

Don't know why - just, perhaps, one of the children alive today and those future children may know a bit of our "roots" or background, when I was small - rather what I can remember now as I face 30 July 81 - my 80th birthday.

I was born in Brookville, Pa. - 30 July 1901 - so Mama noted on the blank in the leatherbound Jewish encyclopedia - who has them - all the volumes - I do not know. Arnold L. Adelson, my brother, wanted them and so they were given to him when the Big House on Allegheny Ave. was sold. Perhaps one of Arnie's offspring has all the volumes. Arnie and Shirley, his wife, had two girls, Sandra Lee and Carol Lynn.

I do not remember moving from Brookville, Pa. to Kittanning, Pa. I do remember living in a red brick house, 431 North Ave. As of today, it still stands - a nice looking, well kept house. How all of us (10 plus dear Mama and Papa) lived in six rooms - I do not remember. We had no electricity, no bathroom. On the ceiling were gas lights. We bought "mantles" - small, cloth bags and inserted (I suppose) in the gadget on the ceiling. These mantles were lit with a burning match. A match was and is a tiny wooden stick. On the end was sulphur. When struck against a hard surface, there came a flame or small fire.

At some time, Mr. installed a bathroom. No more did we need "chic sales" or chambers. We considered it a luxury. Nobody in those days, early 1900's had a bathroom - Saturday nights (before installation of bathroom) Mama bathed us in the kitchen as we sat in big galvanized wash tubs filled with hot water. We all attended Wick City public School - Wick City was and still is a part of Kittanning. After finishing eight grades in Wick City, we attended Kittanning High School. Miss Steinmetz taught English. What a good teacher. At one time or another we all were pupils of Miss Steinmetz. Miss Steinmetz taught in the Wick City Public School.

While we lived on North Ave., dear Papa had a big sled and with a team of horses he gathered us and all the kids on the street, and in the deep snow took us to school. We had a barn where dear Papa kept the horses. Beside the house there was a high pile of scrap iron. That was Papa's scrap yard at that time. Mama kept books for Papa. One day my brother Louis David had a part of his left thumb blown off as he (my brother) was tinkering on an anvil. There was a loud blast. Fortunately, all came out ok. Also, when Lou was Bar Mitzva, we had a big dinner in the dining room. Arnie was a baby. He had a chicken bone lodged in his throat. Mama ran with him to Dr. Wyant, whose office was on the corner. By the time Mama the doctor's office, Arnie had bone. So again, all came out ok.

I remember the phone we had while living on North Ave. It was attached to the wall in the dining room. We had to "crank" it. Operator answered. We gave her the number of Rambach's grocery store. Rambach's were Jewish. When Mama paid the bill (groceries were charged - also delivered) a bag of chocolate candy was given to Mama. Chocolate drops were the standard gift. No on on the street or in the vicinity had a phone, so many neighbors came to our house to use the phone. One night a neighbor came to our house at 2 a.m. wanting some chicken fat (Mama always had some) to give to her child who had the "croup". I can still see dear Papa in his underwear going down to open the door and give the "fat" to the neighbor. Rose had diptheria while we lived on North Ave. Dr. Cooley took care of her. He inserted a gold tube in her throat to help her breathe. We were quarantined while Rose was sick in the parlor. A big sign was posted on the front of the house. We could not leave. No one, only the doctor, was allowed in.

I should have started out like this: Dear Mama was born in Hull, England. Her father was in Russia and saw a picture of a pretty girl in Hamburg, Germany. Somehow they met, married and migrated to England where Mama was born. Mama was five years old when they moved to New York, USA. Mama and Papa were married at the turn of the century. I spose about 1898. At least this is what Mama told us. Queen Victoria was on the throne in England and Mama talked about

Queen Victoria. No specifics. The newlyweds went to Corry, Pa. to live. Eventually, they landed in Kittanning. Papa became a citizen in Mercer County, Mercer, Pa. Allan Kalish has that certificate. Very interesting document. Anyone wanting any information, I am sure Allan will submit the document. Allan Kalish is the son of former Nettie Adelson, from North Ave., Kittanning, Pa.

