

Background
Music

Part One

by Jim Haber

qCS71
H12
1972

BACKGROUND MUSIC

It was nine years ago that we wrote the first edition of Background Music. Since then we have both revised our original stories. Jim has written an addition to his, and we have added some pictures.

Joan's part has been rewritten. There was so much information previously unknown that it was impossible to revise . What has been found out has been the result of many hours in libraries, looking at microfilm records or consulting old newspapers. There have also been endless letters to the keepers of Vital Statistics.

We hope that our grandchildren, and perhaps our unknown great-great grandchildren will enjoy having this account of our lives. And it may be that along the way, there will be many additions to this family history.

Jim and Joan Haber
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
January, 1982.

of National Council of Jewish Women 08-24-2001 NK 2001-1702 HSNP

7/19/1972

BACKGROUND MUSIC

Just how does one begin to write something like this? Should I write it, or should I break down and buy a tape recorder? I fear that the latter would lead me to be too long winded and not too well organized chronologically. Where do I start? What is important (if any of it is really important?)

But maybe we should have a prelude before we work out the theme. Many years ago I realized that I had left my parents and grandparents go on to the great unknown without having asked them many questions about their past. Since we are, I believe, the sum total of all of our heredity, environment and experiences--and today we hear a great deal about seeking out our self-identity-- maybe you two should have some written record of your forebears--or, at least as much as I can remember or have accumulated. I'll try to develop this in a sequential manner, and try to avoid verbosity. But be warned there there will be errors-- I am a two fingered typer (in case of amputation that does leave a fairly good reserve). Also, because I do not want this to become a lifetime job-- I shall glide over some errors, even in spelling. I shall devote myself to the Haber side of the family--maybe Joan will cover her side later.

Possibly I should explain here that I feel fine-- with no worries that I shall soon not be here to write this. I think the idea was triggered when I learned recently that a study was being made of older people in Pittsburgh. But I had been thinking that maybe this might interest you--that's all. And-- I have the time.

There is a short Family Tree in your Baby Books-- and a longer one of the Habers in my safe deposit box--developed by DeWitt (I think that I have brought it up to date). I expect to have copies made of these and incorporate them in this.

The Habers came from Richen (sp.?) near Frankfurt in Germany. Many were buried at a cemetery near Untergrumbach (sp.?) --maybe Hitler levelled it off? In 1923 or 1929 DeWitt and Hattie's visited there--found some of the old tombstones and copied some dates (see family tree). They also found a half-brother of Joseph living nearby. (Joseph's father was married three times--a family story was that one of them had seven children in line years and then died (no wonder). Another half brother, Joshua, lived in quoque, L.I.--none of us ever tried to contact him or his family.) BUT this man was a grain dealer--and told DeWitt that there had always been grain dealers among the Habers! I undersaund that th. 'b' and 'f' are interchangeable in German--'hafer' means oats. If I am correct--Napoleon made the Jews take second names-- before that they had been James ben Edward (James, son of Edward). Some Jews took names from their occupations--Kaufmann means merchant. some names came from their place of origin--Hamburger. That might explain Haber. By the way--my other grandfather, David Hollander had all the physical characteristics of a Dutchman--there had been a wave of Jews from Holland into Germany in the early 1300s. It is a nice hypothesis anyhow.

Not all of the Jews could select their own names--some were imposed upon them. The conquering general in Alsace Lorraine came from Sard - inia, so he gave italyan names--that is the origin of Longini.

Soon after the Civil War there was a wave of emigration from Germany to the U.S. My grandmother, Bertha Ackerman Haber and some of her family came then--she told me it took 21 days to cross the ocean--certainly not in first class cabins. They went west of here. I think some of the Ackermans ended up in Dallas--and Dad once visited relatives in Attica, Indiana. Bertha worked as a housemaid in Chicago for a wealthy Jewish meat packer--Nelson Morris. (coincidence he was Muriel Longini's uncle). Her sister worked with Maud Adams at Hull House--the first, I believe of the settlement houses. (When Hull House celebrated its 100th anniversary I tried, unsuccessfully, to find out about her. This girl, or another sister, had very, very wiry hair and picked up some money by appearing as a 'wild woman' in a side show!! Bertha sent money to her boy friend, Joseph, so he could eventually come to the U.S. He was a travelling salesman (clothing)--with a passport that permitted him to go back and forth to Switzerland. Even then it was not healthy for a Jew to serve in the German Army, with service compulsory. He was away the day his army order came--his sister packed his bag and met him as he got off a train from Switzerland. He took the next train out and made his way to New York--where he married Bertha. (There seem to have been some restrictions on Jews marrying in Germany--Joan's grandparents came to New York --with a chaperone (supply your own thoughts as to the mores of a bygone age) and were married in New York. Joseph worked for a manufacturer of mens' wear. They kept a kosher house until they moved their home. One evening, after they had eaten, Bertha asked him how he had enjoyed his meal. She then told him that she had tired of walking some distance to a Kosher butcher in all kinds of weather, but that day she had decided that should eat 'as the Americans did'-- and had bought her meat from a nearby non-kosher butcher. As she told me this, years later, she remembered his answer--he hoped he would be able to earn enough to buy meat--that it was her responsibility to buy and cook it. Later, in McKeesport she discovered that her sons were eating ham at gentile friends' homes. Since she disliked any evasions, she kept ham in her home for them, but she never touched pork.

In the early mercantile growth of the U.S. Eastern manufacturers created retail markets for themselves by setting up promising young men in business in growing communities farther West. I never knew whether it was the Snellenbergs or the Loucheims (both from Philly) who sent Joseph to McKeesport. I do know that when Joseph died, one of the latter became guardian of his children. This family must have become very wealthy, because they had a racing stable with a horse entered in the Kentucky Derby not too many years ago.

** In 1979 I received a form letter to Habers-- written to all the Habers in Pittsburgh--from Ronnie Lazarus of Plymouth, Mass. She was, I imagine, quite taken off her feet when she received a letter from me starting "Dear Cousin. Did you hit the jackpot!"

(over)

Dad told me that he believed that the Habers were the first Jewish family in McKeesport. One man, a tailor, preceded them, who might have been a Jew, but he never admitted to it. So Dad and his brothers sometimes had a very tough time going back and forth to school—they were the 'sheenies'— a term almost forgotten today—they were 'the Christ Killers'. In self defense Dad became a very proficient boxer! He was 5foot five and never became heavier than 135 pounds. He actually fought in the local rings, as an amateur, until he knocked out a man who was unconscious for almost 20 minutes. Dad thought he had killed him and never put on the gloves again. (There is an old newspaper clipping (in the safe deposit box) about one fight.)

The store prospered—in 1885 the Haber Bldg. was built at the corner of 5th and Market Streets. The Habers built a home nearby— where the Veterans' Bldg. stands today—near the Penn McKee Hotel. The alley behind is Haber Alley—running from Strawberry to Mulberry Alley. That is where the sign came from—given to me by George Lylse, when he was mayor of McKeesport. Joseph had become a respected citizen and was asked to run for city council, caught a cold while campaigning in bad weather, and died at age 45, when Dad was only 7.

When DeWitt died, Uncle Dick and I each inherited a 1/3 interest in the Haber Bldg. Alice and Betty each owned a 1/16—from Stella Cohen's estate. Dad and Uncle Lou lost their interest in 1924—which was bought by a Dr. Gamble. Just a few years ago we were all happy to have the Urban Renewal Redevelopment buy it. For some years we were lucky to have a poor Of side ^{tenant} interest, when the first two Kaufmann brothers came to the US, they did as so many others did (Gimbels for example)—they became peddlars, carrying their stock in trade in back packs. Later they acquired a horse and wagon and would route themselves so that they would be in the Monongahela valley mill towns on pay day. They slept in their wagon—leaving their small bag of money in the Haber store safe. Later they saw possibilities that he missed and opened a store in Pittsburgh.

The house on 5th Avenue had a large side yard—two small houses for rent on the alley side—a woodshed and an outhouse. (Later a bathroom was installed in the house.) I once took a hammer and nails and lined the two-holer with the nails. I do not remember the consequences, other than a padlock was installed on the outhouse door. Gas lights in the house—I loved to help to roll small pieces of paper into tapers which were used to light the gas burners. The clock in our dining room hung in the kitchen.

Henry Haber, another of those half brothers, lived there for a time. He was a tailor, with a penchant for trading—always looking for a 'good deal'. He once came home very late a night with a huge, white horse, and tied it to the back porch. Grandma met it early the next morning when she opened the kitchen door. He married, moved to Buffalo—I never saw him again. About 1946 he died and left Uncle Dick and I a few thousand dollars— I bought our first car—a new Chevy for \$1200 then.

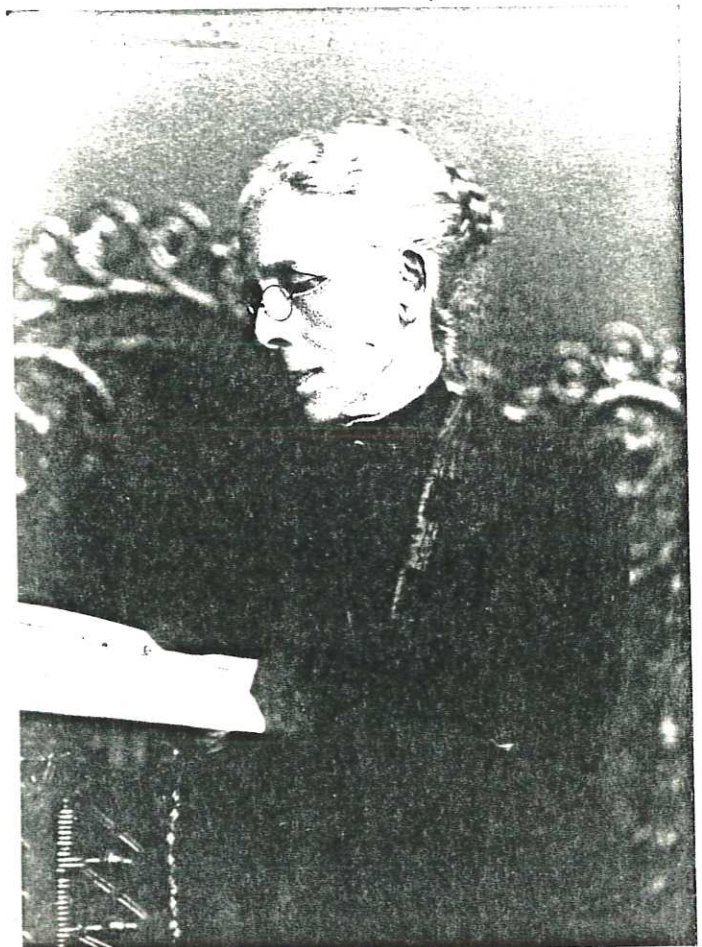


The Mayer Habers

Joseph



Joseph Haber

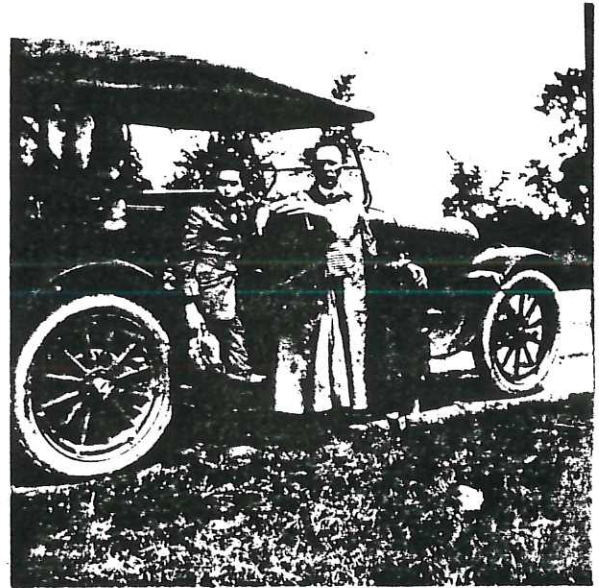


Bertha Ackerman Haber

THE HABER STORE, MCKEESPORT, PA.



