being modern, without rejecting the values and the accomplishments of the past.

Anita Lebson concluded her book Recall to Life, about Jewish women in America, with the following paragraph:

"Women have wrought wondrously. Their accomplishments are stunning. They stand on the threshold of time where past and future meet. Each woman is both heiress and apprentice. Within her hands are the strands of history. She marches to the song of yesterday and hears the brave hymn of a new tomorrow."

Presented as a sermon dialogue April 2, 1976
by
Beth Waldorf and Ethel Cline

at
Temple Sinai, Brookline, Mass.

THE PRESENT DECADE

1972- 1982

Ten years ago this month we sold our Beals Street home, which we had enjoyed with our extended family for twenty-six years, and moved into our present apartment. Jimmy and I no longer needed all that space with our children living away from home. The care and upkeep of the large house was difficult for me since I had an acute attack of arthritis and could hardly walk. How fortunate I am that Dr. Hall and gold shots have helped me so much since that time.

Jimmy has come through two major heart crises, and continues his work with the Dept. of Transportation, and has mixed feelings about the prospect of retiring. Seven years ago Michael's illness brought him to Children's Hospital, and he has done fine with regular check ups since then. Elliot came through a serious chest operation last year, just after he celebrated his 75th birthday. Jim is doing fine after he had a hip replaced, and celebrating his 80th birthday in July. Dorothy, Leo and Sarah have had serious illnesses too, and I'm happy to write that ~~it~~ ^{they} ~~is~~ ^{are} doing very well at this time.

After enumerating all these illnesses and thinking fondly of friends and relatives who have died, perhaps it sounds incredible for me to say that ~~these~~ ^{as} these have been very happy years filled with loving relationship with Jimmy, our children, relatives and friends that continue to enrich my life, and for whom I care deeply.

My teaching career gradually diminished as the courses in Early Childhood Education I was teaching at Mass. Bay Community College were taken over by full time instructors. I continue teaching as a volunteer at Devotion School, helping foreign children learn to understand and ~~for their~~ speak English. I also volunteered at Children's Hospital in gratitude for their kindness and treatment of Jerry and Michael.

Hsl's first trip to Europe was during the first summer we lived here, while he was a student at Harvard. For graduate school he went to Princeton with a fellowship and got his Phd in Economics in 1980, when he was an Assistant Professor at U. of Rochester. Another trip to Europe when he gave a paper at a meeting in France, interested him in applying to teach at London School of Economics, where he has been the past year. Now he has decided to stay in London to take a position with Data Resources, hopefully to be transferred some day to the Lexington, Mass. headquarters. Just this week Maryanne and Ellis visited him in London en route to a trip to Southern France. We were delighted when they phoned to wish Jimmy a Happy Father's Day. Truly, this is the jet age!

In remembering the past ten years, I realize how fortunate and successful our family is. Beyond our private lives, the world around us has been in a whirlwind. Locally Proposition 2½ has caused cut backs in local services, nationally Reaganomics has us in a recession, and internationally there are wars in the Falklands and in the Mid East. The United Nations in which I had confidence, has been very ineffective. Yet there is hope when 800, 000 people stage an Anti-Nuclear March in New York City, and people are waking up to the nuclear threat.

What are my goals for the future? If I can strive to maintain health mentally and physically, continue care giving, loving, learning and enjoying life, I hope to be prepared to cope with the future, whatever good or bad that may bring.

The Present years

1982- 1989

AUGUST 1989

I am sitting on the 10th floor balcony at 1731 Beacon Street, overlooking the Boston sky line, from this lovely condo, where we have lived for almost three year. Though we were content at Stetson Street, when the Conlons all died, we had to move on, and we are very fortunate to be at this lovely building as our home.

Jimmy continues with his work at the DOT, now the oldest person there. I have been involved with HILR, on the Council, VicePresident, a coordinator of the Bloomsbury Group with Myra, and having a great time.

I swim in the pool a few times a week, play Bridge with four couples, know about 40 people in the building including Phyllis, Edith, Louise etc. Recently we celebrated our 52nd Anniversary, went to china Sails and the dancing at Moseley's. It was a happy evening. For our 50th, we had a week end at the Marriott, and all the children came to celebrate and welcome Juliet into the family.

Hal and Juliet married in April 1987, and I went (with my ~~sore~~^{Sore} thumb) to London to the wedding. Last August Jimmy and I went to meet Alexander born in May and most adorable. They three came here for Thanksgiving 1988. Hal works as an economist and they live in Chiswick.

Harvey, Elaine and Mike visited London last week, after Harvey spoke in Amsterdam on MRI. Mike is a New Poltz, and Jerry, a third year graduate student in Physics, after he graduated MIT.

We have been to LA a few times, for Ruth's Bat Mitzvah in 1985, a great party and service, and this October for Ed's Bar Mitzvah and evening dinner dance. Ellis went to Saudi Arabia, among other places, Maryanne came to Harvard for the Renaissance Conference, etc.etc. Maryanne is a full professor head of the History Dept. with a beautiful office we visited. Their home has expanded with a new second story, jacuzzi, steam showe, Maryanne's study with a ladder, a curved glass kitchen and improved pool. We spent two glorious weeks there in June celebrating Ed's graduation of grade 8, birthday and Anniversary.

HILR begins next week and I am looking forward to all the involvement and friendship. Visiting Delle who had a hip replaced, Charlotee had a hip operation, Hannah has recovered, Phyllis is making progress, and so life goes on.

June 1990

REVIEWS of a BUSY YEAR

~~at~~ Getting ready for our trip to L.A. It has been
and exciting busy year.

The big, special time was in Washington, when Harvey was honored as Inventor of the Year with all his patents on M.R.I. There was a special exhibit of his work and accomplishments. Jimmy and I were thrilled to be at the Marriott Hotel and at the ceremony at the Congressional Building with Elaine and Jerry too. And the good news of Michael graduating from New Paltz College.

Maryanne writing her book, Ellis going to Hong Kong. Charlotte born in October. Hal has a new position- and my broken right arm has healed. I wore a cape to get to HILR to give a talk in the Biography Class.

Lots happened this year,- and Jimmy deciding not to retire- and HILR preparing to move to 51 Brattle Street. I am on the Council.
And so happily we are off to L.A.

New Year's Eve , 1991

This year was so great until September 24 when Jimmy went to work called that he ~~did~~ not feel well, went by ambulance to the hospital, and he died before I got there. He did not suffer, for which I am thankful, but I had regrets about not having him retire and take things easy. But this is what he wanted to keep working, so what could I have done that I did not do? The full moon was shining that evening and with every full moon, I feel that Jimmy is still with me and helps me to go on without him.

And the sadness of Ruthis leaving Barnard to I don't know where. How did this beautiful child turn around. My mind boggles.

Jimmy darling I love you forever. Life goes on but never the same.

BY EIGHTH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

APRIL 1 1995

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What a wonderful weekend with the family here to celebrate at the Hyatt Hotel on the Charles River for a special brunch.

Maryanne, Ellis, Ira, Harvey, Elaine, Michael, Jerry, Lisa, all came for the weekend. Jimmy would be so happy and proud of his family. We sat on the beautiful patio, overlooking the River with my beautiful, loving, successful children and grandchildren. Speeches and gifts of love and kindness. A video ~~of~~ Jerry and Lisa's wedding, a tape of Maryanne interviewing Dad about his life and feelings, a video of movies from Ellis' Bar Mitzvah to recent times, a beautiful school bag for me for HILR. From Harvey and Elaine a magnificent bronze "Tree of Life" Menorah. Haland family sent beautiful gifts and greetings.

Being 80 is truly great, and I feel very young at heart. Going to Maryanne's Friday for Passover.



LIFE WRITING CLASS AT THE STOREFRONT*

TWO HOURS EVERY THURSDAY
by Bea Oberhand



We are a group of seniors who meet every Thursday for two memorable hours. Each week we bring stories we have written about our past and present life experiences. Many of us have unanswered questions about our parents, grandparents and those that came before them, but we sought answers when it was too late. Through our writing we hope our children and grandchildren will learn more about us and not have to say, "I wish I'd asked my parents or grandparents about...."

