

WINICK - COHN FAMILY HISTORY



BY
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MINTZ

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written by

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THE COHNS

My mother, Ida (Chaika), was born on October 7, 1890. (This date is an approximation since only Hebrew calendars were used by the Jews in Europe. They remembered birth dates by relating them to their proximity to Jewish holidays, to family events, etc. My mother decided that October 7 was the most accurate she could determine.) Ida lived with her large family in a tiny shtetl or village in eastern Poland called Suvalkin.

The village had barracks that housed the occupying Russian soldiers, making the village Jews especially vulnerable during a pogrom. Fifty years after she left Europe, my mother's eyes would still widen and she would get a frightened look on her face when she talked about pogroms.

The family's name was Cohn. My mother's parents were orthodox. Her mother, Chava (Eva), wore a white kerchief on her head until she died. On Saturdays she wore a brown wig called a sheitl. (The wig was worn by orthodox married women to hide their beauty to avoid tempting men.) She lit candles every Friday evening, my mother did so only when my grandmother visited us. We called my grandmother Bubby ("grandmother" is "bubba" in Russian). She was tiny, about 4 feet 10 inches, and very quiet. When she visited us, she spoke mostly to my mother. She died at the age of 93; until the day she died she knew everyone and spoke clearly and coherently.

My grandfather, Mendel, was a handsome man whose trade was blacksmithing. He taught the trade to his son, Abram. My grandfather died in 1916, I believe, after the family came to the United States. All the Minnies and Maxies in the family were named after him.

Besides Abram and Ida, the other Cohn children were Nathan, Joe, Shenke, Dave and Jack. The family came to the U. S. in 1906, leaving behind only Shenke, the oldest who was married. She and her family followed shortly. Joe moved to Detroit and established a branch of the family there, I never saw him. One of his daughters, Sylvia, kept in touch with the New York family and visited occasionally. She was a teacher in the Detroit public schools.

Nathan married a lady named Sophie. When their son, Joe, was a year old, Nathan served in the Spanish-American War and was killed. Sophie married Meyer Tipograph, who adopted Joe, and this started the Tipograph branch of the family. Joe kept in close touch with his father's relatives and was always known as "Little Joe" (to distinguish him from Detroit Joe) although he was tall and handsome.

Tante Shenke and Uncle Abram married a brother (Caseel) and a sister (Ida) of a family named Cohen. Later, a third member of that family (Sarah) would marry my father's brother, Morris. Because the three families (Cohn, Cohen and Winick) intermarried, we saw the same faces at all family affairs: everybody was related to each other either through the father or the mother.

My mother contributed to the family subsistence in Europe by sewing. Besides making dresses, she made and embroidered fancy

blouses for the rich Poles in the neighborhood. Both my mother and father spoke Polish fluently and used to communicate with each other in Polish when they didn't want us children to understand what they were saying. They also had a smattering of Russian.

My mother's only recollection of the trip to the U. S. was of dreadful seasickness. The Cohns settled in the lower East Side of Manhattan, where all the immigrants of the time lived. They later moved to Harlem, 59 East 104th Street. (Harlem at that time was middle-class white.) Ida got a job in a dress factory and went to evening school to learn to read and write English. She made all her own clothes, including her wedding dress.

Uncle Abram and Aunt Ida lived in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, where Uncle shod horses. I remember visiting them at 415 Rodney Street where there was a big, open, cobblestoned area. The horse would stand patiently while Uncle Abram hammered the shoe. Uncle was gentle and soft-spoken, very intelligent, and always very kind and loving to me. He had a large family (four girls and one boy) and they were all very ambitious, hardworking, upwardly mobile children. All went to college. The oldest daughter, Rae, married Ben Kaufman who owned a kosher delicatessen in Williamsburg. (How we loved to visit them!)

The second daughter, Sarah, became a school administrator and married Lou Finkelstein; they had one daughter who became a doctor. The third daughter, Jean, married Lew Kaplan. The fourth daughter, Marion (originally Minnie), worked for the Board of Education in some capacity or other. She was very friendly with

my sister Annie, and they kept in touch with each other for many years. Marion's first marriage ended in divorce; her second took her to Fresno, California. I don't remember what line of work Maxie was in.

My Tante Shenke was my special favorite. Since she was my mother's only sister, I always felt she was almost a second mother to me. She and Uncle Caseel were very hospitable and were really the center of the family. They had five children, and it was always a lively household.

Tante's oldest daughter, Rae, married Jack Cooper, a fair, tall, goodlooking man who laid floor linoleum for a living. They and their two children, Roslyn and Norman, lived in the same building as Tante. Cousin Irene married Victor Bloom, who worked as a typesetter for the New York Evening Sun. Victor was friendly and outgoing and the most assimilated Jew I had ever seen. He and Irene moved to Deer Park, L. I., in the early '30's where Victor established the first volunteer Fire Department in the town. His contributions to the town's welfare won him many awards.

A third child of Tante's, Dave, worked in the garment industry and eventually became quite comfortable. He married an elegant blonde young lady, named Fanny, who was very shy and rarely spoke to us. Tante's youngest child, Mae (also originally Minnie), was very pretty and traumatized the family by marrying Irish Joe Cooney. At first, her orthodox parents refused to speak to her but eventually they got used to the idea, and Mae and Joe came home to live. Joe was so kind and good-hearted that everybody loved him. I remember that he was especially kind to my Bubby (who lived with Tante Shenke) and used to carry her when

she was too weak to walk. Mae and Joe now live in Hollywood, Florida. Their son, Bobby, is married and lives in Maryland. Tante had a fifth child, Nat (named after the Nathan who died in the Spanish-American War), who was tall and lively and handsome; he died in his early 20's.

My Uncle Dave served in WW I at U. S. Headquarters in France. He lived in Bensonhurst where he owned what was called a "hand laundry." He was married to Becky (the only non-Cohen relation), an attractive divorcee or widow who had two grown sons from her previous marriage. Dave and Becky had non-identical twin boys called Maxie and Jakie. Jack became a lawyer and married Janet; they live in Huntington, L. I. now. Maxie died of Lou Gehrig's disease, I believe, contracted during World War II. Uncle Dave owned his own home and was considered prosperous, but he worked very hard in the laundry. My mother always worried about how hard he worked.

Uncle Jack also served in World War I. He was a mechanic in the 9th Air Force. He was wounded several times and had a metal plate in his head; he came out of the war an alcoholic. He lived for a while with Tante Shenke and then moved out. Uncle Jack would show up every few years, and in the early 50's he appeared at my mother's house at 106 Christopher Street in Brooklyn after my father died. Jack moved in with Mama, but eventually they disagreed and he moved out. He died about 1978 and is buried in the National Cemetery in Pinelawn, L. I.

"Little Joe" was a tall, goodlooking, charming man whom my mother adored. When he and Ruth, his wife, visited us, my mother's face would light up and her cheeks would get pink. She

would be in good humor for the rest of the day. Joe and Ruth had two children, Norman (married to Doris Modell and living now in Hewlett Harbor, L. I.) and Joan (married and divorced from Seymour Yankus).

THE WINICKS

My father, Nathan (Nochum), was born in 1882 on a small farm in Skidel, a town in eastern Poland. This area had been taken over by czarist Russia and was occupied by Russian soldiers. The family name was Wynychyj (pronounced Vinitzky). Nathan lived with his parents and his older brother, Morris. Their father, Lazar, was a tyrant who beat the boys mercilessly. Not surprisingly, Nathan hated and feared his father. Nathan had a humped shoulder which he ascribed to his beatings. He did not smoke and when I asked him why, he replied that the beating he got when his father caught him smoking behind the barn was enough to discourage smoking for a lifetime.

Nathan adored Chana, his mother, but unfortunately she died when the boys were young. Lazar then married a widow with two daughters. The boys disliked the new family members. (One of the stepsisters survived the Holocaust and somehow or other obtained my mother's address. She wrote to her from Israel in 1948 after my father died.)

When Nathan was in his teens, he was apprenticed to a cobbler in Grodno, the nearest large city in Poland. Here he joined the embryo Socialist movement and became a political activist. He participated in the abortive uprising of 1905 against the Czar and was forced to flee Grodno. He lived in the

woods, hiding from the Cossacks. Eventually, he made his way to Germany where he set sail for the United States in 1907.

(Although his passport states that Nathan served two years in the czarist army, I doubt whether this is correct for two reasons:

(1) He never mentioned army service and (2) no Jew ever came out of the Czar's army alive. I believe that a passport would not have been issued unless he had served and he simply lied about it.)

At about this time, there was a deliberate effort on the part of a group of rich Jews in the U. S. to divert the ever-growing number of Jewish immigrants to ports other than New York, since the city was becoming severely overcrowded with the fast-arriving Jews. Some ships were chosen to dock in Galveston, Texas, and Nathan was on one of them. When he landed, the immigration officer changed his name to Winick. Nathan did not like Galveston and soon came to New York City where there were many people he knew.

Papa's brother, Morris, married Sarah Cohen, sister of Uncle Caseel and Aunt Ida. Morris and Sarah owned a house at 1720 East 5th Street in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. They had three children: Anna (named after Nathan's and Morris's mother) who died of leukemia, I believe, at the age of 16, Rose and Abe. Uncle Morris owned a coat factory and was the proverbial rich uncle that every family seems to have. The only time my sister and I rode in a car was when he took us for a ride. I used to love to visit them in their spacious sunny apartment where Rosie had her own room and there was always lots of delicious things to eat. Uncle Morris took us to Jones Beach shortly after it opened,

and I remember feeling bewildered by the whole experience.

Uncle Morris used to supply my mother with fabrics so that she could make skirts and coats for us. She even made suits for some of her grandsons from materials that she got from Uncle.

After Aunt Sarah died, Morris married a younger woman named Anna, a widow with two daughters. There was much dissension in that family thereafter, with Abe and Rose on one side and Anna and her daughters on the other.

Rosie was close to my sister's age, but they were not really friendly. Rose married a bank clerk named Irving Gruber, a quiet, attractive young man. I think Rose's parents would have preferred her to marry someone with more money.

When Abie was a little boy in school, he had a fight with a classmate over a pen. The point of the pen landed in Abie's eye, and he had a glass eye ever after. He was graduated from New York University and married Mary, a nice friendly young woman. They became champion bridge players and participated in many tournaments. They had no children of their own, but adopted a cute, lively little boy named Danny. Abe worked with his father in the coat factory for a while and then went into insurance and real estate where he did very well. He lived with his family in the Manhattan Beach section of Brooklyn.

My father was short (5' 3") with black hair, light blue eyes, a short wide nose, and a well-shaped mouth. He was highly intelligent, cultured, with decided opinions on everything, very liberal politically, an atheist, and played a great game of chess. We always called him "Fapa," never Pa or Pop or Dad.

My mother was 4' 11" with silky, wavy, black hair that she

wore in a bun at the back of her head, brown eyes, short straight nose, thin lips and small even teeth. She was quite pretty. We always called her "Mama" or Ma.

