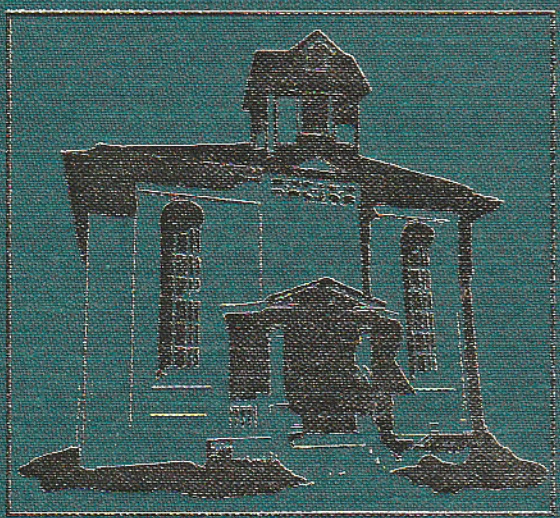
The Jewish Community of Cape Ann

An Oral History



Sarah V. Dunlap

Sadie Herr
Bertha Raizen Mrs Baer
Jeanette Jo Benstein?
Eva G. Marshall
Rae Leavitt
Molly L. Bell
Celia Bernstein
annie Blumberg
Rebecca Raizen?
Ida Kramer
Jennie Feldman
Rose Nicholson
Dora Schrick
Nellie Goldman
Celia Kramer
Rosa Alper
Ida Klein

✓ Sara Wallace
Sarah Slafsky.
Annie Adelman
Minnie Liroshitz
✓ Fanny Seidell
✓ Rebecca Albert
✓ Leah Gordon
Sarah Broder
Fannie Solomon
Nettie Berman
✓ Rosie Stone
Ida Marshall
Jeannette Slafsky
✓ Lena Cohen
Mary Porter.
✓ Esther Razen
Rachel Smith
✓ Lena Adonsky
Bessie Broder.

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An Oral History

Sarah V. Dunlap

Zelda Kaplan
Jean Baer O'Gorman
Janet Schlein

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Oral History Project
Gloucester, Massachusetts
1998

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Our special thanks to

Judith McCulloch and Ellen Nelson

of the Cape Ann Historical Association

Gloucester, Massachusetts

Acknowledgments

What I want to know is, what are you going to do with this?

— Sarah Albert Tarr

During the first impromptu taped interview with Sarah Tarr in 1992, Jean O'Gorman and I instinctively felt something important had happened. Sarah responded to our questions with a richly detailed story and, most memorably, with a sense of awe in her voice when she spoke about her mother's life in America. It seemed an easy progression when Deborah Geller and Judith McCullock of the Cape Ann Historical Association suggested we actively pursue the idea of collecting oral testimonies of the senior members of our community and Temple Ahavath Achim. Hence, the Cape Ann Jewish Community Oral History Project began in 1995.

Our committee—Sarah Dunlap, Zelda Kaplan, Jean O'Gorman and Janet Schlein would like to thank the many people who assisted with this project: Professor Allen Smith of Simmons College, an oral historian, for his thoughtful critique; Rabbi Myron Geller and Professor Ronald Curhan for their careful reading of the manuscript; Steve Warshall and Tad Warshall, our computer mavens and Yiddishists, who translated pages from a discovery in the synagogue attic, the Chevra's minutes book; Sidney Goldman, who represents four generations of the Goldman family living in Gloucester, for his historical perspective; and Michele and David Harrison for their good counsel.

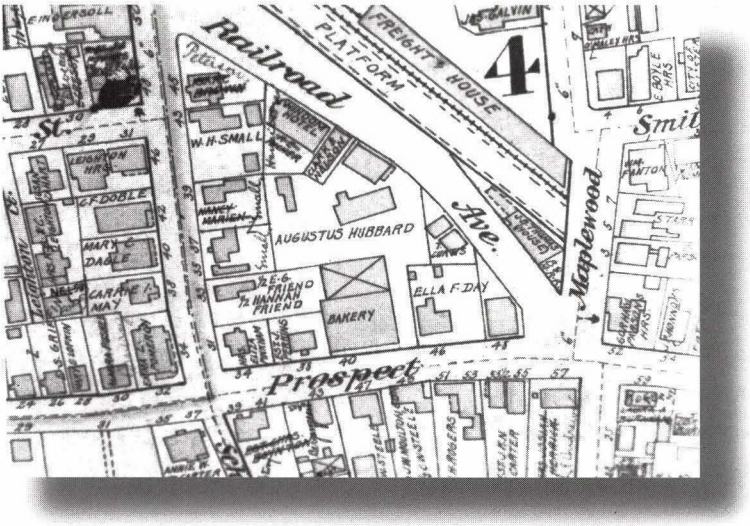
All of our research was completed in Gloucester and we are indebted to the Archives Committee of Gloucester City Hall and the Sawyer Free Library.

It is with great pleasure and pride that we thank Sarah Dunlap, our writer, who shaped the lovely dialogue of the voices in this oral history.

Quoting Sarah Tarr again, "It's a brilliant idea." Thank you, dear Sarah, for your vote of confidence and to all the participants who responded so enthusiastically to our countless requests for information for this oral history.

Zelda Kaplan, *Project Coordinator*

Introduction



"I think we're telling more than we ever thought we would."

— Reva Schred Kramer

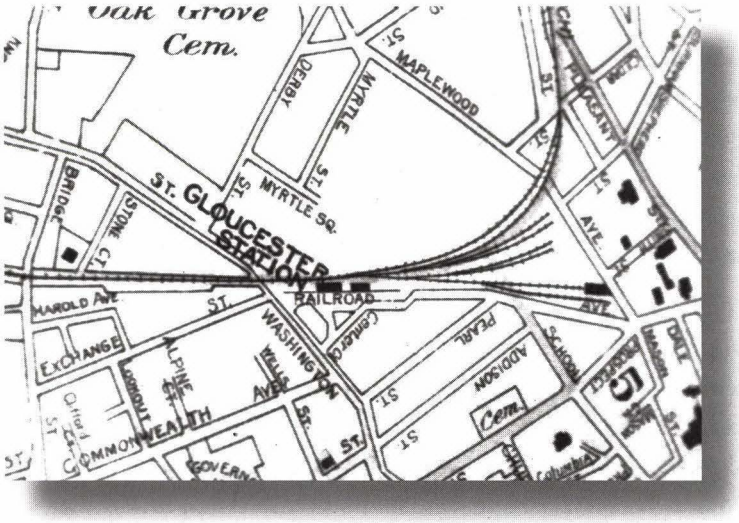
In the following pages, we attempt to present Cape Ann's Jewish community up to the early 1950s. The history is based on conversations with current and past Jewish residents of Cape Ann, recorded between 1992 and 1998. Our time period stretches from the first known Jewish presence on the Cape through the establishment of the synagogue on Middle Street. Since most of the Jewish population lived in Gloucester, Gloucester and Cape Ann often appear synonymous.

Much of what occurred on Cape Ann is similar to what happened in every other Jewish community in the United States: the sequence of immigration, education and assimilation, so familiar in the history of Jews in larger cities like New York and Chicago, was repeated with minor variations in Gloucester—but those minor variations are the particulars that make Cape Ann's history unique.

We wish to thank the people who agreed to tell us stories of their lives and to record for the future their families' character and spirit. We hope that their specific experiences reflect in some way all the many more who were not able to tell us what it was like to be Jewish on Cape Ann. Although we have made some pretence of completeness, we estimate that only two-thirds of the Jewish residents of Cape Ann of our time period are mentioned on these pages. We offer apologies to those who are not thoroughly relieved to have been overlooked. We also ask for tolerance in the spelling of names—people spelled their own names in a variety of ways during their lives, and we often neglected to assign a standardized version.

We ask our readers to remember that this is basically an oral history, and that facts and data are incidental to stories told of people and families. A traditional history could still be written—one with a more uniform use of statistics and dates; one that covers all our history, not just that told to us; and one that consults additional written sources such as the *Chevra*'s and other committees' minutes. If such a complete work is ever undertaken, we hope that this oral history and the original tapes and transcripts on which it is based (and stored at the Cape Ann Historical Association) will be of use.

Arrivals



"They wanted to be somebody, which was a usual thing, for theirs was a life of discrimination and rejection. They were nothing. Imagine what it must have been to grow up in the repressive atmosphere of Poland and Russia, particularly in the small towns in those years, the 1890s—they knew from the time they could think there was no future for them. And the only thing they thought of was the Golden Land, America. So by the time they were in their twenties they were ready to leave—principal preoccupation of their whole existence was to get out of there. Must have been awful."

— Irving Kline

Gloucester in the 19th century was a bustling seaport, brimming with life and adventure. It was home to ships that sailed around the world, to manufactories that poured forth machines and clothing, and to fisheries that fed multitudes. Gloucester's waterfront industries were at their peak. The rocky ledges of the northern half of Cape Ann bred quarries in Rockport and Lanesville whose granite built cities from Boston to New Orleans and South America. Away from the harbors, quieter villages thrived at Annisquam, Lanesville, Pigeon Cove and Sandy Bay, and productive dairy, sheep and truck farms covered Cape Ann.

Cape Ann was a magnet to Europeans. Beginning in the 1840s, Irish families moved in, followed soon after by a few Scandinavians from Sweden, Norway and Denmark. In the 1860s, Portuguese began arriving from the Azores in large numbers, and Sicilians and Finns immigrated between 1885 and 1890. The Finns were recruited to work in the quarries and settled mainly in Lanesville. The Portuguese and Sicilians settled in the East and West Ends of the Harbor and fished.

Jews were in Gloucester during the Civil War. The existence of these early Jewish residents would be forgotten but for names—Emanuel, Heineman and Hochberger—gleaned from city documents and directories. In 1864, David Heineman and his wife Pauline Emanuel Heineman, both born in Germany, had a daughter in Gloucester. Another couple named Delia and Samuel H. Emanuel, from Germany, had a child in 1868. The 1869 City Directory, the earliest Gloucester directory printed, lists both the Heinemans and the Emanuels. Solomon Hochberger joined them in 1875. Samuel H. Emanuel, David Heineman, and later Solomon Hochberger had businesses in manufacturing clothing and selling millinery and overalls, and in junk and scrap metal. They were closely connected to each other through marriage, business and housing. Solomon Hochberger's family moved to New York City but after 1909 spent summers on Long Beach in Rockport and Hochberger (and their Stavis) descendants still live on the Cape. The Heineman family left Gloucester around 1888, moved to New York City and did not return. The Emanuels' last known contact with Gloucester was around 1877.

During the years that the Heinemans and Emanuels were in Gloucester,

other Jews arrived. By 1877, S. J. Goldstein and Nathan Jacobs were in the clothing business, joined by Solomon L. Hern in 1883. Shortly after 1884, Max and Lena Urdansky arrived from Lenz, Poland. By 1888, at least fourteen adult Jewish males worked or had families on Cape Ann. Harry Goldman and the Morris Lichtenstein family added to the number before 1890. In the next two decades, when ships brought boatload after boatload of immigrants from Europe to America, the population of Jewish families on Cape Ann increased.

There were many Jews who passed through the city, for we have glimpses of people like Israel Sleitzer who peddled clothing in Gloucester in 1890, and Max Simberg who lived on Pine Street in 1893. Isaac and Rachel Bernstein of 102 Washington Street recorded the death of an infant daughter in 1886. Charles Bernstein was a 25-year-old merchant in 1898; Joel Glickman married Fannie Marcus in 1906; Jacob Grodinskey was a peddler in 1909; Sarah Schoenbaum married in 1910. These people moved on to some other city and played little part in our history. But between 1895 and 1906, thirty-two Jewish men applied for United States citizenship at the Gloucester police court. Gloucester became the permanent home for thirty or forty families in that first rush of immigration, and the temporary home for an unknown additional number.

Why and how these few Jews found their way to Gloucester—a Gloucester that was proud of it early roots, its seafaring tradition, its flourishing industries; a Gloucester that had many churches and fraternal organizations but until 1904 no synagogue or Chevra—was one of the first questions we raised as we spoke to descendants of the city's early Jewish citizens. We hoped that stories passed from generation to generation, and now retold by children and grandchildren of immigrants, might give detail and breadth to our speculations. Many of the recollections are sparse and fragmentary, but like a mosaic may fit together to form a portrait of immigrant Jewish experience.

One of the main reasons people chose Gloucester was that friends or relatives were already here or were in nearby towns, and they therefore came to join a *landsman* or *landsleit.* Edward Lichtenstein, the grandson of the Morris Lichtenstein mentioned above, said that his grandfather "was a tailor by trade, and I just assumed that Gloucester needed a tailor." Edward's wife

Bernice added that "his father had a cousin Louie Hamburger whose family lived in Salem and that might have been a reason for them to come up here. Maybe there were too many tailors in Salem."

Morris Lichtenstein was born in Braslovic, Russia, about 1860 and married Esther in 1877. They entered the United States at Baltimore, passed through New York, and were in Gloucester by 1889. In the thirteen years that they stayed in Gloucester, Morris and his wife Esther and their children lived on various streets (Orchard, Bridge [now Centennial], Willow, Sargent, back to Bridge) before moving to Boston in 1901. Morris Lichtenstein helped other Jewish immigrants establish citizenship in this country. He witnessed the naturalization papers for Simon Gordon (from Sitkin, Russia), Louis Spark (from Zhitomir, Ukraine) and Max Urdansky (from Lenz, Poland).

Harry Goldman, long-considered the first Jew to settle permanently in Gloucester, arrived about the same time as Morris Lichtenstein, in the late 1880s, and was Max Urdansky's son-in-law. Naturalization papers for 1892 state that Harry Goldman was born in 1866 in Minsk, in what is now Belarus, and entered the United States at New York City in 1883. His grandson Sidney Goldman had only an inkling of Harry Goldman's reasons for coming to Cape Ann. "No, we never got any stories." Sidney thought there were connections between his grandfather Harry Goldman, the Urdanskys, and long-term Gloucester resident Isaac Albert. Gloucester marriage and death records helped to reconstruct the following chronology and family tree for the Goldmans, Urdanskys, and Alberts and confirm Sidney Goldman's conjectures.[1] The first of the group to arrive were the Urdanskys in 1884. Max Urdansky and his wife Lena had at least three children: Nellie, Louis and Sadie. Harry Goldman came to Gloucester and married Nellie Urdansky before 1892, for in that year they lost a newborn baby boy. Etta Albert married Louis Urdansky in 1894. And Isaac Albert came to Gloucester from near Vilna in 1898, because his cousin Etta Albert Urdansky was here. Max and Lena Urdansky's youngest child, Sadie Urdansky, married a "Boston jobber of dry goods" in 1909 and moved away.

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[1] See Appendix.

Of these related men who remained in Gloucester, the head of the family, Max Urdansky, was a dry goods dealer on Main Street with a combined peddling and junk business; Harry Goldman dealt in clothing; and Louis Urdansky and Isaac Albert dealt in junk. Louis Urdansky died in Gloucester in 1903 but his widow Etta (or Hattie) lived on Mt. Vernon Street until after 1909. Few records survive of any of these people, but we have the signatures of Harry Goldman and Morris Lichtenstein who witnessed Max Urdansky's naturalization papers in 1898. By some chance, Max Urdansky's Declaration of Intention, the paper that announced a desire to become a citizen, survives at City Hall, much worn and tattered, as if carried lovingly in a pocket for many years.

Sarah Albert Tarr, who graciously consented to be the first person interviewed for this project, was the daughter of Isaac Albert (Etta Albert Urdansky's cousin). Sarah's mother and two brothers arrived in the United States about three years after Isaac, in 1901. They came from Shimileshick in Lithuania, where they had led a traditional *shtetl* life. "My father had learned Hebrew," said Sarah. "The men were important, you know. They had to go and sit and talk and eat and do nothing." The women ran the businesses and guided the families. After her mother's death, Sarah wrote a memorial to Rebecca Albert and read excerpts, quoted here in italics, during our interview.[2]

Sarah Albert Tarr read, *"When Mrs. Albert came to Gloucester from Shimileshick, a tiny shtetl near Vilna, Russia, about three Jewish families comprised the local community. Isaac Albert her husband had preceded her here having been lured to the Golden Land.* They did, they thought they were coming to pick up gold in the streets, you know."

"How did they get to Gloucester?" we asked.

"Well, because of a cousin [Louis] Urdansky. I don't know whatever happened to him, or where he was, or how he was a cousin—don't ask me! But he was a cousin and that's why they came to Gloucester. And they lived on Spring Street which is up there on Portuguese Hill and they threw stones in the window and broke a window because a Jew in Gloucester at that time was very rare."

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[2] See Appendix for a complete text of Sarah Tarr's memorial.

Sarah continued to look at her memoir and read, *"[Mother] came and carried all her worldly goods with her.* They all did that. They had feather beds. I don't know how they managed. She had a samovar which she had to sell because she needed the money, and the candle sticks, and [pointing] that heavy mortar and pestle.

"Mrs. Albert was accompanied by two young sons, Jacob and Archie who were born in Russia and my mother came over steerage like they all did and went through Ellis Island."

"So there were a number of Jewish families in town when your parents arrived?"

"After a while, not when they first arrived, because we were amongst the very earliest. Somebody of the Goldman's family may have been here, but as a whole there weren't too many Jews here at all."

Two Jews in Gloucester before the turn of the century came from Butrymanz (sometimes written Baltermantz), another city near Vilna in Lithuanian Russia, on the Belarus border—Marks Hurwitz and David Gordon. David Gordon was a tailor and a peddler in Gloucester perhaps as early as 1890. We know little about David, or the earlier-mentioned Simon Gordon. We know that David stayed in Gloucester for several years and that in 1906, after he had moved to Boston, he and a John Freeman signed the naturalization papers of Marks Hurwitz. We have more information about Marks Hurwitz because his son, the well-known Zionist Henry Hurwitz (1886-1961), wrote about both his parents in the memoir, *A Mother Remembered,* published in the American Jewish History Journal [vol. LXX, no.1].

Marks Hurwitz settled in Gloucester three separate times. He initially left his wife and older children behind in Butrymanz, came alone to the United States in the early 1880s and peddled in Gloucester to earn enough money to establish a clothing manufacturing business in Boston. He returned to Butrymanz briefly around 1886 and then once again, alone, returned to Boston. After five or six years in Boston, he sent to Butrymanz for his wife and children, now including the young Henry Hurwitz, the self-described "result" of his father's visit to Europe. The family enjoyed a period of prosperity in Boston before that clothing business failed, and when it failed the family could no longer afford life in Boston. Marks Hurwitz decided to move for a

second time to Gloucester. From 1898 to 1907, he and his family exiled themselves to (what they considered) the "country"—Exchange Street in Gloucester. After a brief expedition to Worcester and another failure, the family returned for Marks' third sojourn in Gloucester in an apartment on Harold Street. Henry never wrote why his father came to Gloucester in the first place, but for the Hurwitz family Gloucester represented an outpost where one could live cheaply, work hard, and save money to set up a business elsewhere.

The railroad was the usual method of transportation to Gloucester and several accounts of arrivals in Gloucester begin with getting off the train. Joseph David Bloomberg arrived around 1900, a 20-year-old born in Riga, Latvia. In 1950, he was interviewed by a newsman from the Gloucester Daily Times and the January 5th article reported, *"He came here fifty years ago from Boston, and says that he met the late Daniel Tarr Babson, former treasurer of the Cape Ann Savings Bank, at the depot, and inquired of him the way to Main street. He stayed in the Belmont hotel, where the First National store is now."*[3] J. D. Bloomberg spent the rest of his life in Gloucester, *"in the real estate business and as proprietor of the oldest (men's) clothing store in the city,"* and his *"business ventures and adventures in old-time horse-racing endeared him to the people of Gloucester."* His daughter Betty married a son of the Hamburgers of Salem mentioned by the Lichtensteins.

Another young man who arrived at the turn of the century and remained in Gloucester was Harry Bernstein, father of the lawyer Melvin Bernstein. Harry Bernstein came over as a little child with his parents from "Marmpol" (i.e., Mariampol) in 1876. The family entered the United States through Montreal and settled in Salem, Massachusetts. By 1899, 23-year-old Harry set off on his own. "My father came from Salem where his father ran a clothing store that concentrated in working clothes," said Melvin Bernstein. "His father was very observant. My father as a youth, I think in his 'teens or early twenties, came from Salem to Gloucester for the purpose of getting inexpensive transportation to the northwest United States which was beginning to flower in those

3 The *1899 Atlas of Cape Ann*, etc., places the Belmont Hotel at 151 Main Street, where the US Trust Company now is.

days in the fishing industry. And boats would leave Gloucester to fish off the northwest United States and travel around South America. Of course, in those days there was no Panama Canal. And he came to Gloucester because he had heard that you pay them $100 and you work your way as a member of the crew around South America. He came to Gloucester and Gloucester was a bustling town in those days because of the active fishing industry, and he said to himself, as he reported to me, 'Who has to go around the world? After all, here's Gloucester which has plenty of action.' So he opened a small clothing store here with a partner by the name of Schwartz."

Alexander Schwartz came to the United States from Bialystok in 1888 when he was fourteen years old. We don't know how he came to Gloucester, but three young men—Alexander Schwartz, Harry Bernstein and Alexander's younger brother or cousin, William Schwartz—began the process of acquiring citizenship in 1899. Again, Jewish and non-Jewish men helped each other as character witnesses and by affirming the truth of statements about arrivals, residences and occupations. Alexander and Harry together, on October 18, 1899, filed their applications for citizenship, and Antone P. Nunes of Perkins Street and Isaak Brooks of Friend Street witnessed both applications. Harry and Alexander were in turn witnesses for William Schwartz. In 1901, Alexander Schwartz was a witness, along with a man named Kelley, for David Gordon.

Just after the turn of the century, two young men named Harry and Louis Revman arrived in Gloucester with their father Elias Revman, their sister Esther and their little brother Jack. Harry and Louis established and operated the Revman Brothers Cooperative Store on Main Street and the Royal Manufacturing Company at 6 Elm Street and several new arrivals found work with them. One such was Jacob Marks who had come from Europe with his parents, passing through Ellis Island and New York. Jacob's father David Marks and Jacob's four brothers and a sister settled in Boston, Worcester, Oklahoma or Los Angeles, but Jacob Marks settled in Gloucester about 1905 and his son Wilfred (Bill) Marks still lives in town.

"Do you know why your father came here?" we asked Bill Marks.

"Yes," said Bill, "to take a job at a company called the Royal Dress. It was owned by two brothers named Revman who were Jewish."

"How did he find out about the Revmans?"

"My understanding," said Bill, "is they were running the largest $2.95 cotton dress company in the country at that time, and they were looking for someone who was working in New York, as a stitcher or running a factory, I'm not sure. My father was newly over from Russia. And whether he sought them out or they sought him, I don't know. But he came here to run the factory."

"He was a young man then."

"He was young."

"Not married."

"No. While he was here he met my mother and they were married." Marjorie Marks, Bill's wife, added, "He met her in Boston. And then he used to room in a rooming house."

"I'm sure he did," said Bill, "but I don't know where."

"I don't know where," agreed Marjorie, "but he would have his main meal at Sally Tarr's mother's, at Rebecca Albert's house."

Bob Kramer has been a resident of Gloucester for over ninety years and is well-liked and widely-known for his wit and kindness. His parents, Samuel and Ida Kramer, were from Lithuania. Samuel Kramer arrived around 1902, passing through Salem before setting up a tailor shop on Main Street.

"Yes," said Bob, "and my mother came around three or four years after him."

"How did your parents get to Gloucester? Why did they choose Gloucester?"

"Well, my father," said Bob, "came from the Old Country, naturally, and he landed in Salem, at my uncle's house, and my uncle heard there's a man looking for a tailor and my father was a tailor, so he gave him a note and he put him on a train to get to Gloucester, and he got to Gloucester and found the man and the man gave him a job. And three or four years after that my mother came over. I never could figure out how he made enough money to bring her over, because he got $7 a week as a total, I should say, and he had to pay for room and for his food, but he got her over here all right, and she came over and he brought her into Gloucester and he found her an apartment that I was born in, on Shepherd Street [in 1907]."

Hyman Stone came to Gloucester to join his sister, Rose Michaelson. By 1903, Philip Michaelson had a junk business on Commercial Street and applied for citizenship. He and Rose lived on Sargent Street. The Michaelsons persuaded Rose's brother Hyman Stone to join them on Cape Ann. We were able to talk with Hyman's daughter Evelyn Stone Greengross.

"My father came here because he had a sister and brother-in-law living here. He had settled in Quincy, Massachusetts for a number of years, but I think things were not going well so he came here to Gloucester. He had been widowed with a child and he met my mother through what they call a *shadchen*, an arranged marriage, and my mother came here as a bride. Their first home was at 12 Railroad Avenue."

"Do you know why your Aunt Rose Michaelson was here?"

"I don't know," said Evelyn. "The only answer people will tell you is they got off the train. It was the end of the road, and that's where they landed. That's why Max Alper came, and a man by the name of Joe Rosen who was a peddler, that's the reason they came here. They got on the train in Boston and this is where they got off."

Many years later, Hyman Stone encouraged more relatives to come to Gloucester. "He brought over some members of his family," said Evelyn. "There was a family that lived here by the name of Epstein, and Leah, wife of Abraham Epstein, was his niece that he brought over from Europe."

By the time Morris Bell arrived in Gloucester in 1907, there was an established, though small, Jewish community. Over fifty Jewish men had passed through Gloucester, and several had settled with families. Morris Bell came from Bialystok, the same town as Alexander and William Schwartz, and when he arrived in Gloucester he worked for Alexander Schwartz and Harry Bernstein.

"My father came over," said Beatrice Bell Albert, "and he had a *landsman* here in Gloucester, Harry Bernstein, Melvin's father. Schwartz & Bernstein were making oiled clothes at the time, and they told my father to come to Gloucester, and they would get him a job with Schwartz & Bernstein. So he came to Gloucester to do oilskins. When he came here, he found my mother's father [Philip Broder] working as a bookkeeper in the office of Schwartz & Bernstein." Bea explained that Morris Bell's future father-in-law Philip

Broder had been a mathematics professor "in Russia, but it was during the pogroms and he was kicked out, so he came over here and got this job as bookkeeper. Well, [Philip Broder] fell in love with my father [Morris Bell] right away and decided he'd send for his oldest daughter, which was my mother, over in Vilna. So she and her mother came over with two or three other of the kids, and came to live in America. And she married my father practically a month after she got here, never knowing him or anything. They had four children and they were very happy. They were a wonderful married couple, all the years. Those kind of marriages do work occasionally."

"Was there other family left in Russia or did they all come over then?"

"In my mother's [Broder] family," explained Bea, "there was nobody left over there, they all came over here eventually. And my father's [Bell] family came over piecemeal. He was the first one to come, then a brother, and another brother came. There were four brothers and a sister. And they all landed in New York and my father was the first to come, and they asked him his name coming through Ellis Island, and he said, *"Bellach,"* and they said, "Spell that". Well, he spelled B-E-L-L and he couldn't spell the *"ach"* and they couldn't spell it so it was Bell after that. And when his brothers came over they just picked up the name Bell, it was easier to come through immigration with Bell. They all lived in New York except for my father [Morris Bell]."

Later, Morris Bell's aged father came over and was affectionately known throughout Gloucester as Shady Bell, a mispronunciation of the Yiddish for grandfather, *Zaydie*. "He must have come over right after the war [World War I]," said Bea, "because nobody traveled during the war."

"And did his wife come over?"

"No, and that's a mystery. None of us knows whatever happened to his wife. We don't know whether he left her over there, or whether she was dead, whether they were divorced, but he had about eight or nine kids and they all eventually came over here."

"But nobody ever talked about her?"

"No, nobody every mentioned her name, I never asked about her. So we don't know what happened to her."

George and Ida Kline came from Bialystok, as had Morris Bell and Alexander and William Schwartz. Their son Irving Kline, born in Gloucester in 1909, is a well-known lawyer in Gloucester and has great interest in his family's past.

George Kline left Bialystok on a train for the German coast, got a boat to America from either Bremerhaven in Germany or Amsterdam in Holland, came to Gloucester, and then sent for his wife Ida and their two children. "Father came first as was the custom," said Irving Kline. "And he established himself here as a shoemaker and then he sent for her, and mother had two children, babies, my brother Bob [b.1902] and my sister Miriam [b.1905]. I would say that Mother was probably fifteen or sixteen years of age when she got married. That's the way I understand it. Mother came here when she was about seventeen, I'd say. She brought a samovar with her, I remember that as a child. It was just a word, but I remember, she had it there. Something that you cook tea with. She came from Eastern Europe, frightened of course in the New World, and I was conceived in Gloucester where my father and mother lived, and she went to New York City to be near cousins when the time came for the birth and she went to what was then known as the Jewish Hospital in New York and I was born there; and she came soon as she could back to Gloucester and resumed their residence here until she died in 1934."

"Do you know what town she came from?"

"Yes, Bialystok."

"Did they know other people from Bialystok here when they came?"

"Yes, I believe they did," said Irving. "I think she knew Mrs. Kramer, Bob Kramer's mother, I think she came from Bialystok, too. Mother was very friendly with Mrs. Kramer. There may have been others but I wouldn't know."

"Did your father ever tell you how he happened to come to Gloucester?"

"Yes. Very interesting," said Irving. "They used to come to a place where a *landsman* settled before them, a friend that came from the same neighborhood. After all, it was a big strange world and so they have to get their start by going where *Yankl* went. The *Yankl* in this case was no other than a Mr. Gorin. He was a shoe cobbler, actually a shoemaker as they understood the trade in those years, and he settled in Salem. Father came here and he stayed in New York for a short time, he worked in a factory somewhere for a few

weeks, and he became disillusioned. He was young and aggressive, and he found his way to Salem where his *landsman* Mr. Gorin was a shoemaker. And Mr. Gorin said, 'Well, too many shoemakers here now, why don't you go to a friend of mine in Ipswich?' So Father found himself in Ipswich and he looked up another Jewish person who said the same thing, and he said, 'But you know, there's a place called Gloucester.' Father was young, quite attractive, tall with red-brownish hair, and the man in Ipswich said, 'Lots of girls there. Lots of action. Fishing port, you know. Oh, it's wild!' So, Father walked from Ipswich to Essex, and from Essex he came to Gloucester and the noise! It was a Little San Francisco at that time. He became very enamored of Gloucester and opened up a shoe repair place."

After George Kline brought his wife and children to America, he persuaded his brother Louis to come over and settle in Gloucester. "Uncle George came over and then *Zaydie* [Grandfather Louis Kline] came over," said Louis Kline's granddaughters Shirley Larsen and Judy Rose. "Daddy [Robert Kline] was the oldest boy and he was seven years old or something when Uncle George and *Zaydie* came over." After joining his brother in Gloucester, Louis Kline became a farmer, although around 1917 he dealt in junk and accumulated the money to buy passage across the Atlantic on the *Manchurian* for his wife, sons Robert and Jacob, and daughters Minnie and Harriet who had been stranded in Europe throughout World War I. The entire family was reunited in Gloucester by 1921. In a few years, Robert married Mary Glickman from Lynn. Mary remembered her father-in-law Louis Kline saying that he "had some cousins in Salem, and he went there, and he decided to take a ride to Gloucester, and he saw Gloucester and he thought it was beautiful and so he moved here."

The cousin of George and Louis Kline who lived in Salem was perhaps a member of the Pett family. Mamie Pett Norton said that her parents, Louis and Leah Pett, came from Poland before 1913 and that they were married before they came to the United States.

"So they came over together."

"No, first my father came. Then my mother. My brother Morris was born in Poland, but he was very sick and my grandfather couldn't wait to get him

over here. I don't know whether you've heard of Irving Kline? Well, he is a relation on my father's side, his father and my father were like first cousins, and that's how we came to Gloucester because his father [George Kline the shoemaker] wanted him [Louis Pett] here and my father opened a shoe store. And my mother and father worked in the shoe store. And then we had a first cousin that was in Salem in the paint business, named Pett, too, and there was a Salem market for sale, and so again Irving Kline's father says, 'There's a store you gotta buy.' That's what my father and mother did."

Louis and Leah Pett operated the Salem market until the mid-1920s, when they moved back to Gloucester and opened their fruit and vegetable store on Main Street.

Another man who arrived in Gloucester before World War I, and who had a strong influence on the entire community, was Max Alper. Max Alper came from Poland and was in Gloucester by 1913. His daughter Charlotte Alper Chansky quoted the family legend of her father's trip to Canada and the United States. She said that her father was robbed on the voyage over and ended up in Quebec with no money to get to his sister in Boston. A sympathetic synagogue in Quebec raised $5 so he could continue his journey by train.

His daughter Lillian Alper Cohen said that when Max "got to Gloucester, he knocked on a door where there was a room to rent and it was Mrs. [George] Kline. She gave him a room and told him to go to a factory, and he went into a pants factory. They had buttons for flies in the men's pants and he put the buttons on the left side and was fired. He just never was handy." But in short order, Max took up peddling, learned English with lessons given at the Rotary Club, opened some shops, and married Rose Shenberg of Boston in 1913.

Hyman Visnick the baker arrived in Gloucester just before World War I.

"Do you know what town in Lithuania he came from?"

"Kovno, he mentioned Kovno a lot," said his daughter Ann Visnick Fishman. "They must have been as poor as church mice. Father told about helping his mother bake. He would sleep on the floor when she was ill or

something. I guess there they didn't have wood floors, they had the earthen floors, and he'd sleep by her side."

Edward Visnick, Ann's brother, said, "I don't remember too many stories my father telling us about his life in Russia other than that it was hard. I remember hearing that my grandfather [Hyman's father] had to be in the army in Russia under the Czarist regime." The young Hyman Visnick was only fourteen when he came to America the first time. "He came over from Lithuania to the United States," said his daughter Ann, "and my uncle Bennie or someone was supposed to meet him, but there was no one there. So he had to go back to Lithuania again."

The second time Hyman left Lithuania, he went to England and Scotland, where he married, became a professional baker, and then eventually immigrated to the United States with their little daughter Ann. The Visnicks first lived on Whittemore Street, where Ann remembers walking with her grandfather.

"When we first came we lived on Whittemore Street, and I remember my grandfather stayed with us folks for a while and he had a beard. I remember him taking my hand and we walked up to where there were some meadows because there were no houses around there then." The grandfather's name was Baruch Visnick. "Well, Visnick wasn't his name," said Ann. "It was Vishna or Wishner. But then my cousin Al, he got them to straighten out the name and he says, 'This is our name'."

"And [my father's] poor mother, she was the last to leave, you know. She was the one that sacrificed herself, and coming across, in Belgium somewhere, they lost sight of her and she disappeared. It's awful what happened with poor people then."

Benjamin and Dora Schred came to Gloucester from Europe via Philadelphia by 1909. Benjamin was a peddler when they lived at 27 Allen Street, but by the end of World War I he had a dry goods shop on Main Street and the family lived at 4 Blynman Avenue.

Reva Schred Kramer knew exactly why her parents came to Gloucester. "Oh, I can tell you that," said Reva. "My mother was very allergic to the heat in Philadelphia. She just couldn't stand it. She didn't know what was the mat-

ter with her and she went to the doctor. He said, 'You're a very healthy woman but you cannot live in Philadelphia.' My father had heard from other people about Gloucester, so he came down and investigated and he said, 'Oh, this would be the place for us.' And I'm so glad he did because I love it here."

Louis and Tillie Kramer, "the younger Kramers", were not related to the older family of Samuel and Ida Kramer, although Louis and Samuel were both tailors, dyers, and cleaners. Aside from the fact that there are two Tillies, the story of the younger Kramers' arrival is relatively straightforward. Louis Kramer had moved from Haverhill to Gloucester before he married Celia (Tillie) Banks in Haverhill in 1914. According to their son Philip Kramer, Louis and Celia Banks "were neighbors and childhood sweethearts back home [in Riga, Latvia, the birthplace of J. D. Bloomberg]. My mother came over to join her boy-friend and she was sixteen when she got married. She came over with my father's sister, Minnie Lappan. Another aunt, Tillie Shoher, and her husband Abraham, came over first, then my father and grandfather came over next, then my mother came over with her girlfriend Minnie, and then my parents got married in Haverhill, Massachusetts.

"They came to Gloucester because his sister's husband [Tillie's husband, Abraham Shoher] worked for a place called the Success Manufacturing Company on Sargent Street. Those were the days before refrigerators and they made iceboxes, and then as soon as my parents came, automobiles had started to come in, and [Abraham Shoher] could fix automobile radiators, so he moved to Boston and my parents stayed in Gloucester."

"Did all your grandparents come over?"

"No. No. My mother's grandparents went back through Germany. My aunt and uncle were killed by Hitler and my grandparents survived and two other sons survived and they went to Tel Aviv in Israel."

Benjamin Raizin was in Gloucester by 1904, and by his presence was responsible for the arrival of a large and influential segment of the Jewish community[4]—his daughters married Morris Katz the bus company owner and Louis

[4] See Raizin/Feldman family tree in Appendix.

Cohen the cattle dealer; and Benjamin's nephews Morris Raizin and Joseph Rosen (who despite the slight difference in names were brothers) settled in Gloucester. We know that Benjamin Raizin was born in 1863, came from "Merin, Russia", and entered the United States at Boston in 1898. For most of his life, he was *Fetter Binyamin* to many in Gloucester, "Great-uncle Benjamin."

Benjamin Raizin's nephew Morris Raizin married Esther Feldman and it was because of this Esther Feldman Raizin that Samuel Feldman the Grocer and his family moved to Cape Ann in 1913 or 1914. There were actually three Feldman families: two named Samuel Feldman and one known as "W", for William, Feldman. As Phil Kramer said, "There were three Feldman families. There was [Samuel] Feldman the Grocer, everybody knew Feldman the Grocer. Then there was [Samuel] Feldman the Baker, down at the Fort. He baked all kinds of bread, but he baked Jewish bread for the community. Then there was a third family [William Feldman] lived on Main Street and he had a little store down there." Samuel Feldman the Baker was not related to the other Feldmans. Samuel the Grocer (or Samuel the Butcher, as people also called him) and W were brothers, and even though the brothers' last name was Feldman in Gloucester, it had not been Feldman in Europe.

Parts of this Feldman history were revealed by five family members: Eve Feldman Gradwohl and Jinks Feldman Levitsky (daughters of Samuel the Grocer), and three grandchildren (Eve's son Barry, Ida Feldman Curhan's son Ronald Curhan, and Henry Feldman's daughter Betsy Feldman). They agreed that Samuel Feldman the Butcher came to Gloucester from New York around 1914, because of his sister Esther Raizin.

"And Samuel and Rose were married when they came over from Europe?"

"Yes, they were," said Eve Gradwohl.

Ronald Curhan said, "Go back just a little bit to what your mother's family did in Europe."

"The family had cattle," said Eve.

"They were traders," asked Ronald, "or did they keep cattle?"

"Oh, no, no. They bought them to kill them and sell them," said Eve.

"They were cattle dealers, yes!" said Ronald. "Eve's grandfather dealt in cattle, and Rose, my grandmother, met *Zaydie*, my grandfather Samuel, in Europe where they were married, right? And he didn't have a job, he didn't

have a trade, am I right?"

"The bride's family were very, very well off. The head of a good community," said Eve, later mentioning that the community, the *shtetl*, was perhaps Kopyl.

"And they took in this son-in-law, this ne'er-do-well or whatever-to-be?" said Ronald.

"Nobody ever said that he was a ne'er-do-well," said Eve. "First of all, he was in the Russian army before that. [He earned a service medal for fighting in the Far East about the time of the Russian-Japanese War.] It seems that they sent him out to buy cattle and he was roped in by one of the farmers—make it two farmers."

"It's just like Jack and the Beanstalk," said Ronald. "He bought a cow, and he led the cow back? After all, they didn't have trucks."

"He bought a dead cow!" said Eve. "And it wasn't killed kosher! And what do you do with that? That's when he came to the United States."

Rose and Samuel were perhaps the only couple in Gloucester to cross the Atlantic together. "When they went to Ellis Island, they could not spell the name of Tsuris, or Tsurif," said Eve. "And my mother Rose said, 'I've had enough trouble already. So, let's change it.' And they said, 'What name do you want me to put down?' So she said 'Feldman' which was her maiden name." When Samuel changed his name to Feldman, his siblings followed suit. Esther, although married to Morris Raizin, was henceforth often known as Esther Feldman Raizin.

"But the name was originally *Tsuris*?"

"Yes, we decided it was C-U-R-I-F, right?" Eve asked her relatives.

"My father always said T-S-U-R-, with a T," said Henry Feldman's daughter Betsy.

"T-S-U-R-I-F-F," spelled Ronald.

"Afterwards, I wrote letters and addressed envelopes," said Eve. "I'm positive I spelled it Z-U-R-I-F. But I don't remember, one F or two Fs."

"It's C or Z?" asked Betsy.

"Z," said Eve.

"Okay, that's settled" said Ronald.

"Do you know when they came to the United States?"

"My father came in 1901, I believe," said Eve of her father Samuel

Feldman the butcher. "He came to New York and he stayed in New York for several years."

Ronald Curhan said, "The story I heard was that he was in New York by 1906 when my mother [Ida Feldman Curhan] was born. I don't know what he was doing in New York, but he got a chance to come to Gloucester to be a foreman for Bell and Leavitt [and the Gloucester Manufacturing Company]. I was told that he had come here for that job, and shortly after he was here, his wife and the children, some of whom were born in New York, came here to Gloucester about 1914."

Samuel's brother William came to Gloucester by a circuitous route a little later. Eve's son Barry Gradwohl remembered stories told by this Great-uncle W. "During the Russian-Japanese War," said Barry, "he was going to be drafted into the Russian Army and he didn't have any objections to the Japanese, and he really didn't feel like fighting. So somewhere in Poland he got on a tramp steamer, stoked his way to Buenos Aires and spent a year or more working on a *pampas*, ranching cattle. Then he was a guy with a bucket catching hot rivets, in construction on New York skyscrapers. He also had a paper route in Brooklyn and then he came to Gloucester about 1914, this being Papa's younger brother."

"And he came because your grandfather Samuel was here?"

"And Aunt Esther Raizin was here," said Ronald. "He already had two siblings here. And then he saw pictures of the woman who became his wife, Ida, who was living in New Bedford," said Ronald, "and they were married about 1914. This W was a peddler, and for a little while about 1917 he moved to Springfield and he was extremely successful doing what so many did with a wagon and got his own store there. But he returned to Gloucester, and so that was another Feldman family growing up in Gloucester. So, there were three boys from the Raizins and four from the younger, W Feldman and five from this Samuel Feldman. And you should know, just so it doesn't become confusing," said Ronald, "that at least later [from 1919] there was another Samuel Feldman in Gloucester who was not a relation at all. He's the baker. And that baker had a son William. And that family has absolutely no connection with us whatsoever."

The Linsky family, famous for their large junkyard and scrap metal business, has been hard-working and generous from their first arrival in Gloucester. Max Linsky and his wife Lina Morris Linsky were from Russia and, after several years in the United States, arrived in Gloucester in 1917. Lina had come to the United States alone as a young girl and earned money by sewing to bring over the rest of her family. How she met Max we do not know. But both Max and Lina were members of enormous families. Their own twelve children claimed to have a hundred first cousins on the Morris side alone, and family reunions filled large function halls. The path of the family through various Massachusetts towns was traced by births.

"They were in Salem," said Harold (Lenny) Linsky. "From Salem they went to Danvers, from Danvers to Essex, then they came to Gloucester. Let's see, Teddy and I were born in Gloucester, I think one or two were born in Essex, Morris was born in Danvers, Joe in Essex. See, we never talked much about it."

Philip Flasher the tailor was in Gloucester before World War I, but his wife Ida and children were stranded in Europe, much as Louis Kline's family had been.

"Had your father come directly to Gloucester?" we asked his son George, who was born in Gloucester in 1923.

George said, "He came directly here from Romania. I had an uncle, my mother's brother, living in Chelsea. My father was a tailor, so my uncle said for him to come to Gloucester to start a business. That's how he came to Gloucester."

"Did your uncle know anything about Gloucester?"

"Not that I know of. Now my mother was in Europe for five or six years, I think, before he brought her here. My mother had four children in Europe. Two girls and two boys. The two girls died, one of them from hunger and the other one was a baby."

"What did you mother do in Europe after your father left? Did she stay with her parents?"

"No, they were dead," said George. "She was on her own with those kids. Oh yeah, she had a hard life." The only source of support was her brother,

Meyer Brenner. "In the old days he used to live right close to my mother in Europe."

"Your father maybe sent her money?"

"It's possible, but I really don't know. I know whenever they had a wedding, my brother would go over with a big knapsack and gather up everything he could so they had something to eat. Times were tough. They were always fighting over there, World War I. So she had it pretty tough."

"How old were they when they came over?" [5]

"One boy was about twelve and the other maybe nine or ten." George Flasher was their only child born in America.

There were other Jewish families in Gloucester, many of whom will be mentioned in the ensuing chapters. Families and individuals moved onto Cape Ann and moved away from Cape Ann constantly. Each has its unique history, each its own experiences. To know them all would be impossible, but we will mention another few, knowing well that justice is fully given to none. Abram Resnick had a rather unusual reason for coming to Gloucester. He was born in Russia, but as a teenager in Boston and beginning in 1911, came to the summer camp that the Civic Service House of Boston ran in West Gloucester. "He liked the spot and continued to come back and bought the property in 1922," said Abram's son Jeff Resnick. "That's when he opened the camp at this location." Thus Camp Annisquam, known as a "Jewish camp", was founded on Little River at Stanwood Point. Abram and his Russian-born wife Rose and their children spent summers providing meals and entertainment, and perhaps a roof, for other campers. Jeff Resnick, who still runs the campground, said, "I remember vividly my dad telling me about the time that he initially came here in the late 'teens. There were roughly between thirty and fifty Jewish families in Gloucester, and he was friendly with a lot of them."

Gordon Weiner's arrival in Gloucester was unusual in that, although he only moved to Gloucester when he was an adult, he began visiting from Chelsea as a child. "I came permanently right after World War II, summer of 1945," said Gordon, "but I had been coming here since 1930 when Aunt

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[5] 1926 on the ship *Ryndam*. The boys were actually 15 and 12 years old.

Sally and Uncle Louie first moved here. I'd been coming since I was a little over six years old. Summers sometimes, and I always liked Gloucester. Always had a good time in Gloucester." Aunt Sally and Uncle Louie were the Gellers who owned Sterling Drug.

The two Jewish families in Manchester must also be mentioned. The first was the Nathan Greenberg family that arrived about 1910. Mary Greenberg Sturt, their youngest child, told us that her parents were "very, very poor in Tomaszow, Poland, and every Friday my grandmother, my mother's mother, even though they had nothing for food, would make sure that there were pots [of water] boiling on the stove so that neighbors could see."

"My father's brother lived in Brookline," said Mary, "and he was responsible for my father coming here from Europe. And during the horse-and-buggy days, all the tradespeople used to come to Manchester-by-the-Sea, because there were so many summer people. It was nothing to see these Rolls Royces and the wealthy people over the railroad tracks. When my father came here, he liked this little town so much, and at that time there were four children, he thought this would be a delightful place to bring up children. And that's why we came here!"

"At first he came here just during the summer?"

"Yes," said Mary. "And he came before my mother did. I guess when he had enough money, he sent it back to my mother so that she and my two sisters could come."

"And then they lived in Brookline?"

"They lived in Boston, I don't know where, and I can't imagine bringing over a six-month-old baby and one that was almost two. But my mother also brought over these feather quilts, and some copper pots, and that particular pot." Mary pointed to the shelf above her kitchen cabinets, on which stood a beige pottery bowl with a wooden-handled iron bail. "I remember she used that at Passover to make these *farfel* little things that you would put in soup. And she brought three copper pots of different sizes. How in the world she did that, with two little children!"

"And did she bring candlesticks also?"

"Oh, she brought a pair of little candlesticks."

"What kind of a Jewish community was there in Manchester when you got here?"

"We started it. We were the first ones here. And," Mary added, "I was the first Jewish person to be born here."

Some time later, the Esther Palosky Elliott family became the second Jewish family in Manchester.

"[Mrs. Esther Palosky Elliott] was my mother's sister and they lived in Lawrence," said Mary Greenberg Sturt. Esther's first husband was Peter Palosky.

"And where were your parents from?" we asked Fannie Linsky.

"They were originally from Warsaw," said Fannie, "I'll say Warsaw, because it was a little *shtetl*, and Warsaw was the nearest large place."

"Do you know when your parents came over?"

"Yes. My father [Peter Palosky] came first, when my mother didn't have any children, and then he brought my mother over. They were married in Poland but we were all born in America. I know my mother and my father didn't have any children for seven years, and my brother was born in 1912, so it must have been prior to that.

They went initially to Lawrence. Peter Palosky died in the 1918 influenza epidemic, and Esther married Benjamin Elliott, a butcher.

"My stepfather was a communist, you know," said his daughter Fannie Palosky Linsky. "He wasn't what you call a real Communist, but he believed in their ideas. He ran away from Russia because the government was going to put him in the Russian-Japanese War, so he [like W Feldman] escaped."

"Did your mother and her second husband have any children?"

"No, no, no, no. He was an old bachelor who lived with my mother and father. You know, when they came over from the Old Country, they always had *landsleit*. And they always had a *lunge*, you know what a *lunge* is? A couch. And they always had room for one more. So he was like a boarder and they all worked in the woolen mills in Lawrence. The Arlington Woolen Mills or the Pacific Woolen Mills. They were all in a little section of Lawrence."

"Sort of like a ghetto?"

"A ghetto. All Jewish"

"And they worked in the mills?"

"Well, some had businesses of their own. We had a very dear friend who had a shoe store, another had a haberdashery, and so forth, but most of them that came over had no trades so they worked in the mills. My uncle [Nathan Greenberg] came here as a young fellow and he opened a cobbler's shop, a shoe store in Manchester. When my mother remarried, they had an opening here for a meat market, and my stepfather wanted to get out of the mills, so they advised him to come here. That's how we got here. I know my stepfather was naturalized here in Manchester."

Early Jewish residents of Cape Ann came mostly from Lithuania and Poland, with a few from Romania, Belarus, or the Ukraine. Since the countries' names and borders changed from decade to decade, and families moved from place to place, identifying a national origin for immigrants from Eastern Europe is tenuous. But there were cultural differences between Jews of one region and another. Henry Hurwitz wrote of the influences that people from these various cultural regions might have had on the communities in this country; he perhaps sharpened the distinctions because his father was from Lithuania and his mother from Poland. *"Your dyed-in-the-wool Litvak,"* wrote Henry Hurwitz, *"was inclined to be a 'hard' man, tending towards the dour. He worshipped intellect; emotion was suspect. The great Haskalah intellectual movement, the nineteenth century Jewish Enlightenment, arose and flourished most in Lithuania ... The Litvak's Jewish culture was powerful [and] the core of Litvak Jewish culture ... was the Talmud."*

The other great type of Jewish culture arose in Poland. *"The Polish Jews, on the other hand,"* wrote Henry Hurwitz, *"were characterized by a much softer nature, imaginative and poetical. It is from the heart of Polish Jewry that Hasidism, that great folk-religious movement of the eighteenth century, arose, which bitterly opposed the hard intellectualism of the Talmudic rabbis ..."*

When a Jewish community was established on Cape Ann, a blending and infusion of traits occured, as it did in every community in the United States and within every family. It is interesting to note, however, that a more Talmudic than Hasidic flavor characterized the Jewish community on Cape

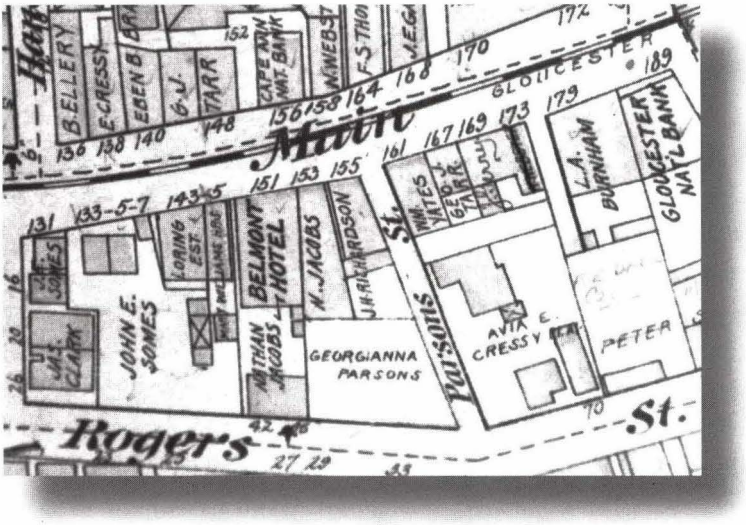
Ann. Only Hyman Stone's mother was reportedly connected to a Hasidic community. Of the ten European-born Jews who were still alive and in Gloucester in 1965, Samuel Rubin (who married Morris Raizin's widow, Esther Feldman) was considered a Talmud scholar, and Max Alper and Hyman Stone enjoyed Talmudic study sessions. The other Eastern European-born members of the community in 1965 were Ida Flasher from Romania; Joe Rosen, George Kline and his nephew Bob Kline the tailor, Molly Broder Bell, Ida Marks, and Bob Kramer's mother Ida Kramer—none of whom, however observant they might have been of Jewish rituals and traditions, was ever described as particularly Hasidic.

The ancestors of the people we interviewed found their way to Cape Ann from relatives' homes in New York, Boston or Salem, or to join relatives already here in Gloucester. Many came because a *landsman* had sent back word to the Old Country that a job and a home could be made for them here. The beauty and bustle of Gloucester attracted young, energetic people anxious to raise children and succeed in their new home. Almost without exception, both young and old set out to learn English and become citizens. Shirley Kline Larsen said of her father's family, the Louis Klines, "They were all very patriotic. My father couldn't wait to get his American citizenship. He'd never had an accent. He went to night school right away to learn to speak English and become American."

Local governments and private organizations set up night schools for their education, and if more men than women applied for citizenship, it did not indicate the women's aversion to American society. Until 1922, women did not apply for naturalization papers; women were automatically citizens of the country of their husband or father. An article in the November 23, 1915, *Gloucester Daily Times* urged "the wives of all petitioners for naturalization to attend school, for the reason that they derive citizenship when their husbands obtain their final papers, and because such instruction will materially aid the family to live as Americans live." The *Times* further proclaimed that in the entire United States, half a million immigrants applied for citizenship annually and throughout the country this citizenship raised "that portion of the alien body now in a condition of helpless dependence or mere self-maintenance to the state of productive capacity which is the birthright of all American citizens regardless of their origin or birth."

In the next chapter, we will look at how the Jewish immigrants on Cape Ann enjoyed this "birthright of productive capacity" and earned their livings.

WORK and BUSINESS



"I have a book on early immigrants and this young Jewish man gets out of Ellis Island and is walking down Broadway, and he sees another Jewish man, an old man, and he says to him, 'What does one do in this country?' and the old man says, 'One peddles or one sews.' And that's it. It's true in a way. Both my grandparents sewed, and a lot of these other people were peddlers, and then they opened clothing stores."

— Edward Lichtenstein

CLOTHING BUSINESSES

It is true that in Gloucester the first Jews sewed and peddled, for the Emanuels sold clothes and some of the Heinemans peddled. In 1869, Samuel H. Emanuel owned the S. H. Emanuel & Co. Millinery Shop as well as the

Odessa Shirt Company, both located on Front [Main] Street. In 1877, S. H. Emanuel & Co. branched out to the manufacture of overalls. The family included Henry and Pauline Emanuel; Henry worked at the millinery shop and Pauline was married to David Heineman who worked at the Odessa Shirt Co. By the 1880s, there were three more adult Heinemans [George, Henry and Isaac]. One had a junk license, one worked as a traveling salesman, and one was at the S. H. Emanuel & Co. Millinery Shop.

This Emanuel-Heineman family was joined by other Jews who made their start in the cloth trades. Solomon Hochberger owned a dry goods shop in Lanesville in 1875, but he also peddled and eventually started a junk business at 8 Locust Street with David Heineman in 1887. Both soon moved to New York City. Nathan Jacobs owned various clothing shops and businesses up and down Main Street for many years. In 1877, he became a partner with S. J. Goldstein and they owned Jacobs & Goldstein on Front Street [called Main Street after 1878]. S. J. Goldstein moved to Bath, Maine in 1881, but Nathan Jacobs and his large family continued to deal in clothing in Gloucester. From 1883-1897, Solomon L. Hern boarded in Nathan Jacobs' house at 8 Summer Street and was the first of many Jewish Gloucester tailors on Main Street to combine sewing with dry cleaning services. The distinction between tailor, cleaner, peddler and clothing-store owner was often obscure.

Henry Hurwitz's memoir of his mother gives a glimpse into immigrant business life in 19th-century Gloucester. His father's three moves to Gloucester led to the start-up of five separate clothing businesses; and this number does not include the businesses he started in Boston or helped with in Worcester. The first business in Gloucester, in the early 1880s, was of necessity a low-capital venture. The young Marks Hurwitz bought or borrowed saleable goods, put them in a back pack and set out to sell them. By this process, Henry Hurwitz wrote that his father *"so laboriously, after many struggling years, made the money to open up the business in Boston."* The second stretch in Gloucester in the late 1890s, after his wife and children joined him from Europe and after the Boston business failed, *"were the years of direst poverty. Father trudged about all day, under his pack or with large bundles; and at night mother would wash his swollen feet. The two older girls worked at various jobs, mother cooked midday dinners for*

itinerant peddlers (at thirty-five cents a full meal); and some men would be put up over-night."[1] Eventually, the money from this labor led to the Cape Ann Supply Company on the second floor of 70 Main Street, "a large loft full of shiny new fixtures and tables heaped with men's clothing."[2] But the Cape Ann Supply Company failed almost as soon as it started, and what little stock survived after the creditors were paid, was removed to an attic storeroom and salesroom in their rented home at 11 Harold Avenue. Later the family moved to Worcester where a more successful brother helped them until his comb business failed. The Hurwitzes returned to Gloucester, to Exchange Street and his "customer-business", and enjoyed a certain amount of comfort, although his 1906 application for naturalization still identified him as a peddler. By 1913, Marks and his wife, after their children were grown, lived in Boston while the business continued in Gloucester. Marks commuted on the train *"two or three days a week to Gloucester for his customers."* In old age, he *"sold his customers"* and retired to a life of Torah and Talmud study. We do not know to whom he sold his business.

The Hurwitz experience was probably mirrored by his *landsman* David Gordon. Gordon arrived in the United States from Butrymanz in 1890 and, like Hurwitz, was in the clothing business in Gloucester. In 1901, he called himself a "merchant/peddler". He also moved to Boston soon after the turn of the century, although Gordon's Eagle Credit Co. (that sold clothing on credit) flourished into the 1920s.

Morris Lichtenstein was a tailor and store owner. He ran a series of shops on Main Street and was successful enough to put advertisements for "merchant tailor" in the City Directory of 1890, just two years after arriving in Gloucester. Ed Lichtenstein said that his grandfather, Morris Lichtenstein the tailor, "could speak a number of languages—Polish, Russian, German—so he was sort of a pal of the police. At least one of the places of his store was on Duncan Street, which I think is near where the police station still is. My grandfather was used by the police when they couldn't converse with somebody in that other language." Morris Lichtenstein moved into Boston around 1902, seeking greater scope in the larger city.

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[1] Henry Hurwitz, p.8. [2] Ibid, p.9.

Ed Lichtenstein, Morris's grandson, told an old family story. "My father had a large family, four girls, five boys. My Uncle Phil was one of the older boys, a sibling of my father, and he told me something. We were talking about Gloucester so I said, 'The other night, we went over to the Blackburn Tavern to eat.' For a moment he thought he was back in the 18th century and he said, 'Oh, that's Howie Blackburn. My father makes his suits!'" Bernice, Ed's wife, brought out a framed oval copperplate of Howard Blackburn, the famous Gloucester fisherman who in 1883, aged 24, survived a winter shipwreck off Newfoundland by freezing his hands to the oars and rowing his dory three days until he reached land; who then twice made solo Atlantic crossings; and who ended his days as a Gloucester tavern-keeper. In the picture, Howard Blackburn was dressed in a three-piece suit.

"Your grandfather, Morris Lichtenstein, might have made this suit?"

"That's right," said Ed.

An early clothing dealer was Harry Goldman. In 1892, he was a peddler, living on Mount Vernon Street on Portuguese Hill. He moved to Park Street (now that part of Pleasant Street between Prospect and the railroad track) and then in 1896, like Solomon Hochberger before him in 1875, moved to Lanesville and ran a little clothing store opposite the current Post Office. Harry and Nellie [Urdansky] Goldman moved their business back downtown to the East End of Main Street by the turn of the century and three generations lived at 9 Trask Street.

Harry Goldman's grandson Sidney remembered the locations of some of the family's stores. "The original one was close to where the Gorton's office now is. Then it moved to where Nelson's now is. An interesting story is that Harry Goldman bought out his father-in-law [Max Urdansky] who was a peddler-merchant, combined the two businesses and opened a store where Nelson's is. If you look at Nelson's, you'll see a house above it; and if you look to the left of it, there are five stores with a house above them. My grandfather was a very industrious man. He had those houses raised up, the banking excavated, and built stores and that's the reason that there are stores there now. When my dad [Benjamin Goldman] returned to Gloucester around 1925 with a young baby, he operated that store. He bought out his dad's clothing store in Gloucester. In 1946 after World War II, my dad decided that he was

going to move from where Nelson's is to next door where there were the five stores and he had the five stores made into one big store. At the present time [1996] they've made it back into five stores."

For the Jewish community on Cape Ann that arrived subsequently, Goldman's store was a permanent fixture along the East End of Main Street. "It's got to be one of the first Jewish stores in Gloucester," said Phil Kramer, the dentist son of Louis Kramer whose tailoring and dye shop was at the West End of Main Street. That claim is doubtful, but Goldman's was the only early-established business to survive through three generations and almost to the end of the 20th century.

In 1899, Alexander Schwartz (aged 25) joined with Harry Bernstein (aged 23) to form Schwartz & Bernstein, clothing dealers at 276 and 285 Main Street. They advertised that the East End store sold "Clothing & Boots & Shoes". Harry Bernstein and Alexander Schwartz boarded at 3 Rowe Square in 1899. By 1905, they also had founded a business that made oilskins for fishermen, the Gloucester Oiled Clothing Company (on Main Street and later Commercial Street). Many people worked for Schwartz and Bernstein making oilskins. Harry's brother Barnett Bernstein, who followed Harry to Gloucester from Salem by 1903 and first worked at the Lum Duck Laundry, was at the oilskin company between 1903 and 1909. Philip Broder was the bookkeeper there. Morris Bell and Max Leavitt worked there until 1909. Alexander Schwartz and Harry Bernstein tended to the clothing store themselves. After Alexander Schwartz's death in 1924, both Schwartz & Bernstein's clothing store and the Gloucester Oiled Clothing Company closed. It was then, in 1925, that Harry Bernstein, father of the lawyer Melvin Bernstein, opened The Hub Clothing Company near the Police Station. The Hub was a landmark in commercial Gloucester until Harry's death in 1946.

Joseph David Bloomberg was also in the clothing business in Gloucester for the entire first half of the century. In his interview with the reporter from the *Gloucester Daily Times* published on January 5, 1950, Mr. Bloomberg told of delivering goods to Lanesville with his horse and wagon and returning to his home on Sadler Street through the blizzard of 1898, the so-called Portland

Storm. It was a cold and arduous, all-night adventure, but he seemed to have no lack of friends along the way. *"It was snowing and blowing,"* according to the newspaper article, *"and he had to get the help of some young men to get his horse and wagon back on the main road. He started for home, and got as far as Harvey's barn* [in Lanesville], *intending to put up for the night. But the horse wouldn't agree. When he got to Bay View, he tried to stop at the home of an old couple he knew, named Cheney. The horse would not turn in. He says the snow was so high around the Willows that his horse could almost reach the tops of the trees. He arrived home with his horse and team, at Sadler street, around 6 o'clock in the morning. After Mr. Bloomberg reached home he had to shovel a couple of hours to get the horse into the barn, near Tom Bell's grocery store, across from Our Lady of Good Voyage church."*

Mr. Bloomberg told of opening various clothing stores in town and, like Mr. Goldman, was adept at the business. The first, as the newspaper article reports, *"was at 64 Main street, next to a Chinese laundry. He stayed there for about four years, and moved to 69 Main street, next to the building that is now the Strand theatre. After a fire, Mr. Bloomberg took over and remodelled another whole building, and from there* [moved] *to the Odd Fellows building. He moved to 91 Main street and stayed there about 15 years, and finally to 81-83* [Main Street], *where he has been ever since."* Mrs. Annie Bloomberg *"assists him in the store."* His son Edward T. Bloomberg joined the business and *"it was he who modernized the store."*

The Bloomberg family was very prominent in Gloucester life. They will crop up again and again in stories of business and the Jewish community.

Another long-term and popular clothing institution in Gloucester was Bob Kramer's haberdashery. Bob's Haberdashery opened around 1948, but it was an outgrowth of the North Shore Dye House, a cleaning-tailoring-dyeing business that his father Samuel Kramer established much earlier in the century. There was another such triple business called the Gloucester Dye Works at 3 Washington Square as early as 1892, and by 1909 owned by a tailor named Schwartz, perhaps a relative of Alexander Schwartz. In fact, many of the tailor and dry cleaning shops in Gloucester were called "dye houses".

"Your father came and worked for somebody else and then he opened up

his own shop?" we asked Bob Kramer.

"Went partners with a man," said Bob. "An Opotovski, a Jewish man, came from Poland."[3]

"Where was that store?"

"Well, how am I going to tell you where it was? Did Sidney Goldman show you where his father's store was? Across the street, practically on an angle, just about across the street from Sidney's."

"When did you take over your father's business?"

"When we got married, 1934," said Bob. "My father decided he was getting old and he gave it up and I split the store in half, and I put a men's store in one half and the cleaning in the other. But in the cleaning, when I left school, I bought a truck and we bought big blotters: *North Shore Dye House, Samuel Kramer and Son.* And I used to go all over the Cape—East Gloucester, Eastern Point, Rockport, around the Cape, and one day I went to Magnolia and Manchester and another day I went to Essex—went around looking for cleaning customers, and I made myself a route. And when I opened up my haberdashery, it all helped me because those were people, you know, knew me already and they came, and I always got along with them. I never forget, in Manchester, the man that helped me the most in Manchester was a Mr. Wogan, and he always used to kid me. 'Hey, come in, Jewish boy, I got some cleaning for you.' You know what I mean? And before I left, he'd say, 'You go up and see Mrs. What's-his-name on the hill there, on the estate.' And he got me the Essex, well, it's a County Club, as a customer. You know, you can't tell, used to call me the Jewish boy. I'd come in and his wife used to holler, 'Leave Bob alone'. All the women stuck up for me ... There was a lot to it."

Bob Kramer developed an interesting business. He not only had the stores on Main Street but also a suit club. Several people we interviewed talked about Bob's suit club. Edward Visnick said, "Bob Kramer'd come around every Friday and collect two dollars or whatever, and when you had paid thirty dollars or whatever you went down to pick out your suit." Rabbi Myron Geller explained further, "Well, in the early days he used to have a route to collect money for the temple, but it was really part of his suit club. Bob had a suit

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[3] Gustav, with his wife Minnie, Opotovski is listed in the City Directories from 1909 to 1920, as a dyer at 269 Main Street.

club that you may know about, and people would kick in a dollar a week, fifty cents a week, and they would be entitled to clothing—if you were a member of the suit club you could win a prize and so on. He also put out a newspaper, a hilarious newspaper, most of the photographs came from Mt. Jacob Cemetery. He would announce that someone who was buried in Mt. Jacob Cemetery had won the prize of the month, things of that sort." "People accused him of picking a winner by going up to one of the local cemeteries and getting a name off the tombstone," said Gordon Weiner. The possible illegality of the entire operation never obscured the humor and good-will, "and when he had his retirement party, the toastmaster was Melvin Bernstein," said Gordon, "and Melvin wanted to know what Kramer had on our then-Police Chief John Coyle, that he would allow him to run a lottery in the city."

