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Interviewees: Edward Aberman (b. 1932, High Point, NC;
d. January 10, 2000, Rock Hill, SC)

Mary Ann Aberman (b. 1935, Charleston, SC)

Jack Leader (b. 1946, Charlotte, NC)

Harriet Marshall Goode (b. 1937, Rock Hill, SC)

Martin Goode (b. 1937, Decatur, GA)

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Carolina

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Begin Tape 1

DR: This is a gathering in Rock Hill, South Carolina, on September 21st, 1999, at the home of Martin Goode and Harriet Marshall Goode. We've got some people here who are going to talk a

little bit about life in Rock Hill over the last half-century, and what it's been like being a Jewish family in this town—which is about thirty miles from Charlotte?

EA: Twenty-four.

DR: Twenty-four? What I'd like to do, maybe, is ask each of you, before you talk, to just say your full name and where and when you were born, because that'll give the transcriber a sense of whose voice is speaking, and also gives us some information for the archives. Why don't we start with the first—earliest resident of Rock Hill. So, go ahead, Eddie, and you say your name.

EA: I'm Edward Aberman, A-B-E-R-M-A-N. I was actually born in High Point, North Carolina, my mother's home, even though we were living in Rock Hill at that time. I was born in April of 1932. I have lived here all my life, with the exception of the time I was away at school, and in the army. I have been exposed to a limited amount of Jewish activity in Rock Hill, because we've always had a limited amount of Jews. It was a great town, as far as I was concerned, to grow up in.

DR: When you say a limited amount of Jews, what was the Jewish community like when you were growing up?

EA: First I remember—when we were having some services at the city hall—I think we had eight families. We then got to what we thought was the greatest number, which was, I think, fourteen families. We never had an overabundance of Jewish families here in Rock Hill. It was an active group, a close group, outstanding group. In fact, Rock Hill is blessed with the Jewish activity they have. They were very prominent people, in the sense of prominence as far as achievements, and what they were doing for Rock Hill.

DR: What's your sense of where the community came from? Who were the earliest Jewish people here and when did the families that *you* remember—when did they come here?

EA: Of course, naturally, I always remember the Friedheim family. The Friedheim family had, I thought, been here forever and ever and ever and ever. I think they date back in the middle 1800s. My wife's family were close friends, but we always shopped at Friedheim's Department Store in those days—I did. They had little better shoes and little better clothes, did a good job, and they were in business for many, many years. It was a typically old-fashioned *big* store. It had a grocery department and a hardware department and a shirt department—you name it. It's interesting. The edifice is still there.

Other than that, the only other Jewish family I knew of that—when I can first remember, was a great-uncle of mine named Jake Samet. He lived here and he opened the first foundry and the first mattress factory and the first everything, but unfortunately, I think he was as crooked as could be.

DR: That was Samen?

EA: Samet, S-A-M-E-T, that was my mother's family. Most of them lived and grew up in the High Point and Greensboro area in North Carolina—some up in the mountains of Mount Airy. My mother's family eventually migrated to High Point.

My father, he came with his family in 1900. He was listed as a babe in arms on the naturalization papers. His father was a tailor and he became a tremendous musician—very poor. He was educated at Jane Addams' Hull House. He played with most of the great bands in those days. He worked for Al Capone for a long time. He was a tremendous clarinet-saxophone player. He was a member of James C. Petrillo, no. 1, in New York. He was listed in *Billboard* magazine as the, you know, number one clarinet player.

Everything was great, I think, until he got married, and my mother wouldn't have him traveling around the country. They moved to Chicago after marriage, and then she lost a child. They moved to High Point and, eventually, moved to Rock Hill.

DR: So what brought them to Rock Hill?

EA: This great-uncle owed my father some money and my father thought he could get it back from him. He came down here and he said he wasn't going to leave until he got it back, and we're still here. [Laughter.]

MA: Your father was a circus musician.

EA: Yeah, he played with all the great circus bands in the late teens and early twenties.

DR: Including after he came here?

EA: He didn't play with the bands a—he played with the Shrine band. They gave him a beautiful night, one night. They had twelve thousand people at the stadium thanking him for his efforts on the part of Rock Hill bands. He gave the band libraries to all of the Rock Hill bands at that time. He used to provide an instrument for every child that wanted to play in a band. He was quite a music lover.

DR: Do you have any of his instruments?

EA: I might have one. My sister, I think, has most of them. He had some old antique clarinets and stuff, but I don't know where the rest of them are.

DR: Where is your sister now?

EA: My sister lives in Greensboro, North Carolina.

DR: One of the things that we have been looking for—with not very much success, I might say—are instruments and memorabilia from musicians in the state in the twenties and thirties.

MA: You may have an old clarinet or something.

EA: Yeah, I might have. I've got a lot of old pictures of Dad at the time. I remember when Harry James was giving a concert at the—and my father was quite colorful. He said, “Oh, I remember him as just a tow-headed kid.” I said, “Well, he's not tow-headed, and he's certainly not a kid”—this after I was out of service. He said, “Yes, he was *amazing* on the drums.” I said, “Dad, he doesn't play drums. He plays the trumpet.” He said, “I remember him; he played drums and he was *amazing*. My friend, Dick Robbins, taught him to play the trumpet later on.” I thought my father was hallucinating.

We went to the little open house or whatever it was that they had at Winthrop after that for James. Dad suddenly reached in his—he had gone through his albums—and he reached in and he pulled out a couple pictures. It showed a little boy with drums, you know, and Harry James just got [ed.: sounds like “wild-eyed”]. He said, “*Where* in the world did you get this?” Dad said, “I took it. I used to play with your father, Everette James.” He said, “My son doesn't believe this is you.” He said, “Well, it doesn't look like me, but it's me.” He said, “How much will you sell it?” Dad said, “I'll give you one if you'll autograph the other one, so he'll quit thinking I'm making it up.”

MB: We have that.

DR: You do?

EA: Yeah.

DR: *Oh*, I'd love to see that.

EA: He knew so many of the show people, the old-time show people, the vaudeville people. It's interesting, growing up in the very early thirties. We would have them come by our house—either broke, or not broke. They were a very close group and Dad knew most all of them.

MA: It was fun to go to the circus with Eddie's father.

DR: Yeah?

EA: Oh yeah, we got more than any VIP treatment. We always were taken back to the owner's suite, you name it. Kelly, the great clown, and all were buddy-buddies. My son got to know them all, you know—interesting.

DR: What was your dad's full name?

EA: His name was—

MA: Sol.

EA: Sol Aberman, S-O-L. It's interesting that my father was named and everything he had was in Sol Aberman, and yet, his naturalization papers said his name was Sonny.

My mother's name was Bessie; she was Bessie Samet. Her citizenship papers said she was Betsy. So I'm not sure if I'm legitimate. [Laughter.] I asked my mother why she changed her

name from Betsy to Bessie and she said that they had a cow named Betsy [laughter], and she didn't want to be called Betsy.

My father said that he was a redhead. He said they teased him when he was young about redhead, and he wasn't going to be Sonny with this—so he changed his name to Sol.

MB: He was Sandy MacNab, too.

EA: Yeah, he played with the MacKenzie Highlanders one time. I got this big picture of him in kilts and stuff. I said, "How in the world does a Jewish guy like you play with the McKenzie Highlanders?" He said, "Son, in those days, I was known as Sandy McNaughton." [Laughter.]

He was interesting. He'd tell us about how the people in the nightclubs and Capone would pay them to let them carry their instruments, the musician's instruments out, because they didn't bother a musician. [Laughing.] Get paid just to "let me carry your horn out." But it was interesting.

DR: Both of your parents were immigrants themselves?

