

Growing Up William Rosenthal: The 1940s-A Decade of War— Cincinnati and Arizona-My Life in Pictures

I

Origins

I was named William Sidney after my grandfathers, William Henry Rosenthal and Sidney Oaks Lindeman. I was born in late March 1939 in Cincinnati, Ohio. As a child my understanding of my family origins was confused if not altogether absent. I knew that my father was born and grew up in Cincinnati. I did not know that *his* father and uncles were born and raised in Indianapolis, Indiana, only coming to Cincinnati in the early 1900s to begin a new business. His mother's family, the Meis's and Hahn's came to Cincinnati in the mid-1800s.



I knew that my mother was born in Richmond, Virginia. I thought that is where she grew up. I was wrong. Most of her childhood was spent in Greensboro, North Carolina. Since much of my mother's family, including her mother, lived in Richmond, I thought that we had deep roots in the South. That was mostly incorrect. My mother's father Sidney was born and grew up mainly in Cincinnati, later living in Dayton, Ohio, just 40 miles away. There he started his family and was first employed. My grandmother Mae Elliott Lindeman grew up on a farm near Sedalia, Missouri, a fact that I did not know until I was an adult.



My roots, such as they are, sink deeply into the mid-West soil of Ohio and Missouri. Those roots, however, were planted only in the 19th century. Before that, the Lindeman's, Meis's, Rosenthal's and Hahn's all European Jews, came from East Prussia (Poland), Germany, and Alsace. My deepest roots, then, are Jewish and European. The twenty-five percent of me that was cultivated in the South hails from my maternal grandmother Mae Elliott Lindeman, and her Elliott, Shields, Neville, and O'Bannon ancestors who settled in Virginia long before the Revolutionary War.

I have sketched this origin narrative in the belief that future generations who stumble upon this and other stories on the family website (RLMFamily.net) may be similarly confused about their family backgrounds. There is a host of genealogical information on the site to help unravel the mystery.

The stories of the people mentioned above are best told by those who lived those lives. Those stories, also, are on the family site.

As for me, I am of a newer era. I was born just five months before Germany invaded Poland and the official beginning of World War II. You might say I was an early entrant. There is no way to tell the story of my childhood without including that gloomy theme. For nine of the first 14 years of my life, the world was at war, first WWII and then Korea. During the other five years and beyond, we felt under constant threat of nuclear attack by the Russians. War, whether 'hot' or 'cold,' framed our existence and deeply influenced our lives. I was never in danger like so many children in other countries, but my life, like theirs, was influenced by events of gigantic proportion.

The Lost Years

Most children do not recall many memories before the age of two. My memory of that time of my life is clouded at best, framed by a loss that had nothing to do with the war. Sometime toward the end of my second year, my mother disappeared. She was gravely ill with tuberculosis and viral pneumonia. Ultimately, most of her diseased right lung was removed. She did not live at home during her recovery and convalescence for nearly a year. I was allowed to visit her occasionally. This isolation was to prevent her from transmitting the disease to others, especially me.

My separation from my mother and my father's later entry into the Navy during the war both directly and indirectly shaped my emotional character and world view. But I am getting ahead of the story. I mention these events here only to explain the vacuum of lost memories during those troubled periods of the first seven years of my life. My mother kept a highly detailed 'Baby Book' that covers much of my first six years. It includes detailed notes about each Christmas and birthday through age six. I have no memory of most of these events, although I do remember some of the toys I received.



My Baby Book

Aside from background and several amusing stories, I am reluctant to use much of that information if I cannot recall it myself. I am not certain where I went, but much of my time was spent in some imaginary world. My mother wrote, *"Imaginative games played alone will entertain Bill for hours. His imagination is vivid. Sometimes a certain game lasts several days."* That is a theme that continued throughout my childhood.

My greatest triumph in the world of the imaginary was the creation of two fictitious characters. One of these alter egos was good, responsible for all of my good behavior. The other fellow, on the other hand, was naughty and responsible for all of my intemperate acts. This, I think, was a clever solution for an only child. As I learned later, children with siblings needed no such surrogates since there was always someone else at hand to blame. My alter egos had names, but neither can be found in the lexicon of person names in any current or ancient language. I would tell them to you, but I have no idea how to spell them.

There is an extensive photographic record. To a great degree, the photographs from that period have helped me reconstruct part of my life that is otherwise lost. My father always had his camera handy. My story takes advantage of that photographic history. It is my life in pictures.

Sounds of Silence

We live in what has been hailed as the ‘information age.’ That blizzard of sound and moving images that crowd our lives, the almost constant contact with the larger world from mobile devices, internet, and cable connections is mostly *not* information, but rather noise; noise that is nearly impossible to silence.

Growing up as a child in the 1940s and 1950s, my clear recollection is how quiet it was. Let me explain. It is not that there was absolute silence and no noise. In my early years I lived on Dana Avenue in Cincinnati, one short block from a main thoroughfare, Reading Road, with loud trucks and clattering streetcars. Later, as a seven-year-old in our house on Dalewood Place in Bond Hill, I would lay in bed at night and listen to the distant warning whistles of trains. Even now, on warm summer nights with the window open wide, I hear trains in the distance passing through Jack London Square in Oakland. It gives me comfort and takes me back to that time. We sometimes had calamitous thunderstorms with terrifying blasts of noise and lightning. On other summer nights the sounds of insects could be almost deafening.



Cincinnati Streetcar

Back then there was a different kind of quiet. In the house you might hear sounds from the kitchen, or kids riding their bikes up and down the street calling to one another. Or a shouted refrain from outside, “Can Billy come out and play?” In the background a radio might be tuned to a favorite program, a ball game, or the news. But here is the thing. That radio did not yell at you, did not command your undivided attention. It was low in fidelity, almost muffled. Something from another world, not the real world that we lived in from day to day.

Our news came from three daily newspapers (morning, afternoon, and evening), the Enquirer, the Times Star, and the Post. Family and friends used the telephone sparingly. All long-distance intercity calls had to go through an operator. People wrote letters instead. The mail was delivered twice daily during the week and once on Saturday. A letter handed to the postman on Monday would be delivered to a friend or relative in the city the next day.



People went to the movies once or twice a week, where they saw the Movietone News newsreels that reported about the war and how it was going. It was a visual supplement to the accounts in the newspapers and on the radio. There was no television.

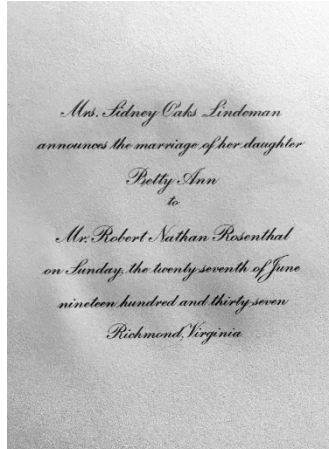
The war was a distant event. The accumulation of thousands of feet of combat film and the hundreds of movies and documentaries that tell the story of that war did not exist then. For us at home, the war was quiet. Even so, it

was a time of loss. Most of the children of my generation lost a parent to the war. For most of us it was a temporary loss. For hundreds of thousands, however, the loss was permanent.

Early Memories

My father worked as a sales supervisor for the Frank Tea & Spice company. The company was founded by his “in-law” family which his sister Kitty had married into. His own father and uncles had founded the Globe Tailoring company, and on his mother’s side there was the Meis Shoe company. Neither of those companies fared particularly well during the depression, and although still ongoing concerns, offered little long-term prospects. Franks, on the other hand, was a thriving business.

