



The Bridge

**A QUARTERLY JOURNAL BY AND FOR
THE RESIDENTS OF NEWBRIDGE ON THE CHARLES IN DEDHAM, MA**

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 2

OCTOBER 2018



Photo by Michael Ross

Charlotte Modest Making Music Outside CENTRO

Notes from the Editors

We are excited to introduce three new authors: Sam Stern and Marlene Yesley are relatively new residents, and we welcome them to *The Bridge*. And Jack Goldberg has finally written his often told stories about Polly – enjoy them. Norman Zimbel last had an article in Volume 1, Number 1 (July 2011). Welcome back, Norm.

Ed and I urge you new residents to send along your memories, articles, poems, and photos. At least ask us for help and we will make sure you get it.

Several of you have offered to help us in the editing and layout work, and we will seriously get to you and any others involved soon.

Our Contributors

July 2018

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- **Myron L. Atlas:** *IMO Shirley Averell*
- **Charlotte S. Backman:** *IMO Shirley Averell*
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August 2018

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All NBOC residents are invited to submit essays, articles, short stories, poems and artwork of interest to the NBOC community.

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Photo of New Bridge in Nameplate by John Averell

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Storm of the Century *Shoshanah Garshick*

I walked the two miles home that day from the Roosevelt Junior High School in New Bedford. It was a beautiful beach day, probably the last of the season. The street car ride cost five cents for students, and in those depression years, you saved wherever you could. I was with two friends whose names I cannot recall, but I remember they lived closer to the school than I. Within fifteen minutes, a strange yellow light showed through the trees; strong winds blew. We clambered over the branches now showering down and skipped over the sizzling wires suddenly appearing on the sidewalk. In a few minutes, I was alone on the street, running for home. Just as I reached my house on County Street, I turned and looked back. A bedraggled, weeping crowd was at my heels, mostly women, carrying bulging pillow cases over their shoulders. My mother came out, incredulous, asking what was happening. The southern area of New Bedford from which I had come was now under eight feet of water; the refugees from the storm were on their way to the downtown Armory for shelter.

Our neighborhood was scarcely affected, so my mother insisted that I find out about the Meshinoffs, an elderly couple, friends of my father's parents in Poland. They lived on Water Street, close to the Acushnet River on the east. Within two blocks on Pleasant Street, I encountered men in hip boots getting into rowboats. I could go no further. We later discovered that the two were having afternoon tea when the floods came. Since they lived on the first floor, they carried the teacups and teapot from floor to floor as the waters rose, up to the third where the boat rescuers found them drinking their tea.

This was a Wednesday, and my father, Rev. Isaac Rothkopf, had made his way early in the morning to the wharf for the Marthas Vineyard Ferry as he did every Wednesday, returning on Thursday afternoon. He was not only principal of a Hebrew School in New Bedford, but also the Hebrew teacher and shoichet for the ten Jewish families of Oak Bluffs-Vineyard Haven. (A shoichet is a Jew-

ish religious scholar who has been specially trained and licensed to inspect and slaughter animals and fowl in accordance with the ritually prescribed manner for kosher consumption or Shechita.) Before the days of cell or iPhones, with electricity gone, a speedy occurrence, we had no manner of communication. This was also in the primitive days of hurricane reporting with scattered stations along the northeast. There had not been a hurricane in New England since 1869. This was small comfort to us.

Friday at noon, a smiling man walked into our home. My father had made a miraculous voyage on a small, fragile ferry from the Islands to New Bedford in a category five hurricane. The captain of the ferry was an old, seasoned seaman from the old whaling ships. New Bedford's last whaling voyage was not so far away in 1923. The captain had found the eye of the hurricane and stayed with it until it was safe to emerge! Joy! One of the miracles of the great hurricane.

The city of New Bedford held school Monday! The Roosevelt Junior High had survived; we were not to drink the water from the bubbler, lunches from home, no cafeteria service and no electric power. Over two-thirds of the boats in the harbor had sunk. Kenneth Davies, one of my fellow pupils in the seventh grade, blew his trumpet to signal when classes started, and so life and now funerals went on.