EA: Yes, my mother was born in South Africa. She was born in Cape Town. Her family originally came from Russia, but they migrated to South Africa. They migrated to this country about 1914 or 1916, something like that. My father's family came over about 1900. Some of them came over before that, but—

DR: Your mother's family had been in Cape Town for a generation or—

EA: Well, I don't know how many years, but it was a number of years. I've read stories about it. My grandfather was always a wheeler-dealer. They said that he ran a very successful public bath facility and he was in the freight-moving business. I said, "That must be great. He got to take the first bath before the water got too bad." [Laughter.]

He had a brother that migrated over here, and went to Mount Airy. He could come over to Canada with no problem because it was an English settlement. My mother was born and registered as an English, you know. It was quite a few brothers—Samet family—quite a few of them. They're scattered all over the place. Some of them are called something else—Zomets down in Brazil.

MA: But then they moved to Israel.

EA: They were interesting. My father's family were just hard-working, poor people.

DR: How did he learn to be a musician?

EA: How did he learn?

DR: Mm-hmm.

EA: Well, he told me that—one is most of his education was from Jane Addams Hull House. They had what they call a news boys' band, which was very famous back in those days. He learned to play through the news boys' band.

When he was about eighteen or nineteen, he was good enough to go out on his own, and he made quite a name. I talked to many of the old-time people before they died and they told me how good Dad was. My father was—he was a party man . . . a colorful fellow. He didn't particularly like being in business.

He started a Rock Hill band during World War II. He was very active in forming and keeping the Shrine band for the Hejaz Temple. Like I say, he worked with the high school bands constantly, just constantly.

DR: What did he do for a living here?

EA: Ran a scrap metal operation.

DR: Well, that sometimes leads to prosperity.

EA: Well, it led to a living for us. He ran that for a while. Sometimes, I think my mother was the, really, power behind the throne.

DR: She kept him going?

EA: Mm-hmm.

DR: So what does scrap metal exactly mean? He would, what we call, recycle?

EA: Yeah, but they referred to a junk dealer. He had a small operation. He was a little too old for World War II. It was a small operation and he was losing his shirt. He said he was going to quit and going to join the navy; that was what he was going to do. Of course, they had everybody trying to tell him that he was an idiot, and a fool, and everything. Finally, the war production board wouldn't permit; they said that he had to stay in that business.

Of course, there were some terrible rules in those days. He had such a small operation. It didn't have any of the cranes and stuff that you really needed to handle this stuff. You couldn't get the help because help went in the service. As a little kid, I remember working there, you know, just constantly. Contrary to what they were saying, there wasn't any great prosperity in that business until long after the war. Then it got better, much better.

DR: Did he know the Addlestons?

EA: Oh, yeah. I knew Nathan and, of course, his brother and all—very close friends of ours.

DR: They were also trying to make a go—

EA: Yeah, well they—there again, their prosperity came after World War II. Nathan became a major broker of steel, scrap, and stuff. Did—[ed.: sounds like "Bert Gonshock"] and Nathan did a good job for years and years and years.

DR: I've interviewed Nathan—

EA: Did you?

DR: —and he was hand-to-mouth for a long time.

EA: Yeah, yeah. His brother was a professor at VMI—*BPI*.

DR: *BPI*.

EA: He came down and joined him. He was a great fellow. They did real well, probably from 1956 on.

MA: One brother was a doctor.

EA: Yeah, Hyman.

DR: You know that the College of Charleston is building a new library—do you know this?—

EA: I heard that.

DR: —and it's going to be called the Marlene and Nathan Addlestone Library.

MA: That's nice.

DR: The Addlestons are the major donors for the library.

EA: He has done tremendously well.

DR: So talk a little bit about your father's Judaism—how that fit into his life and—

EA: Well, I was told that he was a *horrible* Jewish student. The story I was told is that he jumped out of a window and didn't go back for a long time. He was the youngest child of the family and they said he was just wild as hell. That's one of the reasons he went playing on the road and had to be a good musician, because he didn't have any other place to go.

Naturally, in those days, everyone leaned toward Orthodoxy. Dad could—he had been to Hebrew school, and he could talk. What surprised me—and I'm the world's worst—is that so many people could read Hebrew back in those days, but they didn't understand what they were reading. They just could read the Hebrew. Dad was one of them, really. He understood some, and he could speak Yiddish. He talked to all these different sisters [inaudible] and everything in German and so forth.

Dad was—my father was an extremely religious person and an *extremely* superstitious person, typical show-person. He would not let us [ed.: sounds like “hardly”] pick up a thing on the thirteenth, because that was a bad day. No truck was allowed to go out that day. He believed

this. You had to go out the same door you came in, and you had to walk a certain— Part of this, they say, is show-time, you know, superstitions—most of them are.

He came to Rock Hill and, of course, we were members in High Point. We used to go there practically every week because my mother's family was in High Point. We belonged to the synagogue there and it was highly Orthodox. I grew up somewhat in that synagogue and I really didn't know what I was there for. I couldn't understand the Hebrew and they didn't say too much English. All of my cousins knew everything and I didn't, so I just acted like I understood.

My brother, which was three years older than I was, was—I think I mentioned to you earlier—had been *extremely* sick. He had a rheumatic heart condition about 1941. Doctors were working on him around the clock and they kept saying that he wasn't going to live through the night. I remember this very vividly. This went on and on and Dad, I remember, he kept saying if he could live, he would build a temple. He would build a temple somehow. I think Rock Hill didn't have more than ten families at the most, if that many. My brother somehow—they found out one of the problems with him and he recovered somewhat and they started building the temple. They built this little edifice down on Main Street. As I say, it was built—

MA: It's mentioned in Judy's book.

EA: —sticks and stones and you name it. God knows where it came from. This crooked uncle was the builder. You can look at it to this day, and there's a few lines of brick that curve and whatnot. That's okay. We used to have a pool down in the basement that your mother constantly gave me hell about. We had it waterproofed ten times. But it was interesting.

And we had, for the first time, our own edifice in a Jewish congregation. For many, many years the members conducted the services, and during the holidays they would go to the various seminaries and hire a student rabbi who would come in for the holidays and conduct the High Holiday services. Of course, later, we became part of the circuit-riding rabbi.

....

MA: Didn't you have Jan Peerce here one time, singing for Kol Nidre?

EA: Yeah, Jan Peerce was doing a concert at Winthrop College, and he had, believe it or not, a yarzeit that night. But he was *extremely* helpful. He came over, went to the synagogue and he sang the whole service. It was—I mean that little building, it just *rocked!* It was something that would give you chills. He had a fantastic voice. I remember he was almost blind. He was over at the house for a long time. He couldn't see hardly at all, but he had one heck of a voice.

It's interesting what they did. There was not—as I said earlier, the Jewish community, what we had was just outstanding. Most everybody here was admired and respected. There wasn't a person in Rock Hill that didn't like and respect Ben Leader. He just genuinely was a hell of a nice, good, fine person. Ben Kurtz was the second president of the Rock Hill Country Club and had been active in many, many things. Sam Breen was the first president of the Rock Hill Country Club. My father started the first health board in South Carolina.

MA: Not in South Carolina.

EA: I mean in York County. He was on a hundred different committees. I don't even know what all he was on, but he was given plaques. He was *extremely*—my father was the most self-effacing man I've ever seen. He was an extremely charitable person to children. He used to—he didn't want anybody to know much about it, but the crippled children's school—he used to give the parties four times a year. If it was children, he was very much a part of it. My mother did the work and he just got—he [inaudible] for it.

DR: How old was your brother, did you say?

EA: My brother was three years older than I was. He died in 1953.

MA: He was twenty-three when he died.

DR: So in '41, he was in his early adolescence.

EA: Oh, he was just a young—he went through several different periods in the hospital. He was at Walter Reed for a long time—I mean at Johns Hopkins for a long time, too, after that. Had some interesting—at the time when he had a spleen removal, it was the largest that had ever been removed at Johns Hopkins.

