

*for Jules*



*on the joyous occasion  
of his 90th birthday*

*August 10, 2008*



This book was prepared, with much love, in celebration of Jules!

The first part of the book includes an excerpt  
of Jules's own memoirs, telling the rich stories of his  
humble beginnings in the Bronx, New York.  
Interspersed are photos of his family and of the New York  
of Jules's day.

His memoirs were recorded by Ann during the spring of 2008.  
Margot put this book together, which includes a second section  
comprising a photo album of Jules and his family members,  
and *their* families, in various stages of life.  
Many thanks to everyone who contributed photos for the book.

Jules, you have many fans and loved ones on both coasts  
(and no doubt some in between).

This book is from your children,  
Elissa, Hugh, Ann and Margot, and their families.

You have enriched our lives immeasurably and we love you!





## *Jules's early years, in his own words--*

I was born August 10, 1918. We were living in the South Bronx; the address was 360 St. Ann's Avenue. St. Ann's Avenue was a main avenue leading to the North Bronx and had trolley cars running on it. Later on when I was older I could hear the trolley go by, but you get used to sounds like that. I was born at home; it was three months before the end of the World War I where they signed the Armistice on November 11. There was a shortage of physicians and nobody was present when I popped out. The doctor showed up about an hour after I was born and took care of things, but my mother used to say that my father being present was not of much help; the doctor showed up, he took care of my mother and when he finished my father immediately got hold of him and asked him to look at something that was bothering him.

My father worked as a milk deliveryman; he worked for a company called Sheffield's Farms which was about a four or five block walk from our house. He would get up at about 4 in the morning; go to the place of business and load ice and milk into his wagon. He used a horse and wagon and he would drive the horse through the neighborhood where he would deliver the milk. He would carry a tray of about 10 quarts of milk in bottles and climb up the tenement steps leaving off bottles, crossing over the roof to the next tenement and walking down leaving bottles. When he got down the horse would have moved up to the new location; that was how well trained the horse was.

We lived at the St. Ann's Avenue address until I was about 5-years old, but one thing I recall is that on Saturdays my father would go to Sheffield's Farms place to collect his paycheck and he would take me with him. The exciting thing for me was that he

would show me his horse in the stables along with other horses. I still remember that quite well.

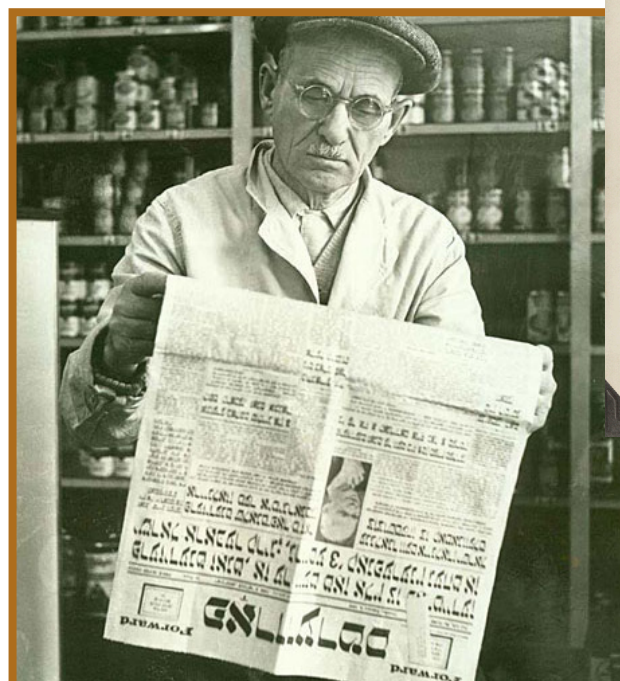
I was a sickly child and in later years when I called my mother on my birthday or if I had been exposed to something, I would ask her if I ever had that particular illness and the answer always was, "You had everything." In addition to the usual childhood diseases I also was sick with diphtheria and scarlet

fever. What I recall is being in bed and my sister, Mary, reading to me which was very comforting. Another thing I remember very distinctly as a 3-year-old child was that my parents subscribed to two Jewish newspapers; one was called the Forward and the other was called the Freiheit. After they finished perusing them in the evening, I would be given the papers to be taken across the hall to one of our neighbors. I would ring the bell and they would take the papers and I would be

rewarded usually with a piece of candy or a penny.

I was the youngest child in the family. I had two older brothers; one was eleven years older and the other was nine years older. I had a sister who was five years older, so mostly I didn't

connect too much with my brothers, but I did do thing with my sister in my early childhood. Later on when I was in school the second brother, Sam, who is nine years older, would take me to the movies, vaudeville and sometimes sporting events. When he went to college he played in the school band and football was a big thing at NYU, which was his school. The coach, Chick Meehan, was a publicist and he emphasized the band more than I think he did the football team and so the band members would be given two free tickets to every game. Sam would usually sell the tickets, but at the early games which were usually sure wins he would give me a ticket and take me to the game.



Jules with his big sister Mary





When I was about 5-years-old we moved to 335 Crimmins Avenue which was a street a block away that ran parallel to St. Ann's Avenue and you could walk through the backyards from one house to the other. At that time my mother and father had saved up enough money to buy a mom and pop grocery store on Crimmins Avenue. In the beginning we were still living in the St. Ann's Avenue apartment.

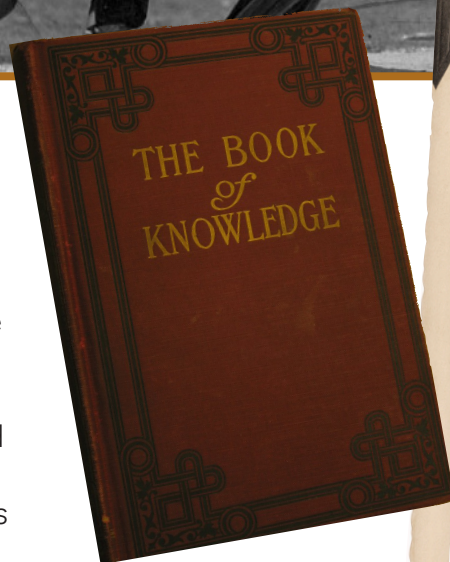
I remember when I first went to school which was first grade, I never went to kindergarten. My mother would come back through the yards to get me ready to go to school. She would help me get dressed, see that I had breakfast and then go back to work in the store.

