



Charles Emmett Cline

March 23, 2014

Cline, Charles E. Born 6-12-1913, passed away peacefully on Sunday, March 23, 2014. He was preceded in death by his wife, Martha Tyler Cline; parents, Charles and Mamie Cline; brothers, Earl and John; and sisters, Hazel Thull and Mabel Jenson. He is survived by many nieces, nephews and many dear friends. Charles served in the U.S. Army during WWII. He was wounded and awarded the Purple Heart Medal while stationed in the Aleutian Islands. He was sent to Temple, TX for rehab and there made a lifetime connection with the Childers family and many other military friends. He worked at Honeywell and Blue Cross/Blue Shield until retirement, but then ran his own insurance brokerage well into his 80's. He had graduated from Central High School in Mpls., and attended the University of MN. Charles will be dearly missed by family and friends from TX, FL, CA and MN. He was clearly a man who enjoyed people's companionship, travel, and the spark of joy and laughter he could always infuse when with him. We will celebrate his 100 years of life with a service at the Washburn-McReavy Edina Chapel, 5000 West 50th St. (952-920-3996) on Monday, March 31, at 11 am, with luncheon, then burial at Fort Snelling.

Tribute Wall



“ *Part 3 and Conclusion of Remembering Charlie from Renato Della Rocca*

What plays in Vegas stays in Vegas

You might know that Charlie enjoyed his gambling. Charlie and I for years took trips to Las Vegas to gamble, see shows, and to dine well. In Vegas, we treated ourselves to steaks, oysters, martinis, and cigars. But the last trip to Vegas, in May of 2012, was a misadventure. Our room at the Bellagio was not ready for occupancy, and so we dropped our bags under a large table in the lobby and went to the gaming tables. When we returned, our bags had disappeared (along with our keys, meds, and more). We whistled a happy tune and carried on, taking Mr Magoo as our model.

Sing-Along: What would you think about celebrating the life and times of Charlie Cline by way of a sing-along? I'd like to recommend to you-all a few songs that might capture the spirit of Poor Charlie, including:

To All The Girls I've Loved Before

The September of My Years

My Way

How Old Am I?

As Time Goes By

The Darktown Strutters' Ball

Save the Last Dance for Me

We celebrate Charlie's life, his service, his friendship, and his whimsical ways.

Renato and Elissa Della Rocca

Maggie Rocca - March 31, 2014 at 05:34 PM



“ *Part 2 of Remembering Charlie from Renato Della Rocca*

World War II: Private Charlie Cline's basic training was accomplished at Ft. Ord, in California, and there it was that he trained in the Mojave Desert for desert warfare. But he wasn't called to the war in the desert; rather, he was sent to fight on a cold and treeless island in the Aleutian chain, to Attu. It was on Attu that Charlie was wounded in combat; on Attu that he was awarded his Purple Heart medal. From Attu he was transported to Letterman General in San Francisco for one week before being transferred to McCloskey General Hospital in Temple, Texas, where he remained for several years. There he took on limited duties: served as an escort; helped the occupational therapists; organized social functions; produced radio programs; lectured in the community.

Post War: Contact Rep at the VA

I met Charlie in 1946, when we both worked as contact representatives for the Veterans Administration at Ft Snelling. We counseled members of the "greatest generation" regarding their benefits. We developed a friendship, and we worked together outside of the office as we were instrumental in organizing Chapter 268 of the Military Order of the Purple Heart. Charlie was a good contact rep. He was very detail oriented, and his fellow reps accused him of being a bit slow in processing claims. In fact, one day Charlie left a veteran seated at his desk and went to the file room to pull the vet's file. Charlie was gone for an extended period, and when he returned, the vet had died at Charlie's desk! He never heard the end of this: we reps all accused Charlie of being so snail-like and slow that his vets would die at his desk waiting for assistance.

Penny wise, pound foolish No doubt about it: Charlie was frugal. After I moved to Los Angeles in 1968, Charlie became a frequent visitor at our home. He joined us in all activities, and these included golf. On one occasion, I invited Charlie to play in a tournament at a certain country club by the ocean. Charlie did not want to purchase

a pair of golf shoes; he opted, instead, for tennis shoes. He looked much like a cartoon character when he stepped up to the tee, swung his club, slipped and spun like a top. It was a crash landing, with a broken ego but fortunately no broken bones ...

The Wedding Chest Charlie's frugality on occasion landed him in a pickle. I remember that when he married Martha, he could not resist bringing to his lovely bride a box of socks which needed darning. Now Martha knew something about fish-net hose being that she had been a professional dancer; however, she knew nothing of darning men's socks ... and wasn't about to learn.