In this class, we read our own stories and listen to others. We laugh, sometimes feel like crying and, at times, are astounded by the hardships some participants have endured. We wind up admiring each story. With little or no writing experience before joining this class, all of our writing has improved.

Through our recent affiliation with OASIS and before that, Bea Mitz, our leader, has kept this writing class going for over six years. When new people join us, they soon feel as much a part of our group as those who've been coming for years.

Thursdays from 10am to 12 noon has become our magnet. We are drawn to this class and can not bear to stay away.

SELF PORTRAIT

by Ethel Cline

Looking into the mirror, I see an older woman with blue eyes and white hair. My lips look ready to smile. Many wrinkles line my face and forehead. I like to think that wrinkles are old smiles that reflect life's experiences and relationships.

The years have passed with living connections to my parents, brothers and sisters, on to my husband, children, grandchildren, and, of course, friends.

And who am I? A rather mild person who hates violence and treasures people, (especially children), more than material things. Music, art, books, movies and television are my favorites.

I guess I could be called an idealist, a pacifist, a person who still hopes that some day guns and nuclear bombs will disappear forever.

London, U.K.
December 15, 1997

Dear Delle, and Friends in Brookline, and H.L.R.

I am writing you from South Kensington, London, looking out the window of this beautiful flat of the British Imperial College.

How ~~did~~ I get here? You remember last year I moved from Boston to Beverly Hills, California, to live with my daughter's family, and have been adjusting well to the beautiful weather and loving family.

What a surprise it was to me, when my daughter and son-in-law had a sabbatical term from their college teaching positions, and asked me to go with them to London for the fall term. I was so delighted because I love London, and I have a son who married ^{there} and lives with his wife and four children. The children are Alex, who is nine, Charlotte, who is seven, and twin baby girls, Rose and Emily who I have never seen.

The day I arrived in London was the day of Diane's funeral, and the procession of thousands of people with so many flowers passed by us on the way to Kensington Park and Palace. Royal history was made right outside our window.

Our location on Exhibition Road is on the street of the Victoria and Albert Museum with the Science and History Museum on the other side, and the Royal Academy of Music around the corner. I have been enjoying more art, science and musical concerts than ever before.

These months have provided a feast of the history and literature I have enjoyed all my life. A ride on the two story red busses or the big black taxis took us to the Windsor Castle, Chuchill's home, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and the Tower of London. In a day trip we went to Stratford on Avon and visited the birthplace of Shakespeare and a performance of "Twelfth Night".

People are friendly if you understand their dialects, but crossing a street is hazardous, since drivers drive on the opposite side of the road. Words are ^{English} but an elevator ^{is different} is a "lift", the trunk of a car is a "boot", and apartment is a "Flat".

For the High Holidays we were invited to attend the Westminster Reformed Temple. ~~The~~ service was familiar to us, and we enjoyed meeting the rabbi. It was interesting to see men wearing tall black hats. One unusual part of the service was when Kol Nidre was sung by a woman.

as usual Thanksgiving Day is ~~not~~^{not} celebrated in London, and schools and work ~~occurred~~^{were} on Thursday, so we decided to have a traditional American Thanksgiving Day Feast on Saturday. We went to several markets to find a turkey and to Harrods for cranberry ^{sauce} and cornbread. I went to the library for a picture book about Thanksgiving which we followed in preparation of the menu. It was a very festive occasion. Alex read the story of the First Thanksgiving at Plymouth. Charlotte read a poem of thankfulness, and each member ~~ppp/~~ of the family told what he or she was thankful for. Emily and Rose, the baby twins added much happiness to the afternoon. It was a day to remember.

Now the sabbatical term is almost over, and we are beginning to pack up our possessions to return to California, with heart warming memories and gratitude for these months in London.

Loving regards to all,

Ethel

March 4, 1999

Dear Louise,

Fond memories of you, my best friend, linger on my mind and in my heart, even though you passed wway last year.

We met almost fifty years ago in Brookline at a P.T.A. Cake Sale to raise money for equipment for the students. Two cakes remained at the end of the event: one had a peek in the middle, the other had fallen in, and were marked down to one dollar each. One was mine, the other yours. We bought each other's cakes, and our friendship began. You had recently moved from New Yonk, I from Alabama. We discovered we had so much in common. You had your mother living with you, Bernie and your daughter. My parents were living with me, Jimmy and my children. You were leading Brownie Scouts, I was teaching. We found that we both belonged to Temple Sinai, had Symphony tickets ^{for} ~~for~~ Saturday nights. Remember our vacation at the Cape when it rained all week. We were involved in so many P.T.A. projects, from musical progems for families to getting rid of Bean Blowers by State legislation.

You were the sister I never had. Bernie and you were adopted by my family when you were invited to my Family Association. We ^{shared} ~~had~~ the grief when your mother died at 94, You consoled me when my parents were ill and died. You were of the greatest comfort and help to me when Jimmy passed away.

When my children were in college or married, we moved from our house ^s to a Condo on Beacon Street. A few years later you moved to the same building high on the 14th floor. We formed a Book Grohp, played Bridge on Saturday nights. What pleasure it was to celebrate New Year's Eve with friends and neighbors, and watch the fireworks in the distance from your patio.

I celebrated your daughter Sigi's accomplishments as you did for my three children. What endless gloious hours we spent on the phone, solving our own as well as the world's problems. I hear your ~~worried~~ voice when Sigi called from Radcliffe that she had decided to become a doctor. "How could she ever do it?" And she has done it famously with husband Pat ~~at~~ children and grandchildren.

Oh how many joys you shared with me, and how many sorrows you made lighter. When you became ill with Asthma and later with a Stroke, you kept your creative spirit by writing poetry, instead of oil painting ~~as~~ as you had done before.

I enclose this poem you wrote to me a few years ago when I left Brookline to live in California with Mary anne and her family.

" How like the mighty oak a friendship is
The wooded bark a covering for the trunk.
So are the years a covering for each other
Caring and listening, easing us through
Life, s been a treasure because of you."

Much affection,
Louise

Louise dear, the memory and love for you continues to be an inspiration
to all who knew and shared in the fullness and beauty of your life.

Love,

Ethel

Ethel

Thread

June 2, 1999

Thread is a symbol of sewing, which my mother Minnie, did so well. It was 1899 when she was 13, and she arrived in Boston with her father from Minsk, Russia. They left the five siblings and mother (my grandmother) to wait in Russia until the day that there was enough money for their passage. Minnie and her father moved in with relatives in this so-called "land of milk and honey." To earn money Minnie got a job in a sweat shop factory sewing for long hours every day. This was before child labor laws would prevent child labor. Her skill in sewing grew, and she worked extra hours to sew clothes for her sisters, so they would not look like "green horns" when they got off the boat.

What a glorious day at Ellis Island when the family was reunited. They moved into a small tenement flat, ~~walk~~ up to the fifth floor.

Since Minnie was the oldest child and had work, she kept on sewing while all the younger children were able to go school.

Minnie became very efficient in sewing ^{and she} which continued as a dress-maker and designer of beautiful clothes.

The thread of her life continued when she married my father Harry, whom she had met on the ship coming from Russia. They worked together, Minnie was sewing while Harry sold fruit and vegetables with a horse and wagon.

Their first three children, born in four years were boys. Nine years later I was the lucky girl to be born on April Fool's Day. How thrilled she was to have a daughter to sew for. - and how lucky I was to have ^{her} this mother. The thread of life continued with her beautiful sewing for me until my Wedding Gown, which I treasure, on to the ^{lovely} beautiful things she sewed for my daughter.

It is interesting that my mother did not want ^{to teach me} me to learn to sew, because I ~~should~~ spend my time with studying and teaching, and I did.

^{She wanted me use}
Now when I thread a needle to sew back a missing button, I recall my mother ⁶⁰
her foot pedal sewing machine and her sewing.