My father learned the business from the bottom up beginning about 1933, working first as an itinerant salesman in the South. It was there, in North Carolina, that he met my mother. She was seventeen when they met. My grandmother wanted her to finish high school and would not let her marry until her nineteenth birthday. In 1937 they were married at my mother’s sister Edith’s home in Richmond, Virginia.



Happy Couple-Wedding Day in Richmond

When I was born, we lived at 770 North Crescent Avenue (now Fred Shuttlesworth Circle) in the Avondale section of Cincinnati. This was the same neighborhood where my father spent most of his youth in the house just across the street, 771. I have no recollection of either place.



I have arrived on the scene

One of my mother’s amusing stories is about my father’s over-the-top behavior when I first came home from the hospital. There was much more concern in those days about infants getting infected with some disease for which no vaccine or cure existed. Still, my father...!

“Billy’s nurse for two weeks after arrival home from hospital was Margaret Hodge. On Monday night after we’d gotten home from the hospital Bob dashed in from the office without even a “hello” for Margaret or me. He rushed into the bedroom and threw off his clothes and put on pajamas. He then ran into the bathroom and washed up to his elbows with soap, water, and alcohol, cleaned his nose and kept calling through the door, “Don’t pick him up! Don’t go near him! I’m coming and I want to pick him up!” That kept up for fifteen minutes all the while Billy was screaming for his six o’clock feeding! P.S. Bob picked him up!”



With my Richmond Calisch Cousins, Bud, Nikki, and Frances- May 1940



I have walking figured out

Photographs memorialize a family reunion trip to Richmond, Virginia to celebrate my grandmother, Mae Lindeman's 61st birthday and my mother's sister Edith's and husband Woolner's 20th anniversary. According to my mother's notes, we drove there from Cincinnati with an overnight stay in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. Mother's helper, Rose, came along on the trip. I was one month past my first birthday, and I began walking in earnest on that trip. Rose and my cousin Bud Calisch were the witnesses, and quite excited. Evidently, I was inclined to go wherever I wanted and so was tethered to my mother with a halter.

There is a photograph of the entire Lindeman family at that time. My cousin Sam was the only other child in the photo. Except for my Aunt Edith's children, Bud, Frances, and Nikki, all grown up, my other Lindeman cousins came along later. Including me, there were altogether ten Lindeman and Calisch first cousins. It was a year after this trip that my mother became ill.

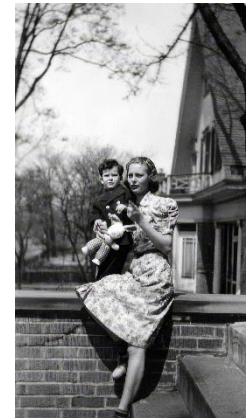


Talking to Mom on the phone while she's in isolation

My first memories are of living at 938 Dana Avenue in Cincinnati. We lived in the first floor flat of a two-story brick house. There was an attic room where my mother recovered from her illness. I could call and talk to her on the phone. Later, I was allowed to visit her but only sitting in a chair just outside the room. They were afraid that



With caretaker Ann Dozier



With caretaker Rose Knobbe



I'm OK



I'm Not OK

I might also contract tuberculosis. The timing of my mother's illness is still vague in my mind. I believe it began after my 2nd birthday. Around that time, I was taking trips and visiting relatives with my father, but not my mother. Other evidence was that my primary caretaker was a young woman named Ann Dozier, who is in photos with me in 1942 and was present for my 3rd birthday.

There is a decided shift in my demeanor during that period. Prior photographs show a happy smiling kid. Suddenly there is a transformation. The smile is gone. There are no photos of my mother and me together during that period.



My Third Birthday Party

member being taken to Seasongood Park, just a few blocks away, across Reading Road. I remember the swings, the slides, sand box, and the teeter-totter.

In my mother's absence, and after, during her convalescence, my care was taken over by a corps made up of my grandmother, Mae (who I called Mema), a long-time family housekeeper, Anna Wedding, Rose Knobbe from Batesville, Indiana, and Ann Dozier. I re-



Attentive Host

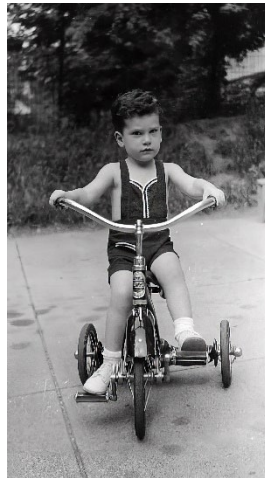
In the other direction it was a fairly long walk down Dana Avenue to the campus of Xavier University. I remember going there on one occasion in late summer. The marching band was practicing in the field house. I wanted to go in, but the door was locked. Rose picked me up so I could look through the small window on the metal door. I could see nothing, but the door was hot, and I burned my hand. Later, we walked



Playing at Seasongood Park



through the stands of the football stadium, and I stumbled onto a wasp nest, getting stung quite badly on my ankle. I had a small trike, and a push pedal fire truck that I got for Christmas in 1941. I drove them up and down the driveway on Dana Avenue. Later I got my first large three-wheeler for Christmas in 1943.



Hot Wheels



On the way to rescue a squirrel

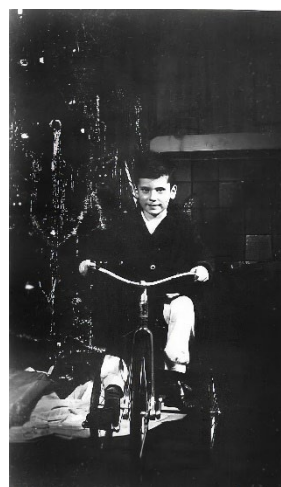
Sometime before March of 1943, my 4th birthday, my mother was still quarantined in an upstairs room in the house where I could visit with her from outside the room. By Christmas of that year, however, we were finally able to be together. My mother resumed running the household from her bed in the downstairs bedroom, where she was mostly required to stay. It was that December

that my father's commission in the Navy came through, and he departed to Fort Schuyler, New York for training early in January 1944.



**Mom's Back for
Christmas 1943**

As a young child I was plagued with frequent ear infections. One was so bad that I was in danger of having to have a mastoidectomy. Penicillin existed but was in short supply because it was reserved for the military. The Schenley company in Cincinnati made distilled spirits. The same process of fermentation and distillation was used in making penicillin, so Schenley converted most of its operation to producing the medication. Somebody knew somebody who knew somebody at Schenley, and I was able to get penicillin and avoided the drastic surgery. Later, at age 4, around my birthday, I had a tonsillectomy that reduced the occurrence of my ear problems. I remember being in the hospital and having as



Traded Up

much Jello and chocolate pudding as I wanted. Our house had no yard, so I often played next door on the lawn in front of the Bragg Apartments. The Bragg was a three-story gray stucco building that had six rather large flats. Over the years, a number of cousins and friends were housed in that building before moving into single family homes. My first playmate and long-time friend, Bunky Harris lived there. His parents, Henry senior and Arlene owned a high fashion women's store downtown. There were two large trees in front of the Bragg, a large oak, and an Ohio buckeye. We had fun throwing acorns at passing cars but never succeeded in hitting one. I picked a perfect shiny buckeye to give my father as a present. He kept it for decades.



Bunky Harris and Me Feeding a Cat



**Playing on the Bragg Apts Lawn.
Note Large Oak in Background.
Source of Acorn Ammo**

In those days, a lot of foods were delivered to the home, especially milk and other dairy products. Milk came in quart glass bottles. Before homogenized milk, there was always an inch or two of cream at the top of the bottle of whole milk that could be poured off and used for coffee. Otherwise, cream came in half-pint bottles. A note left in an empty bottle told the milkman what to leave that day.

