

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

Jewish Project

Youngstown Area

O. H. 574

RUTH & HARRY GIBER

Interviewed

by

Irving Ozer

on

June 28, 1986

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

Jewish Project

INTERVIEWEES: RUTH & HARRY GIBER

INTERVIEWER: Irving Ozer

SUBJECT: Jewish Customs, synagogues, Youngstown in the  
early days, members of the Jewish community

DATE: June 28, 1986

O: This is an interview with Ruth and Harry Giber for the Youngstown State University Oral History Program on the Jewish community of Youngstown project, by Irving Ozer, on June 28, 1986.

Harry, where were you born?

HG: I was born in Poland. The name of the town was Kolk. I was just a young boy when I came over, about ten.

O: What year were you born?

HG: 1902.

O: How many were in your family?

HG: Five all told. I had two brothers and two sisters. Sam, Beatrice and I were born in Poland, (I was the oldest) Phil and Helen in Youngstown.

O: Why did the family leave?

HG: Because my father was over here. He came over in 1900. He was a Hebrew schoolteacher in Poland, and he came here in the hope of making a better living. He came to Pittsburgh then because we had a lot of relatives living there.

O: Do you remember your trip?

HG: Not too well. I remember first we went to Germany and from there we took the ship that brought us to Baltimore.

O: Did someone meet you there?

HG: No. From there we came to Youngstown.

O: Why Youngstown?

HG: That's where my father was. He was in Pittsburgh for a couple of years, and then some of the relatives suggested that he should come to Youngstown to open up a clothing store. Then he sent us visas and we came over and joined him.

O: Where did you live?

HG: My father rented an apartment on Watt Street and we stayed there for a short time. Then we moved to South Avenue across from the South Avenue School. That was near Williamson Avenue.

O: Okay, this would be about 1915?

HG: Yes.

O: Where was your father's store?

HG: On East Boardman Street. That's where most of the Jews had their stores when they first came over.

O: Who else do you remember from that time?

HG: The Rothschild's had a grocery store; the Rome's a feed store; Mr. Schechter a drugstore; Mr. Nagid, Mrs. Levine, and Mr. Greenwald, clothing stores; Ozersky Bros. Baking Company, Vaschak Funeral Home; Mrs. Gottlieb a restaurant; quite a few Jewish delicatessens, butcher shops and fish stores.

O: Where did you go to school?

HG: I started at South Avenue School.

O: Did you have any trouble learning English?

HG: Not really. In those days many immigrants were arriving and we all integrated very easily.

O: What grade were you in when you started?

HG: Third or fourth. Then we transferred over to South Avenue School when we moved. From South Avenue School, we transferred over to Market Street School.

O: Where did you graduate from?

HG: Market Street School. Then I started South High School, and from there I went to Hall's Business School.

O: When did you move to the north side?

HG: We moved there when Helen was born, about 1920.

O: Where was your first job?

HG: With my father in the store. After my father died, my brother Sam and I carried on the business--first at 419 East Federal Street, and then at 265 East Federal Street, where we remained until urban renewal took over the property.

O: Tell us about your brothers and sisters.

HG: My brother, Sam, was a couple of years younger than I and we were always very close. Shortly after my father died, we took over the business under the name of The Giber Leather Company. We specialized in leather findings for shoemakers and in luggage. We had to close the business in 1973 because of urban renewal. Ruth and I then moved to Miami Beach because that had always been one of my dreams. A year or so later, Sam too moved to Miami Beach. He was a sick man--heart trouble--and he hoped the weather would be good for him. However, sad to say, he had another heart attack and died very suddenly in April 1975.

After graduation from high school, Bee went to Kent Normal College and then taught in the Youngstown School System from 1927 to 1938, when she married a Farrell man, Jules Schwartz. She had to stop teaching then because that was the rule. Jules died six months later and again she started teaching. Several years later she married a Cleveland man, Eugene Greenbaum, a widower with two children. They made their home in Cleveland and lived there very happily for eighteen to twenty years, when he died. Bee still lives in Cleveland.

Phil was the first one in the family to be born in the United States. I can still remember attending Passover services at Temple Emanuel a week after he was born. After Temple was over, a large group of our friends, led by Louis Ozersky, a past president of the Temple, walked all the way from Rayen Avenue to our home on South and Williamson Avenues to celebrate the Bris of our new little brother. (Nobody even considered the possibility of riding on a holiday in those days, even though it was a long, long walk). I particularly mentioned Louis Ozersky before, because later on he became my father-in-law.