Bob Kramer's store was a meetingplace. Rabbi Geller heard that "everyone in town was in Bob's Haberdashery, to shop, to *kibitz*, to have a drink." Bob Kramer himself said that his competitor Mr. Bloomberg, "when he took a walk, used to come into my store and hang around and would look amazed at my system of doing business. In those days I had a cigarette counter—it was a long store, narrow, had to walk up, and it had cigarettes there that I sold and my customers who were steady people came in and if they wanted a cigarette they rang the cash register and put the money in and went. And I'll never forget the first time Bloomberg came in and saw that. 'What are you doing!? What are you doing!?' 'Well,' I says, 'I'm not worried,' I said. 'I know 'em all, all nice people.' I doubt if I got stuck very much either. I doubt it. I know I didn't."

"Schred was thread," said Phil Kramer. "Schred sold threads, linings, buttons, right next to W. G. Brown." Benjamin Schred started out peddling, making $6 a week. His Star Remnant Store opened first on Short Street and in 1909 he was at 243 Main Street. His store moved back and forth, between the East and West Ends of Main Street for much of the century, but wherever it was, his daughter Reva Schred Kramer, wife of Bob Kramer, remembered people would say, "We're going to Bennie Schred's."

Max Alper had several clothing stores along the eastern half of Main Street His home at 335 Main Street was used for one of his men's and boys' clothing stores. Another was at Schred's old location of 243 Main Street. His ladies' clothing store was at 222 Main Street. When he as a young man newly-arrived in Gloucester around 1912, after he lost his job at the pants factory, "Max decided that the only way he could make a living was to peddle, to give people what they needed," said his daughter Lillian Alper Cohen. "And they needed sheets and towels and soap. So he went to Boston, got his supply, came back to Gloucester and became a peddler. And then he established a little store." He had two clothing businesses on Main Street by 1919 and eventually owned many rental properties in the city. Alper Road (now Haven Terrace) was named in his honor.

Louis Kramer was originally a tailor and later expanded his business to include dry cleaning. The dentist Dr. Philip Kramer described his father's stores. "One was on Duncan Street, then he had one at 45 Main Street opposite the Strand Theater. They tore that down and made a grassed-in plaza for the Sargent Murray Gilman House."

"Could you describe what your father did. He was a tailor, but did he sew suits from scratch?"

"His first store was on Duncan Street right next to the Police Station," said Phil Kramer, "and he used to make clothes for selling. And my mother figured out if it cost him $15 to make a suit he would sell it for $10. So, he went out of that fast and did tailoring. Good furrier, good tailor, hard worker. Hardest-working man you ever saw. Never owned a clock."

"He used a sewing machine?"

"Sewing machine, pressing machine." Phil explained that his father Louis Kramer would do alterations, pick up and deliver, and send clothes out to be dry cleaned in Revere. "The cleaning would come back to Gloucester in bundles and I used to help my father spot the clothes. Anything that's wool or cotton you can take out with Ivory soap, water and ammonia, just come right out. So, I used to help him spot it, and Saturday was a big day in Gloucester. The fishermen came in, and they would get drunk and spend money and Bloomberg might sell six or eight or ten suits on a Saturday night, bring them

over to my father's store and I'd help him shorten the sleeves or make cuffs on the pants or take in the waist or let out the waist. That was Saturday night."

Phil Kramer also said, "My father owned the Strand Dye House and Louis Slafsky owned the Boston Dye House. They were fierce competitors and they never talked to each other and he wouldn't let us talk to the kids—but we did once in a while."

George Flasher's father, Philip Flasher, arrived in Gloucester as a tailor and opened a shop on Main Street "Oh, he was a brand spanking damn good tailor, you know," said George. "Oh, yeah."

"Did he make suits?"

"Oh, yes," said George. "Tailor-made suits. When he first got here, he had a store down Main Street where there used to be a Busy Bee Restaurant years ago, but he had his tailor shop there. Then it became Busy Bee Restaurant [and Philip worked out of his house at 341 Main Street] but he made tailor-made suits for eight or nine bucks in those days."

"Who would be his customers?"

"Oh, fisherman, you know, mostly. He had all these pressing machines and sewing machines and all that stuff. The way I understand it, Bob Kline, Mary's husband, got my father's equipment [when Philip Flasher died in 1926]. That's what I heard."

If Robert Kline the tailor did acquire the equipment, it was to use in his tailor's shop in Rockport.

"How did he decide on Rockport?"

"Because he was working for the man that had a place there," said Mary Kline, Robert's wife, "and they wanted to close the place up and he said, 'No, he'd take over.' And he did."

"There couldn't have been too many Jewish people living in Rockport."

"There weren't any Jewish people living there," said Mary, for the Robert Kline family lived in Gloucester on Centennial Avenue, "but he was the only Rockport Jewish businessman."

"The only tailor in Rockport, too, until maybe the '50s," said their daughter, Shirley Kline Larsen. Shirley's sister Judy Kline Rose remembered

that the Rockport Dye House, was "right on Main Street, 65 Main Street" in the center of Rockport. The business eventually moved to Main Street in Gloucester near the corner of Prospect Street, and dyeing and tailoring activities continued into the 1970s.

Other Jewish clothing establishments dotted the Cape. As early as 1896, Simon Gordon was for a while in Rockport, a "merchant" at 52 Main Street. In East Gloucester Square, Solomon Rosenberg, grandfather of Dr. Bruce Rosenberg, had a tailor's shop at 154 East Main Street from 1920 to 1925, in which he worked all winter sewing custom-made suits ordered by wealthy summer hotel guests; he moved to Allston and the shop was taken over by Samuel and Lena Fine. When Samuel Fine died in 1946, Lena Fine maintained a dry cleaning shop there.

Sidney Goldman remembered that there was a Mr. Mesnick who was a tailor and dry cleaner. Isadore and Bessie Mesnick arrived in the 1930s, and for a while owned Modern Cleansers and Dyers at 216 Main Street. Ronald Curhan thought that Harry Zass was a "church-mouse-poor tailor who never had a dime to his name." "A lot of tailors in Gloucester," said Phil Kramer. "Must have been seven or eight." In Manchester, Jewish tailors followed the summer residents for the season, but returned to Chelsea or Revere for the winter.

A few clothing stores in Gloucester such as Henry the Hatter, David Gordon's Eagle Credit Company, or Simon Gordon's Boston Credit Company had Jewish owners who did not always live in Gloucester. There were hundreds of shops of all kinds on Main Street over the years, but at least thirty-eight clothing stores before 1950 were owned by Jews who were residents of Gloucester. We will include three more because, even though they were not mentioned in our interviews, they were prominent commercial institutions on Main Street (if contemporary advertisements are believed):

- Norman Jacobs' Belmont Clothing at the Belmont Hotel. Norman Jacobs was known as "Norman the Clothier" from the 1880s well into the 20th century.
- The Greater New York Store at 66-68 Main Street, owned in 1901 by Meyer Siegel and Simon Sandowitz [later known as Simon Sanders], and in 1919, when it was at 211 Main Street, by Abraham Solomon.

- The Metropolitan Store at 118-120 Main Street ("Cloaks, Costumes, Waists, Silk Dresses, Furs & Millinery. Custom Tailoring a Specialty"), an important store early in the century. Joseph (a "ladies' tailor") and Edward L. Silverman owned it by 1905.

Beatrice Bell Albert remembered the clothing stores of the 1920s and 1930s on Main Street. "Morris Massel had a store on Main Street, then further up on the same side of the street was J. D. Bloomberg, he also had a men's store. And then way up, was Harry Bernstein's store on that side. And then on the other side Leo Alper's father had a store, men's clothing." The Adaskos, mother and daughters, had a dress store at 211 Main Street in the 1930s. Mamie Pett and her husband Morris Norton had Norton's Ladies' Furnishings in the '40s.

"What kind of a store was that?"

"A hat store. You know, I always used to tease him, because I used to say he married me because he wanted a salesgirl he didn't have to pay," said Mamie.

"So he was a young man starting up a store by himself?"

"Oh yes, he had to. His father, well, he was dead. I used to go to Boston by train. I'd walk up to the wholesale places, and I would lug those boxes home, great big bags of hats," said Mamie. "When they saw me coming to the train, the conductors would come and get it and help me carry it."

"Where was your husband's store?"

"We had two stores, we had one on Pleasant Street, the building isn't there now, and on Main Street it isn't there now either."

In addition to these and other small retail clothing shops in Gloucester, there were also several large clothing manufacturers. In 1869, the Odessa Shirt Company of the Emanuels and Heinemans was at 177 Main Street. In 1905, the Revman Brothers' Royal Manufacturing Company factory at 6 Elm Street produced housedresses. And Harry Bernstein and Alexander Schwartz's Gloucester Oiled Clothing Company at 287 Main and then 33 Commercial Street produced traditional waterproof oilskins for the fishermen. Max Leavitt and Morris Bell learned how to make oilskins while working for Alexander Schwartz and Harry Bernstein.

"And this was Melvin Bernstein's father?"

"Yes. You know, they made those fishermen garments, dipped in the oil. He always smelled of oil when he came home," said Morris Bell's daughter Beatrice Bell Albert. "And then my father and a Mr. Leavitt broke off from them and started their own business."

Morris Bell and Max Leavitt left the Gloucester Oiled Clothing Company in 1909 to set up the Gloucester Manufacturing Company, with factories at 31rear Commercial Street and 21 Main Street, to produce both oilskins and trousers. Gloucester Manufacturing evolved into the Cape Ann Manufacturing Company which evolved into the Mighty Mac Company. "It became Mighty Mac after my brothers took over, after my father died," said Beatrice.

Recent immigrants would work for brief periods for Leavitt and Bell at Gloucester Manufacturing. Philip Flasher's son Harry Flasher worked there. Max Alper, according to his daughter Charlotte Alper Chansky, worked at the pants factory division. Before he was a grocer, Samuel Feldman "came here to work in their factory as a foreman," according to Samuel's grandson Ronald Curhan. Harry Bernstein's brother Barnett Bernstein left Schwartz & Bernstein and was with the Gloucester Manufacturing Company on Commercial Street from 1909 until 1920. The dentist Phil Kramer worked there for a while in the 1930s. "I worked for the pants factory," said Phil, "and six or seven Jewish families worked there. Old man [Morris] Sandler worked for Leavitt and Bell, [Morris] Mintz worked there, the [Meyer] Rutchiks worked there, a man named Sprague worked there. Morris Bell was the plant supervisor and he hired these other Jewish men to be pressers or foremen. And Max Leavitt designed the pants, he got the cloth, he got the thread."

"Years ago, before I was born," continued Phil Kramer, "they used to take cloth and impregnate it with hot oil, that's the way the oilskins were made, then afterwards they made trousers. And the reason they made money is Max Leavitt's wife had a brother who was a tremendous salesman in New York, and he used to sell for them."

"It was just a manufacturer. They would sell to the stores, they didn't sell individually to anybody," said Beatrice Bell Albert.

Harold Bell was able to tell us in detail the process by which oiled clothing was made. "I don't know how much of the process you want, but these

were for the fishermen. And what they did was, they took cotton drill fabric and cut them up into suits, sewed them all together."

"Suits, as in jackets and trousers?"

"Yeah, like a rain suit. Not too different from what you see today made in plastic. Overalls with suspenders, that kind of thing. And a loose-fitting jacket and a sou'wester hat."

"Were they yellow?"

"No, they were sort of a dirty yellow," said Harold. "This was white cotton drill that was used. Then, they went through a linseed oil process, where they went through various spins and rollers and came out the other end and then somebody came along with a big brush and brushed the seams to make sure that the seams were properly coated with the linseed oil. Then they were hung in drying rooms with pipes all around them and pipes in the ceiling, kept hot hot hot hot, and after that, they came out and were ready for the market, after the buttons and that kind of stuff were put on. I think part of the beauty of the linseed oil was that it never quite hardened. It was always very smelly. If you put it in your closet, you knew it. They would last a long time and they'd get smelly."

"Yes, and when it got fishy ..."

"Well, yeah, that too," said Harold, "but they smelled without getting fishy."

"Was anybody making these before your father started making them?"

"Yes, there were two or three other companies in town. There was the D. O. Frost Company and there was another one."

"You know, your family is one of the only Jewish families that had anything to do with the fishing industry?"

"Well, I don't know how much of it was tied directly to Gloucester fishing industry and how much of it was tied to selling to people who sold to the Gloucester fishing industry. There were stores that catered to the fisheries. And we sold to stores. I never heard of any fishermen ever coming in and buying anything."

"But the reason you manufactured oilskin clothing was ..."

"For the fishermen, yes," agreed Harold. "At that time there were people called jobbers, they're now called distributors or wholesalers, and to a very great extent we sold to jobbers who then did whatever they wanted."

"And who would be employed?"

"Mostly women, wives of fishermen. To a great extent, all our lives, women of fishing families were involved with all industry."

The business went through many changes, surviving but barely the Depression and "then we got involved with making stuff for the government for the war, making bomb parachutes, and things of that kind. We actually developed the Eisenhower jacket," said Harold Bell.

The other major clothing manufacturing company in town was the Revman Brothers' Royal Dress Company. Jacob Marks was in Gloucester about 1905 and worked there. Jacob's son Bill Marks said, "Eventually [my father] took over the business when [the Revmans] moved to New York." Bill also remembered, "When I was first aware of the business, and I would have been three or four years old, they were in Elm Street and that is part of what used to be the Brown's Department Store. They were upstairs on Elm Street which is the side street, but part of that building."

"What was it like inside?"

"Well, they were up on the second and third floor," said Bill. "I'm not sure whether the Revmans were there but that's when I first noticed my father's business."[4]

"How many people worked there?"

"Oh, they had a fair amount. I think they were mainly local people, a lot of Italians, a lot of Portuguese people, the same mix that you would find in Mighty Mac."

"A lot of sewing machines?"

"And stitchers and cutters," said Bill. "A regular factory. And my father ran the business after he took it over, with Mr. Bernstein [Barnett Bernstein, who left the Gloucester Manufacturing Company around 1921]. Mr. Bernstein died fairly young [in 1924], but my father ran it until about 1935, I guess, at the height of the Depression."

"What kind of dresses did he make?"

"They were inexpensive cotton dresses sold for $2.95. Housedresses."

"Cotton, flowered prints?"

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[4] The company was at 6 Elm Street after 1911. Before that, the Revmans were at 211 Main Street.

"I would say yes."

Jacob Marks' factory on Elm Street failed during the Depression. "Father lost his business at the time, but it did come back. It was a pretty rough time. He went to work running a factory in Boston for a year or two and I used to work with him up there. He and I used to go in daily. I was just fresh out of high school. And then, the next year he reopened. It was rough, it was very rough, until World War II, when we started to 'Arm the World for Democracy" and things got a little better.'

After the Depression, Jacob Marks, joined by Max Leavitt, began manufacturing women's sportswear, no longer on Elm Street but in the West End of Main Street. "There was a theater called the Strand Theater and next door there was a building, and he opened there," said Bill, "and then eventually he moved his plant over to Rogers Street, and they took the building down because they were making the turn into Main Street at the top of Union Hill. It's all changed."

PEDDLING

Peddling was a business of immigrants from all countries. It was relatively easy to obtain a peddler's license from City Hall, and fortunately the records of the issued licenses survive. One list of "Hawkers and Peddlers issued licenses in 1912" names eighty men, of whom just one, A. B. Rotchilds of 5 Elm Street, was possibly Jewish. We know that many Jewish men did peddle—for they listed peddling as their occupation on naturalization papers and many people told of fathers or grandfathers who peddled—but the minority of peddlers were Jewish. Many peddlers sold clothing and dry goods, and Henry Hurwitz wrote of their boarder who sold rugs. Mr. Borofsky, *"this gentle old man, accustomed all his life to poring over books, now took upon himself another yoke: peddling. Over his bent shoulders he would lug five or six rugs as he trudged from door to door, his long beard incongruous to the business."* And when Mr. Borofsky returned to Russia, *"with a handshake ceremony over that dining-room table, Reb Yossele (Borofsky) 'sold his customers' to father, handing him a record-book in return for a wad of greenbacks."* [5]

[5] Henry Hurwitz, *A Mother Remembered*, p.8.

Marks Hurwitz peddled, as did Solomon Hochberger in 1877, Israel Sleitzer in 1889, Harry Goldman in 1892, Mendel Levenson in 1896, Abraham Libberman (aka Alvin Aliberman) and Max Urdansky in 1901, Eli(as) Revman in 1905, Morris Siddel, Max Bloomberg and Jacob Grodinskey in 1909, Hyman Stone in 1919, and Morris Raizin in 1922. The list is incomplete. Benjamin Schred peddled dry goods, Louis Pett peddled vegetables, Feldman's grocery had a wagon; Joseph Rosen continued to peddle into the 1940s.

Ronald Curhan tells of his mother's Uncle W, William Feldman. "He was a peddler, and eventually he moved to Springfield in about 1917 where he was extremely successful, graduating from having a wagon to his own store and it became a 'department store'. He [William Feldman] had a seven-passenger Packard automobile. He was the successful one in the family. And then in a recession, he lost it all, so he went back to peddling and came back to Gloucester, and that's when he bought a house on the eastern end of Main Street [437 Main Street]. In the front was a sun parlor where he kept all the blue serge suits that he was selling to people; another part was rented out as the Main Deck bar."

Louis Pett continued to peddle fish and vegetables even after his store was well-established. "Dr. Pett's father ran a fruit store not too far from the North Shore Theater," remembered Phil Kramer, "directly next door to [George] Kline the shoemaker. And his father used to peddle fruit and fish, and when Dr. Pett was going to college, a football player, he used to come up on Cleveland Street with a horse-drawn wagon, with a tremendous barrel in the wagon, and yell, 'Any fish today?' And you could buy mackerel for two cents a pound." Bea Albert remembered that "if they didn't have stores, a lot of them peddled clothes. Mr. Raizin had a truck and sold things on his truck all the time." "Joe Rosen went on a truck," said Eve Gradwohl of Morris Raizin's brother. "Joe Rosen was a peddler," said Ronald Curhan, who added that the trucks of Joe Rosen and "W" Feldman were objects of local wonder because of their "incredible vintage".

JUNK DEALING

Associated with peddling was the junk business, but instead of selling goods, the junk dealer would buy old rags, paper, metal, appliances and, as we would say today, recycle them. It was a business that was taken over by Gloucester Jews. In 1900, none of the eight junk dealers listed in the Gloucester Directory was Jewish. In 1902, three of sixteen were: Isaac Albert had a shop at 135 East Main Street, and Abram Wollos and Joseph D. Davis were partners at 15 Arthur Street. In 1909, three of ten were Jewish: Isaac Albert, Abram Wallace (i.e. Wollos) and Philip Michaelson. In 1917, a more complete list of twenty-six junk licenses issued included twelve Jews: Isaac Albert, Abraham Wallace, Joseph D. Davis, Philip Michaelson, Max Urdansky, Louis Kline, Morris Raizin, Louis Cohen, Morris H. Sidell, Nathan Marshall, Jacob Stone, Hyman Stone and Max Linsky. In 1919, four of the seven were Isaac Albert, Max Linsky, Philip Michaelson and Morris Raizin; and in 1944 four of the four were Jewish: Philip Michaelson who dealt in paper stock, Louis Kline the farmer, the Linsky Brothers, and Hyman Stone.

Solomon Hochberger was the first Jewish junkdealer, opening his shop at 8 Locust Street in 1879. In 1887, he joined with David Heineman and they moved their business to 12 Water Street. (Both streets were lost to urban renewal in the 1960s.) There were many other junk dealers through the next decades; some dealt in junk only to get started in this country, others remained in the business. In addition to those mentioned above, there were also Isaac Schlosky/Shlafsky on Duncan Street; Louis Urdansky, David and son Irving Greenberg on Maplewood Avenue and Exchange Street; Benjamin Raizin on Willow Street and Morris Katz. All these men at one time eked out their living by collecting and selling junk.

Hyman Stone, Max Linsky, Isaac Albert and Joseph D. Davis were the professional junk dealers. Joseph Davis was "the original," said Bea Albert. "Used to call him Davey the Jew." In 1930 his junkyard so overflowed onto Burnham's Field that the Park Commission ordered truckloads of rubbish removed, and the property was to be "filled, graded, and made generally sanitary."[6]

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6 City Hall, Park Commission Minutes, p.75, 79.

Phil Kramer said, "Matter of fact I don't know how Davey the Jew ever got by, never did anything. He was the *shamas*, and they paid him for cleaning the *shul* and stuff like that."

"Do you remember other junk dealers going around?"

"Sure, Isaac Albert, Sally Tarr's father, was one of those," said Bea Albert.

"Would he have a horse-drawn wagon?"

"He had a horse and a cart in back of it, with a lot of junk in it."

"And would he just walk around, or knock on people's doors?"

"I don't know how he did it, but I just remember him on a horse and wagon."

Isaac Albert's junkyard was at 135 East Main Street until World War I, and later at 8 Clay Court. His daughter Sarah Albert Tarr said, "My father was a junk dealer, plain and simple. These people had no craft, you know, they had nothing. All I remember about my poor father, he would come home with bleeding hands, really didn't make any money. His yard was right on the harbor in East Gloucester, piles of junk piled up around there, you know. They had a hard life. They led a very hard life."

Perhaps the most well-known Gloucester junk dealer was Max Linsky, the father of twelve children. "We bought a junkyard at the end of Sargent Street when I was a boy," said Lenny Linsky. "It was all swamp, used to be ice skating there. And we had to start filling in the land, started right at the end of the street, we started filling in, and made it into what they have today." "Morris worked for his family, on a truck, picking up rubbish and junk and you know all that stuff," said Morris Linsky's wife Fannie. Lenny Linsky remembered, "It was quite a life. We had our own gas pump in the yard and you paid ten cents a gallon for gas. Where we lived on Sargent Street, we had scrap piles sky-high. In the Depression, my father had to get rid of it, so he sold it to this Harry Cohen for less than half of what he paid for it! He lost his shirt on it. Hundreds of tons of iron. I remember these trucks came out from Chelsea and he put twenty, twenty-five tons on them, you could see the lines like this, going out of Gloucester. Some vehicles had gaslamps for headlights."

Lenny described life for the family. "We all worked. And we had a big long house, and my father always had two, three, four fellows working in the yard." Ronald Curhan thought that Benny Linsky and his brothers were as

strong as oxen and capable of lifting great weight. Max and Lina Linsky, the parents, both died in 1941, and the sons Morris, Joseph, Abram and Ted continued in the business.

"That whole length of the street, all the houses are gone," said Lenny. "The garbage disposal guy has it now, the JRM or something from Peabody."[7]

When Hyman Stone's daughter was asked about her father's scrap metal business and his connection with competitors, she answered, "Oh, rivalry. Terrible, terrible rivalry."

"Where was your father's yard?"

"It was on Maplewood Avenue."

"So it was nearby the Linsky yard."

"Yes, yes, it was really interesting."

"When your father had his scrap-metal business, how did he work his business?"

"Well, it wasn't like pulling a wagon," said Evelyn. "I mean it was on a much larger scale. He used to do big jobs, pulling tanks out of places, a lot of salvage. In the war he was very, very busy with scrap, that was a very big time. And he was very proud of the fact that he was awarded some kind of a service award from the War Department for doing his job very well. He was a man who could probably have been very, very successful, but he was much too involved in community work to really be too careful about his business. It was always my mother's complaint, that 'he's too involved in the *shul*' and not enough time spent with other things. But that's the way he chose to live."

Hyman Stone's life reflected the ambiguity many Jews felt toward their occupations. While making a living was certainly important, many viewed business as an unavoidable impediment to leading their real life, their Jewish life. The junk dealer Louis Kline's family remembered that his wife did all the work on the farm, while he prayed. The Marks Hurwitz household pleasures consisted of its own religious observances. Evelyn Stone Greengross said that her father "was a very very hard-working man, but his whole dedication was the Gloucester community. He never called it the *shul*, he called it the community, and he felt personally responsible for keeping it together."

[7] JRM Hauling & Recycling Services, 40 Sargent Street.

FOOD

While the perennial problem of keeping kosher will be discussed in a later chapter, we will here look at Jewish food producers and sellers. Of the several Jewish bakers in Gloucester, the first was Jacob Schwartz at 31 Commercial Street around 1909. His bakery perhaps closed shortly thereafter when the rear of his site was occupied by the oilskin business of Leavitt and Bell. Samuel Feldman the Baker established his business nearby at 15 Commercial Street before 1919, and then at 28 Commercial Street in the late 1920s until his death in 1948. This Samuel Feldman also had a restaurant on Railroad Avenue in the 1930s. Dr. Philip Kramer said, "Feldman the Baker, down at the Fort, he baked all kinds of bread, but he baked Jewish (i.e. rye) bread for the community."

Hyman Visnick was a baker at Hubbard's Bakery on Prospect Street around 1910. "And I can remember the Navy was coming in town," said his daughter Ann Visnick Fishman, "and they had to make I don't know how many thousand rolls, and his feet were so sore that coming home from Hubbard's, we lived on Addison Street, but he walked through the grass to ease the burning on his feet."

"Did he make bread there?"

"Oh, yes, he made some sourdough rye bread that the Finnish people liked," said Ann. "Right in the beginning, a horse and wagon delivered it to Lanesville where there were so many Finnish people. I can remember him saying, 'I gotta go make the sourdough.'"

The Visnicks lived for several years at 25 Addison Street, in the building that was briefly shared by the Jewish community for a synagogue. In the 1920s the Visnicks moved to East Gloucester Square after Hyman Visnick "found an old brick oven in East Gloucester, at 2 Highland Street." According to his son Edward Visnick, it "evidently had been a bakery. The oven itself was sort of an outdoor, huge brick oven, a dilapidated old thing. And I remember him rebuilding that and then putting a building up and around it. The oven was torn down later, but the building is there."

"And he would put a wood fire in the oven?"

"It wasn't wood, it was almost like charcoal. I remember he had these big long shovels they used and he modernized it considerably. It was interesting, it was fun. The oven was covered with sand, and I used to crawl up there occasionally. I remember how nice and warm it was in that sand."

"And did he deliver bread to Lanesville from there as well?"

"For a while he tried to get a small bakery route going, and never really panned out. He used to made the most delicious *hamentaschen.*"

"Do you have any of his recipes?"

"No, unfortunately no. He had a recipe book, I don't know whether Ann got it or somebody else, but he had a bookful."

"Were there other bakeries to buy *challah*?"

"Oh, Feldman's," said Ann Visnick Fishman.

Bagels existed, "but we never had them very often," said Eddie Visnick. "The only time I guess is when we went to Lynn or something."

"But nobody was producing them in Gloucester? Your father never made them?"

"No, he never did."

Hyman Visnick expanded his business to a restaurant and later a candy and convenience store. Eddie Visnick said, "My father had this store that was divided in half, one side was a bakery other side was a restaurant."

"He had a restaurant," said Ann Visnick Fishman, "and Jewish people came in, that summered there, and so I guess they wanted Jewish type food, and we gave it to them."

"But was it kosher?"

"No, no, it wasn't, no."

The H & T Do-Nut Shop and bakery, also called the Model Do-Nut Shop, at 95 Main Street was owned by David Hurwitz and Max Talent in the 1920s and 1930s. "But they weren't members of the temple, I don't think," said Helen Schred Marnoy. "Like a little sandwich shop." Her sister Reva Schred Kramer said, "I used to go in there a lot. It was kind of a hangout, but it was a nice hangout." In fact in 1927, three of the twelve bakeries in Gloucester were owned by Jews: this doughnut shop, Samuel Feldman the Baker's, and Hyman Visnick's.

Hyman Visnick was not the first Jew to open a restaurant in Gloucester. As early as 1900, William Schwartz (who was related to Alexander Schwartz of Schwartz & Harry Bernstein, the clothing dealers and manufacturers of oiled clothing) had "eating houses" and a pool hall at 284 and 313 Main Street. Joseph W. Bernstein was his partner at the 313 Main Street address, and hence there were briefly two businesses in Gloucester called "Schwartz & Bernstein". In the 1930s, there was a Feldman's Restaurant, sometimes known as the Depot Lunch, at 31 Railroad Avenue, and another called the High Hat, operated by Samuel Feldman the Baker and Simon Feldman. The Feldmans were granted liquor and dancing licenses (allowing dancing until 11:45 p.m. or 1 a.m., depending on the night). There is no reason to believe that these restaurants were kosher. The closest Gloucester came to a kosher restaurant, aside from private arrangements to have kosher meals in Jewish homes, was at the Resnick's Camp Annisquam during the summer where the food was, as Jeff Resnick said, "Jewish-American style—that's what we called it." There was also Harry's Delicatessen on Main Street, operated from about 1945 until the 1980s by two men from Lynn, Harry Goldstein and Albert Zetlan. Harry Goldstein "used to come down every day, have kosher corned beef and pastrami that he'd buy in Lynn," remembered the Visnicks. It should be noted that this is not the Harry Goldstein who was born in 1874 and was a ladies' tailor in Gloucester in 1905.

Several Jews in Gloucester had little neighborhood grocery stores. The first was probably Elias Revman, who arrived in Gloucester before 1904 and started peddling. He lived frequently with his sons, the dress manufacturers Louis and Harry Revman, and in 1911 he opened a small grocery shop at 32 Washington Street. Harry Zass had a shop at 57 Pleasant Street around 1920. For a brief time a little later, Morris Sidell was a grocer at 238 East Main Street. Samuel Rubin had the Cape Ann Economy Market at 266 Main Street for a while in the 1930s, which was licensed to stay open on Sundays. Another store at 55 Prospect Street was owned in the late 1920s by Benjamin Raizin, the Rosens' and Feldmans' *Fetter Binyamin.* On his way to *cheder,* young Melvin Rosen used to help his uncle at this store, or play dominoes with him there. "I remember this old, old man, Mr. [Benjamin] Raizin," said Lenny Linsky. "He used to sit out on the porch, long beard, with a hat, he used to

stay there all day long on this porch where Menicocci's is, just rock back and forth all day long. But those people were all very very religious, all strictly *frum.*" Samuel Rubin took over this store briefly in the late 1930s. It was also reported to us that Gloucester's rabbi of the early 1930s, Rabbi Fogel, had a tiny grocery store on Washington Street, but we have found no record of it. There were two non-kosher meat markets owned by Jews. Harris Curhan had the Gloucester Meat Market at 122 Main Street in the 1920s. The other, in Manchester, was owned by Benjamin Elliott, stepfather of Morris Linsky's wife Fannie.

By far the most well-known and long-lived grocery store was that of Samuel Feldman the Butcher, also known as Feldman the Grocer. Samuel Feldman first bought Harry Zass's store, at 57 Pleasant Street next to the Chinese restaurant, in the mid-1920s. By 1928, he had moved his business to 23 Maplewood Ave. The store was in the wooden building with the catty-cornered doorway that still stands just south of the train tracks. Feldman's was the only grocery where one could buy kosher meat in Gloucester.

"What did your father do?" we asked Eve Gradwohl and Jinks Levitsky.

"He was a butcher at the beginning." said Eve. "He had been one in Europe evidently, or had tried to be one in Europe, without very good success."

"And did he become something else later?"

"No," said Eve. "Kosher shop, it was. Tell me if there ever was a name on it, but if anybody called it anything, they would have said 'Feldman's'.

Phil Kramer remembered that "everybody knew Feldman the Grocer. On Thursdays he'd go to either Salem or Boston and buy some kosher meat and then come home and all the Jewish women would go up to Feldman's on Thursday. Maplewood Avenue right next to the railroad tracks. As a matter of fact, he used to live on Summer Street and we bought his house in 1927 or '28, and he moved above the grocery store."

Charlotte Alper Chansky remembered buying meat at Feldman's kosher store. If it wasn't perfect, she, as a small child, was the one to return it. And Bea Bell Albert remembered Samuel Feldman's son Saul "delivering meat and groceries on a horse and buggy." During the Depression, according to Evelyn

Stone Greengross, Feldman allowed people to take food on credit. "It was very hard to pay bills then. It was a very bad time, very bad. Mr. Feldman kept a book."

After Samuel the Butcher died in 1934, his widow Rose continued the business "for a short time," said her daughter Jinks Feldman Levitsky. "She had been sick and always was sick and wasn't that young at the time."

"Basically Henry took it over," said grandson Ronald Curhan. "Basically the younger son took it over." Much later, the scholarly Samuel Rubin gave up his store at 55 Prospect Street and took over this store. "This is the same store where Sam Rubin was," said Eve. Samuel Rubin was a brother-in-law, for Sam Rubin's wife was Sam Feldman's sister Esther. Samuel Rubin barely survived as a storekeeper. Many people remembered that he studied Talmud, read Mishna, and was annoyed when customers interrupted his prayers.

Another landmark food establishment was the Pett's store at 232 Main Street. Sidney Goldman placed the Pett's store "where the Automotive used to be—I think there's a pet supply store there now, down next to Parkhurst; later, Mesnick, the tailor and dry cleaner—that became his place." Mamie Pett Norton remembered "my father came to Gloucester (from Salem) and they opened a fruit and vegetable store and my father and mother ran it. It was on Main Street. I don't know what it is now. They owned the building and we all worked in the store. My mother was a bookkeeper. My father was the shopper. We had a truck and my father never drove, but we had to hire this fellow that used to take my father to Boston to buy the stuff for the store and he would unpack it and then he would deliver stuff and things like that."

"To people's houses?"

"Yeah," said Mamie. "Well, first my father had a horse and buggy, wagon, and he would go around selling, and then he would deliver. That was my job, to take the telephone and write down the orders.

"Portugee Hill wasn't that far and he would deliver there. And there used to be summer boarders, they were very classy and very rich, they'd have the chauffeur driving the car, and they would drive up to my father and mother's store and buy it and we would wrap it up for them and then the chauffeurs would come and put it in the car."

SHOES

Several immigrants arrived with the skill to make shoes from scratch and early in the century there were at least six Jewish shoemakers: Charles Slavit in 1901, Harry Tatalman in 1902, Jeff Goldstein in 1905, and Louis Sak on Pleasant Street in 1909. None of these remained long. But George Kline in Gloucester, and Nathan Greenberg in Manchester, survived by converting their shoemaking businesses into shoe stores and shoe-repair shops.

Mary Kline said of her husband's uncle that George Kline "was a shoemaker in the old country." He was in Gloucester by 1907 and had shoe stores at the East End of Main Street. "It wasn't really a shoe repair," explained George's son Irving, "because he could make a shoe, they were trained to make a shoe, not to repair shoes. It was a craft, like tailors were trained to make a suit. But as time went on, he used to make shoes for cripples; for example one had to be a big shoe and one had to be a small shoe, and that trade diminished and he became just a shoe cobbler at the end. Then he also had a little shoe store, it didn't amount to much." George Kline's daughter Miriam worked in the shop, as did his newly-arrived young nephew, the tailor Bob Kline.

"Where was his shop?"

"His cobbler shop was on Main Street. Right opposite where the Gorton offices are," said Irving.

"Did you live there too?"

"No, we lived about two or three hundred feet away from there. He had a shoe repair place right next to a little drug store," said Irving, "and across the street he had a shoe store. It was the beginning of Union Hill, where that French restaurant[8] closed. On the opposite side, at the beginning of Vincent Street, he had a little shoe store." Gordon Weiner remembered that George Kline's "shoe repair store [was] down across from where [there] used to be the North Shore Theater." Phil Kramer remembered that Irving Kline's father's shoemaker shop was "right next door to Pett's fruit and vegetable store." According to City Directories, the shoe repair shop was for many years at 278 Main Street; the shoe store was at 327 Main Street and, at various times, at 250 and 254 Main Street.

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8 Au Beaujolais.

George Kline's was not the only shoe store on Cape Ann. Irving Kline said, "Oh, I always like to say there were half-a-dozen shoe stores competing." Walter Milgroom had a store in the '20s, Morris Wolozin's Main Street shoe store continued into the '50s, and Philip and Libelle Wine's shoe store was the predecessor of the Mark Adrian Shoe Store.

Manchester also had its own shoemaker, Nathan Greenberg. He did not make shoes for long. Soon after his arrival in this country before 1911 until his death about 1927, he sold and repaired ready-made shoes. His daughter Mary Greenberg Sturt, the first child born to Jewish parents in Manchester, said "We were the only shoe repair store in the town, and then when he sold new shoes, you know, it was a different story."

FARMING AND CATTLE DEALING

Louis Kline, brother of George Kline the shoemaker, was a farmer. Most houses, even those in town, had gardens and orchards and perhaps chickens and a horse or a cow for the family's private use. Morris Bell's father David "Shady" Bell kept chickens on Washington Street; Hyman Visnick had a garden and chickens on Addison Street. But from the mid-1920s onward, Louis Kline's farm produced milk and vegetables to sell.

"Where was the farm?"

"On Eastern Avenue in Gloucester," said Louis's daughter-in-law, Mary Kline. The farm was across the street from what is now the Star Market shopping center. "Mother raised chickens and Father had vegetables."

"And cows," added Mary's daughter Shirley.

George Flasher remembered Louis Kline. "He was a farmer and he used to come down Main Street with a horse and team. His farm was full of rocks and he'd always squawk, 'Oh, what a farm, is full of rocks!' And he'd have to go home and dig rocks out."

Mary Kline said, "He never worked. He prayed. The mother had the cows and milked the cows. She had a hard life!"

"They sold the milk to Nugent's across the street," said Shirley. "Nugent's was a big farm with a piggery. And my grandmother used to lug those big five-

gallon or twenty-gallon milkcans across the street and sell it to the Nugents and they bottled it."

"Don't know where she got the energy," said Mary. "She raised chickens."

"They worked hard," said Shirley.

"But they were happy," said Mary.

Another farm was owned by Adolph and Eva Matz. "These were the Depression days," said Bertha Fineberg, a summer resident at the time. "And the Matzes had no professional income, so they went into the woods. They bought dozens of acres up there in West Gloucester with an old farmhouse and Eva rented out rooms and fed us for a weekend. In the wintertime they gathered holly and pine and made wreaths and in the summertime they raised vegetables and he had a patch of delphinium. They'd take them to the florists and this way they survived. He had some beehives, and they called their place the 'Honey House'. They were some of the few vegetarians then, interested in the land and the environment."

The cattle dealers in Gloucester were Morris Katz and Louis Cohen, who had a barn and slaughterhouse at 46 Poplar Street. Phil Kramer said that "Katz and Cohen were related." Morris Katz's wife was Minnie; Louis Cohen's wife was Sadie; they were the daughters of Benjamin Raizin, the *Fetter Binyamin.* Morris Katz arrived in this country from Russia in 1903 and dealt in junk for a few years. By 1919, he had the "cattle house" at 46 Poplar Street. Morris Katz's path was followed almost exactly by his brother-in-law Louis Cohen, who dealt in junk after Morris Katz moved on to cattledealing. And when Morris Katz became involved in bus transportation in the mid-1920s, Louis Cohen took over his cattle business and slaughterhouse. "They called him Lazer Cohen," said Phil Kramer. He was the only livestock dealer in Gloucester for many years.

FISHING INDUSTRY

There were not many early Jewish connections to the fishing industry. Aside from a few fishermen listed in City Directories whose lives are unknown to us but whose names suggest their connection with our story—fishermen like Harry Bloom in 1900, Leopold Saul from 1901-1909, or Louis Spidel in 1909—there were very few people in both the fishing community and the early Jewish community.

Irving Kline brought up the subject. "I think what's interesting is, this town is a fishing port. And I've often wondered why, going back now almost a hundred years, why these Jewish people that came from Europe, never became a part of the fishing economy. Never were involved in the ships that went down to the sea, in the industry, or in the processing of fish. No Jews."

"Do you have a theory about why they didn't become involved in the fishing industry?"

"No, I don't have a theory," said Irving, "but I wonder why. This was the principal industry here. They weren't even in the junk part of the fishing industry. Taking the waste away or doing something with the waste, which would be a simple routine. Well, maybe it was foreign to them. Don't forget—I can speak for the Bialystok area—what would they know of that life? There's no ocean there! What would they know about seafaring things? Irving Usen, by the way, was from Chelsea and he only made his appearance here during World War II. He wasn't here at the turn of the century, those previous years. In those years, when there were about fifty families, none of them that I know were connected with the fishing industry. Which was *the* industry of city."

A few second-generation men worked briefly in the fish factories, such as George Flasher's brother Nathan, and William Greenberg the son of junk dealer David and Clara Greenberg of 14 Exchange Street. The three sons of Morris and Esther (Feldman) Raizin were in the fish industry. According to Esther's nephew Max Feldman (the son of W Feldman), his cousins William and Benjamin Raizin "strayed from the norm of Jewish life into the fish business. They owned their own boat and went trawling for fish." Later, William Raizin was a fish-handler and Benjamin left the business. The third son, Sam

Raizin, worked for Gorton's all his life. Ronald Curhan said of his mother's cousin Sam Raizin, that he "was the foreman and the union shop steward for all of the workers at Gorton's Fisheries. We all knew Sam as tremendously, what shall I say—unschooled? rough? He had an extremely gruff exterior. He prided himself on that. But underneath he was a pussycat. And what he was doing was representing the workers," said Ron. "I remember him telling about wage negotiations, [in a rough, loud voice] 'And I told 'em we're gonna strike!' and all that. And then we shook hands and we had a deal.' He really was a very smart man who I'm not sure half finished high school. He was just a natively smart person."

Gordon Weiner came up with a few more from later years. "You know, we have other people involved in the fishing business or in the wharf. I can remember Irving Usen coming to Gloucester in his Rolls Royce with the chauffeur. And I think it's acknowledged that the finest fish buyer or fishman in the city was Mickey Bloom. I don't know if you ever heard of Mickey. Myron Bloom. He hasn't been too active but he was the head man down at O'Donnell-Usen Fishing. Mickey Bloom was one of the best guys in the fish business, and recognized as such."

Children often had closer connection to the fishermen than their parents. George Flasher's childhood was spent wandering around the waterfront neighborhoods and exploring the fascinating activities of the bustling seaport.

"So where would you play when you were little?"

"Where would I play?" repeated George. "Well, just around my house with kids my age, you know. I remember one time they had the old *Bluenose* and *[Gertrude L.] Thebaud* races. Ben Pine used to be the skipper of the *Thebaud.* This was in the '20s. And I went down there, not beknownst by the mother, of course, and went on a boat and spent a day out there at the races. I was a young little spring chicken, five or six years old.[9] But it was a Portuguese boat and they took good care of you. Oh yeah. I remember that, watching those races out there."

The waterfront was a great attraction. Phil Kramer said, "You could buy

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[9] The races were held from ~1930-1938, so George must have seen the very first.

mackerel for two cents a pound. And that was a lot of money, so I used to go down the wharf, down the Fort near the Town Landing, and ask the guys for a fish and they'd say, 'Get away, kid!' Finally, when they couldn't sell any more fish, they'd throw me a haddock about this long, weighed ten-twelve pounds, and I walked from there all the way to Cleveland Street with my fish. I got it for nothing." And George Flasher said, "Where I lived, right in back of me practically, was the whole fishing industry, all the boats tied up there. In those days if you wanted a fish a lot of times they'd give you twenty fish. I used to go down get fish and sell it, nickel apiece for a mackerel. A guy would give you a whole box of fish, maybe fifty pounds when fish was plentiful, and you'd go and sell it, make a buck."

After World War II, there was also one Jewish man in marine insurance, Eugene Marshall. "Gene Marshall is dead now," said Gordon Weiner, "but he lived up on Poplar Street. He was in the marine insurance and I remember the skipper from the biggest Italian fishing family in the city chasing Gene around, saying, 'Gene, you haven't sent me a bill yet!' That was the way it worked in the old days. If you owed money, you wanted to pay it, whether you were Jewish, Italian, Irish, everyone wanted to pay what they owed."

THE BUS COMPANY

Gordon Weiner said, "Now, I don't know if you know, we had a bus line here that was owned by Jewish people. Keller and Katz owned the bus line that used to be down on Bass Avenue." Morris Katz the cattle dealer founded the Gloucester Auto Bus Company by 1925, and soon had Joseph Keller as a partner. Joseph Keller usually lived in Boston or Newton; Morris Katz remained in Gloucester.

Ronald Curhan told of the origins of the company on Maplewood Avenue. "As I understand it, there was a railroad strike, and during the railroad strike the Katz family put together seats in wooden-bodied trucks; they practically invented the bus. And they drove people in their wagons from here to Salem. Probably early 1920s. I wasn't born, but that's the story I know about how Morris Katz got started."

"They wanted Uncle W to go in partnership," remembered Ron's aunts, Eve and Jinks. "They asked W, and W was very very sorry that he didn't get in."

"Yeah, because they made a lot of money," continued Ron. "They had various partners. They parlayed that stock in busing to become *the* bus company for Cape Ann, they had a franchise from the City to run these buses. And there was a huge scandal in the early 1940s, late 1930s, when the bus company asked for a raise in the bus fares from a dime to fifteen cents, and it became known that Morris Katz was drawing $50,000 a year salary from the bus company. That was a lot of money!"

"In those days, that was a salary!" said Eve Feldman Gradwohl.

WOMEN'S WORK

Most women had no job outside the home, but most women worked extremely hard, cooking meals for boarders, sewing clothes for their children, cleaning, keeping the house kosher, and helping with the family business. We have read of Henry Hurwitz's mother selling noon-day main meals for thirty-five cents; and of Sarah Tarr's mother, Rebecca Albert, serving fifty-cent meals to Wilfred Marks' father Jacob when he first arrived in Gloucester.

Several women were seamstresses. Max Linsky's wife Lina earned enough money as a young girl to bring her family over from Europe, but once she was married and a mother she had no time for outside employment. "Oh, well," said her son Lenny, "she worked in the junkyard up from when I was about six years old. She used to go up and work." Mary Greenberg Sturt's mother had been a seamstress in Boston before marrying and moving to Manchester with her husband, the shoemaker Nathan Greenberg. Mrs. Greenberg made her daughters' schoolclothes, and "when my two sisters went to school," said Mary, "they were all dressed, with their hair ribbons and everything, so the teacher sent a note home saying, 'Mrs. Greenberg, children really don't have to be dressed that much to go to school.' But it was very important that when we went to school we wore nice clothes; when we came home we had to change. My father had his business, and my mother, she pinched every penny. You know, five children, and it was a three-story house and she used to run

up and down about forty times a day and then she'd say, 'Marile, I just can't do it anymore.'"

Wilfred [Bill] Marks said of his mother, "Well, yes, she did work, but nothing very substantial, she was a saleswoman I think in a store selling cotton, selling hose" before she married, and then, "well, my mother was a housewife."

Henry Hurwitz' mother provided beds for itinerant peddlers from time to time, but George Flasher's mother made it an ongoing business. From a time before her husband Philip died in 1926, until the 1960s, she ran a boarding house located at the corner of Main Street and the old Howe Street, on land just behind the current Flannagan's service station.

"See," said George, "my mother and father bought a rooming house in those days. This was at 341 Main Street. After he died she kept the boarding house. Now in those days she couldn't talk English. How she did it, I don't know."

"Who stayed in her boarding house?"

"Well, the overnight people, fisherman, just fishermen. In the old days, Bass Rocks was all rich people, all those homes over there on the Back Shore used to be summer homes. And those people came down in the summer. They all had chauffeurs, black chauffeurs, and big limousines, you know in those days. And a lot of those chauffeurs used to stay at my house. Yeah. Because they didn't want them over there, you know. Maybe some of them did, I don't know. But a lot of them stayed at my house. Besides fishermen. Guys that didn't have a home."

"And she'd feed them meals?"

"Sometimes. It's all according if the guy was poor and couldn't afford it, she'd feed the guy."

"Did your mother have a sign out front?"

"Yeah, I made a sign, put it up: Rooms for Rent. Yeah, I made it and put it up."

OTHER OCCUPATIONS

Furniture

Philip Michaelson, in addition to his junkyard, had a furniture store for a short time at 328 Main Street around 1911. Even earlier in 1909, a man named Joseph Glickman was a furniture dealer at 63 Washington Street. The furniture sold in these stores was probably second-hand. But by the 1920s, Joseph Kerr and his brother Samuel, who had a furniture store in Salem, opened a store for new furniture at 196 Main Street. "Joe Kerr was right next to W. G. Brown," said Phil Kramer, "and he was well-respected, too. He started out as a peddler in Gloucester. They all started off as peddlers." "That used to be National House Furnishing Company that was owned by the Kerrs," said Gordon Weiner. When Joseph Kerr died in 1944, the business was continued by his son Benedict Kerr. At about the same time, Jacob Levy opened the North Shore Furniture Company at 161 Main Street. Jack Levy is fondly remembered by generations of Hebrew School children for the many Hanukkah presents he gave every year.

Real Estate

Many businesses and shopkeepers owned their own buildings, and many families lived in their own houses and rented out rooms. But several Jewish families, for instance Esther and Morris Raizin, Max Alper and J. D. Bloomberg, owned numerous rental properties and leased them to businesses or as apartments. The Feldman family talked about their Aunt Esther's enterprises.

"Esther's first husband, Morris Raizin, what did he do for a living?"

"Oh, he had real estate! That's what," said Esther's niece Eve Feldman Gradwohl. Eve and her sister Jinks Feldman Levitsky explained how the Raizins were able to obtain property. "You know the bank," said Eve, "if you took over the mortgage on a house, they gave you the house. He just made the payments, if somebody else couldn't make them."

"So they were in the real estate business?"

"Well, they sure didn't call it that then," said Eve. "Esther continued it after he died. She used to always be running from one house to another collecting rents, and the rents used to be weekly."

"Each time they had enough money for a down payment on another house, they took over another house," said Ronald Curhan. "And they ended up owning a lot of three-deckers, there was never anything except a three-decker. And they were all weekly rents. And I can remember Sam Raizin, the son, collecting rents for his parents."

Medicine and dentistry

In addition to Dr. Morris Pett, the son of Louis and Leah Pett whose career will be discussed in a later chapter, there were two Jewish doctors working here before 1950 who did not grow up on Cape Ann. Dr. David Cohen came from Nova Scotia and had an office on Middle Street by the 1930s. Dr. Sidney Parker, a product, like Dr. Pett, of the Middlesex Medical School (located on land now occupied by Brandeis University), had an office in what later became the Lorraine Apartment Building on Middle Street. Dr. Parker was very active in the synagogue from 1948 on.

Dr. Benno Broder, Dr. Nicholas Lourie, and Dr. Harry B. Shuman were three Jewish dentists who set up practices by 1922. Harry B. Shuman was from Jamaica Plain but had an office on Lexington Avenue, Magnolia, from 1914 until after 1923. "Benno Broder, I don't think he practiced Judaism but Benno was right up there on Pleasant Street, he was an extremely highly-regarded dentist," said Gordon Weiner. He was not related to Philip Broder, the mathematician and father-in-law of Morris Bell. Dr. Nicholas Lourie and his wife Zennia did not grow up on Cape Ann, but he opened an office on Main Street by 1922. One of the few things we know about him is that he was a friend of the pianist Rudolf Serkin. Dr. Lourie's widow, who lived in Pigeon Cove, Rockport, sold the office and practice to Dr. Bernard Cohen, from Lynn, at the end of World War II.

Miscellaneous Trades

Clothing-dealer Joseph David Bloomberg owned property on Main Street, including the Strand Theater in the West End.[10] He managed the theater with flair and brought in vaudeville shows featuring entertainers like Fred Allen and Vincent Lopez. He also showed movies, one of the first being *Bride Number 13*, filmed in Gloucester at Bass Rocks. Anna Bloomberg, his wife, owned the Seacroft Inn in East Gloucester. She was not the only Jewish hotel owner in Gloucester, but she was probably the first.

There was a man who took photographs of tourists down at the Fisherman's Monument. "I saw that being built," said Phil Kramer. "Gee, I was seven years old, and it was red, pure copper red. Were we amazed as the years went by to see it turn green! And there was a Jewish guy came from Boston. He used to eat in my father's store, and he would stand in front of 'They That Go Down To The Sea In Ships' and take pictures of people in front of the statue, and develop them right there and that's how he made his living in the summer time. A lot of transients in Gloucester."

Ronald Curhan, son of Ida (Feldman) and Edward Curhan, said, "My father basically was a stamp dealer selling to collectors, and it was only when he couldn't make a decent living doing that that he became a printer. What happened was, before World War II, he had bought a copying machine and an addressograph, and he printed material and he ran his mail order stamp business. He was a very poor businessman. We all loved him, but he was a very poor businessman. In 1940 or '41, he bought a ridiculously large truckload of paper, and then they imposed rationing, and his quota of paper was based on the fact that he had bought a lot of paper, and therefore he became a printer because he was the only one who had a quota for paper."

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10 There were three theaters on Main Street: the Union Hill, the North Shore and the Strand. The Union Hill was in the East End near Gorton's and closed down first, the North Shore across from Goldman's old store, and the Strand in the West End, on two levels with entrances on Main and Rogers Streets. There was also the Webster Opera House on Elm Street, and City Hall was used for theatrical perfomances.

The story of Sterling Drug at 179 Main Street began during the Depression. Jason's Department Store, owned by James and Rose Matison, closed in 1932, and "right after Matison left, Louis Geller opened up a Sterling Drug there," said Phil Kramer. "There was a Sterling Drug in Lynn owned by Eddie Himmel's brother, and a lot of us would take Geller's old two-door Chevrolet, go up to Lynn on Summer Street, pack the Chevrolet with drugstore products, and bring them to Gloucester and gradually he increased the size of that store and had a tremendous soda fountain."

Gordon Weiner, Louis Geller's wife's nephew, told us more when we asked him, "Do you know how they happened to come to Gloucester?"

"Yeah, well," said Gordon, "I think they had a little variety-type store out in Astoria, Long Island. Somehow Uncle Louie got affiliated with Abe Himmel and his brother Eddie. The Himmels had Himmel's Drugstores in Lynn and Uncle Louie and Eddie Himmel were in Gloucester. They started where the present Empire men's store is, and then they got bigger and put in a fountain. They took up almost the entire width of the present Empire Store, except that between there and the CVS, there used to be an alley which has been closed up. In fact the Western Union was on the corner of the alley. And then in 1939 they had a chance to buy out [Monson] Wetherell's drugstore on the corner[11] that had been there probably since the turn of the century. They moved across the street and then we had a horrible fire, I think December 22, 1945. Burnt out, two days before Christmas! The whole building burned down and then we relocated until February of '47 when this building was built. It was the first air-conditioned building in the city of Gloucester, and it's fully sprinklered. It's a nice building."

"You were the heir to the business."

"Yeah," said Gordon Weiner. "You see, we were Sterling Drug Stores of New England and we had a few stores, one in Lawrence, one in Dover, New Hampshire, Nashua, New Hampshire; other relatives on my Uncle Louie's side were involved in Concord, Laconia. He was a very nice man, Uncle Louie. He was a very nice man."

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[11] at 178 Main Street, on the corner of Pleasant Street.

Albert Marshall, a man learned enough to coach Bar Mitzvah boys, made barrels off Cleveland Street. Phil Kramer told us that "Marshall owned the barrel company, right next to the town dump going up to Dogtown Common, and Marshall's factory made barrels for fish."

George Flasher recalled that "years ago, a Jewish man had a leather factory down on Main Street; Schutzer his name was. It was down the other end of Main Street, across the street before the Old Colony gas station. It was a big factory, they made sheepskin and leather coats."

Barney Silverman had a pawn shop in 1918. Harry Slafsky, married to Morris Pett's sister Ida, owned another pawn shop at 36 Main Street that Dr. Phil Kramer described as "a luggage store." Harry's father Isaac Slafsky had a little secondhand shop down near the waterfront on Duncan Street. Boris Newmark was a watchmaker at 437 Main Street until his death in 1931. Abe and Leah Epstein owned a paint and decorating store on Main Street. There was Isadore Tarlow the barber whose son became a judge. Sidney Goldman remembered, "Mr. and Mrs. Tarlow. He was a barber down near Virgilio's, in the store front that's got some steps that go up, and she operated an ice cream parlor. She worked from about eight in the morning 'til eleven at night. The kids hung around." The Schred sisters, speaking of shops in the 1940s, said, "Albert and Wilma Goos had a little store here, too, the Carroll Cut Rate, two stores up from where Benjamin's had the card store. There's a beauty shop there now."

Many of the people we talked to remembered the feel of Main Street, of shopping in the stores and walking down the street. George Flasher led us on an imaginary stroll, re-creating a Gloucester that is gone.

"You remember, anybody mentioned the Shoket girls? Had a store down Main Street, a dress shop. You know where the Cape Ann Glass is on Main Street, corner Chestnut? Across the street there used to be a drugstore, Clark's Drugstore and next door there was a little store and the Shoket girls had a dress shop there. They lived on Main Street. Across from Alper. Max Alper family, they lived at 335 Main. I was at 341 and the Shoket girls lived across the street from Alper in a big house. The house is still there.

"Who else lived down at that end of Main Street?"

"Well, there was a W Feldman—he used to go round in a truck selling clothes, you know, bathing suits, underwear, shirts, pants—W Feldman. He had two sons, Henry and Max Feldman, and he had two daughters. And then over East Gloucester, did anyone mention a Fine family? Used to be next to Visnick over there [in East Gloucester Square].

"Let's see," continued George, "we'll come down Main Street. Remember Max Alper had the store 335 Main Street. And the Shokets. Bob Kramer had his place with his father down there. And we'll go up Main Street to Bennie Schred—Bob Kramer's wife's father—they had a dry goods store. And then we'll go up Main Street again to Bernstein, had a men's clothing store, The Hub, they called it The Hub. Then there was a Sterling Drugstore, and then Norton had his store down there, ladies' clothes. Ida Adasko, ladies' clothing store across the street.

"Bloomberg. He was down the West End, used to be a Strand Theater down there. Yeah, now we're down the West End near that sporting goods store, Palazola's sporting. Bloomberg had a big men's clothing store there and then there was Henry the Hatter had a store down there."

"What about the Pett's fruit and vegetable?"

"Oh yes, Pett. That's down Main Street, right next to Parkhurst TV. He was right there on the corner. And oh yeah, Kliney, George Kline had the shoe repair. He lived upstairs there. Who else? Oh yeah, Goldman had the big store down there. Bennie Goldman. In those days the community was much closer. You knew everybody."

Gloucester was a bustling city. "We had a hotel, we had three movie theaters, and we had a great many other things," said Marjorie Marks. "I remember on a Saturday night, my goodness, all the stores were open and you didn't have to go out of Gloucester."

"And what about when you went on Main Street, to the stores, did you mostly go to the businesses owned by Jewish people?"

"Well, we didn't," said Bill Marks. "I don't know that they specifically sought them out, certainly we used them. There were a lot of Jewish people on Main Street." Mamie Norton said, "Yeah, but there wasn't that friendliness, there was like a petty jealousy, you know?" among the shopkeepers.

There was some feeling of solidarity among the Jews in that, as Samuel Feldman's daughter Jinks said, "If you were Jewish, and you were brought up in a small town, you went to the Jewish merchant. Everyone in town traded with my father, so it was assumed that I would reciprocate."

There were branches of large national firms in Gloucester then. Helen Schred Marnoy worked at the Sears Roebuck. "You know where the Brown Building, where Goldman's is? Right along there. And then there was a Goren's."

"And there was an Almy's Store here," said Reva Schred Kramer. "The Empire, Axelrod, from Salem," said Helen. The Schred sisters also remembered "Henry and Elizabeth Winer. Henry Winer lived here for a good many years, he worked for Axelrod in the Empire. He managed the men's department there." "I remember," said Eddie Visnick, "Henry Winer used to work for the Empire Clothing Store, and I liked to shop there. I liked Henry."

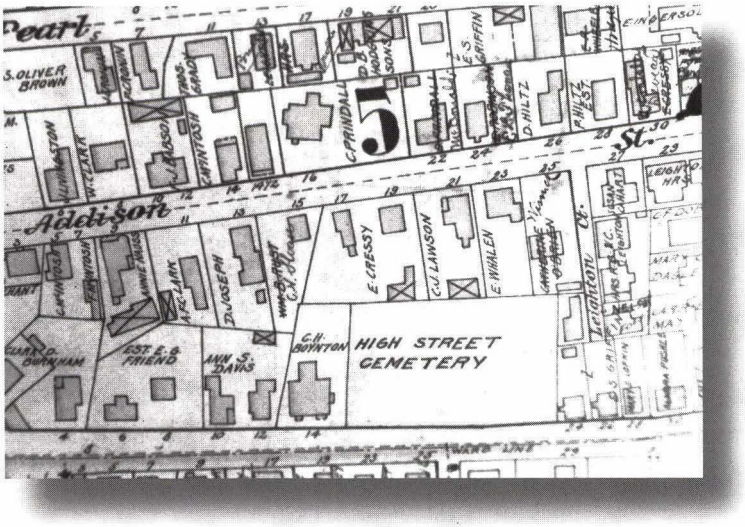
When the Great Depression hit Gloucester, Phil Kramer had the impression that "a lot of people who thought they could make it in Gloucester left in 1930, 1932. Trebach, you won't even have heard their name, had a little store. They moved to Lowell." Morris and Vina Trebach lived at 18 Allen Street and at 23 Addison Street, and had a dry goods shop at various locations on Main Street from the 1920s until they left in 1933. "The Rutchik family, two brothers, they left Gloucester in 1931, '32, when things started to go bad," continued Phil Kramer. "The Solomons moved out of town when he went bankrupt, 1931. The Curhan family (parents of Ed Curhan who married Ida Feldman) had a meat store and they moved to Lowell when he went bankrupt, 1931. In 1929 there might have been fifty Jewish families. But then the Jews started moving out, they started to go bankrupt. In 1934, I don't think there were thirty-five Jewish families left."

Some families moved to Gloucester from other hard-hit cities and towns. Mary Kline and her daughters remembered their friends, the Rubins, who came to Gloucester from Chelsea. "They were only here for about five years or maybe a little more. It was during the Depression and then the War started and they moved back to Chelsea," said Shirley Kline Larsen.

But as Sidney Goldman said of those years in Gloucester when businesses flourished on Main Street, "You lived here, you worked here." There was life and "plenty of action" on Main Street, and the Jewish merchants were part of it. J. D. Bloomberg saw *"many changes along Main street over half a century,"* as was reported in the *Gloucester Daily Times, "and has influenced many of those changes himself."* His advice to young businessmen was, *"Work hard, and pick the right spot."* Jockeying for the right spot on Main Street was a constant part of doing business.

Competing for customers, giving discounts and credit, employing family members—all were part of the desperate struggle to make a living. And always, for the Jewish immigrants, there was the struggle between maintaining traditional *shtetl* practices of prayer and study and adapting to the new culture. If Hyman Stone epitomized one side of the ambiguity between religion and business, his dear friend Max Alper epitomized the other. Rabbi Geller said of Max Alper words that could be applied just as aptly to many in town: "On the one hand, he was a Jew who was raised in Eastern Europe in a traditional setting and had received a traditional education. He was able to read the Torah text, the Hebrew, and understand it. He liked to read Jewish literature and he had a fair number of books. He was very bright, and he was able to read commentaries on the Torah such as Rashi. On the other hand, most of his attention was devoted to his real estate and his investments. He was very intent upon making it in America. And when these two clashed, America won out every time."

RELIGION



"Oh, the shul was the hub of their lives. My father always said 'community'. I mean, this was community. Everybody was very much together. And everything that happened to you affected me in a very serious way."

— Evelyn Stone Greengross

ORIGINS

We have no information about the religious activities of the very earliest Jews in Gloucester, the Emanuels and Heinemans and Hochbergers. No communal Jewish organizations existed for them locally. If they had religious services, they led them privately. Edward Lichtenstein doubted his grandfather maintained a Jewish life while he was in Gloucester in the 1890s. When asked if Morris Lichtenstein might have participated an any religious activity in

Gloucester, Ed's wife laughed, and Ed explained that Morris "worked hard to support his family. I don't know, he may have had some possibly. I don't think there were any Jewish things to work in." There was no synagogue, there was no incorporated congregation, and there was seldom the *minyan* of ten Jewish men needed to hold proper services. If Jewish residents of Gloucester had wanted to attend a service, they would have gone to a larger city such as Salem or Boston.

But there were also Jews who, no matter how difficult or isolated their circumstances on Cape Ann, managed to create a religious community. The first report we have of such in Gloucester comes from Henry Hurwitz. The Marks Hurwitz family arrived around 1898 and succeeded in organizing services. Henry Hurwitz wrote that on Saturday mornings *"some fellow-citizens of Gloucester, with perhaps several itinerant peddlers, would join us in the parlor to make a* minyan *for the extended Sabbath prayers."* [1] A more elaborate preparation was needed for Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. *"Several times at the High Holy Days season, in early autumn, our half-house* [2] *was turned into an improvised* shul," wrote Henry Hurwitz. *"A Sefer Torah would be brought from Boston and ensconced at the east wall of our parlor. The menfolk, shrouded in their prayer shawls, would pray at the top of their voices to the stunned astonishment of our neighbors. The wives and children prayed, gossiped and carried on generally in the dining-room, kitchen and upstairs. Practically all of Gloucester Jewry were thus foregathered in our house on Rosh Hoshanah and Yom Kippur. At noon on both days of Rosh Hashanah, after the morning prayers were finished, the holy assemblage would be served with home-made cakes and home-made wine. How it was all accomplished I cannot now imagine."* [3]

Henry Hurwitz suggests that at the turn of the century Jews also met for Shabbat prayers. He writes of his beloved Mr. Borofsky, *"One permanent boarder we had was such a sweet old man - Reb Yossel Borofsky. I shared the front attic with him. He had been the bookkeeper in father's wrapper factory, and when the crash came he would not leave us and voluntarily went with us into 'exile'. He was a learned man, and during the High Holy Days, as well as on Sabbath mornings, he led the congregational prayers."* [4] We do not know if a Torah scroll was available for these services.

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[1] Henry Hurwitz, *A Mother Remembered,* p.18. [2] at 11 Harold Ave. [3] H. Hurwitz, p.15. [4] Ibid, p.8.

In 1904, the small Jewish community of Cape Ann organized itself as a Chevra, a 'group of friends'. The Chevra Ahavas Achim of Gloucester, Massachusetts, was first founded on May 18, 1904. It became officially incorporated one month later, on June 18, 1904 (Charter book 153, Page & No. 10401) with a fee to the state of $5.00. The Chevra Ahavas Achim (literally the "Brotherly Love Group of Friends") was established *"for the purpose of promoting the religious and social well being of the residents of Gloucester, Mass., of Hebrew descent"* (italics indicate words handwritten onto the legal form.) William M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, certified that the following seven men had associated themselves to form the corporation: Joseph P. Silverman, President, Harry Goldman, Edward L. Silverman, Mendel Levenson, I(gnatius) Cohn, Ellis Revman and Frank Rosenthal.

Joseph Silverman, the first shul president, was the ladies' tailor who lived at 13 School Street in Rockport in 1903 and owned The Metropolitan Store at 118 Main Street, Gloucester. Ignatius Cohn was a designer in Silverman's company, and lived at 15 Liberty Street. Edward Silverman also worked at the Metropolitan Store, and roomed at 34 Prospect Street. Harry Goldman was the dry-goods dealer who by now had moved to Trask Street from Lanesville and who had a shop at 311 Main Street. Ellis Revman, also known as Elias or Eli Revman, lived at 28 Washington Street and was a peddler and grocer; his sons Harry and Louis Revman operated the Royal Manufacturing Company and Revman's Co-operative Store. (Another son, Frank Revman, would fight in World War I.) Mendel Levenson perhaps was a salesman living on Pearl Street, and Frank Rosenthal is unknown except for his name on these papers of incorporation. One of the Chevra's first actions was to purchase land for a cemetery, on Fernald ("Ferndale") Street in West Gloucester, in October 1904, just four months after incorporation.