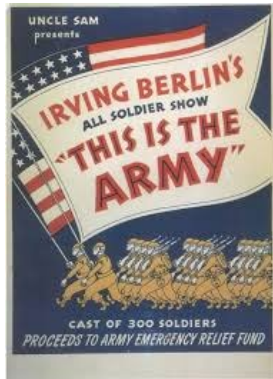


Horse Drawn Milk Truck

Fresh fruits and vegetables were sold by “hucksters” who travelled in horse drawn carts and later in trucks through the suburbs. In our neighborhood, it was the Rizzo brothers. Poultry and eggs were also items that were frequently delivered fresh to homes; for us, by Mr. Vogt the poultryman. Most of these services were delivered by gasoline powered trucks. During the war, when gasoline was strictly rationed, some deliveries reverted to horse-drawn wagons. A peculiar adaptation was the milk-trucks, in which holes were cut in the front windshield for the horse’s reins to go through.

My father was preoccupied with work and my mother’s illness and recovery. He left most of my care in the hands of others. Still, there are some significant moments that I remember being with him. My father’s custom was to visit relatives on the weekends. He managed the financial affairs of some of the family’s widows and spinsters. Since my mother was not able, he felt an obligation to take me around and show me off to the Lindeman family living in Cincinnati and Dayton.

I remember one such outing quite clearly. It was a Sunday in December, and we had gone to visit Aunt Pearl and Uncle Seeley. Seeley was one of my grandfather Lindeman’s brothers. I remember being attracted to something on their fireplace mantle although I don’t remember what it was. Aunt Pearl seemed upset.[†]



We were driving home in our late 30’s Chrysler with a vertical push button radio. The buttons changed the stations, and I liked pushing them. That morning, however, I was told not to do that. My father was fixed on the news coming over the radio. The Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. I did not understand what that meant, but I could tell it was important. It was December 7, 1941, just four months away from my third birthday.

My father took me to my first movie sometime during my fourth year. The movie, “This Is the Army” was not a war movie. Rather, it was a musical that starred future California governor and U.S. President, Ronald Reagan, and future California U.S. senator, George Murphy. Irving Berlin, who wrote the music, appeared in the film, and sang one of the several songs, now considered classics. Bunky Harris and his father came along with us. I have watched this movie as an adult and I am certain that I did not follow the story line, such as it was. I was fascinated by the big, staged musical numbers. Still, at the end of two hours, I was tired and said so.

“This is the Army, Mister Jones!
No private rooms or telephones
You had your breakfast in bed before
But you won't have it there any more

This is the Army, Mister Green!
We like the barracks nice and clean
You had a housemaid to clean your floor
But she won't help you out any more”

And,

“Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed;
For the hardest blow of all, is to hear the bugler call;
you've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morning!

Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day they're going to find him dead;
Ill amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.”



**Visiting Aunt Hannah
Schwarz in Dayton**

There were several visits to family in Dayton, My Aunt Hannah and Uncle Joe Schwarz. At the time I did not understand that Aunt Hannah was the sister of my grandfather, Sidney.

The last trip I remember taking with my father before he left for active duty in the Navy was a ride on the Island Queen. It was a sidewheeler river boat that went from downtown Cincinnati, down river to the Coney Island amusement park. We did not go to the park, we just went on the boat, down and back. I remember as we were boarding, they were playing a recording of Kate Smith singing “God Bless America”, a patriotic song written by Irving Berlin during WWI and revised by him for WWII. The boat was lost in a fire in 1947.



The Island Queen Paddle Wheeler

My Father Goes to War

During 1942 and 1943 I went to nursery school at the Wise Center, just a couple of blocks away from home. The Center was the suburban arm of the Issac M. Wise congregation that had its home

in the Plum Steet temple in downtown Cincinnati. As the Jewish population moved north in the city, away from downtown, a new more convenient facility was needed for weekly services and community activities. The building still stands but is now repurposed for a different religious group and congregation. What I remember most about nursery school was lying on a blanket on the floor during nap time. Much later, it was where my Boy Scout Troop met.

By the end of 1943, my mother had recovered enough to oversee operations of the household from bed, but with strictly limited time on her feet. My father felt able to commit to doing his duty for the war effort. Up to then he had served as a neighborhood air-raid warden. I do not know why we had air raid wardens in Cincinnati. Neither Germany nor Japan had the capability of dropping bombs in the middle of the continental U.S.



Mom Running the House from Bed

Then, in December of 1943, my father received his commission in the United States Navy. From January to July of 1944, he was in training in New York and Maryland, allowing for short periods of leave before he was assigned to

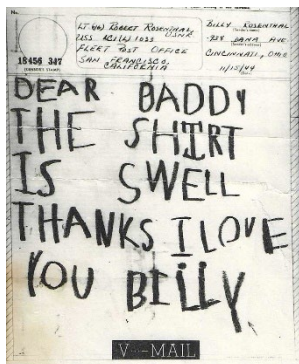
his ship in July 1944. Shortly thereafter, He was on his way to the South Pacific. I was unaware that my life was soon to be radically transformed.



Dad's Final Home Leave Before Deployment

In 1944-45, I attended kindergarten at Avondale public school. My main memory was playing a circle game of "Here we go loopy loo." Suddenly a puddle began to form on the floor below Jill Lauer. For years after she was notorious as the girl who went pee on the floor in kindergarten. There were a lot of children in that class that I eventually reunited with in junior high school, including my best friend, Ed Wolf.

I was not immune from getting into trouble. A new kid moved into the neighborhood and Bunky Harris and I initiated him by urinating on him. My mother and Arlene Harris were appalled. They consulted with one another. Both agreed that a spanking was in order. Mine was administered by laying across my mother's lap as she reclined in her bed. I don't think that I took it too seriously.



I remember lying on the floor in Mom's room writing to my father using V-Mail. He was by then somewhere in the Pacific.

"V-Mail used standardized stationery and microfilm processing to produce lighter, smaller cargo. Space was made available for other war supplies and more letters could reach military personnel faster around the globe"

On Thursday, April 12, 1945, I was playing in front of the Brag after school. A newspaper boy came down Dana Avenue calling "Extra, extra, Roosevelt is dead." I knew that this was important and ran

home to tell everyone. Of course, they already knew. It was broadcast on the radio. I could tell everyone was upset.



Ann Dozier, USMC

One weekend I went to Ann Dozier's family farm north of the city. We were to have a Sunday chicken dinner. When we arrived, the chicken was still alive. There I learned that the phrase, "running around like a chicken with its head cut off" is an actual thing. I seem to have been impressed by seeing the meal dispatched but not traumatized in any way. I enjoyed the chicken and dumpling dinner. As my mother was much improved and I needed less care, Ann Dozier was relieved of her childcare duty. She joined the women's division of the Marine Corps for the duration of the war.

II

Go West Young Man

During my kindergarten year, there were family issues brewing that I learned about only many years



With my grandmother Florence (Nana). I got along with her just fine.

later as a teenager. My other grandmother, my father's mother, Florence (I called her Nana) was a domineering force. She sought to insinuate herself into my upbringing, disapproving of some of my mother's child rearing practices. My mother felt pressured by her, especially with my father gone and when my other grandmother was back in Richmond, Virginia with her daughter Edith.

My mother's solution was an escape plan, motivated also by a desire to continue her recovery in a hot, dry climate. The plan was to move to Tucson, Arizona for the duration of my father's time in the service. Why Tucson? Like



With Mom just before she left for Arizona. I look worried.