My mother's parents gave an engagement party for my mother and father on February 22, 1914 (I have the invitation), and they were married on August 9 of that year. My grandmother did not care for her future son-in-law, and the coldness between them persisted until Bubby died. My father had a candy stand on upper Eighth Avenue in Manhattan, in Harlem. Anna was born on June 25, 1916. Papa adored her because she looked like his mother (he said) and was named after her.

In the post-World War I Depression of 1918 my father gave up the candy stand, and the family came to live with Tante Shenke at 448 Bradford Street in Brooklyn. This was in the East New York section (the eastern end of Brooklyn, not far from the Queens border) and was almost rural then. I was born there on December 25, 1918 when the family was probably at its poorest. I was born at home because they couldn't afford the hospital.

Papa then bought a shoe repair shop at 1647 First Avenue in Manhattan (probably with money borrowed from Uncle Morris). The neighborhood was called Yorkville, and we were practically the only Jews. We lived in a railroad flat in a tenement over the store. (A "railroad flat" has rooms in a straight row with windows in the first room and last room only. The in-between rooms are windowless.) The toilet was in the hall for use by several tenants, there was a bathtub in the kitchen, and there was no heat except for the coal stove in the kitchen. (I can still hear my mother complaining about taking out the ashes!) We

had three rooms; the center room, which had no outside window, had a "window" cut out of the wall leading to the front room. My sister and I shared a bed in the center room, and my parents had the front room. The flat and the hallway (which was always so dark you could scarcely see where the stairs were) were lit by gaslight.

We lived in Yorkville until 1924 when my father had to leave the store because of a disagreement with the landlord about the lease. I hated to leave P. S. 184 where I loved my teachers, all Irish spinsters. They loved my mother, who used to give them hand-embroidered gifts for Christmas. (It was customary in those days for every child to bring a gift to teacher at Christmas. It was very important in determining your relationship with your teacher for the balance of the term.)

We moved back to the East New York section of Brooklyn, 347 Hinsdale Street, where we had a four-room apartment in a four-story tenement, rather slummy and not as pleasant as Bradford Street. Our relative prosperity was due to Papa's job at the I. Miller shoe factory in Long Island City. Although this apartment had a bathroom, hot water, and electricity, it did not have central heating. We kept the apartment warm by turning on the kitchen range. The floor linoleum in the bedroom was icy cold on winter mornings. The kitchen had an icebox of course, not a refrigerator; disaster struck when Mama forgot to empty the basin under the icebox.

There was a public library near us to which Annie and I went every Saturday morning. This was the beginning of Annie's and my passion for reading. Although the bedroom light was turned

off, Annie would keep a book under the covers and read by the light coming from the dining room, when we were supposed to be asleep. I used to read in the kitchen near the gas range to keep warm. The oven door would be kept open for the heat to come out, and there was always a small pot of water on top of the range for humidity. One evening I sat on a chair with my feet propped on the open door of the range when the whole stove tipped over, splashing me with boiling water. (Needless to say, I never sat that way again!)

Life in Hinsdale street was quite pleasant. My mother's health was good except for excruciating headaches every few weeks. She would put a cold compress around her head and walk through the house sometimes moaning all night. My sister and I would just stare at her, helplessly, until the attack passed. At night Mama's beautiful hair was loosely plaited down her back. She "bobbed" her hair in 1930. She was very good to us, and always tried to intercede when we were in Papa's bad graces. For a treat she used to bring us a glass of milk and a penny stick of Hershey's chocolate after we were in bed.

For entertainment in the summer our parents took us to Coney Island. We wore our bathing suits under our dresses and just took off our dresses when we got there. There was a trolley car with open sides that went to Coney Island; it was a delight. Some Sunday afternoons we visited aunts and uncles, especially Tante Shenke and Uncle Caseel where the whole family used to congregate. All the cousins played together while the grownups sat around the big dining room table which always had a snow-white tablecloth on it. They ate and drank innumerable cups

of tea. After Tante Shenke moved from Bradford Street to 2798 Fulton Street, near Van Siclen Avenue, the children entertained themselves by leaning out of the front windows, watching the elevated trains stop at the Van Siclen Avenue station. The whole house shook when a train passed. The el was taken down in 1941, and the steel was used in the war effort.

Mama and Papa were great believers in the value of museums and we were taken there frequently. Some summer afternoons we went to Central Park or Prospect Park, especially when the Goldman Band gave outdoor concerts.

I have no recollection of going to the movies at this time, but we did go to an occasional performance at a Jewish theatre. We did not have a phonograph, as most Jewish families of the period had. My cousin Irene took me to my first "talkie" movie.

In the summer we went to "the country" for a couple of weeks, either to New Jersey or the Catskills. Once we spent a week at a hotel, but usually we went to a resort where my mother did her own cooking. My father came up on weekends. Once when we came home from the country, Papa had a surprise for us. He had bought a colored glass lamp for the dining room table. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful.

In the winter we played in the snow. Snow would be heaped along the curb in huge piles. Enterprising boys would climb to the top of a pile and make a slide by pouring water down it which froze and made a very satisfactory slide indeed.

Papa used to bring home shoes from I. Miller for my mother, if there was some special occasion like a wedding. She had tiny feet (size 4) and had difficulty getting fitted.

Mama made all of Annie's and my clothes, as well as her own, and she was an expert at knitting, crocheting, and embroidering. Her sewing was so good that she could copy any style she was shown. She never used a pattern but could design the prettiest dresses and coats herself. She detested housework and did as little as she could get away with. She supervised our homework every evening and gave us whatever help she could. When I had to memorize a poem, she would "hear me out." When I had a project, she was eager to help and had good ideas.

I was supposed to play the part of a flower in a school play in the first grade, and Mama made my costume. She made the dress out of purple crepe paper, with a puffy skirt of "petals." Around my head she put a circlet of purple and yellow ribbons with streamers down the back. The costume was the hit of the play, and I kept it for a long time. I finally had to throw it out because it fell apart from being handled so much.

Papa worked very hard in the I. Miller factory and had a long trip home on the subway. He got home exhausted and went right to bed after eating supper and reading the Jewish Daily Forward. He loved us dearly, but he was very quick-tempered and demanded instant obedience to a command and instant response to a question. He never hit us, never even threatened to hit us, but he would scowl dreadfully and raise his voice to scold. He frightened me into submission, but Annie would answer back which infuriated him.

Both parents became naturalized citizens -- Papa in 1923 and Mama in 1940. Both voted every year, were liberal politically, and were atheists.

Lester was born on May 2, 1927 and was named after Papa's father. His name was suggested by a fellow-worker of Papa's, and we all thought it was great. Les was a beautiful baby and was adored by everybody. My father especially used to dote on him, and called him his "kaddishel." (When a Jew dies, kaddish is said for him every day for a year by his son. If there is no son, a stranger has to do it. The kaddishel is the one who does the praying. Papa was kidding when he called Lester his kaddishel. Lester was not even bar mitzvah'd and was never sent to any Jewish school.)

I used to love to take care of my beautiful baby brother and was delighted when my mother let me push him in his carriage. He was not a good baby and developed the frightening habit of holding his breath and turning purple (literally) when he cried. (Oddly enough, Lester's son, Norman, and his son, Benjamin, did the same thing when they were little, as did my son, Daniel.)

In 1927 my father was laid off by I. Miller, and my parents decided to buy a candy store in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn at 1805 Pitkin Avenue, near Stone. There was no apartment available in the building, and they had to rent an apartment across the street at 1798 Pitkin Avenue on the third floor. This made a difficult situation even more complicated because my mother had to stay in the store while my father had his meals and his afternoon nap. (Store hours were 6 a.m. to midnight, seven days a week. The exception was the day of Yom Kippur, when the store was closed until sundown in deference to our neighbors who observed Jewish law and tradition.) The crossing of a busy thoroughfare and climbing three flights of

stairs several times a day was a terrible nuisance. The apartment had three rooms, so my sister and I slept on an open-up couch in the "living room", and Lester shared my parents' bedroom. The place was always a mess.

The population of Brownsville was mostly Jewish, with a scattering of Russians, Poles, and Italians. In the summer the streets were crowded with people who sat outside because it was too hot in their little apartments. Most of the people were Democrats, but there was a considerable proportion of radicals who made speeches on the street corners almost every evening. Years later we discovered that gangsters (Murder, Inc.) were also an important segment of the Brownsville population, but we were unaware of them at the time. There was very little street crime, and my friends and I rode the subways freely, coming home in the dark with no fear.

There were no trees or grass for miles around, but the streets were good playgrounds. We played hopscotch and jumped rope and the boys played stickball, handball, and stoopball. When we got older, we traveled with our friends to Coney Island (where Steeplechase and Luna Park were the big attractions), to Prospect Park and Central Park, and to all the museums.

Most of the food shopping was done on Belmont Avenue, one block from Pitkin Avenue, where there were still pushcarts. My mother purchased her meat from a kosher butcher; I was sent every Thursday to buy $3/4$ of a pound of chopped meat (for the five of us!). Years later, when I bought my first hamburger, I was astounded to find that other people ate hamburgers that were exclusively meat without the eggs or bread that my mother always

added to extend the meat. Another culinary shocker came after I was married and read a recipe for fried chicken and discovered that it started with raw chicken. Our "fried chicken" always started with the pieces left over from Friday night's boiled chicken which my mother fried in a little chicken fat for Saturday's meal.

Summer evenings we strolled on Pitkin Avenue, window shopping mostly, but also to meet friends and acquaintances who were doing the same thing. We called it "the Avenue," and there were some really very elegant shops to which people came from all over the city. When we went to Manhattan, we called it "the City"; there we shopped on 14th Street for the bargains that S. Klein and Ohrbach's offered.

Both parents worked like dogs to earn a subsistence-level living from the store. Besides the long hours spent standing on their feet, the work was physically demanding because of the heavy cases of soda, cases of cigarettes and candy that had to be lugged from the wholesaler, etc. Annie and I helped a bit after school, but my recollection is that we spent more time in reading the magazines than in waiting on customers. I was supremely knowledgeable about the private lives of every movie star from reading all the fan magazines that were published at the time.

One of the annoying things about the candy store was the telephone. None of our neighbors could afford to have a phone at home, so it was the accepted procedure for our customers to give the store's number (Dickens 2-8006, the telephone booth in the store) to all their friends and relatives. When a neighbor got a call, she had to be informed so that she could come down to take

it. The going rate was two cents for the kid who called her down. Some kids used to hang around the store waiting for the privilege. (Since I was the daughter of the "owner" of the telephone, I seldom got tipped.) If the apartment house had bells that worked, you rang the bell and hollered "Telephone!" up the hall. If the bell didn't work, you had to go upstairs to the lady's apartment to notify her. After a while, my father instituted a system where three rings on the bell meant "Telephone," so at least the shouting was eliminated in some buildings. Once I did actually get a nickel because the lady got a job offer on the call. If my father was alone in the store, he had to leave the store unattended while he went out to ring the bell.

One of our Russian neighbors had a beautiful blonde daughter who was picked up by limousine two or three evenings a week. Her calls also came to the store telephone until my father called a halt; then she got her own phone. Her younger sister was my friend, and she and I would station ourselves outside the hall door to watch her come out to the car, dressed in her breathtaking finery.

