

*A Legacy
My Memories*

*By
Sarah Meltzer Smalley*

To my son Brian and my daughter Alison
Each have been and continue to be
the love of my life

IN APPRECIATION

This book which relates anecdotes of the past of my life and of people who, in some way, influenced my life, has been made possible by the interest, patience and work of Dottie Weisel who typed, retyped and readied this "manuscript" for publication. My heartfelt thanks to her.

To Dottie's husband Frank, I offer my thanks for caring and checking up on my welfare almost daily, which, at my age, is a "mitzva" for him and a wonderful feeling of security for me.

Sarah



GENEALOGY OF LEAH COLP* and SOLOMON-MELTZER* AS OF 1999

MARK *m DOROTHY* KURHAN

Robert* m Arlene Sabelman
 Dale m Gary Rechten (d)
 Eric
 Dona m R. Sims
 Elysa
 Debbi M. J. Johnson
 Mikal Burton
 Jack m Rosalie Scolnick (d) (m) Lynn
 David m Cathy Moran
 Daniel Curtis
 Ryan
 Linda m Jeffrey Freedman
 Michael
 Alex and Jeremy (twins)
 Kerry m Gary Meyler (d)
 Eric
 Deana
 Beverly m Gerald Boxstein
 David m Edi
 Nissana Rose
 Jonathan
 Esther
 Ronnie m Louis Riceberg (d)
 Jessica
 Justin
 Jan

Doreen m Leonard Sandler (d) (m) John Conover (d)
 Roberta m Robert Hilderbrandt (d) (m) Don Mirisch
 Marc Nicole
 Glenn m Betty
 Geoffrey
 Gregory
 Gary m Shelly Cohen
 Brooke
 Dara
 Burton* m Audrey Leventhal
 Stephan m Meg (d)
 Ariel
 Emily
 Loren m C. Smith (d) (m) Richard Munford (d)
 Philip
 Andrew
 Sasha

Eleanor m Manuel Kazinec
 Aaron m Claire (d) (m) Gisele
 Andrew
 Mark Meltzer
 Randi m C. Wien
 Michael
 Amanda
 David
 Brian m Deelene Self
 Adam
 Joel
 Matthew
 Larry

PEARL* m HENRY* BRODY

Morton m Judy Levine
 Ronald m Stephanie
 Halle
 Tyler
 Elizabeth m Ronald Gluck
 Alison
 Lauren
 John m Gayle
 Adele m Morris Silverman
 Louis m Debbie
 Sara
 Sam
 Nancy m Kenneth Levinsky
 Andrea Margolite
 Gregory Henry

ADA m JOHN * ABROMSON

Joel m Linda Elowitch
 Lori m Mosha Yehann
 Avita Naomi
 Daniel John
 Siran Francine
 Leslie m Alan Sherman
 Eric Louis
 Morton m Joan Nissman

LOUIS* m SALLY SHIBLE

Harris

SARAH m SAM SMALLEY*

Brian m Joanne Ferriera (d)
 Nicole
 Leah m Andy Grass
 Pascha
 Alison m Stan Druck (d)
 Jeffrey
 Aaron

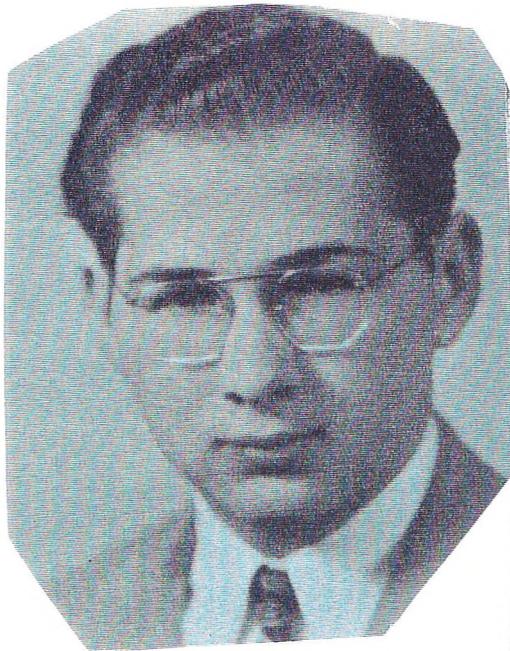
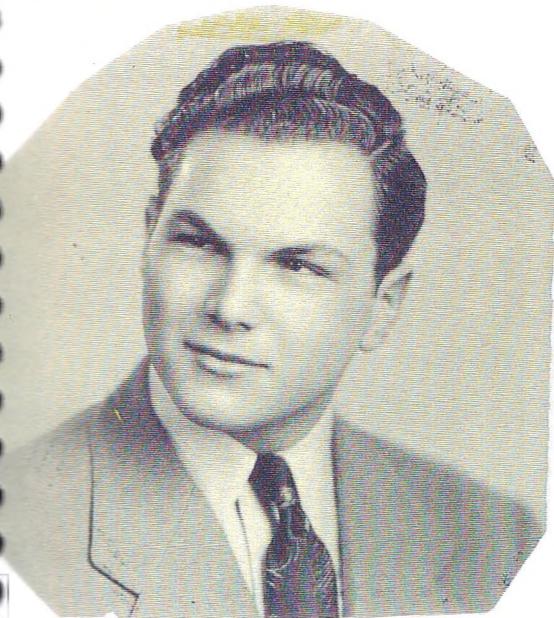
LEONARD* m CARYL FRANKENSTEIN

Steven*
 Joan m Bruce Haler
 Rebecca
 Talia
 Richard m Lucy Gentry
 Sydney
 Jake
 Scott
 Daniel -Margit Sawday
 Eric
 Alison
 Franklin

JUNE m JOSEPH MARGOLIN*

Bonnie m Larry Faiman
 Casey John
 Margo
 Sharon

* deceased
 (d) divorced



High School Graduation Pictures of Sarah's Nieces and Nephews

Children of Dot and Mark Meltzer:

Robert - Father of 3 daughters: Was salesman for Leather Boot Company in Florida. Died 1997.

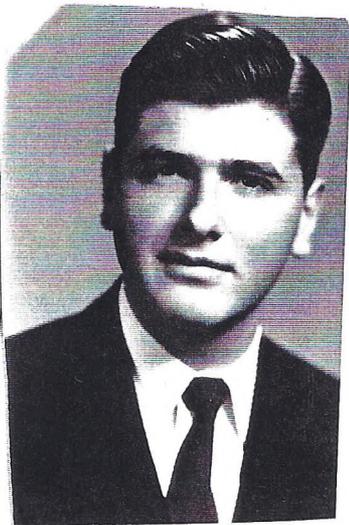
Jack - Father of 2 girls and 1 boy - Yale graduate.
Retired from Liberty Mutual Ins. Co. - resides in Texas.

Beverly Boxstein - Mother of 2 daughters and 1 son - Homemaker.
Resides in California and Maine.

Doreen Conover - Mother of 2 sons and 1 daughter. Part owner
of deli and restaurant in Florida where she lives.

Burton - Father of 1 daughter and 1 son - Graduate of University
of Maine and University of Illinois - Comptroller of Esso in
Europe and United States. Died in 1984.

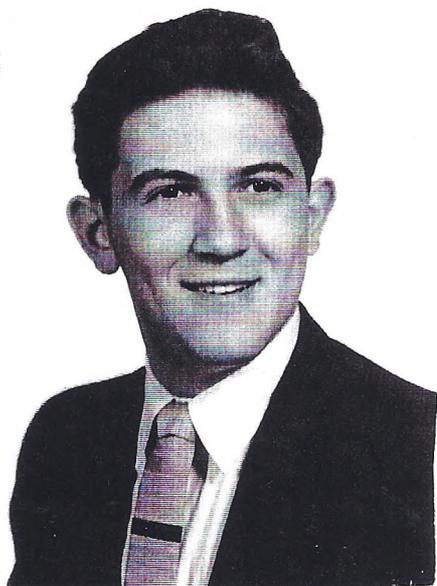
Eleanor Kazenac - Mother of 1 daughter and 3 sons - Homemaker
and interior decorator - resides in Florida.



Children of Henry and Pearl Brody:

Morton - Graduate of Bates College and University of Illinois.
Father of 2 sons and 1 daughter - Federal Judge of State of
Maine - Resides in Waterville, Maine.

Adele Silverman - Bates College graduate - Mother of 1 son and
1 daughter. Teacher in Middle School, Lewiston, Maine - Resides
in Auburn, Maine.



Children of Ada and John Abromson:

Joel - Graduate of Bowdoin College - Father of 1 son and 2
daughters - Brokerage Consultant - Senator of Maine - Lives
in Portland, Maine.

Morton - Graduate of Boston University - Doctorate in Fine Arts
Art Dealer - Resides in Brookline, Mass.



Children of Sarah and Sam Smalley:

Brian - Graduate of University of Maine - Master's Degree.
Teacher of Special Education - Resides in Oakland, CA. Father
of 3 daughters.

Dr. Alison Druck - Graduate of University of Michigan, Masters
from Boston College - P.H.D. from University of Houston - Mother
of 2 sons - Administrator of Las Cruces Hospital - Resides in
Las Cruces.



Children of Joe and June Margolin:

Bonnie Faiman - Graduate of Boston University - Mother of 1
son and 1 daughter. Teacher in public school in Massachusetts.
Resides in Framingham, Mass.

Sharon Margolin - Graduate of Boston University. Masters from
Harvard - Teacher in middle public school of New Hampshire
resides in Bedford, N.H.

"Mama cried when you were born because you were so ugly and you're still ugly now."

At four years old Sarah's four front teeth fell out within a very short period of time and her mirror confirmed her sister's brutal frankness. She certainly was no beauty; however, her distress was not over her looks. At this point she was presented with a complex problem -- how was she going to eat corn on the cob? It was her favorite food.

Dr. Webber, the family physician, sometimes dropped in when he had calls in the neighborhood. If it was Friday, he enjoyed a freshly baked kuchen or cinnamon roll and coffee while he rested from his busy schedule. On one of his visits Sarah asked him if he could fix it so that she would be a little prettier. He put her on his knee, gave her a shiny, new penny and whispered in her ear, "Sarah, I predict that when you're grown up -- let's say about forty -- you'll be the best looking of all your sisters." Sarah's heavy heart was lightened and filled with hope.

When Sarah turned forty, she called her sisters (all three lived in the same city) to come over for a birthday treat. When they finished their refreshments Sarah announced blatantly, "I am not only the prettiest the tallest, the smartest and the most glamorous, but I also have the best figure." She waited for a challenge. Of course she got no contradictions. After all, it was her birthday and their silence was her birthday present.



Sisters and Brother - Left to right:
Standing - Pearl, Lippy, Ada - Seated - June, Sarah



Left to right (seated): Joe and June, Cousins Eddie and Dorris, Harold and Ann Lempert. (Standing): Lillian Weisberg, Sarah (40 years old), Sam and Harry Weisberg.

There was a decided snobbery in the fine house that Papa had built on the corner of Laurel Avenue and Laurel Street. It stood high above the street looking down at the houses below like a dowager with a substantial bosom surveying her underlings. The avenue area was worthy of its address for the landscaped grounds and pretentious residences were owned by distinguished Auburnites of means.

There were two staircases to reach the sleeping quarters; one from the breakfast room and one from the front hall which met at a common landing. Another three steps took you into a central hall where the four bedrooms, sewing room (which also served as an extra bedroom) and bathroom were situated. Each bedroom had its name: Mama and Papa's room (when Mama took her afternoon nap, no was allowed to disturb her), the twin room where the boys slept, the pink room and the blue room.

When Sarah had scarlet fever, she was isolated with a nurse companion. She wasn't allowed to leave the blue room for ten days. There was a warning sign on the door, "Contaminated, do not enter." After two days Sarah felt fine but she was "bespeckled" in red, thus the isolation.

The bathroom sported a shower whose perforated nozzle was suspended center from a hoop-shaped curtained contraption. This was a nuisance for the wet fabric clung to the wet body. One was washed clean, but one's disposition was threatening to explode!



Meltzer Residence
5 Laurel Avenue
Where Sarah grew up

Papa's contractor who built the house in 1916, had wonderful ideas for household helps. The kitchen had an ironing board that dropped from a closeted wall. The shed had large built-in vented drawers for breads and pastries. The U-shaped pantry served as the dairy center. It had a copper sink, wall-to-wall closets which held the "milk" dishes and wonderful work space counters which were a joy for any cook.

Sarah remembered that the kitchen's first stove was coal burning; then an oil heating unit was installed and finally a modern gas stove was purchased.

The "meat" dishes (Mama was strictly kosher) and pots were closeted in the kitchen. The refrigerator, with the coils on top, was Mama's pride and joy. She was more delighted with that appliance than with any other. The iceman came no more!