The beloved neighborhood pharmacist had perished with his longtime girl friend on flooded Cape Cod. My father, an orthodox Jew, had never stepped into a Catholic church before, nor had any of the other Jewish neighbors. But Charlie Fernandes had seen his friends through the deep depression when they could not pay for the medicine or when the sickness had struck late at night. They all appeared at his mass. As for my father, he observed that the mass relived the olden days of the Temple in Jerusalem, with the tingling and ringing of little bells and the wafting of incense throughout the altar, just as the Bible describes. He appreciated the ceremony, and perhaps it even assuaged his grief and the sorrow of those attending.

A Rose is a Rose is a Rose

Rita Fireman

Red roses splash
across the dancer's dress,
plunge down her breasts,
hug her thighs,
caress her ankles.
She twirls,
the roses swirl.
She swings,
the roses sway.
And the music goes
round and round
unfolding, unfurling,
unrolling the rose.

A red rose rests
against the woman's breast,
a gift from her lover
for the succor she brings
like a day dream
dreamed on the way
to the end of the day.

Red roses tumble
over the white trellis.
The old woman tends them tenderly,
dusts the petals with rose dust,
pulls the beetles off one by one,
waters the roots each day.
The red roses are forty years old.
The old woman and the old roses
bloom every spring. •

The effects of the hurricane could be seen for many years through the 50's and led to the building of a sea wall around New Bedford. The famous sand dunes of Horseneck Beach in Westport near New Bedford were altered forever. Funerals went on for weeks in the entire area as families found the bodies of lost loved ones. The investigations that followed led to the present structure of an organized, coordinated weather system; it was also determined that a junior meteorologist recently hired by the U.S. Weather Bureau in Washington, DC had tracked the storm, only to be told by his superiors to redo his calculations. His figures could not be correct because no hurricane had hit the area in over a hundred years. Charles Pierce was promoted, while the two senior men were fired. The hurricane affected the Bahamas, New Jersey, New York, Long Island, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, southwestern Quebec. It caused damages of \$306 million dollars in 1938 USD and, sadly, 682 to 800 direct casualties. According to the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, it was one of the "ten storms of the century" and the most violent and destructive natural disaster in New England history.

This is now the 80th anniversary of the storm of September 21, 1938. •

A few notes from the Webmaster

www.NewBridgeResidents.org

(1) No User Name and password is required, except for a few directories.

(2) Residents who would like access to these directories should send an email to me at e.goldstein@ieee.org. Let me know what you want as your password.

(3) You will find that some pages on the site are not up to date. The reason is that we have run out of volunteers.

(4) Please get in touch with me when you find errors or have difficulties with the site.

My Life with Polly Jack Goldberg

It was love at first sight.

Polly was beautiful.

We were immediately drawn to each other, and remained loyal to each other until her death in 1987 at the age of 67.

Let me back up a little.

How did Polly and I come to meet?

My father was a building contractor during the Great Depression. Times were really tough. One of my father's customers approached him to confess he was bankrupt and could not pay for the work my father had done for him.

The customer said "all I have left in the world is Polly, whom I love dearly. But I now have nothing and can no longer care for her. Would you be willing to accept her as my payment in full and take care of her for me?"

My father reluctantly agreed to accept the offer. And so Polly came to live with us. At first, Polly was a little shy, but as we got to know each other, she began to open up.

Polly was a double yellow-headed Amazon parrot with beautiful feathers of blue, yellow, green and red.

She had a large vocabulary but never swore or insulted anyone. She would repeat "good morning" endlessly until you gave her breakfast for which she would say "thank you." Her favorite breakfast was scrambled eggs, toast and coffee.

She was a showoff and performed lots of tricks. One of her favorites was swinging upside down holding on to her swing with only one foot.

She would "shake hands" with anyone who put a finger or hand into her cage.

She would dance to music.

She could eat from a spoon.

She could sing and whistle "Yankee Doodle"

She would also "answer" the phone whenever it rang, saying "hello?.. You don't say?.. Going in town today?.." and carry on a one-sided conversation.