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POSTCARDS
by
Ethel Cline

During World War II, in the summer of 1942, we moved to Sheffield, Alabama. It was a rural community complete with cotton fields and neighbors scattered in houses far away from ours. We lived there because my husband was asked to do research at the Wilson Dam. I stayed home with our three-year-old son. There were moments of great loneliness. I missed city life, my mother and father, brothers and sisters and innumerable

aunts, uncles and cousins. So mail delivery was the big moment of the day. We would all walk down the road to the Rural Free Delivery box where the postman left our mail.

One day, not long after we settled in, I received an official looking envelope. Opening it, I read that I was being investigated and was ordered to report to the Federal Post Office as soon as I could. I was to bring with me all the mail I had received.

“What could I possibly have done? Why are they doing this?” I asked my husband.

“It’s wartime, anything can happen,” he answered..

I couldn’t fall asleep that night. All I could think of was appearing at an unfamiliar place in front of strange people who were accusing me of who knows what. As much as I dreaded going, morning couldn’t come fast enough for me. I wanted to get the whole unpleasant situation behind me.

Finally, it was time to leave. I gathered up all the mail I received and my husband and I drove to the place of investigation. The Postal Chief looked at the mail, flipping each envelope on top of the other until he came to the post cards I received regularly from my mother.

“What kind of writing is this? It could be a secret code, “ he commented, looking me straight in the eye.

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“Those postcards are from my mother. The cards are written in Yiddish,” I explained. “My mother can’t write English but when I type, she can read English. So I learned to read Yiddish so she could write me a penny post card every day, seven days of the week.”

“Yeah? Well let’s hear what’s on this one,” he said pointing to the most current card.

I began. “Myn tiere kind, Etelu. (My dear child, Ethel.) Vos toost de hint? (What are you doing today?) Vi is Jimmy? (How is Jimmy?) Do is zier calt mit shnay. (Here it is very cold with snow) Tate and Yich benk noch dier. (Father and I are lonesome for you.) Mamma un Tate (mother and father).” I finished interpreting, placed the postcard on the table and waited silently.

The chief looked at me, wide-eyed, slightly embarrassed and surprised, all at the same time. He explained that those cards coming every day with such odd writing aroused his suspicions that I might be working for the enemy.

At last, the investigation ended. We went home relieved and happy and tired.

My mother’s daily postcards continued to be delivered.

June 19, 1999

MY COFFEE TABLE

In the past fifty years my living space has been condensed, from a large eight room home which my parents shared with us, to a five room apartment, when my three children grew up and went off to college and marriage, and to a two bedroom condo when my husband and I lived alone in Brookline, Massachusetts. Each move met our changing needs as the years passed with so many friends nearby. Those were such busy years of contentment and accomplishment.

The biggest change came when my husband died as well as my brothers, my friends were diminishing, and my sons settled in London and New York. My daughter and her husband urged me to live here with them. Although it is rare for mothers to live with children, it has worked out amazingly well for all of us. I do have one room and bath facing the pool and garden, but I share the comfort of the large home, two grown grandsons, and all the excitement and stimulation of an academic family with a housekeeper. I can and do enjoy my independent life.

In the center of my room is a large mahogany table, three by five feet which holds memorabilia and precious souvenirs of my life. A standing rotating picture stand holds pictures of each of my family taken from the Taj Mahal to London, to Israel and to Roxbury Park. In a "I Love Grandma" Coffee mug, I keep pens and pencils. Beside the cup is an "Our Grandchildren Album" with pictures of ten grand children and one great grand child.

My hobby has been collecting paper weights that have snow inside, that happily recalls the delight of snow falling, even in this beautiful climate. They come from trips around the world. There is a letter

holder of hammered aluminum that my son made in Machine Shop when he was

In the center of the table is a beautiful decorated Music Box with

"Mazel Tov" on it that plays "Sunrise, Sunset", from my older grandson. In front of it is a gold and silver hand carved "Jerusalem Globe", only four inches round with all the important places shining from its surface.

The most recent addition to the table on the right hand corner, is a large book, "The Century" by Peter Jennings, which sums up in great detail the past hundred years in anticipation of the Millenium.

As I sit here in my comfortable cushioned chair, in my mind I relis the memory of each life experience, the challenge , the satisfaction of these simple treasures that give me vivid memories to enrich my life.

MY FIRST TIME

July 13, 1999

In my youth transportation was provided by walking, street cars, busses, or trains. Automobiles were rare, but I had a generous uncle, who sometimes came on Sunday to pile all the children and go for a ride.

When I was in Junior High, we had the excitement and thrill of Lindbergh flying across the ocean, and becoming the biggest hero of all time. The miracle of flying ~~it~~ astounded me more than Going to the Moon and all the Space Missions later on.

In 1945 it took 24 hours on the train to return to Boston from Alabama. Although I had been to Logan Airport to pick visitors up, it wasn't until 1961 that I had anywhere that required going on an airplane.

I remember being truly afraid of flying, especially after a cousin had been killed in an air disaster. We were invited to a special event in Washington, and many relatives were going to be there.

It was a cold winter day when we got to the airport. I was truly frightened, and felt we should have taken the train. It was a small Commuter Plane, and ~~to~~ you had to walk up the stairs outside, with wind blowing. We sat waiting long time for the takeoff was delayed because of high winds that might be a hurricane.

At last we took off and flew over Cape Cod, the islands, to New York and at last to Washington. By the time we landed, my fears had gone, and we were happily welcomed into the arms of our relatives.

It was the first time on a plane, the first of many, many flights near and far.

July 20, 1999

GOING TO THE MOVIES IN THE 1920'S

When I was six years old, my youngest brother was a teen ager. When he wanted to go to the movies with his friends, my mother insisted that he take me along. We prepared for the event by packing a lunch of sandwiches and fruit. Glass milk bottles were traded for nickels at the corner grocery store. The admission to the movies was ten cents. So off we went with three tall boys, with me tagging along. I tried hard to keep up with them, running up the hill to the movie hou. I recall the beautiful building with a dome on top, that to me lookid l a palace I had seen in the Fairy Tale stories, Years later, when I came back to this place, the hill was haedly a hill and the theatre wa an ordinary building.

After standing in a long line, we entered the theatre ^{when} we heard the piano music had begun. My embarassed brother handed me the bag of food to keep me quiet.

^{actors} The Cowboy and Indian movie was very exciting. The chase of the kept the audience clapping and the piano music grew louder. When it seemed they were all going to fall off a cliff,- the movie and the piano music stopped dead,- to be continued next week.

There was also a longer Charlie Chaplin movie with all his great funny acts in his comic clothes.

The time passed quickly, the lunch was all gone, and it was time to lwave the dark, magic world of the movie, and go out to the bright sunshine and the here and now world.

Walking as fast as I possibly could, I tagged along with my brother and his friends, looking forward to seeing how the CowbOYS AND Indians would come out next week.

July 27/1997 1999

ON THE STREET WHERE WE LIVED

In 1945, after living for four years in Alabama, during ~~the~~ World War II, my family were delighted to return to Brookline, Massachusetts. There was a housing shortage, so we were very happy to find a house ^{for sale} with a vacancy at 22 Beals Street. From our neighbor I learned that Joseph Kennedy had lived with his family down the street at ^{number} 67. When Jack Kennedy became President in 1960, the house became a ^{National Treasure} ~~Historic Shrine~~. The Kennedy Family asked to buy it back from the present owner, and to restore it with furniture, decoration, and memorabilia of the years when they lived in the house.

The present owner had purchased the house for \$16,000, and Rose Kennedy bought it back for \$67,000, which was a big amount at that time.

We watched the house ^{being} painted, the old wall paper restored, the black kitchen coal stove ^{restored to its old location} in the kitchen, the crib and beds for all the children along with toys, ~~musical~~ musical instruments and books.

