BEEN THERE, DONE THAT

Episodes in my life that I can Remember.

HARRY S. BLUM JR.

This is about where I have lived.
My life is spent in Nashville, Tn. as
were three generations of Blums before
me. The happenings are very real in my memory.
And they are very special to me.
My faMILY WAS VERY CLOSE AND I received
much love and understanding from them.

I think the loss of the family unity is one of the
great tragedies of our society and times.
My Parents, Sister, Aunts, Uncles, Cousins Grandparents and
friends provide me with cherishes recollections.

Would I change anything if I could ? You can bet I
would. My life is filled with shortcomings and
wrong doings, I would like to make amends tb those I have hurt.
Most of my family are gone. So the best I can do is to remember
and try to cleanse myself of all the wrongs.

I,ve been there, done that and hopefully have time for a few
more memories.

Thanks for reliving my life with me. Maybe I can do
better next time. I hope so.

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2026



ROBERT DAVID BLUM
1826-1885



JOSEPH BLUM
1851-1913



HARRY STANLEY BLUM, SR.
1888-1962



HARRY STANLEY BLUM, JR.
1920



RANDALL SAWYER BLUM
1952-

FAMILY

MATERNAL

Great Grand parents Golda Rosenthal SaWYER_Poland
Lena and AÀron Bigler- Hungary

Grand Parents Solomon and Bertha Bigler Sawyer- Poland
and Hungary

Parents- Harry S. and Beulah lena
Beulah Sawyer- Nashville andd Shelbyville.
Uncle- Leonard Bigler Sawyer- Nashville.

PATERNAL

Great Grand Parents- R. D. Blum and Frances Lewin

Grand Parents- Joseph and Carrie Barker Blum

Aunts and Uncles- Lee, Lonnie and R.D. Tessie Lowenheim, Pearl Levison Bernard and Frances Lusky.

1st Cousins- Elizabeth and Mary Jan. **and Joe Lowenheim.**
Elsie Lee and Helen Blum.
Herman ,Monnie and Frank Lusky
Elizabeth Blum Goldsmith
Robert David (Bobby) Blum



GRANDMA BLUM - 1926
& HE 4 SONS
R.D., HARRY, LONNIE, LEE



GRANNY LEONARD MARYANNE GRAMP MARY LOUISE



MA + DAD

1945



BEULAH BLOM | EMMA SAWYER | JOH SAWYER | HARRY S. BLOM, SR. | BERTHA SAWYER | MARY LOUISE [illegible] | HARRY S. BLOM, SR. | LEONARD SAWYER


R.D. BLUM
LEE BLUM
PEARL BLUM
HARRY BLUM
FRANCIS BLUM
GONNIE BLUM
JOS. BLUM
ELIZABETH LOWENHEIM
CARRIE BLUM
MARY JANE LOWENHEIM
TESSIE LOWENHEIM
JOS. LOWENHEIM
DAVE LOWENHEIM



SOL + BERTHA SAWYER



BERTHA SAWYER



SOL + BERTHA SAWYER



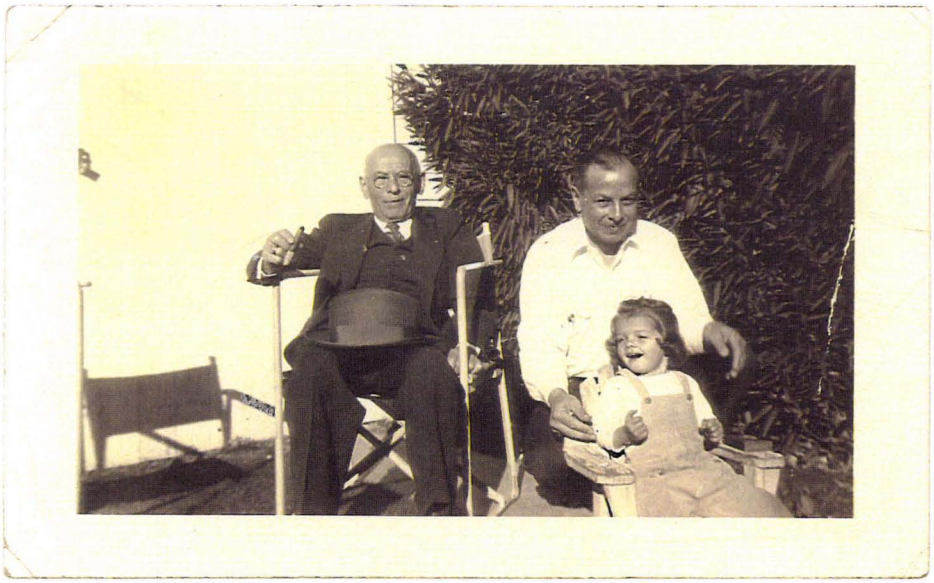
BERTHA SAWYER
IN FRONT OF
JACKSONIAN APTS.



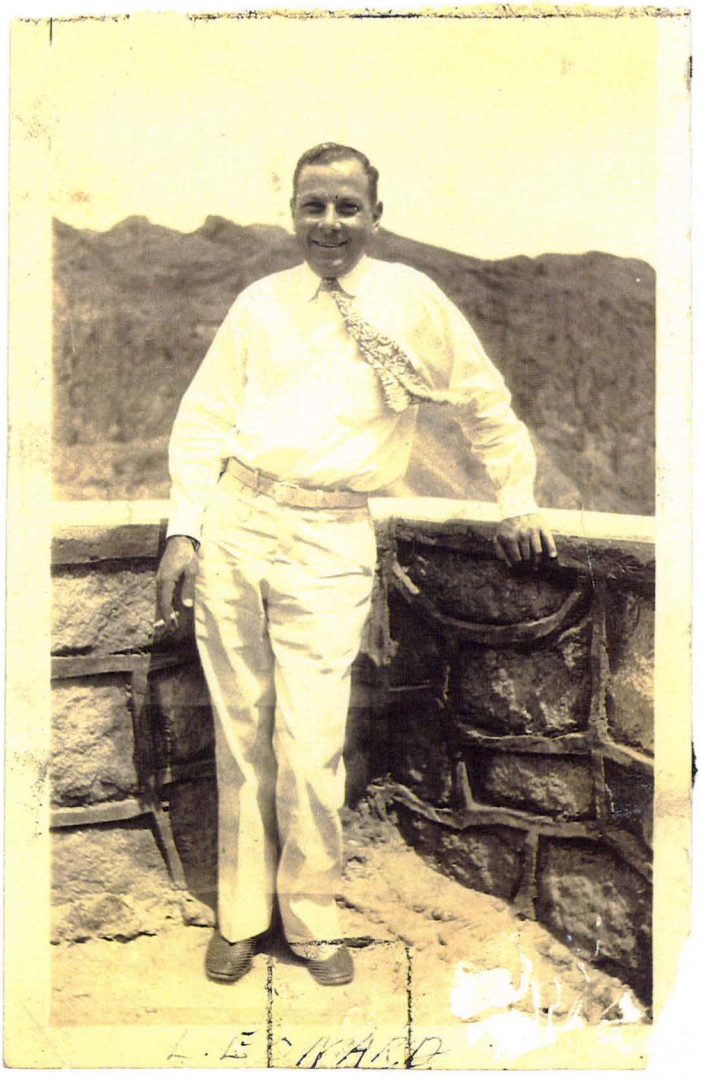
BERTHA SAWYER
1806 WEST END AVE.



LEONARD + BEULAH SAWYER 1806 WEST END AVE.



SOL - LEONARD - MARY ANN SAWYER
PHOENIX, ARIZ.



LEONARD SAWYER



LOU, RANDALL, CAROLYN, CAROLYN, HARRY

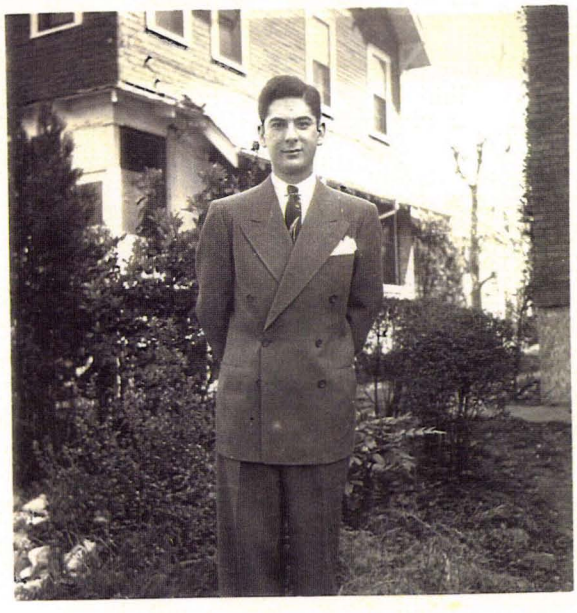


LOU, CAROLYN, CAROLYN

HELENA

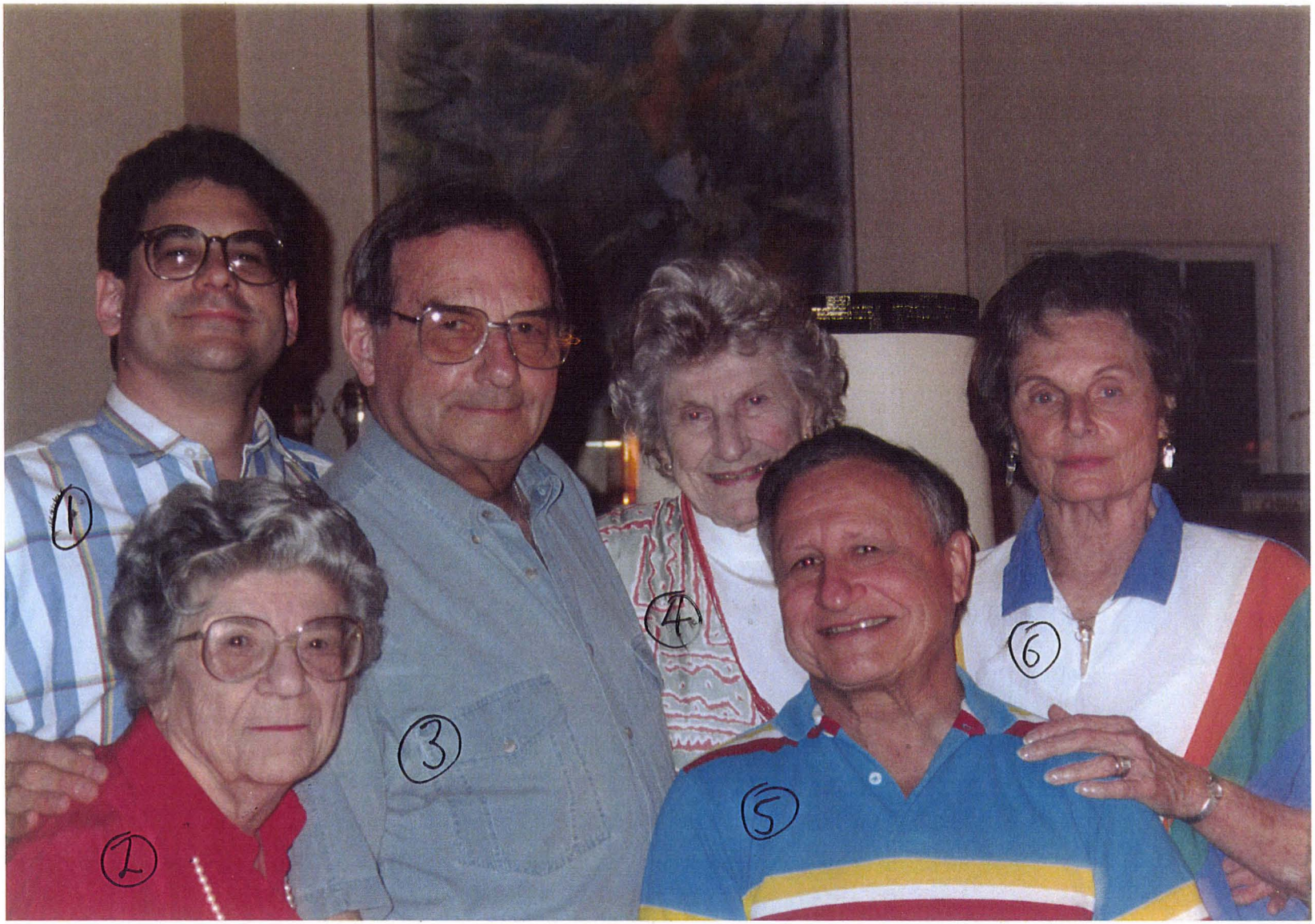


MUZZIE



BUD

1ST COUSINS + RANDALL



1 RANDALL BLOM
2 ELIZABETH JACOBS
3. HARRY BLOM, JR.
4 MARY JANE WERTHAN
5 MONNIE LUSKY
6 MARY LOUISE WHITE

3749 Whitland Ave.

My Great Grand Mother, Golda Sawyer, was alive less than three months after I was born. She had broken her hip and walked with a cane. I was told that she likedd to hold me but my Mother was afraid she might drop me so they discouraged it. Never the less, even though I am less than two months old, I have a mental picture of her standing at the head of the stairs in the upstairs hall with me in her arms. I can see the fireplace in the bedroom just off the hall. This may be just in my imagination since it was told to me so many times, but I still hold it in my memory. Real or not.

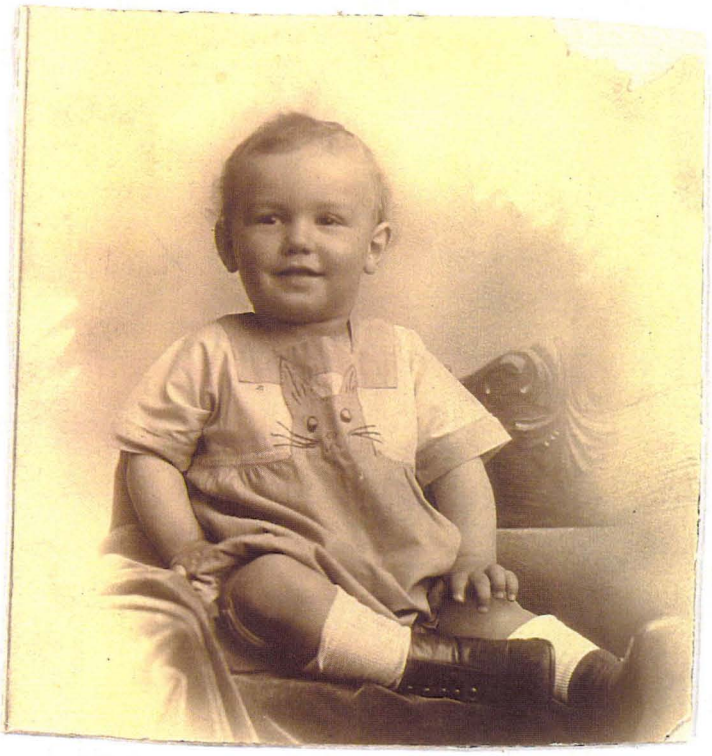
I am in the living room looking out the front window and see snow on the ground. I see a car drive up, a blue car. My Mother and Father are walking toward the house. Mama is carrying something, and when they come in the house, I am introduced to my baby Sister, Mary Louise. She is ten days old.

My Mother told me that I ran away one day. Im sure not far. Any way, I remember a rope around my waist and the other end tied to a tree.. One of our neighbors, Elizabeth Beasley, untied me. I have a mental picture of her s s pretty girl with brown curly hair. She had a Brother, Jimmy.

So much for this location. Its all I remember,



GRANNY + HARRY, JR.



HARRY JR.



BEULAH + HARRY, JR.



BEULAH + MARY LOUISE





HARRY JR.

3612 Central Ave. 1924/1928

A brown wood bungalow with a side and front porch. There was a childs play house in the yard. One day a truck came and took the play house away. The truck driver said that it belonged to a little girl named Farris and that she wanted it oi her yard. Her Father, Mr, Frank Farris, owned the house we lived in and I remembered that my Father rented it for $75,00 a month. Mr. Farris owned the 3rd National Bank.

I am now 4 years old and go to Mrs, Woolwines kindergarden in Centennial Park. There was a play and I wore a costume that was supposed to make me look like a dandelion flower. The 5 year old kids used sharp pointed scissors to cut out things, but we 4 year olds had to use blunt pointed ones. Civia Olshine was 5 and I resented her using the sharp poin ted scissors.

Mama took Mary Louise and me to have our picture taken by Mr. A. J. Thuss I remember sitting on a black covered board while he took the picture of the three of us.

At aGE 5, I had to have my tonsils removed. The operation was in Dr. Kennons office. I recall what seemed like a white handkerchief coming down over my face. Of course it was the ether to put me to sleep. When I woke up they gave me ice cream to eat. I had lived through the operation in spite of being scared.

I am 6, and Uncle Ed, Gramps Brother, came to see us from Winslow, Arizona. H e took Mary Louise and me to town to buy us a present. We went to Mr. Ike Fishs toy store on Union St. He bought Mary Louise a big doll and me a 26 inch Corsair bicycle. It was beautiful and my prized poss-ession. All the other kids in the neighborhood my age had 24 inch bicycles and they all envyed me. Dad taught me to ride it. Dad pushed me and suddenly he didnt have to push me anymore. I was on my own. Great day! My cousin, Evelyn Samuels lived down the street fron our house. She had a 24 inch bike even though she was 2 years older than me.. I taught her how to ride by pushing her just like my Dad did for me.

Mr. Carrol drove a big delivery truck and sold lots of good thing like popcorn, Cracker Jacks, Candy and Nehi cold drinks out of the truck. If I had a nickle, I would buy Cracker Jacks. I still like them, especially the prizes.

