

My early years



Steven Tabor 2018(c)

My Early Years

In 2018, I turned 60, my wife 65, my mother 85, and our first granddaughter was born. This year, one of my aunts and uncles passed away. All are signs that the clock is ticking down.

A few months ago, I found a box of old photographs buried in the back of a cupboard at my mother's condominium. Seeing these reminded me of just how good I had it as a young child.

I then decided to try and reconstruct, photographically, what life must have been like for me from the time I was born until the time I left Baltimore in my late teens. I selected, scanned and processed a number of these old fading photos, and have organized them into a series entitled: my early years. But before turning to the images, I'd like to explain how I ended up being born and raised in Baltimore in the first place.

Our family came from Eastern Europe to the USA in the 19th century. On my mother's side, my great-grandparents, Samuel and Bessie Brenner, were married in Lithuania. Samuel arrived in America in 1882 and Bessie in 1883.

In Lithuania, they were potato sellers, and left the country due to economic hardship and religious persecution. They had a son, Charles Brenner, my grandfather, who had one sister, Rose and two brothers, Joe and Isadore.

My grandmother Mayme, on my mother's side, was the daughter of Rifkah Leah Glassman and Abraham Louis Schneider. Both were born around 1863 in Wilnu (now called Vilnius) in Lithuania. Rifkah and Abraham had an arranged marriage in Nascheltz, Poland. Their original name was most likely Schruttaki but was changed to Schrieber when they immigrated to the USA. The family had four boys--Martin, Herman, Sam and Morris, and four girls, Mayme, Sarah, Bessie and Dora.

My great grandparents on my father's side came from Pidolia, Ukraine. They were married there and had one son, Samuel Tabor before they immigrated to the USA in the mid 1800s. Samuel was my grandfather on my father's side. Originally their name was Tabachnick but this was shortened to Tabor when they entered the USA. My great-grandmother on my father's side, came to America from Odessa as a young, unmarried girl in the late 1800s. Her maiden name was either Mednick or Mednickoff. She married and had

three boys, Irving, Ralph and Harry, and two girls, Sadie and my grandmother Alice.

My grandparent's, on my mother's side, Charles and Mayme, had three daughters, Rhona (my mother), Sonya and Miriam. My maternal grandfather's family was raised in Baltimore, where my grandfather earned a living selling dairy products in Lafayette market. On my father's side, my grandparent's Alice and Samuel had two sons, Neil (my father) and Harry. My paternal grandfather earned his living as a distributor of confectionaries to movie theaters.

I never knew either my grandmother Mayme from my mother's side, or my grandfather Samuel, on my father's side. Both passed away from heart attacks when they were in their fifties. After his wife Mayme passed away, my grandfather Charles briefly remarried and then divorced, and thereafter dated a lady named Dehla for many years before he passed away at age 101. After losing her husband Samuel, my grandmother Alice married Emmanuel (Manny) Cohen, a grocer who was originally from Palestine, and who passed away exactly one year after she did.

My parents were the first generation of their respective families to attend University, and both were the first generation to have professional careers. My mother studied to be a teacher and my father to be an attorney. They were married in Baltimore when my mother was 21 and my father 25, and after my father served briefly in the military, they settled down in Baltimore and moved from a house on Violet Avenue to our house on Cherokee Drive in 1959.

I was born in Baltimore in 1958 and my sister Nancy three years later in 1961. We were raised in Pikesville, a predominantly Jewish suburb of Baltimore. The area that we lived in was a new development, and was filled with young couples with many children of our age group. My best friend, Jerry Janofsky, lived across the street with his brother Jeffrey and sister Wendy, and there were many other playmates scattered throughout the neighborhood. My grandmother Alice, lived a few blocks away in the Pickwick Apartments, and we would go there regularly for Saturday night delicatessen, which lasted long into the night. On my mother's side, her sister, Sonia, had two daughters, Linda and Donna and a son Andy, and her sister Miriam had two sons, Michael and Jonathon, and two daughters, Barbara and Gail. All our aunts, uncles and cousins lived nearby, and we would see them regularly and celebrate holidays together.