DR: Was he your only sibling? Were there other brothers and sisters?

MA: He has a sister.

EA: Well, my parents lost the first child, before I was born, and they were living in Chicago for a short while. I think that's one of the reasons that prompted my mother to decide to come back to North Carolina. I have a sister that lives in Greensboro and that's it.

DR: And what are the siblings' names—your brother and your sister?

EA: My brother's name was Mitchell Aberman. My sister's name was Leah; her name now is Barker.

DR: Barker?

EA: Barker.

DR: I'm thinking that your father's connection to kids may have had to do with your brother's illness, or maybe losing this early—this child.

EA: Could be, I don't know, but he was always very, very conscious of—

MA: It [inaudible] to do with his upbringing, also.

EA: I can recall a session with my father one time. This has nothing to do with the Jewish life in Rock Hill, but I've never forgotten it. He said that—Dad was on the committee to save St.

Philip's Hospital and he was on the committee to do the Sal—he built the Salvation Army that's going to be torn down.

But he—A. W. Huckle was a very pronounced town leader. He and Dad were very active in many different groups. A. W. Huckle came into the office one day and he said, "Sol"—this was many years ago—"I came in here and if you want to just make this quick, you can give me five thousand dollars to the YMCA." Dad said, "No." Huckle just b—he was a very strong-willed person and he said, "I'm not leaving here until I get a donation." He said, "Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to give five thousand dollars more to the Salvation Army, but I'm not giving you anything for the Y." Huckle got very upset and said, "Your son"—pointing to me; I was there—"he has his son at the Y and you won't donate to it." He said, "I'm glad my son can afford to have his son [inaudible], but I said *no*." At this point it got kind of nasty and they kept using me as a tool. Finally, I said, "No, sir, I haven't got anything to do with this."

I was surprised that my father said absolutely no. I mean I'd never known him to say no. Later he told me, he said, "You know, I don't have to explain when I say no about something." I said, "You're right, Dad, you don't have *any* explanation to make. I *know* what kind of man you are." He said, "But I think you should know that I grew up in Chicago. There were Ys about every four corners down the street. They were substantial buildings. I used to lie on my stomach and look through the steel grates and see the kids swimming in the basement pool. I knew a lot of people that went there, but unfortunately, I never had the money to be a member. I was always the one that watched through the steel grates. Let them eliminate a membership and I'll give them my soul." You know, I had never *thought* about that. It just did not *dawn* on me and it's a real lesson to this day. He said, "The Salvation Army has given me help when I needed help." He had a good memory. [Laughter.]

DR: I think a minute ago you mentioned Jack's father, Benjamin?

EA: Mm-hmm.

DR: It might be a good moment, Jack, if you would, sort of, to introduce yourself to the tape and just talk a little bit about how your dad came here.

JL: My name is Jack Leader. I was born in February of 1946 at Presbyterian Hospital in Charlotte, after my parents had given up on having a child ten years earlier. My father and my mother moved to Shelby, North Carolina, in the mid to late thirties. My mother was born in Liverpool, England. My mother's father was an Orthodox rabbi, who had matriculated from Poland to England and then to New York City, during the First World War. I remember my mother telling me stories about U-boats chasing the boat when they came over. She was only four or five at the time, but they had told her the stories. They lived in the Bronx.

My mother's sister married a man who moved to North Carolina. He was originally from North Carolina. His name was Harry Cohen and he opened a store in Shelby, a retail store. He brought my mother's brother, [ed.: sounds like "English"] from New York to help manage the store. They eventually—this man set up each of his eleven brothers and sisters in a different retail store in different towns in North and South Carolina.

My father had been in the movie business. He originally had had a job with the man who was going to make the first sound movies in New York. Unfortunately, this man that thought he

was going to do that ended up jumping out the window during the Depression, and so he had to look for other work.

He moved to Shelby and he helped work in his brother-in-law's store, and then his brother-in-law staked him in Rock Hill in 1939. They bought a building that had been the Sturkey's Furniture Company in downtown Rock Hill, which was next to the Friedheim building. They started a retail ladies' store and children's store known as Melville's. . . . My dad ran Melville's till the Second World War, when he went in the navy. My mother ran the store for him during those several years with some people who had worked at the store since they opened it.

When he came back from the service, they remodeled, had a reopening. They ran the store until '71, when they bought out my uncle, who had passed away, and named it Leader's. They operated it for several years until my dad passed away in '74. Then my mother and Ruby [ed.: sounds like "Kimrey"], who was a lady that had worked there from day one, ran the store for the next seven or eight years. My mother got sick. Ruby ran the store for another year or two, and then my wife ended up running it until '94. That's sort of how they matriculated here.

I don't know where my father's parents came from. They obviously immigrated to New York. My grandfather was a painter. They spoke *very* broken English. My conversations with them were more like, "What did she say?" or "What did he say?" I mean I couldn't understand them. They lived in New York. My recollections of my grandparents, who both were immigrants—all of them were immigrants—was that I couldn't understand any of them.

Now, my mother had been raised Orthodox. One of my favorite memories is—you have to understand; in Rock Hill in those days, the Jewish people sort of were their own best friends. They sort of socialized in the same group. For instance, on Jewish holidays, one of the Jewish people would have all the other Jewish people over at their house for, like, Rosh Hashanah dinner, or after the fast everybody would go over to somebody's house.

In addition to that, they were all merchants, of course. Almost everybody—Eddie's dad was in the scrap business—but almost everybody else was a merchant in downtown Rock Hill. So you had this sort of strange camaraderie that everything around you was Jewish. But, in reality, there were only a minute portion of the people in Rock Hill who were Jewish.

So my recollections have to do with all of us going to the synagogue on Friday nights and one of the local people leading the congregation in a service. The synagogue happened to be positioned about a hundred yards from the football stadium. I also vividly recall looking out the window and watching the football game when the service was going on, if it was a holiday. I mean it was right on top of it.

Then I also have recollections of—in those days, the Orthodox Jews didn't drive cars on the Sabbath or if it was a holiday like Yom Kippur or Rosh Hashanah. So you would walk from the temple back to somebody's house. It was a very strange kind of existence, but we didn't really know any different.

I do remember that my mother was kosher. One time my grandfather was staying at the house with us and my mother went and cooked me bacon, because I love bacon. But she didn't want her dad to know that she was serving bacon in the house. She told me it was lamb. So till I was about six or seven years old, I used to go somewhere and order lamb and, of course, nobody knew what I was talking about. [Laughter.]

On the holidays, Passover, my mother would take *all* the dishes and boil all the dishes, and clean out the cabinets. There would be a seder at somebody's house. I mean the *whole*

Jewish community would be at your house, or you'd be at somebody else's house. That was sort of a way of life around here.

DR: I want to ask you a little bit more about this store business.

JL: Go ahead.

DR: [Inaudible.] How did your father's brother-in-law—right? That's who—how did he pick the towns that he was sending people to?

JL: I don't have a clue as to how he did that. I think what they probably did was—he was a very bright man—and they probably did their own method of studying where there was a logical place to put a store, because they put them all over the place. They had one in Hickory; they had one in Rutherfordton; they had one in Gastonia. They had stores in Spartanburg, Greenville, Charlotte. I mean there was no real rhyme or reason. And then each one of his brothers or sisters moved to that town and ran that store. And so that was sort of the mechanism that they operated under.

DR: And how did he get what you call the stake? How did he—

JL: Well, he made money in his own business in Shelby and he was a shrewd businessman. So he managed to get enough money up that he would buy—the way he did most of them, he would go in and purchase the property with them. Then he would either get out of it after they were able to handle it financially themselves, or he may not. The way he did my dad was he, in essence, got out of the business eventually, but my aunt and my mother were the owners of the building. So they still owned the property until the economic development [board] bought the building from us in the '90s.

DR: And they were all the same kinds of business?

