

I WAS THERE

MEMOIRS BY

Israel Benoff

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FOREWORD

As I finish these Memoirs, I know that I have not given a complete story of the events that happened directly or indirectly, as they have affected me in my early and later years. But time is catching up with me, and I want to get these pages out as quickly as I can. This is my first attempt at writing, and I certainly do not consider myself a professional, in any sense of the term. I have just put down in my own words, personal experiences and events that to me were important, or have influenced my life and my thinking. I did not, in any way, include all of these since even as I am writing this foreword I can think of many happy periods in my life that I should have included. However, I hope that you, to whom I have chosen to present this little booklet, will enjoy remembering, reliving, or learning for the first time the life of one octogenarian, who thinks enough of you to share these intimate moments. We have been blessed with many good friends through the years, and to name names would be hazardous, as some of the most important might inadvertantly be omitted. I have, therefore not done so.

I would like to thank my wife Pauline, for her assistance in editing these pages and helping me to keep the recorded events in as chronological order as is possible in a long life where many occurrences overlap at various stages.

These lines are dedicated to my wife Pauline, my sons Paul and Brud, and my grandson, Jimmy, for their constant contributions to my happiness.

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THE EARLY YEARS

Who? Me? Who am I, I thought, when my wife and sons suggested that I write an autobiography. At first I was elated that my family held me in such esteem that my life and accomplishments were worthy of it. After all, I thought, what of importance did I accomplish to merit a historical sequence of my daily life from childhood to the present? Who, outside of my family, would be interested in listening to an octogenarian and his life history?

After some deep searching into my childhood days and further development, I concluded that it might be interesting to our friends and associates to listen to my story, which I will not designate as an autobiography, except that I was on the scene when historical events happened, and to a degree took some small part in the happenings of the lives around me.
I WAS THERE.

From my very early days, around the age of six or seven, I realized that I was shorter in stature than the children of my age with whom I associated. I became quite self-conscious and felt a sense of inferiority, which pursued me into my high school days. However, there were several bright spots during that period that to some extent pulled me out of the situation.

Andrew Carnegie, the great industrialist and philanthropist, took part in the early nineteen-hundreds, in ceremonies in connection with his gift to Pittsburgh of the multi-million dollar library, museum and art gallery in Oakland. I WAS THERE and saw and heard Andrew Carnegie, who was about my size (a little over five feet) and that event and the fact that size does not determine mental capacity and the ability to make an important niche for oneself and serve humanity, had a great impact on my thinking and feelings. I realized that long legs do not necessarily make a big man.

I consulted my physician and he advised that I remain in the status quo, that I was "just that kind of a pup", and that my stature would not interfere with my development and progress, and he was right. And I would

like to pass this advice on to others, who are like Andrew Carnegie and myself in this respect - don't interfere with nature.

My elementary school days, from the age of six to fourteen, were not very eventful. I was growing up, conscientious, a little better than the average student, but not outstanding. One experience that was satisfying to me and my family was that I was selected to make a welcoming address in the school auditorium to the Veterans of the Civil War, on Memorial Day, in the year 1906. The speech, of course, was edited by my teacher of the graduating class, but it was my day and I felt very happy over it. I went on to high school without distinguishing myself to any great degree. However, I worked diligently at my studies and on graduating was granted a three year tuition scholarship to the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia.

In the last few decades, before the turn of the century, there was a huge trek of immigrants to the United States. I refer especially to the Jews who, because of oppression of minorities in Germany and Russia came over here in droves to seek a new life. The steamship lines and their agents sent brochures to various sections of Eastern Europe, picturing America as the land where the streets were "paved with gold", and the good land beckoned. The Statue of Liberty was the symbol and the inscription that it was our policy to welcome and accept the oppressed of other lands to start anew amid prosperity and unlimited opportunities, affirmed this.

The steamship company agents who sold the transportation tickets to the would-be emigrants ran a well organized operation. They arranged to meet the emigrants at the Russian or other borders, paid off the guards, secured transportation to the boat, as well as from New York's Ellis Island to the respective final destinations. My father had five brothers and three sisters. From several sources I learned that the brothers and one sister left Russia at about the same time my father came to America. The others emigrated to Palestine, but the last sister, who came to America came at a later date. I also learned that one of my father's brothers converted to Christianity and remained in Russia.

There is little doubt that Fate has a great deal to do with one's life, even before he is born. My parents arrived in America in the early months of 1891 and I arrived on October 15th, about six months after they set foot on American soil at Ellis Island. There they and my brother, Abe were processed and became residents of the great Promised Land.

I was delivered into the world by a midwife, Bubba Channa, who delivered many babies in the Jewish ghetto where medical doctors were scarce. My father's first job, after he arrived in Pittsburgh, was sewing pants, and my mother finished the garments, pressing, removing hanging threads, and stitching the cuffs by hand. These operations were all performed at our home. The pants were cut from patterns by the manufacturer who bought the cloth, trimmings for pockets, etc. and delivered them to various homes to be "finished".

When I was about four years old my parents, with their savings from the pants job, started a grocery store on Clark Street, near Logan, in the heart of the Pittsburgh ghetto. The area was checked regularly for code violations. In that period Dr. Goodstone visited the family regularly to take care of our minor illnesses. All that I can remember about myself is that he prescribed licorice powder whenever my stomach was upset. When one of us was ill he charged one dollar a visit. If we didn't have that dollar, he would take a half dollar, and would charge only if we were sick.

In that early period, the beginning of the twentieth century, people died of diphtheria, small-pox, tuberculosis, pneumonia and appendicitis. Now we have vaccines for numerous diseases and surgery and other methods to combat all types of infection. (At this writing, it is now November, 1976, a gigantic effort is being made to eradicate for all time all varieties of influenza through mass inoculation. There seems to be a great deal of uncertainty as to the safety of this vaccine, as well as the willingness of the populace to submit to this program).

Across the street from our store, at the corner of Logan and Clark, there was a butcher shop. The owner, Rev. Lichter was a schochet who not only sold Kosher meat to his Jewish customers, but also killed chickens and sometimes cattle, all in accordance with Kashruth regulations. These laws require that such animals be killed so that they suffer as little pain as possible. The schochet uses a sharp, razor edged knife, grabs hold of the animal's head and exposes the neck, and severs it sharply and gently, the creature dying within minutes. I still have a very distinct picture of the operation, with the blood flowing on the floor of the room. Rev. Lichter, who was quite prominent in the ghetto, had a number of children. I became very friendly with

two of the boys - Ben and Sam. Ben was my Hebrew teacher when we still had our store on Clark Street. Many years later he became an ordained rabbi and was spiritual leader of the B'nai Israel Synagogue on Negley Avenue for many years. Sam studied dentistry and became outstanding in this field. It was rather ironical that when his wife became ill with cancer he became a Christian Scientist.

A number of years passed, and the store on Clark Street developed into a growing business with modest profits accumulating, and my parents arranged to advance the money to bring my mother's half brothers, Ike and Max, to America. When they arrived they lived with us on Clark Street for quite some time. During that period the sad news arrived from Russia that my maternal grandfather had died. I had never seen him, but from conversations that I had overheard, determined that he was a revered Hebrew scholar in the village where they lived. This was a severe emotional blow to my mother. She had lost her own mother many years before she arrived in America, and her father had remarried. My mother was treated as an unwanted child by her step-mother, and she and her brother Hershel had a very unhappy childhood.

A short time after my grandfather died, his wife and her baby Lillian were brought over from Russia and lived in our home until they found living quarters a short distance away.

My mother's gorgeous auburn hair, her beautiful, perfect face and slim figure, are among my most pleasant memories of the early years. She was an efficient home manager and an excellent cook. She was also influential in helping put the business on a paying basis, and paved the way for future successful business ventures.

My mother was gifted in nursing small animals. At all times we had a cat and a dog in our store and there were litters periodically both in our store and home. She spent whatever time she could spare, seeing that the animals were fed and kept healthy.

Fido and Fritz were two of the dogs that I recall vividly. Fido was Fritz' mother and when she became old we gave her to one of the farmers who delivered produce to our store. Fido ruled the roost. She was a small animal but able to fight the large dogs and beat them handily.

It was decided to move the business just a stone's throw from Clark Street, as a first step away from the ghetto. We moved to a four-story building at 1322 Fifth Avenue - a part of a group of buildings of similar size and structure, owned by John Brown Herron. He drove a horse and buggy to collect rents on his properties. The store was on the first floor and living quarters for the family were in the rear of the store. There were no toilet facilities on the premises, but there were outhouses in the back yard. There was no electricity but gas was available for cooking and light. The upper floors were rented and the income from the rents helped to defray a good portion of our expenses.

The move to Fifth Avenue was profitable and we prospered modestly. Our clientele increased and so did our volume of business. We bought a horse and wagon to make deliveries and to pick up our daily supplies from the produce yards. My dad would haggle on prices and would often have his way. One of my vivid recollections was the price of oranges, barked out by the supplier- "Chamishaw Rat" which in Hebrew meant \$5.00.

My father would take me along on his trips to the produce yards in the "Strip" district of Pittsburgh. He drove the horse and wagon on the way to the markets and on the return trip let me drive on Bluff Street (now the Boulevard of the Allies) How proud I was sitting there in the driver's seat with my father right beside me! It gave me a feeling of strength and power to make the horse respond to my commands. The strip district is still the wholesale market for produce and other grocery commodities in the Pittsburgh area. I WAS THERE.

It is particularly satisfying and gratifying to recall some events and experiences of my early childhood, which at the time were seemingly unimportant but now, seventy-five years later, assume such importance that I want to put them into writing and read and reread them to members of my family. We had several wholesale grocers in Pittsburgh who supplied us with our inventory needs to run our business and take care of our customers. Frishman and Laufe were Jewish wholesalers whom my father knew personally, and they extended us a line of credit from the very beginning. Another outfit which supplied us was Hayworth and Dewhurst, a Gentile firm, who were not anxious to do business with Jews. However, they learned through credit

circles that we paid our bills promptly and they coveted our business, and after several cash transactions gave us a regular line of credit.