Our schools were all walking distance from the house, although a public school bus came each morning to collect us and drop us off at Wellwood Elementary School, and at Pikesville Junior High School. We attended Pikesville Senior High school, which was a five minute bike ride from the house.

As children, we would ride our bikes to the Dairy Cottage store and buy penny candy. In the early 1960s, a landing strip on Smith Avenue was converted into a shopping center, and the Greenspring Shopping Center came into being. We passed that shopping center on our way back and forth to school, and spent many hours shopping, enjoying Baskin Robin's ice cream and bowling there. From our house, we could ride on the bikes for twenty minutes to the public library and then further still to the Reisterstown Road shopping center, which in its heyday housed the Hecht Company and Stewarts, which were luxury department stores. The Plaza, at that time, had loads of shops, restaurants, supermarkets and the local cinema.

My mother Rhona worked part-time as a teacher, and then specialized in assisting dyslectic children. She worked part-time when my sister and I were young, and was an avid bridge player. My father Neil, ran a law practice in

downtown Baltimore and was an enormous fan of sports and classical music. In the evenings, my mother would serve a nice, home-cooked dinner, and afterwards my father would retreat to the den where he'd read and listen to classical music. My father was also an avid fan of Baltimore's sports teams, and for many years he had season tickets to the Baltimore Bullets' basketball games. And when it wasn't basketball season, he'd listen to the baseball and football games on the radio. On Saturday's, my father would often take me with him to the gym, at first the YMCA and later to the Baltimore Athletic Club, for a workout, followed by a visit to the cavernous Baltimore City Library, then to lunch and finally to the record store on Cold Spring Lane where he would pour over the latest classical record releases.

My sister Nancy and I enjoyed growing up in Baltimore. While the 1960s were turbulent in America, and Baltimore was engulfed in riots, we lived in a part of Baltimore county that could best be described as a Jewish suburban bubble, where life was pretty darn good. But they say that a photo tells a thousand words---so best to let the story of my early years be told that way.

