



Long running Gabriel Cohen passes the torch



Gabriel Cohen, founder/publisher of The National Jewish Post & Opinion (1908–2007)

Gabriel Murrel Cohen, founder, editor and publisher of the weekly newspaper *The National Jewish Post & Opinion* for 75 years died in Indianapolis on April 19 at the age of 98. For periods during that time, there were five more editions published – Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Chicago, and New York.

His basic desire was to help people find their truth in their own way. He did not preach to people, but gave them a sense of the adventure of the incredible diversity of ideas around which people engage. Rather than not publishing opinions of which he strongly disagreed, he would include them but write an editorial explaining his opposing view.

Born to Isaac and Jennie Rosenbaum Cohen in Louisville, Ky., on Aug. 31, 1908, he was premature and too weak to even suckle. In those days before IVs, a neighbor finally came up with the idea to feed him with an eye dropper.

In 1926 he matriculated as a freshman at University of North Carolina Chapel Hill. At the beginning of the year there was a race held by the track and field department. Before the race they had arranged for women to bake 200 cakes. He heard that the first 200 men who cross the finish line would get a cake. He was not active in any sports in high school because he had asthma as child. But the possibility of a homemade cake was enticing. He figured he

had nothing to lose and he entered the race.

He came in 17th. The coach approached him and asked him to be on the team. He continued jogging three to five miles twice a week until age 96. Besides his letter in cross country track, he also earned a letter in boxing and briefly boxed professionally after college. He was also an avid golfer, playing until he was 94.

People who knew him are pretty certain that the reason he was on no medication and still working full-time until age 96 is because of a lifetime of workouts at the gym.

His philosophy on exercise is that one should push oneself to one's limit. At that point, don't even dream about stopping, but push on a little further. This used to drive his wife of 60 years crazy, may she rest in peace. She thought that one day while running, he would have a heart attack on the track and leave her a widow. He proved her wrong.

This explains why they called him the Energizer Bunny at the Jewish Community Center where he jogged. After jogging, he would use all of the upper body weight machines and hit a punching bag. Up until age 94, he finished his workout by jumping rope.

When he was born, the average lifespan was 45 years. We know from an editorial he wrote on Sept. 28, 1979, that he did not expect to live to this age or even one day into the 21st century. In this editorial he eulogized his college

roommate Dr. Robert (Bob) L. Kushner of Danville, Va.:

"How does one go about reconciling himself to death of close friends and relatives as one gets older? It is simple enough to dismiss the thought of one's own death. Everything one does is a negation of death, and although the vague idea cannot be escaped as one gets older that death is inevitable for oneself, it is only a measurement of time and not an impending event. For instance, when one reads that in the year 2000

such and such an event will transpire, then one can without thinking recognize that one won't be on the scene."

Gabe Cohen was preceded in death by his first wife of six months, Louise Wilson Cohen in 1933, and in 1999 by his second wife of 60 years, Helen Aronovitz Cohen, who was the mother of his eight children, and by his granddaughter Devorah Leah Cohen. He is survived by children Larry, Ted, Miriam, Debbie, Benzion, Jennie, Hermine and Rena; 25 grandchildren, and 28 great-

grandchildren.

Memorial contributions can be made to your local Jewish Community Center, Federation, Chabad, synagogue, temple or favorite charity. One nice way to pay tribute to Gabe Cohen's 75 years in publishing would be to make a donation to the Jewish Post (not tax deductible) or give a gift subscription for the Post to a loved one. Another would be to go to worship services on the Sabbath and bring someone who rarely attends. ✨

Remembering Helen Cohen

By Herb Brin (reprinted from *the Heritage*, 1999)

Jewish journalism – and Jewish love – was sadly diminished last week with the passing of Helen Cohen, wife of my dear friend and fellow publisher, Gabriel Cohen of the Indianapolis-based *National Jewish Post & Opinion*.

What an amazingly grand lady.

For years she wrote a sparkling column for Gabe – and was mother of eight marvelous children, 25 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Helen was one of the first graduates of Tampa University, then went on to earn another degree at Butler University. I called to talk with Gabe a few weeks back. I learned that Helen was undergoing transfusions in abundance for leukemia. Helen was the voice of courage, Gabe.