Phil was also the first and only one to become a doctor. He graduated from Michigan State, Wayne University in 1939 and set up his office in Girard, Ohio. He married a

Youngstown girl in 1939, Bess Sisman, and then went off to the Army in January 1941--The CCC program. When war was declared, he was sent to the South Pacific and there he served for the four years. After the war, he came back to Youngstown, reopened his office in Girard, Ohio, and became a very well-known and respected physician in the area. He and Bess had four children, three daughters and one son. In 1973, when the children were grown, married and on their own, the two of them moved to Palm Springs, California, and they are still there.

Helen was the "baby" of the family. After she finished high school, she started to work in our office--bookkeeper, stenographer, secretary, and even occasionally as delivery boy. She remained with us until she married a Youngstown optometrist, Dr. Stanley Engel. Shortly after that Stanley was drafted into the Army, and for the duration she made a home for him in Camp Campbell, Kentucky, where their first daughter was born. Stanley reopened his office in Niles, though they continued to live in Youngstown. They had two more children, a girl and a boy. Two or three years ago Stanley retired and they are now enjoying life as "retirees" in Youngstown.

O: Any special recollection of those early days?

HG: I remember the heated discussions that took place in my father's store almost every day. A group of my father's friends would gather there to discuss, argue and settle all sorts of problems, big or small. It might be to argue on a point in the Torah (the Jewish laws), to analyze some current event, to condemn the latest atrocity in Europe against the Jews, or maybe something that had happened in their own homes. They loved to argue with each other.

So many of my old friends have passed away but I still remember the good times we had. We organized a group called the YMHA (Young Men's Hebrew Association) and we had our own basketball team and social group. We played pool (a pastime much frowned upon by our parents); we played cards; we "watched the girls go by".

I remember too, that when I became a little older, I became very interested in organizational work. I belonged to the B'nai B'rith, Zionist Organization of America, Jewish National Fund, Temple Emanuel, Temple El Emeth, Youngstown Jewish Center. In fact, I'm very proud of the fact that I served as president of the Zionist Organization and the J.N.F. Council and as vice-president of Temple El Emeth.

O: Ruth, tell us where you were born and when.

RG: I was born in Youngstown on October 23, 1906.

- O: Where were you born?
- RG: I think on Himrod Avenue. The family moved to Wick Oval when I was three or four and that's where I grew up.
- O: What are your first recollections of Wick Oval? Who were some of the people who lived there when you were young?
- RG: Wick Oval was an ideal place for children to grow up. It was a sheltered spot at the bottom of a one-block hill off of Wick Avenue (one of the main thoroughfares of the city). At the foot of the hill the road circled around enclosing an oval about a block or more long, and then went back up the hill again. There was no other exit. Consequently there was no through traffic. The grassy plot formed by the road was called, naturally, the "oval" and we enjoyed it to the utmost. The people who lived there were a very congenial group and the children were all good friends. Some of the families who lived there were the Cunningham's, the Lynche's, Fallon, Welsh, Kornhauser, Fikus, King, Robin, Cukerbaum, Ford, Yant, Liebman, Meyer-- besides ourselves, the Ozersky's. Quite a smorgasbord of cultures and religions.
- O: What recollections do you have?
- RG: I remember how we used to enjoy the little things so much. All dressed up, we went trick-or-treating on Halloween, just on the oval; we gathered under the arc light on the oval and told jokes or ghost stories, or just talked. We played hide-and-go-seek; we played tennis and croquet; we sledged down the hill on wintry days; we mobbed the Good Humor Ice Cream truck on its daily summertime visits; we ran after the ice wagon to "snitch" those delicious fragments of ice.

We also had another district advantage living on the oval. We were within fifteen minutes walking time from downtown. Remember, this was at the time when automobiles were a luxury. Downtown was the center of town, figuratively and literally. There was no plaza there at all. Everything was downtown: doctors and dentists, department stores, movies, restaurants, parades, specialty shops, banks, post offices, five-and-tens, et cetera. We were five minutes away from the Butler Art Gallery, ten minutes away from the public library (where we spent hours and hours), fifteen minutes away from our synagogue, Temple Emanuel. In those days the Temple was the center of our spiritual and cultural life. We went there for lectures, for mass meetings, for dances, for Hebrew School, for special dinners, for local and national meetings, for our little club meetings.