The store did poorly because of the Depression, but my parents didn't dare to sell it because there was no viable alternative. Down the block was the Hebrew Free Loan Society which lent money without interest to needy Jews. The Director was our customer, and we were his. The little payment book was forever active: no sooner was one loan paid off than another was started.

Annie and I went to Franklin K. Lane High School, about

three miles from home, taking 15 cents a day -- 5 cents for carfare each way and 5 cents for milk. We carried a sandwich from home. Sometimes we walked to school to save the nickel. Annie took a "commercial course," and I took what was called a "general course" which was really college prep.

When my sister was graduated, she promptly got a job as a secretary in a lawyer's office in the corner building, where the lawyer was our customer. Annie was very pretty, with straight black hair, classical features, a beautiful mouth, and small even teeth. (She was thought to resemble Helen Mack, a minor film actress of the time.) She was very bright and quick, and had no trouble keeping her job. (The \$5 per week that she was paid to start was handed right over to my father.)

Annie had a stormy relationship with Papa. He had no sympathy whatever with her needs or desires. She was beginning to date and wanted "luxuries" like lipstick and nailpolish just as her girl friends had. The ten cents that a lipstick cost at Woolworth's was simply beyond my father's means, and the family felt like an armed camp for years while Annie and Papa battled. They even stopped talking to each other for several months. My mother used to say that Annie and Papa were too much alike, but I think he would have been more tolerant and more generous and understanding if only he could have afforded it.

Despite the terrible poverty, my parents managed to scrape together 50 cents a week for me to take piano lessons. The piano was given to us by a neighbor who was going to discard it. We kept it in the kitchen for lack of any other space. I believe Annie resented (with some justification, in retrospect) my piano

lessons.

One summer afternoon, when I was about fourteen, my mother and I visited Bubby in Unity Hospital in East New York. She had broken a hip (I think) and had been taken to the hospital by Joe Cooney. To save carfare we walked, although the heat was intense and the distance was considerable. We walked slowly on the shady side of the street, my mother carrying a package of food for Bubby. I had never been inside a hospital and had no idea what to expect. We were directed to the ward in which Bubby lay, a huge room with faded green walls. Each of the two long walls was lined with at least a dozen white metal bedsteads. There were two or three small windows, open and unscreened, at the far end of the room.

We walked through the ward, looking in each bed for my little Bubby. We found her with a leg raised in traction, held up by what seemed to me to be a modern instrument of torture. The room was very hot; flies buzzed about; there was a nauseating stench of disinfectant; there were no chairs for visitors. My mother and I stood by the bed while she and Bubby conversed in rapid Yiddish. Suddenly the appalling scene overwhelmed me and I fainted. When I awoke, I was lying on a couch in the hospital lobby surrounded by nurses, doctors, and my worried mother. She soon returned to Bubby, and I rested for another while on the couch. Then I went back into the ward, we said goodbye to Bubby, and left. We took the trolley home.

Annie married Jack Krasnitz in 1934 when she was 18. Jack was always pleasant and good-natured and very active in the painters' union and in radical politics. Jack was leader of the

"rank and file" movement in the union, opposed to "Jake the Bum," the corrupt business agent. After a long, hard struggle, sometimes involving real battles, Jack was elected Business Agent. Jack and Annie had many good friends and were very popular. They enjoyed a busy, rather hand-to-mouth existence, and always seemed to be having a good time.

It was difficult for Jack to get work because of the Depression and because of his union activities. Conditions got very bad in 1935, and they moved in with us for a short time. (I cannot recall how we all fitted into that tiny apartment, or where we all slept. I do remember that it was uncomfortable for everybody and that I quarreled constantly with Annie.) Eventually Annie and Jack got an apartment in Brownsville, on Howard Avenue, then on Tapscott Street. Martin was born on March 19, 1936, a darling blond blue-eyed baby whom we all adored. Ronnie was born five years later on Feb. 12, 1941, beautiful enough to be stopped and admired by strangers on the street. Annie became an excellent cook, housekeeper, and mother, and I used to like to go to her house to visit or to babysit. During the war years, Jack worked as a steamfitter in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and money ceased to be a problem.

I was graduated from Franklin K. Lane High School in 1934 and was admitted to Brooklyn College (one of four city colleges whose only criterion for admission was high grades) at the age of 15. I majored in psychology with a minor in kindergarten education.

Just before my 17th birthday, in December of 1935, I was introduced to Philip Mintz by Jack at the home of friend. Phil

had been invited to give a demonstration of hypnosis, and Jack thought I would be interested. Phil had attended CCNY and LSU and was a dropout from a pre-med course at LSU because of lack of funds. We started to date and my father finally got a radio for the store when Phil made it for him.

We were married on October 23, 1937. Because I was underage, we could not be married in City Hall as we had planned and had to do some last-minute rushing about to find a rabbi to perform a religious ceremony. In the midst of all this excitement, Papa had a heart attack and neither he nor my mother attended my wedding. The party was held in Philip's parents' house in East Flatbush.

Because Papa was in the hospital, and bedridden when he got home, the entire burden of the store fell on Mama and Lester. I therefore took a leave of absence from college for the Fall 1937 semester (and graduated in January 1939 instead of June 1938). Although I did not attend classes, I was able to remain on the NYA (National Youth Administration) payroll because of a sympathetic administrator. I was earning some money (50 cents per hour was the going rate), but I had to spend less time in the store than I had anticipated. Lester was only ten years old and in elementary school, but he worked hard in the store before and after school. He had no time for friends or sports or any of the usual activities that little boys indulged in.

The candy store was the recreational center for many people who could not afford to go elsewhere, just as people who drink will congregate in their neighborhood tavern. Our store had a group of middle-aged men who "met" there every evening and had

known Lester since he was an infant. He was very friendly with them, but he did not have friends his own age. The next few years were terrible ones for him. In fact, he was rescued from the store only by the draft in 1945 at the age of 18 after completing two years at Brooklyn College. (He served in Panama in the Medical Corps.)

After Philip and I were married, we rented a studio apartment at 1255 Park Place in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn. We lived there for a year and then moved into a two-room apartment in the same building. When Philip enlisted in December 1941, I decided to move near my parents since I would be living alone. I moved into a three-room apartment in the tenement over the candy store, where you could hear the rats running in the walls at night.

I had a civil service job in the New York City Department of Welfare as a clerk. The starting salary was \$840 a year, with raises of \$120 annually. I took a promotion test and was placed in the Bursar's Office of Hunter College at \$1200 a year in 1942.

Because Papa could no longer climb the stairs, my parents moved from 1798 Pitkin Avenue to a street-level apartment around the corner from the store at 106 Christopher Street. They finally sold the store in 1945. Although the store had darkened our lives for years, made us all miserable, and probably caused my father's ill health, it had nevertheless enabled us to survive during the terrible Depression years.

Papa enjoyed his leisure after selling the store but was in poor health most of the time. He was delighted when visitors came, especially his grandchildren. He was wonderful with Danny,

taught him to play chess (at the age of two!) and chatted with him endlessly. Papa had a final heart attack and died on December 11, 1948.

My mother lived on in the apartment, and then decided to go to work. She got a job in a dress factory at the age of 60 and worked until she was 72. She joined a Senior Citizens Center where she made many friends. She was very popular because she was pleasant to everybody and very talented with her hands. When the Center had a bazaar to raise money, Mama would make a couple of dozen aprons for them to sell. She was always very proud that they were sold and not "left over." She became a contributor to the Center's in-house newsletter and wrote several articles for them. Her health started to deteriorate (congestive heart failure) and she died on May 15, 1972.

Papa is buried in Mt. Lebanon Cemetery in Queens (Line 6, Grave 18). Mama is buried in Beth El Cemetery in Westwood, N. J. (Block 18, Section 1).

Jack did not return to painting after the war because it was highly seasonal and unpleasant work. He decided to try a different occupation. He had a brother-in-law, Willie Harris, who bought and sold used sewing machines in Philadelphia, and Jack struck out for himself in the same business in Chicago. Annie and the children followed soon after, much to my parents distress. Thus started the Winick-Krasnitz-Mintz travels across the country. When I was expecting Danny in 1946, Annie stayed with me for several days just before he was born. When Naomi was born (April 2, 1952) my mother couldn't wait to get to Chicago to see this beautiful new grandchild. Danny learned early in life that

vacation-time was Chicago-time, first by train, later by plane.

Jack's business flourished, and Annie helped with it a great deal. Their children all went to college -- Marty for a degree at prestigious University of Chicago, Ronnie to the University of Illinois for two degrees, and Naomi to Northern Illinois University for an art history major.

Ronnie married Elaine Nadler, and they have two daughters, Julie (born Jan. 22, 1968) and Tracy (born Jan. 30, 1970). Naomi married Bob Sorokin, and Jackie (born Nov. 2, 1983) is the name of their precocious daughter. Both families live in Chicago suburbs. Marty and good friend Betsy have a comfortable condominium in Chicago.

Jack died suddenly in 1979; Annie died in 1984. Both had had heart conditions.

Philip spent the war years in Australia and New Guinea and returned in October 1945. He went to work for his father and then in his own carbonic gas business. Danny was born on August 2, 1946 to doting parents and grandparents.

Philip's work led us to move to New Jersey where we had a house in Roselle Park. Phil returned to school and earned his bachelor's and master's degrees at the age of 45 from Rutgers University. He taught sciences and mathematics in New Jersey high schools for nine years, and then went into civil service and worked as a Claims Examiner for the New Jersey Department of Labor. I worked for The Psychological Corporation in an administrative capacity for 26 years. We moved to Manhattan in 1971.

Danny went to MIT and was graduated in three years with a
↳ PERFECT SCORE ON THE SAT TEST

major in math, followed by a Master's in Computer Science from NYU's Courant Institute and some additional work towards a PhD. After teaching for a few years at Newark College of Engineering, he became an options trader on the American Stock Exchange. He married Penny Goldfarb on March 20, 1971. They have two children --Tommy, (born Nov. 15, 1976) and Joey, (born Sept. 10, 1981.) They live in Manhattan and Eastport, L. I.

When Lester was released from the army, he worked for six months in Jack's business in Chicago before coming back to New York to complete his education. He got a job as a buyer in the Curtain Department of May's and moved on from there to Hecht's. On March 20, 1949 he married Barbara Feldhuhn. The wedding was held in Barbara's mother's pretty apartment in Brooklyn.

Les got a job as a salesman for a curtain company, with the midwest as his territory. Accordingly, he and Barbara moved to Illinois, first to Park Forest and later to Homewood. Although Les's primary work is selling, his real love is stamps. He has written several books, judged many world exhibits, published innumerable articles, and was director of AMERIPLEX '86, the largest stamp exhibition ever held in North America.

Lester and Barbara have three children -- Norman (born June 5, 1952), Diane (born June 28, 1955), and Andrew (born August 20, 1962). Norm graduated from Knox College in 1974 and remained in Galesburg where he later married Christine Eik; they are both active in local and county Democratic politics and have a son, Benjamin (born February 20, 1984). Benjamin attended the Democratic Party Convention in 1984 and appeared several times on national television. They still live in Galesburg, Illinois where

Norman has a business.