A monument stood in front of the house when Rose Kennedy arrived for the Dedication. A large crowd gathered to hear Mrs. Kennedy, a beautiful tall woman, tell about her life with her family on Beals Street. She mentioned interesting details, like ^{the fact that} she kept a diary of the many children's illnesses, so she could recall which child had what, ^{when}. After that day, there were guides to take you through

the house, with a recorded message to describe what you saw in each room. Beals Street became famous with tour busses and much traffic from visitors to see Kennedy's home. That was in 1960.

The other night on the T.V. Program called "Biography", "The Life of Joseph Kennedy" was portrayed in detail. There I saw the picture ^{of} the house at 67 Beals Street, where he lived with his family. The photograph on T.V. brought back vivid memories of Beals Street, where we ^{had} lived for 25 years.

happily

33 August 1, 1999

THE HAPPIEST WEEK END

"Oh how we danced to the Anniversary Waltz" on August 17, 1987, at the Marriott Hotel in Boston. It was our Golden Wedding Day, and we had much to celebrate. Jimmy and I had fifty years of happy married life, with ever growing understanding. ^hThrough sickness and health, success as well as challenges, we had kept our original commitment to love, honor and cherish, that we had made on that hot August day in 1937.

We are proud of our two sons and one daughter, who have fine careers after advanced degrees in Science, History and Economics. Our two older children had married in their early 20's, and there were five grandchildren at this celebration. They came from Los Angeles and New York with their very special spouses. Our younger son had married this April in London, and I was the only one of our family at their wedding.

Our Anniversary Party was a double celebration for we welcomed our son Hal and his bride ^{Juliet} into our family. We planned a week end at ^{the} Marriott where our children and grandchildren came on Saturday to enjoy being together. On Sunday we invited friends and relatives to dinner with a receiving line to meet ^{and greet} each other. Cousin, who is a Cantor, was the mistress of ceremonies, and started with blessings ⁱⁿ song and a champagne toast with many speakers.

We honored the several guests who had been at our wedding, and four bridesmaids who had been my attendants, fifty years ago. My brother, who was a comedian, told jokes and sang appropriate songs, like "Enjoy yourself, it is later than you think". My teenaged granddaughter sang ~~X~~ "Always" and "Tea for Two".

After a delicious dinner, there was dancing for all. The peak moment of happiness was when my husband and I led the "Anniversary Waltz" dance, with all our children and grandchildren. The years from 1937 and the distances from London to New York and Los Angeles vanished, and it was our moment of ecstasy. How fortunate and grateful we are to have enjoyed this wonderful event.

Twelve years have passed since then, my husband and many relatives and friends have died, but my family has grown with four more grandchildren and a great grand child. I have moved from Boston to live with my daughter and her family in California.

The happiness of our Golden Wedding Day is long past, but the memory lingers on.

August 17, 1999

MY FIRST MEMORY

The memories of the first years of my life are very blurred and recalled only through pictures ~~and~~ and hearing stories about the events.

This is the first event I vividly remember. It was a very cold morning in November, 1918. I was four years old. My thirteen year old brother came home after delivering his daily newspapers. He was so excited with the news, "The war is over! We won the war. I must run out to spread the news and sell papers."

Crowds were gathering in the street, dancing with joy. My mother got dressed in a hurry to take me into town on a long street car ride to see the soldiers arriving home. Downtown was crowded with bands playing to celebrate this joyous occasion.

What I vividly remember was that there was a heavy rope hung high across the road. Hanging from it was a large giant looking-like man, dressed in fancy regal clothes. People were shouting, screaming loud and clear "Hang the Kaiser", but were drowned out by the music. I felt scared of this giant, for it was long before Disney parades. For a long time afterwards, I thought he was a real giant. Later I was convinced that he was just a dummy, and they were burning him in effigy.

Flags were waving, songs like "Over There, the Yanks Are Coming o Over There.", "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again", as we ^{saw} ~~was~~ soldiers marching down the street.

It was a day of celebration for the War which was supposed to end all War was over.

August 25, 1999

MY WISH CAME TRUE

Since my own days in Kindergarten, I enjoyed being and working with young children. I decided early that I would like to become a teacher. When I was fortunate to be accepted at Teachers College, I decided to take the course for Kindergarten -Primary Education. I had much experience baby-sitting for many children in the neighborhood. My own neice and nephew were of pre-school age, and I tried out what I learned in games, stories, and creative activities with them. In the summer when my family went to the seashore, I started a play group for young children to go down to the beach, play games, enjoy the water and sand. This was in the 30's. days of the depression, and money was scarce. I was paid in varied items, like paper, jelly, or even tomatoes or corn. We enjoyed very happy mornings.

In the winter I volunteered at a settlement house, and even got work on playgrounds. I developed a hobby of hand puppets, which helped boys or girls overcome shyness or fear. With a puppet on your hand, you become Peter Rabbit, and you forget your fear or shyness.

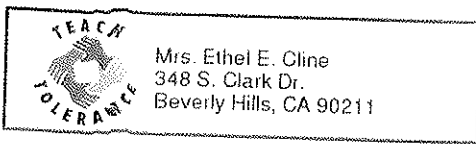
After graduation, I was fortunate to have interesting teaching positions until I married two years later. When I could not teach in public school in Boston, I went on to teach Kindergarten at Temple on Sundays.

My experiences helped me with my own three children, and many activities in P.T.A. and in the community. I continue to enjoy my nine grand children

and one great grandchild.

When the law changed in 1950 to allow married women teachers, I went back to teaching, and on to get a M.Ed degree from Wheelock. This qualified me to teach Early Childhood Education to college students at Mass. Bay Community College for several years.

After retiring, I volunteered teaching English as a Second Language in the local Kindergarten in Brookline. Since arriving in Los Angeles I have continued reading stories to Pre-School children in Roxbury Park. For the fall I plan to take part in the Literacy Program to help a child Read by 9. My wish to become a Kindergarten teacher came true, and has continued to enrich my life in many ways.



September 7, 1999

MY GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT

Looking back over the eight decades of my life, filled with family, career and friends in Boston, it is hard for me to judge what is my greatest achievement. Years passed so quickly. The changing seasons made one aware of the weather which was a daily challenge. People in Boston were more small townish, conservative in taste, less ostentatious in life style, less materialistic and less influenced by Hollywood.

The death of my husband, brothers and even some friends changed my life and relationships. My two sons and their families live in London and New York, my daughter and her husband and sons in Beverly Hills. We kept in close contact by telephone and visits.

In 1996 I came to spend a month here and had to postpone my return flight for I had injured my back. Maryanne and Ellis are a very special devoted, wonderful couple. They urged me until they convinced me to move here and to live with them and their sons Ira, sixteen, and Eddie, who graduated U.S.C. and is working. Also important is their housekeeper, who keeps house and does the cooking.

When I was able, Maryanne organized my moving, by going with me to Boston, selling my cohdo, giving the furniture to Hadassah, and packing boxes to send to California. Although it is unusual for mothers to live with children in these times, three years have passed very successfully for all concerned.

In 1997, when Maryanne and Ellis had a sabbatical semester off from their colleges where they are professors, they invited me to go to London with them. We arrived the day of Princess Diane's funeral, which passed by our flat going to Kensington Garden. London was an extraordinary experience. Living near my son and his wife and four children as well as all the wonders of London for four months.

Returning to California, I am involved with several activities. Roxbury Park on Mondays, Oasis, for classes and day trips, this Family Writing Class, the Children's Service League which volunteers on Friday at the Orthopedic Hospital, as well as many events with my family. A few important rules have helped. I do not offer advice about anything unless I am asked. I do not intrude on family activities unless I am invited. I maintain my independence, while enjoying the pleasures of family.

My lovely decorated room and bath facing the pool and flowers is my castle. I enjoy being here surrounded by my books, television, music, typewriter, telephone, and many photographs, albums and souvenirs of the past.

My greatest achievement is still being achieved as I continue to be becoming a happy Californian.

The High Holydays

September 13, 1999

Friday night we welcomed the Sabbath and Rosh Hashonah by lighting the beautiful brass candlesticks. These are an inheritance from my grandmother, who lived in a shtetl in Minsk, Russia in 1870.