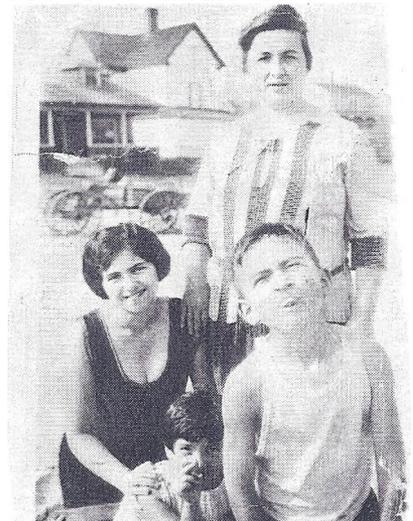
The family ate their meals in the "breakfast room" that seated all nine comfortably. Dinner was at noon, for Papa liked his big meal then. The schools were within walking distance so there was time to eat and return for the afternoon session.

Because no school cafeterias were available, the bus students carried their lunch boxes and were monitored by a teacher during the noon recess. Sarah wished she were a bus rider for those kids seemed to have much more fun than she who was constantly being hushed up for talking during the meal.

There were many incidents that occurred during the dinner hour. One was told and retold many times:

Sarah's brother Lippy hated beets in any form and when Mama served borscht, he refused to eat it. Papa, who thought everything Mama made was delicious, lost patience with his son and gave him a choice. Either he ate the cold beet soup or he would be banished to the cellar where he could keep company with the cat. He refused to eat and was escorted to the cellar door. It is probably a fact that Lippy never ate beets in any form any time in his lifetime.

Sarah was surely glad that she liked beets for she didn't like cats very much.



(Standing): Mama

(Seated) sister-in-law, Dot, June, and mischievous

Lippy with his tongue out.

The concrete cellar at 5 Laurel Avenue held many delightful memories for Sarah. The vast space was separated almost equally by the stairs that led off an entry from the kitchen upstairs. On the left were the coal bins (before the modern oil burner) and fireplace logs stacked high. The furnace, the water tank, ash cans, shovels, snow pushers, rakes and outside gardening paraphernalia occupied much of the area.

The right "wing" had a separate wine cellar which had an earthen floor where burlap bags of potatoes, carrots and corn were stored for winter fare. Shelves were stocked with homemade pickles and preserves, empty clay flower pots, glass jars and bunches of dried dill. A small wooden barrel of wine rested on wooden planks. It was Papa's job to prepare the wine that had to be ready for the Passover seder.

The preparation for sauerkraut was also done in the cellar and was also Papa's assigned task. Sarah remembers that large vat filled with shredded cabbage, the cranberries floating to the top, the brick holding the cover securely and the pungent odor that emanated from the vat.

The right front area had two sinks that were made from granite and cement or from some quality of quarry substance. The "piece de resistance" was a washing machine purchased about 1920. Rubber pipes were attached to the faucets of the sink and connected to an apparatus of the washer. The outer part of this magnificent appliance was cast iron. A large cylindrical wooden chamber (perforated with holes about the size of a quarter) was suspended within the iron base. The clothes were packed into the chamber through an opening that could be closed with a sort of sliding lock. Water was hosed in, soap added and electricity gave power to the rotating barrel shaped contraption. After the clothes were washed, each item was placed (one at a time) between two rubber levers and hand cranked to squeeze out the moisture. Then the clothes were put in a basket, carried upstairs to be hung on the clothesline in back of the house.

Cleanliness for a family of nine required patience, time and plenty of muscle!

Sarah was born on January 28, 1914 just before the first World War started with Germany. Her mother said she (Sarah) came into this world ready for any adversary. Her Aunt Sadie, who was also a cousin (nee Meltzer) liked Sarah's attitude as a small child and often pinched her cheek to show her affection. Unfortunately, Sarah was too young to pinch back.

The most traumatic health situations that Sarah suffered growing up were scarlet fever and a first degree burn. With scarlet fever she was covered with red spots and isolated with a nurse for two weeks even though she was sick only the first two days. The burn on her upper thighs was caused by scalding hot tea that was accidentally spilled while being served to guests at the dinner table. The severity of the burn was due to flannel union suits (designed for teen winter wear) that adhered to the flesh. It was a raw deal.

Once winter delivered its bounty of snow, the sleds came out and Laurel Avenue became a mecca for the "runners." Mrs. May, who was an eccentric character, used to shout to Sarah and her playmates, "Now remember, if you run into the bank on my property, you are to put back all the snow you scattered." Even though the children thought the woman was "loco", they kept a shovel handy and respected her request.

Mr. and Mrs. Lane, the next door neighbors had an adopted son, Teddy. The Lanes were affluent and gave him the very best of everything -- clothes, toys, photography equipment and the use of the large space over the garages where Teddy put on "shows" and charged one cent admission. Mr. Lane, who was an experienced contractor built elevated planks for seating. The neighborhood kids flocked to the entertainment. It was a penny well spent.

Each Saturday, Papa was delighted to give Sarah, Lippy and June a five cent payoff in exchange for an afternoon of peace and quiet. The Strand Theater showed a serial movie featuring Pearl White who, in every weekly episode, was on the brink of a disaster when the scene came to a close. Then the screen flashed -- "Continued next Saturday."

(continued on next page)

Sometimes the horror antics of the infamous Dr. Brutel were shown. Sarah would hold her hand over her eyes and peek out between her two forefingers. If the portrayal was too violent, she would drop her head to her lap. She abhorred physical violence even as a child. Sarah was also delighted with vaudeville and for a nickel one could enjoy magic, music and dancing, comedy (slapstick) and unusual acrobatics live at the beautiful Music Hall. Each Saturday she had to make a choice of entertainment. It was Sarah's dilemma.

Rosalyn Goodkowsky's mother really knew how to plan and produce a fabulous birthday party. At most such celebrations including her own, cake and ice cream were served without any fanfare (except the blowing out of the candles.) Then the kids would play spin the bottle - hear and solve riddles and pin on the donkey's tail. Not so at Rosalyn's party. There were little sandwiches on matching paper plates and napkins plus the ice cream and cake, frilly noise makers, little baskets filled with candy and nuts for each guest and a take home surprise not to be opened until you were home. The entertainment was singing with Mrs. G. leading, then "grab a chair" with a prize for the survivor and then lastly, great fun trying to locate items in, out and around the house. It was a scavenger hunt wonder! Even when she was 84 Sarah remembered every detail of Rosalyn's birthday!

The Star Shoe Store on Lisbon Street was the favorite training ground for Sarah to learn how to be a shoe saleslady par excellence. Papa believed that even if one couldn't speak or understand the language (the clientele was 90% Canadian French) one could make himself understood by gestures. All Sarah had to know were the French numbers, une, deux, trois, etc. and colors blanc and noir. His theory worked. During her college days, Sarah worked in a department store in Bangor most Saturdays. Her early training paid off!

Eight year old Sarah was about to experience the agony and ecstasy of smoking. Richard Atwood (her senior by a few years) who lived two houses up the street, had everything in readiness. His father was an avid pipe smoker and wouldn't miss the one Richard had confiscated from the pipe rack. The corn silk from an ear of corn was easily available and dried to perfection. Richard stuffed the bowl, lit the match, (it finally took) clenched the mouthpiece between his teeth and puffed. This brought on a brief coughing spell. He then offered the pipe to Sarah with the instruction to draw in her breath. She inhaled as she was told. The act of smoking then became a nightmare for she coughed and coughed gasping for breath and felt sick with nausea.

Needless to say, she didn't continue the smoking experiment and it made her wonder why her father and Mr. Atwood enjoyed "lighting up."

Connie and Betsy who lived across the street loved to go horseback riding and owned a horse for a short time. One spring day several of the neighborhood kids were playing in the hayloft. Sarah was dared to jump, so down she went. Luckily, she only sprained her ankle.

The grandmother of the Jordon girls felt very bad that Sarah had been hurt and invited her to supper which consisted (among other foods) of baked beans and brown bread -- a typical New England menu for Saturday night.

Today Sarah might use the term "Table d'hote" in describing those suppers (she went to several) for she was impressed with the setting, the cloth napkins in silver holders, the lovely goblets and the decorum at the table which was sedate and modulated. It was a far cry from the noisy chatter of seven children, each trying to outdo the other at the meals at Sarah's home.

On June 7, 1919, Sarah stood alone in the closet that separated two bedrooms, the boy's room and the pink room. With the door inches ajar she listened in terror to her mother's screams and the doctor's soothing encouragement. Finally, she witnessed the birth of her sister June.

When Sarah's son was about to be born, she vividly remembered the torture that her mother had endured and waited with trepidation for the excruciating pain to begin; but by the 40's science had restrained much of the discomfort of birth and her second child was anticipated without fear.

Suspended from the ceiling of the Pulsifer General Store in Auburn, Maine hung a most beautiful array of pastel colored May baskets. They had curled streamers, straight streamers and even braided streamers. They were varied in their assortment of sizes and shapes but every one was designated to be filled with an assortment of sweets or given to an extra-special person.

Sarah's earliest recollection and first encounter of receiving a May basket was when she was in the fourth grade. Jimmy Magno, a classmate, climbed the 20 stairs to the front porch, laid the lavishly decorated basket filled with penny candy, banged the door knocker and fled. As Sarah answered the door, she caught a glimpse of her "swain" as he hurried away. What ecstasy for an 8 year old child.

The theory of what lovely laden baskets mean to an individual have remained constant through the years. They bring delightful surprises and a wonderful feeling of being remembered when you least expect it. Young or old -- the reaction is wondrous to see.

Sarah was twelve when her oldest sister Pearl graduated from the "Philadelphia School of Education and Oratory." She opened a studio in her home town in Maine for aspiring young orators who helped make Pearl's vocation a social success but hardly a financial one.

Sarah's mother, who was a matriarch with far-reaching ambitions for her four daughters, insisted that Sarah become Pearl's pupil so that she might acquire social graces, converse with animation and give eloquent readings that, hopefully, would be impressive to friends and relatives.

Being distressed to the point of tears, Sarah tried to get out of what she considered a calamity by arguing her case with her father and urging him to take a stand in her behalf. "Don't I have enough to do practicing violin daily, taking ballet (to take off weight), going to Hebrew School daily and doing my homework?" Sarah's pleading was in vain for Papa never refuted Mother's "management" of the girls.

Sarah survived the grueling experience and years and years later Pearl and Sarah discussed and laughed about Sarah's discomfort of being "subservient" to her -- how she hated to take directives from her.

As an adult Sarah admitted that her lessons in elocution gave her confidence in her involvement with others in the complex world of society.

Even at an early age a child knows the meaning of "wealthy or rich," for material pleasures are evident. Sarah was duly impressed with the spacious rooms and the lavishness of the furnishings in the largest house on the avenue. The front rooms, both upstairs and down, had high ceilings that were hand painted with cherubs flying among clouds. B, whose grandfather owned the house, had one of these angelic rooms for her very own. Toys were plentiful and B's playmates could share her bounty without reservation.

One day Mr. L, smoking a cigarette stood talking to Papa. After a few puffs, instead of disposing the butt in one of the usual manners, Mr. L. carefully removed the burning tip and placed the rest of the cigarette in his pocket. When he left, Sarah said to Papa, "Now I know how Mr. L. got so rich. He saves his cigarette butts."

Martha Verrill, the envy of every 8-10 year old on the avenue, was an only child with dotting parents who indulged her every whim. One day, Sarah was invited to view Martha's mahogany doll house. It was magnificent; every tiny room was furnished with miniature furniture including a baby grand piano. Returning home Sarah decided that she must have a doll house -- and she did. It was a two decker orange crate painted and decorated with scraps of cloth as window trim.

Sarah made shopping trips to Woolworths, Kresges and even to pawn shops for the tiny furniture. The doll house project in the cellar was "hands off" to Sarah's siblings by threat of punishment by Papa. It was Sarah's first single undertaking in a "do-it-yourself" project and even though she didn't realize it then, it probably taught her a lesson in determination and the satisfaction of accomplishment.

Downing ice cream parlor in Auburn's main street dished out "High School Favorites" -- a concoction of vanilla ice cream, chocolate syrup and toasted peanuts topped with whipped cream. Who counted calories?

Selma and Sarah came home from school and were sitting on the porch when a Bates student, the present swain of Selma's oldest sister (he was a football captain) came to see her. Unfortunately, she wasn't home which was too bad for him but great for the girls for this he-man invited them to have anything their hearts desired at Downings. How lucky could two be! They were familiar with the "Favorite" but had never indulged themselves with a banana split. Here was their chance to partake of the three scooped and three decked delicacy. It was heavenly but much too much. Burp - Sarah never ate another "split" again.

9

SELMA__ Sarah's childhood friend
and
co-eater of the banana split



9a

Each year after school was suspended for the hot months of summer, and as far back as she could remember, Sarah and her family went to their "cottage" at Old Orchard Beach, Maine. Getting the four bedroom house ready for occupancy was a chore, for even with outside domestic help, Sarah and her sisters were kept busy ironing curtains, turning mattresses, washing windows, sweeping sand from everywhere, and the many other jobs that comprise housekeeping. It was no small task, for Sarah's mother made it clear that her first priority was cleanliness.

After the family had had several weeks of blissful suntanning, renewing friendships of previous summers and enjoying seashore life, the relatives decided it was time to visit. Each Sunday thereafter the kitchen bustled with food preparation for hungry guests. The dining room table could only seat ten, so there were two seatings -- guests first!

Paper plates were not allowed, so Sarah and her sister June became dishwashers and driers so that the second shift for dinner could be accommodated.