Frishman and Laufe, however, were our friends, and we gave them the bulk of our business. During the Passover holidays, when Pesachdick merchandise was in demand and was priced higher than regular stock, they stamped the cartons of prunes and packages of sugar "Kosher le Pesach" even though the merchandise was not approved by the rabbinate hierarchy.

I still recall, at one time, Mr. Frishman and Mr. Laufe had serious arguments and decided to dissolve partnership. They went into our store and argued for hours and almost came to blows. My father stood behind the counter and minded his own business.

I still recall the wonderful aroma of Arbuckle Coffee, packed in one pound, oblong packages, selling for 15¢ a pound!

My father had several calls for Limburger cheese and ordered a package, which came well packed in a wooden crate. He didn't know the characteristic of this pungent cheese. When he opened the package and got a whiff, he thought it was spoiled and dumped the entire carton into the garbage container. He later learned that he had made a mistake and then reordered the item for our Irish customers.

At this time my father realized that he needed a basic education in reading and writing English, in order to carry on his life in America. He had tutors come to the house at night to instruct him. He was literate in Russian, and was an apt pupil. He learned to write and his penmanship was almost like modern calligraphy. I have some of his letters, and am amazed at the beauty of his writing. My mother also wanted to learn, and I was her tutor. She too was an adept pupil and learned quickly and well.

My father became a naturalized citizen as early as the laws allowed, and was interested in local and national politics. In Pittsburgh at that period, we had a Select Council and a Common Council, which proposed and enacted city laws and ordinances. This was a very cumbersome set-up, as every ward in the city had its representative in the Council. Later the system was changed to a council of nine members, which is still in effect.

My father voted for Council members, Mayors, Governors and Presidents, and was always proud that he had this privilege.

Some of the outstanding mayors of Pittsburgh who come to mind, were Billy Magee, who was a member of the family of Christopher Magee, founder of the Magee Hospital; George Guthrie, who later became Ambassador to Japan; and David L. Lawrence, who directed the rebuilding of the area near the Point and the creation of Gateway Center. David Lawrence was later governor of Pennsylvania and became prominent in national politics during the administration of Franklin Roosevelt and was active politically until his death. I WAS THERE and these were among my unforgettable memories.

At a very early age, probably between four and six, I first became aware that I was a Jew. There were rituals and ceremonies connected with the observance of the Jewish religion, among these, attaching the Tefillim (Phylacteries) on the forehead and arm for the morning prayer (Schachris). At that early age I noticed my father for the first time going through this ritual, and it must have made a lasting impression on me, as I still remember this occasion vividly. He appeared to look different than usual, and it frightened me. He looked godly, - as if he came from another world. I was relieved when he finished the prayer and removed the Tefillim. I still have this keepsake and although I do not use it as he did, it is very meaningful to me and our children.

The observance of the Sabbath, which starts at sundown Friday and ends at sundown on Saturday, was always a solemn ceremony in our home. My mother lit the candles and recited the prayer at the sideboard of our dining room. This officially started the Sabbath holiday. After the evening prayer, we drank the ceremonial wine and sat down to a Shabbos dinner of chicken soup, chicken, and a twisted Challah which my mother had baked earlier in the day in our own oven.

I began my Hebrew education at the age of six or seven, at the same time that I began my elementary school education at the Franklin School. At one period an itinerant rabbi visited our home several times a week and instructed my brother and me in reading Hebrew. The text books were called: Tanach, Neviim, and Kousuvim, - Torah, Prophets, and Commentaries.

At another period we studied in small parochial schools, scattered throughout the Hill District. These were operated by individual Hebrew teachers and were generally located in one room in an upper floor of a store. The maximum number of pupils in this set-up was ten. The light was poor and the accommodations not very satisfactory. One Hebrew teacher that I had, inflicted corporal punishment with a heavy leather strap, on students who did not behave in class.

We were instructed in the early history of the Jews and also learned to recite the prayers in Hebrew. But despite the poor accommodations and crude methods we learned and retained what we were taught. The general purpose of this education was to prepare for the Bar Mitzvah, at the age of thirteen when, according to Jewish custom a boy becomes a man. This was the extent of my Jewish education. There were some who continued Hebrew studies in advanced schools and colleges and became rabbis.

In my early years we attended the High Holyday services at the Beth Jacob Synagogue on Franklin Street, in the heart of the Hill District. This was an old church, converted to a Jewish house of prayer. (Not a very pleasant set-up for religious ceremonies.) The latrine was in the front of the building and as you approached the Sanctuary the foul odor made you forget that you were in a synagogue.

The Rodef Shalom Temple at Fifth and Morewood Avenues was completed in the year 1907. It was previously on Eighth Street, Downtown Pittsburgh, for a number of years, and most of the worshippers were of old German-Jewish families who had been living on the North Side (Old Allegheny). The new edifice was not dedicated until ten years after its completion. I became a member before the official dedication, around 1912, when Dr. J. Leonard Levy was Rabbi and in his prime. When I attended the first service I recall my elation in taking part in a service in such beautiful surroundings. I remember thinking at that time: "This is really a House of Prayer". Dr. Levy was a dynamic speaker both from the pulpit and the forum. In one of his speeches against our entering World War I he declaimed: "Let us have more ballots and fewer bullets. Let us destroy germs instead of Germans". I WAS THERE.

Several years after we moved to Fifth Avenue a serious fire broke out on one of the upper floors. I recall seeing a woman jump from the third floor to save her life. Her fall was broken by a net held by several men, but she was seriously injured and taken to a hospital. My father, mother, Abe and I stood on the sidewalk waiting for the firemen and equipment to arrive, and of course could do nothing to help. My brother suddenly realized that our dog was in the building. He rushed into the store before the fire had reached the first floor and brought him out safely. I can still see Abe fondling and caressing the dog, happy that he had reached him on time. The fire was finally brought under control and our store and quarters were only slightly damaged so we managed to return to normal living within a short time.

Directly across from our store was a group of well kept houses, occupied by several doctors and a dentist. They were: Dr. James Stanton, his sister, Dr. Anna Stanton, Dr. Hilzrat, Dr. Milton Goldsmith and his wife, Dr. Luba Robin, Dr. Look, and a dentist, Dr. Cook. Dr. Stanton became a prominent surgeon and later Chief Surgeon of the Gynecology Department at West Penn Hospital. My mother had an infected toe and the nail had to be removed. Dr. Stanton did this in his office in a matter of minutes and Mother was able to walk back to the store on her own power. Later, Dr. Stanton was called by me for an important function: to deliver both of our boys.

One of my outstanding memories from the years of our Fifth Avenue store was President Teddy Roosevelt parading down past our store in an open carriage. I WAS THERE to see Teddy Roosevelt, a President of the United States! It was a never-to-be-forgotten thrill. Teddy had been Vice-president under President William McKinley and the assassination of the latter by Czolgoz, on a trip to South America, resulted in Roosevelt's ascending to the Presidency.

I became interested in politics and was and still am very patriotic and have a great love for the United States and what it essentially stands for.

In my early teens I became enthusiastic and ardently interested in baseball. I followed the fortunes, the ups and downs, of the Pittsburgh Pirates, of their standing in the league and the hitting and fielding averages of the players. I remember watching a Pirate game in Exposition Park on the North Side of Pittsburgh, and later, many games at Forbes Field in Oakland. Forbes

Field was taken over by the University of Pittsburgh for the development of additional facilities and all that remains of that famous baseball field today is a statue of Honus Wagner and a plaque.

In those days the outstanding player was Honus Wagner. As nearly everyone knew, he became a legendary figure in baseball lore. His general performance as a player, I believe, has never been equalled. There were other excellent players on the team at that time, such as Fred Clarke, who was manager and outfielder for many years. The team won many world championships and I was proud of them. I am still greatly interested in the game, and watch their performances on television, and listen to radio when the team plays at their field at Three Rivers Stadium on the North Side.

At a period in the early nineteen-hundreds the Pirate's chief competitor was the Chicago Cubs. They had a famous double play combination in the infield (Tinker, third base, to Evers, second base, to Chance, first base). These were great games. I watched them and enjoyed them primarily when the Pirates won. When they were shut out by the Cubs, one to nothing, with Three Fingered Brown pitching, my spirits sank. I loved the Pirates and was never happy unless they won.

Barney Dreyfus, the original owner of the team, brought the Pirates to Pittsburgh from Louisville, Ky. He was also general business manager. Upon his death he left the team to his daughter, Mrs. William Benswanger, who still occupies an important role in the affairs of the team.

In my college days at Penn I became interested in track, and especially some outstanding stars who were developed by Mike Murphy, the famous trainer of athletes. He also trained athletes for the Olympic Games. Mike Murphy was about five feet six inches tall and very slight, about 135 pounds, but had the ability to train all types of athletes. He was internationally famous. I also watched football games while a student, but didn't really enjoy football until many years later when I watched the games on television with my son, Paul, and we analyzed the plays and intricacies together. Among my heroes were Ted Meredith, who ran the 100 yard dash in less than ten seconds, and Wallace who ran the one mile event at Franklin Field.

As I sit here at my desk at 9:15 A.M., on June 9, 1975, just about four months from my 84th birthday, important events are happening internationally: Israel's battle for survival amidst surrounding enemies who are bent on her destruction, and our own economic situation showing small cracks in its structure, the oil shortage, over nine million unemployed, happenings to me in my early childhood become of greater importance than these world events.