We were a big, unified family. In April 1917 we moved into the lovely, big house across the river. That section of Kittanning was and still is called Applewold. On 6 April 1917, I was sitting on our back porch steps when U.S. declared war on Germany. First World War. I remember so distinctly. My brother, Lou, as we called him - was drafted and ready to leave for the war when the war was ended. An armistice was signed and thus Armistice Day was announced - 16 Nov. 1918. Our new home was a delight. A bathroom - electric lights - beautiful hardwood floors. About 15 rooms, counting 3rd floor, pantry, etc. We had two living rooms. By now we called "parlors" living rooms. Each living room had a mantel with fireplaces. We called one the "old living room" where we burned coal in the grate. Of course, in the winter time we ate apples and oranges. Sister Nettie and son Allan came to live with us. Allan played casino with Papa (Allan's grandfather). Arnie always tinkered with his stamp collection in his room. Room was cold since we had no central heating. I do believe we did have a coal furnace - heated only the downstairs. Eventually, a gas furnace was installed. No more ashes to be taken out.

At one time, Ruth, Abe and children - Myril and Mendal lived with us. Also, Nettie and Allan. We were a great bunch.

We had a Ford. If we planned a trip to Pittsburg, or anywhere, the car was put in a garage for a complete check three days before the planned trip. No concrete roads. Just plain dirt or mud, if it rained. I remember being pulled out of that mud by the nearby farmer's horses. Cars in those days had to be cranked. No just stepping on gas.

At Thanksgiving time, sister Netty would make "taffy" - candy. After boiling, all of us "pulled and pulled" the taffy until it was ready to eat. Also Nettie made "jello" - with fruit and nuts. Our back porch was enclosed and the jello was put out on the porch so that the next day the jello was "solid" and ready to eat. At that time there were no electric refrigerators. Everyone had an ice box - ice was delivered by truck. Each family had a square card - each point on the big card designated the amount of ice each family wanted.

Underneath the ice box, a pan was placed to catch the melting ice. Many a morning the kitchen was flooded (to a degree). We had forgotten to empty the pan before going to bed. The most impressive - Mama lighting the candles every Friday nite. And Mama blessing the coming of (shabus) Sabbath - covering her eyes with her hands. Beautiful. The candle holder - 5 candles - on our kitchen table. As we sat down - in Papa's plate was the "chali" - twisted loaf of white bread - covered with a white linen napkin. As Papa blessed the bread - cut a piece - blessed the piece of bread - both Mama and Papa - ushering in the Holy Sabbath. How I remember - moving day in the town - perhaps all towns. 1 April - somehow that day got lost as time passed on. At least, I have not heard of "moving" day for many years. No doubt the reason - everyone bought their home. The American Dream. And speaking of springtime as moving, it also was a time for spring housecleaning. Walls were cleaned, we had paper on our walls. We used some kind of cleaner. I cleaned as far as I could reach. And of all things - looking back - all rugs from every room were carried out and hung over the clothes lines in our backyard. All households did that. The rugs were beaten with a wire "beater" until all the dust was "beaten" out. Today those beaters are an antique item. Then finally the Hoover sweeper. No more "beatings." Since this is related in no sequence, I want to go back when we were all "together". We, as children, were what we today call "teenagers". Every spring for Passover, Mama went to Pittsburg, bought suits for the boys, dresses for the girls. At that time, one could buy on approval if one had a charge. Mama had one. When the clothes arrived we had a fashion show in the

old living room. We, the girls, tried on the dresses. The boys did the same. There was Papa sitting in his chair and watching. Papa had to approve of every item. Whatever he didn't like - that went back to the store. And I believe the store (truck) came from Pittsburg to pick up the merchandise. Of course, Mama received credit on her charge. I might add - Papa did not know exactly what was right (clothes), but he surely knew what was wrong for me or anyone of us. The same procedure was carried on for the fall holidays - Roshasha and Yom Kippur. What glorious memories. And, of course, we all went to shule all dressed up with Mama and Papa. Really, I must correct this - Mama and Papa went real early. We followed about 10 a.m.