Steven R. Tabor

2 November 2018

*My parent's
wedding*



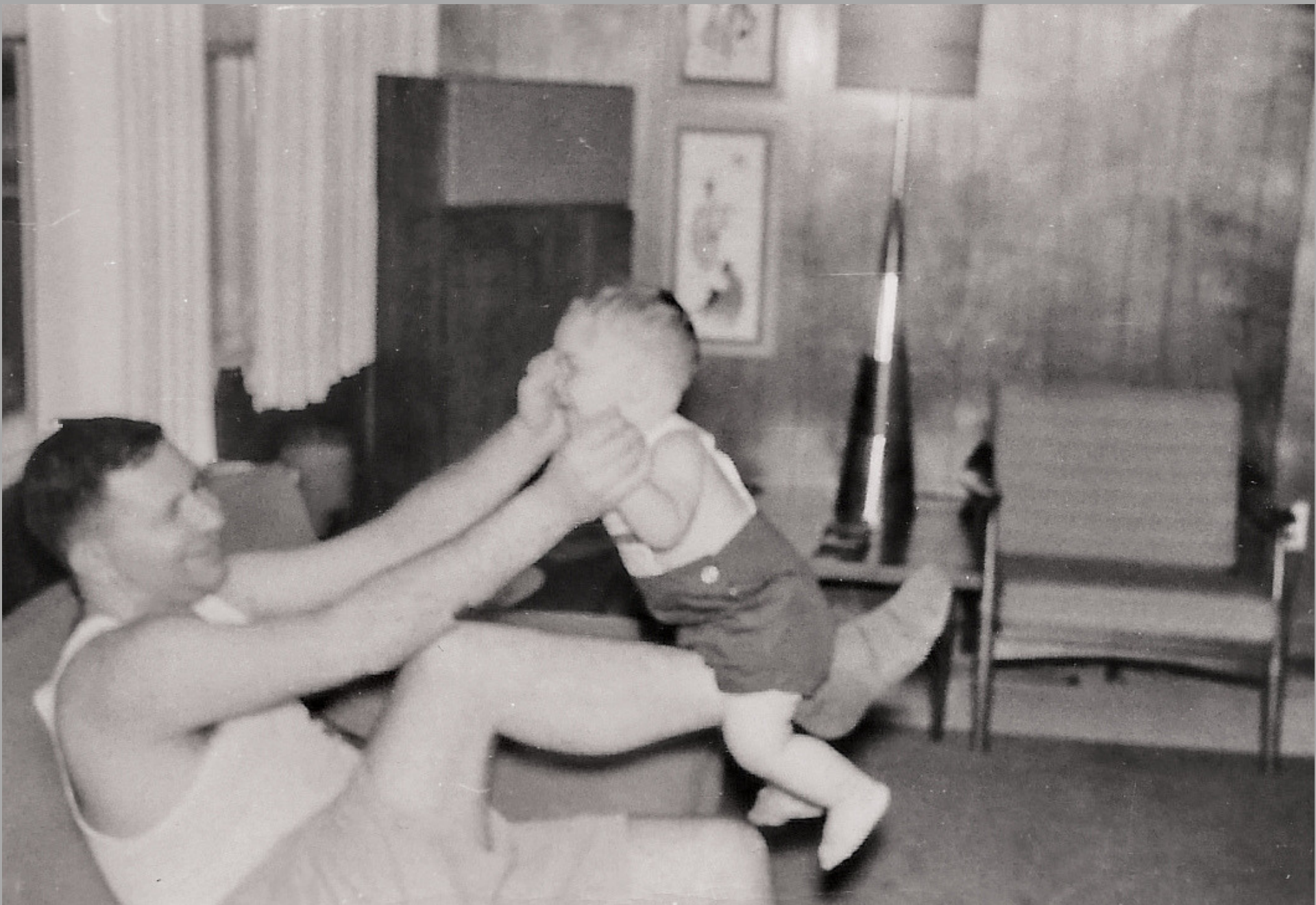
1958: I arrived on the scene





*Hanging out with my
Grandma Alice
&
taking my first steps*

In-flight with my father on the couch





*Pre-school
years*





Playing with my cousins





The terrible twos



*1961: My sister Nancy
arrives on the scene*



play time



Swinging and Sliding



Bathing



Chores



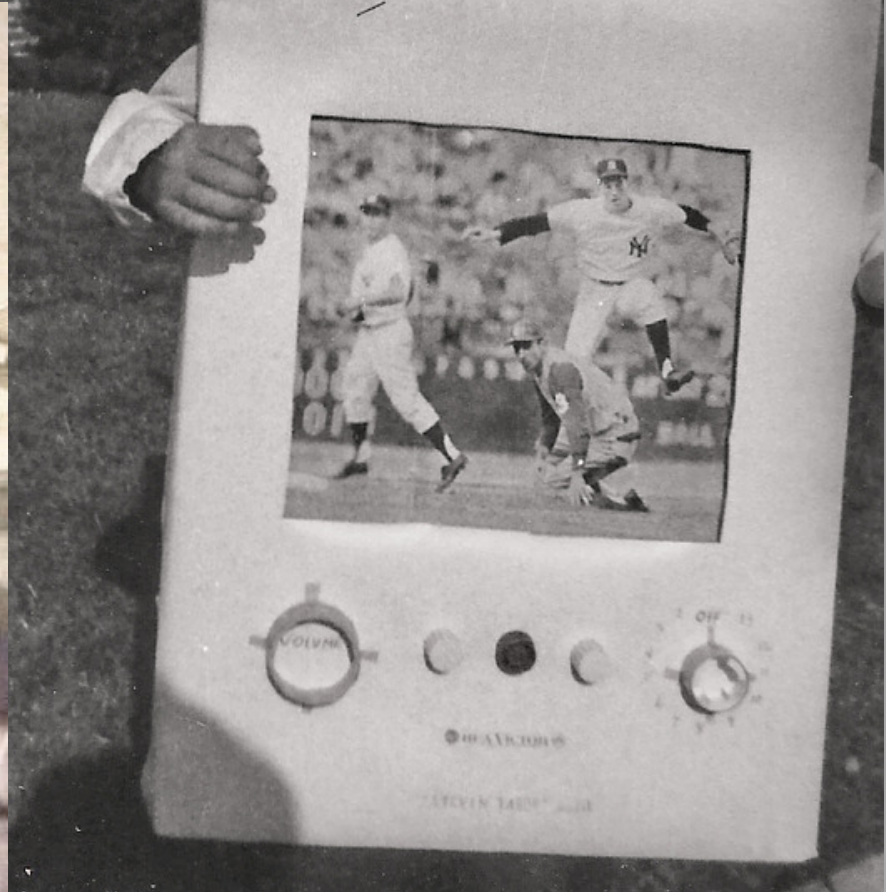
*Learning to ride a bike
and make sand castles*



