HISTORY OF THE WEIKERS FAMILY: FACTS, REMINISCENCES AND RAMBLINGS

I have recently written a history of the Weikersheimer family in the town of Gaukoenigshofen. Although my grandfather, Joseph's two younger brothers, Vitus and Ignaz, are prominently discussed in that document, there is no mention of my grandfather, since he moved from the town at a relatively early age, while his brothers and most of the rest of the family remained. The current document picks up the story of the family with my grandfather and traces it down through the subsequent four generations.

The information contained herein was obtained partly from old documents and photographs but mostly from memory. The accuracy of the information suffers from the same imperfections that affect memory. However, every attempt has been made to provide the facts without embellishment or omission of the important elements.

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Joseph and Rosa Weikersheimer

My paternal grandfather, Joseph Weikersheimer, was the sixth of the eight children of Isaak and Hanna, nee Klein. He was born in Gaukoenigshofen on May 27, 1871, older brother to Ignaz and Vitus, whose lives are documented in some detail in "The History of the Weikersheimer Family." Joseph is not mentioned in that document, because he left Gaukoenigshofen as a young man and was not involved to a significant degree in the history of the Jews of that town.

Joseph moved to St. Goarshausen, a small town on the Rhine, situated partway between Mainz and Koblenz in grape-growing country. The town is nestled into the base of a mountain, the Lorelei, that rises upward abruptly at a sharp bend in a part of the river that presents some danger to navigation. Legend has it that there once lived at this site a beautiful but evil siren, Lorelei, who, using her charms, beckoned sailors towards shore and caused them to dash their ships onto the rocks, resulting in their deaths. A well-known German song recounts the tale. The main industry in the town was tourism.

The town was a very small community of several hundred people, including a small handful of Jewish families. There were two main streets. One ran along the river. The other, Forstbachstrasse, was perpendicular to the first and led from the river up to other roads that then ascended the mountain to the surrounding countryside. On this street, a short distance from the river, lived my great-grandparents, Jakob Rosenthal and his wife. They lived in a two-story house that contained a store on the first floor and living quarters on the second. The house was not elaborate, but it was one of the larger and finer houses in the town. For one thing, there was indoor plumbing. In the store, the Rosenthals sold dry goods, mostly clothing, to the townspeople and the farmers of the region. My grandmother, Rosa Rosenthal, lived with them. She actually was the daughter of Samuel Rosenthal and his wife, Amelia (nee Heimann); she was born in Hadamar on March 18, 1879. I have a vague recollection of being told that, after her father died when she was only five years old, she was adopted by Samuel's brother, Jacob and his wife, and that she was raised by them as their own child in St. Goarshausen. This has not been proven, but it would explain why she was not born in St. Goarshausen, where she grew up. Rosa married Joseph on February 2, 1902, and he then took over operation of the store. I do not know where they attended synagogue, but they and the next generation observed orthodox Jewish tradition in the home.

Erwin Weikersheimer's Early Life

Rosa was pregnant twice. The first pregnancy resulted in a boy who died either at birth or in infancy. Another son, my father Erwin (not to be confused with his cousin, Erwin, who lived in Gaukoenigshofen and then in Israel), was born at home on January 17, 1904. It was said that, during or shortly after this pregnancy, Rosa suffered some kind of spinal cord illness (?acute transverse myelitis, ?multiple sclerosis) which made her unable to walk. She never fully recovered and died, reportedly from complications of this illness, on May 30, 1919, when Erwin was 15. An aunt, who had been living as part of the family and who is said to have taken over some of the management of the house because of her sister's disability, now had to assume the role as woman of the house.

Erwin was quiet and studious. Following early schooling in the town, he was sent to Wiesbaden for his secondary education, to Frankfurt for Gymnasium (high school) and then to Berlin, where he studied law for a little over a year. He continued to excel in his studies, but they were interrupted when, on January 25, 1927, his father, Joseph suddenly died, and Erwin, then 23 years old, had to return home to run the business. I never knew either of my paternal grandparents.

The Selig Family

Like the Weikersheimers, the Seligs adhered to orthodox Jewish traditions. My maternal great-grandfather, David Selig, was a cattle dealer, born on November 6, 1831, in Gross Steinheim, a small town on the Main River, near Offenbach and Hanau, a few miles east of Frankfurt. He married Babette Strauss, born on August 17, 1831. My grandfather, Jakob, who was born on September 30, 1870, was the fifth of their six children; he had four older sisters and a younger brother. He married the daughter of Salomon and Nanette Strauss, Rosa, born on April 20, 1869, in Veitshoechheim. Jakob continued in the family cattle business and made a comfortable living. They had four children, my Aunt Ida, Uncle Salli (Salamon), Uncle Hugo, and my mother, Barbara Paula (she used her middle name like a first name most of her life), who was born on August 5, 1905. They all had a strict upbringing, but the boys tended to be more carefree. After completing her elementary education, my mother was sent to nearby Hanau for further training in a Catholic school, run by nuns, studying what would today be called home economics, until about age 15 or 16. On November 3, 1929, she married my father in a formal ceremony in Frankfurt, with both families in attendance. They honeymooned in Italy and then lived in the St. Goarshausen house, where my father continued to run the store. Just a little over a year later, on November 5, 1930, I was born with the help of a midwife, and I remained the only child.

The Rabinovitz Family

My wife Ethel's paternal grandfather, Nuchum Rabinovich, and her grandmother, Chasima, were born in the Ukraine in 1845 and 1850 respectively. After marriage, they lived in Lenitz, near Kiev. The third of their four children was Louis, born on about April 20, 1888. He had limited education, which led to his being able to read Hebrew, and he left home, alone, at about age 14. He reached Pittsburgh and, even though he was almost totally unable to read or write English, he somehow set himself up as a scrap dealer, initially with horse and buggy and later with a truck. This was to be his life's work.

The Shulman Family

The other side of Ethel's family likewise came from the Ukraine. Her maternal grandfather, Benjamin Shulman, was married twice. His first wife was Frimma Deaktor. This marriage resulted in the birth of one son, Nathan, born in 1891. After Frimma died, Benjamin married a second time in about 1895, this time to Esther Josephs, born in 1875. They had a large family. There were eleven children, all of whom were born in the "old country." Except for their names, virtually nothing is known about the first three, all sons, since they remained behind in what was to become the Soviet Union, the only members of the family to do so. Of the others, the eldest was Ethel's mother, Rose, born in Kazatin. She graduated from elementary school and attended secondary school (Gymnasium). On about May 16, 1920, she married Louis Rabinovitz, and they set up housekeeping, initially in the Hill District and later in the Oakland district of Pittsburgh. Nearby lived all of Rose's siblings and their families: Rebecca ("Becky"), Max, Louis, Samuel, Mitchell, Clara, and Ann.

Louis and Rose, in turn, had four children, Helen, Norman, Ida and Ethel, who was born on December 5, 1932. Ethel's mother was a schizophrenic and was in and out of the hospital from the time Ethel was born until late in life. Her father, Louis, eked out a living by driving his truck to various industrial sites, buying scrap metal and then selling it for recycling. Money was scarce, and Ethel and her sisters had little in the way of instruction insofar as home making was concerned. They had to fend for themselves. Helen, being the oldest, assumed most of the household duties; Ida and Ethel assisted. Because of Louis' limited education and verbal skills, Ethel's brother, Norman, five years her senior, took over some of the paternal duties. The family lived in a house on Lawn Street in Oakland and then moved to 6320 Forward Avenue in Squirrel Hill. Ethel attended Holmes Elementary School and then two years at Schenley High School before transferring to Allderdice High School for her last two years of public school. She was a High Honors graduate. She worked as a clerk-typist in the Pharmacy of Montefiore Hospital before starting at the School of Nursing in 1951.

Life in Germany

My hometown was very small. There were few children my age and none that were Jewish. I had a rather lonely childhood, although I did not realize it at the time. I had no playmates and learned to amuse myself in the house. My parents spent time with me, mostly in educational pursuits, such as reading and puzzles. There was virtually nothing in the way of athletic or other outdoor activities; the middle and upper class German Jews of this era did not consider these important. Intellectual attainment and the work ethic were stressed. My only recollection of "fun" is the rare trip I took with my father, on foot, to sell his goods to people in neighboring communities.

Anti-Semitism had long been on the rise, but after Hitler assumed total control of the country in 1933, he embarked on a campaign that was to gradually strip the Jews of their civil rights. By the time I was six years old, ready to begin my formal education, it was no longer permitted for Jewish children to attend public schools. I was the only Jewish child of school age in my town, but there were two others in nearby towns. Our parents arranged for a young Jewish woman, Frauelein Baer, to tutor the three of us, for a few hours a day, three times a week, in the town of St. Goar, across the Rhine from home. My mother would take me to the ferry, and Frauelein Baer would pick me up on the other side. Later in the day, the process was reversed.

Following the ascendancy of the Nazi regime, the Jews became increasingly isolated from the rest of the populace. In the late 1930's, laws were passed forbidding the other Germans from doing business with Jews or buying merchandise from their stores. As a result, my father's business dwindled, and he sold his house and store at a price far less than their true value in 1938. Fortunately, he had been prudent and had accumulated some reserves.

We moved into a six-room apartment in a primarily Jewish neighborhood in Frankfurt-am-Main, within walking distance of the "Philantropin,", the Jewish school which I attended. I did well scholastically, but I was not accustomed to interaction with other children, and it was difficult for me to make friends. The one friend I did make was Lutz Salomon, but our contacts were limited to time in school and very infrequent, brief visits to one another's homes. (I later learned that he subsequently died in one of the concentration camps). We lived off my father's savings. Our apartment had almost all the modern conveniences of the day; we did not have a refrigerator or telephone, however. These were luxury, rather than convenience, items at the time and were to be found in only a minority of homes. We also did not own a radio. Another German refugee has told me her parents also did not own a radio so that she would not be exposed to Nazi propaganda. I do not know whether this was the reason we did not own one. Apparently it was mandatory for all Germans to listen to some of Hitler's speeches, for I remember my mother and I going to another resident's apartment to do so on one occasion.

Even before moving to Frankfurt, my parents had decided to try to emigrate, but it was difficult to obtain exit permits from Germany and entry visas into one of the friendly countries of the world, which included the United States, England, Palestine, Brazil, China (Shanghai), etc. The United States was the favored destination, but it was difficult to obtain a visa because of rigid entry quotas. My parents placed our names on the long waiting list. They chose England as an alternate, because it was a little easier to get into. They had to provide the German authorities with proof of freedom from indebtedness, and this was done easily. They also had to provide the potential receiving country with an affidavit from a sponsor, promising financial aid, if necessary, so as to avoid new immigrants from going on the public dole. Our relatives in the US did so willingly. The only links in England were very distant relatives of my father, and they were reluctant to put themselves into a position of possibly being financially responsible for us.