After a few miserable Sundays, the two girls decided that they were not ready to become scullery maids and arrived at a solution. They would escape after the first group had been served and the second group could fend for themselves.

Sarah and June walked the beach for hours, then relaxed in the sun the Sunday of their strike. Pearl and Ada, their two older sisters, were furious that the clean-up was left to them. After several hours and after the relatives had departed, the younger two sisters returned. They were soundly admonished by their mother but the event brought mediation and from that, a satisfactory agreement.

Buffet style dinners with paper plates would be acceptable and all four sisters would help with the clean-up. The strike was over.



At Old Orchard Beach about 1936
Sisters - Aunt Ida and Mama - Cousin Harriette as a child

Sarah's in-laws lived in Rockland, Maine which is a small coastal town noted for its most popular commodity -- lobsters.

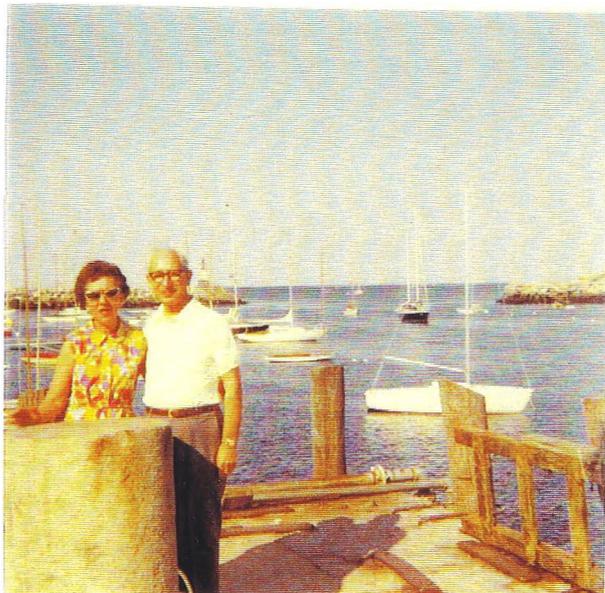
During the summer it was a common sight to see locals and visitors head for one of the many wharves armed with a nutcracker and a dish of melted butter. They would select a lobster (from the tank) which would be boiled in a metal vat -- the wash tub of yesteryears. After newspapers were laid out on the planks of the wharf, the hungry customers were presented with paper toweling and an empty can for the shells. Now they were ready to crack the lobster and dip the sweet morsels of lobster meat for a delicious repast.

The summer after Sarah and Sam were married, they spent part of their vacation visiting Sam's parents. They dined at the Thorndike Hotel which was owned and operated by Nate Berliowsky. The food was good but the redeeming feature of the hotel was its wood sculpturing in the lobby done by Louise Nevelson, Nate's sister, who was a renowned sculptor and a legend in the art world from the 30's through the 80's.

Another evening was spent playing bridge with Peba (Evelyn) and Annette Segal in their home. Their father, whose bedroom was directly over the living room, retired early. Because the heating vents in the ceiling were open, he could hear all the arguing and criticism that Sarah and Sam volleyed back and forth at each other.

The next morning Peba called to relate her father's predictions, "That marriage won't last another year for if they bicker so over a simple game of cards, a serious quarrel will end up in divorce."

Sarah wishes that she could have reassured Mr. Segal; for she and Sam had a wonderful married life that lasted 50 years.



Maury and Peba Kahn
Dear friends from Rockland
And Boston

Sarah doesn't ever recall that her mother went grocery shopping. Each morning she would check for the necessities of the day. She would then telephone her order to Olums, a store that had everything except fresh fish and meat (kosher). Edith, the daughter of the widow who owned the store, filled the order and George, the son, would deliver before noon daily.

Every other day Mr. Davison would knock at the back door and announce his wares. "I have beautiful tomatoes and handsome lettuce" and in yiddish he would expound. "I have pears that are a michel." His four wheeled wooden cart was filled with fresh fruits and vegetables and drawn by his beloved "ole gray mare." Sarah and her neighborhood friends would pat and talk to the horse who waited patiently for his pilot to say "giddy up." When the order was filled, Mr. Davidson would carefully place each tomato on the table as if he were exhibiting priceless gems.

Mr. Margolin would arrive on the alternating weekdays. He was business-like and because his horse was spirited, the children kept their distance from that produce filled cart.

The kosher meat market was owned by Mr. Backer, a bachelor, and Mr. Semer who had one son and two daughters. Mr. B. was quick and curt and swung a meat cleaver that eventually "did him in," but Mr. S. was quiet and eager to please Sarah's mother who knew little of the cuts of meat or how to pick out a plump chicken. Nevertheless, if the meals weren't gourmet, they were nourishing and filling.

Every Friday morning, Sarah's Papa would go to Monhigans, a large market on upper Main Street in Lewiston that catered to those who believed in a meatless Friday. The fresh fish, halibut, haddock and cod, came in early in the morning and at the price of 5 to 10 cents a pound, the supply would be quickly exhausted. Papa loved fried fish and he would get an ample quantity each week. Papa was a great snitcher of leftovers and his portly figure revealed that he took many trips to the refrigerator. Cold fried fish was his favorite night-time snack.

Mr. Fenderson, Sarah's first violin teacher, assured Mrs. Meltzer that her 10 year old daughter was ready to enter the world of music where she would become a virtuoso under his guidance.

There was no doubt in Mrs. Meltzer's mind that the statement he made was questionable. It just had to be! Her mother had told Sarah many times in her early lifetime the reason for her assurance.

"Your father and I were on a ship to London and I was pregnant with you. One night I was enjoying the performance of a wonderful violinist and I said to your father, this child will play the violin."

The studio was in the same building on Lisbon Street where Sarah took her ballet lessons under Mrs. Heath's scrutiny. Sarah could take the trolley car from school and arrive at the corner of Lisbon and Ash Street for her 4 o'clock lesson.

When Mr. Fenderson had to give up his loved profession several years later due to ill health, Professor Morin became Sarah's teacher. He was rigid and precise in his instruction and Sarah had to practice diligently. She played 1st violin in the school orchestra under the supervision of Mr. Pitcher the music director for all the Auburn schools.

The day of Sarah's violin recital was a special event. Her mother had made her a navy blue taffeta dress trimmed with white organza. She would even wear silk stockings and have her photograph taken holding her violin.

Relatives and friends had received invitations to the recital which would be held at the Philharmonic Hall. Because Sarah was a "first" in the families to present a musical performance, the audience had a large representation of the Meltzer clan.

Professor Morin flitted about like a bee greeting guests and calling out directives. By the time it was her turn to play, Sarah was so nervous she was sure that the bow on the strings would be a bump, bump disaster but after the first few notes were played (truly bumpy) she was relaxed and composed so that her selection "Eli, Eli" sounded out its plaintive melody just as it was meant to be played.

Mother's dream was becoming a reality -- so it seemed.



Sarah at 14 at her violin recital.

As a sophomore in high school, Sarah felt that she was mature enough for her mother to grant her request to wear silk stockings to school. After all, she was fifteen and her contemporaries, although a year or two older were sporting the new seamed hose that were "in". Bobby socks had had its fashion and were now passé.

Mama was almost convinced but Pearl, Sarah's oldest sister, who was back from college, threw in the monkey wrench with, "Nice girls do not wear silk stockings to school. Why can't you be lady-like? You should try to emulate Mary (one of her pupils) I'm sure she would never wear silk stockings to school."

That did it. Sarah was livid. She bolted from the room, ran upstairs and took out her frustration and anger by carving Hell into the wood of one of the spokes of the walnut veneer twin bed.

"Life is intolerable and unfair," thought Sarah as she planned her strategy of escape from domination.

The "Interurban", a single coach train ran between Lewiston and Portland, a distance of about thirty-six miles. Sarah boarded, paid her dollar fare and luckily got a window seat; however, she didn't notice the beautiful green landscape or any of the surroundings as the train whisked by. She was busily contemplating her reasons for taking the drastic action of "running away" from home. Her dilemma, unpleasant as it had become, had to be resolved and she needed immediate help.

Sarah's sister Ada, who was a second year student at the "Portland School of Fine Arts," resided at the YWCA and that is where Sarah went. Ada would become her confidant and mentor. After all Ada already had a serious understanding with John who was a sophomore at Boston University. Ada had told Sarah that they wouldn't consider matrimony until John's checkbook showed a balance of one thousand dollars. That number had not been reached as yet.

After relating her tale of woe, Sarah listened to her sister's counseling. "Ignore Pearl's comments or leave the room while she is giving advice. Knowing your disposition, I'm sure you would challenge whatever she says and thus a major argument would ensue. If you need permission to do something or go somewhere, ask Papa. Then, if he has to consult with Mama, they can make a decision without Pearl's interference".

The next day, Sarah returned home, still defiant and suffering from humiliation, but willing to give Ada's advice a try. Now she was calmer. She would detach herself from confrontations for the time being and wait patiently for her antagonist to marry and leave home!

The big, bold black front page headline of the Lewiston Daily Sun read, "Meltzer Home Robbed." The date was April 1, 1928 and this crime was a first in our city -- population 28,000.

Sarah had always been a light sleeper and when she heard Mama -- it seemed to her that she was moaning. Sarah nudged her sister Ada awake and said, "I think Mama is sick. We had better find out."

The four bedrooms on the second floor were off the hallway. The two in front were divided by a sewing room that led to a balcony. Ada and Sarah (in their nightgowns and barefoot) stood in the open doorway of their parents' bedroom watching in fascination as a masked man who held a gun and flashlight went through drawers, opened empty jewelry boxes and threw them down in apparent disgust. Their mother, who saw them, motioned to them to be silent by putting her fingers to her lips. While they continued to watch, intrigued, yet unbelieving, they heard the assailant threaten their parents with, "Don't move or I'll shoot." This statement prompted Ada to turn to Sarah and exclaim, "Why, Sarah we are being robbed!"

Of course, the intruder turned saw us, pointed the gun at us and yelled, "Scoot!" Sarah scooted back to her bedroom so she didn't see the man leave. However, Ada stood unmoving and was able to give some details to the police the following day. "The burglar grabbed papa's pants and suit coat and ran past me down the front stairs. I grabbed the telephone to call you, but found that the wires had been cut. I then realized that this episode was not an April Fool's prank as I had thought and I was really frightened."

It was scary to see Papa on the balcony yelling for the police. Unfortunately, there were no night patrols available. Mr. Lane, our next-door neighbor, was awakened by the commotion and called the police.

Even though the burglar was never caught, Papa's pants -- minus \$200 -- were found near the railroad and his Shrine pin was recovered from a pawn shop in Portland -- 36 miles south.

The story of Ada's "courageous stand" was related over and over and Sarah got taunting words like "fraidy cat" from her brothers who slept through the whole ordeal!

EPILOGUE

Each year Sarah narrated the "crime" to her short story writing classes up to the point when the masked man shouted "Scoot." Then she gave the next day's assignment "Write your version of what followed and the conclusion to this true story."

There are times in one's life when even the most frightening happening can become usefully implemented.

It was a day of infamy at the summer home at Old Orchard Beach in August, 1929. Papa sat dejected and grave at the dining room table. Sarah felt that something terrible had happened and she was really frightened to see her father in such a morose state.

After the children and Momma took their seats, Sarah and her siblings were told about the situation which would have a critical impact to the welfare of the family. Papa began his painful explanation "I have lost everything in the stock market. The crash has affected many and I know no one who is in any position to cover my losses. The house and our home on Laurel Avenue is secure for they are both in your mother's name and cannot be taken. I will have to go into bankruptcy. All the stores will be taken over and sold to pay the creditors. I am so very sorry that I have put everyone in this state of affairs. I was trying to do more for all of you and I failed."

The verbal bomb had its effect. First there was silence, then the children clamored -- "It's not your fault; we'll get part-time jobs; we'll work during school vacations; we'll get through it all." and they did.

Sarah got a part-time job at Montgomery Ward. Her cousin was assistant manager. (It's not what you know but rather who you know).

In the summer she sold souvenirs to Canadian tourist who frequented the pier booth.

Ada was able to continue her art school education; Pearl hired a studio and taught elocution to aspiring pupils showing a small monetary gain but enjoying a great deal of satisfaction.

Not all the stores fell to creditors, so Papa became Sarah's papa again - not as confident as before but showing a more positive attitude in the two years that followed.



Papa

In Sarah's parents' house the preparations for the Seder was the most important activity days before the actual ceremony. Boxes of pots and pans were brought up from the cellar, its contents washed and placed in a designated closet. Glasses soaked in the basement work tubs and Sarah's Bubbe buried the silverware under the bushes that lined the side of the garage.

The damask banquet cloth and napkins were ironed; the wine decanters sparkled in readiness; Elijah's goblet shone; extra chairs were delivered; the tables were extended into the living room and cushions were piled on Papa's arm chair. Every nook and cranny in the kitchen, pantry and dining areas had been scrubbed under the watchful eyes of Sarah's mother whose scrutiny was steadfast.

When the time to "sell" the chomatz came, Mr. Goldman, the pillar of the shul, appeared as if by magic, made the transaction and proclaimed the household ready for Passover.

