

Transcript of Interview with Ann Sheckter Powell
Homestead Hebrew Congregation Oral History Project
Call Number: CSS #4

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This is Ann Sheckter Powell, the oral historian for the oral history project of the Homestead Hebrew Congregation, Rodef Shalom, done for Western Pennsylvania Jewish Archives of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania.

Having completed my interviews of those who attended the synagogue and lived in the community, all whom lived in the areas called Homestead and Munhall, I'm going to add my own experiences in the area because I, too, lived in the bordering borough of West Homestead from 1939 until 1948. I'm adding these experiences to those of the people I interviewed already because they offer comparisons as well as contrasts, given the differing experiences that I had and this interview, well this self-interview, should indicate where those experiences intersect and where they digress.

I'm going to give some background as to how I happened to come to West Homestead because that in itself indicates something of the difference between the way I experienced the area and the way most of the other people whom I interviewed did.

My mother herself was an immigrant to the United States from what is now Moldova, I think, an area not far from Odessa, a shtetl. She ultimately came to the United States from this town which was called Shpika. And I mention the name of the town because a number of people from Shpika came to the Pittsburgh area, enough that there was in fact a, what they call landsleit, a landsman's kind of organization called the Shpikover. It was a helping society for people from that town and a focus of their social life where they could interact. The point is that there was this organization that gave a focal area to a lot of the people who came to Pittsburgh, or to the Pittsburgh area, and gave them a connection that was somewhat larger than a family but had a lot of interconnections otherwise.

My mother was an orphan, but had come here to other relatives, and those relationships are actually important to explaining this story. My mother was an orphan who was raised by her grandmother, this is in Shpika, who was at the same time raising her youngest daughter who was still unmarried and at home. That daughter then developed a relationship with my mother that was somewhere between an older sister and a quasi-mother, because after my mother's grandmother died, this woman, this sort of older sister who I called Tante Shaindel, acted as older sisters often do when a parent dies, she assumed the quasi-maternal role toward the younger sister, in this case her, technically what was her niece. In fact they escaped from Europe together.

And in this story the experiences are similar to those that were relayed by Ira Stein when she talked about her family. The thing of hiding, of bribing people to get out of the country. They then went to Romania and my mother actually finally made her way over land all the way to Belgium, from which she embarked to the United States. When she finally came to Pittsburgh, and I say finally because originally she went, my mother came in 1922, which was just about the close of the immigration period. And she came under an orphans' quota. And she came to an uncle on her father's side in New York before

she came to Pittsburgh. In Pittsburgh she had not only this aunt-cum-sister as I would call her, Shaindel, she also had other uncles who were brothers of this woman, to whom she was less close, but who nevertheless constituted some of the family where she lived as she went from relative to relative. So this was the circle we had. This woman who I call Tante Shaindel, another uncle who was a kosher butcher, and yet another uncle who ultimately went to California and actually no longer existed in our story, except for the fact that he was the reason my mother came to Pittsburgh because he was the wealthiest of the siblings and it was he that induced her to come to Pittsburgh to leave the other relative who was a garment worker in New York with his own young family to raise. At any rate, because of the fact that my mother was this orphan, and because of the fact that she had lived with this family of aunts and uncles in essentially a sibling relationship, my mother lived with one or another of them after she came to Pittsburgh.

She then met, in night school, my father, who was an only child, an immigrant also who had come to America alone, without his parents but, again, to other aunts and uncles who lived in Pittsburgh. My mother began working in Kaufmann's when she was not even fluent in English. She worked as a messenger, and sometimes people would actually tell her the messages in Yiddish that she had to carry from one place. I take it this was before they began all the pneumatic system that carried all the messages that needed to be carried from any department in the store to another. To her, the Kaufmanns, Oliver and Edgar and their brother-in-law who she called I.D. Wolff, and I think who was generally referred to that way, were store owners, they were available and accessible people. Not friendly, not on a first name basis, but real presences, rather than the absent corporate structure that we now know.

Ultimately (tape cuts out)

Ultimately, my father and mother both owned a grocery store in the Hill District on Webster Avenue which is where my aunt, Tante Shaindel, and her family lived. They had that store until my father, who was diagnosed as having increasingly severe asthma, could no longer operate the store with my mother, at which point she returned to Kaufmann's and the store was sold.

By the time my mother was pregnant with me, or somewhere along the point of that pregnancy, I should say to be more specific about it, by the time she was ready to deliver this child, my father was in the hospital for the final and fatal stage of this illness. When my mother was so pregnant that she could no longer work, she once again went to live with this aunt, Tante Shaindel, and her husband and then what were probably then her four sons. So I was born in Passavant Hospital in the Hill District where we all lived together. And we all lived there for the next fourteen months of my life, my father died when I was eight months old, and my mother continued to live with this aunt and her family until the point at which she felt she could go out on her own. At that point she looked for a way to make a living that would make it possible for her to raise a child at the same time, and the thing that suggested itself, of course, was something that she knew how to do and that would make that possible to do which is to be self-employed with a grocery store. How she happened to find the grocery store in West Homestead, I can

only speculate, at this point because it was a question that I didn't ask at the time. I think it was probably unlikely that she would have taken another store in the Hill District because although there still were Jewish people in the Hill District in 1939, and in fact there were a significant number of them and that's where our shul was and this is where our relatives lived, the fact was that when my mother and father had their store, they had already been held up in the early 30s, and I think the sense was that that really was not as safe a place to have a store as some other neighborhood might be. I'm not sure about that but I have a suspicion that that's the case. Besides which Jewish people were in fact already moving from the Hill, and so I think it didn't seem that it was a Jewish community that was going to continue to succeed. Now obviously West Homestead was not a Jewish community either, but the point is that it would not have been a place where one would have located oneself, because it seemed as if it was a, likely to continue to be a supportive and significant Jewish community, so given the offsets and I would think the fear that crime might increase, the inclination would be as likely to look for a store elsewhere.

I do believe it was important to find a store that was not far from family, and from the community, and from the services that were there. So that for example, I don't think my mother would have gone to the towns in the neighboring communities, New Kensington, Aliquippa, and so forth, that would be as sufficient removed to make it difficult to maintain the contacts and the supports that existed for my mother in the city. I think West Homestead, the situation in West Homestead was attractive for a number of reasons. The store was in a small apartment house of eight apartments, we had three rooms directly behind the store. It was a half block from the elementary school which meant that at the same time as my mother would be ultimately sending me to the school, it would not be at such a distance that she wouldn't be able to get to the school if that were necessary, and, of course, it was easily accessible by public transportation to all the places that we wanted to go, to town, to the Hill, and to Squirrel Hill, where my uncle had his kosher butcher shop.