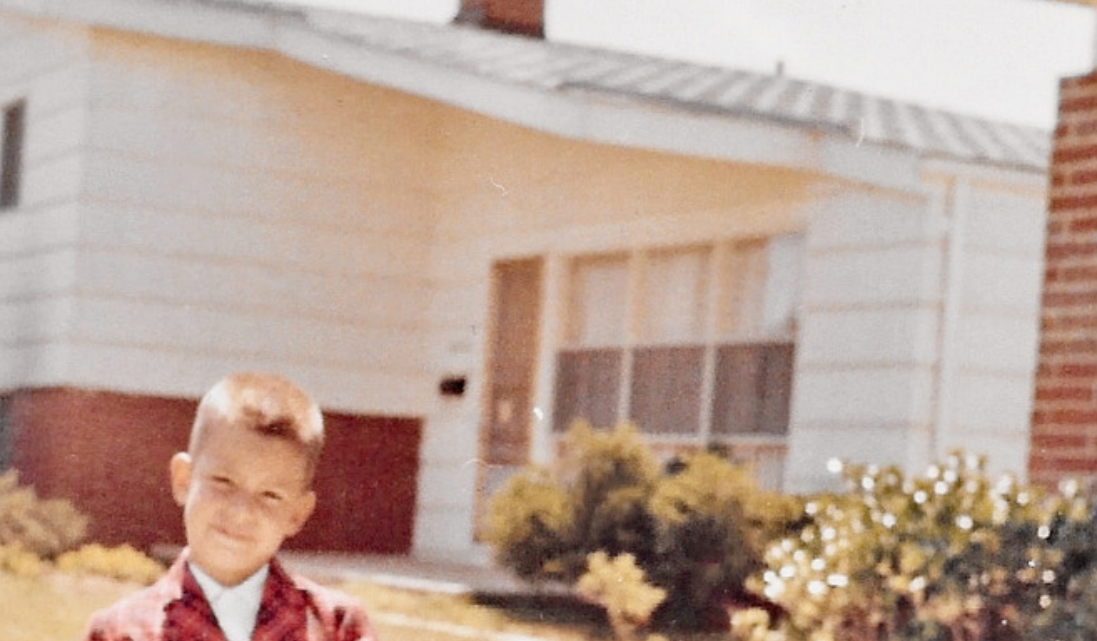
*Dad leaving for work
while I learn to read*