At age 5 or 6, I developed a toothache and I was sent to the dentist; I went myself. The dentist was Russian trained. He drilled on the tooth and put in a temporary filling. I paid him the 50-cents I was given by my mother. I returned to his office at least a dozen times; each time he would drill a little and put in a temporary filling and I would pay him the 50-cents. Looking back I realized that this was the way to repair my tooth on the installment plan. What bothered me most was that the visits were after school and it diminished my play time.

At about the same age I would be given 25-cents for a haircut and sent to the local barbershop. The barber was my friend Red Galdi's father. His protocol was to take kids last; any adult, no matter when he came in, would be taken first and sometimes I waited over an hour. From this experience, I developed a strong dislike of waiting rooms and I have carried that dislike all my life.

When I turned 7 or 8, Saturday afternoon became silent movie time. The Osceola Movie Theater was four or five blocks down on St. Ann's Avenue. The theater would be filled with noisy children; the manger could carry a stick where he would rap on the arm of a seat calling for silence. The fare was always a cowboy movie then after the movie a serial cowboy picture would be shown to

hook you on coming back the next week. We would speculate all week as to what would happen and we would be there the next week for sure. The silent film would be accompanied by a piano player in the front of the theater. The music would rise up and fall depending on what was happening. In later years, Vivian and I went to an elder hostel in Maine. One of the programs was "Folk Music of Maine". There was a piano player among the musicians playing and he gave us a talk about the research he was doing on piano playing that accompanied silent movies.



My first grade was a very good experience. The teacher was an elderly, grandmotherly type woman named Mrs. Fagan and it was wonderful to be one of her students. She taught us reading and I became an avid reader; I took to reading very fast. At the same time my mother had been approached by a salesperson selling the Book of Knowledge, which was a children's encyclopedia of 20 volumes and could be bought with time payments and she bought them. I remember reading those books, all 20 of them, cover to cover. They were full of Aesop's fables, stories, science, plant life, animal life, history and most of the things that were in adult encyclopedias, but this was pitched to children.

When we were finally living on Crimmins Avenue, my brother Lou, the oldest brother, went out and bought a radio again on time and it ended up with my parents making the payments, but we were probably the first family on the block to have a radio. I recall then when the baseball World Series was played we posted the progress in one of our windows so that other kids on the block





could see what was going on. I don't remember much else about what the radio provided.

I did well in grade school and I progressed through the grades without a problem; in fact, I was skipped (the word they used to use) in the third grade which instead of taking a year was done in six months. An interesting thing about the third grade was that we had a teacher whom I believe was named Rosenthal; the only way I can describe her was that she was very neurotic. She would walk up and down the aisles and keep tapping the kids on their heads with a pencil to get their attention. We wore white shirts and red ties in the lower grades; in the upper grades we changed to a blue tie. When one of the kids would fumble with his pencil on the desk and make noise, she would take his tie off and tie his hands up. If a student made noise with his feet under the desk, the feet would get tied up. Looking back, we never even reported it to our parents.

I did well in all the grades and we had a public library four or five blocks away which I could walk to and I took great advantage of the library. When it was parent's day my mother would go to the school to talk to the teacher and I still remember being somewhat embarrassed because my mother still spoke English with a very heavy accent; it sort of gave me a bad feeling about being Jewish.

The class was boys and girls; girls sat on one side of the room and boys on the other. I didn't have any friends in grade school, but I had a lot of friends at home on the street, mostly all boys. We played street hockey on roller skates; we played stickball. We played handball against the wall and once in a while we would have to quit because a car was coming down the street, but that was very rare.

In those days the subway was the main means of transportation. There were no busses as far as I can remember, at least not in our neighborhood. The subways were very good; they really covered

the city and you could get down to Manhattan. In fact, I attended high school in lower Manhattan and it was maybe a 20 minute trip from the Bronx to get down to 15th Street in Manhattan.

We were a gang of about 10 boys, very close and we spent a lot of time together playing sports, playing games and did a little bad stuff, but it is interesting that of the 10 I think only myself and one other went on to college. The other fellows went on to redneck jobs. It

was a mixed bag; most of the boys were Jewish, but we had one Italian named Al "Red" Galdi who was a very good athlete and an Irish boy named John Dyer. I remember John grew up to become a truck driver for the New York Times delivering the newspapers to all the news stands. I know one of the others, Herbie Kalcut grew up to be an electrician because he had an older brother who was already an electrician. There was one other boy in the neighborhood who was born the day after I was and he had the same Jewish name. My Jewish name was Yudel and so we named him Yippee so that there would be a difference. Yippee had a lucky break as his older brother was a cameraman in Hollywood and his brother would send him leftover strips of 35 mm film, which he would roll up, encase in a package and sell. That started

him in the photography business and he ended up owning a very successful camera store in Manhattan.

One of the other things we did as kids was to steal potatoes from the local vegetable store, bring them into the street and build a fire. We would cook them on the street; they came out black and we called them "nickies", but they were hot and tasted good.

I also had a friend named Harold Leventhal who did not belong to the gang; he lived about four or five blocks away. Harold was a member of the Young Communist League and he was constantly at me to get me to join, but he didn't succeed. Harold was one of three brothers; their mother was a widow who worked nights cleaning offices to support the three boys. Harold got a job in Irving Berlin's office and strangely enough he was almost the spitting image of





Irving Berlin and he used to tell stories about sitting at Berlin's desk when Berlin was out of the office and people mistaking him for Irving Berlin.