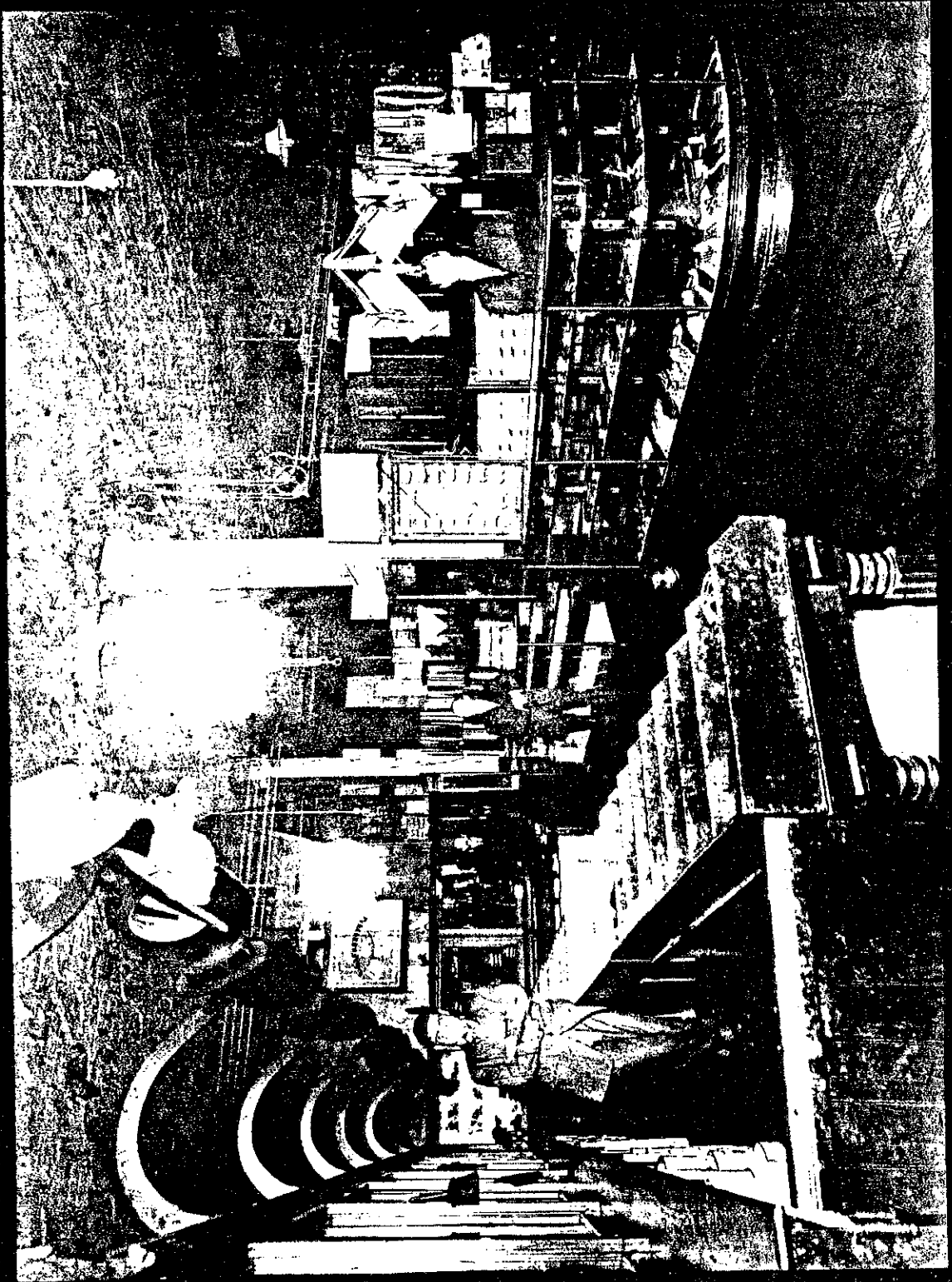
STELLA AND EDWARD HABER



JIM AND EDWARD HABER



DeWitt HABER



Dad's sister, Josephine, died when she was 12. That's why I am James, not Joseph- grandma thought it bad luck since her daughter and husband died so young. The other daughter, Hattie, was Alice and Betty's ~~Grand~~ grandmother- her husband, Leopold Koch, at one time a partner in the store, died long before I was born. Hattie devoted her life to her mother after Stella married Walter Cohen, a Pittsburgh architect whom I knew well. Dad's brothers were Louis and DeWitt.

You remember DeWitt as a quiet, courtly gentleman-impeccably honest. It is difficult to believe that he had quiet a reputation, as a young man, as being a real 'hell raiser'. When he was 42 he married Hattie Hamburger, and therein lies a tale. Her father, Philip, a very wealthy distiller was a real tartar-a martinet-a Prussian from hairline to clicking heels. I once saw a picture taken of him with his brothers- sans the spiked helmets of course- they looked like the German Army high command of the early 1900s. Widowed, he believed that it was his youngest daughter's duty to take care of him. So that became this Hattie's life. For instance, every year ^{he} liked to go to Baden-Baden for the mineral baths. Hattie was a bad sailor- she never left her cabin from one end of the voyage to the other. There was a brother- he displeased his father- so Philip threw him out and disinherited him. When the young man died, Philip would have nothing to do with the funeral. After Philip died, too late to have the children they both adored, Hattie and DeWitt were married.

Louis, the oldest and Dad's partner, was a rather weak man who had two daughters- Lucille and Hazel. All his life he was dominated by Ella, his wife. My grandmother, Bertha, was a tiny woman, but of strong will. She had opposed Lou's choice of a wife, but they were married. At the wedding, just after the rabbi finished she turned to the bride's mother and said, "Nothing good will ever come of this marriage". Somehow or other I can understand why Ella and Bertha were never very close!

The store was profitable- mens' and boys' wear- Lou and Dad were rich men. Dad and Mother were married in 1901 at the Concordia club which was then on the North Side of Pittsburgh, where all the wealthy German Jews lived then. Lou and Dad had the 2nd and 3rd cars in McKeesport. Lou went for the large, flashy cars- I remember a Winton- and a Stoddard-Dayton. Dad, the conservative one, bought Maxwells- I remember his second one a 1910 Maxwell- fire engine red- and it boasted of having four doors. Though Dad drove, we always had a chauffeur. I could go on for days about those old cars- the constant punctures- the joys of taking trips- small town hotels which were always beside or across from the railroad station. In strange areas you used a Blue Book. One set the odometer in the center of a town and then watched the mileage for the next landmark- "turn left at red barn near bridge"-- "take right at 10.7 miles at blacksmith shop", etc.

The road over the mountains was so hard on cars and tires that we once went to Atlantic City by going via Erie, Buffalo, New York! We made it from Erie to Buffalo in ONE day. Dad, who wanted to retain his reputation for honesty, quit telling that to people. Later, when the Lincoln Highway was improved--Route 30, a trip East meant an overnight stay at Gettysburg or Chambersburg.

My second birthday was spent at the Royal Poinciana Hotel at Palm Beach--the first great Florida resort developed by those who saw the vacation possibilities in the South. My folks took along a nursemaid for me. The only black man I had known worked as a porter at the store--named Taylor--so for years all blacks were 'taylors' to me. Later many summer vacations were spent at Atlantic City. How it changed then, on Saturday night, men paraded the boardwalk in evening clothes.

My parents lived with grandma while they built the house at 559 Shaw Avenue. A large buff brick house, about 12 rooms with a lovely stair case, with a lovely stained glass window at one landing, where stood the grandfather's clock that Uncle Dick has. Parquet floors on the first floor--the one bath room was all tile and oval in shape. The maids on the third floor had a wash stand, but no toilet facilities. I've always wondered what the house cost--just recently Uncle Dick said Dad told him he had paid about \$8,000 for both house and lot in 1903. There were always two live-in maids--usually Swedish. I went to many Swedish church socials, and learned that Swedish prayer then that Dr. Stendhal translated for me. The house had both gas and electric lights--the latter too new to depend on completely. Both Dick and I were born in the house.

I must admit that I have never experienced much anti-Semitism in my lifetime. Maybe because almost all my friends^{as} a boy in McKeesport were non-Jews. Dad, who was really a leading citizen, and Mother belonged to a euchre club in which they were the only Jews. When Rotary came to McKeesport they would not take in Jews, so Dad was instrumental in getting a chapter of Kiwanis started--as usual, for him, he never held an office but helped run things from behind the scenes. Lou was a director in the largest bank. In 1907 they were involved in some sort of stock transaction concerning the Rock Island Railroad--their partners were the then president of US Steel, his brother-in-law who lived in McKeesport and the Eastern brokerage house of Newberger, Henderson and Loeb. (Several of the latter were in the folk's wedding party and their gift was that grandfather's clock). But there occurred the famous corner in the market of Stutz stock--a financial panic ensued and the Habers lost their big money. At about the same time Dad was offered a 1/8 interest in the then being formed McKeesport Tin Plate Co.--but he was too involved in the railroad deal. All of the original 8 men in the Tin Plate mill became multi-millionaires.

As an advertising stunt, for many years, Haber Brothers GAVE the McKeesport School picnic at Olympia Park--they provided the streetcars, tickets for the 'rides', etc. Imagine my popularity when I was about 9 or 10--I had a WHOLE ROLL of tickets. As the town grew it became more and more expensive.

About 1915 another McKeesporter was running for County commissioner and wanted to take over the picnic idea. He 'persuaded' Haber Bros- to give it up-they were only too happy to get out from under the cost.