Lou and I were pals. We danced our young lives away. Lou had a red colored Hudson. Each evening we went to town - on Market St. - picked up the crowd - I don't remember who - then drove up the West Kittanning Hill for about 3 hours, arriving at a barn for a dance. Of course over dirt roads. By midnight the dance was over, so we drove home. No Coke, no beer, no nothing!!

Lou and I repeated that as often as there was a dance. Mama, after a while, forbid us. We "scooted" out the back door. Mama never scolded us.

I remember the night the phone rang. The phone was placed immediately outside the bedroom where Rose and I were sleeping. I believe it was about midnight. Jake Goldberg gave me the message, since I answered the phone. I need not tell you our reaction. As if in one chorus we all uttered "Steve, Steve?" Early in the morning we all departed for Sharon. Your mother was laid out in "Mummy" Cohen's home. Perhaps I should not relate this to you. Perhaps you know all this. It's part of the "drama". I imagine you want to know this. I do not remember any part of the funeral. That is odd, isn't it? At this point, I might mention that after Lou passed away, Mama sat day after day in the old living room where Lou had lain terminally ill, crocheting one table cloth after another. Not one word out of Mama. Just brooding and remembering. When Papa came home after the day's work, he scolded Mama saying, "you will hurt your eyes". Still no word from Mama. It was time for Mama to serve Papa his dinner. If you remember Papa was always late. Every morning Papa - up early - "legged tfilim". I watched many times, as he wrapped the leather strap around his arm and adjusted the "frontlets" between his eyes. This custom, or tradition, took place in the dining room. We had a "pot belly" coal stove in the kitchen parallel to the gas stove. Papa, up real early, had a nice blaze in the stove. We all took our clothes and dressed in front of the stove. We had no furnace at that time. When we were real little, Papa hired a three seated buggy, with fringe all around. Papa rented the carriage (buggy) from Mr. Montgomery, who lived on the first block in Applewold. We were, at that time, living on North Ave. Mama packed the lunch and away we went to the "fair" (county fair) which was held in Applewold on the fairgrounds. I remember "horse racing" was one attraction. Papa, of course, held the reins of the horses leading us to the fair. We had to cross the bridge. I spose we spent the day at the fair. It's difficult to remember specifics (I am 82 as I write this). Papa and Mama were very proud of their huge family. No matter where Papa went, he wanted, always wanted, to take his children with him. Mama was not exactly that eager. Mama was more reticent in nature.

In the winter, winter only, Mama stirred up a batch of flour, etc. in a great big mixing bowl (maybe tin, certainly not aluminum) before going to bed. She covered it to keep the mixture warm so the mixture could rise. In the morning we had "pancakes" from this mixture. I remember Lou loved the pancakes. Arnie was a stamp collector. He must have been about eight years old when he started. In the winter as we all gathered in the old living room, Arnie was upstairs in his room. No heat since at that time we had no furnace. Mama would call to him - "come down, join us, it's cold up there." No, he stayed with his stamps!

After the war, WWII, I asked Papa "why did you stop at Kittanning, while moving from Corry, Pa. (where Ruth, Nettie, and Lou) were born? Why not "keep

going" to Pittsburg?" His reply, "I could not give Mama and my children a good home (house) in Pittsburg where it would be too expensive. I knew I could provide a good home (house) in a small town." So it was Kittanning. I never bothered him again. I mention Pittsburg - more Jews and a shule. Also, he could have saved railroad charges from Kitt. to Pgh - where the scrap was sent - to the mills.