When Harold was drafted he was sent to India where he made contacts and when he came home and was discharged, he arranged to bring his dance troupe from India to the United States and it

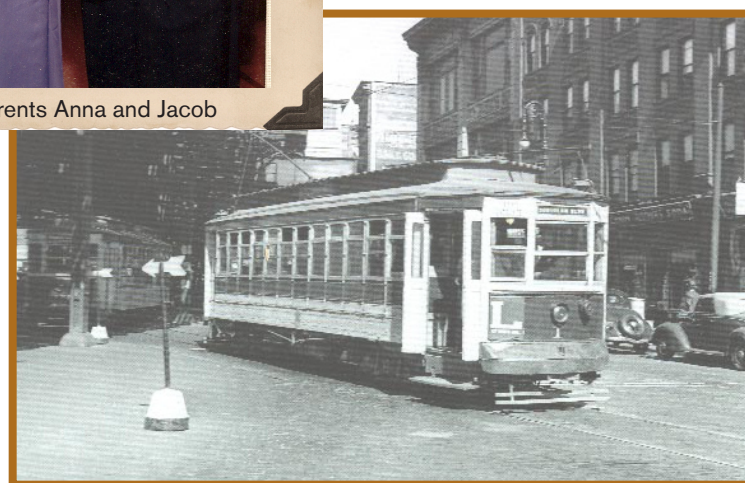
was very successful. This started him on his entertainment managing career. When Harold died in his mid 80's, he had quite a write-up in the New York Times about his career as a manager of various singers. He managed Woody Guthrie and his son, Arlo Guthrie; in fact, he ended up as the executor of Woody Guthrie's estate. He also did some managing for Pete Seeger and there was a very famous Jewish comedian, all his comedy was about Jewish life; unfortunately I don't remember his name, but he was very successful and he was under Harold's management. By the way, when we were kids Harold's nickname was Heckie; we called him Heckie but in the Times' write-up he was called Harold Leventhal.

My mother and father worked 24/7 in the grocery store and they had very little time for anything else. I do remember though that my mother on a couple of occasions went to the Jewish theater in downtown Manhattan to see a play. I guess because she had no one to look after me, she took me with her. Interestingly enough, I was very fluent in Yiddish so I could understand what I was hearing. Actually it was my first language, so I learned English in the streets and at school, but we used Yiddish at home.

The Jewish newspapers had a feature that was called "a roman" which was a serialized romantic story and I recall my parents avidly discussing the story in the evening. Usually, you know,



Jules's parents Anna and Jacob



you think of your parents as people belonging to your life, but you start to realize they did have a life of their own as well as it could be. My father was much better at the English language than my mother because he had gone to school at night to learn English. His English still was not perfect and I recall his writing letters and the spelling was always phonetic.

When I was about 6-years-old my mother had to go to the hospital to have a hysterectomy and I do have a vague memory of being home without her. I was very much attached to my mother because I was her youngest child, the so-called baby; she always gave me much support and love. My mother could speak English with an

accent and how she acquired it I don't know, but it must have been just through contact with other people.

The neighborhood was very dense and mostly Jewish, but there were Irish, Italians and there were Polish. We used to see many of them as they came into the store. Times were bad I recall and the store had to be run on credit. I recall people being denied at first and breaking into tears because they already had a long bill and my parents would usually relent and give them more credit. I think when they sold the store finally, which was toward the end of World War II, they must have been left with quite a few thousand dollars in debts that they never collected. Because of the dense neighborhood I had friends that lived in the same tenement building and on

rainy days it was very easy to have a friend come down and we could play in either one's home or in the hallways.

Today whenever I struggle to open a package of food or anything else that we purchase, I have memories of the store because nothing was packaged there. The

store had a large horizontal ice box behind the counter and it was at a lower level and an upper level. The upper level was where the ice was put in and the lower level held the dairy products and other things that had to be kept cold. My father did all the physical work in the store and there was quite a bit of it. He had to lift a big box of





ice into the upper compartment; he had to pick up cans of milk and put them in a round barrel so they would be surrounded by ice. He had to unpack everything that came into the store and fill the shelves, clean the store, etc. He also did all the purchasing and all the book work in the store. He paid the bills; he kept track of the finances and he kept the book which held the accounts of the people who were buying on credit. Coffee and sugar came in big sacks; coffee beans when sold had to be ground. They had a machine to do that. The sugar was weighed out into 2-pound bags in advance; butter came in a very large wooden tub. The tub would be inverted and removed; they had a U-shaped device with a wire across that fit around the butter which they would slice at about 2-inch intervals. The tub was put back on and the butter was put in the ice box. It enabled them to cut blocks of butter which would then be wrapped in paper when it was sold.



Another item in the store that was sold was lox. The half slab of salmon would be laid on the counter and with a knife they would cut off slices and the customer would say, "Thinner, thinner, thinner." My father got plenty adept at cutting the salmon. People had to bring their own container for milk; the milk can had a dipper which had a quart sized bottom and the milk would be dipped out and into the customer's can. I imagine that people bought milk this way because it was cheaper than having bottles delivered to their doorstep. Bread and rolls were in bins made of wood and there was also a display cabinet

where candy was on display and children would come in to buy candy, usually for a penny, two-cents or a nickel depending on the candy.

Cream cheese came in a small wooden box about 12 inches long, 4 x 4 in height and width. The cream cheese was usually dumped



out onto a plate and it was sold by slicing. The wooden box we would appropriate and we made a game out of it. We would cut U-shaped holes in the edge of one of the sides of different sizes. The box would be placed up against the wall and you rolled marbles; each hole had a number value and depending on which hole you got the marble in you scored that number.

The street life was always busy; there were many peddlers coming through with horse and wagons. The ice man had a horse and wagon and of course we did not have electric refrigeration, but we did have an ice box and the ice man would bring up a piece of ice and put it in the top compartment of the ice box. We even had amusement things come through on horse and wagons; I recall one horse and wagon which carried a small merry-go-round. I don't think I ever had the money to ride on it, but I remember it distinctly. So the streets were always rather busy. One of the stories that I always tell about that is with so many horses in the street there was always manure in the gutter, usually the middle of the gutter. The story was, if you crossed the street and accidentally stepped in the manure you would get great luck; for example, if you stepped in the manure and you won the lottery the remark that would be made was, "he stepped in shit."