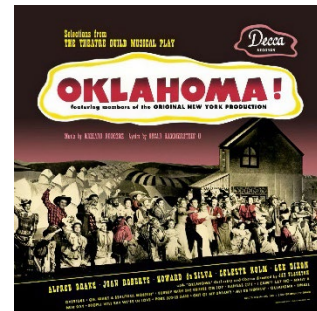
Florida, Arizona was an escape from rugged winters in the mid-West. There were people from Cincinnati who regularly went to Arizona for part of the winter months. It was a logical choice.

By March, in time for my sixth birthday, my grandmother Lindeman was back in Cincinnati. She took me to see “Oklahoma” which by then was touring the U.S. I was enthralled. I acquired my father’s love of Broadway musicals and have been that way ever since. We had the record album and I played it over and over.



**Grandmother Mae Lindeman
and Mom just before leaving
for Tucson**

In April of 1945, my mother and grandmother went together to Tucson to scout out living arrangements. That was supposed to be settled before I arrived. After school was out in May, I was escorted by a hired chaperon to Tucson by train. I do not remember much of that journey, only the roomette that was converted into a bedroom at night. I have always loved train travel, so the fact that I do not remember much of anything about this trip says something. Perhaps I was not clear about what was happening. I am not sure that I trusted what adults told me.



When I arrived in Tucson, my mother and grandmother (Mema) were still staying in a hotel. They had not yet been successful in finding a place to live. That was not surprising. Tucson was a military town. The huge Davis-Monthan Air Base was located there and competition for

housing was intense. The war in Europe had been over since June, but the war in the Pacific raged on. The air base was a training and logistics hub for B-29 bombers that were in wide use in the Pacific.

The El Conquistador, where we stayed, was a resort rather than a residential hotel. It was located away from downtown to the east of the city—an oasis in the middle of the desert. The grounds were lush, planted in tropical vegetation. There was a large swimming pool.



The El Conquistador Hotel, Tucson 1940s

The lobby, as I remember it, was huge with a sunken area that was the dining room where we ate our meals. I remember many men in uniform, and for some reason a song that was played often on the PA, “Long Ago and Far Away.”

Long ago and far away, I dreamed a dream one day
And now that dream is here beside me
Long the skies were overcast but now the clouds have passed
You're here at last

Chills run up and down my spine, Aladdin's lamp is mine
The dream I dreamed was not denied me

Just one look and then I knew
That all I longed for long ago was you

This is an aside, but I have always been tuned in to music (pun intended). My mother wrote about my early fascination with it. *"(Billy) enjoys radio if good music or loud music is on. Prefers our own records and will listen to them by the hour."* One of my first accomplishments was learning how to work the record player (Victrola). At that time, record players used 10 and 12-inch 78 rpm disks that were made of shellac and rigid. A symphony required six 12-inch double sided disks since each side ran for only five minutes. The sound quality was not great, usually with a dead studio sound.

The Great Deception

I was supposed to be enrolled in a summer camp program at Brandes School. (More about that later.) Unfortunately, almost immediately after arriving in Tucson, I contracted mumps. Protocol required that I stay isolated in our room at the hotel with very little outside light. Sensitivity to light was thought to be a complication of mumps but actually would have been a symptom of viral meningitis, a much more serious condition. Fortunately, no complications occurred, and I was over the disease in about 10 days.



Posing at the School

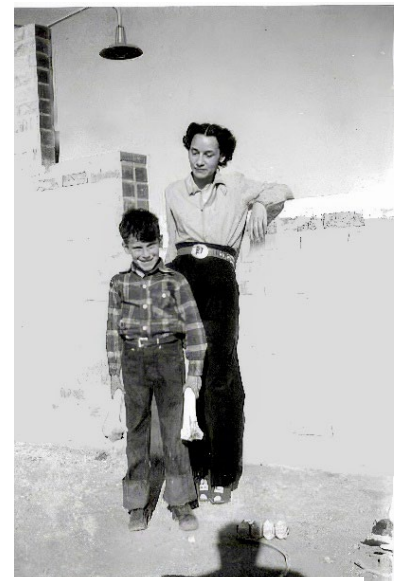
By late July I was able to join the summer program at Brandes. Since I still believed this to be a temporary placement, there was little to dislike. There were many interesting and fun activities. I had some swimming lessons at the hotel. The school used the hotel pool. There were field trips to Sabino Canyon, Colossal Cave, horseback riding, and barbeques on Saturday evenings. It was on a ride in the school's station wagon to one of these events in mid-August that we heard on the radio announced that the Japanese had surrendered. The war was over. In my mind I imagined that my father would come home immediately, and we would all go back to Cincinnati. I did not understand that my father still had four more months of service ahead of him and that I was destined to spend the entire coming school year at Brandes.

The story is that my mother and Mema were finally able to find a small house to rent, but with only one bedroom and children were not permitted to live there. I am not sure that I believed that last part. Nevertheless, my fate was to be enrolled at Brandes School as a boarder, even though the school had some day-students. This was not the outcome I was expecting.



My grandmother (Mema) in front of the small house that they rented.

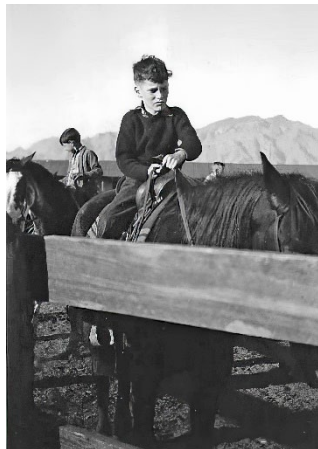
The tale I had been told was that I would just try out the camp program at the school with the option of not staying there if I did not like it. I think that was not truthful. My



Mom and Me at the School

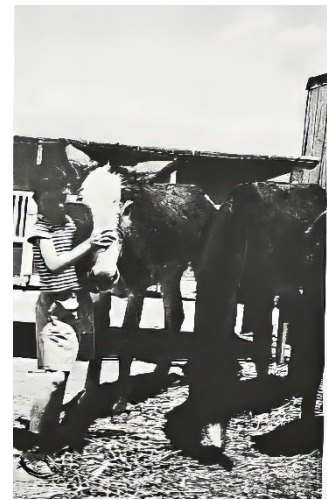
fate had been sealed before my mother even left Cincinnati. It is clear from the school promotional brochure that an advance deposit was necessary to guarantee a place for the summer program and the full school year. That deposit was \$100, \$1750 in today's valuation. That was a significant commitment. My enrollment was not an afterthought. It was planned all along.

This would be a good place to pause and describe the Brandes School. The school was away from town, even further east than the El Conquistador Hotel. It was literally isolated in the middle of the Arizona desert. There was nothing else around. It had been founded by Raphael Brandes and his wife in 1939. It was advertised as a place with great weather; warm, dry, and an ideal climate for children with allergies and asthma. It was believed that children exposed to good climate and a healthy environment would recover from those infirmities. This was a private Jewish boarding school and vetted by Jewish organizations with a number of rabbis on the board of consultants. In those days, almost all institutions were segregated by religion and/or race.



My mother grew up riding and made sure that I also learned how.

The construction was modern pueblo style architecture, with lots of open spaces and ramadas. Many classes were held outside. There were dormitories, a large recreation room, dining room, and outdoor sports areas. There was a strong emphasis on music, arts, and crafts, in addition to regular academics. A bit facetious, but you could describe it as a Hogwarts set in the middle of the Arizona desert for Jewish asthmatics. I was neither asthmatic nor allergic, but that did not seem to matter. I was stuck there anyway. *(The Brandes School Brochure is reproduced in full at the end of this story)*



There were burros and other animals at the school.

Period of Maladjustment

At the end of summer and the beginning of the regular school year in October, I began first grade at Brandes as a resident student. I was in a sour mood. My opposition was both blatant and devious.