Remember the chickens in our backyard. The ordinance in Applewold: NO CHICKENS. However, Papa went to council meeting (he was not a member) and argued his case. "There is a war, my chickens provide eggs for my son's families, my family and so on." He kept the chickens.

At Passover, the Passover dishes had to be washed and brought up from the basement where they were put away in barrels. I happened to be on leave from the Army for Passover 1944. I went to the basement, took the dishes out of the barrels, put the hose on them. After all the dust was washed off, I carried them up to the kitchen - they had to be washed again, I suppose someone helped me. I don't remember. I did say to Mama - "you are a modern woman, why go through all this." Mama's reply, "I have done this all my life - I will continue." And she did. True to tradition. I loved her for it.

During the depression Papa went to Pittsburg and bought brooms -ordinary brooms. Each evening he came home with a pocket full of pennies. We sat around the kitchen table and counted pennies - and counted pennies. We ate hamburger, ground meat, until it came out of our ears. Who complained? Nobody. Papa did not know defeat. And when the bank - Armstrong County - came to look our beloved house over - I followed them. Surely they can't take our "palace". You see, the brokers in Pittsburg owed Papa money. They could not pay Papa, so Papa had no money to pay his debts. However, Papa carried heavy life insurance. The bank took that for collateral. Our house was saved!! Ralph could tell the story better than I. At least, my story is what I remember - mostly the bankers looking our house over.

Steve, I can't write more at the present time. I'll continue as I can. I feel time is running out for me. So I am sending this now. Most of the story happened before WWII.

I loved your letter.

Will write again soon.

Love to you and all,

Aunt Lib

Stay well. Wear fur coat in good health - use care the same. Stay happy.  
God bless all of you. Aunt Lib

Installment 2  
After Thoughts - Explanations

Papa sold the brooms to all his customers out in the country.

Arnie's stamp collection - all English stamps. One could trace English history from his stamps. Arnie was smart.

Why move to Pgh - I thought we would be involved with Jewish people. And Papa could attend shule.

Papa going down to give "chicken fat" to the neighbor in the middle of the night - 2 a.m. The child had the "croup". A good remedy in those days.

We had to move from North Ave. Mr. Rooney wanted his house. There was no house big enough for us. The house on Allegheny Ave. was owned by the Safe Deposit Bank where Papa dealt. Mr. Dougherty built it, but went bankrupt. So the bank rented it to Papa. Papa eventually bought it. Papa paid \$8000 (mortgage) for it, including the lot across the alley. In due time Papa sold that lot for \$2000, including the barn on it. The barn was converted into a double house. Steve, you remember that - about 1917 - I mean the house.

Mrs. Brown lived on our corner. She was rich - became a widow - had a beautiful car and chauffer. She called on Mama and said when she heard the Adelsons were moving on Allegheny Ave. with five boys - my - what would the neighborhood be like? After a while she realized "nothing had or would happen, she said to Mama - 'My, how did you train five boys so nicely? I have an "airdale" (however do you spell it), and I can't train him - the dog." Mama told that story over and over again.

Note: re: the house on lot across the alley - I mean Steve, by the time you came to live with us the barn was already converted and you were old enough to remember it.

Grandma lived with us. Papa's mother. She was a beautiful woman - straight as an arrow. She was always moving to Aunt Esther and Aunt Ida - her two daughters. Then back to us. She loved Papa. Finally she stayed with us to the end of her life. She occupied the room which finally became your room. Of course, years later. One night she fell down the 18 steps. I was first down the steps where she landed. Papa ran down picked her up - put her to bed. Not one bone was broken. She must have been 86 at that time. I honestly do not remember when she passed away at age 88. Grandma and Grandpa (Papa's parents) lived on Wilson Ave. Grandpa would be away for a week at a time gathering up junk. We all took turns sleeping with Grandma so she would not be alone. Grandpa died after WWI from the flu which was rampant at that time. I remember coffins were very scarce. Actually, it was a huge epidemic throughout the U.S. Both grandparents are buried in Pittsburgh.