Religion was not a big thing in our lives; my father was anti-religion. Unfortunately for him, his mother, my grandmother, lived with us and she made him toe the mark on holidays. So I recall for example, when it was Passover, he would have to come up from the store and go around with a feather and a candle to rid the house of "chometz" which was food not usable for Passover. My paternal grandfather Jabez died when I was about 6-years-old, but I do remember that he was the secretary of the local synagogue. My grandmother, Bubbe



Chia, who was my maternal grandmother, was a fierce, energetic, aggressive woman. She had had nine children with Jabez and seven of them were boys; she would never hesitate to call up one of her daughter-in-laws and complain she was not taking good care of her son.

When I approached 13, it was time for bar mitzvah. My older brothers had elaborate bar mitzvahs; by the time it was my turn, I think my parents were jaded. I was sent to an elderly man who taught me to read Hebrew; I learned to read the portion of the Torah that I was to recite, but the recitation would be by rote because I did not understand a word of what I was reading. Anyway the reading was on a Saturday and it went off well. There was no reception afterwards; I did not even get the usual gift of a fountain pen. That was the extent of my religious education.

My mother being the second oldest child of the nine and the oldest daughter, was always used to helping her mother bring up the children. So my mother had a life of taking care of children; first her brothers and her younger sister and then four children of her own. She always worked very hard at it, but my mother had a lot of energy and, in fact, I never saw her stop. She was not a good cook because she did not have time. She would bring up the broken eggs from the store and bake a cake and we used to have jokes about some of the things she cooked. For instance, for Passover she made matzo ball soup and we would call them sinkers.

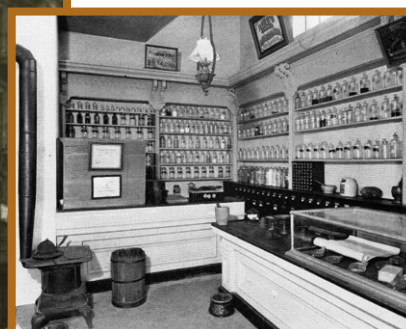
We lived in an apartment that had three bedrooms; my two older brothers slept in the first bedroom, my sister Mary shared the second bedroom with her grandmother, Bubbe Beala, and I was put on a folding cot in the living room. Later on when my brother Lou who married young and lost his job because he

did not report for work, but went to get married, moved in with his wife and took over the first bedroom. So I had a companion, my brother Sam, sleeping on a folding cot next to me in the living room. There was one bathroom, so there was usually quite a line in the morning. Fortunately for me in those days I had quick kidneys and a controllable bladder.

Lou's wife was named Sophie. She was 17 when she married him and he was 21. She had a wonderful personality; everyone who met her was taken up with her. She was so outgoing and very happy. To me living in our home she became sort of another big sister, but she paid attention to me; my sister Mary was involved with her own activities. Sophie taught me to drive and she also taught me to dance and I have never forgotten her. All her life, we loved to visit with her and be in her company.

I would like to point out my mother would work in the store, do the cooking at home, clean the house, do the laundry on a washboard in the bathtub and at night open and make the beds in the living room for my brother Sam and myself. She never had much time for herself. She was a very energetic woman and I think she was also a very bright woman, but never had a chance to use her abilities. I say that because she was the start of a family that turned out to have a lot of very bright people and she must have had the genes that supported it.

My parents came to the United States in 1906 from Lithuania, but at that time Lithuania was part of Russia. My father, who had a job working in a lumber mill which was managed by my grandfather Jabez, was brought home to dinner one night where he met my mother and I think he met a good meal ticket besides a nice woman. He was then drafted by the Russians to the Czar's army and he was stationed in Siberia and fortunately for him he could read and write in Russian. So he was made a regimental clerk whereas almost 100% of the remaining enlisted men were peasants and had no education whatsoever. The treatment by the non-commissioned officers was harsh including physical discipline. He finally came home on leave and decided to desert. He was hidden in my grandfather's house up in the attic







and in those days you could find a person who could smuggle you across the border. I don't know how much that person was paid, but my father was taken across the border to Hamburg, Germany, where he boarded a ship to the United States. He already had his only brother in the United States so it was not too difficult.

He got a job in a factory sewing men's pants. He had to bring up his own rented sewing machine. My mother soon followed; they were both 25 when they got married. She had refused to be married in Europe because she wanted to be sure all her children were born in the United States. They lived on the lower East side and I remember my mother talking about the fact that they had boarders. She said she had three landsmen which were people that came from the same shtetel that they came from. They slept in the kitchen on folding cots. She did their laundry and fed them and was paid \$2 a week from each.

They soon moved to Harlem which at that time was a Jewish neighborhood. By then my brother Lou and Sam had been born on the lower East side; Mary was born in Harlem and from Harlem they migrated to the South Bronx.

Of my mother's seven brothers, five or six of them became pharmacists by going to school at night and most of them ended up owning drugstores. The family all lived in one neighborhood around Crimmins Avenue and this was a large family with lots of get-togethers. There were lots of children and I recall

having pleasant times. I always felt fairly safe as a child playing on the streets. The only thing we used to worry about was the local policeman who would come around and stop us from some of our physical activities because it was a nuisance.

Another thing I recall were the Blue Laws. You were not supposed to open the store on Sunday and Sunday morning was one of the most lucrative times of the business week. So my father would open the store and the local policemen would come by and usually he would get away with it just by slipping the local policemen a couple of dollars, but sometimes he would get a summons. What he did is join the local Muskoota Democratic Club which was about three or four blocks away and I recall him taking me in the evening to the Muskoota club with a ticket that he had. He would just hand it in and it would be taken care of. In those days Tammany ruled

politics in New York so it was a very easy thing to do.