We lived in McKeesport until 1919, so I grew up in a small town atmosphere- with the rural areas not far away. I never hunted nor fished, except we did some fishing off Atlantic City when there. ~~He~~ Dad had been quite a fisherman in his youth, since business friends in the East owned boats. (There are still a couple of very old bamboo rods somewhere here. My closest friend in McKeesport was Adolph Schmidt, a near neighbor (he married a Mellon and currently is our Ambassador to Canada) . We used to hike over the hills from Duquesne to Dravosburg, or back of Port Vue- usually eating very poorly cooked potatoes made on a wood fire in the woods. Or we rode our bikes for miles in a day. At Halloween crowds of us would roam the outskirts, dumping over outhouses. Another favorite stunt was to take the iron gate from a fence and hang it high upon a pole. Once we were caught by the police and taken to the police station. Since most of us were the sons of prominent citizens, they sent for the Mayor, who proceeded to lecture us--until he discovered that the boy slumped down in the last row was his own son. He took George, Jr. home and dismissed the rest of us. Speaking of the Mayor-he lived four houses away, next to Schmidts'. H's wife, Winnie, was a teetotaler, Mother always kept beer on ice, so on a summer eve George would appear-walk to the kitchen, have his beer and leave. So whenever I met him on the street he always gave me enough to get an ice cream soda- either a nickel or a dime.

Did well while spending the first eight grades at Walnut Street School- a fairly good walk from home. Really bad boys were whipped by the principal with a rattan-that never happened to me. There were four of us - three boys and one girl who vied for class leadership during all of grade school. I had but one year at McKeesport High School.

I lived a double life. From about age 10 or so I left for Pittsburgh every Friday afternoon-usually by streetcar. Then I spent the week-end with relatives, and later friends, going to Sunday School at Rodef Shalom. So all my Pittsburgh friends were Jewish. Was confirmed at age 16--many of those whom I know now were in that class.

Another Pittsburgh contact was the Concordia Club, where Dad and all my uncles belonged. Talk about discrimination- it was years and years before anyone not a German Jew could get in. This was also true of Westmoreland Country Club at the time, and there were similar clubs in many of the large cities (See the book "Our Crowd" by Birmingham) Dad seems to have been held in high esteem . There were always Sunday afternoon poker games at Concordia. If a dispute arose, in any of the games, he was usually the arbiter.

I was too young for World War 1 (and then, too old for World War II) Naturally, what is history then for you was something I lived through. We had no close relative in service- the only Haber that I know who ever served was Uncle Dick, who served for 5 years in the Medical Corp- ending up as a Lt.Col. One of our maids became a nurse-served overseas in WW 1-I have her uniform pin somewhere.

The war's aftermath brought a depression-Haber Brothers found themselves over stocked and had to reorganize. In 1919 we moved to 1710 Wightman Street, and shared the house with Uncle Albert, who had been divorced. He had had one son, David, who changed his name when his mother remarried-so that was the end of the Hollander name here. I went to Schenley High School-then only about a year old. They were happy years. I was part of the definite crowd-both the boys and girls of my friends had their clubs. We ran in packs-practically always the same people, and I might admit that we were snobbish. Few were paired off-'going steady' came much later. The Xmas holiday season then and later were busy times-there were large dances given by girls' parents or by the small clubs we belonged to-usually at Concordia. B'cause of conflicting dates, one of the problems was to wait until you got the invitation which you wanted most, and to make sure that you had a clean dress shirt for each night--this was a formal era. A^t the dances we used dance programs and it was quite a chore to fill them out so that both you and your date (usually assigned to you) danced with the right people.

We^w were privileged to have a remarkable man as rabbi-J. Leonard Levy. H^w believed in a single standard of morality and organized a group of men into the Black and White Club, who led chaste lives. This was before my time-there is mention of it in the latest biography of George Kaufmann- he was an original member, but I never knew him. Later the club, although adhering to it's original idea, became very, very social and their Xmas dance was the best. But times changed, interest lagged and about 1925 it just sort of faded away. And who do you think was the last president, who turned what was left in the treasury to charity-ME.

If you ask anyone of my generation where they learned to dance, they will tell you at the Temple Gym, from Mrs. Cartwright-she taught ball room dancing. Can you imagine a line of teen age boys-white gloved-patent leather slippered-doing the classic arm and foot ballet positions? We^w did them. I always was known as a good dancer, in fact I think that only Morry Arnfeld was a better dancer than I among our friends! Later some of us went to another dancing class given by a Frenchman who wore a toupe and satin knee pants. Of course the mothers sat in the background--probably plotting some future marriages.

We also played basketball at the Temple Gym and swam in their pool. Uⁿtil I won that 7th flight golf trophy, my only athletic award was for 3rd place in the plunge-honest, there were only three contestants in that event.

Interlude

When I started to write this I never intended to go into such detail about myself-But I seem to have let loose a torrent of memories. Maybe I^{'ll} eliminate a lot of it when I type this-if I feel like revising it. (I^{'d} did not revise). Maybe the sum total will give you a sketch of a young man of my generation, in my environment. Our lives were completely

wrapped up in school, social life and, later first jobs. Certainly we read the papers, listened to the radio, but hardly showed any real awareness of the world around us, never discussed it nor took any action. Years later I was on the board of the Big Brother Club and attended a few meetings, but the actual work was done by the paid social workers.

Graduated from high school with honors—took a small part in the class play—spoke at commencement about how the Locarno Treaty would assure us that war was a thing of the past—this in 1922. Took that so-called exceptional youth test—think I had a 132 IQ, if I remember correctly. and it was decided --for me-- that I would go to the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at the U. of Penn. To enter all that you needed was to be in the upper third of your class—no such things as entrance exams. Very few of my friends went on to college.

Summers I worked at the store until I disagreed with Uncle Lou. After paying me \$5 weekly, he later told me I was worth more. I contended that he should have then paid me more. Said I would work there any time they needed me—Xmastime, etc.--but that I would never accept any pay when I did - Two summers I worked at the Stag Trousers factory in Pittsburgh, owned in part by Uncle Ike. Even thought I might end up there—he had no sons—started to major in labor relations at Penn—but Ike sold his interest in 1924.

A few weeks before leaving for Penn I had an attack of choroiditis in my right eye, and had some treatments here. As soon as I got to Philly I consulted a famous ophthalmologist, Karl de Schweinitz. He advised resting the eye—so two days after I had unpacked in my dormitory room, I repacked and returned home. Under treatment here, the eye quieted down, although I've never had more than about 1/3 vision from it. Tried by mail to get back into Penn, but was refused. So I hid me to Philly and haunted the Dean for two days. Finally it was agreed that I could enter, but on my own responsibility—and became a Freshman, a month late. Took a lot of hours, about 21—worked like hell and by Xmas vacation I had cleared up all back work and was in line with my class. Among Freshman 'regulations' were 'dinks' (small black caps and only black socks.)

Good gosh! I almost forgot one of the most important events in my life—long pants. Boys wore short pants and long black stockings until they were old enough for long pants. I got them in 1919—still wore the short ones to school, but on Friday I went to Pittsburgh in the long ones. For a long time I sneaked down to the street car via back alleys, lest my friends would see me, and kid me.

I enjoyed Penn, particularly after I was taken into Pi Lambda Phi—because all social life at Penn revolved around the fraternities. But I was a bit of a maverick—I refused to accept the concept that all my fraternity brothers were great guys, and all others were dirt. I detested a few of my fratres and had good friends at other houses.

Got to know many Philly girls, and even 'made' the elite dancing class a few times--the procedure was that you met your date at Friday evening Temple services and then went on to the class. If your Saturday night date meant dancing at the Ritz or Bellevue, you wore evening clothes--full dress, if you had it. Then, after you took your date home you rode the streetcar home--even with a top hat on! One incident will give you a small clue to the social milieu. I had a date with a girl who lived in one of the brownstones on 15th street. When I arrived I was ushered into the second floor living room--not unusual then in Philadelphia. Her mother told me that she had visited in Pittsburgh many years ago, and mentioned having known Stella Hollander among others--when I told her that that was my Mother, she called to the back of the house, "Vic, this one's alright, I once knew his mother!"

This was the prohibition era, and I drank my share of bootleg stuff and made my own gin when alcohol was available. People drank too fast and often the stuff was not too good--it was not a bit unusual, at a night spot, to see teen age girls carried out of the place. I have always felt that prohibition was the start of disdain for law in this country. Otherwise law abiding citizens broke this law and that lessened respect for the Law itself. Will Rogers called it 'birth control applied to rabbits'.

**--see bottom of page 12

Musical--Dad was a very fine pianist--at one time he conducted the Swedish choir in McKeesport. He could go to a musical comedy--come home, and play the entire score from memory. But I cannot remember either of my parents going to a concert. I was introduced to the symphony by Dewitt and Aunt Edna.

My first permanent job was as a stock boy, at Kaufmann and Baers'--later bought by Gimbels--at \$17 per week. I became an assistant buyer of women's wear--and later was manager of all of the receiving and marking rooms of the store. After five years I began to see the inherent, to me, disadvantages to the retail department store \$rat race! So I sold Cadillacs from 1929 to 1932 when I entered the life insurance business where I have been moderately successful. But it has given me security in my position and independence of 'office politics'.

For a twenty-first birthday present, Uncle Ike paid my initiation fee at Westmoreland Country Club, and I lived above my means until 1932, when I would have to become an intermediate member, with higher dues. I could not afford it, so I resigned. How I hated to do it, but at least six of my best friends did the same thing for the same reason. So I never played golf again for 25 years, until Joan got me interested again.

Let's go back and play the coda for the Haber side. Dad was the best practical psychologist that I ever met--he had a wonderful way with people of all kinds. He taught me at least two important things--'there are no degrees of honesty' --and that the most important words in our vocabulary are but three--'please' and 'thank you'. He and Mother went from affluence to very, very little, but it never seemed to affect them as people. When Dad died there wasn't any estate to probate--he left nothing except a moderate amount of life insurance to Mother.

I always think of him as being very open minded. As children, Dick and I

received Xmas presents, but Dad would never allow us to have a tree--he felt that it would not be right considering his position in the community. In 1938, after Dad's death, Mother went to Florida to visit Fän Lehman, her cousin, Irving's, widow. By that time Jane Hollander Silverman, was living with us, since her father's death. She, Dick and I decided to have a tree--bought and trimmed a small one one Xmas eve. The next morning, when we came downstaire, we discovered that every single needle had fallen from the tree--the ornaments adorned bare branches! Believe in ghosts? We always said that Dad came back and stripped it.

Dad had a long bout of lung cancer and died at home, aged 63. The night before he died he asked that none of us come back into his room, except that Dick could reënter--professionnally. He quoted John Brashear, a noted Pittsburgh astronomer, " I loved the stars too much to be fearful of the night."

Up to now I have hardly mentioned the other Hapers. Uncle Dick--you must remember that he is 8 years younger than I. For years, as far as I was concerned, he hardly existed--what common interests could we have at 13 and 10? Later we became, and remain, very close friends, as well as brothers. I guess one reason is that I married so late --we were invited to the same large affairs, etc. From age 12 or so, he always said he wanted to be a doctor. Just recently I asked him why that was his objective--he said that it probably was because Dad said so often that he had wanted to study medicine, but had to go into the store. I am sure Dad never actively pushed Dick into medicine--he tried never to interfere in such matters. You know Unkle Dick--so I will not elaborate here, nor about anyone whom you know or have known. This is getting too long, as it is. Oh yes, there was a still born boy when I was about 4, of whom I learned years later.

