

INTERVIEW
of
Mrs. Ethel Reisberg Schectman
On the Home Front

Mr. Cox: Today is March 24, 2001. My name is Floyd Cox. I am a volunteer at the National Museum of the Pacific War in Fredericksburg, Texas. As part of our Oral History Program we are interviewing Mrs. Ethel Reisberg Schectman. Thank you very much for taking the time to do an oral history with us, Ethel. We certainly appreciate it. If I might I would like to start out by asking you a few questions regarding your background. Where you were born; when you born; your mother and father, where they were born and your education and we will just take it from there.

Mrs. Schectman: My parents were both born in Poland. My father served in the Polish Army in the First World War. After the War, the part of Poland that he lived in was given to Russia and a year later he was drafted into the Russian Army. My father, not wanting to go into the Russian Army, married my mother in Poland and he emigrated to the United States in 1924.

Two years earlier in 1922, they passed the McCarren Act which severely restricted emigration from that part of the world. My mother did not have a Visa to come to the United States and they were separated for seven years until my father could become a citizen. It took seven years at that time. So in 1931, he became a citizen and my mother came to the United States. I was born on February 19, 1932 and my brother was born October 25, 1933. Because we were in the heart of the depression, that was the extent of our family.

Mr. Cox: Where were you born, Ethel?

Mrs. Schectman: I was born in New York City. My father had some relatives there that he was able to stay with when he first came. He saved up some money so that he could afford to have a home for my mother by the time she came. It was kind of a sacrifice, but it was very well worth-while now that we look

back because my father was the youngest of eight children. My mother was the youngest of six children. My father, at the end of World War II, had one sister that survived the holocaust and my mother had one brother who survived the holocaust. All the rest of the families, I never knew. Growing up I never had any aunts or uncles or first cousins or grandparents. They all stayed in Europe and they all died in Europe.

Mr. Cox: Did they die in concentration camps?

Mrs. Schectman: Probably. But we just don't know. I assume so. I believe my grandparents probably died before that. Just because given their age. But I am sure that all my aunts, uncles, cousins, they would have all died probably in Auschwitz. Because from Poland that is where most of the people went to.

I remember the War years real well. I was not quite 10 years old when Pearl Harbor came. I remember standing in line to buy nylon stockings for my mother because they would announce in the paper that a certain store would have it. You would stand in line for an hour and a half and get one pair. None of us smoked, so we didn't care about cigarettes being rationed. But, you know, they also gave you little red coupons to buy sugar and butter. You could only get one pair of shoes every six months.

Mr. Cox: They called those "ration stamps" didn't they?

Mrs. Schectman: Yes, ration coupons. That really didn't bother us because we really couldn't afford to buy more than one pair of shoes every six months. I remember "seal your lips, a slip could sink a ship." People didn't talk much and then sometimes we would have blackouts.

As a child, my most vivid memory of the war is D-Day, 1944. I graduated elementary school on June 4, 1944 which was a Friday. And on Sunday, June 6, 1944, I was supposed to have a graduation party. I was the first person in my family born in the United States and the first person in my family to also go as far as the 8th grade. My parents in Europe probably got the equivalent of a 3rd or 4th grade education. And they could both read and write German, Polish, and Yiddish. My father learned English in the United States. I remember when I went to the first grade, I would bring home my book from school and I taught

my mother how to read and write in English as I learned it.

Mr. Cox: That is wonderful.

Mrs. Schectman: I really remember that I was about 8 years old and I went with my mother when she became a citizen. I went with her to the induction and I had drilled her in the questions. I learned all that civil history together with her. And I was with her when she became a citizen. It was the proudest day of her life.

Mr. Cox: How did she feel getting her citizenship in the United States?

Mrs. Schectman: Just very, very proud. But you know I have mixed feelings about people today with this bi-lingual education because in those days they didn't have any and it forced you to learn English. And it doesn't mean my parents forgot how to speak Polish or all the other languages that they knew before, but because the commerce of the country is in English, they both learned to read and write in English. I look around today and I see these people that have been here for years and years still can't read and write English. Because of my personal family history, I just have very strong feelings about bi-lingual education because children learn very quickly. They should be the ones to help their parents learn, instead of going backwards.

Mr. Cox: Let me ask you this, do you remember scrap iron drives? Did they have that in New York City? You lived in New York City proper?