The point that I'm making here is that all the family that we had and that we were oriented to were not in that Homestead area. Our shul was the Miller Street shul, a Russian congregation on the Hill at that point. We bought our meat from my uncle who lived in Squirrel Hill. My mother used the Irene Kaufmann Settlement House, which was in the Hill District for a lot of its services even when I was a baby. They had a well baby clinic, they had a little parklet where a person, where people could bring their children or their babies and walk them or whatever. It, of course, had other services that may or may not have been used. It had English classes for those who were not, who were learning, who were not fluent in English yet. It had baths for those who didn't have baths. It offered a variety of services, it had a gym. I'm not saying these are all services that we were using, but I'm saying it was looked to as a very comprehensive kind of service. It had youth groups that my cousins, these young men that were my Tante Sheindel's children used. It had a music school, it had a dancing school, it had a drama place, it had a theatre for performances. It fulfilled a number of functions in the lives of the immigrant population that lived around it.

So that was still the area to which we looked for services. It was the area that she was used to using, and it was something that was not in that Homestead area. Unlike most of the other interviewees who came to the Homestead area in tandem with other relatives and whose lives then became focused on the resources that the Jewish community in that Homestead area could provide, our lives were focused elsewhere. On the Shpikover, who tended to live someplace else, that was the social life where we would go to large events; on the Irene Kaufmann Settlement for increasing services as I grew older. To the shul which was largely a Shpikover kind of shul where we knew the same people first in the Hill and later in East End as the population moved. But our sources of reinforcement, my mother's and mine, were not within this community, this Homestead community, where we really knew no one, but rather outside of Homestead in the city itself, for the most part.

So that, for example, when Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur came, my mother closed the store, and we went to my aunt's and stayed there and went to shul from there. We often went there on Friday nights for Shabbos dinner. When, there was a point when my mother decided she would like to try to take me to some kind of preschool, and she took me to the Irene Kaufmann Settlement. I didn't like it, and I didn't continue to go, but that was what she thought of as the place where she would use a resource. Dancing school, I went to the Irene Kaufmann Settlement for dancing school, and then of course we would go to my aunt's for dinner afterward. When I began to take piano lessons, again it was at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement. Our lives were focused around, as I said, as I referred to earlier, were focused around institutions that were focused outside the Homestead area.

Nevertheless, the presence of the shul was an important factor for us because that, of course, is where I would begin to go to Hebrew school and to Sunday school when I was old enough for those services. Also, although I don't remember this specifically, my mother would go for Yiskor during the other holidays during the year aside from Yom Kippur when we were not at our Russian shul, and we used the Homestead shul for that. I have some recollections, it seems to me, of going there for Simchas Torah, and, of course, once I was in Sunday school there were the Hanukkah and Purim things that were done in combination with going there, with being a member of the Sunday school. So minor holidays were ones in which we used the Homestead synagogue. For my Hebrew education and my Jewish education altogether the Homestead synagogue was important, but for all the other kinds of things that we needed in our lives, we, by in large, did not use the Homestead area. Did we shop there? Sometimes, yes. And I knew some of the merchants there, but we also went downtown because to my mother in some ways Kaufmann's was a home that she was familiar with and comfortable with, so I guess there was something about patronizing the local merchants, but we also went to Kaufmann's.

Sometimes we bought my shoes, for example, in this wonderful shoes store I thought in Homestead called Victor's, and they took X-rays of your feet, which seemed extremely exciting because you could see the bones of your feet. And certainly some of the merchants who were my mother's suppliers came from the Homestead area.

I remember particularly Mr. Lombersky, who was the wholesale candy supplier, partly because Mr. Lombersky was a widower who I realize in retrospect probably was interested in marrying my mother. My mother never remarried. But the reason I know that he was was, was I think I remember my aunt scolding my mother for being indifferent to his interest. And he ultimately married somebody who I believe was a, in fact, I'm sure was a Benkovitz. But my mother did consider him I think a friend. And he used to come and have, I guess he used to come and deliver some candies on Saturday and he would have Saturday lunch, which was a large meal, because my mother didn't cook on Saturdays, and it would be what we had had from Friday night. So I sort of have this memory of his coming and eating lunches with us.

I'm trying to think how to put this in focus in terms of other things. I'd like to say something about my experiences being the only Jewish child in my school. Walnut Street School which was my elementary school, was a small elementary school, it had no kindergarten and grades one through six, and each of those was taught by a single teacher except for the fifth and six grade where there was some interaction among a few teachers where they began to specialize a little bit in terms of what they taught. We didn't have a gym teacher. We did have a music teacher, and the school was heavily focused on music which led to a certain kind of joie de vivre in the school. I realize in retrospect that most of the teachers were young, most of them were unmarried, and they had a good bit of camaraderie among themselves so that the school itself felt like a kind of family. As I said, I was the only Jewish child in the school when I began there. Later, I think when I was in fifth grade, possibly when I was in fourth grade the Keislars moved to West Homestead, and Paula and Jay, who has just died, also became students in the school. But until then, I was the only Jewish child there, and was pretty well established as their idea of, what their idea of being Jewish was. Particularly since our store was nearby, and teachers even came to the store and children came to the store and whatever they perceived as being Jewish was what they perceived about what we were or were not doing.

Actually in the course of my being there when I was in fourth grade, a Jewish teacher, a young woman was hired who in fact got married during the year that she was there. (tape cuts out)

So what were my experiences being this Jewish child in this town. This very small town. In school I was extremely happy. I should say generally speaking I was very happy wherever I was in this West Homestead environment. I was, I suppose, what one would call the teacher's pet in fact, so I would certainly say that's the opposite of experiencing any negative being Jewish, in terms of how I was being treated by the teachers. Similarly the children, when they had to choose someone for something they chose me. So obviously there was no resentment about whatever happened in terms of my relationships with the teachers. That may possibly be because I was rather quiet and probably unassuming, and I really was the best student in the class. So children, I suspect, rather than feeling I was treated with favoritism didn't really see it that way and maybe just thought it was whatever happened was my reward for virtue. I can't say that I was given particular privileges, but rather simple things since children were not put in groups, if I

finished my work I was given extra books to read. When there were plays in the Junior High school and they asked them to send a child, they sent me, partly because I wouldn't miss my classes and the other reason being that I was very comfortable on stage. Those kinds of things.