Unfortunately I know little about Mother's family. Her Mother, Henrietta, known city wide as 'aunt Yetta' --her father, Kallman Lehman is buried here at West View (the Haber and Hollander lots are almost side by side out there)--he was the only one of his generation to come to U.S. Both David and Henrietta Hollander came from Darmstadt, and he also was a draft dodger. . In his case, when he was called up, he just drive a herd of cattle across the border into France, and then his sister also brought clothes to him. Now he got started here, I know not, but he also became the owner of a prosperous men's wear store on the North-side, then a sepearte city, Allegheny, and my Mother was born on Avery street, a narrow alley behind the store which was on E. Ohio Street.

David Hollander was well known in Allegheny--he became a vital political power although he never ran for office. For many years his store provided all the uniforms for fire and police men. Those German Jews who had prospered all seemed to live within a radius of a few blocks, and the Hollanders moved to one of a row of attached houses on Locust Street, now Liverpool St. to be near their friends. This was the group that started Rodef Shalom Temple. David always wanted to go back to Germany for a visit, but was afraid his non-military history might cause his arrest.

I was his pride and joy--for 8 years the only boy on either side of the family, and spoiled by many uncles. The only other Hollander male was Albert's son, named David--born in 1912-- but later when his mother remarried, he changed his name-- the Hollander line died out.

I can remember taking walks with my grandfather. Sooner or later we would come to a building which had swinging doors, I would be asked to wait while he went inside. In a short time he would return, wiping his beard. It wasn't until years later that I realized that he had stopped in for a quick beer. I remember him as a loving, benevolent man whose sons all respected him as being the authority in the family

Grandma Hollander was a quiet twinkle-eyed old lady--I never thought of her as being other than old-- Black or lavender garbed--hair in a twist on top--hands ever busy knitting--often slippers with wool interlinings. Houses were not too evenly heated--winter floors were cold--I wonder how many people thanked her for their warm feet. She lived with us after grandpa's death--a great addition to the household. Although she had four sons I really believe that her favorite was her son-in-law, Dad. She also helped to raise Jane, after her mother's death. She was definitely head of the Hollander-Lehman clan--my Mother had 17 first cousins (no, I'm not going to trace their families) and, at least once a year, on Grandma's birthday, they gathered at our house. It has been said that they always stayed too long--No one wanted to be the first to leave, lest she be the subject of the others' conversation.

Mother seemed to have had very little education. She went to some private school, but was absent frequently due to St. Vitus dance attacks. Dad finished High school, and since there was only enough money for one college education, DeWitt went on to W. and J. It is peculiar, but I cannot remember either of my parents reading a book.

You knew Mother some. She had a host of friends of all ages--had a great vitality and love of everybody and everything. In her day she followed her mother in that she was known as 'Aunt Stella' to many, many people.

Random thought--the David Hollanders never owned a car.

In Naherfolgung dieses Bittschreibens, nachfolgend in
einem jüd. Gebetbuche (תפלה) nun, ist folgendes:

„Dieses Gebetbuch habe ich empfangen als Andenken
von meinen lieben Kindern David und
Hermann als sie nach Amerika zu gehen
zur Emsel, das mich sehr lieb ist, nun
in allen Dingen, so wie dieses Buch, wird
auf sie ihren folgenden Lebensstellung in
Erfüllung sein: „Und David war
in allen seinen Wegen glücklich, das Gott
war mit ihm.“ Und sein Beruf (früher
Namen für Hermann) heißt ab:

„Naphthali (Hermann) wurde gesegnet von
Michael und soll das Bittschreiben Gottes,
Sind ich der Schöpfer ihres Rufes
Salomon Holländer, Lehrer und Kantor
in Dettensee“

Gegeben am Montag, 26 Tage in Tisri
im Jahre 5626 nach der Schöpfung der Welt.

Aug. Quast
von Schwan
i. Dett.

Following is the translation of what is written
on this small sheet of paper, which was in a
Jewish prayerbook: "I received this prayerbook
as a memento from my dear children, David and
Hermann, when they left for America." May the
angel who delivered me from all evil bless
these lads; may the following passage from
Scripture be fulfilled for them: "And David
was fortunate in all his ways, for God was
with him." And of Naphthali (Hebrew name for
Hermann), it is said: "May Naphthali (Hermann)
be satisfied to overflowing with good will and
filled with God's blessing." This is the wish
of your father, Salomon Hollaender, teacher
and cantor in Dettensee.*

Written on Monday, 26th day of Tishre, in the
year 5626 after the creation of the world.

Yours sincerely,

(Rabbi? teacher?) Schwan
and wife

*Dettensee, in southern Germany, is near Horb
which is on the Neckar.
The Hebrew from which the above is translated
refers to Salomon Hollaender as Zalman ben
David.

Letter and Translation of letter written by
Salomon Hollaender, October 16, 1865



D. HOLLANDER,

ALLEGHENY'S
POPULAR

Clothier, Merchant Tailor

AND FURNISHER.

110-112 Ohio Street,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

50

Out of the Past

German band plays no more

By William M. Rimmel

Old Dutchtown, like many scenes of yesterday, has long since vanished, but for thousands of old Alleghenians that colorful section around E. Ohio Street still lives in their memories.

Old-timers still talk of the Saturday nights when E. Ohio Street from Federal Street to Chestnut Street was a sea of humanity.

Little German bands played outside the crowded taverns. Women attired in Mother Hubbard dresses stood about gossiping. Mill workers and men who labored in the packing houses and tanneries that lined Spring Garden Avenue hugged their shiny-faced children as they stopped to chat with neighbors.

Here and there a street preacher urged the sinner to repent while a medicine man extolled the healing powers of his cure alls.

And, inside the shops that lined the street, housewives haggled in German with the merchants over the price of their merchandise.

The street has undergone many changes since those days. Only a few of the old-time stores remain. The women shoppers wear shorts and slacks. The blare of records over loud speakers from the record shops have replaced the German band. And German is rarely spoken in any of the stores.

Mendell's umbrella store is a dress shop and Becker's music store is a tavern.

Hollander's clothing store, where Dave Hollander always appeared in the doorway at noon, waiting to ask the Louie the district clock

watcher the time of day, is a Goodwill Industry shop.

The Long, And Short of It

By WILLIAM M. RIMMEL

THAT WONDERFUL day when once and for all a fellow could kiss his knickers goodby and don long trousers is a thrill that the modern generation will never experience. For today Junior wears long pants when he reaches the age of 5.

Buying that first suit of long ones was quite a thing years ago. It was the subject of long discussions for many days before you were taken to the store to be measured and fitted for them. These discussions were mainly about the price and place of purchase.

If the suit was purchased on Federal Street at Strassburger & Joseph's, of course, the price would be higher. So Mother stood firm for making the purchase in old Dutchtown. And if you rebelled she'd always tell you that if Dutchtown was good enough for your father it was good enough for you.

Then came the big day. In Hollander's store on East Ohio Street, the salesman made considerable fuss and had you stand in front of the mirrors. And you watched yourself as he'd pull out the tape measure and begin spreading the ribbon across your shoulders. Then the tape went across the chest, around the waist and down the legs.

The next step was the selection of a suit. The salesman took out one suit after another, felt the fabric and talked about the wearing quality of each piece of cloth.

You had your mind set on one of the brighter colored suits. But Mother decided that \$12 was too much for a suit and picked the blue serge that was \$2 cheaper.



DAVID HOLLANDER

David Hollander, aged 83 years, for many years a merchant of this city, died at his home at Graham street and Ellsworth avenue, this morning, after an illness of 70 days. Mr. Hollander was born in Dettensee, Wurtemberg, Germany, and emigrated to America when aged 19 years. He first settled in Waverly, Ia., and later removed to Harrisburg. He then came to Pittsburgh in 1869, where he has lived ever since. He was married to Miss Henrietta Letman 43 years ago. Mr. Hollander established the firm of D. Hollander & Sons, 431 East Ohio street, being associated with his sons, Sol and Albert Hollander. He was a member of Jefferson Lodge No. 238, F. & A. M.; Park Lodge, I. O. O. F.; Hope Lodge No. 243, Knights of Pythias; Sar Shalom Lodge of B'nai B'rith; Ethel Lodge of Heptasophs and the Concordia Club. He also belonged to the Rodef Shalom Congregation. He leaves his widow, four sons, Harry, Ike, Sol C. and Albert Hollander, all of Pittsburgh; a daughter, Mrs. Edward Haber, of McKeesport, and eight grandchildren.

OCT. 16 1914
**DEATH SUMMONS
DAVID HOLLANDER**

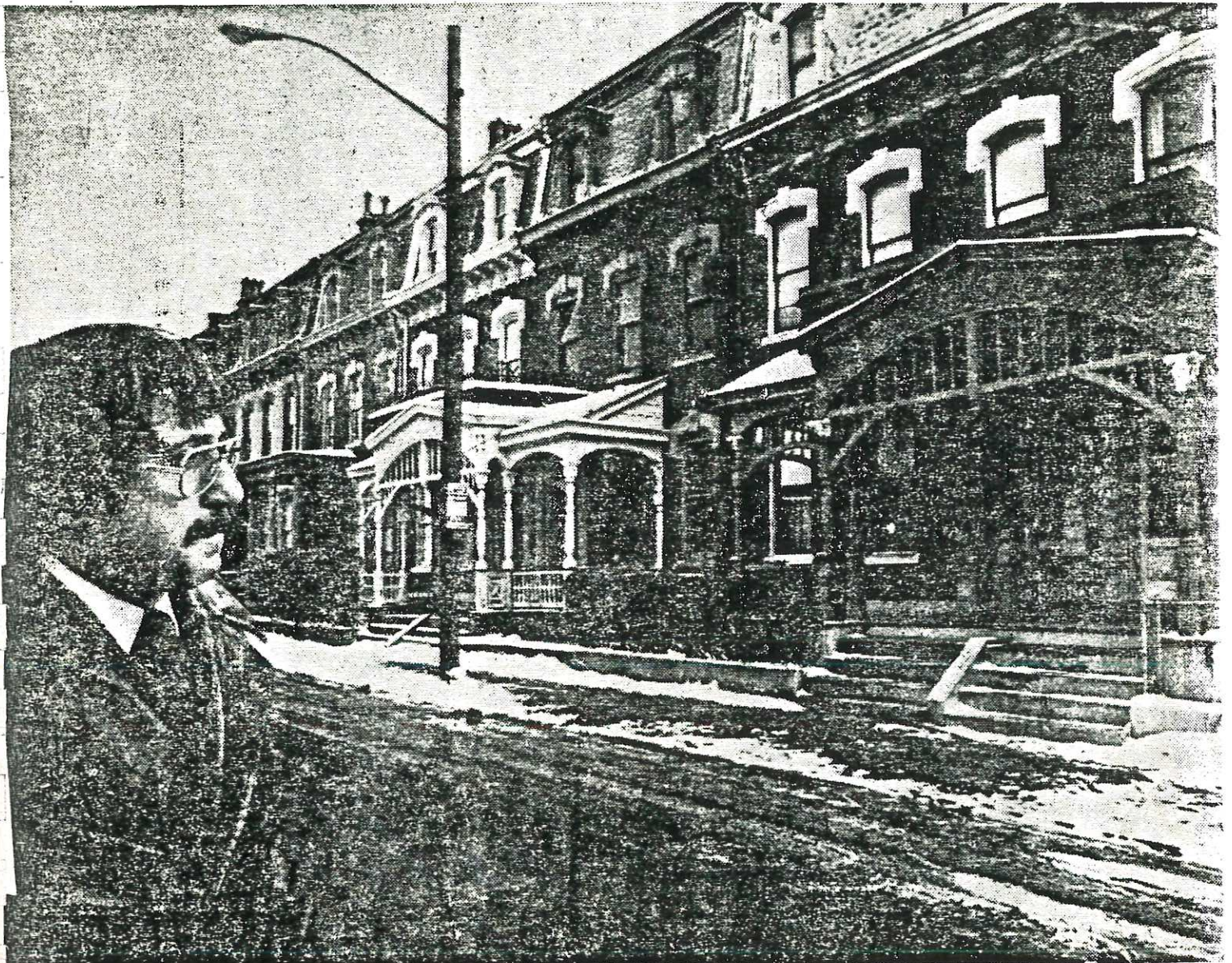
North Side Merchant Succumb
to Illness of Only Short
Duration



Hundreds remember how Tom Marshall, the grocer, would scream when he saw a boy or girl dipping into the cake barrels that lined his East Ohio Street store.