At that time families visited back and forth a lot. Many

were the picnics we went to at Mill Creek Park or Southern Park, whether Temple or organizational affairs or family.

O: You went to Elm Street School?

RG: For the first four years, yes. Then those who lived on the east side of Wick were transferred to a newly built school, Madison Avenue School.

O: Did you see any difference in the student population at Madison as compared to Elm?

RG: Yes, Elm was an old school, and most of the students were children of old-timers. Madison was a school with a very diversified enrollment. There were children there from well-to-do homes, from very poor homes, from the homes of mill and foundry workers, from colored homes, from recently arrived immigrants, and from just ordinary families.

O: Do you have any particular recollection of things at Madison?

RG: I remember Mr. Ricksucker, the principal, whom I thought the world of. I remember helping to select the colors for our new school--purple and green after the lovely little violet and its leaves. I remember Miss Montgomery, my eighth grade teacher who read to us from the classics each day, hoping to instill in us a love of good literature, who drilled us up and down in arithmetic, who gave us pointers on how to behave and be good young ladies and young men, and to be proud of ourselves.

O: You don't recall any particular anti-Semitism?

RG: No, not anti-Semitism, but there was a definite anti-something against the blacks. Nothing militant or overt. You were pleasant, but you didn't associate.

O: Where did you go from Madison?

RG: I went straight to the Rayen School as a freshman. At that time there were no junior high schools. You completed your eight years of elementary school and went right into high school.

O: What are your recollections there?

RG: Very few. Of course, I was a very rabid football fan. At that time there were only two high schools in Youngstown, Rayen and South. And during the football season, the other side was your mortal enemy. In September 1922, they completed the new Rayen School on Benita Avenue, and I spent my final

year there. My brother, Sol, was a member of the last graduating class in the old building, and I was a member of the first graduating class in the new building, 1923. I was not quite seventeen when I graduated--ahead of my peers--and I cannot help feel that I got cheated out of a lot of "goodies" my senior year. One year makes a lot of difference at that time. I just wasn't ready for it, so prom parties and prom nights passed me by completely. So no glowing memories of my graduation.

O: What kind of recollections do you have of Wick Avenue and downtown and that sort of thing?

RG: Wick Avenue was a beautiful street--at least many years ago. There were beautiful, stately homes on each side: the Ford's, the Pollack's, the Armstrong's, the Butler's, et cetera. There was the Butler Art Gallery, the public library, the Masonic Temple Building, and the Rayen School. The streets were shady and cool, planted with elm, maple, oak and other trees. (Then came Youngstown State University and now it has all become part of a bustling college campus).

From Wood Street, there was a long, one-block hill. At the bottom of this hill was a railroad track, and a half block to the east, the Erie Railroad had their train depot. Many and many times I stood there and "cussed" while I waited for a long freight train to pass, or for a "parked" train to take on passengers. I can remember, very daringly, going up the steps of a passenger car and down the other side. Otherwise I might have stood there fifteen or twenty minutes.

As for downtown, in those days it really was downtown. There was no plaza. Right in the center, there was the "public square" (actually a circle), and the main streets-- Market Street from the south, Wick Avenue from the north, and East and West Federal Streets--flowed into that circle.

We went there for shopping, eating, banking, doctors, movies, et cetera. On West Federal Street, Strouss Hirshbergs and McKelvey's were the two large department stores where one could buy anything; Fordyce was a smaller one; Stambaugh-Thompson's a hardware store; Lustig's a shoe store; Abraham's, Livingston's, Lerner's, Peggy Ann's, were ladies dress shops; Levinson's and Power's were jewelry stores, Woolworth, McCrory's and Murphy Five-and-Ten's; Ritter & Meyer's, Hartzell's were men's shops; Averbach Drugstore, Dome Theater, Liberty Theater, State Theater, Hippodrome Arcade Vaudeville Theater, Oles Market--a tremendous place.

There were many restaurants, large and small. There was the Mural Room (which I think was Youngstown's loveliest restaurant), The Fish House, Raver's, Clark's, Burt's, Petrakis', Bomboli's, The Ringside, et cetera, besides lunch



counters in some of the large stores, in the five-and-ten's, and in some drugstores.

East Federal Street had the same type of stores, but not as fancy. The one exception was the Park Theater on East Federal which brought in musical comedies, stage plays and other road-show attractions.

O: Did you go to work when you graduated?