That was the time when Pennsylvania law required a teacher to read or cause to have read at least ten verses from the Bible at the beginning of each day. That was what the Pennsylvania law read. My teachers interpreted that by and large as reading Bible stories. Frequently, or certainly some of the time, the stories that they read were stories from the Gospels. So I knew the stories of Jesus as well as I knew the stories of Moses. And to this day I seem often to know more stories about Christianity than many Christians who I know, partly because I was paying attention to everything.

What happened in terms of the holidays. I certainly had no problem in taking off Jewish holidays. And in terms of Christmas, of course we had a tree in the school. We did not have a creche in the school. And we sang some Christmas carols, less though than were sung when we moved to East End where the school was filled with Jewish children. I wouldn't say they were the majority, but they certainly were just about equal in number to the number of non-Jews, but they were not a majority and I really can't be specific about that. Anyway, when I went to a school with a substantial number of Jewish children I learned more Christmas carols than I learned in the school where there were not, where I was the only Jewish child, which is not to say that there were no Christmas carols sung, it was just that for some reason it was a less intense experience than it was when I moved to the city. We sang other songs though. We sang a song about Follow the Grail, which I had no idea was a Christian song. And I suspect neither did anyone else. We sang Little Brown Church in the Vale which didn't seem all that Christian to me. As I say, we sang a lot of songs and these were sort of like from a folk songbook which if you pick up now those kind of songs can still be found in there. I think we sang Onward Christian Soldiers, which I barely understood. And we certainly sang the Battle Hymn of the Republic, which I only vaguely understood to be a Christian song until we got to the later verses.

I would not sing the word Christ, which I understood to be a statement of faith. And so I simply fudged over those words where ever they existed. And the other word that I wouldn't use was manger, because I had no idea what it was and I thought it might be a statement of faith. What my mother had told me was that I musn't tell children that Santa Claus didn't exist. That what I knew not to be so, was not something that I was to share with these other children whose parents preferred that they believe the gifts came from Santa Claus. And so I looked on all of Christianity, I must say, from that as something of a, well, I looked on Jesus as sort of the grownup version of Santa Claus. I understood that God (tape cuts out)

END OF TAPE ONE, SIDE ONE

TAPE ONE, SIDE TWO

I was speaking on side one about my ideas about being Jewish surrounded by Christians and how I viewed Christianity, which somewhat flowed from my idea about, or my understanding about what we could understand about God which was essentially that we couldn't. That God was all knowing, that God had no form, that God was omnipresent, which is to say that God is everywhere. And so to imagine a God that is everywhere and beyond human imagination meant that it was something that I, I never had this idea of God with a beard because I understood that was not how one could think about God. So the idea of Jesus the man seemed to me the same idea for adults as Santa Claus which was, it was an idea of God for people who couldn't understand the concept of omniscience and omnipresence and formlessness. And so I knew that just as one wouldn't deride or interfere with an image of a Santa Claus for a child, so one wouldn't do that for an adult who could only conceive God as a human being, which to me seemed to be a contradiction with the idea of what God was. But it seemed to me that was how people, how Christians, could conceive of God and so that was their understanding and I was happy that I was Jewish.

The children saw my being Jewish as an advantage which meant that I got extra days off from school. That was generally speaking what their conception of Judaism was. Sometimes I think they also got it mixed up with having unlimited access to candy and ice cream which was what they thought I had because of the fact that my mother had a grocery store. And I even think that sometimes they thought it had to do with the advantage, which I didn't consider it to be, of being an only child which was another dearly held desire that they had. If they had other views of Judaism they somehow got mixed up with those. But the specific thing that I remember was children saying, "You're so lucky, you get extra days off for being Jewish. And it doesn't really seem fair and you ought to come to school on Easter and Christmas instead." But anyway, that was the reaction, generally speaking if I had any at all, from other children to my being Jewish.

At one time before I started school, I had become attached to a somewhat older child, probably only a year or so older than I, who I was avid to play with, much to my mother's distress for reasons that I don't know, but which I can imagine, she disapproved of this child. But I was avid to have this child play with me and seemed honored by the fact that what I thought was an older girl was willing to play with me. Nevertheless she was a mean little girl, and I remember her saying at one time, although this didn't make me give her up as a friend, a chant which was "Red, white, and blue. Your father is a Jew. Your mother rides a broomstick, just like you." And I knew it wasn't a nice chant, and I didn't really have the idea, I somehow had the idea that she was using Jew in a pejorative sense since the other part of it had to do with being witches. And besides she was talking about a dead person, and that too didn't seem nice. So I had this sense that the whole rhyme, which I still remember, was intended in a negative way. I never heard that again. And I didn't give up with her as a friend because of that, I gave up with her as a friend when she insisted that I take out all my toys and then refused to help me take any of them away. And then I realized that she really wasn't a nice little girl and that was the end of that friendship.

Did I ever hear anything anti-Semitic? I did indeed. My mother, of course, had her store during the war when there was rationing. Many merchants in order to provide their customers with supplies that were not easily come by bought them on the black market. My mother did not. The result was that she really had shortages, serious shortages of desired supplies and in fact she sometimes lost her customers to other stores which could supply them. When these limited supply goods came, soap powder, sugar, I remember, those are the two I really remember as being coveted, she would try to keep them for what were her regular customers. And on those occasions suddenly random customers who never existed, when they would realize there was sugar or soap powder to be had would suddenly materialize and would demand these items, which may no longer have existed by the time they appeared in the store. And then they would become on some occasions enraged. And as they became enraged and swore at my mother, part of their swearing would be “you dirty Jew”, essentially it was “you Goddamned Jew” is part of it.

Did I find that threatening? I did not. Because I knew they weren't nice people. They weren't nice people in terms of what they had demanded in the first place. They used forbidden words in the second place, and so using Jew in a pejorative sense was part of the vulgarisms of the rest of what they were saying and I saw that all as a part of people who just weren't nice. And as far as I could see, all the world of people who were nice didn't say things like that. I never heard the word kike I might add.