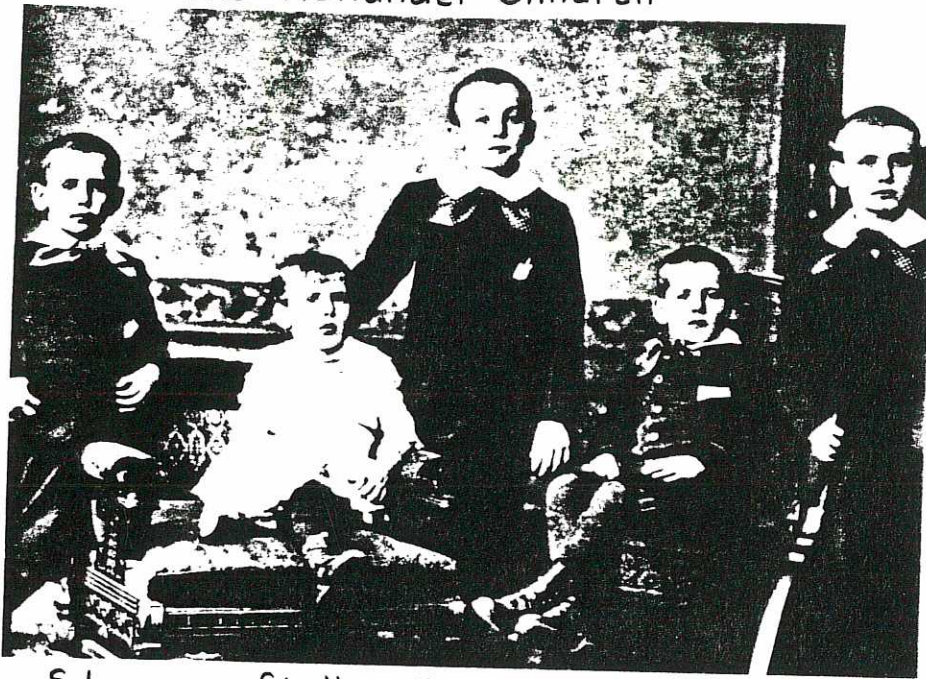
Others have fond memories of the candy mint lozenges Dave Hollander, the East Ohio Street clothier, always had for the children of his customers. And many still talk of how John Moon walked around his sporting goods store on East Ohio Street with a cat perched on his shoulder.

Old Dutchtown residents speak reverently

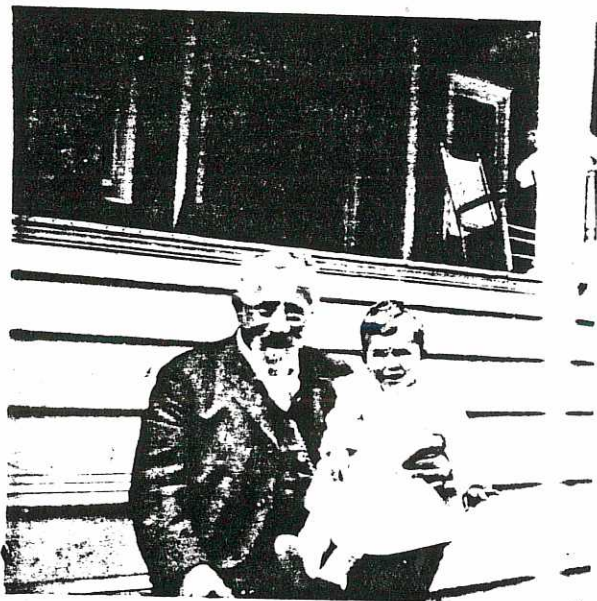


One of these or similar houses where Hollanders lived - formerly Locust St. - Press Photo by URA coordinator George Petrinis inspects progress of rehabilitation work already started on historic Liverpool Street.

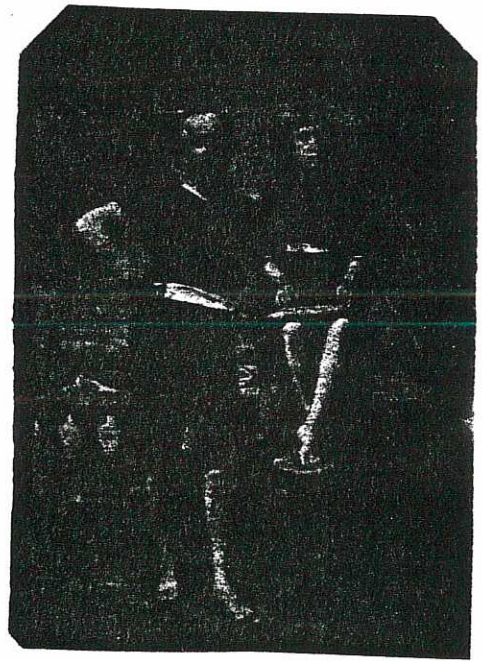
The Hollander Children



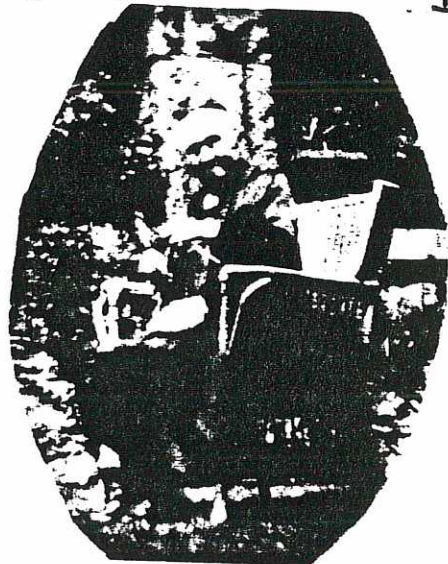
Sol Stella Harry Albert Ike



David Hollander & James D. 1905



David Hollander & Stella c.1885



Yetta c. 1929 Hollander

Mother knew nothing about cooking until after her marriage-but became a great cook. By contrast, we always laughed about Selma Levy-she never learned her way about a kitchen. And Joan learned it all after our marriage-you know how well she learned.

Another contrast between your grandmothers. My Mother tended toward the 'bossy' type, particularly as to your upbringing. She would say, "This is none of my business-but---". Selma felt that she had raised her children-whatever the results-and that it was our job to raise you. She maintained a serene neutral attitude.

Let's finish off the Hollanders-Isaac was the only really successful one-he was a third owner in the Stag Trouser Co., the second largest of its kind in the country-until he sold out his interest-just a few months before the 1929 market drop. Harry, the oldest was a travelling salesman-somewhat crippled in later life by a car accident. He was an embittered man with a horrible disposition (even his own mother was glad when he did not come to see her). Sol was the great extrovert-the 'kiddie' who went into insurance after he and Albert could not make a go of the store after their father died. Albert, mild, quiet, ineffectual-I unhappily shared a room with him until he remarried. You should remember him when he was at the Home for the Aged as a senile, partly paralyzed wreck. Interesting note-none of the Habers or Hollanders died from a heart related illness, except possibly DeWitt, but at age 79.

** - In February of 1924 I came home for a short visit-I think it was Grandma Hollander's 80th birthday, and learned that things were very bad financially. Soon after the store closed -Dad tried selling tires and then life insurance, but not with much success. I left Penn at Easter vacation and that ended my formal education, except for the night courses I took at Pitt to qualify me for the Chartered Life Underwriter degree, which I received in 1947. But I had formed a reading habit, and I think that I have become a fairly well informed person. Or, at least I thought so until I ran into the intellectual achievements of my sons and Lydia, from whom I have learned a great deal. I think it is a bit of an oddity, but I seem to have become more liberal as I grow older-that is certainly due to the influence of my children

Isaac Hollander, David's brother settled in Harrisonburg, Virginia where he also had a men's clothing store. I can recall he once visited Pittsburgh, many years after David's death. He was an old man with a very straight back, wore a broad brimmed hat, and had a small goatee. He looked like a picture of a typical Southern gentleman, and he had a broad southern accent!

I have a slight recollection that there was a fourth brother who had one arm and had a pushcart on the East side of New York.

Isaac's daughter Salina married Morris Kaufman of Chicago. Since they were both in my parent's wedding party, perhaps they met there in 1901. They married in 1903.

September, 1973

Some years ago you know that I attempted to set down some of the family history. I wrote a rather sketchy attempt--and this will add a few things to it. Joan has pursued her family history, and for a long time as been 'at me' to augment my personal recollections--so I am doing this as I get near to my 75th birthday.

One of the things I have enjoyed has been biographies and histories covering my own life span, but these other people were prominent in their fields--and they had justification in recounting their lives. I've never approached prominence in any field--compared to theirs mine has been a rather colorless life.

But it is interesting to realize that so many things you take for granted today have been developed and came to fruition during the comparatively short span of my own lifetime--the development of such things as electricity, automobiles, radio, television, telephone, bicycle, refrigeration, gas furnaces, and changes in business, education, social life etc.

Let's take these up as they occur to me. You take them for granted but I lived through their development. Let's see what I remember of them, how their growth affected me as a boy and young man--not in any particular order.

Electricity--homes were lit by lantern or gas. If the latter, each burner in the chandelier had its own mantle--a very fragile bit of material, which frequently caught fire and burned up. Each had to be lit by itself--using a taper. I can remember rolling a piece of newspaper about 6 inches long into a taper used to light the outlets, one by one.