.Diane, a graduate of Lake Forest College with a MBA from De Paul University married Lonnie Graul; their son is named Keith (born February 2, 1985). They live in Omaha, Nebraska, where Lonnie is Vice-President of an insurance company. Andrew graduated Bradley University in 1984 and is presently a bachelor living in the Chicago area.

AVAILABLE ADDRESSES

Minnie/Philip Mintz
390 First Avenue
New York, NY 10010

Penny/Daniel Mintz
15 West 11 Street
New York, NY 10014

Irene Bloom
62 Liberty Street
Deer Park, LI, NY 11729

Mae/Joe Cooney
6460 Taft Street Apt. 224
Hollywood, FL 33024

Barbara/Lester Winick
2121 Maple Road
Homewood, IL 60430

Martin Krasnitz
330 West Diversey Parkway
Chicago, IL 60657

Elaine/Ronnie Krasnitz
9826 Maynard terrace
Niles, IL 60648

Naomi/Bob Sorokin
7647 Arcadia
Morton Grove, IL 60053

Christine/Norm Winick
520 S. Whitesboro
Galesburg, IL 61401

Diane/Lonnie Graul
3607 S. 101st Street
Omaha NE 68124-3640

Doris/Norman Tipograph
207 Albon Road
Hewlett Harbor, LI, NY 11557

Jack Cohen
Huntington Station, NY

Sylvia & Mae Hausman
25477 Lincoln Terrace #203
Oak Park, MI 48237

Rae Kaufman
202 Bedford Ln.
West Palm Beach, FL 33409

Roslyn Schwartz
1145 Elm Dr. Apt. 130
Novato, CA. 94947

Norman/Shirley Cooper
1753 East 93 Street
Brooklyn, NY 11236

LAZAR WYNYCKYJ (WINICK)
m
CHANA

(1) 4

MORRIS

m

SARAH COHEN

ANNA

d

ABE

m

MARY

DANNY

ROSE

m

IRVING GRUBER

LINDA

ROBERT

NATHAN
1882-1948

m
1914

IDA COHN
1890-1972

ANNA
1916-1984

m
1934

JACK KRASNITZ
1909 - 1980

MARTIN
1936-

RONALD
1941-
m
ELAINE
NADLER

JULIE
1968-

TRACY
1970-

NAOMI
1952-
m
ROBERT
SOROKIN

JACKIE
1983-

MINNIE
1918-

m
1937

PHILIP MINTZ
1914 -

DANIEL
1946-
m
PENNY
GOLDFARB

TOMMY
1976-

JOEY
1981-

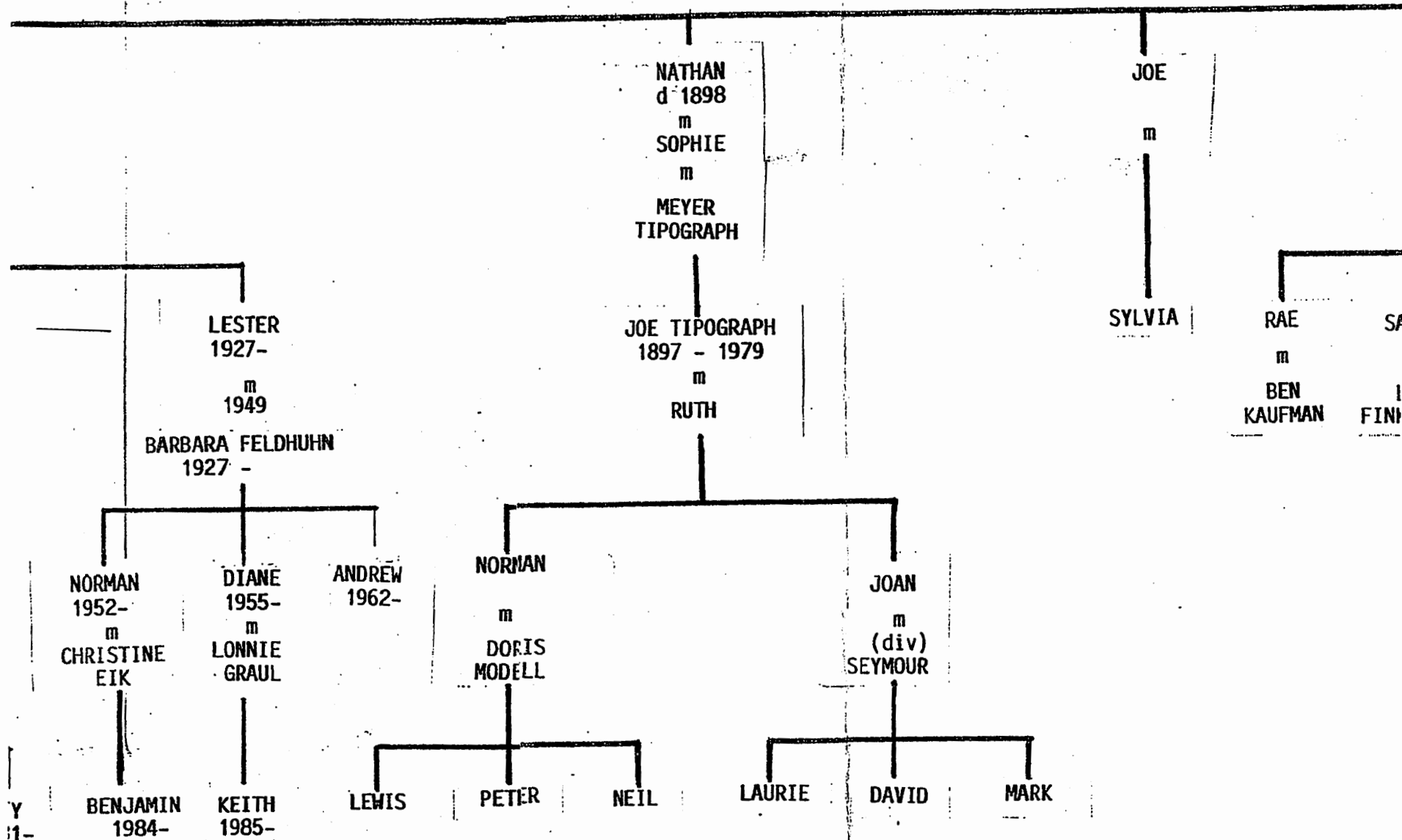
BARI

NORMAN
1952-
m
CHRISTINE
EIK

BENJAMIN
1984-

(2)

FAMILY TREE
(WINICK-COHN)



FAMILY TREE
(WINICK-COHN)

③

MEDEL COHN

m
CHAVA

NATHAN
d 1898
m
SOPHIE
m
MEYER
TIPOGRAPH

JOE TIPOGRAPH
1897 - 1979
m
RUTH

NORMAN
m
DORIS
MODELL

PETER

NEIL

JOAN
m
(div)
SEYMOUR

LAURIE

DAVID

MARK

JOE

m
SYLVIA

ABRAM
m
IDA
COHEN

RAE
m
BEN
KAUFMAN

SARAH
m
LOU
FINKELSTEIN

JEAN
m
LEW
KAPLAN

MARION
m

MAX
m

DEL COHN
m
HAVA

(4)

ABRAM
m
IDA
COHEN

JEAN
m
LEW
KAPLAN

MARION
m

MAX
m

SHENKE
m
CASEEL
COHEN

NAT
d

RAE
m
JACK
COOPER

ROSLYN

NORMAN

IRENE
m
VICTOR
BLOOM

DAVE
m
FANNY

MAE
m
JOE
COONEY

BOBBIE

DAVE
m
BECKY

MAXIE
d

JAKIE
m
JANET

JACK

3/87

3/18/98

REFLECTIONS

Barb and Les Winick

Chris started this project, who suggested a few years ago, that Barb and I put our reminiscences of the past 70 years on tape. I have been involved in other medical matters for the past two years and didn't have a chance to do much writing, but I didn't forget the idea. Since I am more comfortable with the word processor, this will have to do.

Les - Pre-Marriage

I was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. at Brooklyn Jewish Hospital on May 2, 1927 to Ida and Nathan Winick. They named me after my father's father Lazar, which is Jewish for Lester. Ida. was born Oct. 7, 1890 in a small Polish village and died on May 15, 1972 at 82. Nathan was born in 1882 in Skidel, a small town in Poland and died on Dec. 11, 1948 at the age of 66. At the age of 80, my mother started writing stories about her experiences at the senior center.

I can remember working at one job or other, for all my life, starting at age 8 or 9. My parents never yelled at me. Occasionally my father would call me "stupid" when I did a dumb thing. Both parents were very supportive as far as education was concerned. They always assumed that I would go to school and never miss a day. My mother had a lot more patience and often interfered saying that I had to study if my father wanted me to do something else.

The local and junior high schools were no problem in getting there by walking. However, the Thomas Jefferson High School was about 30 blocks away and the bus cost 5-cents. I remember walking most of the time to save that nickel. I had no time for extra curricula classes since I had to work. I really don't remember any of my classmates in school.

The P. S. 66 Junior High School consisted of all boys. There was an armed, uniformed policeman on duty always. This was in the days of the Murder, Inc. and Amboy Dukes gangs. Things were different then compared with what is going on today. Although we had the gangsters in our school, they never bothered the students. They asked if we wanted to join their group, but if we said no, that was the end of the subject. Somewhere during this time, I managed to "skip" two years in junior and high school. I was 16 when I entered college.

Money was the big preoccupation. We borrowed the month's rent, I think it was \$30, for the candy store, owned by my father. The money came from the Hebrew Free Loan Society office a few doors down. This group lent money out, at no interest, to local people. My job was to go back to the society and give the man behind the teller's cage a payment toward this loan. The payment usually consisted of one or two dollars. He made his entries in the "books," and we tried to have the entire amount paid by the end of the month. Then we borrowed another \$30 and the process started again. I don't know how many years this went on. Nevertheless, I still remember the kind man, all dressed up, that greeted me and took the money. When it came to renewing the loan and getting the next \$30, my father or sister made the trip.

RON KRASNITZ
MAKERSPACE

Politics were a big part of the store's activities. Every evening there was always a card game of pinochle and a lively discussion of the day's events. I remember a man named Sidney Paul, who was a furniture mover, and the sweetest man that I knew. To put it mildly, my father was very liberal and didn't think much of any of the crop of politicians. He did like FDR though. This is probably how my current interest in the affairs of the world got started. I was permitted to take part in the talks, but mostly, I listened.

Although our area of Brownsville was 90% Jewish and had loads of synagogues everywhere, my parents never attended any of them.

The only time that I went to a temple is during the holidays when we sold them bottled soda water. I made the deliveries. Part of my job was to place the "kosher" cardboard circle on the caps of the soda bottles for the high holidays. It is certain that they knew what I was doing because I frequently put the cardboard circles in my pocket and placed them on the caps in the temple when it was raining or windy.