There was a woman for example, who named her dog Hitler, and who at one time came in I remember and said she wished Hitler would come and bomb us. And of course that showed me what a stupid woman she was because how could a bomb be that selective that it would kill us and not her. And, so to me, that was the level of what anti-Semites were, and I don't know if I really knew the word anti-Semite. But to me that was what people who were anti-Jewish were, they were people who were vulgar and they were people who were stupid and they were people who one wouldn't like or care about or want anything to do with anyway. And so I felt separated from their negative feelings because they were negative anyhow, with Jewish pejorative or without them.

How did I feel about Christmas. Well, we had to decorate our store window. We didn't do it with real Christmas things, but with, we'd put snow and whatever in the window to make it look, where the merchandise was displayed so it looked holiday-ish. I had two friends, a Protestant and a Catholic, and I would go to their houses and see their trees, I went to other people's houses and saw their trees, I thought that was fun to do. I never wished that I had one for myself. People did tell my mother than they thought she was mean to deprive me of having a tree, and I thought that was funny because I didn't feel at all deprived, and that was sort of how I felt about Christmas.

I lived a different life from everybody around me. And being Jewish was only a part of that different life. I was the only child without a father. I was one of the very few children who was an only child at all. I was the only child whose parent had a store. I was even taller than most children. I was the only child who took piano lessons and dancing lessons in a very serious way and practiced a lot. So altogether my life was very different from other people's lives. And on a whole it was because I was happy and

because many of those things felt like benefits. Well, I didn't find being an only child a benefit, I didn't think. And I wouldn't say that not having a father was something that I felt was a benefit, although I also didn't feel it as any kind of a loss, it was just the reality of my life. I loved being Jewish. And I did see that as a benefit, I thought of it as obviously the more sophisticated, knowledgeable religion, devoid of pretense, which I saw Santa Claus and Jesus as being.

We kept kosher and had two sets of dishes and I didn't feel up upon by that. I just really loved being Jewish I guess I could say. I loved the synagogue, and I loved the fact that women sat above the men, I thought that was an expression of women's status, vis-à-vis men. We sat in these wonderful tiers so that everyone could see everything; we sat in a semi-circle upstairs so that one could sit upstairs and see everything that happened below. (tape cuts out)

The women were dressed in wonderful clothes, they came and they went in a way that the men could not, and when I went downstairs the men smelled of smoke and they all looked drab, and they had an obligation to come earlier and stay later. It also seemed that the most wonderful rituals of Judaism happened in the home. And it was women who were in control of them. It was women who lit the Shabbos candles. It was women who prepared for the seder, so that all of the wonderful leading up to the seder happened while all the men were not at home, in fact they were banished to the shul, while we put the wonderful things together. It just, as I say, it simply seemed to me that everything that happened that was particularly important and particularly wonderful happened to the women. When I started to Hebrew school I was again reinforced with the idea that women were viewed as spiritually superior to men. And I took that from the fact that men, or boys, had to be bar mitzvahed and girls did not. I understood that to be so because males required more discipline in order to make them spiritually adept than females required.

I had a similar view of boys and girls in the secular world which was that I saw females as having all sorts of options that men did not. I understood that men were sent off to war because they were expendable, so I saw the world as recognizing that women were superior to men. I saw women as having options that men did not. They could wear pants or they could wear dresses. They could take jobs or they could stay home. They had the wonderful opportunity, ordinarily, of staying home and raising families, which I saw as the most important task. My mother herself who had worked almost all her life regretted not having more time to spend with me, and it was clear that the real pleasure that she took were from the world of home. Even in terms of when she talked about her grandmother, those things all had to do with the interactions between a woman and a child and clearly everything that people saw as being important and what they were doing that was important was how they dealt with each other, the way they ran their home and the way they cared for their children. So I saw women as being privileged, and, of course, I saw that as need be, for example in the case of my mother, women could do both. I certainly knew that there were women who took various jobs during the war. So it seemed to me that for the most part, women didn't do those jobs because they didn't want to. And that they could if they felt like it. And, I certainly saw that in my own life.

I saw teachers as being women, and I thought teachers were the most brilliant people in the world, I believed that they were possessors of all the knowledge of the universe. And they were women. And I thought that was why that was so.

The medical person that we had in our school was the nurse, and she, of course, was a woman. And I saw doctors as being people who seemed to feed on misery. They appeared only when people were ill. Whereas the nurse was there to help us all the time, so I thought even in terms of medical things, as I looked at it, women had a nicer role than men did. Although it never occurred to me that a woman couldn't be a doctor if she chose. I simply thought that women were too nice to choose to be that.

A few of our teachers went, joined the armed services during the war and again I saw that as something that women could chose to do where as men had to do it. And as I said I saw that as being society's view that men were expendable in a way that women were not. So I saw a whole world in which women were very competent, more competent than men, more refined, more civilized, in a world that recognized that and organized itself on that recognition, and so that was also the view I had of Judaism.

I'm going to go back for a minute and talk about Christian views of Jews because a thought had come to my mind that I had failed to remember. I mentioned that I had two close friends, one who lived across that street from me, who was Catholic, and one who lived next door, who was Protestant, although her father was Catholic or had been Catholic, and the grandparents and relatives on her father's side of the family were Catholic. I never heard such virulent anti-Catholic talk, as I heard in my friend's house from her mother, and her mother's side of the family, and from the children themselves. They talked about the foolish ideas that believing that sins could be forgiven by a priest, they denigrated the whole idea of confession, they had nothing but derogatory things to say about the idea of unmarried priests and nuns. The whole catalogue of anti-Catholic feelings that could be put together came from this family.

Now, my Catholic girlfriend went to Catholic school, and when she went to Catholic school, she came to me with a storybook that was given to her that was very disconcerting to her. The story that she showed me that had distressed her was the story of a Jewish child in, it seemed to be some foreign country, not America, who went to the only school that there was in town, and that school was a Catholic school. However, her father had refused to permit her to participate in the catechism, and in, which is the Catholic instruction, and so as the other children learned and prayed and spoke about the saints, this child listened eagerly, but separately, to what was happening. Always feeling left out and desirous, and her heart was attracted to what was happening, and her soul was attracted to what was happening, but her father was adamant. And as her desire to participate in this wondrous revelation of Catholicism increased, her father became more adamant in his refusal to permit her to do that. And for some reason the child became ill, and she wasted away. Whether it was from her unhappiness at her school situation or some other even in her life, I don't remember, but she wasted away. And even at the end when the author was made to bring the priest to her bedside, her father hardened his heart and refused him. And finally she died. And of course then he realized that he had

separated her from this longing of her soul. But, of course, because she had never been permitted to become Catholic, she could not be buried in the Catholic cemetery, so they buried her outside the gate, immediately outside the gate. And even though, even though, she had not been able to progress into the heart of the religion, when the sun shone on the graves of those souls within the cemetery, one beam shone on her grave as well because the soul had had a Catholic longing anyhow.