Tammany was a branch of the Democratic party that pretty much ruled the whole state government, so if you needed a favor it was not very difficult to obtain one. One of my mother's cousins who worked in a drugstore and had the rank of

druggist, but he was not a pharmacist; however, again political connections helped him and without much ado he received a pharmacist license. It was not bad because as a druggist he was as good as any pharmacist and pharmacy was not a very complicated business in those days.

My brother Lou became a pharmacist and I recall him studying for his license. He had a box that must have had 20 or 30 herbs in it and he would sit there and smell them and learn to identify all the herbs. Apparently this is what was necessary to pass the pharmacist license.

Going back to my schooling, I continued on through the grades up to the 6th grade at which point I had to transfer to what was called junior high school. The high school was on 145th Street; we lived on 142nd street and it was maybe a three to four block





walk. The name of the school was Clark Junior High School; it was an all boy's school. I did very well there because the 7th and 8th grades were called rapid advancement; you did each grade in six months instead of a year so in effect I was skipped two more times. The school also furnished a 9th grade which was the first year of high school. I took an exam for science and math in Stuyvesant High School because both of my brothers had gone there years before in the mid 1920's. I was accepted and finished the remaining three years of my high school at Stuyvesant.

Stuyvesant was a very good school; it emphasized math and science. The school also provided manual crafts which at that time they felt was very important for boys and you spent six hours a week every other term in a manual craft. I remember being in a metal shop learning to do forge work and forming metal and turning a lathe. Then in the woodworking shop we were able to build a model house which I was able to bring home. I remember carrying this house on the subway to get it home. The principal was a Dr. von Ardroff who moonlighted as a physics professor at Columbia University. He would inspire the students every term by putting on a spectacular physical experiment in the school auditorium. In another experiment Dr. von Ardroff showed how the world turned; he suspended a pendulum from the auditorium ceiling and had it pass across a smoked piece of glass which was projected on a screen. At each swing of the pendulum it moved over which indicated the world was turning. Of course, he lectured on that and besides if you went to Stuyvesant you surely got turned on to science and math, which I did. I took the math up through the highest course they gave in those days which was solid geometry. My granddaughter, Rachel, sixty years later went to Stuyvesant and at that time they were providing pre-calculus in the math curriculum. Rachel graduated sixty years after I did; I graduated in 1935 and Rachel graduated in 1995. My two brothers had graduated in the mid 1920's, so it was a school that was very close to our family. My sister Mary could not go

to Stuyvesant because they did not accept women in those days so she went to an all girl's high school which was called Walton High School which also had a good reputation. Mary was the one member of the family that did not go to college because it wasn't the thing to send the girls to college. Mary became a secretary and I am sure she was bright enough to have gone to college, but instead the money was spent on her wedding.

I went to school at Stuyvesant which was on 15th Street and Second Avenue. To do that I would have to take the local subway station at 138th Street and Brook Avenue and go to 125th Street where I was able to change to the Second Avenue elevated. I would take the Second Avenue elevated on down to 14th Street and walk the short distance to the school.

I would like to talk a bit about my maternal grandmother who we called Bubbe Chia. She lived to age 93 and until her dying day she was fierce and aggressive. I think my mother who was her oldest daughter was frightened of her and she did her bidding anytime my grandmother had something to be done. An incident happened in the family that created a whole new life for my family. My uncle Julius who had a drugstore up in the Bronx and whose wife's name was Ida, had three children; David, the oldest and a younger brother and sister. One day my mother received a phone call from David,

very frantic, "please come, please come." My mother got on the subway, went up to their house and found David's mother hanging in a closet. She did not die, but she was mentally very disturbed. So she was put into an institution and I still recall going with my mother, of course they would not let me in, but I would stand outside and in those days it was awful. The people in the so-called hospital would be out on the balconies talking gibberish. It was really a frightening thing for a kid.

Anyway, there came a time where my uncle, who apparently was very much in love with his wife, decided to take her out of the institution. They set up an apartment just two buildings away from where we lived and my grandmother would take care of







his three children; she was 70-years-old, but she was a pretty rough character. I remember David had a girlfriend on the street that she did not like and she didn't hesitate to meet the girl on the street and tell her to get lost. Fruit and vegetable peddlers on their horse and wagon would try to avoid her as a customer because she bargained so fiercely and complained so much; in fact, some of them stopped coming to the street.

David did not have a great upbringing although he ended up getting a Ph.D. in chemistry and his first job was on the Manhattan Project where he met his wife who also worked for the Manhattan Project. He ended up as a researcher for Merck in New Jersey and was one of the top researchers there. I recall he made some kind of a discovery in steroids because we had a younger neighbor who worked as a researcher and he would bring home glowing reports about David. David also played the cello and there was an incident once where we went to a concert that Margot was in with her oboe and sure enough there was David playing the cello. We had not had any contact with him, so at the end of the concert we met with he and his wife and had a long talk. We ended up inviting them to our house and a few days later he called up and said they could not come and I think I reminded him too much of his troubled adolescence. He did not want to have any more part of it. We never heard from him again.