Before we were able to emigrate, the situation grew worse for German Jews. On Kristalnacht (Pogrom Night), November 9, 1938, the Nazis and some of the ordinary citizens plundered and destroyed Jewish properties throughout all of Germany. Synagogues were torn apart and burned. Prayer books and Torahs were piled in the streets and burned. Storefront windows belonging of Jewish merchants were broken, and the stores were looted. Homes were invaded and vandalized. On that night and over the next few days, thousands of Jewish men were dragged out of their houses, beaten and taken to prisons and, from there, to concentration camps.

We were not personally bothered on Kristalnacht, but either on the next day or a few days later, two men in uniform knocked on our door and gained entry. I did not fully understand what was going on, but it was obvious that my parents were frightened. My father offered the Nazis money to keep them from harming us or ransacking our home. They took the bribe and did not hurt or rob us, but they took my father away. We later learned that he had been interned at the concentration camp at Dachau. Naturally, my mother was distraught, particularly since we were unable to contact my father.

At that time, the Nazis had not yet started murdering the Jews, but they wanted to get rid of them. They released concentration camp prisoners after a few weeks or months of imprisonment. To gain release, the prisoners had to promise to leave the country and to undergo a physical examination, the latter because, for public relations purposes, the Nazis did not want to release anyone who might show evidence of mistreatment, malnutrition or lack of medical care to those on the outside. Three months after his abduction, my father suddenly appeared at our door. He was haggard and sported a short crew cut and mustache. Except for frostbite on the sole of one of his feet and a cough, he appeared to be in relatively good health. He later told us he had hidden the foot problem from the doctors who were carrying out the exit examinations for fear they might deny him his release.

After returning home, my father realized that it was absolutely necessary for us to get out of Germany. The US had not issued visas for us yet. He put additional pressure on his distant relatives in England, and they relented and gave him an affidavit of sponsorship. He was therefore now eligible for escape to England, but my mother and I were not. With great reluctance, he left for England some time in 1939, leaving us behind. We remained in touch by mail, but we were not to see him again for about sixteen months. After then being granted a visa by the United States, he left England about six months after arriving there. His command of the English language was fairly good, since he had studied English during his school years and had learned some during his time in England, but he spoke with a decided accent and, despite his advanced education and experience as a store owner, he had difficulty finding work. He was desperate and accepted a job as waiter at Manumit School, a boarding school, in Pawling, New York. He was given room and board and a small salary, from which he saved every penny, so that he could vouch for my mother and myself to join him, and we were eventually given permission to do so.

In the meantime, the Second World War had begun, and there were occasional nocturnal English air raids, sending us to a nearby bomb shelter for a few hours at time. It was exciting for me to find shrapnel of anti-aircraft shells on our balcony in the mornings. Finally, visas were obtained to allow us to travel through France, Spain and into Portugal. My father made down-payment for our passage several times, but each time there was a cancellation, and his money was not refunded on at least one occasion. Finally, everything worked out. We left home on Dec. 13, 1940. We were unable to take anything with us except a few suitcases and a nominal amount of money. I remember that our passports were checked on several occasions during our trip west and that my mother was happy as we left Germany behind us. In Lisbon, we stayed in a pension for a little over a week, waiting for our boat. I do not remember anything about this period except for eating meals with the other residents of the pension, sitting around a long table and, for the first time in my life, being offered olives, which I tasted but disliked. Finally, my mother and I boarded the American Export liner "Exeter," arriving in New York harbor on Jan. 6, 1941, to be greeted there by my father in a joyous reunion after about sixteen months of separation. We were among the last of the German Jews to get out alive. I do not recall anything about the voyage except that my mother and I shared a small inside cabin and that I was seasick much of the way.

The Early Years in the United States

When my mother and I arrived in the United States, my father was working as a waiter in Pawling, New York, at Manumit School. He had arranged for my mother to work there also as a dishwasher in the kitchen and for me to attend school there and to live in the boys' dormitory free of charge, while they lived in a small room on the grounds. The school was a co-ed boarding school, and the classes were what was at the time termed "progressive," allowing each student to work at his own pace. Although I had had some exposure to English, it was not conversational, and I had difficulty understanding what was being said. For example, I remember

asking my father what it meant when some of my dormitory mates would yell "Shullup" at each other at bedtime. In addition to language problems, I was an outsider in many ways. I had spent almost my entire life in the presence of adults; they were rather formal and sedate, as was customary among the Jewish middle and upper classes. I was not used to the rowdiness of most children. It was comforting to have my parents nearby, but that probably contributed to some overprotectiveness on their part. I had no athletic skills and could not compete in any of the games the others played. The other children's clothes and belongings indicated that they came mostly from families with some wealth; we had virtually nothing. While the other boys all wore long trousers, I only had the kind of shorts that were customarily worn by German school children year round. At one time, I was given a hand-me-down pair of black sweat pants, which were too long for me; I rolled them up and wore them as my long trousers, and I disliked those days when I was unable to wear them because they had to be laundered. I do not recall when my parents were finally able to buy more appropriate clothes for me. I was self-conscious and insecure, and I was the subject of teasing by some of the other children. It was not a happy time for me, but my command of English improved, and I began to become accustomed to the more relaxed ways of life among American children.

My mother's two brothers, Salli and Hugo, were married to sisters, Elly and Renny (nee Stern). At the time, Salli and Elly had one infant, Donald; Sam was not born until 1944, just a week after his father's sudden death. Hugo and Renny also had one child at the time, my cousin, Margot, born just a few months after me; Allen was not born until 1943. My grandfather Jakob was still alive at the time and lived with one of the two couples. All of them settled in Squirrel Hill, a largely Jewish district, in Pittsburgh in about 1938. Their background as cattle dealers stood them in good stead, for they were able to find work in one of the district's slaughterhouses, Oswald and Hess.

My mother attended several classes to prepare her for taking the citizenship examination. My father was well informed and did not need to do so. Five years after coming to the United States, they passed their tests, we became citizens, and our name was officially changed to Weikers. German continued to be the language spoken most frequently in the home. However, during the Second World War, it was politically incorrect to speak German. With the passage of time, I unconsciously repressed my knowledge of the language and spoke less and less German to the point of almost totally purging the language from my dictionary.

After about six months in Pawling, in the summer of 1941, we joined our relatives in Pittsburgh. My parents and I lived in a house owned by a widower, Mr. Prenny, at 5837 Hobart Street. The three of us lived in a single room on the second floor and shared the bathroom with the Prenny family. The conditions were not ideal, but we were glad to have our small family together again. After living there one or two years, we moved into the third floor of a house at 6325 Phillips Avenue, owned by the Jake Darling family. At this time, my aunts felt they had done their

duty for my grandfather, and he moved in with us. There was a living room, which converted into a bedroom for my grandfather and me at night. He had always been an aloof authoritarian, and because of heart disease and other physical problems, he had become house confined and embittered; he was not easy to live with, but we had no open conflicts. He died in 1948. The kitchen served also as family room and my study room. Along one wall of the kitchen, between it and the slanted roof, there was a narrow, but long crawlspace, which my parents used for storage and where, when it was cold, they hung clothes to dry on ropes they had strung up. We finally had our own bathroom with tub but no shower. Because they wanted to save on water and gas bills, my parents would share bathwater and wanted me to do likewise, but I rebelled against this. The little apartment was comfortable in the winter but very hot in the summer.

In 1951, my parents had accumulated enough savings to allow them to buy a small house at 6318 Forward Ave. It was not elaborate, but we were more comfortable than we had been at any time since leaving Europe. There were three bedrooms on the second floor. By putting in a refrigerator, sink and stove, one was converted into a studio apartment. Each of the three rooms was rented out to a series of roomers. They all shared with us the single bathroom. The first floor contained a living room, dining room, sun parlor, kitchen and small utility room. I slept on a sofa bed in the sun parlor. My parents slept in a larger sofa bed in the dining room. To me, one of the incentives for living here was the fact that my future wife, Ethel, and her family lived next door.

Despite his lack of background in manual labor or as a butcher, my father went to work for another one of Pittsburgh's slaughterhouses, Fried and Reinemann. It involved some type of menial labor for long hours in a cold environment, and the cough he had acquired in Dachau worsened and was diagnosed by our family doctor, Hyman Liebling, as being due to chronic bronchitis, but my father never complained. He later went to work as a sales clerk and bookkeeper at a downtown produce store, Hendel's, where he continued to work long hours, including an eighteen hour shift from 6 AM to midnight every Saturday, but he appeared satisfied with his lot in life and continued to be the major bread winner. He had Sundays off. He continued to work there until he had a stroke while shoveling snow on his sixty-fifth birthday in 1969.

My mother found work as a seamstress in a laundry, the Penn Overall Company. She was unhappy about the working conditions, about the constant demands placed on the workers by the supervisors and owners, and about the coarseness of some of her coworkers. She subsequently shifted to A. Mamaux and Sons, who manufactured overalls and other products made of canvas, such as tents for the Army. Later yet, she worked for Reidbord Bros., again as a seamstress. She eventually had to stop working because of severe, crippling rheumatoid arthritis. Through the years, she continued doing needlework, never allowing her fingers to remain idle, wasting no time or commodity.

My father continued to be bothered by a chronic cough, attributed to chronic bronchitis, and by hypertension. My mother, who had experienced the onset of rheumatoid arthritis at about age 35, gradually became more and more incapacitated.

Almost all of my mother's off-work hours were spent keeping the house and cooking. She was meticulous and excelled at these tasks. Every dinner started with delicious homemade soup, including chicken, green kern, matzo ball, lentil, and split pea soup during cold weather and a variety of cold fruit soups in the summer time. Friday evening Sabbath dinners were festive events that included the kiddush, followed by chicken soup, chicken or capon with all the usual accompaniments, and homemade pie or dessert. The desserts were often made using berries picked in South Park or rhubarb or elderberries from the back yard. She planted herbs, such as chives and parsley, and flowers. She would carefully harvest flower seeds at the end of summer for next year's planting.

My father was a very gentle, considerate person. In his sparse time off work, he helped my mother in some of the household chores. He was an avid reader of the local newspaper and "The Aufbau," a weekly New York publication for German Jewish refugees. He carried out correspondence with far-flung relatives and with various US and (after the war) German, governmental agencies, seeking restitution for himself and for several other immigrants. He also did the bookkeeping for them. On rare occasions, he worked on his beloved stamp albums, which were among the few prized possessions that had accompanied us to the USA. My mother made most of the daily household decisions; my father made most of the big family decisions in consultation with my mother. Both earned income and shared in the housekeeping.