And my friend was distressed, she brought the story because suddenly it seemed to her for the first time that what the story had made clear was that Judaism was a diminished religion. That I was lacking something that she had, and she brought it to me in that kind of a spirit. And, I don't remember saying anything, and I don't know what my mother said to her, except I thought it was humorous, that I who was so privileged, that they had this very distorted view of what my life was like, that something was missing from it rather than that it was rich and fuller than I could imagine anybody else's being. So that was I guess the other experience that I had with understanding what other views were of Judaism. Did that make me feel worse about Catholicism than I had prior to that moment? Evidently not, and maybe that's because I already had some of these ideas maybe about Catholic belief, I don't know. I just know it certainly didn't change anything in terms of my feelings either about my friend or about Catholicism. Or, certainly about Judaism.

Now, I guess I'll go on and talk about. Oh, one other thing I want to talk about. In order to run a grocery store it had to be open for all the shifts in the mill. West Homestead was the home of the Mesta Machine Company, which no longer exists. *Call Me Madam*, the musical, was based on the life of Pearl Mesta, who was the heir to the Mesta Machine fortune, and who because of the vast wealth that she had and donated to the Democratic Party, had been rewarded with a small ambassadorship. Anyway, that's the story of the Mesta Machine Company.

And there was some people who worked at U.S. Steel as well, but primarily Mesta was the company that the town was built around, as it were. There were, as there were at the mill, three shifts. One at eight o'clock in the morning, one at three in the afternoon, one at eleven at night. Women used to make lunches for their husbands at the very last minute, they liked to buy very fresh lunch meats for those lunches, which meant that a store serving that kind of a population had to be available to make that fresh food available at those times, which is a very long day.

Many grocery stores were, of course, run at least by a couple. My mother was alone and trying to take care of a child as well. And so, she needed help. The first help that I remember was a young Jewish woman, Betty Schlesinger, who I think, herself was an orphan as far as I could tell. We had three rooms, in our bedroom, which was the room in the back, my mother and I slept. In the living room, which was the room right behind the store, was a couch that converted into a bed and that was Betty's room. So Betty lived with us, she ate with us, and she helped my mother in the store. She didn't do anything in the house, she didn't cook, she may have helped clean up after the meal, she certainly didn't dust or anything like that. Cleaning was done by a cleaning woman, because our

house got, those rooms got really dirty both from the store, and from I guess the dust, the dirt that was in the air. Although that darkness at noon that I seen in pictures is something that I never experienced myself. Anyway, we spoke Yiddish in the house because it was a way of having privacy from the people who might come in the store at any given moment. It wasn't spoken in the store, but any given moment when we were sitting in the living room, or eating, or whatever someone might come into the store and the way that they felt comfortable having a conversation was to speak in Yiddish and that, I guess, is part of the way that I learned Yiddish. And, of course, the rest of my family was not fluent in English either and so there was a lot of Yiddish that was spoken where ever.

Betty stayed with us for several years. I do not remember Betty ever using the Homestead shul. That doesn't mean that she didn't. She used to go for example to her family in Steubenville for the High Holy Days, and I guess probably for Pesach as well, and my mother would close the store for those events. I don't remember, Betty was a, I guess what I'm trying to think about was the fact that no one found Betty. There was no one in the larger Jewish community who ever invited her to a meal or to an event. I don't think it would have really been hard to know that she existed because of the fact that as I said there were some Jewish people from the community who came to store, salesmen for example, and they knew that Betty was the single, and somewhat eccentric woman, it's true. But she never went anywhere. She never seemed to have been invited anywhere except when she went to her family in Steubenville, and when she sometimes went out with a young woman who was my babysitter, who was Hungarian.

So I'm trying, the reason I'm mentioning this is to think about what all our relationships were with the synagogue. I know that, and I don't know how they happened, we used to random people who would come to us, particularly for Shabbos dinners when we were not going to my aunt's. They were single people. And I think they were really middle-aged even though a child's perception of middle-aged is not necessarily an adult's perception of what that is. But I think they really were. I certainly know they weren't, I'm certain they were not people in their twenties. And I remember them as being somewhat marginal people, people who seemed to have, uhm I'm trying to figure out, they, they did (tape cuts out)

END OF TAPE ONE, SIDE TWO

TAPE TWO, SIDE ONE

This is tape two, side one, Ann Sheckter Powell.

I was talking about what I could recollect of the connection between the Homestead Hebrew congregation, and those people that I knew which is my mother and Betty Schlesinger, the woman who worked for us. And I was saying that in my own recollection I don't have any sense of any real outreach that was done to bring Betty into that community. And I also was talking about the individuals who my mother had come for meals, and I don't know if they came from Homestead, and I don't know how we

found them. They just came. There were a lot of people, it seems to me, without families, people who had been orphaned in one way or another. And there were other people who were sort of quasi-parts of our family who all through the years came to events at my aunt's, for example. So I guess people found these other people, and I don't know how they always found them. And, I still don't know how these people who came to us were found and whether they really came from Homestead, although certainly could not have, probably would not have come from a great distance. One of them. I know, actually lived in a, he lived in the Home for the Aged and sort of worked there, although he was too young to actually be a resident there. I think they rather gave him a room. And the Home for the Aged, of course, was just across the High Level Bridge in, on the edge of Squirrel Hill in the city of Pittsburgh. And the other one and as I say, I thought came from the Homestead area. But at any rate, that's my sense of small connections that we made with that community. I guess I'll go on and talk about my own experiences with the shul, particularly Hebrew school and Sunday school.

What I remember about Sunday school is that, now the time that I was there was the time that Rabbi Weiss was there, what I remember about Sunday school is that after we had our class, we had like an assembly in the uh, whatever you call the room downstairs. And every day, or every Sunday, we would say the Shema, and the V'ahavta, led by the rabbi, we would say it in Hebrew and we would say it in English. And I remember that we learned one song, which I thought was a very lovely song, well, we learned some Sabbath songs I should say. Well no that isn't true, I think we learned a number of songs, it seemed to me we learned Adon Alom, and we learned Ein Keloheinu, and Shalom Aleichem, the Sabbath song in Hebrew. We learned on in English which I never heard again and which I thought was a very lovely little song. Which maybe I should include.