Johnny Jones was a handy man aroumd the neighberhood. He had a white beard. When he came around, all the kids ran away from him. He never hurtanybody though. Mr. Weakley was a nice man. He came to our house to hang new wall paper in the living and dining rooms.

We had a big back yard with a fence behind it. There was a garden in back of the fence. At the foot of the back steps there was a big black pot. Nannie Johnson, our cook, was washing clothes in the pot. There was a fire under the pot. Mary Louise came out of the wood shed with a dead chicken over her shoulder. She told me that she had wrung the chickens neck. There was blood all over her from the chicken. I have never liked chicken since.

The wood shed was a good place to play.. One day Uncle Leonard, Mama,s Brother, bought us some big wooden boxes from the store. We made housed out of the boxes. I smoked my first cigarette in the wood shed.

Behind the fence there was a creek. We used to go wading there and also to catch craw fish. One day I fell in.

Nannie Johnson was a black woman. We loved her and she loved us. She had broken her arm and it was never straight after. She was from Woodbury, Tn. She fixed turnip greens and I liked to eat with her at the kitchen table. She had two children, William and Minnie Sue. They went to school but came to our house sometim es. William cut the grassand Minnie Sue played with all the kids We also had a nurse named Henriette. There were two servants rooms in the basement. I remember one night I was sitting on Nannies lap in her room when I heard a long low whistle. Nannie told ,e that was the H, G. Hill grocery store boat whistle bringing in the groceries. My Mother shopped at the Ideal grocery at 31st and West End..

I had either the measles or chicken pox. I think it was chicken pox because if it was measles the room had to be dark. Mary Louise was sitting on the window sill in the sleeping porch talking to me. All of a sudden she wasn,t the. She had fall out of the window. She fell on the walk that was wood and it wasnt very high so she wasnt hurt. Scared though.

Its Christmas time ! The carol singers from the Fannie Battle Day Home areoutside on the front porch singing Silent Night. It was snowing and it was a buautiful sight. I woke up early Christ mas morning and went into the living room to see the tree. It had candles on it and an electric train running around the base. It must have been a dream because when I really woke up and saw the tree there was no train and no candles but electric lights. It was a real nice Christmas tho because we had lots of presents. Evelyn Samuels only got one toy, a little pool table.

At the foot on the long drivewas was the garage. I rode my 26 inch Corsair bicycly down the hill, but couldnnt stop and ran into the back of the garage

We had an ice box then. Every day we would put up a sign on the f front door to let the ice man know what size ice we wanted. He carried it into the house with a big tong. He wore a big apron to keep the water off of him. The ice wagon was pulled by horses and we would follow it down the street and climb on the wagon and suck on the small ice chips. They sure tasted good on a hot day.

Our block on Central Ave. was a big play ground. During the summer all the kids would get together after supper and play. We played hide and seek, kick the can, red rover come over and lots of other games. I made a scooter out of wood and one of my roller skates for wheels. <ith a tin can and s candle, it made a good head light..

Miss Annie Leathers lived next door. She had white hair and she was old but she liked all us kidson the block. Among those that I remember are Lamar Miller, Leslie and Portia Ward, and H. B. Moore. Paul Goldberg moved to Florida and his parents gave us all of his toys. Dr. John L. Hill lived aCROSS THE STREET. He was a preacher. M. A. Lightman and Bubber and Mae Hartman lived nearby and the Grossmans, Milton, Lawrence and Sarah Rose lived down the street.

I went to Ransom School in the first grade when I was six. The first day in school I wet my pants. Scared I guess. Miss Lera Doss was the teacher and Mr. Med Ransom, the princepal. Henry Orr Dahlinger and I were to become friends. George Fox was also in the class along with Langley Granberyyy and John Scales.

Even though I am Jewish, I remember one Easter Sunday morning. Mama bought us some baby chicks . I went to Sunday schoo that day and when I got home, Mama told me that the chickens had died. I cried and she held me on her lap sitting on the green roc king chair in her bed room.

We went to SundaY SCHOOL AT THE Temple downtown. I remember Miss Ruby, Wain, the janitor and Miss Betty Cohn, my teacher

In the hall there was what I called a cold air chute. It had a wood grill as a cover. I have always liked spring oni onions but one day I mistakenly ate some buttercup leaves. They l looked like spring onions to me and I got sick all down the cold air chute.

Granny, Gramp and I were very close. I loved them very much. Gramp used to walk from the Gladstone Apartments over to our house on Sunday mornings. He didnt drivee a car so I would walk back to the Gladstone with him for breakfast. Gramp was bald headed and spoke with an accent. Granny was very pretty and wore glasses that pinched her nose. She was a wonderful cook. I will always cherish my relationwithem. They were very meaningful in my life.

There was a wood toilet seat in the bathroom. One SundaY MY Fatherput some shellac on it. Before it got dry, Mama sat down on it. She couldnt get up.

Our first radio was a crystal set. It had earphones and a wire ran from the radio to the window screen and another wire ran to a pipe in the sink in the bathroom. WDAD was the station we listened to. It was the only station in nashville

It was vacation time. We had a Studebaker touring car that had isenglass windows that snapped on. It was ewally a four door convertible. We were going to Horn Springs, between h- Nashville and Lebanon, a distance of probably 20 miles. A lunch w was packed for the trip and Henrietta, our nurse, went with us. I remember the hotel, a big wooden building that had a porch all across the frontwith a lot of rocking chairs. Dad came each night by taking the Tennessee Central train. We would go to the train stop and put a penny on the track so that the train wheels would flatten it. We also crossed two pins to make scissors.. There was a bowling alley and a places where there was dancing every night.

Mama played Mah-Jong with Miss Flossie, Miss Geraldine, and Cousi Maude. They shuffled tiles around and I heard them say words like bam and crack. Mah Jong words I guess.

I remember a big picture on the living room wall. It was Pandora. Also a wind up Victrola. There was also a window seat in the living room.

The Sulzbachers, Mr. Ed, Miss Gladys, Mary, Anbe and Edward lived in a big house in Belle Meade.. They had a swimming pool and horses.

On Christmas day there was a childres ball at the country club. . Aunt Dora Lusky made a little Lord FOntleroy velvet suit for me to wear. My date was Evelyn Samuelsand I sent her a corsage. We had to go to Miss Nowlins dance studio to learn how to dance.

Gramp played poker every Sunday afternoon at the Standard Club. That was before the Woodmont Club. We had to pick him up and I had to go get him. Mr. Gropp was the club manager.

Before the Studebaker, we had an Oldsmobile. I was out riding with Mama one day and we stalled on the grass in front of Mrs. Ma Malones house on Belle Meade Blvd. Mrs. Malone sang in the choir at Temple. Ma couldnt get the car started and for a long time I thought that a car wouldnt run on grass.

Every Sunday we went to see Aunt Tessie, Uncle Dave and Grandma Blum. They lived on West End and had two lions made out o of stone in front of their house.. They also hsd s grape arbor in the back yard. We always had Seder there on Passover. All of Dads Brothers, their wives and children were there. Mary Jane, Elizabeth and Joe were Aunt Tessies children. Joe, or Brother as we called him, had a silver bugle that I alway waNTED

Gramp took Mary Louise and me to the store. twice a year. That was was where Gramp was in the shoe busines, Kornman Sawyer and Co., for new shoes. We each got two pair. One black and one brown. ZaCK Hall was there and rode us around on a cart. Aunt Kate Mcghee was the secretary.

Uncle Lou and Becky, Grannys Sister lived with Granny and Gramp in a house at 1806 West End Ave. Mama, Uncle Leonard as well as the Kornman boys , Alvin, Milton and Gerald too.. Auntie died in the flu epidemic of 1918 so I never knew her, but I remember Uncle Lou sitting in his new housae on West End, in a wooden chair on the front porch.. He had remarried to Aunt Mollie, Miltons wife, Leah was pretty. Her Mother, Mrs. Weiner went home on a train and we took her to the depot.

Grannys friend, Miss Jenny Levy promised me a pony if i would learn to write right handed. I never got the pony.

Aunt Etta Roth used to take us to lunch downtown on Saturdays. Sometimes at Kleemans and I remember the chicken a la king. Sometimes we went to the Hermitage Hotelwhere Francis Craig and his orchestra played.

Ralph Bellamy, the movie actor, his Father and Brother Dick were known as the Bellamy players at the Orpheum theatre on 7th Ave. behind Castner Knotts.They were friends of Ma and Dad.. One Sunda Dad Bellamy came by the house. He took Ma, Mary Louise and Me ou out to McConnell Field, Nashvilles only airport. It is now McCabe golf course. A flying servive was run by Albert abd Louie Gasser. They were also pilots of the biplanes that were [redacted] used for sight seeing over the city. Dad treated us to our first plane ride. It cost $2.00 each. We flew as high a 1000 feet. Quit an experience.

Aunt Sarah and Uncle Aaron JOhnson with their children, Rebecca, or Snookie and Son, Herman or Humpy as he was known by. There were umbrella trees in their front yard and they were good hiding places when we played hide and seek. Aunt Sarah had a lawn party one night. They had food ,prizes and Japanese lanterns. It was for the Temple Sister hood. We had fun.



MARY LOUISE
AGE 1 1/2

MAMA

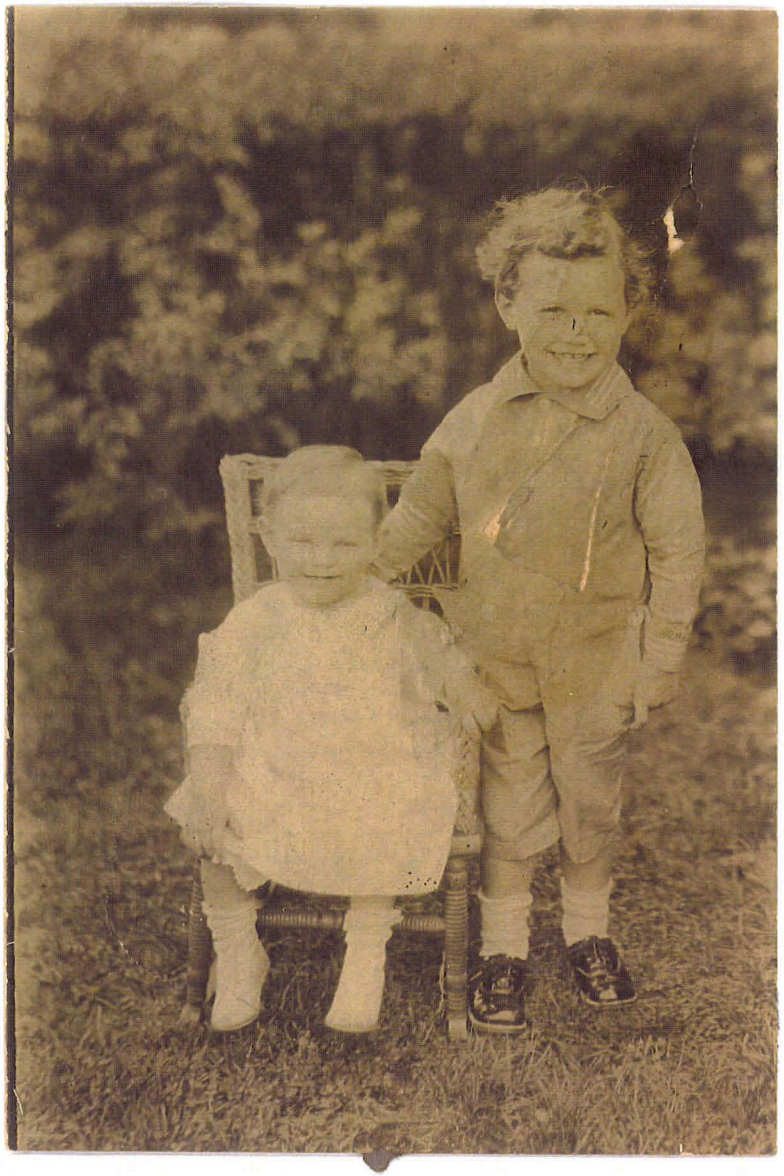
HARRY JR.
AGE 3 1/2



HARRY JR.



MARY LOUISE



MARY LOUISE + HARRY JR.



HARRY JR.



HARRY S. BLUM, JR.
AGE 6

1ST GRADE RANSOM SCHOOL 1926
MISS LERA DOSS, TEACHER



Row 3
1 - WILEY WELLS
5 - ELIZABETH HALL
6 - MARGARET MORGAN
7 - LUCY CHEATHAM
8 - ADRIANNE PEAY
9 - KATIE HESSEY

Row 4
?

Row 1
1 - RUFUS PARDUE
3 - EARL KIDD
4 - PETIE BROOKS
5 - DAYTON MANIER
6 - DICK KUHN
7 - GEORGE FOX
8 - HARRY BLUM
9 - HENRY DAHLINGER
10 - ALBERT WELLS

Row 2
1 - JOHN SCALES
2 - LANGLEY GRANBERRY
3 - REYNOLD BORIS
4 - SPD HAILEY
6 - ALBERT ?
7 - RICHARD PICKENS
8 - CHARLIE HOLDER

2ND GRADE RAWSOM SCHOOL 1927
MISS LERA DOSS, TEACHER

THE CUTE LITTLE GIRL IN THE FRONT ROW WITH A PICTURE OF MY FIRST LOVE WAS, MARYANNE WRENNE.



ROW 2

1-GEO. FOX
2-IRVING COHEN
4-HENRY DAHLINGER
5-CLARK HUTTON
6-GEO. BENNIE DAVIS
7-HARRY BLUM
8-HAMILTON FROST
7-HOWARD FROST
8-JOHN GRAY PALMER

ROW 1

1-RISLEY LAWRENCE
2-FRANK FITE
3-RICHARD PICKENS
5-HARLAN PARMER
6-HENRY LOUIS REITLER
7-MAX SEGAL
8-ALBERT MORGAN
9-PAUL GILBERT
10-DAYTON MANIER

ROW 3

1-LUCY CHEATHAM
3-LAUREEN OLAFSON
4 JEAN HARDY
6-EMMIE LEAKE
7 ADRIAN PEAY
9 JOHN SCALES
10 RICHARD PICKENS
11 SID HAILEY

ROW 4

5 JANE PARKER
6 NORMA LOUISE GOLDNER
7 ELIZABETH HALL
8 DOROTHY LIGHTMAN
9 MISS LERA

3519 Byron Ave. Phone 7 1530W 1928/1930

Mr. Farris sold the house on Central Ave. so we had to move. How my folks found this house, I dont know but I do remember seeing the owners, Mrs Jordans, living room She had a beautiful glass lamp on a table. It was a small house, so My Sister and I had to share a bedroom.

The driveway was along the side of the house and the garage was at the end of it. One day I left my 26 inch red Corsair bicycle in the driveway and Mama backed the car out of the garage and ran over it. It was an accident but that was the end of my 26 inch red Corsair bicycle.

We had a new car. It was a blue Buick and a 1927 model. One daY THE CAR WASNT THERE AND I was told that my parents had had an accident. He had hit a tree that, at the time, was in the middle of Louise Ave. They had been to see the Sulzbachers who lived on Louise Ave. It took a long time to repair the car. The city finally paid to have it fixed due to the tree being in the middle of the street.

My hero in the neighboor hood was Richard Frank. He had a newspaper route and made a lot of money. I used to walk with him while he threw the papers on peoples front porches. He folded them like a boomerang. I wanted to get a paper route and make a lot of money, but Ma and Dad wouldnt let me. I was too young. Richards Sister, Anne, was Mary Louises friend.
Our house was only a block from Ransom school, so a lot our neighbors children were school mates as well .. Jack Howe was the neighborhood bully. We had some fights. Richard Goldberg and I were friends

For my birthday all the relatives gave me a dollar. I remember standing on the sidewalk beside Richard Goldbergs house counting my money. I felt very rich! All that money, nine dollars For my 9th birthday Ma and Dad gave me a swimming party at Willow Plunge, a swimming pool in Franklin. All my friends were there. We had a picnic there also. I remember Aunt Betty Stark, Grand Ma Blums Sister, being there also.

At the corner of 35th and West End, by the railroad trestle, Mr. Connette had a filling station He also sold good things like candy, bubble gum and cold drinks. My favorites were cracker jacks and liccrice twists. One day I found a dollar bill, just lying on the side walk. I bought a lot of good stuff from Mr. Connette. Alfred Greif and Irving Cohen lived across the street on West End.
I still ate Sunday morning breakfast with Granny and Gramp. I walked to the Gladstone across the golf course of the Richland country club.

Endurance contests were all the rage back then. Flag Pole sitters, dance contests, to see who could do it the longest. I wanteds to break the record by sitting on top of our garage. I had a umbrella to keep the sun off me and a rope to the ground so Mary Louise could send food up to me.. My record of sitting was probably less than an hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Herron Reynolds lived next door to us. They msde home brew, but I never tasted it. They alsomade bath tub gin. Alcohol was against the law then.My Mother had scarlet fever, so we, Mary Louise and I, couldnt go in our house for six weeks.My Father could go in though, but Sis and I had to stay with Granny and Gramp. Dad would take us over to the house so we could talk to Ma through th window from the driveway.

All my friends were called Aunt or Uncle. Uncle Clarence Bernsteingave us a radio. It worked on a battery and had a big horn that was the speaker. I got an electric train for Christmas that year.

The dress fashions were corduroy knickers, not buckled, a sweater tied around the waist, tennis shoes and long sox rolled down around the ankles.

George and Gils Father, Mr. Gilbert used to take us to the baseball games at Sulphur dell to watch the Nashville Vols play. I can still see Shyers Jewelry Co. sign on the outfield fence.

One of the biggest mistakes I ever made was when I asked Ma if I could do something. I forget what, she said I couldnt, so I called Granng who said I could.. Ma gave me a licking Ill never forget.