My parents had to budget their time carefully. There was little time for vacations or entertainment. They did take one vacation to Atlantic City for a few days. We did not own a car, but my Uncle Hugo did; during the summer months, the entire family would, on some Sundays, pile into his car for an outing at South Park. This was in the days before seat belts and required sitting on laps in both the front and rear seats. We would have a picnic lunch, often swim in the pool, and occasionally pick wild strawberries and raspberries which were sampled and then taken home to become pie, jelly or jam. During my public school years, I had only one vacation out of town; two friends (Leo Alman and Norman Sindler) and I spent a week in a cabin at Bemus Point, New York, swimming, biking and boating. My parents bought our first radio in about 1941. As a family, we listened to Gabriel Heater and Walter Winchell on Sunday nights; one or two quiz shows during the week; "Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy," "Fibber Magee and Molly," Jack Benny, Eddy Cantor and Jimmy Durante. I enjoyed listening to the "Lone Ranger," "Grand Central Station" and "Jack Armstrong." My parents bought their first TV set in about 1956; there were three TV channels, including one that operated from Johnstown, frequently producing a "snowy," fuzzy picture, leading Ethel's mother to remark that it was "snowing in Johnstown."

Throughout their time in the United States, my parents had to deal with inadequate finances. They both worked very hard and spent very little, and there was little or no conflict between them about money. Being able to have adequate food, clothing and a home meant a great deal. They were reluctant to assume debts, such as a mortgage. My parents never owned a car nor learned to drive.

I attended Colfax Elementary School and was initially placed in fifth grade. Our principal, Dr.Hedwig Pregler, was sympathetic to the problems of the handful of German-Jewish students at the school. She assigned David Davis, one of my classmates, to help me with my English, which was far from perfect but improved rapidly. It still was not easy to make friends or take part in activities outside of school or home. One of the events I did eagerly look forward to was the annual Squirrel Hill day at Kennywood amusement park. A week or two before each of these, ride tickets were sold in the school. I guess Dr. Pregler must have sensed my disappointment at not having the money to buy them, for she would get me some free; I don't know how she got them but would not be surprised if she paid for them herself, because she was such a kind person.

My family continued adhering to Jewish traditions as much as they could. My mother maintained a strict kosher household. My parents were not members of any synagogue, again because of finances, but I attended Beth Shalom Hebrew School, several evenings a week, and Sunday school, and my Bar Mitzvah was there also. I don't have a clear memory of the occasion, but I believe it was followed by a buffet for our relatives in our home. I led Beth Shalom's junior High Holiday services at the Manor Theater for about two years. During my early teens, I attended Sabbath services regularly. We boys sat as a group in one of the front rows. After the service, each of us was given a candy bar, and this served as incentive for attendance. My mother occasionally accompanied me to services on Saturdays, but my father was working and could not do so.

My parents were members of the Friendship Club, a German-Jewish social, welfare and religious organization, which helped newcomers meet others with a similar background. The club conducted High Holiday religious services, since most members could not afford membership in one of the local synagogues. The services were conducted in the second floor of one of the Forbes Street businesses. There was no rabbi or cantor; my father was one of the lay leaders, and I blew the Shofar, a job I was given because of the similarity to playing the French horn, which I did (rather unsuccessfully) in school.

High School and College Years

I was expected to do well in studies, to be polite and obedient, to be thrifty and to earn money for savings. I tried to comply in all areas. From age 11 to 15, I delivered the afternoon "Pittsburgh Press." During that time I had various routes in the Squirrel Hill area. The one I had the longest encompassed the one block of Beacon Street, Bartlett Street, Darlington Road and Forbes Street (before it became

Forbes Avenue) between Shady Avenue and Murray Avenue. Smoky, the truck driver, dropped off the papers at the corner of Shady and Darlington. They would be in bundles, held together by a strong wire around the middle. After untwisting the wire and discarding the wrapping of old newspapers, the papers would be carried either by a strong belt or a canvas bag that would hang over one shoulder. Saturday papers were the best, because they contained little advertising and were light. The heaviest were the Thursday, Friday and especially the Sunday papers. I would divide them into two loads; this was convenient, because my first load took me around the block to my starting point. Although it was nice to earn some money, I hated Fridays, which were collection days. I would go to each customer's house to be paid. Most of them were very kind, but sometimes one would not be home two or three weeks in a row and would then dispute the bill when I did find them at home. Also, I was still self-conscious about my roots, because I was deeply hurt by being called a Nazi by one of my customers; in retrospect, I think she was mentally disturbed; her son, one of my classmates, witnessed the incident and appeared embarrassed at the time and every time we met afterward. It would usually take me until about 10PM to finish the collections. There were pleasures, however. One of my customers was Shulberg's Bar at the corner of Bartlett Street and Murray Avenue. On hot summer days, I would sidle up to the bar and buy a glass of Coca Cola; the mailmen from the nearby post office, who were drinking beer, would jest about this to me. Also, I would occasionally stop in the Beacon Pharmacy that was located at the corner of Beacon Street and Murray Avenue for a BLT sandwich at the soda fountain. This and the occasional hot dog from Robbie's on Forward Avenue were my first forays into "tref" food; I kept it secret from my parents. At age fifteen, I quit the paper route and started to work for Kaufman's Market on Murray Avenue, owned by sibs Meyer and Mamie. The job involved keeping the storage area in the cellar in order, keeping track of inventory, keeping the shelves stocked, taking telephone orders, and waiting on walk-in customers. This was more enjoyable than the paper route, and I actually earned a little more money than I had. I continued in this job through the rest of my high school and college years until age 21. During two Christmas vacations, I worked nights at the downtown post office, sorting mail. I saved as much money as I could for the proverbial "rainy day," a habit I learned from my parents.

My parents were strict and somewhat rigid, but they never physically punished me; a few words or a disapproving look would bring me into line if I strayed from the house rules, which were always understood but never clearly enunciated. I had to let my parents know my whereabouts at all times and had to be home by 9PM on most nights. It was expected that I would get all A's in school, and most of the time I succeeded. We indulged in little frivolity; everything had to have a purpose. I tried to live up to their standards but resented not having the freedom enjoyed by most of my friends.

I attended Taylor Allderdice High School for grades seven through twelve and continued to do very well scholastically, graduating with highest honors. I began to make friends more easily and visited some in their homes but never

reciprocated, because I continued to be self-conscious about our modest circumstances. There were fraternities in the senior high school, but the members were mostly from affluent families. About fifteen of the rest of us formed a chapter of AZA (Aleph Zadik Aleph, a junior offshoot of Bnai Brith), and this was our "fraternity." Each chapter was named after a famous persons, and we wanted to call ours the "Franklin D. Roosevelt" chapter, but that name was already taken; so we took what we thought was the next logical choice and named our group after FDR's rival, Wendell L. Willkie, little realizing what his political views were. We met weekly in the basement recreation room at Leo Alman's Phillips Ave. house. We spent much time in discussions and arguing about trivial matters, and we thought we were being mature by citing Robert's Rules of Order when it was advantageous to our point of view to do so. We did not accomplish much, but the group gave us a sense of identity. Our only major activities were weekly Saturday night duckpin bowling at the now-extinct Beacon bowling alleys and occasional social events; it was about the time we started to become interested in girls. As my social life improved, I gained confidence and began to make friends more easily and became more popular among my schoolmates. I was elected president of my February 1949 high school graduating class. It was a position that did not give me many duties or much power. It was mostly a ceremonial office, and the only ceremonial responsibility I had was to give a speech at our graduation ceremony. But it helped my self-esteem and made my parents proud of me.

There appeared little doubt where I would attend college. Finances would not permit me to live anywhere except with my parents. Going out of the city was not a consideration. I was given a partial scholarship to the University of Pittsburgh, and that is where I attended school. I was hoping to go to medical school. My major was Chemistry, with a minor in Mathematics. My grades were good, and, after three and a half years of college, I had accumulated enough credits for graduation. I graduated Magna cum Laude in June 1952.

In college, I was a GDI (god-damn independent), meaning I did not belong to one of the fraternities. Nonetheless, I had a fairly active social life. I had a girl friend and returned to my alma mater high school to visit her one day; she introduced me to a beautiful and charming classmate, Ethel Rabinovitz, who caught my attention. Not long thereafter, my girl friend dumped me; it appeared that her mother prevailed upon her to discontinue our relationships, since she felt I did not have good prospects. At the time, while my parents were completing their negotiations to buy the house at 6318 Forward Avenue, I recalled the attractive girl I had met and called Ethel to tell her we were about to become next-door neighbors, since she lived with her family at 6320. Shortly thereafter, she asked me to accompany her to a school dance, and I almost immediately fell in love with her. She had two other suitors at the time, but I pursued her and eventually won her over. We began to "go steady," as was the style in those days, in 1951.

The Year after College

Although I had always done well scholastically, I was not wise to the ways of the world. I had no knowledge about the importance of political connections or of knowing the right people; instead, I thought everything depended on merit alone. During my senior year in college, I applied for admission to two medical schools: Harvard and Pitt. An administrator at Pitt, "Sarge" Cheever, a WASPish blue-blood alumnus of Harvard, interviewed me for that institution. It was the first time I had ever been formally interviewed for anything. I was very naïve and did not do well throughout the whole interview; when he asked me how I was going to pay my tuition if I were accepted, I could tell him only that I would work part-time and apply for a scholarship; not surprisingly, I was rejected by that school. I do not recall an interview for Pitt. Throughout the winter and spring, I heard nothing from them and was concerned that they also would reject me, despite the fact that I thought that my grades and qualifications were as good as, or better than, those of several friends who had already been accepted.

So I started looking for a job as a chemistry lab assistant. My naïveté led me to believe that there were many opportunities in this field even if I lacked a graduate degree; I thought that my school records would lead potential employers to offer me work immediately, but I found out otherwise. I was limited to work places I could reach by public transportation, since I did not have a car. I do not recall where I interviewed except for the Gulf Research Laboratory; it was located outside the city, and I do not recall how I got there. I had not yet learned the politics of the interview. When it came time for me to ask questions, the only thing I could think of was to ask about the availability of buses or streetcars in the neighborhood. None of these efforts were successful. In the meantime, I took a job as a door-to-door Fuller Brush salesman. I was given virtually no training or leads, just a catalog. It was up to me to choose a likely neighborhood to hawk my goods. My naïveté came to the fore again. For unclear reasons, I chose to try the Glen Hazel area, which was one of the poorer parts of town. I took a streetcar down to Browns Hill Road, across from the old Jewish Home for the Aged, and hiked up the hill from there. Many people were not home. Those that were treated me kindly but were not interested. At the end of the day I had not made a single sale, and I realized I was not a good salesman. My first day on this job was also my last.

I finally found a job as a lab assistant in the Metallurgy Department of the Carnegie Institute of Technology (now Carnegie Mellon University). The work had something to do with testing the strength of various metals by heating them in a furnace, placing them in a tensile strength tester and stretching them to the point of breaking. I was happy to have found work even though it was not exactly in my field of limited expertise. Three weeks later, I heard from Pitt Medical School. They agreed to accept me, not for that year, but for the following year if, in the interim, I worked in their Biochemistry Laboratory and did well there.