Next week after Yom Kipur, we shall begin to prepare for Succoth, the festival of the harvest. My observant grandson will build a succah from a modern pre fabricated kit, in the space next to the pool, and we shall eat and have the Succoth festivities there all during the week. According to the children's song,

We shall build a succah cosy,
Hung with grapes and apples rosy".

Thinking of the song I sang as a child, makes me recall the succah my father built for my family more than 70 years ago. It was erected on the back porch of a three decker wooden tenement house in Boston. We were an Orthodox family, had all the food, festivity with the lulav and esrog to celebrate Succoth. Out on the porch it could be very rainy or cold in October.

When I married my husband, he was a Reformed Jew, and the observance of Succoth was celebrated in the Temple, with traditions relaxed. I do enjoy the equality given women and men in the home, Temple and world that Reformed Judaism practices.

Now I live with my daughter and her family who are Conservative, and their sons had Bar Mitzvahs at Sinai Temple. Their older son got inspired by Chabad on a trip to Israel. He went to Yeshiva College to study the Talmud and became ultra Orthodox. When he returned he got a teaching position at a Day School.

Lighting the candles in the Succah on ^{the Sabbath} Shaabath, blessing the challah and the wine, among these beautiful surroundings. I am truly

grateful for my family. The varied traditions and symbols of Judaism
have been carried across from generation to generation from the shtetl in
Minsk in 1871, to Beverly Hills in 1999.

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September 28, 1999

MY BEST FRIEND

Although the philosophers and current books on Friendship practically ignore the possibility, I have had the fortunate experience of having my husband Jimmy, who was my best friend for more than fifty years. We cared and shared challenges and success with family and careers. We understood and complemented each other. Our personalities and interests were different from each other. He was a private person, enjoyed working with science, math, computers and playing chess. I am a people person interested in groups and working with children as a career.

We met at an intercollegiate dance. Jimmy was not tall and handsome, but he had sparkling dark eyes, and a quiet thoughtful manner. Conversations were so interesting as we learned about ideas, feelings and aspirations. We compared my city life to his growing up in a small town, a rural community in upstate New York.

Cambridge and Boston had so many cultural experiences for us to share. The museums, the concerts, the theatres as well as just walking and exploring the beauty of this historic city. Our friendship grew into love.

Two years later when we married, we had a loving mutual friendship. Our interests and efforts merged in the nurture and development of our three children and on to their children. Over the years, with open communication, sensitivity and humor, our friendship and love grew as our horizons joyfully expanded to reach new heights and distances.

There was a beautiful bright full moon shining the night
Jimmy died in 1991. Now when I see a full moon , I feel that it is
transmitting a bright message to me with the memories of the years of
love and friendship of Jimmy , my best friend.

October 5, 1999

THE WONDER OF READING PROGRAM

The Wonder of Reading Program was given a full page ad in the Los Angeles Times a few weeks ago. It is a non-profit organization whose purpose is to inspire in children the love of reading. There are long-lasting benefits for the community by providing children the inspiration and assistance they need to experience the wonder of reading. California ranks very low in the USA for reading scores.

A school based committee plans library renovation with \$10,000 worth of new books. Volunteers are trained to be reading partners to read with a child for one hour a week.

I was delighted to take part in this effort, and went to a three hour training session with helpful demonstration and materials to help a child read. The goal is for every child to Read by Nine.

Tuesday I went to a local school, was welcomed by the Principal, and met a very shy child of seven, in the second grade, who has problem with reading. We got acquainted, went to the school library to choose some fun books with pictures. After looking at the pictures, we read together out loud. Then she read what she could, and I listed the words that she had a problem with. She enjoyed drawing a picture of the story, and she dictated her story to me. This she was able to read. We had fun playing a word and letter game. The hour passed so quickly, and with a big smile, my new friend said, "Please come again."

October 16, 1999

October Thoughts

The weather is beautiful here in L.A. with flowers and sunshine every day, but I miss the cold ^{crisp} drisy~~air~~ of October in Boston. There was the beauty and the joy in watching the l~~w~~aves on the trees change color from green to gold, yellow, orange and crimson. To see the radiant colors when the sun shines on the trees was an incomparable delight. The miracle of the changing hues of the different kinds of trees happened with October's bright blue crisp cold weather. It was a prelude to the winter ahead when the leaves fall and the branches and trees are bare. I used to press some beautiful leaves and send them in a letter to my grandchildren in London and California.

In my youth a special day in October was the celebration in honor of a great hero, Christopher Columbus. His birthday, October 12 was marked with festivals, parades in costume, and band concerts with great enthusiasm.

Here Columbus Day came and went, no reports or events listed in the L.A. Times. People wondered why there was no mail delivered. It was because it has been a Federal Legal holiday since 1971.

Every school child used to hear about Columbus crossing the ocean with the three ships, the Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina. We had to learn a long poem about the crossing and at last seeing the light, when they came to land. The story was told and retold that in 1492 Queen Isabel of Spain pawned her jewel

owned her jewels to provide Columbus with money. he was planning to go to India, by sailing west, since he did not know there was a hemisphere in between. After a hard long journey they landed in what they thought was India, so they called the natives Indians.

natives, Indians.
It was a very romantic story, and Christopher Columbus was a great hero, and celebrations and parades with band concerts were held every October 12. Children were spellbound with the story of Columbus and his adventures. He was a hero. I feel today we have lost the thrill of having a hero. Now the L.A. TIMES has room for murders, accidents on the front page, and many pages of ads for movies. Why does the story and accomplishment of Christopher Columbus go unmentioned?

Perhaps, I am lonely this October ~~for~~ the way things were, as I recall them, in Boston.

October 26, 1999

IF ONLY _____

If only I had not slipped on the rug in my daughter's dining room, I would have kept my plane reservation to fly back to Boston the very next day. It had been a great month vacation ~~her~~ in December here, but it was time to go back and continue my life with friends and activities of the winter months. Here it ^{was} still ~~is~~ like spring, in Boston it was freezing cold with a foot of snow and ice. I had been urged to move here many times, but did not take it seriously until now. I had hurt my back, needed much medical treatment. I had to use a walker and then a cane, and realized how lucky I was to have a loving family to help me here. It was not an easy decision to make, for I was leaving eighty years of life behind. I postponed the decision while I got better, and the decision I made to stay here has worked out amazingly well.

If only I could have continued to have my car and drive here, I would not do ~~so~~ much walking and have the experience of going by taxi and riding the bus. I have always been a "people watcher", and the bus is a fascinating resource. There is such diversity of age, language, and personalities. It seems like you are ^{riding} ~~riding~~ in a foreign country. My white hair works magic, and I am ^{most} ~~most~~ often offered a seat. I see things I never saw before. A young man in a wheel chair was lifted on to the bus by the bus driver pressing a button to control the stairs to allow the wheel chair to be lifted, and then settle on the space allowed for wheel chair. I thought of how important it was for this young student to be mobile.

Each passenger reflects the story of his life on his face. Some passengers are smiling pleasantly, others frown with a heavy weight on their shoulders. A bus ride provides insight into the world of "Here and Now".

November 1, 1989

A PICTURE OF MY FAMILY IN 1906

I have heard that a picture is worth a thousand words. I am looking at this photograph and see my mother, father and three brothers ^{nine} ~~years~~ ^{years} before I was born. It is interesting to ~~observe that my father was sitting in the chair~~ observe that my father is sitting in the chair while my mother is standing. She was twenty-five, my father about 29.

They had met on the ship coming from Russia ^{Minnie} with her father, ^{planning to} and earn enough to send for the grandmother and the other five children. My father ^{Harry} was 17, and he too came with his father for the same reason. My mother was very sea sick and Harry befriended

her. They all landed in Boston and got married a few years later.

From the picture they looked beautifully dressed, although I have heard how they struggled to ^{make} ~~make~~ a living, and lived in the back of their fruit store. This was a special occasion, a wedding of her sister, so she ^s ~~w~~ewed her beautiful dress and the suits for the boys.