The bicycle shed, that protected bikes from the direct sunlight, had a flat roof and easy means of accessing it. Climbing onto the roof was forbidden. I did it anyway. The first time I received a stern warning. The second time I climbed on the roof I was punished by receiving demerits. That meant that I was banned from the Saturday barbeque, confined to the premises on the weekend, and could not visit my mother and grandmother.

Discipline was meted out by Miss Rachel Himmie, a short, stern-faced woman who looked every bit the part of headmistress or principal. Director, Raphael Brandes, was a handsome figure, especially on horseback where he seemed to prefer being. My memory is that he was quite often absent, off recruiting new students I suppose. Miss Himmie, his surrogate, was the opposite of his fatherly and striking persona. She was one to avoid, hopefully with a cloak of invisibility.

The dormitory for the youngest children was in the main house, with an ever-present housemother and other staff to watch over us. In addition to beds, there were chests and armoires for storing personal clothing and other items.

One of my fellow prisoners received from his parents for his birthday a box of one hundred individually wrapped pieces of Fleers Double Bubble gum. Each bite-sized, cylindrical piece, a pink explosion of aroma and flavor that was completely addictive.



Fleers Double Bubble

It was left to that boy to decide with whom he would share his bounty. I was not on his list. The point was made that because it was *his* gift, he could choose on whom to bestow bubble gum benefits. I managed to find a time when nobody was around, climbed up on a chair to reach the box stowed on top of the armoire. I helped myself to just one piece. In my mind, justice was served.

In class I refused to read aloud. Miss Vavasour, my first-grade teacher, was a tall blonde, quite striking, and definitely datable. She was beside herself with my obstinance. I knew how to read. Had done so since Kindergarten. I just was not in the mood to satisfy any adult. My mother thought that I finally decided to read aloud because the rest of the class encouraged me. That was not the case. There is only one reason that I decided to read aloud. Her name was Joyce Goldwyn. She sat next to me in class, and when she looked at me and whispered, “Billy, I know you can do it,” I crumbled. Joyce, I suppose, was my first girlfriend, although neither of us were aware of that. Nevertheless, there seem to be a lot of photos from the school in which we appear together.



First Grade Class: Standing far left, my research associate, fourth from left Joyce. Kneeling, me far left Eddie Lewis far right

There was another girl, not Joyce, who seemed as curious as I about how boys’ and girls’ particular bodily functions operated. We found a bathroom adjacent to an unoccupied playroom and proceeded to demonstrate our respective procedures. We were interrupted by a female staff member, who to her credit redirected us out of the bathroom and to more appropriate activities. Nothing more came of it. Kudos to the staff member, whose name and face I do not remember.

Other than Joyce, I do not consider that I had any real friends at Brandes. As I look at the list of students’ names, I recognize only a few. Eddie Lewis was in my dorm. He was not a bully and never threatened me. For some reason, however, I felt

intimidated by him and generally steered clear. There were two other ‘Rosenthal’ kids at the school, neither one related to me. I preferred being around the older boys and girls, who seemed to watch out for us “squirts,” as we were called.



Tonette (song flute)

I enjoyed arts and crafts, and especially music. Mr. Samuel Fain taught our class how to play the tonette (song flute). I was fairly good at it but never had the patience or aptitude to master a serious instrument, although later I tried piano, guitar, and banjo. I loved music, but did not find my voice until high school, when I was selected for A Capella Choir. Choral singing was something that I could do. Mr. Fain (not to be confused with the popular songwriter of the time, Sammy Fain) got me started making music.

He left mid-way through the school year to take a faculty position at the University of Arizona and to become music director and conductor of the Tucson symphony orchestra. The idea of being taught to play the tonette by such a professional is weird, but also wonderful.

I was evidently good at math as well. That did not last, as math was a struggle for me through elementary and high school. It was not until I got to college that math became something accessible to me.

I learned to ride horseback. Tentative at first, but toward the end able to do an easy trail ride. These were regular activities sponsored by the school. My mother, who had been a horse person as a teenager, enjoyed seeing me accomplish that goal and came to the stable to see me ride.

The January Effect



**Dad is back from the War.
January 1946**

Early in January (1946), my father arrived at San Diego on board the aircraft carrier USS Bunker Hill. It was the ship’s last voyage as part of the “magic carpet fleet” that brought home the hundreds of thousands of soldiers, sailors, and marines from the Far East. He had left his own ship in Saipan. After several days of processing, he found his way to Los Angeles and boarded a train there for Tucson. All returning service men and women wore their uniforms in transit on their way home. Nobody had civilian clothes with them overseas and few took time to buy them immediately upon return. Also, trains were terribly crowded, and priority was given to personnel in uniform.

On one morning in January, my mother snatched me from school, and we went to the station to meet my father. I remember him in his navy-blue winter uniform and running full speed into his arms when I saw him walking toward us on the platform.

My father brought me a present from Shanghai, a teak Chinese junk with sails that worked and other moving parts. What I wanted more than a present was for him to gather us up and take us back to Cincinnati. That was the child version. The adult version was more sensible, but not to my liking. It would be five more months before my mother and I left Tucson for home. In Cincinnati we had no place to live. My father's job was waiting for him, but it would take some time to get back in the swing of things at Frank's. Pulling me from school in the middle of the school year was also a problem, with no clear alternative in Cincinnati.



The Chinese junk Dad brought me from Shanghai. Not meant for the desert.

Short Timer

My father went on ahead to get reestablished and prepare for our homecoming. I was disappointed but began to see that there was a plan and that I needed only to hold out to the end of the school year. I had a target and that made life more bearable. I began to focus on more positive and interesting experiences.

It is still a mystery to me why, but Joyce and I were selected as “poster children” for the school's new brochure (which is reproduced in full at the end). Joyce, I could understand. She was a sweet, attractive, and compliant member of the community. I, on the other hand, was oppositional and generally difficult to deal with. Still, I remember being selected and spending a morning shooting the cover shot. In several places in the brochure, we appear together.

Davis-Monthan Air Base was just several miles across the desert directly south of Brandes School. In the sunlight you could see the endless row of silver tails of the B-29 bombers that lined the tarmac. The war was over, but the military already viewed the Russian threat as real and meant to



B-29 Super Fortress line-up at Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, Tucson, 1945

demonstrate the ongoing capability of delivering a nuclear bomb by long range aircraft. Therefore, training operations continued.

B-29 bombers taking off in a southerly wind would fly directly over the school. Several miles to the north were the Catalina mountains. The planes had to clear that obstacle while slowly gaining altitude. Several years earlier there had been one or two crashes with crews lost due to failure to clear the mountains. That was due, in part, to the early version of the planes being significantly underpowered. By 1946 that problem

had been solved. Still, we crossed our fingers and cheered as each plane successfully cleared the mountain range.

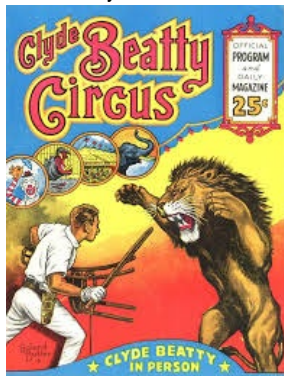
One day we heard a new and unusual, very loud sound coming from the sky. We looked but did not see anything. This happened several more times before one kid figured out that you had to look ahead of the sound. When we did that, we saw the first American operational jet fighter, the P-80 Shooting Star. That was a thrill!



Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star

One day in February, rather early in the morning, someone began shouting for everybody to come outside. It sounded urgent. When we looked, we saw the entire landscape covered in an inch of snow! By noon it had melted away and there was no trace.