Refrigerator--the 'ice box'-- it stood at the end of a butler's pantry, with a door that opened onto the back porch. The iceman, who arrived with his wagon, could put in a 50 pound piece of ice from the porch side. Underneath the porch was a heavily covered cistern into which the rainwater drained. A hand pump filled up a cellar tub--the water being used for washing--particularly women's hair.

The maid's room on the third floor had a washstand, but there was no toilet. I suppose they used the one in the cellar. The second floor bathroom, all tile, was oval in shape. When I was six I had Scarlet Fever-- a red sign on the outside door kept everybody in or out, except Dad. One nurse and I occupied the bath and two front rooms. Food was passed in out through a sheet over a door--which was impregnated with carbolic acid. We were isolated for six weeks. One of the maids was so impressed with the nurse, she went into nurses training and served in France during World War I. I have one of her uniform pins.

The telephone hung on the wall and you cranked for the operator. The numbers were in small digits--our home number was 703. The store, for example, was 109. Long distance calls were few--expensive and difficult to arrange.

Radio appeared when I was a small boy--instituted by Westinghouse. They were crystal sets, of short range, and rather difficult to operate--with head phones. Later we had an Atwater Kent--operated by a storage battery, which had the habit of burning the rug beneath it. We used to sit up late at night--trying to get the new and distant stations in the West. What a thrill when we actually heard the West Coast. Dad always said that the day would come when the set could be plugged into the electric circuit of the house. Of course television did not come until much later.

We took many evening and Sunday drives. I liked to go to Elizabeth and watch boats go through the locks. Holidays usually meant a long ride, with several other cars, and a picnic. Ours, Lou, Leo Katz, and others. Somebody always had a puncture. Aunt Mae, Sol's wife was in our car when it was hit by another car--she was pregnant--complications set in and she died. (Grandma Hollander moved in with them and brought Jane up. After Sol's death, Jane moved in with us. She joined the WAVES in 1942 (the women's branch of the Navy), moved to Philly and married Robert Silverman.) A long auto trip was an arduous affair. To go to Atlantic City one stayed overnight at Gettysburg or Chambersburg on the old Lincoln Highway, Route 30. I recall a watering trough half way up Tuscarora Mt. near Fort Loudon, originally for horses, but now used for refilling the radiator of the cars. Another one was on the mountain just beyond Uniontown, at a place called Turkey's Nest. It is still called that.

In New York City, staying at the Astor near Times Square I had an experience I have never forgotten. There was a fire up Broadway. What a thrill to see smoke pouring from a steam pump--pulled by 3 horses.

Dad's and Lou's cars were kept in a garage Lou built on an alley back of his house, a block away. Under each car was a deep pit so the car could be worked on. They were put on blocks for the winter. The horn was a bulb type, and windshield wipers were unknown for years--the first ones were moved manually. The gas tank was under the front seat--you used a stick to ascertain how much gas you had. There was a top which folded down, and mica-like side curtains which were quickly put up when it rained. They had acetylene lamps. License plates, issued by each town were of leather. If you stayed at some resort for a few days, you had to buy short term license plates. Tires wore out very quickly, so you carried several spares. To fix a puncture you removed the tire (very difficult to do), laid the tube on the fender-- there was a small, round metal gadget which you put on top of a patch on the hole. You put some gasoline in the gadget, and lit it, which made the patch adhere to the hole.

ORIGINAL

I, *Rev. Dr. L. Mayer*

hereby certify that on the *11th* day of *June* *one thousand*

nine hundred and one at *Allegheny City*

Edward Haber and *Stella Hollander*

WERE BY ME

United in Marriage

in accordance with license issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of
Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, Numbered 14438 Series D.

Joseph S. Sittelman
Joseph S. Sittelman

Dr. L. Mayer
Minister, Alderman or Justice of the Peace.

WM. G. JOHNSTON & CO., PRINTERS.

Stella & Eddie

Air—When Reuben comes to Town.

A young man from McKeesport came to town on one fine day,
 You've heard of young men just like that before,
 His name was Eddie Haber and his heart was light and gay,
 You've heard of hearts just like that before.
 He was calling on some friends of his who had a sister Stell,
 You've heard of calls just like that before.
 He likes this maiden very much and more than folks could
 tell,
 You've heard of foxies just like that before.

This maiden's name was Stella and she lived in Kugel row,
 You've heard of little Kugel row before.
 Although she was very young she thought she'd like a beau,
 You've heard of girlies just like that before,
 She told this news to cousin Lil, with whom she used to chum,
 You've heard of chums just like that before.
 She said she wished the time was here or else was soon to
 come,
 You've heard of wishes just like that before.

In Sadie Kaufman's honor to show a crowd did go,
 You've heard of this Chicago maid before,
 A crowd of ten was in the bunch right in the second row,
 You've heard of bunches just like that before.
 All enjoyed the show very much the name was Mistrell Nell,
 You've heard of this Mistrell Nell before.
 And while they were sitting there Ed, said something to Stell,
 Now what do you think Eddie said to Stell?

I don't know why I love you, but I do,
 I love you very dearly and your family too,
 I'll promise you to support,
 If you'll move to McKeesport,
 I don't know why I love you, but I do.

I'll leave my happy home for you,
 I thought so from the first day you I knew,
 Now you go to Papa and tell him what you'd do,
 Then I'll leave my happy home for you,

Now drink to Ed, and Stell,
 And both families as well,
 So here is to their future
 Prosperity and joy,
 We have always found you true,
 And will often visit you,
 We'll see you in
 McKeesport in the near bye and bye.



Hollander-Haber.

The wedding of Miss Stella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Hollander, with Mr. Edward Haber, of McKeesport, Pa., took place at the Concordia Club last Tuesday evening in the presence of over a hundred and fifty guests. It was one of the most brilliant weddings of the season and attracted a large and representative gathering. The Rev. Dr. Lippman Mayer officiated. It was a green and white wedding, and the colors were artistically carried out in the elaborate floral decorations of the club rooms, and also in the costumes of the bridesmaids. The gowning was simply done and in the best taste. The bride wore a gown of cream-white brussels net over white taffeta en train and trimmed with duchesse lace. Her veil was held in place by a coronet of orange blossoms, and she carried an immense shower bouquet of lilies of the valley, which was later showered among the bridesmaids as the couple departed on their wedding journey.

The maid of honor, Miss Lillian Lehman, cousin of the bride, wore a white robe with touches of apple green satin and carried a large bouquet of white roses tied with streamers of green chiffon. The bridesmaids, Miss Salina Hollander, of Harrisburg, Va., Miss Sadie Kaufman, of Chicago, and Miss Lillian Hollander, of Allegheny, and Miss Amy Goldstein, of Allegheny, all wore white mousseline over green taffeta.

Mr. DeWitt Haber, of McKeesport, brother of the groom, was best man. The ushers were Messrs. Isaac, Sol. and Albert Hollander, brothers of the bride, and Morris Kaufman, of Chicago, Morris Spandau, of Pittsburg, Irvin, Albert and Milton Lehman Lehman, of Allegheny. It was an extremely large bridal party.

The ceremony was performed under an arch which had been erected at the extreme end of the beautiful ball room of the club. Dr. Mayer conducted a most impressive ceremony.

An informal reception was held in the parlors of the club prior to the guests entering the dining room. The dining room was decorated in keeping with the color scheme, white and green, and looked most attractive. The orchestra played choice selections during the supper. Many happy toasts were offered, which provoked much appreciation among the guests.

Among those present from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Blaw, Atlantic City, N. J.; Miss Cyril Stein, Miss Blanche Schwartz and Mr. Milton Schwartz, of Cleveland, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Sire, Miss Birdie Sire and Miss Hilda Sire, of Newark, N. J.; Miss Alice Auer and Mr. Joseph Oueheimer, of Baltimore; Messrs. Horace and Jacob Loeb, "Jack" and Samuel Silverman, William Miller, Simon Buehler and Isaac Seligman, Philadelphia.

After a brief wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Haber will reside in McKeesport.

Home was day, June boy was book and pearance

Home was day, June boy was book and pearance

Home was day, June boy was book and pearance

Home was day, June boy was book and pearance

Home was day, June boy was book and pearance

When touring you always stayed at a hotel-the motel was a later development. The hotel in a small town was very close to the railroad station-so it was noisy. Sometimes we had the hotel pack a lunch for us, otherwise the trick was to find other than a Greek restaurant-they had a bad reputation. So just getting lunch became an adventure. No nice places like Howard Johnson's, where John fell out of a high chair years later. By the way our first car, a Chevy, cost \$1334 in 1947.

Traveling at night on a train was another adventure. Originally the Pullman cars had only upper and lower berths, with one 'state room' per car. Then the roomette came along later. During the war I discovered that the trains west of Chicago were far superior to those in the East. The Pennsylvania Railroad never catered to people-they made their money on freight.

A bit of economic history-and the advent of unions. They were badly needed. The steel workers in McKeesport were usually immigrants-known to us as 'hunkies'. (It was quite an experience to sit by one of them in those small streetcars-they reeked of whiskey and garlic). Most of them lived in boarding houses. The landlord might rent each bed for eight hours-3 shifts a day. Some worked near acid filled soaking pits and their heavy pants fell apart in a few weeks. Can you imagine what it did to their lungs? . When they tried to unionize, mounted State police came. It was quite a sight to see a trained horse go sideways to clear off a sidewalk. George Lyle and the city helped to break the strike. The U.S. Steel told him he could be mayor as long as he wanted to, and they kept that promise.

The coal miners were underpaid and without good safety precautions. They had to live in 'Company housing'. In small communities the only store they could use was company owned, and they were charged very high prices. They used 'chits' and at the end of the month they saw very little actual money.

Aviation- the Wright brothers made their flight about a month before I was born. My first flight was made at the old Airport in Mifflin Township. The plane carried about six people and took you up for a few dollars. I cannot remember, but I do not think I was frightened. Later, in 1950, when plans for our house on Linden Lane were ready, I flew to Florida to meet Austin who had some ideas about our house. I took off in a 4 motor prop plane in a snow storm-excited and apprehensive. I was afraid to eat because I thought I might get sick. I met Austin for breakfast, he made some suggestions-all good ones- and 'dismissed' me about 9 A.M. (He was outfitting an old L.S.T. for refrigeration so he could take milk to different islands from the Hatchet Bay place on Eleuthera Island in the Bahamas). On the return flight to Pittsburgh-this was in March-we had storms and the plane flew at about 3000 feet. I swear it actually looped once. I hate to admit this, but I got off at Charlotte-took the night train to Washington and then to Pittsburgh.

In 1932 Bob Feldman who was an assistant manager at the Equitable, sold me into joining the Agency. I signed my contract on June 14th. (That is the real reason why people fly flags on that day). I knew nothing about insurance, and nobody made much money—so I had a difficult time for awhile. But eventually I hit my stride. The War came along—I was just too young to be drafted for World War I and just too old to be drafted for World War II. But the Army was commissioning older men for Intelligence or Commissary work. I applied and was ordered to a post at Columbus, Ohio for a physical exam, which I passed. But I was never called up. One of the men who did get called was on the Burma Road for two years. David Weill was in Washington as a flight surgeon. He looked up my file—it had been pulled out twice for a commission but was returned to the file cabinet.