Sammy, Eddie and Izzy (later became Elliot) were born in four years in the same environment, but were so different. Sammy grew up always very serious, always worked hard at school, He went to an evening law school, married had a lovely family, was a successful lawyer, and died at 92.

Eddie had great skill in his hands, was an adventurer, not a student. ^{He built the} ~~He built the~~ first crystal radio out of an oatmeal box, learned the Morse code and had an amateur Radio Station. He became a radio operator in the Coast Guard. For many years he worked on ships and planes going to the far places of the world, before travel was that popular.

Elliot was the sociable, good natured brother, interested in community involvement. He never became rich or famous, but was like a sister to me, and spread sunshine wherever he went.

About nine years after this picture was taken, on a snowy April Fool's Day in Boston, in 1915, I was born. I was so fortunate to be a girl in this family of boys. My parents and my brothers are no longer here, but they left me a legacy of memories of a happy loving, productive childhood.

November 9, 1999

Stressful Events

When I was born a girl after having three sons, my parents thought I was very special. On the Fourth of July, when I was four months old, I was entered into a Baby-Health and Beauty Contest ^{sponsored} ~~Roanoke~~ by Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston (He was the father of Mrs. Rose Kennedy.) Of all the unexpected and unbelievable happenings, I was the winner of a silver loving cup and a coupon for a large colored photograph of me in a beautiful oval frame.

I vividly recall this large colored picture hanging on a special wall in our parlor. It was my mother's pride and joy, and was exhibited to any visitor to our apartment. The picture of me was practically in the nude, and I grew more and more embarrassed by it as I grew to be a teenager. It was very stressful. How could ~~my~~ ^{my} parents of how I felt, ~~so~~ so they might remove it I convince my parents from the wall. How did I cope with this stress/? After much begging and pleading with my brother, he got on a small ladder removed the picture and hid it behind the sofa.

~~and still there many years later I can still feel the embarrassment~~
And even now, so many years later I could recall the stress and embarrassment when I found the original picture. *in an album.*

In 1942, we moved from Massachusetts to Wilson Dam, Alabama with our two year old son. I was very lonely among cotton fields and few houses. How different from life in Cambridge near family and friends.

I noticed ^{that} a little boy, my son's age lived down the road.

I decided to take advantage of the idea of Southern hospitality, and ~~call~~ ^{call} on his family just to say we are newcomers here.

When I rang the doorbell, a woman answered, and without speaking a word, she slammed the door on my face. I was so amazed and insulted, I walked home feeling very sad and alone. You can be sure I never called on anyone else, but felt stress and worry about what I had done.

Why this rejection?

One afternoon in December, about three months later, my doorbell ~~rang and I~~ ^{rang and I} ~~never~~ ^{never} answered it. It was my silent neighbor with much apologies for her action. She had had all her teeth removed, as she was getting ready for dentures. In those days you had to wait three months for the gums to get ready for the new teeth. She did not ^{want} anyone to see her, so that was the reason for her actions.

Can you believe that we grew to be good friends and our two sons were playmates.

This stressful incident taught me a lesson. If someone doesn't speak to you, perhaps she doesn't see you or she is getting new dentures.

November 26, 1999

Luck and Timing

Historic places always interested me in New England. ~~Now~~ in L.A. I was lucky to have Casis time a Day Trip to visit two historic places, the Rancho Buena Vista Adobe in Vista and the Mission of San Luis Rey in Carlsbad. It was an enjoyable way to learn about the history of these places. The past is so different than L.A. today.

We drove for over an hour along the coast to the Rancho Buena Vista Adobe and heard the history of this adobe.

In 1845 Mexico, ^{the} ~~the~~ governor Pio Pico deeded 1100 ~~acres~~ ^{to} be developed by farming and raising cows and sheep. The original adobe was one room for the family including the horse, and it is furnished like it was in the old days. This adobe grew into a beautiful ^{ten room} ~~beautiful~~ house with a beautiful garden in the center. Many beautiful historic furnishings are displayed to show how it developed over 150 years. Items of interest included the butter churn, washing boards, tools, dolls, toys, wagons, harness for horses, and many other antiques. The Museum and gift shop had many items for sale. The "Adobe Days School Programs" holds living history programs for schools. There are field trips, scout badges, camps and classes.

The Buena Vista Adobe makes history live for children and interested adults.

After lunch in a beautiful Victorian Mansion in Carlsbad we visited the Mission of San Luis Rey, founded in 1797. It was named for ^{Louis} ~~Louis~~ IX, king of France. First ^a it was occupied by Luisano Indians, then it became Spanish Mission, then Mexican, and last American.

In the early days you could claim land by sending a few padre &

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or priests with a few soldiers and supplies to preach to the Indians and try to convert them to become Christian, and help them to become productive citizens. From 1798 to 1837 the Mission became home to 3000 Indians and 50,000 head of livestock. They had cultivated the soil and were self sustaining. The buildings were mad of clay bricks, like the adobe. In 1838 the Mission was the largest building in California.

In the ^{During the Civil War the Mission was used by U.S. soldiers.} Museum
In the museum we saw a letter by Abraham Lincoln, who returned the Mission to the Catholic Church. It serves today as a Retreat Center and home for Franciscan priests. Our tour ended with a visit to the cemetery where there is a large monument dedicated to the Indians.

Riding back on the bus to Los Angeles I had a clearer picture of ~~California history~~ Californian history and could visualize the early settlers coming on horseback or covered wagons to settle and live, long before there were roads or street signs to point the way.

December 3, 1999

All Aboard the "Tooty Fruity Four"

To further develop my interest in Californian history, I took an Oasis Day Trip on the Scenic Sunday Limited Train to see how California was years ago. We drove by bus from L.A. along the back roads of Ventura County to the delightful quaint town of Filmore. The train was over fifty years old and so much like the Chatanooga Choo Choo that I rode going to Alabama during World War Two.

The uniformed vintage conductor welcomed us on to the dining car with tables formally set for four. There was a fiddler and ukelele player singing and entertaining us. We travelled through picturesque green countryside with beautiful mountains all around in the distance. We passed miles and miles of orange and lemon groves with small fruit.

We learned about the history of trains from 1850 to 1930 when railroads were America's lifeline. Communities depended on them to connect to the outside world. Farmers were able to ship their produce to the next town to market.

Later trucks replaced trains, but the movie business found trains romantic and great for the setting for movies like "Inherit the Wind" and murder mysteries called "The Love Train", and in 1999 the serial Martial Law was filmed on the train. The train bumped along the tracks but stopped when a lovely chicken lunch was served while we were served.

We came to a Tree Farm., where it looked like a whole world of pine trees, from little seedlings to full grown trees ready to be cut and made into Christmas Trees. There were picnic tables, playground, horse set to ride and the sign read "Choose your tree for Thirty Dollars, and it will be sent on the train." The baggage car was open to receive them.

~~The train had two engines and~~

The train turned around at Santa Paula, in the historic Heritage Valley which has changed very little since the turn of the century. On the way

home we stopped at the Giessinger Winery and had a guided tour

of "wine making", before having a chance to taste wines if you ^{liked} wanted.

You could also buy locally grown fruit and vegetables at a fruit stand.

As time rushes on with space travel, speeding cars and jet planes to the millenium, it was great having spent a day with souvenirs of the past. in Southern California.

December 14, 1999

An Important Event in this Century

An important event personally to me in the 20th century was women getting the right to vote at last in 1920. It is hard to believe that it took so long when the Declaration of Independence had declared, "all men are created equal" women were not included. In fact you had to be a man who owned property to vote. By 1830 all white men could vote. Later black men were allowed to vote with the passage of the 15th Amendment, but this still did not apply to women.

Susan B. Anthony and the Women Suffrage Group demanded equal rights for women in education, owning property and voting. Though the 19th Amendment was introduced in 1878, it failed to pass for forty years until 1919. The Senate passed it, and then it had to be sent to each of the states to be ratified.