Irving Kline, who had wondered where the first Jews met to pray, reported a conversation he had with his father George Kline. "I asked my father, 'When you came here, Father, there were only a dozen families of Jews and where did you meet?' The drive was in them and they decided to meet for the Holy Days in somebody's house. That's where it started. And then that was the first synagogue."

On September 17, 1906, two years after incorporation, Chevra Ahawas Achim bought the land and building at 20 Liberty Street from Roscoe E. and Ada Ricker for $1.00 and other valuable considerations. In the following November and December, they arranged a $1250 mortgage on the property with the Gloucester Cooperative Bank, and agreed to pay back $13.60 monthly, on the second Thursday of each month. The agreement was signed by Louis Sack, Treasurer, Joseph D. Davis, Max Urdansky and Z. Freedman. Louis Sack, or Sak, was a shoemaker. Joseph D. Davis, later known as "Davey the Jew", was a junk dealer and peddler. Max Urdansky had a dry goods store on Main Street and his daughter married Harry Goldman. Z. Freedman might have been related to Frank Freedman who worked for Schwartz & Bernstein in 1919.

Liberty Street was about as close as the Gloucester community came to having a "Jewish Quarter". Although families of other ethnic backgrounds lived there, and Jews lived on many other streets, Liberty Street was the home of many Jews. 15 Liberty Street was occupied by Harry Goldstein, the ladies' tailor, in 1905. Ignatius Cohn and Samuel Kramer, with his wife Ida and two-year-old son Bob Kramer, lived there with Louis Sacks in 1909. 20 Liberty Street, the building used as a synagogue and owned by the Chevra, was simultaneously the home of Morris Katz the junk dealer.

Few people remember the services held in a house on Liberty Street. We know almost nothing about these services—if there was a Torah scroll, or if there were seats, or if women gathered to pray. Bea Bell Albert remembers going to *shul* with her devout grandfather David "Shady" Bell. "I remember as a little little kid, maybe about five years old," said Bea Albert, "I used to go to Liberty Street. Now I don't know the man, all these names come, but I don't know whose house it was. They met every Saturday morning. There was Livshitz, Urdansky, Polansky, no, it wasn't Polansky, but something like that—Livshitz I remember very well. It was somebody's house, and they hung around Saturday morning until they got ten men there, because women didn't count at that time, and then they had their services and all went home. It would be around [actually before] 1915 that I'm talking about. I go back a long way."

In December of 1913, the Chevra Ahavas Achim held a meeting at 20 Liberty Street at which, after "a motion of Brother Ignatius Cohen, seconded by Brother Abraham Solomon, [they] voted that power and authority of buying a new lot of land or land with a house on it or in selling the old house at #20 Liberty Street or in building a new synagogue is hereby given to the Committee of Building and Finance, who shall be considered a Board of Trustees." Elias Livshitz was the Secretary of the Chevra at the meeting. On August 31, 1914, these trustees [Harry H. Revman, Simon Gordon, and Barnet Bernstein] purchased a house at 25 Addison Street from Margaret A. O'Brien, an unmarried lady, for $1.00 and other valuable considerations. The Chevra disposed of the Liberty Street house on November 25, 1914, when Abraham Solomon, Simon Gordon, Harry E. Revman, and Barnet Bernstein sold it for $1.00 to Morris Katz who had been living there since before 1909.[5] In a system similar to that at 20 Liberty Street, the 25 Addison Street house was owned by the Chevra but inhabited by a member of the Congregation, the Hyman Visnick family. People remember, perhaps mistakenly, that half of this house was owned by the Visnicks, half by the Chevra. Bea Albert also remembered meetings in this house, but felt that "Liberty Street was much more religious than Addison Street. You know, they came with tallises and everything," she said.

"And they'd meet every morning?"

"No, every Saturday morning," said Bea.[6]

In 1915, the trustees of the congregation were Abraham Solomon who owned the Greater New York Store on Main Street and lived at 17 Washington Square; Simon Gordon who sold ladies' garments on Main Street and lived on Summer Street; Harry Revman, one of the Revman Brothers who owned Royal Manufacturing and lived on Riggs Street or at 126 Prospect Street at the time; and Barnet Bernstein.

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5 Morris was married by now, and he and Minnie "Catz" took out a mortgage for $1800 from the Gloucester Cooperative Bank on December 4, 1914.

6 According to City of Gloucester Assessors Records, Chevra Ahawas Achim (sic) at 25 Addison Street in 1915 had a No Tax status; and its trustees were Abraham Solomon, Simon Gordon, Harry H. Revman and Barnet Bernstin (sic). The Addison Street building was worth $800, the lot $1000, and land on the easterly side of Fernald Street (the cemetery) was worth $500.

The Chevra stayed just over a year at Addison Street before moving to Prospect Street. On March 22, 1915, the Gloucester National Bank foreclosed on a large, elegant house at 14 Prospect Street and the Chevra decided to buy it. The trustees took out a mortgage on the Addison Street house for $1200 with the Gloucester Safe Deposit and Trust Company on November 12, 1915. One week later, on November 19, 1915, the Gloucester National Bank sold the Prospect Street property to Chevra Ahavas Achim, represented by Barnet Bernstein, Joseph Kerr, and Simon Gordon. The Chevra paid $4500, using the $1200 from the Gloucester National Bank and taking out an additional mortgage for $3500 with the Gloucester Safe Deposit and Trust Bank on the day of the sale.[7]

On May 11, 1916, the trustees of Chevra Ahavas Achim, represented by Harry H. Revman, Simon Gordon, and Barnet Bernstein, sold the Addison Street house to Hyman Visnick for $1.00 and valuable considerations. Morris Berman was the secretary of the Chevra when the board voted to sell to "Wisnick". Hyman Visnick, his wife Esther and their children Ann, Samuel, Bertha (Betsy) and then Edward, born in 1919, lived in this house until about 1926.

Although only men were counted in the *minyan* and only men were officers in the Chevra, it was not exclusively men who organized this very early Jewish life. Dora Schred was the wife of Benjamin the dry-goods dealer and they lived at 27 Allen Street by 1909; her daughters Helen and Reva remember "those days they didn't have a [real] temple, they didn't have anything at all, they didn't have a building, so my mother went from door to door, when they had a meeting, and she found out who was Jewish and she knocked on their doors. We didn't have a telephone then."

Whether the community met for regular Shabbat services on Liberty Street, on Addison Street or elsewhere, there were times when a larger space

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[7] In May 1926, the Chevra renewed the mortgage, again for $3500, for the Prospect Street synagogue. At that time, Joseph Kerr was President, Benjamin Raizin was Treasurer, and Henry Winer, Secretary.

was needed. Bob Kramer was born in Gloucester in 1907, and said, "Oh, yes, the first Jewish holidays that I remember—I was a kid yet—and my mother used to make a bag of sandwiches and the services were held on Main Street. Now, do you know where the Salvation Army is? [8] Across the street was a big building that's gone down since then, and we had to walk up a third flight of stairs, and for two years anyway that I remember somebody came in to *daven* and us kids, I used to play on the stairs, you know? And when we the kids went in *shul*, there was an elder, a Mr. Raizin, with a beard and everything, you know, very pious, and he'd stand up and he'd take the book and he'd [whack! whack!] whack it with his hand, *'Zol zayn sha!'* And all the kids would all sit down and go to him and come back and get out again, naturally, you know. Sure, and the women were separate, and you could hear them. And in those days, all the women used to cry, but they had to cry. Why they had to cry, I don't know. Especially when they came to the part of Yom Kippur when it's 'Who shall live and who shall die.' *Oy Gott.* I don't know who cried the loudest. Sure. Who should die. Who should live and who should die. I remember my mother, looking across at her and she'd be crying."

PROSPECT STREET SHUL

"Temple was the focal point in our lives."

—Lillian Alper Cohen

The house at 14 Prospect Street was purchased in 1915 to be the synagogue of the Chevra Ahavas Achim. By any standards, and especially compared to earlier accommodations, this new house of worship was impressive. Evelyn Stone Greengross said, "I know there had been another place, I think Liberty Street, but they moved into, for those days, rather a nice building on Prospect Street." And Sarah Albert Tarr said, "We were quite elegant on Prospect Street. It was definitely a lovely, lovely house." It was in downtown Gloucester, within walking distance of the homes of just about every Jewish family in town. It

[8] On the corner of Pleasant and Main Streets.

remained the Gloucester synagogue until 1951. The building still stands to the west of the cemetery, and is now owned by the AMVETS. [9]

The men who organized the purchase were the lay leaders of the community, for at the time Gloucester had no rabbi. Not many people remember the reconstruction necessary to convert the original house into a synagogue. A *bima* had to be built, a sanctuary created; seating had to be arranged, a function hall furnished and decorated. Ann Visnick Fishman said, "I remember going there, and I remember my father bringing home some crystals, when they turned the house into a synagogue. It must have been a beautiful home at one time, and had chandeliers with the prisms, you know, so he brought a few of those home." And Sarah Albert Tarr said, "I always remember this: someone had framed the Lord's Prayer and it was down in the hallway and it was non-Jewish, of course, the Lord's Prayer; and they were fussing about it until they finally got rid of the Lord's Prayer. Nobody wanted it up there on the wall, you know, in a *shul*." Charlotte Alper Chansky, born after the conversion, said that the three women who sewed curtains for this synagogue were her own mother Mrs. Rose Alper (Max's wife), Mrs. Ida Kramer (Samuel's wife, Bob Kramer's mother), and Mrs. Bertha Rosen (Joseph's wife, mother of Henry and Melvin Rosen).

The pious shopkeeper Sam Rubin was for many years the treasurer of the Chevra. Ronald Curhan, Sam's nephew, said, "I can tell you that Sam Rubin, personally, upstairs in that *shul*, put a match to the mortgage when it was paid off. I was there. I might have been ten or something. And we thought that he was going to burn the place down. He put a match to the mortgage, there was this huge fire."

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9 The property at 14 Prospect Street and the Chevra had the following assessment in the Valuations at City Hall: 1916-1920, Chevra Ahawas Achim (sic). "Tax $1800" crossed out and "No Tax" written in. Trustees were Abraham Solomon (crossed out), Simon Gordon, Harry H. Revman crossed out and Joseph Kerr written in, and Barnet Bernstin (sic). Address was 14 Prospect Street. Property listed was:

Dwelling 25 Addison Street $800, lot worth $1000, 6160 sq.ft., crossed out and "gone to Hyman Wisnick 1917" written in.

Land Easterly side of Ferndale Street (the cemetery) $500

Dwelling 14 Prospect Street $6500, lot of 7700 sq.ft. $1500.

For many older people in Gloucester, the Prospect Street *shul* remains *the* synagogue of Gloucester. It was the *shul* of their parents. It was their Hebrew School, the *shul* of their Bar Mitzvahs, of their marriages and funerals. Rabbi Geller in 1996 was still able to say that "the building on Prospect Street—for a lot of people that building has very warm memories."

"It was a fairly big building," said Bill Marks, "and two stories. I think the services were held on the second floor and downstairs must have been a meeting room. It had a high ceiling." The second floor sanctuary had the *bima* in the center of the room, with the ark, according to Evelyn Stone Greengross, "and the Torahs were held behind a curtain." Nobody can remember the arrival or source of these Torah scrolls. Bob Kramer remembered that the *siddurs* and other books came from "Boston, a Jewish store." *10*

"And it was, in my early years, a very Orthodox synagogue," said Evelyn Stone Greengross. "They had two big tables in the front, one for the men and one for the women. There was a staircase that came up in the middle, and separated the two." Phil Kramer said. "The men sat on the left, the women sat on the right."

In fact, for ordinary Shabbat services, there were seldom any women at all.

Shabbat Services

For most of the existence of Ahavat Achim, the congregation had no rabbi. Learned men from the community led services, read Torah, and organized ritual. They were people such as Hyman Stone, Samuel Rubin, Max Alper, Joseph Rosen, Morris and Benjamin Raizin, Philip Michaelson—first generation men who grew up learning Torah and studying in *cheders* in Europe. Sidney Goldman said, "I can remember the old *shul* on Prospect Street. I remember going there and it was always assumed that if you were old, had a beard and had an accent, you were pious." Joseph D. Davis, "Davey the Jew", was the *shamas.* Evelyn Stone Greengross said of her father Hyman Stone, the junk dealer, the man who neglected his business and dedicated his life to serv-

10 by which he probably meant Green's Bookstore, 1 Causeway Street, Boston.

ing the Jewish community, "There were years when there was no rabbi here and he assumed the role of *gabbai*, lay leader."

"What do you call the person who points to the place [in the Torah]?" asked Ronald Curhan. "*Gabbai?* Sam Rubin used to be that. He'd be leading the services in the years we didn't have a rabbi, or he was up there at the *bima.*" Joseph Rosen was also very active, said Evelyn Stone Greengross. "He was the disciplinarian in the *shul.* I remember he would stand at the *bima* and pound the *bima* and say, *'Zol zayn shtil!'* you know, and everything would get quiet. *'Zayn shtil!'*

"On a normal Saturday, who led the services?"

"Well, when we had a rabbi, he'd have led them. Otherwise, they took turns," said Bea Bell Albert. "My grandfather led it sometimes. They all took turns. Mr. (Hyman) Stone, and Mr. (Morris or Benjamin) Raizin, Mr. (Max) Alper, they all did. All those old-timers, they knew their Hebrew." Lillian Alper Cohen agreed that her father, Max Alper, "once in a while would be acting rabbi for the community." Bill Marks thought his father Jacob Marks might have been able to lead a service. Col. Melvin Rosen said that his father, Joseph Rosen, was a rabbi's son who acted as *chazzan* many times and was one of the more learned and respected members of the community. Later on, according to Rabbi Geller, "Saul Bloch had a beautiful voice and conducted most of the services himself, and [Dr.] Sid Parker of course assisted."

Services were held either Friday night or Saturday morning, but mostly on Saturday morning. Friday night services are mentioned infrequently, and were perhaps only held in later years. Very few women and children attended normal Shabbat services. The *minyan* required to perform a complete service was composed of ten adult Jewish men, and getting a *minyan* was a constant problem. George Flasher said, "You know, as far as I remember it was a very hard job to get ten men on a Saturday in those days." And Evelyn Stone Greengross said, "I remember this was my father's constant work, getting *minyans.* Particularly after a death, or just on a Shabbat, it was almost impossible sometimes to get a group of men together." Phil Kramer remembered that they "couldn't get a Friday night service. Saturday, struggled to get a *minyan.* I remember sometimes they would open the *omed* , pull out [the Torah for]

the tenth Jew. You can do that, you know, if there are nine Jews and you need a tenth." Phil Kramer also remembered, "You needed a *minyan*, you looked for the Sandlers because they had five boys." Ronald Curhan remembered, "As soon as I was bar mitzvahed, there used to be a regular ritual—Bob Kramer or someone would come by my house to get me to make a *minyan*. As a thirteen year old, I had many a piece of herring on black bread, and a shot of Calvert's or some other rough rye afterwards." Most men were working on Saturday and for that reason, unless there was a Bar Mitzvah or other important event, did not attend services.

Minyans were convened to say Kaddish after a death. Phil Kramer said, "I know that as soon as I became thirteen, somebody died in town, I was always garnered in to form a *minyan* because there weren't enough Jews to sit *shiva* and form a *minyan*. Never enough. Never." For the annual remembrance of the death of a family member, the mourners had to round up their own *minyan*. "When they had a *Yahrzeit*," said Lenny Linsky, "they called my father. Why? There were seven of us boys, my sister Sophie's husband made eight. And my father would be nine, so you'd get almost a whole *minyan* right there. We used to go, 6:30 in the morning, to somebody's house to have a *minyan* and we'd be able to go to school afterwards."

"Can you describe what the services were like?"

"Rather brief," said Eddie Visnick, "not as long as they are these days." Ronald Curhan disagreed and thought they were very long. The form of the service, the tunes and order, were probably similar to what we now know. There were some noticeable influences from different European traditions. Phil Kramer knew that "there were three types of Jews in Gloucester: *the Russische* [Russian], *the Litvaks* [Lithuanian] and the *Gallitz* [Gallicia was an area of Poland near Austria]. And Raizin and Rosen were *Russische*." Phil Kramer and the other children delighted in catching the various pronunciations of the different traditions. "Like the *Russisches* say *'pitta'*, the *Litvaks* say *'putta'*. There's a passage in Rosh Hashanah called *'Viyal Kulam'*. But we all, all the kids, waited for the *Russische*, on Rosh Hashanah, we waited for the time, because he would say, *'Viyal Kill-'em'*."

Men would walk to the synagogue from their homes. If they lived very far away, they might abstain from attending rather than drive on Shabbat, or else

they began the practice, described by Ronald Curhan, of "driving and parking two blocks away and walking the last two blocks," carrying their *tallits* in a bag. He went on to explain "they weren't trying to pretend that they weren't driving, so much as they really didn't want to affront the older members of the temple. They really did not want to, I think I can say that correctly. My father was one of them."

High Holiday Services on Prospect Street

The atmosphere in the synagogue changed dramatically for the tremendously meaningful services on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. There was no trouble in getting a *minyan.* There was no conflict between working or attending *shul.* Women as well as men were drawn to the synagogue for the yearly observances. "My mother was a very, very busy woman. She had five children and aside from that she was in the store a great deal and she did not have a lot of time," said Eve Feldman Gradwohl of her mother Rose Feldman. "But she would never have stayed away on a Holiday."

"Did you go there for High Holidays?"

"Oh yes, yes," said Evelyn Stone Greengross.

"And what were they like?"

"Well, let's see, how can I describe it," said Evelyn, "I remember first of all children were running in and out, we never really had anything specific for us, we were just told to keep quiet and stay out of trouble, and we would play downstairs, there was a big yard in the back and there were stone steps and a thing that you slid on and we would slide on that all the time. On Yom Kippur, I remember my mother would give me a bag of cake and some fruit and that would be my lunch. She never left, she went in in the morning and stayed until finish. And that was the way holidays were. The only thing I remember, on Yom Kippur eve there was a man, Mr. Davis[11] would stand at the *bima* and give the *aliyahs* for the next day, but he would chant them the way the tobacco auctioneer would chant them. I was mesmerized by this, I couldn't imagine, what is this man selling? He would start *'Eyn dollar'* for

[11] Joseph D. Davis, Davey the Jew, the shamas and junkdealer.

something and go up to two dollars, three dollars. They auctioned off the *aliyahs* for the next day."

There were many refinements in the seating arrangements during the High Holidays beyond the simple separation of the sexes. "People bought seats," said Evelyn Stone Greengross, "and the more costly seats were at the east wall, that's where the wealthier people in the community sat."[12] Ronald Curhan said, "There were rows. My father always sat two-thirds of the way back, whatever. And then there was a table up front. There was one row facing the table and on the far side, one row facing back to the table. And of course, these were all the rich elder citizens of Gloucester." The most devout members also sat up at the front table, except for Harry Zass "the one who *davened* the most," said Ronald, "and he was in the back row, doing his own thing, at his own table;" and Mr. Sam Rubin "was always so involved in the services, he was always running the show; I don't think he sat down from the time the holiday started until the point it was over."

Ronald Curhan urged his aunts to tell us about the seating. "You must hear stories that they can tell about actually going into the *shul* upstairs for the High Holidays," said Ron.

"So the women would sit right up there?"

"At their own table. On the right. The men had their table on the left," he explained. Sitting at that table was called "sitting on the $25 side." Ronald coaxed his aunts to tell us why the wealthy women really sat at the table. According to the Feldman theory, prosperity led to portliness, and as little girls, the Feldman daughters had an explanation for that table. "The table was there because the rich women rested their bosoms on it."

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12 Henry Hurwitz, speaking of a community other than Gloucester, suggested this was a Lithuanian characteristic. His Litvak father was of the bourgeoisie, who "looked down on the unlearned (though by no means illiterate) manual workers—cobblers, tailors, tinsmiths, and the like—putting them into a distinctly inferior social class, and consigning them to the lower benches near the door of the synagogue, while themselves preempting the east wall and the whole vicinity of the bimah." H. Hurwitz, p.16.

Evelyn Stone Greengross talked of the people in the "better seats". "There was one lady, Mrs. (Minnie) Katz,[13] whose husband (Morris Katz) owned the bus company. She had *the* special seat in *shul*, and she cried the hardest on Yom Kippur, and I would always ask my mother, 'Why is she crying so much?' My mother, who had a rather good sense of humor, said, 'Well, you know, she's afraid someone might take something away from her.'

"So there were certain stratifications in the small community?"

"Oh, yes," said everybody.

Irving Kline spoke about this stratification in some detail. "When I was a kid," he said, "I don't think there were much more that forty or fifty families, and the synagogue was separated, the women on one side, the men on the other. There were always three or four men who were the well-to-do, you know, they sat at the front, right next to where the rabbi was preaching. Year in and year out, they were there right up front. Those who were not so well-to-do, the shoe cobblers, they had to sit either in the middle or towards the back. And as a child you'd come in, you'd sit next to your father, but year in and year out, that was your place, they all sat in the same place. Mr. Kerr, Mr. Bell, Mr. Leavitt, Mr. Katz, and may have been one or two others, sat right up front. I remember as a child, they used to call out, 'Who's going to donate money for the synagogue?' and one of them donated $200! I was amazed. Man must be a Rockefeller. $200 donated!"

Children did not have to sit any special place. Arlene Rosen Malech sat on the men's side with her grandfather Joseph Rosen because she was his "favorite". Shirley Kline Larsen, granddaughter of the farmer Louis Kline, remembered that "there were two sides, with the men on one side and the women on the other, except the little boys used to sit with their mothers." And once they got a little older, children would spend the day running in and out, playing, eating their packed lunches, and being told to keep quiet. George Flasher and his mother walked to *shul* each *Yontif*. "Those days, the holidays," he said, "you went there early in the morning and you were there all day 'til it got dark and then you walked home. All Orthodox, you know.

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[13] a daughter of Benjamin Raizin.

The women were over there and the men were over here. And you usually didn't sit with your mother. She brought a bag of fruit and cake, and you'd be out back playing football with the kids, but you spend a lot time in there. And old Mr. Joe Rosen, he'd walk the floor, you know, 'Quiet, Quiet.' Those were the good old days."

Women dressed carefully for the solemnity of High Holiday services. "My mother wore white on Yom Kippur," said Evelyn Stone Greengross. "I would always ask her, 'Why are people wearing white shoes?' You know it was already Fall. She said, 'You must wear white on Yom Kippur. This is Jewish mourning.'" Ann Visnick Fishman said that "on *Yontif,* they came in with their plumes and their fancy hats, and I thought they were beautiful hats at that time."

"How do you remember the women were dressed for High Holidays. Was there a festive air?"

"Oh yes," said Jinks Feldman Levitsky. "I remember all the beaded dresses, brown, [our mother] loved brown, she wouldn't wear black. I don't remember hats. Funny, but they would have worn hats."

Mrs. Morris Bell went to *shul* only on the High Holidays, said her daughter Bea Bell Albert. "But not to go to the services. She went to wear her new hat. None of [her group] was religious, but they always had to have a new hat for Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur."

Money was raised for the synagogue in three ways on the High Holidays. The first was the sale of tickets. "They sold seats for Rosh Hashanah," said Phil Kramer. "And Max Leavitt [of Gloucester Manufacturing Co.], Max used to be the treasurer that would sit at the bottom of the stairs at a bridge table and collect money, because you couldn't go upstairs for Erev Rosh Hashanah unless you paid your bill."

"How much did it cost?"

"Well," said Phil, "my father was a big giver, tailor, $25 for a Rosh Hashanah seat. The front row were for the old Jews who paid nothing. They faced everybody else. The *omed* [lectern] was over here, and there was a space, and then the seats went $25, $22, $15, $10, $5."

The two other ways of raising money on High Holidays were the auctioning off of *aliyahs* and the simple, public call for donations. These two systems intertwine.

"There was a lot of bidding. They sold the *aliyahs*," said Phil Kramer. "We were Orthodox. There were ten *aliyahs* [on the two days of Rosh Hashanah] and a *maftir*. And the *shamas* or somebody would get up and say, *"Eyn dollar shlishi. Ich hob eyn dollar. Zvey dollar shlishi! Zvey dollar."* And they would sell *shlishi* and then they would sell Levi and you couldn't buy *maftir* for less than $5, that was a big thing, and that was a big honor, $5-6 for *maftir*."

"There was sort of a ritualistic pecking order in town as to who would get the *aliyahs*," said Ronald Curhan. "There was a man named Henry Winer. Henry Winer worked in Axelrod's store, the Empire, and he was short and round, very short, perhaps five feet, and he had a cardboard box, and in it were cards with each person's name in alphabetical order. And he had a whole bunch of $5 pieces of paper, $10 pieces of paper, and you know the routine—they would stop the service to raise money for the year for the *shul*. He would be straight out the back door upstairs, listening to everything and putting in slips of paper to record everyone's bid. And they would literally have an auction. What happened was that whoever was rabbi that year, and it wasn't always a rabbi,[14] would sit down or go to the bathroom and the president of the *shul* would take over and start auctioning off the *aliyahs* and all the other sorts of business. So they would get to the first *aliyah* or whatever, and *'Eyn dollar, Zvey dollar.'* They would get to the fourth *aliyah*. Now my Uncle Saul [Feldman] always used to come back to services in Gloucester, even when he was living in Boston and was president of his own temple in Chestnut Hill, and he would start bidding, knowing that Morris Katz had to have the fourth *aliyah*, right? Many people would start bidding and at around $15 everybody petered out except for Saul, this bigshot spender from out of town, and Morris Katz. The whole trick was to get Morris up over $100. Remember, Morris had the bus company, Morris Katz was possibly the wealthiest Jew in Gloucester. But anyway, he would bid for the *aliyah*, and my Uncle Saul would always drop out at the right moment and leave him with it!

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[14] William Meyerowitz the painter was sometimes the cantor or the chazzan.

"Then Saul would start bidding for the next *aliyah*, which had always been his father's *aliyah*," continued Ronald Curhan, "and he always got it. And one of the things which I will simply never forget is, I was Bar Mitzvah in October 1943 and at the next year, my uncle bid for the fifth *aliyah* and when he got it and they started reading from the Torah, he said, to me, 'Get up there. It's yours.' And every year after that he bought the *aliyah*, just like he always had, and gave it to me. And even then I was moved by the symbolism of this. You should know of course that the men by this time were on the second day of Rosh Hoshanah, nobody was shaving or anything like that, so there were a lot of rough beards in the place when they were doing all of this. And I once said, 'But how can they pay $100 for an *aliyah*?' And the answer was, nobody paid $100. You were only expected to pay half of what you bid. No, not the little guy, but the big guys, they paid half."

The practice of raising temple funds during the High Holidays continued right down to the move to Middle Street. Mitch Cohen was just a little boy when he saw that "on Yom Kippur somebody would be in the aisle and would take your pledge for the year for the temple, and would yell out, on Yom Kippur morning, 'Mr. X pledges a thousand dollars to the temple!' and go on to the next. And I mean, you were shamed into it in public."

In addition to the money raised during the High Holidays, there were the charges for Hebrew school and there were also general contributions.

"How did they collect money? How did you raise money?"

"By the skin of your teeth," said farmer Louis Kline's granddaughters, Shirley Larsen and Judy Rose. "They used to come around and not let up about money. Do you remember? Mr. Stone and Uncle George [Kline] and [Max] Alper and the rest of them would come around again and again, and it was during the Depression too, and people didn't have enough to eat! I remember them coming into the house on a Sunday and if you'd say, '$50', they would say, 'No, you can give more.' Well, you gave what you could but they never would take no for an answer. If you said, 'I could give $50,' they'd say, 'Give $100'."

Philip Kramer said that there were individual donors who more or less kept the synagogue going, "like Joe Kerr, number one, and (Max) Leavitt, and

I think between the two of them they supported the *shul* for years. When they couldn't afford to pay the rabbi, Joe Kerr would dish up the money every week, on his own, and then try to collect it from everybody else."

In 1940, Bob Kramer became treasurer. "I was a treasurer. I was made the treasurer by Ida Curhan's uncle, not Feldman, Rubin. Sam Rubin. And he wouldn't take his seat unless they made me his treasurer. Gee, I didn't know what I stepped into. Things were different then. A lot different. We used to struggle for money. I had to pay the rabbi $25 a week. And at that time I already had my haberdashery and I used to go out collecting, a dollar a week, so every Monday I'd make out a list of names and while I'm out collecting, I'd try to get $5 from this member, and that member for the dues and so forth. Because they didn't pay until the Holidays, and then they gradually squared up and nobody stuck as far as I know."

We heard of few other services besides those for the High Holidays and Shabbat, although there were hints of their existence. Only one family reported taking part in the pre-Yom Kippur ritual of *kapparos* when a live chicken would be used to expiate one's sins. Mary Greenberg Sturt said, "We used to go to Boston, and my mother would get those damn chickens to *shlug kaporos* or whatever it is."

Various activities for the children were offered including Hannukah parties and sometimes a Purim or Hannukah play was put on. Col. Melvin Rosen remembers that he and the Stone and Alper children wrapped all the candy for the Purim parties.

Early in the century, the local newspaper often had articles on the various religious holidays, with headlines such as "Jewish Feast of Lights at Hand / Hanukkah Festival of Dedication begins Thursday, Lasts Eight Days"[15] with syndicated columns to explain the general but not particular observance in Gloucester. By 1950, the *Gloucester Daily Times* reported on the synagogue's activities more thoroughly. *"Feast of Purim Starts for Local Jewish Folks"* headlined an article on March 3, in which the *"two-day holiday and the jolliest of*

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15 *Gloucester Daily Times*, Nov. 29, 1915.

all Jewish holidays, was ushered in last night at the local Synagogue by the reading of the Megillah or scroll containing the Book of Esther. ... At 8.45 o'clock this evening a laymen's service will be held at the Synagogue with the following participating: Dr. Sydney S. Parker, rabbi; Saul S. Bloch, cantor; Solomon Sandler, who will deliver the sermon; Hyman Stone who will explain the weekly portion of Torah; and Irving Meltzer who will be the announcer. Mrs. Albert Marshall and Mrs. Irving Meltzer are co-chairmen of the refreshment committee. On Sunday morning a Purim breakfast will be served at the Synagogue for men and children. After the breakfast appropriate movies will be shown."

HEBREW SCHOOL

"Hebrew school was for boys."

—Charlotte Alper Chansky

Teaching children Hebrew, Torah, and basic Judaism was important to the earliest Jewish families in Gloucester. Without a synagogue, a rabbi, or even an organized congregation, the task fell to the individual families to supply teachers, and there were creative solutions. At the turn of the century, Henry Hurwitz' mother made sure that her son had a very complete Hebrew education by importing a teacher from Boston and having him live with them. Their Mr. Borofsky *"took the place of* heder *for me; he taught me Chumash and Nach with Rashi, and even a little Talmud."* [16] After Mr. Borofsky returned to his wife in Russia, Mrs. Hurwitz hired "*a young* Schochet *in Boston, a* lamdan, *a pious and yet modern, who knew modern Hebrew, and could teach* dikduk *(grammar)* ..." This young Mr. Marcus spent two hours after supper every evening with Henry Hurwitz *"on our Hebrew books and exercises ... [and] introduced me to Jewish history and inoculated me with his fervent Zionism."* [17] *"In addition to his ritual doing-in of chickens for the Jewish families of Gloucester and neighboring villages, mother also contrived to find him a few other youngsters to teach Hebrew or prepare for bar-mitzvah."* [18] Mr. Marcus eventually left Gloucester to move to Palestine, where he became an author and Talmudic scholar; it is not known who continued to teach the Gloucester children.

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[16] H. Hurwitz, *A Mother Remembered*, p.8. [17] Ibid, p.10. [18] Ibid, p.10.

Bob Kramer remembered how he learned. "When I was a child growing up, at night after she was all through fixing the stockings—you know it was a thing the old-timers always did, after dinner they'd fix the stockings or sew or something—my mother did the *Gloucester Times* and the *Judisches Tageblatt* and she'd read them both and I'd watch her and then I was going to Hebrew School, and I started picking out the Jewish letters or so forth and she used to help me with it. That's the old days." Bob Kramer went on to another memory, "When I was still small, seven years old or so, I'd come home at four o'clock from school and I'd find Mr. Jacobs[19] sitting there, an elder Jewish member from the community with a heavy beard, and he'd sit there and my mother had given him a cup of tea and a lump of sugar, and he had the book out and he was teaching me the *alef beys.* And I remember I used to squawk at my mother, 'All the kids are playing and I got to come home from school and do that.' It's a memory."

Sarah Tarr's mother Rebecca Albert educated her children in the early years of the century. "Training became a real problem. My mother, she'd stand me up every morning and teach me prayers all the time which I resented very much. Poor Ma, she had a bad time with me. But oh, the prayers she knew by heart."

Sarah Albert Tarr's brothers were Bar Mitzvah. "No rabbi in town, but for my mother this was a matter of life and death. She was very religious and the rabbi came down from Salem or Lynn, I'm not sure, and he did the various houses. *'A rabbi was employed to make the rounds of the local families,'*" she read from her memorial to Rebecca Albert. "The trouble was she never could find [my brothers]. The kids hated him and my brothers along with the rest, I don't think they cared a hoot whether they learned the Hebrew or didn't learn the Hebrew but I had to go dragging them out and they would hide all over the place and they'd say, 'Go bang your head! We're not going back to the house!' And by the time they'd get back to the house it would be time, the poor rabbi would be going to someone else's and of course they were terrors.

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19 Probably Nathan Jacobs, although several Jacobs men are possible: they were a family of clothiers, including Nathan, Norman, Benjamin and two men named Charles Jacobs. They lived in Gloucester from 1881 onward. Some left for New York City or Boston, but all were connected with 8 Summer Street, Custom Clothing Palace and later Belmont Clothing on Main Street.

They were hard people. They didn't understand young children at all, you know the type."

Reva Schred Kramer, who married Bob Kramer, remembered that a rabbi "came to the house when we were young. Momma wanted us to learn a little Jewish. I think I got as far as two letters in the alphabet and that was the end of it."

The Hebrew School was organized almost immediately after the Prospect Street synagogue was purchased in 1914. Young boys and girls together learned to read Hebrew and some elementary Judaism. Sarah Albert Tarr was just too old for Hebrew School at Prospect Street. But Bob Kramer said, "Well, all the younger Jewish generation, we went to the *cheder* together." Evelyn Stone Greengross remembered that "downstairs was one single *cheder* that the children attended." Ann Visnick Fishman must have been one of the first girls to attend. "I don't know why or how I got there. But I went to Hebrew School."

"Where was it held?"

"It was the *shul* that was next to the cemetery. There were some boys and some girls."

"And did the rabbi teach you?"

"Yes, I forget," said Anne. "More than one of them, I forget his name. But he taught us. I don't understand it, but I can read it. I don't know why I happened to be there, but it was nice I got there because I can read a little bit."

Mary Greenberg Sturt grew up in Manchester and had two older brothers. Her memory was of the injustice of the system because it could exclude girls. "You see, the boys went to Gloucester every single night after school until they were Bar Mitzvahed, but it was not important for the women to know anything."

"Did your mother read Hebrew?"

"Oh yes," said Mary.

"Did she teach you?"

"No," said Mary, "I guess they just felt it wasn't necessary."

For the girls who did attend, the early Hebrew school was not a warm and happy place. Bea Bell Albert, born in 1910 and therefore attending about

1920, said that "all the rabbis were the same. They hated girls, and they had no patience at all, even with the boys. They just went around with a ruler all the time. Remember those days? Everybody says that it was the same everywhere." She nevertheless "went there a long time. I don't remember [the rabbis'] names, I can remember they all hit me over the hand with a ruler. They just went around hitting people." Five of her *cheder*-mates were Bob Kramer, Sarah Tarr's brother Gerrish Albert, a Feldman girl [Selma?] and the Milgroom boys, Laurence and Fred.[20] "We had to go after school, about three or four times during the week. Never learned a thing," said Bea. "We never got very much out of Hebrew School."

"Why did you go?"

"Because my father and mother sent me," said Bea. "I did everything my father and mother told me to."

Eve Feldman Gradwohl and Mamie Pett Norton started Hebrew School around 1920. Mamie Norton said, "We used to be on Prospect Street, there were a couple of schoolrooms there. There weren't that many. If there were twelve [students], that was a lot. I could talk Yiddish a little bit but that's it. I didn't like Hebrew school. I stayed as long as I had to, and as soon as I could stop, that's when I stopped."

"You didn't have a Bat Mitzvah?"

"No. Well, at that time girls didn't have Bat Mitzvahs."

And Eve said, "We all went to *cheder*. We didn't understand anything but we all read fine, and we did a little bit of writing too. Rabbi Gordon was there when I went to school."

Evelyn Stone Greengross was born five years after Eve and Mamie, and her early Hebrew School memories are vivid. "I did learn to read Hebrew and it has stayed with me even though it was not a very happy experience. I was totally ignored, as if I wasn't there. The emphasis was on the boys for Bar Mitzvah. I think in my years I was the only girl in the *cheder* and it was not a particularly pleasant experience."

"How old were you?"

"Well, probably nine, ten," said Evelyn. "I know I went for four years

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[20] Their father Walter Milgroom sold shoes at 94 Main Street and they lived at 4 Cedar Street.

until I was thirteen and then of course was told that I could not have a Bat Mitzvah. This was only for the boys. And it was a terrible, terrible disappointment."

"What did your father think?"

"My father said, 'You don't have to worry, you'll get married, you don't need it, it's not important.' And then many years later, when he lived with me when he was dying, he actually apologized to me and said he had made a very big mistake. He realized that as a girl I should have had a Bat Mitzvah."

"Did any girls ever have a Bat Mitzvah then?"

"No, unheard of. Unheard of. Only the boys."[21]

Eventually, a Sunday School was started for the youngest children. Helen Schred Marnoy had attended Hebrew School and even though she said she learned little there, she became a Sunday School teacher. Another teacher was Helen's contemporary Lillian Alper Cohen who went to Hebrew School and then became the teacher when she was thirteen years old. Mel Rosen was one of her pupils. Lillian laughed when reminded and said she "always started with Adam and Eve, got to Noah and it was time to start all over again."

It was not until after the move to Middle Street and the arrival of Rabbi Sky in 1951 that girls in Gloucester were allowed to have Bat Mitzvahs, although not the full-fledged equivalents of a boys' Bar Mitzvah. For a Bat Mitzvah, girls participated in groups of three at a Friday night service. Reva Schred Kramer's daughter was one of the first three to have such a ceremony. "Oh, yes, and that was Rabbi Sky. And when Joan was Bas Mitzvahed there was Sally Marshall and Hilda Bernstein, the three of them, the same night. And we were allowed then to bring in our own pastry and everything. Boy, did we bake up a storm for that." Another Middle Street Bat Mitzvah threesome was Razelle Goos, Susan Clopper and Janice Cohen who had a joint Friday night ceremony and Oneg Shabbat for which the parents baked. They had been trained by Dr. Robert Copeland, a teacher at Gloucester High School.

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21 The first Bat Mitzvah performed in the United States was in the 1930s, by the daughter of Prof. Mordecai Kaplan of the Jewish Theological Seminary.

Hebrew school was an ordeal for the boys as well as the girls, although a boy's labors led to a Bar Mitzvah and full acceptance in the *minyan.* In the first few years at Prospect Street, the boys in the Hebrew School were Bob Kramer whose father was Samuel the tailor, Melvin Bernstein whose father was Harry Bernstein the clothier and manufacturer, Irving Kline (son of George the shoemaker), some Linskys (sons of Max the junk dealer), Jake Michaelson (son of Philip the junk dealer), Phil Wallace (son of Abraham Vollis/Wallace the junk dealer), the Greenberg boys who took the public bus from Manchester after school; and Herman (Hymie) and Ben (Burnet) Davis (sons of Joseph D. Davis and grandsons of Jacob Davis). "We had one young man, he was a month older than me," said Bob Kramer "and he was a very smart young man, he grew up brilliant, he was a lawyer. Melvin Bernstein. He was brilliant! We, the dopes, we didn't know neuter, is it? the verbs and so forth. Who were us kids to learn the vowels and so forth! But he was brilliant. Nice fellow. Nice man." But even Melvin Bernstein did not enjoy the experience. Mr. Bernstein himself said, "I had a Bar Mitzvah and I went to Hebrew school and quit with pleasure upon my Bar Mitzvah."

Irving Kline described the early Hebrew School. "In those days, there was just a small Jewish community, forty-fifty families, and we had Orthodox rabbis, and they were different from the Conservatives that we have today. Their job was to arouse you. All the Jewish kids, every night we'd go to Hebrew school and sit around something like this table and the rabbi would walk around back. Any one of us wasn't paying attention or made a mistake, he had a stick, bing! get it right in your back. And two or three kids weren't too bright, they made mistakes, and even in later life, I used to kid them about it. I'd say, 'How's your back these days?' you know. But they were strict and I don't know, at the time we thought it was a little barbaric, but as you get older you realize it wasn't, probably the kids learned something that way."

Hebrew School continued much the same through the 1920s and 1930s. "I did go to Hebrew School but I don't know for how long," said Harold Bell. "Nothing to do with Bar Mitzvah. I went in the lower grades." Lenny Linsky said that "the rabbi did everything, and every year we had a new rabbi. We had so many different rabbis and the rabbis used to hit us in the *shul.* And I didn't learn much. It was altogether different from what it is today. But we went

to school, what, ten or twelve of us? There was Sidney Goldman, Georgie Flasher, my brother Teddy and I, Lenny Winer from Peabody, Beatrice Alper and Charlotte Alper, and there was a guy by the name of Elliot Sidell, I don't know where he is today."

George Flasher said, "I had to go to Hebrew school. I think it started around 4-4:30 in the afternoon. And I'd get out of [the Sawyer School on Friend Street]—in those days when you went in, the rabbi gave you your lesson first and you left. Those kids that went to the Collins School, which was across the street practically from the synagogue, got in there first naturally. So I used to go from Sawyer School and run all the way trying to get in there. And there used to be a Morris Katz. He owned the bus company in those days. So one day he saw me running and he went up my house a day or two later and he told my mother, 'Boy,' he says, 'look at that boy of yours. He's all red-faced and he'd run. You ought to tell him cut that out. He might have a heart attack.'"

Sidney Goldman's memories of Hebrew School were of its alienness and the dilemma Jewish children were placed in when they attended. "I went to *cheder* for a year or two. They weren't very successful in imparting much information that I remember, and for myself personally it was a sense I was missing something within the Jewish community. I sensed that there was a hatred or the dislike of Jews; I was called Christkiller when I went to school and when I came back from school, but I never was fortunate enough to be reinforced with information that being Jewish was something nice."

There were "a lot of kids," according to George Flasher, in this slightly later generation of boys who had their Bar Mitzvahs in the late 1920s and 1930s. "Max Feldman (William "W" and Ida's son), Lenny Linsky, Rem (Abram) Linsky I guess, Teddy Linsky, Sherwood Tarlow—he was a judge you know, the Kramer boys, one of them's a dentist now," said George. Elliot Sidell included Rabbi Goldberg's son. Bill Marks, another contemporary, remembered "Gladys Alper, the Kupsinels—though they were not Gloucester people originally.[22] I think there were five of us in the Gloucester system at that time, and Eddie Visnick was the year behind me. There was Davey

[22] Adolph Kupsinel, a photographer on Main Street 1922-1945, had a son Bertram, GHS '37.

Rutchik from Connecticut, I think. Abe Linsky and Sally Feldman, one of the (William and Ida) Feldman girls." Sidney Goldman, one of the younger boys, put Lenny Winer, George Flasher, Max Feldman, Melvin Rosen and Melvin (Gerry) Kramer in the class. Eddie Visnick added his East Gloucester neighbor Bob Fine to the group.

These boys were taught for a while by Rabbi Fogel. "He was a very strict guy," said Eddie Visnick. "A real tough old guy. I remember we used to go out in the back yard of the temple and play, and if we didn't come in immediately when he called, he'd stand there at the door and as we walked in, bang, bang. We all would get a good slap. Yeah, he was a toughy."

Hebrew School at the Prospect Street *shul* was at first a four-day-a-week commitment. By the end of the 1940s, it was down to three. "They were in Hebrew school three days a week," said Fannie Linsky. "I think it was Monday and Wednesday and then Sunday school. I think there was two days a week and then Sunday school." There was also for a while some sort of basement club room at the synagogue on Prospect Street. George Flasher said that just before World War II, he, Irving Greenberg and Elliot Sidell would go to "Prospect Street there. They even built us a little room downstairs so we could go somewhere after school and hang around and talk."

BAR MITZVAHS

The study and preparation for a Bar Mitzvah was not done in Hebrew School. Boys learned their haftorah portion and the chant much as they do today, by outside study with a scholarly older man. That teacher was not necessarily a rabbi, but one of the Old World Hebrew scholars disguised as a junk dealer or a grocer in the city. Shirley Kline Larsen said that her grandfather Louis Kline the farmer, her "Zaydie, one year was teaching people how to read Hebrew, somebody's Bar Mitzvah was coming up and there was no rabbi." In the 1930s and 1940s, both Ronald Curhan and Sidney Goldman prepared for their Bar Mitzvahs with Samuel Rubin the grocer. "Mr. Rubin, who had the little small variety store and was supposedly one of the more learned members of the community although he never seemed to be on speaking terms with the

temple—for some reason there was always a problem—he tutored me for my Bar Mitzvah," said Sidney. Ronald Curhan described studying with Mr. Rubin: "Between people ringing the bell when they came in the store, I was trained by this man who had the gruffest, gravelly voice and who could not sing a note and was trying to teach me to chant my Bar Mitzvah," said Ronald, "and he did a passably good job of getting me through the major reading of it, but I never knew really what I was reading. I mean, just by rote." "What a job he had!" said Lenny Linsky about his unnamed tutor. "Banging a head against a wall. I didn't like it. It's so much different from what you have today. We missed the boat." According to Phil Kramer, very few of the boys made it through their haftorahs with ease, and almost none could be called upon to sight-read a haftorah afterwards in a regular service.

"Could everybody do all the haftorahs?"

"All my generation could," said Phil Kramer, born in 1915. "My younger brother's generation couldn't, my sister's generation couldn't, my youngest brother's couldn't."

The earliest Bar Mitzvahs were presumably simple festivities—the proverbial bottle of schnapps and seltzer and a tray of pickled herring to mark the occasion of a boy first called to the Torah at the age of thirteen. Evelyn Stone Greengross described them as "just as if it was a regular service, the young man was brought up, it wasn't the ceremony that young people have now." And even if the Bar Mitzvah were held in Boston, as were those of the Nathan Greenberg boys, it was still a simple service. "I remember the herring we had to eat," said their sister Mary Greenberg Sturt. "There was a little ceremony, but not much. The whole family went there."

Gerrish Albert's Bar Mitzvah might have been one of the first in the Prospect Street synagogue. "And you know what the Bar Mitzvahs consisted of?" rhetorically asked his sister Sarah Albert Tarr. "You had a little service at the *shul* and you came to the house, you had some *kichel* and a little bottle of wine. You sure didn't have any of this business because who was there to provide it and where? There was no money, but you had a Bar Mitzvah, no doubt about that."

Bob Kramer's recollection of his own Bar Mitzvah was still clear after almost eighty years. "My Bar Mitzvah occurred on a stormy Saturday morning (in 1919 or 1920). And the night before my mother cooked and cooked, I don't know what she cooked, and we had to bring it up on a sled from Granite Street. Henry Winer[23] was there, I was there, I think Barney Winer [24] And my mother came up. And after that day, my mother went home and my sister went home, the two of them went to bed with pneumonia. Well, it was stormy and they slipped and this and that and so forth. So I got confirmed, that's all. And I got a fountain pen. And it didn't work. I never forgot that."

"Who was the rabbi, do you remember?"

"Nah," said Bob, "he was older, an elder rabbi."

Irving Kline's Bar Mitzvah occurred two years after Bob Kramer's. "It was two bottles of tonic there, and salami, bread—quite a festive occasion. And Father was there and there was a summer resident who told Father that I should take up singing. He thought I had a nice voice. I've always remembered that! And maybe that's what I should have done. Father associated that with acting, which was sinful. 'You wanna be an actor? Oh, my God!'"

"Do you remember being nervous or excited about being called to the Torah?"

"I don't have a memory of it," said Irving, "but I suppose you go through the thing. 'Now I know'."

Another Bar Mitzvah at the old *shul* about 1921 was that of Saul Feldman. His younger sister Eve Feldman Gradwohl said, "I remember my mother was pregnant and at that time women didn't go out of the house when they were pregnant. So she baked *eyer-kichlach*—something like that she called them—they were bigger than *kichel.* Anyway, they had schnapps and wine, and she had made that herring, pickled it herself, she had salted it herself first, you know. And she did not go to the Bar Mitzvah. I thought that was terrible. I always thought it was terrible that she didn't go. The fact that he was going to go through all that, and they *daven* for years, and everything else! That really bothered me, that she did not go to the Bar Mitzvah because she was pregnant."

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[23] at the time about 22 years old, later a popular salesman at Empire Clothing.

[24] owned Sweet & Winer cigar store at 138 Main Street and a newsstand at the train depot.

Harold Bell's would have been about 1927. "I studied with a man by the name of (Albert) Marshall on Cleveland Street. They were in the barrel business. I don't know if he was 'learned' or not, but he knew his stuff. I'd go to his house. Oh, he was nice. It was just he and I." The day of the Bar Mitzvah arrived and he "went through it. I said whatever it was I had to say. It was a little painful," said Harold. "I didn't know what I was doing half the time."

"When you had your Bar Mitzvah, did you have a big party?"

"No," said Harold, "we didn't have big parties. Some were bigger than others but we didn't have a big party. I don't remember it exactly, probably had some corned beef sandwiches. That's usually what happened." Leo Alper's Bar Mitzvah was also typical with a service in synagogue and a party afterwards in his father's store. Corned beef sandwiches were served and, for the first time in Gloucester (according to Leo's sister Lillian Alper Cohen), a half grapefruit with a cherry in the middle.

Phil Kramer's Bar Mitzvah was about 1928. Rabbi Janofsky taught him his *maftir* and haftorah portions. "My grandparents [Theodore and Bashy Kramer] lived in Haverhill and my grandfather was very bright, and very independent and there's a Yiddish word called *shtoltz*, proud. And he refused to come to my Bar Mitzvah in Gloucester because he thought I would shame him. So the Saturday before my Bar Mitzvah I had to go to Haverhill, go through the whole Bar Mitzvah, the [seven] *aliyahs*, the *maftir*, the speech 'Today I am a Man', and then he finally did my parents a great big favor and came to Gloucester for the Bar Mitzvah. And we went through it pretty good."

"Did you have a little *kiddush* afterwards?"

"Yeah," said Phil. "When you had a Bar Mitzvah in Gloucester, you served cheap Green River whiskey, and *kichel* and herring, and that was it. And went to Boston and you bought corned beef or corned beef sandwiches, and half-sour pickles, and orange soda for the people there, and that was a big thing."

"You'd have it downstairs in the *shul*?"

"On Prospect Street, yeah. And I had a lot of gold pieces when I got Bar Mitzvahed, $10 gold piece was the size of a dime, and a $25 gold piece was the size of a nickel."

Henry Feldman's Bar Mitzvah was also around that time. "Henry's Bar Mitzvah?" said Eve Feldman Gradwohl. "That didn't stick out as much as my

brother Saul's because I wasn't as horrified about Mother staying home." At Henry's there were also coins as gifts. Henry Feldman's daughter Betsy remembered "my father saying they had herring and *kichel* at his. And wine. And he got coins." There was some discussion as to whether the coins were gold or silver, but it was agreed that "he wouldn't have got $10, that would have been a fortune."

Around 1931-1932, Rabbi Fogel trained boys for their Bar Mitzvahs. Eddie Visnick endured his instruction and even went to the rabbi's house for special sessions. "I used to have to go there to study my Hebrew lessons occasionally," he said. His subsequent Bar Mitzvah "wasn't very much at all, no. Bottle of wine, couple of pieces of pastry and a loaf of bread, and some herring, and that was about it."

Col. Melvin Rosen said that Rabbi Fogel trained him for his Bar Mitzvah also, to which relatives came from as far away as Canada. Melvin Rosen's role in the ceremony was *davening*, chanting the haftorah, and giving a thank-you speech to his parents. Bill Marks was the same age, but he said that "when I was at an age where I could be Bar Mitzvahed, we didn't have a full-time rabbi here, and my grandfather was quite religious so he came down to try to implant some Judaism in me."

"Did you have a big Bar Mitzvah?"

"In those days," said Bill, "and I was born in 1919, so 1932, people didn't come down from Boston for the day. It was an overnight trip. The women would get together and do cooking and baking and it wasn't anything like what we have now."

"Do you remember Rabbi Fogel?"

"Remember the name, yeah," said Bill. "My grandfather prepared me, but who actually conducted the service, I don't recall."

And Marjorie Marks, Bill's wife, added, "Talking about the Bar Mitzvahs, I remember Bill's mother telling me they were a very close-knit group of Jewish people, and for the Bar Mitzvahs, they'd all come in, Sadie Kerr and Jennie Bernstein and Bill's mother and Molly Bell and they would all cook and bake for whoever's festivity it was."

In the late 1930s, the group of boys that included George Flasher, Elliot Sidell, Sid Goldman and Lenny Linsky had their Bar Mitzvahs. Sidney Goldman, after being trained by Samuel Rubin, had a rather elaborate Bar Mitzvah at the Aperion Plaza in Roxbury. Lenny Linsky's was a simpler service in the old *shul.*

"What was your Bar Mitzvah like?"

"Ah, my mother made a spice cake," said Lenny. "I mean they bought a sponge cake, glass of wine, and they were done. They had a morning service, 1-2-3 we were out the door and ready to go back to work. Like I say, I worked all my life."

George Flasher said, "Well, in those days, you had to say the opening blessings and in my case my mother pushed the rabbi to teach me the reading of the Torah, and the haftorah, plus the end of service, the whole service. Yeah. That's what I did."

Ronald Curhan's Bar Mitzvah was in the middle of World War II, and was timed so that his uncle Henry Feldman in the Navy was able to come home for it. "Don't ask how he did it, I don't know if he did it legally or what. Simchas Torah, 1943, not a Saturday, and that was because of Henry. It was decided that it did not have to be on a Saturday, it could be on any day you went to the Torah. Henry gave me a silver ID bracelet. We had long tables set up in the first floor meeting room, with herring, corned beef, huge quantities of food, and of course schnapps and soda."

"Were there many people there?"

"Oh sure, wait a minute," said Ron, "were there many people there!? Every Jewish person in Gloucester was there! The entire community came to everything that happened!"

One of the last Bar Mitzvahs at the Prospect Street *shul* was that of Bea Bell Albert's son Morris who did not go to Hebrew School, but "had private lessons for his Bar Mitzvah. When my son was Bar Mitzvah, we didn't have a rabbi. Did you ever know Dr. [Robert] Copeland who taught Latin [and German] at Gloucester High? Well, he taught my son the Hebrew he needed for the Bar Mitzvah. Then, two weeks before the Bar Mitzvah, we got a rabbi from out of town to do all the final work. His birthday was February 27, so

the Bar Mitzvah was the end of February [1948] and we had the biggest snowstorm of the century that day. And the only out-of-town guests that came were my aunt and uncle from New York. The caterers came the day before because it was kosher and they couldn't deliver and work Saturday. So we had the Bar Mitzvah there. Food left over. We had a Bar Mitzvah though."

CHANGES

In 1950, the Prospect Street Synagogue was described as "Jewish Orthodox" in the newspaper's list of religious events, and Sabbath services were "Friday at sundown and Saturday at 7 a.m. Sunday school at 10 o'clock."[25] But in that winter of 1949-1950, attendance at services was down, and the *"officers started an investigation in the Synagogue, and interviewed people to find reasons why they didn't come to meetings."*[26] Fortunately, the *Gloucester Daily Times* kept on top of the story as it developed and an unnamed reporter wrote interesting articles on the various debates within the Jewish community over the next few months.

On Tuesday night, January 3,[27] at a *"joint meeting of Congregation Ahavath Achim and Hebrew Ladies' Aid at the Synagogue, members voted to hold Liberal services, which are conducted in English, instead of Orthodox services which are given in Hebrew, for three consecutive Fridays, the first is to be held on January 27. This special meeting was called in order to acquaint parishioners with this new type of service, to experiment with it, and later to select the type which they think will be best suited for the people."* Two rabbis, Rabbi Dudley Weinberg and Rabbi Albert G. Baum, attended the meeting to explain Liberal, Reform Judaism to the congregation.

Rabbi Weinberg of the Temple Ohabai Shalom of Boston spoke first and said that new circumstances demanded a new religion; a Judaism that worked for 16th century Europe might not work now in the United States. The newspaper's account of his talk summarized his other arguments. *"Religion is relevant; it is not something you find in a book, ... contended Rabbi Weinberg. He reminded the people that 95% of the Jewish families in this country originated*

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25 *Gloucester Daily Times* Jan.14, 1950. p.6. 26 Ibid., Wednesday, Jan. 4, 1950, p.8. 27 Ibid.

from eastern Europe. Thousands who lived under the Russian Empire led circumscribed lives, they couldn't live in big cities, and young boys and girls couldn't attend universities." They were "literally dropped down in America during the 19th and 20th century, and for the first time realized their significance as human beings; they could become citizens, they could enter any profession they chose, freedom gave them a passion for learning."

Rabbi Weinberg suggested that to renew religious interest in the community, *"first of all, they should teach themselves to pray in the language they understand, and later to learn Hebrew. Rabbi Weinberg warned the people not to make issues out of trivial matters, such as the wearing or not wearing of hats at services. He told them to be religious people, to be good, wholehearted religious people, and be intelligent religious people."*

There was some scepticism about adopting Reform Judaism among the locals. *"One of the members of the audience asked Rabbi Weinberg what type of service the people in Israel conduct. He said that orthodox service is prevalent; ... that the great mass of people living in cities and collective settlements call themselves irreligious, yet they observe all the festivals, study the Bible and live by it. He stated that the majority of people are creating liberal Judaism."*

The second speaker at this meeting was Rabbi Baum, *"a member of the staff of New Congregation of Union of American Hebrew Congregations (Reform) and the first rabbi to be stationed at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md."* He was affiliated with the prestigious Temple Emanuel of 5th Avenue, New York City. *"He told the people that his work pertains to helping to develop Synagogues. Rabbi Baum stated that he came to Gloucester to help his co-religionists continue the wonderful, glorious tradition of Judaism. He cited the accomplishments of the Jewish people in Israel, but felt that more can be done in our own country by demonstrating their appreciation of living in a free country."*

Rabbi Baum and Rabbi Weinberg apparently convinced the Gloucester congregation to consider Reform Judaism. The newspaper article concluded: *"After the members unanimously voted to experiment with the liberal type of service, Rabbi Baum informed Mr. Sandler that he or another rabbi will attend the meetings and will loan the prayer books. He said that the people must set a goal in mind for these services. He stated that the service, which will run one hour, will*

be followed by question and answer period. Mrs. Edward (Ida) Curhan, chairman of the refreshments committee, and her assistants, served refreshments in the dining room. Her co-workers were Mrs. Abe (Leah) Epstein, Mrs. Arthur (Ann) Fishman, Mrs. Jack Fleet, Mrs. Louis M. (Sally) Geller, Mrs. Joseph (Annie) Bloomberg, Mrs. Aaron (Gertrude) Cohen and Mrs. Louis (Sadie) Cohen."

The newspaper printed a complete roster of the synagogue's officers of that time: Mr. (Solomon) Sandler, president; Saul Bloch, vice president; Robert Kramer, treasurer; Henry Rosen, recording and corresponding secretary; Irving Meltzer, financial secretary. The Hebrew Ladies' Aid officers were Mrs. Saul S. (Esther) Bloch, president; Mrs. Samuel (Betty) Marshall, first vice president; Mrs. Louis (Tillie) Kramer, second vice president; Mrs. Henry (Bertha) Rosen, recording secretary, Mrs. Robert (Mary) Kline, financial secretary; Mrs. Louis (Beatrice) Albert, treasurer.

And so began the series of Reform services. On the last Friday in January, 1950, at a fashionable 8:45 p.m. rather than at the Orthodox sunset, Rabbi Albert G. Baum, returned to conduct *"the first in a series of liberal services. The subject of the sermon [was] 'The Dynamics of Jewish Life.' Rabbi Baum [led] the type of service which he presented to the men in the armed forces during World War II. Robert M. Copeland, director of religious education, [assisted] with the liturgical program."*

Rabbi Baum was followed the next week by Rabbi Maurice L. Zigmond, director of B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at Harvard, Radcliffe, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Lesley College. *"Rabbi Zigmond will preach on a subject of current interest and will be assisted by a cantor,"* reported the *Gloucester Daily Times.* Rabbi Zigmond was an assistant professor of anthropology at Yale and was ordained at the Hebrew Union College (Reform) in Cincinnati in 1929.

"Refreshments will be served by Mrs. (Louis) Beatrice Albert, chairman, Mrs. (Morris) Mollie Bell and Mrs. (Harry) Jennie Bernstein."

The third and final Reform rabbi was Charles S. Freedman, director of B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at Boston University with counselorships at Emerson and Boston Teachers College. *"Rabbi Freedman also will preach on a subject of current interest and will be assisted by a cantor. A former Army chaplain, he has held posts in New Jersey, Long Island, Montreal and Toronto. He was*

educated at Columbia University and did graduate work there in philosophy and mathematics. He received the degree of rabbi and master of Hebrew literature from the Jewish Institute of Religion. A reception for Rabbi Freedman will be held after the services. Mrs. Benedict A. (Ethel) Kerr is chairman of the refreshment committee, with Mrs. Robert (Mary) Kline and Mrs. Louis (Tillie) Kramer assisting her."

By March, the congregation was ready to vote on which form of service it wished to follow. The choices were to remain Orthodox (Hebrew throughout, men and women in separate seating, traditional Eastern European, Ashkenazi rituals, practices and behaviors) or to adopt the liberal Reform service in English, (with its almost Congregational air of decorum, a choir, and a relaxation of ancient traditions and rules of *kashrut*) that had been presented to them in the past month. Whether or not the option of becoming a Conservative congregation was offered at this time is not known. Conservatism was, of course, the congregation's ultimate choice (basic Orthodox services conducted in both Hebrew and English, with men and women seated together, but at that time no participation by women in the actual religious service). There is no record of Conservative proponents coming to Gloucester, or of trial Conservative services held at the synagogue, but on the front page of the *Gloucester Daily Times* of March 23, 1950, a headline proclaimed: *"Jewish Folks Vote to Adopt Conservative Type of Service."* The article that followed stated: *"After conducting orthodox services (Hebrew) for over 40 years, the congregation of the local Synagogue voted, unanimously, to adopt the conservative type of service which incorporates English with Hebrew. The first service to be held after the official votes takes place Friday evening at 8.45 o'clock."*

Whether or not this choice was for that form of Judaism one now considers "Conservative" is unclear. There are indications that many in the congregation considered themselves to be Reform.

With remarkable ability and confidence the Gloucester congregation set out on its new path. *"At tomorrow's service,"* reported the *Gloucester Times* of March 23, 1950, *"participants will be Dr. Sydney S. Parker, reader; Irving Meltzer will give the announcements; Saul S. Bloch will be cantor; Solomon Sandler will give*

the sermon, and Joseph Rosen will read the weekly portion from the Torah. The choir will provide music during the service. Mrs. Morris H. (Fay) Pett is chairman of the refreshment committee. A social hour follows each service."

Irving Meltzer was a newly-arrived "real-estate manager", Dr. Sydney Parker a newly-arrived medical doctor whose office was on Middle Street, and Saul Bloch was a recent immigrant from the Alsace, France; Solomon Sandler and Joseph Rosen were long-time residents of Cape Ann. The presence of a choir did not necessarily mean that the congregation was Reform.

Memories of the change from Orthodoxy to the synagogue's current Conservative affiliation are somewhat vague. Most people associate the change with the move to the Middle Street synagogue. The detour through Reform Judaism is all but forgotten. "They voted to have it Conservative, I remember," said Ann Visnick Fishman.

"Was it unanimous?"

"I don't think so," said Ann.

"The *shul* that we had on Prospect Street was Orthodox," said Mary Kline, "and then when we bought this building (on Middle Street) we had it Conservative."

"Was there any conversation about that?"

"Well," said Mary, "there was a lot of bickering and a lot of the older folks weren't too happy with it. But they said finally, if they're going to get the young people to join, they might as well give in and be Conservative."

Rabbi Harry Sky, a young Conservative rabbi hired in 1951 for the newly acquired Middle Street synagogue, remembered the confusion. He told of discovering a man cooking in the kitchen, mixing milk and meat. When Rabbi Sky pointed out that the laws of *kashrut* were being violated, the man responded that 'it was all right because we were now Reform; and if Rabbi Sky objected, then he had been hired under false pretenses.' Rabbi Sky also said that there were orthodox members from the old Prospect Street *shul* who felt that the new building was for *goys* and never entered it. There were also members for whom the new services were not Reform enough. "When I left here, I wanted no part of this kind of religion," said Evelyn Stone Greengross. "I hated the lack of decorum. I couldn't under-

stand, people are praying but everybody's going a mile a minute. This man is on page five, and this man is on page twelve, do they really know what they're saying? I think it was just done by rote. So, I felt very comfortable in Reform."

Bob Kramer said that after the move to Middle Street "it changed, it started changing a little bit, it started to modernize, I mean the people themselves". Beatrice Bell Albert said that change came gradually "because the same old people were there. You know, the Alpers and the Stones and the more Orthodox people. But then gradually as they died off, got more and more Conservative. It bothered some of them, the last ones, like Mr. Stone and Mr. Raizin, they didn't think it was religious enough."

On the other hand, Eddie Visnick said that his father Hyman Visnick, although he would still only walk to *shul* from East Gloucester, didn't mind the change . "Mmm, not really, no. No, he didn't pay too much attention to that." And Evelyn Stone Greengross said that her father Mr. Hyman Stone was also not bothered by this change. "My father, it never disturbed him. He never never felt rigid about the mixture" of men and women sitting together. When Rabbi Geller arrived in 1965, the congregation was "very comfortable [with] men and women sitting together but they wanted a traditional style of service. The Silverman prayer book was used at the time. And that was the pattern for our ritual."

"We were just grateful that we were able to get something established," said Marjorie Marks.

"Lucky to have a synagogue," said Mary Kline.

"So people became less orthodox, would you say?"

"Well," said Bob Kramer, "we always had a real orthodox *shul.* As good as they could do. Absolutely."

MOVE TO MIDDLE STREET

In 1950, the congregations of two Middle Street churches merged. The First Parish Unitarian Society joined the Universalist Church and the Unitarian's building at 86 Middle Street was for sale. In effect, a first refusal was given to the Jewish community. As Irving Kline remembered it, "the Unitarian Church, they became quite extinct in the sense that their members kind of evaporated, and somebody told me that there was something in their charter, that if they're going to dispose of the church they have to give first option to another church, and that's how the synagogue got this Unitarian Church. And you can see, it's a beautiful place."

There was no rabbi at the time to guide the community, just as there had been none when the houses at 14 Prospect Street, 25 Addison Street or 20 Liberty Street were purchased for synagogues. Whether or not it was an easy decision for the Jewish community—to take on the financial and social burden and to move into this much larger building—depends on the teller. Bill and Marjorie Marks and Sarah Tarr remember discussion and doubt. Marjorie Marks said, "We thought it would be impossible for fifty families to buy the place." Bill Marks said, "When the fellows got together and started to discuss buying the building on Middle Street, there were a lot of negative thoughts because as Marge said, a lot of the local Jewish people didn't think they could swing it. And it was touch and go, I think." And Sarah Tarr said, "I can remember the meeting, people talking—'Should we buy it? How are we going to do it? What do you think? How are you going to get this together?'—I don't know how they did get the money all together. Well, it was kind of wonderful, too, because that's a beautiful building, our temple."