His son, Robert, became a renowned concert pianist who traveled the world giving piano concerts and for two years was a resident scholar at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study doing research on Beethoven. My grandmother had a brother who grandfathered Jerome Robbins; the reason we know is that

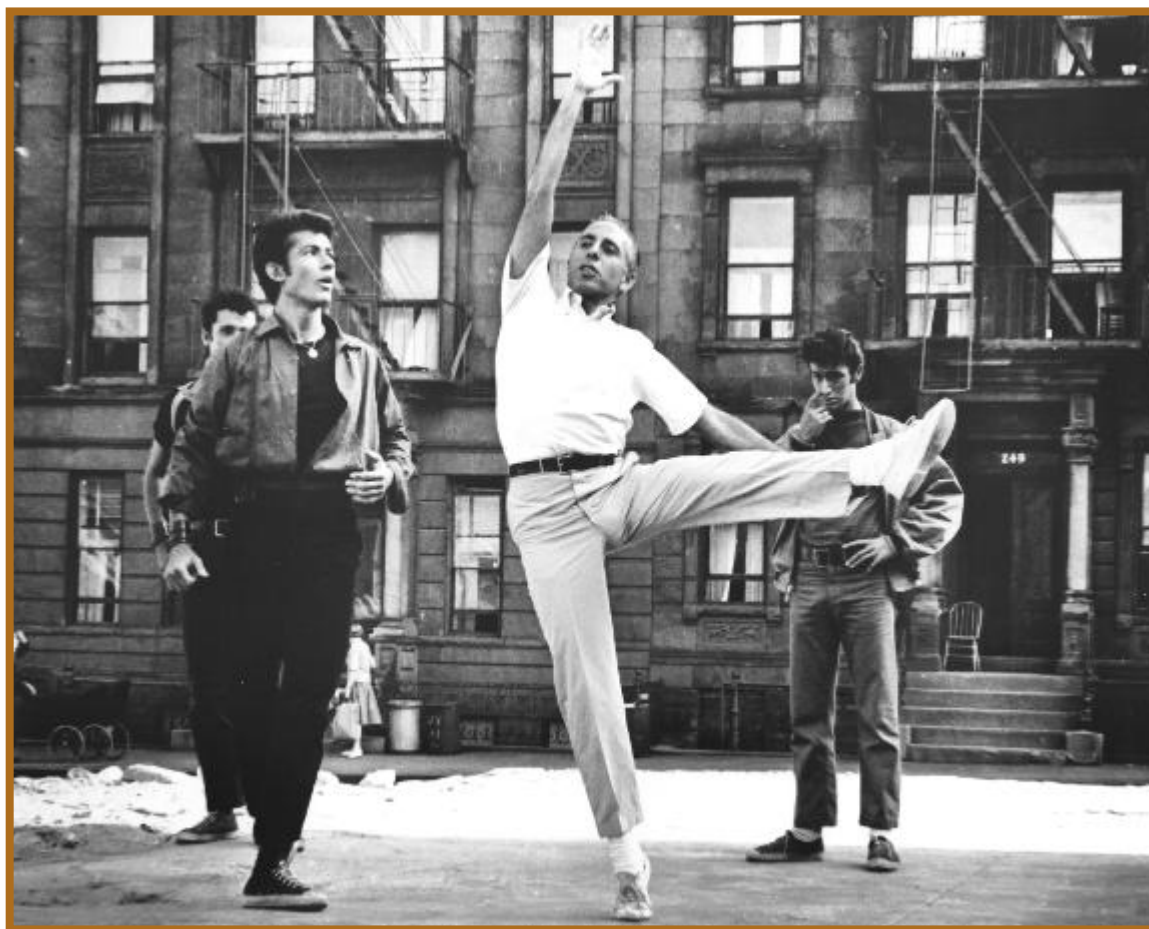
my grandmother's maiden name was Rabinowitz and Jerome Robbins was born Rabinowitz, but changed his name to Jerome Robbins. He is famous as a choreographer and for putting on the original "West Side Story" on Broadway. When he died his obituary was in the New York Times and they mentioned that he had changed his name from Rabinowitz to Robbins.

Living in the South Bronx in New York City, the weather was no different than it is today. In the summertime it was very hot and humid; air conditioning did not exist when I was a child, my mother had a few solutions for me. Sometimes I would be put to

bed on the fire escape with safety features so I wouldn't fall down. Other times we went to the park; lots of people did that and slept in the park.

My parents came from Europe with certain ideas and mostly they were values that they instilled in us. The main value they had was that their children be educated because it would be the only way they could survive and get ahead in the new world. And they did at great costs to themselves; my tuition which was small at NYU Engineering school was paid by a loan from an installment company, but we all graduated from college. My brother Lou became a pharmacist; Sam became a math

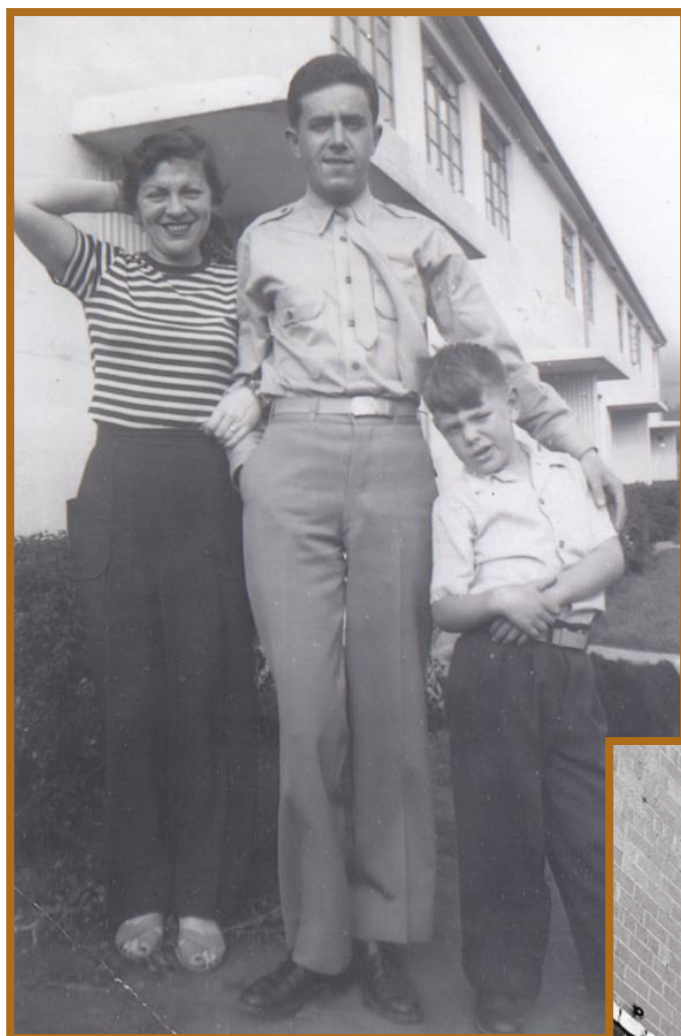
teacher and eventually morphed into being a CPA and I, of course, ended up as a mechanical engineer. They taught us good values and I believe we all carried on these values for our own children and I can point to much proof of this happening. I know it has always been important to me to educate my children to as high an education as they can achieve. Vivian and I put both Elissa and Ann through medical school and they graduated without debts. I worked three years after turning 65 so that I could amass money



Jerome Robbins, in rehearsal for the filming of West Side Story (1960).



to supplement the money we had spent on the tuition and give us a financial base for our retirement. I feel quite sure that we instilled these values in our children because I do see the results.