My main occupation was working in the candy store at 1805 Pitkin Ave., in Brooklyn. I either was behind the counter, or watching the newspaper stand to make certain that nothing blew away. The store hours were early in the morning until midnight, seven days a week. I used to stay in the store when my father went to eat or take a nap in the afternoon. I vaguely remember my mother or father being robbed once or twice. My father was very aware of being held up and always hid our money.

We sold cigarettes for one cent each, breaking up the packs of twenty. This was a big profit center since we received 20¢ vs. the 12 or 13-cents per pack. In those days, most of our customers could not afford the 13¢ and preferred coming in 3 or 4 times a day to buy one cigarette at a time.

Another big seller was 2¢ plain. This consisted of a glass of seltzer water. The really flush customer took chocolate syrup with his seltzer. During the hot weather, we sold many ice cream cones and malted milk shakes.

As one of the few places in the area with a telephone it was my job to go to the apartment building, ring the bell, and inform the tenant that there was a phone call for them in the candy store. We always waited around to see if it was bad news. If someone received many phone calls and was not a customer, we always told the party on the other end, after a long wait, that no one was home. I don't remember getting any tips but that may have been because I was the son of the store's owner.

The other jobs that I had during my youth were a hodge podge of what was available at any given time. I worked in a photography shop developing film, picked up rented tuxedos after an affair and set up pins at a bowling alley in the days before automatic pin setters. I liked the tuxedo job best because, the people tried on their tuxes and took them home before the affair. When they got home after the affair, they were tired, often drunk and left loose change in the pants pockets. I managed to keep any money found in the pockets.

The big treat was going to a movie for 10¢ on a Saturday morning and seeing cartoons, the various chapters of Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers and others. If a full length movie was playing at the same time, I don't remember. The movie theater gave away a different dish every week and my mother used these at home.

Recreation consisted of playing stoopball or stickball (like baseball) in the middle of the street. Play had to stop when a car came. We never visited other kid's homes.

I slept on the couch in the living room as long as I can remember. I usually did my homework and reading assignments at the candy store in-between customers. Food was adequate with boiled chicken and chicken soup once a week, usually Friday. My mother's specialty was kreplach, which I gobbled up in quantity, and still do. One of my jobs at home was emptying the bucket under the ice box that filled with water from the melting ice. I often forgot and my mother always chastised me about it.

Minnie had a piano that was in the kitchen because there was no room for it anywhere else. A neighbor was going to throw it away and my parents took it. All I remember about that musical instrument was Min practicing all the time.

When Annie married Jack, I distinctly remember the problem that my parents had raising the 80¢ to buy her a pair of silk stockings for the wedding. That was the extent of their contribution. Jack was involved in many labor union struggles and always marched in the May Day parade. I usually joined him and really enjoyed the companionship and meeting his friends. The wonderful part of my relationship with Jack and Annie was taking a trip to Washington, D.C. to take part in a Youth Congress. I sat directly behind Eleanor Roosevelt.

Sometime during this period, my parents managed to get me out "to the country" where I spent either one or two weeks at Camp Wo-Chi-Ka (Workers Childrens Camp). This was the highlight of my summer and I think I went two or three years. I still remember singing "Solidarity Forever," at camp fires along with Josh White's children. Paul Robeson used to entertain us.

It was a requirement to be in the top 10-15% of graduating high school seniors, but I had no problem getting into a free city college. I don't remember too much about my two years at Brooklyn College, except that I got D's in Spanish, Math and Physics. I received no A's in any subject in the two years. The work was hard and I wasn't very interested in studying, knowing that I was due to go into the service. To break the monotony, I took a course in Meteorology at Hunter College and got a B.

The pleasant part of going to college was meeting Barbara. She had gone to Bear Mountain with a group of kids from her house plan and I went with a group from my house plan. The house plan was the city college answer to the sorority or fraternity. We met on the boat and started talking. She was bright, intelligent and understood politics. It was raining when we arrived at Bear Mountain and I said "Let's go back and do something in the city." We went to the movies to see "Up in Arms" with Danny Kaye at the Roxy Theater.

In 1945, at the tender age of 18 and two weeks, they drafted me into the U. S. Army. I had finished two years of college and they wanted me. The night before I was leaving for my army service, I had a date with Barb and took her to the Iceland Restaurant in New York. I remember thinking that I was going to get her drunk. It didn't quite work out that way. After a number of drinks, I was drunk, and ran out of money to pay the bill. She lent me some cash and I paid the check. Barb was shocked when she later received the money back from my army address.

I tried getting out of the draft by claiming my father was sick (he had a heart attack), but to no avail. At this time, when the war was almost over and someone with a college education was in demand. I spent the first few weeks taking basic training at Camp Wheeler in Macon, Georgia and hated every minute of it.

The rest of my platoon were red necks from Georgia and they didn't appreciate a Jew from New York. I remember that while in the community shower, they saw that I had been circumcised and started to beat me. The sergeant stopped it and wanted to know what happened. I didn't report anyone and the men and I became friends after that.

For some reason or other, I excelled at rifle shooting and was awarded a sharpshooter's medal. The long hikes on Georgia red clay were the most unappealing part of the training program. However, having been on my feet most of my life in the candy store, I was able to survive. I remember telling my superiors that I had no middle initial, so they typed my name on all forms as Lester NMI Winick. I got tired of this nonsense and said my middle initial was E and everyone was happy.

We were due to be shipped overseas and I had heard horror stories about men on troop carriers sleeping below decks on canvas hammocks one atop the other, five high. If the weather was bad, they didn't permit anyone to go on deck. Everyone said how terrible it was. I heard that Medical Corps personnel slept on regular beds in sick bay on the ship. I volunteered and was immediately accepted due to my college education. What they said about the ocean voyage was true, but I slept in a bed and ate good food during our five-day voyage to Panama. Fortunately, they did not send me to the European or Pacific theater of operations.

On the day we landed in Panama, they sent me to the local base hospital. Upon arrival, they looked at my identification as a medic and immediately sent me to the operating room as an assistant to the nurses. It was a comedy of errors. I was a sweet innocent 18-year-old kid, in an operating room, where the doctors and nurses were delivering a baby. The whole scene made me throw up and continue throwing up for what seemed like hours. The doctors and nurses laughed and told me that I would get used to the blood, etc.

Four of us used to stay together and three of the four became doctors. I was the exception. I couldn't afford medical school and really had no interest in becoming a doctor. We had a good time in Panama, wore civilian clothes, drank a lot and ate good food in the hospital. The other troops had powdered eggs, but we had the real thing. They made me a tech sergeant, because of my operating room experience.

My commanding officer was a lieutenant who was frequently drunk. He was not a doctor. I refused to salute him in the morning when he showed up drunk. This led to a Summary Court Marshall and he broke me to a private. When I reported for duty the next day, he ordered me to the operating room. I told him that I couldn't do that because the Table of Organization called for a sergeant in the operating room. He promoted me on the spot, and saying get the hell out of here. This happened several times. Occasionally I stopped as a corporal on the way up and down the military ladder. None of this went in my military record.

I sent money home every month. My parents put the money I sent them in a bank account in my name. I found out about this when I returned home. They discharged me from the army on Jan. 11, 1947 as a Technician 4th grade.

I really had no plans when I got out of the army and wasn't in a hurry to go back to college. Jack asked me to come to Chicago and work for him in the sewing machine business. He had moved there about one year before and was in the used machine business. My salary was all expenses paid and \$50 a month put into a bank account.

I lived in back of the store, slept on the couch and fixed sewing machines. I remember very distinctly filling the bathtub full of Cyanamid and tying wires or something else around the machines and soaking them in the Cyanamid to get the rust off. It worked great, but no one ever took a bath in that tub.

Since I didn't know how to drive, I rode with Dudley or Casey to buy machines. Jack did a lot of advertising and we had many phone calls to buy machines. We paid \$2, got rid of the rust, repainted them and sold them for \$5 or whatever we could get. I have no idea how many machines we sold, but we used to buy trailer loads full of used machines. Sometimes Jack sold them to a dealer from Mexico. Then we would work through the night loading trailers.

Barbara didn't know that I moved to Chicago. I used to call her for a date, fly in, see her and then go back to Chicago. This was a period in my life when I practically became an alcoholic. After work, I had absolutely nothing to do, no one to talk to and spent my evenings in a local bar. This was my drinking dinner time. I decided that this is not my lifestyle and told Jack that I was returning to New York to go back to college. He understood.

When they discharged me from the army, they gave me some sort of personality test. They told me that they suited me to be a social worker or a sales agent. Since I spent most of my life in the candy store listening to other people's problems, I decided that social work wasn't for me. I forgot too much about this part of my life except that I finished two years at the Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences, part of the State University of New York in downtown Brooklyn. I majored in marketing and just wanted to get school over and get on with my life.

Sometime during this period, I asked Barbara to marry me. She said no repeatedly. I used to take the Kings Highway bus for almost an hour ride each way just to see her to go to the movies. This was besides a half-hour walk at the Brownsville end. Sometimes I fell asleep on the bus and missed my stop. Then I had to stay on the bus until it came back to my stop.

Finally, my persistence with Barbara paid off and we got married. The wedding was held in her mother's apartment in Brooklyn on March 20, 1949. It was a small wedding since both our fathers were deceased.

We had to go to the rabbi's apartment first, nearby to sign the Jewish marriage certificate. Our friend, Joseph DeVincenzo, signed as a witness. When the rabbi read the signature, he got furious that a non-Jew signed the certificate. He crossed it out and told us to get a new Jewish witness. We refused, but he went through with the ceremony anyway. Barbara had told him to make it quick, but he went on and on in Hebrew. Barbara interrupted him to say, "I told you to make it fast." He looked at her, quickly said "I now pronounce you man and wife."

My first job was at Hechi Co. on 14th street in New York as assistant to the assistant buyer of slip covers. The buyer's name was Murray Saltzman and he and I became very good friends. We kept in contact for more than 30 years. In those days, we used to sell a lot of ready-made slipcovers through full page ads in the New York Daily News. My job was to pick out the pattern and style and get them ready for shipping.

I think I was getting \$25 per week, and remember asking for a raise in salary. Mr. Saltzman explained that he couldn't give it to me and I quit after getting a new job with a salary increase of \$5. In this way, I got what I wanted in money. In the first five years of our marriage, I changed jobs six times, each time getting a \$5 or more raise in pay.

One of these jobs was working at Rosenbaum's Department Store in Plainfield, N. J. as a curtain buyer. We moved to New Jersey, where Norm was born. Then I moved back New York as an assistant buyer at Bloomingdales curtain department on 59th street.

A vendor we bought from, Bonnie Slipcover, offered me a job as salesman for the firm in Chicago at \$10,000 per year plus commission. My territory consisted of 16 states and I traveled 50-60,000 miles per year. I would leave our apartment in Park Forest at 4 a.m. on Monday in order to make the first stop in Columbus, Ohio at 9 a.m. Then I would work Ohio and end up home late Friday night.

Some of the driving in all kinds of weather was horrible, but somehow, looking back on it, it didn't seem too bad. I remember skidding across four lane highways, staying in motels for three days because of a snow storm and not finding a place to sleep at a price I could afford. I used to stay in boarding houses for \$3 per night. I still remember a motel in Milwaukee called the Leilani, with an indoor pool. In later years, I took Barbara and the kids there while I made stops in the area.