* One of these events took place shortly after our store had been moved to Fifth Avenue. I was about five years old and my parents decided that I was ready to enroll in the kindergarten of Franklin Public School. It was located deep in the ghetto. On the opening day I walked the five blocks down the avenue with the other children, and recall being enrolled and starting activities with my class. It so happened that from the excitement of this new experience I had a desire to go to the bathroom. I rushed out, looking for the place, but couldn't find it and without hesitation started running home, and arrived just in time. I never returned to the kindergarten but enrolled at the age of six in the Forbes School, from which I graduated in 1906.

Another event which stands out was my first haircut. My mother took me to the barber shop a few doors away from our store. I was placed on a barber's chair on a board across the arms, so that he could reach me. I objected to the operation very strenuously and it was delayed until several days later. This time my Uncle Max accompanied me and succeeded in calming me down so I could get my first hair cut. I was frightened when I saw all that curly red hair on the floor but when I arrived home amid the admiration of my family, I was happy.

Our store was the first haven that our immigrant relatives came to after their arrival in New York. One of them, whose name was Siskind Shematanski, came with a very long, ungainly beard. The first thing my father did was to take him to the barber shop and he came out clean shaven. The next thing was to change his name to Sam Sussman. The same routine took place when Joseph Margofsky, an uncle, arrived at our store. He was immediately taken to the barber shop and his name was changed to Joseph Morgan. As I view this in retrospect, my father did a good initial job on both these relatives. Jack Simon, an immigrant but not a relative lived in our set-up on the same basis as a relative: free board and lodging until he got a job. He eventually got one.

At about that period, or a year or so later, my father was planning to improve our economic status by entering into the pants manufacturing business. He formed a partnership with a pants cutter and with an original capital of nine hundred dollars, all supplied by my father, they rented an upper floor in another Fifth Avenue building, close to our store. A cutting table was constructed, cloth and trimmings were purchased in New York, several sewing machines were installed and in less than sixty days they were prepared to start and sell lined Jean pants to clothing storekeepers on the South Side, which catered to Jones and Laughlin Steel workers. The pants business was formally established in 1903 as the Penn Trouser Company and was in existence until I retired in 1952.

The business prospered and about 1908 my father decided to sell the grocery business and a home was purchased on McPherson Boulevard, Point Breeze. There we lived comfortably for many years, a stone's throw from H.J. Heinz and George Westinghouse mansions.

In 1907 a serious and destructive earthquake and fire occurred in San Francisco. Large office buildings toppled; thousands of homes were destroyed and there were many injuries and deaths. The national financial situation became serious; money became scarce, and we were in the midst of a financial panic. This was before the Federal Reserve Law was passed.

Pittsburgh and the rest of the country recovered from the financial panic; the business situation stabilized and the financial and commodity markets normalized. Pittsburgh, sometimes called the "smoky city" because of the pollution emerging from the smoke-stacks of industrial plants, more often called the "steel city" and "workshop of the world" was getting world-wide recognition because of its rapid industrial development. Big business prospered and so did smaller ones, such as our pants business. We expanded our sales program to nearby Ohio and West Virginia and we became a factor in the manufacturing business of the tri-state area. I WAS THERE.

MY BROTHER ABE AND HIS FAMILY

I hesitate to record any personal occurrences in my high school and college days because they were important to me alone and are of no consequence either to my family or others who may read these memoirs. However, those days were profitable and important to me. I worked very diligently at my studies and when I graduated college in 1914 I felt that I had achieved what I had set out to do. The advantages of a college education and training did not, in my case, assert themselves soon. It took a period of a decade for me to realize the benefits that I had derived from my early training.

I became associated with my father in the pants manufacturing business in 1916 and with the exception of one year that I spent in the U.S. Army, World War I, I was engaged in developing the business until 1952 when I retired.

Many interesting events occurred during my long business career and I shall record some of them in the following pages, but now I am going to digress and tell about Abe, my brother and my friend.

We were very close and in each other's company almost constantly all during our elementary and high school days. We used to take long walks along the Bluff, now the Boulevard of the Allies, overlooking the Monongahela River. On our walks he talked a lot; I talked a little, and mostly listened. We discussed the barges on the river, carrying coal to the steel mills up-stream. "Isn't it wonderful" he would say, "to be a native of Pittsburgh, the steel capital of the world!" And, and, in the next breath he would add: "wouldn't it be gratifying if I could do something to make the people who work in the mills live better and in more comfortable housing?" He was always a crusader.

We also talked about some of the English and American poets and essayists, whom we were studying in school. We were especially fond of Edgar Allan Poe, Carlyle, Ruskin and Coleridge.

In the last few years of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth, our city promoted huge yearly exhibitions of Pittsburgh Products in Exposition Hall on the site of the present Gateway Center. We visited them

regularly and I recall the H. J. Heinz and Arbuckle exhibits. I have a clear recollection of the Arbuckle exhibit which showed coffee being packed automatically. This was, no doubt, the beginning of automation applied to today's industry. The Exposition also had a large music hall where we heard Sousa's and Creatore's bands. These are some of our pleasant memories and I WAS THERE.

As a student at Central High School, Abe got into an argument with the principal and was transferred to another school. It was a serious confrontation in which Abe accused the principal of improper relations with his secretary. Abe was later proven right, as the secretary became pregnant and the principal admitted being the father of the baby and was publicly dismissed from his job.

As a teen ager Abe was a dissenter, a non-conformist, a trail blazer, a critic and a shrewd investigator and prober. He was rebellious, dissatisfied and unhappy with social conditions and eager for a chance to adjust inequities existing in our society. He was even then planning to help the underprivileged.

After graduating High School he entered the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. Our very close relationship was interrupted and I missed him as a brother and companion. I was actually heart broken and had extreme difficulty in adjusting to his absence. At the University he became a member of the Zelosophic Society, an exclusive literary club. After graduation he entered the University of Pittsburgh and got his Master's Degree, specializing in social welfare.

A short time later he became associated with the Public Charities Association of Pennsylvania, a public organization supported by state funds. He made an investigation of children's institutions of Allegheny County. His findings showed living and educational conditions in these institutions very poor and inadequate. The findings were not popular with the politicians in the State Capital and the Pennsylvania Legislature appointed a committee to investigate his findings.

I attended the meetings of the committee, which were held in Council Chambers in Pittsburgh. Abe had the famous attorney, Clarence Darrow, as his lawyer. and as was expected the committee disapproved his findings. I WAS THERE

The impact of his investigation, however, was later felt by the Pittsburgh and Allegheny communities and there was considerable improvement in the operation of children's institutions within a short period.

Abe later became interested in the housing situation of the disadvantaged. He was instrumental in organizing, with Dr. Francis D. Tyson, Professor of Economics at the University of Pittsburgh, the Pittsburgh Housing Association, whose aim was better housing in Allegheny County. Abe wrote an article for the Survey, a national magazine, entitled "A Soho Hillside", which culminated in a thorough study of housing in this area.

My brother's dynamic personality and driving force showed themselves in any project that he started. He was not interested in personal financial gain from these activities but was engrossed in working for the good of all.

After his work was completed with the Public Charities Association of Pennsylvania, he left Pittsburgh and worked with several philanthropic agencies in New York, among them the Bureau of Philanthropic Research. In this work he was associated with Dr. Ludwig Bernstein, whom I met on one of my New York trips and was, several years later, to become my father-in-law.

At about this time, the United States became involved in World War I. I enlisted as a private and was stationed for a short time at Camp Lee, Virginia. I wrote Abe that I was not happy there, and through his connections with Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, arranged for my transfer "for the good of the service", to New York. I spent the rest of my army career commuting between the City Athletic Club where I was Abe's permanent guest, and the Gas Defense Plant in Long Island City, which my new army assignment. Abe was granted a First Lieutenancy just as the war was ending and he didn't have an opportunity to serve.

We both witnessed the false armistice celebration in Times Square on November 7, 1918 and then the authentic armistice on November 11th.
I WAS THERE.

Abe was interested in projects in the Jewish community and was in the original group that started the Young Men and Women's Hebrew Association, and was a prominent speaker at the ceremonies when the present building was dedicated.

Abe was associated with R. H. Macy Company in New York for several years and for some time was their buying representative in London. During his work in New York both in the field of welfare and merchandising, he became acquainted and closely associated with some of the most prominent bankers and merchants in the big city.

After his work was finished at Macy's he came back to Pittsburgh because of my father's failing health. I had been in the pants business with my father for some years and we were prospering. When my father became seriously ill I prevailed upon Abe to enter our business, and he was with me for over a year.

It so happened that the Director of the Montefiore Hospital passed away suddenly, and Abe was appointed to take his place. He was a great administrator and turned things around soon after his appointment. He put the hospital on a sound financial and professional basis. On the way, he had difficulty with the board of directors who were reluctant to follow his plans, but he succeeded in improving the performance and operation of the hospital nevertheless. During his work at Montefiore, despite his back-breaking day and night job, he developed the group medical insurance plan, which was later known as Blue Cross.

The origin of Blue Cross was actually Abe's own idea. Quite a long time before he developed the program, some one in Texas had tried the idea, and failed. The only part of the Texas idea that Abe used was the plan of pre-paying hospital bills.

Abe spent about two years of his life, as well as his own money, traveling to Harrisburg to insure the passage of enabling legislation, while the doctors, and insurance companies, lobbied against him. He next gathered a few citizens of Pittsburgh to form a board and help set up the financial structure. They borrowed \$25,000 from the Buhl Foundation, which was to be repaid in five years, but this was accomplished by the end of the first year.

The premise of Blue Cross was to enable every man to pay his own way in the hospital by merely presenting a membership card. The whole concept was the outgrowth of Abe's hospital experience, seeing people who were always able to

handle their own affairs and pay their bills being literally wiped out by the huge hospital costs that they had to pay when a family member experienced a long illness.

To bring the plan to the people, Abe visited the United States Steel Workers Union and explained his plan, securing their enthusiastic cooperation. He called on numerous large business establishments to enlist their participation, as this was to be a group program. He also visited heads of hospitals in order to get their cooperation. When he was ready to resign the Montefiore Hospital directorship the organization was about ready to start.