JL: They were retail stores. Most of them were women's and children's stores. Now, there were a couple of men's stores in the group, but they were mainly retail ladies' and children's shops.

DR: And how about the names of them? Where did Melville come from?

JL: Melville was this man's son's name, and so he named some of the stores after the son. Now, they sort of had—it was sort of connected in the sense that they would do some of their buying together. So they would purchase things for a lot of the stores together. But then as time wore on and as the years passed, they sort of, each one, segmented into their own businesses.

But you see, the other Jewish people here in town—the Kurtzes ran retail stores. There was an Al Kurtz that ran a men's store, and his brother Ben Kurtz, who Eddie mentioned, had a ladies' shop, several ladies' shops. Then there was a man that had a boys' and men's shop, and a pawn shop. I mean they were *all* merchants of some kind or quality. Mr. Friedheim, of course, had the big store. There were jewelry stores here run by other Jewish people. They were all intricately involved in downtown, and they were all involved in some form of retail business.

They were all very, very civic-minded. I mean, Eddie's dad was the most gracious, charitable human being, and *absolutely* would not be idolized for what he—he did things anonymously. I can remember *vividly* some of the organizations he was involved with, and some of the acts of kindness and benevolence he bestowed on people. It was really amazing.

He actually—they lived over next to Confederate Park, which is where the tennis courts were in Rock Hill. I remember Eddie's house was a brick house, modest house, nice house. Then, I guess, maybe, around mid-'60s?—when did your dad build the house over here on Hawthorne?

EA: Probably early '60s.

JL: His dad built a beautiful home over on Hawthorne, which is just a couple of blocks from here.

EA: The dog died and the children grew up and left. [Laughter.]

JL: There again, that's where everybody went for the center of the Jewish—because most of the other Jewish families' kids had started growing up and moving away. That's sort of what happened to the Jewish synagogue here.

DR: Well, Jack, before you tell that, maybe describe your Jewish education and your bar mitzvah [inaudible].

JL: Okay. My Jewish education—the early years, they would pack me up in a car and take me over to one of the other Jewish people's homes here, and they would teach, like, a Sunday school class. I remember Sol did it some—Sol Aberman. Bob Suritz did it some. Then they enrolled us in Sunday school in Charlotte, for a while. There was Temple Israel in Charlotte, which was a Conservative-slash-Orthodox synagogue. So you'd go over there on Sunday for Sunday school.

Most of the real intensive training that you got, though—you had to go somewhere to receive Hebrew lessons. So to study for my bar mitzvah, I had to go twice a week for about two years to a gentleman's home in Charlotte who taught me Hebrew. I had my bar mitzvah in Rock Hill at the temple. About the time that I had my bar mitzvah, we hired a circuit-riding rabbi, which meant that this rabbi, he serviced about thirteen towns in the—I'd say within a hundred and fifty miles of Rock Hill. Each one of those towns would have a rabbi for maybe one day every two or three weeks. So that's who presided at my bar mitzvah.

The rest of the time, your education here was from these men, the families, the men of the families leading the services, whether it be a High Holy Day service or a Friday night service. That's how you were educated and, really, when I think back on it, it's just amazing that they were able to do that. I mean we're talking about twelve, thirteen people—fourteen or fifteen at the most. Most of them had learned Hebrew at a young age. Most of them spoke Yiddish. I can remember my parents talking Yiddish whenever they didn't want me to understand what they were saying. I can't speak any Yiddish today. So I mean that's gone, that's lost for me, and for most of the people of my generation, that's lost.

EA: I remember a few cuss words. [Laughter.]

JL: I do remember those, too. [Laughter.]

DR: What was the name of the temple here?

EA: It was Temple Beth El.

JL: Beth El, right.

DR: Do either of you remember the actual founding of the—laying the cornerstone or—

JL: Eddie might.

EA: Yeah, I remember it, but it was no big deal. I mean, I don't think we had more than six or eight people—families. It was an on-going construction project. It never was quite finished, I don't think.

JL: You have to picture a little brick church with hard, wooden pews that could hold maybe—what? A hundred people?

EA: At least, it probably could hold that.

JL: The thing I remember the most about it, it had this big iron-grated door that was the way you entered the basement. The basement usually had water in it [laughter], which was great if you're a kid, and that's where they had the receptions for different things. But it was a struggle, and these people just did whatever they had to do to make it work.

EA: They would sit around the table and try and raise the money to do something.

DR: From each other?

EA: Yeah. They would get two of them on a committee to decide what everybody else should give.

JL: You know, the other interesting thing that we haven't talked about is they had a very active Hadassah group. There's a picture of these women—or some of them, not all of them—but they had a very strong Hadassah group. Every year they would go around Rock Hill and canvass and raise money and send it to Israel.

EA: Mm-hmm.

JL: I mean, it's really amazing, because people in Rock Hill, in general, they didn't know very much about Jewish people, you know? I mean, when you went to high school here, you might be one of two Jewish people in the whole high school, or three or four.

EA: I was one of two, because I had a brother. [Laughter.]

DR: Mary Ann, this might be a good time—we don't have much left on the tape—for you to introduce yourself and then, describe what *your* impressions were coming from the big city to Rock Hill.

MA: Okay. I'm Mary Ann Pearlstine Aberman. I was born in 1935, and I came here as a bride in 1955.

.....

MA: When I came here, it was culture shock. I had come from a fairly large Jewish community in Charleston, and I didn't really know anybody, mostly, except Eddie's folks. The first time I came here, I was engaged. I came for the first time to Rock Hill—was invited to Eddie's parents' twenty-fifth anniversary party. I was a very shy sixteen year old. They had the party in the basement of the synagogue, and there I was, I didn't know a soul. This very kind, elderly woman came and sat beside me and said, "I have known your family all my life." It was your—Harriet's grandmother.

HG: Oh, *really*?

MA: And made me feel—she was *so* kind, and *so* nice, and made me feel *so* good. She was the only person that whole day that was nice to me. [Laughing.]

DR: This is the grandmother of Harriet?

MA: That's right.

DR: Who was a Marshall at that time.

MA: That's right.

HG: Mm-hmm.

DR: So who would the grandma have been?

HG: Fanny Friedheim Marshall.

MA: She had been a friend of my grandmother's and my great-aunt's and my family's, and it just made me feel so welcome.

DR: You were engaged at sixteen?

MA: No, well, I wasn't engaged. I was sort of going steady; that's what we did in those days.

DR: But you knew Eddie.

MA: Yes.

DR: Where had y'all met?

MA: He had attended The Citadel, and I had lived not far from The Citadel. I guess it was like a prison when they let the cadets out; the first thing they saw is what they took! [Laughter.]

BS?: Oh, *really*? I don't think so.

EA: I played football and she came to the games and laughed like hell, and that taught her a lesson. [Laughter.]

MA: That was before I knew you.

DR: Well, Harriet, first I'm going to ask you, again, just like everybody else, just to say your full name, and when and where you were born. This is to give the transcriber a sense of your voice [laughs], more than anything.

HG: My name is Harriet Marshall Goode. I was born in 1937 in Rock Hill. My father was Arnold Friedheim [ed.: pronounced like "freedom"] Marshall. His mother was Fanny Friedheim Marshall and she married James Edward Marshall, known as Ned in Rock Hill. Her parents were Jewish and they came from Germany. I think that her father and her uncles came from Germany to Baltimore. I don't know why they ever got to York County. I don't know that story, but Sophia [ed.: Sophia Friedheim Beers; see her interview dated September 22, 1999] probably does.

My great-grandfather and his brothers were merchants on Main Street and owned a store that was housed in a magnificent building that was modeled after Wanamaker's in Philadelphia. It's still on Main Street; it's still a magnificent building. It's now a First Union Bank, but they have a lot of artifacts from the store. They still honor and value the heritage of the building and the family.