The menu over the years remained the same: beet borscht, hard-boiled eggs, gefilte fish (made from scratch and chopped and chopped in a large wooden bowl by many hands taking turns), chicken soup with matzo balls, tzimmes, chicken, sponge cake, tea, fruit and finally the huge bowl of nuts to be cracked and crunched.

The centerpiece of spring flowers was sent each year by cousin Abe Mogul who was always a pasesch guest and Mr. Shapiro, who lived across the street, brought his customary bottle of kosher wine.

Papa "praven" (conducted) the seder, but children and grandchildren were allowed to read some of the passages in English. It was a long pre-meal session, for Moma didn't allow any skipping of the Hagadah.

Finally, when Papa washed his hands, there were sighs of relief. Most of the grandchildren were subdued and ready for bed; however, then the Aphekomen had to be found, every child somehow revived for the scramble of searching and was rewarded for his efforts.

When Sarah remembers the seders, she admits that nothing can equal the wonderful feeling of family and good friends getting together at holiday time.

Rosh Hashona wasn't just the beginning of a New Year; it was traditional that a week before the holiday, Papa took Sarah and her siblings to C. L. Prince, the shoe store, for children of parents who "cared enough to buy the best" and could afford that care.

The girls were measured from toe to toe. Then shiny patent leather Mary Janes were purchased to be worn the first day of Rosh Hashona and after that "for best." Thanks to Papa, Sarah never had a corn or a bunion and her arches never fell.

Sarah's mama, the fashion consultant for her four daughters, was an expert seamstress and could whip up dresses for Sarah's sisters; however Sarah presented a problem. As a pre-teener she was chubby. She hated to be fitted and pinned and, even though she deplored shopping for clothes, Mama was adamant and off to the B. Peck Co. or Senters (department stores in Lewiston) they would go to get the new outfit.

Sarah's family belonged to the Orthodox synagogue where the female congregation sat in a U-shaped balcony and had a perfect opportunity to survey the male gender below. Thus situated, Sarah and her young friends gathered to view, gossip and giggle. Mothers glared and shushed the girls but they continued their social discourse and did very little praying.

What kept the youngsters quiet was the bidding for Aliyahs which was one of the most important fund raisers for the shul. The privilege of buying an aliyah was deemed the greatest of honors and vying for the honors brought keen competition. It was like a game of challenge and the children loved the diversion.

As Sarah remembers "way back" she realized what a wonderful upbringing she had and how fortunate she was.



Mama

Sarah was a little older. She knew that Rosh Hashona meant more than donning new finery and having extra delicacies symbolic of a sweet year -- like cut up apples dipped in honey and leckath (honey cake).

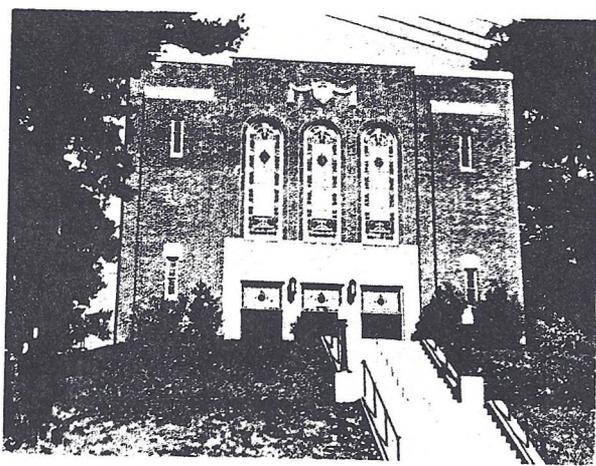
The moment Sarah's mother put on her hat and white kid gloves, the children knew that it was time to walk to the synagogue where they would meet their friends to celebrate "the birthday of the world."

Even as a child Sarah felt a spiritual upsurging when the congregation read the words of Judgement. "This is the day when G-d judges each person according to his deeds -- good or bad." Sarah pondered this decree in the rare moments that she sat quietly for she was hoping that the "Almighty" might forgive her for the mischief she had done.

At last, the shofar was blown. As Sarah listened, she wondered why the man blowing it seemed to have so much difficulty to project the proper sounds.

Her mother explained. "A ram's horn is an exceedingly difficult instrument and takes plenty of energy and skill to use. In the days of Abraham, there were no calendars to remind people of the importance of time, so the shofar was blown to tell the Jewish people that they had 10 days to correct their ways and be sorry for their sins."

Momma always seemed to have the answers to Sarah's questions.



Beth Abraham Synagogue



Lincoln Middle School
Sarah (seated) left to right - 8th girl
Brother Louis (standing) left to right - 6th boy

The S.F.S. club, organized by Sarah and her two best friends, made its debut when she was a high school freshman in 1928.

The nine members met at different homes for their meetings, paid dues, planned fundraising events, ate refreshments, talked about boys and thought up ingenious ways to Save for Summer. (Get it? - S.F.S.).

As soon as school closed in June, laden with tons of food, the club girls left for the rented cottage at Tripp Lake for a fun-packed week under the scrutiny of a parent-approved chaperone.

Each member was assigned a particular chore which was her responsibility for one day. A rotation schedule was implemented so that no one had a task she disliked for more than one time. That "gritty part" worked out super!

There were two all boys' camps nearby and the counselors of the camps, who were in the seventeen to nineteen age range, were of special interest. How to meet them? The girls found a way.

The dance pavilion (less than a mile away) had a live band at its biweekly dances. There the girls went en masse - with the matron, of course. Some were asked to dance by the nice Jewish counselors and if the girls weren't asked, they danced together. No wallflowers were allowed in the club.

It was 1930, the S.F.S. club was to have its first fund raising dance at Beacon Hall, a dance pavilion that had a live band. Each of the club members would have a duty. She would sell tickets or serve soft drinks at the refreshment booth during intermission when the orchestra took a break.

The afternoon of the dance, Sarah decided to go ice skating at Pettingal Park. While skating (she wasn't a very smooth "glider" on ice) she caught the tip of her skate in a crevice, fell and turned her ankle. It was torture for her to hobble home and by the time she got to the doctor, her ankle was swollen and the pain was excruciating. She was instructed to elevate her leg, use ice packs and keep off her feet for several days.

Sarah was devastated. She couldn't attend the dance that evening -- the outstanding event of her life!

Her friend, Florence, kept her informed hourly by phone to relate every detail of the evening. It turned out to be a social and financial success! The money made would pay the rent for the cottage at Tripp Lake for two weeks. Sarah was mollified by the favorable return of the dance but never skated again.

In 1959 Sarah's daughter Alison became a member of the S.F.S. Club.

Isn't it amazing that an insignificant high school club lasted over thirty-three years?

Then came 1931. It was a propitious year!

Pearl became the bride of Henry Brody, a handsome hunk of a man, who was a scholar of Hebrew, the son of a Rabbi and a really regular guy from Philadelphia. He never seemed to be intimidated by his many in-laws. When Sarah and her other two sisters married, Henry used to refer to them as the "big four"--United States, England, Russia and France. He never did disclose the classification of each; however, Sarah felt quite sure (to her chagrin) that her category was Russia.

Freshman year at the University of Maine (tuition \$75) was a wondrous time for Sarah. Wilbur Fifield, who had graduated in her senior class escorted her to the various functions and was a helpful companion during orientation.

Sarah's assigned "big sister" was Molly Rubin, a very popular and pretty senior, who introduced her to the excitement of football games, the tea dance after and Bangor's social life.

Even though Sarah bundled up in a blanket to watch her first football game, she shivered with cold. Orono's winter weather usually went to zero or below.

"No more games for me," she thought.

When she went home for a weekend, she told the family how penetrating the cold was.

Papa listened intently and then said, "Come with me, Sarah, you're going to be warm from now on." Off to "Murphy the Furrier" they went to pick out a heavenly raccoon coat. Sarah was never told how much it cost or how it was paid for, but she was blissfully "toasty" for every other football game and for many, many years after.

The one Jewish fraternity on campus was a significant asset. Sarah was frequently asked to have dinner there and enjoyed a platonic and comfortable relationship with the boys.

Sarah's freshman roommate, Louisa Pinansky, daughter of a prominent attorney and judge of Portland, was very unhappy with the strict nine o'clock curfew weekdays and her austere and confining surroundings. She bowed out during the Thanksgiving recess and Winifred Cheney became Sarah's roommate and a good friend

In 1978 Win and Sarah met in Prescott, Arizona after an absence of 42 years. It was a fabulous reunion.

It was a beautiful Friday early afternoon when Miriam Landon and Sarah were to experience their very first hitchhiking adventure from Bangor to Auburn. In the 30's flagging a ride was a common occurrence and college students used this type of fare for their free transportation.

The long weekend ahead was going to be a blast -- best of all -- not a text book needed to be perused. The girls were confident that someone "right" would be along and, if not, they could take the late afternoon bus.

Miriam's parents lived on the outskirts of Bangor and that's where the girls started. They held up a sign showing their destination and waited for a suitable conveyance to arrive.

The "rule of the road" was essential to observe. The car had to have a proper lone driver who would be appraised carefully. If the girls concurred regarding the matter at hand by a nod, then they would get into the vehicle.

They didn't wait very long -- soon they were on their way. During the 2-1/4 hour trip, the girls and the driver exchanged pleasantries and disclosed their names.

When they arrived at the outlying area of Lewiston-Auburn, he asked where his passengers wished to "disembark." After a brief whispered conference Sarah said, "Why don't you drop us off on Lisbon Street. We can get a streetcar there."

Then the driver chuckled and replied, "Why don't I take you to your home. I know where you live for I work for your father."

Readers, you have no idea what impact that revelation had on the girls. The shock of the statement left them speechless much to the driver's amusement.

He then said "I won't tell your dad, but I advise you never to hitchhike again."

They never did!



The summer before her junior year, Sarah met Sam Smalley, a native of Rockland, Maine who was an itinerate Western Union employee. He was a persistent suitor who wrote or sent telegrams nearly every day of their two year courtship.

In order to live at the dormitory (to pay board and room) Sarah worked in the faculty restaurant as a waitress, arranged salads in the kitchen and even washed the huge pots and pans when necessary. Each Saturday she sold merchandise in various departments of a Bangor store.

Whenever it was possible, she got a weekend pass to stay at the Sanders' home (daughter Natalie was her special friend) or the Landon home where daughters Bertha and Miriam made Sarah feel very much at home. The parents of both Sarah's friends were gracious, very hospitable and treated her as if she were one of the family.

One time Sam came from Washington to see Sarah and Mrs. Sanders (she was a love) showed her approval of him by packing a picnic basket with many goodies and "shooing" Sam and Sarah to Bar Harbor. Lunch was eaten on the heights of Cadillac Mountain.

After her graduation, Sarah did supervised dietetics at the Central Main General Hospital -- No Pay! After the three months of internship was over, Sarah had an important decision to make. She had promised Sam that they would get married after she graduated from the University, but now she wasn't too sure that it would be advisable to go to Washington for she had no money for train fare, or a room, and no guarantee of a job. She certainly wouldn't consider living with her fiancée and his roommate--it just wasn't done in those days.

Sam resolved the situation. He sent Sarah the money for train fare and made arrangements for her to live in a boarding house where his sister Ethel had a room. She was head secretary to the Maritime Commissioner, Mr. Moran, and left Washington for several weeks in the summer.

The boarding house (renters were government workers) was a huge brick edifice across from the Wardman Park Hotel. In the 30's that address was exclusive. The southern landlady had a delightful drawl, a wonderful happy disposition, served sumptuous meals, and made the most delicious homemade peach ice cream that could never be equaled.

Sarah stayed there for two weeks. She got a job in a "fancy" restaurant as a hostess and kitchen overseer, then rented a room in a family home where she made near-future and final plans for her marriage.

Sam sent a telegram from Washington, D. C. saying he could be in Boston for a weekend in the very near future if Sarah would be able to get there. Sarah immediately contacted her good friend Annabelle Shur, a junior at Boston University, to see if Sarah could be a dormitory guest and if Sam could stay with Henry Pollard, who was a senior at Tufts and Annabelle's boyfriend. In the 30's living together was a rarity and sleeping together before marriage was the exception rather than the rule. When plans were made and finalized, Sarah's new dilemma concerned money for transportation. How was she going to get the round-trip fare for the bus between Bangor and Boston?

Although Sarah worked in the management kitchen of the faculty dining room four days a week and had a saleslady job in a Bangor department store on Saturday, she couldn't seem to save for pleasurable events; for the little money earned was spent on books and board and room.

Before her grandmother died (the summer of 1931) she had given Sarah her beautiful gold chain and watch which she had brought from England. In Bangor, Day's Jewelry store advertised, "Cash for Gold." In desperation and without thought of losing a precious legacy, Sarah sold the gold watch and chain for cash.

Although Sarah had a wonderful visit with Sam and her friends, she always regretted her decision to sell her irreplaceable gift from her grandmother.



Esther Malka (Sarah's grandmother
wearing the locket and watch

The marriage took place at the Rabbi's home in Alexandria, Virginia on October 10, 1936. Annette Goldberg, who was a native of Rockland, Maine, (Sam's hometown) and who worked for the government in D.C. was Sarah's "maid of honor" and even though the two girls didn't know each other at the time, they became fast friends throughout the rest of their lives.