One summer night we had a dance on our big front porch. We pushed the Victrola into the vestibule (big house). We were having such a good time - all the young Jewish folks. I suppose about 10 of us when lo! Mrs. Moore called down to us from her bedroom window - saying she would call the police to stop the noise. Must have been about 11 p.m. That was the end of that for all times. Mama gave that order. Mrs. Moore was our neighbor.

Back to North Ave. In the winter we had fun in the snow. We had flexible flyers (sleds). Lou hitched our sleds (three or four) together with a rope. We walked to the top of the hill - got on our sleds and away we went - "zig zagging" down the hill. We never got hurt. We had such fun!! In those days we really had heavy snow falls. And when it rained the rain ran down the hill into "puddles". Mama allowed us to wade in that muddy water. What happened - nothing to our bare feet.

At one time we were 17 around the big table in the kitchen. Ruth, Abe, Mickey, Mendal, Nettie and Allan - three times a day - for each meal. We certainly were an extended family. We all lived together in our big house. Mendal was born in my bed - in my room - next to the Smith family. At seder time everybody - everybody gathered and celebrated together. I remember Sally Lou, I spose about three years old, drank some wine. And Bernie had to take her home - she was drunk!! A card table was "set up" for the children after everyone went home, Rose and I had to do the dishes. I think I did complain to Mama. I know I was wrong. We had what in those days we called a "hired girl". Mama gave her the seder nights off. We always had a "hired girl" for \$3.50 per week. She had lodging and food. Some were young girls from the farms who wanted to come to the "city" - Kittanning! They were treated as members of our family.

Mama entertained so much. For her 50th anniversary a big party was held in the "Hose House" - fire house. Mama's rich cousins from Chicago came for the event. Then, too, Mama entertained at home. The president of the bank, executives from the Pittsburgh Plate Glass, the prominent people from Kittanning - all were invited and all came. We girls acted as hostesses though it was always buffet. The two living rooms were filled. All of us made the rounds - "would you like more of this, or that" - a gala occasion. Mama and Papa loved it. I spose we did, too.

While living on North Ave., Papa, and I imagine Uncle Charley, Papa's brother, had to go to Austin, Pa. where a dam had broken causing a huge flood. Papa's sister, Libbie and her two young boys were drowned. The infant baby was never found. So Papa went to Austin, Pa. to identify his sister. Poor Grandma!! I must have been 10-12 yrs. old. My sister, Ruth, resembled the aunt. I don't remember seeing Aunt Libbie and children. We did have a picture. Where it is, I don't know. That was a tragedy. Incidentally, Shirley Adelson has most of the pictures of our clan.

When Joan and Jimmy were about six months old, Genessa moved in with the babies. It was summer, and of course hot - more so in Pittsburgh. The babies lived all day on the glider on our big porch. They were fed and slept on the glider all day. At night, they occupied the baby bed in the house. Such loveable, beautiful babies. And now (Dec. '83) they are two beautiful persons - both inside and out.

And your Bar Mitsva, Steve, I'm sure you remember it. Everyone gushing over you - with love and affection. The Cohens - Mummy Cohen and all. Mama bought new porch furniture for it. It all was lovely - no one said a word but I am sure many, in fact all of us, had thoughts in back of our minds. But we were happy. We were so proud of you!

This ends this chapter. When I last wrote you, I was not feeling well. I am ok now and I am sure I'll be able to finish the last of these notes.

Stay well - I loved your letter. I called Net and she wanted to read the letter. I sent it to her - she will return it to me.

Love and kisses to you, Ellen and children.