Mrs. Schectman: Oh, yes. I moved to Dallas when I was 9 years old. I was living in Dallas during the Second World War. My parents really couldn't make a living in New York. My father had a fruit and vegetable stand and he worked like a dog, my father. He was a short man, he was only 5'2", but he had shoulders like an ox. He used to walk four blocks from his fruit and vegetable stand to the bus and take a

bus to go to a Farmers' Market and he would carry back on the bus four or five bushels of apples and onions and potatoes and different things like that to save a few cents. He had a friend who had a shop right near the bus. He would get the fruits and vegetables off the bus and put them in the friend's shop. Then he would take two bushels at a time on this shoulder and one on the other shoulder and he would walk four blocks to his store, put the stuff in his store, go back and get the other two bushels and carry them back. In those days, probably you got three pounds of onions for a nickel. All of this to save 1/2 penny or something like that.

My mother became a dress maker. She would go - I don't ever remember having a store bought dress until I was maybe 16 years old. Because my mother would go downtown on the bus or subway in New York, and look at all the styles and then she would come home and she made all my clothes.

Mr. Cox: From memory?

Mrs. Schectman: Yes, just from looking at the styles. Growing up we were poor, but I never really felt poor or knew I was poor because my parents did without themselves so my brother and I could have everything that we needed. We always had a roof over our head, we always had something to eat and we were always dressed nice. But there was never any extra money around.

Mr. Cox: Tell me about what you remember of the scrap iron drive that they had that children participated in during World War II. Can you remember how you found scrap iron, how did they do these things?

Mrs. Schectman: Well, I remember in our neighborhood, we used to walk up and down the streets. If you saw anything, we had a burlap bag that we would use. We were encouraged to bring stuff like that to school. I remember the Savings Bonds Stamps where we were encouraged to buy savings coupons every week in school.

Mr. Cox: How much were those stamps?

Mrs. Schectman: I think like a dime. When you filled up the book it was worth like \$2.00 or something. I

don't remember exactly.

Mr. Cox: You mean you saved so many books and would get a bond?

Mrs. Schectman: Yes, and then you would buy bonds with it. I remember in 1944, when I was 12 years old, I went to work for a cousin of mine who had a retail store. He sold work clothes and cowboy boots and cotton sacks, because Dallas was a big cotton area. I used to work for him on Thursday after school, Friday after school, and all day Saturday. I earned \$6 for those three days. I used to put \$2 in the bank and I gave my parents \$2 and the other \$2 was my lunch money, spending money for the next week, including clothes money. I would save it up. That is what I did and when I got married, I had saved up \$200 and I used that for part of my wedding expenses.

Mr. Cox: The youngsters today don't realize what the youngsters of your generation did just to get along.

Mrs. Schectman: I remember buying a street car card. When I went to high school, I would take a trolley from a block away from my house for four blocks, transfer to a second trolley, transfer to a third trolley to get to high school. Then the same way coming back.

Mr. Cox: What high school did you go to in Dallas?

Mrs. Schectman: I went to Forest Avenue High School and I went to Colonial Elementary School.

Mr. Cox: Are they still in existence?

Mrs. Schectman: Yes, the high school I went to is now a Martin Luther King High School and is still in existence. And the elementary school I went to is still in existence, Colonial Elementary School..

Mr. Cox: Do you remember some of the things that you collected in the drives? Can you remember things

that you collected? Did you collect rubber? Were these type things collected during the War?
Aluminum, glass, do you remember?

Mrs. Schectman: I don't remember any of that. I really don't remember doing that. I remember mostly the ration stamps and I remember "the slip of the lip can sink a ship".

Mr. Cox: During the war, did you or did the family have an occasion, I know you had limited finances, to travel? Did you travel from one city to another?

Mrs. Schectman: You know, I don't believe in those days, anybody traveled much. Because in the first place, the trains were all full of service people, moving service people around. The gasoline was very severely rationed. You couldn't buy a new car. Most people, if you had a car, it was from the 1930's. Just very wealthy people had cars. I did not, none of my friends had a car. We just would go downtown on the trolley and come back on the trolley. There was literally no other transportation available. The trains were all full of moving soldiers around.

Mr. Cox: Did you ever have the occasion to be around a railroad track when the trains would come by with a lot of soldiers on it? They were called troop trains. I wonder, do you have any recollection of those?