After a short ceremony, the bridal party of four had dinner at the "Hot Shoppe" a popular semi-fast restaurant in Washington. After purchasing flowers, a wedding band and paying the rental fee for the apartment in advance, Sarah and Sam were lucky to have food money for the rest of the month.

The couple's first home was a scantily furnished one room, kitchen with a bathroom in the hall shared by another couple. The living room had a day bed that served twofold and a bridge table that was the "Dining Area." A tiny kitchen contained a sink and stove with barely enough work space for preparing a meal. However, the small apartment in the remodeled old home was the beginning of a new adventure in their lives.

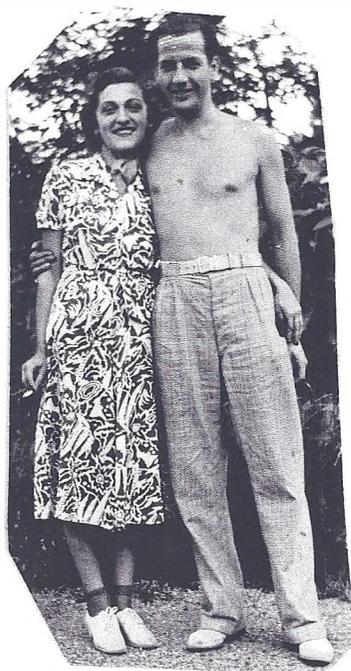
As a new bride, Sarah was eager to move into a place that better reflected her personality with her own furniture; but each time Sam's application for a place was examined by the leaser, he was told that Jews were not welcome. In the 30's all applications for jobs and housing had a space that indicated preference of religion and one was usually obligated to fill in that information.

Being Jewish in Virginia was a definite hindrance in those years; however, the Smalley's got a very desirable apartment owned by Mr. Schwartz, a Jewish gentleman, who was in the moving van business. The duplex apartment house was on Washington Boulevard, the thoroughfare to the south. Directly across the street from the rental was the home of John L. Lewis, head Union man. He used to walk his bulldog up and down the street. That dog had a decided resemblance to his master.

The apartment was furnished piece by piece. Sarah skimped and saved, then selected and purchased when ready money was available. Buying on credit was a no-no so it took many months to fill the three rooms. The back porch was screened and usually warm enough to bed (and breakfast) the Maine couples who were enroute to Florida. It was a stopover that Sarah and Sam enjoyed for they caught up on the news from "back home."

Sarah's family knew that she had been in "telegram" contact with Sam but didn't consider that the relationship would become serious. So when the marriage took place and a wire was sent to Sarah's parents, everyone was in a "dither" -- elopement indeed!

Papa wired back sending his blessings and that's all Sarah needed. Years later Sarah was told that Pearl fainted and Mama was unhappy with the union for she felt that Sarah should have pursued a career before she settled down. It was most unusual for a Jewish girl to work after she was married for it indicated that the husband couldn't make a living.



(Lower Left) Sarah and Sam - Bar Harbor
(Middle) Setting up housekeeping in Alexandria
(Lower Right) Sarah and Sam - when?

Soon after Sarah's marriage, she was hired as a kitchen supervisor and relief hostess in a prestigious restaurant in Washington. When she asked for the day of Yom Kippur off, her boss wanted to know the reason. (She was a new employee and obviously the application wasn't scanned.) Sarah said, "It's Yom Kippur a Jewish holy day, and I would like to attend services at the temple." "You're Jewish?", her boss retorted, "I thought you were Italian. Pick up your pay and leave immediately."

Sarah was bewildered and hurt to have lost her job because she was Jewish. To her it seemed a paradox, that such misery could become the bi-product of religion; that hatred was stimulated and flourished under the guise of religion.

The taste of anti-semitism was bitter!



In Alexandria with Annette and Ben Goldberg

The Smalleys were going to Maine!

The new car had been purchased (the very last 1942 Ford coupe built before the war) and the packing was completed. Baby Brian was two months old and doing well on his new formula and the Bobbies and Zadies were anticipating the first visit of their grandchild. All was in order when the "bomb" exploded.

It was the day before Mother's Day when Sam's boss called to say that Sam's vacation time had to be postponed because he had forgotten to get a replacement in the Alexandria, Virginia office where Sam was the manager.

Sarah was furious and raved, "That pig -- he drinks your liquor and eats your food, makes passes at me when you're out of the room and keeps telling you that you'll be in line for the better job that has never developed in these six years. Tell him that we are all ready for the trip and cannot change our plans."

Sam conveyed Sarah's message (on a softer note) and was told, "If you leave, consider yourself fired."

We left and Sam was fired.

Mr. Schwartz, the apartment landlord in Alexandria, was a national furniture mover. Sarah called him, explained the situation and sent him the keys so that his men could vacate and store the furniture for a future move. All was accomplished without any loss or mishaps and another phase of life began.

After visiting both sets of grandparents in Auburn and Rockland, and knowing that a livelihood had to be found in other surroundings than Virginia, Sam went job hunting and soon found employment with Day's Jewelry store in Portland, Maine.

In June, Sarah's sister Ada and husband John, with their two sons (9 months and three years old) rented a three bedroom cottage in Old Orchard Beach with the Smalleys for the summer months. Ada did the cleaning, Sarah did the marketing and cooking and they worked out necessary details together. It was a perfect set-up!

In September, Mr. Schwartz was called again and told to ship the stored furniture to Portland where David Davidson had found the Smalleys a lovely two bedroom apartment (with a fireplace that worked).

Sarah loved being in Portland. She met new people, joined a bridge club, became a member of several Jewish organizations and made life-long friends. She was also fortunate to have her dear childhood chum, Florence Silverhart live near by.

After Pearl Harbor, Sam was called up by the draft board but was rejected; however, as a 4F he was required to work in a war related employment. Luckily he became paymaster in the Portland shipyard. (If he had to be on the assembly line, the Navy and the Coast Guard would have been in serious trouble).

Alison was born in Portland in March of '45. That summer the war ended and again Sam was unemployed but not for long. Brother-in-law John learned of a variety store in Lewiston that was for sale. He would pay half and become a silent partner. The sale was made and the Smalleys moved to Academy Street in Auburn in August of 1945.

Sam, who had never done any physical work, learned how to make ice cream and kept the books straight. Sarah hired a live-in baby sitter for the two children and went to the store every day for a least nine hours. She made the sauces for the ice cream, mixed up sandwich fillings and baked cookies for the high school clientele. It was a profitable but exhausting venture.

In February Sarah became ill with the flu and Sam couldn't handle the work she had done so the store was put up for sale and sold within 30 days.

In May of '46 sister June's husband, Joe Margolin, a judge advocate in the army, was relieved of duty and Sam and he became partners in a jewelry store in Norway, Maine. The joint venture lasted for ten years after which Joe established a law firm, June opened a specialty shop for women, Sarah started to teach on a permanent basis and Sam became sole owner of the store.

Life was good!

Academy Street Apartment
right after second
World War
Lived in 1945-1958



Sarah's mother was not an epicurean but she did make delicious cinnamon rolls, challah and pineapple squares. Every Friday morning all the radiators (steam heat) were adorned with white sheeting that covered the pans of "bulkies" and challah. When Sarah came home from school the yeast breads that were baking gave off an aroma that was heavenly and a taste fit for the gods.

The difference between her mother and Sarah, when it came to baking, became apparent when Sarah was old enough to realize that her mother didn't like to cook or bake -- that she did it out of necessity for she had nine to feed.

Mama loved to sew for her daughters. When Sarah was in college and "had a shape" her mother fashioned all Sarah's beautiful prom gowns. Indeed Mama was a natural designer a superb cutter and fitter and a master at the foot treadle sewing machine!

Sara baked and cooked because she enjoyed the experimentation of creating a "michal" (a sumptuous dish). When Sarah was teaching in high school the mid-term examination had to be corrected. She would use the "red" pen for an hour or more, then stand up, stretch and proceed to mix up a batch of brownies, mandel brait or dream bars. This procedure cleared her brain, filled the freezer and eased her derrier!

The editor-in-chief of the Better Homes and Gardens wrote the following "Food for Thought":

"Food is such a humble, everyday thing and still it can convey so much. Words, of course, are expected to express thoughts, but the fact that there is a strong similarity between words and food amazes and delights me. I have learned that writers and bakers have more in common than I ever would have imagined."

Sarah concurs!!



Sarah's mama at 16
Sarah's mama at 60



Harris's first wife, Ada, who was the mother of his two daughters and six sons died in London. His second wife, Balar was killed by a runaway horse in New Auburn, Maine and his third wife, a lovely lady from Massachusetts, whom Sarah knew, lived with her zadie until he died in 1928.

The following true story was told and retold by his children about Harris who was married three times.

A "shatchen" (marriage match maker) arranged a first marriage for Harris to a willing miss from another village (the fathers of both were in agreement). Of course, Harris had never seen his bride to-be. The day of the wedding, standing under the Chupah, Harris lifted the veil that covered the girl's face and then bolted out of the synagogue leaving the poor bride groomless. He chose his brides of the future.

Sarah called her father's father Zadie. She remembers that he would lift her onto his lap with his strong right arm. His left side was completely paralyzed resulting from a stroke.

He would call to his wife (his third), "Bring me the reddist, juciest apple in the bushel basket for my Sarah."

As Sarah munched the delicious MacIntosh, she felt the intenseness of the game as Zadie played checkers with his neighbor Mr. Martel. She silently prayed that Zadie would win. She was facinated to watch him manipulate the moves with his yellow stained fingers -- Zadie was addicted to Fatima cigarettes.

Sarah remembers Zadie as a giant of a man in stature (he was over 6 feet tall) and in his relationship to his family and friends.

In spite of his handicap, he directed his sons and daughters like a general and he earned and received their love and respect as did his many grandchildren.

Zadie Harris Meltzer as a
Young man in London



BY

She was intelligent and charming but an enigma to her sisters and brothers.

Pearl and Henry were content with few friends. Their association with Maddy and Arthur Levine and Evelyn and George Goldberg was a warm and enduring relationship.

Sarah never heard Pearl raise her voice in passion even though the subject matter was extremely volatile. She also kept her feelings tightly corked. The only time Sarah remembers Pearl showing emotion (and that was subdued) was the evening of Morton's graduation party from Bates College.

When the Brodys lived in Philadelphia, Henry opened a shoe store in a district quite a distance from their home and the store was opened nights. The evenings must have been lonely for her but she never complained.

When Sarah visited her from Virginia, she seemed really delighted to have company with whom she could converse. Never a whine or a grumble did her guest hear.

Perhaps Pearl was a puzzlement because she practiced uninvolvedness with her siblings. She never revealed her inner thoughts, discussed her physical condition and rarely, if ever, gave them a direct answer to their queries.

Her concept of living was completely different from her sisters and brothers. "Thus the rub."



Pearl and Henry Brody (Sarah's sister and brother-in-law)

Sarah's sister Ada had been John's girlfriend from the time they were 15 years old. When John asked Ada to marry him, she stipulated the following three conditions:

John must graduate from Boston University (he had completed his sophomore year):

John must have \$1,000 in a savings account:

Ada must graduate from the Portland College of Fine Arts (she had completed her sophomore year).

The requirements were met and the date of the ceremony was scheduled for August 15, 1934.

The wedding took place in the living room of Ada's parents' home. Sarah was maid of honor and Cousin Edward (Eddie) Winner was best man. Because space was limited and the two families each had seven children - all grown - some married - the guest list was limited to parents, sisters and brothers.

Aunt Ida and Uncle Issy (mother's sister and father's brother who were husband and wife were terribly upset and never did get over the fact that they were not invited to the wedding. It was a ticklish situation because there were other aunts and uncles living in Auburn -- not as closely related but nevertheless related.

Mother held firm -- "none or all." "None" prevailed.

Although weddings usually bring about considerable nervousness to the groom, John was the exception. When the ceremony started, he was nowhere in sight. His best man finally found him closeted in the back parlor. He was comfortably seated reading the Sunday paper.

For years John was taunted unmercifully for being late at his own wedding.

It was a loving union that lasted over 56 years and produced two caring sons, Joel and Morton, who, during those many years gave their parents a lifetime of nachas and joy.



Ada and John Abromson
(newlyweds)

(Sarah's sister and brother-in-law)

When Sarah reached the driving age, she asked her 18 year old brother, Lou, to teach her how to drive the Packard family car. First he said, "No Way," but after plenty of cajoling, begging and nagging, soft-hearted Lou agreed reluctantly, for Sarah made him promise not to tell anyone until she was ready to get a license.