3745 Whitland Ave. 1931/1932

We moved from Byron to Whitland Ave, only two houses down the street from where I was born. It was a duplex, owned by Mr. Sol Sol Aaron Shore. The Shores had two daughters, Bessie and Fannie Rose. Bessie was the oldest so I dont recall much fo her, but I remember that Fannie Rose went to Hume Fogg high school. She was later to gain fame as Dinah Shore. Mrs. Shore introduced me to borscht, a Russian soup, and she was a good golfer.

My friend, Arthur Wasserman lived around the corner on Carden Ave. He had a brother named Noa, but his nickname was Nookie. Arthur and I would go down to the end of Leonard Ave. and dig for Indian graves located on the hill there. We found lots of beads and arrow heads. Another friend, Henry Orr Dahlinger, live on the corner of Wilson Ave. and Woodlawn Drive. He had a pony named Bill and we would hitch Bill to a buggy and ride.. We dug aan underground house in his back yard and wanted to spend the night in it, but his Mother wouldnt let us. His folks had two cars, a Moon and a Star. His Father worked for Robert Orr Co, food sales. Pumpkins grew in his back yard and I remember carrying two of them home, they were heavy, for Halloween.

George and Gil Fox lived on Ensworth Ave and a crowd of us would get together and play football. There was Langley Granbery, Ralph Levy, Leon Hechtct and lots of others. The Foxes and I go back a long time. Our grand parents, and parents were friends as well.

My Father was in business with Aunt Frances husband, Uncle Monnie Lusky.. The depression which began with the stock crash of Oct. 1929 caused the jewelry store to close. Times were hard and Dad had trouble finding a job. He finally went to work for Mrs. Emily Weinstein who had a jewelry store on Church Street between 5th and 6th Aves. He was manager of the store at a salary of $65.00 a week. It wasnt enough as he was paying Mr. Shore $87.50 rent. We were forced to move in with Granny and Gramp in the Gladstone Apts.

Uncle Ed, Gramps Brother, died in Winslow, Ariz. and his funereal was held in the Gladstone. His casket was bronze and it took eight men to carry it up to the second floor. Uncle Ed raised sheep and was the Mayor of Winslow. He was also one of the first white men to go to the bottom of the Grand Canyon on a mule.

My second try for a cigarette.. It what was called an Indian cigar. They grew on locust trees in a lot next to the house.

Sears-Roebuck was then located on Broad St. at 12th Ave. They had a program of free tap dancing lessons for kids so I took the lessons and learned the shuffle off to Buffallo and the buck and wing.

My Uncle Alvin Kornman owned a mens clothing factory. Every year just before the main Jewish holidays, , Rosh hashana and Yom Kippur, he had a suit made for me. It was refered to as my "Yontif" suit. It was always blue serge and with one pair of short pants and one pair of knickers. On my 12th birthday, I was considered old enough to wear long pants. This was the year and when Ma saw me in the long pants, she cried.

Our car, the 1927 Buick, was getting old but there was no money for a new one. So, one Sunday Dad hand painted it black. Ma had been in Paducah and was coming home on the train that afternoon. On the way to the depot, we got behind a truck carrying chickens, and feathers stuck to the car as it wasnt quite dry. When Ma saw the feathers she wouldnt ride in it and took a taxi home.

Times were really tough but we didnt miss any meals. Nobody had money. As I wrote before, we had to move in with Granny and Gramp.

The Gladstone Apts. B-2 Phone 7-5705 1932/1933

The apartment was nice but small. Granny and Gramp lived there and due to the depression, we had to move in with them. There was only one bedroom so the dining room became Ma and Dads room. Mary Louise and I slept together in the sun parlor that had a Murphy or inadoor bed. That used to be Uncle Leonards bed when he lived at home.. It was crowded but, as I remember, good family living.

Gramp and I were very close and he used to take me to town with him. We always went to the store, his former business place, then we walked to uptown from the public square and had lunch at Thompsons restaurant. A ham sandwich was a nickel and a drink the same. Sometimes we went to the "picture show" which was a dime for me and a quarter for Gramp. The street car ride home was 7¢. Mr. Ike Fish, the toy store owner, used to come over to play pinochle with Gramp, usually on Wednesday night. The radio entertainment was was Mert and Marge followed by Chandu, the magician. This was in the early evening and then at nine oclock Gramp and I listened to Amos and Andy. It was always strange to me that Gramp liked country music. On Saturday nights he listened to the Grand ol Opry. I remember Uncle Dave Macon and W. W. Wilkerson and his fruit jar drinkers.

Mollie Patton was our cook and she and Granny ran the kitchen. They were both great cooks and our meals were delicious. Even with the hard times of the depression, we never wanted for anything. When Roosevelt became President, the banks were closed. Nobody had any money except Gramp. He and Uncle Ed were partners in two gasoline refinaries in California. One of them paid $25.00 a month and the other one $15.00. He hadnt told Granny about the second one and he had $300.00 hidden. Granny was mad at him for not telling her, but the money came in handy for the whole family. Not only Dad but Uncle Alvin as well. The sun parlor served as a dining room, and Mollie stayed in the servants room in the basement. She had a boy friend, Collier Blackwell. The Gladstone had some of Nashvilles first electric refridgerators. The motor was in the basement and a copper tube ran from there to our apartment. I had a boil on my leg that really hurt and every night when Dad came home he had to sqeeze it..

An elderly couple lived in the apartment below us. ARROW
I cant remember their name but they hsd s Pierce Arrow
car. Elmer Leon Levy also lived in the building with his
Mother, Miss Annie. Adolph and Lena Greenspan and their daughter,
Rosalyn lived there also. Elmer Leon went to Hume-Fogg High
School. He played the piccallo and was in the R.O.T.C.
He had a red convertible Chevrolet.

Uncle Aaron and Aunt Sara Johnson lived next door to us. He was
Gramps Cousin and they had two children, Rebecca or Snookie
as she was called and her brother Herman or Humpie. Aunt
Sara gave me some of Humpys World War 1 uniforms They had a
laundry chute in the hall that went down to the basement.
Snookie went to Europe and bought me a French baret as a present.
Aunt Sara had an electric car.. She could drive it from either
the back or the front seat with a stick that came down
from the side which she pushed back and forth to steer the car.
It had a glass vase for flowers. The batteries had to be
recharged every night.. Uncle Aaron had at one time been in
business in Shelbyville. It was Johnson and Sawyer. After
my Mother was born, Granny and Gramp moved to Nashville.

Aunt Sara was good to me.One day I went ro town by my-
self on the street car. At that time the five and ten cent
stores were on 5th Ave. I went in all of them and swiped
a lot of toys.. When I got home I had them all laid on the ash
pit in Aunt Saras back yard to look at my haul.. Aunt Sara saw me
and asked where I got all the toys and I said I bought them.
She said no you didnt have that much money so you must have
stolen them. She put me and the toys in the electric car and
drove to town. She made me take them all back to the stores and
apologize to thr store managers. It was a lesson never forgotten.

One day I was standing on the sidewalk in front of the
apartmen when a car stopped and a man got out. He asked if I
would like to make some money selling magazines. I said I would
so he gave me a bag and ten copies of The Delenater mag-
azine.. I was in business.

Aunt Sara had the weekly ladies poker game so that was a great opportunity to sell some of my magazines. Needless to say I sold most of them to the ladies, all friends of Granny so they couldnt refuse., The man who put me in business was Allen Zibart whose parents were friends of Ma and Dad. Miss Celia and Mr. Lee Zibart lived in the next block and across West ENd. . Miss Pearl Leftwich lived next door aND Miss Fannie Cohn across the street..

Another school mate and friend lived in the next block, Sys Hailey. Syd always had a handkerchief under his hand when he was writing so he wouldnt smudge the paper. Another friend John Scales lived on Craighead. Miss Mamie Bissinger lived on Whitland, at the corner of Carden. Miss Selma Schwartz had lived there before.. There was a gas explosion that destroyed the house but noone was hurt. Hamilton and Howard Frost also lived on Whitland as did the Schweizers. Their daughters, Polly Anne and Emily as well as their Grand Mother, Tillie Klein lived there too. Carolyn Weiner lived on Richland as did Beck and Gladys Kornman. Uncle R.D., Aunt Goldie and cousin Bobby too. We played games there and I recall hop-scotch and red rover come come over.

There were two street car lines. The Belle Meade went all the way out to the end of Belle Meade Blve. Number four, the West End line stopped at the bottom of the hill across from Montgomery Bell Academy. It was called Wilson switch. There were two men on each street car, one the motorman and the other , the conductor.. When the car reached the switch, the motorman changed the trolly and reversed the seat backs. Being at the bottom of the hill, we used to put soap on the tracks so the car could nt get up the hill. Great sport. The city limits were then, at the railroad trestle at 35th and West End.

One day a boz came for Ma. I opend it and got the scare of my life. Inside was a cayote pelt that Uncle Leonard had sent from Arizona.

During the summer months, Granny had slip covers over all the chairs and sofa. Also the wool rugs were taken up and replaced with grass rugs. There was no air conditioning then and it did seem to make it cooler. We always had a big oscillating electric fan in the dining room and a silver pitcher of ice water.

Ralph Levy lived on West End a couple of blocks toward town. We had a soft drink on the street in front of his house. We didnt make much money but had fun. Bill and Oren, (Snooks), Oliver lived across the street.

Grannys Sister Rebecca, or Auntie as she was called, died during the flu epidemic of 1918. She was buried in the Kornman mausaleum at the cemetery, next to Gramps lot.
We went out to the cemetery almost every Sunday and took flowers. Mrs. Bowie had a green house there and she kept the key to the mausaleum.. We were told not to step on the graves..

Aunt Pearl Levinson, Dads Sister, was very loving and generous to all the family. It was Worlds Fair time in Chicage and she treated the luskys and me to a trip. I went with Uncle Monnie, Aunt Frances, Sonny, Monnie, Jr. and Frank. They had a Franklin automobile.. It was an all day trip to Chicago. We stayed a week and saw lots of sights at the fair and I remember the Adler Planitarium.. We stayed at a hotel on Fairfax Ave. The Luskys lived on Fairfax in Nashville.

4-A Jacksonian Apts.

It was time to move as the apartment at the Gladstone was just too small for six people. Gramp rented an apartment at the Jacksonian, which was, at the time, the luxury unit. It was owned by Mr. Charlie Cohn, and had three bedrooms and one and a half baths. My bed was in the sun parlor, an inadoor bed just like the Gladstone. It was close to the street and during the summer months the windows stayed open and the street cars made a lot of noise early in the morning when they started running. There was a safe in the wall in the sun parlor and I kept all my worldly possessions in it..

As I have noted before, we were a large closely knit family. Grannys nephews Uncle Alvin and Aunt Lydia, Beck and Gladys as well as Uncle Gerald who was single but he came to dinner every Thursday night. Another Nephew, Alvin Bigler came by when he was in town. Uncle Milton Kornman who came back to Nashville after having lived in Denver and Los Angeles had a wife, Aunt Mabel and a daughter Betty Jane. I remember when they came to Nashville, Milton took Mary Louise and Ma to Dickson, Tn. on the train to meet their train.. Other relatives included the Johnsons, Humpy, Helen, Sara Jane and A. R.

There was a bell under the dining room table. When we were ready for the next course for dinner, Dad pushed on the bell and Henry Sublett, our "house man" CAME IN.

There was a bell under the table that Dad pushed with his foot and Henry Sublett our "house man" would come in and serve the next course.I always sat next to Ma, and Mary Louise sat next to Granny on the other side of the table. I used to fill my teaspoon with water and flick it across the table toward Mary Louise. Gramp didnt like that. When Gerald came for dinner, he sat next to Granny. I can still taste those potato clace dumplins that Granny made.

I got my first job. Granny shopped at Stevens Grocery and Mr. Stevens hired me for Saturday Mornings at 15¢ an hour. My job was to sprinkle the vegetables with water and help customers home with their groceries. I made a little more money doing that as the ladies would give me a nickle or a dime. They wanted me to kill a chicken by wringing its neck. I couldnt do that, so I quit..

In the summer, our evenings entertainment was sitting in the side yard. A lot of the tenants were there. The only boy living there that I remember was Bobby Henderson, but sometimes Monnie and Frank Lusky would come over to see their Grand parents Uncle Jules and Honey Lusky. The Kornmans were regulars also. If we were lucky, somebody would treat us to an ice cream cone from Candyland, just down the street. They had double cones so we got two scoops of ice cream for a nickle.

The elevators in the building were a natural toy for us to play on. Mr. Charlie Cohn strongly discouraged this.

I had always wanteda BBgun.One day I read that if I took a years subscription to a magazine, The Open Road For Boys, they would give me a BB gun. It must have beeNclose to my birthday so somehow I had the money. Finally the BB gun came. That night after supper, I was in the vacant lot behind the Apartment shooting at tin cans. I saw our cook, Molly Patten, coming out the back door on her way to catch the street car. Mollie was a big woman and she had a white dress on. It was too good a target to miss, so I aimed at her rear end and pulled the trigger. It must have hurt her as she went back in the apartment and told Dad what I had done. That was the end of the BB Gun.

The janitor, Mr. Cushenberry, lived in the basement. There was a big chimney on the building and one Sunday night, during a storm, lightening hit it. It scared me plenty. Other people I remember living there were the Hartmans,Dr. and Mrs. Perry Bromberg the Franks. Uncle Moe was a deaf mute. Also Mrs. Rachel Salzkotter and Herman and Becky Glick.

When I was 12, I joined the Boy Scouts , troop 12 at the YMHA. It was on Union Street downtown. All the boys were Jewish except one. His name was Felice Petrucelli. The night I got my Tenderfoot badge I proudly showed it to my folks. They had taken me to town and went to the Paramount theatre while waiting for me. Later I joined troop 31 at the Church of The Advent. George and Gilbert Fox were members there. I wound up being a star scout with 12 merit badges. Scouts were ushers at the Vanderbilt football games so we got in free.I remember seeing Sen. Huey Long there as well as President Franklin D. Roosevelt in Centennial Park on a visit to Nashville.

Bruce Bishop, a friend of mine, lived in the Courtland Apts. He would come by and we walked across 31st Ave to the Belmont theatre. Hedy Lamarr was in a movie, Ecstasy, which was daring for the tims, as she was without clothes.

I wanted to go to Boy Scout Camp in the summer of 1934. It was Camp Boxwell and it cost $4.50 a week. Granny treated me to two weeks. I didnt like camp, so after pne week I came home after getting a ride on the truck that came to town for supplies.
It rained a lot, the water in the Harpeth River was muddy and I was sick. Thats my last time to rough it until WW 11.

There was a additional rent charge of $4.00 a month for a garage. I used to pactice backing our car in and out of the garage, but one day something happened. The axle on the car broke. It, the car, was old. A 1927 model, so Gramp decided to buy a new car. We went to Liddon Pontiac where Mr. Harold Caldwell, sold him a new 1935 Pontiac. It was beautiful. They traded in the old car and allowed us $69.00 for it. I was just learning to drive and was really proud of that car. washed and waxed it even when it didnt need it. Gramp always took a nap in the afternoon, so when he woke up and I got home from school, we took a ride.. Uncle Jules Lusky rode with us some times. He chewed tobacco and one day he rolled the back window down and left a long stain down the side of the car.. The caR DIDNT HAVE A RADIO, BUT WE BOUGHT ONE FROM Homer Jonas at Kay Jewelry Co. and had it installed.. That car was my prized possession.

I was confirmed at the Temple in June 1935. I learned to read enough Hebrew so I could read a portion of the Torah, the Ten Commandments. Gramp said he would be very proud if I did that, so I really tried. I read the first four and Harvey Ceigler, the others. Ida Luobanow sang a song. Miss Lillian Cohen taught us Hebrew. . In those days each confirmand had a reception at home, so we gots of presents and saw a lot of family friends.. Miss Lily Frankland played the organ at Temple and Julius Mark was the Rabbi.

In our class were George and Gil Fox, Arthur Wasserman, Leon HechtJean Starr and Floralene Feldman. Also many others.

Ralph Levy and both liked Floralene Feldman. She lived on Leslie Ave., near Centennial Park.. He would pick me up at the JaCKSONIAN ON HIS BICYCLE AND WE WOULD RIDE TO Floralenes house.

Grandma Blum died March 31, 1938 She left Dad $300.00, a lot of money then, so he unselfishly, treated Ma, Mary Louise and me to a trip to Miami Beach, Fla. Helen Lockenbach, a secretary at Uncle Alvins factory, went with us to share gas expenses. We stayed at the Edsinger hotel on Ocean Drive. My room was $5.00 and Ma and Mary Louises had a twim room for $7.00 a week. The whole 10 days cost less than $150.00.

Uncle Dave Lowenheim died a week after Gramdma and Aunt Tessie passed away later in the year. Dad never got over her death.

We had a call from Uncle Leonard that he was married to a divorced Catholic woman and she had a son. Gramp said he would never accept her and Granny said Sol, be quiet. She is our sons wife and I dont want to hear anymore about it. That was the end of that. We had a reception for them and I got drunk on champagne.

I started dating a little. Ward Belmont was a girls school and we would go out there for dances. They had chaperones so we couldnt be alone with our dates. On the week ends the girls could leave the campus and had to be back byten in the evening. I fell in love with a pretty girl, Mary Woolwine. She was from Akron Ohio and when she left school I never heard from her again.

I am sixteen and really getting social. There were gatherings of young Jewish kids all over the south. The Pi Tau Pi affairs in Birmingham. The falcon in Montgomery and the Jubilee in Atlanta. George, Gil, Leon and I went to most of them. The Foxes were the only family that had two cars so we were in luck. Sometimes we stayed with Marvin (Mule) Engel and my cousin Miriam Dreyfus. I fell in love again. With Jane Blach and this was the real thing. We had a lot of fun. Things were cheap back then and the whole weekend cost something like $5.00. Getting even this small amount was a problem.