After five years with Bonnie, I represented Louis Hornick and Co., a manufacturer of knitted curtains, as a second line. I took a split draw from each firm, but it gave me the potential of selling two different lines, with increased commission. The owner, Mort Hornick and I became friends of a sort, and I used to visit his home on Park Avenue and stay in his house in the country. I had as many as 400 accounts that did anywhere from \$500 a year to \$5,000 a year. After three years, I dropped Bonnie.

I remember calling on Sears Roebuck for 5-6 years before selling them. The first year, I did huge volume with this one account and it went up after that. Naturally, my "good friend" Mort cut my commission as the volume went up, but I still did very well for the times. During this period, I met Wayne Doyel, the Sears buyer, and his family and ours are still good friends.

Hornick made a number of exclusive designs for Sears. I would travel to the Sears warehouses to straighten displays, and help when necessary. During one of these trips, I picked up a pair of our curtains and it "didn't feel right." I bought it and checked it against my samples. It was the same design but made on a much lighter weight fabric. I called Mort Hornick and he said that he had to do it for "economic reasons." He would not tell the Sears buyer.

The same week that I saw the lighter weight curtain and received Hornick's reply, I called Hornick to resign. I couldn't live with that lie. After one phone call to a competitor, Beacon Looms, I was hired immediately, but my income would be 50% less to start with than I was earning at Hornick. I took the job.

I managed to open Montgomery Ward and Sears for Beacon and did very well for a number of years. Unfortunately, I took a large order at Wards and the Sy Sadinoff, the owner of Beacon Looms, confirmed that he could make it on time for the ads. They couldn't and all hell broke loose. I kept the account, but not at the same rate of volume.

Then something happened to change my life completely. The buyer at Wards told me that since I was doing such a great job selling them curtains, could I sell something for them. They had plastic shower curtains that had been sitting in a warehouse for years and were stuck together. He had them marked down to zero and wanted to get rid of them. I had sold a few large wholesale jobbers my curtains so I had people to ask.

I sold them almost immediately at 25¢ each and the buyer told me that he would pay me 5¢ on top of this as a commission. I knew the man was good for the money and told Wards that I would guarantee the payment. They shipped the three trailer loads of very old plastic shower curtains, the man paid Wards and also paid me.

Wards was happy, I was happy and it started a new career for me. One buyer recommended me to another and soon I had a \$400,000 credit limit at Wards. When Beacon Looms got a new sales manager and wanted the territory for one of his friends, I was fired. At that point, I really didn't care and expanded my closeout business to other catalog houses. Besides Sears and Wards, I also bought goods from Sieges and Jewel Tea. Through all these years, I never put up one cent paying for the merchandise and never lost one cent.

JT turned out to be a real sleeper account. They had 400 salesmen selling merchandise to rural customers. Their office was in Barrington and I was there at least once a week going over their overstocks. I had the freedom of going through their warehouse and picking out what I thought they did not need. I worked with every buyer in the company selling them goods that my new contacts had and buying their overstocks. Sometimes, I bought back what I had sold them previously.

Eventually, I was down to three or four customers who took everything that I had to offer. One chain, Odd Job Trading of New York, would come to Chicago for the housewares show, made an appointment with me in their hotel room, and bought my housewares and other type of odds and ends merchandise before they went to the show. I often sold him goods over the telephone. New Toto of Indiana would buy ready-to-wear and curtains and draperies. Malnekoff would buy low end stuff that I couldn't sell to anyone else. So, no matter what they offered me, I had a customer. I was able to sell anything and everything that I was offered.

I still remember one purchase that was wild. The buyer at Jewel showed me a piece of fabric that she said was sitting around their warehouse for many years, even before she was on the job. It was about one yard by one yard, undyed greige goods and unfinished on the edges. She had about 500 pieces and just wanted them out of her inventory. I offered it to Malnekoff. He looked at the sample, said how much do you want for it, I said how much do you want to pay. He offered 50¢ and I took it.

One month later, he called and wanted more. He cut them into chamois cloths and sold them at a high price. I had to find out what the original purpose was. I got the phone number and called the former buyer in Florida. She laughed and said "Is that still around?" The firm used to sell them as skirt cloth with a box of color dye and the customer could dye the skirt in any color she wanted.

Then I met Joe Mrowka of Tapes Unlimited. He would buy anything and everything I offered. I would spend at least one day a week with him and even took him up to my accounts to look over the overstock inventory before he made an offer. This was very pleasant and made life easy for me. Joe and Bonnie are still our very good friends.

Norm became interested in exhibiting at the Illinois State Fair and wanted to put in his stamp collection. This consisted on autographs on 3 x 5 cards with a related stamp affixed. He took the Grand Prize and decided that there was no sense in collecting stamps any more since he had gone as high as he could go. This aroused my interest in stamp collecting. When I told my mother about this, she sent me a collection of first day covers that I had sent for in the mid-1940s when I got out of the Army. She saved them for me all those years.

I was thrilled with the race in space. Russia just launched the first Sputnik in 1957 and there were stamps and cancels relating to this out-of-this-world adventure. That started me on my space and rocket collection that turned out to be a gold award winner worldwide.

After that I started collecting Iceland. I had read that they had an election with the Prohibition Party taking one-seventh of the vote. The country's parliament ruled that no liquor could be served on one day of the week, Wednesday, to represent the people who voted for prohibition. At the next election, the Prohibition Party didn't get enough votes to be counted. I thought that was a good way to run a country and decided to collect it.

I collected everything that was related to Iceland philately which turned out to be a mistake. It was too big. I still have two safe deposit boxes filled with material that has to be

sorted and mounted. One day, I'll sell some off. I managed to exhibit my Iceland air mails and won a gold medal with that.

In 1962, I became one of the founding members of the Park Forest Stamp Club, which is still going strong today. I was also president of the Space Unit, wrote several handbooks for them and published my own book, The Soviet Space Catalog. This was sold out, but I only printed 200 copies. It is now selling for \$75, if copy can be found. In 1986, I became president of the Collectors Club of Chicago and still hold that office. I am the longest serving president since the club was founded in 1928.

During all this, I managed to keep up my stamp collecting contacts throughout the world. As a national and international qualified judge, an exhibitor, or delegate to various stamp conferences, I was able to travel to various parts of the world. My biggest task was being Executive Director of Ameripex '86. This is an international stamp show held in the U. S. every ten years. It turned out to be a great experience and unbelievably successful. The eleven-day event drew 154,000 people and everyone had a good time. The show made a lot of money that was later donated to various other philatelic purposes.

The success of the show brought me to the attention of the US Postal Service. They wanted to have their own show in 1989 in Washington, D.C. and wanted me to run it. I was asked how much I wanted. It had to be on an hourly basis since I would be traveling and keeping my other selling jobs. I thought \$25 per hour was sufficient, but Andy and Norm thought I was too cheap. So I made it \$125 per hour and the Postal Service accepted it.

The legal contract took up 62 pages. I commuted to DC almost every week for a year and half and was paid from the minute I left my home until the minute I returned plus all expenses. They didn't pay for the eight hours that I was supposed to be sleeping.

After 1 ½ years, I found that I couldn't work with the government mentality. They wanted meetings, committees, and everyone checking everyone else without anyone wanting to sign off to say "OK." My favorite story is a meeting I called and sent everyone an agenda. There were 12 items on the agenda. The eight people at the meeting started with the Assistant Postmaster General (APMG) and worked down. I was the only non government employee there.

They discussed every item and thought it was great. The comments were, "Let's appoint a committee to work on that," "Let's discuss next time," "Expand on it and bring it back next meeting," "Bring it up or down in scale and let's see next time," "So-and-so, check on it and send it to everyone else in this group" and so on. Not one item was finalized. I left the meeting feeling all washed out, exhausted and wondering what happened. After a while, I broke out in hives, got very nervous and upset and just felt it wasn't worth it anymore.

I told the APMG I was very unhappy. He flew to Chicago and we spent four hours in a restaurant discussing the situation. He promised to take care of everything about which I complained, but nothing changed.

Then I discovered that I couldn't quit. My contract said that I had to complete the show. I spoke to my friendly lawyer, Bud Hennig, who said that if I publicly quit, it would be hard for them to hold me. If they decided to sue me to stay, it would show weakness on their part. So I sent a letter to all the philatelic papers, with a cc to the USPS, saying I was quitting. That did it and I immediately felt better physically and mentally.

My career in writing philatelic articles goes back many years when I used to send columns on space philately to the Space Unit stamp club publication. Linn's Stamp News started running my column weekly in 1983 and I'm still writing for them. I did a column for the Chicago Tribune for seven years until they gave up the stamp collecting page. I currently write a monthly column for a British and Australian monthly magazine and a monthly column on the Internet for a stamp "magazine." Over the years some of my columns have been translated into Chinese, German, Latvian, Russian, Icelandic, Spanish and French. I think that I once figured out that I have had close to 2,000 columns published since I started writing commercially.

I seem to have a new career now. One year ago, the Israel Postal Authority invited me to come there for one week and advise them on their forthcoming stamp show and postal issues. They must have liked it because I just received a similar invitation from the Australian Post Office and the Germany National Philatelic Associations at their expense.

I've been president of the Collectors Club of Chicago for 13 years. We have our own brownstone in downtown Chicago and it is considered a prestigious group. Our quality philatelic books have been a "sell out" every time. The CCC also formed the Arthur Salm Foundation to conduct research on philatelic products. Four Salm reports have been published and are already being quoted as source material for other authors. About 2,000 to 5,000 of each of these reports have been requested worldwide.

Barb - Pre-Marriage

I was born on Jan. 17, 1927 in Brooklyn, New York at Brooklyn Jewish Hospital as Barbara Sally Feldhuhn to Paul and Bertha Feldhuhn. Les was born in the same hospital.

My mother, Bertha, was born in Newark, NJ as Bala Stein on April 15, 1894 and died April 4, 1986 at the age of 92. She was known as Buddy, but I forget where this name came from. Buddy was 26 years old when she got married. Her marriage certificate states that her occupation was a bookkeeper. Her father was Abraham Stein and her mother's maiden name was Annie Stein. Les used to visit my grandmother when she lived in Parkchester, Bronx, N.Y. and had long talks with her about current events. They used to sit on a park bench for hours. When my grandmother Annie Stein made her first airplane trip at the age of 92 from Portland to New York, the airline took pictures and had it released to all the local newspapers.

My father, Paul, was born in Burland, Russia (part of Latvia?) to Louis and Amelia Feldhuhn. His mother's maiden name was Amelia Ziegler. Paul was born on Aug. 15, 1889 and died May 3, 1946 at the age of 57. He served in the U. S. Army from 1917-1918. Both parents

are buried in the N. Y. Jewelers Cemetery, Paul in Line 1, Grave 6, Section 2, Block 3, and my mother next to him in Grave 5.

I have two brothers, Lawrence and Martin Feldhuhn. Larry was born in 1923, lived in Connecticut and died in 1987. He had three children Paul, Mike and Jean. Martin was born in 1929 and lives in Phoenix, Arizona. He has two children, Glenn and Alex.