According to others, the purchase was the quick and unwavering decision of a few leading professional and business men. Victoria and Lenny Linsky remembered that the first contact by the Unitarians was made to Gordon Weiner's uncle, Louis Geller, owner of Sterling Drug. "They approached Gordon Weiner's uncle and told him that this temple, or this church at the time, was for sale," said Vickie. "Only a few families got together to raise whatever money they needed to buy it," said Lenny. "No more than eight or ten people, that really got together and finally bought it." "A lot of money in

those days," said Vickie. "Gordon Weiner was telling me about it at the temple, because his uncle heard from an insurance agent or somebody about a church being sold if he was interested, and he got the group together."

Gordon Weiner himself said, "I was involved. Let me tell you how the temple got purchased. One day, my Uncle Louie got a telephone call from a man by the name of Mervin Piper who is now dead. Mervin Piper owned Cunningham and Kerr Insurance Agency and he and my Uncle Louie had been friendly even from the time Uncle Louie was in New York, and he told my Uncle Louie that the church, it was Universalist-Unitarian or something like that, was for sale for $25,000, and would the Jewish community be interested in purchasing it. And my Uncle Louie said, 'Give me an hour or two and I'll get back to you.' So he went out on the street and he got Ben Kerr, that's Benedict Kerr, J. D. Bloomberg the father, Dr. Sidney Parker, Bernie Cohen I believe, Sol Sandler, and there were six of them, Geller, Parker, Kerr, Bloomberg, Sandler and Cohen, and they each put $2500 up. They had $15,000 and they bought the temple. And they mortgaged the rest. But that's how they acquired the temple."

The exact list of donors varies. Bill Marks' father Jacob Marks was said to have donated to the purchase of the building, as well as J. D. Bloomberg's son Eddie. "It was the younger ones, Sol Sandler, and Eddie Bloomberg," said Marjorie Marks. Mrs. Ben Kerr remembers that there were sixteen. Dr. Bernard Cohen said, "We had a meeting and I went to the meeting, out of respect to the Jewish community, and I remember pledging $1500, which was a lot for me at that time."

The deed of purchase was dated October 25, 1950. The "Congregation Chevras Ahavath Achim, a voluntary religious association" bought land with a church building and a parish house on the north side of Middle Street for $25,000 paid to the American Unitarian Association.[28]

Bob Kramer as treasurer of the congregation was present when the Jewish delegation went to the bank to sign the papers. "I'll never forget how we went in the lawyer's office when we bought the building, and I went up as treasurer, and of course they raised money for downpayment. I couldn't give any

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28 North Essex County Deeds, Book 3779, p. 479.

money, so I was in there waiting, and a Mr. Bloomberg came in, and he looked at me and he says, 'What are you doing here? You didn't give any money.' And the president at that time was Sol Sandler, and he happened to come by and he blasted Bloomberg like hell, he gave him hell. 'How dare you talk that way to Bob Kramer!' he says. 'Look at all the work he does,' and everything. He let him have it!"

The wonderful building purchased for the new synagogue was built in 1828, on the site of the earlier First Parish Church of 1738.[29] Reconstruction and conversion of the building began immediately. Arlene Rosen Malech remembered that the church had white, stark pews, with little decoration except crosses on the outside and inside on the walls and perhaps on the ends of the pews. Phil Kramer remembered the church had red velvet pew cushions. The current decor of the main sanctuary was the work of Mrs. J. D. Bloomberg. Marjorie Marks said, "The colors were chosen by Mrs. Bloomberg. She did that pretty blond and the purple." Mrs. Ethel Kerr remembered that Mrs. Bloomberg persuaded Mrs. Bertha Adasko to donate a blue velvet curtain for the *aron kodesh* which she then had imprinted with: 'Presented by Bertha I. Adasko in honor of her grandchildren.'" According to Bea Albert, "Mrs. Bloomberg was a very, very active member of the temple at the time and she sort of initiated everything and everybody just followed her working for the temple. She worked all her life for the temple, especially when we moved into the new place."

Mrs. Ben (Ethel) Kerr was a decorator and worked closely with Mrs. Bloomberg. The Kerrs, who were furniture dealers, donated new red fabric for the pews, the carpet and the two ornate chairs on the pulpit that are dedicated to Hyman and Sarah Stone.[30]

J. D. Bloomberg's son Eddie Bloomberg "was in charge of deciding what to do with the basement and a few other things," said Bernard Cohen. He had

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29 A cannonball shot into the steeple of the original building during the War of 1812 is displayed at the Cape Ann Historical Association.

30 The current *aron kodesh* was donated by sixteen people in memory of Joseph Kerr. A plaque to Joseph Kerr from his wife and sons is there now.

a lot of help. "I think that all the families were involved in the construction," said Barry Gradwohl, "My father was involved, and I remember going down as a young child with my father to assess various portions of the construction. I don't remember much, only playing in the church before it was converted, and the decisions of what they were going to do, what was going to be what. The basement was completely unfinished. So finishing off of that, specifically their putting in the first tile floor after we moved in. Remember the basketball court design on there? Very low ceiling. Basketball design!"

Lenny Linsky agreed, "Yeah, they had to tear out the whole basement, my God, they spent a lot of money and a lot of back work. My brothers Morris and Benny were there, and they helped lug out all the rubbish, they did an awful lot of work. They saved money, but you know, it was a lot of work."

Arlene Rosen Malech remembered that the move seem to take forever and thought that the Hebrew School met somewhere else in the meantime, because the old was sold and the new not ready. She also thought that the church and synagogue co-existed in the building for a short time.

On November 15, 1950, one month after the purchase of the Middle Street church, the congregation voted to sell the old *shul* on Prospect Street. Solomon Sandler and Dr. Sidney S. Parker were elected to act in place of the Trustees who had originally purchased the building, Barnet Bernstein, Joseph Kerr and Simon Gordon, "all of whom are now deceased". On January 9, 1951, the final sale of the Prospect Street building was made to the Post #32 Amvets Quarters Corp. for $15,000. Solomon Sandler, President, and Sidney S. Parker, Treasurer, signed the papers. The Secretary of the Congregation at the time was Henry Rosen.

By the middle of 1951, the building was fully converted into a synagogue and the ceremony to dedicate the temple was held on July 15. Benedict Kerr took over from Solomon Sandler as president in the Middle Street *shul*, and he was followed by Gordon Weiner. During Gordon's term of office, there was another general housecleaning of the building, another attempt to clear out old debris. "When I became president of the temple," said Gordon Weiner,

"it was not too long after we had moved down from Prospect Street, and of course they had brought everything in the sun. There were old chairs and the downstairs, behind where the big hall is, was loaded with junk. I decided as president to exercise a little authority and we formed a House Committee to clean up the joint. We started working nights and we finally got to the main sanctuary, and when I got up on the *bima*, I opened up the closet doors and there was enough liquor to stock a small barroom!"

When Bob Kramer was asked to tell a favorite funny story about life in the synagogue, he thought of this Story of the Liquor. "You heard the one about the liquor? We had a custodian, liked to drink. So anyway, I was in charge of the liquor, and he used to come and there's less and less. So I wanted to hide it and he works around everywhere, you know what I mean? So I went up on the altar and underneath the altar I put the whiskey. Hey, I didn't know whether it was wrong or good, what do I know? So anyway, there was a new committee that was put on for the temple or something, and it went looking, and they happened to pick up the cover underneath the altar. And there's the booze. And they never, they still don't hear the end of it. Gordon Weiner still tells people, 'He hid the booze in the altar.'"

"In the *bima*!" laughed Gordon.

RABBIS

"They had a lot of rabbis here come and go."

—George Flasher

Until the 1920s, there was never a full-time rabbi in Gloucester. There was not even a permanent part-time rabbi. The members of the Jewish community could perform its rituals for most circumstances without the help of a rabbi. Learned men could lead services, read Torah, say kaddish. A *shochet*, needed to kill chickens and other animals in a kosher manner, did not have to be a rabbi. When a rabbi was needed, for instance for a marriage, he could be brought to Gloucester or the ceremony could be moved to the rabbi.

The main reason that the Gloucester community did not enjoy a full-time rabbi was financial. Bill Marks thought that because there were so few Jewish families from whom to raise money, the salary for a rabbi was tentative. "At times they did have rabbis on a permanent basis," he said, "but they never stayed very long; you know, for forty or fifty families it was difficult." "All the years I was here," said Ron Curhan, "we were three years without, two years with, three years without, two years with, and it was always an itinerant. Sometimes we had one who traveled to several locations. Gloucester could not really support a rabbi, it was too marginal, for thirty, forty families."

Lenny Linsky explained, "If you didn't have a rabbi for the holidays, you'd hire some people to come in, conduct services." Eve Feldman Gradwohl described the Gloucester system by saying, "We used to get them on approval." Shirley Kline Larsen called the rabbis "circuit riders." Rabbis often left very little impression on the community. "Do you remember one rabbi that had a bunch of kids?" Eve Feldman asked her sister. "Yes," replied Jinks, "but I don't know what his name was."

Perhaps a small disclaimer should be entered here, to the effect that the memories that have come down to this study are the memories of childhood. We have no first-hand adult memories of the early rabbis in Gloucester, and a child's judgment of a rabbi, while clear about specific events, might not reflect his entire role. The rabbis' job thus apparently involved only three things: leading services, teaching Hebrew school, and slaughtering chickens. Phil Kramer acknowledged, "I wouldn't know as a kid whether they were influential or not."

Rabbi Sidney Gordon

Rabbi Sidney Gordon was in Gloucester in the 1920s, and was almost certainly the first permanent rabbi at the *shul* at 14 Prospect Street. In 1923, he delivered a "historical sermon" for the 300th Anniversary Observance of the Foundation of the Massachusetts Bay Colony at Cape Ann.[31] In 1925, he and his wife Dora lived at 19 Liberty Street, in a house previously owned by Isaac

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[31] See Appendix.

Cohen (the ladies' tailor) and opposite the old Liberty Street synagogue. [32]

When Irving Kline (born 1909) was asked, "Do you remember the names of any rabbis at Prospect Street when you were young?" he said, "There was one, a Gordon, and I can't really help you on that. They only used to stay a year. I don't think any of them stayed more than two years."

Harold Bell remembered that there was a Rabbi Gordon who led High Holiday services near the time of his Bar Mitzvah. "He blew his [*shofar*] horn and I think one day he blew one of his teeth out. It's the truth, it's all I can remember of him. If he's the guy, Rabbi Gordon, and I think that's the only rabbi I remember, he was sort of a slight man, on the small side."

Eve Feldman Gradwohl remembered Rabbi Gordon a little better because he was her Hebrew School teacher.

"And what was he like?"

"Rabbi Gordon, he was a young man," said Eve.

"And he lived in the community?"

"Well, he would have had to, because he would walk, he wouldn't drive" on Shabbat.

"Would he lead services on Friday night, Saturday morning?"

"Yes," said Eve. "And all the holidays. You know, Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur."

Rabbi Benjamin Janofsky/Janoskey/Yanofsky/Jonesky

Rabbi Janofsky was listed in the City Directory on 1927-28 as the rabbi at Congregation Ahavath Achim. Phil Kramer remembered that "after Gordon left, there was a Rabbi Yanofsky" who "had a lot of children." Helen Schred Marnoy also remembered him. "I was the Sunday School teacher here for a while when we had a rabbi. I was scared to death. Janofsky. Scared to death of him." Rabbi Janofsky might not have lived in Gloucester, for his only address was that of the synagogue, 14 Prospect Street. We don't know why he terrified

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[32] He probably was not related to the other Gordon families in town: David Gordon (1901-), Simon & Florence Gordon (1896-) with Louis/Lewis, Everett, Annie, Philip Gordon (1904), and then later, Samuel and Helen Gordon of Gloucester Hardware and Plumbing Supply and the Cape Ann Symphony.

young Helen Schred, but he did not last long as the rabbi of Gloucester.

Rabbi Jacob Fogel

"After Janofsky there was Fogel," said Dr. Phil Kramer.

Rabbi Fogel made a deeper impression. He and his wife Ethel lived at 21 Granite Street in 1930, and he was the rabbi of Ahavath Achim. Eddie Visnick's memories of Rabbi Fogel were vivid. "That's when I used to go to Hebrew School, and if my father wanted a kosher chicken, I used to have to take a live chicken in one of those leather satchels, carry him on the bus, his head sticking up. I'd carry him to the temple, and oh, God, the rabbi used to cut his throat and throw him downstairs. Ah, that cellar was so scary. I used to have to go down there after Hebrew School, find the chicken, put him in the bag. I was frightened to death. And the rabbi didn't make it any easier."

"Rabbi Fogel?"

"Rabbi Fogel."

"How many chickens did he slaughter every week?"

"I don't know," said Eddie. "All I know is the occasional one that I brought over."

"So, the rabbis taught Hebrew School and they slaughtered chickens. What else did they do?"

"God, I don't know what else," said Eddie. "There weren't that many Jewish people in town so I don't think they had to be too busy."

"Did they support the rabbi or did he have another job?"

"As far as I know Fogel was supported by the people in Gloucester. He was married, I vaguely remember his wife. We had some wealthy Jewish people back then I remember, they probably supported him."

"Can you describe what Rabbi Fogel looked like?"

"Hmm, vaguely," said Eddie. "I know he was rather slender, he wasn't too big, he was probably five-seven or eight, had a beard, gray hair I think. He didn't seem to have much enthusiasm, he was sort of a lackadaisical kind of guy."

"Did he speak to you in English or in Yiddish?"

"Both. Both."

But Rabbi Fogel did have some friends in the community. For instance,

Lillian Alper Cohen said she loved Rabbi Fogel. For her, he was "a beautiful wonderful rabbi, an inspiration."

According to Phil Kramer, during the Depression, when the congregation "couldn't pay him—because in the '30s nobody had any money—Rabbi Fogel opened up a little grocery store on Washington Street not too far from the railroad station and he stayed for nine years.[33]

"And did he still act as rabbi?"

"They had no rabbi to speak of. They'd hire somebody to come in weekends. They wouldn't pay Fogel, and he had to live—they had no food. His wife was really kind of a nice woman. They were up over the grocery store, they didn't do too well there either, but made some money."

Rabbi Rabinowitz

Lillian Alper Cohen was "petrified" of Rabbi Rabinowitz because he would pinch her cheek when it was frozen. Evelyn Stone Greengross vaguely remembered one rabbi of her Hebrew School days. "I can't remember his name, it ended with a 'witch', and he was a witch. I was totally ignored, as if I wasn't there. I mean the emphasis was on the boys for Bar Mitzvah and this rabbi was very disciplinary, a very unpleasant man. To me he seemed an old man, and he had a beard. I know he was here for a few years, with a number of children, but I can't remember his name."

Rabbi Rabinowitz was in Gloucester about 1934.

Rabbi Albert Goldberg

Rabbi Albert Goldberg and his wife Catherine show up in the 1935/36 City Directory as "Rabbi of Temple Achavat Achim," living in their own house at 140 Maplewood Avenue. Lenny Linsky remembered him as one of the rabbis who taught Hebrew School, and he was the rabbi for Elliot Sidell's and then George Flasher's Bar Mitzvahs in 1936. "He was a very good rabbi and teacher, yeah," said George.

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33 We have been unable to find any record of this grocery store, or of a continued presence of the Fogels in town.

Rabbi Morris D. Rosenblatt (1938-1942)

Many people remember Rabbi Rosenblatt with fondness. He and his wife were friendly, outgoing people, who endeared themselves to the community. Rabbi Rosenblatt's widow Esther, who celebrated her 80th birthday in 1997, told us that she remembers Gloucester with reciprocal fondness. She was able to tell us about her husband's career and his stay in Gloucester from January 1938 to November 1942. When he graduated an ordained rabbi from Yeshiva University, he was offered a first position in Gloucester. He accepted so that they could marry. "We were in love," Esther explained. Young Rabbi Rosenblatt arrived first, alone, in Gloucester and had his meals with Mrs. Bertha Rosen, wife of Joseph Rosen. After Esther joined him, they lived on Washington Square in an attic apartment on the third floor. The landlady was a "New England maiden lady who had never met a Jew," said Esther. Then they lived on Belleview Avenue off Beacon Street. Esther Rosenblatt thought that Melvin Bernstein's aunt Celia, widow of Barnett Bernstein, lived in the same house and got them this beautiful apartment by telling the landlord that Esther was a very clean housekeeper.

Esther remembered many details of their life in Gloucester: how their good friend Saul Bloch gave them $25 towards a $50 car and then taught her husband to drive it; how she went to Boston to Pops concerts, to Red Sox games, and to the *mikvah*; and to Lynn and Boston to "buy kosher". In fact, she would prepare for Shabbat on Thursday so that she and her husband could attend Ladies' Days at Fenway Park on Fridays.

In his official capacity, Esther said that Rabbi Rosenblatt taught Hebrew school but doubted he led services or read from the Torah. She thought that on Yom Kippur there was often a cantor. The first marriage he performed was that of Bertha and Joseph Rosen's son, Henry Rosen. He also married Eve Feldman and Lucien Gradwohl, like Saul Bloch an immigrant from the Alsace. After his departure from Gloucester, Eve's sister Jinks Feldman Levitsky asked him to return to officiate at her marriage.

The Rosenblatts left Gloucester in 1942 because Esther's parents desired that her first child be born in Baltimore. After Gloucester, Rabbi Rosenblatt helped his father-in-law, also a rabbi, establish a *shul* in Baltimore and then Morris and Esther went to Annapolis where Morris was the rabbi of a syna-

gogue and the Chaplain at the U.S. Naval Academy for forty years. The Rosenblatts maintained their friendship with the Blochs and others in Gloucester. They returned summers for the sky and the "magic" of Cape Ann. Esther still remembers with love the warm community and good friends. She added regretfully that it was hard to be a rabbi.

The general opinion in Gloucester of Rabbi Rosenblatt was that he was "very nice". "He was a wonderful rabbi," said Lenny Linsky.

Rabbi Rosenblatt's salary was also well-remembered. "I became treasurer from the temple in 1940," said Bob Kramer. "Things was different then. A lot different. We used to struggle for money. I had to pay the rabbi $25 a week, it was Rosenblatt. See, $25 a week. He was highly paid."

Rabbi Israel Lev

Nobody remembered Rabbi Lev. It was by chance we found a record of him in the Gloucester City Directory for 1944: *Lev, Israel, and his wife Rosalina, Rabbi at the Congregation Ahavas Achim, home at 81 Maplewood Avenue.* When reminded of him, Ronald Curhan was able to say that Rabbi Lev was much more a traditional European rabbi than Rabbi Rosenblatt.

Rabbi Baruch B. Katz

Rabbi Katz's name appears in the vestibule of the synagogue on Middle Street, on a plaque listing the charter members of the local B'nai B'rith in 1950. It was perhaps he who came to Gloucester to end his days in semi-retirement, who talked to children about numerology and tried to prove the existence of God through mystical appearances of numbers in the Torah. One interviewee thought that he died in Gloucester, but no record of his life or death has been found.

Rabbi Harry Z. Sky

In 1951, just after the move to Middle Street, the congregation hired the young red-haired Conservative Rabbi Sky, newly-ordained by the Jewish Theological Seminary, to his first pulpit. On his arrival, he stayed with Mrs.

Ben Kerr for two weeks even though she did not keep a kosher house. Mrs. Kerr reported that she bought kosher meat and he was satisfied. But when his wife and son arrived, they refused to eat at Mrs. Kerr's table because it was not kosher. "What about those two weeks he ate at my house?" asked Mrs. Kerr. "He had no choice," said the *rebbitzin*, according to Mrs. Kerr. Still and all, the Kerrs furnished an apartment for the rabbi and his family.

Rabbi Sky taught the Hebrew School children, who by this time were the grandchildren of those first Jewish men such as Samuel Feldman the butcher and Max Linsky the junk dealer. Ann Visnick Fishman's son Bing remembered Hebrew School taught by Mrs. Sky the *rebbetzin* (she was "tough") and his Bar Mitzvah, the first in the Middle Street synagogue, was conducted by Rabbi Sky. Rabbi Sky led the first High Holiday services at the Middle Street synagogue in October 1951, and his sermons were "Being Complacent", "Taking Inventory", and, on Yom Kippur, "Living the Worthy Life" and "The Invisible Choir". One of his themes, as reported in the newspaper of the day, was that *"all areas are connected with one another. If you feel the world is friendly, that God is real, if you can accept yourself and your friends as human beings, then you can accept yourself as a Jew."* Cantor Barney Mould of Boston was hired to assist Rabbi Sky at the 1951 holiday services.[34]

Rabbi Sky tried to be active in the community. He was invited to join the Rotary Club in 1952 and organized art shows in Gloucester for Boston Jewish artists in the summer of 1953. He is remembered fondly by people in Gloucester. He left Gloucester in 1953 for the larger congregations at Newburgh, New York; then Atlanta, Georgia; and ultimately Portland, Maine, where he is still living in 1998.

After Rabbi Sky, the sparse trickle of rabbis resumed. There was a Rabbi Louis J. Haas who might have been in Gloucester. No one remembers him, but there are books in the recently-created Ammerman Library that were given in his name to the synagogue by Hebrew School students of the 1950s. There was also a Rabbi Dr. Joseph L. Herbst who arrived with his mother, "never married or anything else, and he lisped a little bit, but we overlooked all those things because we didn't have much money. We had part-time rab-

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34 *Gloucester Daily Times*, October 3, 1951.

bis," said Bernie Cohen. "As a matter of fact, we had pseudo-rabbis and half-rabbis and retired rabbis and everything else, before Mike Geller. Either they were at the beginning of their rabbinate or at the end, ready to retire. That's what we had, you know."

Even without long-term, committed rabbis, the congregation managed to maintain its religious integrity. People like Freddie Rothstein, the biochemist and Hebrew School teacher, helped. "That was our half-rabbi," said Bernie Cohen. Cantors and leaders came from within the community. The artist William Meyerowitz was "born in Europe so he knew Torah," said Bernie Cohen. In fact, the community was very competent to maintain its religious life without a rabbi. Relatives could be counted on to teach Bar Mitzvah children, rabbis could be hired for single events, and the level of competence among the congregation was very high. There was even resistance to the idea of a modern rabbi. Rabbis were regarded as almost a luxury. Sidney Goldman said that even up to the 1960s, when the search committee was charged with the task of once again finding a permanent rabbi, "some of the old-timers couldn't understand why you couldn't get a rabbi, a teacher, and a *shochet* and not pay over three thousand dollars."

SYNAGOGUE-AFFILIATED GROUPS

> *"They were all active in the Sisterhood or the Brotherhood of the temple, but that was fun."*
>
> —*Charlotte Goldman*

When Rabbi Geller arrived in Gloucester in 1965, he was impressed by the strength of the Jewish community. "When I first came here, there were individuals who ran all areas of temple life. You didn't need committees, there were individuals who saw to it. And everyone had a sense that he was empowered to act and that he was responsible to take care of these things."

This healthy, vibrant and multi-faceted Jewish community grew directly out of the first, 1904 organization of the Chevra. This group ran the religious

services, but it also performed many other useful communal functions. A board, complete with officers and agendas, met regularly, the Chevra's minutes were kept by a secretary, and the record of their meetings after 1915 still exists. These minutes are written in a scratchy Yiddish-Hebrew script and in a language made up of Yiddish and English with smatterings of Hebrew, Russian and Polish. No one has yet attempted a full translation, but the minutes cover a wide range of subjects. The community was concerned with the purchase and upkeep of the building on Prospect Street, the use of the cemetery in West Gloucester, collection of dues and mortgage payments, as well as provisions for the community poor, and the thoughts, arguments and activities of the men that responded to the community's needs. But the Chevra was not the only organized Jewish group. The following clubs and committees, while sharing membership with the Chevra, performed slightly different functions.

Credit Union

The history of the Credit Union system, or the *Aktzia* as it was called in Yiddish, was told by Bob Kramer, its treasurer for over thirty years. There was "a Jewish man named Filene," according to Bob, "and all the Jewish people that came to Boston used to go to him for help. You know, any money they needed they went to him. So he started a credit union, and then it spread around, it became state-wide. We used to have to send in papers to the State House. Every year they came down, audit, just like a bank. Oh yes, we had one in Gloucester."

"And were you one of the founders of the Credit Union here in Gloucester?"

"No," said Bob Kramer. "The founders were a Mr. Bell, Max Leavitt, Hymie Stone, and Saul Feldman who was a younger person just out of school so he was our treasurer and secretary. And there might have been one or two more that I don't remember.[35] They started the Credit Union. And then years later, I went in with Leo Alper and we took it over."

"How did it work?"

"Well," said Bob Kramer, "you go in and you borrow a hundred dollars, and you come back and you pay them fifty cents a week or a dollar a week,

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[35] Melvin Rosen said that his father Joseph Rosen was one of the founders and officers.

until it's paid. And then, when it's paid, you borrow again, it's a continuation, because all the people in Gloucester—junk, peddlers—weren't rich. Well, I shouldn't say rich, but I mean so well-off and educated, and they had to go out horse and team, and buy the rags and so forth, they never had money. Oh no. My father, in the cleaning, he used to go there every week and give them the fifty cents a week—no, a dollar a week—fifty cents for me for Hebrew School and fifty cents for a seat at the High Holidays, every week, and I used to go with him all the time."

"Fifty cents a week towards the High Holidays' seat?"

"Yeah, get $25 for a seat up at the *shul*, and $25 for the Hebrew school. Sure, that's the old days. I used to walk up with him all the time, I don't know why, I was fascinated."

Evelyn Stone Greengross remembered her father Hyman Stone's participation in the Credit Union very well. "They had a Credit Union, an *Aktzia* which helped people in need. And that was one of his big, big projects. They lent out money at very low interest. Maybe practically nothing, to needy Jewish people in the community. And people I guess invested in it. If they had money, they put money into it to have money to give out. I think there must have been some interest in it, because it did grow in value. That was here for a long, long time. I think all Jewish communities did that. This was a very active thing here in Gloucester."

Morris Bell, one of the founders of the Credit Union, "was probably among the least religious of the Jewish families in Gloucester, but he probably was one of the best people," said his son Harold. "And the reason why I know, is because he was heavily involved in the beginning of a fund in order to help care for Jewish families who came to Gloucester and were unable to get off the ground."

"So people would come to him when they came to town?"

"Well, I was too young to know what happened," said Harold. "I do know that he had a group of two or three or four, I don't know how many it was, involved with him, and they would meet periodically, and do what they could, whatever needed to be done."

The Credit Union not only loaned money to the needy, but was an investment opportunity for those with extra cash and its office was used for the management of synagogue dues and fees. Many people remembered dealing with the Credit Union, some as lenders and some as borrowers. Mamie Pett Norton put money in the Credit Union for a while because her mother said, "'You put in the Credit Union, they need the money more than those other big banks.' I used to go with my father to the Credit Union. Right in the shul they had it."[36]

"Did only Jewish people invest?"

"Oh no, no," said Mamie. "No. Because they gave a bigger interest than the other banks. And a lot of the [non-Jewish] business people would go to my father because they'd feel that if they went with him if they needed money, being with a Jewish man, that he'd get it, and he did. If they wanted to get money, they would go to a Jewish man or woman, so that they would stick up for him and tell them stuff."

Lenny Linsky's parents "used to borrow money, pay $2 a week. Some weeks you didn't have the $2 to pay. I used to go up on a Wednesday. I saw an awful lot of people that owed money all the time but, thank God, they had the *Aktzia* to help people," said Lenny.

B'nai B'rith

There was no local chapter of B'nai B'rith until 1950. A plaque with the names of forty-two charter members hangs in the vestry of the Middle Street synagogue.[37]

Ladies' Aid / Sisterhood / Hadassah

Even as a child in the late 1940s, Mitch Cohen noticed that "it didn't matter who was president or who was anything, the women were the heart of the organization of the temple." In 1917, the women of the community incorporated the Gloucester Hebrew Ladies Aid Association, which after

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36 Gordon Weiner said that later the Credit Union was at the corner of Main and Elm Street, where East-West Mortgage now is. 37 See Appendix.

World War II, was known as Sisterhood. Hadassah grew up separately. The stated purpose of both groups was to organize social and charitable activities and thereby raise money. Sisterhood/Ladies' Aid raised money mostly for the synagogue; Hadassah raised funds for Zionist work in Palestine and Israel.

The Hebrew Ladies Aid Association, as stated in its incorporation agreement, was for the purpose of *"promoting the general welfare, uplifting the minds, morally, intellectually and socially, of the Jewish community in Gloucester and environs; helping, aiding, assisting and encouraging deserving and worthy people, primarily those of Jewish affiliation, by giving or loaning the money without interest or charge; in general, rendering help or assistance to the worthy and needy within the power and scope of this organization; establishing and maintaining a place for a reading room, a library and social meeting rooms."* It was signed by Sadie Kerr, Bertha Raizen ("Mrs. Rosen" written in), Jeannette F. Bernstein, Eva G[?] Marshall, Rae Leavitt, Molly L. Bell, Celia Bernstein, Annie Bloomberg, Rebecca Raizen [wife of *Fetter Binyamin*], Fannie Feldman, Rosie Michaelson, Dora Schred, Nellie Goldman, Cilia Kramer, Rosa Alper, Ida Klein, Dora Wallace, Sarah Slafsky, Anna Adleman, Minnie Livshitz, Fanny Seidell, Rebecca Albert, Leah Gordon, Sarah Broder, Fannie Solomon, Nettia Berman [wife of Morris Berman, a peddler], Rosie Stone [wife of Jacob Stone, a junk dealer], Ida Marshall, Jeannette Slafsky ("N.Y." x-ed out), Lena Cohen, Mary Porter, Esther Raizen, Rachel Smith, Lena Urdansky, and Bessie Broder ("Halifax" written in).[38]

Evelyn Stone Greengross' mother Sarah Stone moved to Gloucester too late to be a charter member, but Evelyn remembered, "In a sense it was a wonderful community because there were a number of needy people in the community, and I remember the Sisterhood women getting together and making Bar Mitzvahs for boys who had no means to do it. They would bake and they would cook and the tables were laid out upstairs [at Prospect Street]. There was my mother [Sarah Stone], there was a lady by the name of [Bertha] Rosen, another lady by the name of [Rose] Alper, and those three ladies really took care of so many things."

"And they were in the Sisterhood?"

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[38] See end papers.

"Oh, yes."

"Could you tell us a little bit about what they did?"

"Well," said Evelyn, "I think they were like most Sisterhoods, they had bridge parties, card parties, cake sales. There was Brown's Department Store and two or three times a year Sisterhood sold their specialty baked goods there. I think they had rummage sales. And they had regular monthly meetings."

Mrs. Jeannette Bernstein and Mrs. Dora Schred were each president of Ladies' Aid for a while. Fannie Linsky, Morris' wife, said, "Sadie Kerr was one of the leaders, and Mrs. Alper was very active in the temple, and Mrs. Schred and the Bloombergs and the Kerrs and the Katzes, you know, the old timers." At a later time, Victoria Linsky and her friends Yetta Rutchik and Alice Stein were the leaders. Most of the Jewish women in Gloucester belonged. "Whatever the leader said to do, they did," said Bea Bell Albert. "They had rummage sales, they had a lot of luncheons, and played a lot of cards." Ida Marks organized a Visiting Committee that was part of Sisterhood. "There was always a group that, whenever anyone was sick or anyone went to the hospital, would make sure that they were visited," said Marjorie Marks. "It was so nice when you spied two or three women who had come from the temple." The Schred sisters remembered this group as the Sick Committee.

Bea Bell Albert talked about her days in Sisterhood in the mid-1940s. "It was Ladies' Aid when I first joined. I got to be president before I was a member! I worked during the War, and when I got through somebody came to me and asked if I'd like to be president. Mrs. Schred had been president for a long while and I guess they decided they needed new blood."

"And you would raise money?"

"That's all I did do, raise money," said Bea. "We used to have rummage sales and bridges in different houses, and charge and make money that way. We used to make an awful lot of money in rummage sales, because I collected from [her brothers'] Mighty Mac factory, and they got good money for jackets and things like that. We had a nice working group."

Fannie Linsky said, "Bridge parties? Yeah, oh, let me tell. One month it would be for Torah fund and one month it would be for Youth Aliyah, and

each person would have to raise a certain amount of money. And you'd either go to somebody else's bridge party or you'd have a strawberry festival at the temple or we'd have a fashion show and luncheon, a spaghetti dinner; we'd have supper dances, something like that. We had a small community but a very lively community."

"Oh, gosh, did I have bridge parties!" said Reva Schred Kramer. "And you turned the money into the temple. And everybody would love to go to somebody's house and they knew they were going to get goodies wherever they went. They got their money's worth, believe me. A lot of the Gentile people would come, too. It was a mixed group."

"We used to have a yearly one at the different hotels, like Long Beach had a hotel," said Helen Schred Marnoy. "I used to sell tickets and go around getting prizes and, oh! a lot of people did it."

"The money you got, would it go half to the temple and half to Hadassah?

"No," said Bea, "it would all go to Ladies' Aid. Everything that Ladies' Aid did was for the temple. Now it's Ladies Aid and Hadassah, but we didn't have Hadassah then. If you wanted to join Hadassah, you could join it outside the temple."

Hadassah

The Hadassah chapter in Gloucester, which grew out of a strong Zionist sentiment for the foundation of a State of Israel, was originally unconnected with Ladies' Aid. According to Mrs. Ben (Ethel) Kerr, her mother-in-law Mrs. Joseph (Sadie) Kerr organized a Youth Aliyah fund in Gloucester long before there was a local Hadassah. "And then we started Hadassah," said Fannie Linsky. "Sadie Kerr decided that they wanted to start working for Israel. She and her daughter-in-law Ethel called a meeting and first it was two separate organizations, the Hadassah and the Sisterhood." Evelyn Stone Greengross remembered "the Hadassah donor dinners. My parents were very involved with what was happening in Israel. My mother was very active in Hadassah."

Fannie Linsky described the conflict of having two organizations, made up of the same people, raising money for two competing organizations. "At that time, you know, it would be separate dues for Sisterhood and separate dues for Hadassah. We'd have a meeting for Hadassah and then the next week we were doing Sisterhood, and it was conflict with one another. The same people were arguing against themselves. A lot of people were more for the temple than for Hadassah, because it was local and they wanted it for the children. Then too they figured that people, strangers, would come around (to raise money for Israel).[39] There was Youth Aliyah, Mrs. Bernstein was the head of that, and somebody else was the head of the Torah fund. And the money was coming from the same pocket! So then they decided on this way which has worked for years, and it's worked wonderfully."

"This way" was to split the income so that 60% went to the temple and 40% to Hadassah. Mary Kline, a charter member of the Gloucester Hadassah and its long-time secretary, said, "We found it too difficult to have two separate organizations so we had one organization, Sisterhood/ Hadassah." Ethel (Mrs. Ben) Kerr was president of Hadassah at the time, right after the war, when the decision was made to combine Sisterhood and Hadassah. Shortly thereafter, Sylvia (Mrs. Bernard) Cohen took over the leadership of the combined organization and ran it for many years. "Sisterhood/ Hadassah was the [important group of the temple]," said Dr. Bernard Cohen. "And Sylvia was chairman for about twenty, twenty-five years."

Large fundraisers continued after the move to Middle Street. Arlene Rosen Malech remembers that the "nice lawn" by the new synagogue was set up for outdoor, all-day rummage sales with long tables for crafts and baked goods. Evelyn Stone Greengross said of her mother Sarah, "She was famous in this Sisterhood. She made these sweet rolls, raised dough, and they would have frequent cake sales and her *putterkuchen* were the prize. I remember how

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39 Mrs. Ben Kerr remembers a Mr. Strier from Bangor, Maine who would visit Ben's grandmother. This Mr. Strier worked for the UJA and came to Gloucester for fundraising. Evelyn Stone Greengross remembered "itinerant rabbis from Israel, schools, the Orthodox communities, men would travel all over the country seeking charity, and they would come to Gloucester because it was the end of the line, would spend hours up and down Main Street, going from one Jewish business to the next, collecting money."

proud she was, they went from probably ten cents apiece to, at one point, fifty or sixty cents, and she couldn't get over it. That was so much money!"

Fannie Linsky remembered annual sidewalk bazaars with a booth set up in front of the Empire Store. "We used to do very, very well on that. Selma Bell's mother would make blintzes, we'd be frying blintzes out there, and we'd buy the *challah* and they'd go for that *challah.* And they would have sandwiches and corn. Morris (Linsky) would go to the farmers and pick bushels and bushels of corn, and we'd cook corn, and have a sidewalk bazaar out in front of the Empire. We'd start Wednesday and Thursday, Friday we'd cut off because of Sabbath, Saturday we weren't there at all."

We will here only mention that in the late 1950s very elaborate fundraisers were organized by Fay Pett, Dr. Morris Pett's wife. Big-name band concerts took place in Gloucester to benefit the synagogue, although there is some question as to which big names were here. "What was his name now?" asked Fannie Linsky. "One of the big ones, I was going to say Tom Dorsey but it wasn't. Artie Shaw? Well, you know, one of those." Mamie Pett Norton, Fay Pett's sister-in-law, said, "Glen Miller, I think it was." Sally Tarr thought that one year there was the Duke Ellington Orchestra followed the next by Glenn Miller. She found an old Temple Bulletin which stated that *'the Duke Ellington Concert in the Gloucester High School Auditorium under the auspices of Sisterhood of Temple Ahavath Achim and the Gloucester Chapter of Hadassah raised for our combined causes a total of $1224!'* This is big because you paid a dollar for a ticket. $1224! Imagine it! In 1957."

"The one who really did it was Fay Pett," said Mitch Cohen. "Fay Pett had all these great ideas and Sylvia [Cohen] and Charlotte Goldman would do the nitty-gritty." Mitch also pointed out that these large fundraisers were a major event and "had the interesting quality of being the Jewish community sponsoring something that had an impact on the general community."

Rabbi Geller said, "Sisterhood/Hadassah was very active, probably the most active element within the congregation. And it had fine, responsible leadership; it conducted many programs, not only for the Jewish community but for the larger community as well and this was a gift of the

Sisterhood/Hadassah to the community. Of course they were also a fundraisers for the Sisterhood/Hadassah. The Sisterhood/Hadassah had amongst its members just about every Jewish woman who was part of this community. And everyone thought well of it and it was a very serious undertaking."

Overview

Perhaps the person most qualified to present an overview of religious life and attitudes on Cape Ann is Rabbi Myron S. Geller. He arrived in 1965, a young rabbi fresh out of the army. This was many years after the period we discuss in this book, but people who were living on Cape Ann in the early decades of the century were still here. The philosophy and atmosphere of the community in his day was an outgrowth of the past.

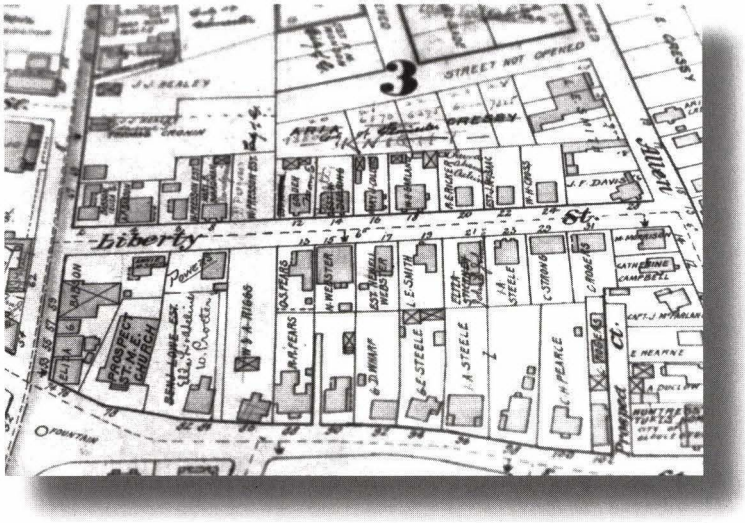
"The congregation was nominally affiliated with the United Synagogues of America," said Rabbi Geller. "However, its own practice was unique to the congregation. It was geographically removed from the main center of Conservative life in Boston, and essentially it did its own thing. It did what it wanted, with some loose and general affiliation with the Conservative movement. So, the fact that I was an Orthodox rabbi disturbed nobody. I was quite liberal, and nobody was concerned at all about the fact that my ordination was Orthodox and I reassured everybody that I was not personally Orthodox in my practice and that I had in fact functioned as a non-Orthodox rabbi in the military."

"Were a lot of Orthodox people here?"

"No, there were not. There were no Orthodox people here who were active in the synagogue. Mr. Rubin was the only Orthodox person that I know of living in town at the time. You might include in that category Ida Flasher. But other than these two there certainly were no other Orthodox Jews. Now there were some traditional Conservative Jews. And there were some people who were born in Europe, but they were not Orthodox. There were some people who kept kosher and were traditional in their style, they would not have thought of going into a synagogue without putting on a *kipah*, a *tallit*; they lit candles for the Shabbat and holidays. On the other hand, stores were open on Shabbat, so I couldn't call that Orthodox, it was a traditional style. I wouldn't say that

Conservative Judaism suggests that keeping your store open on Shabbat is a good idea but it certainly is a place where Jews who keep their stores open on Shabbat are more welcome. So I would say that there was a large group, and large has to be taken in the context of the size of the congregation, that saw themselves in this way. Some of the people kept kosher and certainly many people, when they went to a synagogue, wanted there to be a traditional style."

JEWISH ASPECTS of DAILY LIFE



"My father had leisure activity, yes, he had a wonderful arrangement. He and Max Alper would spend at least two or three evenings a week studying Chumash. They did that regularly. Two of them. At Mr. Alper's kitchen table."

—Evelyn Stone Greengross

There was a wide range of commitment to Jewish life. Most Jews in the Gloucester community had Bar Mitzvahs for their sons, most went to *shul* on the High Holidays, some on Shabbat, and most were married by a rabbi and buried in a Jewish cemetery. There were very observant Gloucester Jews who tried to live a completely traditional Jewish life. Others were willing to bend the rules to fit their new circumstances and yet were still considered "active" or "religious" or "involved." The opposite attitude was described as "non-observant," "not very religious," or "completely removed." Lillian Alper Cohen said that her mother, Rose Alper, was a "stickler for traditions." Sid

Goldman said, "Some of the old timers, like my mother and dad, did not appear to be very religious although at the beginning my mother did keep a kosher home." Within the Jewish community there was a very strong desire not to lose what had survived for millennia, but there was an equally strong desire to succeed in America. There were passionate adherents to the *shtetl* practices and services, and equally passionate proponents for modification of those practices to fit the changed environment.

There were immigrant families that were not interested in Judaism. They were ready to start fresh, leave all the old behind and concentrate on new American life. As Harold Bell said, "The concentration was so much for the future." For the majority of Jewish households on Cape Ann, however, the old traditions continued. Candles were lit on Friday nights, kitchens were kosher, holidays were observed. Jewish life was maintained by performing these and many other activities.

SHABBAT

"Did your mother light candles Friday nights?"
"Oh, absolutely!" said George Flasher.

Candle-lighting on Shabbat has always been one of the most basic rituals in a Jewish household. At the turn of the century, Henry Hurwitz' mother, Bella Wolfron Hurwitz, *"freshly dressed in Sabbath clothes ... devoutly lit and blessed the candles in silver candlesticks on the dining-room table."* Then *"the relaxed and transformed atmosphere prevailed. Father and Reb Yossel Borofsky and I, having intoned the Sabbath Eve prayers in the parlor, would enter the dining-room in state, and Reb Yossel chanted the kiddush, standing with silver cup of wine in hand at the gleaming white table."* [1] Mary Greenberg Sturt said her mother in Manchester "had two little candlesticks she brought from Europe, and two others. She did that because her mother did that. Every Friday night, my mother would light nine candles, let me see, a five candelabra, five and four are nine.[2] And no matter where we were, we always tried to get home on

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1 H. Hurwitz, *A Mother Remembered*, p.18.

2 Probably one candle for each child, plus two for the parents and two for grandparents.

Friday night, because the house smelled so good."

On Friday night, it was traditional to have roast chicken and two loaves of freshly baked, braided sweet egg bread called *challah.* Feldman's and Visnick's bakeries might have supplied *challah,* but most women baked their own.

"That's right," said Phil Kramer of his mother Tillie. "Yeah, every Thursday there was dough to be raised."

Irving Kline's mother lit candles every Friday night. Mamie Pett Norton's mother Leah Pett "never missed a Friday night to light candles." Fannie Palosky Linsky remembered the little blue box, the *pushke,* that was always nearby. "We had friends that were very for Israel, we always had a little box and we always had *tzedaka.* Every Friday night my mother would put something in the blue box and light candles."

Lighting Shabbat candles supposedly introduced the day of rest. For the Hurwitz family around 1900, from Friday evening when the candles were lit until after sundown on Saturday, there was a respite from the grinding toil of peddling and business. Food prepared in advance played a very important role, as well as quiet study and naps. Henry Hurwitz wrote that his mother would spend Saturday afternoons *"sitting in the immaculately clean and fragrant kitchen, at the table on the side under the sunlit window, with spectacles on, reading softly to herself from her book, the Zeenah Ureenah, the famed Yiddish commentary on the Pentateuch for women."*[3] Henry and Reb Yossel studied the weekly Torah portion in the *Chumash,* and father Marks Hurwitz took a nap.

Sarah Albert Tarr wrote that for her mother, the *"shabbos was a day for differences."* If at all possible, families rested on that day. Bob Kramer's family "kept *Shabbos"* as did Mary Greenberg Sturt's parents in Manchester. Mr. Greenberg's shoe store was closed and Mrs. Greenberg was even known to call in the Chief of Police to light the stove. Samuel Rubin in Gloucester would close his store (the former Feldman's grocery on Maplewood Avenue) on Shabbat. For Evelyn Stone Greengross, "Shabbat was a very special day, for my mother particularly. I remember this was my mother's day of rest. And then

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[3] H. Hurwitz, p.18.

she did nothing. I remember it was the only time of the week that I could creep into bed with her when I was a little girl, because she didn't get up at the crack of dawn. It was a really wonderful experience."

But not everybody was able to observe a day of rest. George Flasher's mother, Orthodox in so many ways, was unable to take the day off.

"Did you mother take it easy on Shabbat?"

"Take it easy?" repeated George. "She never took it easy. No, because she had a rooming house there. She had, what, maybe twelve, fourteen rooms to take care of—change the beds and all that!"

Phil Kramer's father Louis Kramer the tailor worked on Saturdays. "Course he worked! Oh, he worked on the *Shabbos.* All the Jews worked on the *Shabbos.*" Fannie Linsky's stepfather Benjamin Elliott closed up his meat store in Manchester only on Passover and the High Holidays when the family went back to the little Cross Spicket *shul* in Lawrence.

Bob Kline the tailor and dyer also worked on the Sabbath. His daughter Shirley Kline Larsen said, "Daddy worked all the time." Mary Kline his wife said, "He worked Saturday. He worked Jewish holidays, he didn't even go to *shul* for the Jewish holidays." Max Linsky the junk dealer would not work on the Sabbath himself, but ordered his sons to work in the yard. "'Don't do as I do, do as I say'," was his philosophy as explained by his son Lenny, "and when they gave a command, you did it, that's what it was." Hyman Visnick could not often observe Shabbat. "He was so darn busy and tired most of the time, he only went to *shul* primarily on holidays," said his son Eddie Visnick. "He did his best but it was rather tough." Max Alper was a "believer", according to his daughter Lillian, but he was a "rebel", too, in that he "he smoked on *Shabbos.*"

Only the most observant of the Jewish men observed Shabbat by going to *shul* on Saturday morning. When asked if her father Morris Bell went to *shul,* Bea said, "No, my father was never religious. My mother was never religious. Just my grandfather, Shady Bell." Louis Pett only went to *shul* for special occasions and Yahrzeits.

"Do you think your father was a very religious man?"

"I would say no," said George Flasher. "My mother was, kosher all the way. Nah, but not my father. No, not that I know of."

And just as there were people who were non-observant, there were those for whom the community on Cape Ann, especially after the move to Middle Street, was not observant enough and for whom more stringent *kashrut* and religious services were necessary. Samuel Rubin's involvement and subsequent non-involvement in the Gloucester synagogue was explained by his nephew-in-law, Ronald Curhan: Mr. Rubin originally "not only went to *shul* here, he was president of the congregation," said Ron. "But, if you get eleven people together, you need two temples. Or two *shuls*. And he decided that Gloucester wasn't *frum* enough for him. They were always fighting, the whole community was always fighting about the most trivial things. 'You said you were going to give $10 and you only gave $5,' whatever it was. He ended up declaring that Gloucester's kosher meat wasn't kosher enough and Gloucester's *shul* wasn't Orthodox enough and so he began to go to Chelsea. And he actually left the congregation here and began to travel back to Chelsea. He had a place to stay when he went there Friday night."

When Rabbi Geller came in 1965, Samuel Rubin had severed his ties with the local synagogue. "He never walked into this *shul* because he was Orthodox and it was mixed seating here. He had nothing to do with me," said Rabbi Geller, "because I was a Conservative rabbi. He was not a member of the synagogue, and the only time I saw him was when I went to his store to say hello. Now I know that for the High Holidays and for Passover, he used to go to Chelsea. Because he needed a congregation and so on. But for an ordinary *Shabbos* he was here, but he did his *davening* alone and did not come to the synagogue."

Evelyn Stone Greengross' Hasidic grandmother "became infirm and she came to live with us. She really was so devout, my father was always so concerned about pleasing her religiously. If on a Saturday he didn't go to *shul*, he went to work perhaps, he would sneak out of the house. He was so concerned that she would be aware of his not observing. It wasn't too happy a house when she lived with us."

Mamie Pett Norton's grandfather never really settled in Gloucester because the community was not Orthodox enough for his needs. "He didn't like it here even though the *shul* was pious and everything," said Mamie. "In Salem, Derby Street was mostly Jewish people and he was within walking distance to the *shul* there." But even that wasn't strict enough, and he returned to live, and die, in Europe. "He went back to Europe because my grandfather decided it wasn't kosher enough around here in this country," said Mamie. "There was a niece and a nephew and his wife and family were still there. He was the only one that went back. And no matter what we said, we could not change his mind. He knew that he would never live over there because years ago they had terrible hardship if you were a Jew in Europe. But he had made up his mind."

"Did you hear from the family when your grandfather went back, and when World War II started?"

"We never heard," said Mamie. "But by the grapevine my cousins heard that their sister and her husband were all killed."

In addition to candle-lighting, daily prayers were rituals that could be performed at home. In their house at 11 Harold Ave., Henry Hurwitz' young teacher Mr. Marcus *"rose at dawn, put on tefillin and prayed devoutly."*[4] Louis Kline the farmer "was extremely religious," said his granddaughter Shirley Kline Larsen. "*Zaydie* used to be praying all the time." Jacob Marks' father-in-law also prayed. "My mother's father stayed with us a short while," said Bill Marks. "He was pretty religious, he used to [say daily prayers]." David "Shady" Bell prayed every morning. "Oh, yes, he put on *tefillin* and everything," said his granddaughter Bea Bell Albert; "he lived to be 102 and never was sick a day in his life." And Irving Kline's father George Kline, the shoemaker, did. "I have a distinct memory of where he used to say his prayers every morning."

And there was study. Hyman Stone and Max Alper studied religious texts together regularly, but perhaps the most scholarly of the long-time Gloucester

[4] H. Hurwitz, p.9.

residents was the Samuel Rubin who *davened* in Chelsea. Rabbi Geller said, "I have fond memories of walking into Mr. Rubin's store on Maplewood Avenue. The shelves were practically bare, and he sat on an overturned milk carton, like on a *shiva* bench, and he had a Mishna or a Talmud in front of him always, a high chazzan's *kipah* on his head, a single bulb hanging from a wire dangling through the ceiling, and children coming up to the door, pounding on it, disrupting him from his studies, wanting to buy penny candy and more often than not he wouldn't bother with them, told them to go away, he was busy. I can't imagine that he earned a living with that store. And that's how he spent his time. He was without question the most learned Jew in town. He owned a goodly number of volumes of Talmud and rabbinic literature and he was familiar with them. They weren't simply things on the shelf but he in fact was familiar with them."

KEEPING KOSHER

"Did your parents keep a kosher home?"
"Oh ho ho, kosher home!" said Bob Kramer.

Keeping kosher was another important mark of a Jewish household. In the strict sense, this meant eating only kosher meat, but in practice and tradition most other aspects of food preparation were involved. An adjunct to the concept of *kashrut* seemed to be cleanliness, and a phrase used by many was "immaculate kitchen." Although Edward Lichtenstein thought that his grandparents, around 1895, were "non-committal about things like that," his grandmother Esther was known for her "immaculate kitchen" even with nine children to raise. Henry Hurwitz's mother kept an "immaculately clean and fragrant" kitchen. Fannie Sidell wore "long, long dresses," said Eve Feldman Gradwohl, "and she washed all the stairs going down into the cellar and so forth."

To keep a house completely kosher was a full-time job. "It gave her a career," said Evelyn Stone Greengross of her mother's efforts to follow the various injunctions found in the Bible and tradition. Meat had to come from kosherly slaughtered animals; and milk and meat could not be combined or served together. Separate dishes and cutlery for meat and milk were necessary.

Other laws governed the kinds of food that could be eaten, which fish were kosher, which vegetables, which processed foods and which meats. Knowledge of the fundamental laws of *kashrut* came from daily acquaintance with them since birth. Following them in this country, without local Jewish suppliers and without local rabbinic rulings on debated aspects of the law, was much more difficult.

Henry Hurwitz wrote that *"all our meats of course were kosher and had to come from Boston by train; and then, after the ritual salting and de-blooding, the wonder was they could still somehow be made tasty. The chickens, however, could be local, provided a shochet were available."* [5]

When the Albert family arrived in Gloucester a few years later, Rebecca Albert "wouldn't touch anything that wasn't kosher. We hated it," said her daughter Sarah Albert Tarr, "because it was so difficult for young people to follow all that. I couldn't have any kids in the house. God forbid they should pick up the wrong [utensil], you know what I mean."

Even with all the difficulties, there were many people who could not have contemplated living in a non-kosher home. Irving Kline's mother Ida Kline kept a "strictly" kosher home, as did Bob Kramer's mother Ida Kramer, and Sarah Stone.

"Oh, it was kosher, all right," said Evelyn Stone Greengross. "Oh, yes. Truthfully I think my mother's whole dedication was her kitchen. I mean she felt she was performing her religion there, and everything else was unimportant. But it was difficult; very, very difficult, and she kept it up. She was rigid. Until her very last day her home was very kosher. I don't think too many people maintained it really as carefully as she did." There were very few homes in which very observant travelers could stay in Gloucester. Evelyn said, "Itinerant rabbis would immediately come to our house—that's where they were sent. Very often, if it was late in the day, they would stay over at our house, and this would infuriate my mother, she felt so put upon because we never owned a home, we lived in a small apartment and it really put us all out. Ours was considered *the* kosher home and *the* home for the rabbis."

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[5] H. Hurwitz, p.17.

Mamie Pett Norton's mother Leah Pett also kept a house kosher enough for visiting rabbis to eat at. "She was brought up that there was always room for another person and when the rabbi came to the town, right away they brought him to my mother's, so there was always room for the rabbi and his wife, and of course it was a kosher house. This was in Gloucester," added Mamie.

But, like other observances, keeping kosher often gave way to necessity. Mrs. Dora Schred "tried to be [kosher] but she went to business, to the store," said her daughter Reva Schred Kramer, "and we always had help in the house and they couldn't keep it straight." Jacob and Ida Marks kept kosher "as much as they could, I know my mother did for a long while," said Bill; "it became a burden after a while."

Kashrut sometimes was abandoned on principle. Phil Kramer, speaking of the Matisons, said "they were non-Jews. I mean, they were Jewish but they didn't participate. And they were the first time I ever saw anybody have a roast beef sandwich with a glass of milk. And it wasn't kosher beef either." His own family "kept a kosher home until Hitler killed the Jews," said Phil Kramer, "and when Hitler killed the Jews, my mother, who was very kosher, said, 'If God can do that to Jews, he's not my God,' and brought in a [non-kosher] leg of lamb."

Some families, such as that of Jeannette and Harry Bernstein, kept some semblance of a kosher home, but it was mostly for the times that their more observant parents visited. "Would you say theirs was a kosher home?" pondered their son Melvin. "There was no pork allowed in my home but there was lobster. There were limitations on how far you should go with *kashrut.* But she did have for her father a set of *milchik* and *flayshig* dishes, not for everyday use, but only for when her very observant father [visited] a few times a year."

Morris and Molly Bell made "some pretense while my grandfather was alive," said Harold Bell, "but after that it disappeared completely." Harold's sister Bea Bell Albert said, "My mother kept a kosher house for my grandfather, Shady Bell. She always had a *milchik* closet and a *flayshig* closet. But then, when I wanted a lobster I had to go out on the porch and eat it on newspaper. No, I was brought up in a kosher house."

"Would your parents eat lobster also?"

"Oh, yeah, outside, they ate everything," said Bea. "There wasn't anybody who was more religious than my mother's sister Gertrude. She couldn't put a thing down, she had to put a towel down for *milchik* and a board down for *flayshig*. But outside she ate Chinese food, lobster, bacon, everything."

Later generations mostly gave up keeping kosher. Reva Schred Kramer said, "I tried at first but, to tell you the truth, I didn't have money enough to buy separate dishes." Ann Visnick Fishman said, "I did in the beginning, when I first got married." Evelyn Stone Greengross said, "I never really kept a kosher home unless my parents were coming. My mother at that point wasn't as rigid, and when my father lived with me I made an effort to try to keep it. As long as it was 'Jewish style', he said, he was content with that."

Partial accommodation for more orthodox parents seemed to be a rather universal solution to the problem. Richard Rome, one of a large family of summer residents from Worcester, when asked if their house on Beach Road was kosher, answered, "Well, it depends on your definition of kosher. We wouldn't have lobster in the house. Wouldn't have any bacon in the house, things like that. My mother-in-law wouldn't have liked that. In that sense it was kosher. But it wasn't what you call real kosher."

Finding places to eat outside one's own home, if one ate only kosher food, was always a problem. As was mentioned in a previous chapter, early immigrants from Eastern Europe often took their meals with an established Jewish family. Mrs. Hurwitz and Mrs. Albert served meals. Mrs. Flasher continued the tradition by serving meals to her boarders, not because they needed kosher food but because they were hungry.

But as Bob Kramer said, "In the old days they didn't go out to eat. Your mother made a *kishke* and you had a hell of a good time with it."

"Did Sarah and Hyman Stone ever eat out?"

"Never ate in a restaurant," said Evelyn. "Never. It was such an experience in later years, Mother really didn't like it. She wasn't comfortable."

"Did Mrs. Greenberg in Manchester ever eat outside of the house?"

"My mother!" said Mary. "My sister Molly, my older sister, had this

beautiful house in Framingham, and so we'd go there maybe for Thanksgiving. My mother would pack a little satchel with her dishes and if we ever went to a restaurant she would only have fruit salad. But she was truly a religious person."

Lina and Max Linsky "were very, very strict, [kept a] really kosher home. My mother wouldn't even eat in any of her family's house!" said Lenny Linsky. Rose Feldman, wife of Samuel the butcher, was also wary of eating outside her own house. "When she came to stay with me in New York or Connecticut," said Eve Feldman Gradwohl, "she had canned salmon. When she stayed with me in Magnolia here, she used to have glass plates."

Buying kosher

One of the hurdles that stood in the way of keeping kosher was the difficulty of purchasing kosher food or, as Sarah Albert Tarr wrote, *"the immediate problem of maintaining a kosher home here in Gloucester at a time when the automobile was yet a dream."* Vegetables and fish could easily be obtained locally. "Oh yes, fish. Except certain fish were not acceptable," said Evelyn Stone Greengross. "They wouldn't touch swordfish or anything like that. I remember there was a big to-do about mackerel, they were very worried because I think in Jewish laws, fish must have scales, and mackerel were very slippery and my mother was very concerned about that."

Keeping kosher required that one obtain kosher meat, and the small Gloucester community could not supply its own needs. Morris Katz's cattle dealing business does not seem to have included a kosher slaughtering house. Before Samuel Feldman the butcher opened his store in the early 1920s, Sarah Tarr's mother Rebecca Albert "went to Boston on the train" to get kosher meat. Bob Kramer said there was a communal system, that "somebody used to go to Lynn and he'd buy for you and for you and so forth."

Feldman's Market was a great boon to Gloucester. "He always had kosher meat," said his daughter Eve Feldman Gradwohl. "Otherwise you had to go to Chelsea or Revere, or Salem." Evelyn Stone Greengross said her mother

Sarah Stone shopped at Feldman's, and George Flasher said that his mother, Mrs. Ida Flasher, bought Feldman's kosher meat for her boarding house.

Not everybody shopped at Feldmans, however. If they had the time and money, and were "religious," said Bill Marks, "they would go to a store called Sushel's in Salem, or stock up in Boston." Mary Kline's husband Bob Kline continued "to go once a week to Lynn and buy me kosher meat." Evelyn Stone Greengross said, "I believe my father would go to Chelsea once a week in his truck and he would bring back meat and chickens for Mrs. Rosen and whoever kept kosher. Then for a number of years they had a car and they went to a butcher in Salem. But it was a terrible chore to keep kosher. At one point they used to bring it down by railroad. They would call up and have the butcher put it on the train, and pick it up at the station. But that was not acceptable. It wasn't what she really wanted."

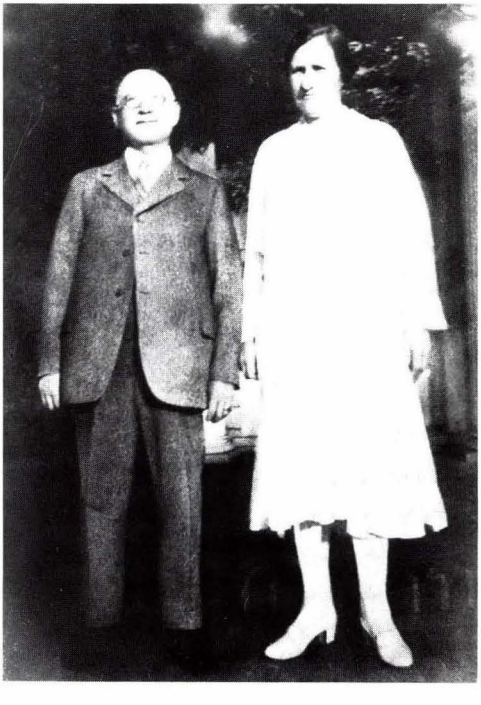
In Manchester, the sisters Mrs. Benjamin (Esther Palosky) Elliott and Mrs. Nathan (Dora Palosky) Greenberg kept kosher households, and refused to use meat from Benjamin Elliott's non-kosher butcher shop. Fannie Palosky Linsky remembered her stepfather Elliott complaining, "'I have to *shlep* to Boston every time to get kosher meat when I have meat in the store!'"

The trip to get kosher meat was often an excuse for a family outing. The Morris and Molly Bell family went to Blossom Street in Lynn for kosher food, according to Bea. "My father would drive every single Sunday because that's the only day he wasn't at the factory. Oh, it used to be wonderful trip. Took the whole family. We stopped in Revere for corned beef sandwiches and raspberry soda." The Petts also made an expedition out of getting kosher meat from Salem for their Orthodox grandfather. "We used to go by train. My son and my sister's son went with us on the train with my mother. And we had two shopping bags with rubber lining. And we came back on the train carrying the chickens and the meat. We went to one butcher shop because he always had capons and we'd come in the door and he'd say, 'Oh, here comes the fussy lady.' My mother would have them line up the chickens. Then we would go to the other butcher for single brisket and she would get shoulder steak and she would grind it up."

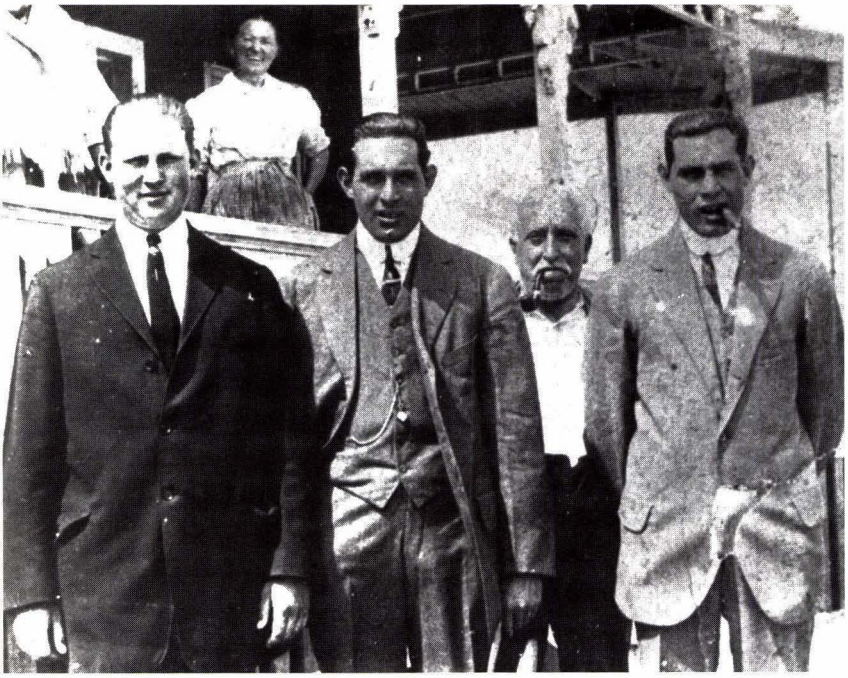
Photo Album



Urdansky-Goldman family outing, early in the century. From left: Murray Goldman, Louis Goldman, Harry Goldman, unknown small child, (back row) Sadie Urdansky Weinberg, unknown woman, Lena Urdansky, Nellie Urdansky Goldman, (front row) Max Urdansky, two unknown men and an unknown woman.



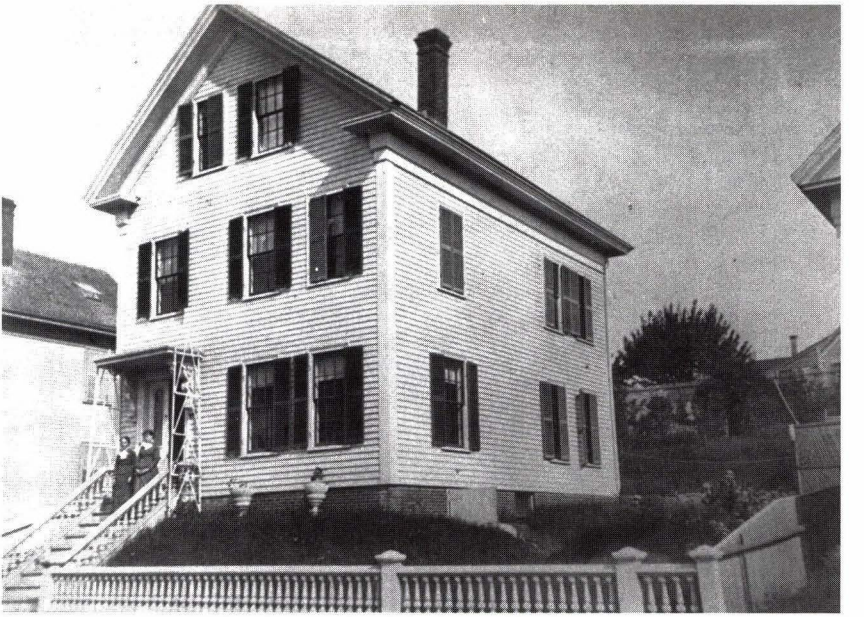
Harry and Nellie (Urdansky) Goldman, ca. 1920.
[Both photographs courtesy of Sidney Goldman]



Solomon Hochberger and his twin sons at Long Beach, Rockport, ca. 1917.
From left:
Bertha Hochberger (in shawl), unknown man in front, unknown woman on porch, Samuel, Solomon and Fred Hochberger.