I spent a lot of time with George and Gil Fox. They had twin beds in their room and I slept on the crack between them. They used to pull the beds apart and I would fall on the floor. Mr. Foxs brother Uncle Clarance was a friend to all us boys and we affectionally called him Shamus. Great guy!

In 1936 Uncle Leonard came to Nashville for an operation. After he recovered, he took me out to Arizona for a visit. We drove and stopped in Dallas for the Worlds Fair. I really had a great summer. After a month in Winslow, I went to Los Angeles to visit Aunt Pearl Levinson.. She had a boy frient Mr. Oscar Goldsmith and the Friedmans, Uncle Herman aunt Emma. They were all wonderful to me and I spent three weeks there. Also saw my first burlesque show. I rode the Santa Fe Chief to Chicago where Ma, Dad and Mary Louise met me and we drove back to Nashville.

I went to Hume-Fogg High School and was in the R.O.T.C. The uniform was furnished so I didnt have to have as many clothes. I enjoyed playing soldier and was on the rifle team. There was a fifle range in the basement of the school building. Sgt. Kent was the P.M.S.&T. I was promoted to 2nd Lt. Never a good student, Ma breathed a sigh of relief when I graduated in 1939 with a "C" average. I recall being in a Spanish class taught by Mrs. Hill. My friend ,Earl Kirshner, was in the same class. Part of my duties in R.O.T.C. was blowing the bugle to lower the flag in the afternoons.. I coild get out of my last class to do this a few minutes early so I could go to work.

Uncle Alvin gave me a job in the clothing factory. My main job was to cut and mount swatches of the different pieces of cloth showing the patterns of the suits we sold. The salary was $2.00 a week. Every little bit helped. When social security was instituted in 1937, my net pay was $1.98. The bookeeper, Mr. Miller called me his bargain employee. I soon got a raise to $3.00. Krystal hamburgers were 5¢ and a plate lunch at Warner Drug Store on the public square was 30¢ for meat and three vegetables.. Zagers dellicatessen was also on the square. Going out on a date was relatively expensive. Movies were 25¢ and a soda at Candyland afterwards cost close to a dollar for the evening.

In 1939, Sept. 1, England and France declared war on Germany.. I had a map on the wall in my room and followed the armies movements. In 1940 the Tennessee National Guard was called up for Federal service and I wanted to go as some of my friends were in the guard. Dad wouldnt let me but said that this country became involved, he wouldnt stand in my way.

My sweetheart, Jane Blach came to town and visited her Aunt, Miss Berdie Lowenstein. It was Thanksgiving and the Woodmont Country Club was to have its annual affair, the Droopy Drawers, and I wanted to go but my folks werent members and that was a problem. Granny said she would treat me to a junio membership. She called the treasurer, Mr. Sig Marks, who let me become a member then. The dues were $2.00 a month..
I wore Dads tuxedo. It didnt fit but I didnt care so Jane and I went to the dance. Mr. Marks worked at L. Jonas & Co. on the Public Square so every month I took the money for my dues to him to save the postage. He had an impediment in his speach and proun
ounced his "R"s as "L"s. Once her said to me, "Hally, you leally have one good fliend, your Glandmother". He was right on that.

My cousin, Gerald, travelled on the road selling suits for Uncle Alvins factory. He had a heart condition and couldnt travel alone so during vacation time I drove him to call on customers in his territory. We went to Little Rock, Louisville Cincinnati and Birmingham.. Money being tight, Gerald would go into the hotels to register and then I would park the car and go to the room. . I think Gerald taught me to drink. His favorite was Glenmore bourbon and it became mine as well.. I remember Christmas of 1936 as it was the first time I ever got drunk. Gerald gave all of us stock boys a half pint of Glenmore and I drank it just like water. I got sick and passed out. I had a date with Mary Sulzbacher that night and we went dancing at the Commodore Room in the Andrew Jackson Hotel. I was still hung over..

Arthur Wasserman, Leon Hecht, Petie Brooks and I bought a :T: model Ford for $15.00. It ran, believe it or not. We None of our parents would let us get insurance so the car was sold for $10.00. The same bunch of us rented a camp out in Madison, on the river, for ten dollars a month. We had a lot of fun out there.

In early 1940, the folks deceided to buy a house. They decided on one at 201 Leonard Ave. So we moved.They paid $7500.00 for the house. (In 1998 I saw where the house was on the market for $434000.00)

THE SCOUT OATH

ON MY HONOR I WILL DO MY BEST:

1. TO DO MY DUTY TO GOD AND MY COUNTRY, AND TO OBEY THE SCOUT LAW.
2. TO HELP OTHER PEOPLE AT ALL TIMES.
3. TO KEEP MYSELF PHYSICALLY STRONG, MENTALLY AWAKE, AND MORALLY STRAIGHT.

THE SCOUT LAW

1. A SCOUT IS TRUSTWORTHY
A SCOUT'S HONOR IS TO BE TRUSTED. IF HE WERE TO VIOLATE HIS HONOR BY TELLING A LIE, OR BY CHEATING, OR BY NOT DOING EXACTLY A GIVEN TASK, WHEN TRUSTED ON HIS HONOR, HE MAY BE DIRECTED TO HAND OVER HIS SCOUT BADGE.

2. A SCOUT IS LOYAL
HE IS LOYAL TO ALL TO WHOM LOYALTY IS DUE: HIS SCOUT LEADER, HIS HOME AND PARENTS AND COUNTRY.

3. A SCOUT IS HELPFUL
HE MUST BE PREPARED AT ANY TIME TO SAVE LIFE, HELP INJURED PERSONS, AND SHARE THE HOME DUTIES. HE MUST DO AT LEAST ONE GOOD TURN TO SOMEBODY EVERY DAY.

4. A SCOUT IS FRIENDLY
HE IS A FRIEND TO ALL AND A BROTHER TO EVERY OTHER SCOUT.

5. A SCOUT IS COURTEOUS
HE IS POLITE TO ALL, ESPECIALLY TO WOMEN, CHILDREN, OLD PEOPLE, AND THE WEAK AND HELPLESS. HE MUST NOT TAKE PAY FOR BEING HELPFUL OR COURTEOUS.

6. A SCOUT IS KIND
HE IS A FRIEND TO ANIMALS. HE WILL NOT KILL NOR HURT ANY LIVING CREATURE NEEDLESSLY, BUT WILL STRIVE TO SAVE AND PROTECT ALL HARMLESS LIFE.

7. A SCOUT IS OBEDIENT
HE OBEYS HIS PARENTS, SCOUTMASTER, PATROL LEADER, AND ALL OTHER DULY CONSTITUTED AUTHORITIES.

8. A SCOUT IS CHEERFUL
HE SMILES WHENEVER HE CAN. HIS OBEDIENCE TO ORDER IS PROMPT AND CHEERY. HE NEVER SHIRKS NOR GRUMBLES AT HARDSHIPS.

9. A SCOUT IS THRIFTY
HE DOES NOT WANTONLY DESTROY PROPERTY. HE WORKS FAITHFULLY, WASTES NOTHING, AND MAKES THE BEST USE OF HIS OPPORTUNITIES. HE SAVES HIS MONEY SO THAT HE MAY PAY HIS OWN WAY. BE GENEROUS TO THOSE IN NEED, AND HELPFUL TO WORTHY OBJECTS. HE MAY WORK FOR PAY BUT MUST NOT RECEIVE TIPS FOR COURTESIES OR GOOD TURNS.

10. A SCOUT IS BRAVE
HE HAS THE COURAGE TO FACE DANGER IN SPITE OF FEAR AND TO STAND UP FOR THE RIGHT AGAINST THE COAXINGS OF FRIENDS OR THE JEERS OR THREATS OF ENEMIES, AND DEFEAT DOES NOT DOWN HIM.

11. A SCOUT IS CLEAN
HE KEEPS CLEAN IN BODY AND THOUGHT, STANDS FOR CLEAN SPEECH, CLEAN SPORT, CLEAN HABITS, AND TRAVELS WITH A CLEAN CROWD.

12. A SCOUT IS REVERENT
HE IS REVERENT TOWARD GOD. HE IS FAITHFUL IN HIS RELIGIOUS DUTIES, AND RESPECTS THE CONVICTIONS OF OTHERS IN MATTERS OF CUSTOM AND RELIGION.

BOY SCOUT DATA

TO BE FILLED IN BY SCOUTMASTER — VOID AFTER DATE STATED ON FACE OF CERTIFICATE

ORIGINAL DATE OF ENROLLMENT Jan. 1, 1933
TENDERFOOT SCOUT
SECOND CLASS SCOUT Apr. 1, 1933
FIRST CLASS SCOUT Aug. 15, 1933
STAR SCOUT [illegible]
LIFE SCOUT
EAGLE SCOUT
BRONZE PALM
GOLD PALM
SILVER PALM
ASSISTANT PATROL LEADER Apr. 19, 1933
PATROL LEADER
SENIOR PATROL LEADER
JUNIOR ASSISTANT SCOUTMASTER
ASSISTANT SCOUTMASTER
SCOUTMASTER

SPECIAL DUTIES

TROOP SCRIBE
TROOP TREASURER
QUARTERMASTER
BUGLER Sentinel

RECEIPT FOR TROOP DUES PAID

JAN.	FEB.	MCH.	APR.	MAY	JUNE
JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE SCOUT NAMED ON THE FRONT OF THIS CERTIFICATE IS A MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING OF THE Beaver PATROL, TROOP NO. 12
CITY OF Nashville
STATE OF Tennessee

HE IS ENTITLED TO PURCHASE THE OFFICIAL UNIFORM AND TO WEAR IT AND THE OFFICIAL INSIGNIA OF HIS RANK DURING THE PERIOD COVERED BY THIS CERTIFICATE.

THIS CERTIFICATE IS SUBJECT TO CANCELLATION OR RECALL FOR CAUSE BY THE LOCAL SCOUT AUTHORITIES.

HIS AGE 13 HEIGHT 65 WEIGHT 120
GIVEN ON THIS 2nd DAY OF Mar 19 32

E. P. Wasserman
SCOUTMASTER
W. J. Anderson
SCOUT EXECUTIVE OR COMMISSIONER

I HEREBY ACCEPT THIS CERTIFICATE WITH ALL THE CONDITIONS STATED HEREON FOR ITS USE
Harry Bluma
SCOUT'S SIGNATURE

NOTICE

THE SCOUT SHOULD CARRY THIS CERTIFICATE WITH HIM AT ALL TIMES. HE SHOULD SHOW IT TO THE LOCAL SCOUT DISTRIBUTOR WHEN PURCHASING HIS UNIFORM. HE SHOULD BE PREPARED TO SHOW IT WHENEVER CALLED UPON.

NOT VALID UNLESS PERSONALLY SIGNED BY SCOUT AND SCOUTMASTER — VOID IF ALTERED IN ANY PARTICULAR

Boy Scouts
1932

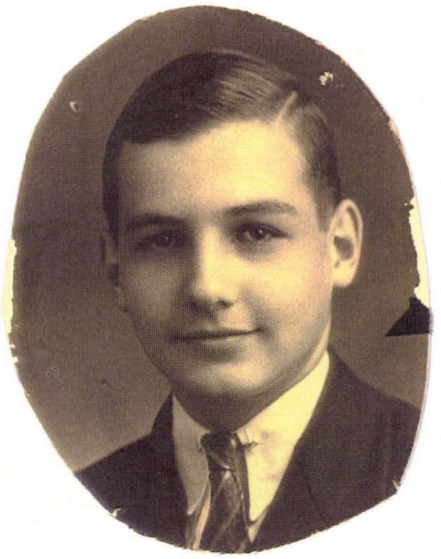


Lis & R. '35
AGE 15



ME '37

ROTC



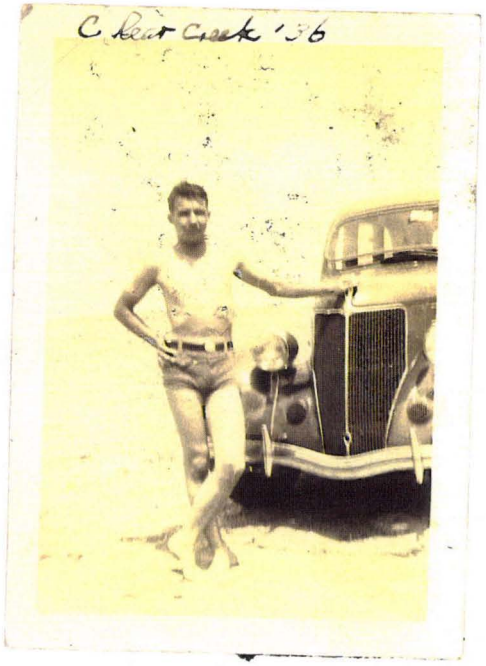
HARRY BLUM, JR.
AGE 15



MARY LOUISE BLUM
AGE 12



ME & LEON (SHMECK) HECHT



ME, WINSLOW, ARIZ.
1936

±01 Leonard Ave.

It was a nice house, two story brick Tudor style. The nice part is that there was lots more room. Everybody had a bedroom. Mine was downstairs just off the living room and the half bath was for my use. There were two baths upstairs and a basement that had a servants room.. Th side porch was nice in the summer and we spent a lot of evenings there. The Kornmans and Johnsons were frequent visitors. Gerald came for dinner every Thursday as before. There were two servants, Henry Sublett and Mollie Patton.

At this time I had fallen in love again,. Mary Rose Eskind from Providence ,Ky. was a student at Vandy and I saw her often. We had a nice crowd as my friends also dated the AEPhi sorority girls at Vanderbilt. Sometimes I would drive all the way to Providence to see Mary Rose when she was on vacation.

Gramp liked nice cars so he decided to trade in our 1938 Pontiac. This time he really went first class and bought a 1940 Packard. Granny picked out a blue car and we had to measure it to be sure it would fit in yhe garage. It did, so Gramp wrote a check to pay for the car, $1450.00. Granny bought Henry a chauffeurs cap and he drove Granny and her friends where they wanted to go.
There was Mollie Hirsh, Ada Levy and Mrs. Lebeck.
Mrs. Lebeck was called the Grubber by Gerald. Why, I never knew. She and Granny smoked many cigarettes. I remember them sitting in the living room smoking and it was so thick you could hardly see them.

Like most everybody else, we only had the one car, but the folks spoiled me and were very generous to let me use it almost whenever I wanted. Only one condition, on Saturday nites Granny and Gramp liked to go to the Belle Meade Theater. When they did, I had to interupt my date and pick them up at nine o clock. They played poker on Sunday nights and sometimes had a driver, Mr. Brantley. When he couldnt get them, it was sometimes my job.

I was now making sixteen dollars a week after graduating from High school.I worked, to use the term loosely, at Uncle Alvins factory, Famous K Clothes. Our crowd was very active and we had a good social life. To name a few-- George and Gil FOx Leon Hecht, Ralph Levy, Max Segal Mary
Sulzbacher and Betty Hanover. One of our favorite activities was picnicking in Warner Park on Sunday nights.. The food usually consisted of baked beans and hot dogs.. At that time only one grocery store was open, on Natchez Trace.
Also, there were blue lawa in Nashville so we had to go to MaDISIN TO SEeA PICTURE SHOW ON Sundays. Why we had baseball games on Sunday, but no movies, was beyond my imagination.

All the boys in our crowd reached 21 in 1940. All except Leon (Shmeck) Hecht. He was born in Dec. 1919. We all celebrated this coming of age with parties. We may have a drink, I dont remember, but we always had a dic< game. Rabbi Julius Mark attended them all.

Gramps cellerette was in the dining room. Every night at 6 he would open it and pour himself one shot glass of bourbon. Only one drink and then he poured about a fourth of the glass for me. One of my prized possessions to this day is that glass. Gramps glass.

Uncle Alvinstopped by to take us to work, Dad and me and Gramp to the factory. He gave me a raise to $25.00 a week. Being newly rich, I bought a record player from Castner Knotts on credit. The payments were $6.00 a month. My cousin Bobby and Reba May got married and imade recordings of all the family. Being a groomsman inthe wedding, I had to buy a full dress suit from Joseph Frank and Sons.

Sunday, December 7th, Arthur Wasserman and I were out riding around when we heard the news of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on the car radio. I rushed home to tell the folks and to awaken Dad from his nap, that I was going to enlist in the army the next day. He gave me his blessing in this decision. Arthur and I went down to the Custom House on Monday and signed up. We were given train tickets to Chattanooga, Ft. Oglethorpe, and told to see Dr. Al Weinstein for our physical. We were told to report to Ft. Oglethorpe the following Friday., Dec. 12th. The folks gave me a going away party Thursday at our house. During the party a deputy sherriff came in with a warrant to reposses the record player, claiming that I was behind in my payments. I had called the credit manager at Castner Knotts and told him that i was going into the army but he sent the sherriff anyway.. Gramp offered to pay him the balance of $45.00 but they took the record player anyway. Mr. Sweet was the credit Manager.

The next day we took the train for Chattanooga. All the girls from the AEPhi sorority came to see us off and they gave us both wrist watches as a going away present.

It was the last time I saw Gerald Kornman as he died shortly after I left.

My life was certainly entering a new and different phase.



SOL SAWYER - ON THE
SIDE PORCH
201 LEONARD AVE.



GRANNY & GRAMP



GRAMP

United States Army 1941/1945

We arrived in Chatta nooga late in the afternoon and took a cab to Ft. Oglethorpe. When we got to the gate, the guard told us that it was too late and that we should come back the next day. We explained that we didnt have any money for a hotel and they would have to let us in. They did and assigned us to a barracks and we had supper. Thus began my army carrer. The great adventure. I would have been very disappointed if I hadnt enlisted as everybody was patriotic after the attack by the Japs.