Medical and Nursing School

I immediately quit my CIT job and went to work for Dr. Marie Fisher in her Biochemistry lab at the Old Mellon Institute. It was actually a paying job. I spent the entire year trying to extract a certain enzyme, urease, from fava beans. At the same time, I was permitted to take the Biochemistry course given to the freshman medical students. I did not accomplish much in the lab, but I did very well in the class, and I was accepted to medical school in 1953. During my freshman year, since I had already taken the Biochemistry course, I acted as teaching assistant in the lab and did not have to retake those classes. This gave me an advantage over my classmates, since I could devote most of my study time to Anatomy and Histology, which were the other major courses during the freshman year. I again did well academically that year and through the rest of medical school and received several scholastic honors. In my Sophomore Year, I was awarded the C.C. Guthrie Prize in Physiology, a prize given to the student who did the best in that course; I do not recall with certainty, but I believe this prize provided for a modest discount on my tuition, which was $750 per year (it is now over $20,000!!!). In my junior year, I won the Hearst Prize in Medicine, given to the best student in that course; the prize consisted of the choice of several textbooks. Since I was in the top 5% of my class, I was inducted into the Alpha Omega Alpha Medical Honor Society after my junior year. Along with almost all my Jewish classmates, I belonged to Phi Delta Epsilon, a fraternal order of medical students.

During the first three years of medical school, I continued to live with my parents. Beginning with my sophomore year, I had a series of part-time jobs. I sold the traditional black leather doctors' bags and instruments to my classmates; I received mine free in return. I worked several evenings a week, typing blood in the Blood Bank at Mercy Hospital. During the summer between my freshman and sophomore years, I was a research assistant in Pitt's Department of Pathology. I did routine periodic physical examinations on patients at the Woodville State (Psychiatric) Hospital, "H and P's" (history and physical examination) on patients at the Leech Farms Tuberculosis Hospital and on some of the patients newly admitted to Passavant Hospital and West Penn Hospital. During the last two years of school, I worked, once a week or so, in several emergency rooms, including Passavant Hospital and Homestead Hospital. The hospitals would require their staff physicians to cover the emergency room at night on a rotating basis; in turn, the physicians would hire junior and senior medical students to stand in for them. It is now almost unbelievable that, in our stage of learning, we would shoulder such responsibilities. Fortunately, none of these emergency rooms was very busy, and we were actually able to sleep, sometimes for hours at a time. No serious problems ensued; it was the days before anyone even carried malpractice insurance.

When Ethel and I started dating in 1951, she was a first-year student in the Montefiore Hospital School of Nursing. She was very studious, conscientious and hard working, and she excelled academically. At her graduating ceremony in 1954,

she was awarded her RN degree and was honored as being the top student in her class. After graduating, she had several jobs. At first, she worked at Montefiore Hospital as a floor nurse. It was hard work with irregular hours. She did some private duty nursing also. She then did office nursing at the private office of a pediatrician, Dr. Alec Schwartz, whose office was at the corner of Beacon Street and Murray Avenue on the floor above the pharmacy. She was the only employee. In addition to nurse, she also acted as receptionist, bookkeeper, billing clerk, and general gofer. It was not a great job, but it gave her fairly regular hours. After we married, she did office nursing at the Falk Clinic. She seemed happier there, and she worked daylight hours with weekends off. She kept this job until late in her first pregnancy.

The First Two Years of Marriage

Ethel and I became formally engaged on her birthday, December 5, 1955. On the evening of Saturday, June 16, 1956, we were married at the Tree of Life Synagogue, Rabbi Halperin officiating, with our families and friends in attendance. Ethel's brother, Norman, was my best man; her sister, Ida, was her maid-of-honor. Norman gave us his used Buick, which we drove to and from our honeymoon destination, the Nevele Hotel, in the Catskills. We then settled into a small second floor apartment at 5826 Maeburn Road, a small street lined by a row of identical apartment houses, about two blocks away from our parents' homes. Our apartment building was near the end of the street, behind the Squirrel Hill Theater, adjacent to a large smoke stack. Even then, these apartments were old and dingy. We had a bedroom, living room, dining area, kitchen and bathroom, all small. We bought the bare necessities to furnish the living and bed rooms, and we used an old kitchen table and chairs for the dining room. Our rent was $78 a month.

Ethel was still working as a nurse, and I still had one more year of medical school. Our life was very busy, and we did not have much time or money for leisure activities. The proximity of our apartment to our parents' homes was handy in some ways. We did not have an automatic washer or dryer; after Rochelle was born, Ethel's Aunt Becky gave us a used old fashioned, apartment-sized washer-wringer. Ethel would do the diapers and baby clothes in it daily. About once a week, she would carry the rest of the laundry to my parents' house and do the main washing there. We also ate occasionally with my parents. At the same time, we did not have the privacy or independence that most newly married couples desire. For example, we were expected to maintain a kosher household. Ethel felt she was under pressure, but she quietly persevered. We bought our first car; this gave us maneuverability and enabled me to do the nighttime hospital emergency room work.

I took a Rotating Internship, as was the custom at that time, at Montefiore Hospital from 1957 to 1958. It was mostly drudgery, but it did introduce me in a

preliminary way to the practice of medicine. Between Ethel's salary and my $150 a month, we were making ends meet. At the end of my internship, I was at loose ends, and the military was enlisting young physicians. I obtained a Berry Plan deferment, which allowed me to take further training in exchange for military service in the Air Force later. The Air Force had the option to extend this year by year, depending on its needs. I had become interested in neuro-anatomy during my freshman year in school, and I really wanted to become a neurologist; the only neurology residency in town was at one of the VA hospitals, and it was not good. Going out of town again appeared out of the question. I decided that a residency in Internal Medicine would give me the greatest options. Only two of us applied for this residency at Montefiore Hospital, Morton Goldstein and I, and we were both accepted. They offered me $250 a month, and we settled at $325.

Ethel and I needed the modest increase in income, because she became pregnant and had to stop working near term. Excitedly, Ethel and I picked out baby furniture in advance. Rochelle was born at Magee Women's Hospital on July 8, 1958, just a week after I started my residency. The obstetrician was Dr. Herman Pink. The day after Rochelle was born, the baby furniture store burned down, and I had to hurriedly shop for replacements. Rochelle slept in a crib, which we had crowded into our bedroom, separated from us by a screen. She was a good and beautiful baby, doted on by us and by both sets of grandparents.

The First Two Years in the Air Force

In 1959, the Air Force called me into service as a Captain, the usual starting rank at that time. I was initially assigned as an internist to a base in Peru, Indiana. On the map, it looked like the middle of nowhere, and I did not really feel qualified to be an internist, working on my own, nor did I have a desire for this field. I called and was given the other option of being sent to the School of Aviation (now Aerospace) Medicine at Brooks Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas, to train to become a Flight Surgeon. Although I had never been in an airplane, military or commercial, even as a passenger, I chose the latter. I left Ethel and Rochelle in Pittsburgh and drove to Gunter AFB in Montgomery, Alabama, for three weeks of basic training with a large group of other physicians, beginning July 1, 1959. We were not required to go through the same kind of rigorous training that the average recruits had to endure, but we did go through some military education. Some of our time was spent at the pool at the Officers' Club, because it was a torrid summer, and our rooms in the barracks were intolerably hot and humid.

Three weeks later, I drove to San Antonio, Texas. After arriving there and checking into Brooks AFB, I rented a studio-type motel room, because Ethel and Rochelle flew down to join me soon thereafter. There is probably no way to totally avoid rodents and insects in the Texas heat and humidity; we had mice in the first motel where we lived; we moved to another one and saw ear-wigs, an insect about the size of a caterpillar, crawling under the front door into our living room. On one

occasion, Rochelle put one of these in her mouth; fortunately, Ethel saw what had happened and dug the insect out of Rochelle's mouth.

Ethel had to travel some distance to buy groceries at one of the area's four Air Force bases or at Fort Sam Houston. Cooking facilities in our motel unit were very limited. But in some ways it was a change for us. We did not have the pressures of work and, for the first time in our married life, we had some spending money and some spare time to devote to relaxation and leisure activities. We both could spend more time with Rochelle, who was then a little over a year old. There was a pool at the motel. I was getting $1,000 a month, three times what I had been making, and we were on our own, with nobody looking over our shoulders. One of the early changes we made was to give up the kosher household.

The course at Brooks was not challenging or fast-paced. (We, the students, joked that it was a three-week course, crammed into nine weeks.) While there, I had some interesting experiences. One of our assignments was for a few of us at a time to experience hypoxia in an altitude chamber. As we were being taken to a simulated 25,000 feet, half of us took off our oxygen masks and tried to perform a number of tasks, such as simple calculations and drawings. As the simulated altitude was gradually raised, we became increasingly disabled, until the instructor or the buddy to whom we were assigned would replace our oxygen masks. We also were supposed to practice parachute jumping from a tower. In preparation, we were taught how to land and roll by jumping off a three-foot wall. Klutz that I am, I sprained my ankle doing this and never got to the tower, but I was not terribly disappointed and passed the course anyhow. For the first time in my life, I flew in a plane. All of us were taken to Randolph AFB, a pilot training base on the outskirts of San Antonio, and each of us was given a ride in the back seat of a two-seated jet trainer, a T-33. The pilots enjoyed making the "docs" sick by taking them through some maneuvers; my pilot did some of this but was gentle; at one point, he got on the intercom and said to me, "OK, Doc, it's yours," and he briefly gave me control of the plane. It was an exciting moment. At the end of the nine weeks, we graduated as AME's (Aviation Medical Examiners, basically a Flight Surgeon prior to getting "wings") in the fall of 1959.

Towards the end of our course at Brooks, all of us received orders for our next assignments. Some were sent to remote places, like northern Canada, Greenland and other spots where they could not take their families. I was very happy to get my assignment – the 6550th USAF Hospital at Patrick AFB in Cocoa Beach, Florida. It sits on a narrow peninsula with the Atlantic Ocean on one side and the Banana River on the other. The peninsula is connected to the mainland by two causeways. We drove there and, after one or two nights in a nearby motel, we moved into base housing, an older but well-maintained corner house with three bedrooms, central air conditioning, a combination washer-dryer in the kitchen, and a large front lawn. It was the first time in our married life that we were living in a house, even if it was not or own. We had lovely neighbors, several of whom we befriended. There was a cute chameleon who took up residence in our mailbox.