Mrs. Schectman: Not during the war years itself, but afterwards. More in 1946 and 47 when they were coming back. Also during the Korean War that I was old enough we had USO's and stuff like that. They had those during the Second World War too, but I was too young for that. But I remember during the Korean War going to USO's. I lived in Dallas and they had Fort Hood and they also had an air force base at Sherman and they also had something at Mineral Wells. We are Jewish and we had a Jewish USO in Dallas at one of the Synagogues there.

Mr. Cox: I was not aware of that.

Mrs. Schectman: Yes, there was a Jewish USO for Jewish service people. They would come from Wichita Falls and from Mineral Wells and from Fort Hood. Several of my friends married service people that they met through the USO.

Mr. Cox: Tell me this, Ethel, do you remember if they had these during World War II? Did they have Jewish USO's?

Mrs. Schectman: Oh yes. They did at the same place. I was just too young to participate in that. I do know that they did have that.

Mr. Cox: It was just a continuation of something that was established in the 40's.

Mrs. Schectman: You know, after the Second World War they started with the Selective Service between the Second World War and the Korean War. So there was continuous service people in the area. So that USO that was started in the Second World War, kept on going. They would provide coffee and donuts and a place to dance and just to sit around so the guys, most of those guys were very, very young. They were 18, 19 years old. They were straight out of high school. And I was about 15 or 16 at that time. It was a good place to mix and kind of be sociable. Some couples paired up and eventually got married.

Mr. Cox: To get back to when you were young during World War II, do you remember meat rationing? Do you remember the family doing without? Although you might have had stamps for meat or sugar, they were somewhat limited in supply. Were they not?

Mrs. Schectman: Oh yes. I think that is when margarine came into being. They did not have margarine before that. Then they came out with other food substitutes. My parents, we had a very big back yard, and we raised chickens. So we had chickens and eggs of our own. We basically hardly ever ate beef. Because

not only was it rationed, but my parents kept kosher. So kosher meat was even harder to get. We just ate a lot of chicken. I remember eating chicken, potatoes, carrots.

We had tomato plants. Now I remember we all had victory gardens.

Mr. Cox: My next question was “did you have a so-called victory garden?”

Mrs. Schectman: Yes, yes, we all had victory gardens. We raised tomatoes and green beans and green peppers. Things that you didn't really have to be a farmer to raise. My father also had a bunch of fruit trees. He used to make cherry brandy and plum brandy from the fruit that we had on our trees. Because we had a big back yard. We had sort of like a fruit orchard. I learned then that you have to have two of everything, because if you just have one it will never cross-pollinate. So it was an early lesson in agriculture.

Mr. Cox: Let me ask you this. Do you remember the neighbors in your area? Did they have victory gardens?

Mrs. Schectman: Yes, everybody on our block had one.

Mr. Cox: And a lot of them probably raised chickens. Did any of them raise rabbits and stuff like that?

Mrs. Schectman: I don't remember. It was basically a heavy Jewish neighborhood and rabbit is not kosher. So didn't raise them. We did raise chickens and I think we might have had some ducks, chickens and ducks mostly. And everybody had a victory garden.

And sometimes we would have something, a whole lot of something, and we would share it with a neighbor. Then when their crop came in, because everything matured at the same time. We would trade off vegetables and stuff like that.

Even canned goods were in a very short supply. Most of that went to the war effort. Before the

Second World War, people really didn't wear nylon. They used to wear silk. Silk hose or cotton hose. Nylon really was an invention that happened during the Second World War. There were a lot of products that were developed like, we didn't have frozen foods before that either. The world has really changed. I remember we didn't have an electric refrigerator. We had an ice box. The world has changed.

Mr. Cox: You said the ice box. For the benefit of the reader, how did you get your ice? How did this work?

Mrs. Schectman: There used to be a vendor who would come and you sign up with him and he would bring you blocks of ice and you would pay for it. The same way, that they used to have the home delivery of milk. The milkman used to bring milk, dairy products and eggs.

Mr. Cox: How did they come around? Did they have a truck? Or was it pulled by horses?

Mrs. Schectman: No those were trucks. I don't remember horses.

Mr. Cox: Explain to us how they knew how much ice to leave you? Did you put a card in the window?