The first night in my new home was a far cry from that of my life at home. I met my first fellow soldier, Ronald Crabtree, from Knoxville. We were to go through basic training together. The next morning we were awakened early by a bugle call. It was dark and cold when we stood our first reville.. After breakfast we were taken to a large auditorium and given and took the oath of allegiance to our country. I was Pvt. Harry S. Blum, Jr. Serial number 14071036.. Uniforms were issued and some of the clothes were of WW1 vintage and didnt fit too well. These were later replaced. When fitting shoes, we had to hold two buckets of sand so our feet would spread in order not to be too tight when we carried the heavy packs that would come later. The work clothes were blue denim and I felt like a convict.

My first detail was on a garbage truck, it began at 7 am and with a lunch break, I was through at 4 pm. No more comments about that day. A couple of days later I saw my name on the KP, kitchen poline, detail. I was awakened at 4 am and went to the mess hall that fed most of the camp. A lot of GIs. Using steel wool, I cleaned many pans that had been used to scramble eggs. The dinner menu was meat loaf and the same pans were given to me again to clean. This time they were encrusted with the meat loaf and much harder to clean. Needless to say that it was a long day and when I hit the sack at 9, it was welcome.

Ma and Mary Louise came to see me for the week end. When Ma saw me in the fatigue uniform, she started crying.. Arthur and I were told by the recruiting Sgt. in Nashville that since we had enlisted together, we would stay together for the entire war. A couple of days later our assignments were posted on the bulletin board. Arthur was sent to the artillery at Ft. Bragg, N.C., abd My orders read the Infantry replacement training Center at Camp Roberts, Calif. So much for togetherness.

The train trip to California took about ten days. We went all over the southeast picking up recruits from different induction centers. We were assigned two men to a berth and we ate in the dining car of the train. It wasnt a bad trip. We arrived at Camp Roberts late Sunday afternoon and were given the usual Sunday night dinner of a bologna sabdwich and potato salad. . A medic came in the barracks later and asked if anyone felt like they were catching a cold and most of us took what was called a brown bomber. Needless to say the results.. The next day I was assigned to the 87th bn. for training. While at Ft. Oglethorpe we had been given a Army General Classification test to determine how we were to be assigned. I still dont know why my IQ was as high as it was with my school record, but it was a lucky break for me. They put me in radio school where we learned the Morse Code., and how to operate the various army radios. This was a lot easier than the regular infantry training, but I had my share of long hikes with full field packs. We all had to learn to shoot the basic infantry weapon, the Springfield 03 rifle. This was later replaced with the M-1. I did qualify expert with the rifle and spent many hours at the firing range. There were some Nashvillians around the towns close to camp. Leonard and Flo Kornman and Alfred and Polly Ceigler had me to dinner. It was good to see some familiar faces. Uncle Leonard and Aunt Emma came to see me and we spent a week-end in Paso Robles. Leonard knew the commanding General of the Air Force Base in Phoenix and told me he could arrange a transfer for me to the air force, but I declined. The pay for the first three months was $21.00 A MONTH AND THEN IT WENT TO $30.00. Leonard paid for my GI insurance and from time to time the folks would send me a little money from home. Cigarettes were a nickel a pack and 3.2 beer a dime. There wasnt a whole lot of places to spend money or time to do it. I remember the 1st Sgt. A typical sgt, Pete Burlason.

I got a pass one Saturday and took the bus toLos Angeles to see Aunt Pearl.. Spent the day there and she gave me $10.00. It sure was welcome.

Basic training is over, all thirteen weeks of it..I was put on a train along with a bunch of other guys, and we got off at Santa Barbara where I was assigned to HQ Co. of the 125th Infantry, stationed at the polo grounds. This was my introduction to tent living. It was a comedown after the barracks. Sanitary facilities were in the stables. After a short stay we moved to Los Angeles and camped in Griffith Park. For the first time I got homesick so Leonard treated Ma and Mary Louise to a trip to see me. They were a sight for sore eyes... We moved again, this time up north to Gilroy, the garlic capitol of the world. My company was stationed in the National Guard Armory on the edge of town so the living conditions improved and I could walk a block and be right in the center of town.. After a few weeks I was assigned to a company located on the coast in Morro Bay. Back to tent living. My job was to patrol a few miles of the coast and stay in communication with headquarters. It was true that a Jap submarine had shelled the coast near Santa Barbara. I had applied for Officers Candidate School at Ft. Benning, Ga. and my orders came through. I had just done my laundry and had to pack it wet, so after the long train trip, it had all mildewed and I had to replace everything.

I was promoted to Corporal. That was a requirement before going to O.C.S. My pay was then $50.00 They gave me a ten day furlough and I enjoyed my first visit back Home. I was put in class 132 upon my arrival at Ft. Benning , in September, 1942. O.C.S. was very strenuous and there was always the risk of being kicked out. I couldnt think of anything worse than that, so I really applied myself. Helen Johnsons sister Marietta Rothschild and her family lived in Columbus, Ga. and they invited me out to their home often for dinner. They were very nice to me. The uniform allowance was $250.00 so I went intown to Smith-Rogers and bought an officers blouse, pinks and olive green pants, shirts, etc. and waited for the big graduation day to come. The ceremony was held in the post theatre and when they pinned the gold bars of a 2nd Lt. on my shoulders, I walked tall. A Genuine officer.. Our assignment orders were posted and my heart sank when I saw that I was to go back to California to Camp Young for desert training. I asked the Sgt. if my orders could be changed. He said the only way was to get someone to swap. Lucky again. One of the guys was from that part of Calif., aND HE WAS ANXIOUS TO GO BACK THERE. I was then assigned to the 28th Division at Camp Livingston, La. HaD A(10) DAY LEAVE. Enlisted men got furloughs but officers got leaves. Big shot 2nd Lt. Home for the Christmas holidays. I went to Temple with Granny and she introduced me as Lt. Blum, as if nobody knew me. New Years day I took the train for Camp Livingston. My first contact was Lt. Col. Hoban and he assigned me to HQ Co., 110th Infantry.

My platoon had been without an officer for some time and a lot of misfits had been transfered into it. A more motly crew, I never saw. Fortunately some good non-coms were there. Sgt. Leonard Wicker and Corp. Wilson were of great help in shaping it up. The 28th Division was the Pennsylvania National Guard before it was called up for federal duty, so some of the higher Regimental Officers had been on the political scene in Pa. I remember lt. Col. Jay Cooke who had been quite a social and political figure in Philadelphia.. Most of the personnel in my company were from the western part of the state, Pittsburg. They all were very hospitable to me. My assignment put me on the Battalion staff and we formed a very good group, both work and socially. There was Major Bob Reynolds, Capt. Boyd Phillippi, Lt. Frank Diamond, Lt. Pete Flynn and Lt. Jim Burns. It was good duty as far as the infantry went. I remember giving a demonstration to the battalion and the division commander, General Omar Bradley came up to me and said it was a job well done. That made me feel good. Later, he was 1st Army commander in Europe. My stay at Camp Livingston was short as the division was transferd to Camp Carrabelle, Fla. It was later renamed Camp Gordon Johnston. This was an amphibious training center and was a real hell hole. On the outskirts of nowhere. On the gulf coast about 60 miles south of Tallahassee. The mosquitoes were as big as birds. The enlisted mens barracks were sand floors. The offocers a little better. Only about 50 feet from the latrine. We spent a lot of time on landing craft and plenty of seasickness. This training was for landing on enemy shores. It was rough.

After about 3 months, we again moved. This time to Camp Pickett, Va. Our standard of living went up. Each officer had a private room in the batchelor officers quarters. Social life greatly improved as there was a nice officers club and the post hospital supplied nurses for our dates. I remember one that I dated, Mary Elizabeth (Buddy) Gulas. . My first visit to Washington to see the sights. Went with Pete Flynn and Allen Suhr. He was later killed in Europe. . Buddy and her hospital group were later transfered to Ft. Devan, Mass. I got a three day leave and went to see her. On the way back to camp, I had a day to spend in New York. I had no money, no friends to call and it was Labor day. The Pennsylvania Hotel was across from Penn Station so I went to the hotel and explained my situation to the asst. manager. After showing my ID, he very kindly gave me a room, had my uniform pressed and cashed a check for $25.00. Ive always been grateful to that man. I remember the French liner, the Normandie, that had been capsized in the harbor, sabatage. Spent the evening at the Copa Cabana where all the drinks were free to servicemeb.

We received orders to move to a staging area, Camp Edwards, MassWe We boarded an English ship, the S S Cristobal, and set sail fpr Europe,

England, that is. We were in a large convoy and the crossing took about two weeks. On that trip I really appreciated being on Officer. At least we had a cabin, crowded tho it was, but with bunks. The enlisted men didnt fare so well as they were crammed down in the holds of the ship and had to sleep in shifts. We had an officers mess, complete with English waiters, while the men had to stand in mess lines and only got two meals a day. There were approximately 3500 personnel on the ship and the north Atlantic route was cold and rough even for that time of year. I was duty Officer one night and had to go down in the hold . The stench was not nice. The conditions for the men was awful. We finally docked at Swansea South Wales and my first impression of the country was good, thatched houses, etc. We were put on a train for a short ride to Pembroke, which was to be our home foe the next few Months. The town was on the coast of Wales but large enough to provide entertainment, movies, pubs and so on. We had very nice quarters, in an English army barracks, LLanion Barracks, located on a hill overlooking the town, The headquarters officers were billited in a large building complete with our own mess hall and library. The junior officers doubled up and I shared a large room and bath with two other second Lts. A few of us decided to explore the town that first night and we found a home in the bar of the Edinburg Hotel. My first of many dates there was a W.R.E.N. named Joan Myhill. She was in the Navy. All the other guys in our crowd had dates and we really got off to a flying start in our overseas duty. It wasnt all fun as we trained hard. I recall one 30 mile forced march of30 miles in one day, up to a section of ‹ales called Preselli Hills. It was rugged.

I dont think i have ever been as cold as that night spent in the open on top of Myndd Preselli. Not many inhabitants but plenty of sheep. Carmarthen Bay was nearby and we had many practice landings. I later learned that it closely approximated Omaha Beach in France. I was put in charge of some recreation for all personnel and I got the division band under leadership of CWO Johnnie Venitozzi. They played for a dance and a good time was had by all. We had imported some nurses from a nearby hospital and with the girls in the British services, there was no female shortage. I was outranked by Major Bob Stovall in my relation with Joan, so I met another W.R.E.N., Kitty Robinson, from Newcastle-On-Tyne. I was to keep up a corresponce with her even after I had returned to the States.
I sent she and her family a large box of canned goods which were not obtainable in England at that time. I will always have a warm spot in my heart and a deep admiration for the English people. They were very kind to us. All good things must end so we moved again.

We moved to a location near Salisbury and our quarters were in tents. Training continued. I did manage to get a week end leave and went to London with Allen Suhr. We passed by Buckingham Palace and the guard saluted us with a Queen Anne salute where they throw their rifle in the air, catch it and cone to a kneeling position on one knee. They must have mistaken us for some high ranking officers. . One night I thought that the entire air force was flying overhead. We didnt know at the time that it was the night before D-Day. Our division did not participate until we went to the continent about the second week of July.

The landing craft ride from Southampton to France was uneventful but there was a lot of seasickness as the English Channel can be very rough. We landed on Omaha Beach and marched to a staging area some 8or10 miles inland. Pup tents were our quarters and we could see flashes and sounds of artillary in the not too far distance. We relieved the 35th division after the breakout at St. Lo. I saw my first dead enemy soldier, a German, who was left half on the road and off. Not a pretty sight, but one we would quickly become used to. Death took on a new meaning. We went into action late one night and i remember stopping at a crossroads and a plane, Luftwaffe, flew over and dropped a flare. I thought sure he had his eyes right on me. He was known as "bed check CHarlie". No damage. After a lot of action in the hedge row country of Normandy and the defeat of the German Army in the Falaise Gap, we headed toward Paris.

One of the thrills of my life. Our division was ordered to parade through Paris to quell any possible Communist uprising. The city had already been liberated by the French forces, but we were hailed and welcomed as the first Americans they had seen. We bivoucaced in the Bois de Bulogne and the next day paraded down the Champs Elysee. We passed by and saluted the officers on the reviewing stand. There was General Eisenhower, General Charles de Gaulle and numerous other dignitaries. Life magazine published a picture of the division and I am easily recognized. They sent me a copy which I still have framed. My moment of glory.

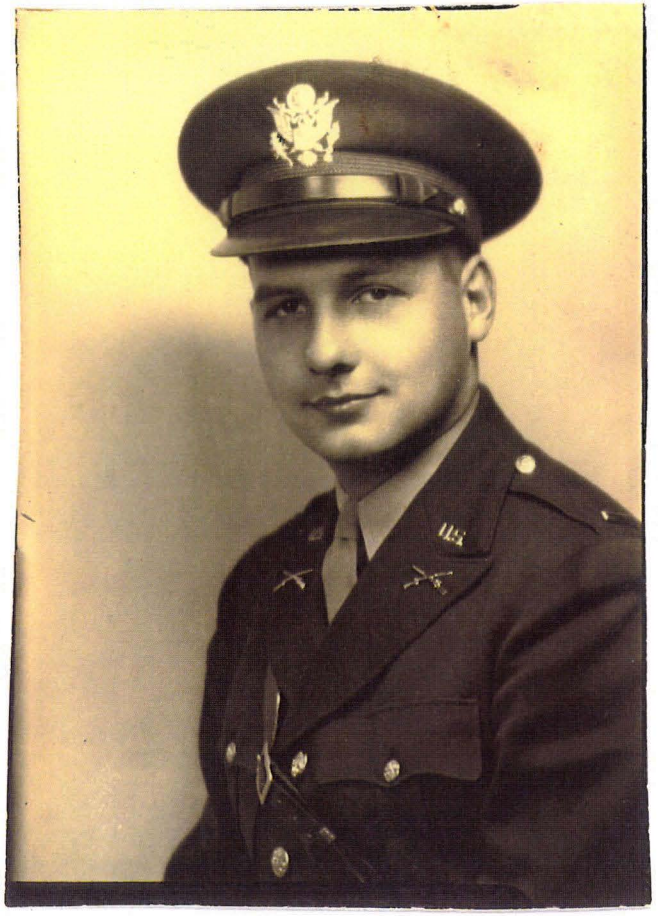
The Germans retreated very fast toward Germany, but due to a shortage of supplies, mainly gasoline, we couldnt take advantage of the situation. We sometimes rode, but mostly marched across northern France till we reached the German border.

The Our river marked the boundry between Luxemburg and Germany. Standing on a hill overlooking the river and into Germany, it looked mighty foreboding. I am sure that being Jewish had a lot to do with this feeling. . We occupied a small village in Germany, Heckeschied, and I got my first look at the west wall or Seigfried Line. The block houses and dragons teeth were frightening. . They had us well located and enemy artillery was heavy. The sound of big guns firing is one that none of us ever got used to. We moved up north to an area around Bastogno and then to the Hurtgen Forest. The artillery tree bursts were very deadly. The sector at the time was quiet. I set up a rest area in a school in the town of Monschau where a few men at a time could shower and get clean uniforms and hot food. A real luxury.

It was the latter part of November when I got hit. It wasnt too bad, but enough to send me tothe hospital. While in the hospital in Leige, Belgium, the battle of the bulge started. Casualties were high so they evacuated all of us to a hospital in St. Denis, France, then back to another hospital in Normandy. Finally to England near Cheltenham. I boarded a ship January 1, 1945 for home. It was a Liberty ship and not the same type we went over on, but home. It sure sounded good.

After a 10 or 12 day voyage we landed in Boston harbor and went to Ft. Devans. After a short stay I went by air corp hospital plane to Indianapolis and Camp Atterbury, Ind. By this time I was ambulatory and assigned to the B.O.Q. at the base hospital. Had a private room and a German prisoner of war for an orderly. . I had been promoted while in France, to 1st. Lt.. I applied for leave and was given 10 days at home. My cousin, Elizabeth Goldsmith and her husband Buddy, lived in Indianapolis so I called her and she called home to tell them that I was on my way. Arriving late Saturday night, I was met at the depot by Ma, Dad and George Fox. When the train stopped, I got so excited that I got off on the wrong side of the train. Anyway, we got home about 2 AM and Dad said that I had better awaken Gramp or he would be mad. I can still see him flying down the steps, night shirt flapping. It sure was good to see my family. . I stayed in Camp Atterbury until the first part of July as a provisional company commander of hospital patients.. . I had bought a car while at home. A 1938 Ford convertible. Gas was rationed but it was no problem as I could get plenty on the post. Spent a lot of week ends with the Goldsmiths. Their baby, Nancy, 6 months old, and I shared a room. They were wonderful to me and we have stayed close through the years.