(sings)

Come oh Sabbath day and bring
Peace and healing on thy wing
And to every troubled breast
Speak of thy divine behest
Thou shalt rest, thou shalt rest

Wipe from every cheek the tear
Banish care and silence here
All things working for the best
Speak of thy divine behest
Thou shalt rest, thou shalt rest

Well, I don't like my voice, but it seems like a lost song and so maybe it should be preserved.

Then I guess the rabbi talked to us about something or other, but I have no memory of anything he ever talked about. And the most amazing thing to me is that I have no memories of any discussions about the coming birth of Israel. Which happened just as it was my last year there, May 1948. By August of 1948, I had moved. So all that ferment

and excitement that happened, I have no sense of any awareness of being reflected of what was happening in Hebrew school or Sunday school.

Now about Hebrew school, Rabbi Weiss taught my class. It was primarily boys, and a few girls, one of whose mothers I interviewed for this project, Elaine Green was the girl's name. Also in the class, well there were several boys in the class and rather than list them, I will mention one because even though we didn't get a chance to interview him because of the fact that he unfortunately died in the course of this project and had been ill with leukemia during all of it, his name recurred with a number of people who talked. Everybody remembered Jay Keizler, because Jay had been such a difficult child. I don't remember him as mean, and I don't think anybody remembered him as mean, he was probably quintessentially mischievous. He was so mischievous and difficult even for his parents that he was the only person I ever knew of who was sent to military school. I remember once he asked the rabbi, for example, and this is really it seems, it certainly seems innocent. He asked the rabbi if he could be excused, which we all understood to be a euphemism for going to the bathroom and the rabbi said yes, so he went home.

Everybody said that they remembered learning to read fast, that that was their memory of Hebrew school. And I'm sure that was part of what we learned, and I must say that was what I really wanted to learn because part of what I wanted from Hebrew school was to be able to come into shul and find my place as all the women did, because we all prayed out of our own prayer books in those days, and be able to find my place and to find the prayers and to be able to say them, and to hear what the hazzan was saying, and be able to recognize the words and find them in the books.

And the women prayed very fast, and the men prayed very fast, and I wanted to be able to pray very fast. And I remember that the first prayer that the rabbi had us go home to practice was a prayer that said upon awakening, which begins modeh ani. Only when I came back I wanted to say it really fast and I had practiced it with my mother, and I said moideh, moideh ani. It was the pronunciation of the Jews from the area where I came from, they made their 'o's sounds as 'oy's, and as soon as the rabbi heard me say that he said, "You learned that at home and I don't want you to do it like that anymore. I want you to learn it, just learn how to read it, and read it as its written rather than learning it as you learned it at home." And I was really pleased because I had been able to say it really fast, so the idea of fast, that other people had spoken of somewhat pejoratively was to me an achievement I hoped to attain.

We sat around a table and the rabbi taught us as I say. And I loved it. To me, it was the opening up of a world that I wanted to have opened to me. And I saw most of education as that, as an unfolding of the mysteries of the adult world that I was beginning to attain. I also have a recollection of something that no one else has mentioned, was that I remember starting to learn the Chumash, which is to say the beginning of the Bible. Chumash being the five books of the Bible, and I remember starting to read Bereshit, which is in the beginning, or Genesis as they say it in Greek. I'm, on second thought, at first I had thought that everybody had forgotten it except me, on second thought I'm not altogether sure that that's the case because one of the things I recall Rabbi Weiss doing

was allowing me to stay after class from time to time or to have my own class. Sometimes he talked to me about things, I remember once he asked me how old I would like to be when I got married. I said twenty-two because I didn't want to sound eager, and he said that was old. So I said, "Oh how about nineteen," which was what I really had in mind if that he thought was a better idea. But the point was we had these, obviously we had these various little discussions about different kinds of things, and I think that maybe I was studying the Chumash alone with him. What I do know is that I had a sense of learning a lot. And the reason I know that I felt that I had learned a lot was because when I left and went to the B'nai Israel, which was a large established conservative synagogue in the East End of Pittsburgh when we moved from there, I was extremely unhappy in the Hebrew school because we learned so little. I was so unhappy that after a year I left there and went to a Jewish day school. So the point is that there was a, in my mind and my experience, there was a real contrast in terms of the content of what I had learned in Homestead and what I was not learning in the other Hebrew school. So clearly, I was feeling that I was learning a lot more than just repetition.

We went four days a week, and I remember at least one summer when we went in the morning. There also had been an issue, at one point, in which the schools were giving released time for children to get religious instruction, and we wanted the rabbi to allow us to come to Hebrew school during that released time period and he refused. My mother, I remember, was opposed to it as well, and, of course in retrospect I understand that these people saw it as an intertwining of church and state, essentially. At a very visceral level interestingly, because these were not people, I think, who were involved in, I'm going to take back visceral level because I don't really know that that's true, I know that they obviously, that they must have considered it an entanglement, and they refused to participate in that entanglement. It was an experiment that didn't last a very long time, as I recall anyhow. But everybody was of one mind that we weren't leaving school to go to Hebrew school, so we didn't.

I started to talk about, in referring to this, I started to refer to other things that people may or may not have known, and I started to say visceral and I took it back because, because for example, my mother belonged to the Pioneer Women, and went to meetings where ever that was, not in Homestead. (cuts out) In Homestead area but instead met I don't know where, because I went with her sometimes to meetings. I went to lots of these things, I went to the Shpikover for dinners, I went to these meetings sometimes with my mother because she really couldn't get a babysitter. And I think I learned a lot from being around these things, and I also think I had this wonderful sense of inclusion and being part of a larger community which I think was part of what I was referring to previously when I said I certainly didn't feel any losses from being a Jewish child in a non-Jewish environment.

I never made close friends with people from Hebrew school or Sunday school. My two closest friends continue to be my little Protestant and my little Catholic girlfriends. But I had like Hebrew school friends, Elaine was my Hebrew school and Sunday school friend, and I went to her house from time to time and I think that I went to a birthday party there. But, there wasn't the intensity of connection that there was with these children whom I

had begun to play with probably when I learned to talk. And, so, obviously the difference between being Jewish and being non-Jewish was not an important criterion for me as I was growing up in terms of the friends that I had.