Norman Jacobs (Norman the Clothier) and his wife Amelia. Their daughter Marjorie married Fred Hochberger.
[Both photographs courtesy of Ellen Hochberger]



19 Liberty Street, home of Isaac Smith in 1885, of Isaac and David Cohen in 1919, and of Rabbi Sidney A. Gordon in 1925. This building was across the street from the house used as a synagogue from 1904 to 1914.



Harold Avenue from Exchange Street, looking north, November 25, 1896. The Marks Hurwitz family lived on this street from 1898 to 1907.
[Photographs courtesy of the Cape Ann Historical Association]

Hyman Visnick at the wedding of Adele Silverman and Richard Aronson, ca. 1960.
[Courtesy of Irene and Howard Visnick]





25 Addison Street, home of Hyman and Esther Visnick, 1914 to the 1920s. This building was the synagogue for the Chevra Ahavath Achim, 1914-1915.
[Courtesy of the Cape Ann Historical Association]

Rose and Samuel Feldman, ca. 1930.





Rose and Samuel Feldman and family, ca. 1919.
From left: Eve, Saul, Samuel with Jinks in front, Henry, Ida (standing) and Rose.

[Photographs courtesy of Eve Feldman Gradwohl]



1921 Romanian passport of Ida Flasher (Hayka Flaicher) and her sons Harry (Gherch or Ghers, 12) and Nathan (Nahman, 15).



Ida (Brenner) Flasher.
Her pin says "Mother".
[Both photographs courtesy of George Flasher]





Lina (Morris) Linsky and Max Linsky on Sargent Street, 1933.
[Linsky photographs courtesy of Victoria and Lenny Linsky]



Wedding of Samuel Linsky and Mary Schrager, Boston, ca. 1939.
Back row: Harold (Lenny) Linsky, Louis Polansky, Joseph Linsky, Marian (Elliott) Linsky, Benjamin Linsky, Sylvia (Fineberg) Linsky, Theodore Linsky, Beatrice Linsky, Abram (Rem) Linsky. Front row: Bernard (Bunny) Polansky, Sophie (Linsky) Polansky, Samuel Linsky, Mary Schrager, Lina (Morris) Linsky, Mildred Linsky.



Hyman and Sarah (Wigooshin) Stone, ca. 1960. [Courtesy of Evelyn Stone Greengross]



Esther and Morris Lichtenstein, ca. 1920. They were in Gloucester from ca. 1888 to 1901. [Courtesy of Edward Lichtenstein]



Robert Kline and his sister Harriet Kline in his tailor shop, 65 Main Street, Rockport, 1938.



Mary (Glickman) Kline on her wedding day, 1930.

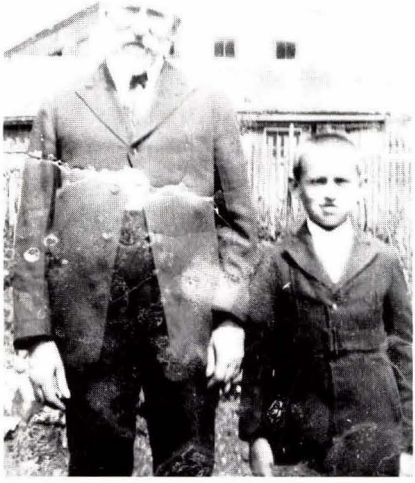
[Kline photographs courtesy of Judith Kline Rose]

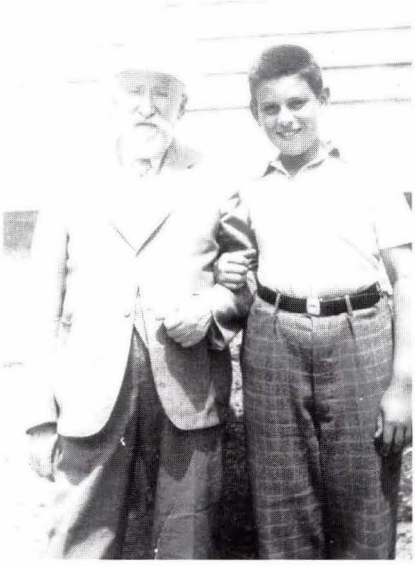


Morris Bell in the 1920s.



Molly (Broder) Bell in the 1940s.





David (Shady) Bell with his grandson Richard Bell, ca. 1918, and with his grandson Bradley Bell, ca. 1938.

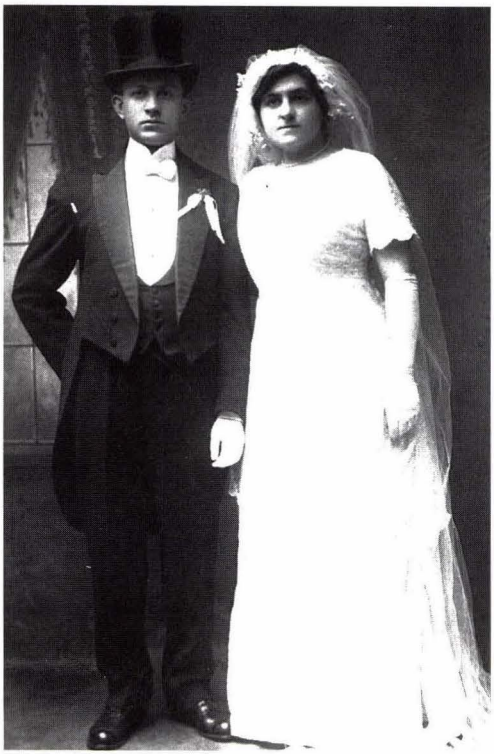
[Bell photographs courtesy of Beatrice Bell Albert]



Purim Celebration at Prospect Street synagogue, March, 1931, during the time of Rabbi Jacob Fogel. Two Purim plays, *The Casting of Lots* and *The Purim Basket*, were presented by the Hebrew School. The members of the casts were: *Front row:* Simon Sandler, Robert Fine, Solomon Sidell, Herbert Kerr, a Rutchik child. *Second row:* Henry Feldman, Philip Kramer, Melvin Rosen as King Ahashverus, Lillian Alper (the Sunday School teacher) as Esther, Meyer Rutchik, Jack Davis, Helen Schred, Alice Lightman, Jinks Feldman, a Shocket child, Fannie Shocket. *Third row:* unknown, John Tarlow as Haman, Bertha Michaelson, Mary Shocket, Frances Alper, Irma Leavitt, Ruth Kramer, Sarah Feldman, Evelyn Stone, Gladys Alper (in front), unknown. *Back row:* Gabriel Lightman, a Raizin boy, Melvin Marx, Henry Rosen, Leo Alper, Arthur Marshall.
[Courtesy of Lillian Alper Cohen and *the Gloucester Daily Times*]



Benjamin Schred and Dora Silk, engagement photograph, probably taken in Philadelphia, ca. 1902. [Courtesy of Reva and Bob Kramer]



Max Alper and Rose Shenberg on their wedding day, February 1913.
[Courtesy of Charlotte Alper Chansky]



Reva (Schred), Joan and Bob Kramer, with Helen (Schred) Marnoy, at the re-opening of Bob's Haberdashery at 247 Main Street, Gloucester, in 1947.

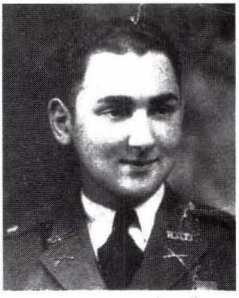


Ida and Samuel Kramer at the opening of the refurbished Bob's Haberdashery. [Both photographs courtesy of Reva and Bob Kramer]



Louis Norton's Bar Mitzvah, Prospect Street synagogue, 1949.
Back row: Paul Alper, unknown, Joan Kramer, Jackie Marshall, Gerald Epstein. *Front row:* Hilda Bernstein, two visitors, Louis Norton, unknown, Sally Marshall.
[Courtesy of Reva and Bob Kramer]





Philip Kramer in his ROTC uniform, Gloucester High School graduation photograph, 1932.
[Courtesy of Dr. Philip Kramer]

Fay (Genet) and Dr. Morris Pett dancing at their son Arley's Bar Mitzvah, 1961, at the Middle Street synagogue.
[Courtesy of Arley Pett)

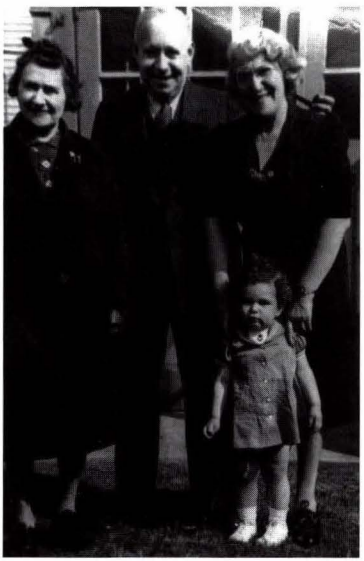




Jeannette F. (Levenson) and Harry Bernstein, wedding portraits, ca. 1904.
[Bernstein photographs courtesy of Evelyn and Melvin Bernstein]



Melvin Bernstein, 1923. Portrait made at the Kupsinel Studio, Gloucester.



Celia (Mrs. Barnett) Bernstein, Harry and Jeannette and their granddaughter Hilda Bernstein, 1940.



Abram Resnick at Camp Annisquam, ca.1930. He led hikes while playing this concertina. [Courtesy of Jeff Resnick]



Bob Kramer selects new winners for Bob's *Happy Suit Club.* [Courtesy of Victoria Linsky]

Lina Linsky would either buy meat at Feldmans "or else she used to go to Bellingham Street in Chelsea," said Lenny Linsky. "See, we used to go to Chelsea all the time, to junk yards and everything, so while you're there you can buy all the meats at the different sorts of stores."[6] Max Linsky also sometimes bought a calf and took it to a kosher butcher to have it slaughtered. "In Peabody Square, on Walnut Street, used to be a slaughterhouse, place called Yankel the Butcher," said Lennie. "My father got a calf, and he'd get it slaughtered there, and bring it home. In the wintertime, we used to have snow in October, and we'd pile up snow, dig a hole and put the meat in there—keep it for the winter. We used to have an awful lot of snow when we were children."

Supplying oneself with kosher meat was such a daunting task that summer residents such as the Shapiro family on Beach Road "used to bring meat down from Worcester, every Friday. We had a big insulated [box]," said son-in-law Richard Rome, "we had to have this one made out of sheet metal and put ice into it, and we'd bring meat down from Worcester on Friday."

Once the meat was in the house it was further kashered and put on a board or in a pail with salt to remove the remaining blood. "My mother always koshered her meat," said Mamie Pett Norton. "She always had the big heavy salt to put on. Isn't that funny, I can see that board that she would kosher the meat on. But I don't know where it is now." "My father would buy a whole lot of meat," said Ann Visnick Fishman, "and I remember the enamel pail that we would use to kosher the meat in."

Chickens and poultry were slightly easier to obtain for the kosher household. Early in the century, many people, such as David "Shady" Bell, raised their own, or lived near a farm that raised and sold them. We have heard of several men who were skilled in kosher slaughtering and served as *shochet.* Henry Hurwitz's teacher, the young Mr. Marcus, served as the *shochet* for Gloucester

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[6] Naomi Epstein Rosenthal, the daughter of N. Abraham and Leah Epstein, told of various sources of kosher meat: the Arlington Meat Market in Chelsea, Summer Street in Boston, Sushel's, Lander's for deli, and Mr. Barron the Butcher in Salem. She told of taking the train to Salem on Saturday and waiting outside the kosher butcher's for the turning on of the lights that signaled the end of the Sabbath and the opening of the store.

and "surrounding villages" at the turn of the century. Rabbi Fogel was a *shochet* in the 1930s.

Bob Kramer said, "I remember, even when I was out of school and had a cleaning truck in 1935, my father would buy a live chicken from the farmer and put him in a bag and I would take him up to the grocery store and the grocer would give it to the rabbi, and he'd cut his throat, and throw it on the ground, and the chicken used to flap around, flutter around, and then he'd pick her up and the *goggle* came out and you knew he was kosher. He made mistakes, too, that he missed the cut, you know? And we were out a chicken. No chicken for the weekend."

George Flasher remembers that the rabbi came to the house to kill the chickens. "Used to be a guy come around selling the chickens and my mother would buy a live one. Then the rabbi would come to the house, do his duty for ten cents."

Not only chickens, but other birds had to be correctly killed to be kosher. Lenny Linsky tells of working at the Hodsdon farm on the Causeway. "That was all one big farm. And I remember that we'd go help cut hay there, and the man that owned it, Mr. Ed Hodsdon, had the yellow house.[7] There was a big yellow barn and a lot of pigeons, and we used to catch pigeons and bring them home and my father would take them to Peabody and have the rabbi kill those birds, have them for food."

PASSOVER

If preparing for the Sabbath and keeping the house kosher was a full-time occupation, preparing for the eight days of Passover was overtime and full alert. The already-immaculate house had to be cleaned so that every last crumb of breadstuff was removed. Only new foods were allowed in the house, fresh-baked *matzoh* and new sugar; new oils and new spices were purchased. Special Passover wine was bought or made at home. Plates, cutlery and pots, unused since the previous Passover, were brought down from the attic, sepa-

[7] George E. & Rena B. Hodsdon, farmer, 6 Causeway, 1930, now the site of Rte. 128, Sudbay's, and the old drive-in theater.

rate sets for both meat and milk. Food based on eggs was the staple diet during this week, and Cape Ann Jews, like all Eastern European Jews, would have done without beans, rice or noodles. Some people observed a stricter code than others, but if it was observed at all, it would be a week of different foods and dishes, and one for which much preparation was needed. "I remember," said Evelyn Stone Greengross, "before the holidays, my mother would go to Chelsea with my father by car and buy all the provisions for Passover." Mary Greenberg Sturt's mother in Manchester "had an earthenware jug that she used to make her wine in; every September we had to go to Boston and get Concord grapes and it was only Concord grapes and sugar, nothing else, and that was for the Passover wine."

Bob Kramer said, "At *Pesach*, you had to get the hell out of the house! She used to get down on her—well, she always washed on her hands and knees, but, everything! Oh, and we splurged that time, used to save up money and get a woman to come in to help her. Sure. Oh yes, that was something."

Arlene Rosen Malech remembers community *seders* in the synagogue on Prospect Street, with the entire congregation "all packed in one room," but traditionally *seders* were held in homes the first two nights of the week of Passover. It was a time for large family reunions. The Petts and their relatives took turns hosting the meals. "We always went to somebody's house, you know, if it was your turn or their turn, that's the way it was," said Mamie Pett Norton. The Louis and Tillie Kramers went back to Tillie's family's house in Haverhill. "Yes, went there for every *Pesach*, stayed there all week, we have pictures of forty, fifty people at a *seder*," said son Phil Kramer.

Ida Flasher and her son George might not have had a *seder* at the beginning of Passover, but Ida still prepared the house for the holiday. "There was only my mother and I. All we used to do is make sure the house was clear for that seven days there of the bread and everything. You cleaned everything, and then you went down cellar and got all the old dishes, Passover, bring them up. Put the other stuff away, you know. Oh yeah."

The Linsky family marked Passover and their observance was strict. Lenny Linsky said, "Candy for *Pesach*? All you had was a chocolate jelly or the

orange slices. That was it. You had nothing else and had a stack of paper that thick on the kitchen table under the table cloth. We used to turn the house upside down. We had what were called sugar barrels, we used to lug twenty, thirty barrels of dishes up to the attic, lug the other ones back down. Of course she had to have the house painted. But what we used to go through! You couldn't bring anything in the house! During *Pesach* it was all *flayshig*, all meats, you never had milk, you lived on tea, chicken fat, no butter. Never had milk in the house. But here in Gloucester where the O'Maley School is, there used to be John Kerr's farm. Well, the year before my mother died,[8] we decided we'd like to have some milk in some coffee. So, how do you get milk? She bought a brand new pail, we held it in our hands in the car, don't put it on the floor! We went all the way up to Cherry Street, the man held the pail in his hand, milked the cow direct into the bucket, we got in the back of the car and brought it home. And that was the beginning of having milk."

Pearl Kline, wife of the farmer Louis Kline, also liked to have milk during Passover, and her concern was the *pesadik* quality of the milk itself. Cows might have eaten fermented wheat, *hametz*. "She had cows," said Mary Kline of her mother-in-law Pearl, "and the only way she had the milk was she fed the cows I don't know what before Passover, so that they could have the milk for Passover."

"She fed them something different so that it was kosher for Passover?"

"Potato peelings!" remembered Pearl's granddaughter Shirley Kline Larsen. "Yes, that's what she used."

LIFE CYCLE EVENTS

Birth

Religious tradition had little impact on birth. Early in the century, most women had their babies at home. "I was born at home," said Evelyn Stone Greengross. "There was a Dr. (John J.) Egan that attended my mother. I

8 Lina Linsky died January 1941.

remember later on Mrs. Alper had two girls, I think they too were born at home."

There were special lying-in hospitals in town. We have no record of Jewish women using the one on Short Street, but Harold Bell spoke of Mrs. Emma Richardson's on Washington Street. "There was a house in Gloucester that my mother used to go to where the women delivered the babies, as far as I know. I never even thought to ask. I know when my younger brother was born, she went to the house on Washington Street." This maternity house was at 456 Washington Street from before 1920 until after 1940.

"And Leonard Winer was born there, Sidney Goldman was born there," said Bea Bell Albert. "The house is still there, and a Mrs. Richardson owned it. And that's where all the babies were born."

"Would there be a doctor?"

"Well, your own doctor," said Bea. "And then the maternity ward opened up at the hospital, I don't remember what year, and everybody had babies there."

"I had them all at the Addison Gilbert Hospital," said Mary Kline.

When Victoria Linsky was nearing a time of confinement, Lenny Linsky happened to be at a meeting on socialized medicine at the Prospect Street synagogue wondering, along with the rest of the audience, where one of the speakers was. "Finally he came in, he says, 'I'm sorry I'm late, but it's because I had to deliver a baby, plenty of complications,' and it was my son."[9]

We have no information on circumcisions or other rituals for newborns.

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[9] As reported on February 8, 1950 in the *Gloucester Daily Times*, both Dr. Morris Pett and young Dr. Egan, son of Dr. John J. Egan, spoke at this meeting. Dr. Pett stated that the type of medical men who are in favor of socialized medicine are those who have no personality in dealing with patients, those who lack something to make a success in medicine and don't know enough about their patients. The social committee, headed by Mrs. Sydney J. Parker, served refreshments. Her assistants were Mrs. Samuel Kramer, Mrs. Morris Katz, Mrs. Eugene Marshall, Mrs. Samuel Marshall, Mrs. Morris Linsky, Mrs. Benjamin Linsky, Mrs. William Linsky, Mrs. Robert Kline, Mrs. Robert Kramer, and Mrs. Abe Epstein.

Marriage

The first wedding of Gloucester Jews that we have seen recorded was that between Solomon Hochberger and Clara Emanuel in 1873. Solomon was 28, a merchant born in Germany; Clara was 37, the German-born daughter of Samuel and Sophia Emanuel. They were married by "the minister of the Adath Israel Congregation of Boston," and the ceremony took place in Gloucester.

Perhaps not until 1909 was the second Jewish marriage performed in Gloucester, that of Morris Bell and Molly Broder. He was then 26 and a cutter, she was 21 and "at home." Rabbi Morris Silverman of Salem came to her home on Exchange Street to perform the ceremony. And in 1910, there was another marriage performed in Gloucester. Eighteen-year-old Sarah Schoenbaum of Gloucester married a 21-year-old peddler from Bangor, Maine named James Striar; they hired Rabbi David Meyer Robinowitz of Boston to officiate.

In the days before the Chevra Achavas Achim had a rabbi, many weddings recorded in Gloucester took place in Boston, of which the following are a random sampling:

- On March 18, 1894, Etta Albert, daughter of Morris and Lizzie Albert (and the cousin of Isaac Albert), married Louis Urdansky, the 21-year-old peddler from Gloucester and son of Max and Lena Urdansky, in a ceremony in Boston performed by Rabbi Israel M. Levin.
- On December 23, 1901, Charles Slavit (22-year-old shoemaker of Gloucester, born in Moscow, son of Solomon and Olga Coplan Slavit) married 19-year-old Bessie Grodginsky (living in Gloucester, the daughter of Jacob and Jennie Fredman Grodginsky). Rabbi A. J. Axelman performed the wedding in Roxbury.
- On October 30, 1905, the marriage of Morris H. Sidel, 28, salesman, and Fannie Helman, 21, a factory girl of Boston, was performed by Rabbi Philip I. Israelite in Boston.
- On March 19, 1907, Bessie Hurwitz (the 23-year-old daughter of Marks

and Bella Wolfron Hurwitz, and the sister of Henry) married a 24-year-old Boston grocer and Rabbi Isaac Baritz of Boston officiated.

- On August 31, 1910, the 30-year-old salesman Louis H. Gordon married 23-year-old Leah Slafsky, daughter of the second-hand clothing and junk dealer Isaac Slafsky. Their marriage ceremony was performed by a Boston Justice of the Peace, D. Rosenthal.
- On February 22, 1913, 27-year-old dry-goods dealer Max Alper married Rose Shenberg of Boston, 25. Their wedding was performed in Boston by R. Shenberg who was both a "clergyman" and the bride's grandfather.
- A month later on March 29, 1913, the merchant Louis Slafsky (Leah Slafsky Gordon's brother) married Bessie Nathan of Boston. That ceremony was performed in Boston by Rabbi Solomon J. Friederman.
- On May 28, 1913, foreman Jacob Marks of Gloucester married Ida Alpert of Roxbury in a ceremony performed in Boston by "Rabbi P. Israeli" [Philip Israelite?].

Not all young people got married in Boston. It was common to marry in the bride's home town. On August 16, 1904, Harry Revman, 26-year-old "clothier" from Vilna, married Etta Wischnietzky, 21, of New Bedford and the ceremony was performed in New Bedford by Rabbi H. Popkin. On June 1, 1906, a Gloucester peddler named Joel Glickman, 23, married Fannie Marcus of Lawrence; Rabbi William W. Henstein of Lawrence officiated. In November, 1908, another wedding took place in Lawrence, when Gloucester peddler Morris Berman, 26, married Nettie Sarkin and Rabbi R. Rivokin of Lawrence officiated. On June 24, 1914, 23-year-old Gloucester tailor Louis Kramer married 22-year-old Celia Banks, also of Gloucester, in Haverhill in a ceremony performed by the Rabbi of Haverhill, Abraham Chernevsky. In the Linsky family during the 1930s, Sophie was married by Rabbi Maurice J. Ordman in Peabody; Morris and Fannie by Rabbi Isaac Levin in Salem; William by Rabbi M. Patachnick in Dorchester; and Joseph by Rabbi Aaron Gorovitz in Roxbury.

"When you were a little girl, where would marriages take place?" we asked Beatrice Bell Albert.

"Aperion Plaza, mostly, or Beacon House," said Bea. "Beacon House was right on Beacon Street in Boston, the Aperion Plaza was in Roxbury. One of the Katz girls married the man that owned the Aperion Plaza. And we always had the weddings there. That's where I was married, too. But we never had a wedding here in Gloucester. It was always out of town."

Death and burial

Before 1905, Gloucester Jews were buried in Jewish cemeteries established in other communities. One of the first Jewish deaths recorded in Gloucester (aside from premature births or infant deaths) was that of Rachel Lichtenstein, an aunt of Edward Lichtenstein. Russian-born Rachel was ten years old in 1892 when she died at the Children's Hospital in Boston. The family was living in Gloucester at the time. Family legend says that she was hit on the head by a rock thrown by boys. Her death certificate says that she had been sick for eighteen months and died of "ostitis of the tibia and pyaemia,"[10] She was buried at Ohavey Sedek (sic) in West Roxbury.

The cemetery for the Gloucester community began on October 27, 1904,[11] with a gift of 2.4 acres land off Fernald Street in West Gloucester made by George W. Proctor to the Chevra Ahavas Achim, "a corporation established by law." The Chevra gave Mr. Proctor $1.00 in exchange.[12]

As Mary Kline said, "Now, they didn't have a Jewish cemetery until this very, very nice man had a lot in West Gloucester, and he gave it to us." There was a Cemetery Committee that undertook to maintain the land, prepare it for graves, and govern the placement of tombstones. Its members included at times Joseph Rosen, Morris Bell, Hyman Stone and Joseph Kerr. Bea Bell Albert said "my father was one of the original ones who worked for the ceme-

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10 i.e. Inflammation of the shinbone and blood poisoning.

11 Bob Kramer says the date was December 18, 1905. The Essex Country Registry of Deeds has this 1904 date. See copy of his booklet in the Appendix.

12 In 1915, the first year the Chevra Ahawas Achim was in the Assessor's records, this "Land easterly side of Fernald St." was valued at $500.

tery. Joe Kerr was one of those that was interested, the originators, buying the land and getting us started and everything." Bob Kramer joined the committee in 1940. Land was added to the original 2.4 acres in 1945, when the widow and sons of Walter E. Roberts gave or sold an undisclosed amount of woodland to the Mt. Jacob Cemetery, "an unincorporated association in Gloucester."

Until 1932, the City's Death Records refer to the cemetery as "Fernald Grove" or the "Jewish cemetery, West Gloucester." All the early burials there were performed by non-Jewish undertaking companies. In 1909, a 22-year-old woman named Sadie Glickman died and was buried in the "Jewish cemetery." Her burial permit was returned to the City by George L. Browne, a local undertaker whose Main Street practice was not restricted to Jewish burials. In 1911, a stillborn Broder child was buried in the Jewish cemetery by J. C. Greely, a local undertaker. In 1917, a 2-year-old little boy died at Addison Gilbert Hospital (son of Isaac and Lilly/Liba Cohen of 19 Liberty Street) and was buried in the Jewish cemetery by George L. Browne. In 1918, the child's mother died and was likewise buried in the Jewish cemetery by Mr. Browne. In 1919, a young girl (Florence Katz, 8 years old and the daughter of Morris and Minnie of 46 Poplar Street) was buried there by Mr. Browne. Perhaps the first record of a Jewish undertaking firm performing a Jewish burial at Mt. Jacob cemetery was in 1934, when Irving Kline's mother Ida Kline was buried at "Ahabath Achim" by Philip Hymanson of Lynn.

A simple study of a random thirty-one burials between 1886 and 1960 yielded interesting information about burial practices. Among this small sample of burials chosen for scrutiny, fifteen were at Mt. Jacob, sixteen elsewhere. For these burials, eight different undertaking firms were employed, of which three were Jewish. At Mt. Jacob cemetery, eight burials were performed by non-Jewish undertakers between 1909 and 1935. George L. Browne, the most frequently hired of the non-Jewish firms, prepared seven of these fifteen burials in Mt. Jacob between 1909 and 1932. Jews were buried in various cemeteries by W. S. Pike, A. L. Eastman, J. C. Greely, and William A. and M. Burns, jr. The Jewish undertakers were J., Louis and Philip Hymanson; Manuel and J. Stanetsky; and B. F. Solomon. After 1934, most burials at Mt. Jacob Cemetery were performed by Jewish undertakers.

The cemetery was named in honor of Jacob Davis who came to Gloucester before 1909. Jacob and his wife Ida boarded at 32 Sargent Street and were the parents of Joseph D. Davis (Davey the Jew) and his half-sister, Mrs. Isadore Tarlow. His tombstone at the cemetery states that he died on April 29, 1915, aged 70 years. There is also inscribed on the stone: "This cemetery is dedicated to his memory." Jacob Davis was probably the first adult male to be buried in the "Jewish cemetery" and therefore was so honored. His wife and six children, all of whom died between 1921 and 1944, lie near him. The current Jacob Davis stone is impressive, but we heard of an earlier tombstone erected by Jacob Davis' family shortly after his death. "I think Jacob Davis' monument was the first one there," said Bea Bell Albert. "They took it down. It was a big, big huge, ugly stone thing, with a point at the top; it was as high as the ceiling. And it just took over the whole cemetery, so they made them take it down."

The first use of the name "Mt. Jacob Cemetery" yet found in the City of Gloucester death records dates from the year 1932. It was for the burial of the stillborn child of Rabbi Jacob Fogel and his wife Ethel in January, 1932. When Barney Silverman died a month later, he too was buried in "Mt. Jacob Cemetery." A curious fact is that no death record for Jacob Davis can be found in the Gloucester City Death Records between 1904 and 1930. Nor can any be found for Alexander Schwartz who died around 1924, for Isaac Albert who died December 21, 1932, or for Harry Bernstein who died in 1946. These were four prominent men whose deaths are not recorded in the city's ledgers.

Many Cape Ann people were buried in the Mt. Jacob Cemetery, but not all. Some people preferred to be buried in the community where their family first settled in the United States. Others preferred more Orthodox surroundings than those offered by Gloucester. Hyman Stone's father Myer was buried in Mt. Jacob cemetery (Myer died on February 6, 1921, and was buried by George L. Browne) but his mother Ida Stone was not. "My grandmother was a very interesting woman," said Evelyn Stone Greengross. "She was a *Hasid* (sic), a very devout *Hasid*, and she was not happy in Gloucester. I mean she was a really devout lady, and she died here in our house and she's buried in a very special cemetery outside of Boston, a cemetery where only people who observed the Sabbath are allowed to be buried. It was a very interesting ritual at her death that I will never forget. She died in our house and that night she

was laid out on the floor, in the living room, and some people came from whatever her community was in Chelsea and sat with her all night long. They had candles at her head. It was for me as a youngster a very bizarre thing to watch. And then they took her away in a very simple pine box and took her to this cemetery, in Chelsea or Everett, somewhere like that."

Bill Marks said, "I would imagine that a lot of the people were not buried here in Gloucester because although we do have a cemetery, I imagine that people went back to their original places." His parents, for example, were buried in Everett. "My grandfather was a member of a group that started a cemetery in Everett, and he was vice president of the group. So my mother and father bought there." Benjamin (*Fetter Binjamin*) Raizin's wife Rosa, who died at the Massachusetts General Hospital in March of 1905, was buried in Malden. George Flasher's father and mother, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Harry Zass, are buried in the Slotnick, or Beth Israel Cemetery in Everett because Mrs. Flasher's brother organized it. The Visnick parents are buried in Dedham, where Hyman Visnick's brothers, Kalman and Benjamin, lived.

Any synagogue member could be buried in Mt. Jacob. Bea Bell Albert said that the services were "at the funeral parlor or the temple, depending on what you wanted, it was up to you." Some people had only a graveside ceremony, others a full service and eulogy at the synagogue.

The sadness of a funeral was often tempered with heroism and a strong sense of fellowship. Bob Kramer wrote: *"On Feb. 22, 1945, a seven-month baby girl passed away. We were all Orthodox in those days, so anyone who died was supposed to be buried on the same day. The day before we had had an old-fashioned Nor' East blizzard. Plows were few, and streets were plugged with snow heaps. We were unable to get anyone to dig a grave. Hyman Stone, an old-timer, and Sam Linsky offered to dig the grave. The family lived close to the firebarn. I borrowed two pairs of boots from the firemen, and Sam or Hymie got shovels and picks. How the two of them got from the firebarn to our cemetery, we will never know."*

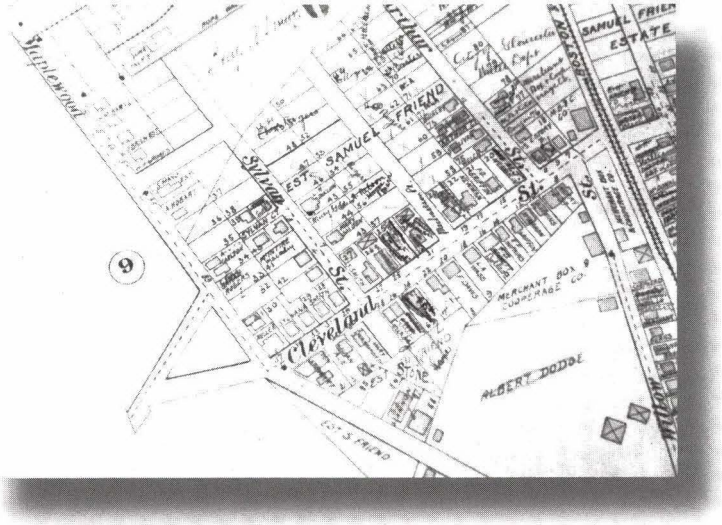
But we do know, for Evelyn Stone Greengross was able to tell this same story, slightly altered by memory so that the baby girl became an unknown

man, from her father's perspective. "As you know his [Hyman Stone's] work was not very clean. During the working day he was really in work clothes and sometimes his hands weren't so clean. He always wore a cap. Someone in the community died, and it was on a Friday, and it was a very bad snowstorm going, and according to Jewish law, he had to be buried before sundown and the snow was very heavy. So my father went to City Hall dressed the way he was and the mayor at that time was Weston Friend. He demanded to go into Weston U. Friend's office, and he stood before him and Friend said they would not plow out the road to West Gloucester. And my father said, 'It must be done. It must be done because this is Jewish law. We can't keep him over the Sabbath until Sunday. He must be buried today.' Well, he pleaded and pleaded and they sent out the bulldozers and they shoveled out the road. He said they carried the box into the cemetery, they all dug the grave."

History repeated itself years later when Hyman Stone himself died. "My father died in New York," continued Evelyn, "in February, in a snowstorm, and my husband and my son drove with the hearse through a blizzard to come to Gloucester because he wanted to be buried in the cemetery. The hearse got lost, they were supposed to be here about noontime and they didn't get here until around four o'clock in the afternoon. And again there was the problem of shoveling the road out. The grave was dug, there were people waiting, drinking tea and waiting—it's just as if things come full circle. He was so proud of that accomplishment, that he had forced the mayor to open up those roads when everybody had said it was impossible." Evelyn's son was able to tell her later, "I carried Grandpa on my shoulder into the cemetery."

As chairman of the cemetery committee, Bob Kramer would often provide something stronger than tea to drink when there was a funeral during the winter. According to Rabbi Geller, who implied that this practice had gone on a long time, Bob would go to his car, lamenting the loss to the community, throw open the trunk to reveal a collection of nip bottles and "we would proceed to have a drink or two together and commiserate the loss."

THE SECOND GENERATION



The Jewish community, they were the tailors, the shoe cobblers and pants manufacturers, the little business people; and now, of course, the children and grandchildren are the lawyers, the doctors, the dentists—different world, you see. But only in America, I guess.

—Irving Kline

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

This remarkable transformation would not have occurred without public education, and all Cape Ann Jewish children attended the various local grammar schools. Every child went to school, and absences were not condoned. "I remember I played hookey one time," said Irving Kline, "and the truant officer came down and Mother couldn't speak English, and my sister who was a few years older than I, was the interpreter. She told my mother that I wasn't

at school. Lovely June day, you know, went down to the beach with an Irish kid lived next door, and I remember I came home whistling. Mr. Rowe, the truant officer, badge of authority, came to make a complaint, and these European women, you know, there's no appeal. None of this business, 'Oh no, not my son, you must be mistaken.' I waltzed in and first thing I knew, bang! bang! I got a couple of whacks. She said, 'Why did you skip school?' Said it in Yiddish, you know. Didn't say, 'Where were you this afternoon?' or 'Mr. Rowe came and made this complaint.' No, it was a fact if Mr. Rowe said it."

Bob Kramer went to the Babson School on Park Street and then the Collins School on Prospect Street. (Both these schools, built in 1881 and 1864 respectively, are now replaced by elderly housing complexes.) Reva Schred, who lived near Bob Kramer, said, "You know what I used to do? We lived [at 4] Blynman Avenue and he was about two houses up [on Granite Street]. And I'd get up early in the morning and be dressed and ready and we had a little porch. I would wait to see him come out of his house, and then I would walk up fast and we would walk to school together." Her husband of fifty years, Bob Kramer said, "The first time I saw her, my heart just stood still. We went to grammar school mornings together. Ooo, I'm giving away your age. Ooo my God."

Evelyn Stone Greengross, twelve years younger than Bob Kramer, also went to the Babson School and then the Collins School. Bea Bell Albert who lived near the Joan of Arc statue, started school in the Hovey School on Orchard Street around 1916. The Visnick children went to the Hovey School while they lived on Addison Street and before they moved to East Gloucester in the mid-1920s. The Feldman children went to the Hovey School while they lived on Summer Street, and then to the Maplewood School when they lived on Maplewood Avenue. Ida Feldman Curhan "had a long braid and the kids would make fun of her for not speaking English and used to put her braid into the inkwell," said her niece Betsy Feldman. Ronald Curhan said of the Feldmans, "Eve, and especially her cousins, who were from the W Feldman family, were really top top students in Gloucester."

Phil Kramer and his siblings also went to the Maplewood School. "I was very big so my mother lied," he said. "I was born in September [1915], you had to be five but I was only four, so she said I was five." Bill Marks, who lived

on Beauport Avenue, first went to the little school that was on Stone Court and then to the Maplewood School. The Pett and Alper children who lived at the East End of Main Street, went to the Mount Vernon School. Mel Rosen and George Flasher went to the Sawyer School on Friend Street in the late 1920s and then George went on to the Mount Vernon School. Mel Rosen remembers his seventh grade teacher, Anna Sanborn Babson. He and two other students were 'adopted' by her and spent Saturday evenings at her house, playing the latest board games. Her brother-in-law would buy them ice cream.

Just about every one went on to Gloucester or Manchester High School. With the exception of Joseph and Sadie Kerr's son Herbert who went to Worcester Academy, no one went to a private school until the 1950s. Jewish students joined in all aspects of high school society. There were Jewish football heroes (Moe Pett and Louis Gordon) and a beauty queen (Madeleine Davis, daughter of Joseph D. "Davey the Jew" Davis). Jewish students joined the many clubs and societies connected with the school, and the Stevens Book Reviewers (published weekly in the *Gloucester Daily Times*), as recorded repeatedly in the yearbook, the *Flicker*. And all through the first half of the century, ROTC was an integral part of high school for boys.

"We had compulsory ROTC in high school in those days," said Phil Kramer. "Sophomores, juniors and seniors in Gloucester High School were forced to take military training unless they had a doctor's prescription that the child was sick." Young men, such as Henry Hurwitz in 1904, Phil Kramer in 1932 and Wilfred (Bill) Marks in 1937, had their graduation pictures taken wearing their ROTC uniforms. Harry Broder, a young uncle of the Bell children, was a major in the Gloucester High School ROTC early in the century. Bill Marks was a lieutenant. Max Feldman was a captain.

Bob Kramer was in ROTC. "Sure," said Reva his wife, "he wore a uniform and all." And Bob remembered, "To drill well, or whatever, you have to walk in front of the school with a pack on your shoulders and a rifle. I knew every brick in the walls."

"In order to be a bigwig in high school, you wanted to be an officer," said Phil Kramer, "and it would help to become an officer if you went to CMTC which is Citizen's Military Training Camp. So at the age of thirteen, I lied, I

said I was seventeen, as did many other kids, and we went to Fort Adams in Newport, Rhode Island. We learned how to obey orders and how to march and how to stand in the sun for an hour without fainting and stuff like that. And many of us who went to military camp became officers in high school. If you became officers in high school, you led the parade and you were in the parade for the five formals every year, and all the girls liked you. Woburn, Wakefield, Gloucester, a few other towns, had compulsory ROTC. The people that ran it were the veterans of World War I like Sergeant Dailey. And you shot. The high school used to be opposite the City Hall, next to the Library, and we used to go down to the basement, shoot in the basement, learn how to shoot rifles." George Flasher, speaking of the years 1940 and 1941 said, "In those days you had the ROTC and you marched the streets. And everybody had the guns. It was nice."

There were children who had to leave school to work. William Lichtenstein, Edward Lichtenstein's father, "was one of the oldest [children in the family]. We once had a letter from his teacher, the year he graduated from junior high after the ninth grade (1899), asking my grandmother, please, not to take him out of school because he was bright. 'He's a little gentleman,' was a phrase in the letter. But I guess they needed the money, eight kids to raise." In 1924, Bob Kramer dropped out of school. As he explained, "I went to high school three years and I graduated myself and I bought a cleaning truck and I went to work. I was seventeen, yeah." Lenny Linsky quit in 1941. "I left school when I was fifteen years old," said Lenny, "right after my mother died, I quit school and I worked in the junkyard."

From the earliest days, Jewish students often excelled in academics. Ed Lichtenstein, whose father attended Gloucester schools in the 1890s, said, "There was a story that I heard, it was presented almost like a joke about high school graduation. They said, 'Well, no wonder they really didn't care too much for Jewish families in Gloucester, because at the graduation, the two top students were Jewish.' In a town that only had a couple of Jewish families, it made them stand out."

Phil Kramer remembered Miss Hortense L. Harris, who was one reason

why students did so well academically. "Miss Harris was the head of the English Department. And she was a very, very tough teacher, I mean tough. And we all did well in the English. We had to take College Boards, there weren't SATs in those days, and we all did very well. We had to memorize four fiction writers, four non-fiction writers, four short story writers and four poets, and we had to know four of their best works. Memorize it cold, or she wouldn't let us graduate."

LEAVING CAPE ANN

The question of whether or not to attend college was not answered lightly. An ambitious family might urge a son or two to become a doctor or a dentist, or to continue a business built up by the first generation. In either case, college was desirable. But sending one son to college often meant not sending another son, and there was rarely money left over to send a daughter. Entire families would pool earnings to send a chosen one or two children to the best colleges they could get into (and at least six got into Harvard before 1950), often at the cost of their siblings' personal ambitions. Whether or not a college education meant a ticket out of Gloucester, or even away from Judaism, varied from family to family, from child to child. College for girls more often than not meant a ticket for marriage to a Jewish husband with a profession.

Henry Hurwitz was an academic and ROTC star of the Gloucester High School Class of 1904. His father peddled clothes, his mother took in boarders and his sisters worked to support the family, but Henry studied. After graduating from Harvard College in 1908, he devoted his life to Zionism. He was a founder of the Menorah Society, a Jewish campus organization that was later known as Hillel. As editor of the *Menorah Journal*, he offered a forum for the greatest Jewish thinkers and writers of the day to discuss all aspects of the budding Jewish renaissance, and thereby helped shape public thoughts and policy on the formation of the state of Israel, and influenced the life and self-image of Jews throughout the world. His direct influence on Gloucester was minimal however, for his family moved away shortly after he left Harvard.

Other Gloucester families sent sons to Harvard. Harry Goldman, the clothing dealer in Lanesville and then Main Street, sent his oldest son Louis

to Harvard. "Louis evidently was the apple of the family's eye and they ended up saving enough to send him to Harvard," said Sidney Goldman. "My dad [Benjamin] they allowed to finish one year of high school and then sent him to what later became Burdett [Business School]." Louis left Gloucester, his family and Judaism; his brother Benjamin perpetuated all three.

The junk dealer Isaac Albert and his wife Rebecca scraped together the money to send Jacob Albert to Harvard before World War I, and he had a career as a newspaperman in Washington D.C. and then Detroit as the publicity manager for *The Detroit News.* Bea Bell Albert said, "Jacob was a genius." Even though Jacob moved away from Gloucester, he did not abandon his family. "A better brother nobody ever had in the world," said Sarah Albert Tarr. "My brother Jake was the kind, if anyone in the family needed anything he was there, a real head-of-the-family person."

Simon Gordon, of Gordon's Specialty Store and other clothing establishments, sent his athletic and academic son Louis to Harvard at the cost of his Jewish and Gloucester roots. Three-star athlete Louis (now Lewis) Gordon, "graduated Gloucester High School, went to Harvard [Class of 1924], and became captain of Harvard basketball," said Melvin Bernstein, "which was a bit unique as far as those days. Ah, they were a pretty Yankee-ish Jewish family and he completely severed all connections with Gloucester."

Other young men left Gloucester by routes other than Harvard. Phil Kramer told of Morris Keller, son of Joseph Keller who with Morris Katz owned the Gloucester Auto Bus Co. "Morris went to Yale, and Yale Medical and became a pediatrician in St. Louis." Gerrish Albert, brother of Jacob and Sarah, was a violinist and after graduating from Gloucester High School attended the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. "The only one got anything easy was Gerrish," said Sarah Albert Tarr, his sister. "When he wanted to go to the Conservatory, we all pitched in and he did. He graduated from the Conservatory and he played the violin so magnificently. He practiced eight and ten hours a day." He went to live with his brother Jacob Albert in Detroit.

Irving Kline's older brother Robert went to the University of Pennsylvania (perhaps Class of 1924). "He was about six or seven years older than I," said Irving, "Bob got out of [Gloucester] high school and Father said

to him, 'I have a cousin in Philadelphia, you could probably stay with him.' And he left Gloucester, never had any money, went to Philadelphia, and he worked in a shoe store, and then he worked at the stadium of the University of Pennsylvania, and worked his way through. Father didn't give him a dime. Eventually he became quite successful with the DuGrenier Cigarette Machine people, when cigarette machines first were invented. But it was remarkable how a kid, eighteen years old, could leave a small town and go to a city like Philadelphia. Took quite a bit of moxie for a kid to do that."

The first local boys to become dentists were Phil and Melvin (Gerry) Kramer, the sons of Louis Kramer, the cleaner/dyer/tailor of the Strand Dye House. Phil and Gerry both became well-known in their profession. Gerry ("Phi Beta Kappa, voted the most handsome guy in his class in college," according to brother Phil) moved to Swampscott and occupied an endowed chair on the faculty at B.U. School of Dentistry. Phil Kramer established a long and flourishing career in Worcester, Massachusetts. He told us of his struggles to reach that end.

Phil Kramer first worked "for the Western Union. Thirteen years old I got a job at the Blacksmith Shop in Rockport. I would do anything, you know, money was tough." His brother Gerry worked with him and one evening they served a group of Hollywood people headed by Hedy Lamarr's lawyer "and we got five bucks! Now that week my father brought home less than $18 Saturday night, on the kitchen table, and I made $5 that one night. So you can imagine, comparing money.

"When I got out of high school [GHS '32], I won a four-year scholarship to DePauw University in Greencastle, Indiana, but I couldn't go because the train fare was more than the tuition. I got very upset at my folks. They had spent my Bar Mitzvah money and I didn't have the train fare. But then I went to work for the Curtis Publishing and a man by the name of W. L. H. Bennett from Lowell, Mass. came up to me and he said, 'How'd you like to make $35 a week?' It was a lot of money." Phil arranged to buy a car "by having my father go to the Gloucester National Bank and take out a loan. Who had $150? I worked from Gloucester, Mass. to Ogunquit, Maine every day in a Model A Ford. Fifteen hundred miles a week. $35 a week, I was rich, just turned 17. Of course I didn't spend it. I gave it to my mother, and she gave

me $1 a week. Gasoline was seven gallons for a dollar. Sometimes six gallons for a dollar. And she gave me enough money to live on. Delivering the same *Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal,* and *Country Gentleman* to delivery boys and putting up window displays in the Newburyport News, Portsmouth Newspaper Company, Freedman's up in Ogunquit, Maine. And then I went to Tufts."

"Tell them about arguing in your mother's kitchen," urged Phil's wife Marjorie.

"Seventeen years old and I was making more than anyone in Gloucester, including Leavitt and Bell who ran a factory! Max Leavitt's wife had died [in 1931] and we lived across the street [at 21 Summer Street] and he used to come and sit in the kitchen. He'd sit there every night and talk. There was a job for $84 a week and I'm seventeen years old and 'Should I get it? Shouldn't I get it?' and so forth. I'd worked my way up to $52 a week. It was $84 a week. And the big discussion was, should I stay home and work, or should I go to college? Everybody was convinced that I should stay home, I'd be a millionaire, right? But my mother said, 'No way! You're going to college no matter what happens.' And that was the decision.

"Got out of Tufts," continued Phil Kramer, "no money again, went to work for Sears Roebuck on the Fenway. Finally the folks said, 'Let's go.' So I went to dental school. Interned at Worcester City Hospital, went in the Navy and then went to Bellevue Hospital and worked there for a while in the Navy and then after the war went back to Worcester."

Philip Kramer's younger brother Hilton Kramer, too, was an academic star at Gloucester High School, studied at Harvard and gained renown as an art critic. Many people remember Hilton Kramer and mention him with pride as a Gloucester success story. Phil Kramer lauded him, "Yeah, Hilton now is world famous, is all. He's editor of the *New York Times,* the section Arts and Leisure, nineteen years. Very, very bright." Sidney Goldman and Melvin Bernstein praised him in similar terms. Evelyn Bernstein reminded her husband Melvin that Tillie Kramer, Hilton's mother, came to see him once and "was upset because she thought Hilton wasn't amounting to anything—two sons were going to be a dentists, but this son was only going to write! And he became the most prominent one—although the others are both very success-

ful dentists. But I remember that Mrs. Kramer came to you and wanted you to persuade Hilton to be more traditional, more professional. A doctor. Jewish people at that time, if their son wasn't a doctor or a lawyer or a dentist, they weren't educated."

"My son the doctor," said Melvin, quoting a mother's dream.

Many other children of Jewish immigrants had careers outside of Gloucester. From the earliest families onward, young people raised in Gloucester moved out to other cities in the United States. The oldest Lichtenstein boy, Louis, moved to Derry, New Hampshire early in the century and became "a real old Yankee". Louis' brother William Lichtenstein, who "never went beyond junior high," said his son Ed, "opened a haberdashery store near Copley Square, a small factory in the garment district of Boston and became the chairman of the Rainwear Manufacturers Association which was a national organization. When Roosevelt came in with the National Recovery Act, my father was chairman of the rainwear industry committee." Two other sons of Harry Goldman, Maurice and Meyer (brothers of Louis and Ben), moved away to Roxbury and New York. Joseph D. Bloomberg's son Daniel worked for Republic Pictures in Hollywood, California. Abraham, or "Al", Rosenberg, the son of Sarah and the tailor Solomon Rosenberg, claimed there was "nothing for a young person to do here" and joined the Marines when he was fifteen (according to his son Dr. Bruce Rosenberg). Sherwood Tarlow, the son of the barber whose shop was near Virgilio's bakery, went to Tufts, tried dental school, then law school, and eventually became a judge and Governor Chub Peabody's finance chairman. "There's a very rich history there," said Sidney Goldman. "He practiced almost no law but he bought and owned several radio stations when TV came along and nobody wanted them and he became quite a force in politics in the Boston area."

CAREERS FOR GIRLS

Girls' career choices were different from those of boys. Teaching was about the only profession available, but they were not encouraged to adopt it. The predominant expectation for girls was that they marry, and if girls were

encouraged to go to good colleges or leave Gloucester for a job in a large city, it was to enable them to meet a suitable husband. But in the Isaac and Rebecca Albert family, Sarah, like her brother Jacob, hoped to study beyond high school. While the family helped two of her brothers get through expensive colleges, Sarah had to work her own way through Salem Normal School by teaching in Gloucester. "This is how I got through Salem Normal. I lied to them [the night school administrators]. They thought I had graduated, but I needed the money to get the train to get to Salem and so I lied and said I graduated. [The principal] accepted it and so I taught high school night school and earned $9 and that paid for my train ticket so I could go to Salem Teachers College. Nobody was going to send a girl to college. I mean, where was the money coming from to send me to a girls' college? Oh, my mother tried so hard. When I said I was going to Salem, which wasn't much, Salem Teachers, my father said, "*Mishagoss*! Go to work! *Mishagoss*, foolishness! We need the money!" But I went, and to save the dime for the bus I used to walk from Salem Station to Salem Teachers College every day because I didn't want to spend the dime for the bus."

Sarah Albert Tarr joined her brother Jacob in Detroit. "I went out and spent two years in Detroit and I taught in the Detroit Public School system. I hated Detroit with a passion." She then taught in the Blue Hill section of Dorchester for many years, before returning home to teach in the West Gloucester schools. "First I taught in the little school with the big stove in the middle of the floor. When they built the West Gloucester School, I moved into that. I taught there until I retired so that was quite a while." "Sally Tarr was my fifth grade teacher," said Barry Gradwohl.

Reva Schred Kramer wanted to go to Wheelock College but was not allowed. "I went to a business school," said Reva. "You know, in those days you did what your mother said was best for you to do. I didn't want to go to business school. I wanted to be a kindergarten teacher. But she said, 'No, you'll get married and you'll have your own kids to look after. What do you want to do that for?' I wanted to go to Wheelock. And my English teacher, Miss Peterson, took two or three honor students to Boston to see the *Scarlet Letter* and then over to see Wheelock because that's the school I was interested in. But I didn't get there. I didn't want to buck my mother and father."

"Where did you go to business school?"
"Burdett College. Hated every minute of it," said Reva.

Mary Greenberg Sturt's mother was unusual in wanting her daughters as well as her sons to have a good education. "My mother was so interested in having each of her five children go to school beyond high school, and to learn." Mary went to Salem State and then taught school for many years in Washington, D.C. Her sister, a secretary, worked at the Pentagon.

Other girls did go to college and returned to teach in Gloucester. Ann Visnick Fishman, whose father was the baker Hyman Visnick, went to Salem Normal for two years and then taught for a short while in Gloucester. She taught the first grade "just one year, that was the Forbes School on Washington Street," said Ann, where she must have been much-loved. "One of [my students] wanted to go to the White Mountains, so I remember I just got my car and I took her to the White Mountains." Ida Pett "always wanted to be a schoolteacher, so we all helped [send her to Salem Normal]," said her sister Mamie Pett Norton. Ida Pett stayed in Gloucester and taught at the Point Primary School on Plum Street in the late 1920s when she married the pawnbroker Harry Slafsky. Helen Cohen, a daughter of Sadie (Raizin) and Louis Cohen the cattle dealer, taught at Central Grammar from the early 1940s onward.

Young women also left Cape Ann whether or not they went to college. Beginning with the daughters of Marks Hurwitz who married young Jewish men from Boston, and continuing through the majority of young women raised in Gloucester, is the story of marriage and families in other parts of the country. Evelyn Stone Greengross, the Alper daughters, Leavitt daughters, Feldman, Kline and Kramer girls—all of them and more left Cape Ann. They maintained friendships and ties with family and places, returned for visits and for summers; some expressed sadness in leaving good friends behind, but their lives and husbands drew them away.

Evelyn Stone Greengross could not go to college because of the Depression. "That was a terrible time," said Evelyn. "I had an aunt who was very concerned about my staying on here in Gloucester, and she invited me

to come to Boston. She had a shop, and I worked there for a little while and then I went to a business school and learned to operate business machines. I got a job at MIT and I shared an apartment with Frances Alper who was a nurse at Beth Israel. The Alpers are very entangled in my life." Frances Alper's sister Lillian Alper planned to live in New York City with her Gloucester neighbor Sylvia Pett, an interior decorator at B. Altman's, but married a dentist instead. Jinks Feldman went to Boston and worked at her brother-in-law Edward Curhan's stamp store on Corn Hill near the Common until she married and moved to Worcester. Miriam Kline, the daughter of George and Ida, married and moved to Lowell. Dorothy Bloomberg married William Winston and moved to Newton; her sister Betty married Louis Hamburger, the Boston and Salem lawyer. Betty Visnick married Joe Silverman and moved to Portland, Maine.

STAYING ON CAPE ANN

But the Gloucester Jewish community was not totally abandoned. Three young men returned from college or graduate school to practice their professions on Cape Ann: the lawyers Melvin Bernstein and Irving Kline, and Dr. Morris Pett.

Melvin Bernstein started Harvard in 1923. "At that era, very few went to college," said Melvin's wife Evelyn. "It was a big thing to go away to college, especially to go to a very good college." Melvin's father, Harry Bernstein of Schwartz & Bernstein and Gloucester Oiled Clothing, opened The Hub Clothing Company on Main Street near the Police Station about 1924, and The Hub put Melvin through college. Melvin worked there "all through college, on weekends, and Tuesday was the buyers' day in Boston, wholesale, and I did the buying."

Melvin said, "I was a good student and I was a member of the Math Club at Harvard. And during my college years, I expected to be a college math teacher, had applied to the Graduate School of Math and Sciences as a Ph.D. candidate." But because there was little chance for a Jewish mathematician to receive tenure in a big university at the time, Melvin went to law school

[Harvard Law, LLB '30]. "When I graduated law school I practiced in New York for six months but I didn't enjoy that type of practice, though in the long run it could be remunerative. So I came back to practice in Gloucester." His office was at 195 Main Street, in the same building as his father's Hub Clothing Store. "It was different from the usual small city practice," said Melvin, "in that fishing was the industry of the time so you have an altogether different aspect of law, admiralty law. And it had the art here and a lot of culture. Of course in the early days [about 1931], I was the first Jewish lawyer."

"And then the Jewish population came to you also?"

"Not immediately," said Melvin. "This is very common. A modestly-successful businessman has his lawyer, has had him for years. Now, a Jewish lawyer comes into the picture—the businessman doesn't suddenly leave his lawyer of twenty years to go to the young Jewish lawyer, but eventually that happens." "The Katz family, and the Kerrs," mentioned Evelyn. "Sure, as the years went by I represented more and more of the Jewish population. I wrote for the Appellate Court and I did a lot of work for other lawyers in the Appellate Court of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts." He was called on to be City Solicitor from time to time, "and then some of his clients became top people from the theater," added Evelyn.

Many people talked proudly of Melvin Bernstein, of his standing in the community and of his extensive legal career. Sarah Albert Tarr said, "He was a lawyer to all these poor Jews that came over and didn't know where they were at and they got in trouble over their immigration things." Bernard Cohen said, "I think Melvin was, in those days, by far the best lawyer in Cape Ann." Evelyn Bernstein said, "He was a scholar."

Irving Kline, son of the shoemaker George Kline, became the second Jewish lawyer in Gloucester. He worked his way through Boston University and paid every cent of his own tuition in college and law school. "I sold magazines in the summer," said Irving, "all over New England. And I was an excellent salesman. They gave me prizes and trips and all that sort of thing. School finished May 15, on May 16 I was up in Maine somewhere knocking on doors. I didn't stop knocking on doors until the day before school opened. I had maybe one day. I didn't think of any heroics about it, wasn't anything like that, it was

just an extra day, I could make some more money. And I needed it. There was no place to get tuition from. I never felt I had the luxury to participate in things other than those which [made money.] There was no money in my family, you see. It was a very primary issue in my growing up. My father couldn't even give me ten cents. Not one dime. He was a good father, did the best he could, very honest man, but he wasn't able to give me ten cents! I knew from the time I was first graduating high school, if I was to go anywhere, I'd have to go it alone. I think all my family knew that. But we, as a family, like so many of these families, had a drive—nobody's going to do it except you, can't go to Father and get that tuition, didn't exist. I sold magazines in the summer. All over New England.

"I commuted from here to BU, of course, 7:09 train in the morning, Railroad Avenue. Cold, by God. We were kids, eighteen years old. And I think of getting on a warm train. The place was loaded with students. Girls and boys, jammed, they're all going up Salem, some to school in Lynn, and Boston, and you walked from the North Station to BU, took exactly twenty-five minutes. Come snow, come rain, come heat, come cold. Transportation cost a dime. No way, you walked! Then you get to class just about in time, you know, and then after class, I'd stay in the library two or three hours to read, study, and make the march the same way back to the train and the train would be jammed again with kids. Jammed, gabbing and studying."

"And you came back to Gloucester and started your own law firm?"

"Yeah, I started here in 1933 and Melvin Bernstein was already practicing I think two or three years at that time, and I guess I was probably the second Jewish lawyer to practice, Melvin was the first. It was the depths of the Depression, and those were rough times. Tough enough to come to a small town and start practicing law in good times. Like now are comparatively good times. In those days, everybody was on WPA and no money. A girl once showed me a picture of when I was twenty-five years old, just out of school, a picture in the *Times,* (I was running for Alderman, you know, the usual thing, you want to get around so people know you).[1] And I looked at the picture, I said to myself, 'Who in the world would ever want to patronize a baby-face

[1] This was in 1935. "Were you elected?" "I was just a kid, got a few hundred votes," said Irving.

like that!' I had been a little angry at the fact that I didn't come along as quickly as I should have. Why did I have to wait so many years before I became an active lawyer, you know. So I looked at that picture and the answer was there. A baby-face! Who'd come over with a serious problem to someone like that! So that's the way it was in the '30s. It was tough."

"But you did have clients?"

"One here, one there," said Irving. "One of the first clients I had was a young Greek fellow who had a shoeshop. I must have been all of twenty-five, and he came in and he wanted to make out a personal property mortgage on an old car he had. In those days you had to file the mortgage in the local City Hall, might have cost a quarter, half dollar. I knew the theory of being a lawyer but I never could visualize how you make it. So it took me quite a bit of a day to figure the thing out and get the forms and other things you needed. I worked on it! He came back and I said, 'Well, here's the mortgage, and, now, you gotta sign it, Joe.' And he signed it and he said, 'How much?' you know, Greek accent and, I said, 'Rrrr, $5.00.' 'WHAT?!' '$3.00!' That's how insecure I was. He hollered, frightened the hell out of me. So that was the times, a young lawyer starting in. And all these small towns very much the same problem. Some got ahead a little faster than others, starting in the '30s."

"But your first thought was to come back to Gloucester?"

"There wasn't any alternative," said Irving. "We never heard such things as you hear now when you go to law school, 'working for the firm'. Most of the kids that I ran around with, they were ordinary kids, with ordinary folks. Fathers weren't bankers, fathers weren't tycoons, you know, tradespeople, small shops or something, and we thought, well, we're going to stick up a sign and practice law. When you're young, you don't care much about the lack of reception that you get. It's because you're young and starting in. And we had the idea, 'finally made it past the Bar, you're going to make a good living.' But after a while you mostly realize that it's a hard row to hoe. You stick to it enough, you do make a decent living, but not without a sacrifice, not without putting a good many years in. Not medicine. Medicine's a different ball game. Doctors are needed. I'm not so sure so many lawyers are needed. Oh, we started in alone. I remember going from lawyer to lawyer, you introduce yourself. They were very nice, but it just didn't work in a small town, the idea of going in with a firm. There weren't any firms."

"Was Louis Albert [the third Jewish lawyer] here at that time?"

"No," said Irving, "he came just three or four years later. He married Beatrice Bell. He wasn't a native, came from somewhere around Boston."

One other lawyer to be mentioned is Gordon Weiner. Gordon grew up in Lynn, but was the nephew of Sally and Louis Geller, owners of Sterling Drug in Gloucester, with whom he spent summers and many weekends. "I never got too much guidance when I was a child and Uncle Louie who was married to my mother's sister, Aunt Sally, had this drug business so I said, 'Might as well become a pharmacist.' So I went to the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy. And then I was working nine days a week, and, you know we did a great business down there, we were right on the corner there.[2] But I always admired Melvin Bernstein in this city, absolutely one of the top top, not only the greatest lawyer ever in Gloucester but just as good or even better a human being—that kind of a man. So I decided to go to law school when I was forty-six years old. I graduated when I was fifty. I went nights. And so here I am."

Gordon Weiner has spent many years as a well-known Gloucester lawyer, and his office houses the law library of his mentor Melvin Bernstein.

Morris H. Pett, son of Louis and Leah Pett, became a doctor and returned to spend his life caring for the people of Cape Ann. He was a Gloucester High School football hero, six feet tall, and a good student. Morris Pett went to Tufts College, but Tufts Medical School did not admit him, and in fact there were very few openings for Jews in any of the major medical schools until after World War II. Morris Pett instead went to Middlesex Medical School. Rabbi Geller defined Middlesex Medical School, on land now occupied by Brandeis University, as "a medical school which took in Jewish applicants at a time when they were excluded from every place else. Sydney Parker [another Jewish doctor in Gloucester after 1945] trained at Middlesex. It had been a veterinarian school, then it became a medical school for Jews."

"Did other people besides Jews go there?"

"Not if they could help it," said the rabbi.

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2 of Pleasant and Main Streets.

Mamie Pett Norton described her family's efforts to put Morris through school. "As we grew up, we got jobs and worked, because my brother always said he was going to be a doctor and after all, who paid for the thing?" said Mamie. "Today you can get a grant or you can get this or that and the other, but in those days we all had to pitch in because my brother had to go to college. My mother says, 'After all, Morris wants to be a doctor and it's up to you to help. We all help and pitch in.'" This meant much work and sacrifice by the family. Mamie said, "When my brother was going to Tufts and medical school, I was working, my other two sisters were working, and I remember going to the Post Office every Monday and sending him a mail order, so he had money to live and food and everything." Morris also earned money to help pay tuitions. "Morris worked his way through medical school," said Phil Kramer.

"Did he come back and start practicing here right after medical school?" we asked his sister.

"Yes. On Middle Street. And he and Dr. Babson opened their offices next to each other," said Mamie. "Dr. Babson's building isn't there anymore but where my brother opened his office was across the street and that building is still there [55 Middle Street]." In 1935 and for several years after, Dr. Pett was City Physician for the Soldiers' Relief and ERA (workers who earned less than $15 a week). He had his own private practice and, although there was concern over his degree from the unaccredited Middlesex Medical School, he was eventually admitted onto the staff at Addison Gilbert Hospital. In the 1950s, he was appointed City Physician. His sister Mamie described the type of doctor he was. "[Patients] would call up in the night, one or two o'clock, three o'clock, my mother would say, 'Well, you be good to your patients and God'll be good to you.' That's the way my mother said. You go around and [people still] say, 'Oh God yeah, Dr. Pett.'" Irving Kline said of him: "Moe Pett practiced here, very much liked, very much a giving person. Very kindly fellow." Gordon Weiner paid this tribute to him: "Moe Pett, born in Gloucester, was the school physician. When somebody got beat up he was down to the Police Station putting the clamps in them, used to travel down the wharves at three o'clock in the morning with his Dobermans in the car. Everybody knew Moe, and he was a good doctor on top of it. In fact, I remember they had a party in his honor down the High School and unfortunately I think many of the physicians within the community resented it and very few of them showed up. But Moe was absolutely beloved by the people in the community. And deservedly so."

LIST OF COLLEGES attended by some young Cape Ann Jews before 1950:

BENTLEY COLLEGE: Leo Sandler

BOSTON UNIVERSITY: Irving Kline, Wilfred Marks, Leo Alper (briefly)

BURDETT BUSINESS SCHOOL: Benjamin Goldman, Reva Schred Kramer, Solomon Greenberg, Sarah Pett

DARTMOUTH: Henry Rosen

HARVARD: Henry Hurwitz, Jacob Albert, Louis Goldman, Melvin Bernstein, Louis Gordon, Hilton Kramer

MIT: Melvin Rosen

MIDDLESEX SCHOOL of MEDICINE: Morris Pett, (Sidney Parker)

PEMBROKE: Irma Leavitt

RADCLIFFE: Doris Leavitt Jarnes, (Bertha Offenbach Fineberg)

RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE: Max Feldman

SALEM NORMAL/TEACHERS/STATE: Sarah Albert Tarr, Ann Visnick Fishman, Mary Greenberg Sturt, Ida Pett Slafsky

SIMMONS: Lillian Alper Cohen, Beatrice Bell Albert

SUFFOLK: Wilfred Marks

SYRACUSE: Hilton Kramer

TUFTS: Morris Pett, Philip Kramer

TUFTS DENTAL: Philip Kramer, Melvin Kramer, (Bernard Cohen)

UNIVERSITY of MAINE: Harry Broder, Harold Bell

UNIVERSITY of MASSACHUSETTS: Evelyn Mesnick, Thelma Tarlow

UNIVERSITY of NEW HAMPSHIRE: Matthew Matison

UNIVERSITY of PENNSYLVANIA: Robert Kline (son of George Kline)

WHARTON SCHOOL of BUSINESS: Edward T. Bloomberg, Benedict Kerr

WEST POINT USMA: Melvin Rosen

YALE: Morris Keller, Harold Bell

Ronald Curhan remembered that the city wanted to honor Dr. Pett by giving him a car, but "he insisted on an incubator for the hospital instead." Sarah Albert Tarr said, "You know Moe Pett. Well, Moe Pett was a local doctor and honestly he was remarkably kind. He was an unpolished kind of guy, a rough diamond, but call him at three o'clock in the morning and he would show up in his pajamas and he would come no matter what."