I vividly recall Betty Friedan's book "The Feminine Mystique" which came out in 1967. She attacked society for treating women as second class citizens. She launched the Women's Liberation Movement. I personally recall her march in the Boston Common when she recommended "burning bras" to protest inequality.

In these years women have made great progress. Look around to see women doctors, lawyers, educators, women in business, women in Congress. Our daughters have had more opportunities than we had.

At present we have Madeline Albright our Secretary of State. In the Millenium entering in the 21st century, who knows when we may have a woman President. I congratulate the progress women have made, and look forward to the future.

December 21, 1999

Ethel Ellis Cline

THE WAITING CHAIR

In our living room near the windows facing the street, is my waiting chair. It is a comfortably upholstered swivel chair, which can be moved around to face the outdoors or the indoors. There I often sit thinking or reading while waiting for a ride from the shuttle, taxi, or from a friend who drives.

I think back to all the times of waiting during many, many years. I can recollect my mother's face as she sat looking out the window waiting for me to come down the street.

How often I have waited for the postman to come to bring me mail and news from our faraway children. We ^{also} wait to hear that an airplane has landed safely after a long trip.

At present I am patiently waiting to hear that my second great-grandchild has arrived in upstate New York.

In summary I conclude with the famous words of Milton, the poet, "They also serve who only sit and wait."

Joshua Ephraim Cline, arrived while I was meeting with the "Writing Group."

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Ethel Cline
348 S Clark Dr
Beverly Hills CA 90211

January 13, 2000

ROXBURY ~~HIGH~~ MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL REUNION

What a surprise it was to see Roxbury Memorial Park on Olympic Blvd when I moved here. I had graduated from Roxbury Memorial High School in Roxbury, Mass. in 1931, with a class of 600 girls. We planned a special 50th reunion in 1981 and I was co-chairman of the event. We planned for a hotel luncheon with a fashion show with clothes and music of the 1930's. We decided to find old clothes of that era, relics and hats and gloves that had been stored away in the attic.

One ~~girl~~ graduate had become a fashion director for Lord and Taylor. Another member of the class had become a dancer and was still dancing in the follies. There was a pianist who could play any music you wanted by ear. We gathered all the talent and relics of the 1930's.

It was a great event for 200 classmates who came from near and far. The program began with the music "Happy Days are Here Again". Three bathing beauties with modest bathing suits and bonnets and parasols came on singing "BY the Sea, by the beautiful sea". To the tune of Rudy Vallee's "Give a cheer for dear old Maine" came two girls in raccoon coats waving college banners. Several dancers in black short fringed dresses came on doing the Charleston with great vigor and the fringes danded along with them. Then followed a display of guests wearing hats and gloves with sophisticated dresses. The music was "A Pretty girl is like a melody".

Fashion shows usually end with a bride, so the problem was "Who has a bridal gown that ~~she~~ you can still fit into?" I never planned to be a model, but I did have the beautiful lace gown sewed by hand by my mother and my aunt. No zippers then, just buttons and snaps. A white curtain provided the veil with fresh flowers for the head piece.

So with the Lohengrin Wedding March, the program ended, and the Fiftieth High School Reunion has become a very happy memory.

October 24, 2000

Why-Do I Write?

Why do I write? Is it mainly to describe my life to my children and grandchildren? Will they be interested, or even bother to read my story? Does it really matter?

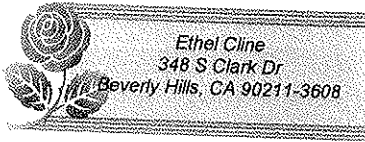
I write to discover myself, my feeling, my reactions to the world I have known in different times and in different places. Writing is thinking and it may be a contradiction and cause doubt, but you get new insight, new ideas about the experience of living. Writing makes me experience a dual role, once in reality and the other that I can imagine.

Writing is therapy. When I wrote out about my loneliness at Thanksgiving when my husband died, it helped to find a solution. I invited neighbors and friends who were alone, for a pot luck supper. Then I was too busy to be lonely.

Recently at a Yard Sale I saw a a phonograph for playing records with a wind-up handle. It brought a vivid childhood memory of when I lived in a three decker flat in a crowded area of Boston. My father eeked out a living selling fruit and vegetables with a horse and wagon. His most prized possession was his phonograph with records of Caruso and Yosele Rosenblatt. On Sunday mornings he would open the windows ^{wide} so our neighbors could share in the listening. I was about ten and was there to wind up the phonograph when it slow^d down. By recalling this seventy five years later, I can hear in my mind the strains of Pagliachi or "Eli "Eli."

Can my children appreciate the scratchy sound of a record of a wind up phonograph, compared to the HIFI sound of music today with all the electronic equipment?

It doesn't really matter. The joy of writing is in the ^{doing} ~~doing~~.
It gives me pleasure and satisfaction.



February 8, 2000

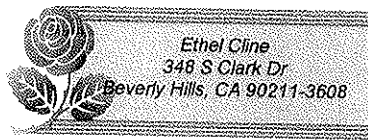
CONFLICT

Conflict" is a challenging topic for me to write about for I have spent much of my life and energy trying to avoid conflict or help it to come to a peaceful solution. As a child I recall loud voices and harsh sounds expressing anger, disagreement and conflict in the family. I developed a soft voice and answer which worked to tone down the conflict.

Conflict seems to be part of human nature from the earliest times From the records of the cave men with their simple weapons to the present advanced instruments of destruction, fighting occurs because of greed. How do we listen, cooperate and compromise^{om} with each other?

An interesting book called "Getting to Yes" was written by two Harvard professors who gave a course on Conflict Resolution *It* was at the time of the Camp David Accords and helped in the launching the prospect of peace between Israel and the Arabs~~s~~.

That conflict continues today , along with conflicts in many places. The realization of "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Man" is far from being realized.



Friendship

february 25, 2000

Dear Aunt Celia, (Of blessed memory)

Recently I found a book of "Longfellow"s Poems", which you gave me on my ^{12th} birthday. That was so long ago and far away from here, but it made me recall your love and friendship for which I am so grateful.

You were my mother"s younger sister and my special aunt, who was ~~so close~~ ^{so close} ~~and special~~ ^{always} to me. I still see you (bright blue eyes, smiling face and your arms ^{always} ready for a hug.

Uncle Sam and you did not have any children, but you were such a great help to the neices and nephews in the family whenever there was a need.

My mother worked with my father in his fruit store, and you provided Day Care for me. Every morning I was wheeled in a carriage or pulled on a sled to your home where I spent the day, until evening when I was taken home. You made toys for me and provided home baked bread so delicious with butter. That started a special friendship with me that lasted all through the years.

Books were few in my home, but each birthday you gave me a book chosen to share your love of poetry and literature. At my high school graduation you bought me my first "store bought dress". Up to then my dresses weyre homemade, hand me -downs altered to fit. ^{years later,} You helped my mother sew my beautiful wedding gown, ~~years later.~~

We lived in Cambridge near you when we were married and continued our happy relationship. When we moved to Alabama four years later, ^{you} ~~you~~ took the 24 hour Chatanooga Train Ride to visit us. When we moved to Washington, you came to share thsights and our growing family.

I was not the only one you helped. When your sister, Ann, died of childbirth you were right there to help with the six children, until Uncle Abe remarried.

Do you recall your 70th birthday party where the whole family gathered to celebrate with much festivity, We sang to your health and happiness, and described how you made ^{each of} our lives happier by your love and compassion.

As I read "Longfellow's Poems" again, I shall continue to be inspired by the memories of your life and friendship.

Sincere thanks,

E. Cline

Ehel Ellis Cline

BEING ALONE

Many times I have been alone in my life, but the worst ~~time~~ ^{time} was when my husband died suddenly eight years ago. My life suddenly changed so drastically. After 54 years of marriage, living, loving and sharing life, the adjustment was very difficult. My friends and family were very helpful. I got interested in reading books written by people who chose to be alone, and found solitude instead of loneliness. While loneliness is sadness and the emptiness of life, solitude can provide fullness of life, with memories of the past and hopes for the future.