RG: Yes, I did. In those days it was not considered the natural, expected thing to go on to college unless you were exceptionally brilliant or had wealthy parents. I knew that my parents could not afford it and never planned on it. However, I did register to go to Kent State Normal College--a two year training school for teachers. At the last minute, I decided that teaching was not for me and I canceled out. I had taken the academic program at Rayen, expecting to go into teaching, but at the same time had also taken up shorthand, typewriting, and bookkeeping. (My guardian angel must have whispered in my ear). At any rate I decided I wanted office work, not teaching.

My first job was with the Ozersky Brothers Baking Company as bookkeeper. I remember my first check was for \$13 and I was thrilled to get it! I worked there for a couple of years and with the Jurjan Jewelry Company on East Federal Street about two years, but at the end of 1927 I began to get ideas. I wanted to have a taste of college and college life before it was too late. My sister, Nomie, who was teaching by that time, offered to loan me whatever money I needed. So in January 1928, Ruth Ozersky, 21 years old, enrolled as a freshman at Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio. I was there for only two semesters, from January until June, took up six subjects, and I satisfied my yen for a taste of college life. Incidentally, I was very proud of myself--I made 2 A's, 1 A-, 1 B, and 1 C. Not bad for someone who had been out of school for five years.

When I came home I immediately got a job with the Bertolini Bros. Tile and Marble Company, right outside the city limits in Wickliffe. I walked downtown every morning and took the streetcar to my job--at least a half hour away. There was no such thing as busses in those days. Everybody traveled by streetcar anyplace in the city and thought nothing of it. These streetcars were powered by long trolley rods connected to an overhead electric wire that ran for miles and miles. Sometimes that trolley jumped the track, and the passengers sat there and waited while the motorman got out and relocated that trolley.

I worked there until 1936. Harry and I had been married in 1932, and we decided it was about time to have a family.

Our son, Barry, was born in October 1938. He graduated from Rayen in 1956 and from Youngstown Univeristy in 1960. He served six months in the Army and then went to New York where he became a high school teacher in the New York School System in the Bronx. In 1966 he married a girl from the Bronx, Phyllis Rickman, and they had two daughters. He is now divorced, but still living in Spring Valley, New York, and still teaching.

O: Tell me about the family fortunes.

RG: First there was only the Ozersky Bros. Baking company located on Franklin Avenue. It was the first Jewish Bakery in the city. They made all kinds of breads but specialized in the Jewish-Rye bread, the pumpernickel bread, the challah, the poppy-seed-sprinkled kipfel roll. Their bread was delivered by a crew driving horse-and-covered wagons. While I was working at the bakery, I remember these young men would come in from their routes, stable their horses, come into the office, and check out for the day. The bakery was owned by the three Ozersky brothers: Nathan who ran the office, my father Louis, and Emanuel.

During the first war, they branched out and entered the wholesale grocery business. All went well until the middle of the 1920's. They had stocked up heavily in the sugar market, and suddenly the bottom dropped out.

O: They took a flyer on sugar and the bottom fell out of the market?

RG: The bottom fell out of the market and the Ozersky Brothers Baking Company.

O: They got out of the wholesale grocery at that time?

RG: Yes.

O: What happened to the bakery?

RG: Little by little they lost out, and I think the stock market crash of 1929 was the end.

O: As a teen-ager growing up in Youngstown, you dated. What kinds of things did you do, where did you go and how?

RG: By car, or even in little trucks. Cars were very cheap-- \$600 or \$700 for a Ford or Chevy--and most young men had one, even an old used one. At that time we often used to double date, triple date or even more. Many times we would go out to Mill Creek Park with or without lunch baskets. We would go nature hiking through the many trails;

we would go rowing on one of the lakes; we devoured the food we brought along; we had weiner roasts and corn roasts. We would go to Idora Park for the rides and for the dancing. We would go downtown for a movie with a sandwich or a soda afterwards. We would get together at someone's house and spend hours singing and harmonizing around the piano. Groups often got together at someone's home to spend a social evening together. Every so often we would drive to Sharon, New Castle or Warren to attend a big dance there, or maybe to try out a new restaurant there. Of if we particularly enjoyed each other's company, we went for a nice, long ride.

In the middle 1920's I joined a club called the Kodimah Club, formed for the purpose of promoting the study of Jewish culture and history. It didn't take long before we started calling it the "Chusen-Kallah Club" (Groom and Bride Club), because so many of the members paired up. I know I met Harry there; my sister, Nomie, met her husband, Joe Hill, there, and there were many more who coupled off.