Nor was it just these few who returned to or remained on Cape Ann. Henry Rosen, son of Joseph and Bertha Rosen, went to Dartmouth College and after a brief stint as a teacher in Braintree, by 1939 returned to Gloucester High School to teach French, Spanish, History, Math and Latin. "Henry Rosen," said Bea Bell Albert, "was [from] an old Gloucester family. He had a lot to do in Gloucester High, because he handled the stage group. Very strict teacher, but a very good one." He also taught the Hebrew School for many years at the Prospect Street synagogue with his colleague from the high school, Robert Copeland. By 1950, he was chairman of the Language and Social Science Departments and developed the school's audio-visual department. Henry Rosen was hired by Salem State to improve their audio-visual department.

Henry's daughter Arlene Rosen Malech said that her father developed an instructional media (audio-visual) course. In 1952, he became the first Jewish professor hired in the state college system (excluding the University of Massachusetts) when he accepted a job at Bridgewater State Teachers College. The system's first black professor was hired at the same time. Henry Rosen was a founder of WGBH radio and television stations and a consultant to Sony.

BUSINESS ON CAPE ANN

Many people carried on the business of their fathers. Harry Goldman's son Benjamin, after a year or two at Burdett Business School in Lynn, went off to Boston "to make his way," as his son Sidney Goldman said. "He met my mother, Sarah Hurwitz, married, and after a year or so returned to Gloucester and bought out his dad who had a clothing store in Gloucester." Joseph D. Bloomberg's son Edward went to the Wharton School of Business and then returned to his father's clothing business. Benedict Kerr continued his father Joseph Kerr's furniture business. The three Bell brothers modernized and expanded the Gloucester Manufacturing Company of Max Leavitt and Morris Bell to become the Mighty Mac Corporation. Wilfred (Bill) Marks continued his father's North Shore Dress Company, modernizing it to produce sportswear when housedresses became outmoded. The Linsky sons kept the junkyard open and working for decades. Helen Schred Marnoy and her husband Barney continued Benjamin Schred's dry goods store after they were married. Edward Visnick took over his father's store on East Gloucester Square and expanded it to be a bar and restaurant. Jeff Resnick continued his parents' Camp Annisquam. He also had a brief stint as an American History and Social Studies teacher at Gloucester High. "In fact, Ben Kerr's daughter was in my class, she was a student of mine," said Jeff.

It would be impossible to name all the second-generation Jews who did not move away but instead blended into the intricate tapestry of Cape Ann life. A random sampling is all we can offer here, and we will begin with the three sons of Ida Flasher. Nathan Flasher worked for Gloucester Manufacturing Company and as a longshoreman. Harry Flasher worked at Schutzer's sheepskin and leather factory on Main Street. George Flasher, the

youngest, worked as a truck driver and at the Cape Ann Anchor and Forge Company. Two of the three sons of Morris and Esther Feldman Raizin were in the fishing industry, the third worked locally as a clerk. Mamie Pett Norton "took up hairdressing, then I went to work for Kresge's" before she married and worked in her husband's hat store. Eve Feldman married Lucien Gradwohl, born in the Alsace, France, who had a shop on Main Street, and although they worked in Connecticut and New York, they returned to Magnolia where they ran a market every summer. The farmer Louis Kline's two sons stayed on Cape Ann. Jacob Kline fought in World War II, was a house painter, married and lived with his parents. Robert Kline was the tailor in Rockport, married Mary Glickman from Lynn and lived on Centennial Avenue (in a house bought from David and Sonia Hurwitz, of Hurwitz & Talent Do-Nut Shop).

The five musical Sandlers, sons of Morris and Bessie Sandler, had a jewelry, gift and music store on Main Street. "There were five Sandler brothers," said Sidney Goldman, "and they ran Sandler's Jewelry where the Curtain Shop is." Phil Kramer said, "Five sons, all musically inclined, and one day they formed the Sandler Brothers' Band. Hy was the best-looking one, he played the trumpet, and Leo was [called] Red, Red played the drums, Sol played the violin." Each could play a number of instruments, according to Leo (Red) Sandler. Hyman started the store on Main Street. Sol went to accounting school and became an accountant and later a lawyer with an office at 191 1/2 Main Street by 1942. "As a matter of fact," added Phil Kramer, "he was my father's accountant over the last few years. They were a big family in town."

Saul Feldman, son of Samuel the butcher, made his mark on Gloucester while a young man. "He was a landmark on Cape Ann," said his nephew Ronald Curhan. He set up a popcorn vending machine on the Boulevard, right next to the Fisherman's Monument (unveiled August 23, 1925). "Saul started it," said Ron, "Saul made a lot of money on it, then Saul sold it or gave it or whatever to his brother Henry." (Henry actually won it in a bet when he was ten years old.) "Anyway, they were an institution down at the Cut, with the gas burner and making the popcorn and selling boxes of popcorn for years," said Ron.

Saul Feldman always maintained close ties with Gloucester even when he lived elsewhere. After working for the Stop & Shop Company and owning some grocery stores in Boston, Brookline and Nantasket, he and his wife Jen bought property in Magnolia for a "dairy farm," the name given to a type of health spa. They started the Magnolia Manor on what is now Hesperus Circle. Soon thereafter they bought Magnolia Lodge, the large stone hotel on Shore Road that was designed by the architect Stanford White. Saul Feldman's son Loren said that Magnolia Manor was for women only, and until 1957 Magnolia Lodge only for men. "Magnolia Manor was a large estate," explained Saul's nephew, Barry Gradwohl, "the first of the Canyon Ranches of the East—exercise rooms, saunas."

"In college they used to call it a Fat Farm," said his cousin Betsy. Others would call it a health club.

Jacob Greenberg of Manchester worked in New York for the government after World War II, and when the Manchester, Massachusetts Post Office had an opening, he applied. "You had so many credits if you had been in the war, and he had been in the Battle of the Bulge with General Patton," said his sister Mary Greenberg Sturt. Jacob Greenberg returned home and became the Postmaster of Manchester for twenty years. "When he died," said Mary, "there was so much money contributed, that the scoreboard in the high school has his name on it. He went to war with someone who had charge of the Boston Garden, and during the hockey, basketball seasons, between halves, they used to have various towns' teams play there, and my brother got the Manchester team in and they won their division, and I tell you, the whole town went out on Route 128 waiting for the team to come back. So, he and this particular high school class were very well known."

In local politics and charitable organizations, the second generation was very active. Melvin Bernstein served on the Playground Commission for the City of Gloucester in 1936-1937. Attorney Philip Tartas, whose father ran the tobacco and news stand at the depot, was a City Alderman in the 1950s and City Manager in the 1960s. Max Alper's son Leo became Mayor of Gloucester from 1976-1983. Benedict Kerr was the first Jew to be president of the

Gloucester Rotary Club and he also became a director of the Cape Ann Savings Bank. Benedict Kerr and Gordon Weiner were each president of the Chamber of Commerce, of which Bob Kramer was also a member. "I was on the board of the Chamber of Commerce twice," said Bob, "and that's quite a feat, you know. I was on the Board of Directors." Melvin Bernstein the lawyer and Louis Geller of Sterling Drug were directors of the old Gloucester National Bank, and when Louis Geller died, Gordon Weiner took over his Uncle Louie's place. "Bob Kramer still sits in some capacity down at the Savings Bank, he's been there for years," said Gordon Weiner. Harold Bell was on the Gloucester School Committee and he and his brothers promoted many charitable and cultural organizations, including the Cape Ann Historical Association.

Women also rose to high positions in various committees in the city. Fay Pett, Dr. Pett's wife, was on numerous boards and was often invited to speak at fundraisers and to study groups throughout Cape Ann—she was in effect a Jewish ambassador to the ladies' club world. Mrs. Benedict (Ethel) Kerr was active in the Addison Gilbert Hospital Aid Society. Beatrice Bell Albert was President of Hospital Aid and belonged to the League of Women Voters. "I used to belong to everything," said Bea.

Mary Kline was a frequent letter-writer to the *Gloucester Daily Times* and an advocate for many worthy causes. She was active in Democratic politics and helped with the polls, helped put up candidates, and attended State Conventions.

"What was your first election that you voted in?"

"1932," said Mary. "Voted for FDR."

These are a few of the second generation who formed the Jewish community on Cape Ann—so diverse a group that it would be hard to categorize it with any one term. Politically they ranged from capitalist to communist. (There were some followers of Gus Hall, the perennial Communist Party candidate for president, whose sister Doris frequented Cape Ann. Rumors of a local "cell" in Rockport floated about, and local Jewish communists were reportedly asked by other Jews, 'Why don't you go back to Russia?') There were assimilationist

followers of Abe Cahan and socialist followers of Norman Thomas. There were union organizers and there were people who decried the collapse of business because of unions. In matters of class, education and income they were equally diverse. These were the people whose strengths, and sense of community and continuity, formed the basis of the present Jewish community.

THE ARMED FORCES

> *"Well, to me, the world war that we were in started in 1917, because I remember I was sick in the house and the soldiers from Gloucester all went off, you know, in one group, and the whole city was out. Cheering them on. I remember that part."*
>
> *—Bob Kramer*

Some of those soldiers were Jewish. In The *Record of Service—Soldiers and Sailors from Gloucester in the German War,*[3] there were the names of four Jewish men: Archie Albert, David Cohen, Jack Revman and Myron D. Smith. Sidney Goldman said that his father and uncle, Benjamin and Louis Goldman, were both in the Army in World War I, and the claim was supported by Phil Kramer although their names were not on the list. For young men who had been born in Eastern Europe and left there as children, it must have been a remarkable experience to go back to Europe and fight for their new country.

Archie Albert, son of the junkdealer Isaac and Rebecca Albert, brother of Sarah, Gerrish, Jacob and Pearl, actually enlisted in Washington, D.C.,[4] but gave his address as 33 Derby Sreet, Gloucester. His record states that he was born in Vilna, Russia on August 15, 1897; that he enlisted in the Army on March 25, 1918, that he served in the "151 Dept. Brig" and was honorably discharged with and excellent character on March 20, 1919.

David Cohen was the son of the ladies' tailor Isaac Cohen of 19 Liberty Street, whose naturalization papers state he entered the United States at

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[3] Gloucester City Archives, CC183.

[4] Archie was visiting his brother Jacob who was working there.

Philadelphia from "Belsteck, Russia", (i.e., Bialystok, Poland?) in 1894. David claimed he was born in Russia in 1897. In any case, he enlisted in Gloucester on June 4, 1918, served in the Army as an auto machinist and a corporal in the Motor Transport Corps, and was honorably discharged with an excellent character on August 19, 1919. David returned to Gloucester and was an auto mechanic in town for many years. His parents moved to Los Angeles in the 1920s.

Jack (Jacob) Revman's record says little other than that he was the brother of Harry Revman (of the Royal Manufacturing Company) and that he served in the 305 Infantry, Co. C. He moved to Lynn from Gloucester in the mid-1920s.

Myron D. Smith was the son of Isaac Smith who had lived at 19 Liberty Street in 1885, but had perhaps since moved, because Myron, although listed in the Gloucester soldiers, said he lived in Washington, D.C. He was born August 30, 1897 and was a Captain in the Army Engineers, "2 gold chevrons authorized", and honorably discharged on July 26, 1919.

The great pride and honor of having fought for their new country was evidenced by many immigrants and their families. Gordon Weiner told of his father's Army experiences. Although he was from Lynn and his Army career was unique, the conclusion must have been common to other veterans. "My father was born overseas, of course, and after his father died, 1913, and his little sister Minnie died in 1914, in order to get three square meals a day he joined the regular Army. He was down [in Mexico] chasing Pancho Villa, with Pershing who was then a Colonel, and he mustered out in January of 1917, and of course the First World War broke out and he went right back in and was a member of the old 26th Division, the Yankee Division, and went right over to France. He was very big in the Veterans and, oh, he loved them. My father obviously felt that he earned his birthright to this country by fighting in World War I."

World War II provided even more opportunity to assert one's worth and pride in being an American. The war was considered by many to be the turning point in relations between Jews and non-Jews in the United States. Bob

Kramer thought that since all ethnic groups had to work, fight, eat and die together, there was no longer a strong separation after they came home. George Flasher had a slightly different interpretation. He felt that the cohesiveness of each group was lost. "Everybody went their own way after the war. This guy moved away, that guy went here and this guy went there." But whatever profound effect the war had on Gloucester, Gloucester had an obvious effect on the war. The Eisenhower jacket, worn by the American officers and soldiers liberating Europe and Pacific Islands, was the creation of the Bells and the Cape Ann Manufacturing Company. For this and for the production of other textile war supplies, the company was presented the Army/Navy "E" (for excellence) award.

Many Jewish men from Gloucester fought in Europe and in Asia, in the Army and in the Navy. Perhaps of most note was the career of Melvin Rosen, son of Bertha and Joseph Rosen. Melvin Rosen graduated from Gloucester High School in 1935 and was able to attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for one semester with a Gloucester Rotary scholarship that covered room and board expenses.

List of Gloucester Men and Women in Armed Forces, World War II, at the Gloucester City Archives, includes the following forty names:

Harold E. Cohen
Eli Epstein
Henry Feldman
Max E. Feldman
Julius L. Fine
Robert M. Fine
George Flasher
Harry F. Flasher
Sidney Goldman
Irving Greenberg
Benedict A. Kerr
Herbert B. Kerr
Isadore I(rving) Kline
Jacob Kline
Gerald M. Kramer
Philip M. Kramer
Abram Linsky
Harold L(enny) Linsky
Joseph Linsky
Theodore Linsky
Benjamin Raizin
Samuel Raizin
William Raizin
Melvin H. Rosen
Melvin R. Rubin
Eli Sandler
Hyman Sandler
Simon Sandler
Louis Schred
Elliott R. Slafsky
Bradley Solomon
Elliot Solomon
Herbert Solomon
Norman Solomon
John L. Tarlow
Sherwood J. Tarlow
Joseph Tartas
Phillip Tartas
Edward (Lennie) Winer
Missing: Wilfred Marks
Elliot Sidell

The second semester at MIT, without the scholarship, he commuted. After two applications to West Point and still only seventeen years old, he was successfully appointed to the military academy by the Congressman A. Piatt Andrew. Melvin was at West Point from 1936 to 1940 and was probably the first Jewish cadet from Gloucester. (He was not the first Jew at West Point. Mel Rosen said that the West Point's first graduating class in 1802 was 50% Jewish. There were two graduates and one was Uriah Levy.) Mel Rosen left West Point just in time for World War II. Col. Rosen's career was closely followed by all Gloucester. Phil Kramer knew that Melvin Rosen "was with MacArthur." He "was one of the officers who was imprisoned by the Japanese down in the Philippines at the beginning of the war," according to Irving Kline, "and he wound up a Colonel." "He survived the Bataan Death March," said Sid Goldman. Mary Kline said of his subsequent career, "I think he was affiliated with the Pentagon." Melvin Rosen himself said of the Bataan Death March, where fifteen hundred men started out but only three hundred fifty survived, that he weighed eighty-eight pounds at the end. He remained in the service and had a distinguished career in the Army after the war, working at the Pentagon and rising to the rank of Colonel. Evelyn Stone Greengross said, "He was my contemporary. You know, Jewish men were not allowed to succeed in the Army too fast. But he had quite a history."

Phil Kramer was in the Navy in World War II. "Let's put it briefly," said Phil. "I hit both oceans and I was in both wars.[5] We were getting ready for the invasion of Japan when the war ended, August 15, 1945. I saw Yamashita. The peace treaty was signed September 3, 1945, in Baguio, up in the northern Philippines, and I was there and I saw the parade, and Yamashita was 4'11" and General Wainwright was 6'6", and they marched down the main street of Baguio. I saw the surrender."

Irving Kline was in the Army in Europe for four or five years until 1945. Jacob Greenberg of Manchester was in the Army. Mary Greenberg Sturt said of her brother, "When they went to the Army they didn't know what they were expecting. One man took his golf clubs, my brother took his tennis racquet, they didn't know what they were getting into. He was in the Battle of

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5 both the European and the Pacific.

the Bulge, and they couldn't even dig a foxhole."

Henry Feldman, son of W Feldman, was called up in the first draft well before the start of the war, and was ready to be discharged when Pearl Harbor was bombed. Since he was a specialist in aircraft instruments, he was recalled as a draftee for a total of six years, (perhaps a local record, according to his cousin Ronald Curhan) and while serving in Australia and the Pacific Islands, rose to the highest NCO rank possible. His brother Max E. Feldman flew more than thirty-one combat missions as a B-24 Liberator Bomber bombadier. Their uncle Henry Feldman was drafted into the Navy in 1942 and served as a cook on the USS *Chickaskia.* Hyman Sandler was a bandsman on a battleship. Wilfred (Bill) Marks was in the Navy for four years. "I was a yeoman in the Navy, came through it unscathed. Mediterranean mostly, and the Atlantic." One of his major tasks was managing a large newspaper in Palermo, Italy.

George Flasher was about seventeen years old when he enlisted in the Navy. He became friends with Irving Greenberg and Elliot Sidell just before the war. (Irving was the son of the junk dealer David Greenberg of 14 Exchange Street; Elliot was the son of Morris and Fannie Sidell of 124 Centennial Avenue.) "Irving Greenberg and I enlisted in the Navy. And the day we were supposed to leave for the Navy, Greenberg was still in bed and I was at the depot waiting for him and I had to go up [to Exchange Street] and get him out of bed to make sure we caught the train to Boston. Then I was in boot camp with him and we use to have night watches, you know, 2 to 4, 4 to 6, fire watch. And one night Irving Greenberg had the watch and he didn't get out of his hammock and they practically threw him out of the service." George Flasher was "in the Pacific. I got as far as Okinawa. I was with a hospital corps with the Seabees (Construction Battalion) and I was very fortunate to get with the Seabees. I saw Japanese aircraft and boats but I was fortunate that there was no action involved with me. Well, on the islands there were Japanese. But I wasn't in that category. I was more or less a corpsman in the hospital wherever we set up camp. They picked me for a corpsman. It was good education."

George was in the service for three years, until the end of the war, but he seldom saw his Gloucester buddies. "Sidell, I don't know what happened to

him. I met him in Hawaii during the war. Greenberg, he was in a ship one time, next to the ship I was on going across but I never met up with him." Elliot Sidell was in the Navy from 1943 through 1945, but had moved away from Gloucester, lost track of George Flasher, and is not listed with soldiers and sailors from Cape Ann.

Lenny Linsky, like George Flasher, enlisted before he turned eighteen. "One of my sisters, Mildred, wanted me to do something, and I said, 'I will do it providing you sign my papers so that I can join the Army', because you had to be at least eighteen. So I volunteered July 13, 1943, three weeks before I was eighteen years old." He came out of the service January 6, 1946. "I was only in this country six months and then I went overseas, and I was there for two years." Lenny was wounded and spent six months in a hospital in England. "Then I left the hospital right after the Battle of the Bulge and I was with my outfit for about three months until we got to the Rhine River. I had to go back to the hospital because my wounds were all infected up in Belgium. Then I was in Normandy June 9. We were back two years ago to the 50th reunion of the Division. I've ridden in those freight cars that took the Jews, and I've ridden in them in February, in March, in northern France, near Belgium, and let me tell you, I can't describe how cold it was. Unbelievable. It was terrible, unbelievable how bad it was over there."

INTERMARRIAGE

"You never heard people saying, 'They converted.' I mean, in those days, you didn't play with it."

—Lenny Linsky

Very few families on Cape Ann avoided what was perceived as a threat to the Jewish community's very existence: intermarriage. Families tried to avert this disaster in a variety of ways. The most direct way, when Gloucester had very few Jewish families, was to move. As children approached the interesting age, and parents noticed the lack of plausible Jewish mates, a family could move to the Jewish neighborhood of a larger city. The Hochbergers left Gloucester for this reason, and Ed Lichtenstein suspected that was why his family moved

to the North End of Boston in 1902. "Now I have a feeling, that since there were hardly any other Jewish families, my grandmother felt she was going to have a mixed religious family, that they would marry the girls and boys they met. I think that might have influenced her to have him go back to Boston." The Solomon Rosenbergs moved into Allston in the 1920s, so that daughter Toby could be raised in a more Jewish community.

Another strategy was to send the young person off to live in a larger Jewish community. Fannie Palosky Linsky grew up in Manchester. "Well, we mixed in," said Fannie, "although my mother kept telling me, 'Don't forget you're Jewish. You can't do this and you can't do that. Don't forget.' We couldn't go to dances, I couldn't have dates; so when I was old enough and I graduated high school, she shipped me off to Lawrence to work. I lived there with my aunt and uncle." Max Alper and his friend Hyman Stone gladly sent their daughters Charlotte and Evelyn to Boston after high school. Charlotte Alper Chansky said that her father wanted his girls to leave Gloucester because he feared that if they stayed in Gloucester they would marry non-Jews.

Other families always kept an eye open for eligible partners for their children. Evelyn Stone Greengross said of her father Hyman Stone, "Whenever he had a chance, when I got older, he'd ask these [itinerant] rabbis, 'Do you know a good Jewish boy for my daughter?' I mean, this constant concern that I would intermarry, that they would have this misfortune. I remember once being older and living in Boston and getting a phone call to come home, and I knew right away why I had to come home: they had imported a young man and his mother and father from someplace in Maine. I had to go. I'm sure he wasn't happy nor was I, but this is the way things were done." Benjamin Schred was more successful in his matchmaking. His daughter Helen Schred Marnoy remembered how she met her husband: "Well, let me see now. My father used to go to the wholesale house in Boston every Wednesday and there was a certain drugstore in Revere where he would stop and get a drink. So he went into this drugstore one day and there was a very nice young man in there. They got talking and this man said to my father, 'I have a single brother,' and there wasn't any mother or father, he was just a single brother that lived with another brother who was a bachelor. So my father said, 'Well, I have a single daughter.' So this other man, Abe, he says, 'Well, how about if

they get together?' So my father says, 'All right.' And says, 'I'll give you my daughter's telephone number and have him call her.' And he did and he called me and it was a blind date. We started to date and we went together about six months and then we got married. Right here in Gloucester at the Magnolia Manor."

Many families who remained on Cape Ann simply forbade their daughters to date non-Jewish boys. Mary Greenberg Sturt in Manchester said she "never went to Gloucester, and when I went to high school, my mother was very emphatic about the fact that I would never go out with any local boys." Marjorie Marks said of a friend that "she used to be heartbroken because her father would not allow her to go out with anybody who wasn't Jewish. And there were what, five or six Jewish kids in the class? So she used to cry her eyes out when it came time for the proms, and the Gentile boys would invite her and her father wouldn't allow her to go. So I think the girls minded it much more than the boys."

Evelyn Stone Greengross was not allowed to go to dances either. "I went to one, I think my sophomore year in high school," said Evelyn. "It was held at the Armory where they had the ROTC, and it was a big event on Friday evening where everybody came out to see the boys and girls. I begged permission to go and my mother finally relented and said, 'Yes, but don't you dare tell anyone.' And as I was getting out of the car, two of my mother's friends were standing, watching the children. And you know, it was such a small community, everybody knew; information went like wildfire. That cemented my dating. I dated no more. The unfortunate thing is that the Jewish boys in Gloucester were not interested in dating their Jewish contemporaries."

"Did they date non-Jewish girls?"

"Oh, absolutely," said Evelyn. "They had absolute license to do anything they wanted."

Phil Kramer explained the boys' plight, "There were only a couple of Jewish girls." Eddie Visnick said he dated Jewish girls "very rarely. Not that many Jewish girls available. One or two, perhaps three, just weren't that many."

Bill Marks was asked, "Did you ever invite a Jewish girl to a dance?"

"When, in high school? I don't think so. Well, you see, the boys didn't understand at that time."

Parents attempted to end relationships that might lead to a mixed marriage. Sometimes they succeeded. Mary Greenberg Sturt said, "My older brother wanted to marry a girl from Gloucester, but my mother had such an influence on all of us and she made sure that he didn't, and he married someone who was Jewish." Mamie Norton revealed the type of argument that might have been used: "Now I don't say anything wrong about him, he happens to be a lovely person, and things like that, but people shouldn't jump," she would urge. "You've been brought up Jewish, you had a big Jewish Bar Mitzvah, your grandmother and grandfather on the other side were very strict Jewish and your aunts, so don't jump." As Gordon Weiner said, "My ancestors have gone through hell to stay Jewish."

Despite all the social pressures and the arguments, there were many intermarriages. "Tremendous amount of intermarriage in Gloucester," said Phil Kramer. The Jewish community felt diminished by each intermarriage. "I had a classmate and she married a guy and became a non-Jew," said Phil. Parents actually cast off children who married non-Jews and proclaimed them dead. One man told of an uncle who "became acquainted with, and fell in love with, and married a gal who came from a Boston Brahmin family. He absolutely left the family, changed his name and had nothing to do with the family from that time on." Irving Kline said of this marriage that the father "went up to the synagogue and said a prayer for the dead when that happened. Oh my God."

The Jewish community viewed intermarriage as an act of desertion. Evelyn Stone Greengross spoke of two Jewish friends who fifty years ago married non-Jews. "Completely removed. Lived in Gloucester, completely removed," said Evelyn of one girl. "It's so strange, that he would remove himself, I mean as if he didn't belong to anybody. It almost hurts, you know, the loss; seeing someone like that lost," were her thoughts on a boy who married a Christian girl.

For a Jew to marry a non-Jew required great courage and commitment. The pain such a marriage caused the family, the community and the young couple

itself was staggering. "And of course my poor mother had to put up with that, it hurt her terribly," laments one woman who, after a long and happy marriage still felt guilt and anger. "We went together for years and years which was bad and finally we got the courage. I got the courage and he got the courage and we got married and we had a very good marriage. And his family, of course, were devastated. They were Yankees, you know, and what could you do in this kind of a Yankee situation? So for years I never went into his house and he never came to my house which was terrible, except the night before he went in the Service and I said, 'Ma, he's is going away tomorrow. He's going to be in the Service.' And she said, 'I don't wish you any harm.' That's the most she could say. 'I don't wish you any harm.'"

"Did your family come to the wedding?"

"No, even my sister wouldn't come. There was a lot of hurt in all of it."

The problems of intermarriage persisted vividly throughout a couple's life. "All our friends were Jewish. I don't think the others had wanted us and I never bothered to find out because I had my own Jewish friends and they were what I wanted and I tried to get him to a couple of things at temple but he said, 'They're not friendly, they don't want me.' He just didn't want to be Jewish, the excuse was they weren't friendly, they weren't warm. Christmas used to hurt him and I had no Christmas. I remember one Christmas they were playing *Silent Night, Holy Night* and I could see tears dripping down his face because it was a part of his childhood and his whole life and it was sad because he had lost all that. Intermarriage is not the greatest thing in the world for anybody."

People waited years to marry, often until the parents were gone so that they would not be pained. "My wife," said one man, "I went with her forty-odd years." "So you didn't get married because of your mother?" "Yes. That's right. Very strict, you know." Some couples decided not to have children in order to avoid conflict in their upbringing.

Changes in attitude were evident as the century progressed. Intermarriage often did not lead to the complete removal of a person from the Jewish com-

munity. Some non-Jewish spouses converted to Judaism. Some children of mixed marriages were raised as Jews. Some Jewish rituals were maintained in mixed households. And some Jews no longer felt abandoned when a friend or child married a non-Jew. "My father, who might have reacted, was dead by that time but my mother was a wonderful mother-in-law. Didn't make any difference to her as long as [they] were happy," said one woman of her siblings' marriages. Irving Kline spoke of his father George Kline the shoemaker, who was "a very tolerant man, and when I was once about to marry an Italian girl, I was curious as how he would take it. I don't think my mother was alive at that time, but I don't think that she would have been as tolerant or as accepting of the idea. And I believe when I spoke to my father, he put his hammer down, he was pounding nails, and he said, 'Look, I'd rather have you marry your own kind, but you're in love with this girl, go ahead, you have my blessing.'"

"Did anybody of your family marry anybody who was not Jewish?" we asked Eve Feldman Gradwohl.

"No, we were one of the only families at that time," said Eve. "Mother always used to pride herself and say she was lucky because none of her children had intermarried. And that, in Gloucester, that was quite a nice thing. And she felt far above everybody in that respect."

SUMMER PEOPLE



"What did Daddy say about Gloucester? 'People spend thousands of dollars to come to Gloucester. Why should we go anywhere when we have it right here!?'"

— Judith Kline Rose

From the1840s Americans have taken summer vacations. A few wealthy families from the large cities, to escape the summer heat, began the practice of rusticating in North Shore vacation homes. They built cottages along the coast north of Boston, at first venturing only so far as Revere, then exploring on to Swampscott, and with the advent of the railroad in the 1860s, reaching Manchester, Magnolia and Bass Rocks. By 1900, there were summer colonies dotting the shore around Cape Ann. And Jews, like everyone else, were drawn to the beauty and amenities of Cape Ann for their summer holidays. J.W. Kaufman from St. Louis, was probably Jewish and in 1901 had a summer address on Hesperus Avenue in Magnolia.

"We're going to be writing about both the synagogue community and the larger Jewish population. Can you help us connect them or was there a big separation between the two?" we asked Rabbi Geller, whose answer, though of a later time period than that of our study, implied a long-standing and previous condition.

"There was another community in Gloucester consisting of summer people, some of whom had a connection with the synagogue even if tangential, and some of whom had no connection whatsoever with the Jewish community either because they had no connection with Judaism or because they had a synagogue affiliation elsewhere," answered the rabbi. "There was one family, very wealthy people who lived in Rockport. The man did not want to make a show of things, and whenever he gave money to the synagogue, he always insisted that it not be announced and not be made public. I remember shortly after I came here he called me and said that if there's anything that was needed in the synagogue, I should let him know and he'd take care of it. There were numbers of other families like that. There was the feeling that the summer community could keep the synagogue afloat."

Most of the summer people we talked to had little contact with the local Jewish community. Of the hundreds of Jews who came to Cape Ann for a vacation or who summered here over the years, most were not interested in local temple affairs. It should be pointed out that in Gloucester the synagogue was usually closed during the summer, and only people who could "stay late" into the fall could hope to attend High Holiday services. Ed Lichtenstein, whose grandfather settled in Gloucester and left before the 1904 Chevra incorporation, and who himself has been in Cape Ann almost every summer of his life, had never heard that Gloucester had a synagogue.

"The Gloucester what?"

"Synagogue," we said.

"That's another thing that's sort of a new," his wife said in 1997. "I don't know when it appeared but suddenly ..."

They were shocked to hear that there had been a synagogue in Gloucester since 1915.

The summer people "just ignored religion," said erstwhile summer resi-

dent Bertha Offenbach Fineberg, "or else they felt that their affiliation was with another synagogue at home, like us. We had the Newton synagogue."

As Jean Dietz, a long-term summer resident of Rockport, said, "I didn't even know about the temple until my daughter came along and got interested."

"Did you have any connection with the year-round Jewish community?"

"No," said Jean.

Before World War II, Jewish summer residents were very often families who, having once lived in Gloucester but then having moved to greener business pastures, returned to Cape Ann for vacations. Solomon Hochberger, the local dry-goods dealer as early as 1873, moved to New York City in 1889 and then to Plainfield, New Jersey, but returned to spend summers on Long Beach from about 1909 until his death in July, 1920; his family's connection to Cape Ann continues to this day. In 1917, the Norman Jacobs family, descendants of the original (Nathan) Jacobs & Goldstein clothiers establishment, had a summer address on Long Beach after Norman the Clothier moved to Boston.

Ed Lichtenstein returned frequently from Boston for family outings and picnics in the neighborhoods of his father's youth. "Now, my father died in 1939 when I was about sixteen years old, but all during the time I was growing up and we lived in Roxbury, Sunday afternoon we had almost a routine. We drove up to Gloucester and my mother would make a picnic lunch and then we'd go over to Folly Cove or Blighty's[1] or off Bass Rocks and go fishing. My father was very attached to Gloucester." Ed and Bernice Lichtenstein honeymooned in East Gloucester in the early 1950s, in a cottage at the Seacroft Hotel then owned by Betty Bloomberg Hamburger, the daughter of Annie and Joseph David Bloomberg. They eventually bought a summer home on Conomo Point in Essex.

And summer people began showing up without apparent previous contact. One of the earliest summer families in Rockport was the Beckhardts from Brookline. Jean Dietz first heard about Rockport in the 1930s from Walter Beckhardt, a friend at Brookline High School. The Beckhardts owned

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[1] The home of Col. and Marie Prentiss near Brace's Cove on Eastern Point, according to Joseph Garland in *Boston's Gold Coast*, Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1981, p. 256.

"a big old house right back of Cape Hedge Beach. Walter's mother was accepted by the Garden Club and she was in everything. Walter talked about this place called Rockport that he made sound like heaven," said Jean Dietz. Another early Rockport summer resident was a Mrs. Barkin. "Now she went to Rockport for years, a whole generation before us," said Jean Dietz. "But you can't tell anything by Mrs. Barkin. She liked to paint, that's how she came there. And she was 100% Jewish but she was like a maverick kind of person."

"The first time I ever saw Rockport was after we were married and had two children," said Jean Dietz. "We went for a weekend and stayed at one of those inns." The Dietzes bought a little summer cottage a few years later. "By the time we were there, there were a number of Jewish summer people. The people that I knew then weren't looking for Jewish connections or any particular connections." Mr. Dietz, like other men on vacation, played golf at the Rockport Golf Club; the children swam at Old Garden Beach. Many of the summer residents happened to be Jewish, but had little interest in the local Jewish community. "There was a whole group of Reform people. That's how I knew Flossie Gerstein, her sister-in-law Evelyn Karpas, a man named Hersh Scharff, a leader in the Jewish community in Boston, and his brother Matt. There was a man named Dan Mordecai, a food broker, I think they were at Pigeon Cove." Rabbi Geller mentioned a Rabbi David Alper who had summered in Rockport for many years. Jean Dietz remembered an Orthodox family in Rockport. "They were only there for two summers. And I don't think many people got to know them. They had their whole thing [of keeping kosher] where it was so complicated."

The Finebergs bought a summer house on Brier Neck overlooking Good Harbor Beach shortly after World War II. "Actually we first came to Gloucester to the Honey House that belonged to the [Eva and Adolph] Matzes." When the Finebergs moved to Brier Neck, there were already two other Jewish families, the Pemsteins and the Palleys from Worcester, and the three families befriended each other.

"What do you think the Jewish summer population was?"

"It was meager."

A large number of summer people came from Worcester—the Palleys, the Pemsteins, the Romes, the Shapiros—and seem to have originally rented cottages not far from Good Harbor Beach. Richard Rome first came to Gloucester around 1928. "I must have been about fourteen years old. An aunt of mine had a little cottage here off of Witham Street, and she invited me to spend two or three weeks with her, and that's when I was first in Gloucester. Her name was Miriam Rome and she was from Worcester.

"My wife's parents, Fannie and David Shapiro, bought a house down here," said Richard Rome. "They had rented a house at Brier Neck before they bought the house on Beach Road. It must have been 1933, 1934. They were from Worcester; and where they came from in Europe, I don't know." The Shapiros bought the house at 5 Beach Road around 1937. "We always referred to it as the big house. There were seven sisters and my wife was the youngest. Sophie Cohan, Sally Kangisser, Irene Jasper, Florence Rosenthal, Esther Robbins, Peggy Barron, and Ethel Rome—I don't think I missed anybody. They were a remarkable group of women. They all lived together on Beach Road. And they all lived in Worcester .... We didn't all live together in Worcester, thank goodness!"

"There seems to be a close connection between Gloucester and Worcester."

"Oh, yes. There were other Worcester people here, there were people by the name of Pemstein. My mother was a Pemstein. They had a house on Brier Neck.

"When you were here in the summer, did you have any contact with the Jewish community?"

"Not very much, no. The family was so big and so self-sufficient, they were their own friends. I knew Sid Goldman, and you'd meet people on the beach. And our kids went to Camp Annisquam, to the boys' camp, when they were children. Of course we'd only get here on weekends. We'd get here late Friday night, Monday morning you're on your way again. None of the men stayed here during the week, we all went back to Worcester." Richard Rome's niece Susan Kaufman, daughter of Irene Jasper, said she loved her summers in Gloucester, but that there were so many cousins they did not really have time for other people. There was some connection with the artist community, for William Meyerowitz and Joseph Margulies dropped in to see them from time to time.

"What did the women and children do during the week?"

"I suppose they would take art lessons or they would go sightseeing or antiquing, go to the ocean or sit around on the sand," said Richard Rome. "Saturday nights we'd go to the Moorland, have a dance up there."

The Moorland Hotel was bought in the 1940s by a Shapiro son-in-law Meyer Jasper (husband of Irene Shapiro). "That was a big gathering place for people," said Gordon Weiner. "Mike Jasper ran a woolen mill in Leicester, Massachusetts, just outside of Worcester," said Richard Rome. "Mike was a smart businessman. He lived next door to us at 7 Beach Road."

"Was he the first Jewish hotel owner?"

"I would think so."

According to Myron Jasper's daughter Susan Kaufman, "He knew he was the first Jewish hotel owner and he was happy to make the point." (They didn't count the Bloomberg's smaller Seacroft Hotel.) "In fact, when he bought the Moorland," continued Susan, "one hole from the Bass Rocks golf course was part of the property and he refused to sell it to them for a while." She said that everyone at the Moorland was Jewish in the '40s. "It was great—the cottages, the formal social life. Mother always wore long gowns, dancing Saturday nights. We had dinner there every night of every weekend in the summer and sat at the head table. It was an important part of my life."

"It's interesting how much influence Gloucester seemed to have on these people," added Richard Rome, "because everyone in the family had at least one child who now has a house here."

The distinction between the summer community and the local community—between the wealthier, better-dressed and leisured groups who moved in during the summer and the members of the local Jewish community—caused some amount of rancor. It is not clear that the summer residents noticed the year-round residents, but the year-round residents certainly noticed the summer visitors. Members of the local Jewish community had mixed reactions to the summer people. Arlene Rosen Malech, daughter of Henry Rosen and granddaughter of Joseph and Bertha Rosen, reported one attitude when she said, "Everyone hated the summer people because they made us feel like we

were nothing." Phil Kramer said, "We had a tremendous influx of Jewish people in the summertime, and they all stayed on the beach, mostly near Brier Neck, or some near Bass Rocks." He told of two local girls who married well, "and when these two girls became married, there was a big *yichus* for them to go down to Good Harbor Beach and sit on the beach with all the other rich Jews." Many locals watched the summer residents' every move. Phil Kramer told of a shopping trip made years ago by a Jewish summer resident. "It was the talk of the town," said Phil, "when he went to Richard Healey and bought his daughters all fur coats one day."

Local Jews called the area on Beach Road around the Shapiro house "the Cohan compound". "They called it the Cohan compound because Joe Cohan was married to the oldest sister," said Phil Kramer. "In Magnolia, we had the Cohens from the Wamsutta Mills, the father was Frank Cohen, and two of the sons lived around the corner and we would jokingly refer to that little section as Cohenolia," said Gordon Weiner.

But everybody agreed that the summer people brought pizzazz to the Cape. Eddie Visnick said, "There was a lot of action all the time, all summer long. There was the Delphine, there was the Moorland, there were two or three others. A lot of rich people with a lot of chauffeurs and summer help and that type of thing. A lot of action in that area."

There were the Magnolia Manor and Magnolia Lodge owned by Saul Feldman, the son of Samuel Feldman the Grocer. There was also the Casino in Magnolia, a popular nightspot until it burned in the spring of 1954. Frank Fishburne started it in 1935, soon joined by his partners, the bandleaders Samuel Eisen and Ruby Newman. "It was a summer dancing place," said Gordon Weiner, "and this was the gathering place for the Wenham, Hamilton, and Beverly Farms aristocracy. It was a great place. Sammy was very well-known."

Melvin Bernstein said that "both in Magnolia and East Gloucester, summer hotels were owned by Jews." Evelyn Bernstein remembered that Max Arnold owned the Hawthorne Inn. "They came from California. They bought this business and they lived here a number of years, then they moved out to California and never came back." Gordon Weiner remembered the

Arnolds and the Hawthorne Inn. "They had a Hawthorne musical, some of the great people in the early jazz were down there, probably Ella Fitzgerald."

The Oceanside Hotel in Magnolia was owned in the 1950s by Pearl and Ralph Snyder, who also owned the Bradford Hotel in Boston. The Oceanside became a popular rendezvous. "When we were young there was about a dozen or two of us that used to get together," said Sid Goldman. "Joe Saperstein married the daughter, Jean Snyder, and he managed the place, but her family owned the Oceanside Hotel before it burned down [Dec. 11, 1958] and we'd go over there and have dance lessons." Charlotte Goldman continued, "Every Sunday night she'd give dance lessons. It was ten dollars for ten lessons but we'd have the whole Oceanside to dance in, and they gave the money to the temple or the Sisterhood. It was all Jewish and it was fun."

Sarah Albert Tarr remembered the Oceanside. "Seven hundred rooms and, oh, this was elegant!"

Both Phil Kramer and Irving Kline enjoyed the increased activity of summer at Camp Annisquam. Phil Kramer said, "Camp Annisquam was a wonderful place. I worked at Camp Annisquam either junior or senior year of dental school, I waitered there. Very popular place." Irving Kline said, "Summers were always very active. There was a Jewish camp over in West Gloucester, called Resnick's Camp. All the Jewish girls would come there from New York and Philadelphia, spend a week or two weeks, so the local *bocher* (unmarried) males like me, I was in my teens and twenties—well, we were the cock of the walk, you know, we were in college. And so we'd go over to West Gloucester, and I remember I'd never be seen from 7 o'clock at night until the next day, because I'd be over in West Gloucester. I felt so sad when Labor Day came, camp closed down, all the girls went home. They were nice people, though. Mr. Resnick was a lawyer but he never practiced, and Mrs. Resnick was there and it was quite a camp. You know, girls came from everywhere, and they had the usual pattern that you find up in the Catskills, with the waiters and the entertainers. And so for about two or three months in the summer it was a lot of fun. I know a lot of fellows who met their wives there."

Bea Bell Albert told of her husband Louis Albert who lived in Roxbury as a boy. "He came to Gloucester summers to Camp Annisquam. Remember the Camp Annisquam? So he loved Gloucester," said Bea.

The Resnicks were a summer family who certainly made their mark on Gloucester. "They had significant contacts with the Jewish community in Gloucester over the years," said Jeff Resnick of his parents Abram and Rose Resnick. "The camp setting has had three different focuses over the years. Initially it was a camp for couples and young people who would come and vacation. Then it was a boys' sailing camp for twenty years and now it's a campground again. But they had interaction with Gloucester."

Jeff Resnick explained the history of the camp. "Originally, in the late 'teens and 1920s, people would come from Boston on the train and they would walk from the West Gloucester station. We had a little truck or wagon and we picked up their luggage, and they would all walk down from the station. We had a big kitchen here. We served food and my father ran planned activities from hiking to fishing trips to tours. After the war, the First World War of course, he bought the army tents and set them up, and there were tents and tent platforms covering the area. Single people would be in one tent, families and whatever would be in smaller tents sprinkled around, so we would have a nice feeling to it. What we charged was very modest. I remember in the late '30s, early '40s, $29 or $39 a week, and that was with three meals a day. For our family, it was a life style and a family activity. Hopefully at the end of the year, you made a little money, but this has been a way of life."

"Did Gloucester people come to Camp Annisquam?"

"Occasionally, they would come and stay for a weekend or some of them came for dinner. Weekends we would have a band and dancing and they would come and socialize. The Bell family were very friendly with my dad, and the Curhans. My folks, and I too, became very friendly with Bill Meyerowitz and Theresa Bernstein. They would come over here when I ran the boys' camp from 1954 to 1973, and Bill would give the sermon at the Friday evening program. He talked about nature and the compatibility of nature and art. He also would sing. He had a marvelous voice.

"The sculptor George Aarons and his wife stayed here for extended periods of time and we became friendly. And my dad was friendly with Harold Rotenberg who had a gallery in Rockport and used to come down quite often. We did business with the North Shore Furniture Company and Ben Kerr; the Petts' fruit store. Moe Pett delivered vegetables and dated his wife [Fay Genet] here at the camp. She was from New Jersey and was vacationing here and he

came down for dinner and dancing and they met and they married. The Philip Wines, the family who had the shoestore in Gloucester, they honeymooned here for a couple of weeks. Dr. David Cohen was our camp doctor for many years. Phil Kramer and his brother were waiters here for a number of years for the camp. We were very friendly with the Gordons of Gloucester Supply—Helen Gordon was a musician [violinist] and Sam also played [the trumpet], they organized the Gloucester Symphony. We had a Sunday evening concert series all through the summer when it was an adult resort and she helped organize the whole series with my mother. I think we served a kind of communal purpose. Many people would come over for the Sunday night concert series."

"Was there a distinctively Jewish feeling about the camp, did people speak Yiddish?"

"Yes, before the season began," said Jeff. His father Abram Resnick "of course could not only speak but he could read and write literary Yiddish, translate letters or documents for lawyers or things like that. And my father, who was a Yiddishist and active in the Boston-area Yiddish Culture Club, would invite poets from New York to read poetry or talk about a novel that they were writing. But during the season, during the adults' era, there wasn't a distinct Yiddish flavor to the place except that the vast majority of the people were Jewish. We would put for instance in the *New York Times* "A Jewish-American Cuisine," that was the term to indicate that they were running a Jewish kind of place."

In later years, the Cape Ann Symphony Orchestra attracted summer and local musicians. It was incorporated by Samuel W. and Helen C. Gordon, Harold Bell and twelve others in February 1960. As was stated on their notice to the city Aldermen of their intention to incorporate, its purpose was "to develop and further the interests of our people, especially the young, in music; and at the same time to encourage music as an integral part of the community life on Cape Ann. The Association believes that music is for everybody, all races, all creeds, all nationalities, all ages, all political faiths and that these are all fused in a common musical participation."[2]

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[2] City Council papers, 1960, #20.

Sam Gordon was the conductor of the Symphony; Helen Gordon was the concertmistress and first violin.

"You can't be on Cape Ann and not be interested in art," said Bertha Fineberg. The great attraction of Cape Ann for painters was the "light," a special clear, bright, northerly light apparently found no place else. Artists began setting up summer studios in Gloucester and Rockport in the 19th century, and among them were several Jews. Bertha said, "Most of the Jewish artists were from New York," but there was also "a bunch of Canadians who came down during the summer, and they belonged to the art group and they didn't go to *shul*." This artist community was admired and welcomed, although few Jews felt comfortable in both the local and the artist societies. One area of common ground that might have been shared by the artist and the local communities was that of religious observances, but the synagogue was often closed and, as Bertha Fineberg said, "Most artists are not religious." Bertha revealed that the sculptor George Aarons "had never even read the Bible! And he got a tremendous commission from a Baltimore synagogue for a religious theme. So he read the Bible and he made great sculptures of Abraham and Moses. There were many artists here who didn't belong to a synagogue. And they were Jews, but they were not religious Jews. It's interesting, artists in every age were the free-thinkers, you know," said Bertha.

Evelyn and Melvin Bernstein were year-round residents who had close friends in the artist community. William Meyerowitz, his wife Theresa Bernstein, and Joseph Margulies were among the summer artists who had connections with the local Jewish community. William Meyerowitz and Theresa Bernstein "were here from the beginning of time," said Evelyn Bernstein, who was not related to Theresa. "They never lived here all year round, but they were here when I was a girl because I took a trip with my sister and we visited the Meyerowitzes. And they have summered here ever since."

William Meyerowitz had a fine cantorial voice and sometimes led High Holiday services in the synagogue as well as Sabbath services at Camp Annisquam. Joseph and Mary Margulies "summered here before we were married in 1937," said Evelyn Bernstein. Melvin's parents, Harry and Jeannette Bernstein, knew them well, as did many others throughout the city. Gordon

Weiner said, "I have a watercolor [that Margulies] did that is an exact copy of the oil in the big museum in New York of my Uncle Louie's father Aaron, who had a long flowing beard and was a *shabbosdicke* Jew."

Speaking of the 1930s, Evelyn Bernstein said, "That group of artists in Rockport at the time were called 'the starving artists'. Some of them became very successful. Elias Newman and Leon Kroll were successful even then. But there were the two Soyer brothers, Raphael and Moshe [or Moses] Soyer lived across a street from us.[3] They were as poor as church mice—had a little burner stove." Evelyn Bernstein looked forward to the arrival each summer of the artists. "It was interesting, you know. You didn't get the feeling of the small town; it was an art colony. Through the years, every year they came back and they'd stay longer and longer, and we became good friends. It was very cosmopolitan."

Bertha Offenbach Fineberg with her husband Nathan Fineberg were summer residents who enjoyed associating with both the artistic and the Jewish communities. Nathan was an accomplished amateur sculptor, and they mingled with the art community as much as possible. "Some of our personal friends, about eight of us, wanted a good teacher and we persuaded Margulies to teach us. He lived on Grapevine Road, and we went over to his house once a week and we all painted. He showed us how to do portraits. Margulies was very good and Belle Schwartzman—she was a non-professional, but she was an excellent teacher and an excellent painter." This amateur group continued to meet and study for decades, with monthly lectures and slide shows on various topics by people like Dr. Mel Lyons and Alan Davidson, the architect Albert Alcalay and Harry Kemelman the mystery writer.

After World War II, the entire tourist industry on Cape Ann flourished. Distinctions between summer and year-round Jewish residents continued, but the two groups blended into each other more easily. Many local Jews catered to the summer population. Children of summer residents returned to buy

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[3] When the Melvin Bernsteins were first married, they lived on School Street in Rockport, near the old Ketchopolous Market.

houses and raise families on Cape Ann, and became members of the synagogue. Not only children of the Shapiro daughters, but of the Fineberg, Rotenberg, Lichtenstein, Hochberger, Stavis, and Jacob families and more, returned as adults and are now permanent residents of Cape Ann.

A partial list of Jewish artists who painted and sculpted on Cape Ann before 1950:

George Aarons	William Meyerowitz
Theresa Bernstein	Elias Newman
Nathaniel Dirk	Iver Rose
Louis I. Kahn	Harold Rotenberg
Leon Kroll	Morton Schwartz
Louis Kronberg	Moshe Soyer
Joseph Margulies	Raphael Soyer

The COMMUNITY and ANTISEMITISM



"You accepted the fact that people had the right to rent to whomever they wanted and if they didn't want to rent to Italians or Jews or Irish they said, 'No, sorry,' and everybody just accepted it. That was the way things were until the Civil Rights Act in the 1960s. Up to that time it was always acceptable to just not rent to Jews, not rent to other nationalities."

—Edward Lichtenstein

Almost from their first arrival, Jews in Gloucester participated in the civic life of the town. Norman and Nathan Jacobs, the tailors on Main Street in the 1890s, were members of the large Reception and Information Committee for Gloucester's 250th Anniversary celebrations in 1892. In 1923, Samuel Kramer the tailor and cleaner marched with the Knights of Pythias in the

enormous 300th Anniversary parade and Rabbi Gordon gave a sermon praising the tolerance and mutual support among various groups in Gloucester. From the minute he stepped off the train about 1897, Joseph D. Bloomberg seems to have become a Gloucesterite, with friends throughout the Cape, interests in horseracing and show business, and membership in the Gloucester Athletic Club, the Odd Fellows and the Cape Ann Driving Club.

There were certainly antisemitic attitudes and acts against the early Jews in Gloucester, but from this distance in time it is hard to know exactly how pointed they were. Among the anecdotes that we have gathered, three assumptions seem tenable: one, if the Jewish family had a friendly and outgoing attitude, the neighbors would respond favorably; two, that there were so many immigrant groups jockeying for a position that none was more despised than any other; and three, that Jews were vulnerable among Christians. Although around 1900 the Marks Hurwitz family caused the "stunned astonishment" of its neighbors by gathering all the Jews of Gloucester for the High Holidays, Henry Hurwitz wrote that the Exchange Street neighbors were uniformly "friendly and considerate." But when the Isaac Albert family arrived in town and settled in Spring Street a year or two later, Sarah Albert Tarr said "they threw stones in the window and broke a window because a Jew in Gloucester at that time was very rare." This stone-throwing incident is the most open and physically hostile act that we heard of happening on Cape Ann.

School children often bore the brunt of antisemitism. Very early in the century, Jacob Albert "got beaten up regularly, you know. And this is the truth because he was Jewish and he was top man on the job and so he got a lot of resentment and he went to Harvard." "It was [whispered] 'Jew, Jew, Jew,'" said one elderly man who still remembered his earliest days in school. "In the morning, when I went to school," he continued, "I used to fight. I used to come home with a torn shirt all the time. But in the afternoon, I used to play with those same kids, nothing was ever said, we were playing together. Must have been eight years old or something. Friday afternoon they used to go down St. Ann's Church and Father DeWire was the priest, and the kids used to go downstairs to learn to be altar boys, and I used to sit and wait and he used to walk by and rub my head, and 'How are you?' you know like that, and once in a while when he met me on the street, he'd give me a penny for an ice

cream cone and so forth. When I went to the Collins School, I never forgot this, the first day there was a fellow that used to pick on me. And there also came to that school a Jewish boy who I knew, naturally, and he was a husky, and he grabbed that boy by the throat, he says, 'I'll break your head if you touch him'. And that was the end of that. That's one of the Linsky boys. One of the Linsky boys, yes, and I've been with that family ever since."

When asked, "What is your earliest memory of Gloucester?" Phil Kramer answered without pause, "Antisemitism." Being called a "Christ-killer" was a common taunt. Mary Greenberg Sturt remembered that in Manchester (before 1920) "Solly, my older brother, would come home with a bloody nose on several occasions and he'd say, 'Mama? Did I kill Jesus Christ?'" Charlotte Alper Chansky recalled several incidents (in the 1920s) that revealed a "tremendous antisemitism." She more than once came home from elementary school crying because other kids called her names and said she killed Christ. Sidney Goldman (in the 1930s) "sensed that there was a hatred or dislike of Jews. I was called Christ-killer when I went to school and when I came back from school. Certainly I was aware of being different when I was in the first grade."

Jeff Resnick's family spent long summers on Little River and therefore the children attended West Parish School late spring and early fall. He experienced no antisemitic attacks, but his sister Judith did. "Youngsters would call out to her, 'Judy the Jew'," said Jeff. Charlotte Alper Chansky was twice dis-invited to high school social events after her friends' fathers "found out" she was Jewish. Evelyn Stone Greengross thought that "as a youngster growing up, I think I did feel some antisemitism, but it wasn't terribly overt, and when I got to high school age I was able to integrate very nicely and I was always happy that I was able to grow up in a community that was very mixed rather than in a ghetto kind of community." It should be noted that the opposite was also true. Eve Feldman Gradwohl had many non-Jewish friends "when I was a small girl; afterwards it just seemed to be the other way around." But for many Jewish children, life got better as they got older. High school was a happier time than grammar school. Bob Kramer was asked, "When you were in high school, was there any antisemitism or did it get less and less?" "Less and less," he answered. And many children never were subjects of this hatred. Bill Marks said, "I

didn't really feel it." Eddie Visnick said, "No, none whatsoever, no." Jinks Feldman Levitsky said, "I had just as many non-Jewish as Jewish friends."

Most teachers sympathized with the struggles of all of their students. Sarah Albert Tarr began school around 1910. "I was always the only Jewish child in the room, you know," said Sarah, "and a wonderful teacher, Miss Costello, put me up on the stool and said, 'What a lovely dress. Sarah's got a beautiful dress on today!' She knew what that meant to me. My mother made the dress and she was a wonderful kind of person."

The Jewish children were certainly very much aware of their scant numbers. Reva Schred Kramer knew that, "when I graduated from high school, I was the only Jewish girl and Saul Feldman was the only Jewish boy." Her sister Helen Schred Marnoy said, "Really there were very few because it was a small town and there were very few Jewish families at that time." Ronald Curhan, in the 1940s, was not the only Jewish child in his class, "but I was the only one in the room. In my high school class, there were three Jewish students. In my brother's class, which was two years younger, there happened to be six. In the class over me, there were two. So six was a bonanza." Irving Kline said, "I went to the Sawyer School where they were 90% Portuguese."

And Jewish children were frequently reminded by their parents that they were different from their classmates. Evelyn Stone Greengross said, "I had a great time in high school. I did well and I had some wonderful friends that were weekday friends, but I wasn't allowed to do weekend things, so I had my Jewish friends weekends and my other friends weekdays." Mary Greenberg Sturt in Manchester also had no overt experience of antisemitism among her schoolmates, but her relationship with them was governed by her mother's rules. "When I was in high school the thing to do was to go to the library after school. So I knew about three girls that I was friendly with. But Mama would never let me go visit them. We just went down to the library."

If one Jewish person in town developed a bad reputation, the children in school were often painted with the same brush that tarred the culprit. There was a Jewish man in Gloucester who was undoubtedly a firebug. "He was an arsonist," said Phil Kramer, who was at the Maplewood School in the '20s.

"At the fire barn they had a tremendous fog horn that could be heard for at least a half a mile. And every section had its own numbers, and you memorized the code from when you were a baby. For example, my father's store was four short ones and two long ones, all right? Every time the fire alarm rang, the kids in school would sing, 'hm-hm-hm-hm-hm-hm, all the Jews are fire bugs.' Their parents told them. They sang it out loud in class. First grade, second grade, I remember the third grade, having a fight with a kid because, my father the tailor [was no firebug!] 'Don't you say that!'" Melvin Rosen also remembered hearing the humming of "all the Jews are firebugs."

Even when Jewish children were not overtly targeted, the pervasive underlying antisemitism led them to monitor their own behavior constantly so as not to attract attention. In Manchester, the cousins Fannie Palosky Linsky and Mary Greenberg Sturt had happy childhoods, but "being the only Jews [in Manchester] you had to be on your pins and needles, you know you can't do this and don't do that," said Fannie. "They knew we were different, they knew we were Jewish. Being a head of the Girl Scouts, on Memorial Day I'd go to the Catholic Church; I'd go to the Baptist Church. At Christmastime I'd go around with the Girl Scouts singing Christmas carols because I was the head of them. You know what you are, that's all. Oh, they know that from the day one." Mary Greenberg Sturt's mother "was very cautious about us being Jewish and being in a town where we were the only Jews. When my oldest sister graduated from high school, my mother and father bought her a fur coat. She could not wear it in Manchester. She would take it in a box to Boston, then put it on and put her other coat in one of those boxes with a key. She never wanted to create any waves. Because we were Jewish, they thought we owned the whole town. And my mother always wanted us to be subdued and not to make any waves. She was very cautious about that."

There are many tales of friendly overtures, of neighbors getting to know and like each other without regard to religion or background. Jeannette Bernstein, Melvin's mother, "was very outgoing and friendly with Gentiles as well as the Jews," said Melvin's wife Evelyn. "Mother Bernstein was very gregarious and [her family] didn't sense the discrimination." "Did you feel any antisemitism growing up?" we asked Bea Bell Albert. "No, I didn't," said Bea. "I know there

was some, and I've heard stories, but I've never felt it in any way at all. We were just opposite Washington Sq. and the so-called 'socialites' all lived around me there, and because I lived there I was friendly with them."

The Schreds lived on Blynman Avenue with few Jewish neighbors. "When we lived on Blynman Avenue," said Reva Schred Kramer, "there was one family, they didn't get along too well. My mother had to work at the business, and she didn't want to worry about us kids, so she got friendly with them and she used to bring them candy and then, boy, nobody could touch us. They would fight if anybody said anything to us."

Irving Kline grew up on the East End of Main Street and Portuguese Hill. "And my memory of the Portuguese people was very fond memories, a nice people, and they weren't hostile, and they weren't openly bigoted or prejudiced," said Irving. "And I don't remember being beaten up or any of that sort of thing that you hear so much about in the history of others. They were new kids on the block, too." Phil Kramer, whose earliest memories were of the schoolchildren humming "all Jews are firebugs," could also say, "Me personally, I never felt any, outside of this innuendo. When I was growing up, one third of the town was Italian, one third Portuguese, and the rest everything else. Everybody was friendly but this one antisemite, came from Nova Scotia, but personally I never felt it."

Lenny Linsky told of his father helping a Syrian fruit peddler who lived on Sargent Street. He used to go to South Boston to buy supplies and he always came home and complained to my father, 'Those Jews, they're always talking about me and oh, they're cheating me' and everything else. And Father said, 'Well, I'll teach you [Yiddish].' Well, then he knew what they were saying! And years ago, I used to go over to his house, he always made me sit down and talk with him, because he says, 'We gotta talk. I don't want to forget how to talk [Yiddish]'."

Lenny told of other acts of friendship and kindness. "Years ago, my parents used to make wine, and give it away around Christmas time to all the non-Jewish people, friends of family plus business people. And after my parents died, my brother decided to keep doing this, so he'd give out cases of wine. And there was this one very old woman, and I'd walk out to her house, and knock on her door, and I'd hold my hand in back of me. And she opened the door and she looked at me and I said, 'Do you know who I am?' And she

says, 'No, I don't remember you.' So I held out the bottle. 'Oh, you're a Linsky!' She remembered years and years back, how my mother and father used to give out wine. And we had done it for quite a few years. Her husband was a skipper on a fishing boat, and when that boat came in with fish, there was a big burlap bag filled with haddock fish for my mother and father. Friendship. Just this, they were friends. And from all the other fishing places, people would come to the junk yard. If they needed a tire or a wheel, you'd say, 'Here, take it, go ahead.' If we went down to the wharf, got all the fish you wanted. Many and many a time used to go down the Fort, get a box full of fish. We had a lot of friends in Gloucester."

Ida Marks also made up little gifts for neighbors and friends. "My mother used to put together a little package of wine and matzoh and send it around to many of our non-Jewish friends in the neighborhood," said Bill Marks. "It was something she did for years. And most of them enjoyed it, most of them would call and thank her. But one day, she sent some over to [my friend's] mother, and somehow we discovered that she threw the food and the wine out. We never had any problem, [my friend] and I. But his mother, yeah. This sort of thing did go on, but it wasn't a vital thing. Didn't affect me, or the kids. We got along. They called the Italian kids Wops and we were the Hebes and the Portuguese were something else. It was just the way they described other people. Certainly, would have been nicer if they hadn't."

When Bill Marks' sister was a little girl, she was once told, 'Oh, you're a dirty Jew', by a little friend, a daughter of a well-known Gloucester Yankee family. Mother Ida Marks heard her and "took the little girl and she made them come in the house and go all through the house. 'Do you see any dirt here?' And they didn't, of course, and that ended it. She made them go through the house to see it."

"See, in those days, there wasn't all that antisemitism," said Helen Schred Marnoy. "If there was, I didn't hear about it. Never heard of anybody turning over tombstones. There wasn't any of that going on." The Feldman daughters felt the same. "I've never known anything about antisemitism," said Eve and Jinks. "They didn't look for that. Honestly, nobody looked at that." "Well, they had to accept us, and vice versa," said Mary Kline. Her daughter Shirley Kline Larsen said, "People were all nice, we never had trouble. Only with

those awful people across the street. But my friends were all nice, they didn't care what anybody's religion was. Just a couple maybe, but it wasn't bad."

As the years passed, antisemitism changed very little. It still floated just below the surface, attacking randomly, and third and fourth generation children were just as aware or unaware of unpleasant incidents as earlier generations. Arlene Rosen Malech remembers being "chased home from school many times and called a Christ-killer." Ronald Curhan, in the 1940s, experienced the only case of a teacher's prejudice reported to us. "Well, I had a fifth grade teacher," said Ron, "and at that time you saluted the flag every day and we read a part of the Bible every day in turn and as we came around the class, she would always give me the most Jesus-y part of the Bible she could find to read." Ronald also said, "I experienced antisemitism in Gloucester, of course. I think I handled it, I don't mean masterfully, but it was not such that I couldn't handle it. It wasn't the parents. It was the kids." He said it took the form of "tauntage, I used to be beaten up. It was antisemitism; it was directed at me because I was Jewish; but it could have just as well been directed at any other kid in class who liked books, or wore glasses, because that's what they taunted me with and they taunted the next person with something else. So I didn't think it was deeply religious, but definitely there was some 'Christ-killer' to it. Definitely there was antisemitism." He eventually acquired two "protectors, real toughies," after helping them learn their math and was never bothered again. Another family first ran into antisemitism after buying a house in East Gloucester. Their young daughter was friends at school with the little girls next door, "so when we drove up the little girls came running over. And the next day they came over crying, 'My mother said I can't play with you because you're a Jew.' That was my introduction, that was when it hit me. I was very unhappy about the situation, I really wanted to sell the house at that time. But we couldn't, and they moved away."

Fannie Linsky's first experience with antisemitism on Cape Ann came only with her grandchildren. "We never had it until my granddaughter went to school," she said. "I think the times have changed. Let me say, my contemporaries haven't changed." Another little boy had trouble in East Gloucester in the 1950s. "I don't think he remembers," said his mother, "but

one of the kids called him a dirty Jew, and he felt bad because he said he wasn't dirty." And another mother told of her children's generally happy memories of growing up in Gloucester. "Even so, they met a little antisemitism," she said. "As friendly as we were with children next door, I'll never forget one Christmas, the children were going to school, and [the neighbor children] said, 'Well, we really shouldn't go to school with you, because you're a Jew, and the Jews killed Christ.' And they were very, very close to those children. But they came home and they said, 'What are they talking about?' And we went through it. Other than that, their experiences were happy."

Verbal assaults have persisted. There wasn't much antisemitism, said a man of his youth during the 1950s and 1960s, "but I have a memory of being hurt when somebody would talk about how 'the rim jewed me,' meaning that the basketball net rim was cheap and wouldn't let the ball through. And the verb 'to jew somebody' was common." "I remember going to the poolroom one day," said Gordon Weiner, "and somebody was playing pool and they said to the other guy, 'Don't play sheenie.' So I said, 'Hey, you know what you just said?' He says, 'No.' I said, 'Don't play like a dirty Jew.' And I said, 'I'm telling you that, so don't use it again. Please.' And I think that's true. Many people just don't know and they use those words without really knowing the meaning. And they don't think anything about it, it just becomes a part of their vocabulary and I objected strenuously to it, but then I would object to any derogatory remarks about blacks, Italians, anybody else. You got to go forward, you got to tell them the way you feel."

Young people leaving Cape Ann for colleges ran into quotas and restricted fraternities. "Harvard had a geographical system limiting the number of students accepted from the metropolitan areas, excluding Boston," said Melvin Bernstein. "They limited the number of students from New York. Almost 100% of the applicants from the New York area were Jews! In the days of [Harvard's President] Lowell, it certainly was a quota system." Melvin gave up his plan to major in mathematics after he was told that "for Bernstein, forget the Ivy League. The Ivy League [schools] have one Jew in the math department."

Fraternities discriminated against Jews. Harold Bell, who spent a year at the University of Maine before transferring to Yale, realized there were fraternities that would not welcome him. "A guy from a Jewish fraternity came to

me and said, 'You know, you'll never be happy with that [other] bunch. They're very antisemitic.' And then I realized all the Jewish kids stuck together. I finally wound up by not joining any fraternity." Phil Kramer said that he didn't experience much antisemitism until he entered college and the Navy. In Gloucester, he from time to time attended Unitarian or St. Ann's Church Christmas services, but at Tufts the separation between Jew and Christian was so marked, he was unable to mix socially with non-Jews. His friend "Bill joined one fraternity and I was invited to Phi Epsilon Pi, and when I went to his fraternity house I was the only Jew, and when I took Bill with me to the Jewish house, he was the only *goy*. And then Bill and I realized we could no longer be dear friends like we were in high school."

In the professions, antisemitism was a factor when Melvin Bernstein became the first Jewish lawyer about 1930. "Well, certain types of work did not go to Jewish lawyers here. In Beverly, there was an early Jewish lawyer who did work for a bank. But in Gloucester that was out," said Melvin. Most of his clients were from the Portuguese community. "There wasn't a Portuguese or an Italian lawyer, so that was it. I didn't get Yankee business at the beginning."