My mother met and became close friends with a woman from Cincinnati who was eager to help out when my mother needed it. That allowed my grandmother to return to Richmond. My mother's improved health meant that she was able to take me on weekends for various activities. Rodeo week in Tucson was a huge occasion and we went to the parade and the rodeo itself.



Clyde Beatty, a famous wild animal trainer, brought his circus to Tucson. I was impressed by his work in the cage with lions and tigers, using a whip and chair as his only defense.



Tucson Rodeo

In May, as school was ending, there were final adventures. The school bus and station wagon drove us on a day trip to the border town of Nogales. That was the first time that I remember hearing Spanish spoken and eating spicy Mexican food. I went into a store, and I remember looking at knives in the display case. I was particularly attracted to a sheath knife with a rawhide handle. On the way back to the school, night fell. All the older kids began singing songs. I remember "100 Bottles of Beer on The Wall". It did not take long to figure out where that song was going, and I joined in.

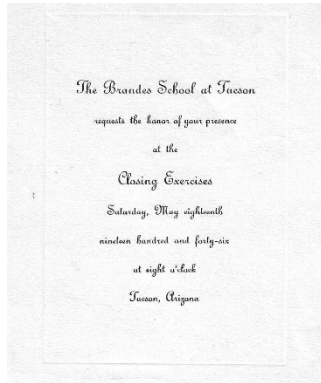


"The Knife"

One weekend, we were bused into town and turned loose doing whatever we wanted, so long as we were back on the bus at the appointed time. Older kids took younger ones in tow. We went off in groups of three or four. My group of older kids wanted to go to a movie. I saw my second and third movie, a double feature; "The House of Dracula" and "The Daltons Ride Again." I liked the western, but the horror movie gave me nightmares for a couple of days. We had to leave the movie early to



make the bus back to school, so I never saw the end of the Dalton movie.



At the closing exercises for Brandes School, 1946, (see pamphlet below). I was awarded a certificate for “outstanding scholarship.” I am not clear how such an award is calculated for a first grader, but it would remain my highest academic achievement until I reached graduate school. In grade school, high school, and college I was a mediocre student.

On my last few nights at Brandes I was moved out of the dorm to an outside sleeping area. I had difficulty going to sleep, both in anticipation of leaving and because one

of the kids was having an asthma attack and wheezing badly.



It was mid-June when we set out by train for Cincinnati. Again, I have no memory of that trip. My first clear memory is driving up to our new home on Dalewood Place in Bond Hill and being shown my own room. I was home at last.



My teacher
Miss Vavasour



Me



Raphael
Brandes



Miss Himmie sees
something in the
distance that she
doesn't approve of.



Joyce

Reflections

By now you have likely deduced the mantra that many of you have heard me proclaim over the years is overstated and lacks nuance. “As a child I was abandoned in the middle of the Arizona desert.”

No, not quite. The experience was both good and bad. As every upper-class British school boy has learned, if you can survive boarding school, you can survive anything. And luckily for me, it was only for one year of my life. In retrospect I can see that it instilled in me a sense of resilience; that I could cope with most situations. Mainly, I could survive without my parents around. That sense of independence would sometimes get me into conflict with them, especially in my adolescent years.

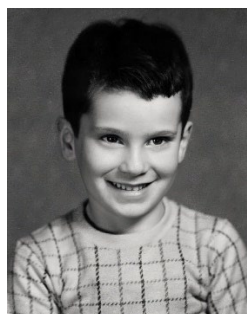
Extra Photo Gallery



One Year Old



Two Years Old



Five Years Old



Seven Years Old



With Grandma Lindeman



**On Uncle John Lindeman's
lap. Cousin Sam with Ruth**



Tethered



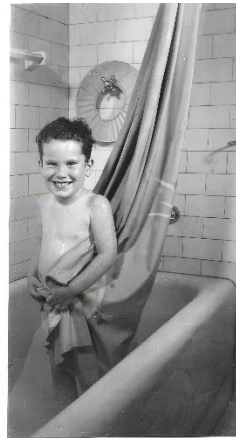
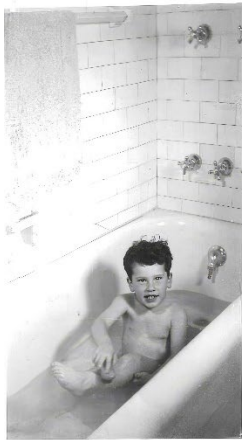
First time on horseback



Hanging out, looking cool



Everybody's in uniform

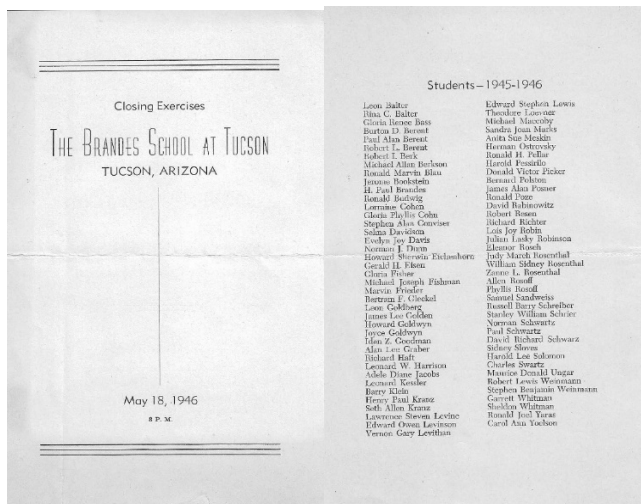


Bath and Bedtime routine photographed by Dad for Mom when she was away.



Tucson Rodeo Parade and Bull Riding

Closing Exercises Brandeis School May 1946



1. Star Spangled Banner	
2. Invocation	FINA BALTER
3. Address	RAFFAEL BRANDEN, Director
4. Address of Welcome	GLOBA FIBER
5. Presentations	MISS RAGHEL HEMAN, Hostess
6. Valedictory	BERNARD POLSTON
7. "Auld Lang Syne"	STUDENTS
8. Benediction	DAVID RABINOWITZ