Mrs. Schectman: I don't remember. I think my mother just had a standing order for a block, the size that would fit. There was one big block that would just fit into the ice box. I guess they must have come and measured it and that was the size block that she got. I don't remember if it was once a week or twice a week. Probably more often in the summer and less often in the winter. I knew we were told "don't stand there with the door open." Know what you want before you open the refrigerator and keep the door shut as much as possible.

Mr. Cox: You mention that. I tell my grandchildren, even today, when they open the refrigerator, "no looking, close that door." I think this comes from the same thing that you went through. We did have also

an ice box and were told to keep that shut because the ice melted.

Mrs. Schectman: You are right. I remember conserving electricity. Many times at night we would have the lights off. Sort of a black-out kind of thing. We didn't have television in those days. We would listen to the radio. I guess my favorite was "I Love a Mystery". We would lay there in the dark, scaring ourselves to death with "I Love a Mystery."

Mr. Cox: You said they delivered milk. Do you remember how your mother told the delivery man how much milk she wanted?

Mrs. Schectman: I think she would put out the empty bottle on the outside of the windowsill or on the porch. For every empty bottle she put out, he would give a new one. So that was the way he knew how much she wanted. We had like a little cooler box sitting outside for him to put butter and the milk in it. It was kind of insulated with like aluminum, or some kind of a silver lining of some sort that kept it cold.

Mr. Cox: Do you remember how they paid? Did they pay once a week? What type of set-up did they have?

Mrs. Schectman: I imagine probably once a week.

Mr. Cox: As I recall, there was very little contact. The guy would drop it by and go on his way.

Mrs. Schectman: He would have never gotten it all delivered in the morning if he had to stop and talk to everybody and wait for them to pay. So once a week, he would stop and get his money.

Mr. Cox: As far as rationing, do you remember standing in line, you mentioned standing in line for nylons, did you do this at the grocery store when you found out that they were going to have, say, sugar, or anything

like that?

Mrs. Schectman: I don't remember doing that. Because the grocery stores, it wasn't the same thing. For the nylons you didn't have to have a coupon. You just stood in line and got one pair. Some people turned around and went to another store and stood in line again and got two pair. In 1944, when I worked for my cousin, he would get shipments of stuff like that. But we carefully doled it out to regular customers. And if you would spend at least \$25, then you had the privilege of buying one pair of nylons.

That was an interesting story in itself because my cousin had been in the service. He had gone into the service in 1939, the one that I worked for. He was already in his 40's and he got discharged in 1943 because he was too old. By then, they had enough younger people who had been trained and they sent the older people home. So he opened up this store. I went to work for him. I used to figure out the OPA prices for him. You could only charge so much for something and it was a certain percentage above your wholesale cost. I was only 12 years old and I did that.

One day he got a letter from the OPA that they want to examine how we figured out the price. There were guidelines to follow but they never told you how much to sell it for. You had to figure it out for yourself. He tells me to go down by myself. So I go to this place and I am the only kid there.

Mr. Cox: That is the Office of Price Administration, right?

Mrs. Schectman: Office of Price Administration. I go in there and I show the guy how I did it. He said I wasn't doing it right because I had started from the price and added on. And I was supposed to have started from the retail price and work back. So they showed me how to do it and he didn't get fined. I had to change all the prices in the store. It was a interesting experience for me at 12 years old. And I was very small for my age. I probably wasn't even 5 feet tall and weighed 80 pounds. Here they see this little kid come in and my cousin's name is called and I stand up. I guess he thought they would be more lenient with me than with him.

Mr. Cox: Let me ask you, during this period of time did you go to movies very often? What did you do for entertainment during the war years?

Mrs. Schectman: The years that I was 9, 10 and 11, before I started working, we used to go to the movies every Saturday. They used to have three hours, Perils of Pauline, Cartoons, continuous serials, newsreels of the war and then a main feature geared to the children on Saturday afternoon. I had an old great-uncle who had a grocery store right next door to the Forest Avenue Theater, where we went to the movies. Every Saturday, which is our Sabbath Day, because I am Jewish, we would go to Synagogue services. My brother and I would walk there from our house and we would go to services at our Synagogue. We would get out at noon. We would walk over to, it was actually my father's uncle, my great-uncle's store. He would give us some lunch in the back, because they had the store in the front and a sitting room behind. He would feed us lunch and then we would go into the movies. And because my parents were Sabbath observers we were not allowed to carry any money. So my uncle on Friday would go in and buy two tickets for us and pre-pay for popcorn for us. We would go into the movies around 1:00 or 1:30, we would stay through the whole movie and at 6 p.m. we come out on a pass and we would go back to the store and he would give us supper. We would then go back into the movies and sit there until 9 p.m. My parents had also a little store, they sold work clothes, they had a lot of black customers and they sold a lot of khaki pants and khaki work shirts and work boots. They worked until 9:00 on Saturday night. They did not have a car, but they had a friend two doors down from them who had a grocery store with a delivery truck.