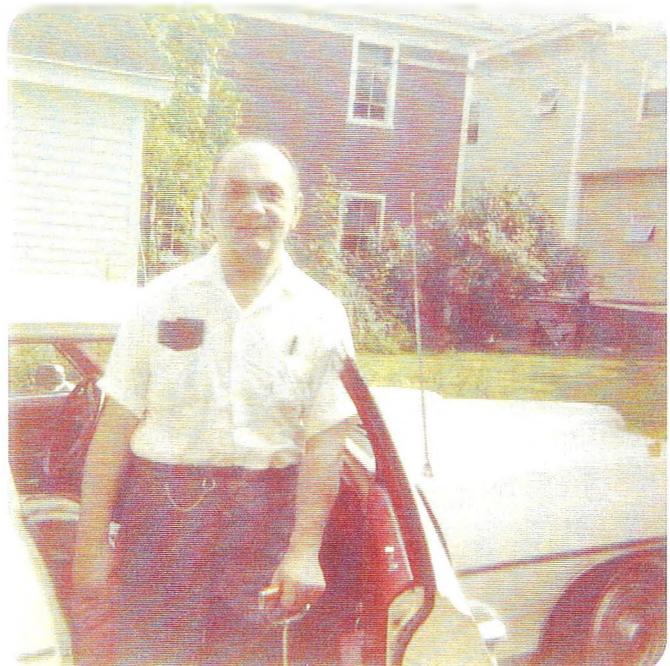
In the late twenties girls were not supposed to be mechanically oriented. Sarah's two older sisters had no interest in driving. They probably felt it wasn't lady-like or maybe society convinced them that it was a man's responsibility to be the "pilot."

After explaining the mechanics, how to synchronize the clutch with the gear shifts, the trick of stopping and starting on an incline and the procedure of backing into a parking space, Lou decided that Sarah was ready for her first driving lesson.

High Street, the chosen area for the first lesson, was lined with beautiful elm trees. Sarah, confident and eager behind the wheel, decided to make a right turn, missed it, then closed in at the curb and bumped into one of the sturdy elms. She was horrified when she realized that the mud guard had been dented. What a calamity! She would get punished and never drive again!

Lou assured his sister that the dent was minor and that he would take the car to a body shop man he knew and it would be fixed in no time with no one the wiser! It was.

Sarah was ever grateful to her brother after she became an accomplished driver.



(Left) Brother Louis and his wife Sally
(Right) Louis after his stroke years later

At last Lippy found the girl of his dreams!

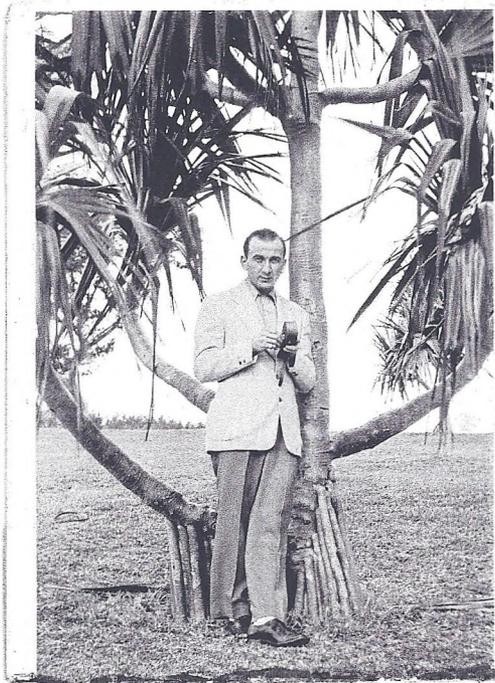
The fact that Caryl was Jewish was extremely important to Lippy's mother. She was so elated that she decided to "make" the wedding.

Sarah was consulted and the menu was planned. When her two-table bridge club met the following week, Sarah announced the news and said, "I know all of you will be happy to help out at my brother's wedding which will take place at the Auburn Shul. Even though none of you has ever done waitressing, it is not a difficult job for no trays will be used."

All seven girls agreed to take their volunteer assignment.

In 1948, the kitchen help were sisterhood members who were responsible and proficient but because this wedding dinner was so, so special to Sarah, she missed the ceremony to supervise the preparation of the food.

Caryl was the ideal daughter-in-law and gave Sarah's mother many years of happiness while they lived next door to each other.



Lippy and Caryl honeymooning in Bermuda

Snow was falling in Chicago but "United" assured June and Sarah that the precipitation would be rain by the time June would change planes flying to her Maine destination.

The three weeks of June's stay in Sun City went too quickly. The local Maine-i-acs and Sarah's very good friends kept June very busy. Even the weather cooperated and delighted her with mild sunny days. It was a decided contrast from the severe Maine winter of snow, sleet and ice.

"Let me tell you about my sister June," says Sarah. "She is the mother of Bonnie and Sharon -- both are school teachers -- and the grandmother of Margo and Casey -- the children of Bonnie and Larry -----.

After selling her ladies' specialty shop in Norway, Maine in 1977, she retired from the business world. As a retiree (and I use this word loosely in this case) she became president of Hadassah, president of sisterhood, chief shopper and cook for the donor dinner, organizer for the chavarim and the helping-mate and nurse to husband Joe who suffered poor health for many years and was on dialysis for the last five years of his life.

The mighty mission that June undertook was to revitalize the Beth Abraham synagogue and try to keep it alive. The present edifice is still imposing and in good repair thanks to her innovative fundraising projects; however, a good source of income comes from former congregants who have moved away but wish to keep informed of the "who and what" in the Jewish circle. This is done through a monthly periodical which is sent to each sponsor. Unfortunately, the congregation has dwindled to under a hundred, but if the shul survives, it will be because June's determination nurtured its "being" with all her strength.



Joe, June, Sharon and Bonnie

The first cousins of the Meltzer clan felt that it was time for a togetherness among them and thus initiated a once a month breakfast to be held in each cousin's home. This would not inconvenience anyone since there were thirteen cousins in the vicinity and each would be responsible for one repast a year.

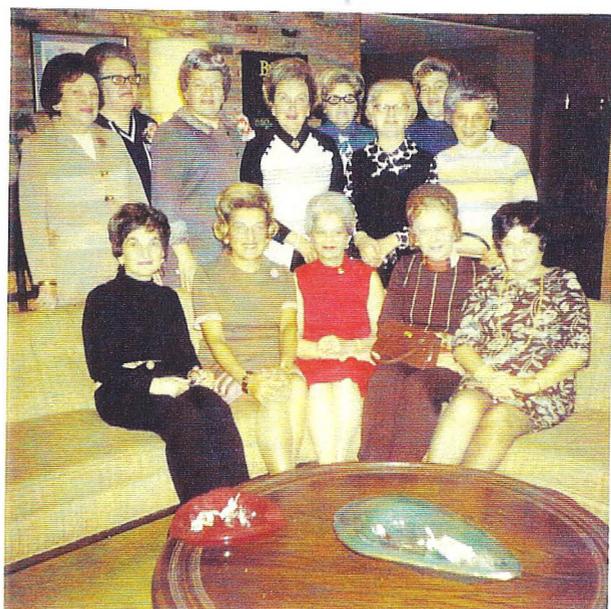
In 1959 the first meeting took place in Ada Abromson's home. Besides the hostess, the following attended: Pearl Meltzer Brody, Goldie Shiffer Lourie, Pearl Meltzer Haymon, June Meltzer Margolin, Dorothy Kurhan Meltzer, Ruth Mogul Meltzer, Ada Shiffer Tapper, Sarah Meltzer Smalley, Kate Winner Mersky, Ray Berlin Winner, Dorris Lempert Winner and Nettie Winner.

In 1961 the majority of the cousins decided that there should be a definite purpose to the gatherings and an investment club was started with an initial fee of \$50 a year per person.

Ada Tapper, Dorris, Rita and Dorothy were not interested in the project and dropped out. Ada Abromson was the only person who had had experience in the stock market so she became the CEO. Sarah was voted president (probably because she could handle a gavel).

In 1974, the yearly ante was raised to \$100 and even though Sarah moved to Arizona in 1978, she continued to be a part of the membership.

In 1986 the club disbanded. It was a profitable as well as a pleasurable experience.



Cousin Club
Front Row: June, Sarah, Dorris
Nettie, Dot
Back Row: Pearl, Goldie, Ada T.
Ada A, Rita, Ray, Pearl, Kay

The dictionary describes a saint as a person of great virtue and benevolence. If the faith of Judaism canonized certain persons having such goodness, Sarah's mother-in-law would be wearing wings and the halo of sainthood.

Pinchas and Necha were married in Vilna and migrated to Rockland, Maine in 1906 where their four children were born; Ethel, Bertha, Sam and Jack.

When Sam met Sarah in 1933, while she was a student at the University of Maine, he asked her to meet his parents. Sarah agreed willingly. The first visit enamored Sarah to her future mother-in-law for she made Sarah feel as if she already belonged to the family.

When Sam and Sarah married in 1936, their elopement was readily accepted by Necha. She knew the newly married couple were purse-poor and were on a strict budget so she sent care packages to Virginia from Maine. Each box contained a roasted chicken, cans of red salmon (Sam relished salmon croquettes) and fresh raw eggs -- each wrapped so carefully that not one egg ever came cracked in the seven years! She also included a special gift for Sam and Sarah. In the corner of a man's and lady's linen handkerchief, she knotted a silver dollar. In those days, a gift of two dollars was heaven sent!

A neighborhood grocery store, steps from their home, gave Sarah's in-laws a modest livelihood but they seemed contented with their life of simplicity. When Brian was born in 1942, he was the Smalley's first grandchild. Necha traveled to Alexandria, hugged Sarah and said in yiddish, "Ich bien gebenedich funn Gott funn mein kinder." (I have been blessed by God through you my children.) The many years when Sarah visited her in-laws, she remembers Necha sitting on the hammock with Brian and Alison lovingly held on her ample lap. She radiated her happiness and delight by having her grandchildren with her.

Sarah loved Mother Necha dearly and visited her with the children as often as possible.



Sarah's Mother-in-Law
And Father-in-Law
Phillip and Necha

The parlor was not the living room. It was a sanctuary, secluded when necessary by a sliding door. On each side of the fireplace was a bookcase well stocked. Papa liked to go to "estate sales" and at one sale purchased a set of 20 volumes called, "The Masterpieces of Charles-Paul de Kock" published in 1904. The number twenty copy is in Sarah's bookcase.

One day while browsing through the books, (Sarah was no more than eight at the time) she discovered a beautifully wrapped box of candy addressed to Leah whose sister was Sarah's pal. Sarah couldn't wait to tell her friend Selma that her oldest brother must have a terrible crush on Leah, her sister, for the candy gift was certainly evidence. Unfortunately, "spilling the beans" backfired and Sarah's brother, who was furious, locked her in the downstairs toilet - a little cubby hole with a small window. Sarah kicked, screamed and carried on like a maniac but to no avail. Finally, after what seemed hours, the door opened. Sarah was severely admonished by her mother -- end of punishment. That day Sarah learned how vital it was to mind her own business and keep another's secret mum.

Incidentally, two years later that brother married the Rabbi's daughter who was a nineteen year old beauty. Sarah did a ballet dance (she was taking toe dancing lessons to reduce) at their wedding. The couple had three boys (Burton, Bobby and Jack) and three girls (Beverly, Eleanor and Doreen) and lived unhappily ever after!



Backus
- 21 -

(Standing-Left to Right) Louis, Pearl, Groom Mark, Bride Dot,
Lippy and Mama
(Seated - Left to Right) Cousin Sarah from Philadelphia, Bubbe,
Sarah, Ada, June on Papa's lap. 1924

Even to 10 year old Sarah the reality of graduating from high school wasn't a worldly phenomenon, but it was the very first time a relation of hers (her cousin) had completed all the requirements to get a diploma.

Sarah and Goldie Isaacson (she later changed her name to DoDi) sat on the cement wall outside the Isaacson home waiting for the graduates to arrive. They didn't wait too long. In their white dresses and holding long-stemmed red roses, Cousin Katie and Alice Isaacson looked like brides. Then Sarah's Aunt Rivetal appeared and Sarah gaped. Was this the same woman whom she had always seen clad in a house dress and a stained apron, wearing scuff slippers, hair fashioned helter-skelter and constantly cooking -- or so it seemed? Each time Sarah had visited, pots were steaming and Aunt Rivetal stood next to the stove, a large spoon in hand ready to mix a concoction.

Now Sarah thought her aunt looked beautiful. Her hair was becomingly arranged, she wore a lovely dress of a soft fabric and real shoes! A transformation had taken place and Sarah was so impressed with the change that she always visualized her aunt as she was that day.



(Left to Right) Uncle Mark from London, Aunt Leah, Uncle Tom from London, Aunt Rivetal and Uncle Izzy - 1949

It was a gastronomical wonder -- the hot rye bread that was ready at 4 P.M. each day at Zaller's Bakery which opened about 1924 in New Auburn. The Jewish populace was ecstatic and that included Sarah because Florence (Flossie) Zaller, the 12 year old daughter of the owner became Sarah's very special friend and confidant.

Since she was two years older than Sarah, Flossie advised Sarah on subjects relating to boys, fashion, dancing, menstruation and sex. Sarah was an astute listener and enraptured with each topic. Her sisters and mother had never discussed any such subject matter with her. Life had begun for 10 year old Sarah. She had a trusted friend.

The friendship between the two girls lasted sixty-eight years. Florence Zallen Silverhart died in 1992.

Jack Silverhart was a devoted friend to Sarah and her family.

He could have been and should have been what he wanted to be, but like Eve and the serpent he was enticed by the apple of promise.