DR: Harriet, when you were growing up, did you think of yourself as Jewish?

HG: I didn't even *know* of my Jewish heritage until the child, who lived next door to me, made a remark to me that was puzzling. I questioned my mother about it. I was probably eight or nine years old. That was the first I learned of my grandmother being Jewish. I mean I thought she was a Presbyterian! We were all Presbyterians!

I went to two of my great-uncles' funerals. They were both attended by a rabbi and the minister at the First Presbyterian Church, and they were both beautiful funerals. They are buried at the cemetery right here in Rock Hill, in a private spot that was owned by the Friedheims. So, as far as I know, they were dedicated to the Jewish heritage, but they gave money to the Presbyterian Church. I don't know if they were financially supportive of the synagogue here; I *just don't* know. They were very supportive of, at least, the building and what it meant, and somewhat supportive of the education. My daddy was a Presbyterian. His daddy was a Presbyterian.

I *don't* think that my grandmother ever became a Christian. I think she was just—she was just a good woman. I do remember that she subscribed to the *Christian Science Monitor*. I remember that as a child, and I was only reminded of that a few days ago when I was talking to a friend, and I asked him about his church affiliation, for some reason. I don't remember why that came up. He said, "I'm a Christian Scientist." And he's the only person I've ever known who was a Christian Scientist, and I said, "*Shazam!* My grandmother, my Jewish grandmother, subscribed to that periodical."

DR: I don't, actually, think the *Monitor* was a religious instrument. It was just a good newspaper. Does anybody know?

MA: I agree with you.

HG: I don't know. Ed, do you know? I don't know.

DR: But Harriet, socially, were you involved in the same group? I mean, would you have met Mary Ann, for example, when she came to Rock Hill?

HG: Oh *yes*, oh *yes!*

DR: So what was this—

MA: I don't think Rock Hill ever was—

HG: It was not a discriminating community.

MA: —discriminating community.

HG: I had friends who were Jews, but I didn't know that there was any difference in being Jewish and being a Presbyterian. I mean we were friends because we had things in common. Rock Hill was just a loving community.

MA: The only time it was different would be that we certainly didn't—and particularly with children—didn't go to church. And so many of the activities that people participate in at church, the—Jackie didn't, and my son and daughter did not participate in those type of activities.

EA: In the middle '30s, which I remember very vividly, Rock Hill had—I mean I faced a lot of antisemitism—my brother, myself—primarily because this was a very poor, backwoods town. Maybe we lived on the wrong side. I can recall having to fight my way to school and fight my way out of school. Most of it was just ignorance. World War II was a blessing that it took people out, and they found out that other people bled the same color as everybody else, and they met people and saw the world. Many of the people in Rock Hill had never been out of York County, this little area here.

In the latter stages of growing up, I don't think I could have been blessed with any more courtesy and help and whatnot than I was in Rock Hill. My brother was voted the senior of the

year and the president of the student body and, you know, every kind of honor you could think of, and all the superlatives. I was afforded some nice notoriety of playing football and whatnot. But [people] were extremely good to us. I did not see the discrimination then, but I did see it in my early years, yes, a great deal of it.

MA: I don't think I ever saw it in Rock Hill.

HG: I was never aware of any discrimination in Rock Hill. There was just never any difference made apparent to me when I was growing up.

DR: So your not knowing you were Jewish was just a matter of omission; no one ever said anything—not that you were Jewish, but that your family were Jewish.

HG: Right, right. I don't know if my parents made an effort to omit that or—

MA: It just didn't come up.

HG: —it just never came up. But when it did come up and I questioned my mother about it, you know, all this rich stuff just flowed out. Then that's when I became more curious about it and started asking a lot of questions, and I thought it was pretty neat.

DR: What exactly did she tell you?

HG: She told me about my great-grandparents, how they come from Germany. She told me about the German oppression. She told me about—and of course, this was not long after the Second World War, or maybe even along about that time. I can't even remember about what year it was. I guess I was just aware of what that war was about. But people being Jewish or people being Christian or people being nothing was just never a subject in our house. You know, I had friends who were just—they were just my friends. Brenda Kurtz was a couple of years younger than I, but she and I had a love of art in common, even when we were youngsters. She followed me as art editor of our high school newspaper. She and I were friends and her younger sister, Judy, was *my* youngest sister's best friend. I remember Michael Suritz and Alvin Goodman.

JL: Susan Suritz.

HG: Sus—*oh!* Susan Suritz. I absolutely *adored* Susan Suritz. She was—

EA: She was here not too terribly long ago.

HG: She's so funny. Huh?

EA: She was here not too terribly long ago.

HG: I know it, I know it, and I didn't get to see her. She was visiting Ann Spencer. I don't know, it was just a neat town to grow up in, I suppose. You know, I had friends just of all kinds of different families and people. My parents were, I guess, pretty open-minded.

DR: Hold that thought a minute because I want to put in another tape, because I have an important question to ask. [Laughing.]

....

End Tape 1
Begin Tape 2

DR: —the second part of a taping session at the Goode’s house in Rock Hill on September 21st, 1999. This is Dale Rosengarten, and Barbara Stender’s also here as an interviewer. I also just want to mention Martin Goode, who hasn’t introduced himself yet, but who we’re going to get involved in this. The other people in the room have all been introducing themselves as they talk.

We were just asking about other businesses that Jewish families were involved in, and Eddie, you were saying that—

EA: I said there were a few families that came down during the—1931, ’32, when Rock Hill Printing and Finishing Company was originated, and M. Lowenstein operated a monstrous plant here. I specifically remember the Landauers and the [ed.: sounds like “Arculisses”] and—

MA: Howard Gordon.

EA: —and Howard Gordon and—oh gosh, another Jewish man that I can’t call the name of just right offhand. He had a little—his wife—he married late and he had a daughter. She went to Sunday school with Mickey. He died. I can’t think of his name offhand, but there were a few people, some of them that were not active in this community, that were not merchants. They worked for that plant, which was a Jewish company, Lowenstein.

DR: Jewish-owned company?

EA: Mm-hmm. They employed, in different times, up to forty-four hundred people here in Rock Hill.

DR: What about Winthrop? Were there professors or people in the administration?

EA: To my knowledge, we never had any active staff at Winthrop that was Jewish in our day. Today there are several, but I don’t think there was any when I was growing up.

MA: But there were Jewish students for *many* years.

EA: Yeah—

MA: [Inaudible] went from the very beginning. I had a great-aunt that graduated from Winthrop in 1898 or something.

DR: Who was that, Mary Ann?

MA: Her name was Fannie Strauss Pearlstine, but she was Fannie Strauss when she graduated.

DR: And Virginia Moïse Rosefield. Do you know—

MA: I know who you're talking about.

DR: Anita Rosenberg's mother.

MA: Mm-hmm.

DR: What I was going to ask before about how people got along was what was the African-American community of Rock Hill like in those days?

EA: What was the what?

DR: The black community of Rock Hill?

EA: It's embarrassing. The blacks were treated rather shabbily. People just didn't pay too much attention to them. There used to be a stabbing every Saturday night, and they said, "Oh, as long as it's just the blacks doing it, we don't bother with it." There was a lot of racism then. This was when I was growing up in the '30s, especially. It seems as though that people treated them pretty bad. There was, of course, separate everything. Then after World War II, of course, we had many of the federal acts and so forth, but things seemed to get much better, much, much better. I don't think I see as much racism; there's still some.

MA: They had a very big sit-in at Woolworth's, the lunch counter.

HG: Yeah.

DR: Here?

MA: Mm-hmm.

DR: Really?

HG: Oh yeah, that was a historic sit-in.

MA: Yes, it was.

HG: At McCory's, wasn't it? Or was it Woolworth's?

MA: I thought it was Woolworth's.

HG: You're right, Mary Ann.

MA: That's when Woolworth's took out the lunch counter.