She would also say "hello" whenever anyone rang the doorbell or knocked on the door.

When I moved to the Prudential Apartments, they wouldn't allow pets, so I gave Polly to my niece who offered to take care of her.

I visited Polly often. Whenever she saw me she'd get excited and wanted me to pet her, like I always did when she was living with me.



Reminiscences about my life with Polly:

It was a hot summer day, and I thought Polly would enjoy being outside for a change. So I carried her out in her cage onto the porch so she could see what was going on – the birds, the animals. She always wanted to be near a window so she could see what was going on. I thought this would be a treat for her; besides it was so hot that I thought it would be more comfortable for her.

She was outside a good part of the day. I don't know what she was doing. I didn't think she was talking, at least I couldn't hear because I was not out there. Later in the day, I brought her back in and set her back in her regular place.

We lived in Dorchester at the time where the houses were close together. There was no air conditioning so all the windows were open.

Suddenly Polly started screaming at the top of her lungs; "No you can't do this to me!" She was screaming bloody murder and going on like that.

I had never heard her scream like that before or after.

I don't know whether she was upset at being left alone for so long, or whether she was just repeating something she had heard.

About a half hour later there was a knock on the door. I opened the door, and there stood a police officer. He said "We've received a report that someone is being abused here." I said "Officer, there's no one

being abused here, it's just the parrot." I then said "Polly say something." She wouldn't say a word.

The officer looked around, satisfied himself there was no one being abused, and left.

Polly was our food taster. When my mother would take something out of the icebox, and wasn't sure how old the food was or whether it was any good, she would give some to Polly to taste. If it was OK, Polly would eat it. If it was not OK, Polly would throw it down to the bottom of the cage. Whenever that happened my mother would throw the food into the garbage.

One time when Polly rejected a food sample, my mother would toss it into the garbage as was her practice. This time, however, after my mother tossed the food into the garbage, Polly climbed down to the bottom of her cage to retrieve and eat the food she had just rejected!

The bottom of the cage was Polly's pantry. Whenever she was hungry she would climb down to the bottom of the cage and pick up a cracker, a slice of banana, or whatever was there. Every week I cleaned Polly's cage. When I did, she would fly into a rage. Feathers would fly and she would protest loudly as I was taking away her food!

I soon figured out a plan. I took Polly out of her cage and brought her into another room and let her walk around. She did not like to walk on a flat surface, so she looked for a chair rung that she could sit on. Little did she know that in the kitchen I was cleaning out her cage.

I had a 50 pound bag of washed sand in the house because birds need sand to digest their food. After I cleaned everything I put some newspaper on the bottom of the cage and sprinkled sand over it.

When I returned Polly to her cage, somehow she never remembered all the foodstuff that disappeared. She'd just start eating the sand.

Her regular diet consisted of sunflower seeds. Her bill was designed to crack the shells open and take the seeds out.

We always had to warn ourselves "Be careful what you say in front of Polly. You never know what she is going to repeat."

We would go into the Living Room to talk. Pretty soon we would hear Polly shouting from the kitchen; "Yoo hoo, yoo hoo".

If she was left alone during the day we would leave the radio on to keep her company. She liked music. She danced. She had a special step, this way, that way, turning around on her perch. She also liked to sing along to the music on the radio. She didn't do a good job, mmm-hmm, trying her best. She sang and she danced.

She also picked up, perhaps from the radio, a Pirate's laugh.

Polly would never let anyone cover her cage at night like many people do. She would just pull it down.

One night I was up about two or three o'clock in the morning. I wondered what Polly did at night. Well, I heard her in the kitchen practicing speaking words in a very low voice.

She learned how to sing and whistle "Yankee Doodle". She danced. She had this shuffle, crossing feet as she moved.

Polly wants a shower. She loved showers. She had a water cup in her cage. We knew she wanted a shower whenever she went over to the cup and started sprinkling water on herself. So I take her out of the cage, put her on my shoulder, and go into the bathroom. I would turn on the shower and test the water so it was not too hot or cold.