"Then were you called 'the Jewish lawyer?' Is that how people referred to you?"

"Oh, there's no question," said Melvin. "And Moe Pett, the first Jewish doctor—there was some talk for a while before he was accepted at the local hospital." The actual debate centered on the integrity of his degree from the unaccredited Middlesex Medical School, but that was suspected to be a mask of antisemitism.

Mary Greenberg Sturt had to leave her home town of Manchester in order to teach. "When I graduated from high school, I was the valedictorian," said Mary. "The superintendent called me in and he said, 'Mary, what are you going to do?' So I said, 'Well, my mother and my sister think I should be a schoolteacher, so I'm going to be a schoolteacher.' So he said to me 'Well,' he said, 'you know you'll never be able to get any work around here, because you are Jewish. Maybe in a big city.' They didn't even have Catholic schoolteachers. The first Catholic schoolteacher I think was in about 1940 and she was the daughter of a policeman."

Real estate was at times a minefield of antisemitism. Ed Lichtenstein returned to Cape Ann after the war to spend the summer with some friends. "I can remember in 1947, I and two friends wanted to rent a place in Rockport for the summer. Now I had been a bombardier in the Air Corps, my friend Herbie had been on a boat all through the Pacific, my other friend had gotten his feet frozen and then got a discharge—here we were, here were these three guys that just came out of the service, and each one had been risking his life for the country, and I remember we stopped at a little real estate office on the road between Annisquam and Rockport and we talked to the real estate man and we said, 'We're looking to rent a little cabin for the summer.' And he looked at us, he realized we were Jewish, he says, 'Now don't take this wrong, but I don't think I can rent to you.' And we said, 'Oh yeah, we understand.' We left! It was acceptable! To accept that as part of life was really part of the social system at that time."

Abram Resnick was unable to get a loan from local banks to buy what later became Camp Annisquam. "I remember vividly my father talking to me about how difficult it was here, in terms of getting started," said Jeff Resnick. "The bank wouldn't give him a mortgage here. He felt it was a clear case of discrimination. There were other incidents that he shared with me. Some of our campers would go to the beach and because they were Camp Annisquam he felt that they were not being admitted; there were beach privileges or passes that they were sticky about at that time. It was known as the Jewish camp locally. It was late 1920s and 1930s, but it was still an issue. Things got progressively better as discrimination became less apparent."

Another summer resident, Bertha Offenbach Fineberg, wanted to buy a house on Brier Neck about 1948. "They didn't want to sell the house to Jews, and my friend who lived in Brier Neck insisted that Nathan and I go down and meet them. They were brother and sister, not Yankee but Swedish. We went to meet them and she was very staid, old, and she looked at Nathan and said, 'I like that man!' and so then she sold it to us. We were one of three Jews there on Brier Neck. There were the Palleys from Worcester and the Pemsteins. Brier Neck was a very exclusive organization.

"The social life at Brier Neck were the WASPs who didn't even recognize us. Most of us would use a path from the top of Brier Neck down to the

beach. And sometimes we would go down there and sit with our children and there was an association lifeguard, whose job in the morning was to sweep up the debris, and they always managed to sweep it toward us. Now we knew it wasn't the work of one boy, they were working under instructions to sweep the trash toward us, so we left the association and we went over to the open beach. However, there were families who were human. When we were away one winter, something happened to our roof and an Irish family who lived next to us couldn't contact us but he had his roofer fix the roof. That was a generous gesture that you'd expect from good neighbors."

Various summer hotels on Cape Ann were known to exclude Jews from their premises. "There were restrictions, certainly in Magnolia there were," said Bertha Offenbach Fineberg. "Now when I was at Radcliffe, many of us earned our tuition by waitressing, and I did that too. There were large hotels here, in Magnolia and in Manchester too, but we were always told, 'You can't apply there, they don't want Jews'."

There were hotels that did not accept Jews as guests. Jeff Resnick once had stationery, "I think from the Hawthorne Inn, that my father had picked up in the '20s. They had the letterhead on top and on the bottom it said, 'We do not solicit Hebrew patronage'." Charlotte Alper Chansky remembered riding her bike on the Back Shore and seeing signs that said 'No Jews or Dogs Allowed'. Summer resident Richard Rome's mother "stayed at the Thorwald one time, and there was a sign on the wall, 'Hebrews are not solicited'. We didn't make a commotion about it. She wasn't a well person at that time, and she wanted to spend some time here, so she had her meals at the hotel. And very shortly after that, those signs were taken down." Ed Lichtenstein remembered that a hotel "beyond the Moorlands, going towards Bass Rocks, had some kind of a sign that said, 'No Mixed Clientele Here'." These were days when black people were also not allowed. Evelyn Bernstein told of arranging a concert "and it was one of the best concerts we ever had in Gloucester connected with the temple. It was a fundraiser, and I got a nationally-known black artist to come and sing. She had to stay overnight and I couldn't put her up any place! Nobody would take her! That's forty years ago. A national artist who was a coup to get to come to Gloucester, and nobody would take her. I called every hotel, every motel—that was real serious discrimination.

I finally put her up at home."

Hotels were not alone in banning Jews. Jews faced a blanket denial of access to private clubs and fraternal organizations, although the Knights of Pythias, the YMCA, the Odd Fellows, the Elks and perhaps the Rotary, were blind to such discrimination and did not uniformly exclude Jews. Phil Kramer mentioned the 300th anniversary of the founding of Gloucester in 1923. "They had the biggest parade in the history of Gloucester, and my father was a member of the Knights of Pythias. They had that oval shaped hat with a spike and kilts and spears and helmet and all the brass plates, and they all marched up Washington Street and had a ceremony at the [Oak Grove] cemetery on Washington Street." Gordon Weiner said that Henry Winer, the popular salesman at the Empire Clothing Store, belonged to the Elks. Harold Bell as a child joined the YMCA.

Jews played golf and tennis at the public clubs such as the Rockport Golf Club, but all the private golf, tennis and yacht clubs were restricted. The most remarkably antisemitic club of the time was the Bass Rocks Golf Club, whose ever-vigilant members guarded the tennis courts, golf courses and dining rooms. Many painful rebukes arose from attempts to allow Jewish children to learn tennis along with their schoolmates, to participate in competitions, or from attempts by adults to become members with their friends and business associates. One Jewish couple was often invited to social events at the club, but "we'd sit at a table and people would be making remarks about 'Don't worry, because there are no Jews allowed'." Another man told the following anecdote: "Our daughter was gregarious and her classmates from the East Gloucester School were taking tennis lessons at the Bass Rocks Golf Club and so I called the president of the Bass Rocks Golf Club and I said, 'I know your policy, and as long as public funds are not involved that doesn't bother me. But I ask for my daughter what I certainly wouldn't ask for myself.' And I told him she wanted to take lessons and he said, 'I'll get back to you.' I didn't hear from him so I spoke to the vice president of the Bass Rocks and I said, 'What's the story?' And he called me back and said, 'I'm awfully sorry but that's the rule.' The president simply couldn't say, 'No, because you are Jewish'."

Once, a fabricated series of applications was sent in to the Bass Rocks Golf Club. "We concocted this," recalled a father. Three boys with Jewish-sounding names applied for tennis lessons and one after another "were turned down because 'there wasn't room.' Then a boy who had a Yankee-sounding name applied and was admitted. 'Oh, sure,' said the tennis teacher, 'we got plenty of room.' So none of them, of course, joined."

There were also times when Jews played tennis or golf as guests of members, only to have a representative from the club come out and ask their host to have them leave the court or the course. Gordon Weiner said, "When we were in the chain drug business, the head man there was Joe Rosenwald. And he came down from New York and he played golf and they got him out on the Bass Rocks golf course, and when they found out he was Jewish they asked him to leave." Another man said, "I associated with many of these people. I was involved in all different organizations in the city from Economic Development Committee, the Chamber of Commerce, the hospital, the YMCA. I was on the board with many of them, and they belonged; yet I couldn't go up there and so I had a lot of deep scars."

Melvin Bernstein told of the great pianist (and founder of the Marlboro, Vermont, Music Center) Rudolf Serkin, who was spending a summer with his father-in-law Adolf Busch in East Gloucester. "Serkin and Busch—Serkin of course was Jewish and Busch not Jewish—applied for a summer membership at Bass Rocks. Busch was accepted and Serkin was turned down. If that hadn't happened, Gloucester might well have been Marlboro."

"He was thinking of developing a music center here?"

"When this happened, goodbye Gloucester."

By the early 1950s, private clubs began to rethink their policy. Jews were allowed to compete in tennis tournaments. "I was somewhat of a competitive tennis player, I was captain of my college team," said Jeff Resnick. "In '52 or '53, I read in the paper about the Bass Rocks Country Club tournament. So I called up and I told them that I'm teaching here and the superintendent hired me as a tennis coach as well. They were hesitant, but they accepted me into the tournament. My father was appalled that I would play." The son of Meyer Jasper who owned the Moorland Hotel once won their tennis tournament.

The exclusion of Jews was slowly and reluctantly abandoned. "I don't think it changed particularly because the group over there felt more kindly to Jews," said Gordon Weiner. "I think what happened is they started to run out of money. I think the first Jewish members over there were Benedict and Ethel Kerr. But I think it was a strictly financial thing." Sidney Goldman said, "They ran into hard times. They began to ask every Tom, Dick and Harry and they chose five Jews that could join and I think four out of the five turned them down." Ethel Kerr said that, although invited to join, for many years they did not join because no other Jews were allowed. Mrs. Kerr thought that summer people like Clarence Birdseye from Birdseye Frozen Foods and Barbara Hutton had once underwritten all the expenses of club, but that after World War II these people died and the club needed money. The day came when Ben Kerr was informed that he had been nominated, that there would be no blackball, and would he say yes. Mrs. Kerr opposed joining the club, but she said her husband's argument was "he would join and then he could be sure other Jews could join if they wished."

Membership in the Sandy Bay Yacht Club was restricted until the 1960s and the admission of Edna and Bill Silverman.

Even after outward restrictions were lifted, there was still a barrier. One man who played tennis at the Bass Rocks Golf Club as a boy in the 1950s and 1960s said, "I wasn't comfortable playing tennis there and I did feel antisemitism there, and I sailed in Annisquam with a friend who had a boat and I felt antisemitism there. No one ever attacked me, there was just a sense of being shunned. I was much more aware in situations of middle- and upper-class settings of antisemitism than in the blue-collar world of Gloucester public schools where you'd get a comment or two but it wasn't like somebody was afraid of me or mad at me because I was Jewish. In Annisquam or at the Bass Rocks Golf Club, they didn't like Jews and they didn't want me there because I was a Jew."

Members of the Freemasons were equally aware of who was Jewish and who was not. When Irving Kline was asked, "Was there prejudice in the local Masonic temples?" he answered, "They did say so, yes. It was known at that time there was some retired ex-Marine officer, bigoted guy, but he's passed on.

It only took one black ball and you were out. First Jewish boy to become a Mason was Paul Alper. He's a dentist, Leo Alper's son. He went all the way up the ladder."

"So you didn't even try in Gloucester?"

"No, no. I became a Mason through the Lowell Masonic Order. Pentucket."

Bill Marks "was invited to belong to the DeMolay, which was the junior Mason, along with some of the other Jewish boys, the Visnick boys and Bobby Fine. We were allowed there but we couldn't go on to the Masons, the next step up. Not in Gloucester. So it was a little strange—a lodge that was dedicated to brotherhood, and it was lacking."

"Why were you invited to join DeMolay?"

"I don't know," said Bill. "One day I was invited, somebody left a paper on my desk at school. I guess I got along with some of the boys, and there were Jewish boys already in there. Then I became a Mason at a Jewish Lodge in Lynn. I never did become active. Masonry was supposed to be dedicated to brotherhood, and I couldn't belong in Gloucester. Black people, for instance, only belonged to a non-recognized lodge. I don't know whether they purposely segregated them but there were places you couldn't belong and it gave me a bad signal."

In Manchester, the first Jew to join the Masons and the Odd Fellows was the postmaster Jacob Greenberg, son of the shoemaker Nathan Greenberg.

People who lived through it concluded that World War II caused a change in attitude among non-Jews. "World War II was really a transitional period socially for Jews," said Rabbi Geller. The change was not due to reaction to news of the Holocaust but rather the result of all people, Jew and Protestant and Catholic, living and fighting and dying together. Bob Kramer said it changed the atmosphere in Gloucester for the better. "You know something?" he asked. "That war started the creation of the Jews and the Catholics, and the Portuguese and the Italians and Finns, getting closer together because they fought and died, side by side, and when they came home the whole atmosphere started to change until now, no comparison to my days. And that's where it started, they were killed, they were shot. And they saw each other and

they found, 'he isn't a bad guy, or a Jew. That's a good Jew'. You know what I mean? And as time went on, that was the start of it. I was always on the street, you know, I was around and I knew everybody."

By the time Rabbi Geller arrived in the mid-1960s, that change was almost complete. He felt the community was "at a point of transition. The old style (in which Jews kept apart socially and the Gentiles didn't like Jewish involvement in their social experience or in their neighborhoods) was beginning to disappear. There still were some segregated areas and everyone remembered segregation of Jews. Jews had been excluded from Annisquam. The Bass Rocks Golf Club did not admit Jews, and therefore all the Jews belonged to the Rockport Club. By the time I got here there was beginning to be a change. A few Jews began to move to Annisquam. The Bass Rocks Golf Club began to have a few Jewish members, particularly when it noticed that it had financial needs and that it was kind of pointless to exclude the Jews. There had been issues about Jewish kids playing tennis at the Golf Club. When I got here that had pretty much passed. And slowly but surely the Jews were making their way. I think the only tension was between the Yankees and the Jews, I don't think the other relationships were problematical. Gloucester is after all an immigrant community."

AROUND TOWN



"You were shocked one day when I told you we had a surrey with the fringe on top. We did. And I had to go brush it off all the time when it got dusty and fix the tassels."

—Sarah Albert Tarr

One is often impressed by how much daily life changed in a single lifetime. The people we interviewed grew up with the century. Their parents knew *shtetl* life, uncertainty and upheaval as they joined the rivers of immigrants pouring out of Europe and into the United States. Their children grew up knowing all there was to know of the modern world. The generation in the middle formed the link by growing up in Gloucester, the melting pot in action. "I lived on Washington Street, right in the center of town," said Harold Bell, "and because a lot of people walked to work, we had all kinds of people within the neighborhood. There were two bank presidents, the vice principal of the high school, a rubbish man, fish man, a kid who didn't have any parents and lived with his grandmother and could hardly read, a cop—a

wonderful, wonderful mix of people. I don't know whether all Jewish kids would say the same thing, but it was really a great place to grow up. Oh, boy, I had a wonderful time. I would like to have everyone grow up the way I did."

George Flasher grew up on the wharves and streets destroyed by urban renewal—his mother's boarding house was at the corner of Main and Howe, old streets that were lined with trees and clapboarded houses, vacant lots, warehouses and barns. "Those were the good old days," said George. "Very few cars. You wanted to go to the beach, you walked to Good Harbor. And you walked back." Children had plenty to do right in Gloucester. George Flasher was not alone in saying, "I never went anywhere. Never went to those camps or nothing. Couldn't afford it anyway."

Pastimes were invented. "You got a piece of wood," said George Flasher, "and you carved out two pointed ends and you got a piece of wood like a paddle and you'd hit that peggy. You'd take that stick and hit that peg as far as you could. Where you started from there was a circle with a piece of wood in the middle and I think you got two or three hits with that paddle and the point was to hit it as far away from that center as possible so the other guy couldn't hit that centerpiece [when he hit the peg back]. That was one game I remember. What else did we play? Oh, I think they called it ollie-ollie-in-free. Yeah, hide 'n' seek. In those days there were a lot of fruit trees around, too, plenty of apple trees and peaches and plums. That's why they say the good old days. Across a street from me, George Kline owned property, he had two, three big apple trees. Come the fall, throw rocks up at those apples, knock 'em down."

"Selma Solomon lived just about two blocks up the hill from where I lived," said Bea Bell Albert. "I lived across the street from Gerrish Albert, and I used to play a lot with him. I ruined one of his bicycles. And I think those were the only two Jewish kids I played with. I played with non-Jewish kids mostly." Mel Rosen said most of his friends were Portuguese because he lived near the Lady of Good Voyage Church, at 18 Allen Street and then 9 Warner Street. He and his friends would sit on a stone wall and look for out-of-state license plates. George Flasher lived nearby, past the church and down on Main Street, and said, "All my friends were in that area. I went to school with them, grew up with them, you know."

Gloucester, like other cities of the time, was a self-sufficient entity. "The city, of course, was quite complete," said Marjorie Marks. "You didn't have to leave Gloucester, you could get anything and everything you wanted. We had Brown's Department Store and we had a big Sears." "It had the art here and a lot of culture," said Melvin Bernstein. "There were restaurants that were open on Christmas. And I remember as a child," said Irving Kline, "looking in with my nose at the window and you could see these waitresses running around with their trays in their hand and it was very tasty just to look at them. And the places were packed. The people went out and ate. When I was a little child I remember the barrooms. That was before Prohibition. On Friday and Saturday nights, the sidewalks were jammed, you could hardly walk, people went out to see the town and talk to people. A lot of lights and a lot of action, and then gradually all that disappeared. Today, you could stand on your head on the weekend, nobody would notice it."

George Flasher said, "There were a lot of rooming houses. It was loaded with fishermen and rooming houses and barrooms, you know. Gloucester in those days was a bright beautiful city at night. Every Saturday night Main Street was full of people. Oh yeah, it was a joyous time in those days."

In the earliest stages of the Jewish community in Gloucester, Jews lived where they could, rich and poor were often next door, and there were all types within a neighborhood. The very terms 'rich' or 'poor' meant little, for one was rich if one's business had done well for a few months, if one had food and clothing and little debt. The store-owning Bloombergs lived next to the struggling Visnicks on Addison Street. "My mother, my poor mother must have been envious because, we were poor as church mice," said Ann Visnick Fishman, "and there's this woman, she used to call her the *gewirte.* She'd say, 'Here's the *gewirte*' and the *gewirte* is a rich person." As the years passed, the wealthier families moved into grander houses. The Bloombergs moved across the Cut to a large stucco house. Ida and Jacob Marks lived in a house at 9 Beauport Avenue built by Ida's father. "My grandfather was a builder," said Bill Marks, "and he built a lot of the houses in Dorchester on Blue Hill Avenue at that time." Morris Katz had moved from Liberty Street to Poplar Street, and with income from the bus company, bought the large house at 219 Washington Street. Another woman said, "I swore if I ever got married I

would have a house on Gloucester Avenue. And I waited until I got one on Gloucester Avenue. I had a long wait but I waited." Washington Square, Washington Street and Western Avenue were fashionable addresses. Cleveland, Exchange, Allen and Main Streets were not.

The majority of Jews lived in downtown Gloucester, within the area now bordered by the Harbor, the Annisquam River and Route 128. Families moved frequently, but every now and then a little pocket formed, a neighborhood grew up, as about Liberty Street and Allen Street, where Schreds, Feldmans, Raizins, Rosens and Rubins lived at one time or another. Another such pocket was Trask Street. In 1909, business partners Alexander Schwartz and Harry Bernstein lived at 30 and 32 Trask, and Harry's brother Barnett Bernstein and his wife Celia lived at 27 Trask; from 1905, Harry and Nellie Goldman or their sons and grandsons lived at 9 Trask Street. (Harry Goldman died there in 1929). The owners of the Superior Dye House, Joseph and Annie Kaplan, lived there in the '40s. Lenny and Victoria Linsky live there still.

"But Melvin Bernstein and I can sit and reminisce about the old days, and we never remember things the same way," said Beatrice Bell Albert. Phil Kramer told of neighborhoods. "In Gloucester there were several sections where the Jews lived," he said. "For example, on Cleveland Street, there were Davis the Jew, Kramers, Tarlows, Marshall, Michaelsons, that's it, Tarlows, Marshalls, Rutchiks! All lived on Cleveland Street. Nobody liked anybody," continued Phil Kramer, speaking of his neighbors, "Jewish or non-Jewish, who lived on the street. The Jews got along because they were forced to. A lot of animosity; everybody struggling; no money." George Flasher, telling of the neighborhood at the East End of Main Street near the Alpers and the Rosens, spoke of a different experience. "Where I lived it was nice, it was wonderful. Main Street, drugstore was down the bottom of the hill. The old drugstore. You wanted a prescription, you went down there and you'd have your ice cream soda, you know. Oh yeah, barber shop was next door. Years ago, you never locked your door. Never had keys. Especially where we lived on Union Hill, there was traffic there day and night. People on foot and nobody ever bothered anyone. People came and went."

But no matter on what street one lived, the Jews maintained, as Arlene Rosen Malech said, "a small close-knit community" in which "everybody knew everybody." "It was almost like a *shtetl*," said Evelyn Stone Greengross, "because everybody knew everybody's business, everybody knew how much you were worth, what you owned, and it was perhaps classified, stratified within the Jewish community. There were classes of those who had and those who had not. We felt it very much. There were the families who were comfortable and they were a very close society among themselves. And there were the lesser people. It's interesting, now that I think of it—very, very stratified."

Phrases such as "well-respected" or "in the upper strata" described the wealthier families; "poor as church mice" and "working class" described the poorer. The social distinctions were obvious in all aspects of their lives. The very seats in the synagogue were categorized by price. "I'm not so sure that it bothered anybody or there was any sensitivity about it," said Phil Kramer. "It was a small community, you couldn't kid anybody. Faker couldn't exist in that atmosphere. They knew everybody, knew all about them."

There were Jews who arrived from Europe unable to read or write in any language and there were learned scholars. There were men like Isaac Slafsky who "was something out of Hollywood! Quite a character, walking around very disheveled, you know, whiskers, awful-looking pants, hardly speak to you," said Irving Kline. And there were men like the tailor Bob Kline who never wore less than a full suit and tie. [1]

"Well, it's a wonderful thing when you come to think of it," said Irving Kline. "And yet they got together and formed a community, kept up what they had in common, their faith, their roots, and perpetuated the whole culture. It's a remarkable thing."

The women, the mothers of the families, were crucial to the survival of that culture. Their lives influenced the community profoundly. Each family had a position that grew out of its financial and religious circumstances, and wives and mothers reveled in their given roles.

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[1] The family had a photograph of Robert Kline, up on the roof fixing the chimney, wearing a tie and jacket. "He always dressed," said his daughter Judith Kline Rose. "Oh, he never wore casual clothes," said Shirley Kline Larsen.

Molly Bell and her friends were educated, charming, comfortably-off women who enjoyed their many advantages and shared cultural interests. "They had a lot of luncheons between them and among them, and played a lot of cards, and walked together," said Bea Bell Albert. "There was a whole group, and they didn't pay any attention to the rest of the community, but they had a nice nucleus and a wonderful social life. They were couples. My mother and father [Molly and Morris Bell] and, including their husbands, Jennie Bernstein, Sadie Kerr, Celia Bernstein when she was well—she was sick toward the latter part of her life. Oh, Eunice Levy, and my father's partner, Max Leavitt, Mrs. Leavitt, but she was the first one of the group to die. [Rae Leavitt died in 1931]. They went out every single day at 2:00 o'clock for a walk. And then they had the most wonderful dinners in each other's homes, and then they'd play bridge; two tables of bridge, so that's eight people at minimum, and usually they'd have a guest or two extra. They did a lot of cooking and baking. Everybody'll tell you that my mother was the best cook and baker anywhere." Marjorie Marks confirmed Bea Bell's account. "They ate out, and they entertained lavishly in their homes. These women entertained each other very nicely," said Marjorie. Evelyn Bernstein said, "Well, Molly Bell was a lovely, lovely woman. And there was a small group of Jewish women who were very lovely and friendly with each other." Ronald Curhan said she was a great baker.

Molly's background was probably, even in Europe, never humble. Her father, Philip Broder, had been a mathematics professor. She had arrived in the United States, accompanied by mother and sisters, to meet and marry an enterprising and astute young man in the oilskin business, chosen by her father. For a year or two after they were married, Molly and Morris lived with her parents and their still-growing family on Exchange Street. There was adventure and humor even in that, for her mother Sarah, Mrs. Philip Broder, had a baby daughter just twelve days before Molly gave birth to her first child. "My mother's mother got out of bed to let my mother and me in," said Bea Bell Albert. "So, it was quite a story."

Molly and Morris Bell soon moved to their own apartment on Church Street. "We were in a house that was owned by Mayor Tolman. I think we still have the spoon that he gave to my mother when I was born in 1914," said Harold Bell.

Molly headed a large household. "My mother was one of six sisters," said

Bea, "and she had three sisters who married Halifax, Nova Scotia, men; men from Halifax came down to buy oilskins and things like that at the factory, and they met my aunts who were with us at the time." Morris Bell "supported everybody," said Bea. "He had his father living with us, and he had my mother's sisters and brother living with us, all at different times, and sometimes all at the same time. We moved to 57 Washington Street. We needed the bigger house for all those people." Molly's sister Geraldine lived with them while she worked as a bookkeeper for Morris Bell at the Gloucester Manufacturing Company. "Her real name was Esther, but we called her Gerry. And she lived with my mother for years. My mother's younger brother Harry Broder lived with her until he got through high school and went up to the University of Maine." Molly put them all up in her house.

"We didn't do a lot of traveling," said Harold. "We'd go to Nova Scotia by boat from Boston to visit my mother's sisters." The family also took vacations in Maine. "You know where they went for vacations all the time?" asked Bea. "Old Orchard Beach. Hotel Lafayette, everything was kosher there, and it was right on the beach, it was wonderful." And the family moved to their cabin in the West Gloucester woods for the summer. "You know what people used to do," said Harold Bell. "If you lived in Gloucester, you had a summer place either in West Gloucester or on Long Beach. And my poor mother! We had what we called a camp over in Fernwood which is in West Gloucester. And my mother would close up the house after school was stopped, and cover all the furniture with sheets and clean up in one house, then go over to the camp. And here it was summertime, with a coal stove for cooking! Oh, it was terrible. She had to cook on this coal stove in the heat of the summer. And nobody paid any attention to it. We were in the water and out of the water, splashing in the house. I had the job of sweeping down the stairs every day, but that's about all anyone ever did."

Molly's friends Rae and Max Leavitt, and Joseph and Sadie Kerr, had summer homes on Long Beach from before 1920, near the summer home of the Norman Jacobs family.

Molly Bell was only forty-four when Morris died in December, 1933. "She refused to get married again," said Bea. "But it was really a wonderful marriage. Matched marriages seem to be such a success, why can't one you choose yourself be very successful?" Celia Bernstein was widowed in 1924,

Sadie Kerr was a widow after 1944, Jennie Bernstein a widow after 1946. They all remained friends and Molly herself lived until 1979, having spent seventy wonderful years in Gloucester.

Equally well-known was a group of friends that originally lived together or near each other at the East End of Main Street. The first to arrive were George and Ida Kline. Mrs. Kline rented Max Alper a room in her house on Union Hill when Max first arrived in Gloucester. "Yeah," said Irving. "We rented Mr. Alper a room, as was customary. And he was squiring Rose, Mrs. Alper, and she was an American-born girl. Mother told me that Mrs. Alper, before she had her own family, used to wheel me up and down Union Hill." Max and Rose (Shenberg, the granddaughter of a Boston rabbi) married and had a family. Max bought up many houses and other real estate and gradually circumstances changed so that the Klines lived in the Alper house at 335 Main Street. "As a child," said Irving, "I grew up in the Alper home. We lived in the upper tenement of a house owned and occupied by the Alper family." Louis and Tillie Kramer, the "young Mrs. Kramer", lived in the Alper basement for a while. Phil Kramer said, "When I was born (1915) we lived in the cellar of their house." Charlotte Alper Chansky remembered her mother was not a great cook but did prepare fish well. "I don't think I ever came home from school that there was not a fish swimming in the kitchen sink," said Charlotte. "The ceiling of the sink area was coated with fish scales from all the years she cooked and cleaned them." The Alper house was a busy, crowded place, made even more so during the influenza epidemic of 1919 when relatives of George Kline fled from Brooklyn and were given refuge by Rose.

Dr. John J. Egan delivered all of Rose's five babies in her own bedroom; and after each child's birth Max added a room. Charlotte Alper Chanksy said of her mother, "Everyone loved Rose Alper." Arlene Rosen Malech said, "Mrs. Alper, Mrs. Kramer, and Mrs. Rosen were closest friends, a triumvirate, with occasionally Mrs. Stone." Others remembered the group was made up of five women: Mrs. Rose Alper, Mrs. Bertha Rosen, Ida Kramer ("the old Mrs. Kramer"), Tillie Kramer ("the young Mrs. Kramer"), and Mrs. Sarah Stone. Rose Alper's daughter Lillian said that Mrs. Rosen was her mother's best friend. The women "always referred to each other as 'Mrs.'," said Arlene Rosen Malech.

The Alper home was a second home to many children. Lillian Alper said that Bertha Rosen's children from the crowded house at 18 Allen Street treated the Alper home as their own. And Evelyn Stone Greengross said, "I was very very close to the Alpers. I was an only child, and I think there were five Alper children; I was the sixth kid in their house."

Even after these families moved into their own houses, they maintained close ties and friendships, and a network of communication and concern that created community. The George Klines had four children and did not move far when they bought a house at 252 Main Street. "Father had the shoe repair place downstairs, and we were upstairs with a couple of tenants. Wasn't fancy, oh, no," said Irving Kline. Ida Kline, like Mrs. Alper, "was always very friendly with Robert Kramer's mother (the 'old Mrs. Kramer'). I remember they used to sit and talk at home in Yiddish. And they'd have tea and the usual, simple niceties would be exchanged. And we visited Bob's mother's home on Granite Street. Mother never mixed socially, I don't think she knew how," said Irving. "You know, that ghetto existence in Europe, she brought that with her, and she was very content. They were strict in the sense that they never wanted me to get in trouble with the law, or get in trouble with neighbors," Irving said of his parents. "They never had any ill-feelings towards their status here, or their relationship with people. They never criticized. I guess Mother was content that she had married a working man and the family was her principal concern." Irving added, "I remember a certain wholesomeness about my father and mother. They were totally committed to the simple business of rearing their children to be somebody. At least in their minds. They wanted us to be somebody."

"Mother died while I was in first year of law school (1934)," said Irving. George Kline died in 1970 at the age of 93. He lived in Gloucester, an integral part of life on the East End of Main Street for many, many years. "We had him in a nursing home in Philadelphia towards the end of his life and he died there," said Irving.

George Kline's first cousin, Mr. Louis Pett, moved into the neighborhood at the East End of Main Street with his wife Leah and their children. They lived at 301 Main Street ("in a wonderful townhouse with a mahogany

bannister," according to their friend, Toby Rosenberg) and set up the fruit and vegetable store at 232 Main Street. Mamie Pett Norton told of neighborly strifes, in which Mrs. Alper went to Mr. Kline with some complaint about the Petts. "She went to my father's relative across the street from us, and she was screaming. Well, the relative called my mother up after she left, and her son was so mad he was crying—that's what a small town it was."

In the same neighborhood, just beyond the Alper house, was the white-clapboard home of Ida Flasher. Her son George was only three years old when Nathan Flasher the tailor died. For the rest of her life, Ida ran her boarding house single-handed. She was fiercely independent and was steadfastly true to her Judaism. She never relaxed her standards of *kashrut*, or had time for frivolity.

These neighbors had known each other a long time. They had common memories of life in Europe. They compared experiences, creating a common history. Whereas George and Ida Kline chose to erase unpleasant memories, Mrs. Flasher felt it was important that they not be forgotten. "Mother did not discuss her life in Europe," said Irving Kline of his mother Ida. "I met Jewish women who were her contemporaries who were bitter, who couldn't stand if you even mentioned a Pole, or Russians, and were very outspoken condemning them. I remember I was at the cemetery for a burial one time here in Gloucester," continued Irving, "and a Mrs. Flasher from Romania was at the cemetery. It was a lovely day, sitting on a stone there, they were talking and she brought up some of her unfortunate experiences in Romania as a Jew. And then she asked my father, 'What about you?' And he didn't have anything to say of a critical nature, anything that was unpleasant in his life. Was she ever angry! She said, 'George, you've forgotten, haven't you! You've already forgotten!' And Father looked at her, and then she started to enumerate all the things that the Christian world had done to the Jewish world. But he never responded. At no time did he ever feel that he was badly treated. He never imparted that to me, and neither did my mother."

"Who were your mother's friends?" we asked George Flasher.

"Well, there was a Mr. and Mrs. Harry Zass, and then George Kline. He'd come up the house. And they'd have their tea, you know, in glass—with the sugar square, oh yeah."

"Did she hold it between her teeth?"

"Oh yeah, sure," said George. "Who else? Lady friends? I don't recall any."

Mrs. Sarah Stone, a fourth to the "triumvirate" of friends, and her husband were "both a little bit older when they got married," said Evelyn Stone Greengross. Mrs. Stone was "considered an *alter moid* in those days." Mr. and Mrs. Stone lived briefly in the Alper house before moving on to 12 Railroad Avenue by 1919, where their child Evelyn was born. In the 1930s, the Stones moved to 57 1/2 Washington Street, just behind the Bells. The Stones remained close friends with their earlier acquaintances—Hyman Stone with Max Alper, and Sarah Stone with Rose Alper. "Hymie Stone was a more spiritual kind of man than Max Alper," said Rabbi Geller. "He gave the impression that he was a sensitive, thoughtful person and one never would have applied those two words to Max Alper." Nevertheless, Mr. Stone and Max Alper studied together regularly, according to Evelyn Stone Greengross. "My mother was a card player. The ladies played cards and Mr. Alper and my father studied *Chumash*, which was very nice. They played whist in those days." Evelyn Stone Greengross also said that her parents "received a Jewish paper called the *Tageblatt* in the mail. They didn't approve of the *Forverts*, for some reason they looked down on it, they felt it was not as intellectual as the *Tageblatt*."

Mrs. Stone came from a prosperous family in Europe. "My mother's family," said Evelyn Stone Greengross, "were very comfortable in Lithuania, and they really felt no need to come here. As a matter of fact there were letters coming from there asking my mother and my aunt who lived with us, 'Come home. You don't need to struggle in America. We have everything wonderful.' And then, in a couple of years, everything wonderful was gone."

"You never heard anything?"

"No," said Evelyn.

"The old Mrs. Kramer" was Ida, wife of Samuel Kramer and mother of Bob and Anna. Bob Kramer said, "I was born in Gloucester [on Shepherd Street]. All the Irish people were living here, and the street was split and the other side

of the street was occupied by Syrian people, who all lived together and they did their business together, and we were quite friendly." The Kramers moved to Liberty Street, then Elm Street, and then Granite Street; at some point "our landlady was Irish, next door a school teacher, Fannie, next to her was a Brophy, across the street was a Gibbs, and a McInnon, as I remember, and all Irish. My parents came from Lithuania. And when my mother used to go out, the women used to walk across the street and try to teach her English words, talked to her. Well, my mother was a very charming woman anyway, see, and they clicked together, and they even started her going to school in the afternoon, and she could hardly speak English, she went to school two years or so to learn to read and write."

Ida and Samuel spoke Yiddish at home early in the century. "Oh, I spoke fluently, Jewish, because I spoke Jewish in the house," said Bob, "and I could read the books and everything." Ida read the local paper. "She did the *Gloucester Times* and the *Judisches Tageblatt* both," said Bob.

"Did your parents keep in touch with relatives in Europe?"

"There was a bag in my mother's house," said Bob Kramer of his mother Ida. "On *Pesach* and the Jewish holidays, you know, we'd pack it up with all the things and bring it down to [ship it over to Europe]. Up until when the [Second World] War started overseas. My father had a brother over there living and he was in the service I guess, and several other people, aunts, I don't know, and everybody got a bag, at least a big cloth bag, sure. And then when the war came and went, we never heard anything from anybody. No, never heard anything. I just heard off and on about the city in Lithuania. That's when the Germans came in."

The "young Mrs. Kramer" was Celia Banks Kramer from Haverhill who came to Gloucester as the bride of the tailor Louis Kramer and lived in Gloucester from 1912 until her death in 1962. The family lived first on Main Street at Union Hill. "Used to be a theater there, that's where Alper's house used to be," said Phil Kramer. "Okay. I was born in Alper's house. Leo Alper, his sister Lillian and I were all born in that house. We moved to 19 Cleveland Street when I was two years old. And when I was thirteen, we moved to 21 Summer Street. It's on the corner of Granite Street. As you go up Summer

Street, there's Hovey Street on the corner, that's where W. G. Brown lived, and the people who owned LePages Glue, and a lot of rich homes down on that corner. I had a sister, Ruth, and I have a brother, Dr. Gerald, and then I have my youngest brother, Hilton.

"There was a neighbor of ours down the street by the name of Milton Mintz," said Phil Kramer, "a dear friend of mine, a year younger. Milton was very, very short and my brother a little over six feet, my other brother is almost 6' 1". So Milton said to my mother, 'If I ate in your house, maybe I'd grow up to be as tall as your sons.' So every night he came to our house and ate. Every night, and by the way, he grew up to be 5' 11". So my mother loved this boy Milton and when my brother Hilton was born, she changed his name Milton to Hilton, with an H for her uncle named Chaim." Philip's brother Gerald Kramer was called Melvin by their parents. "Mother named him Gerald—his name is Gershom, the Hebrew name for Gerald. Then when the Irish kids started calling him Gerry, my mother hated it because she didn't want any Irish name in our house. People now know him as Gerry, but the ones who knew him when my mother was alive call him Mel."

Mrs. Kramer guided her children in their education and their careers. It was she who decided that her son Philip give up his lucrative job selling magazines to go to college, and that he later go to dental school. It was she who worried that her son Hilton might not do well as a writer and should instead be a dentist or a doctor. It was she who abandoned her kosher kitchen after learning of the destruction of the Jews in Europe. In all these decisions, she led the family and guided them into modern American life.

The children of these five women continued the mothers' friendships. Evelyn Stone played with the Alper children and was friendly with the children of Bertha Rosen. "There was the [Joseph and Bertha] Rosen family with two sons that my mother [Sarah Stone] was very friendly with," said Evelyn, "and I was friendly with the younger boy [Col. Melvin] until he went away." Evelyn said that the young Mrs. Kramer's daughter, "Ruth Kramer, was my age and we were very, very good friends." Arlene Rosen Malech said of Ida Kramer's son, "Bob Kramer was Henry Rosen's best friend." Bob Kramer seems to have inherited his mother's charm, for Lillian Alper Cohen said, "Bob Kramer was Max Alper's best friend." Reva Schred Kramer said of her

mother, Dora Schred, and her mother-in-law, Mrs. Ida Kramer, "My mother was friendly with his mother."

Many Jewish families lived along Maplewood Avenue, from Prospect Street to Cleveland Street and out along Derby, Shepherd and Sargent Streets. By the 1920s, Feldman's Market, at the corner of Maplewood and Shepherd, was central to all. Rose Feldman presided over her large family; it was she who determined that the entire family assume her maiden name of Feldman. She had arrived in Gloucester from New York with three little children (Saul, Ida and Eve) and had three more in Gloucester (Henry, Jinks, and Esther). Rose's last and sixth child, her baby named Esther died of influenza in 1926 when just over four years old, attended by Dr. John J. Egan and buried at Mt. Jacob Cemetery.

"Did your family move from house to house or did you always live in the same place?"

"It says, *'In 1919 and 1920, Samuel Feldman (the butcher) was a pants-maker and they lived at 38 Cleveland Street',"* said Ronald Curhan, reading from our research notes.

"That's right," said Eve. "And I remember how we got out of that place, number 38 Cleveland Street. My father decided to thaw out the pipes and he had a torch, a gasoline torch, and he was thawing out the pipes. He really and truly was not a handy man." The Feldmans lived also at 21 Summer Street and sold that house to Louis and Tillie Kramer; then they lived at 26 Shepherd Street. In the 1930s, they lived over the store at 23 Maplewood Ave.

Ronald Curhan asked his aunts, "Am I correct or not? Did your mother (Rose Feldman) know Yiddish and Polish and Russian and German?"

"Well," said Eve Feldman Gradwohl, "she did talk German when she didn't want us to understand, or Polish or Russian. My mother was a very, very busy woman. She had five children and aside from that she worked in the store. She was in the store a great deal."

She was not in robust health. "Your mother was sickly, from a rheumatic fever, right?" asked Ronald. "Which left her with a weakened heart," said Eve. "She was the first one who had the entire thyroid removed," said Eve. "At the Beth Israel Hospital—that was pioneering at the time, in the 1940s," said

Ronald, "and she had a scar which was exactly circular and she always wore high blouses after that."

Rose Feldman's most remarkable adventure was her return to Europe in 1938. "She was in very close touch with the family in Europe for all the years she was here," said grandson Ronald Curhan. "She used to read and write letters in Yiddish to her people in Europe, and in 1938 my grandmother went back to Europe to visit the family. We had a picture, a long, rectangular picture which had eighty or ninety people. There were huge reunions for her when she went back because she had left forty years earlier and was now returning; and of those pictures of the entire extended family, she saw several hundred people, we know of only three who survived the Holocaust. One of them is in Venezuela and two are in Brazil."

"No, Israel," corrected one of his aunts.

"In any event," continued Ronald, "Rose came back on the last boat out of Danzig, reaching England, and came back on the last crossing of the *Queen Mary* before it became a troop ship, and so she just escaped by the skin of her teeth coming back."

"Oh yeah, she was one step ahead of Hitler the whole way," said her daughters Eve and Jinks. "She came back."

"She knew they were right behind her," said Eve Feldman Gradwohl, "but she said, 'Who's going to bother a little old lady?' And that was her attitude. Nothing could happen to her."

"That's why she went," said Ronald. "She was very independent, she was not in good health, she went back and she met all the family and she stayed there for a long time, for months. She had always intended to come back to Gloucester, and she did come back. Her family was here. And I can remember she brought back for my brother and me what was evidently a Polish schoolboy's uniform, a scarlet silk top and blue pants and hat that went with them. And that samovar over there on the table she brought back with her. The other thing she brought back was a straw hamper which was probably four feet by two and a half feet by two feet high filled with dried mushrooms on strings to make soup out of."

Rose Feldman "liked Gloucester very much," said Eve. "My father did, too. He loved the *shul* here. And I remember the meetings in the dining room. That was always the best room in the house because people didn't worry about

living rooms or anything. The best room had to be the dining room because that is where they ate."

Samuel Feldman the butcher died in June, 1934. Rose then let her son Henry run the store. "Betsy's father took over the store," said Ronald, "and he worked in the store until he was drafted, and he married Betsy's mother just before he went in the service. Everyone was very happy that their mother saw the wedding and then she died before he went in the service. She died February 1, 1942. Prior to that she had basically been an invalid at our house.[2] We had a hospital bed in the sunroom on the porch and she was in that bed for a year. I was eleven or so and I can still remember, she gave me an awfully tough time because my mother [Ida Feldman Curhan] would go out to help [her brother] Henry in the store and Rose would call a cab and say she was going home. That was it. She was dressed in a nightgown, and she would call a cab, and I had many tearful episodes, pleading with her, 'No, you can't go,' to try to keep her in the house until my mother got home. But she certainly was a loving, wonderful grandmother, and I'm sorry that all the kids didn't know her as well as I did."

"Did she speak Yiddish?"

She spoke Yiddish to me," said Ronald. "She did know some English; she was very proud of the fact that she'd gone to night school, and she became a citizen, and she used to love to go to the movies. She would go to the North Shore Theater when they had 'plate night', and my mother would drive her there and let her off and then go back to pick her up after the movies, once a week or whatever, for a 15 cent movie. This was a ritual."

Esther Rubin was Rose's sister-in-law, the sister of Samuel Feldman the grocer. Esther lived most of her life at 18 Allen Street, initially with her first husband the peddler Morris Raizin and her three sons, William, Benjamin and Samuel Raizin. Until Morris Raizin's death in 1924, Morris's brother Joseph Rosen the peddler lived there with his wife Bertha and their children Henry and Melvin. The religious Samuel Rubin lived with them also, and Anna Kramer, Bob Kramer's sister, boarded there around 1920. Others also rented apartments over the years. Esther was still living there when she died in 1959.

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[2] at 8 Stone Court, where the Curhans were tenants of Leah and Abe Epstein.

Morris Raizin died suddenly, and Esther Feldman Raizin married her boarder Samuel Rubin, known and respected for many years throughout the community for his scholarship and orthodoxy.

"Now, her second husband was Mr. Rubin who was a very devout, orthodox man?"

"Mmm, he impressed one that way," said Eve. "There is a story that he was married in Europe and had one son there."

"I don't know where you guys got all these stories," said Jinks.

"But Morris Raizin did in fact drop dead of a heart attack?" asked Ronald.

"Yes. He dropped dead," said Eve.

"Esther married Sam Rubin very quickly after Morris Raizin died," said Ronald. "And Joe Rosen was furiously mad because his sister-in-law got married so quickly that he was suspicious of the conditions of his brother's death. He wanted the body exhumed. He said that he was sure that his brother had been poisoned."

"It was the front page of the *Times*," said Eve.[3]

"And the fact is that nothing ever came of it," said Ronald, "because there was no story. The reason there was a quick marriage was because, here was a woman with three children and, like going off to the matchmaker, Samuel Feldman went off and found a new husband for his sister."

"My father was worried about his sister being left with three children, and he talked to Sam Rubin," said Eve. "Morris had to have had that heart attack. I can't imagine what else."

"Now Esther was possibly one of the best cooks," said Ronald.

"She was an excellent cook," said Jinks. "No question about it."

"She had a pickle barrel on her porch, with the board and a stone on it, and her pickles could have won at the county fair. She made superb food. And my mother (Ida Feldman Curhan, Esther's niece) used to compliment her on her food and ask her for the recipes, and my mother never got one recipe that worked. There was always an ingredient left out."

"A little bit of this, and a little bit of that," said Eve. "She'd say, 'Natele, don't be so fussy!' You know?"

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[3] On Dec. 26, 1924, there was a front page report that the body would not be exhumed.

"Because she really did just do things," said Ronald, "and if you tried to slow her down, to say, 'Well, how did you do that?' she didn't know."

"She was too busy talking," said Jinks.

Esther Feldman Raizin Rubin was connected by marriage to the Katzes of the bus company. Esther's first husband, Morris Raizin, was a cousin of Minnie Raizin who married Morris Katz, and Minnie's sister Sadie who married Louis Cohen, the cattle dealer.[4] Minnie and Sadie were daughters of Benjamin Raizin (*Fetter Binyamin*), one of the early Jewish junkmen in Gloucester. Minnie Raizin Katz's life was a tale of rags to riches, for her husband "Morris Katz was drawing $50,000 a year salary from the bus company," said Ronald Curhan, his very distant relation. "Whew, that was a lot of money. He ended up owning a lovely house on Washington Street, right up from the circle, and we lived behind it on Beauport Avenue, in not the same kind of digs, it was different, kind of a two-decker, but on occasion when I was little and my brother was in a stroller, my mother [Ida Feldman Curhan] would go over to see the Katzes because she used to be friends with Doris Katz."

At first, the Katzes spent summers in their cottage on Long Beach, according to their cousin Melvin Rosen. "Morris continued to make a lot of money and he was an early winter resident of Miami Beach," said Ronald Curhan. Morris Katz died in Miami Beach in 1955. Minnie lived in her house at 219 Washington Street, Gloucester, until her death in 1960.

Off beyond Shepherd Street, away from Maplewood, was the junkyard of the Linsky family. "We lived on Sargent Street in Gloucester," said Lenny, "right on Sargent Street down in the railroad park. Yeah, our house was a big long one, we had a garage, and the length of the railroad track was a barn and we had two little houses next to our house. In those days, my father couldn't collect over $3 a month rent, no one could afford it. And these houses, they had a crawl space under the house, and in the winter, the pipes used to keep freezing all the time, so we had to tell the people, 'Keep your cold water running all night long so it won't freeze.'

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[4] See Feldman/Raizin/Katz family tree in the Appendix

Max and Lina Linsky had twelve children. "It's a girl and two boys all the way down," said Harold (Lenny) Linsky. There was Sophie, she was Sophie Polansky; then there was Sam (William S.), Joe, Mildred, Morris, Bennie (Benjamin), Bertha, she was three years old when she died; then there was David, he was eleven years old when he died; then there was, yeah, let's see, then there was Abram, or Rem. Then there was Beatrice, Ted or Theodore, and then myself. There's not quite twenty years' difference between the oldest, my sister Sophie, and I."

"Why are you called Len?"

"Len or Lable. Everybody knew me as Leonard Linsky, of course Lable's in Jewish. My mother always called me Lable. My name's supposed to be Chaim Lev, and when I went in the Army, it was always Harold Leonard."

Everyone in the Linsky family worked very hard. "If we got to school we were late and there was no excuse for being late," said Lenny. "Coming home it was, 'Where were you all day?' My father used to say, 'Never make a living playing ball—you work!' And we worked seven days a week in the junkyard. You had to work even though you were a kid. When I was five years old, I was in the yard working, carrying bundles of paper or different things. We had nothing. My father'd give me fifty cents, someone'd play Michigan rummy, he'd take it away from me for playing rummy. I mean, for any kind of change, we used to go looking in the dump or rubbish, find a milk bottle or tonic bottle, get a nickel up the store. There used to be a bakery called Feldman's Bakery, and every Saturday they'd have what were called 'broken cookies', all kinds of cookies, a bag for a dime. That was our enjoyment. I mean, to go to movies cost you ten cents. Didn't have a nickel to buy a piece of candy." These were the days of the Great Depression. "We never had money," said Lenny, "but we always had something to eat. We used to have holes in our shoes to go to school, we put newspapers in there or we used to buy these big rubber sole things, and use shellac and put them on the bottom of our shoes.

"My mother was up, 5:30, 6 o'clock every morning to get breakfast. We had coffee and toast for breakfast, and coffee and toast for supper. Always had to come into the house to eat dinner. Noontime was our big meal. My mother would make mince pies, different types of soups, and you had to have soup after your meal. After your meal, you have soup. But during the daytime was the big meal. But then, to top it off, my mother had a brother-in-law from

Salem, and they used to come for a free meal at least once or twice a week, every week. Oh, then, of course, we had a kitchen as big as here, or wider, never locked the doors, so we had chairs lined up and many fellows would come in, they'd be drunk, they knew they could lie on the chairs, fall asleep. So many people, it's unbelievable. The neighbors were very close to my mother. So many people that knew my mother, my mother was always there to help somebody, when they had a child or anything."

About the only business that persisted in using Yiddish was the junk business. "Being in the business, you had to be able to speak Yiddish," said Lenny Linsky.

"They were wonderful people," said Gordon Weiner. "In fact, the retired police lieutenant, Jack Cronin, John J. Cronin, tells the story about how when his mother died when he was quite young, and his father was a police sergeant during the days of Prohibition, Mrs. Linsky the mother went to his father and said, 'Look, Sergeant Cronin, when Jack comes home from school, let him come to my house for supper. Because, what's one more mouth with this crowd I got?' That's the kind of relationship they had, they lived next door to one another, and Ben Linsky and Jack Cronin were very very close friends, going way way back."

Lina Linsky died in January of 1941, and Max died in October of the same year. The family by then lived at 140 Maplewood Avenue, in a house on land now beneath Route 128. "I don't remember my grandparents," said Lenny, as he attempted to describe his family's intricate genealogy, "but my mother's father's name was Jacob Morris, he was known as 'the little Rebbe of Salem'. My mother's side of the family settled in Salem. And my grandfather married my father's mother. They were half brothers. My father was a stepbrother to my mother before they got married." The family tree becomes an entangled briar patch very soon. One unusual aspect was that Fannie Linsky, Morris Linsky's wife, had two sisters-in-law who were also cousins. "I think Fannie and Morris was the first one got married, then Sam because Sam's wife [Mary] and Fannie [Palosky] were cousins. Actually, Sam met Mary and Joe met his wife at Fannie's engagement party or something, that's how they met. Then Benny, he got married I'd say about a year or two before my mother died. And of course, all the rest of us got married, even Joe got married just

as he went in the Army in World War II." Lenny's brother Joseph Linsky married an Elliott girl. "Joe's father-in-law Mr. Elliott and Fannie's step-father, Mr. Elliott (the butcher in Manchester) were brothers, so my sister-in-law (Joe's wife) and Fannie were sister-in-laws besides being cousins.

"We had a Cousins Club," said Lenny. "Linsky-Morris Club, used to be called. My mother had two brothers that went under the name of Linsky. All the rest went under the name of Morris. Last names. You know, there are a hundred first cousins, just on my mother's side of the family."

Rebecca and Isaac Albert lived on Washington Street within a stone's throw of the Joan of Arc statue even before the Morris Bells and Solomons (who had ten children, "all gorgeous" according to Phil Kramer) and the Stones moved to that area. The Alberts originally lived on Spring Street at the East End of Main Street, and then Short Street. After they lived on Washington Street, they moved to Derby Street. But Sarah Albert Tarr chiefly remembered their Washington Street house, on the site of Donut Jim's.

Rebecca and Isaac Albert were always poor, always scrimping and saving. Rebecca had relatives in Europe and at least while Sarah Albert Tarr was little, "they kept in very close touch. Any time [my mother] had an extra dollar, she was shipping it over to Russia. We didn't have anything, you know, and yet she would always find a way to get a little money together to send over."

Rebecca Albert had several sources of heartache in her life. One was her third son, Archie. "Poor Archie, he was a devil," said Sarah Albert Tarr. "The only one in the family that had guts enough to fight my mother and father. Archie loved to dance. He just loved it—the best dancer in Gloucester. And my father thought that was just pure nonsense, you know, and so on Washington Street our house had a shed, an outside porch that you can hang clothes on. Our house was far from ritzy; it had an outdoor toilet, I hate to tell you! Anyway, Archie loved to dance and you had to have pumps when you went to a dance, you didn't dance with shoes. When you got to the dance, you took off your shoes and put on your patent leather pumps. And so Archie would throw his slippers out of the window and then nonchalantly walk out of the front door. Then my father would lock him out—always locked him out. So one night the Police Department came pounding in the middle of the

night. Archie was climbing up over the doors onto the shed to get in the house and the police saw him and thought it was a burglar. Archie was the only one who had guts enough to fight being good or following that pattern of things. He didn't care about it. He said, 'The hell with it all. I'm going to live.' And he did, but unfortunately he died young with a heart attack [in 1945]."

"Every Yom Kippur my mother got sick," said Sarah, "and we'd have to take her to the doctor every time. My mother was 85 when she died, and the more I think about her the more remarkable I think she was—there's all these five of us and no money and every one of us had to struggle along. She made all our clothes on her Singer sewing machine and always sang along with the machine, these little Jewish melodies. She was always singing and then she stood me up to fit the dress on and I'd get the fidgets. She'd have to slap me to keep me quiet while she could fit the dress.

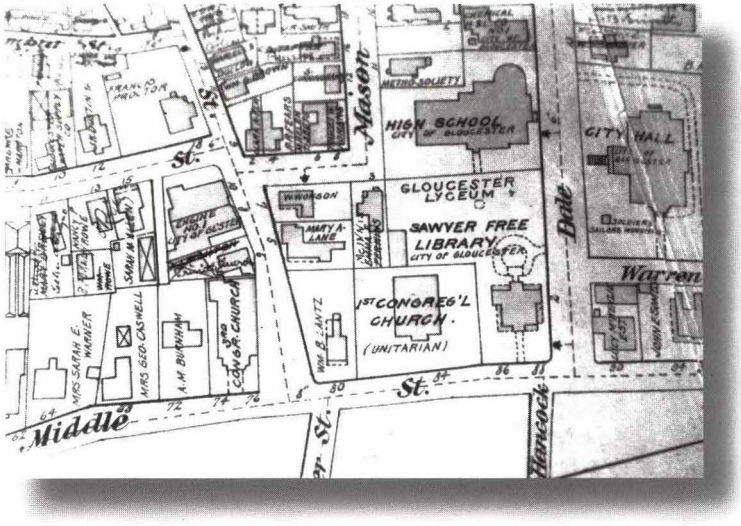
"And she made all those clothes and I only ever saw my father all dressed up once. I do remember what a hard time she had getting him dressed up. That was the hardest. I remember the poor soul, she made herself a dress to go to somebody's wedding, and then he wouldn't go so she cried her heart out. He wasn't going to get dressed up. If he could go in his old clothes, he'd have gone but she said, 'No, you can't go like that'."

Rebecca Albert considered America "the Golden Land" and in a sense it was. For her, the gold was education. One son went to Harvard, one to the New England Conservatory, and one daughter became a teacher. She herself arrived in this country unable to read or write in any language, but well-versed in Hebrew prayers. These she taught to her children, and endeavored to have each of them tutored in Hebrew. Her daughter Sarah Albert Tarr said, "She had gall stones and in those days they didn't know much about those things and she had three surgeries. But yet whenever she could, she would go to school and she would climb flights of stairs to get up there to learn English. And she never gave up on the idea that she had to learn to read and write English. I taught her to write "Rebecca Albert" and she was very proud when she could write "Rebecca Albert" and that took some doing, you know, when you have five kids and no money."

Perhaps Sarah Tarr expressed it best when she wrote of her mother Rebecca: *"It may be said of her that she takes her place among the countless Jews who through their unquestioning devotion have become a link in the chain of Judaism and insure for future generations a priceless heritage."*

Or, as Gordon Weiner said, "They struggled for years and years and years, but the quality of life in Gloucester was wonderful. It really is. It's a great place to live. You know?"

Epilogue



"Oh, it brings back so many memories."

— Evelyn Stone Greengross

We are leaving the history of our community at one of its high points. In 1951, Rabbi Harry Sky led the congregation in its new synagogue on Middle Street. Although the community might not have known if it was Conservative or Reform or Orthodox, there was a Hebrew School, a new B'nai B'rith, and an active Hadassah and Sisterhood with many communal and fundraising activities. On December 5, 1954, Rabbi Joseph Herbst led a Golden Jubilee Service to celebrate Temple Ahavath Achim's fiftieth year. Mrs. Arthur Jacobson played Wagner's *Tannhäuser* March on the organ. The Gloucester community was represented by Mayor Benjamin Smith and by representatives from the Cape Ann Council of Churches and the Cape Ann Ministers' Association. Louis Finkelstein of the Jewish Theological Seminary and Massachusetts Governor Christian Herter sent congratulatory messages. The Jewish community was an established and respected institution in Gloucester.

At the time, old traditions from the *shtetls* were still alive; the people born in Europe were grandparents. "Temple was the Alpers and Schreds," said Mitch Cohen, by whom he meant the long-time Gloucester Jews. There were also new people, children and grandchildren of immigrant families of other communities, who had moved to Cape Ann and brought a sense of modernity and affluence. The newcomers simultaneously created their own social activities and blended with the existing *shul.* These were the days of the large fund-raisers, of cultural extravaganzas, and of highly visible community leaders from both the old groups and the new—a mixture of Sarah and Hyman Stone, Dr. Sidney Parker and Max Alper, Mrs. Fay Pett and the Bloombergs, Mrs. Ida Flasher, the two Mrs. Kramers and the two Mrs. Kerrs, Mrs. Rebecca Albert and Sylvia Cohen and Esther Bloch, Bob Kramer and Sol Sandler, George Kline and Ralph Snyder, the Feldmans and the Goldmans, the younger Alberts, Marshalls and Linskys, and new names such as Gould, Aronson and Meltzer.

In the intervening half-century since 1951, the Jewish community has certainly changed. The synagogue is no longer the center of a community congregation but has become, in Rabbi Geller's words, a "regional service agency" whose purpose is to provide Bar/Bat Mitzvah, burial, marriage, counseling and educational services. There are many people and circumstances that have influenced the course of the community and we will here mention only a few:

Rabbi Myron Geller necessarily heads the list, if for no other reason than, unlike all other rabbis Cape Ann has ever known, he has remained connected with the community for over thirty years. "I attended Brooklyn College, graduated in 1959 with a Bachelor's degree," said Rabbi Geller. "I attended Mesiftah Torah Vodaas, an Orthodox Seminary, at the same time that I was a student at Brooklyn College and was ordained in 1959 also. So at the age of twenty-two, I had a Bachelor's degree, an ordination, and I joined the military, was commissioned in the chaplaincy branch and went on active duty in January 1960 until the end of August 1965. I came to Gloucester at the beginning of September 1965. My responsibilities [in Gloucester] were limited to conducting Friday evening services and teaching Sunday school only on

Sunday mornings. The congregation also had in its employ Cantor Ackerman who served at the Salem temple, who came here to train the Bar and Bat Mitzvah children, of which there were very few. And he also taught a class mid-week, I believe."

Rabbi Geller became the full-time rabbi at Temple Ahavath Achim in 1977 after a few intervening years at Temple B'nai Abraham in Beverly. He has not only been an active rabbi on Cape Ann for over twenty years, but is also a director of the Gerim Institute in Brookline and a member of the Committee on Jewish Law and Standards. He represents the Rabbinical Assembly on the JWB Jewish Chaplain's Council that endorses chaplains in Federal service, and has himself remained a chaplain in the US Army Reserve where he rose to the rank of Colonel, retiring as senior military chaplain in New England. He has united many of the disparate groups within the Cape Ann community with humor and intelligence. Rabbi Geller's full-time tenure since 1977 coincided with the major changes of Conservative Judaism and Gloucester Judaism. As Bob Kramer said, "The rabbi here is a modernistic, and if he wasn't a modernistic he wouldn't have the two or four hundred members he's got now."

Bob Kramer has been an essential member of the Cape Ann community throughout most of the century. Officially, he served as treasurer and on the Cemetery Committee. Unofficially, he was the good-will ambassador. He continued to collect dues and sell tickets for High Holiday services in the new synagogue. "I used to have to sit on the outside to grab the people coming in and I rarely attended a service," said Bob. "Only for Yom Kippur I'd go in, in the morning. I collected dues, because people were accustomed with paying once a year, somehow." "Bob Kramer knew everybody who came and at the High Holidays," said Rabbi Geller, "he would stand at the back and he would negotiate the price for what the family had to pay in order to get in. And there were always bargains. No matter what the Board decided, Bob negotiated a deal. And since Bob was responsible to pay the bills and to collect the money, everyone left it in Bob's hands, and it worked out, because all the bills got paid. Never once did he need a computer or a software package to run the treasurer's office. There were always various accounts. And Bob always came up with the money."

"Later on, you know, the system changed," said Bob Kramer, "as they got more educated, the officers and so forth." Rabbi Geller gave a brief summary of the later history of the administration of the synagogue. "There were some families that came from the Beverly community and joined the synagogue. The dues very soon doubled to the large sum of $150 a year and remained there for a while. But after that, the need to have a more formally organized and structured financial picture surfaced. People were hired and as the size of the congregation grew, we went from about fifty families to something around two hundred, there was a need for more administration. And slowly we began to have a secretary here a few days a week, two hours a day, to the point now where we have a secretary who is here four days a week, and we have something of a semblance of an administration."

"How many families do we have?"

"Someplace between one hundred seventy-five and two hundred twenty-five," said the rabbi. "Not everything of the old days is gone. Some things are still vague and amorphous."

"Bob Kramer and Irving Goodman together were a reason to come to board meetings. They were hilarious, you know," said Mitch Cohen. Bernie Cohen said, "Bob Kramer was wonderful and everybody loved him." Rabbi Geller said, "Bob Kramer was certainly, is certainly a fascinating character and he was one of the really important people in Gloucester, in terms of its sense of community and society. He was friends with everybody. Everyone loved Bob. And this is not the Jewish community alone. Everyone in the city knew Bob and everyone loved him. He was funny, funny as they come. And although a stutterer, if he had a few drinks, he could get up and give an incredibly unstuttered presentation that was side-splitting, which he did quite often. He was a warm, loving, open guy."

"Kramer's in a class by himself," said Gordon Weiner.

Sylvia Cohen was trememdously influential in the community. In addition to being chairman of Sisterhood-Hadassah for twenty to twenty-five years, she began a Sunday School in the early 1950s and persuaded Marjorie Marks to help her. "Sylvia Cohen was my closest friend and she said, 'Come on, Marge, I'll take the youngest children and you take those who are in school.' My older

son was nine months old [John Marks, who was later Rabbi Geller's first Bar Mitzvah] and he would sit on the desk while I taught. Mitchell [Cohen] was in that class, Ann Fishman's son Bruce was in that class [her other son Bernard (Bing) Fishman was the first Bar Mitzvah at Middle Street], John Bernstein was in that class, and the Kerr boy was in that class. This was about 1953, '54. We used the downstairs," continued Marjorie. "I had the enclosed room for the formal class, while Sylvia had [the large room where the little stage used to be] for the kindergarten. And that's how we started the Sylvia Cohen Sunday School. The Hebrew School children were taught by a teacher who came down a couple of times during the week. We did not have a permanent rabbi; we had Rabbi Sky for a short time, and then we had somebody else for a short time; but no continuity, so the children really had no association with a rabbi."

The Hebrew School grew with the temple membership, from just a few students a year to four full classrooms. Teachers have come and gone. Freddie Rothstein "came down and taught on Sundays," as Sidney Goldman said. "He was a traditionalist, hellfire and brimstone." "The kids liked him, though," said Charlotte Goldman; "they got a sense of being Jewish."[1] Henry Rosen and Robert Copeland, teachers at Gloucester High School, continued to supervise the Hebrew School through the 1950s. After the Gellers arrived, Mrs. Eileen Geller, the *rebbitzin*, taught for twenty-seven years, at times managing all age groups single-handedly. After Sylvia Cohen's early death, and to meet the increased enrollment and number of children preparing for Bar/Bat Mitzva, the new Sylvia Cohen Religious School was created in 1990 and named to honor her founding of the Sunday School.

For Sylvia Cohen's generation, the temple was the center of their lives. "And it didn't matter who was president or who was anything," said her son Mitch Cohen, "the women were the heart of the organization of the temple. It wasn't observance-based, the temple, it was a socially-based temple and like probably in any community the women are the heart or the glue of the social organization, and Sylvia in that sense had all that kind of informal power and worked very hard to keep people connected. She'd just sit in our back room,

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[1] Dr. Fred Rothstein taught biochemistry at Tufts University until 1969, when he went to Israel to direct the Red Shield, the Magen David Adom.

on the phone, making sure everyone was getting along and taking care of business and doing what they were supposed to do. Nitty-gritty stuff. Just, 'Did you do the leaflets?' You know, logistics, all that stuff."

Sylvia hosted large parties every summer to which she invited year-round and summer people alike. "The parties in the summer were part of that whole sense of keeping the social fabric together," said Mitch Cohen. "That notion of keeping the social fabric strong was the heart of what kept the Jewish community together in some sense, rather than the focus on a rabbi."

"Sylvia was the social light of the Jewish community here," said Rabbi Geller. "She was a wonderful person in terms of community organization and friendship, outreach; she had everything at her fingertips and was able to do all kinds of things. A very strong, determined leader who was able to accomplish what she wanted to accomplish. There was always an active, ongoing, social calendar. So that was a very central part of the life of the Jewish and the general community."

Maurice Dancour has also profoundly changed the Jewish community by his presence and work. He was born in Cairo, Egypt, the son of Reuben Shalom Nissim Hayim Dangour. "Our name is Dangour. From the tribe of Dan. Dangour Aryeh, the strength of the lion. Be careful, I have the strength of the lion. My father's name was picked up from his father which is Shalom. Nissim his grandfather was a great rabbi in Iraq and Hayim also was a great rabbi. Ezra was another great rabbi of the whole Jewish community in Iraq, Baghdad during King Faisal of Iraq." Maurice Dancour and his brother Eli, and their wives, found their way to Gloucester and Rockport.

Maurice, as well as others such as Dr. Paul Sloan (a retired psychiatrist from Philadelphia), was instrumental in the revival of Saturday morning services. In the late 1970s, attendance generally was weak, services sporadic. "They started having Friday night, then they didn't have *minyan* also for Friday night," said Maurice.

"It was you who got Saturday morning services started?"