Sophie, Jules and his nephew Bill



Jules, Sam and Lou with their brother-in-law Jules Peretz (far left).



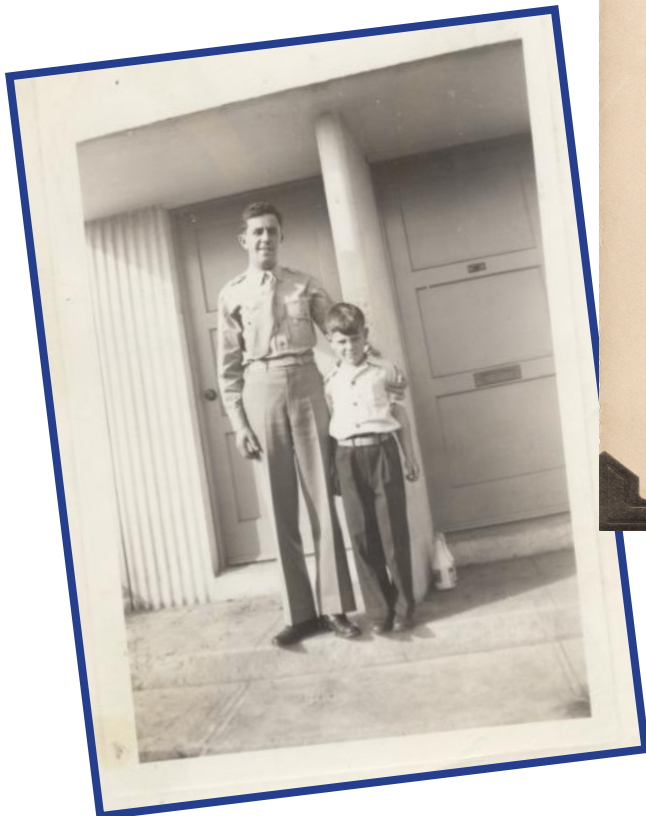
Sam and Jules with their mother



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## *Jules comes of age...*

Jules spent five very formative years in the army during World War II where he served with great distinction as captain of a company of 200. Both Elissa and Margot derived benefit from his experience when as young children he marched them to bed.







# *Starting a family, Esther and Elissa:*

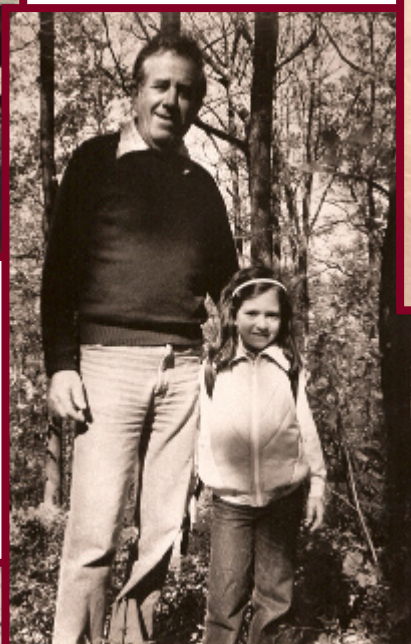
## *Scotch Plains, NJ*





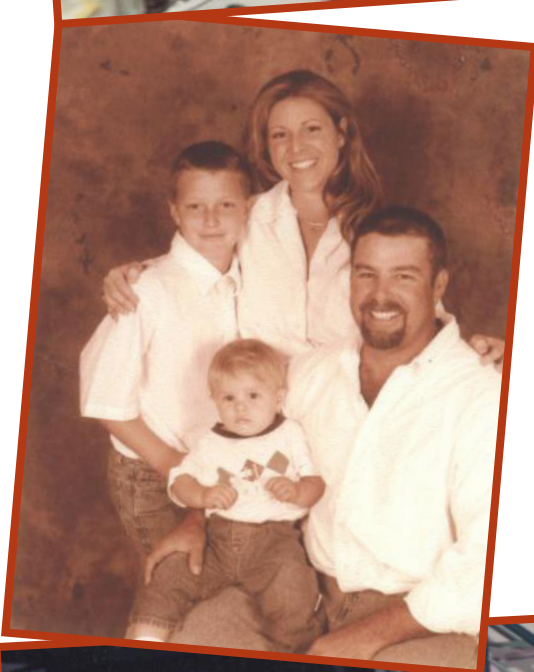
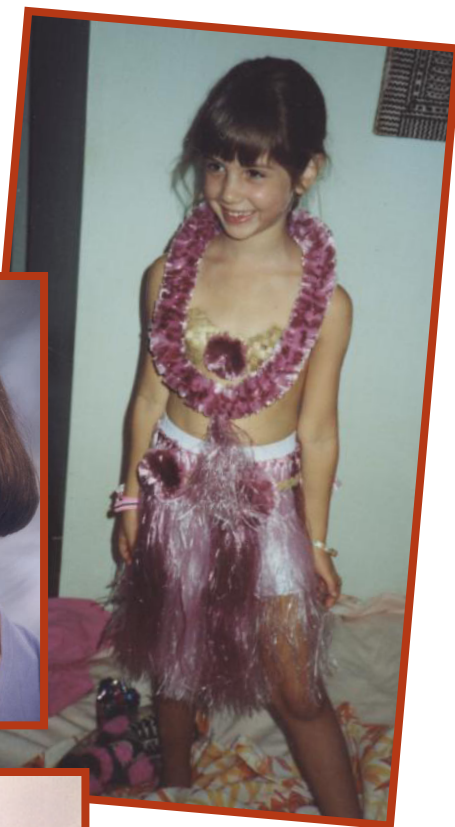