What else can I say about the Homestead Hebrew congregation? Well the fact is that this Hebrew school experience was very intense for me. I loved going. And it made that shul an important part of my life, and as I said I recall going there for minor holidays as well and I remember having the Hanukkah and Purim kinds of celebrations or plays or whatever they were that went on there.

I remember going somewhere and one other person, because he remembers it the same way, makes me inclined to think that it was there, perhaps as well as in my other shul. When we went for Simchas Torah, which is the holiday in which one completes the reading of the scriptures and then begins again, and dances, it's a very joyous holiday and the adults dance around with the Torahs and the children follow them usually with little flags with apples on top, but what I remember was that on top of the apple was a candle. And that was thing that was really wonderful about it. The candles disappeared, I suppose because of the fire hazards, although I never heard of a synagogue burning down because of anybody going around with a candle. But, so many people had only remembered the apple that I had begun to think until I spoke to one person in this process who also remembered the candles, that at one time there had been candles as well. And whether I experienced those candles in Homestead or whether those candles were only at our smaller shul, our smaller and less sophisticated shul, I'm not sure. I'm inclined to think that the candle was in Homestead because I don't think there were enough children for me to go around in the other shul, where again, I was almost the only child, certainly the only child who stayed there a lot.

Even when it came to the cemetery, our cemetery was not the cemetery from this shul. Our cemetery was a place called Beth Abraham in the South Hills, so even for those kinds of events, when I went to the cemetery, I went someplace else. So there was this dichotomy between what happened in terms of this Homestead Jewish population and my other Jewish population, so that it's clear to me that we used the city a great deal more than did I guess almost anybody, anybody I spoke to who lived within the community. And I think that it's because of the fact that in some ways I would say that my mother came to the community late. Which is to say she certainly didn't come there as in immigrant, that she had established her Pittsburgh roots elsewhere and that the rest of our family was elsewhere and that those connections which were intense maintained themselves so that we tended to go elsewhere for everything that we were going to do.

When the Irene Kaufmann settlement moved from the Hill District and came to Squirrel Hill, I came to Squirrel Hill for my lessons. And when my relatives moved from the Hill to East End, I went to the East End for the holidays. But even as these institutions moved, we more or less moved with them, I guess is what I would say, which is that we may not physically have moved we simply changed where we were going, but we continued to maintain our focuses in these other places. And yet we really needed this Homestead experience, this Homestead Jewish experience, this Homestead resource, as I

say particularly, for me, in terms of going to Hebrew school which gave me an important focus to my life in terms of Hebrew education and of, of having this other sense of someplace else that I belonged. It was one more place that I belonged in another kind of a way, and I felt very attached to Rabbi Weiss, as I tended to feel very attached to my teachers all together. They were people who I fortunately always found the, I had wonderful experiences. I had enthusiastic, kind teachers up to that point. All in quite small settings so that I could get to know them quite well and feel involved with them, and they I think with me. And there was a wonderful feeling in all these situations of belonging and being an easily integral part of what was happening.

I'm going to tell one other story that doesn't really have to do with the Jewish community in Homestead, but I think is an important window on the world in which we were living. I asked everybody, first of all what their awarenesses were of the war, and particularly what was happening to Jewish people in the war. I knew a lot about what was happening, not very many things were kept from me. And as I said I understood Yiddish and we lived in a very small apartment so that even when my mother was talking with other people after I went to sleep, the kitchen was next to the bedroom and I often heard conversations. And as I said I went to Pioneer Women meetings with my mother and I went to Shpikover things, and I heard a lot. And, of course, I had relatives who were in the war and I had some sense that awful things were happening to Jewish people. And in fact I remember going to see an awful movie that we left because they were beating what I understood to be a Jewish man, and I became so upset that we left the movie.

More I remember what happened after the war. I remember intense discussions about the British interning Jews on Cyprus, and the difficulties of getting into Palestine. I heard impassioned talks about the White Paper, this is what I heard in my family. These were not necessarily things that were told to me directly, these were things I heard people talking about, which is why the fact that I don't remember anything about concentration camps makes me think that for the most part people were unaware of them, per se, unless I simply didn't understand what they were saying about them and didn't pick that up.

I must say that people loved Roosevelt, Jews and non-Jews alike. And when I used to go to the non-Jewish homes, and, it's important to understand that these towns were intensely Democratic, if there was a Republican, that was a secret. There would be two or three pictures hanging on many walls, one was Jesus or the Last Supper, one was Roosevelt, and if there was a third it was McArthur. But it was extremely common to find one picture of Roosevelt and one picture of Jesus hanging in many, many homes. And certainly Jewish people believed intensely in Roosevelt. There wasn't a moment's doubt that this man was the complete and reliable friend of the Jews, that he was doing everything he could for them.

The other story that I would like to talk about was something else that happened in the Jewish community after the war. When the camps were found, there evidently had gone out some kind of a call to find homes for the orphan children left by the war, the orphan Jewish children.

My mother, who herself, had been an orphan, went to whatever Jewish agency it was, to offer to take a child. I think her only requirement was that it be a female. Her sense was, I think, I don't think it ever occurred to her that it wouldn't be feasible for her to bring in another person. She herself had always lived with relatives in limited circumstances both in terms of space and in terms of financial resources and so this certainly didn't seem any different and seemed more wonderful than being an abandoned person in Europe. So she went to whatever institution it was that she was supposed to go to, something with social workers and I'm going to guess it was something like Jewish Family and Children Service, or whatever it was that you called the institution at that time, and she came home extremely distressed. Whatever all their reasons were for refusing her, and one can objectively think that they were many, what they told her was that it would be impossible to consider her offer to take a single person, a child or whatever. I think all she would say was that certainly she couldn't take a baby, but of course there were no babies then, because their first requirement was that every one of these children be given a private room, and her proposal was that the child would be given the back bedroom with me, and that she would go sleep in the living room. Betty was no longer with us and we only had day-workers at that point.

My mother was appalled that children who were left in dire straits would be held to a standard where from no room at all they had to have a room of their own. It's, in retrospect, the choice that they made even with all the circumstances of a single (tape cuts out)

END OF TAPE TWO, SIDE ONE

TAPE TWO, SIDE TWO

This is side two and I was discussing the choice of not placing displaced child in our household, and my own thoughts in retrospect about the validity of that choice made by the agency. Even now, as I think about it and read about it and see how many young people were left in displaced persons camps for such a long time, one would have thought that every effort would have been made to bring them to families no matter how limited their conditions if they were willing to offer them a home. I've never met, although I know that they exist, one of these people. I know they exist because recently I saw a small item in a newspaper in which they were searching, some of these, a few of these children who in fact had been brought over, were trying to locate others who had been brought to the United States under that program. But I have never met such a person, I have never heard of such a person, I never heard of a home that was offered to such a person, so given the fact that the numbers were so limited, one would have thought that, to translate a Yiddish phrase, they would have grabbed those offers with both hands.