Aunt Lib

Every fall, Papa bought 50 bushels of apples and 50 bushels of potatoes for winter consumption. They were kept in the cellar - now cellars are called basements. Ours really was a basement. And Mama bought canned fruits from the H. Pollock wholesale grocery business - bought by the case. All this was placed in the attic. In previous years, Mama bought fresh fruits - (peaches, pears, plums) - and "canned" the fruits and put into quart size "Mason" glass jars. By "canned" I mean boiled the fruits until they (the fruits) were tender. I wish I had a penny for each peach I peeled! Many years later Mama bought the canned fruits. As I have indicated, the farmer brought the fresh fruits from his farm and "peddled" his fruits all over the town. The Mason jars are not available anymore. Mama must have had 100 of them. Rose sold them at the sale after the house was sold.

When Ruth had Mendal in our home, Ruth developed peritonitis. Miss Johns attended her. Miss Johns was a practical nurse. Dr. Wyant, who lived on North Ave., was our family doctor. I remember Ruth going to Pittsburgh, to be admitted into the West Penn Hospital. Ruth went in an ambulance. I do not remember who went along. Must have been Mama. Mendal went along - was admitted to the hospital and was a "boarder" as he was called. Ruth nursed him for the six weeks of her treatment. A doctor from East Brady, Dr. Foster, attended Ruth. He said to Mama - First trust in God - then in me. How I remember Mama telling us. The doctor's treatment - ice bags applied for the six weeks. Then the surgery! Ruth was quite ill for a while. Thank God she recovered. All of us worried - we were young. Going to a hospital in those days!!!!

On election day for the President. Mama and Papa arose early, gathered those of us who were qualified - walked to the voting place - Applewold School - and voted. We were the first ones at the school. Papa, especially, insisted on our voting. It was a must.

Going back again to North Ave. One of Mama's babies - Ellis Sidney - was six months old when he died. I think he was born after Genessa. I barely remember. The baby is buried in the Butler cemetery - beside the fence. So Mama and Papa had eleven children. The baby died from boils all over his body.

You remember, Steve, during WWII how we listened each evening via radio, to Loyal Thomas and Gabriel Heater. Not a sound from any of us. As Papa called Loyal Thomas. I think Gabriel Heater had been a rabbi. I must have read it somewhere in the paper.

Again to North Ave. - a man came around with a music box which he had to grind. With him was a monkey. I guess everyone gave him pennies - I'm sure nothing more like nickels and dimes. Also, in the summer the "ice cream" man (good humor today) peddled the streets and sold "penny" ice cream cones. Mama always gave us the pennies.

This is more current. I had to go to Pittsburgh for physical and oral exam. On my application I listed PTA - all organizations had to be listed. One was compelled to list membership in any or all organizations. If I told the story once about you, Steve - somehow no one believed. The above is because I enlisted in the Army - 1943. The neighbors were questioned. The Army found out I was telling the truth. An applicant was not accepted if she had a minor child. Their insinuation - here is an unwed mother!

Sorry for the repetition in this paragraph. My pen just keeps going!

Again - North Ave. - Wick City School - one day we (I spouse Rose, Genessa and I) came home from school. Possibly 3rd, 4th and 5th grades. Mama noticed we scratched our heads vigorously. You guessed it - LICE. Mama bought Larkspur lotion. I spouse our heads were washed every day. And Mama got rid of those bugs. No more scratchin.

I have wondered (remembering back there) if the parents of the school kids were fresh foreigners from Europe and brought the bugs with them. And we were exposed to those kids in classrooms. And way back there we wore heavy underwear, reaching from neck to ankles. And then black stockings. How difficult it was to pull the stockings up over the heavy underwear.

When electric clothes washers became available, (after WWII - so you may remember, Steve) we had to coax Mama to buy one. Finally, she acquiesced. But the "dryer" - never. She, dear Mama, wanted the sheets hung out on the clothes line in the back yard so the wind and the air could hurl them around. The sheets would smell so fresh. But then - who would hang the sheets? So Mama was convinced. Therefore, the dryer. Before the invention of washers and dryers, a "wash lady" would come every Monday. With a "wash board" she toiled all day. No wonder! At that time, we had a "Maytag" washer - popular at that time.