I got in good with the head of the motor pool and he had my car painted by some P.O.W.s. It was a silver color and looked pretty good. I had taken some things from home and fixed up my room. While having dinner one day, word was received of the death of President Roosevelt. Sad to hear that he didnt live to see the victory he had fought so hard for. Germany surrendered in May and sometime around the first of July, I was called up before a review board. I remember the Colonel on the board saying to me, Lt., youve been in the army almost 4 years. You have a choice. Either be reassigned to the South Pacific, or being discharged. . My answer to him was, Col., no disrepect intended, but thats no choice. He laughed and told me to clear the post and that I was free to go home and would be discharged after a 21 day leave.. I went to town that afternoon and bought a civilian suit. Had a date for dinner at the hotel but didnt feel comfortable in my new suit so I went to my room and changed into my uniform. The next day I drove home. This was the end of my army career and I became Mr. again instead of 1/Lt. Harry S. Blum, Jr. 0-1305003



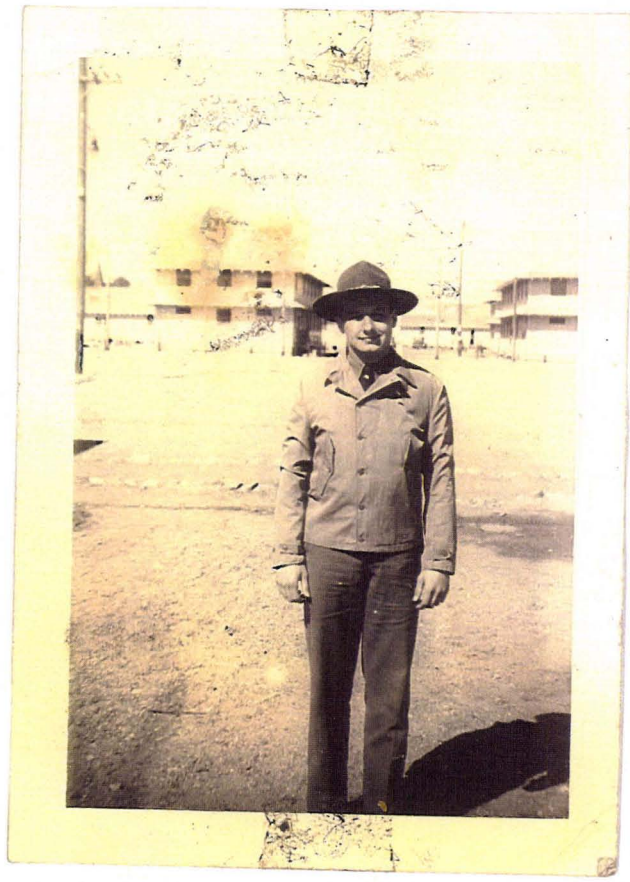
2ND LT.
1943



CAMP ROBERTS 1942



CAMP ROBERTS



CAMP ROBERTS



SAN MIGUEL, CA.
LEONARD & EMMA SAWYER





BARRACKS - CAMP ROBERT CA. 1942



HOME FOGG
HIGH SCHOOL



CAMP PICKETT, VA 1943
BUDD & GOLAL TME



LATRINE DUTY
CAMP ROBERTS, CA. 1942



NEW YORK CITY. 1943



PVT. HARRY BLUM
FATIGUE UNIFORM - FT. OGLETHORPE, GA.
1941



LLANION BARRACKS
PEMBROKE DOCK SOUTH WALES



INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
1945
HOLDING NANCY GOLDSMITH

201 Leonard Ave. Back Home

I hadnt noticed before on my previous visits before getting out of the army, that there was an oil painting of me on the wall over the sofa. Asking about it, I was told that being in the infantry, Dad thought I might not come out alive so hr had a local artist, Mr. Page, do the portriat from a photograph that I had taken in Pembroke Dock. I am sure his fears were groundless and that I had come through alright.

After taking my uniform off for the last time, I put it in a garment bag. It is still there but somehow, with age, it doesnt fit anymore.. The next problem was shirts which were in very short supply. I went into Burks downtown and Mr. Ralph Fensterwald was kind enough to sell me a box of three. A real kindness. Dad suggested that I take a vacation but I wanted to get back to work at Uncle Alvins factory. Leonard wanted me to go to college and offered to pay my tuition, but I passed. This was probably one of my lifes biggest mistakes. I went back to work in the pants department and assisted Max Honick, the foreman. I thought I would like this but again, I was wrong..

Without going too much in detail, the next four years of my life were non productive and muldly disasterious. I thought I could make up for the time spent in service by trying to live as fast a life as possible. Too much drinking, too many women and too much riotus living. I thought that more money could be made by travelling on the road selling clothing, so I started that career in 1947. Both Milton and Alvin had passed away in 1947 and I was floundering. Knowing from the first day travelling that It wasnt for me, instead of doing something else I kept on for two more years in Indiana and Illinois. I had an account here in Nashville, Harverys Dept. Store, which was very lucrative for me. One of the other salesmen for the factory, Julius Roth, died and they gave me his territory, Mississippi and Louisiana. The only thing good to come out of that was my meeting Carolyn, my future wife.

Stopping in Tupelo, Miss., on my first trip I called on our customer , Sol Weiner. I asked if he know any girls in New Orleans that I could call as I was planning on being there for the week end. . His neice was attending Sophie Newcombe College there and he suggest that I call her. I did and we arranged to double date with her visitor for Friday night. When I went to the house to pick up Rean, I saw her visitor, Carolyn Kahn, and immediately fell for her. We dated the next Sunday night and after a dinner, on the way back to her house, we stopped at a railroad crossing. I leaned over and kissed Carolyn an the cheek and said, you are going to love living in Nashville. I sent her an orchid for Easter and went to visit her in Helena, Arkansas. Her family were very gracious to me and I invited Carolyn to NaSHVILLE. Patsy Baker was getting married and I asked if I could bring Carolyn. She stayed with my cousin Elizabeth Jonas for a few days and about two months later we were married. RABBI James Wax officiated at the wedding at the Peabody Hotel in Memphis. Dad was my best man.,and a lot

of my Nashville friends attended. Carolyns family too. There was Mosler, Lenore, Bud and Muzzie, Carolyns Grand mother, and her Uncle and Aunt, the Hays from Indianapolis.. The two people very dear to me, Granny and Gramp, couldnt make it and Ive always been sorry that we didnt marry inNashville so they could be there.

Carolyn went with me on a selling trip trip and that was our honeymoon. I like to tell the true story that I married for money. Partially true, Carolyn had saved $5000.00 and I owed $7000.00. A good match. Finding a place to live back then was a problem as the wartime housing shortage had not corrected itself. Anyway, we found a place in a converted attic in Cherokee Park for $57.50 a month.

225 Lauderdale Road.

It was an upstairs attic apartment in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jakes. We had no furniture and started to beg and borrow what we could. The Sulzbachers lent us a dining table and chairs and I took my beds from home along with a chest of drawere and made a dressing table for Carolyn, stapling a bed sheet around some plywood and bought a mirror. We also had to buy a new refrigerator as the one in the apartment was so noisy we couldnt slpp. I can still see Carolyns Father coming up the outside stairs carrying the victorian chair that her Mother had done the seat by hand. I still have it as one of my most valued items. . Carolyn and I had our first arguement. It was my fault. Anyway, when we settled the arguement, we never went to bed mad. If nothing else, I learned that this is one of the keys to a happy marriage. I hated travelling on the road but Carolyn went with me some of the time. Often I would drop her off in Helena and come back the next week end.

Our sojojourn at 225 was short and we started thinking about buying a house.



LENORE KAHN HARRY BLUM CAROLYN KAHN



225 LAUDERDALE RD. 1949

KAHN - BLUM ENGAGEMENT MADE KNOWN TODAY

Mr. and Mrs. Mosler Kahn announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter, Carolyn, to Harry S. Blum, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blum of Nashville, Tenn.

Miss Kahn attended college in Bowling Green, Ky., and graduated cum laudi, receiving her B. S. degree in accounting. Until recently she has been employed in that capacity in Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Blum has been associated with A. L. Kornman of Nashville for the past twelve years except for a three and a half year interval when he served in the European zone as a first lieutenant in the armed forces.

The marriage will be solemnized at 7 p. m. June 21st at the Hotel Peabody in Memphis, Rabbi James Wax officiating.



MOSLER + LENORE

MOZZIE
RANDALL
CAROLYN







HARRY BLUM | LEON HECHT | NORMAN NEUDERTHAL | GEORGE FOX | ARTHUR WASSERMAN

1938



GIL · SCHMECK · ZADOC + ?



WARNER PARK SUNDY PICNIC



131 Page Road

We had been thinking of buying a house but didnt have money for the down payment. I had forotten about the G.I. bill that allowed veterans to buy with nothing down. Anyway one Sunday while riding around we passed by a house on Page Rd. and saw a for sale sign and a car parked in the drive. We went in and met the realtor, Jim Medlin, looked around the house. I asked Carolyn how she liked it and she said alright except for the wall paper in the dining room. I said we could change that, but that it was a good location, on a corner lot, near Parmer school in case we had children, and across the street from the Belle Meade country club golf course so that no house could be built across from us . Mr. Medlin quoted me the price of $13000.00 and I said Ill give you $13000.00. He said alright and the deal was done. We went by to see my folks and Carolyn said guess what, your nutty son just bought a house. I guess that was typical of me, always impulsive. This time tho, it was a good instinct as we lived there happily for twenty five years. Granny gave us $2500.00 and Muzzie a $1000.00 and made the down payment. . We were home owners and could move out of the Cherokee Park attic.

In June of 1950 while travelling in New Orleans, I got an early morning phone call that my beloved Gramp had passed away. To this day I have never stopped missing him and Granny.
We had taken a vacation in Miami Beach and Carolyn found a sofa she liked at Modernage so we had it shipped to Nashville. We used it in the den and Carolyn wanted to go to Chicago and the furniture mart to buy the other things. Her Uncle Bud was the merchandise manager for a large store in Indianapolis and he could get us what we needed at cost. . At long last the furniture arrived. A bed room suite, love seats tables and everything to make our home complete. Carolyn spent all her money as I sure didnt have any. The house sure looked good.

The factory salesman, Will Neathery, who travelled in Texas died so I took over that state and gave up Miss. I just couldnt do the job and failed miserably. Carolyn was pregnant with Randall and couldnt travel with me anymore. I called my folks at home one Sunday and Dad said, Im going to give you some advice. Come home, be with your wife and find something else to do to earn a living. It was good advice and I took it. Happily I was off the road but had to find a job.

Dad suggested that I talk to Joe Werthan who had opened a furniture store., Dodge, on Broad St. One of his men had quit and he said there was an opening. How much did it cost me to live, he asked? I answered 7 or 8 hundred a month. He said the job paid four hundred. I took it and went to work.

April 25th 1952 our Son, Randall was born. I had stopped by Elizabeth Jonas on the way home and when I got there she said go home as Carolyn had gone into labor. . I rushed home and our obstertrician and friend Syd Reichman was there. He was calm in the face of my excitement and asked me to fix him some scrambled eggs, and not to worry. We went to the hospital, Vanderbilt. Syd gave me a bottle of bourbon, showed me the doctors lounge and said he would call me if needed. About 2 am I was awakened and had my first look at our Son. A proud Father. He was beautiful. We bonded immediately and the bond has happily, strenghtened through the years. Carolyn was a beautiful, not only physically, but as a Mother to our pride and joy. I tried to be a good Father, but had to draw the line at diaper changing. I tried it twice, first and last.

Randall was truly a joy. I have many memories of his early years. Christmases, swimming, riding onmy lawn mower, but one sticks in my mind. I had built the deck of the SS Popeye in the yard and when it was finished, he and I were standing on it. He took my hand, looked up at me and said, Daddy, you sure know how to make a little boy happy. I started crying and when I went inside to tell Carolyn, she too, broke into sobs. Tears still come to my eyes when I think of that incident. The location of the house was perfect as there were a lot of kids in the neighborhood for Randall to play with and our yard looked like a park. There was a slide, whirl a gig, jungle gym and sand pile.

In 1956 a tornado hit the house. Carolyn and Randall were there but luckily were not hurt. We had to move out while repairs were made. Mosler had died and a week later beloved Granny passed away. All of this piled together was just too much and Carolyn had a miscarriage. We decide then not to have anymore children. The duplex we lived in was small but there we stayed for about six months. . Mary Louise and Bill lived nearby and I got to see a lot of Lauren and Billy. They are just like my own. The Matthews girls, Virginia and Katherine lived across the street and they were good friends.

Thursdays were my days off and one day Randall and I wandered into a pet shop. We bought a monkey, named Joe. Randall and I loved him but Carolyn didnt shoe much affection. Joe died after a couple of months so we bought another monkey. This time, Josephine. Carolyn said, in no uncertain terms, either the monkey or me. Josehine went back to the pet store.

The music phase hit Randall, and he wanted a baseman amp. I asked if he couldnt settle for a sweet Lelani uke for $5.95. Got nowhere on that one. All I can say about the amp is, it was noisy.

I was made assistant manager of the furniture store and the salary increased, but my drinking was getting worse. Dad had been diagnosed with Hodgkins disease and Bill was out of a job. Bill and I decided to open a furniture store in Donelson. It was, again, a disaster. It was doomed before it got started. Bill took sick and we dissolved the partnership. I kept it going awhile longer but decided to close it. Again, out of a job. I sent out numerous resumes but no offers except to travel so I took a job as credit manager at Tennessee Building Products. Salary was low but we managed with the help of me army retired pay. I was as much a credit manager as a brain surgeon but I tried. Baron Coleman was very nice to me but after 2 1/2 years, I was fired. The job just wasnt my cup of tea.. At the age of 46 and no special training, things looked bleak.

One of the best things that ever happened to me took place in January, 1967. I stopped by Levys downtown to have lunch with Ralph and he invited me to go with he and his banker to have lunch at the Commerce Union Bank, in the executive dining room. During the meal I asked Ralph how his Madison store differed from the main one. How he answered me I dont remember but when I got home and just going in the back door, the phone was ringing. It was Zadock telling me that they were thinking about a management change at Madison and wanted to talk to me. We made an appointment for the following Monday morning. Before the meeting, I remember sitting in the lobby of the Hotel Hermitage debating with myself if I wanted to get back in the retail business. Finally, it dawned on me, I had no choice and gratefully took the job. Jaros asked my salary requirements. I told him and the deal was done. It was the best decision I ever made in my business life. I was to stay at the downtown store and get familiar with the operation and then go to Madison and manage the store. They were truly my friends.

My taking over the Madison store was secretive as the manager had not been told of the change. My salary and bonus was, in part based on my sales while at the main store. Most of the men on the floor had a good customer base and the competition was fierce. Around the end of October, the Levys thought it time to make the change. My reception at Madison was mixed as the manager was well liked and the change not anticipated. They soon accepted me and we were off to a flying start of the Christmas season. I had forgotten the holiday season in the retail business could be so rough, and it lived up to expectations. The staff were great and we set a new record for December sales..

A big Levys store was opened at the 100 Oaks Mall in the spring of 1968. Just short of being at the Madison store a year, one Saturday I received a phone call from Jaros that they wanted me to come to a meeting at the main store that afternoon. Harry Roper, the manager of the new store, didnt work out and thay offered the job to me. I was elated. It was a big step up in responsibilities, prestige and income.. Christmas was here again and I braced myself for the onslaught. It came and very successfully. .

The Xamas season Of 1969, I made a bet with Ralph that my store would beat the downtown store and that we would do $1000.00 in volume for each opening hour. Ralph said it was impossible, but I won the bet.

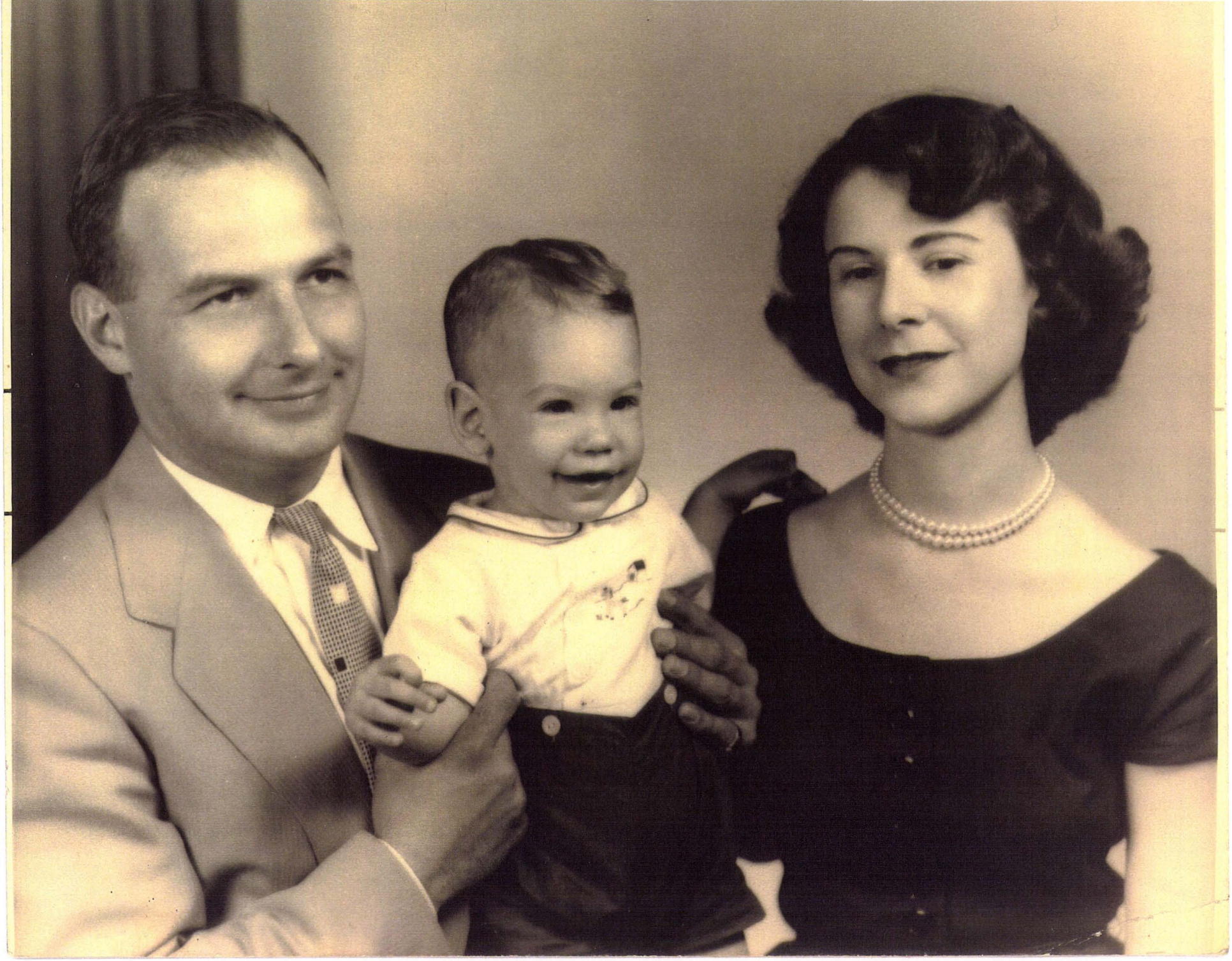
My success took its toll and my drinking got worse and I started missing a few Mondays. Carolyn and I took a cruise in 1971 and I really tied on a good one, so much so that when I got back to the store, I had to turn around and go home. I was in New York with Ralph on a clothing buying trip when I received word from Carolyn in Helena, that her Mother had passed away. I went to be with Carolyn and we had the unplesent task of closing her Mothers house. My drinking got to the point of no return.