HG: You're right. But you know, I have a very different memory than Eddie's of my relationship with black people, and it might be because my family—we were farmers. I mean my daddy had a farm. We didn't *live* on the farm, but he farmed.

Also, there was an alley across the street from our house, and there were three black houses, and they were actually in the backyard of the great houses on Oakland Avenue that faced Oakland. These were built as servants' quarters behind the houses on Oakland. We lived on North Wilson Street. The lot right across the street from us was vacant, and so we could see the houses that were built as the servants' quarters, behind the houses on Oakland. [ed.: sounds like "Lillie Bell Roseboro"] was our cook and her children came and played with me. They were my friends. [Inaudible.]

MA: We had that also.

HG: And we went to the beach for the last three weeks in August and the first week in September every year. Lillie Bell and at least three children went to the beach with us all the time. Lillie Bell would go down to Atlantic Beach and my mother would babysit for her children at the beach. You know, it was just sweet. Not too long ago, one of Lillie Bell's children—was it Lillie Bell's child?—approached me on the sidewalk downtown, right outside my studio, and she said, "Sister?" I said, "Yeah." She said, "You don't know who I am, do you?" I said, "No, you've got to remind me." I think it was Lillie Bell's daughter. I mean, we hugged and carried on like a couple of crazy women and remembered all these sweet things. It was just [inaudible] memory.

MA: But you didn't go to parties together.

HG: No.

MA: You didn't go out together.

HG: No, [inaudible].

MA: There was segregation.

HG: Absolutely, there was segregation. There was a white water fountain and a black water fountain.

EA: I did not mean to imply that we didn't have some great relationships. I was taught to drive, I was taught everything about—you know.

HG: Yes.

EA: People that worked for us, I was very close to them. I worshiped them. But I said that I *saw* a tremendous amount of discrimination. I can recall when gangs of boys would walk down the street and make the blacks step off in the gutter.

HG: I just never was aware of any of that.

EA: Used to be.

HG: Well, I'm sure it existed. I'm sure it was right here in Rock Hill under my nose, but I just was never—

EA: But there were exceptions, of course. Most people that were educated and informed did not depict that kind of behavior. Unfortunately, there was a lot that did do it.

DR: What about in the Jewish-owned stores? I mean, was there a black clientele, first of all?

EA: Were there a black what?

DR: Clientele. Did your father, for example, Jack, have black customers in his store?

JL: Oh, yeah.

DR: What was that relationship like?

JL: Well, you know, I guess it would depend to some extent on the store. I can remember that a large part of my dad's business was black schoolteachers. That's not to say that that was the same element of people that occupied most of Rock Hill. They shopped in the stores. They didn't have as much money as most white people during those times, because of the positions they were in. But yeah, I think that there were a good number of black people who shopped downtown.

I remember Harold Dresner and his boys' and men's store had a couple of black men that worked for him in the store and they had lots of black customers. A large part of Rock Hill was composed of black people then and is now. I mean there's a significant percent.

DR: Do you know what the percent is?

EA: I believe we've got about thirty-four percent, thirty-six percent—something like that.

DR: A third—something like a third?

HG: That sounds about right to me. I don't know, though.

DR: One of the things that's come up, somewhat, in the interviews we've done, but especially in the written histories that I've read about South Carolina, is that from the very beginning, Jewish people were considered white and that—

HG: Oh!

DR: —and in distinction from—

MA: I always thought so. [Laughing.]

DR: —and in distinction from this large group of people who were *not* white. That was the big divide. It wasn't whether you were Christian or Jewish; it was whether you were white or whether you were black.

JL: I think that's true.

HG: Yeah.

MA: I think so, too. Definitely, yes.

HG: I never thought about—

DR: Well, we all assume that because, in our way of thinking, it's obvious that Jews are Caucasian, but in a lot of places, Jews weren't considered the same kind of white people as other white people.

MA: When Eddie got out of the s—

HG: I didn't know that.

DR: Well, it [inaudible].

MA: When Eddie got out of the service, and went to—we were registering to vote. He had gotten out of the service and we had to fill in race and he put Caucasian. The little woman who was taking the piece of paper said, "You can't fool me, Eddie Aberman. I know you're white!" [Laughter.]

....

DR: Why did you say, Jack, that you agreed with that? That there was a—that the racial, kind of, divide sort of overwhelmed any other—

JL: Well, whether you were Jewish or not Jewish, it was still a world in which black people had a secondary role. We didn't get into integration till we got through *Brown v. Board of Education* and Dean Figg. Unfortunately for Dean Figg—handled the losing side of a great case. He was from Charleston; he was the dean of the law school when I was there. [Ed.: Robert Figg, dean of University of South Carolina Law School.]

MA: His sister was a Tobias.

DR: This is Robert Figg?

MA: Mm-hmm.

JL: Mm-hmm. So I mean—

DR: And his sister was—

MA: Was Sally Tobia—his *wife* was Sally Tobias.

DR: His wife was Sally Tobias, who was T. J. Tobias's—

MA: Thomas Tobias' sister.

DR: Thomas Tobias' sister.

JL: It was a state of life. I don't think it was any different here than it was in any other place in the world. I mean, I know northern people like to think that they didn't go through segregation and integration, and we did, but that's just not true. That was just a state of life.

DR: So what do you mean by Dean Figg was on the wrong side? What—

MA: He argued the case.

JL: Dean Figg was on the losing side [inaudible] Supreme Court.

DR: He was involved—

JL: [Inaudible]—

MA: In the Supreme Court he represented the board of education.

JL: For segregation.

MA: For segregation.

JL: To continue segregation.

DR: In South Carolina?

JL: Well, actually, it [inaudible]—

MA: Whatever the case was, but—

EA: It was going to have national precedence.

DR: The case was in Kansas.

JL: Right.

DR: *Brown versus the Board of Ed—*

JL: But he handled the case as it applied.

MA: In Clarendon County. There was a Clarendon County lawsuit.

DR: Okay. That *started* it.

MA: That started it.

DR: That was before *Brown*.

MA: That was the case that he argued and lost.

HG: [Inaudible.] That started in South Carolina.

DR: Mm-hmm, it did.

MA: Yes, Clarendon County. It was very—

HG: [Inaudible.]

DR: And Thurgood Marshall—

MA: Was on the other side.

JL: He was on the other side. Otherwise, if it had ended up a different way, Dean Figg may have been on the Supreme Court.

MA: Thurgood Marshall—

HG: And where is Dean Figg now?

MA: He died.

JL: He passed away.

HG: Oh. God rest his soul.

EA: [Ed.: sounds like “I favored Abraham Lincoln.”]

MA: He was my father’s best friend. They played golf every Saturday.

EA: I used to play with them every other one. He did not have a lot of compliments about my golf game. [Laughter.]

DR: Would any of you say that the Jewish merchants had kind of a different relationship with their black clientele?

JL: Let me explain something to you this way. My dad was a fisherman. The man that cooked for the people that lived next door to me—his name was [ed.: sounds like “Lawrence Knightner”]. He could cook and he could work and he could fix and he could do anything. He was a black man. That’s who my dad fished with. He didn’t give a damn—

EA: They were totally companions.

JL: He didn’t give a damn where they went or what they did. Lawrence Knightner and he went fishing. Now, lots of places they went, they wouldn’t let Lawrence Knightner in the place. But they ev—they went to Santee, fishing together. I mean they went everywhere, fishing. So I don’t think my dad considered Lawrence Knightner any different than he did anybody else on this planet. I think that’s—now, that may have just been my dad, or that may have been the mindset; but I know that that happened with lots of people.

MA: But it was always everybody had a pet, a pet person.

JL: Right. [Ed.: sounds like “It wasn’t everybody”]. [Inaudible.]

HG: It was not universal.

MA: It was not—you didn’t think that about everybody, but everybody had somebody that raised them.