*Summer camp
dress-up day*



*Birthday parties and my
big red Schwinn bike*



Riding in the Chcvy on Cherokee Drive



*Performing for my father
on homemade instruments*



Enjoying home life



Quiet moments



Off to school





Class photos



The young athlete





Mom and Dad



Mom on Cherokee Drive

Dad on Cherokee Drive



Saturday night deli at Grandma Alice's



Family dinner at the Pimlico Restaurant



Turning 13: the Bar Mitzvah





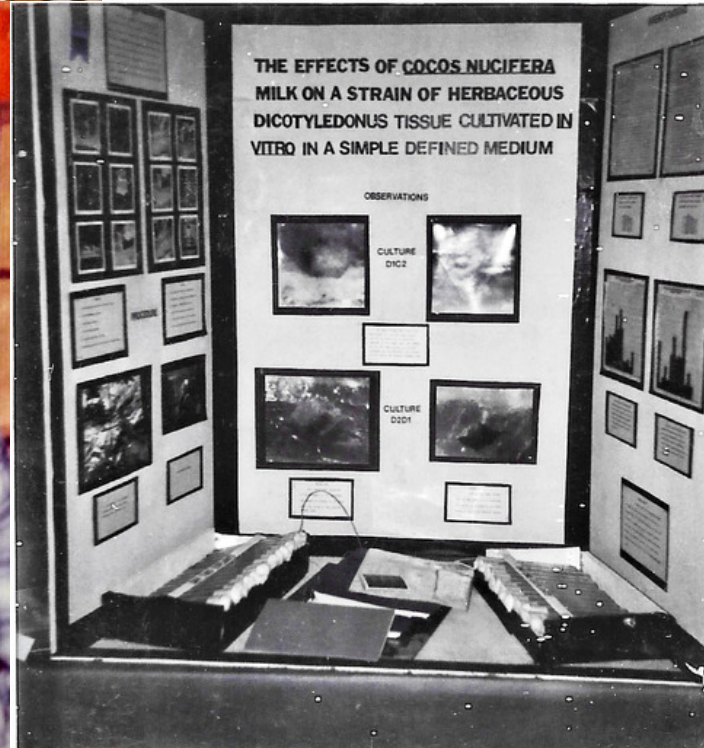
Grandma Alice and Manny at the Bar Mitzvah