Not too long after the Blue Cross was successful, Abe organized the Blue Shield and used the business organization and equipment of Blue Cross so that the bills and payment to hospitals were made by Blue Cross. This was to save the expense of separate organizations. Years later Blue Shield took over their own billing. Abe was one of the first to use I.B.M. equipment. He became chairman of the BLUE CROSS COMMISSION, a national organization, and was influential in guiding other Blue Cross plans throughout the nation. He was honored by his peers in many ways and in Montreal, Canada by the International Blue Cross Organization.

Throughout his career with Blue Cross he was constantly fighting the board who, as time went on and new people took over, became more money-minded than civic-minded, and constantly wanted to raise the rates. This is still going on, and the people pay the price.

Abe was really engrossed in this huge undertaking to the exclusion of almost everything else. He paid the price in health and inter-personal and family relationships for the staggering toll that this behemoth took from him every day. Even if his name is forgotten, the creation of Blue Cross and what it has done and is doing "for the people" still will remain his monument. It was indeed his life.

Events and circumstances bring about latent abilities and qualities in people which might otherwise remain dormant. This happened in many instances where I was present, and extraordinary men and women emerge and perform services of great impact.

I am referring particularly to my brother's wife, Irma. They were married in a quiet ceremony at Rodef Shalom Temple, by Rabbi Samuel Goldenson. Barbara, their first child arrived in 1933 and a birth accident occurred which changed the course of Irma's life. She realized that Barbara would require special care and attention in order to help her develop to her fullest potential. Irma determined to learn the best way to do this, and soon discovered that the education and training available to some children left much to be desired. Irma went back to college, obtaining a Bachelor's Degree in teaching, after which she continued in the field of Special Education, later earning her Master's Degree in the same field. Through her patient guidance, Barbara was able to participate in whatever her contemporaries did, joining the Girl Scouts, attending religious school and being confirmed at Temple, graduating from high school, and even going to college for a year.

In achieving her degree in Special Education, Irma soon rose to the top of her field, and when she left Pittsburgh, following my brother's death, she was serving as Supervisor of Special Education for the Pittsburgh Public Schools. She is still pursuing her chosen field, and enjoying helping other children educationally and socially.

Irma and Abe had two sons, Abe, Jr. and Andrew. Andrew has his Doctor's Degree in the field of Special Education and enjoys a place of prominence in his field, with a position as clinical professor of special projects at Florida State University. He has recently developed a course of training and published two volumes, entitled CLINICAL TEACHER FOR SPECIAL EDUCATION, which were developed and written in collaboration with Dr. Louis Schwartz, of the same university.

Abe. Jr. has his PhD Degree in the field of education, with literature as his specialty. He is currently teaching in a university in the state of Florida.

Irma, during Abe's period of developing the Blue Cross, helped him in many ways in the achievement of this monumental work. She was the unsung heroine in her own world, which revolved around my brother and their family.

Abe passed away some years ago and I am gratified that Pauline, our boys and I have a close and happy relationship with Irma and her family. During Abe's fatal illness, which lasted a number of years, Irma showed unusual bravery and endurance, giving him constant care and devotion. This was especially appreciated by me, because of our close association in our early years. It has been my good fortune to be in contact with a few rare individuals, and she is one of them.

THE Y MUSIC SOCIETY

The YM&WHA of Pittsburgh, from its very beginnings, when meetings were held in the old Dispatch Building, and later in a small building on Jumonville Street, stressed the importance of cultural events. In the early years, prior to the nineteen-twenties, some of the leaders were Hyman and Max Rogal, Harry Appelstein, Si Ratner, Lew Palley, and my brother, Abe Oseroff.

There was a kind of void in the cultural development of the Jewish community and the Y created the nucleus of a program in starting a Major Concert Series when they were still on Jumonville Street. I recall seeing the large posters, announcing some of the forth-coming concerts. Imagine a concert in that ramshackle building!

When, back in 1926, the Y opened the Bellefield Avenue building, on which it still stands, under the directorship of Herman Passamaneck, the newly created Musical Society became an integral part not only of the general Y program, but an important segment of the life of Pittsburgh. The concept of this society, differed from that of the May Beegle and Arts Society courses, in that the latter kept bringing back the "war horses" every year and there was rarely an opportunity for fresh, new talent to have a hearing. This was the void that the new concert series was created to fulfill. Mr. Passamaneck, "Passy", as he has always been affectionately called, presented the late Edgar J. Kaufmann with this idea and asked for a modest budget with which to start the program. Mr. Kaufmann, business executive that he was, naturally asked why another concert series was needed, but Passy explained his desire to give opportunities to those who had not yet "arrived" but had shown great promise elsewhere to be introduced to Pittsburgh audiences. Mr. Kaufmann gave the idea his blessing and it became a reality.

Such outstanding and now world famous stars as Nathan Milstein, Rudolph Serkin, Vladimir Horowitz, Isaac Stern, Olga Garbusova, Marian Anderson, and numerous others made their debuts on the Bellefield Avenue stage.

I wasn't there when Marian Anderson arrived in Pittsburgh in 1936, to make her local debut, having already been acclaimed elsewhere, and already under Hurock management. The story I am about to relate I got from others who were.

Miss Anderson's manager always made local arrangements for his artists when they traveled, to enable them to be assured of accommodations wherever they went. When Miss Anderson arrived at the Hotel Schenley to register she was told that she did not have a reservation, as the management's rules were that only whites were accepted. Imagine this beautiful stately, gracious black lady, who had arrived in Pittsburgh to appear in a concert, and whose subsequent performance will never be forgotten by those who heard her, being refused accommodation at our local hotel! Mrs. Robert Buka, an active member of the Y MUSIC SOCIETY COMMITTEE graciously welcomed Miss Anderson as her honored house guest, and later that evening arranged a reception at her home in Miss Anderson's honor. This part of the story I know at first hand, for I WAS THERE and Pauline, who was a member of the committee, was there with me.

Many years later, we attended Marian Anderson's farewell concert tour, which in Pittsburgh took place once again at the Y. Her voice was beginning to fail and she wished to retire while still able to perform. Her concert attracted a great many people, and while her prime was past, her performance was still beautiful and greatly appreciated. There was a huge reception at the Y following the concert, and the entire audience was invited to come to the reception, meet and shake hands with this lovely lady. Supreme Court decisions, affirming the right of access to public facilities had been rendered and the entire attitude toward civil rights was gradually taking a forward direction.

BLACK AND WHITE

This humiliating experience of a great artist brings to a head the entire problem of prejudice which still exists today, despite laws and governmental regulations which attempt to solve the problem.

In my opinion, any legally motivated action to promote integration of white and black and to remove other prejudices, are not practical or workable. The intent and desire to promote integration must be approached through grass roots programs and projects - they must be accomplished naturally, willingly and honestly. Prejudicial inequities can't be blacked out by Supreme Court decisions or by governmental laws and regulations. There must be a better way!

A few years after I entered the pants business and we were prospering, our employes (almost 100% women sewing operators) went out on strike. In those days the first and second decades of the nineteen hundreds, unions existed, but they didn't have the power and clout that they have today. I suggested to my father and his partner that we fire all the girls who went out on strike and train a unit of black girls to do the same jobs. They accepted the suggestion and in less than a month we had a unit of black girls who produced our product as efficiently and well as the previous unit.

Employing black girls in the sewing trade was an experiment which proved to be workable and feasible, and continued as long as we were in business. Contrary to the general practice at that time, these girls were given the same working conditions and treatment as their predecessors. Their compensation was exactly that of the former unit and there were, as time went on, daughters of the original workers, sewing beside their mothers, in our factory. In early 1952 the unions started anew to organize our workers, and it was then that we decided to liquidate our business. At that time my sons and I were the sole owners and I was in a good position to retire.

In view of the fact that we owned the property in which we operated the factory and it was located on the site that was being acquired by Duquesne University, I became somewhat interested in real estate. After talking this over with some friends in the real estate business, I decided to go into the real estate field in a limited way.

HARVEY BARTLETT GAUL

Harvey Bartlett Gaul was one of the most colorful musicians in recent Pittsburgh history. When Pauline and I first met him he was organist at Calvary Church on Shady Avenue. He composed a number of religious works which are today being used by choirs throughout the country. We got to know him well and admired his great, outgoing personality. He was especially interested in Jewish music. Charles Rosenbloom, a Pittsburgh financier and civic leader arranged an extended trip for Harvey to go to what was then Palestine, to study the native folk music of that barren country. When he returned he was full of enthusiasm and brought back dozens of tunes which he set in his own inimitable style. He lectured extensively and introduced Jewish music into his own church services wherever possible. Although his origin was Irish, he considered himself a world Jew who was as interested in the survival and development of Palestine as any of us.

He was a great, outgoing person, loving people and enjoying their company. As one of his outstanding affiliations, he was choral director of the Y Choral Society, which became an integral part of the music world of Pittsburgh in that era. He augmented the make up of the Y group by adding members of his church choir, of his Savoyards chorus and any other affiliations with which he was connected, so as to form a cross-section of voices and adding to the quality of the Y Choral performances. One concert each year of the Y Music Society was presented by the Choral.

Harvey loved to eat, drink and enjoy life and there were numerous parties at our home after rehearsals and concerts. At one party one of the courses was a large ham, and huge amounts of beer. He officiated at the head of dining table, carving ham and pouring beer, and introduced us to a drink called the boiler maker- one shot of whiskey washed down with beer.

At another time he took part in a Seder which Pauline's father conducted in our home. This was the first one he had ever attended and he enjoyed the service, especially Dr. Bernstein's singing of the ritual songs.

For many years he was music and drama critic of the Pittsburgh Post. He was outspoken and did not conform to the ordinary reviewing standards. He did, however make a name for himself and will be remembered by music lovers even now, as thirty years after his death the organization called "Friends of Harvey Gaul" still functions and makes an annual award for organ composition nation-wide in his memory.