When Florence met her husband, he had been working for an interior decorating establishment in Boston. Then came the tempting offer by his bride's father. He would learn the mechanics of making breads and pastries and eventually he could have control of the prosperous bakery, or so his father-in-law to be, implied.

Although he had no previous experience, Jack Silverhart was an astute student and learned "the ropes" quickly but he was the interloper in a family-run business and his brothers-in-law made his life a hell!

A Federally run project was initiated in Poland Me. and Jack was offered the job of teaching basic cookery to urban "messed up" teenagers. He would also manage the preparation and cooking for hundreds of these girls who had no ambition and considered their studies ridiculous and their two weeks there a great vacation. They had no regard of the value of the furnishings of the Poland Spring Hotel (where they were housed) and no regard for the beautiful Oriental and Persian rugs. They would put out their cigarettes by dropping them on the rug and grinding the butt with their shoes. Within a very few years the elegant hotel was in shambles and finally it was destroyed by a fire.

By the time he was 54, Jack's health had rapidly failed. He had been a chain smoker and with the years he had inhaled flour dust, his chances for lung cancer survival were nil.



(Lower Left) Flossie visiting Sun City
(Center) Flossie and Jack at the Shrine Ball
(Right) Flossie in her 40's

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Helen Shapiro Bean was called the Pearl Mesta of Auburn for she was a queen of hospitality. The coffee pot perked continuously each afternoon. Because Helen rarely baked, her friends brought her pastries and sweet breads that were delectable. Usually, by three in the afternoon, the chairs around the dining room table were occupied with uninvited but welcome guests varied in age, social and intellectual status, all eager for the discussions to begin.

Helen reigned at these coffee klatches. Puffing the constant cigarette, she presided over the topics, intervened when a subject became too heated and argumentative and kept the conversation alive should a lull occur -- a rarity to be sure. By five all guests had departed stimulated and sated with words and food.

Since Sarah's husband kept his store in Norway open every Friday night, Sarah spent many of those evenings with Helen discussing, disagreeing, arguing and (both) relentless when a principle was involved. The tete-a-tete meetings continued for years and Sarah missed them when she moved to Sun City.



Helen and Bill Bean

The small rustic cottage overlooking Tripp Lake was a perfect summer home for the Smalley family. Its location saved twenty-four miles of daily driving for Sam, gave Alison and Brian fun times with the Cohen children and Sarah was able to organize a bridge game at the 'drop of a hat'.

The "log cabin" owned by Fannie and Abe Miller, had adequate furnishing in its two bedrooms, living room and tiny kitchen, but best of all it had indoor plumbing. (Many summer residents were limited to "outhouses" - most inconvenient - especially at night when one had to grope for a misplaced flashlight). If anything was needed, the landlady would oblige -- She was special! Summer time, however, wasn't all fun and games. No indeed -- it was the time to make jam and jelly.

Nat and Arthur Woolf, Estelle Cohen and Sarah would drive "off the beaten track" where the ripe elderberries were plentiful. The bushes were attacked -- elderberries, twigs and leaves were stuffed in containers -- removal and selection would be done when the "crew" returned to the cottage.

Blueberries were handled differently -- more carefully. Picking time took forever and often the baskets were sparsely filled. The fat juicy blueberries were delicious!

Arthur supervised the cooking of the elderberries--- Squashing, straining and tasting. Finished he would hold up a jar of the ruby red jelly for the girls to admire.

Making blueberry jam was a much simpler procedure. The berries, sugar, lemon and Certo cooked into a purple mush that tasted berry, berry good.

No one could make strudel like Mrs. Mark Shapiro. To look at her, one would never associate her with a kitchen, a rolling pin or floured dough.

Whenever Sarah saw her, she was dressed as if she were going to a garden party. She was partial to wide-brimmed floppy hats tastefully trimmed with ribbons or flowers and from her pierced ears hung long earrings.

When Sarah watched Mrs. Shapiro work in the synagogue kitchen for one of the many brotherhood suppers, she knew that "the lady of fashion" was equally adept in her cooking.

After eating a luscious piece of strudel, Sarah asked Mrs. S. if she would teach her to make and stretch the dough paper thin. Mrs. S. was happy to show Sarah the art of stretching and Sarah has been making the old fashioned method for many years....As Sarah stretches the dough, she pictures Mrs. S. who made strudel dough a culinary delicious accomplishment.

Sarah's husband Sam, Myer Greene, Arthur Shapiro and Sam Isaacson (who made all the preparations for their annual Northern Maine and Canadian golfing trip) enjoyed a companionship based wholly on the game of golf.

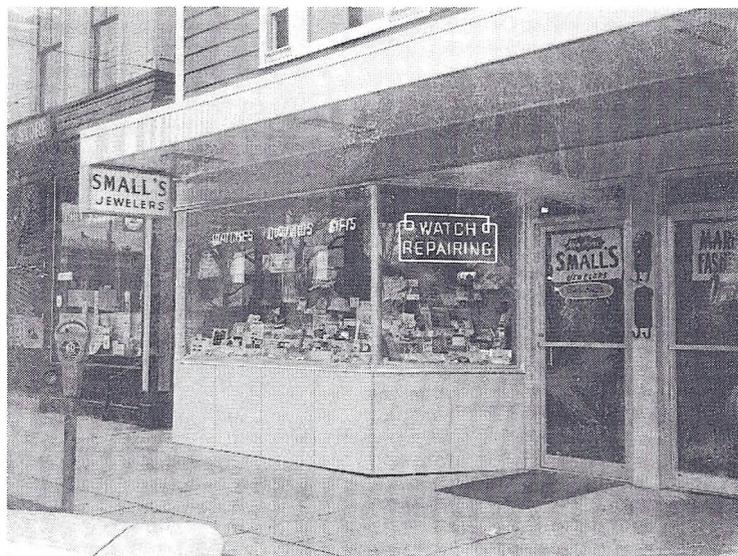
Returning happy, self confident and eager to relate the happenings on the trip (Sam usually had the best score) he would open the door, yell, "Honey, I'm home" and present Sarah with a 10 pound bag of potatoes purchased in Aroostock County. He was traveling on a meager budget.

Early each summer Sunday morning, Sam and Israel Ward went to the Auburn synagogue to "daven." Then they would meet the French instructor at Hebron Academy at the Norway Country Club.

The following was narrated to Sarah: It happened that one Sunday Sam made five one putts consecutively. The teacher was so impressed that he decided that if the Hebrew G-d could give Sam such accuracy, he would be willing to pray to the One and Almighty for an equal miracle.

Who would ever believe that golf could implement a missionary assignment; not that there was one!

Although the summer months brought tourists to Norway, Maine and July and August were considered to be profit time for that small town, especially to the merchants, Sam was unconcerned. He would hang a sign on the door which would say, "Gone golfing - be back at 3 P.M." Luckily the "natives" were his staunch customers and knew his antics those twenty-nine years.



Sam's jewelry store in Norway, Maine



(Standing) Left to Right: Harold Miller, Dr. Sam Alperin, Sam Smalley, Maynard Schwartz, Phil Rosenthal and David Weiner.
(Seated) Left to Right: Sue Miller, Eleanor Alperin, Sarah, Mazie Schwartz, Pauline Rosenthal and Estelle Weiner.....
at the Shrine Ball.

48A

She was vivacious, clever, always ready for fun, talented in art and oratory and, as a natural comic, told yiddish jokes as well as the noted Molly Picon. Pauline swung a mean golf club and was Sarah's favorite competing golf partner at the country club.

In the late 60's Pauline decided to have her nose remodeled by Dr. Wohl, a plastic surgeon in Phoenix, who was also her nephew by marriage.

Weeks after the operation Pauline called Sarah and Sam to view her new look.

"How will I know you?" asked Sarah teasingly.

"I'll hold a red rose," she answered unruffled.

The showing took place soon after she called. Wearing the cutest nose, sparkling with happiness and holding a red rose, Pauline looked completely different from her old self. What a wonderful transformation that surgery made!

Pretty, petite Mazie and husband Maynard came to Maine from Massachusetts soon after they were married (about 1936) and even though they resided in Auburn-Lewiston over 50 years, they were never considered "natives" or true "Maine-i-acs." This was always a contention to them for they loved "our town" and the people there.

On a trip to London in 1970, Mazie and Sarah shared a hotel room for 12 days. They were most congenial roommates for fortunately they enjoyed the same activities and interests.

Mazie had always been a caring and true friend to Sarah and there has been a special closeness between the two regardless of their mile distance apart.

It was April of '45. There was a knock on the door of Sarah's hospital room in Portland, Maine. Sarah had given birth to Alison two days before. Selma and Helen (nee Shapiro) entered with a stranger following.

"Mazel tov." "We want you to meet Harold Miller's bride. They were married months ago but are living in Army bases."

This was Sarah's introduction to Sue -- a gal with many talents. She is an accomplished pianist, excels in tennis and golf and earned her B.A. degree from Bates College while raising a family.

It was Sue who helped influence the Smalleys to retire in Sun City.

It was 1924. The packard touring automobile was packed, gassed, inspected and ready to take seven of the family on its first trek to northern Maine and Quebec City, Canada. Sarah and her two sisters settled comfortably in the back, the two brothers sat on the jump seats and Papa was in the driver's seat with Momma at his side.

On the brief visit to Calais and after the inspection of his shoe store, Papa introduced the family to the hospitable Unobsky family who were the only Jewish residents in that small city. After a luncheon, the hosts' sons took their visitors for a walk over the bridge to St. Stevens, Canada. No one had to show a passport because the gate attendants knew the Unobskys. Sarah was thrilled that she could separate U.S. from Canada with a footstep.

The stops in Houlton and Presque Isle were brief. Papa had conferences with the store managers and finally the travelers were headed for Quebec City. Driving between Houlton and Presque Isle everyone was entranced with the beautiful fields covered with white potato blossoms in full bloom. They covered acre after acre of that region. Papa explained that the potato -- especially the Aroostock potato, gives one beauty above the earth and delicious nourishment to humanity from under the earth.

The first stop of consequence, as far as Sarah was concerned, was in Reviere du Loup where papa had made reservations at the "Victoria" Hotel. She was impressed by the spacious dining room and its elegance. The attentive waiter, napkin over his left arm, hovered nearby ready to grant any wish. The water goblets (stemmed) were filled constantly (without being asked). The tablecloths were snowy white and the napkins were large enough to protect the divide between the chin and lap area. The half grapefruit that was served first was scored and sectioned and the large maraschino cherry in the middle had a stem, so eating the fruit wasn't messy and really squirt free!

Because prohibition was in effect (a law prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages (1922-1933) in the United States, Papa decided he would buy the "spirits" in Quebec; so, after a short visit as tourists, Papa purchased several bottles of liquor which he hid under the cushions and "toshes" of his daughters. As the car came to the boundary line of the United States, the agents searched the front and trunk areas of the car thoroughly. Luckily none of the girls were asked to get out of the back seat and everyone was relieved when the agent said, "Move on."

Sarah could never understand why Papa, who was so level-headed and considerate, would take the risk of getting a fine and more importantly give his daughters such trepidation for a few bottles of scotch.

The trip to New York with cousins Kate and Mac Mersky was assured, for Sarah had made reservations at the Piccadilly Hotel. Even though the Army-Navy game was being played that weekend and hotels were crammed, Mr. Moulton, who was a "Brother Mason" from Portland, Maine promised that he would reserve two rooms in the Piccadilly Hotel he managed.

Sarah was 4 months pregnant (with Alison) but was feeling well, anticipating a change and eager to go. Brain was being cared for by a reliable nanny. Should an emergency arise, Sarah's sisters were available at a moment's notice.

Motoring from Portland to Manhattan was pleasant but uneventful. They took turns driving and arrived in New York at sundown. After unpacking and resting, they went out for dinner but had dessert at "Lindys" -- cheesecake, of course. Saturday was shopping time. Sarah's big purchase was a beige cloth coat trimmed with sheared beaver fur at the lapels, collar and cuffs. She was delighted with her new winter garment which she considered luxurious. She draped it over the chair so she could admire it from the bed.

About 2 a.m. Sunday morning Sarah was awakened by a strong smell of smoke. She woke up Sam, grabbed her new coat which she put on over her nightgown, ran to her cousin's room, banged on their door until they appeared and then proceeded to wake up everyone in that particular wing.

When Sam tried the elevator, it was no longer in service. When he opened the stair exit, a thick smoke poured out. The awakened guests, dressed in their nighttime attire, gathered in the hallway. All were in a quandary.

One of the men suggested that since each room had a small balcony, everyone should bundle up and wait there for further instructions. At least no one would have smoke inhalation problems. Looking down from the balcony (twenty-two floors above) Sarah saw the fire trucks which looked like toys from that height. At all times during the turmoil, Sarah was calm even though her mind was racing with the terrifying question -- What If?

At 4 a.m. the guests were notified that all was safe and the elevators were back in service. The explanation given was that a soldier (on the 5th floor) had fallen asleep holding a lit cigarette and caused the fire when it fell from his hand. The soldier was resting in fair condition and no one else was hurt.

Epilogue: When Alison was born, she had a bright red mark on her buttocks the size of a quarter. When Aunt Leah saw it she said, "Your child was marked by that fire."