She loved the shower. She would open up one wing, then the other wing. Then when she was completely soaked, she became a little brown bird! When she dried out she went back to her usual size.

I always feel Polly died prematurely from eating too much fatty foods. She always insisted on sampling the human food she saw in the kitchen. •

Wielandstrasse 6 *Samuel Stern*

In the fall of 1941 there were 15 Jews living at *Marienstrasse 1*, a Jewish house as decreed by the local Nazi Party, owned by the *Gauleitung* (Nazi district leader). My mother, father, brother and I accounted for about a quarter of the tenants. My father, an auto mechanic whose business had been taken from him by the Nazis, taught at the vocational retraining workshop of the Jewish Community. Doomed, would-be emigrants were taught skills, which might have been useful had they been allowed to escape from Germany. Emigration was stopped on October 23, 1941.

That fall Heinrich Himmler (Head of the SS) declared that 1000 Bavarian Jews were to be sent east, to Riga Ghetto and *Jungfernhof* concentration camp, a trip of about 700 miles. The Nuremberg community contributed 512 adults; children were not counted. The journey was to be in second-class coach, not cattle cars: Fare was 60 *Reichsmarks* per person; the uncounted children rode fare-free. We departed November 29, 1941 to arrive on the second of December in Riga, the Latvian capital that had been occupied by the Germans.

We were together, as a family, until the spring of 1944 when my father was sent to *Buchenwald* and mother, brother, and I to *Ravensbruck*. He died on May 30, 1944.

The three of us were liberated from *Bergen Belsen* on April 15, 1945. A total of 18 Jews, including the two now-counted-children returned to Nuremberg.

My brother Peter and I along with our mother had remained at *Belsen* from the time of liberation through the start of August. We were slow to recover from the typhus epidemic, which has scavenged the camp. Our lungs did not func-

tion perfectly and vitamin deficiencies had taken their toll.

Armed with passports defining us as former political prisoners, we were taken by train to Nuremberg. Our mother celebrated the liberation by changing her birthdate to May 8, 1907: making her one year younger. Who would want a 40 year old widow with children?

We returned to a bombed out Nuremberg. Rubble of former buildings abutted unscathed structures. The great castle where medieval kraken tore out the livers of Jews and spat out their toes was little but scree at the bottom of the *Berg*.

Wielandstrasse on the other side of *Bucherstrasse* was intact; no debris, no bricks or broken glass settled on the grass of number six. Some thought that God protected the Jewish Community House throughout the war, preparing it for survivors. During the war the building had served as office space for the Nazi Party.

A stonewall surrounded the gray stucco three-story building. The offices, restructured to be returned to their original function as bedrooms, were on the second and third floors. The first floor kitchen had been preserved as well as the administrative rooms of the community center. Beneath the kitchen was a root cellar, which extended underground to a small, locked storage facility; a shed, which remained locked after the war

Frau Schmidt was the cook for the residents. Our number, never greater than 30, welcomed the extra rations allowed to us by the US Army.

Across the street from number six was a four-story apartment house; some of our non-Jewish playmates lived there. When we were not in school, the grounds of number six were the fields of play for Peter, me and seven or eight neighborhood kids.

As a group, we had found, behind some bushes abutting a house, a German air-cooled machine gun complete with a belt of bullets. We built a fire in the yard of the home and threw bullets into the flames. We had the prescience to hide on the roof of the shed as the bullets exploded around us. However, the red-haired kid, Peter and I to this day refer to him as the red-haired kid, was grazed by a bullet on his left cheek, which then broke the shed's window.

We jumped from the roof and broke into the shed which was filled with a treasure. Beneath Nazi propaganda posters were unscathed prayer books, which had been in use at the community center before the war. I still own copies.

Rudi, a Nuremberg Jew, who had spent the war in England, arrived at *Wielandstrasse* in the late fall of 1945. His presence was a welcome relief for *Herr Bloch* who had been the titular head of the community. Rudi's German and English allowed him to serve as the liaison between the U.S. army, the Jewish community center and the city of Nuremberg. He was a very nice guy.