Up the river without a paddle

Charlie was a romantic, and I remember well his boating adventure on a Minnesota river with a beautiful bikini-wearing blonde. These two were with a larger group of friends, but broke away and paddled a small canoe upstream to enjoy the sights. Soon the weather shifted, the winds whistled, and Charlie was forced to paddle for their lives. So much for the romantic interlude. Charlie kept us in stitches with his stories of misadventures.

Adventures and Impressions

When Charlie was in residence at our home, he would meet new ladies and bend over backwards to impress them. For one date, he rented a pink Cadillac convertible. For another, he danced a jig in a parking lot to show how much he appreciated Irish-American culture. On one occasion, Charlie told us he wasn't feeling well, but he agreed to come along to a grand party at a consul general's residence. It wasn't long after we arrived before Charlie found a lovely dance partner, and when we strolled out to the patio we were surprised to find one couple, Charlie and his partner, dancing to the music of a live band, with dozens of admirers forming an admiration ring around them, clapping.



“ My father, Renato Della Rocca along with his wife, Elissa Della Rocca, wrote a tribute to Charlie that is honest, moving, and often humorous. Since I was unable to read this at the service, I would like to share it with family and friends who are interested. However, it is a large file and so I will have to upload it in several sections. It is well worth the read, for Charlie was an exceptional man and he and Renato maintained a long time friendship filled with adventure and mishaps.

“Remembering Charlie”

*From Renato Della Rocca
March 29, 2014*

Cervantes said it best: “A man must eat a peck of salt with his friend before he knows him.”

For the past 68 years, Charlie and I broke bread together, walked life’s road together, and exchanged life’s stories. In short, we ate a peck of salt together.

Charlie was, without a doubt, a man of many dimensions. He was the apple of his mother’s eye; the sometimes-hero of wife Martha; the university athlete; the Army soldier; the Honeywell man; the civil servant; and the independent businessman, the insurance broker. He was a true and supportive friend, and he knew that a little song and a burst of laughter could quickly banish the blues. It seems to me that Charlie’s life was like a rich tapestry which took a full century to weave. The threads of the tapestry were of mixed quality: some were common, some rare, all colorful.

Poor Charlie. Charlie was the tenth of eleven children born to Mamie and Charles Cline, residents of an apartment at 10th and Nicollet at the time of Charlie’s birth. As Charlie tells the story, he

lived “upstairs, above the Chinese laundry.” Perhaps ... in any event ... it seems that the dwelling would have been temporary, for as Charlie told it, the family lived in tenements and moved often. The threads woven into the tapestry of his youth were made of common materials. When referencing his childhood, Charlie would use the handle: “Poor Charlie.”

Fleeting Stardom and Bernie Bierman It was at Central High School that Charlie became a football star. His football career took him from Central to the University of Minnesota where he won a football scholarship, but his stay was brief. It went this way. Coach Bernie Bierman was tough. If he decided that a player was not up to snuff, he simply would remove the player’s uniform from his locker. There was no discussion: the player was OUT. So one day Charlie went to his locker and found it emptied. His days of stardom were over. So was his dream of higher education. He moved on: became a production analyst at Honeywell and remained there until he was drafted, in 1942.

Maggie Rocca - March 31, 2014 at 05:31 PM

AF

“ 1 file added to the album Charlie



A friend - March 29, 2014 at 04:44 PM

AF

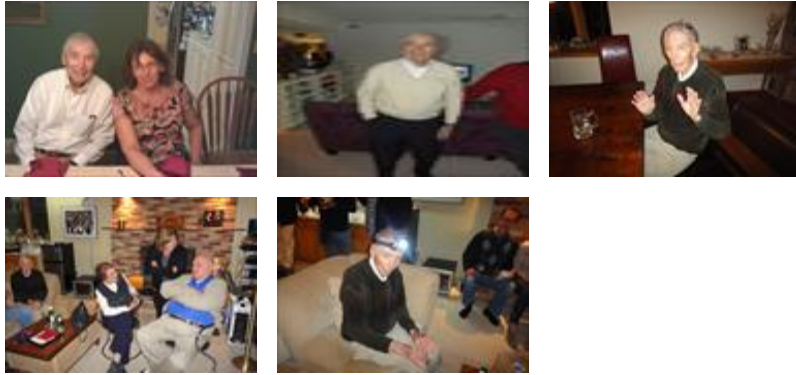
“ 3 files added to the album *Charlie*



A friend - March 28, 2014 at 08:15 PM



“ 8 files added to the album *New Album Name*



Edward Hanley - March 28, 2014 at 11:46 AM

EH

“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



Ed Hanley - March 28, 2014 at 11:42 AM

DG

“ *We will miss Chuck deeply. He has been a part of our family for my entire life. Lifelong friend of my father, Renato. I think of Chuck and smile with happy memories.*

Dana Gray - March 26, 2014 at 04:28 PM