Her passing devastated my friend.

Helen served the spirit of journalistic bravery pioneered by The Hornblower, Gabriel.

Jewish journalism would never have gotten off the ground in America – indeed the world – without Helen and Gabriel.

Gabe is my kind of journalist. Brave as hell.

Gabe won't mind my explaining that he came up the hard way at the University of North Carolina. As a boxer. Won 10 professional fights after graduation. Look, Jews are fighters, too.

In his final tribute to his wife, Gabe wrote that he doesn't mind the world knowing the depth of his suffering at Helen's passing.

"The grind at the P-O denied her a routine family life," he

wrote. "We spent nights reading every Jewish newspaper in America...and hundreds of synagogue bulletins."

Dear Gabe: Keep your sunny side up! Helen demands this of you. And you don't come off easy from the rest of us.

Herb Brin (1917-2003) was a pioneering Jewish journalist, poet, editor, and investigative reporter. For many years he published the Heritage Jewish newspapers, a chain of newspapers that prospered in the 1960s and 1970s serving communities in Los Angeles, Orange County, San Diego and Central California. He also was the author of six books of Jewish-themed poetry and two books about post-Holocaust Germany. Information about him and his books is available at www.davidbrin.com/herbbrin.html. ✨

Interview with Gabriel M. Cohen, 1995

Sondra Jo Stattmann, wife of editor Ed Stattmann, interviewed P-O founder and publisher Gabriel M. Cohen in 1995, when Mr. Cohen was 86 years old.

It wasn't a newspaper interview, but an interview for an anthropology class she was taking. They got past his birthplace, Louisville, and the fact that his parents had only two children, him and a brother, Bernard, 2 years older. She learned that as an infant, it seemed very unlikely little Gabriel would become an athlete and a lifelong fitness devotee. He told her he didn't even play much with Bernard because "I was a weakling, and he was a pretty good athlete." He said he suffered for years with asthma.

When asked about his parents, Mr. Cohen said, "Well, they first operated a grocery store and then a dry goods store, and they both worked, both my mother and father. They were very successful, and finally the store was moved from the neighborhood where new Jewish families, new immigrant families, moved in, and the blacks lived there, to the business section of Louisville and opened a large department store... They did very well." He said his mother worked in the store but he avoided working at the store because "I really didn't like selling."

He said Bernard, who predeceased him, worked in the family store and later had several stores of his own.

He said his father came at the age of 18 or 19 from Lithuania and he believed his mother came from Europe at about age 5 and was raised in Cincinnati.

"My father was a Talmudic student and also the president of the congregation," he said. "And later on, once the store was sold, he observed the full Sabbath; you know, he didn't ride anyway, because in those days you didn't have automobiles."

At the time of the interview, Mr. Cohen was very active editor and publisher of the Spokesman Co., which published the *National Jewish Post and Opinion*, the *Indiana Jewish Post and Opinion* and the *Kentucky Jewish Post and Opinion*.

"I spend about 80 hours a week working with the three papers," he said. He said the newspapers had never been very successful financially, "although it has been successful from an editorial standpoint and from recognition nationally in the American Jewish community."

"I certainly enjoy it or I wouldn't have devoted my entire life to it."

A man without illusions, Mr. Cohen told Mrs. Stattmann he considered his newspaper to have gone from considerable status to little acceptance or influence locally in the Indianapolis area. He said he believed the decline in status resulted from the *Post and Opinion* losing out to more affluent publications.

"Locally they really don't give a darn," he said, "but nationally we still have ranking, especially among the rabbinate, and we have retained our readership over the years and have many loyal subscribers. We still play a role nationally since we are the only national Jewish weekly publication in America."

He explained that, "other than what is beginning to be radio programs – Jewish radio programs – the weekly papers are the only source of news and comment in the American Jewish community. There are monthly publications, most of which are published by national Jewish organizations and therefore are not independent but, for the most part, defend the organization that publishes them. The weekly Jewish press really dominates from the standpoint of providing news and comment for the American Jewish community."

She asked him for a history of his newspapers. He fell into using the editorial "we."