THE WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT

An outstanding historical event that occurred in the year 1922, less than three months before we were married, was the decision by the United States Supreme Court that the Women's Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution was constitutional. This was hailed as a great achievement nationally and internationally. It recognized the equality of the sexes and drew women out of the category of second class citizens; it recognized the fact that women have the right to elect those who represent them in state and national affairs; the right to lobby for laws that are acceptable for the general welfare and against those that are not acceptable. Organizations such as the National Council of Jewish Women have established committees which study and recommend good legislation and also disapprove bad laws. The voice of such organizations and their lobbyists sometimes, if not always, is heard and heeded.

It is now more than fifty years since the Suffrage Amendment has become law and, in my opinion, it has not yet brought the reforms in politics and legislation that were universally expected. It is my thinking that although women do their duty as citizens and vote as regularly as men, they do not take an active part in the political scene, because of corruption and dishonesty in our political life. It is generally accepted by both women and men that there is corruption and dishonesty in our political life, and decent people do not always wish to take part in the system. If this assumption is true, it is a sad commentary on human beings in general, and Americans in particular.

I believe that women can perform a great service to humanity by organizing in a manner similar to the National Political Action Committee of the Union movement. They should, because of their numbers, take the stench out of the present political and labor systems, and give decent, law abiding citizens a fair shake. Corruption is a way of life in politics. Scandals come and go, the committees of congress that spend time and lots of money to investigate scandals, in many instances are no cleaner than those they accuse, to wit the Watergate Case, which came to light in 1974 and shocked the nation out of its apathy.

DR. LUDWIG BEHR BERNSTEIN

From Kourland, a Baltic province near the German border, Ludwig Behr Bernstein crossed the Atlantic in 1891 to start a new life in America. On the ship he met two young men, related to the Kivman family, a family which had emigrated to America some years before. On the voyage he memorized the entire Dickens' Christmas Carol, so as to brush up on the English he had learned in the gymnasium. He had a photographic memory - a trait that was later handed down to his children.

Ludwig received his early education in Germany and was a scholar in the true sense of the word. The training and education was thorough and disciplined - a characteristic of the German method, and he carried this attitude throughout his career. He was a perfectionist and acted in all his work in a precise, almost military manner. From the gymnasium he advanced to Dorpet College and had a B.A. Degree before arriving in America.

On the evening of his arrival, he went to visit the Kivman family with his new friends, and there he met his future wife, Sonia. They were immediately attracted to one another, and several weeks later, while walking with Sonia to her night school class in English, they became engaged. Ludwig lived in the Kivman home while studying for his Master's Degree at Columbia University, and when this was completed he obtained a position as teacher of ancient and modern languages at DeWitt Clinton High School, and then they were married.

Sonia was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, where she lived with her parents and twelve brothers and sisters. This city was usually off limits to Jews, but because of the type of business that her family was engaged in, making clothing for the Russian army, they were permitted to live there. Sonia often referred to this with great pride. She was an exquisite needlewoman and I especially recall some of her fine workmanship, the finest I have ever seen. She was also an avid reader and a very astute person, influencing her husband behind the scenes in some of his most important social work decisions. She spoke many foreign languages and was cultured and educated.

The Bernsteins had four children - each one outstanding in their chosen fields. Evelyn, the eldest, was a trained social worker, and during her life occupied many positions as executive head of institutions. She related well to those under her care - more so than to her boards of directors, as

they did not always see eye to eye with the principles for which she stood. Her guidance, to those who sought it, was always sound and wise. She was an exceptionally good sister to her siblings. Evelyn sewed beautifully and had a gift for home making. She died fourteen years ago, and is still missed and loved by those she left behind.

Marie, their second daughter, has qualities that are a rare combination of artistic talent and business acumen. She paints well, and has won a number of awards for paintings and collages; makes ceramic pieces that are original and beautiful; and has expertise in related fields. At one time she developed a business, making earrings from antique buttons and coins, and selling them to the New York department stores and specialty shops. She designs and makes most of her own clothes, and sometimes something special for Pauline.

Finance is her hobby, and she has made a study of investments, taxes, and all facets of social legislation. She shares her knowledge with her many friends who turn to her for all kinds of financial information.

Marie's husband, Charles Nemser, was for most of his career Director of Administration of the Jewish Welfare Board. Charles is no longer living, and Marie continues to make her home in New York, leading a full and active life and enjoying her children, grandchildren and volunteer activities.

Pauline is the youngest of the three daughters. I shall record the story of my happy association with her for over half a century, and her outstanding achievements, in a later episode of these Memoirs.

Stanley, their youngest and only son, evidenced an intense interest and marked ability for creative writing early in his boyhood. In a manual training class in high school he learned to set type and run a printing press, and shortly thereafter started his own news sheet, writing the copy, setting the type by hand, printing it on his hand made press, and distributing it to some of his friends.

In later life, in addition to writing a number of books of poetry and related fields, for which he received notable recognition, he founded and ran a publishing company called the Dryden Press. It specialized in college text books of a distinctive type. This company soon became an integral part of the publishing business, filling a long felt void. It was bought by a national publishing

company with which he became associated as vice-president. When he retired from the publishing company he devoted most of his time to his real calling - poetry. He was runner-up for the Pulitzer Prize, a protege of Robert Frost, received much critical acclaim for his published works, and national honors and awards. Stanley and Leda, his wife, who is a professional psychiatric social worker, live in Heritage Village, Connecticut and spend their summers at their island home in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.

Ludwig's first project, on arriving in New York, was to enroll at Columbia University. He was admitted as a graduate student in philology, as he was highly qualified in ancient and modern languages. At Columbia he made the acquaintance of President Nicholas Murray Butler, who made a rare exception and allowed Ludwig to write his Master's Thesis in German, on condition that his Doctoral Dissertation would be written in English. This followed within two years, the subject being "The Order of Words in Norse Prose".

There was no standing still for Dr. Bernstein. As his children arrived he kept adding to his occupations, in order to maintain his family in comfort, and as their home was in Long Island and his occupations in Manhattan, he was away from home from early morning until well into the evening. He tutored privately, taught Sunday School, and kept up with his studies while holding down his high school position.

His interest in children led him to apply for an opening as superintendent of the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society, an orphan home on Broadway and 150th Street. This was a structure, formerly the home of the famed Cyrus Field who had laid the Atlantic Cable, and it was ill suited to house the thousand or more children who lived there.

Dr. Bernstein realized as soon as he took over the position, that the congregate method of caring for orphan and dependent children was not conducive to proper training for future useful lives. He worked for a number of years to convince his board of directors of this fact. He had read of a plan being conducted in Europe, of caring for children in small cottage units, and finally obtained the board's consent to visit this institution and bring back his findings. It required money and much arduous

preparation, but finally, in May 1910, Pleasantville Cottage Home was a reality. It soon became known in the United States and served as a model for numerous similar institutions. After President Taft visited Pleasantville in 1911, the First White House Conference on Dependent Children was held in Washington, D. C. and Dr. Bernstein was invited to attend and was a featured speaker.

* In 1921 Dr. Bernstein accepted a call to come to Pittsburgh to organize the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies along modern social work lines. Until that time there had been a so-called Federation, which was in reality a fiscal agency for collecting and dispensing funds, with no appreciable effort to set standards and proper coordination of services. Years later the Federation was merged with the United Jewish Fund, and became and is still known as The United Jewish Federation of Greater Pittsburgh.

When Dr. Bernstein retired in 1936, he moved to Los Angeles and ran a private elementary school. He was assisted in this by his second wife, Ethel Lipman, whom he had known and worked with in his Pleasantville days, when she was a cottage mother in the institution.

Dr. Bernstein died in December 1944, just short of his 75th birthday, and was buried in the family plot at West View Cemetery. His body was sent from California to our home for the final rites. I waited for hours at the Union Station for its arrival. He lay in his casket in our home for two days, and many of his friends and colleagues paid their respects. Patches, our Gordon Setter, sensed that a tragedy had occurred, and never left the bier for food or water, but lay there in a final, mute vigil. This was one of the most touching of all tributes to a great man.

OUR MARRIAGE AND FAMILY

Important events sometimes have a way of starting casually, without any particular significance and without any realization that this beginning will change the course of one's life.

This is what transpired when Dr. Bernstein met me at the corner of Darlington Road and Murray Avenue, and suggested that I stop in to see his new home at 5704 Darlington Road and meet a few members of his family - his wife and his daughter, Pauline. I do not remember that I considered this an important event at the time. I was interested in meeting people, and for the time being this was a casual occurrence. I followed this up with several interesting telephone conversations, and eventually made a date with Pauline to hear the great soprano, Galli Curci, in a recital at Syria Mosque. Soon we developed our common interest further and had a number of dates in connection with music. Pauline was going out with a prominent attorney, who was definitely interested in marriage, and pursued her quite avidly. I knew that I had a rival, and became interested.

It so happened that she went to New York for a series of parties in celebration of her twentieth birthday, with friends whom she had reluctantly left when her father and family had moved to Pittsburgh several months before. This attorney, as I recall it, "happened" to be in New York at that time, and "happened" to find out where Pauline was on that particular evening. Through various sources he discovered the name of the theatre at which one of the affairs was taking place. During the intermission, when the attorney and I both accidentally met at the theatre, we both found Pauline with her friends. She probably remembers the details better than I do, but it was this episode that convinced me that I was more than casually interested in her.

I was invited to dinner at her home a number of times, and began to realize that the family approved of me, and became a little more confident. We were officially engaged on March 19, 1922. There were the usual parties and social gatherings, and my parents were happy about the approaching marriage. Pauline decided on the date, May 7th, and of course I was happy for the final decision.

