

Mathilde Weill Cohen

AFTER the sad loss of our dear Vice President, Ezra Cohen, in June 1960, his wife, poignantly remembering his loyalty to the HGS, arranged for an annual memorial essay contest with a prize of \$100 to be awarded to the high school student who wrote the best essay on Henry George's ideas.

So it is a real heartache to know that she too left us in April, less than seven years after her husband's death. She was the sister-in-law of Mrs. Mitchell S. Lurio, wife of the director of the Boston HGS; and Mrs. Lurio willingly answered our request to write something about her. She does not mention the high regard in which Mrs. Cohen was held for her wise counseling at New York University, or her other professional abilities or generosity of spirit. But she brings out a special feeling for young people of which we were not aware, and this may explain why, in establishing a memorial for her husband, Ezra Cohen, her thoughts turned to encouraging students of the Henry George School. Here is Mrs. Lurio's brief tribute:

Mathilde Weill Cohen was the wife of Ezra Cohen, and my sister-in-law. When I first met her there was a rapport not too often felt between the fiancée of a loved brother and his sister. Both of us had brothers only, and perhaps that helped to draw us together.

As the years followed, no blood sister could have felt closer or had greater respect for her many outstanding qualities than I. She was a definite person who always let you know where she stood. If hurt, she was quick to

speak out, but just as quick to put the hurt out of mind.

One of her endearing charms was the delight she took in another's good fortune or honor, a delight so genuine that the recipient felt larger in stature. Though a busy psychologist, it was nothing less than amazing how she, without a chick of her own, made others feel theirs were very special. I never stopped marveling at how she kept up with the widening circle of offspring of friends and relatives, never forgetting the days that had meaning for them only.

In particular I remember a party she and Ezra gave inviting every child she knew. Their three room apartment, at the time, though spacious, was filled with thirty to forty children and their mothers. Yet there was no bedlam, but a program carried out with order and high fun. I was not alone in thinking how few women would go to so much trouble to please other people's children.

Even after these children had grown and had families of their own "Aunt Tillie" was always there to confide in, to comfort, to applaud. She deserved richly that loving "Aunt Tillie."

When my family or I came to New York unexpectedly she always managed to adjust her time to have us "up" for dinner. Hers was the home we telephoned first—hers the one we hurried to—our haven in New York.

For the many, many who knew her, there is now a real void, but especially for me—her sister.

—Lucille Lurio