Cherry Carpenter, a friend, was in Alcoholics Anonymous and suggested I try it. I did but was unwilling to face the issue. I was releived of the job at 100 Oaks and given a job at the downtown store. A big cut in pay but , as I look back, the Levys did me a big favor and it was a year before I realized that I not only needed to do something about my drinking, but that I had to.

Again, Ralph and Jaros showed their friendship and gave me some responsibilities in the buying and merchandising end of the business. This I liked and went to market with them both on a regular basis.

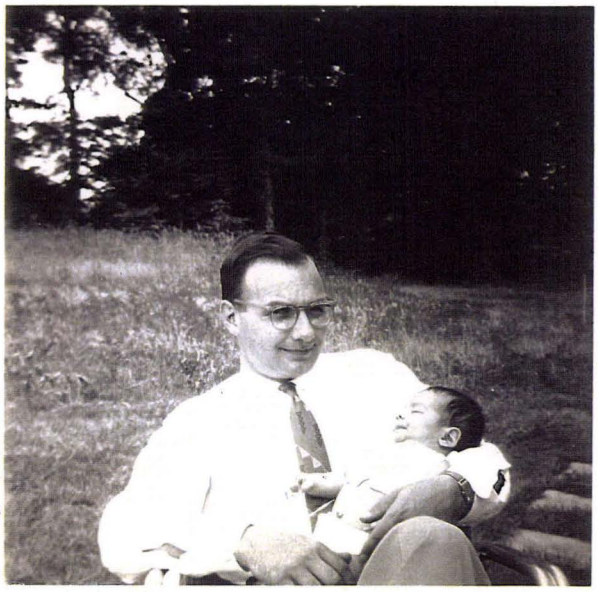
We had discussed adding a bedroom and bath to our house but when Carolyn was in Helena to settle her Mothers estate, I found a condo. When she returned, she liked it and we decided not to remodel, but to buy the condo. Carolyn wanted to pay cash for the condo, and, as she said, I want to put my head on the pillow at night knowing that it is ours.

We moved.





RANDALL
AGED



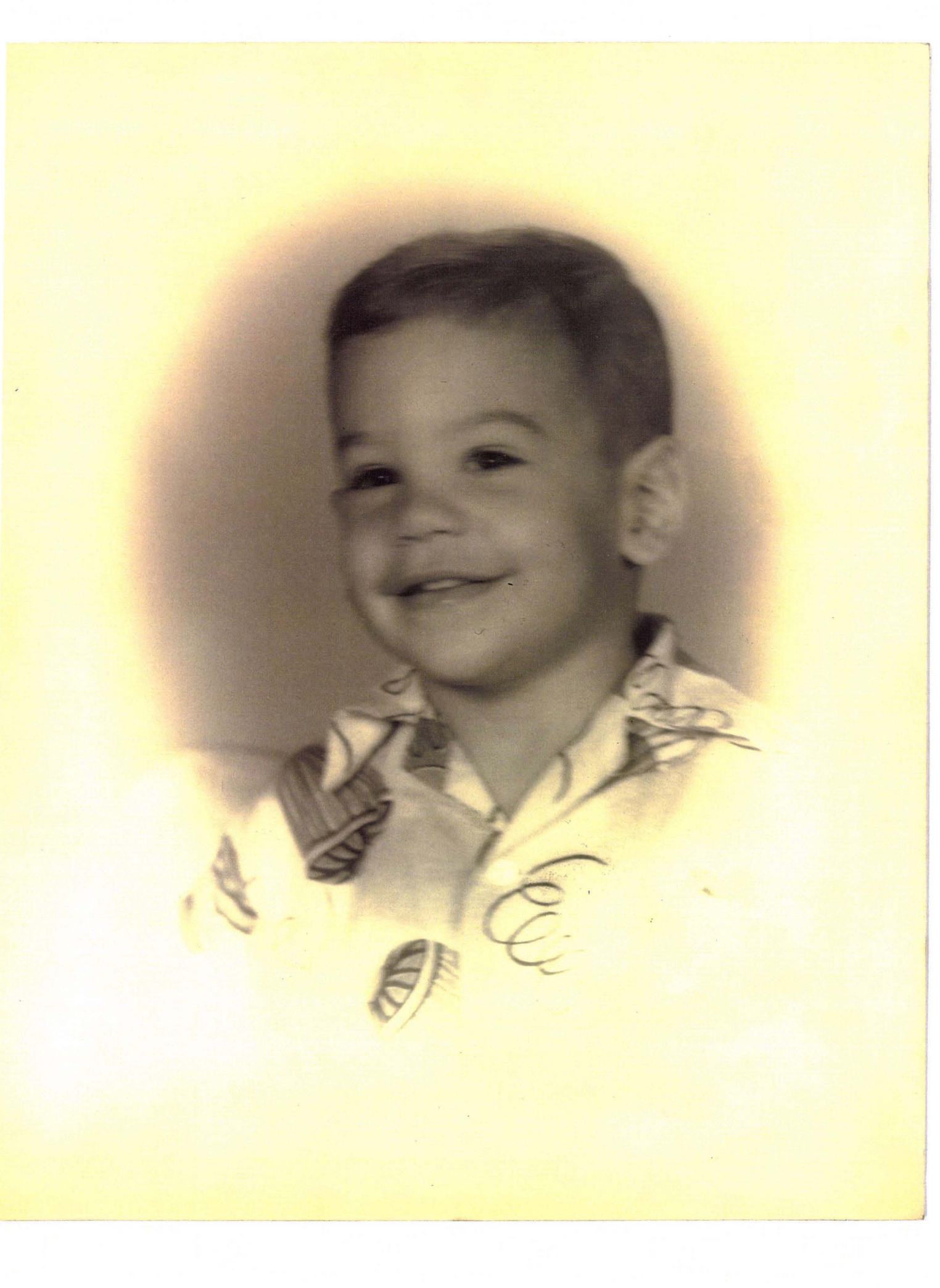
HARRY BLUM
(PROUD FATHER)
RANDALL BLUM



1959 LAUREN & BILLY WHITE
RANDALL BLUM



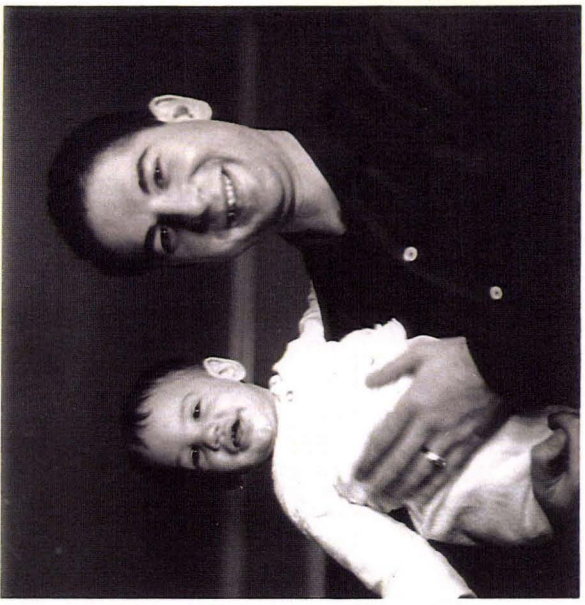
RANDALL BLUM







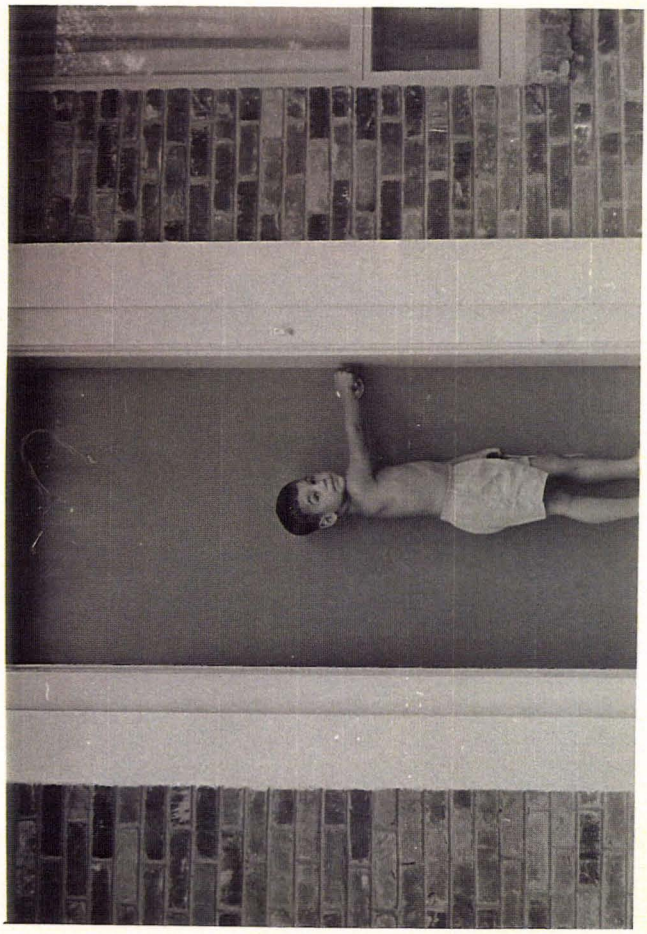
RANDALL



BOB + RANDALL



CAROLYN + RANDALL



RANDALL



PRETTY (POO) & HARRY



RANDALL

Two people, friends, who were to have a lasting, powerful influence on my life, are Moe Halloran and Bill Hall. Both were very active in AA, and nursed me through a nother year of denial. About the first part of August, 1974 I was going out to Franklin to see my Mother in the nursing home. I had been drinking, and as I was leaving the condo grounds, I hit a parked car. It could have been a child on a bicycle or a person walking and I could have killed someone. Such was the case, but it did mark the beginning of the end of my drinking. Bill Hall lived at Harpeth Glen and knowing that a lot of things hadnt happened to me yet, such as jail, divorce, bankruptcy and a lot of other things. When I saw him the following Monday morning getting into his car I said to him, Bill, Im so sick I think im going to die. He looked at me with all the tough love of AA and said, go ahead you son of a bitch and drink some more , youve got a long way to go. All those things that hadnt happened were just around the corner. I had no choice but to surrender. I did and admitted defeat. My dry date is August 8, 1974. Thanks to Gods grace, I have not wanted to, or taken a drink since.

Randall was now in St. Paul. Carolyn and I were adjusting to a new life and just being together. In February of 1975, Carolyn asked where I would like to vacation. My reply, I have always wanted to go back to England. S, we went. The debacle of our cruise came into sharp focus and I remembered it. We had a great trip. We took many more nice trips. The next year to Europe. then to the Orient, Canada, and so forth. Great yeaRS. We made a lasting friendship with Lenore and Seymour Friedman, from San Francisco, on our far eastern trip.

Ma was in a nursing home, one of the hardest decisions I was ever forced to make. In 1980, she died at the age of 84.

I had been Ralphs assistant before he died from cancer in 1976. The dread disease hit even closer when, after a routine mamogram, a lump was found in Carolyns breast. They did a biopsy and confirmed the worst fears. It was malignant and she had a double mastectomy. I had worn out the chapel at St Thomas Hospital that day. My prayers must have been answered because Carolyn lived a few more years.

In the summer of 1984, I said to Carolyn, Im tired of the business life. She said, why dont you retire at 64 instead of waitinganother year. I did, and the Levys threw me a big going away party. . I had a symbolic necktie burning that night at a party at home. Free at last.

We continued to travel and Carolyn was doing fine. Her Doctor, Alan Cohen, did suggest that we find a one story condo. We looked but decided to wait till the following spring.

Another bad habit. I was smoking three packs of cigarettes a day and on June 1, 1980, I asked God to help me stay away from a cigarette and a drink for that day. I have not wanted one since

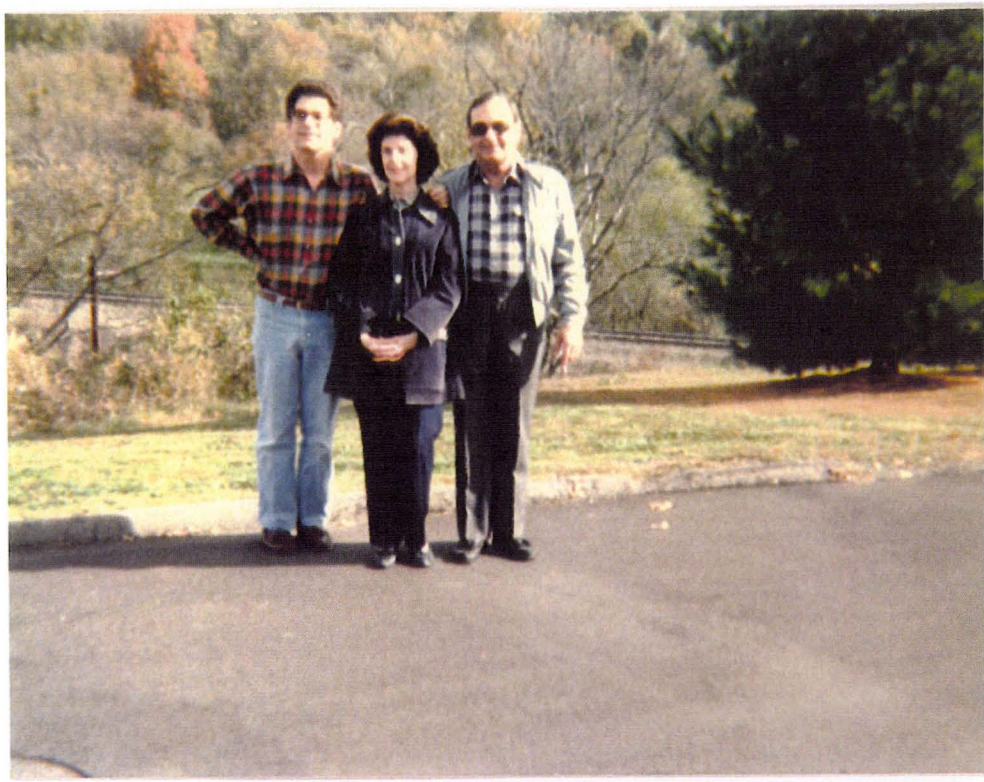
Spring came and while riding around one day, we both fell inlove with 502 Armistead Place. This is the third home we had bought and I doubt if it took more than an hour all together to decide.

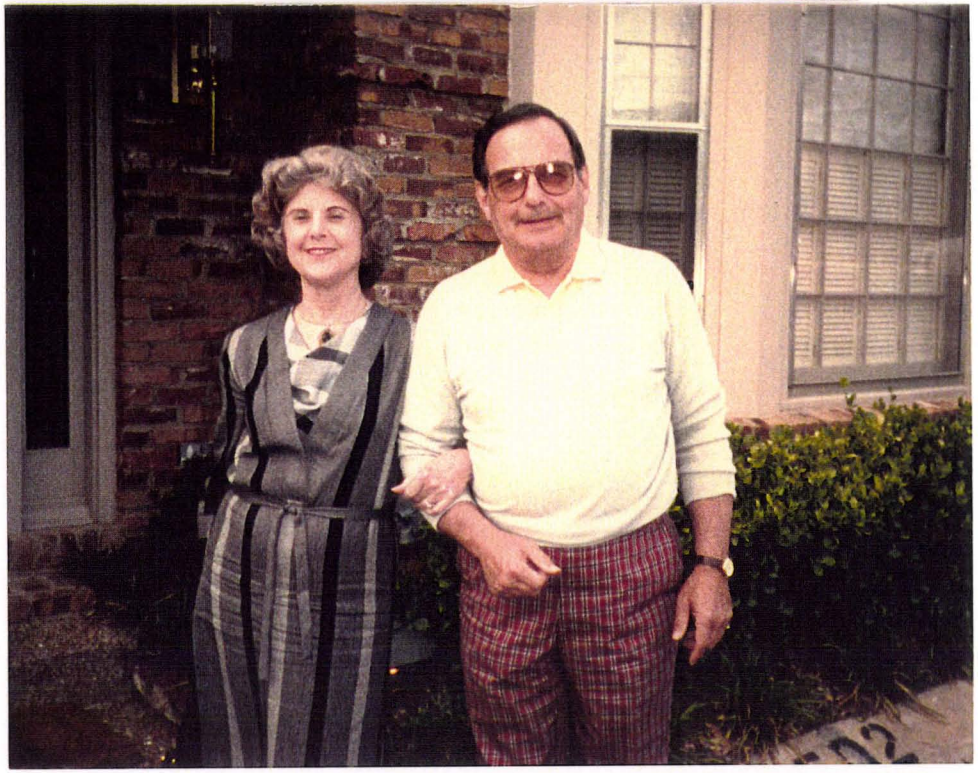
~~Home we go again.~~

Randall had met a girl in St. Paul and they decided to marry. Carolyn and I had taken a trip to San Francisco and Canada so on the way home, decided to go to visit and meet our new family. We had dinner with Sues parents, Eunice and Howard Gelb, and immediately felt at home with them. We gave the wedding rehersal dinner and attended many parties. A lot of Nashvillians, the Luskys, Greifs, Elizabeth Jacobs and the Brandes. A short time later we had a brunch and reception at Opryland Hotel to introduc Sue and the Gelbs to Nashville. She is really a doll and she and Randall are very happy.