It was for me a beautiful, sunshiny day, as I awoke that Sunday morning. Through my window I saw people dressed in Sunday attire, going to church at the corner of our street, less than one hundred feet from where we lived on Beechwood Boulevard. It was truly a religious, inspiring, sombre, and very happy day of my life. This was the day that I had been waiting for, when I would at last be married to Pauline, although I had been for months before emotionally and mentally part of her. It was natural at this moment that I should want to see her. I phoned her home and her father greeted me very cordially, but said, "no, you can't see her until the ceremony takes place, a little later this afternoon. Be patient, Iz, it's just a few more hours".

I felt financially secure and emotionally ready and prepared to take on the responsibilities of the beginning of a new life. I was proud of my position in the community and quite sure Pauline felt secure in becoming part of my life. I was happy in assuming the challenge of becoming a successful partner in this new venture. When we left our guests to start on our wedding trip, my father-in-law embraced me and said: "Iz, please take good care of her", and my reply was, "Pop, don't worry - she is my wife, your grown daughter is an adult, forget about her being your little girl, Paulinchen. I will surely take good care of her". I was sure he had confidence in me, and was happy for his attitude towards me.

After the wedding and the honeymoon, I settled down to the project of continuing the progress of our business with the ultimate goal of becoming secure financially. My father became seriously ill. At first the diagnosis was tuberculosis and he spent some time in Saranack Lake, New York, where Trudeau Sanitarium had become famous for the treatment of this disorder. It was later discovered that he had lung cancer. He became inactive in the business, and I assumed the burden of conducting it.

There are different degrees or kinds of love, as it applies to human associations. The love one has for a child of his own is a deep and consuming experience. The child is your offspring. As a father or mother you assume your share of responsibility for its health, well being and development. You follow your child throughout life and career, hoping, praying for his happiness, well being and success in ventures that he might undertake. He may not requite your love for him, but it matters not. He is your child and you love him without expecting any affection or attention in return. You share your strength, your resources. Real love is a rare and unusual thing.

Love for a parent, a brother or sister does not assert itself in the early years. You become aware of your existence and your family association only as you grow up.

Love is an essential quality of human existence. Without it you are not a whole person. It cannot be forgotten no matter what adverse circumstances may occur. It is eternal, everlasting. You may be attracted to others for various reasons, that are only passing and forgotten but true love for a wife or husband is eternal and forever. It is like a healthy plant- it grows and becomes larger with time. It has to be nurtured and cared for, otherwise it may wither.

I do not believe in love at first sight. You may be attracted to a person for a physical or intellectual reason, but these factors are only correlaries to real love. Our common interest in music continued and is still very much alive today. Pauline's beautiful soprano voice, untrained but natural when we were first married, had a calming, spiritual and religious effect on me, more so than the choir of a synagogue. It is a natural voice, produced by her body and heart and pure mind. Later her voice was trained by an outstanding teacher, Frances Gould Lewando, who brought out improved qualities, but the voice was there basically from the beginning.

After completing a phase of her training, a recital was arranged at our home and she sang, accompanied by a pianist and a violinist. There were about seventy-five friends in attendance, and as she was always a gracious hostess, she served a delightful buffet made mainly by her own hands, following the hour long program.

Pauline sang for her own pleasure and for organizations and social events, but rarely accepted a fee. She is recognized in certain important circles not only for her voice but for her natural charm and many other abilities.

On our many vacations and walks along the seashore or in the woods, she would sing to me or recite long selections from the Golden Treasury which she knew by heart. She has an almost photographic memory, and once she learns the words to a song or poem, seems to remember them and can recall them at will.

After many years of volunteer service in the community, Pauline was elected President of the Pittsburgh Section, National Council of Jewish Women in 1949 and served for a three-year term. During her incumbency the Council opened the LOUNGE FOR OLDER PEOPLE. This was the culmination of several years of planning, mainly during the incumbency of her predecessor, Mrs. Milton Susman. Geriatrics was a new science, just beginning to emerge as a necessary function in the social work field. The average age of older people was steadily lengthening and it was important that a facility be established to provide recreational and occupational opportunities for this age group. It was the first such facility to open in Pittsburgh and Council became prominent throughout the community because of this. Pauline was invited to meet with groups of all kinds- churches, women's clubs, community centers, and even a committee being organized by the Health and Welfare Association of Allegheny County, under the chairmanship of U.S. Steel Company Vice-president, Earle Moore. Interest in geriatrics has flourished and is now an on-going project in almost every community.

The night the LOUNGE opened was an auspicious occasion, and attracted many local dignitaries. David L. Lawrence, our Mayor, "cut the ribbon" which started the program, and I WAS THERE.

Following her presidency of Council, Pauline accepted her first professional position. She had the privilege of helping to organize The James and Rachel Levinson Foundation, a charitable trust which had been organized several months previously by Samuel M. Levinson, President of The Levinson Steel Company, his four brothers and son, Aaron. Pauline joined the "team" in 1953 and was in daily contact with all these fine men until her retirement in 1962. These were happy days for her, and the association with these wonderful people has led to lasting friendships between our families. She is now no longer Executive Secretary, but has been invited to serve on the board of The Foundation since her departure- an experience to which she always looks forward.

When Pauline left the Foundation she was offered a position at the YM&WHA, and it was like "coming home" to her, as she had worked at the Y as a volunteer in numerous capacities for many years, and as a board member for six.

The position was that of adult activities worker for the three branches of the YM&WHA and Irene Kaufmann Centers, and involved planning adult programs and activities. Her special assignment, however, and the one she enjoyed most of all, was working with the Women's Activities Committee, which was under the leadership of Mrs. Harry M. Epstine. Many fine projects were instituted at the time. Mrs. Epstine had the capacity to surround herself with outstanding Jewish women with broad vision and wide experience, and the caliber of the programs showed the thought and knowledge that had gone into them.

Pauline also was group worker for several types of programs. She organized a Single Parents Club, led several Senior Citizen groups and took over an existing program, working with people who were in need of recreational and physical rehabilitation following "strokes". Here she found a great deal of satisfaction and the project increased from eleven members to forty-four during her period of service with them. Although she left the group for final retirement a year ago, there is constant contact between Pauline and many of the members of the "stroke" group, some of whom have become friends.

OUR BOYS, PAUL, BRUD AND JIMMY

High moral standards are the building blocks upon which ethical character is built. They can be defined as the necessary element in reaching for perfection. They are essential to true honesty in all fields of endeavor, in relationships with friends, business associates, and all with whom one comes in contact.

These are the lessons that Pauline and I taught our sons. They are now both over the half century mark, and we are justly proud of them. They deserve to be called men of good character and have shown this quality throughout their careers.

We are the proud parents of these two boys, both of superior intelligence, competent and creative. Paul, our elder son, was born in the Magee Hospital on March 24, 1923. Maurice, affectionately called "Brud" by all who know him, acquired the name when Paul, who saw him at the age of two days said: "Put my little Bruddie on the floor and let me play with him".

This was our little family and we grew up with the children and became their buddies in all of their activities. We were not strict, disciplinary parents and gave them as much freedom as possible, within certain limitations. They had rights as children should, but they knew their boundaries. They had a happy childhood, free to invite their friends over to our home. Their friends were our friends. Later, as teen agers, our home was open house where all were welcome. Interests changed from baseball and football to popular music and dancing, and the only way that our roomy, cottage type home held together was the "I" beam on which the foundation was supported.

Once they planned a party and turned our living room into a night club. They arranged for Pauline and myself to spend the night at the William Penn Hotel, and when the party was over the boys took their dates home and then returned to put our house back in order. Paul and Brud were sports fans, and before they were old enough to drive, Pauline use to transport the teams to the fields where their games were to be played. Paul, who was statistically minded, kept books with the batting averages of all the Pirates and the Steelers, and still has them.

The boys were both members of the Phi Epsilon Pi Fraternity and our home was used for initiations. A fine spirit of camaraderie developed between the boys and ourselves. Both are musically inclined and gifted with natural talent. We allowed this inclination to develop naturally, with some professional guidance from teachers. Brud organized a neighborhood band and they had a number of practice sessions in our home, our living room, and even our back yard garage. Some of the neighbors would come over, and marvel at the freedom of the house that the boys and their friends enjoyed.

Paul and some of his football friends enlisted the support of neighborhood tradespeople - a druggist, a grocer, the filling station owner, and each year these people lent their support for the purpose of purchasing uniforms and equipment. The boys played other neighborhood teams, wearing the sweat shirts which bore the names of their sponsors.

Paul, our elder son, now 53, has had a physical handicap with which he was stricken in his late teens and has been fighting it ever since, never giving up despite his discomfort. He entered college and received his degree in business administration from Pitt, subsequently working with me in the pants manufacturing business, carrying a full schedule and assuming duties and responsibilities which included road travel, driving a car and selling our product. Throughout his life he has continued to be employed and has assumed his responsibilities in the family and elsewhere. He has always maintained his composure and good nature. This is the stuff of which true heroes are made.

At a very early age he showed a keen mind and several special aptitudes. The Seashore Test for musical aptitude could not evaluate his score, as it was beyond the top figure. He also had a flair for math. In one of his classes at Pitt his instructor had him take over the lesson to clarify a problem which the students were having difficulty in grasping.

Paul's love for animals started early in life, and for a long period of years he developed his tropical fish hobby into a part time business, later making it a full time activity which he conducted from our home, with a friend. He raised and bred Bettas (Siamese fighting fish) and other rare species, and maintained a service to professional and business men which included the upkeep of their aquariums. Paul and Ralph Holt, his partner, pursued this business until it was decided that he would undergo surgery and it was liquidated so as to free him from responsibility.

Upon his recovery from the surgery he worked with Brud, who at this time had just started a record distributing business. Paul helped considerably in the development of this project, and has been associated with Brud ever since.