We moved to Manhattan from Brooklyn when I was very young because I remember going to kindergarten at P. S. 132 in Washington Heights. We lived at 714 West 181 St., in a 6-story apartment building with an elevator and an elevator man to run it. We lived on the second floor at first. The higher in the building you lived, the higher the rent. The landlord let us move to the 5th floor when our apartment was due for painting. Our next move was to the 6th floor when the occupant died and no one wanted to move in. On hot nights, I slept on the roof, before air conditioning. We lived there about 12 years.

I was a real tomboy, roller skated and rode a bike down the busy streets. The policemen knew us and would stop traffic so that we could go. It was a very hilly area so we went sledding in the winter. I also played football and baseball with my younger brother's friends. There was a public swimming pool three blocks away which I used during the summer.

We walked over the George Washington Bridge for picnics in Fort Lee, New Jersey, which was then in the country. The subway cost 5-cents to go downtown. I also used the subway to go to my father's office at 116 Nassau St.

Another treat was living across the street from the R. K. O. Coliseum movie theater. I went to the movies almost every Saturday. The matinees were 10¢. This admission price gave us two movies, cartoons, shorts and action adventure chapters. Among my favorites were Shirley Temple movies along with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

At one Saturday matinee, while watching the Bluebird, a Shirley Temple movie, the screen became all blurry and fuzzy to me. I went to the eye doctor and I have worn glasses ever since.

My cousins, Howard and Matthew Kantor lived with us after their mother died. They shared a room with my two brothers. Their father paid for a "sleep-in" girl who made the beds, dusted, vacuumed and took us out for walks. Since we lived in Manhattan, many relatives lived with us while they were looking for jobs. They stayed anywhere from three months to one year.

When I was about 9, I used to get poison ivy really bad. So much so that I missed the last couple of weeks of school 3 or 4 years in a row. The doctor had the health department search for the source of poison ivy, which they found in a deserted area. My parents sent me to Maine, to my grandmother's house, because I only got the poison ivy in New York. They put me on a train in N. Y. and I was met in Maine. I spent the summers with my grandmother in Portland.

I worked around the house with my grandmother, painting, gardening, etc., and went to the beach with some neighbor kids. Other relatives came to see me and took me out for the day. Aunt Mildred, Jim Stein's wife, took me out shopping and bought me my next year school clothes.

After graduating from elementary school in Jan. 1941, I went to George Washington High School for two years while we were living in Washington Heights. The first year we went to the "annex," which was really an elementary school since there was no room for everyone in the high school. I later found out that there seemed to be a caste system where kids from the better blocks went to a junior high school and then to the high school, while we went to the annex. My grades were very good.

My father was a jeweler and shared his office with Mr. Shaken, who dealt in findings or parts of watches and clocks. He gave me a job sorting these out and putting them on cards for sale. My pay was 25¢ an hour. A big treat was going to lunch or dinner with my father. I really enjoyed the automat restaurant. You looked in little windows to see what food you wanted to buy, put your nickels in the slots and the food came out.

My two best friends during that time were Marge Fleming and Betty Koppel. One summer, when I was 15, I worked at Betty's father's resort in the Catskill Mountains as a children's counselor. I'm still in touch with Betty who lives in Malverne, Long Island.

When I was 16, we moved to Brooklyn, N. Y. My mother said that she was afraid that I wouldn't meet a nice Jewish boy, though she never went to temple or did anything religious. I really think that we moved because she wanted to be near her friends Helen and Lois.

We moved to 1470 East 12 Street in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. It was a two-family building where we lived on the second floor. My father never liked this move since a 20-minute trip to work became a 45-minute trip with lots of walking to and from the subway station in Brooklyn. I went to James Madison High School for two years, graduating in Jan. 1945, and really remember very little about it. My friend Marge visited me almost every week and ended up marrying our landlord's son.

After graduating high school, I really didn't want to go to college since I was then working part time for the jewelry dealer as a bookkeeper. The pay was 50-75¢ per hour and I wanted to keep working. My father insisted that I go to college and he offered to pay for it. I told him that if I can get into a free college, I would go, but I didn't want him to spend money on me. I was almost certain that I wouldn't get in since the free schools only took the top students. They accepted me.

All I remember about Brooklyn College is that I received an A in psychology. My father died in April 1946 when I was 19. I switched to night school and worked full time for Jacob Bernstein, as a bookkeeper at Houston Brass in Manhattan. It was a one-girl office and I answered the phone, saw customers and did whatever had to be done. Houston was a manufacturer of brass candlesticks and andirons with 10-12 people working there. I still

remember that the salesman, Mr. Ganz, made more money then the boss. This gave me a positive attitude about salesmen so when Les wanted to do this full time, I knew he could make a living.

I continued to work there after we got married and even helped close the firm when it went out of business.

Marriage

We got married on March 20, 1949. Our combined savings account totaled \$3,038.95 of which \$1,908.98 came from Barbara.

Both sets of parents were intensely interested in the news and read the papers every day and listened to the news on the radio. Neither Les nor Barbara ever attended a high school or college reunion or had any desire to go. Neither of us had television sets when we were growing up. We both joined the college house plan for the same social reason. I met Les's father and he met mine before they died.

Our first apartment was at 2201 Amsterdam Ave, Manhattan. Apartments were very difficult to get then. This apartment belonged to Barbara's aunt Marie Stein, who went to New Hampshire, where her relatives lived. She then decided that she wanted to keep the apartment and moved back. We all lived together for a short while until we found somewhere else to live.

Through a relative, we found a railroad apartment in a brownstone at 74 Howard St. in Brooklyn. A railroad flat has one room after the other. You had to go through one room before getting to the next. The bedroom did not have a window since it was made out of the pre-existing rooms. We fixed it up by adding new doorknobs, medicine cabinets, a shower, wallpapering and lots more. The landlord decided that it was so nice that he wanted it for himself. We stayed here about 9 months.

Les got a job in Plainfield, New Jersey and we moved to a nearby town in Metuchen, N.J. This was our first decent apartment. The one bedroom residence was located in a relatively new garden apartment development at 22C Redfield Village Apt. 1.

Norman was born in N. J. on June 5, 1952 at Muehlenberg Hospital in Plainfield, NJ. Les came late for the delivery because it was on a Thursday and he had to work late. Because of his army medical experience, Les had told me exactly what to expect.

Then Les got a job in Bloomingdales, NYC and we moved to Flushing, Long Island. This was in a two-family house and he had a 10-cents subway ride to work. We stayed there for 18 months.

Les took the offer of a selling job in Chicago and we rented an apartment at 84 Birch St. in Park Forest, Illinois in 1954. It would be considered a town house with two bedrooms upstairs and a full basement. The big drawback was that the only bathroom was upstairs. Our rent was \$87 per month. Diane was born in Ingalls Hospital in Harvey, IL on June 28, 1955.

They built the Park Forest apartments around a court with a tot yard and parking spaces. Almost everyone living there was in the same boat -newly married - husband traveling and young children. We met Fran and Sy Field there and are still friends. Our entertainment consisted of men playing poker, women socializing all day and children playing together. We visited each other's homes continuously.

On Nov. 1, 1956, we bought a split-level home at 126 Willow St., Park Forest for about \$20,000. The split level consisted of ½ flight down to the basement, which was a family room and bath and ½ flight up to three bedrooms and another bath. We made many friends there including Sue and Larry Lawless, Bill and Helen Trace, Pat and Dale Henry, Mona and Phil Engleberg and more.

Andy was born Aug. 20, 1962 in the same hospital as Diane. The doctor never showed up for the delivery and Les refused to pay him the balance due.

We still remember that the Mandel Brothers buyer came to have dinner with us. He had just moved to Park Forest. He started talking in a derogatory manner about Negroes and I asked him to stop. He kept it up and Barbara asked him to leave our house immediately. This was right in the middle of the main course. He left and we apologized to the children for his behavior. I didn't lose the account.

Les wanted a house with a pool and I wanted another bedroom, so we started looking for a larger home. We moved to 2121 Maple Road in Homewood. It was a large old house with an indoor swimming pool. The occupants wanted \$46,000 but we offered \$35,000. They had five kids and the house was a mess with broken stair railings, dirt on walls, etc. After six months of waiting, we finally got it for \$39,000. The house was built in 1926 and we occupied it on Nov. 30, 1964.

The area was varied with several generations in surrounding homes. Les managed to get a couples poker game going with several neighbors, Bill and Ann Nolan, Rocco and Teresa Morelli, Jim and Sheila Hughes and others.

I started a swimming group that met once a week for 15-20 years. Some "girls" were going to the Y and others felt that this was a great way to get together. Neighbors and friends that took part at various times included Miriam Rose, Ruth Arkiss, Kathy Maher, Joan Larsen, Jeannie Olsen and others.

We lived there for 30 years when we decided that the house was too big and too much to handle for the two of us. We moved into a two-bedroom apartment in Arlington Heights, IL in 1995.

Family Trips

Our trips often included our children. It could be for one day or three weeks.

Since Les enjoyed driving, we traveled throughout the country by car. Our family trips started about 1959 with visits to New Salem Village, Illinois, and several trips to Washington, D.C., and World's Fairs in New York, Montreal and Knoxville. Our trips to Canada usually included Niagara Falls, with side trips to New England. Occasionally, we would take everyone on a long trip that covered Arizona, and Colorado while another trip took us through New Orleans and Texas. Florida was a frequent stopping place and we all went to Disneyland and Disney World several times.

In 1966, we flew to Seattle, rented a car and spent two weeks driving up and down the beautiful coast. This started our fly and drive trips where we spent much time on the West Coast from San Diego to Vancouver.

Some incidents on the trips were fascinating. Norm met the Governor of Maine while we were touring the capital, Andy fainted while we were watching the changing of the guard and the heat was unbearable in Toronto, Norm claimed that Barb dropped Andy into a stream while we were in the Colorado mountains, Andy looked at the Grand Canyon for the first time, said, "It's a big hole in the ground. Let's go," and we had to walk through a hole in a snow mountain to get to our hotel room in Mt. Rainier in July.

A brief look at our trips by year included 1959, Springfield, IL; 1962, Washington, D.C.; 1964, N. Y. World's Fair; 1966, Vancouver; 1966 Phoenix, etc.; 1967, EXPO 67 in Montreal; 1970, Mt. Rainer; 1971, Florida/Nassau/Freeport; 1972, Washington, D.C.; 1976, Grand Canyon; 1977 Texas; 1979, Arizona; 1980, Canada; 1981, Washington, D.C.; 1982 France with Diane and Lon, and Knoxville World's Fair. This was besides many "local" trips to the East Coast, Florida and throughout the Midwest.

Barb and I started going overseas with a trip to Mexico in 1968 for a stamp show. We saw so much poverty there, with families sleeping in the street, that we never went back. Other travels that we both took, usually stamp related, included Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland, and two trips to Iceland. I traveled to Bermuda, China, Egypt, England, Finland, Germany, Hong Kong, Israel, Japan, Russia, Spain, Taiwan and most of Europe. The wonderful part of these trips was that since they were stamp related, there was always someone to act as a host, show us around and even invite us to their homes. A trip through the Canadian Rockies was our own treat after Ameripex '86.