"Well, we started in Louisville in 1932 and then came up here to Indianapolis in 1937 when a flood in Louisville wiped out the city and there was no place to publish. We purchased, for \$500 a monthly Jewish publication called the *Jewish Post*, and at that point we added "Post" to our name too, so we are now called the *Jewish Post and Opinion*, and we launched a weekly publication here and moved the operation to Indianapolis.

"Ever since then, the paper

has been published and edited here, although we continued also to edit the *Kentucky Jewish Post and Opinion* in Louisville. Later on we launched a paper in St. Louis called the *Missouri Jewish Post* and then one in New York and, later, one in Chicago. Those three papers have since been discontinued."

In spite of what he called "local unacceptance, he noted his local paper was profitable and the national edition was not.

"That's part of the reason we continue to publish locally, but I am referring to the leadership. The actual average Jewish man and woman here who do subscribe, they appreciate what we are doing and continue to subscribe year after year.

He also commented on his readership being mainly older Jews.

"That is because the older people have a whole Jewish life, and they are more interested. The younger people have their whole life in front of them, and an interest in Jewish things are not that important to them. The older people lived through the time of the Holocaust, they saw a Jewish nation established in Israel, and the younger people take all that for granted. As they grow older and they build families, hopefully their allegiance and interest will increase and develop."

He also was emphatic, though, about his concern for younger readers.

"The older people are not as interested in sports, and we publish the only Jewish sports page in any Jewish publication in the world for that matter. I would say that our paper is directed at all ages. We even try to publish a teen column, but it is difficult to find someone to write about the teens, but obviously the people who are going to subscribe to an independent Jewish paper are going to be people who are interested in what goes on as far as the Jewish people are concerned. We are no different than the *New York Times* in that respect."

You couldn't say that they aim at the younger people or the older people or the middle-aged people on any daily paper. They cover everything, and so do we.

Mrs. Stattmann asked him if running the newspapers gave him a sense of freedom. Working 80 hours a week, he said, "I don't have much freedom to play golf. So I don't know the answer.

Mrs. Stattmann: "Do you enjoy working more than..."

Mr. C: Yes, I enjoy every minute of it, or else I wouldn't be doing it."

When she asked if he had yet envisioned retirement, he told her, "Well, it is hard to envisage, because without me there would be no paper, and what the future holds I don't know, but I am healthy and strong and hope to continue.

She asked about family life and he expressed his pride in his wife and children, saying, "I have been very fortunate, and that is not because of me but because of my wife. We have eight children, and because I put in that 80 and more hours a week, she had to raise them. And all of them are lovely people. All eight have gone through college, and all eight are making their contribution." He said no child was the favorite, because "when you have eight you don't get closer to any of them, because you soon learn to treat them all equally. Since life is for everybody and has its problems and its ups and downs, you participate in their lives as they achieve or as they have problems. We are very fortunate in having a close-knit family, and, as I said before, it is all due to my wife because with me putting in 80 hours, when I got home it was already late and I didn't have any energy. She is a remarkable person and a remarkable mother." He called his wife, Helen, "a very intelligent person" and quipped "She is not perfect, because I am the only person that's perfect."

He praised her as a very devoted mother and one of the best bridge players in the city or the state, and everybody wants to be her partner. She was a school teacher when I married her, and she taught here in Indianapolis as a substitute."

He said they met in Chattanooga, Tenn., when she was up from Tampa visiting a cousin there and he was in town selling advertising for his Louisville paper, which

also covered part of Tennessee.

Mrs. Stattmann noted he was listed in "Who's Who" and asked how he felt about that.

"I don't oppose it," he quipped.

Noting that his office was filled with books, she asked if he did a lot of reading. He said those were review copies sent by publishers, "but I rarely get a chance to read them. What I do read is all the other Jewish weekly papers in America and also a great deal of the periodical Jewish literature like the monthly Jewish publications. But to read Jewish books these days, I just don't have that time at my disposal."

She asked if he had considered writing a book.

"No. I am not qualified," he said.

She countered, "My husband speaks about you being a very intelligent man."

"Oh, that's 'cuz I pay his salary," he laughed.

She asked if he believed in exercise.