Patrick AFB was the support base for Cape Canaveral. There was always some excitement about missile shots; although only those involved were supposed to know about them, the word usually got around, and people would be outside their homes or on the beach watching. Some of the missiles dove into the ocean or ended up in the underbrush at the Cape, setting off brush fires and killing or scattering the rattle snakes. We saw the Mercury shot with Ham, the monkey. And from a plane window (see below), I saw the take-off of Alan Shepard's sub-orbital flight. The nearby towns were small; the nearest town of any appreciable size, Orlando, was still quite underdeveloped compared to its present condition; there were no theme parks or the like. There was abundant wild life in the area. We would see an occasional manatee in the Banana River. We could walk along the beach and look over the Atlantic Ocean. Ethel especially enjoyed seeing the pelicans flying along the shore and diving for fish. Rochelle loved playing outside and enjoyed the pool at the Officers' Club. Ethel joined the Medical Officers' Wives Club. The atmosphere was relaxed; we made friends among our neighbors, my coworkers, and the small civilian Jewish community. Because of the nature of the mission, all branches of the military and many foreign countries were represented. The seven Mercury astronauts were frequently at the Cape and occasionally on base. They usually had their routine flying physical exams in Houston, but on one occasion, I did them on Alan Shepard and John Glenn; it was on a Saturday, when they would be taken care of without delay, but it was also a day when none of my support staff was there; thus, when my audiometer did not function properly, Shepard and Glenn took it apart and fixed it.

There were several other young physicians, including two generalists, a general surgeon, a pediatrician, an obstetrician and a radiologist, all partially trained. We worked in the small 35-bed hospital on the base. The hospital commander. Col. Knauff, was a non-practicing administrator; the vice commander, Lt. Col. Veight, was a pediatrician who occasionally saw patients; the three of us had all been trained in Aviation Medicine; the other physicians had not. It was my job to conduct periodic physical examinations on the flying personnel and to be their primary care physicians when they became ill. It was also my responsibility to visit flight crews on the flight line to make me aware of their working environment and the stresses under which they worked. I was on flying status as a non-crew member, meaning that I was eligible for flight pay of about $200 per month in addition to my base pay, provided I obtained a minimum of 12 hours flying time per month, 200 per year. I obtained the flying hours in a variety of ways. Most common were boring C-54 local flights, either with contractors testing their missile tracking equipment or with pilots practicing "touch and go's" (landings and take-offs). There were occasional long-distance flights, including one, piloted by "Shorty" Powers, NASA spokesman ("Voice of the Astronauts") to Antigua (where we attended the opening party for a new hotel) and others to San Salvador Island, Grand Turk Island and White Sands, New Mexico. There were several helicopter flights; one of these was for the pilot's girl-watching on the beach; another took me 30 miles off shore and lowered me aboard an oil tanker to care for several survivors

that had been picked up in the ocean after a plane crash. I also got a lift on Air Force One, the President's plane from Patrick AFB to Andrews AFB in DC; the plane was ferrying Ali Khan (son of the Aga Khan and husband to motion picture actress Rita Hayworth); he was returning to DC after having come to Cape Canaveral to witness Alan Shepard's Mercury mission take-off; I was going to attend a conference in DC; I sat in the back and never even got to see him.

Every time an incoming plane declared any kind of emergency prior to landing, my sergeant and I would jump into an ambulance, and he would drive down the runway behind the plane, accompanied by fire trucks. Fortunately, there was never an occasion where something went wrong on landing, but each time this happened, it was my job to check out the flight crew afterward to make sure they were OK. On one such occasion, the plane that landed was very strange-looking; it was relatively small but had very long wings, supported near their tips by landing wheels. And instead of remaining on the tarmac, as all the other planes did after landing, it pulled into one of the hangars, and the hangar doors immediately shut behind it. At about the same time we would occasionally see the same plane take off in an unusual fashion with a very steep ascent. Only later did we find out this was a U-2 plane, probably spying on Cuba; the Cuban missile crisis occurred a little over a year later. In December 1960, I became a Flight Surgeon and wore wings.

Ethel stayed at home with Rochelle. She did her shopping at the base commissary and the base exchange (BX). Food was relatively inexpensive. I was still a smoker at the time; cigarettes were $2 for a carton of 10 packs. For political reasons, Patrick was considered as being "remote," and therefore liquor was sold at very low overseas prices at the base package store.

Rochelle was an early talker and an outgoing child. We remember some of her early sentences: "Goobus turn the coner" (on hearing the school bus turning the corner near our house) and "Gapefoot for beekus" (grapefruit for breakfast). But her most memorable words were those she said to a salesman in a store where Ethel was looking for a vacuum cleaner, when, out of the blue, she told him, "My Mommy has pimples and makes gas." Rochelle was about two at the time.

We did a small amount of traveling in the local area. Occasionally, Ethel and I would go to one of the restaurants in Cocoa Beach. We frequently went to Melbourne for shopping that could not be done on the base. There were short trips up and down along the coast. There were also trips to Miami and Orlando. But mostly we stayed home as a family. In February 1960, Ethel's mother died while on a visit to Ethel's sister, Ida, in New York; the three of us flew up to the funeral in Pittsburgh. While we lived in Florida we were visited by Ida and her husband, Marty, and by Ethel's brother, Norman Rose (he had changed his name) and his family.

Like all the other younger doctors, I took my turn being MOD (Medical Officer of the Day) at the hospital; this required me to sleep at the hospital and take

care of any emergencies, including deliveries. During our second year at Patrick AFB, Ethel became pregnant again. On the evening of March 19, 1961, she went into labor. It so happened that I was on duty at the hospital that night as MOD. I did not want to deliver our own baby, so I called the obstetrician, Terry Yeager, and he was kind enough to come in on his night off. Ronald Neil was born early the next morning, weighing in at 7 lbs., 13¾ ounces. Ethel had taken Rochelle to stay with a neighbor. She had been prepared for a baby sister with a "baby sister doll;" although the baby sister turned out to be a boy instead, she was very pleased when he brought with him, as his present to her, her first tricycle.

We had the Brith in our house. The Mohel came from Miami, 200 miles down the coast. Jack and Molly Gladstone, who were related to Nathan Shulman but not to us, nonetheless served as representatives of the family, since they were in the area for a vacation. My medical school classmate and friend, Jack Skigen, who was in a Psychiatry residency in Miami, came up to be the godfather. There were ten to fifteen Jewish people from the base. We had kosher food shipped up from Miami. A good time was had by all except Ron.

As my first two years in the Air Force came to a close, I was still undecided about my future. Although I could have gone back to Pittsburgh and set up practice as a family physician, this did not appeal to me. Ever since my freshman year in medical school and my first exposure to neuroanatomy, I had had a desire to become a neurologist, but, primarily for financial reasons, a residency in this field did not seem tenable. However, now an opportunity presented itself that would make it possible for me to take a Neurology residency. I could transfer from the USAF Reserves to the Regular USAF and take a residency in either a military or a civilian hospital while still on active duty and drawing active duty pay (but not flight pay). In return, after completion of my residency, I was obligated to pay back time on active duty as a neurologist, three years if I chose a military residency, four for a civilian residency. I chose the latter and was accepted by Dr. Frank Forster, Chairman of the Department of Neurology at the University of Wisconsin Medical Center, to begin my residency there on July 1, 1961.

The Residency Years

Moving from one home to another was never a pleasant experience, but moves in the military were eased somewhat by the fact that all the packing was done by the movers. After all our furniture and other belongings had been loaded onto a moving van, we packed ourselves into our station wagon and drove from Florida to Madison, Wisconsin. Rochelle was three years old; Ron was three months old. A Pittsburgh acquaintance, James Rosen, who was married to my high school classmate, Gloria (Qwasser) Rosen, was a Neurology resident at Wisconsin; even before we arrived in Madison, Gloria had found a lovely apartment for us, and we were able to move in almost immediately. The apartment was a modern one on the second floor of a two-story, four-unit apartment house, in a complex of about four such houses, on Alrita Court, off Fish Hatchery Road. It was located on the edge of

town, next door to a farm field, but still just a few minutes from the University, hospital and Madison's downtown. Madison is a college town and also capitol of the state. It contains five beautiful lakes. The winters were severe, but it was lovely the rest of the year. Although it became a hotbed of liberalism, we never noticed this. Ethel stayed home with the two children; once every two weeks, June, a small person, came to help Ethel with her housework. Although I served my three years of residency while on active duty, I had no military obligations at the time. The only thing that distinguished us from the other resident couples was the fact that Ethel could go to the commissary at Truex AFB to do her grocery shopping at a reduced rate.

The three years of residency training were very happy and professionally rewarding. In addition to Frank Forster, the attendings consisted of Hans Reese (the Germanic former Chairman of the Department, who had become Professor Emeritus), Hartwell Thompson (who later became Chairman of the Department of Neurology at West Virginia University), Bernard Messer (a superb teacher at the VA Hospital), Peter Eichman (also a superb teacher and really nice guy, who later became Dean of the U. of Wisconsin Medical School), Henry Peters (whose interests included porphyria and organophosphate poisoning), Raymond Chun (a very sweet person who was the Pediatric Neurologist), Edward Liske (who later went into private practice in San Antonio) and Gabriele Zurhein (the "Countess" neuropathologist). The other residents in my class year included Neal Baker (who went into private practice in Rockford, Illinois, and was seriously injured in a motor vehicle accident there), Martesio Perez (who went back to the Philippines for an academic career), Gilberto Campos (who went back to Belo Horizonte, Brazil, for practice and teaching there), Enrique Bravo-Fernandez (who had been a neurosurgeon before fleeing from Cuba), H. Douglas Jameson (who was an academician at the U. of Kentucky and who died at an early age of leukemia), Robert Gale (who switched to Psychiatry after one year of residency and practiced in Madison), Mary Herman (who became a neuropathologist) and Louis Ptacek (who already had completed a Pediatrics residency and who later went into the practice of Pediatric Neurology at the Marshfield Clinic in Wisconsin). During the time I was in Madison, residents in the other class years included Don Bennett (who, like me was in the USAF and who became Chairman of the Department at the U. of Nebraska), Barry Berkey (who switched to Psychiatry and practiced in the DC area), Clarke Danforth (who practiced in Milwaukee), Jasper Daube (who became a world renowned electromyographer and Chairman of the Department of Neurology at the Mayo Clinic), Ludwig Gutmann (who became a well-known electromyographer and Chairman of the Department at West Virginia U. after Hartwell Thompson left there), George Lucas, Edwin Manning, Jack Petajan (who was an electromyographer and researcher at the U. of Utah), James Rosen (who practiced in the Pittsburgh-Greensburg area), Warner Slack (a brilliant fellow, who went into neuro-genetics early on and then taught at Harvard) and Gamber Tegtmeyer (who was in private practice in Madison). Some of these are no longer alive at the time of this writing. We received good training in clinical neurology and neuropathology. We rotated on the Psychiatry and Neurosurgery Services, three

months each; the latter included us taking our turns at on-call duty every third night with the junior neurosurgery residents; this was exhausting, but I learned a great deal during that brief period, including how to do procedures, like tracheostomies. Each of us also spent three months learning how to read EEG's, but this was not fruitful; the laboratory was run by Warren Gilson, a non-neurologist MD, who was self-taught in EEG and whose primary interest was in his Madison-based company that manufactured these machines; he would appear daily to quickly sign his name to the readings that had been done by the chief EEG tech, and he rarely taught us anything. EMG's were just starting to come into ordinary clinical use, and the Neurology Department had not yet bought its first EMG machine. I learned some of the rudiments of EMG from Jack Petajan, one of my senior co-residents, who had put together a primitive EMG contraption out of various parts, which were assembled in the corner of one of the rooms on the Neurology ward. To reduce electrical interference, the whole apparatus was enclosed within chicken wire, and to do a test, the patient and examiner would have to crowd into this crude cage. Together with Ed Liske, I wrote my first paper for a peer-reviewed journal. It was about the bacteriology of brain abscesses and was published in Neurology.