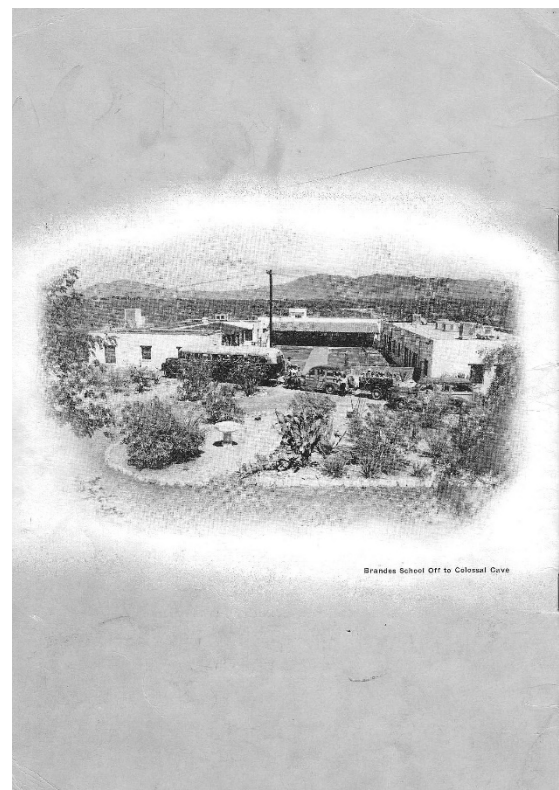
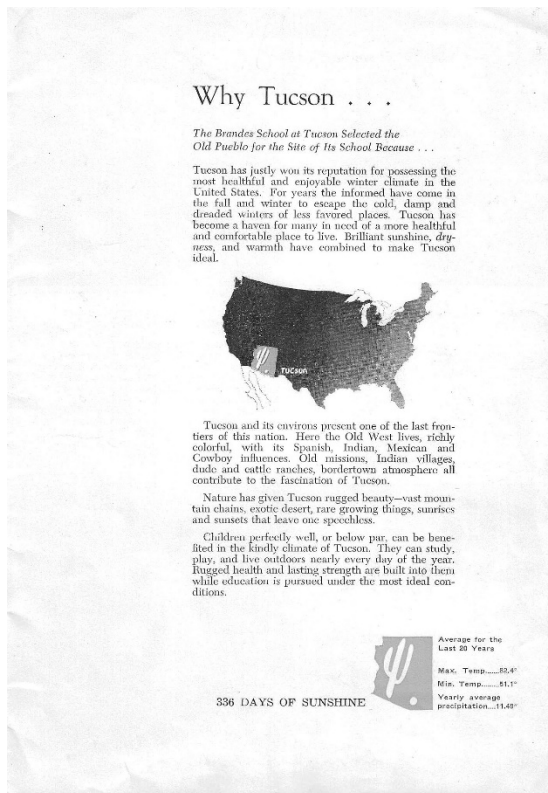
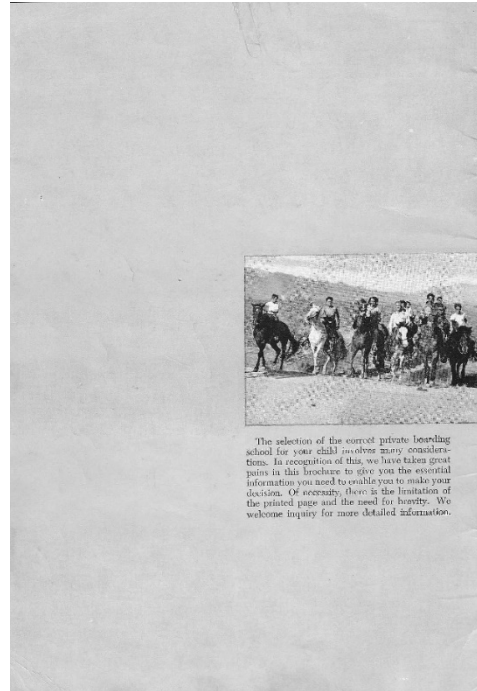
STAFF 1945-1946	
Miss RAGHEL HEMAN, <i>Headmistress</i>	
Miss Olympia Abbott	Mr. Richard Meyer
Mr. Ted DeGrazia	Mr. Delmo Rigot
Mr. Vida Deasey	Mr. Anne Rosch
Mr. Samuel S. Fahn	Mr. William Rosch
Mr. Ehol Fuzell	Miss Margery Vaynsky
Mr. Pauline Hall	

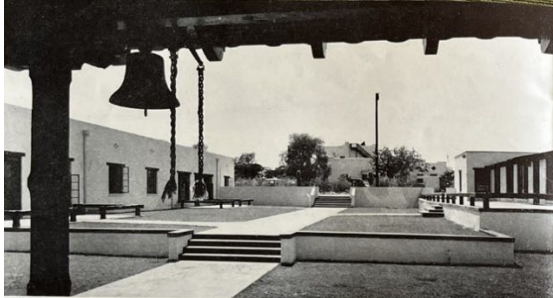
STUDENTS' CLASS DAY PRESENTATION	
This part of the program is a tradition with the students of The Brandeis School. This evening they present some of their creations for your entertainment.	
1. Introduction	GLOBA COEN
2. Carey at the Bat	HOWARD BLAU
Pantomime	HAL SCHWARTZ, <i>Butler</i>
	DONALD PETER, <i>Plucker</i>
	SHELDON WHITMAN, <i>Catcher</i>
	GABRIEL WHITMAN, <i>Empire</i>
3. Piano Recital, "Warrior's Song"	LEON GOLDBERG
4. The Russian Trio	HAROLD FRIEDLAND
	LEON GOLDBERG
	RONALD PELLAR
5. The Mortgage	
Our Hero, Rigot Pencil	RONALD PELLAR
The Villain, Raphael Claghorn	LEON GOLDBERG
The Father, Harold Friedland	HAROLD FRIEDLAND
The Daughter, Tina Endline	FINA BALTER
6. The Brandeis School Gripe Club	
Judge	JULIAN RABINOWITZ
Prosecutor	ANTHONY MESSIN
Forth Witnesses: Leon Balzer, Bernard Polston, Abela Jacobs, Samuel Sandberg	
7. "Ancher's Aweigh"—Parody	STUDENTS
Stagocraft	HOWARD EICHENHORN, Director
Assisted by	HENRY KRAUS, GABRIEL AND SHELDON WHITMAN, RONALD BROWN AND DOCK SCHWARTZ
Refreshments	ANNE BORDO

Brandeis School Brochure



Joyce and Me on the Cover





Campus View From Dining Hall



Boys' Bedroom

The Brandes School at Tucson

THE BRANDES SCHOOL AT TUCSON was established to serve a select number of boys and girls from six to sixteen years of age, from the first through the tenth grades, on a resident or day school basis. It limits its resident enrollment to sixty students. This limitation assures the maximum in individual attention and supervision from the proportionately large staff which works, plays and lives with the children. The School maintains a ratio of one adult to two-and-a-half children. The happy results are a home-like atmosphere and wholesome, personal contact between the staff and students—so necessary for healthy development of character, independence, and a liveable personality. The School is six miles out in the desert, yet only fifteen minutes from the heart of town on a good, paved road. It is situated on a mesa and has an altitude of 2,500 feet. The School's ten acres command a panoramic view of the mountain chains that surround Tucson.

All the buildings and structures are thoroughly modern and comfortable, yet ruggedly western in construction and beauty. The principal buildings consist of the main house, three dormitories, a dining hall and kitchen, infirmary, classrooms, workshops. There are, also, ramadas, picnic and barbecue grounds, pet and play corrals, fields for baseball, football, basketball, archery, croquet, and other activities. The one-story buildings are efficiently equipped with central heating systems, and air-conditioning for the summer period. There are ample bathroom facilities averaging one bathroom for every three students. Most of the rooms have individual bathrooms and ample closet space. The infirmary is a separate building so situated as to assure absolute quiet and isolation. It contains a room for the resident nurse, a two-bed room for students, a large room equipped for medical examinations, a fluoroscope room, and a complete bathroom.

School Grounds



Main House



Southeast Recreation Room

Health . . .

Naturally, good health is the principal concern of parents and the School. Every precaution and everlasting vigilance are employed.

Housemothers and a resident nurse look after the welfare of the students. The little ones receive all the personal attention a mother can give, whether it be at the table or in their bath. There is an adult occupying sleeping quarters within reach of every student. Every week all the students are given a detailed head-to-toe examination by the nurse. Weight and height are checked. A further measure to assure good health is the daily after-lunch rest period of at least one hour for all students.

The School does not accept bed patients or children with infectious or communicable diseases. Every applicant must submit a medical certificate from his home doctor, and also be examined by a Tucson physician. The School does, however, welcome those who are not strong or who suffer in cold, damp, or humid climates. Such children find relief and lasting benefit from the dryness and warmth of Tucson.

At the request of parents, a further health precaution may be had through the regular monthly checkup of their child by his Tucson physician.

The School's results with its students have been most gratifying. The well-planned and supervised program, the rounded, balanced diet, the daily calm routine of the School, and the fascination and stimulation of Tucson have contributed to the success the School has had in developing and maintaining health in its students.