"Actually, that's my whole life," he said. "I told you about suffering from asthma. I didn't mention it to you, but I was born with something like 17 broken bones, and I would not have been here if it wasn't for the fact that when I could not suckle from my mother's breasts and the doctors did not know what to do, some friend of the family suggested using an eyedropper and dropped the milk into my mouth. So I was a weakling all through my young life, and at high school I did not participate in any sports.

"When I played with the children around where we lived, I was always the last person that they would choose when they had two teams, and mostly they wouldn't choose me either. And I guess that affected my personality.

"But somehow I entered in Louisville a boxing tournament, which was before the days of the Golden Gloves, and I won the darn thing. I think they gave me a watch. It was held at a theater in Louisville called the Sevoir Theatre, and what or how or why I got into it, I don't know, but it was in high school."

He explained that, wishing to attend a small college, he

chosed the University of North Carolina, which then had only 2,800 students. "Chapel Hill was a very small town. When it started, the state government made a determination that no train could come to Chapel Hill, so it was really isolated, although, of course, there were roads. But in any event, the women in the town baked cakes, maybe a couple of hundred of cakes, and the freshmen could win a cake if they participated in a race of a couple of miles. However, I had never done any racing in my life, but I got into it and finished 17th, as I recall, and won a cake, of course, and that's how I got into cross country. I won the numerals in cross country and then won my letter on the varsity in cross country, and since I had already done some boxing, I made the boxing team, and so you see, with all that weakness I became an athlete, and to this day, in fact, I jogged yesterday afternoon five miles."

He told her he jogged at least twice a week, usually on the track at the health club, "because that's the only place you can run in the winter.

"I run 100 to 150 laps, and I work out on all the instruments, and I am very healthy and very fortunate."

Mrs. S: "You certainly are. I wish you could convince my husband to do some working out or to do some jogging."

Mr. C: "Well, jogging. I could carry him on my back," he joked.

He said Mrs. Cohen did not join him in jogging although she was a good tennis player when she was young, "and she is a better golfer than I am, but it is not important to her like it is to me. She criticizes me every time I go to the health club."

Mrs. S: "Because she thinks you do not need to have so much exercise or because you are working 80 hours a week and then spending time outside of the house besides?"

Mr. C: "I didn't tell you, but I only get to go the health club once or twice a week. If I wasn't working, I'd go every day."

Mrs. Stattmann recalled that he said his children were scattered far and wide and she asked if Mrs. Cohen often visits them.

"She gives every one of them money, anything she has," he said. "She inherited money from her folks and

throws it around and she keeps in touch with them, sends them gifts on their birthdays, writes to them, talks to them on the telephone, and she fills in where I lack, because I don't have the time or even the inclination, because I more or less feel that they are independent and they are self sufficient.

"Of course, I love them just as she does, but I feel that throwing the money at them when she may need that money herself isn't the wisest thing to do, *but you of course are not married*. You don't know how women are."

"Oh no. You pay my husband very well, and I make sure that I spend all of it," Mrs. Stattmann said.

He told her his children had produced about 23 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

[The total now is 25 grandchildren and 28 great-grandchildren.]

He said the great-grandchildren were in Israel and that he had visited Israel several times, but not recently.

"If your husband would work better, then I could leave!" he said.

More seriously he conceded that, taking his computer along he could go to Israel and send copy back.

"When you were a young journalist, were you a reader, a drinker, a gambler, or a devout Jew?" Mrs. Stattmann asked.

"I wasn't any different than any of the other young people who were raised in the 1910s and the 1920s. I did a little gambling but not that much. I did my share of drinking as a reporter on the daily paper in Louisville. We had access in those days to the revenueurs, and we would often get five gallons of whiskey that the police had confiscated when they raided a still, and it was enjoyable.

He said he loved the old days on the police beat in Louisville.

Mrs. Stattmann asked him if Jewish community life and competition between the different movements had changed much during his life.

From my earliest history, there were the same divisions in the Jewish community as there are today, and I went to a Reform Sunday school in Louisville.

He said he also seldom encountered anti-Semitism,

"although one time on our honeymoon, we went to play golf at a golf course in Florida, and as we registered I looked up and saw the sign that said, 'No Jews allowed.' So we started to walk away, and the manager said, 'No, you can play. It's off season.' So I said, 'Like hell!' and we left, but personally I have practically never run into discrimination."