On Saturday, when he closed his business at 9 p.m. he would have delivery orders to make and when he finished making the delivery orders, he would take my parents to pick my brother, Jerry, and I up at my great-uncle's store and then he would take us home. So we would get home on Saturday night maybe after 10:00 or 10:30.

Mr. Cox: I bet you were the envy of some of the other Jewish children because you had popcorn.

Mrs. Schectman: That's true, only because it was pre-paid. We would sit there all Saturday. It was nice.

I hadn't thought about that in years.

Mr. Cox: That is one good thing about doing this type of oral history. It brings back memories.

Mrs. Schectman: Right.

Mr. Cox: Fond memories that your children or grandchildren will be able to read about later on.

Are there any other memories you have during those times that you would like to share with us?

Mrs. Schectman: Well, I also have some very, kind of bitter memories. Because Dallas, in 1940, had a lot of German population. I remember I moved from New York to Dallas in March of 1941. Six months before Pearl Harbor. I remember the first day of school. I was 9 years old at the time. They had assembly class at school. When you come to school it is either 8 or 8:30 in the morning, you would go to assembly. The principal got up and we did the Pledge of Allegiance and then he would sit and say, "And now we are going to have a prayer and anybody that does not want to participate in this prayer is free to get up and go into their homeroom." Well, like a little dummy, when he said that, I stood up and left. I was the only one. There were 900 kids in that school and I was the only one that left. There were other Jewish children in that school, but they knew better. When I got out of school that day to go home, I had to go through a gauntlet of kids that were waiting outside the school. They were lining the sidewalk, where the school crossing guard would take you across the street, and they were all screaming "Jew Baby" at me.

I endured that for about two months until they finally got tired of doing that. Ever since then, I have been an opponent of school prayer. It really seared my soul.

Mr. Cox: This was a traumatic experience for a 9 year old, especially.

Mrs. Schectman: You're right. I have always respected other peoples' religion and for the United States to have a variety of religions and for people to pursue whatever they believe in, as long as they don't hurt

anybody else. Of course, things changed once the war started. Everybody got unified. I really remember that and every since then I have always been more comfortable with my closest friends, who are Jewish. I just feel more comfortable with them. Even when I come to something like this, I am aware that I am probably...

Mr. Cox: A minority....

Mrs. Schectman: Yes. And a very great minority. It kind of makes me more sensitive to the fact that I am a minority person.

Mr. Cox: Well it takes all kinds to make this United States, doesn't it?

Mrs. Schectman: That is true. I think the United States, in general, has gotten more tolerant in the last 25 to 30 years. Now we have people from Bosnia, and we have people from Viet Nam, and some many more cultures. But you know in the 1940's, there was not that big of a variety in the United States. People used to hate the Chinese, they used to hate the Japanese, they interred them all. I think particularly in this part of the country, if you weren't white, Protestant and Baptist, in that order, people looked funny at you. They thought "horns on your head."

Mr. Cox: They used to call this "red-neck country." You are right that things have changed over time.

Mrs. Schectman: When I lived in New York, until I was 9. I was born in New York and lived there till I was 9 years old, I lived in mostly a Jewish neighborhood. I never thought that anybody was any different than me. Even though it was a big city, it was growing up here where everybody is just like you are. It wasn't until I moved to Dallas that I became aware that I was different.

Mr. Cox: And it was too bad that you had to learn that so young.

Mrs. Schectman: That's true.

Mr. Cox: Well, let me get back to World War II. Do you remember when the War in Europe was over? Do you remember that day?

Mrs. Schectman: Oh yes. I remember D-Day very vividly. I told you it was the week-end I graduated from elementary school and how excited we were. Of course, we had invited all of these people to come to a party at our house. And they came. But the focus was listening to the radio. We had the radio on and everybody had their ear to it.