I know this isn't a picture of the Homestead community per say, but because I think what happened with the war was a picture of what happened to everybody, everywhere, that's an important part of it. I would say one other thing about a Jewish institution and that has to do with the Hebrew Free Loan, which was the source of the loan that my mother used to get her store started. Those were interest-free loans, it's an organization that still

exists, I think now it primarily loans money to Russian immigrants who are the new immigrants or the old, the once again immigrant class, Jewish immigrant class in the United States. Probably a lot of things got started with help from the Hebrew Free Loan, and I thought it was important to talk about how at least one little business got started because probably it's a window on how a lot of other businesses got started as well.

I also want to say one other thing about running a grocery store, a small grocery store. It has to do with the numbers, and I didn't hear people talk very much about the numbers. I knew a lot of people who wrote numbers, I knew in the Hill there was a black man who spoke Yiddish and wrote numbers, I guess that was so he could deal with his clientele. The mother of the woman who I said was my babysitter, Mrs. Katrinsak, the babysitter by the way is a woman in her sixties and I'm still in contact with her, as I am with my two friends from childhood, one of whom still lives in the same house in West Homestead although everything else has changed.

Oh the point was about the numbers. This Mrs. Katrinsak, I can still see here with her magnifying glass, and the lace table cloth on her table. Her husband, and her son, and her daughter, worked for United States Steel, and they supplemented their income by her writing numbers. I can't be specific about random other people who wrote numbers, they were sort of wavy images in my memory, mainly because when we wrote, when we played a number, Mrs. Katrinsak was the person who I remember playing the number with. She had her little sheets. I had a cousin in the city who was a runner, who was always getting arrested, that was another level. And, in fact, when we sold our store, we sold it to a man who bought it for his mother, and who used the house for a more elaborate numbers operation, which is to say that most people could play for small amounts of money, and they would play three numbers and then they would choose either to race and those numbers were decided by the outcomes of horse races or the stock, and that was, I suppose, decided by the DOW Jones averages or something for each day.

But what I learned, when we sold our store, was that there was another level at which people could play numbers and that was at for higher stakes and they could bet on the subsequent numbers. In other words, when the first race was over they could bet on the last two numbers, at of course different odds, and then they could call in and bet on the very last digit after two of them were in, for even smaller odds, of course. And so he ran a telephone operation of taking numbers in. But the point of it was that running numbers, which was illegal, was also a way for small business people to supplement their incomes, and my mother was offered on many occasions, and asked to write numbers, because, of course, a store right in the neighborhood was a really convenient place to go. My mother was fearful of doing it, fearful that she would be the person who would be raided, and taken to jail, and all sorts of awful things. And never did. And I really think it was not because of the sense that numbers themselves were an unsavory undertaking. And I say in fact, everyone I knew played numbers, from time to time, maybe not regularly, but certainly from time to time. Including my mother, and in fact once she won. But just because she was fearful of doing it, it would have made it easier to eek out a living in the store had she in fact written numbers, and a lot of stores, store owners did. It was as I said, an easy way, or, yeah, an easy way, to supplement one's meager income.

I'm trying to think about what else I can say about life in that area, and I really don't think there's anything else that salient and applicable. I wanted to give some picture of what it was like to live in this little town, where there were no other Jews, in a situation somewhat different from a complete family situation, as had been the case with the others. And to hit on those instances where I thought things were same and where they differed.

As I said we moved in 1948. We moved because my mother never had an intention of staying in a non-Jewish neighborhood to the point where I would be at dating age. Now that was obviously was not going to be for a few years, but probably what a person has to do is grab the moment when it seems appropriate to leave. I think my mother was not enthusiastic even about my being in Homestead for junior high school, which was less nearby, because of her sense that there was somewhat less control and less awareness of what would be happening in my life at that point. I did not for the most part go to the houses of other children. I went, as I said, a lot to the houses of these two friends, one of whom, both of whom, lived quite close to me. I did not go for the most part to the homes of classmates, just children who I met in school, and partly that was a function of the fact that I was not a child who desired a large circle of acquaintances. It's not clear to me that one can have a large circle of friends, I think that dilutes the relationship. And I was not encouraged to go. My mother, really, since she couldn't leave the store, really didn't like me to go to homes where she didn't know the people. And so I really was not encouraged to go beyond the neighborhood, and I, really, the immediate neighborhood, and I really had no desire to speak of to do that.

It was a very comfortable and happy upbringing. In fact, when I moved to a neighborhood with a lot of Jewish people, I really wasn't comfortable with them. They were different Jewish people from the, I should say not adults, they were different Jewish children from the ones that I knew in Homestead. They were more socially precocious, I guess is the word that I would like to use. And they were becoming more miniature adults than was the case with the people whom I knew in the Homestead area, Jewish and non-Jewish. The Jewish children used a lot more Yiddish expressions when they talked, something that none of us growing up in largely non-Jewish areas did. And I found them, as I say, quite different, and I found them not people I was comfortable with.

Everything was bigger. And that too was a real change. And I think that part of the security, the secure feeling that I had in growing up in that Homestead environment was that everything was accessible and knowable, and assimilatable (sic), which is an odd word to use under the circumstances because I really wasn't assimilated, but I mean that those things were, all the experiences were small enough to encompass within my own experience, and to feel a part of or to establish my identity in a way that was not true when I moved to the city.

So I missed it all. I missed the Hebrew school. I missed the Sunday school. The children were much better behaved in Sunday school in Homestead than they were in the B'nai Israel, where they seemed to be young savages. I missed my elementary school. I

missed my neighborhood. And obviously the, I, there was no sense that I was getting a closer proximity to my family, of whom I was very fond and to whom I was deeply attached, I mean my larger family. I had no sense of being closer to them even though they now were within a few blocks of me than I had felt when I was in Homestead when we spent so much time going to the city that my sense of being a part of that world was really no different from what it was when geography changed.

END OF TAPE TWO, SIDE TWO