Mrs. Stattmann asked Mr. Cohen to describe his own personality.

"I am highly competitive, and that's why I was successful in sports. Even when I play golf, my golfing partner is surprised at how competitive I am. He takes it easy, but me, I have to forge ahead. I am highly competitive."

Mrs. S: "You're out there to win while your friend is out there to exercise and have a nice time?"

Mr. C: "That's right."

Mrs. S: "So you make him into a loser?"

Mr. C: "No. I respect his approach more than mine."

Mrs. S: "But you don't adopt his approach?"

Mr. C: "Well, you don't change your personality."

Mrs. S: Do you try to soften it?"

Mr. C: No, because I have a goal in golf. He takes it easy, but I want to shoot a low score, and that was bred into me all my life, and it showed up in sports, and it shows up in the work I did."

Mrs. S: "Did you ever serve in the military?"

Mr. C: "No, because I had stomach ulcers, and, therefore, when I was examined into the draft, they didn't accept me. So I never served, but I had an experience of working on an oil tanker, so I went up to New York to try to get into the Merchant Marine so I could at least be serving my country, and I signed on with a ship that was taking munitions over to Europe.

"Before the ship sailed, the government put the Merchant Marine under the U.S. Navy, and since I couldn't pass my physical examination, I couldn't get into the Merchant Marine, so I had to come back here. So I never served during the war."

Mrs. Stattmann asked him his feeling about women working jobs instead of being homemakers.

"I don't take the position that women are holy and should be put on a pedestal.

They compete. Some of them are 20 times as good editors as I am.

Mrs. S: "How do you feel about young people and their attitudes of the care given to the elderly?"

Mr. C: "I think that in any culture the young people do take care of their elders. I am sure it is as true in the Christian community as it is in the Jewish community. The fact that some of them don't is the same reason that some people are murderers and some people are crooks, but the principle is that the young people do try to make it possible for their parents and grandparents to live comfortable lives.

"If they don't, they are breaking the law or the honor system or their morality, but the system is the same regardless."

Mrs. S: "How would you say other people describe you?"

Mr. C: "Well, I am very independent, so I often think I don't have very many friends, but it is because I don't have the time to cultivate them. And, incidentally, you probably recognize this, too: I have a lot of friends that I grew up with in Louisville. That's true of anybody. They have friends where they grew up, but once you leave that community, then you have to compete, because everybody in the new community has their friends that they grew up with. So that was my situation.

"I don't have as many friends as I would like to have, but I do have friends. My wife has them coming out of the ears. She could make a hundred friends on any one day. She's got a very outgoing personality. She is very fortunate in that respect." He said he and Helen wed when he was 28 years old, so they had spent 58 years as a couple.

Mrs. Stattmann asked him if he had produced an adequate income during his life.

Mr. C: "No. I have struggled all through my life, and if it weren't for the small trust that my parents left me, I would have really been in trouble, and for years I never drew a penny from the *Jewish Post*, and even when I was drawing, I only drew \$150.00 or \$200.00, but in those days you could support a family on that money. You can't do it today, but even today I don't draw a decent salary." But he

said the work was rewarding in itself.

"That's the nature of journalism. Any other job, if you ran a department store, or if you owned the Pacers, the nature of journalism is a creative thing, and that's why as reporters we love the work. So I would recommend to everybody to never give up their job, never retire and keep doing something, and if it was something creative, so much the better than if it was something tedious."

Mrs. Stattmann asked him about age and fitness.

"Oh, I was on the cross country team at the university. I could run a 5- or 6-minute mile. Now I timed myself, and it's close to 15 minutes, so that is a big change.

He told her he was following in his parents' footsteps of keeping kosher and he said he believed his children generally kept kosher, observing, "the one in Israel keeps a kosher home, obviously, and I would think that most of them would not bring ham into their house."

Being kosher and Orthodox didn't necessarily mean he got along with every rabbi or everyone in Jewish leadership. In fact he was sometimes described as the gadfly of Jewish journalism because he didn't hesitate to criticize people or institutions, regardless of their prominence.

Mr. Cohen also recalled his start in Jewish journalism.

