

Back in 1904 my grandmother Sarah came to Brooklyn from a shtetel located near Kabrin which at that time was Eastern Poland. Her husband Issac, who followed a year later, had been conscripted against his will into the Czar's Army. He soon concluded that army life was not for him and it was time to go to "Amerika" where the streets were paved with gold . . . and all for the taking. They united in Brooklyn and soon moved to Savannah, Georgia where my grandfather had well-to-do cousins. Unfortunately, like many of the Jewish immigrants who came to America at that time, he contracted tuberculosis while traveling steerage class (well below deck level) on the ocean liner that brought him to the Promised Land. The doctors told him that he would die in six months if he stayed in the hot humid climate of Georgia. He was further told that many Jews with TB were going to a place called Colorado where the air was clear and cold and there was a wonderful sanatorium that cured TB. This was later known as the JCRS or Jewish Consumptive Relieve Society, located along Colfax Avenue in the heart of Lakewood. So, off they went to Colorado where he and my grandmother eventually settled in the "Old West Side" and had six children. They all went to Cheltenham Elementary and Lake Jr. High School. The good news is that my grandfather who I never met and my grandmother, who lived well into her 80's, brought six wonderful men and women into the world. The sad news is that he never fully conquered tuberculosis and passed away during the Great Depression before he was 50. All of my aunts and uncles worked after school and in the evenings and weekends to help my grandmother make ends meet. They all survived the Depression, fought in The Good War and were indeed part of America's Greatest Generation.