P.S. The "fire mark" disappeared after several weeks.

It was the weekend of Sarah's and Sam's 20th anniversary. To celebrate, they decided to go to Clauson's Inn on the cape (Massachusetts) a mecca for golf vacationers. Driving back home, Sam said he had been approached by Mr. Wilner to buy a house lot on Dawes Avenue, a wooded area -- so far sparsely populated. "Let's look at it," Sarah said in excited anticipation.

They drove to the site -- it was too small -- but next to Wilner's lot was a "for sale" sign with a number to call. This corner lot would be perfect. It was over a half acre with red maples and beautiful white birch trees. Sarah could visualize her dream house snuggled within the frame of nature.

The call to the owners of the lot brought instant activity and within an hour a deposit was given and the future house site of the Smalley's was purchased.

Two years later after many consultations with an architect and the builder, Sarah's wish of owning a house of her design became a reality. On October 18, 1958 the Smalley family moved in. How Sarah loved her new home!

For the first few weeks, in the late hours of the night, Sarah would sit in the spacious living room viewing in detail the dining area, the beautiful crystal chandelier that Isaac Alpert had crafted piece by piece, the built-in china closets whose doors were bright with gilt metallic designs, and the antique dining set completely restored to beauty. Then Sarah would survey the kitchen with its double stainless steel ovens, its oversized dishwasher and its pickwick pine cabinets with their handy moveable, pull-out shelves. The kitchen had been built for efficiency and Sarah could prepare meals with minimum energy.

The family room, also paneled with pickwick pine, was the focus of activity, studying, TV, correcting papers and just getting together.

The three bedrooms and two bathrooms were comfortable and had adequate closet space. Brian and Alison chose their decor for their rooms. Their bedrooms were their sanctums and Sarah respected their expressions and their privacy,

In 1960 the lower level was paneled and a bar, miniature kitchen and compact bathroom were added. Now the family and friends could enjoy the warmth of the brick fireplace that had not been used the past two years.

After twenty wonderful and memorable years in their Dawes Avenue home, the Smalleys, both retired, decided to move to a warmer climate and settled in Sun City, Arizona.



House that Sarah designed. Dawes Avenue, Auburn, Maine
1958-1978



"Fasten your seat belts." The chartered plane from Boston to London was about to land at the Heathrow airport. Looking out the window Sarah was terrified; she couldn't see anything for the fog was as thick as a stiff meringue. The complete silence of the passengers signaled their fear, too. When the plane landed safely, the clapping of hands was spontaneous and explosive expressing everyone's total relief.

The seven day sojourn to England was a theater package deal sponsored by B'nai B'rith. It included six nights at the Mount Royal hotel with full breakfasts and two dinners. The exciting excursion took place in April of 1970 and cost \$249 per person. The girls sharing the rooms were: June and Sharon Margolin, Florence Silverhart and Pauline Rosenthal, Mazie Swartz and Sarah, Shirley Isaacson and Jane Persky. It was a fantastic vacation. During the day there were bus touring jaunts to the country areas. They enjoyed lunches in small uncrowded tea rooms and homey cafes and even saw the grave site of the great Winston Churchill. Sarah remembers that the shows included Cats, Fiddler on the Roof, The Sleuth and portions from Canterbury Tales.

Sarah and her sister June had decided that they would not call all the cousins (there were many). Their father was the oldest of the eight children and four of his brothers had remained in London. They did call Cousin Ada whom they knew since she had visited her Maine cousins many years before.

Ada and her daughter Miriam, who was dressed like a Vogue model with the figure of one, took the American cousins to the Brazilian supper club which was elaborately furnished in red velvet and gilt. Eager waiters dressed in tuxedos stood ready to satisfy the discriminating guests. It was a very plush "eatery" and the "peasants" from Maine were duly impressed.

Mazie and Sarah were enjoying window shopping on Regent Street when Mazie whispered to Sarah, "I think we are being followed. Could they possibly be your relatives? Those you didn't call? See how they're watching you?" The girls stopped long enough so that the couple could catch up to them.

"I beg your pardon," said the man, "Are you from the States? Would you tell me where you purchased the handbag you are carrying?"

"Why, yes, in Lewiston, Maine at B. Peck Company, a department store."

"Thank you, I was curious. You see I manufacture that bag in Los Angeles, California."

"It's a small world."

It was their 30th anniversary and since Sarah and Sam had never been to the Catskills, they decided it was an opportune time to visit the famous "Grossinger's" and experience the wonders of the "borscht circuit." Paulyn and Phil Rosenthal accompanied the Smalleys on the 9 hour ride to the mountains of northern New York state. After the long motor trip everyone was ready to bathe and rest before dinner.

One look into the bathroom and Sarah called the desk to make arrangements for a different room. The bathroom was a disaster--broken tiles, an old footed tub which showed its wear and tear by stains and discolorment -- most uninviting. After a room change in another building where the bathrooms had been upgraded and, after a needed rest, they went to the dining room --a pleasant well arranged area. The menu offered a variety of Jewish fare - not bad - not great - but adequate in taste and more than ample in portions.

Their appetites sated, they went to the so-called recreation area where a master of ceremonies tried to interest the guests in playing games. This group was uncooperative so he switched to comedy -- old hat -- he didn't have a chance!

The next day they made a survey of the hotel and its surroundings. It was all for sale and the heirs of the famous Grossinger family had not kept the property up to date; however, the golfing grounds were perfect. Unfortunately they were in the wrong place at the wrong time and their disappointment put an end to a return to the famous Catskills.

In the 50's when Sarah was president of sisterhood of Beth Abraham, the kitchen needed an institutional-sized stove, the vestry needed a new lighting system and the restrooms needed refurbishing -- projects that were expensive.

A meeting of the board was held and it was decided that one really big event might bring in the necessary dollars.

Sarah and two other members went to a theater booking agency in Boston, left a \$300 deposit for a current entertainer and then returned to Auburn. Within a few weeks Sarah was notified that Charles Laughton would give a one-man show for \$2,000. Although this amount seemed steep and the challenge was daring, the agreement was signed. Preparations for the greatest fundraiser (in that category) were made. The Edward Little high school auditorium was hired, the event was publicized statewide and all the seats were sold within two weeks.

The night of nights became a reality when Mr. Laughton spent 1-1/2 hours enthralling his audience with his monologues which included excerpts from "Macbeth", "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "John Brown's Body."

It was a jubilant success for everyone involved. What seemed impossible had been attained.

For many years Sarah and her loyal friends did the menu planning, bought the supplies, (with low cost in mind) prepared, cooked and served the food for the interfaith and brotherhood dinners and for the Bar Mitzvahs and weddings at the Beth Abraham synagogue. Since this was a shul leaning towards orthodoxy, certain religious laws had to be observed.

At most Bar Mitzvahs, the favorite luncheon menu included cholent, a delectable combination of brisket, beans, white and sweet potatoes in a thick sauce. This "michel" had to cook slowly from sundown on Friday until it was served Saturday noon.

Sarah was in charge of Alan Weiner's Bar Mitzvah luncheon and she and Alan's Father David had to make a midnight trip to the shul to add water to the bubbling mixture in the huge pots which took two of them to lift.

The cholent must not dry out. It was the piece de resistance to the luncheon guests.

The phone rang. "This is Mr. Maxie, Superintendant of Schools of the Lisbon district. Are you Sam Smalley's wife?" "Yes."

I went to school with Sam in Rockland. (I wonder what he's leading up to). "Mrs. Smalley, do you have a teacher's certificate?"

"I suppose I do for I took practice teaching at the high school in Brewer my last year at the University; however, I never taught regularly but I have substituted for several years."

"Would you do some sub-teaching for me? Meanwhile, I'll check on your certificate with the State department and get it up to date. Would you take over a Latin class at Sabattus High School for two days?"

"My Latin is practically nil, but I can conjugate Agricola."

"Well, you'll know more than the students. It's first year Latin and since it's the first week of school, you'll have no trouble."

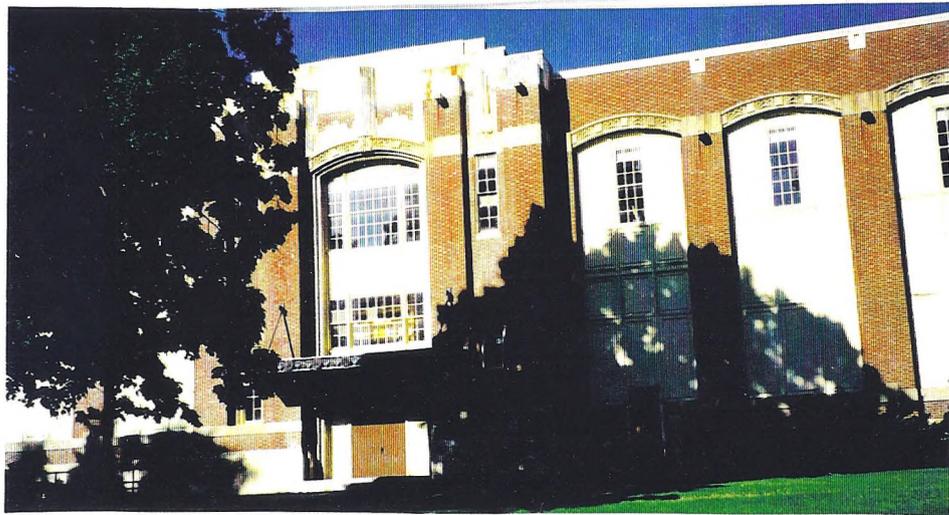
That's how Sarah's teaching career started.

Her first full time teaching job combined Home Economics and basic English grammar in Sabattus, a small town 10 miles from where she lived. (Population 3,000 in 1955). The whole school housed 90 students and the grades were 7 through 12.

Discipline was minimal and drugs were reserved for doctors and their patients. Both students and their parents gave the teachers the utmost respect. Sarah loved every moment of teaching in those "good old days."

The procedure of getting the teacher's certificates involved having a birth certificate. The city of Lewiston had no records that were available for the years prior to 1917, for the city hall had burned down and with it the records. Luckily, Sarah's mother was living in 1955. She signed an affidavit and went to the city record department to testify (under oath) that Sarah was indeed her daughter.

A new birth certificate was validated and Sarah's teacher's certificate was made available.



(Top Left) Original Edward Little High School and statue of Edward Little
(Bottom Left) Addition to original school in the 30's
(Right) New school where Sarah taught.

Sarah had given free cooking services to the Shul, to Hadassah and to individuals for many years. In 1953 she decided to go into a paying catering service with Sarah Bernstein who joined her as a partner. They did Bar Mitzvahs, teas and showers. Though they got along very well, the profits were too minimal and the physical work too taxing; so after that year, the partnership dissolved and Sarah was on her own.

Sarah, with her team of superb cooks (who were also her special friends) was catering frequently in Portland. During the winter months, the experienced waitresses who got their training at the Poland Spring Mansion House worked for Sarah. All catering services were suspended during the summer months for Sarah was a golfer and the season "on the links" was all too short.

Although her business flourished, Sarah was in a dilemma. She had been doing substitute teaching in the local schools; but now she was offered a full time teaching job. After discussions and much pondering, she accepted the teaching post and went back to the University of Maine to work on her master's and get the required education courses.

While she was teaching, she was asked to cater and decided that she would do one affair a month. Physically it was about impossible to do more. Sometimes the people who called for a catering service became irate when they were told that their party could not be handled. For example, the following telephone conversation took place:

"I am Mrs.....and I'm interested in meeting with you for a special party honoring Mr...."

"What month are you planning to have this party?"

"I must have it in October."

"I'm so sorry, but I already have accepted a job for that month."

"Did you get my name? I am Mrs....."

Her affluence was the key to her self-importance.

"Yes, I did get your name and I am very familiar with it. I have known your husband all my life. My catering is limited to one a month. If you can change the date, I will gladly take the job."

Bang went the receiver. Sarah was on that person's black list to her dying day.

When Alison and Linda Weiner's ballet teacher announced that the two girls would be in the dance recital and each would wear a pink tu-tu that an experienced seamstress would make for a certain price, Sarah consulted with Linda's mother.

"Estelle, I think we should make the costumes. We will avoid the nuisance of taking the girls for fittings, we will save money, we can sew whenever we wish and you have a great electric sewing machine."

Estelle agreed to the arrangement. They bought the satin and tulle -- the portable machine was placed and then the fun began.

Sarah, who had been a Home Economics major in college, but who had very little experience in the art of sewing, consulted a seamstress who explained the procedure of following the pattern. Both mothers toiled diligently and together continued their arduous undertaking. In spite of the many broken machine needles, (tulle is like netting and difficult to work) the uneven gathers, and the zippers that fastened but weren't really straight, the tu-tu's were finished and fitted perfectly.

When Alison and Linda donned their costumes, the teacher noted that the ruffles pointed upward instead of flaring outward as they should.

Estelle and Sarah were horrified. How could this have happened? What now?

Mrs. Desjardin (the teacher) solved their dilemma. "We'll call the girls 'Pink Cotton Candy' on the program."

She did.

The two ballerinas were a joy to behold.



The Ballerinas -- Linda and Alison