Brud, our younger son, fortunately for all of us, has been in good health throughout his career. He interrupted his college studies to enter the service in World War II, in June 1943. His basic training was at a camp near Detroit and from there he served in various camps in the States, the last one being Abilene, Texas. Pauline and I and Paul visited him there before he was shipped overseas.

During his European service his musical skills were discovered and he served in a band as his army assignment. There they played in and around Paris to entertain the hospitalized war casualties most of the time. He also did arranging of musical scores when, while crossing the English Channel their sheet music was lost and he was able to duplicate it so that they could continue their concerts. He was honorably discharged at war's end and returned briefly to college, later joining me in the pants business until our liquidation in 1952.

Brud and Alice Citron were married in 1948 and for a number of years led a happy, carefree life. After leaving our pants business he went into a field in which he was always interested, the record business, and Alice worked at his side. Shortly after the birth of their son, Jimmy, Alice became seriously ill and has been confined to a wheel chair for the past fourteen years.

Her mind is acute, she is bright, sweet and beautiful, but her body is crippled. Despite this tragic situation, Brud has personally done much to prolong her life through his tender, loving care. They have been most fortunate to have had Miss Barbara Shultz as her nurse and constant companion, during the past seven or eight years. Her ministrations to Alice went far and beyond the call of duty. Brud has always made Alice feel that she is still the wife, mother and home-maker and he respects her wishes in regard to running their home and rearing of Jimmy.

Despite the problem and sorrow that the situation has brought to him and his family, he has managed to develop a successful business and is among the five largest record distributors in the United States. He spends a great deal of time with Alice, and his devotion to her needs, and it is hard

for us to understand where he gets the strength and time for his business and other interests.

Among his accomplishments was learning to fly and he is now a licensed private pilot and owns his own plane. In this hobby Jimmy has grown up and is qualifying for a license when he reaches the legal age. Brud is a supreme person "one in a million", as a prominent Rabbi, and neighbor of Brud and Alice expressed himself recently.

It is a common topic of conversation among grandparents to talk, and even boast about their grandchildren. Who hasn't had that pleasant and gratifying experience of seeing grandparents at public meetings or at dinner tables, exchange views of their grandchildren's photographs? This is one of the universally happy experiences in one's life. We must thank whatever keeps our planet earth moving, for giving us that speck of happiness that the world so badly needs.

Pauline and I are truly fortunate in having Jimmy, our only grandchild. It is gratifying to us and to Brud that he is considerably taller than any of us, and most importantly, that he is developing into a person intellectually competent and has the qualities and desire to be self-sufficient economically and financially. We are really proud of him, and I am sure he has what the late Senator Everett Dirksen described as the "makings of a man".

He is now an upper classman at Washington and Jefferson University. One of his principle interests at this time is economics, and a paper he wrote recently as a class assignment, shows a keen insight about this subject. He has varied interests and hobbies, principally drawing cartoons and preparing for a pilot's license. He already has the ability and is flying his father's plane as a student pilot. Those of us, including myself and myriads of others, think of flying a plane as a great accomplishment, and it is. I personally look up with respect and admiration to those who have the competence to operate one.

In his early years, Jimmy showed aptitudes which have proven outstanding as he developed into his teens. He was able to read and count at the age of two and a half. He showed an interest in music and played the baritone horn at Taylor Allderdice High and later at Miami University in the

land. He studied piano at the Anna L. Perlow Music School for five years, and a number of his college electives included some form of music. He has an appreciation of poetry, languages and other cultural subjects, which he developed while participating in the Scholars' Program at High School.

Jimmy is now twenty years old. His chief interest, in addition to his college work, has been spending his spare time at his father's record distributing business. He appears to be greatly involved in this phase of music and time will tell how long this will continue. What makes us especially happy is his strong feeling for family and closeness to all of us.

There is nothing that gives one greater satisfaction in life than recognition by close friends and members of the immediate family. I am recalling now the surprise party that was arranged for us on our Twenty-fifth Wedding Anniversary, held in the "Lodge Room" of the YM&WHA. This was arranged by several of our close friends and our boys. It was a memorable event, with everything done to point out some special interest of ours and to show a great deal of devoted planning.

Through the years Pauline and I have enjoyed a number of outstanding trips, arranged by our boys. They planned a Mediterranean Cruise to Europe and Israel as a special gift, and seemed to enjoy hearing details on our return almost as we did the experience. Another such trip was to Hawaii and cities in the western part of the United States. They have always shown consideration, concern and love for us. On my 75th birthday and again on my 80th, Brud had a surprise party for me at his and Alice's home on English Lane. We enjoyed seeing friends from whom we had not heard for some time and these events gave us much joy. Last fall Paul arranged for us to go to New York to hear several operas at Lincoln Center, since we had mentioned that we hoped some day to get there. On Christmas Day, 1976 we found a 1977 Ford Granada in our back-yard garage, with streamers saying "Merry Christmas to Mom and Dad." These surprises have meant more than the material gifts, but evidenced a devotion to us, for which we are very happy, and will carry in our memories forever.

THE HEBREW FREE LOAN ASSOCIATION

Among Jews world wide, the phrase "Gemilas Chesed" has a particular significance. The English translation is "Acts of Loving Kindness". The development of this thought has produced a definite and unusual characteristic of the Jewish people throughout the world. I refer to the creation of free loan societies, the purpose of which is to lend small sums of money, free of interest. These societies are projects of synagogues and other organizations. Loans are granted to people in neighborhood and civic centers, to help them through temporary critical financial situations. The capital is created by donations from community members as well as bequests. The existence of these societies is not known to the Gentile community as they are a particularly Jewish phenomenon.

Loans are arranged for families whose breadwinner is temporarily unemployed; to help in starting a business venture from which the family hopes to make a living; for emergency illness; and similar occasions where an individual or family needs money to tide them over a critical period so they can avoid resorting to public assistance. Statistics indicate that these loans are generally repaid with losses rarely over one-percent.

Dr. Ludwig Bernstein, when he came to Pittsburgh to direct the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, felt that young, competent people should become interested in the various agencies making up the Federation. For the Free Loan Board he recommended three young business men: Morris Balter, President of the Balter Paper Company; Joseph Goldstein, President of the Eagle Grocery Company (now the Giant Eagle Supermarkets) and myself, owner of the Penn Trouser Company. This was in 1923, and now, fifty-odd years later, I am still serving on the board, although somewhat inactively and have been elected a Life Trustee.

I was president for two successive terms. Loan committees are appointed by the president and meet every Tuesday evening to take applications and make decisions on the validity of the request. These committees are composed of board members who are prominent business men and women, sympathetic to those in need. If deemed worthy it is granted on the spot. In our organ-

ization the history of repayment is high. The Hebrew Free Loan Association was one of the first constituent agencies in the Jewish Federation.

I should like to tell about several cases where loans were granted at the time I was chairman of the Loan Committee:

A middle aged woman applied for a loan of \$100 to buy food and make general preparations for Passover. We usually ask for an endorser but as there was none available the loan was granted on the character of the applicant and was repaid in full. Payments are arranged according to the borrower's ability to repay and we accept the suggested terms.

A man who owned a small retail store had his electric service shut off because of non-payment of the bill. A member of the Loan Committee called the Duquesne Light Company and advised them that we are granting a loan, and service was restored within a few hours.

A woman who was gainfully employed was seriously injured in an automobile accident in Squirrel Hill. A loan of \$2,000 was needed to take care of hospital and other bills. Good endorsers were secured through the efforts of the Loan Committee and the money was granted. She recovered completely, after a year's absence, and was able to resume her previous position. The loan was repaid in full. Mrs. Lillian Friedberg, a prominent member of the Jewish community, holding a professional position in one of the Federated agencies, and a member of our board, assumed the responsibility of securing endorsers for this loan. She reported to me that she had secured \$1,500 and was stymied in getting the last \$500. I called Herman Fineberg, a well known business man and philanthropist, and his answer was: "Sure, Iz, if you and Lillian recommend the loan, I will gladly endorse what you need."

An auxiliary of a large hospital applied for a loan of \$5,000 to start a gift shop. This was about twenty-five years ago. Again endorsers were secured by members of the committee and the loan granted. This was paid off and the gift shop today and since its opening has become an integral service of the hospital and a very successful enterprise.

During my presidency I appointed a Follow-up Committee to determine from the recipients of loans whether the purpose had been accomplished and to ascertain the current status of the borrower.

During the depression and financial crisis in 1933, when Franklin Delano Roosevelt assumed the presidency of the United States, following the Hoover administration, the banks were ordered closed by the new administration. However, the Hebrew Free Loan Association was open for business, and we had one of the busiest nights in our history.

Franklin Roosevelt was instrumental in creating the Federal Reserve Board, to avoid such financial panics as had occurred in 1933.

Now, looking backward to that critical period, the board members and I take pride that at that time we had the financial reserve to handle any emergency that came to our attention, and I WAS THERE.

PETER HERMES, HENRY FORD AND I

Who was Peter Hermes that he merits mention in these memoirs? Just a short distance from our store there was a short, one-block triangular street leading toward the downtown area of Pittsburgh. It was named Ols Avenue, later changed to a continuation of Forbes Street. At the base of this street was a large milk plant owned and operated by Peter Hermes. He was one of the very rich men on our street, having his own generating plant for creating electric power for running his machinery, and, at a later date, when we started our pants business my father bought power from the Hermes plant. This was transmitted by overhead wires to our factory. This was, of course, long before the era of the Duquesne Light Company and West Penn Power.

In the first decade of the nineteen hundreds, Henry Ford started producing the automobile that he had designed in an earlier period and was called the "horseless carriage". Production reached a point where he started to distribute the car outside of the Detroit area. As far as I recall, Peter Hermes was the first owner of a Ford in the city of Pittsburgh. I can remember him driving the car past our store. This was an experience I shall never forget. He was the hero of the hour, second only to Henry Ford Himself.