We did a small amount of traveling in the local area to places like Wisconsin Dells and the House on the Rock. We socialized a little with co-residents and wives. But again we mostly stayed home. We liked taking the children to Vilas Park, not far from our apartment, to enjoy the trees and to see the animals in the tiny zoo there. Our vacations were devoted to visiting the family in Pittsburgh. We "inherited" a cat from one of my co-workers, who claimed his wife was allergic to the animal. Little did I realize this was almost a feral animal; she was very unaffectionate, tended to tear around our apartment in the daytime and loved to go out at night, even in deepest winter, to roam the farm field next door, looking for prey. We gave her to a farmer when we left Madison.

Rochelle attended nursery school at a local synagogue; she was a very sweet child (and has remained sweet). Ron was fussy during his first year or so, apparently due to abdominal discomfort, which would often waken him, screaming, at night. He began walking as early as age nine months, but we were concerned about his lateness in talking, which he quickly overcame once he got started. He is remembered for such expressions as "hosticle" and "pasgetti." He spent some of his time with his friend Gregory, who had two older brothers; Ron called them the "three Geggies." Our family became complete with the birth of Valerie on June 7, 1964. When we brought her home, Ron was surprised that she could not walk or talk and wanted to know if she needed new batteries. Towards the end of my residency, I received my orders to report to the Wilford Hall Hospital, Lackland AFB, in San Antonio, Texas, where I would be a member of the Neurology Service. I was very pleased with this assignment, because Wilford Hall was the Air Force's most modern, largest and major teaching hospital. With our children, now ages six and three, and an infant, just three weeks old, we left Madison late in June 1964 and set off for another tour in San Antonio.

The Second Time in San Antonio

San Antonio was very different from the other places where we had lived. It was built on very desert-like, flat land. Its main industry was the military. There were four Air Force Bases (Lackland, Kelly, Brooks and Randolph) and one Army Post (Fort Sam Houston). Kelly, located immediately adjacent to Lackland, was the Air Force's major maintenance and repair base for some of its planes, such as B-52's. Brooks was the smallest of the bases, the home of the School of Aviation Medicine and some administrative offices. Randolph, in the northeastern suburbs, was a pilot training base. Fort Sam Houston, among a number of other functions, was home to Brooke Army Hospital, one of the army's larger hospitals, containing its well-known burn unit. The city itself was moderate in size, far smaller than what it is today. It had a definite Mexican aura; Spanish was spoken widely. It contains the Alamo and several other old missions, which are being preserved as museums. Downtown, near the Alamo, the small San Antonio River flows in a narrow, shallow canyon. Floating restaurants and nightclubs flowed up and down the river. On each side of the river was the River Walk (Paseo del Rio), where additional restaurants and specialty shops were located. There was a small open-air amphitheater where flamenco bands would play and dancers would perform; the stage was on one side of the narrow river and the seats for the audience on the opposite side. Not far away, open-air markets sold produce, other foods, sombreros, Mexican shawls, trinkets and piñatas. Breckenridge Park in the northern part of town contained a zoo and polo grounds, where the horses and riders could be seen playing. During our last year in San Antonio, Hemisphere '68 was built and started operations; it was like a world's fair, and I believe the space needle and grounds are still being used as a convention and entertainment center today. Except for the houses in the poor neighborhoods, almost all other buildings were completely air-conditioned.

Lackland AFB sprawled over a large area and had several functions. It served as the Air Force's basic training base for new recruits, who could be seen marching or running in formation, all sporting crew cuts and green fatigues. Wilford Hall USAF Hospital was located on its grounds. It was also home to the Air Force's K-9 dog training school. There were many barracks and mess halls for the recruits, two areas of housing for the other military, extensive outdoor training and parade facilities, an NCO club, an officers club with pool and golf course, a nursery, an elementary school, BX, commissary, rifle range, church, etc. There was also a movie theater, which we did not attend often, because the recruits would go there to relax and often take off their boots, leaving an unpleasant odor from their sweaty feet.

The hospital was a large, multistory, state-of-the-art facility for that time. The department heads were mostly in the 40-55 year age range. The other staff physicians were mostly younger, more recent graduates of residency and fellowship programs; despite their youth, most of them were fine physicians. My co-worker

neurologists included Richard Mattson, who went on to become an international expert and researcher in epilepsy at Yale; Kenneth Pratt, who went into private practice in Binghamton, NY; and Frank Sharbrough, who became director of the EEG Laboratory at the Mayo Clinic. Dick Mattson was Chief of the Neurology Service until he resigned from the Air Force in 1967, and I was Chief for the next year, prior to my doing likewise. I was promoted to major and was put back on flying status during this time. The Neurology Service was in the Department of Medicine. The Chairman of that department was Col. Robert Stonehill, who, after retirement from the Air Force, became Chairman of the Department of Medicine at the University of Indiana. His vice chairman was Steven Beering, who later became Dean of the Medical School at the University of Indiana and then President of Purdue University (Steve was a graduate of Taylor Allderdice High School and the Pitt undergraduate and medical schools, two years behind me; his Air Force career was more accelerated than mine, because he had taken his internship and residency training in Internal Medicine and Endocrinology at Walter Reed Army Hospital and then went directly to Wilford Hall from there). The chairman of the Neurosurgery Service was Paul Myers, who later became Surgeon General of the Air Force. One of our interns was William Thornton, who became a physician-astronaut in the Apollo program. There were many others who, after their Air Force careers, became well-known academicians and researchers, in addition to those who went into clinical practice.

We had an inpatient ward of about 20 or 25 beds and a busy outpatient clinic. Active duty and retired personnel and dependents came to us from throughout the world, sometimes with exotic diseases. Many of the military "big-wigs" with neurological problems were sent to us; about a year before I got to Wilford Hall, astronaut (and later Senator) Col. John Glenn developed vertigo after he had slipped in a bathtub and fallen, hitting his head; he came under Dick Mattson's care and came to our clinic for follow-up examinations on several occasions over the next couple of years; we would usually all go out to lunch at the Officers' Club together; he was a very personable guy. We were also consultants to physicians taking care of the recruits, who were sent to us when a previously undiagnosed neurological condition was suspected or when it was discovered that a previously diagnosed disease had not been reported or picked up during the recruitment physical examination. (One recruit told me that "my Wilson's disease is back"; he had stopped taking his penicillamine after induction into the Air Force. Another recruit, a Jewish boy from Pittsburgh, told me he wanted a medical discharge for headaches caused by his drill sergeant, who was "biased against Jews, Protestants, Catholics, northerners and southerners.") The inpatient service was managed by interns and medical residents under our direction on a rotating basis. We had three EEG technicians, who also assisted with EMG's. Dick Mattson had taken his residency at the Mayo Clinic and had learned EMG from one of the fathers of clinical electromyography, Ed Lambert; Dick taught me how to do this test, and we both did EMG's at the two major civilian hospitals in town, since there was, at that time, no one else in the area with this ability; it was very unusual for the military to allow this type of moonlighting, but we had permission to do so for the

benefit of the community. My ability to read EEG's was greatly aided by Frank Sharbrough's instruction; he had taken his residency at the University of Michigan and had spent an extra year exclusively for EEG training. Civilian consultants, all senior academicians from various parts of the country, visited us periodically; they would spend one or two days with us; we would have case presentations and conferences, and we would make these visits social occasions. The consultants included my former chief, Frank Forster, William Fields (Chief of Neurology at Baylor), Robert Utterback (Chief of Neurology at the University of Tennessee), Ed Lambert (Chief of the EMG Service at the Mayo Clinic), John Calverly (Chief of Neurology at the Galveston branch of the U. of Texas) and Donald Mulder (Chief of one of the Neurology sections at the Mayo Clinic). When I finished residency training, I thought I was a complete neurologist, but during these four years (1964-1968), I learned the practical aspects of clinical neurology, as well as new skills, EEG and EMG, which stood me in good stead later on. I was co-author of several published articles; one dealt with sleep-deprivation EEG's in the diagnosis of epilepsy; one dealt with the electrophysiological findings in acute brachial plexitis; and a very comprehensive and lengthy one described the clinical and sophisticated audiological findings in a patient with cortical deafness.

There was a good match of personalities among the doctors in the Neurology Service. My co-workers were very intelligent, highly skilled neurologists, who enjoyed practicing the specialty. In addition, each of them was very friendly and had a good sense of humor; we simply had a lot of enjoyment in our work and in our social contacts. Dick Mattson was a suave New Englander who was a good administrator but did not take himself too seriously; his wife, Elly, was sophisticated and accomplished. Frank Sharbrough was a true gentleman, and his wife, Linda, was the ultimate, beautiful Southern belle. Ken Pratt was simply funny because of his attitudes and eccentricities; we had to go to one boring commander's call a month and had our choice of two dates; Ken always refused to go to the first because he reasoned that the hospital might burn down between the two sessions, and then he would have gone for nothing. Ken's wife, Ardith, was even more of a character and eccentric; she was a self-appointed detective who searched for a stolen wallet by digging into various garbage cans around base; on one occasion, when Frank Forster was visiting, and we were entertaining at our house, she was not feeling well and appeared late, wearing a nightgown and bringing with her a 3- or 4-foot tall fake whiskey bottle, made of blowup plastic. She presented this to Frank as a present and then left.

I became board eligible two years after completing residency training and applied for the examination. At that time, the exams were given only once a year (they are now given three times a year). Thus, there was a waiting period, and it was 1968 before my turn came up. I took the written exam in Houston, passed that, and then took my oral exam in Los Angeles and passed that also. It was a happy moment; I was now a diplomate of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology.