Barb and I took a one-week cruise to Alaska aboard the Norwegian line ship, the Prinsendam one year. When we debarked in Vancouver, we decided to spend a few days in the city. The day after we left the ship, the big news was that the ship had sunk on its first day out for the next Alaska cruise. 900 people had to be rescued by life boats.

Reunions

I think the tradition of having the family get together started when all the kids and their spouses joined us for a trip to Switzerland in March 1981. I had to go to a stamp show and invited everyone along. They left us at the Swiss airport and the next time we saw them, ten days later, was at the same Swiss airport for the trip home. We really still don't know where they went and how they spent their time, but they said they covered most of Europe.

In 1987, Min and Phil held their 50th wedding anniversary in New York. Everyone in our family attended and Les thought it was a good idea for all of us together once a year. The nieces, nephews and cousins would get to know each other. The first reunion was held in 1988 at Disney World in Orlando, Florida. We stayed at the Ramada Hotel, near the entrance, and everyone had a great time. The children especially became friendly with each other, and the tradition has continued.

This was followed in May 1989 with a reunion in San Diego, staying at a yacht club near the bay. Everyone went sailing or fishing, took tours of the Navy Base, went to the zoo, etc.

In May 1990, the reunion was held in Nashville, where we all learned about the Grand Old Opry. Most of us found the atmosphere corny, but the Sheraton hotel was great.

May 1991 brought us to Indian Head Lakes resort in Bloomingdale, Illinois. It was held in the Chicago area because Bob was sick and couldn't travel. Among other activities, we went to horse races at Arlington and many great restaurants.

During June 1992, everyone took a cruise on the Disney Big Red Boat with a few of us staying extra days in Disney World. At first, the adults were wondering if the cruise was geared strictly for kids and we would get bored. Nevertheless, it was a blast with loads of things for adults to do. They gave us a meeting place in a bar, which also worked out well. We spent one day swimming on Disney's own island and everyone had a wonderful time.

We went classy in June 1993 by staying at Hilton Head in South Carolina.

June 1994 brought everyone to Toronto. We still remember taking a rented bus back from Niagara Falls and stopping while we bought lots of wine and Ron came on the bus loaded with a huge tray of crackers, cheese and other goodies. The kids used the bus mike to sing songs, tell jokes, etc.

As far as we can remember, the next years brought us together for Tracey's wedding in 1995, Jackie's Bat Mitzvah in Nov. 1996, Ben's Bar Mitzvah in May 1997 and Keith's Bar Mitzvah in January 1998. As this is being written, plans are underway for a June 1998 reunion in San Francisco.

MISC.

We hosted the Park Forest Stamp Club picnic at our home for many years. This was very popular and one year we hit a high of 92 attendees.

We were very fortunate to have Rosalie do our housework for many years. When she retired, she got her cousin Edna to replace her. They stayed with us for more than 30 years. Both came to Diane's wedding.

Our apple tree died in the back yard and Les peeled the bark and painted the trunk in vivid colors of white, red, blue, yellow and green.

Les saw a \$7,000 painting in Hornick's home done by the artist Stella. When he came home, he bought a canvas, drew straight lines and Norm and Diane helped fill in the lines with bright colors. The painting hung in our house for many years.

In 1967, a major snowstorm struck the Midwest. Les and Barb were on a trip to Grand Rapids and couldn't get home. Fortunately, Edna was sitting with the kids and stayed there for the next three days.

In June of 1978, a windstorm blew down our huge tree in the back yard. Unfortunately, when it fell, the roots ripped up most of the concrete patio with it. The top of the tree lay across our garage and into our neighbor's yard.

One year, while driving to New York, we stopped in Cleveland for the night. When Les got back on the tollway the next morning, he discovered too late that he was heading back to Chicago. He had to turn around after about driving 25 miles in the wrong direction.

For several years, Barb's mother stayed with us every summer when we lived in Homewood. When we decided to go on a trip, she didn't want to go with us. Andy used to get nauseous when we started to leave the house without her. We found out later that she had told Andy that she was going to die and she would miss him. We asked her not to visit us again.

We rented cars from Joe Ross for about ten years. He was a remarkable Park Forest friend. He had an exterminating business, was a Packard dealer and when that closed, he started renting cars. He had several different businesses going all the time.

During a trip to Florida, we went to a school where they taught dolphins tricks. Diane went into the water and swam with the dolphins.

On one of our trips down Route 1 between Los Angeles and Monterey, the road got so narrow with a mountain on one side and straight down on the other, that Barbara got on the floor in the back and refused to move until I drove off the road onto a regular highway.

While heading for Evansville, it started to rain very hard. I was tired and asked Barb to take over the driving. She did and I went to sleep in the car.

We used the AAA book and wherever they mentioned a plant tour, we stopped. We saw autos being manufactured, paper mills, cereal factories, breweries, bottling companies and a lot more.

In Eureka, California, we stopped at a cannery. They had a small restaurant and the food was so good, we stayed in the city an extra night just to be able to have dinner there again. Les had two buckets of clams, about 72 of them, for dinner.

While in Seattle, we stopped at a better sea food restaurant for dinner. Andy said that he didn't want any sea food and that was the only items on the menu. The waitress offered him her own lunch, a peanut butter sandwich, which he devoured.

A stamp dealer in the Napa Valley, who also was a wine master, gave us a tasting tour of his winery. Then we all decided to go out to dinner and he brought his wife and two children. We all drove to the restaurant with us following him. He brought two gallons of his own wine into the restaurant for dinner. They were obviously used to him, because they brought us glasses and didn't say anything. We finished the two gallons along with an excellent dinner, and Les didn't feel like driving anywhere to find a motel. There was a building of sorts near the restaurant and they had rooms available. The one problem was that there was no heat and we were in the mountains. We all slept in our clothes with our coats on.

We ordered a pizza and Norm insisted that he didn't want tomato sauce. The waitress took the order and said she will find out if they could make it. A few minutes later, the chef came out of the kitchen and wanted to see who ordered a pizza without tomato sauce. Norm told him what he did like and they made the pizza.

We flew to Phoenix for a stamp show. One day, I don't know how it happened, but I was host to four of the wives for a day. I took them on a tour of bathrooms in about ten new homes under construction. They really enjoyed it and didn't want to quit.

We went to dinner with Arthur and Erna Salm and Bud and Dodie Hennig. Erna was on the phone constantly. Arthur said he got used to it. When the dinner arrived, I asked the waiter to bring the plate to Erna in the telephone booth. She returned to the table immediately.

When the stamp show was over, they told us that the weather in Chicago was so bad that all flights had been canceled and the bad weather would last several days. We, the Hennigs and Salms, rented two cars and drove to San Diego. Arthur had friends there and stayed with them. Everything was so gorgeous there that we and the Hennigs went to look at homes in the San Bernardino area. Bud, having constructed several homes, pointed out how badly they constructed the houses. The back yard was big enough to put a spa tub in and that's all.

While on a trip to Maine, we saw them moving thousands of logs down a river. It was fascinating to watch with the men on the moving logs guiding them.

Les had a big party with 1,400 people at the end of Ameripex. Our family came out for the occasion, even Danny and the kids. The celebration went on for many hours and Danny fell asleep at the table. A picture of him sleeping was part of a wrap-up book about the show. Ben, who was two at the time, got excited when he saw a life-size Mickey Mouse and didn't stop screaming.

Bernice Scholl invited us to dinner at Marathon Shores. She said her husband would catch fresh "lobster" in their backyard, the Gulf of Mexico. We didn't eat until 10:30 and it wasn't lobster, but small crayfish.

A friend of Les's arranged for us to take a private tour of Kennedy Space Center. We went to see an orientation movie first. Les' friend met us when we walked out of the theater. Diane saw him, got all excited and starting screaming that "We saw you in the movie," repeatedly.

Andy and Diane were sitting for a kid from France on evening in a New York hotel room. They taught him how to play poker and 21. When the parents got home, they were furious with us for permitting our children to teach their son such bad games.

We had a snowball fight on Mt. Rainier one July, visited Orlando one year before Disney opened and saw the plans and layout for Disney World. We went to watch the fireworks on a July 4th in San Francisco and it was so cold that we stayed in the car with the heater on. Our house was broken into while we were at a stamp show in Boston, drove on the football field at U. of M in Ann Arbor, a three-day trip to the Bahamas was a disaster, crowded, dirty, etc.

Cars

When we bought our first car from Barbara's cousin, Matthew Kantor, in 1950, we had a slight problem. Les didn't know how to drive. Barb knew how, since she had taken drivers ed in school, but didn't have a driver's license. This is how it was handled.

Barb's brother Marty, had a license, but we didn't have confidence in his driving ability since it was mostly done in the service. Marty sat in the back seat, Barb sat next to me in front and I did the driving with Barbara's instructions. My training took place on Grand Central Parkway in Brooklyn with narrow and very winding curves. This was in addition to very heavy traffic. I really don't know how I did it, but I managed to learn how to drive.

<u>Type of car</u>	<u>Date Bought</u>	<u>Paid</u>	
1947 Plymouth	1950	\$1,00	used
1951 Plymouth Sedan	Oct. 19, 1951	\$2,155	
1951 Studebaker 4 dr.	Feb. 5, 1957	\$250	Barb's car -used
1953 Studebaker 2 dr.	Oct. 4, 1958	\$500	Barb's car - used
1954 Dodge 4 dr.	Feb. 4, 1954	\$2,560	
1955 Buick	March 28, 1955	\$2,600	
1956 Olds 88	April 12, 1956	\$3,100	
1960 Olds 88	Rented from Joe Ross		
1960 Hillman convertible	Aug. 23, 1960	\$2,400	Barb's car
1962 Olds 88	Rented from Joe Ross		
1964 Olds 88	Rented from Joe Ross		
1965 Ford Mustang Convert	Dec. 24, 1968	\$900	Barb's car -used
1966 Olds 88	Rented from Joe Ross		
1968 Olds 88	Rented from Joe Ross		
1970 Pontiac	Rented from Joe Ross		
1973 Mazda Rotary engine	March 4, 1973	\$3,700	Barb's car
1973 Mercury Marquis	May 28, 1974	\$4,700	
1976 Dodge Aspen	June 26, 1976	\$4,200	Barb's car
1982 Honda Accord	Aug. 30, 1982	\$9,000	Barb's car
1984 Toyota Cressida	June 21, 1984	\$15,000	
1990 Lexus 250	April 5, 1990	\$24,000	
1998 Lexus 300	Jan. 31, 1998	\$35,000	

We traded out 1990 Lexus in for the 1998 model. The 1990 had 177,000 miles on it and the Lexus salesman bought the car for himself. He called me later to tell us what wonderful car it was. I spent less than \$1,000 in repairs on the car in the seven years that we owned it.

The Hillman Minx was our favorite car. It was white with red leather seats. We kept it for ten years until the electrical system had a problem and we couldn't get the car out of third gear. It would cost too much to fix. We sold it to an electrical engineer for \$100. He couldn't fix it either, but drove it in third.