So I became an expediter for Blaw Knox who were building plants for synthetic rubber in several places. My territory started in Chicago, from which I worked north, south and as far west as Omaha. I could not read a blueprint, but I bluffed my way. The idea was to speed up delivery of component parts. Once we needed some valves from Crane and Co., Chicago. I managed to get to a Vice-President—told him I was new on the job and he would make me look good if they would accelerate shipment. He cooperated and we got half of our order weeks in advance. Every small town was building small craft for the war effort. Once at Keokuk, Iowa, I saw a submarine being rafted down the Mississippi. Some jobs were camouflaged—there was something being built on the Monongahela here. No one knew what it was. I learned in Marshalltown, Iowa that it was a floating power plant, and was told it had been written up in a Des Moines paper. It was towed to Europe and used to supply power to towns whose electric plant had been put out of action. Coincidence—Dick saw this one being used at Naples, Italy. They even repaired war damaged ships. I once saw a damaged destroyer being towed up the Chicago River, right in the middle of town.

The trains west of Chicago had beautiful equipment—far superior to any in the East—such as the Pennsy—the food was better and cheaper.

Unknowingly, until years later—I actually worked on the famed 'Manhattan Project'. It was camouflaged as a high octane gasoline plant to be sent to Detroit—actually it went to Oak Ridge, Tennessee. I was once within a few miles of Oak Ridge, but only learned of it years later. What a hush-hush job it was. Every job had a priority number. Many times I was put off because Project No. 5 had precedence. Later I learned that that job was a synthetic rubber plant for Russia.

There were some heat exchangers being built at Berlin, Wisconsin, and my job was to get them to a site near Louisville, Kentucky, and I was to escort them. I actually rode several cabooses for a few

days --each train had its own caboose. I bought a coverall and several bottles of whiskey, the better to bet freight car handlers they could not get my car on the next train going South--I lost every bet, as I wanted to. The food in the freight yard restaurants was atrocious. When we neared Louisville I called the job to have a switching engine meet us, but when I arrived they had cancelled it. They did not want to work on a Saturday afternoon.

How and when did Joan and I meet? It's not too long a story. When Uncle Sol died, Jane came to live with us. During the summer of 1939 she and some other girls took a cruise on which they met Joan. Later that year Mother, Jane and I went to New York for the World's Fair. Jane did see Joan for lunch.

The next summer Joan was on her way to Columbus, and she visited Jane for a few days. Dick and I took them dancing Saturday night. Sunday Joan and I listened to records together. In the evening we went our separate ways, but happened to come home at the same time, so Joan and I sat and talked till all hours. Joan then returned after her visit to Columbus, and we saw each other briefly. A few weeks later, I drove Mother to Atlantic City, but I left immediately to see Joan in Mt. Vernon. She wasn't dressed when I arrived, so her mother and I walked in their lovely garden. I had a small garden at home, and asked Joan's mother "Isn't that Burpee's new marigold?". At that point I did not know how much flowers and gardens meant to Selma Levy--I was in! Joan and I went canoeing on Lake Waccabuc and I proposed. She said she'd have to think about it, but by the next day she accepted. Later we called our romance The Blitzlieb.

Our first home was in an apartment on Clyde Street. Then we moved to a duplex on Woodmont Street, carrying little Jimmy there in a basket. We lived there eight years and then moved to our newly built house on Linden Lane. Dewitt got us started by giving us \$3000 for the lot on Mt. Royal Road. Joan has told the rest of the story of how we built our house. The land cost \$100 a front foot.*

In 1956 we took our first trip to Europe while the boys were at camp. We were gone for six weeks. We went first class on the Ile de France-- a way of travel that has almost vanished. We took the Grand Tour all at luxury hotels, but we never found food or service to equal the ship. Travel was expensive, and not many had begun to do it after the war. The round trip --5 days each way was \$1500. The land trip cost \$3100. We never flew--used bus and train--one the famous Blue Train from Paris to Nice. We were in Nice for the Bastille Day parade which we watched from our hotel balcony. We hired a car to go to Monte Carlo. At the Casino I won 10,000 francs--at 450 to the dollar. That was \$23, enough to pay for our evening.

* Editor's note--1982. The lot sold for \$547 a front foot in 1979.

We took a bus from Nice to Genoa to take a night train to Rome. Skirting the harbor, we saw the 'Andrea Doria' which left that night on its fateful trip. I went into the bar at the hotel in Genoa and met an American woman who was waiting to hear if they could get a cabin on the Andrea--we always wondered if she got it. On our return trip we were to have boarded the Ile de France again, this time at Southampton, but it was late. It had picked up survivors from the Andrea Doria and returned them to New York, which delayed its return to Europe. We were put on lighters and anchored off the Isle of Wight waiting for our ship. Finally at 10 P.M. it arrived with lights blazing forth in a huge electric light sign across the side of the ship- ILE DE FRANCE. It was a beautiful sight. Everyone cheered.

While at Lucerne we went up Mt. Pilatus in a cable car holding 4 people. Then we changed to a larger car holding about 40. It went straight up, but fortunately a fog prevented me from seeing anything, which suited me. At the top we almost lost Joan who strayed a bit off the path to pick an edelweiss. We went down the other side of the mountain on an incline train, returning to Lucerne by steamer.

We took another boat down the Rhine to Cologne, a beautiful trip. On the train from Cologne to Amsterdam we stopped at Frankfurt--the station was still partially bombed out from World War II. My grandparents might have been on that platform since they lived nearby. It was there that I 'liberated' the small sign which is now on our toilet, "Kein Trinkwasser, Eau non Potable, Aqua non Potabile" One of the few dishonest things I ever did. But I had no love for the German's, so I did not feel guilty. Of course it went against my Dad's teachings that there are no degrees of honesty.

Our trips abroad were always great--except the one to Bermuda when my prostate acted up and we returned in three days. We had been there once before. We had two trips to Portugal. On the first we also went to Madeira, and on the second to the Algarve, the southern part of Portugal. Having studied the language by records, we could speak a little. Very few tourists tried, so we got extra attention because we did. On our first trip, the country was still unspoiled, and it was literally like turning the clock back a century. If you went just a short distance from the main road you found women washing clothes in a stream. There were no mechanized tractors--only one-ox plows and a farmer. There were comparatively few cars. In the rural areas, though you had to be alert for flocks of goats or sheep on the roads. Many donkeys pulled wagons full of various things. The people were open and friendly, and we had several examples of their honesty. Once we had lunch at a fishing village. When we left a woman ran out to our driver and told him we had not finished our wine, so she was returning the money. Later we went through a large castle which had been a monastery until one of the kings kicked out all of the nuns and priests--I offered to tip the guide. He said, "I am paid by the government--give it to your driver-- he needs it more".

As I finish this in Jap. 1980, I hope there will be some things of interest in it.

James D. Haber

THE GERMAN-JEWISH CHAPTER

(Taken from a History of McKeesport)

Along with the Germans came the Jews attracted here by the growing business opportunities. As a rule, they arrived here from metropolitan centers such as New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Chicago and set up in business by a relative or former employer, who with the characteristic Jewish sense of family responsibility, wished to insure a future for them. Accordingly, they opened up business establishments and prospered selling ready made clothes, haberdashery, crockery, groceries, and meat. Several of them were selling cattle. The Bachmans, Habers, Gershows, Meyers, and Kants were among these early families. Joseph Kant, who arrived here around 1858, was, according to family traditions, the first Jew to live in McKeesport. The family had five children and Gus Kant, a son, born here in 1872, is the oldest now living native Jew of our city. Joseph Kant was a drover and the slaughterhouse and packing firm founded by the Kants has developed into the present Peters Packing Company. These early and isolated Jewish families acclimated easily, they learned to speak a correct English, and before long they developed into prosperous merchants and public spirited citizens as well.

The lawyer, Magnus Pflaum, active in politics was also instrumental in the establishment of the "Free Reading Room" which later developed into the Carnegie Library. It was Pflaum who obtained the charter for this institution. Later he was one of the originators of the plans for the McKeesport Hospital and was chairman of its first fund-raising group. (He subsequently moved to Pittsburgh where all along he had maintained a law office.) (See files of City News in the Daily News, 1896-1899.) It is interesting to note that while many of the older residents of our town remember the person of Magnus Pflaum they did not realize that he was of the Jewish faith and were surprised to learn it.

Joseph Haber, who arrived here with his young wife in 1866, operated a prosperous clothing store and interested in community affairs became a councilman from the First Ward. At his untimely death in 1883, the Council of the Borough of McKeesport issued a resolution expressing its deep sorrow and voted to attend the funeral in a body. The McKeesport Record described the funeral in its issue of April 17th of that year and comments that "the coffin was both crowned and flanked with magnificent clusters of pure white flowers in chaste and beautiful designs ... the immense procession reached the depot ... and thus passed away from McKeesport and from her people forevermore he who had entered her borders seventeen years ago, almost penniless and unknown, and who had by strict integrity of character and a practice of all the admirable qualities of manhood, risen to respect, to affluence and to all that is embodied and signified in the words, a good citizen." The children of the Habers were born and grew up in McKeesport and were active members of the community at large. Louis Haber was the youngest student to have graduated from McKeesport High School when he received his diploma in 1884 at the age of 15. DeWitt Haber is responsible for much of the information and insight on this part of our history.

Back in Germany, their erstwhile home, the price for social or academic advancement had to be paid at the baptismal font ... in this blessed land of liberty and in this growing little town with its liberal upper-class, its veneration of the Bible which included the people of the Bible, the German Jews had a tranquil almost idyllic life. The youth went to school, fished and rowed on the river in the summer, skated on it in the winter, went to socials, dances with the rest of gilded youth ... they were wholly American identifying themselves fully with both the past and the future of this country. The parents, too, were part of the town's life and culturally were part of the life of the German community as well which was numerous in McKeesport. The German Evangelical Church was established

The following is the correct history of the family of Joseph Haber:

2

Aaron Haber was the father of Mayer Haber. Mayer Haber, of Richen, bei Eppingen, was born February 11th, 1815, and died October 7th, 1896. He married three times and had nine children. His first wife was Hanchen Schlesinger who was born in Flehingen, Baden, Germany. The children born of this marriage were:

1. Joseph, buried at West View Cemetery, Pittsburgh, Pa.,
2. Lippmann, born March 6th, 1840, died January 1st, 1915. (Grave at Richen),
3. Aaron, born 1842, died 1919, (Grave at Richen), intermarried with Bertha Baer,
4. Adelheit, residing near Richen.

The second wife of Mayer Haber was Sophie Schlenker, born in Fürth, Bavaria. The children born of this marriage were:

1. Amelia, intermarried with Morris Unger, of New York City,
2. Henry, of Buffalo, New York,
3. Getta, intermarried with Hess, living at Merzig on the Saar.