The food is wholesome, varied, and plentiful. While menus are carefully planned for all, special diets are followed for the particular needs of children who require them. Scrupulous attention and cooperation are given to the recommendations of the student's physician. The monthly report to parents covers the health progress of each student. More frequent reports are made where the need for this is indicated.

A child is taught to appreciate and enjoy good health. In a comparatively short time, his will to be healthy and normal is such that he does not talk of his past illnesses or "enjoy" being sick.



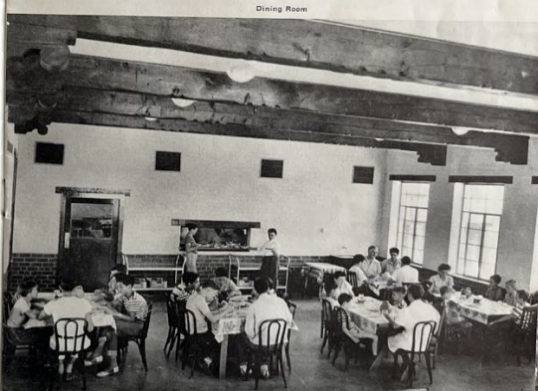
Weekly Examination in the Infirmary



Dining Room



Rest Period



Me in the dining room shot with my arms through the back of the chair. Not happy about being at the same table as Miss Himmie.

Education . .

The School is justly proud of the standing it has achieved in education. With an extraordinarily large faculty, the average class consists of ten or less students. This results substantially in individualized attention, in many instances it amounts to tutoring. The School applies intelligence, education, and other tests for better understanding of the child's capacities. It recognizes that many children from the larger cities have not obtained a firm foundation, and every measure is taken to help the child overcome such shortcomings where they exist. There are study periods both during the day and specialized ones during the evening. Thus the child who is behind or slow is given the opportunity to reach his proper grade level, and the child who is unusually capable is encouraged to proceed as rapidly as his natural abilities permit. Not infrequently both the backward and bright children have developed a distaste for school work because of our smaller classes, the high degree of individual attention, and the specialized study halls both groups are given a new zest and interest in scholarship.

The curriculum is so patterned that children can change from the public schools to the Brandes School and vice versa. While the curriculum required for this is strongly adhered to, the child's education is amplified by work in arts and crafts, music, health and hygiene, and the amenities. Athletics and sports are fully encouraged. These additional features the School offers with the thought that a rounded and healthy child should acquire these progressive skills for better living.

The staff is composed of only duly qualified teachers who are carefully chosen for originality and adaptability to the needs of individual children, sympathetic and psychological understanding of childhood. The staff holds weekly conferences for the discussion and the solution of problems affecting each child.

In short, every effort is made to engender the student's desire for education, to ferret out his special interests, and to stimulate his pursuit of them. There are extracurricular activities such as Cub Scouting for younger boys, camera club, student's council, dramatics, singing, school paper, sewing, and such other activities as the ingenuity of the young child and the adolescent originate.

The University of Arizona is in Tucson. This serves as the cultural center of the community. Tucson, the Old Pueblo, also offers a large variety of concerts, plays, and other recreational opportunities. Whenever possible, these are made available to the School's students.

Both with respect to the educational program and the extracurricular activities, due consideration is given to the individual physical, emotional, and intellectual capacities of each child. There is a constant pacing of these activities so that the delicate or below-par child is not over-extended.

Religious understanding and interests are encouraged.



Classes Under the Sun



Study Hall Under Ramada



Classes in the Sun



Railroad Project of the Juniors

Arts and Crafts . . .

The School stresses its Arts and Crafts Department which opens to the city child a vast vista of new interests and skills. Our experience, like that of our government in this past war, has shown conclusively that there is unquestioned therapeutic value in working with the hands. It is of particular importance to children who are not yet able to participate in the more rugged sports. This activity is also invaluable in helping to calm down the tense or high-strung child and divert childhood energies away from self.

The School has been so convinced of the importance of this activity that a substantial portion of its annual budget is devoted to this department, headed by particularly qualified personnel. A great variety of skills are included in this work so that not only is there the net result of therapeutic gain but also the engendering of new creative interests which will last for life—a positive answer to the leisure problem of adults.

The phases and scope of the work can be infinite and depend upon the age and capacity of the student. Individual projects are encouraged.



Joyce and me going around the Maypole together.



May Pole Party

Recreation . . . It is not enough to say that the School affords a large variety of sports and recreation. Each child is individually studied and discussed with his physician to determine what activities are suitable and advisable for him. In certain cases it is necessary to have non-competitive games and sports, and these are made available. The climate of Tucson makes possible all-year-round outdoor activities such as horseback riding, bicycling, mountain climbing, hiking, badminton, croquet, basketball, baseball, volleyball, archery, paddle tennis, etc. In addition there is

The Whirlway for All



Rugged Enough NOW to Play Basketball . . .

And there is the pet corral with its never-ending fascination for the children. This is entirely the property of the students, each of whom is permitted to have an approved and safe pet. The boys and girls learn to love and live with animals. Thus many important fundamentals of life are naturally and ideally learned. The corral has pigeons, rabbits, guinea pigs, white mice, burros, dogs, etc. Those allergic to animals are kept from them until their resistance is built up to tolerate contact.

Swimming . . .



Pool was at the El Conquistador Hotel, not the school.



Down the Catalina Trail

splendid playground equipment for gymnastics and plain healthy fun. The School has evolved a system of daily specialized exercises to aid children in development of better breathing, posture, agility, and strength. Upon the recommendation of the child's Tucson physician, the School places each child in the proper group based on age, physical fitness, and development.

Indoor activities include hobbies, games, dramatics, movies, music, birthday and other parties, student council activities and speakers.

Saturday is Barbecue Time



Mountain Climbing . . .

A weekly feature of the School is the Saturday night outdoor barbecue held at the ramada. The children themselves are in exclusive charge of the cooking and distribution of food. They follow this with a program of parties and entertainment of their own devising. Horseback riding is also a regular feature, interspersed now and then with breakfast rides, moonlight rides, and pack trips. It is heartwarming to see the rugged and delicate child alike respond to this activity.

and Baseball Too!



Happiness . . .

Civilization concedes that children are entitled to happiness during their childhood. The directors and staff of the school firmly believe in this concept. But happiness must be carefully defined. In the case of the child, it is "that state of mind resulting from a well-balanced program of activities which develop each child's potentialities and capacities; which gives each child a chance to be himself to the fullest extent, thus enabling him to make his best contribution to society." It does not mean pandering nor pampering. Broadly speaking, for the child's fullest development and well-being, happiness is a "must" for all and particularly for the child whose nervous system has been affected by illness.

The School's effective program of health care, education, and recreation has produced gratifying results.

Discipline, of course, is a desired objective. At the Brandes School, discipline is a means to gracious, warm living—not an end in itself. Children learn readily through proper precept. This they receive in good measure in their daily intimacy with members of the staff who can be objective yet understanding.

"Town Day" is an institution at the School. All boys and girls above nine, whose conduct and standing warrant, are taken to town every Thursday immediately after lunch. Students are permitted to attend movies, go bowling or shopping.



Seniors Swing Out



These Children WERE Allergic



The End of a Perfect Day in Sabino Canyon



† I noted that Aunt Pearl was upset on the day of our visit, Sunday December 7, 1941. Pearl's diary, recently uncovered by her great granddaughter, Lori Cooper Smith, has the following entry:

"1942-Japs (sic) snuck over to U.S. and took us by surprise on Sunday. Bombed Pearl Harbour at 7:15 am ... while people slept and some away at church. Two thousand officers were killed...aviators they were . . . Then Germany declared war with us!"

There are some inaccuracies here, but understandable under the circumstances. It was months before the actual toll of death and destruction was known by the public.