"I was working on a daily paper in Louisville called the *Louisville Herald Post*, and the YMHA, that's the Young Men's Hebrew Association, had a monthly publication, it was a house organ, and while I was on the daily paper I wrote sports, was a volunteer, for that publication. It was called *The Chronicle*.

"Then when the paper that I worked on went bankrupt, this was in 1930, I offered, and the YMHA was like every other financial organization and had financial problems, they discontinued that publication. As I recall, I started a monthly publication, and the circulation was the members of the YMHA, and so actually it was a magazine, and so I began a monthly tabloid and called it the *Kentucky Jewish Chronicle*. That's how it got started."

The monthly was printed elsewhere, he said, "and I sold the advertising and did all the editorial work when it was a
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Excerpts from Helen Cohen's column

Jan 9, 1953

Our seven-year-old announced to me that one of her New Year's resolutions is to try to learn to *like* to help me with the housework.

Our going-on-twelve-year-old inquired of me why screen actor Robert Taylor was such a favorite with the women, and I proceeded to list those qualities which might attract a female following. "But mother, he's so old. He's as old as daddy."

Jan 16, 1953

Our seven-year-old wasn't the only one who concentrated on resolutions for the new year. We noticed on our ten-year-old's dresser a timely list, and since it didn't seem to come under the same heading as her five-year diary (with a key), which she requested for Hanukkah, since it was open to the public, I gave it my careful attention.

I thought point three rather appropriate (Not that her ma can't stand a little of the same).

3. Enprove my spelling.

March 13, 1953

Why does MY son get into such situations?

Our eldest reported to us the other evening of the doings in his math class.

His teacher, whom he likes very much, had been in the habit of jokingly betting with his students on the solutions to various problems – a bet, which everyone expected was loaded because of his greater learning, on the teacher's side.

So that day the bet was for a thousand dollars that the number of degrees on the outside of a hexagon totaled 360. (If I recall the story correctly).

My son takes the bull by the horns and says, no, he thinks it is 720.

Teacher works out the problem, colors slightly, laughingly declares himself bankrupt and offers our boy his choice of three 100's added to his grade or the removal of three zeros from it.

To MY son it had to happen!

June 19, 1953

I got sort of fed-up the other night when our 14- and 12-year-old sons ganged up on their father to upbraid him for the umpteenth time for falling down on his duty.

"Next time," I told them, "I'll have two husbands. One to earn the living for the family and one to take you two boys to ball games."

Say that's an idea. Any unoccupied male who wishes to substitute as a parttime father and escort our sons to all the hometown games, please send in your application.

June 26, 1953

I am happy to report that our Ben's relationship to Herzl has improved.

Ever since the day about ten years ago that Daniel Frisch presented us with the Zionist leader's portrait (done in 1934 in Jerusalem by L. Blum), it has graced our living room wall.

Not what you'd call a cheerful sight, with the somber black of his beard and hair, and the brooding reflection of Israel's age-old suffering in his eyes, Herzl's didn't hit if off too well at first with our three-year-old Ben.

There was the night that Ben, whose bed was so placed that he could look into the living room, requested that I close his door because he could see Herzl.

Then, one day, just lately, I asked Ben if he wanted to go out to play, and his reply, out of the clear air, was no, Herzl would be lonesome.

So I guess they've patched things up between them.

July 3, 1953

I keep telling you, big families have some advantages.

We've been out looking for a piano. It's either that or alienate all the neighbors. Our Debbie (7) is taking lessons at summer school and wants to learn right now. She's begged her way, usually unbeknownst to me, into every nearby home with a piano for her practice sessions.

So, I was reporting our findings to a friend on the phone when I mentioned having been to a certain company.

"Oh, that guy," she answered. "I was there once and he talked

my ear off. Wouldn't let me go, tried to persuade me into buying something before I left."

"He didn't act like that to me," I came back, "but then, maybe it was because I had Debbie, Ben (3) and Jennie (18 months) along and they were all three banging on his piano."

July 10, 1953

We got a piano, and if there ever was a case of jumping from the frying pan into the fire, this is it. I told you I was looking for a piano because of the neighbors, on whose musical instruments our daughter was practicing.

