



## David Herbert Klein

May 8, 1937 - October 10, 2020

David Klein died peacefully at home on October 10, 2020. His loving wife, Gail, was at his side in the house they built together with gorgeous views of the Blue Ridge Mountains. They spent almost thirty years there, exploring trails, traveling, shopping in Asheville, making new friends, and welcoming family who came to visit.

Dave was born in 1937 in Mamaroneck, New York, and spent his formative years playing baseball, needling his younger brother Arthur, and protecting pet snakes from the wrath of his mother. He attended Alfred University, which is where he met Gail and married her as soon as he could (after her graduation, two years after his). They made their way to Sunnyside, Queens, and then to Wayne, New Jersey, settling in for the long haul in Gail's home town of Packanack around 1963—a time when Jews (and Italians) needed special permission to own property there. And there they stayed: raising a family, building careers, hosting legendary parties, taking family vacations, and finally retiring at the same time to start a new life in North Carolina in 1996.

Always creative, a jack-of-all-trades, Dave was one of those guys who did it all. His cooking wasn't great, admittedly, but he gamely persevered when necessary. His ceramic and mosaic works, however, were top notch. He used mechanics only under duress; landscapers, never; and finally gave up roof repairs after breaking his leg one fateful Father's Day. Gail would not disagree that he was the more patient parent, the one his daughters preferred to conduct driving lessons and help with math homework. He enjoyed slapstick comedies and laughing uproariously at mildly inappropriate jokes. When his career at CBS ended after an unfathomable number of years, he dusted himself off and taught himself how to digitize his skills and stay relevant. Don't quit, don't quit, don't quit was his internal mantra (even if he would never use the word "mantra.")

Dave is survived by Gail, his cherished wife of fifty-nine years; his brother, Art, and his wife, Barbara, and their children Linda and Susan; his eldest daughter, Lori, and her husband, Dave Vines, and their children, Erin and Dylan; his youngest daughter, Wendy, and her husband, Jeff Rogoff, and their children, Jonah and Anna. But he's also survived by all the stories and jokes and moments, which live on in all of us, and in all the other lives his life has touched. His memory will always be a blessing—and a reminder: love hard and love now.

Morris Funeral & Cremation Care is serving the family and condolences may be sent to them through our website at <http://www.morrisfamilycare.com>.

# Comments

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“ Wendy Klein is following this tribute.

**Wendy Klein** - October 17, 2020 at 10:08 AM

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“ The thing I remember most about Uncle David is his laugh. He laughed easily and liberally, his laugh was deep and always sincere. As a child, it always made me feel relaxed and welcome (and made his height less intimidating). The fact that he went to Alfred for school made me understand that it was possible to go to art school. He worked for CBS, and I always thought that sounded glamorous. Today, I make ceramic sculptures and I feel connected to the creative inclination that runs through the Kleins and I am happy to carry on that tradition. Uncle David will be missed by everyone but we can celebrate a life fully lived.

**Susan** - October 14, 2020 at 08:15 AM

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“OF COURSE I am sad that my only sibling has died; Dave was my “big” brother. But I am also glad he didn’t have to suffer any longer than he did. He fought a brave and valiant battle over the past 7 or 8 months after his heart started to fail. We will all mourn the loss of a good guy, but I want to celebrate his life as well, and I know those who knew Dave will always remember him. We’ll remember what a great athlete and tennis player he was, and what a great father and husband he was. We’ll remember how much he loved a good, cold beer and how much he loved going to the US Open every year at Flushing Meadows. Dave and I sat in the old Grandstand court for many hours, watching one tennis match after another. Dave knew some of the CBS camera guys, from his career of working at CBS in New York. I remember one year, we were sitting at the railing by the court, and Dave said hello to one of the camera guys. The camera man gave Dave a big “hello,” came over to the railing, and handed us ice cold bottles of water provided by CBS. That was cool. Of course, Dave was 6 years older than me, and that’s a huge gap when you’re a kid. When Dave was 18 and a pitcher on the high school baseball team, he was always trying to get me to be his catcher so he could practice. I wanted to be a good little brother, so I said OK a few times, even though I didn’t have a catcher’s glove. Well, I can tell you after catching a few of Dave’s pitches, my left hand would hurt like hell. Dave could throw really hard... and I was only about 13 years old. I learned my lesson NOT to be a catcher for Dave.

When Dave was in the 6th grade at the Murray Avenue School in Larchmont, a kid from Prague arrived who did not speak much English. Dave became friendly with this new kid, PETER STEIN, who was a neighbor. Dave helped him learn English and taught him how to play baseball. Pete was forever grateful for Dave’s help, and Dave & Pete became life-long friends. There’s a lesson there for all of us.

I always looked up to my big brother, except the day he shot me with his BB rifle. He was looking out of his bedroom window, and I was in the front yard. I thought Dad was going to kill Dave after that incident.

When Dave went off to Alfred University to study Ceramic Design, I was so proud of him. I wondered if I would be able to attend college, too. When Dave would return home at the end of the school year, he would show us some of the work he had done. I remember how we were all amazed at the beautiful drawings and paintings he produced, as well as the amazing ceramic work... delicate pitchers, beautiful mugs, museum-quality bowls. He did wood sculptures that could have been in any art gallery. He was a very gifted artist, which I never knew until then.

When Dave went into the Army and did his basic training at Ft. Leonard Wood, I was in awe of him. Best of all, though, I inherited his car for 2 years. That was very cool. When Dave and Gail were married 59 years ago, I was also in awe of him. He was my role model.

I discovered a passion for tennis at the late age of 28. As I began to play, Dave would invite me over to the Packanack Tennis Club and get me into doubles matches. He spent time with me on court, giving me invaluable tennis tips and helping me to really improve at the game. I am forever grateful for that, as it gave me a good start with the sport and set the stage for later becoming a USPTA-certified tennis instructor and high school tennis coach many years later.

A few years before moving to Asheville, Dave became a skilled platform tennis player in the winter-time. He would often call me and encourage me to come over to Packanack to play. I also found some public platform courts in the Morristown area

and I would get together with Dave on some frigid winter weekends and we had some great doubles games.

I am going to miss our Sunday morning calls, which we did every week for the past 5 years. ---Art Klein

**Art Klein** - October 13, 2020 at 08:36 PM