And I remember on Pearl Harbor very well, it was on a Sunday morning. Somebody called us and said "turn on the radio, turn on the radio, Pearl Harbor has been bombed." And I didn't really know what that meant. But the next day, they declared War. I am trying to think of anyone in my family....I had one cousin who was married whose husband went into the service. I remember the flags that people hung up. The Blue Star for somebody in the service, a Gold Star if somebody had died.

My husband has a cousin who was an Air Force pilot. He actually went down in the English Channel and died after D-Day. Very close to the end of the War, one of the last planes - one of the last bombing missions that the United States took. As they were coming back, they ditched in the Channel and he died.

Mr. Cox: Do you remember your parents, how they felt when they learned that the United States had participated in D-Day, on the mainland of Europe. Of course, with the goal of beating Nazi Germany, I imagine your father was, how should I put it, excited or grateful because he knew that they were going to try to free Poland.

Mrs. Schectman: Well, I think that more than anything else, during all of those war years. There was no communication. They had no idea what happened to their family. There had been rumors, very vague

rumors about Concentration Camps and stuff like that, but I don't think anybody realized that there was any such thing as a holocaust. Who could even imagine something like that.

Afterwards, we tried to find out what happened to our relatives. My father had one sister who survived. She married in a DP camp and my parents brought them to the United States and guaranteed their support.

Mr. Cox: You mentioned DP Camp. Can you tell us what that means.

Mrs. Schectman: That is a Displaced Persons Camp. And that is where all of the remnants of the concentration camps were put into DP Camps until they were able to either find homes in other places. Some of them actually went back to Germany and to Poland and to the places they came from. Many of them, when they went back to their home towns that they originally came from, were not welcome because all of their properties had been confiscated. The new occupants threatened to kill them if they didn't leave again. So many of those just went back to the DP Camps because they had no place to go.

Mr. Cox: Now these people that you said, a lot of them that did the threatening, were they Polish, too? Were these their own people?

Mrs. Schectman: Oh yes, not Jewish Poles, but Christian Poles. It was the same in Germany. Some of those people were wealthy, and they had servants. The servants turned them into the Nazis and then they took over the properties and everything that they owned. How can you prove that you even owned anything. I don't know what any of my aunts, uncles or cousins would have owned. And I have no way of proving it. I have never gotten anything as restitution. My parents never got anything as restitution because they came here before. My aunt and my uncle, both survivors, did get reparations from the German government for what they were able to prove they had. A lot of that stuff went up in smoke and there was no way to prove it all.

Mr. Cox: Do you remember when the War with Japan was over? You were a little older.

Mrs. Schectman: Yes, I was a little bit older. I was very, very excited. The whole school just erupted. Everybody was too excited to stay in school. That was a very, very joyous day when all of the wars were over and people could start to think about their families being reunited.

I think the whole world changed after that. Before the Second World War, people had a tendency to be born in one area, live in that area, marry in that area, and die in that area. They took a lot of people off the farms and out of small towns and shipped them clear across the country to Army camps and Navy camps. And many of them met girls or fellows, as the case may be, mostly boys that met girls in other places. They married and that sort of broke up four and five generations of one family living in one place. The whole world kind of changed and people became more migratory than they did before. Many of the soldiers ended up living where the girls lived.

Mr. Cox: That's true. Well is there any thing else that you would like to share with us, Ethel, concerning the war period.

Mrs. Schectman: The war period. I can't think of anything else. Unless you think of another question to ask me. Everytime you ask me something, it jogs my memory of something new. I personally am very very upset about what is going on with this ethnic cleansing in Yugoslavia. I am saddened about the fact that people can't tolerate people. That there is just no love for people. I am saddened by the hatred that is perpetuated in religious wars. That Jesus Christ himself would be very upset if he knew of all the people who had died in his name. He was a man of peace and yet in all of these wars, the War of Roses, the War of these others, the Christian wars between the Catholics, the Protestants hate the Catholics, the Catholics hate the Protestants. This one hates the Jews. It is just very sad that people can't worry more about pooling our efforts to improve the environment, improve the quality of life, improve the water sources, for everybody to live in harmony.

The United States is the greatest place in the world. That is because we have so much diversity.

That is what has made us so great. Every society has contributed something.

Mr. Cox: Thank you very much, Ethel, for taking the time to contribute your memories to the archives of our museum. It has been a pleasure.

Typed by Becky Lindig
Nimitz Volunteer
November, 2001