Admiral Byrd wrote the book called "Alone", telling his experiences at the North Pole, in incredibly cold temperatures, almost total darkness and almost total silence.

Thoreau wrote "Walden Pond" essays about his life in a ^a little simple hut, his goal to find his inner self.

Anne Lindbergh, wife of Colonel Lindbergh and mother of five, left the city to go to a simple cottage by herself, and compares her life with that of a sea shell, to enjoy the beauty of solitude. Her book, "Gift from the Sea" is one of the most beautiful books I have ever read.

Times of solitude are often times of remembering; rethinking, reassessing, understanding one's past. Listening to a symphony brings back the sound of a concert you attended, or the excitement of new music you never heard before,

Take a walk around the block and open your eyes to the flowers that were there, but ^{you} you did not see them.

Being alone can be very lonely, sad and barren, but enriched with your memories along with hopes, it can become a solitude that enriches body and soul. Contemplating religion and the wonders of nature, makes your personal ^{loss} part of the history of the world, as you do not backward but forward to tomorrow.

March 7, 2000

BAGELS

Last Sunday it was raining hard, when my son-in-law came back from his daily visit to Starbuck"s for coffee, with a variety of fresh bagels for the family"s breakfast. Eating the delicious bagel spread ^{with cream cheese} made me recall my childhood.

My father used to return from his morning prayers in the "shul" (synagogue) ^{on Sunday} with fresh, hot bagels from the bakery, for breakfast for the family.

I remember the ~~h~~story he told me about his childhood in a shtetl in Russia. There "the bagel man" came around selling bagels on a stick (like a broom stick). The hole in the middle of the bagel allowed them to fit on a stick, and that shape continues to this day.

The variety ~~o~~ of ~~f~~avors of bagels has increased to include plain, onion, cheese, ^{rus}rye, pumpernickel, raisin, and more.

In Boston there were green bagels in honor of St. Patrick's Day. Now that McDonald's serves bagels for breakfast, ~~t~~he bagel has become an international item."

Here's to bagels.'



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March 21, 2000

COMPARISON OF MY LIFE_STYLE TO MY CHILDREN'S LIFE STYLE

This subject poses an interesting question. I cannot judge which life style is better, but I can describe how different it is in many ways.

Growing up during the years of the Depression^d made us value what little the family had. We worked hard looking forward to things improving. I never felt poor because everyone around us was poor. I was the only sibling ^{who} that was able ~~to~~ to go to Teachers College because it was free. I worked on Saturdays for two dollars to pay for fares and lunches. I had many friends and enjoyed simple pleasures of music, hikes, picnics, swimming and tennis.

When I got married my role was that of a wife and mother and homemaker. Outside activities like P.T.A., and Temple were supplements. Married teachers were not allowed in Boston until later, when I did resume teaching. My husband was the breadwinner, while I took charge of housekeeping, cooking, shopping and laundry. Meals were home cooked and supper was ready when my husband came home. There was hardly ever restaurant or pre cooked food. We ate together with our three children. My parents lived with us for many years.

My husband's career decided where we lived from Cambridge to Alabama and Washington. Buying a car was a big event, and the washing machine and later T.V. were great additions. My husband was a very bright loving "Mench". We lived modestly and saved regularly for the future, especially for education for the children. Our children did well in school and each of them went on from college to earn PhD's in Science, History and Economics. They are all married with children and have successful careers.

As I look back on my 54 years of marriage, it was a very happy peaceful life with me the ~~the~~ homemaker and my husband the breadwinner.

Now I shall go on to describe my daughter Maryanne's family life style. She is a Professor of History at Occidental College. Ellis, her husband is a Professor of Computer Science at U.S.C. This year Maryanne won a very prestigious prize for ^{her} ~~the~~ book titled "Seeds of Virtue and Knowleg/dge". This week she is in Florence, Italy speaking at the International Renaissance Society Meeting. Ellis has written several books on "Computer Science", and often travels for ^{his} ~~his~~ work. Their ~~two~~ ^{two} sons who are 16 and 24 live at home and so do I.

^{It} ~~It~~ takes great effort and cooperation to achieve a successful combination of two careers and family life.

The usual motherly duties of cooking, shopping and laundry are taken care of by Elizabeth who has been their housekeeper ~~or~~ for ten years. There are also the pool man and the gardener to help maintain the home.

There ssems to be ^{ea} ~~greater~~ independence for ^{each} ~~eah~~ family member. Maryanne goes regulary to the health club for exercise, Ellis ^{bikes on long bike rides on} ~~brings on long bike rides on~~ ^{brings on long bike rides on} ~~brings on long bike rides on~~ Sunday. They take family vacations for skiing and winter sports.

Life is lived in the fast lane keeping high ^{moral} ~~moral~~ standards in the envi~~ron~~ment of Los Angeles. Each one has the latest computer, car, personal T.V. and plans to get whatever new electronic equipment that is being developed.

I am privileged to be living here with this exciting modern academic family. I silently observe how they can produce the ~~miracle~~ of two brilliant careers with a succssful three generational family life.



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March 28, 2000

COMPARISON OF MY LIFE "TO MY PARENTS" LIVES

My father met my mother on the ship coming from Russia to the U.S.A. in 1898. My mother was thirteen years old. She came with her father to settle here and work to earn enough money to buy tickets for the rest of the family. My father was seventeen when he came with his father for the same reason.

They landed in Boston and lived in very crowded conditions with relatives. Mother went to work in a ~~sew~~^{sweat} shop sewing for long hours every day. There was no time for an education.

My father and mother continued their friendship and got married when she turned eighteen. By then the rest of the family had arrived here.

For work my father sold fruit and vegetables with a wagon and a rented horse. In a few years he advanced to having a fruit store with space in the back for living. Three sons were born in four years. They struggled to make a living. I arrived nine years later lucky to be a girl. It was a hard crowded life, but a busy happy family. The store was open long hours, and mother took in sewing to help balance the budget. Father spent as much time as possible in the "Shul" as well as the store. I don't recall him spending much time with the children.

Two brothers married and there are six grandchildren. My third brother was a radio operator and had an interesting life at sea. My parents lived with me and my family when we returned from Alabama in 1945. My father was happy retired and living in Brookline where he could enjoy the nearby Synagogue. My mother loved my children, and sewed beautiful dresses for Maryanne.

Later my father had cancer and my mother was ill with high blood pressure, which was untreatable then. They both died in their early seventies. Their memories are a blessing.

My life has been easier and happier. I had the love of three brothers and my parents. I got a fine education and my desire to teach was realized.

My husband came from a devoted family which provided him with a comfortable childhood and excellent education. He became a physical chemist, teaching and doing research that he loved. He had a quiet thoughtful manner. He was the light of my life. He had regular hours, a steady salary. He spent much time with me and the children. Chess was his favorite sport. We lived modestly but were able to own our home, and even have a summer cottage at the ocean for many years. We were involved in P.T.A., community and the Temple, but we spent pleasant hours just being together, content "to smell the roses".

Our three children married fine people, and have given us nine grandchildren and two great grandchildren in the 54 years of our marriage.

My husband died, while he was at work at seventy-seven. He leaves a legacy of loving memories and inspiration to me, the family and all who knew him.

In conclusion, I believe that my life has been easier and happier than my parents. I am still enjoying life as I become 35 years old this week.



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April 4, 2000

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOURSELF?

When I look into the mirror I see myself, an older woman with white hair and blue eyes. My lips look ready to smile. Many wrinkles line my face and forehead. I like to think that wrinkles are old smiles that reflect life experiences and relationships. The years have passed with connections to my parents and siblings, and on to my husband, children, grand children and friends. It is hard for me to separate my personal life from the involvement with relationships.

Who am I personally? A rather mild person who loves people more than material things. Children are very special to me. I enjoy music, art, books, movies and some T.V, for news and special programs.

I hate violence anywhere, in the movies or in the world. I am an idealist, a pacifist, with fond hopes that we could someday, get rid of guns as well as nuclear bombs.