O: Your siblings, give us a personality rundown.

RG: Neoma, or Nomie as family and friends called her, was the oldest in the family. She was a kind, gentle person. When she graduated from Rayen, she went to Ohio University in Athens for a two-year normal school training in teaching. When she returned home she taught in the Youngstown school system for two years. She taught first grade and loved it, but then she loved children. In 1929 she married Joe Hill of Youngstown and had to give up teaching. (Rules and regulations). However, she was also a certified Hebrew teacher and was warmly welcomed as a Hebrew schoolteacher in the temple Hebrew schools. She had a beautiful, trained soprano voice, true as a bell, and for many years was a soloist in the choir of Temple Anshe Emeth. She loved to cook; she loved to sing; she loved to teach. She died in 1972, just before her 70th birthday.

Sol was the brilliant one in the family. He made honor roll at Rayen, and Phi Beta Kappa at Ohio State. He left for college in 1922, and after that only came home for short vacations. I know he was mother's favorite. She admired his knowledge and his wide scope of national, and international doings. She couldn't wait for him to come home on vacations. They would stay up half the night talking. In 1932 Sol married Helen Kasden of Madison, Wisconsin, and the following year they moved to Washington to live. Sol had been invited to join President Roosevelt's Brain Trust--something to do with economics. He traveled a lot--to Germany, Israel, South America and other countries. He remained with the party until the early 1950's when he retired and they moved to St. Petersburg. He died there in 1975.

I came next and the three of us were always considered the "older children". As the three younger children grew up, a peculiar thing happened. When Nomie, Sol and I were growing up, the various branches of the Ozersky family were very close. Aunts, uncles, cousins, second cousins--all one, big family. We had wonderful memories of family togetherness. However, by the time our second group was growing up, the family had drifted apart. I suppose because of misunderstandings, arguments, or just plain apathy. So as a result, the younger three missed the fun, had none of the memories, and often did not even know the relatives.

Mildred was born in June 1911. She was one of the sweetest, most likeable of children. When she graduated from Rayen, she too went to Ohio University to become a teacher, but after she graduated she decided she did not want to be a teacher. Instead she accepted the job of secretary to the director of the newly formed Jewish Center. Early in 1931 she left for Washington to work on one of the governmental projects (FHA, I think). About 1975 she retired and moved to Fort Meyers, Florida with Miriam, and has lived there ever since.

Miriam was the spitfire in the family, the rebel. She was born in 1916, the day before Christmas. When she graduated from Rayen, she had made up her mind that she did not want to go in for teaching or office work. She wanted to be a nurse. She studied at Sinai until the war when she volunteered for overseas duty. She was sent to England. When she returned to the U. S., she tried her hand at hospital management, but decided she liked nursing better. She continued working in the D.C. Hospital in Washington until she retired about 1975. She and Mildred are now living in Fort Meyers, Florida.

Irving was a model son--quiet, good-natured and dependable. He was one of the "Depression children" and knew what it was to work hard. He was also the only one left at home. The rest of us had all spread our wings and gone our ways. He worked hard and made honor roll at Rayen and Phi Beta Kappa at Ohio State. He majored in business administration, but went into the Army in early summer of 1941--right after he graduated. He went to Officers' Training School and when war was declared, he was sent to the South Pacific where he remained for the duration. When he came home, he married Beatrice Orgel, a Youngstown girl, and raised a family of two children, a daughter and a son. For several years, he worked for his uncle, Oscar Altshuler, as manager of his plant, the Albro Packing Company, in a small town near Meadville, Pennsylvania. When that was sold, he came back to Youngstown and joined the staff of the Youngstown Jewish Center as associate director. A few years ago he retired, but still does consultant work.