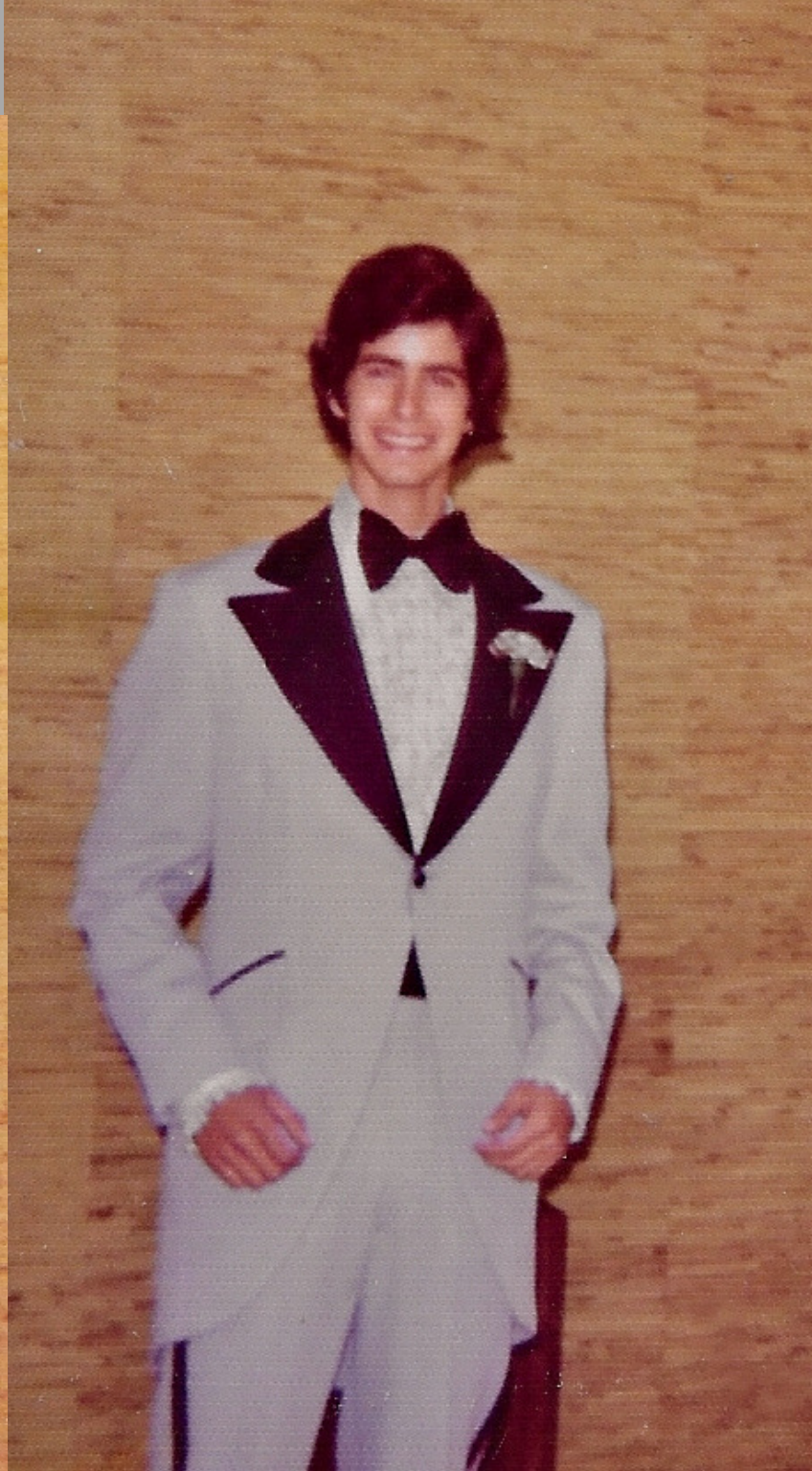
the Bar Mitzvah guys



Teenage years



Pikesville High School Prom



High School Graduation



Farewell Dinner: off to University

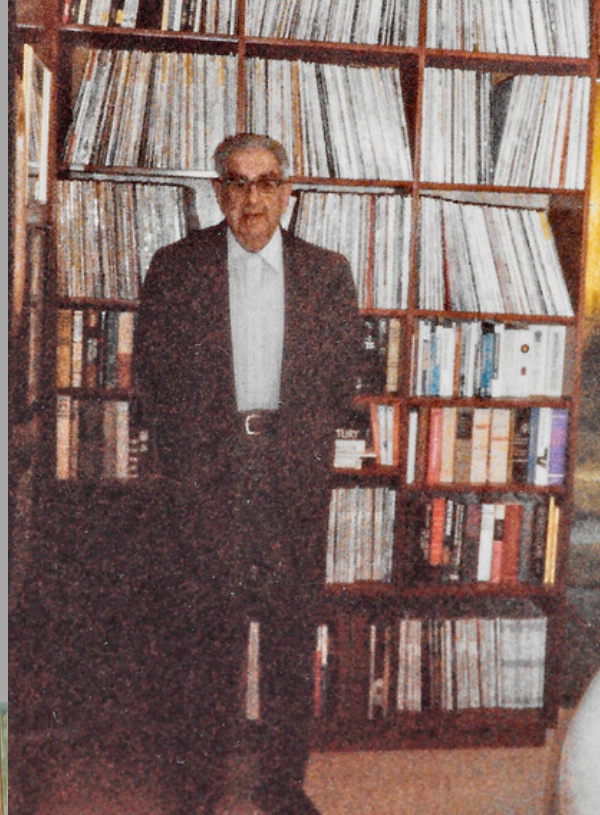


Turning 18





*Grandpa