HG: It’s a personal relationship—somebody that you loved.

MA: Somebody that raised them.

HG: Somebody that you had something in common with. I think that that crosses racial barriers. I mean, it’s not just—

MA: But that’s a very personal thing.

HG: It *is* a personal thing.

MA: It has nothing to do with how people felt about integration or segregation.

HG: [Inaudible.]

MA: It was just a southern thing.

DR: But you know, Mary Ann, in Charleston, people said that the Jewish merchants, maybe because they did have more of a black clientele—you know, the uptown merchants—

MA: Yeah, I know.

DR: —treated black people with more respect, at least in the stores.

MA: They did, but they charged them more.

DR: Now, I've never heard that.

MA: Well, you're hearing it. I'm not going—I mean, just as a general rule. But that's often true in poorer neighborhoods. It isn't necessarily a racial thing. It's just that you get higher prices for the same goods in poorer neighborhoods.

DR: But do you think that any of that would be true in Rock Hill, or is that just in a bigger city like Charleston?

MA: And I don't think that was a Jewish thing; that was just a thing.

EA: When I was growing up, basically, the blacks more or less shopped in the black shops, the ones that catered to blacks. There again, Harold Dresner—OK Boys and Men's or Pawn Shop, whatever you call it—they would have probably eighty percent black clientele. They had black people that handled their customers. Some shops on Trade Street—the [ed.: sounds like "Rosoffs and the Troutmans"] and whatnot—they had mostly black clientele.

They sold generally a much lower and cheaper type of merchandise. You did not see that many blacks going into Friedheim's. You did not see that many blacks going into a good drug store or—

MA: [Inaudible.]

EA: —or any of those places. You saw them going into Gathings Drug Store, which was a black drug store on Trade Street, now on Black Street. It was the exception rather than the rule for quantities of blacks to shop at predominantly white stores when I was growing up. It was just not done. When I'd go through Friedheim's, I would rarely see a black shopper. Not that they weren't encouraged, and not that they were treated [inaudible]—I don't know. It could be that they felt more comfortable at those shops they were in. But in Rock Hill the predominant black business was done by, predominantly, those merchants that catered to them.

I was typical—young once. I was an adjutant in the ordinance, and I got a pass to come to Rock Hill. I had a headquarters detachment under me and I had a young black fellow, who had two master's degrees and he was working on his Ph.D. He was the most *outstanding* young fellow I'd ever met. He worked there in our detachment and he was going to go to Charlotte. He asked if he could ride with me. I said, "Certainly, I'd enjoy that." The service had just been integrated.

We started out and I was at Fort Meade, Maryland. By the time we got to Richmond, we wanted to get something to eat. They wouldn't let me go into a drive-in with him in the car, just to eat. They kept—I felt so *horrible*, so maligned by what that was.

HG: Mm-hmm, because he was your friend.

EA: That here this fellow was so outstanding these people couldn't hold his coat. Yet they wouldn't let him buy their merchandise. We managed to make do different ways, but it was tragic. From that day on I've never forgotten that. I couldn't have faced what he did. It was a lesson in reality. Blacks did not have a real bountiful life in those days.

HG: No.

DR: Eddie, what made you so sensitive to this?

EA: What made me so sensitive to the black and white?

DR: Yeah. It sounds to me like you had more, you know, even, as you said, as a typical, young guy, you had more sensitivity about—

EA: Of course, I probably share some of my father's thoughts about children and young people. I primarily, in the last thirty years, worked with handicapped and blacks and so forth—more than that. I started the vocational rehabilitation, you know, here in Rock Hill. I say started—I was one of the founders of it. We finally got some group homes and we're—

MA: For the mentally retarded.

EA: —handling it. Mary Ann has done a magnificent job. She's chairman of the board of disabilities. We're going to have a party next week, which we have every year; we have two parties. It's going to be several hundred people, handicapped people, at this party, which we're going to cook and have everything. You'll see them, black and white and handicapped; it takes a strong stomach.

They have a ball, and it's just beautiful, what you see. And some of these people are as old as we are, and some of them are just children still. I think it gives you a certain amount—values of people and so forth, and I guess I took a lot of it from my father. He was not—he grew up in areas of segregation, but I don't think he was a racist by any means. That was just the way things were.

DR: Do you think he thought of himself as a southerner?

EA: My father? Oh yes, he loved the South. He loved Rock Hill. He *loved* Rock Hill. He would *fight* you for Rock Hill. When he had hair, it was red [laughter], and he had a temper to match it, but he *loved* Rock Hill. He used to tell us Rock Hill had been so good to us and him and everything, and we [ed.: sounds like “would need”] to put everything back.

BS: Do you think being Jewish in some way influenced that feeling?

MA: Probably.

EA: Hmm?

MA: I think so. I think it does to all of us, probably.

EA: I don't think anybody likes to see unfairness and unjustness and so forth.

MA: I know I would like to see them take that [Confederate] flag down off the state house, because I would not like to see the swastika up there.

HG: Oh, [inaudible] never even imagine [inaudible] comparison.

MA: I do compare them though, if it's that offensive to people.

HG: Yeah.

MA: If it offends somebody, why do it?

HG: I know it. Yeah, you're right. [Inaudible.]

EA: Well, it's so ridiculous. It's such a triviality. They're making a great deal of national publicity out of a triviality; it's not worth it.

HG: It's embarrassing to the state.

EA: It really is. That's as bad as Thurmond when he says, "If you appoint me, I will not run for re-election. I will not serve another term."

HG: Strom said that?

MA: He said that when he was the first person ever to be elected to a federal office on a write-in vote.

HG: That's true.

MA: He said, "If you vote for me, I promise not to run in a regular election, if you will vote for me now." That was in 1952.

EA: I don't think he's going to run for the next one.

MA: He might. He just might. [Laughter.]

EA: This is wonderful, but you know, it's two hours past my bedtime.

DR: I know, I know. And I'm going to catch you tomorrow. [Laughing.] I couldn't—it was such a great setup. I mean, Sister did such a [laughs] good job getting everybody here. I've honestly never tried to interview a lot of people at once, but I think it's wonderful. I really think this is an extraordinary community.

HG: It's pretty amazing.

EA: Jack is a lawyer, and he knows how to [inaudible] some interviews.

MA: I think it's an extraordinary community, too.

HG: I think it is too, Mary Ann.

MA: I don't think I have ever felt—

DR: I want to ask Martin one question—because you're the newcomer, the new kid on the block, even after Mary Ann.

JL: Be careful, she wants to get you on the record, Martin.

MA: Yeah. You have to say who you are, and how old you are.

DR: Yeah, say who you are and where and when you were born. Then just tell me what your impressions were when you came into this community. Did it seem different from where you'd been before?

MG: Okay. I'm Martin Goode and I'm married to Harriet Marshall Goode, which was the best day of my life, when I married her. I grew up in Covington, Georgia, a town smaller than Rock Hill, and a lot, probably, like Rock Hill. It had very few Jewish families. As far as I know, they were mostly merchants. They were very well-respected people in the community, and I was fortunate enough to have parents who respected all people. It didn't matter what your religion or your race, and that was a little unusual. I saw some of the same prejudice that Eddie talked about, as a kid in Georgia.

I came to Rock Hill because of getting a job out of college and I've loved it. To me, it was pretty much like home. It's been a wonderful experience. Since we're talking about Jewishness, I just have to editorialize a little bit. I am the only person in this room who, as far as I know, has absolutely no Jewish ancestry, but if I did, I would be very proud of it.