We lived in the Wherry housing section of the base, the older of the two housing areas. When we moved into the house on a hot July day, we were sweltering, since there was no air conditioning; I immediately went out and bought window air conditioners to keep us cool. While living there, central air conditioning was put in, making our window units superfluous. The reconstruction required for this modification required Ethel and the children to virtually live outside during the daytime and inside amid dirt and dust for a month; I was away for a conference for about 10 days during the worst of it and found an exhausted crew when I got home. Mary McGarrity, a Mexican-American, married to an Irishman, helped Ethel with the house work four hours a week. We occasionally went to one of the synagogues in town. Rochelle and later Ron attended Lackland Elementary School. They also attended Hebrew and Sunday school at Agudas Achim Synagogue in town. Ethel was active in the Lackland's Jewish Sisterhood and served as its President from 1963 until 1964. Valerie remained a sweet, beautiful baby. The Norman Rose family visited us once. There were no other visitors from home, but we continued to spend our vacations in Pittsburgh. We did make a few trips in the local area, including Corpus Christie, the Hill Country (and Lyndon Johnson's home) and Nuevo Laredo. At the end of my four years at Lackland, I had fulfilled my obligation in the Air Force and had nine years of active duty time, needing only eleven more for retirement at an early age. I also had an unsolicited offer to join John Calverly in Galveston. But circumstances in Pittsburgh left us little choice. We had made a number of trips from San Antonio back to Pittsburgh to visit our parents, some of them on an urgent basis when one or another of them became acutely ill. Ethel's mother had died; her father had developed multi-infarct dementia; my father had had a bad stroke, leaving him confined to a wheelchair with aphasia and right hemiplegia; my mother had become severely disabled and virtually bed-ridden by rheumatoid arthritis. Both family homes had been sold, and all three remaining parents were now permanent residents at the Jewish Home for the Aged and in need of close supervision. I resigned from the Air Force and returned to Pittsburgh in July 1968.

Private Practice

In the spring of 1968, several months before my resignation became effective, we came for a visit to Pittsburgh, and I arranged to meet Hirsh Wachs for an interview. Hirsh was a graduate of Duquesne University and Northwestern medical school, where he had earned both MD and PhD degrees. Hirsh was just two months my senior. He had spent two years in the Air Force in England and had then gone into private practice at Allegheny General Hospital, a 750-bed facility on the North Side in Pittsburgh. Originally, he joined Howard Finkelhor, an older generation neuro-psychiatrist in practice, but Finkelhor practiced more Psychiatry than Neurology and was no longer current; he and Hirsh did not mesh well, and Finkelhor left AGH, leaving Hirsh as the lone neurologist there, in need of help. Almost at our first meeting, we agreed to practice in partnership. Hirsh was a very bright neurologist and good administrator; although he was one of only three of four Jewish doctors at the hospital, he was well accepted and was kept busy. He

tended to be somewhat controlling, but our relationship was satisfactory, and Hirsh treated me very fairly in our financial arrangements; I was a full 50-50 partner on the first day on the job. Our incomes were comparable to those of most non-surgical sub-specialties, far more than I had ever earned but not exorbitant. In 1969, we changed the partnership to a private corporation, Allegheny Neurological Associates. Hirsh was President until his retirement in 1990, and then I was until my retirement in 1995; the office carried with it no special duties or responsibilities and existed purely because it was mandated for all corporate entities.

At the time of our first association, we had a very small office, provided by the hospital. There was no waiting room; patients sat in the hall. There was a very small anteroom, where a receptionist-secretary and a secretary-manager, Joan Palajsa, each had a desk. Our consultation-examining room was just big enough to hold a student desk, which served both of us, and an examining table; there were no windows. In the back, there was a laboratory, containing one EEG machine and an EMG machine, with one technician. Despite our measly accommodations, we were very busy. In addition to the inpatient consults in the hospital, we had a very active office practice. In those days, there was a scarcity of neurologists in the area; many of the smaller hospitals did not have one on staff. As a result, patients were sent to us from the entire Western Pennsylvania area. We practiced as general neurologists; in addition, in late 1968, we began caring for a large number of patients with Parkinson's disease, since we were the only ones in the area using L-Dopa as a clinical trial before its general release. We worked hard and sometimes long hours. Since AGH was, at that time, not a major teaching hospital, it had only three or four Medical residents, all Foreign Medical Graduates, at any one time. Since they were limited in what they could do, it was not unusual for us to be called at home about patient problems at various times of the day or night. Our patient population consisted mostly of middle-income people, including many industrial workers and farmers. We also took care of indigent patients in our weekly Neurology Clinic and on the wards; in the days before Medicaid, this was done as a voluntary service to the hospital and the community. Even after the introduction of Medicaid, I continued treating these patients in the Clinic, a half-day a week, without compensation, until the time of my retirement 27 years later. We taught Junior and Senior Pitt medical students and medical residents from both Pitt and AGH. I was Clinical Assistant Professor at Pitt from 1968 to 1986 and then Clinical Associate Professor from 1986 to 1993, when I was no longer eligible for an academic appointment at Pitt because of AGH's affiliation with the Medical College of Pennsylvania. From 1988 to 1990 I was Clinical Associate Professor, and from 1990 to 1995 Associate Professor at MCP. I served on a number of AGH Medical Staff committees and was Chairman of the Credentials Committee from 1985 to 1990 and of the Impaired Physicians Committee from 1990 to 1995. I also was a member of several professional societies; I became a Fellow of the American Academy of Neurology and Fellow of the American College of Physicians before attaining Senior status at the time of my retirement. I was a member of the Pittsburgh Neuroscience Society and served as its President for one year.

The practice of medicine gradually changed over the ensuing years. Pitt recruited full-time academicians and started a Neurology residency. Increasing numbers of neurologists were turned out, and many of these stayed in Western Pennsylvania. The average neurological patient was being cared for in community hospitals; mostly patients with more difficult problems were referred to us. The mission of AGH gradually changed; it became an academic institution with active research programs and ties to medical schools in Philadelphia. The physical plant was greatly improved with the construction of a new facility in 1983. The facilities and equipment within the hospital improved markedly; in 1975, it was the first institution in the area to obtain a CT scanner and, ten years later, the first to have an MRI unit.

Although practice became more competitive, we did not experience a decrease in referrals. As a matter of fact, over the years, we had to recruit other neurologists to join us and, with these additions, our office space incrementally increased, and satellite offices were added. Paul Richter was in the Air Force at Brooks AFB in San Antonio and was recommended to us by my former teacher, Ed Liske, who was in private practice there. He was with us for a number of years before he split off from us, with our blessings. Jon Brillman joined us in 1975 after completing his training at Yale; he was an extremely affable, charming person and excellent general neurologist who went on to become Chairman of the Neurology Department after Wachs' retirement and who achieved the academic title of full Professor. Patricia Jozefczyk, another general neurologist, left Pitt to join our practice; 12 years later she resigned to take a Neuro-Rehabilitation Fellowship. James Valeriano was the next member of the group; he had trained at Georgetown and had completed a Fellowship in Epilepsy there; he established a very successful epilepsy program, using experimental drugs and surgery. Next came Thomas Scott from the University of South Carolina, with special interest in multiple sclerosis; he also ran drug trials. After that came George Small, who had obtained Fellowship training in EMG. Another neurologist to join the group was Robert Kaniecki, who came from Washington University in St. Louis with a special interest in headaches, which led him quickly to the establishment of a large practice devoted to this problem; he also ran drug trials. The last neurologist to join our group prior to my retirement was David Wright, who already had a successful general neurological practice at St. Francis General Hospital and who needed help. He became full partner after one year; the other new members were salaried associates for two or three years before attaining full partnership. All the partners shared equally in the income. Just before I retired, we added a neuro-psychologist, Peter Snyder, to our group, primarily to assist with the evaluation of patients suspected of having dementia and for Wada testing on epileptics being considered for surgery. Under Jon Brillman's guidance and hard work and after our association with the Medical College of Pennsylvania (and later Hahnemann University), we started our own residency program.

Over the years, with the changing environment of medical practice, we could no longer confine our activities to the one hospital, and we joined the staffs of a

number of others, including Bellevue Suburban (later Suburban General), Divine Providence (later Mercy Providence), Rochester General, Uniontown, Sewickly Valley, Ohio Valley General, and St. Francis General Hospitals and the Allegheny Neuropsychiatric Institute (now no longer in existence). We dropped the first three gradually because of the limited availability of time. Personally, I had offices at AGH, Suburban General and Ohio Valley General Hospitals; I dropped Suburban in the mid-1990's.

We shared our inpatient duties at AGH and the other hospitals on a semi-rotating schedule. We also rotated night call and weekend call on a weekly basis. Weekend call was very difficult, since it required covering four and sometimes five hospitals, leading often to 12-15 hour workdays. AGH provided an EEG/EMG laboratory and three patient rooms for EEG/video monitoring. We all took our turns reading EEG's. Some of us did EMG's; I stopped after George Small's arrival. We did intra-operative EEG monitoring for carotid endarterectomies, and I occasionally tested Pulmonary Service patients to determine the status of the phrenic nerves by transcutaneous nerve stimulation in the neck. All of us occasionally stood in for Jim Valariano for Wada tests. Our supporting staff grew also. At the time of my retirement, there were about 20 or 30 employees at AGH and the other offices. AGH provided us with a full-time Certified Nurse Practitioner, Jacqueline ("Pat") Cavalier, who was extremely bright, energetic and resourceful. We had a full-time office manager, three billing clerks and numerous secretaries and receptionists. AGH provided us with a research assistant for the epilepsy program, an administrator for the residency program and five EEG/EMG technicians.

Over the years, I attended a number of conferences and professional meetings out of town, and Ethel accompanied me to some of these. We went to part of or the entire annual meeting of the American Neurological Association periodically. Thus, either I or both of us got to go to Minneapolis (during residency), Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Denver, San Francisco and Toronto. We went to Cleveland and Reno for special courses. A pharmaceutical company sponsored us on a trip to Naples, Florida. We attended a meeting of the World Congress of Neurology in Vancouver, Canada. Between about 1980 and 1990, my friend, Lud Gutmann, had become a high-ranking member of the American Board of Neurology and Psychiatry, and he invited me to participate in the board examinations. I was an examiner on four occasions in various locales: New York, Boston, Baltimore, and Chicago.

Hirsh retired from our group in 1990, when he turned 59½, making him eligible for withdrawal of money from his retirement funds. I wanted to continue practicing; however, I had had some health problems and was no longer able to tolerate the stresses of night and weekend call. I told my partners I no longer wanted to participate in the call schedule and that I would be willing to take a cut in my share of the earnings if I could continue to practice without these duties. I also told them that it was my plan to retire at age 65. They not only accepted my request

but also refused to cut my pay. Thus, during my last five years of practice, I had the privilege of working a five-day week without night call. On October 30, 1995, a week before my 65th birthday, I retired. The hospital sponsored a retirement reception for me and presented me with a tabletop grandfather type clock. The office had a big retirement dinner for me at Christopher's Restaurant on Mt. Washington; the entire ANA staff, our children and their spouses, Norman Rose and Roberta Weiss also attended; I presented each of my partners and associates with a small token, a money clip, and I also presented a small gift to several of the staff with whom I had worked closely.