In the fall of 1946, we left the *Wielandstrasse* community to begin our emigration from Germany to the United States, where we arrived in January of 1947.

Peter and I continued our formal education, both of us earning advanced degrees; the two of us became educators. Our mother married another survivor from Nuremberg. His family had been sent to Poland after the signing of the Stalin-Hitler non-aggression pact of 1939. He and his brother were drafted into the Soviet army. David, my stepfather survived the war and deserted from

the Soviet army. The fate of his brother remains a mystery.

I returned to Germany in the fall of 1980; my responsibilities at Boston University required my presence at a meeting of overseas faculty. I was accompanied by my wife Doris, our son Alan, and my uncle Martin. His spectacular escape from Germany resulted in his landing in Great Britain on August 29, 1939.

After the Heidelberg meeting, the trip to Nuremberg was nerve-racking: I saw shadows where none could have been; voices thundered from people just strolling along; the aromas of cadaverine and putrescine arose from my food. I was ready to go home, but the trip had been planned by Doris, Alan, Martin and me to allow our attendance at the Yom Kippur observance in the still extant *Wielandstrasse 6* Jewish Community Center.

We arrived an hour before the scheduled chanting of *Kol Nidre*. When we entered the building we were challenged: could we identify ourselves? I spoke to Rudi; I told him who I was. Not only did he not recognize me, he denied that any children had lived in the home, ever.

We left. My voice was not projected to God's ear that evening.

Peter and Julie and Charlotte and I returned to Nuremberg for the memorial of the 70th anniversary of the 1941 shipment. Rudi still did not remember children survivors. I do not know what clouded his memory that he could not remember two countable children.

Wielandstrasse 6, no longer large enough to serve the Russian speaking expanding Jewish community of the city, was sold and razed in 2009. In 2009 a psychoanalyst occupied the new structure. •

A Day in My Life

Bob Weinstein

The following is an exact copy of a letter I still have, written in 2nd grade on May 31, 1939 at age eight. It is unedited.

Dear Miss Connor,

Yesterday I watched the painters paint my house. After a while I went to the parade.

When we came home it was time for dinner.

We stayed at home for an hour. Then we

went swimming for an half hour. Then we went for a ride down street. When we were going we saw two police cars. Two policeman were bringing a man out of the block. He was being arrested. He was my fathers friend and customer. We did not know what happened till this morning. He had shot his wife four times and missed once. We were very sorry for him. He was a cop himself.

May 31, 1939
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Yesterday I watched the painters paint my house. After a while I went to the parade. When we came home it was time for dinner. We stayed at home for an hour. Then we went swimming for an half hour. Then we went for a ride down street. When we were going we saw two police cars. Two policeman were bringing a man out of the block. He was being arrested. He was my fathers friend and customer. We did not know what had happened till this morning. He had shot his wife four times and missed once. We were very sorry for him. He was a cop himself.

Memories of Africa

Marlene Yesley

My late husband's family food brokerage did business in Africa for twenty years from the sixties into the eighties. Nigeria was a good market for their snack machinery and popcorn. The economy was riding high, based on the oil that Nigeria was drilling and processing. People were moving from the small villages in the bush into the big city of Lagos.

Vendors sold popped corn in small bags at bus stops from large trays they carried on their heads. Many of his customers were Yoruba market women, canny and successful even though they suffered from the results of genital mutilation and were illiterate. They came regularly to Boston to meet with my husband and his father and in return my family went there twice a year. I was lucky to have been able to go along on a trip in the summer of 1981.

It was always an interesting experience when they came to Boston. If two came together, they dressed identically, usually in red, white, and blue to honor our flag. They were from the era when fat was beautiful in Nigeria, so they weighed upwards of three hundred pounds and were eye-catching in their turbans, blouses, and wrapper skirts. Being devout Moslems, they prayed five times a day. I remember once having two women in the back seat of our station wagon with our young daughters in the way back, who had been warned that unusual events might take place. In the middle of a ride, it was time to pray so that was what the women did, in Arabic.