Brenner*





Aunt Sonie



Aunt Miriam, Aunt Sonie and Mom



Grandpa Brenner, the Shears and the Lansmans





Mom, Dad and Nancy



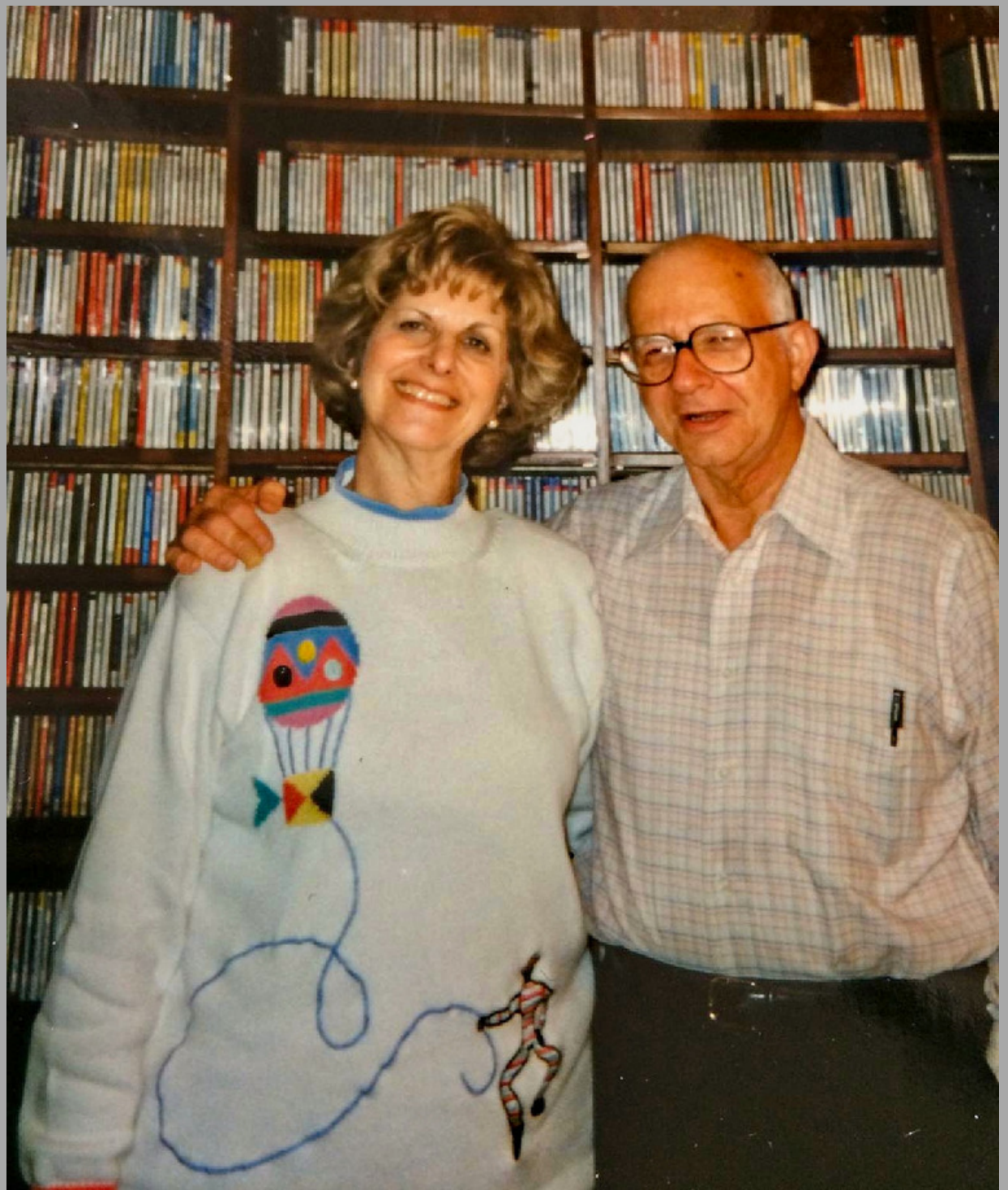
*Dad, Uncle Harry and
Uncle Joe*





My father

Mom and Dad



Mom and Dad