*A new chapter: Vivian and 3 more kids!*  
*Westfield, NJ*





*Grandkids!*











*The Lipcon Clan...  
including the great 2001 reunion*







Jeffrey's Bar Mitzvah, 1981,  
w/Uncle Yudy



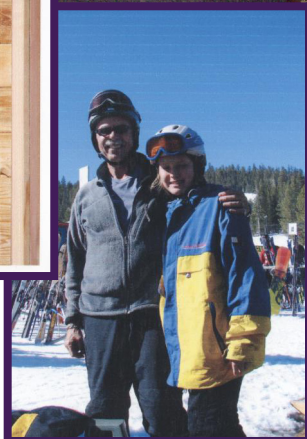
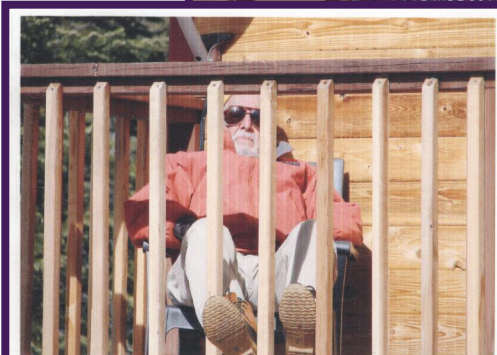




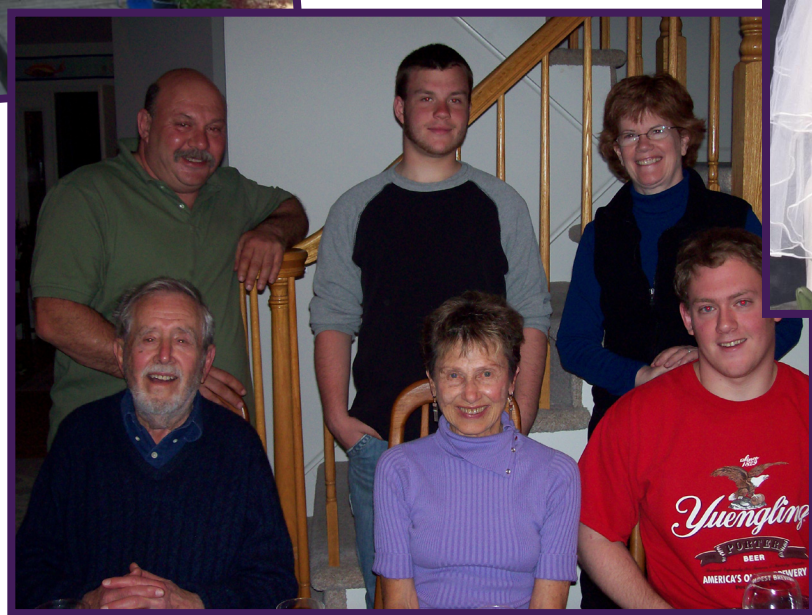
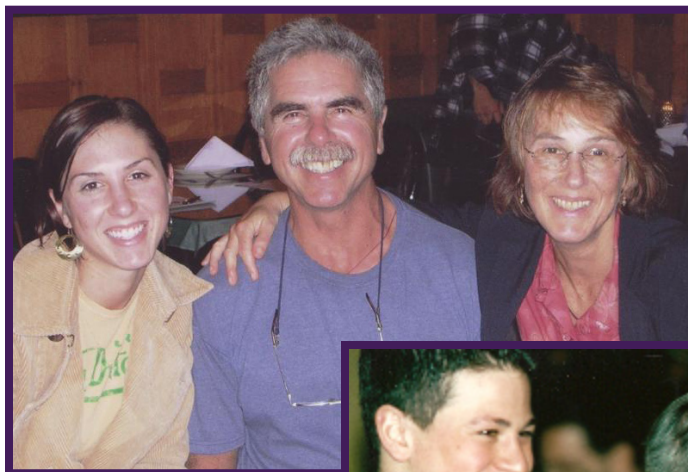
*“The best thing about retirement is Sunday night”.*

-Jules

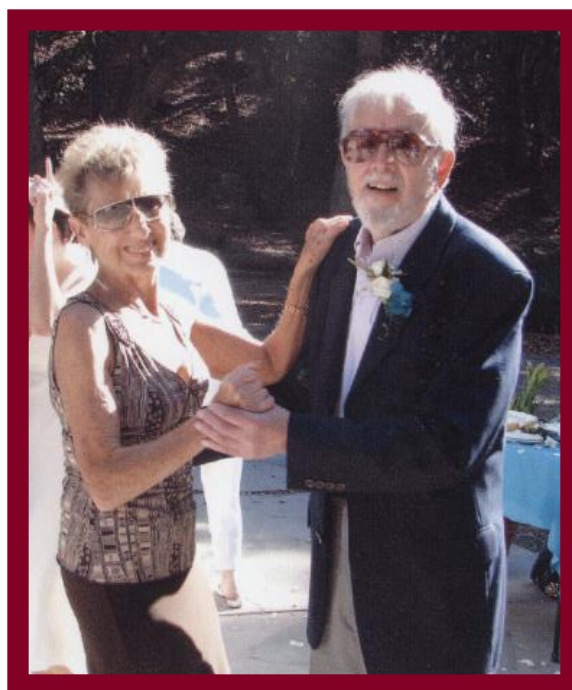
Everybody grows up... Montville and on to the left coast.











*Viv and Jules*

*Still Dancing*