They spoke Yoruba, Arabic, and limited English. Some of the vocabulary was quaint because they had learned English from a missionary dictionary. My children remember their ordering "cow" when they wanted roast beef in a restaurant. When my husband brought back a dictionary we could see the origin of some of their expressions.

They loved children and were very patient

with our girls. We called the ladies Madame I never knew their first names.

These women often traveled to London to buy gold jewelry to resell in Lagos. From us they bought corn to pop in their factories at home.

They travelled to Mecca so were called "hadji". They were quite sophisticated. However, their illiteracy made some everyday activities difficult. My husband remembered going into a bank with one woman so she could make a large deposit. The teller entered it in her account and gave her a receipt. She walked to the door and asked a stranger entering the bank to read the amount. When he read it as the correct amount, she signaled an okay to the teller, who was waiting for her acceptance.

Early on we sponsored a young man to come to the states to be educated. Our customer referred to him as her son, and he to her as his mother but this was not exactly the truth by our standards. We decided he was the son of a sister wife. In these polygamous marriages kinship lines were blurred. This young man started at a community college but every semester moved up a level of school, finally earning an MBA from Northwestern and returning to Lagos in a position as the the vice-president of a bank.

My husband attended the opening of a new factory on one trip. His customer, a man, brought his two wives to the event. One was dressed in a pants suit and was accompanied by their priest. The other was in the national dress and was accompanied by their medicine man. An article in the Lagos newspaper at the time talked about the duality of the belief system of many of the people between Christianity and animism.

When the bottom fell out of the oil market in the eighties and Nigeria's governmental turmoil became pervasive, business stopped for our company in Nigeria and we lost touch with these people of whom we had become so fond.●

My Year at Cornell

Norman Zimbel

The year was 1949. Adelle and I were preparing for our year at Cornell.

At MIT; during World War II, in my sophomore year, I had joined the Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP). After basic training and a year at the Lehigh University School of Engineering, I was assigned to the Manhattan Atomic Bomb project at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. I worked in the mass spectrometer maintenance laboratory. It was my first ever real job.

After the "bombs" were dropped on Japan, I was mustered out of the Army in time to resume my studies at MIT. I also took a part time job at an MIT laboratory which was developing a pioneer electronic digital computer, the WhirlWind I. That summer, I vacationed at Tel Noar, a Zionist summer camp. I became an ardent Zionist.

At MIT, I was instrumental, at Hillel, in forming its first IZFA (International Zionist Federation Association) chapter and I switched my major to Physics.

After I graduated, I continued working at the WWI computer project for a year.

Then we were headed for Cornell. Adelle applied for teaching position at Cortland State Teachers College. She and her father drove to Cortland so she could be interviewed for the position and rent living quarters. Subsequently, we moved to Cortland, twenty-two miles east of Ithaca, site of the Cornell campus.

Our first visit to Cornell was a revelation. It was a beautiful fall day. The campus, set "high above Cayuga's waters" had a stunning vista, reflecting Ezra Cornell's vision. Subsequently, when strolling around the campus, we became aware of the "Big Red" football stadium, tennis courts (where Dick Savitt a future professional star played), the indoor polo field where matches were held and the gourmet Hotel Management cafeteria. We also passed the home of Hans Bethe, an eminent nuclear scientist.

I had given much thought to my graduate school goals. The initial meeting with my advisor, Professor Hans Meyer, to discuss my program went well. However, I

felt quite awkward at our first meeting. To me, Professor Mayer was the archetype of a German academic, very stern with the traditional sabre cut on one cheek. He was German and I was Jewish and a Zionist to boot. At any rate we began a very formal relationship, which I assumed was the norm in Germany.

I explained that my objective was to select courses relevant to practicing digital computer engineering. He was quite helpful in identifying the appropriate courses for me. His advice was most welcome since at the time, Cornell, as well as other schools of engineering, did not usually offer degrees in digital computer engineering or computer science. My program consisted of all of his courses and courses in radio wave propagation, electronic circuit design and design of electromagnetic generators.