In that period of course there were no self-starters. When the car stopped suddenly, he had to start it again by cranking and turning the motor by hand with a mechanical crank.

Later in the 1910 to 1914 period other makes of cars were produced by other manufacturers. The Studebaker, which much earlier had made wagons, buggies and carriages; the Chevrolet, Buick, Pontiac, and Oldsmobile. General Motors consolidated all of the manufacturers, with the exception of Studebaker and Ford, and became the largest and most successful organization in the world.

At the beginning of his company, Ford paid his employes \$1.00 a day, and several years later made the news headlines by the announcement that he decided to pay his employes \$5.00 a day. He was praised by the news

writers for his foresight and was considered an outstanding industrialist because of his sharing his success with his workers. This was the beginning of the American Dream, the beginning of mass production and sharing success of the system with the workers and owners who made the American Dream possible.

'This thinking reached beyond the American shores and many European and Asiatic nations have copied our system and have taken advantage of its successful operation.

There is no doubt that Henry Ford was the master and originator of mass production in industry, which has made this country the greatest industrial nation in history. Despite his genius in the field of mechanics and mass production, Ford was by no means a statesman or otherwise knowledgeable in world affairs. He was interested in Peace, and when the clouds of war appeared during the reign of Kaiser Wilhelm, he organized a "Peace Ship" which started on a "Peace Journey" across the Atlantic, but returned without reaching its destination. It was a failure, and he became almost an international joke.

Henry Ford's criticism of Zionism and the Jewish hopes also put him in a poor light as an international figure and pseudo-statesman. He was, however, an outstanding figure in the United States. His association with Thomas Alva Edison and Harvey Firestone and their frequent meetings on national affairs became famous in American industrial history.

REAL ESTATE

In the year 1954 I became associated as a salesman with a prominent real estate company in Pittsburgh. I was amazed at the lack of morality and ethical business standards of some of the executives and salesmen who are engaged in this field. There is competition in all business and other fields of endeavor. Compensation and advancement are generally determined by ability, accomplishments and profitable results to yourself and your employers. Not so in the real estate business. It is cleverness, conniving and quite often outright cheating, which determine the so-called success of some of the most prominent real estate operators. In a number of deals that I initiated, I was actually deprived of my just compensation, despite the verbal agreement that I had with the owners.

Some of the richest real estate operators in this city, well respected, church going people, noted for their large charitable gifts, accumulated their wealth through the misfortunes of the poor. They charged high, unreasonable rents on properties they owned which the tenants were unable to pay, and then they foreclosed on the tenants' belongings. On properties that they sold their method was to take a small down payment and take back a mortgage on the balance. If the payments on the mortgage were in default, they would immediately foreclose and take the property back. This was done constantly and fortunes were amassed to the extent that some of them became multi-millionaires, bank directors, honored by the community, on the misfortunes of others.

However, in my ten years' experience in the real estate business, I made financial progress, not through commissions but by the purchase of good properties. Certain deals were presented to me and I took advantage of those that looked promising, which later became a large part of my retirement income.

WALKING DOWNTOWN AND UP THE HILL

As I stand on the corner of Penn Avenue and Stanwix Street (the Joseph Horne Company corner) I start walking toward the river and view Point State Park and the Old Block House, a remnant of the Revolutionary War. As I walk up and down I see the Gateway Center Development, promoted by the late David L. Lawrence, the Mellon Family and the Equitable Life Insurance Company. Gateway Center stands on the site adjoining the confluence of the three rivers: Monongahela, Allegheny and Ohio, the grounds formerly occupied by the old Exposition Hall, which displayed products of Pittsburgh and surrounding industrial towns. I see the Three Rivers Stadium, which brings back memories of Exposition Park and Pirate championship games.

Memories of Barney Dreyfus, owner of the original Pirate team, Hans Wagner, the greatest baseball player of all times, Tommy Leach, Fred Clark, the manager of the team, and Deacon Phillippi, their famous pitcher. Other thoughts come along of when they moved to Oakland to Forbes Field, the Waner Brothers, Paul and Lloyd, and the last World Series Game in 1971 with the Baltimore Orioles team which Steve Blass pitched and won in the final game. Great days, and I WAS THERE.

As I turn the corner past Joseph Horne's walking west, I remember the destructive flood of 1936. On that day I put on a pair of riding boots and walked through the downtown streets affected by the flood. Horne's first floor and basement were completely under water. Further up Fifth Avenue the stores and cellars were inundated. I saw water rising in the basement of Frank and Seder's Department Store on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Smithfield Street, and I watched the rising flood reach the first floor. In an adjacent Kresge's Five and Ten Cent Store the first floor and basement were entirely under water. It was a devastating, almost paralyzing scene, which I will never forget, and regretfully, I WAS THERE.

"Water, water everywhere" (with apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge), knee high on the downtown streets of Pittsburgh, destroying businesses that had taken years to build and establish. Fortunately, my business was on a higher level, Forbes Street, and therefore was not touched.

Natural disasters destroy, some people perish, many homes and businesses are destroyed, but nations, cities, people remain and survive, to rebuild what natural elements have destroyed. And so with Pittsburgh and surrounding communities.

I was then President of the Hebrew Free Loan Association. Our organization asked for and was given a sizeable interest free loan by the B'nai B'rith for the rehabilitation of small businesses destroyed by the flood. We organized a special committee of our board members, which made its temporary headquarters in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and interest free loans to a large number of small businesses in Pittsburgh, Johnstown, and other communities affected by the flood were granted. These loans were repaid within several years, by the merchants affected, and our organization was able to repay the original loan to B'nai B'rith. And I WAS THERE in a very active way.

I am now walking up the hill along upper Fifth Avenue. The so-called "Hill District" is being redeveloped. The Jewish Synagogue, Beth Hamidrash Hagodol, was given land in a redevelopment area to build a new synagogue close to its old location, which had been taken by the Urban Redevelopment Authority. The Catholic Church nearby, very wisely, as I see it now, demanded and was permitted to retain its old location. Further up Center Avenue the area and businesses were partially destroyed by race riots sparked by the assassination of the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., a black preacher and crusader for equal rights for his people, and despite political promises the area has not been rehabilitated, although this destruction occurred over a decade ago.

The Civic Arena stands as a monument to the memory of the late Mayor David L. Lawrence. It serves a great need for sports events, such as hockey, Ice Capades, basketball, rock concerts, etc. - a good investment in communal spirit.

The advance in economic, social, political and educational status of the black population has been considerable in the past decade. The rise of dormant and promising black talent in music, dancing, sports and education has been phenomenal. The black population is becoming recognized as an important

element in the mainstream of our country and I believe that this progress will continue. There is beginning to be mutual understanding and acceptance on both sides of the fence. Barriers are gradually being broken down.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. 's exhortations in the nineteen-sixties, "WE WANT EQUALITY NOW", is no longer a dream. It is becoming a reality.

Thinking back of the Beth Hamidrash Hagodol referred to earlier, I am reminded of the great Orthodox Rabbi of this synagogue, Rabbi Aaron Mordecai Ashinsky, who made a tremendous impact on the lives of the Jewish people in our community many decades ago. He was one of the original organizers of the Hebrew Free Loan Association and a moving force in the establishment of numerous other Jewish communal agencies of his time. He was revered and respected by both the Jewish and non-Jewish sectors of early Pittsburgh.

MY LAST MOMENTS WITH ALICE

It is Thursday on a mid-afternoon in late August, 1976. Some leaves, apparently still green, have been plucked immaturely by the winds, from the trees, and lie dead on the ground.

And so it happened. Tears are shed by hundreds of people; hearts are almost at the breaking point. Alice, our dear child, has passed away after nineteen years of battling with M.S. We all knew. The doctors told us that it was a losing battle, but there was no giving up or surrender, or giving up by her family, and Brud nourished her, fed her, bathed her, and kept her neat and preserved her natural beauty.

There was no giving up, no surrender by Brud. He called Jonas Salk, the conqueror of dread polio- "Yes, we are studying, researching on a cure, but it will take time, years in fact, before a solution may be discovered". "But what are we to do for her while you are researching?" "Keep her comfortable, take special care of her, keep her alive, and hope".

And Brud did keep her alive for nineteen years, and we all hoped and hoped, but it was inevitable.

This beautiful girl, my child, the mother of my grandson, lying there in the bed! I knew her days were numbered; that beautiful face opened her eyes slightly, as if saying to me "Goodbye, Dad, it will soon be over", and she is still talking to me. "I think it will be a relief to me and all who loved me and cared for me".

I went over to her, caressed her hair and face and she smiled, and there was eternal satisfaction.

September 1976

F I N A L E

And now that I am finishing these Memoirs, I have come to the conclusion that there is no finality to events as they affect people. Even as I write, news of great significance takes place every minute of the day.

I still feel strongly about Womens' Suffrage and believe we have far to go before there is true equality for women in all fields. I still feel strongly about unions, and from the time unions were needed to protect the exploited workers, to the present, when it is the people who are exploited, too much power and clout has been given to the unions.

The change in our national administration, through the recent election and imminent inauguration of Jimmy Carter, will become important as time goes on, and, hopefully, will improve the national and international scenes. We have a basically good government; a good, strong foundation was built by our predecessors. Changes will have to be made and a good new leadership is emerging which should effect these changes.

I have just reached my 85th birthday, and I begin to appreciate more and more my surroundings, my family, my wife, children and grandson, and the many good friends who have helped us attain happiness. I appreciate more and more the world around me, the green of the grass, the beauty of our rose bed with its exotic colors, our cheerful, comfortable home, and the peace that comes with having time to think.

I see the youngsters growing up around me, yelling, shouting and playing, and I enjoy these noises. I wonder what kind of world they are approaching and am convinced it will be a better one, and a better country than we are living in now. We are beginning to recognize some of our errors and there is a lot of thinking needed that will eventually correct some of our past mistakes.

And now it is time to put down my pen, and call it a day!