I have a Jewish friend here in Rock Hill and we have a constant debate—I'm talking about Irwin—about why Jewish people are so smart. [Laughs.] I was born into a very musical family and so most of the great musicians that I heard as a kid, so many of them were Jewish. Then I learned that so many scientists were Jewish, and so many people who have made such great contributions to our society were Jewish. My theory was that, as a group, they're just smarter than most people, but my friend, who is Jewish, says, "Well, I'll take the other point of view. Maybe it's because the family is so strong, traditionally, in the Jewish community, that we teach our children values and to appreciate education and achievement from an early age." I say, "Well, that's an interesting theory and I'm sure it contributes," but whatever the reason, I have

respected, admired, and had Jewish friends all my life. The fact that Harriet is partly Jewish is just icing on the cake, as far as I am concerned.

DR: Do you think your attitude is typical or—

MG: I'm not so sure. I'm not so sure. I would hope that the world is moving toward more brotherly love and understanding and tolerance, but we have so many ignorant people who—we live in the greatest country, perhaps, that has ever been on the face of the planet, and we value our freedom so much that you have the freedom to succeed and you have the freedom to fail. You have the freedom to make a miserable mess out of your life in this country, because there's nobody standing over you that makes you toe the line. We have so many people who are so ignorant and who are failing and that's—to me the jury is still out on whether our two hundred and forty year old experiment in self-government is ultimately going to make it or not. I want to be an optimist and think that we will, but we've got a long way to go. But thank God that everybody in this room has similar values and feelings about—

DR: You were raised Presbyterian?

MG: Methodist actually, but there isn't a nickel's worth of difference. The form of church government is different, but the theology's roughly the same. But we all started out with Adam and Eve and Moses and—

MA: That was [inaudible] because if you go back far enough, we'll find some Jewish blood in you. [Laughing.]

MG: Our heritage was exactly the same until some guy who came along, and some folks thought he was divinity and some said, "No, he was a good fellow, but maybe not." So that doesn't bother me.

DR: So you didn't have any of the culture shock that [laughing] Mary Ann's describing, coming to Rock Hill.

MG: No, because I'm a small town boy. This was fine; this was fine with me.

MA: I had culture shock. I came here and I couldn't find some of the things I took for granted in Charleston. So I wanted to go back to Charleston.

HG: I can imagine a woman moving from a city to Rock Hill would be much more difficult than a man living in Rock Hill.

MA: I have to tell you, when I came here I was never a cook, and I knew how to make one dessert. I was having your mother and father and Aunt Peggy and Ben Kurtz coming to my house for dinner.

DR: That's Jack's mother and father.

MA: Mm-hmm, Jack's mother and father coming to my house for dinner and I only knew how to make this one dessert, which was a lemon icebox cake, and it called for ladyfingers. I went to the store and they didn't have ladyfingers. They had never heard of ladyfingers, other than on ladies hands. [Laughter.] I just came all unglued and didn't know what—my beautiful dinner party. I wasn't going to be able to have a dinner party because I couldn't have a dessert because I didn't [laughing] know how to make anything but this. And Eddie made a pecan pie and saved the day.

EA: All I know is that Mary Ann was such a brat.

MA: I wanted to go home where they knew what ladyfingers were. [Laughing.]

EA: She was a real spoiled brat when she came here [laughter], and she was truly great. Jack's mother—

MA: Bless her heart.

EA: —who was very, very strong-willed person, believe me—

MA: I don't know what I would have done without her.

EA: —she would say—you tell— I shouldn't say this on tape, but I remember one time, she called me at the office and said, “You get your big ass down here right now [laughter] and start”—this was typical Miriam Leader. She was something else. “Yes, ma'am.” [Laughter.]

DR: What did she want you to do?

EA: Wanted me to move some stuff [inaudible].

MA: We were moving in our house.

EA: I was working, trying to earn a living. [Laughter.] She did not mince words too much. She really prodded Mary Ann into being a little more open. Mary Ann was very introverted. Everybody said she was just stuck up. Actually, she didn't know what the hell to say. [Laughs.] But you had some good friends that took you by the hand.

MA: They really did. I'd still be sitting there.

JL: You know, I think there's one difference. There's a *lot* of difference in coming from a Jewish community and moving here, but growing up here and being Jewish—my parents, I would say, lived in a form of a, what I would call a clique, in the sense that their close friends were Jewish. My generation was not that way. My close friends actually were not Jewish, and the reason for that was because there weren't any Jewish people here to be close friends with, basically, [inaudible]—

EA: I was going to say, when I grew up, the only one that I—and most of the time I didn't care for him—was my brother and that was it. I dated all the Christian girls because there wasn't any Jewish girls for me to date. One girl I went with a good while—right cute—she went to First Baptist Church and they didn't want her to date until after church. I'd go to church services and listen to Reverend [ed.: sounds like "Hawk"] talk and we'd go out afterwards, you know, and whatnot. I was a pretty good church member; you just couldn't tell. Now, there wasn't any Jewish people in Rock Hill for me, my age and generation.

JL: I distinguish between growing up in a Charleston or a Charlotte or even a Columbia, versus all the other towns across the state, these two states.

DR: Well, just one last question. Would any of you three, let's say, have married a non-Jewish person? Or was that something that you thought about at all? You would have.

EA: I would have in a heartbeat. None of them would say yes. [Laughter.]

MA: Your folks wanted you to marry a nice, Jewish girl, and all you did was marry a girl! [Laughing.]

EA: They were [inaudible] with me because I married a Reform Jewish girl.

MA: They didn't consider me Jewish. [Laughter.]

EA: And she really wasn't.

MA: And I wasn't nice.

EA: She was an imitation Jew, that's all. [Laughter.]

BS: She wasn't Jewish enough?

MA: Mm-mm [no].

JL: The problem is not whether you would marry somebody who's not Jewish. The problem comes into the next tier, which is marrying somebody that's not Jewish is no big deal, but what are you going to do with your kids? That's when it gets to be the crucial issue. My wife was not Jewish and she converted, but it's a whole another level when you start talking about, well, you know, you're going to have children and how are you going to raise them, and whether you raise them Jewish or you raise them Christian. You've got to raise them one way or the other, because if you don't, then they have nothing.

MA: They'll be very confused, otherwise.

DR: Was your wife's conversion important to you, in terms of whether you would get married or not, because of the kids?

JL: Yeah, uh-huh. If it wasn't, I'd be Presbyterian now.

DR: In other words, you would have gone the other way.

JL: Yeah, I think if it didn't matter to you, ultimately, and you were going to marry somebody because you loved them, then it wouldn't matter what religion you were. But when you get to the next level, you start having incredibly difficult problems.

EA: My son married his wife, who was Episcopalian. They married and, of course, there was never any—

MA: She converted.

EA: I know, but it wasn't a condition of anything, and she continued—in fact, she still kept her name, MacDonald. But anyway, after they were married for a couple of years or so, she decided she wanted to convert.

MA: She converted before they were married.

EA: I thought it was after.

MA: She had a bat mitzvah when she was eight-and-a-half months pregnant with Kate, but she converted before they were married or Rabbi Rosenthal would not have married them.

DR: So in both of your families, there actually have been conversions *into* Judaism.

MA: My sister's two sons now have married girls who are Episcopalian, and their children probably will be raised as Episcopalians. One of the boys has a little girl and twins on the way. I'm sure that the little girl has been christened, and I'm sure the twins will be. The other son has no children. He lives here.

BS: But your son's children are being raised Jewish?

EA: Do you know Gary?

MA: Yeah, well, their mother is Jewish.

JL: [Inaudible.]

EA: Gary Lemel?

JL: Yeah, sure.

EA: Nice boy.

MA: It's hard on my sister.

DR: Everybody's leaving in a little while.

JL: Yeah—I've got to leave in a little while.

DR: I'm going to turn the tape recorder off.

EA: I have to get up for a four o'clock appointment tomorrow afternoon.

DR: Oh. [Laughter.]

MA: I have to go to [ed.: sounds like "Bill Hall"].

DR: Let me officially thank everybody, because this was really great.

END OF TAPE