The reason that we had no social palaver during our association became clear this past year when a Wikipedia article about Hans Ferdinand Mayer (the same!) came to my attention. He was an anti Nazi hero!

Here are some excerpts from the report:

"He studied for a doctorate at the University of Karlsruhe and at the University of Heidelberg. He received his PHD in 1920. In 1936, he became Director of the Siemens Research Laboratory in Berlin. In 1943 during WWII, he was arrested for anti Nazi activities, sent to Dachau and, subsequently, four other concentration camps. During this period, Mayer was the author of the Oslo Report, perhaps the most serious breach of German security in World War II. He signed it as "a German scientist who is on your side" before sending it to the British Embassy in Oslo.

Dr.R.V.Jones, a member of the British Air Ministry convinced Winston Churchill of the report's importance to the RAF. This proved to be true during the Battle of Britain.

Out of concern for his family, Mayer did not tell them until 1977 that he had written the Oslo Report. His will specified that information concerning his authorship of the Report would only be published after the death of himself and his wife. This information was released in 1989.

The year passed only too soon for us — Adelle as an instructor and myself as a graduate student. Our living quarters were in the home of Lola, an elderly woman who ran it as a boarding house ... occupants were Lola, and a school teacher, an elderly man and us. We, the youngsters, occupied a small apartment which we sublet from another retired schoolteacher.

My routine at Cornell consisted mainly of attending classes and working on my thesis. In between, I got to know some other graduate students enrolled from The California Institute of Technology, Swarthmore and Cornell as well as the professor who taught circuit theory with whom I liked to "schmooze."

The year flew by to the day I was to defend my thesis. As I was presenting the defense, Dr. Mayer dropped by to say goodbye. He was returning to Germany and to Siemens.

The defense proved to be a glorified "coffee klatch". Most of the questioning dealt with why I was not continuing to study for a doctorate. I explained this was possible, but after I had gained further experience in the industry.

The era after WWII was a period of strong growth due to advances in science and technology. Based on our year at Cornell and Dr. Mayers guidance ... I was ready. •

Widening Horizons

Barbara Rosenfield

Marblehead is a historic Massachusetts town, north of Boston on the sea shore, with a protected harbor favored by sailors and yachts-people the world over. Home to several yacht clubs and many world class yachts which compete in famous historic sail events such as the race to Bermuda and America's Cup. Well known boat builders and sail makers are based in this quaint town, noted also for the 'Spirit of '76 ' painting hanging in the town hall, its narrow winding streets, historic old houses, Elbridge Gerry, the father of infamous 'Gerrymandering', its participation in the Revolution (e.g Marblehead sailors ferried George Washington across the Delaware).

It is home to the 'Marblehead Light' which guided ships into its safe harbor for centuries. The lighthouse is located on the farthest tip of Marblehead Neck on a rocky point, known as Chandler Hovey Park. My family lived in Marblehead for many years. Our kids grew up, went to school there, and we all participated actively and enthusiastically in school and town events.

One recent Saturday the family invited me to join them for lunch at a restaurant on the harbor -- the 'Landings' where daughter Kim had been a waitress many years ago. Pouring rain, it was hardly a good day for such an excursion, but they were insistent, so off we went. In Marblehead they headed straight for the Neck and Lighthouse Park. There we climbed up to the base of the light tower. In front of my rain drenched eyes I beheld something giftwrapped in white with a large red bow. Lo and behold, within the wrapping was a stand, upon which was a high tech revolving binocular for viewing the harbor and the ocean beyond. On it was a plaque, imprinted 'dedicated to Barbara and Jay Rosenfield, who taught us to see wide perspectives.' Now it is there for the public to enjoy forever, and for free, the glorious view of the town, its beautiful harbor, the ocean, and all the boats at sail.

There were many out there that day, despite the weather, so I was right then treated to a fantastic perspective, through tears of pride and wonder.

When I finally recovered my senses and my breath, we did actually go to lunch at the Landing, although I was too excited even to appreciate the taste of the local lobster! •