"All right. We were seven people," said Maurice. "Rabbi Geller, my brother and I, George Flasher, Lenny Linsky, Richard Casson, and Joshua Horwitz. Seven people. Every Saturday, when the rabbi was here, we used to go to

Peabody, Ner Tamid, to the service. We went, every Saturday, three, four, five Saturday. Rabbi Geller used to read the Torah for them there, Rabbi Morhaim knew him. Then one day I said, 'Rabbi Geller, you say we are seven, Rabbi. We go every Saturday, we never miss the service. How about if I get three more, Rabbi, and we'll have a *minyan.*' He said, 'Maurice, I tried in the past and it never worked.' I said, 'Will you leave it up to me?' He said, 'Yes.' I have a trick, the trick is working from Egypt. With my father, we used to go to the people on Saturday, he has the store open, doing business I hate to say. 'Nissim?' He says, 'Yes.' 'We are eight, we need you, and another one coming now, we'll have a *minyan.*' He close the store and he come to the *minyan.* Yeah. We go to the other guy. He says, 'How many are you, nine?' He says, 'I know your trick.' I says, 'No, we have nine, really nine, we need one more.' And they came and we had the *minyan* in Suez every Shabbat, on Friday night. When they saw that the people come all together, they came. Over here, I just knew Irving Goodman, Bob Kramer, Barnie Marnoy, they used to be young at the time. 1976. Twenty years now. I told Bob Kramer, I said, 'Bob? We are nine, we need one.' We were only seven. Then I called this one and this one, you know something? Honest to God, it worked out." Maurice added, speaking of the current attendance, "Saturday, thank God, they're all responding. They're coming. From where I don't know. God send them, the angels are sending them. They coming."

"You always taught the children to follow the service?"

"Oh, yes," said Maurice. "I think Rabbi Geller, when he knew that Maurice is a learned man and from my past, I think they tell them downstairs when they are in the school, 'When you come up in the chapel sit with Maurice.' So they come and they're showed the service, nicely, smiling, in a nice way, I give them candy, I get friendly with the parents. So the children, they sit with me before they become Bar Mitzvah or Bat Mitzvah."

"When you count a *minyan*, do you still only count men? You personally?"

"You know something?" asked Maurice. "When we have the *minyan* on Shabbat, honest to God, I count and there is a *minyan*, ten men, I say, 'Hallelujah, we have ten men and we have women, Hallelujah.' The more the merrier, we have a *minyan*!"

The Interfaith Commission of the 1960s and 1970s greatly improved relations between the various religious groups by providing a public forum for a wide range of topics, including Zionism and antisemitism. Many churches benefited from the structured setting of the Interfaith Commission to improve acquaintance among the various Christian denominations and the Jewish community.

"Ah, Cape Ann Interfaith Commission has a long history going back to about 1967, shortly after my arrival in town," said Rabbi Geller. "Gloucester had a chapter of the Massachusetts Council of Churches and somehow the temple was a member. When I came to town, I asked why we were members of a Protestant organization and I was told that this represented all the churches in Gloucester. And I pointed out that there were no Catholics although they were the bulk of the population, and they said, "Well, they don't want to join." And the minister of the Baptist Church at the time was Rev. William Stayton who became a close friend. Together we raised the question about the structure and organization of the group. The minister at the Trinity Congregational Church was George Halstead. George was very disturbed about the prospect of establishing a group that was not affiliated with the Massachusetts Council of Churches and once I pointed out how illogical it was for the synagogue to be part of the group for Protestant churches, he said, 'Correct. It does seem crazy that you should be part of this Protestant organization.' And I said, 'Fine. We'll resign.' And they said, 'Oh, no. We need you in the group.' So we needed to work out some way in which we could remain part of the group but it wasn't part of the Council of Churches. George Halstead wrote a series of broadsides which he distributed all over town about the history of the Trinity Congregational Church and of the Massachusetts Council of Churches and the importance of Protestant ecumenism and, while he didn't want to exclude the Jewish community, he focused on the importance of retaining that connection and that organization. As it turned out, his own church voted against this and wanted to have an organization that would let the Jewish community in, so the Cape Ann Interfaith Commission was created. The Cape Ann Interfaith Commission was organized on a number of levels. There was lay activity and a series of dialogue groups that met for several years with representatives from all the Protestant churches. And then the Catholics joined the Interfaith Commission, too—St. Ann's Church did, and

the church in Lanesville. We had dialogue groups throughout the winter on interfaith matters. We discussed the Bible, faith issues, philosophy issues, social issues—it was a lively thing, and really very worthwhile. Went on for several years.

"And then there was clergy dialogue and we had regular clergy meetings, with three separate subgroups: Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. I was the only one attending the Jewish meetings and that made it easy. But the Protestants had a sizeable group and supported a chaplaincy program at the Addison Gilbert Hospital. And the Catholics, St. Ann's and Sacred Heart, and St. Peter's in East Gloucester, and the Catholic church in Rockport from time to time, were involved together. Our Lady of Good Voyage never was involved, except for a very brief time when Father Roach was the pastor there. So that was the story of the Cape Ann Interfaith Commission.

"It began to disintegrate," said Rabbi Geller, "when two non-normative groups tried and eventually succeeded in becoming members. The first was [that of] the Rev. Emanuel who bought an old Methodist church on East Main Street and put out a sign 'The Church', and over the door he had a sign in Hebrew written backwards which read *Ani ohev adoalyada*, 'I like a parade' or *Adolayada* which means the Purim masquerade event in Israel. The Church wanted to join the Interfaith Commission and then when the Moon church got involved in town, they also wanted to join. There was a $25 per year per institution dues and the Moon church sent in a check for $25 and although their application was rejected, by some oversight their check got deposited and they said, 'Well, we're members.' And that caused the Episcopal church up the street, St. John's, to drop out and the Catholic church dropped out and the organization simply [faded away]."

"Had you dealt with any substantive issues?"

"We had dealt with interfaith dialogue," said Rabbi Geller. "Remember that the '67 war in Israel took place shortly after or just during the organization of the Interfaith Commission so that this discussion, support for Israel and the Middle East, was very important. We had a Thanksgiving service, there were occasional pulpit exchanges, I spoke at a goodly number of the churches; there were some shared youth activities, and so on. For Jews who had lived here and who had experienced exclusion, the fact that there was an Interfaith Commission, the fact that we were talking to each other, was an

astonishing experience. It was very important to numbers of Jews who lived here that this was taking place.

Reconstruction and modernization of the Middle Street temple building also altered the tone and atmosphere of the synagogue. Three major construction projects have occurred in the half century since the Jewish community moved to its present location. The first was to clad the building with aluminum siding in 1966, paid for by seventy donations from $5 to $1042 for a total of about $6400. (The parking lot was paved in the late 1970s.) The second was the major, $750,000 rebuilding of large portions of the vestry and basement, begun in 1985 and not completed until 1990. The architect was Barry Korobkin. The contractor was Michael Feldman, a descendant of Samuel Feldman the Baker. The entryway to the left of the main sanctuary, in what was originally the "parish house," was rearranged. The old coat closet was removed, along with the bay-windowed conversation nook, and rebuilt to form the rabbi's and secretary's offices. The old upstairs kitchen, with its glass-fronted cabinets, matchstick paneling, and limited counter space was replaced with bathrooms and a small kitchen. A large theatrical stage was replaced with the small chapel built in memory of Betta Stavis, a descendant of the early Solomon Hochberger, and in honor of Rebecca Gordon.

The narrow, steep winding stairs that crept up and then down around the stage were removed and new broad stairs down to the classrooms and social hall were installed. The downstairs social hall remains much the same, but its small stage was removed and the rear entrance eliminated. The ground behind the building was excavated and a large new kitchen was created where once had been an outdoor walkway. Many cubic feet of dirt and rock were excavated beneath the new chapel to create classrooms for the Sylvia Cohen Religious School. At this point a Rededication Service of the Temple was held in August, 1990.

A third construction project, begun in 1996 and completed in 1998, required the excavation and removal of the remaining subterranean granite coal bins and matchstick-paneled storage spaces beneath the main sanctuary to create the Ammerman Library.

Gloucester Judaism changed with the various modernizing rulings of the Rabbinical Assembly and with the adoption of a local code of by-laws (which among other things mandates United Synagogue affiliation and a Rabbinical Assembly rabbi). Differences between Bar and Bat Mitzvahs disappeared. Girls began to have not just Friday evening, but full-fledged Saturday morning Bat Mitzvahs that included a call to the Torah and a haftorah reading. Arlene Rosen Malech had gone to Hebrew School in the 1950s and was educated as thoroughly as boys, ("She will learn," said her grandfather Joe Rosen), but she did not have a full Bat Mitzvah. In the mid-1970s, girls were given the choice between a Friday evening or a Saturday morning ceremony and the first to perform the full Saturday morning ceremony were in the late 1970's.

Marilyn Schlein was the first woman to read a High Holiday haftorah, on the second day of Rosh Hashana in 1978. Ellen Solomon, in 1982, became the first woman temple president. By 1985 men and women were counted equally as members of the *minyan.* Women have since had *aliyahs,* served as *gabbai* and led services.

There have been a variety of services, groups and classes that have educated and brought members of diverse communities together:

- The Parents of Young Children group, begun in the early 1980s, helped new parents, who perhaps grew up in non-religious homes during the 1960s and 1970s, to integrate their own home life with the religious calendar.
- The Renewal Movement in the 1990s offered ritual and prayer with a spirituality, modernity and relevance that some members found lacking in traditional services.
- Rabbi Geller's courses on Judaism, Talmud, Mishnah, history, Zionism, Jewish law (Halacha), and ethics provided an opportunity for scholarly and intelligent study.

A new sense of purpose is emerging, necessarily different from that of the earlier generations, but still attempting to unite and help the members of both

the Jewish and the entire community. With the quiet leadership of people like Alice and Martin Cohen, there have been programs to feed and shelter the hungry, homeless and elderly. There have been successful and lively youth groups, discussion groups, coffee houses, tours to Israel, communal seders and break-the-fasts.

Several people who were interviewed offered overviews of the Cape Ann Jewish community. Jeff Resnick was interested in changes due to the construction of Route 128, easy communications and modern life in general. "My sense is, it is more diverse," said Jeff. "The community that was here fifty years ago interacted with Gloucester itself. They were either merchants or they were professional people on Main Street and life was centered right in town, while now the community is much bigger and people are on the road and I think there is less of a tight cohesiveness. That's a sense that I have." Mitch Cohen thought that the cohesiveness was still there, only the glue was different. "Back then, the social connection held the community together very powerfully, independent of the rabbi. The rabbis seemed almost superfluous. They came and went, they were hired hands, it was rent-a-Jew. Now it's held together differently than it was, the central definition of the community in some ways is the commitment to Mike Geller and to the temple."

Of the older community it was said that each individual in the group did what he could to support the whole and to help others. "Anyone who was ill, they got visitors," said one of the Schred sisters, "or if there was anyone in trouble, if they needed a little money or something, everybody took care of each other because everybody knew each other." There is a story of a local man who broke the law. "He went to jail and came out and was somewhat of a broken man as a result of that experience, but the Jewish community kind of came together and helped support him," said Jeff Resnick. "I remember my father contributing some money. Some of the lawyers, Phil Tartas and I think Mel Bernstein and others, would use him to go pick up license plate numbers or do small kinds of activities and then he tried to help himself, some real estate; but there was a sense of responsibility that the Jewish community had to support him."

As Jeff said, "There was a sense of identification in them, there was a sense of bonding which was very nice."

Gordon Weiner stood back and saw the community as a whole. He had known it since childhood in the 1930s, but did not grow up or go to school in Cape Ann. And Gordon Weiner said, "We've had some interesting people in the community. I have a very strong feeling about why the Jews of Gloucester have always seemed to get along very well and been accepted in the community, and I think it's primarily because we were never ghettoized, we never just stuck with one another. We got out, and we had some wonderful representatives of the Jewish community. In every social strata we had great representatives.

"I think, that despite disagreements about this and that, they essentially have stuck together and maintained a visible Jewish community and none of them, or very few of them, have ever tried to hide the fact of where they came from. We've always stood up. 'This is what I am and this is where I come from.' I'm proud to be what I am, and I also think that everybody else has the right to be whatever else they want to be. Free country. It's the way it should be."

"You said 'maintain a visible Jewish community'."

"They did. We always had the temple. What could be more visible than having that up there on Middle Street? We had a visible thing, and it was pretty hard not to recognize that guys like Moe Pett, Bob Kramer and Melvin Bernstein were Jewish. Everybody knew who we were. The community was not perfect but on balance I think we had some damn good representatives for the Jewish community."

Appendix

THE PAPERS OF INCORPORATION OF CHEVRA AHAWAS ACHIM, 1904.

10401

FEE. $ 500

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Be it known That whereas Joseph P. Silverman, Harry Goldman, Edward L. Silverman, Mendel Levenson, I. Cohn, Ellis Revemon and Frank Rosenthal

have associated themselves with the intention of forming a corporation under the name of the Chevra Ahawas Achim of Gloucester, Massachusetts,

for the purpose of promoting the religious and social wellbeing of the residents of Gloucester, Mass, of Hebrew descent,

~~with a capital of~~

and have complied with the provisions of the Statutes of this Commonwealth in such case made and provided, as appears from the certificate of the President, Treasurer, Clerk and Trustees of said corporation, duly approved by the Commissioner of Corporations, and recorded in this office:

Now, Therefore, I, WILLIAM M. OLIN, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, DO HEREBY CERTIFY that said Joseph P. Silverman, Harry Goldman, Edward L. Silverman, Mendel Levenson, I. Cohn, Ellis Revemon and Frank Rosenthal,

their associates and successors, are legally organized and established as, and are hereby made, an existing corporation under the name of the Chevra Ahawas Achim of Gloucester, Massachusetts, with the powers, rights and privileges, and subject to the limitations, duties and restrictions, which by law appertain thereto.

Witness my official signature hereunto subscribed, and the Great Seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts hereunto affixed, this eighteenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and four.

(Signed) Wm M. Olin

Secretary of the Commonwealth.

{ L. S. }

Mass1.pct

That the first meeting of the subscribers to said agreement was held on the twenty eighth day of May in the year nineteen hundred and four

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto signed our names, this twenty-eighth day of May in the year nineteen hundred and four

Jos. S. Silverman Pres
Harry Goldman
Ed. L. Silverman
Mendel Levenson
I Cohn
Ellis Levenson

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Essex ss. Gloucester May 28 1904.

Then personally appeared the above-named

Joseph S. Silverman Harry Goldman, Ed. L. Silverman, Mendel Levenson, I Cohn and Ellis Levenson

and severally made oath that the foregoing certificate, by them subscribed, is true, to the best of their knowledge and belief. Before me,

Frederick H. Farr
Justice of the Peace.

I hereby certify that it appears, upon an examination of the within-written certificate and the records of the corporation duly submitted to my inspection, that the requirements of sections one, two and three of chapter one hundred and twenty-five, and sections fifteen to twenty, inclusive, of chapter one hundred and ten of the Revised Laws have been complied with, and I hereby approve said certificate, this seventh day of June A.D. nineteen hundred and four

William D. T. Trefry Commissioner of Corporations.

Charter issued June 18 1904, to the Chevra Ahavas Achim of Gloucester, Massachusetts as a new Corporation, No. 10401

a copy of which charter, or certificate of incorporation, is recorded in Charter Book, No. 153

Page 10401 . Fee, $5.00, paid.

Mass2.tif

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We, Joseph L. Silverman President, Harry Goldman Treasurer, and Edward L. Silverman, Mendel Levenson, Clerk, I Cohn and Ellis Revenow

Chevra Ahawas Achim of Gloucester, Massachusetts

being a majority of the Trustees of Chevra Ahawas Achim of Gloucester, Mass in compliance with the requirements of the sixth section of chapter one hundred and twenty-five of the Revised Laws, do hereby certify, that the following is a true copy of the agreement of association to constitute said Corporation, with the names of the subscribers thereto: —

Certificate of Organization.

Filed

June 18, 1904

Rec. $5.00. paid.

Exd

"We, whose names are hereto subscribed, do, by this agreement, associate ourselves with the intention to constitute a Corporation, according to the provisions of the one hundred and twenty-fifth chapter of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the Acts in amendment thereof and in addition thereto

The name by which the Corporation shall be known is

Chevra Ahawas Achim of Gloucester, Massachusetts

The Corporation is constituted for the purpose of promoting the religious and social well being of the residents of Gloucester Mass of Hebrew descent

The place within which the Corporation is established or located, is the City of Gloucester within said Commonwealth.

~~The amount of its capital stock is dollars. The par value of its shares is dollars. The number of its shares is~~

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, this eighteenth day of May in the year nineteen hundred and four.

Jos. L. Silverman
Edward L. Silverman
Frank Rosenthal
Mendel Levenson
Harry Goldman
I. Cohn
Ellis Revenow

Mass3.tif

JEWISH SYNAGOGUE

Historical Sermon

[1923]

By Rabbi Sidney A. Gordon

From The Book of the Three Hundredth Anniversary Observance of the Foundation of the Massachusetts Bay Colony at Cape Ann in 1623 and the Fiftieth Year of the Incorporation of Gloucester as a City. Compiled and Edited by James R. Pringle. Issued by the Publication Board of the Three Hundredth Anniversary Executive Committee. 1924. P. 81. Copy at the Sawyer Free Library.

"There is no doubt that every man, woman and child, indifferent of nationality or race is rejoicing this three hundredth anniversary of Gloucester. Three hundred years ago a company of fishermen and farmers had wandered on the waters, until they reached this bay and decided to settle here, and from this small company has grown out our city of Gloucester. There is a Talmudical legend that the Roman King Hadrian (in the early part of the second century) once passed a small village, and he saw an old man planting a fruit tree. "Why are you planting this fruit tree, old man, you don't expect to eat the fruit of that tree?" he said to the old man. And the old man said to him, "It is true that I might not eat its fruit, but I have to do something for the future generations, as my forefathers have done for me."

One of the main principles that makes a town, city and country to populate, is the confidence, fraternization and co-operation of every individual to his fellow-men. Should a town disagree amongst themselves, distrust and con-

tend, and instead of increasing that place, there will be a decrease. The powerful Rome was the stongest nation in the world as long as they were united together, but as soon as they began to quarrel and fight between themselves, having every time a new king, and every new king slayed his predecessor with all his adherers, under such conditions she could not exist any more, and she perished. On the contrary, we see our glorious country, the United States, has grown out to be the mightiest land in the world, because it has lived on the principles of democracy and brotherly love. And it is the duty of everyone to join and rejoice this three hundredth anniversary, for it demonstrates that the people of Gloucester have lived peacefully and happy, being every political, social and religious group united under the one flag of the stars and stripes, as all Americans, trying each one to the best of his abilities for the good and well being of the public, and the Jewish people of Gloucester, although we are a young community, about half of a century yet—the Jewish people have taken part in every enterprise of the city having many successful business men, and are also members in all the different organizations, social and educational. They have a Jewish religious center, a Hebrew Sunday school for the Jewish children, and a ladies' auxiliary society, which is very active in all charitable affairs, which has done admirable relief work during the World War. We are also well represented in the present three hundredth anniversary celebration. May it be the will of God this year which marks the first of the fourth century with prosperity, peace and honor. Amen.

REBECCA ALBERT

by Sarah Albert Tarr

From the Sisterhood Hadassah Bulletin, Temple Ahavath Achim. Vol. no. 3. 1957.

On March seventh the local community was saddened to learn of the passing of Rebecca Albert, one of the oldest members of the Jewish community. Her long life encompassed an era of Gloucester's growth.

When Mrs. Albert came to Gloucester from Shimileshick, a tiny "Shtetl" near Vilna, Russia, about three Jewish families comprised the local community. Isaac Albert, her husband, had preceded her here, having been lured to the "Golden Land" by a cousin who was the proprietor of a clothing store on Main Street.

Like many other immigrants who came to this country at this time, she arrived in America via Ellis Island, carrying with her the family's entire worldly wealth consisting of feather beds, a samovar, a few copper pans and cherished candlesticks for Shabbas, for even on board ship the Sabbath must not pass without the lighting of the candles.

The immediate problem of maintaining a Kosher home here in Gloucester at a time when the automobile was yet a dream, when trains ran infrequently, and the icebox was in its infancy required a true devotion to one's faith. Weekly pilgrimages to Lowell Street in the North End of Boston were necessary to procure essentials for Jewish living. An equally difficult feat was the trip to Salem to find the "Shaoket" in order to grace the Sabbath table with the customary fowl.

Mrs. Albert was accompanied here by two young sons: Jacob and the late Archie Albert. Immediately the need for Hebrew training posed a problem. A "Rebbe" from Salem was employed to make the rounds of the local families at whatever time suited his fancy. Often reluctant learners were nowhere to be found when the "Rebbe" arrived, and an outraged teacher departed leaving untaught pupils in his wake.

Holidays were carefully observed with endless preparations. Pesach was achieved by the most stringent effort. Weeks before a few hard-earned dollars must be mailed to Europe to insure a proper Passover for those relatives who were in need. Dishes were soaked and sizzling coals contributed to their purification. The cherished copper pans were scoured and soon the aroma of that perennial delicacy, carrot candy, kept the children huddled about the stove in the hope that the privilege of scraping the pan might be theirs. Then the beet "Eingemuchts"! How a mere beet cooked with ginger could be transformed into such a noble delicacy was truly magic! Much of it must be stored away should relatives come from Boston for Pesach.

As the community grew there was need for a Shul and a building on Liberty Street was acquired. Friday evening meant the lighting of candles at an early hour and off to Shul by sundown. Soon The Ladies Society was established and Mrs. Albert was among the first to sign the coveted charter. Fund raising consisted of giving, not only to the Shul, but to the endless stream of collectors who came from larger cities requesting funds for Yeshiva in far off lands and always for the victims of Pogroms in Warsaw, Kiev, and in the numberless places where hapless Jews met with calamity—and always for the dream of "Eretz-Israel".

This was the era of the customer peddler, the department store on foot, and to Mrs. Albert's Kosher table came peddlers of many wares. They came regularly bringing the news of Jewish interest from the larger communities—a link in communication with the outside Jewish world. A few local romances developed with Mrs. Albert serving as "Shatchun" between a promising peddler and a marriageable girl in the community.

Mrs. Albert, in common with all immigrants, revered the privilege of free education. In Europe the "gymnasium" the inaccesible dream of every Jewish mother, transmitted here to the magic word "college" and the ultimate

Harvard. The realization of that dream came true when her eldest son went to Harvard—a truly amazing climax for a child born in remote Shimileshick near Vilna Geverne. Mrs. Albert joined the ranks of the learners, attending Americanization classes at the old Collins School. Soon she proudly displayed her new learning, the ability to read the head-lines in the newspaper, and to sign her name in place of the usual x mark.

Mrs. Albert's life was devoted to her faith. For her there was no compromise with the present; Shabbos—a day of differences; Yom Kippar—a day for sacrifice. It may be said of her that she takes her place among the countless Jews who, through their un-questioning devotion, have become a link in the chain of Judaism and ensure for future generations a priceless heritage.

A Brief History

Mount Jacob Cemetery
Gloucester, Massachusetts

by Robert Kramer

May 1990

This project started when I attended a cemetery meeting at the Temple in April 1989. We were meeting in regards to the expansion of Mount Jacob Cemetery. Dates were tossed around and I somehow felt that they were wrong. I went home and started looking at some of my books. I then decided to write this brief history of Mount Jacob Cemetery.

I am not an author or a writer. I write the same as I speak, some understand me; some don't. Every page was written on the spur of the moment, whenever a thought struck me. Irving Goodman, of course, was my right-hand man. We had many arguments, as you can well imagine. He was not happy with the way I used my English. He finally gave in, when he realized that I write the way I speak. Peace has once more settled over both of us, and we are chums again.

The Mount Jacob Cemetery was given to Congregation Ahavath Achim by George Proctor on December 18, 1905, for a consideration of $ 1.00. It had 2.4 acres of land. After finding the original deed, I realized that the congregation chose to make its cemetery deep in the woods in an area of solid ledge only because of the generous offer of free land made by Mr. Proctor. On July 28, 1945, Elizabeth Roberts and her two sons gave us additional land in back of the cemetery. Many members of the Roberts family still live in West Gloucester.

When I was a child of five or six, on Sunday morning, weather permitting, a group of Jewish men would meet at the corner of Prospect and Pleasant Street. Many of the men dealt in junk (we would call it scrap metal today). They all came with their teams or wagons.

Conner's Pharmacy is now located at the comer of Prospect and Pleasant Streets. When I was a child, a pharmacy was there, too, and a Chinese laundry was located next door. After that was the Jewish grocery and butcher shop. It was owned by an Orthodox man named Fishbone. He was part of the Feldman family and Raizin family.

Every week possible, my father would take me and join the group. My dear mother would pack me a bag with sandwiches fruits and other things. But I remember best of all a bottle of tonic. In those days, anybody who had a bottle of tonic-WOW! The workers brought picks, shovels and other tools. An entrance was made for the new cemetery, and each week we went on from there.

We had many difficulties at Mount Jacob because of the terrain and ledge, sometimes during a burial. In those days people were buried the same day they had died. Eight foot graves were dug by hand. At times, ledge was struck, and we would have to change locations. The families cried, and of course, the officers and Cemetery Committee members were blamed.

When you get to the entrance of our cemetery on Essex Avenue, a sign MT. JACOB CEMETERY is posted. After parking your car and entering the cemetery, you will see a large memorial marked Jacob. This is the man for whom the cemetery was named. His full name was Jacob Davis. He passed away April 26, 1915, at the age of 70. 1 knew him well, about which you will read as I go on.

When I was in either the first or second grade, Gloucester did not have a full-time rabbi. I went to the Babson School on the corner of Shepherd and Pleasant Streets (It is now apartments for the elderly). I was born at 2 Shepherd Street. It was a short walk to the school. I would come home after school, and there sitting at the table would be Jacob Davis. He always had a glass of hot tea with a lump of sugar and a piece of cake or something. He was my Hebrew teacher. He would sit at the table with a match as a pointer and teach me the Aleph-Beis. I don't remember how long he had me as a pupil-possibly he gave me up as a lost cause.

He was not a tall man. He was on the heavy side and had a full-grown, white beard. He used a cane. His son Joe was one child of a large family. If you look at the memorials around him, you will see many Davises, including his wife Ida, about six children and several brothers.

Sam Rubin was elected President of the Congregation in 1942 or '43. I was elected Treasurer. Sam Rubin was a good fund raiser, and he raised $800 for ledge removal at Mount Jacob. I should add that in 1946 $800 was a lot of money. The first work of digging and blasting the ledge cleaned out a small portion of the land. From then on, when money was available, further digging and ledge removal was done.

Being a member of a Cemetery Committee is no small task. I will tell a few stories of what we went through.

On February 22, 1945, a seven-month baby girl passed away. We were all Orthodox in those days, so anyone who died was supposed to be buried on the same day. The day before we had had an old-fashioned Nor' East blizzard. Plows were few, and streets were plugged with snow heaps. We were unable to get anyone to dig a grave.

Hyman Stone, an old-timer, and Sam Linsky offered to dig the grave. The family lived close to the firebarn. I borrowed two pairs of boots from the firemen, and Sam or Hymie got shovels and picks. How the two of them got from the firebarn to our cemetery, we will never know.

A few hours later, the hearse arrived. They were going through with the funeral. I went back to the fire station, and they gave me three or four more pairs of boots plus shovels. If they could have, I know they would have taken us up in a fire truck.

We arrived at the Essex Avenue entrance and had to walk on Fernald Street to the cemetery. All the way, three or four of us men walked in front and shoveled some kind of path. In the back came a little coffin tied to a sled with two men pulling and a man on each side holding on to it so it would not tip off. The day was gray, and a wind was blowing, a very bleak day. During the prayers, I don't think there was a dry eye there. When the funeral was over, I remember Sam Linsky went over the wall, snow waist-deep, and broke branches from trees to put over the grave as a marker, so that when the snow melted, we would know where the grave was.

In 1946, Morris Katz, the Temple President, donated the stone wall that surrounds the cemetery. This was not his only generous community gesture. In addition, he and Joe Keller, owners of the Gloucester Auto Bus Company, paid $1800 to have a new heating system installed at the Temple, which was then located on Prospect Street.

I was appointed Treasurer of Mount Jacob Cemetery on September 21, 1955. I was given a Mount Jacob account book from the Aktzia, the Gloucester Jewish Credit Union. The officers of the Credit Union were all the people that were the backbone of the Jewish community. I remember them well. As a boy, every Wednesday night, I would go to shul with my father for a meeting of the Aktzia. When we arrived, seated around the table were Morris Bell, Mike Leavitt, Joe Rosen, Hyman Stone and several others. Like many shul members, my father would deposit a dollar each week in the Aktzia, so when the High Holidays came around, he would have money for dues and his seats.

At that time, Simon Feldman, the son of S. Feldman, the Jewish baker, and the father of Michael Feldman, General Contractor for our recent Temple renovation, was Secretary-Treasurer of the Credit Union. The bakery was on Commercial Street, and when I was a child, Mr. Feldman would deliver bread every day with his horse and team to all the Jews

The first Jewish Credit Union in the country was started by Lincoln Filene of Filene's department store. It was started to help the Jews who could not borrow money from a bank. I am telling the history of the Credit Union because all of the cemetery money had been kept there to help those who needed it. When I took over as Treasurer of Mount Jacob, a checking account was started for the first time at the Gloucester National Bank.

One of my worst memories goes back about twenty years. It was about 9 or 10 P.M., and I was at a Lion's Club meeting at the Surf in Magnolia. A telephone call came to me from my brother-in-law, Barney Marnoy, who asked me to go to Mount Jacob immediately. He was at a Credit Union meeting with Leo Alper, later the Mayor of the City of Gloucester. At that time, Leo was the Chairman of the Cemetery Committee, and I want you to know, he was the best. He was dedicated, always ready night or day, and he had a contact for most any problem we had. I don't remember for how many years he served, but it was many. I don't remember who served before him, only that

Max Leavitt had at the beginning. Since Leo gave it up, we never had elected a chairman. It seemed that everybody was happy with me as treasurer and never elected a new chairman.

I left the Surf and drove through Magnolia Avenue, and I want you to know, I was scared. I got to Fernald Street, drove down in the dark and came to the driveway to the cemetery and looked up. All I saw were police cars and people with flashlights.

When I got out of the car—there were 18 or 20 stones tipped over. It was one of the most gruesome sights I have ever seen. Tears came to my eyes as I walked into the cemetery. Leo had all the stones put back in a few days, and nobody in the community, as far as I know, saw it.

A picture of it was in the Gloucester Times the next day. The police found out who did it, but we did not prosecute. The father of the boy came to Leo and said he would make his son pay for the damage from his work. It was paid for in time.

Since that time, we have had monuments tipped, our gates pulled down, a car knocked down the left-hand side of the wall and many more things. But we have survived.

In September 1970 we found that the entrance to the cemetery was very bad. Cars could not get up the hill, parking was very narrow, and there were ruts in the road. People complained; it must have been after the holidays. We hadn't done anything before because we had no money.

Fortunately, I had a good friend, Bill McCarthy, who was in the sand and gravel business. I called him, to come look at the entrance. He did, and said that we would have to hot top it. He laid out the road and made it as wide as it is now. Bill used a contractor from somewhere up the line who did all the City of Gloucester work. They argued over the price and finally settled on $2000. Then it was up to Bill to charge for his labor. When the job was done, Bill showed me the contractor's bill. He wasn't going to charge for his labor.

Now we needed to raise the $2000. We started a drive, and in three week we had raised $2300. We received $500 from the Bell family and $400 from the William Feldman family. We received a pledge for $175, another for $150, nine for $100 and the balance in $50 and $25 pledges. In 1990 these pledges

may sound little, in 1970 they were a small fortune. Many people I know gave more than they could afford. In writing this in May 1990 I want to thank them again.

Charles Heberle, an old friend of mine, knew I was on the Cemetery Committee. He offered me a gift of additional land on the north side of Mount Jacob to enlarge our cemetery. We often talked about this. I used to look at the ledge outcropping in that area and shake my head, "How can you dig a grave there?" In fact, around 1980, Irving Goodman, Al Faulk and I went to Mount Jacob to look at the land. Al, who was the founder of Faulk Brothers and my neighbor, said the best place for expansion would be at the east end of the cemetery on land we already owned. He estimated the cost of land clearing and ledge removal at more than $25,000. Nothing was done about it.

About two years ago, Charley Heberle called me up and asked if I was interested in a gift of additional land for Mount Jacob. He was about to sell a large parcel of land to a developer and wanted to protect the future needs of Mount Jacob and the Jewish community. I called Rabbi Geller, (who is plenty sharp), and we met at the cemetery on a Sunday morning, the Rabbi, Irving Goodman, Al Faulk and I. We talked a lot. Then the Rabbi said, 'Call Charley, tell him we'll take whatever he will give us.'

When Charley's land was sold, he included a verbal agreement with the developer to give Mount Jacob Cemetery up to five acres of land. The Rabbi met and agreed with the developer, James Brady, to delay the gift until surveys of the land could be finished. While we waited, Jim Brady agreed to develop the land we already owned at the east end of Mount Jacob at no cost to us. The land Charley Heberle sold is now being developed by Lin-Pro along with Jim Brady, and we should eventually be getting a parcel of land for the next generation.

The story is this—Mr. Proctor gave us 2.4 acres in 1905 for $1.00. Elizabeth Roberts gave us land in 1945 at the rear—no charge. To end it, through Charley Heberle and Jim Brady we got an expanded cemetery and from Lin-Pro we expect additional land for free. And I, Bob Kramer, could not figure out how the old-timers were that stupid to build there. It turned out that they were a lot smarter than folks like myself gave them credit for.

1950 B'NAI B'RITH MEMBERSHIP

Lodge No. 2183

Gloucester, Mass.

February 20, 1950

(Plaque in main vestibule of Temple Ahavat Achim)

Richard D. Aronson
Sidney C. Aronson
Fred Axelrod
Bradley Bell
Richard S. Bell
Melvin Bernstein
Saul S. Bloch
Lewis Churnick
Abraham Clopper
Aaron Cohen
Dr. Bernard S. Cohen
Edward Curhan
N. Abraham Epstein
Saul Feldman
Robert Fisher
Sidney Goldman
Harry Goldstein
Irving Goodman
Albert E. Goos
Rabbi Baruch B. Katz
Benedict Kerr
Irving Kline
Robert Kramer
Saul Krames
Benjamin Linsky
Morris Linsky
Harold M. Lurie
Dr. Ralph M. Mann
Barney Marnoy
Dr. Sydney S. Parker
Dr. Morris H. Pett
Benjamin Raizin
William Raizin
Abraham Myer Rutchik
David Rutchik
Louis P. Rutchik
Hyman Sandler
Solomon Sandler
Jerome Saphirstein
Edward Sherman
Hyman Stone
Philip Tartas
Samuel Visnick
Gordon Weiner
Philip W. Wine
Henry Winer

MEMORIAL PLAQUES

in

TEMPLE AHAVATH ACHIM

as of July 21, 1997

Adasko, Nathan Jan 5, 1886–Aug 8 '36 [& Window]
Albert, Archie May 13, 1945
Albert, Gerrish Sep 13, 1992
Albert, Isaac Dec 21, 1932
Albert, Jacob Mar 18, 1964
Albert, Pauline Jul 18, 1958
Albert, Rebecca Mar 6, 1957
Alpert, Alec Aug 10, 1902
Alpert, Joseph A Jun 19, 1949
Alpert, Walter Sep 11, 1966
Alpert, Flora May 3, 1937
Aronson, Abraham Dec 19, 1936
Aronson, Dolly&Sidney [Pew]
Aronson, Harold Dec 19, 1961
Aronson, Ida Jul 3, 1955
Aronson, Sidney C Aug 3, 1984
Axelrod, Benjamin Sep 23, 1964
Barnstone, William V Oct 6, 1953
Beard, Morris Jul 20, 1979
Beard, Tillie Mar 18, 1971
Bell, Bradley H Jan 1, 1994
Bell, David Sep 30, 1943
Bell, Molly L (by Karen, JoAnn & Leslie Bell) [Pew]
Bell, Morris Dec 4, 1933
Bell, Morris Apr 1883-Dec 4 '33 [Bima chair]
Bernstein, Barnet D Oct 19, 1924
Bernstein, Celia May 31, 1954
Bernstein, Harry Jun 7, 1946
Bernstein, Jeannette F May 28, 1958

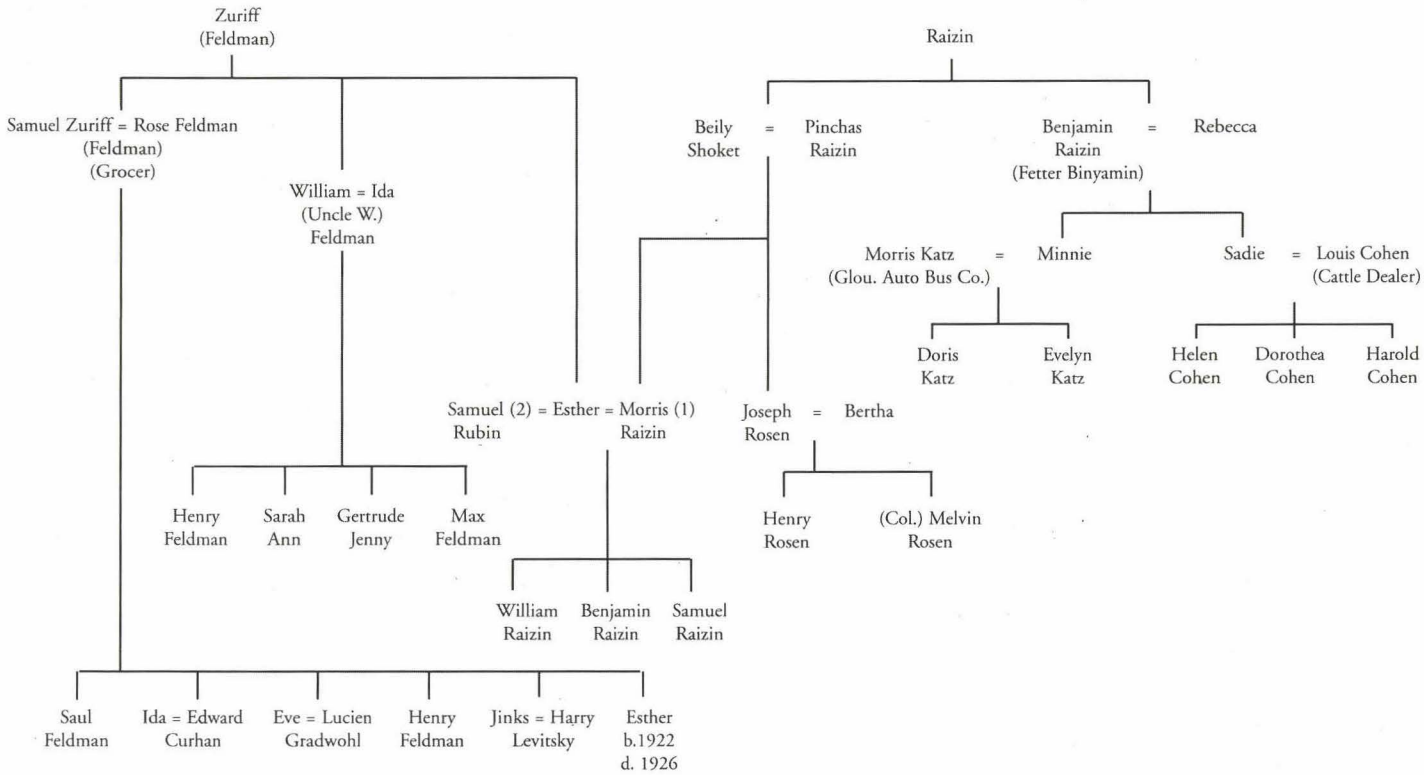
Bloch, Nathan Jun 3, 1951
Bloch, Saul S 1905-1975 [Ner Tamid]
Bloch, Saul S Mar 14 '05–Apr 17 '71 [Pew]
Bloch, Saul S Jan 6 '02–Apr 17 '71 [sic]
Bloom, Carrie Mar 15, 1986
Bloom, Elizabeth Aug 7, 1993
Bloom, Harry Oct 11, 1963
Bloom, Harry Sep 17, 1966 [sic]
Bloomberg, Annie D Feb 10, 1964
Bloomberg, Joseph D Mar 21, 1963
Brody, Avram Dec 14 '63–Oct 10 '89
Brown, Ceilia Jul 30, 1960
Brown, Daniel Jun 7, 1952
Chapnick, Samuel Jul 21, 1959
Chapnick, Tillie Mar 16, 1978
Chavinsky, Rose Dec 9, 1978
Churnick, Lewis May 1, 1959
Cohen, Aaron May 25, 1972
Cohen, George M Dr Feb 24, 1996 [& Pew]
Cohen, Issac [sic] 1872–1930
Cohen, Libby 1874–1918
Cohen, Steve and Andrea MacLeod [Torah]
Cohen, Sylvia Dec 5, 1981
Cordich, Ellen Oct 14, 1967
Cutler, Charles Jan 8 '03–Jul 16 '72
Cutler, Rebecca Gelman Jul 1 '11–Jul 11 '91
Cutter, Hartley (son: Phil Cutter) [Eternal Light]
Davis, Anna E Jun 30, 1930
Epstein, Leah Apr 22, 1975
Epstein, N. Abraham Apr 4, 1975
Esther Palosky Dec 30, 1947
Feldman, Ida Feb 20, 1965
Feldman, Rose Feb 1, 1943
Feldman, Rose Stillman Nov 19 '15–Dec 20 '77
Feldman, Samuel Jun 24, 1935
Feldman, William Aug 11, 1966
Fine, Samuel Oct 18, 1946

Fisher, Milton Aug 24, 1955
Flasher, Ida Mar 24, 1975
Flasher, Nathan Jan 22, 1971
Flasher, Philip Oct 17, 1926
Freedman, Frank C Sep 18, 1959
Gaspin, Mildred Jun 15, 1996
Geller, Louis M Mar 22, 1952
Geller, Sally G Jan 25, 1992
Godfried, Morris Sep 1 '07–May 7 '95
Goldenberg, Rebecca Dec 17, 1966
Goldman, Benjamin May 19, 1896–Jan 8 '79 [& Window]
Goldman, Mr & Mrs Benjamin 50th wed anniv. Aug 1 '70 [Pew]
Goldman, Sarah Jul 8, 1895–Jun 10 '81 [& Window]
Goldman, Sidney Pres TAA 1966–1970 [Pew]
Goodman, E Natalie Apr 26 '05–Aug 12 '91
Goodman, Jacob Jul 13, 1970
Goodman, Rose Feb 3, 1963
Goodman, Rose & Jacob, par. of Irving [Torah holder]
Goodman, William Aug 21 '13–Jul 7 '90
Gould, Annie Jan 28, 1968
Greenberg, Jacob Nov 27, 1968
Israelite, Peter B Nov 28, 1932
Katz, Minnie Dec 26, 1960
Katz, Morris Jan 1, 1955
Kerr, Bertha Jun 23, 1963
Kerr, Herbert B Oct 16, 1964
Kerr, Joseph Jun 11, 1944
Kerr, Joseph (w Sadie, sons Herbert & Benedict) [Ark]
Kerr, Samuel D 1935
Kline, George Nov 16, 1970
Kline, Ida M 1882–Jan 13 '34
Kline, Pearl Feb 16, 1946
Kline, Robert Jul 18 '04–Apr 19 '82
Kramer, Ida May 25,1882–Mar 11 '70 [& Pew]
Kramer, Samuel May 14, 1876-May 16 '52
Kramer, Samuel & Ida [Sanctuary lectern]
Lappin, Albert Apr 7, 1966

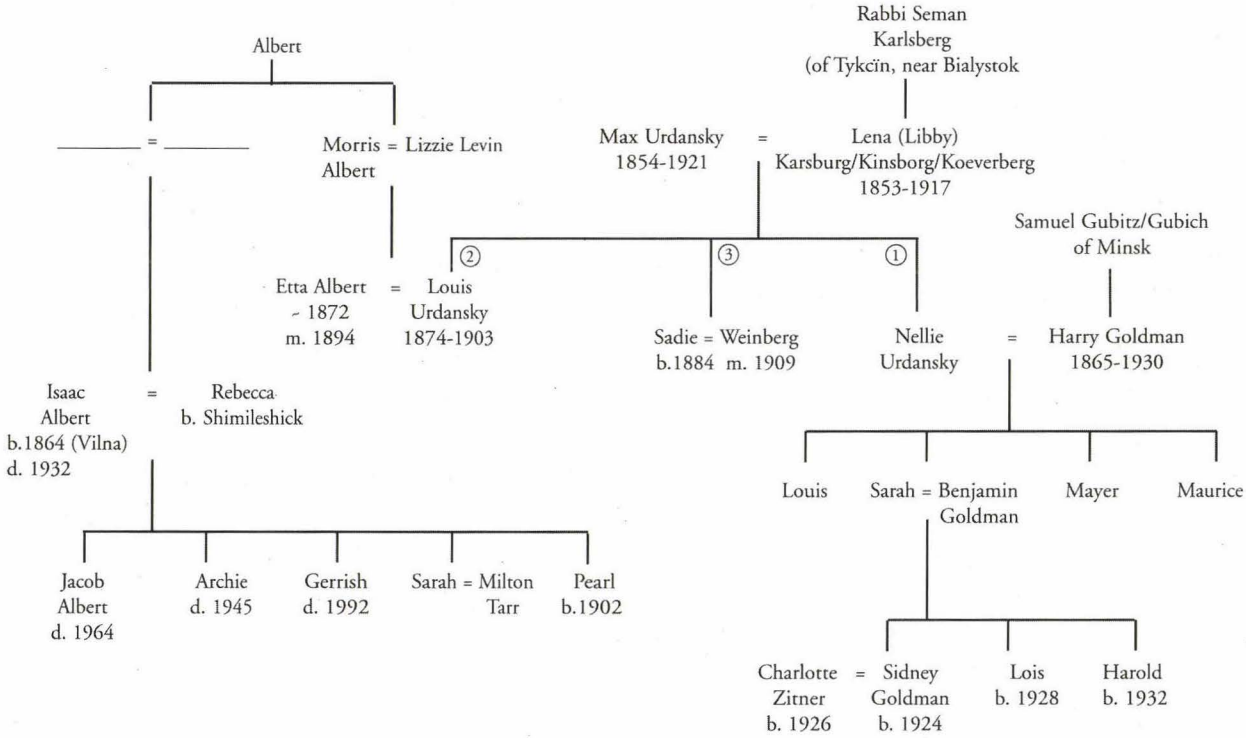
Lazarus, Hans Dr Dec 25, 1964
Lester, Gerald devoted lay leader
Levy, Adolph Mr & Mrs Parents of Jack Levy
Levy, Fanny Jul 4, 1896–Apr 20 '81
Levy, Ida E Jan 10 '00–Nov 7 '65 [Bima chair]
Levy, Ida Eunice Jan 10, 1900–Nov 7 '65
Levy, Jacob Dec 12, 1988
Linsky, Abram Feb 22 '19–Jul 23 '79
Linsky, Joseph Oct 31 '08–Dec 20 '66 [& Window]
Linsky, Lina Jan 7, 1941
Linsky, Max Oct 3, 1941
Linsky, Morris Nov 29, 1988
Linsky, William Samuel Apr 12 '07–Mar 28 '73
Marks, Ida L Mar 10, 1984
Marks, Jacob May 27, 1959
Marshall, Eugene 1910–1972
Marshall, Ida Oct 12, 1944
Marshall, Nathan Jul 2, 1945
Marshall, Samuel Mar 27, 1964
Massel, Morris & Lillian devoted members
Neilsen, Pearl May 15 '02–Nov 14 '66 [& Window]
O'Gorman, Michael Baer (by Jean Baer O'Gorman) [Torah]
Ogan, Frank May 29 '09–May 21 '68 [Pew]
Olin, Rose Oct 3, 1990
Olin, William M Jun 21, 1965
Palosky, Peter Sep 28, 1918
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Penn, Harry Oct 19, 1954
Peters, Wendy Cohen Nov 30, 1992
Pett, Fay Gennet Jan 26 '14–Jun 14 '78
Pett, Leah Sep 23, 1955
Pett, Louis Mar 6, 1935
Pett, Morris Hirsch Dr Jun 24 '04–Oct 31 '75
Polansky, Sophie I Dec 14 '05–Dec 13 '68 [& Pew]
Risman, Henry Nov 28, 1951
Risman, Jenny May 14, 1946
Rome, Morris G. Apr 22, 1956

Rosen, Bertha Dec 17, 1962
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Rutchik, A Meyer Dec 3, 1967
Sanborn, see Tesher
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Schred, Benjamin Dec 29, 1953
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Sloane, Paul Dr Jan 19 '02–Nov 1 '92
Smith, Augusta Sep 1, 1993
Smith, Max Aug 1, 1947
Smith, Mayer Jul 11, 1958
Smith, Peter 1897–1982
Snider, Fannie L Aug 1, 1878-Dec 9 '66 [& Pew]
Stein, Alice Apr 3, '24–Jan 4, '76
Stone, Hyman for devoted service [Bima chair]
Stone, Hyman Jun 23, 1886–Feb. 3, 1975
Stone, Sarah [Bima chair]
Stone, Sarah Jun 17,1886–Oct 13 '63
Svietovsky, Celia & Boris [Window]
Tesher, Geo. & Ruth par. of Corky Sanborn
United Synagogue Youth 1966–1967 [Pew]
Visnick, Esther Oct 15, 1958
Visnick, Hyman Feb 17, 1962
Weiner, Anna R Feb 5, 1964
Weiner, Samuel Jan 25, 1977
Winer, Elizabeth Feb 23, 1969
Winer, Henry R Apr 6 '06–Aug 7 '72
Zass, Harry Jan 17, 1958
Zeff, Esther Dec 26 1889?–Feb 3 '85
Zeff, Joseph Mr&Mrs par. of Fanny Levy

Feldman (Zuriff) - Raizin - Katz - Rubin Family Tree



Albert - Urdansky - Goldman Family Tree



Profiles of Interviewees for the Cape Ann Jewish Community Oral History Project

BEATRICE BELL ALBERT was born in Gloucester in 1910, the oldest child of MOLLY (BRODER) and MORRIS BELL. Her brothers are RICHARD, HAROLD, and BRADLEY BELL (deceased). Bea married Louis Albert of Boston in 1933 and their son, Dr. Morris Albert, lives in Bethesda, Maryland.

HAROLD BELL, BEA ALBERT'S brother, was born in Gloucester in 1914. He and his brothers continued the family business—*Cape Ann Manufacturing*—making oiled clothing for fishermen, which then became the *Mighty Mac* company. Harold is currently the President of the Cape Ann Historical Association.

TOBY ROSENBERG BELL was born in 1922, the first Jewish baby born in East Gloucester, where her father had a tailor shop. Her parents, SARA and SOLOMON ROSENBERG, and her siblings, ABRAHAM and DAVID, left Gloucester and returned to Boston in 1925. Toby's nephew, Dr. Bruce Rosenberg, is a pediatrician and lives in Gloucester.

EVELYN LOWENSTEIN BERNSTEIN married Gloucester attorney MELVIN BERNSTEIN and moved to Cape Ann in 1937. Evelyn and Melvin have always had a keen interest in Gloucester's summer art community. The Bernsteins have two children, John and Hilda.

MELVIN BERNSTEIN was born in Gloucester in 1906, the only son of JEANNETTE and HARRY BERNSTEIN. His father was the owner of the Hub Clothing Store. Melvin (now retired), is a highly respected lawyer in Gloucester, who argued cases before the Supreme Court of the United States,.

ESTHER GOLDENBERG BLOCH was born in 1916 (in Russia) and arrived in Gloucester with her husband SAUL BLOCH (born in Alsace, France). Saul was the owner of the National Butchers Company in Gloucester. The Blochs were active in synagogue life—Saul was a learned Jew who often led services and, for many years, Esther was the chairperson of the Gloucester Committee, State of Israel Bonds.

CHARLOTTE ALPER CHANSKY was born in 1927 in Gloucester. She is the youngest of six siblings—LEO, LILLIAN, FRANCES, GLADYS, and BEATRICE. Her parents were ROSE (SHENBURG) and MAX ALPER.

ALICE and MARTIN COHEN are relative newcomers to Cape Ann, having moved here from Newton in 1964. Looking back, they remember that Temple Ahavath Achim was a congregation of fifty families with a new rabbi, Myron Geller and Friday night services started at nine o'clock to accomodate the Jewish merchants who closed their shops on Main Street late on Friday evenings.

DR. BERNARD COHEN was born in 1917 in Lynn. He bought Dr. Nicholas R. Lourie's dental practice and moved to Gloucester in 1946. Temple Ahavath Achim's Hebrew school is named in memory of his wife, SYLVIA COHEN.

MITCHELL COHEN, son of SYLVIA and BERNARD COHEN, was born in 1947 in Gloucester. He is a psychologist practicing and living in Gloucester and continues the family tradition of involvement in synagogue life.

LILLIAN ALPER COHEN was born in 1915, the second of ROSE (SHENBERG) and MAX ALPER'S six children. She remembers teaching Hebrew school when she was a teenager in Gloucester and Rabbi Fogel was in residence.

RAZELLE GOOS COHEN was born in Gloucester in 1946. Her parents are WILMA and AL GOOS. Al Goos was born in Poland and immigrated to Bangor, Maine where he met and married Wilma Weiss/White. Razelle celebrated her Bat Mitzvah ceremony in the new Middle Street synagogue (with Susan Clopper and Janice Cohen).

RONALD CURHAN and his younger brother GERALD S. grew up in Gloucester. His parents were IDA (FELDMAN) and EDWARD CURHAN and his grandparents were ROSE and SAMUEL FELDMAN and RACHEL and HARRIS CURHAN. He is a Boston University Professor of Marketing and past president of the American Jewish Historical Society.

MAURICE DANCOUR was born in Cairo, Egypt and he immigrated to the United States in 1959. Maurice and his wife Anna moved to Rockport in 1971. They joined Temple Ahavath Achim and Maurice is credited with reinstituting the Saturday morning *minyan* at the synagogue.

JEAN PINANSKI DIETZ, born in1921 (in Boston), was a columnist for the *Boston Globe* and was a Rockport summer resident since the 1950's. Her daughter, Rabbi Susan Bulba Carvutto—currently of Augusta, Maine—continues to maintain a residence here.

BETSY JOAN FELDMAN was born in Boston in 1950 and is the youngest of the Feldman family cousins. Betsy's grandparents were ROSE and SAMUEL FELDMAN. Her parents, MARILYN (LUNDY) and HENRY FELDMAN, and her siblings, ROY and ELLEN, were frequent visitors to the family-owned hotels, Magnolia Manor and Magnolia Lodge.

LOREN FELDMAN is the son of JEN and SAUL FELDMAN, who owned Magnolia Manor and Magnolia Lodge. Loren worked in the family business in Gloucester and, when they relocated, in Poland Springs, Maine.

MAX FELDMAN was born in 1923 in Gloucester. His parents were IDA (NEWMARK) and WILLIAM FELDMAN. He and his siblings, HENRY, SALLY, and GERTRUDE, all grew up in Gloucester. Max is an engineer living in New York.

DR. BERTHA OFFENBACH FINEBERG and her husband, DR. NATHAN FINEBERG (deceased), were summer residents since the 1950's. Nathan enjoyed success as an amateur sculptor and both were involved in Gloucester's summer art community.

ANN VISNICK FISHMAN was born in Edinburgh, Scotland and came to Gloucester when she was one year old with her parents ESTHER (NOVAK) and HYMAN VISNICK. Her siblings SAMUEL, BERTHA (BETSY), and EDWARD were born in Gloucester. Ann graduated from Salem Normal, taught school, married Arthur Fishman from Lynn, and has two sons, Bernard and Bruce.

BERNARD FISHMAN, ANN VISNICK FISHMAN'S son, celebrated his Bar Mitzvah in 1952—the first in the Middle Street synagogue, with Rabbi Harry Sky officiating.

GEORGE FLASHER was born in Gloucester in 1923. His father, PHILIP FLASHER, arrived in Gloucester before World War I. His mother, IDA (BRENNER) FLASHER, arrived in Gloucester in 1921 with their two sons, HARRY and NATHAN. George's father died in 1926 and his mother Ida supported her family by running a boarding house.

DAVID GARDNER is a Gloucester lawyer, in practice with his uncle IRVING KLINE. David's mother, MIRIAM KLINE, grew up in Gloucester, married Max Gardner, and settled in Lowell.

RABBI MYRON S. GELLER was born in 1937 in Brooklyn, N.Y. He has been the Rabbi of Temple Ahavath Achim in Gloucester since 1965.

CHARLOTTE ZITANER GOLDMAN is from Bangor, Maine. She married SID GOLDMAN and moved to Gloucester in 1948, and has always been an active member of Temple Ahavath Achim's Sisterhood/Hadassah. The Goldmans have two children, Glenn and Nancy.

SIDNEY GOLDMAN was born in 1924 in Gloucester and he represents four generations of his family living in Gloucester. Sid continued the Goldman's business until his retirement in 1990. The Albert/Urdansky/Goldman family tree can be see in the Appendix of this book.

EVE FELDMAN GRADWOHL was born in 1913 in Brooklyn, New York. Her parents, ROSE and SAMUEL FELDMAN, moved to Gloucester in 1914 with their children SAUL, IDA (CURHAN), and EVE. Siblings HENRY, JINKS [LEVITSKY], and ESTHER were born in Gloucester. Eve married Lucien Gradwohl (from Alsace, France) in 1933 and they lived in Magnolia, with their two sons, Barry and Bruce.

EVELYN STONE GREENGROSS was born in 1919 in Gloucester. She is the daughter of SARAH (WIGOOSHIN) and HYMAN STONE, who arrived in Gloucester about 1918. The chairs on the *bima* in the synagogue were given in memory of her parents.

ELLEN HOCHBERGER'S in-laws were MARJORIE (JACOBS) and FRED HOCHBERGER. Marjorie's parents were AMELIA and NORMAN JACOBS (NORMAN THE CLOTHIER). Fred's parents were BERTHA and SOLOMON HOCHBERGER. Both of these families left Gloucester for New York but continued to spend summers on Long Beach in Rockport.

DORIS LEAVITT JARNES was born in Gloucester. Her parents were RAE (ETTER) and MAX LEAVITT. Max Leavitt and Morris Bell started the Cape Ann Manufacturing Company. Rae Leavitt died when Doris was very young. Doris has a brother, ERNEST (SONNY), and a sister, IRMA.

SUSAN JASPER KAUFMAN'S parents were IRENE (SHAPIRO) and MEYER (MIKE) JASPER. Her mother was one of the seven Shapiro sisters from Worcester who summered in Gloucester. Her father bought the Moorland Hotel in Gloucester in the early 1940's.

ESTHER and BENEDICT KERR were residents of Gloucester until 1968. Benedict was born in 1910 in Gloucester. His parents were SADIE (ROME) and JOSEPH KERR and the family owned the National House Furnishing Company. Esther was from Miami, Florida and married Ben in 1939. They have two children, Joan and Joseph.

IRVING KLINE was born in 1909 in New York City. His parents were Gloucester residents, IDA MARCIA (WALLACE) and GEORGE KLINE and his siblings were ROBERT and MIRIAM. Irving is a well-known Gloucester attorney.

MARY GLICKMAN KLINE, born in 1909 in Lynn, married ROBERT KLINE in 1930 and lived in Gloucester for 67 years. Their four daughters are Shirley Larsen, Cynthia Wooster, Carol Rosenblatt, and Judy Rose. Mary was honored as Hadassah's Woman of the Year in 1986.

DR. PHILIP KRAMER was born in 1915 in Gloucester. His parents were CELIA/TILLIE (BANKS) and LOUIS KRAMER and his siblings are GERALD, HILTON, and RUTH. Dr. Kramer lives and practices dentistry in Worcester, MA.

REVA SCHRED KRAMER's parents were DORA (SILK) and BENJAMIN SCHRED, who moved to Gloucester from Philadelphia and owned the Star Remnant Store. Reva married Robert Kramer and both are lifelong residents of Gloucester. They have a daughter, Joan.

ROBERT KRAMER was born in 1907 in Gloucester. His parents were IDA and SAMUEL KRAMER and his sister ANNA is deceased. Bob is best known as the owner of Bob's Haberdashery and as the treasurer of Temple Ahavath Achim for many years.

SHIRLEY KLINE LARSEN and JUDITH KLINE ROSE are the oldest and youngest daughters of MARY and ROBERT KLINE. Their father owned the Rockport Dye House.

JINKS FELDMAN LEVITSKY, EVE GRADWOHL's sister, was born in Gloucester and graduated from Gloucester High School. Jinks moved to Worcester when she married Harry Levitsky in 1938.

EDWARD LICHTENSTEIN's grandfather, MORRIS LICHTENSTEIN, was a tailor in Gloucester in the 1880's and his father, William Lichtenstein, attended grammar school in Gloucester in the 1890s.

FANNIE PALOSKY LINSKY was born in 1914 in Lawrence and grew up in Manchester. Her mother and father were ESTHER and PETER PALOSKY. In 1947, Fannie married Morris Linsky, son of LINA and MAX LINSKY of Gloucester. Fannie was honored as Hadassah's Woman of the Year in 1992.

HAROLD LEONARD LINSKY was born in 1925 in Gloucester. His parents were LINA (MORRIS) and MAX LINSKY. Lenny was the youngest of 12 siblings - SOPHIE, SAMUEL, JOE, MILDRED, MORRIS, BENJAMIN, BERTHA, DAVID, ABRAM(REM), BEATRICE, and THEODORE.

VICTORIA HASDAY LINSKY was born in Peabody in 1924. Her parents, Fannie and Robert Hasday, were Sephardic Jews from Turkey. She married LENNY LINSKY in 1946 and has been active in all aspects of the synagogue. The Linskys have two children, Lorna and Mark.

DR. ARLENE ROSEN MALECH was born in 1942 in Gloucester and now lives in Maryland. She is the only child of REA (GLAZER) and HENRY ROSEN. BERTHA and JOSEPH ROSEN were her grandparents. Her memories of Gloucester are centered in her grandmother's kitchen.

MARJORIE BLOOM MARKS married BILL MARKS in 1948 and they have two sons, John and Scott. Margie's community activities include a stint teaching Hebrew school with Sylvia Cohen.

WILFRED (BILL) MARKS was born in 1919 in Gloucester. His parents were IDA (ALPERT) and JACOB MARKS and his siblings are MELVIN and DOROTHY. Bill continued his father's business, the North Shore Dress Company.

HELEN SCHRED MARNOY was born in Glocester. After graduating from Gloucester High School, Helen worked for the Sears Roebuck and Company and married Barney Marnoy in 1952. Helen and her sister, REVA SCHRED KRAMER, share their memories of growing up Jewish in Gloucester in this oral history.

ARLEY PETT represents the third generation of the Pett family living in Gloucester. His grandparents, LEAH (BICEWITCH) and LOUIS PETT, owned a fruit and vegetable store and his parents, FAYE (GENET) and DR. MORRIS PETT, were community leaders in Gloucester's Jewish and secular organizations.

MAMIE PETT NORTON was born in 1913 in Salem. Her parents were LEAH (BICEWITCH) and LOU PETT. Her siblings were IDA and DR. MORRIS (MOE) PETT. She married Morris Norton of Malden. Her son, Dr. Louis Norton, lives in Connecticut.

JEFF RESNICK'S family has owned Camp Annisquam since 1922. Jeff lives in Boston and spends summers in Gloucester, continuing the pattern of his parents ROSE and ABRAM RESNICK and his sister JUDITH.

RICHARD ROME was born in 1914 in Worcester. He married ETHEL SHAPIRO in 1939. Ethel was the youngest of the seven Shapiro sisters who summered in Gloucester. Her parents were FANNIE and DAVID SHAPIRO and the sisters were PEGGY, SOPHIE, SALLY, FLORENCE, IRENE, ESTHER, and ETHEL. Peggy's son, Bill Barron, and Irene's daughter, Susan Kaufman, continue the family connection in Gloucester.

COLONEL MELVIN ROSEN was born in 1918 in Gloucester. His parents were BERTHA (PEPPER/FEFFER) and JOSEPH ROSEN. His brother, HENRY ROSEN, was five years older than Melvin. When Henry graduated from Dartmouth College, he became Melvin's high school French teacher. Melvin was appointed to West Point in 1936 and survived the Bataan Death March during WWII. He is retired and living in Virginia.

ESTHER ROSENBLATT'S husband, MORRIS ROSENBLATT, was the Rabbi in Gloucester from 1938 to 1942. Mrs. Rosenblatt has lived in Baltimore since 1942. Rabbi Rosenblatt (now deceased) was the Chaplain of Annapolis Naval Academy for forty years.

NAOMI EPSTEIN ROSENTHAL was born in 1932 in Gloucester. Her parents were LEAH and N. ABRAHAM EPSTEIN. HYMAN STONE, her uncle, was responsible for bringing her mother from Poland to Gloucester, where she met Abe Epstein. Naomi has two siblings, ROSALINE and GERALD.

LEO (RED) SANDLER was born in 1916 and graduated from Gloucester High School in 1933. His parents were BESSIE and MORRIS SANDLER and his brothers SOLOMON, SIMON, ELI, and HYMAN were all musicians as young men.

PAULA FREEDMAN SEGEL'S great-grandfather was JACOB DAVIS, for whom Gloucester's Jewish cemetery is named. Paula's grandparents were JENNY and JOSEPH DAVIS and her parents were IRENE (DAVIS) and SAMUEL FREEDMAN. Paula grew up in Worcester and summered in Gloucester.

ELLIOT SIDELL was born in 1925 in Gloucester. His parents were FANNIE and MORRIS SIDELL and they owned a grocery store on East Main Street in the 1920's. His siblings were MICHAEL, ARTHUR, and SOLOMON.

RABBI HARRY Z. SKY was the Rabbi in Gloucester from 1951 to 1953—a time of transition as the congregation moved from the Prospect Street shul to the current Middle Street building and the religious affiliation changed from Orthodox to Conservative.

DR. FREDERICK SLAFSKY was born in 1932 in Gloucester. His parents were IDA (PETT) and HARRY SLAFSKY and his uncle was DR. MORRIS PETT. Dr. Slafsky lives in Providence, Rhode Island.

MELVIN STAVIS married BETTA HOCHBERGER, the granddaughter of BERTHA and SOLOMON HOCHBERGER and AMELIA and NORMAN JACOBS. His sons JAMES and NORMAN STAVIS and their families live and summer in Gloucester. Temple Ahavath Achim's chapel is dedicated in memory of Betta Stavis [and in honor of Rebecca Gordon].

MARY GREENBERG STURT was born in 1914 in Manchester. Her parents were DORA LILY (PALOSKY) and NATHAN GREENBERG. She had two brothers, SOLOMON AND JACOB GREENBERG [who became the Postmaster of Manchester], and two sisters, MOLLY and SALLY. They were the first Jewish family to live in Manchester.

SARAH ALBERT TARR was born 90 plus years ago. Her parents were REBECCA and ISAAC ALBERT and her siblings were JACOB, ARCHIE, GERRISH, and PEARL. She married Milton Tarr of Gloucester. Sarah was a beloved teacher in Gloucester.

EDWARD VISNICK, ANN FISHMAN'S brother, was born in 1919 in Boston. He married Irene Bromberg and has a son, Robert Louis, of Rockport. Eddie owned a restaurant called Sea Breeze on the site of his father's (HYMAN VISNICK) old bakery in East Gloucester.

GORDON WEINER was born in 1924 (in Lynn) and his parents were Anna (Gebiner) and Samuel Weiner. Gordon is the nephew of the late SALLY and LOUIS GELLER of Sterling Drug, where he worked as a pharmacist for many years. In the 1970's, he studied law and has been a practicing attorney in Gloucester since 1974.

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