The third wife of Mayer Haber was Fannie Weiler, of Steinfurth, Baden. The children born of this marriage were:

1. Rudolf, living in Rastatt, near Karlsruhe, and
2. Joshua, living in Richen, bei Eppingen.

The grave of Hanchen Schlesinger Haber is in Eppingen. Mayer Haber had a brother, Isaac, who married Yette Haber born Traub from Richen, July 23rd, 1832, died June 4th, 1897. The Yette Haber mentioned in my note of September 16th, 1927, was the wife of Aaron Haber, this Aaron Haber being a cousin of Mayer Haber.

I have not been able to definitely ascertain some of the facts with respect to the history of Bertha Haber, but:

From the inscription upon the tombstones in the cemetery at Unter-Grumbach, I learn that Löw Akermann died January 22nd, 1857. There is a book in the possession of the caretaker of the grave-yard who lives at Bruchsal, containing the names of all the people buried in the grave-yard at Unter-Grumbach. The grave of Löw Akermann is No. 3 and the book has his name as Löw Akermann, Teacher, died January 22nd, 1857. There is a Hebrew inscription upon the grave-stone, which is No. 3 in the cemetery and in the book, which has been translated by the caretaker of the cemetery at Bruchsal, as follows: "Here rests the man 'Hachowa' Rabbi Jehuda (Hebrew name) Ackermann. He was Cantor and teacher for many years even though oppressed with illness. In spite of this the teachings of the Almighty never ceased flowing from his mouth. He was ('Köstlich') delicate and was relieved of his burdens by Heaven above on 26 Tewes 5617 (January 22nd, 1857)."

Löw Akermann was the father of Bertha Haber. My mother told me that there were six children:

- 1. Guida,
- 2. Bertha,
- 3. Minna, intermarried with Loeb, who lived in Chicago,
- 4. David,
- 5. Nathan,
- 6. Rosa, intermarried with Levin.

There is a tombstone in the cemetery at Unter-Grumbach, showing that Mina Akermann died March 18th, 1853. Her grave is No. 19 and the record of this grave is on page 21 of the book. She may have been the mother of Bertha Haber, although my mother once told me that Löw Akermann married Caroline Lipman.

The caretaker of the cemetery at Bruchsal writes that he could not decipher the inscription upon the gravestone of Mina Akermann because it was weather-worn and had become illegible.

My mother told me that her mother died a few years before her father, and that when her father died the children were sent to neighboring cities to be cared for by people there. My mother was sent to Bruchsal where she lived for a period of time. The date of the death of Mina Akermann corresponds with the facts related to me.

[Handwritten signature]
10/18/927

Aaron Haber

Mayer

Isaac m. Yetta Traub

m. Yetta Freudenthaler
b. Feb 11 1815 Richen bei Eppingen
d. Oct 17, 1896

m. 2. Sophie Schlenker

m. 3. Fannie Weiler

Joseph Lippmann Aaron Adelheit
b. 1838 Richen b. Mar 6, 1840 b. 1842
m. Bertha Ackerman d. Jan. 1915 m. Bertha Baer
d. Ap. 15, 1833 Richen d. 1919
McKeesport Pa Richen

Amelia Henry
b. b.
m. Morris m. Mattie
Unger d.
d. NYC Buffalo NY

Getta Rudolph Joshua
b. b. b.
m. Hess m.
d. d. 1927 d.
NYC NYC Quogue, L.I.
NY

Louis Josephine Edward Hattie Dewitt
b. Jan 1369 b. 1874 b. Dec. 14, 1875 b. 1873 b. 1880
m. Ella Gerson d. Oct. 15 m. Stella Hollander m. Leopold Koch m. Hattie
d. Jan. 17, 1934 1887 d. Nov. 13, 1938 d. Jun. 7, 1927
Pgh. Pa. McKeesport Pa. d. Jun 28, 1955
5 daughters

Hazel Lucille James David Richard Stella Joseph
b. Dec. 8, 1894 b. Aug. 10, 1899 b. Jan. 15, 1904 b. Nov. 24, 1911 b. Nov. 1889
m. l. Jerome m. Oliver m. Joan Levy m. Ellen m. Walter Cohen
Spandau Einstein Sept. 21, 1940 Bloomgren d. 1949
2. (2) Lee Tannenholz
3. (3) Sol Shoneman
4. d. 1982
d. Mt. Vernon, NY Sept. 6, 1941, Pgh.

Jerome Oliver James Edward John Benjamin Richard Janellen Anne Alice Betty
b. Spandau b. Einstein b. Feb. 23, 1943 b. Jan. 21, 1946 b. Jan. 4, 1943 b. Nov. 10 1946 b. Jan. 31
m. m. Betty m. Lydia Lake Pgh, Pa. m. Sara m. George m. David m. Lester m. Mirvin
Shoneman Cambridge, Mass Robshaw Goodridge Schelbe Harrison Sikov
1949

Laura Linda Melissa Deborah Kristin Lauren Catherine Andrew Ellen Caroline Lisa Jane Walter Sally Edward
1952 1953 Jul. 17 Jun. 11. Oct. 17 Mar. 2 Jan. 26
1969 1974 1970 1973 1976
Berkeley, Cal Boston, Mass

Solomon Hollaender (MERCHANT)

m. SARAH

DAVID
m. HENRIETTA LEHMAN 1871
b. 28 AUG 1846 GERMANY
d. 23 OCT 1914 PITTSBURGH

Son
N.Y.C.

HERMAN
D GERMANY
m. SHANET LEHMAN
d.

ISAAC
b. 1856 GERMANY
m. GEILINGER SOPHIA
FEB 19 1879
HARRISONBURG, VA.
d.

ALMA b. 1882
m. EUGENE M JOEL
OCT 14, 1901

SALINA b. 1881
m. NOBLE KAUFMAN
OCT 14, 1903

HARRY
b. 1872
m. MANIE ASHER
d.

ISAAC
b. 4 JAN, 1873
m. EDNA GOLDSMITH
d. 29 JAN. 1946

SOLOMON
b. 1876
m. MAY SUSSMAN
m. ADELL FORST
d. 18 SEPT. 1967

ALBERT
b. 24 DEC. 1873
m. EDWARD HABER
d. 29 JULY, 1959

STELLA
b. 15 Nov. 1879
m. EDWARD HABER
d. 29 JULY, 1959

MILLIE
b.
m. WALTER ARNHEIM
d.

SADIE
m. JACOB BLAU

LILLIAN
m. HARRY FLEISHMAN

ADELE
m. JOSEPH PALKIN
b.
d.

SELMA
b. 16 SEP 1899
m. JULES WHITE
m. CHARLES SALK

RUTH
b. 11 SEPT 1907
m. ALEXANDER JACKSON

LOIS
b. 3 JUNE, 1912
m. RALPH COLE

JANE
b. 31 AUG, 19
m. ROBERT SILVERMAN

DAVID

JAMES
b. 15 JAN 1904
m. JOAN LEVY

RICHARD
b. 24 NOV, 1911
m. ELLEN BLOOMGREN

RICHARD
m.

STANLEY
b.
m. CLAIRE ARNHEIM

RUTH
b.
m. I.

BEATRICE

MILDRED HARR
b.
m. FOSTER GOLDMAN
d.

SUZANNE
b. 23 AUG. 19
m. JOSEPH SWEENEY

PEGGY
b. 25 NOV 19
m. WILLIAM SCHAEFFER

CAROL
b.
m. BONNIE

MICHAEL
b.
m. TOM KELLY

KATHY
b.
m. LARRY

ANN
b. 19
m. LYDIA LAKE

JAMES
b. 23 JAN 1943
m. LYDIA LAKE

JOHN
b. 2 JAN. 1946
m. LYDIA LAKE

RICHARD
b. 4 JAN. 1943
m. SARA ROBISHAW

JANE ELLEN ANN
b. 10 NOV 1946
m. GEORGE GOODRIDGE

ANN
b. 31 JAN 1949
m. DAVID SCHELBE

STUART NANCY DONALD

FOSTER
b. 4 JUN. 194

KIM KATL TIMOTHY ALEXANDRA KEVIN KIM EMILY ADAM MELISSA DEBORAH KRISTIN LAUREN CATHERINE ANDREW ELLEN CAROLINE LISA JANE

MICHAEL JANELE

LÖW AKERMAN m. MINNA

d. 22 JAN. 1857

GUIDA

BERTHA

m. JOSEPH HABER
b. 21 OCT 1842
d. 10 JUN. 1926

MINNA
m. LOEB

LEE

DAVID
DIED
U.S.A.

ABRAHAM
DIED

NATHAN
b. 1846 - d. 1895
m. JENNIE AUGUST

LOUIS

m. ELLA GERSON
b. JAN. 17 1869
d. JAN. 17, 1934

JOSEPHINE

b. 1874
d. 15 OCT 1887

EDWARD

b. 14 DEC. 1875
d. 13 NOV. 1938
m. STELLA HOLLANDER

HATTIE

b. 1878
d. 9 JUN. 1927
m. LEOPOLD KOCH

DEWITT

b. 1870
d. 28 JUN 1955
m. HATTIE HAMBURGER

CARLIE

b. 1885
d. 1963
m. LEON JOSEPH

HAZEL

b. 1888
d. 1904
m. JOSHUA RIPPE

GIDA (DEE)

b. 1890. AUG.
m. HERMAN MICHAELS
SEPT 21 1908
d. OCT 1983

JAMES LEE

d. 1966
m.

HAZEL

LOCILLE

b. AUG. 1889
m. OLIVER EINSTEIN
LEE TANNENHOLZ
SOL SHONEMAN
d. 1982

JAMES

b. 15 JAN. 1904
m. JOAN LEVY
d. Feb 22, 1983

RICHARD

b. 24 NOV. 1911
m. ELLEN BLOOMGREN

STELLA

b. Nov. 1889
m. WALTER COHEN
d. Oct 10, 1950

JOSEPH

b. 1889
d. 1890

HENRIETTA

m. LEONARD BERNSTEIN

NATHAN

m. EVE

JEANETTE

(JANET)
m. GOLDMAN

ACKERMAN

m. SYLVIA Valinsky

JAN BETTY

m. JACK BERNARD

1. JEROME
2. SPANDAU
3.
4.

JEROME

OLIVER

EINSTEIN
m. BETTY

JAMES

JOHN

m. LYDIA

RICHARD

m. SARA

JANELLEN ANN

m. GOODRICH,
GEORGE SCHULZ
DAVID

ALICE BETTY

m. HARRISON LESTER
m. SUSAN CARLIS

BARBARA

Gilbert
m. WINTON

JOELLA

m. Bruce Schenkler

LYNN WENDI

ALAN

RONNIE

m. SAM

BRUCE NEAL

m. JEANNE AGYES

LAZARUS

m. SHARON BOBER

Gregory

LINDA LAURA

MELISSA JERORAH

KRISTIN, LAURIN, CADERWEI

LISA JANE

WALTER

SALLY

EDWARD

m. DIANE m. HORNER

ANDREW ELLEN CAROLINE

BENJAMIN L

KALLMAN LEHMAN
9 OCT 1814 - 6 DEC 1885