What a piano in this house would mean to the neighbors didn't occur to me; or was I unwilling to think of it?

Very possibly, our neighbors will live through this period, though what effect the experience will have on their constitutions is hard to judge. For that matter, you can include my constitution in the deal.

The only ray of light in this situation of five children (Larry our eldest, is away at camp) and a newly acquired piano is that they will eventually get used to having it around and leave the thing alone on occasion.

But I must tell you the payoff.

There was Ben, age three, making sweet melodies on it of the type a three-year-old can be expected to make, when his year-and-a-half-old sister Jennie came along and wished to add to the harmony.

Strong-arming her away from the keys, he lectured her:

"Leave the piano alone, Jennie, you don't know how to play"

I can boast of having the youngest gun-moll in captivity. Our year-and-a-half-old Jennie can, with the best of 'em (especially her older brothers), point her two forefingers, with proper ack-ack sounds, to defend herself when attacked.

She sometimes falls flat on her face on such occasions, which I suppose means they "got" her.

Little girls learn early, these days, the various social graces.

January 7, 1955

If your 13-year-old is concerned about his height, you have an inkling of what must be going on in the heart of ours, who in this Hoosier land where basketball is king, is not only a rabid fan but a mightily little mite of a player himself. And all you hear on TV at game time is this guy is 6 foot 8 inches and that one is 6 foot 10 inches. While pondering his fate and asking to pass the 6-foot mark himself (he still has to make the five-foot one), our boy fumes at mama and papa for not being 6-footers themselves to give him a better head start. Next time, boy, you'll just have to be more efficient when you pick your parents.

Feb 18, 1955

Riddle me this, if you can. Our 3-year-old Jennie, who can't read, in any language, will start to sing the tune of "L'cho dodi" whenever she opens any book that contains Hebrew script, even if she is holding it upside down. In case you don't recall, that is the tune which, translated into English means, "come my friends to meet the bride, let us welcome the presence of the Sabbath..." and which her father, holding the prayer book, leads the family in singing every Friday night.

June 3, 1955

I see by some ad in the Jewish press of a resort that is ideal for honeymooners "or those who wish to relive their honeymoon." What do you say, dear, we take the seven children and go?

April 27, 1956

Our eldest has been on his school's "Quiz 'Em on the Air" team these past few months. That's a bit of interschool competition sponsored by our local daily, in which four students from one high school are stacked up against the team from another to see who can answer the most questions on current events.

Last week I was just a little taken aback to hear our boy remark to a young lady from another high school that "girls

are an awful hindrance to a team."

Even if it were so, I thought, and it surely isn't, what an unchivalrous position to take, especially when addressing a member of the weaker sex and, in this case, one who is graduating in the top 20 of her class of about 400.

But wait, he wasn't through with his utterance. Girls were a handicap, he felt, because none of them read the sports page, making them weak in that department.

Well, that's different.

Funny thing: Now when I go through the paper I whiz past that page without even a glance at the pictures, yet I can remember when I was in high school and going out for sports and an ardent fan of my school's various teams, that I could tell you down to the last period what the sportswriters had to say.

Helen Cohen, z"l, was wife of publisher Gabriel Cohen and mother of his eight children. She wrote a weekly column in the P-O from 1946 to 1973. ★

INTERVIEW

(Continued from page Cohen 3) monthly. So it was not all that difficult."

He said he enjoyed the editorial part of the work far more than the business part.

Besides being Jewish and a strong UNC fan, Mr. Cohen confessed to being a loyal Kentuckian.

"Yeah, I like bourbon, and I even have a scar right here from when I climbed over the fence of Churchill Downs. In fact, I had a record once of seeing 16 straight derbies."

He said he made \$2 bets, too, but had climbed the fence because he lacked the admission fee. He sneaked into baseball games, too, he said – apparently sure the statute of limitations would protect him.

His parents, he said, were not sport fans.

"They knew I boxed, but they never went to any sporting event."

His family was lucky, he said, to have come to America before the Holocaust and even weathered the Depression well.

Mrs. Stattmann's final question was, "If you gave one piece of advice to your grandchildren what would it be?"

"Just be yourself," he said. Interview by Sondra Jo Stattman. ★