- O: Give me a capsule of the Jewish community picnic days. Where did they hold them mostly?
- RG: Mostly at Southern Park. Everybody would pack their delicious picnic baskets, troop downtown to the Southern Park loading station, and take the "train" out to Southern Park. That is, unless you were one of the lucky ones to have a automobile. Once there the grown-ups visited and talked, or maybe dozed off. The youngsters played baseball, or just plain "catch", took part in all sorts of races--there were prizes too--and of course, they got into trouble whenever they could.
- O: Do you remember anything at Neimarks' or Avon?
- RG: Avon, no. Neimarks', yes. But we didn't particularly like it there. There was nothing to do.
- O: Do you remember traveling by buggy?
- RG: Yes, I do, but only very faintly. That was really a long time ago.
- O: Tell me the reaction of the community at the time of the early days of Hitler. Do you have any recollections about how you found out what was going on, the holocaust, and how people reactd?
- RG: I really don't know what to say. We read about it in papers and magazines, especially the Jewish editorials. Mass meetings were called and speakers thundered. But it seems to me that we worried--"Yes, it's terrible, but what can we do about it?"
- O: Was there any great feeling of outrage, disbelief?
- RG: Definitely, but there was a feeling of "Thank heavens I am here in America and not over there."
- O: What were your feelings as Hitler began to defeat one nation after another?
- RG: Anger, dismay, disbelief, sorrow. But, as I said before, that was over there and we were safe here.
- O: Talk about your involvement with the Jewish community.
- RG: I think our family just grew up being involved. We got it my osmosis. As a little girl I remember my father was always involved in some work of a Jewish cause. He was one of the founders of our Temple Emanuel. He was the second president of the Temple. He was past president of the local Zionist District and of the local B'nai B'rith Lodge. He

served on the committee of any Jewish campaign or undertaking in the city. We entertained most of the national speakers in our home when they came to town. My two maternal uncles, Joseph and Oscar Altshuler, and my grandfather, Meyer Altshuler, were staunch and well-known Zionists. We were sent to Hebrew school five days a week right after regular school to learn the language and study the history of our people. As we grew up, we children just very matter-of-factly took part in drives, meetings and organizations.

- O: Where did you go to Hebrew school and who were some of the teachers?
- RG: Hebrew classes were held in schoolrooms in the back of the Temple Emanuel on Rayen Avenue. Some of the teachers I remember were Mr. Parsons, Mr. Abramovitz, and Mr. Pfeffer.
- O: Did they have Sunday school then?
- RG: No, not until the early 1920's.
- O: Do you remember any of the teachers and rabbis from that period?
- RG: Rabbis, no. But Mr. Parsons lived with our family when I was a little girl, and the Abramovitz family were very good friends of ours. Rabbi Irving Miller came in 1922, and Rabbi Carl Manello in 1929 and they too were good friends of the family.
- O: Do you remember your grandfather, Meyer Altshuler?
- RG: After my grandmother died in the flu epidemic of 1919, he came to live with us. He was a lovely person with twinkling eyes, beard (not the long kind), a marvelous sense of humor, with a charm all his own. He had operated a kind of parochial Hebrew school in Poland, and was very well-versed in all matters concerning Jewish laws and customs. He was a "scribe" and his handwriting in both Hebrew and Jewish was exquisite. He was a very learned man.
- O: Do you remember the start of the Jewish Center?
- RG: I remember when they opened the Jewish Center on Bryson Street in the late 1920's, I think. Mr. Greensberg, a New Yorker, was brought in to be the director. Mildred worked as his secretary.
- O: Did you go there very much?
- RG: Yes, I think so. Instead of the Temples as heretofore, the center became the gathering place, and all meetings were

held there. The only time the Temples were used socially were for athletic games and contests, or for dinner and mass meetings. The center was a small place--a renovated home--and could not take crowds. There is no question about it, the Temples suffered when the center came into being.

O: How do you feel about present day Youngstown?

RG: There have been so many changes it doesn't seem like Youngstown to me. First of all, it has spread out so that it has probably doubled its size. Second, there is no downtown. Only a laughable excuse for one. The hundreds of malls scattered through the city have taken care of that. Next, the Youngstown State University has completely changed the near north side. Where once there were family homes, there now are dormitories, college buildings, fraternities, the stadium, et cetera. And what the university didn't change, urban renewal took care of. Of course, unemployment is terrible everywhere, but in Youngstown it is especially bad.

In closing, just a few thoughts: I remember when there were two papers in town, The Vindicator and The Telegram. You got more than one side of a story. I remember when I came home from the hospital with my son and paid a sleep-in maid the princely sum of \$3 a week. I can remember when we drove out to the Isaly Dairy Company on Mahoning Avenue and bought ice cream cones for five cents or the "sky scraper" for ten cents. I can remember when the Ringling Brothers or Barnum Bailey Circuses (they were separate then) came to town and paraded down West Federal Street and the children with parental notes were excused from school to go down to see the parade. I can remember that when we went up to Wick Park to play, we passed through several cow pastures to get there. I can remember when we drove all the way to the McKinley Memorial in Niles and back without one single flat tire!

END OF INTERVIEW