On Sundays we were not permitted to hang our stockings and "dainties" in the backyard. Respect for our Christian neighbors. So we hung them in our enclosed back porch. And mow the lawn on Sundays! Never! Same respect. However, our neighbors did just that - mow their lawn on Sundays. They (neighbors) did the same with their laundry - hung their clothes in their backyards. Mama said for us - "Never on Sundays!"

Mama was not too well the last 12 years of her life. Mama moved from her upstairs bedroom to the dining room, which was converted to a bedroom. Rose moved with her. Each had a double bed. The rooms in the big house were enormous. Mama had a part-time nurse and cook. No matter how Mama felt, she dressed and watched TV in the adjoining living room. Papa would not move downstairs.

When Stephen came to live with us there was much joy. You were seven, Steve, weren't you? All our love and affection were showered on you. Perhaps not in a demonstrative manner - but it was there, dear, from each and every one of us. Your clothes, shoes, etc. were the best that could be bought. Particularly your shoes. Keep those little feet perfect. And, of course, Mama and Papa insisted you attend Hebrew School. You were a good little boy. I don't remember that you even "griped" about going.

If I recall anything else, I will write you. As of now -

There is no history. Just life in the Adelson household from about 1906 until before WWII.

Love - heaps to all of you.  
Happy New Year.

Love, Aunt Lib

*Levit*

One more item - Jake Lentt, Papa's cousin, spent almost every weekend with us. He was not married. Loved Mama. I guess he spent the week in the country gathering junk. He and Net became engaged. Net broke it. At any rate, he came one Friday night, slept with Ralph in the boy's room. Ralph got up as usual on Saturday morning. Jake did not get up. Yes, he had died during the night. He is buried in the Jewish cemetery in Butler - familiar to all of us. Jake was a lovely man. Had a beautiful voice. I remember his singing "O Jerusalem".

I think I have covered "it" all. You realize I have gone beyond my childhood. I never realized a project could be so time consuming (I have plenty of that) and possessive of one's self. Imagine, writing a book.

There are a few facts you might like to know:



The women (Jewish) of Kittanning had two organizations: The Women's Club and Hadassah. There must have been about 10 women. The ten belonged to each organization. Mama was the first President of Hadassah. Because Mama was the only one who could read and write English, she was president, secretary and treasurer of each organization. She took notes in a composition book throughout the years. That notebook is in the possession of the Kittanning Chapter of Hadassah as of today. I think Dorothy Adelson has it. The women played "whist" once a month.

Voting for the President of U.S. was a must. As each of us became eligible we went with Mama and Papa to the school house (Allan and Steve attended that two room school house) to vote. We were the first at the school house.

I loved our "big house". So much life and yes, death. I refuse to pass it. The memories are so clear - happy ones - even memories of the passing of our beloved ones give me warmth.

Mama planted forsythia on the river bank. Around the front porch "spyrea" was planted. Its blooms were tiny white flowers. On the side of the porch (facing the Smith family) is a hydrangea, a gift to Lou while he was ill. We planted it and by now must be a huge bush. We had one lilac bush in the backyard. It would not bloom. Mama called the florist. You must have another bush - male and female. The next spring both bushes bloomed.

Mama kept books for Papa in those early days before Ford City, where Papa really established his business. I remember a dispute between Mama's books and Mr. Wilkoff, a broker Pittsburg. Mama won. It was a matter of money.

Allan came to our house at about two years of age. While his mother worked. He was an adorable little boy. Lou loved him. If I can remember, Lou and Allan played football on the front lawn.

Our house was a home. Sometimes confusion. In fact many times. Normal people. In closing I want to say Mama and Papa reflected "integrity and uprightness" (Psalm 25) so that their kids would be upright men and women.

This has been a great experience - looking back. I'm sure by now you realize I am not a writer. Love and kisses to all of you. I love you dearly.

Aunt Lib