Home Life, 1968-present

When we returned to Pittsburgh from San Antonio in 1968, we moved into a house at 5855 Raleigh Street in Squirrel Hill. Ethel's cousin, Nathan Watzman, who had just moved from there to the DC area, owned the house. We stayed there for six months. We contemplated buying the house from him, but it would have needed extensive remodeling, and so we decided against it. A distant relative of mine, Martin Stern, was a residential realtor and showed us several houses, including the one we bought and still occupy at 5474 Fair Oaks Street, also in Squirrel Hill, conveniently located for easy access to the Squirrel Hill shopping area, the Oakland college and museum areas and the Shadyside boutiques and restaurants. The Blumenthal family, who owned the house before us, were the original owners. They had modernized the kitchen and, because the wife was ill, they had added to the rear of the house a paneled family room, which was used as her bedroom, and an adjoining full bath. We remodeled the master bedroom and the two bathrooms on the second floor. Except for adding central air conditioning to the first floor, putting in ceiling fans on the other floors, replacing carpeting, repainting, adding railing to the driveway/walkway, redecorating, carrying out other routine maintenance, etc., we have not had to make any major changes since then.

We were blessed by having wonderful neighbors. On the one side lived the Gales. Richard was a non-practicing Jew originally from New York; he taught Philosophy at Pitt. Maya was Japanese by birth; she taught pottery and excelled at the culinary arts, making her a superb hostess. The Gales had children close in age to ours, and there resulted instant friendships, especially between Valerie, who was four years old when we moved in, and Julia, who was three; they have remained close friends. Ron befriended Andy, who was slightly older, and Larry, slightly younger. Richard and Maya continue to occupy the house at the time of this writing. Through the years, the Gales included us in many of their social affairs at home. They also owned a summerhouse on Parry Sound in Canada; Valerie spent time with them there several years; Ron did so also.

On the other side lived the Mulvihills. Mead was an attorney and city solicitor. Peggy was an activist, involved in PTA's and other similar organizations, a number of which she headed at one time or another. Just a few months before we moved in, their oldest son, Meade III, had died of meningitis at age 16. They had

three other children. David was a few years older than any of ours. Bobby was Rochelle's age; they were casual friends. Susie was Ron's age; she befriended Valerie also. We spent almost every Christmas eve with them for their open house. We also visited them at their summer house in Jennerstown. A few years ago, the Mulvihills sold their house to George and Alexandra Kusic, who also have been wonderful neighbors.

All three of our children attended and graduated from Wightman Elementary School, within easy walking distance from our house. Rochelle then attended and graduated from Taylor Allderdice High School in 1976. Ron started in Allderdice also but did not like it, and he transferred to Shady Side Academy in Fox Chapel, a private coed school, commuting by school bus, graduating in 1979. Valerie went from Wightman to Ellis School, a private girls' school, in the fifth grade, but she did not like it there and transferred to Allderdice in the tenth grade, graduating in 1982. Throughout her teen years, she took ballet lessons. All of our children also attended and graduated from the Tree of Life Sunday School. Ron completed Hebrew School and had his Bar Mitzvah there.

We have had a number of pets. First were gerbils, which varied at any one time from two to thirty in number, depending on their fertility and their infanticidal tendencies. They resided in cages in the basement but occasionally got loose, causing hunt-and-chase episodes which sometimes ended with a portion of tail breaking off when caught there. Then came a cat, Rusty, friendlier than Fluffy had been. She died of "old age" after a number of years. On Father's Day in 1983, Valerie and Julia, having obtained Ethel's approval (and money), presented me with a little bundle of white fur, a Samoyed puppy, whom we named Pia. She remained our very beloved pet until 1994. She had become befuddled and confused, sometimes standing in a corner and facing the wall for unclear reasons, and she had developed a malignancy of the skull, at which point we had her euthanized. We would have liked to replace her, but both Ethel and I felt that we needed more freedom to travel and that our ages and the states of our health no longer permitted us to give another dog the care needed.

Ethel and I have had some health problems. Ethel has had occasional chest pain and recurrent episodes of very rapid heart beat; she has been diagnosed to have mitral valve prolapse and proxysmal supraventricular tachycardia, and she takes medication to keep these problems under control. I had a major myocardial infarction in 1974; several months later, I had a triple coronary bypass done by Dr. George Magovern; I had smaller MI's in 1980 and 1982; I take multiple medications for this and for hypercholesterolemia and hypertension. As a result of these problems, both of us have been limited in our ability to exert ourselves. But we have been able to live a normal life in all other respects.

In addition to keeping house and attending to our own children, Ethel had thrust upon her some of the responsibilities of looking after her brother Norman's four children after their mother, Beatrice, died at age 41 in 1973. Ethel was also

involved in some organizational activities, initially as a member of Pioneer Women/Naamat and later in the Tree of Life Sisterhood, where she has served in a number of offices, and has helped to organize several fund-raising events. In 1988, she became very active in the Tree of Life's program to save Soviet Jews and assist them on arrival in America. Ethel's efforts were recognized at the annual meeting of the United Jewish Fund in 1989. She served on the Tree of Life Board of Trustees from 1989 to 1992.

As early as 1956, Ethel obtained some college credits by attending Pitt night school. After I had my first MI, we decided that it would be wise for her to return to school to get a baccalaureate degree in case it would be financially necessary for her to go back to work. She matriculated at Carlow College in 1976 and graduated near the top of her class in 1982 with a Bachelor of Science degree in Nursing. She also took several refresher courses over the next few years. In the late 1980's and early 1990's, she worked at St. Clair Council Care, an adult day care center, first as a volunteer and later as a paid employee. In 1990, she was given the Council Care's Selma Ruttenberg Award for her volunteer work.

All our children obtained college and post-graduate degrees. Rochelle attended Duquesne University and graduated from there in 1981 with a degree in Music Therapy/Education; she then obtained a Master's degree in School Psychology from Kent State University in 1986. Ron went to Franklin and Marshall College for one year and then transferred to Carnegie Mellon University, where he obtained a bachelor's degree in Public Policy in 1984; he then graduated from the Villanova University School of Law in 1988. Valerie attended Ohio University (Athens, Ohio) for one year and then transferred to the University of Pittsburgh for her bachelor's degree; she later obtained a Master's degree in Movement/Dance Therapy from Hahnemann University (Philadelphia).

At various times during their school years, all of our children had part-time or summer jobs, and after completing schooling, full-time jobs. Rochelle was resident assistant at several group homes for persons with mental disabilities. Since obtaining her Master's degree, she has been working as a school psychologist in the Canton, Ohio, area. Ron has always been extremely industrious; at various times he worked as a bank-teller, short order cook, entrepreneur (running a used car "flea market" in the garage of Allegheny Center mall once a week), computer printer salesman and caterer. After graduating from law school, he went to work for law firms in both Palo Alto, California, and Philadelphia. Since then he has been in the solo practice of Intellectual Property Law, operating out of his home; he also has done contractual work for a firm in Philadelphia; he has written articles for law journals and lay publications; and he has co-authored and edited a technical book for lawyers. After obtaining her Master's degree, Valerie worked at Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia and then returned to Pittsburgh and worked as movement therapist and psychotherapist at the Western Psychiatric Institute and Clinic, both on the inpatient and outpatient services.

Rochelle met her future husband David Coleman while they were students at Duquesne University. They moved first to North Royalton (Cleveland), Ohio, where they lived with David's grandmother, Lucy Szmuc, and then to Kent Ohio. Rochelle and David attended Kent State University, where she obtained her Master's degree and he his PhD in Psychology in 1987. They gave Ethel only three weeks' notice to put together plans for a wedding and reception. They were married in our house on April 4, 1987, Judge Nathan Schwartz officiating. There followed a reception at the Hyatt Regency Chatham Center, Pittsburgh. Approximately fifty people were invited, about half from the eastern Ohio area. A very heavy, unseasonable snowfall kept many from attending. Rochelle and David moved to Kent, Ohio, and then to the Canton area. David has worked as a Clinical Psychologist for an agency that deals with problem children and their families, and he also has been in private practice. Rochelle works for one of the nearby school districts as school psychologist. Their daughters, Jessica Zara and Rachel Samantha were born on January 30, 1988, and July 17, 1991, respectively. They have been the owners of dogs (Chauncey, Candy, and currently Prizzy and Molly), guinea pigs, birds, fish, etc.

Ron met his future wife, Ann Krasnowiecki, while they were both students at Villanova Law School. He graduated in 1988, a year before she did, and stayed in the Philadelphia area but then moved to Palo Alto for about a year. He then returned to Philadelphia, and he and Ann were married at the Kennedy-Supplee mansion-restaurant on October 24, 1992. On Nov. 29, we had a reception at the Pittsburgh Hyatt Regency Chatham Center for those friends and relatives who had been unable to attend the wedding ceremony itself. Ron and Ann both pursued their law careers after graduation; while Ron has continued doing so, Ann switched to working as a claims adjuster for a secondary insurance company and has attained a managerial position. They have been devoted to animal rights causes in general and to the care of their dogs, Bill , Tucker and Bowman, in particular.

Valerie met her future husband, Will Musser, while she was working at WPIC and he was a resident in Psychiatry there. He finished his Psychiatry training and also took two years of Neurology residency at the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center. They married at the DoubleTree Hotel, Pittsburgh, on May 4, 1996, distant cousin Judge Max Baer officiating. On March 11, 1998, Ethan Joel was born. Will finished his Neurology training in Rochester, NY, and then they moved to Bangor, ME, where he worked in a private practice setting. Since that time, they have returned to Pittsburgh. Will worked for a year for UPMC as Neurologist for a year and then resigned and practiced Psychiatry for one year before opening his own office as Neurologist. Claudia Renee was born on Aug. 2, 2002.

Among my post-retirement activities has been the construction of a family tree and reunification with members of my extended family, who are scattered to many parts of the world, including the USA, Israel, Brazil, Canada and Australia. A second cousin, Susan Weikers-Volchok, became interested in this effort and

arranged a family reunion in Philadelphia in October 1998. The event was attended by forty or fifty people from the USA and Brazil. All of our immediate family attended. I also continued maintaining the stamp collection that was started by my grandfather and carried on by my father until recently giving it to Rochelle. I have done volunteer cataloging work at the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania. Ethel and I are members of A.L.L. (the Academy of Lifelong Learning) at Carnegie Mellon University; they offer courses of various kinds to senior citizens. We have gone to two Elderhostels, one in Saugerties, NY, and one in Uniontown, Pa.

Through the years, we have taken many trips. We took Rochelle with us to Washington, DC, in 1959. As already noted, during our years in the Air Force, we spent almost all our vacations in Pittsburgh, making only short local trips in between. Our children accompanied us to Massachusetts and Cape Cod (1971), Florida (1971), Hilton Head (1972), Atlantic City (1973 and 1975), Annapolis and Richmond (1976), Niagara Falls (1977) and Toronto (1977). Ethel and I made trips to San Francisco (1975), New England (1981), San Francisco/Yosemite/Reno (1983), Israel (1984), Philadelphia (1985), Italy (1986), Germany (1986), Great Britain (1987), the Hudson Valley, San Francisco (1990), the National Parks in the western USA (1998) and Spain (2000). The most enjoyable vacations have been those that brought together our entire family: Disney World (1991) and Niagara Falls (1994). There have also been many get-togethers in our home and in the homes of our children.