← 6910 HIGHLAND PARK CAROLYN & RANDALL









RANDALL + HESCHEL



RANDALL & JOE



ILGSCHEL & CHARLOTTE FOX
MY RETIREMENT PARTY
TIE BURNING



CAROLYN + HESCHEL
CRUISING ON THE SONG OF NORWAY
1971

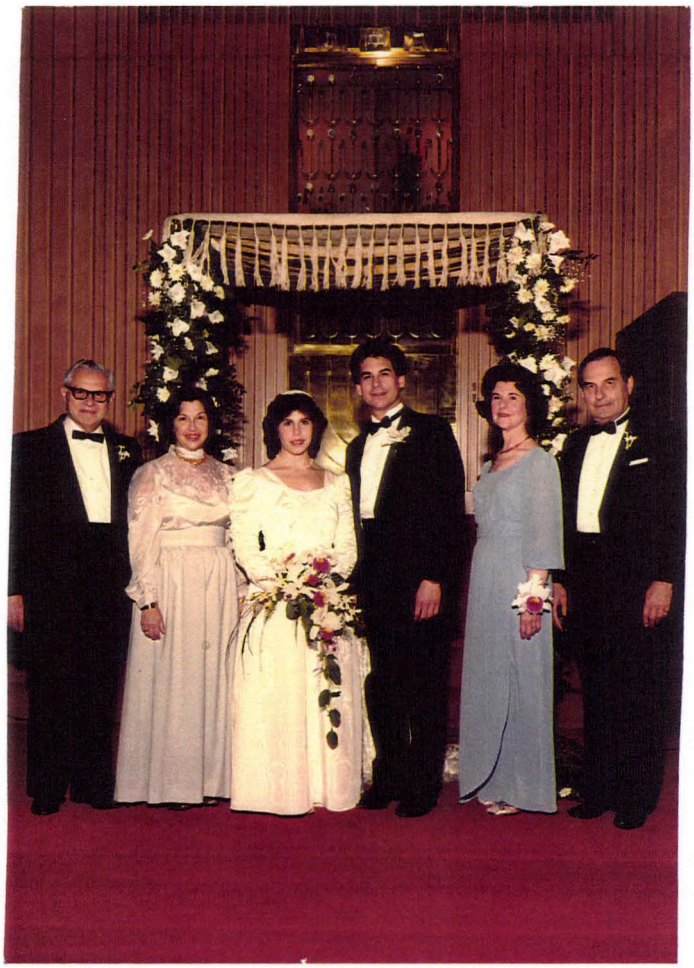
Blum, Gelb

ST. PAUL, Minn.—Susan Diane Gelb and Randall Sawyer Blum were married March 10 at Mt. Zion Temple with Rabbi James Lerner officiating.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gelb and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Blum of Nashville.

Following the ceremony, the bride's parents gave a reception at the Sheraton Ritz.

The couple lives in St. Paul after a wedding trip to Jamaica.





RETIREMENT PARTY 1984



RALPH LEVY

KEN SADLER

HARRY BLUM

A.J. LEVY

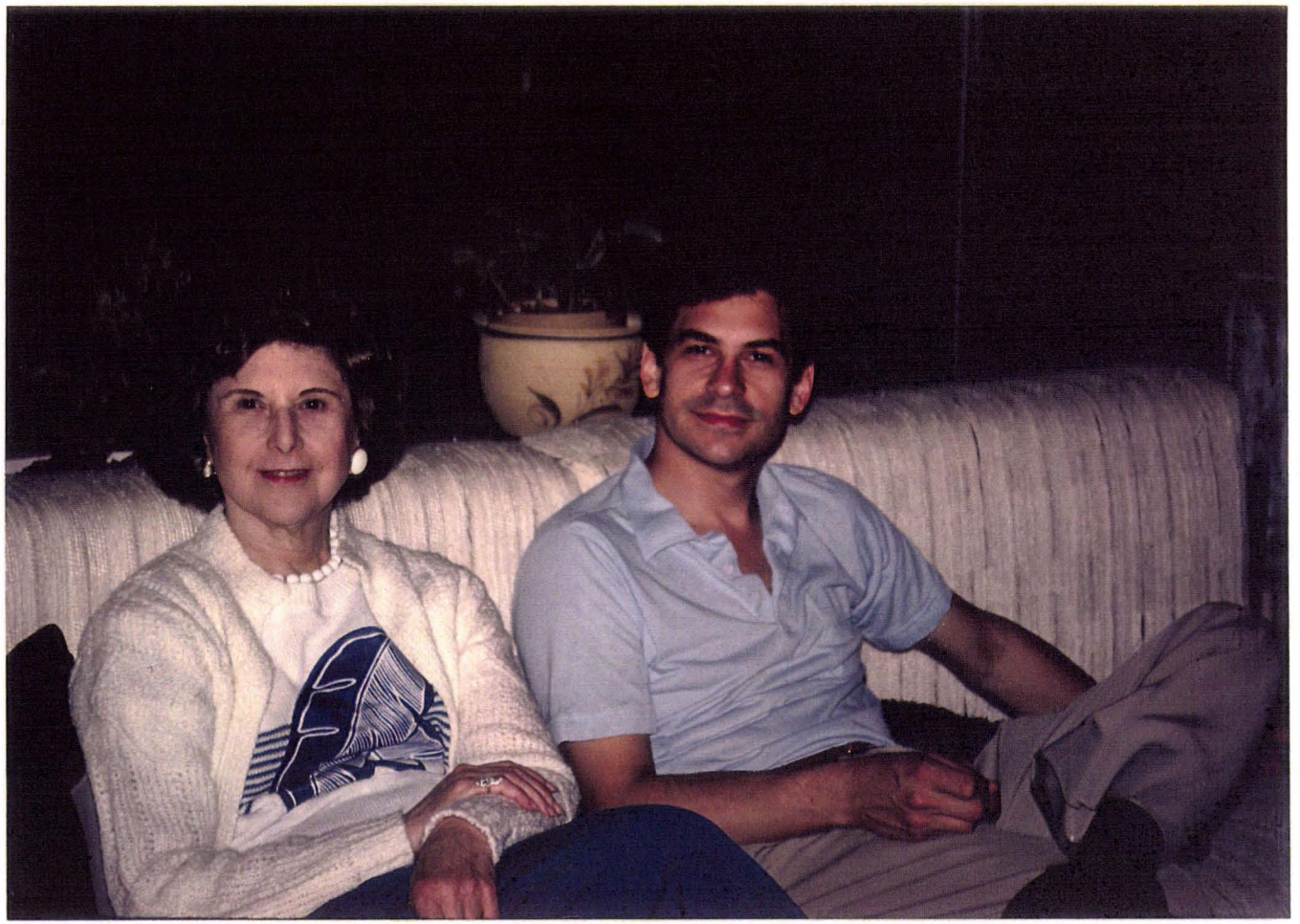




CAROLYN & HESCHEL
PARIS 1977



CAROLYN & HESCHEL



CAROLYN + RANDALL
ST. PAUL

502 Armistead Place (Burlington)

Both Carolyn and I are pack rats. So when I decided to do the packing of small things myself, I didnt realize what I was getting into. Al sixty boxes. Carolyns closet was full of magazines and newspapers and I had to throw them out the window to the ground rather than carry themdownstairs.

Moving day, and I had asked Miriam Small to be with Carolyn in case she tired out but by 2 PM, we were settled and taking a nap in our new abode. The condo was quite nice. Carolyn had gotten with a decarator and with new drapes and some new furniture, it was luxury living. Also, the basement provided me a welcome work shop to fool with clocks and other things picked up at antique malls and flea markets. I also had a booth at one of the malls. I called it the A. K. Antique Co. Not much money made but fun and an outlet for my free time. We continued to travel and entertain on our deck.

We had asked Rabbi Falk to bless the home and he installed a mazzuza with a hammer painted blue and white, the Israeli colors.

Carolyn never discarded any clothes so I built a pre_fab building in the basement to hold old and out of season clothing.

One night in the first part of Jan., 1989, we had been to dinner at Cake Walk with our crowd. When we were getting ready for bed, Carolyn called me in her room that she wasnt feeling well and was passing blood. We went to the emergency room at St. Thomas thinking it to be a minor thing. It wasnt. They kept her overnight and when Dr. Alan Cohen saw her the following morning, he told me some foreboding news. The first inkling that he gave me was sometime ago when, I went with her for an exam, he said something about her calcium level. This meant nothing to me at the time. Dr. Cohen said he would dismiss her from the hospital shortly. My first reaction was, how am I going to manage?
His assistant first told me of Alive Hospice. This organization is wonderful and provided all the help possible. I did not know at the time, that they entered the scene only for terminal cases. She came home and I had called Randall and Sue and Bud and Lou. They all came and I remember the last time that Carolyn was not comatose. She, with help, was sitting in my green chair in the den. Shortly after she slipped into a coma and on Jan.,31st, she passed away.

The family had left 3 or 4 days before so I called themto come back.

Rabbi Fuchs came over and spent time with me. I had been out to dinner with Don and Suzzanne Brandes so they stayed awhile. Rabbis Fuchs, Falk, Davidson and Cantor Gutcheon conducted the services at Temple and the ceremony at the cemetery was private. Just us. I will never say goodbye to Carolyn. She was and is my love, my life and my friend.

Thoughts. We had been to Helena the past November for Bobs and Carolyns wedding, Carolyn said she would like to go back to Helena for the Christmas holidays. We went, and I didnt think about it at the time. Another thing, Carolyn was most generous but not extravant. One day she asked me to go to Castner downtown as she had seen an ad for luggage. We went and she bought a three piece set.We had no trips planned and I thought it unlike her to do that, but said nothing. Carolyn must have had a premonition. If so, she spared me.

Living alone was a new experience for me as ,prior to marriage, I had lived at home with my parents and grand parents. Friends were wonderful and took me under their wing. Especially Annette and Ruben. . I started to date soon after. I had received a condolence note from Diane McGuffey and called her. We went out a lot and I really fell for her. She is a beautiful woman, too young for me but anyway we took a trip to Bermuda. The Friedmans called and asked if I would be interested in a trip to Europe withem. I said yes, so we took off A wonderful trip but a lonely one as I missed Diane and could hardly wait to get home. We visited Germany, Austria, Hungary and Yugoslavia. Diane and I were not working out so I started dating some others, nothing serious..

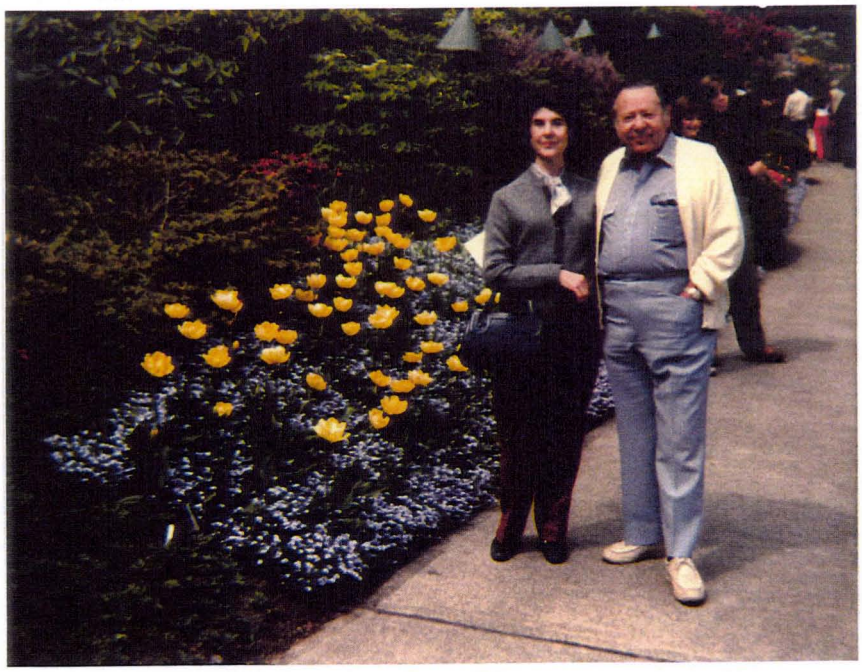
For a long time I couldnt go into Carolyns room. . One day I did and procedeed to take all the furniture down to the basement, paint the room and get myself a new bedroom suite. It made the pain of loss more easily bearable.

Marjorie Zager told me that Annette Lipman was moving back to Nashville and that we needed to get together. We did and started getting serious. Had a lot of fun. Took a trip to San Francisco for the Friedmans 50th anneversary.. Back in Nashville, we decided to get married. I met her family who were wonderful to me. Annette said she would be uncomfortable living at Burlington, so we decided to move. After dinner one night with Don and Suzzanne, they showed me a condo at 3805 D Abbott Martin Rd. I caLLED Annette to see it. She liked it so we bought it. Another move.

0 3 1 0 8



LENORE & SEYMOUR FRIEDMAN + US
CRUISE DOWN THE MEXICAN COAST



CAROLYN + SEYMOUR



LENORE

BOUCHARD GARDENS



HESCHEL + LENORE FRIEDMAN
MUNICH - 1989

3805 D Abbott Martin Road

There is not much to be said about this period of my life. Our marriage wasnt working out so we divorced after five years, in 1995. Annette moved out and the divorce was finalized in Jan. of 96. I had renewed my contact with Diane and we dated often and decided to live together and I bought a condo at 3733 West End Ave.

Strange. The full circle. This location is a half block away from where I was born and only a block from the Gladstone Apts., and 3745 Whitland, Mr. Shores Duplex, and only a block from 201 Leonard Ave..

3733 West End Ave. #206

This is really luxury living. The condo is very upscale and a lot of amenities. I had made a nice profit on 3805 and needed some new furniture.

Diane moved in with me and I had high hopes of a happy life with her. A lot my fault, but it was not to be. We both tried but after a year together, she moved out. We still see each other once in awhile but it still doesnt work. Age, religion, dispositions, etc.
I will always miss her and think very highly of her.

Onward with my life. Hopefully, in peace and good health. Carolyns family remains close and see each other frequently. I like that. I wish Randall and Sue lived closer, but we do manage to get together often. Carolyn and I had set up a trust that provided a good income for my lifetime and a nice amount for Randall and Sue.

I am truly blessed. Good health, friends. Good living conditions, poker three days a week and involvement in some organization work

Oh well, another day etc., etc., etc.

EPILOG

I am now 78 years old/young. Depending on how you look at it. From a Paternal point of view it is one subject never discussed. Anyway, on Jan. 6th of this year , I was closer to 80 than I am to 75. Quite a shock !

What you have read is an attempt to recall many pleasentries in my life and some not so pleasant. I didn' write much about the latter. Anyway it reflects my life. The good and the not so good.. I have been truly blessed. I am not nearly gratefully aware enough though. Hopefully, I still have a way to go, and with GODS GRACE I can live a fruitful life. Again, thanks for reading about my life and times. I hope yours is good too.

Betty Werthan asked me to put on paper my memories of the close connection between the Kornmans and the Sawyers and Blums. This is the best I can do. Old age and memory loss considered.

The close relationship between the families are very much a part of my life. At the earliest, I remember going out to the Cemeter on Sundays. Grannys Sister, Rebecce, had died in the flu epidemic of 1918. Of couse I never knew her but I do remember her husband, Uncle Lou. The Kornmans and Sawyer shared a home at 1806 West End Ave., as well as Gramp, Uncle Sol, and Uncle Lou being in business together in Kornman- Sawyer Shoe Co., at 332 East Side Public Sq.

There was Leonard, Beulah, Alvin, Milton and Gerald. All 1st cousins. My Mother had a dog she called Sho-Sho. I do remember a cook they had who later stayed with Uncle Loe. Her name was Lula McAdoo. . The men came home for lunch and Granny and Auntie catered to them. Milton liked eggs and Gerald, soup.

Auntie had a phobia about being buried underground so Uncle Lou built a mausoleum which took a year to construct after her dearh. Her remains were temporarily interred in a chapel which was then at the cemetery.

Uncle Lou remarried, Mollie Rosenfeld, and bought a home in the 3700 block of West End Ave. The Sawyers moved to 3749 Whitland Ave.
Milton was married to Leah Weiner and they had a son, Louis. Milton developed TB and moved to a dryer climate, Denver. . He and Leah divorced and I remember Granny going out to Denver trying to patch up the marriage. Leah remarried, a Dr. Levy. Milton too remarried, to Mabel Carr, and had a daughter, Betty Jane. They moved to Nashville in 1933 and lived in the Harding Court Apts. Milton was in business with Alvin. He played a great game of bridge and smoked Fatima cigarettes.

Alvins business, A. L. Kornman co., Famous K clothes, was located in the same building that had housed Kornman Sawyer Shoe Co., at 332 Public Square. The Alvin Kornmans were a big part of my life. We spent a lot of time at their home on Richla Ave. Gerald, too, was a very close cousin. Aunt Lydia came fro Paducah, Ky. and went to visit her parents, the Weilles. Many a time I went with them and visited Uncle Lonnie and Aunt Pearl.

Gerald had a history of heart trouble and in the summer I drove him in his territory to see customers. . Times being tough due to the depression we not only shared a room but many a time the same bed.

All the Kornmans were very close to me, much more so than cousins.

Uncle Lou died in 1926 and Aunt Mollie went to live with her Sister, Fannie Frank, in the Jacksonian Apts.



332 PUBLIC SQUARE
OLD PHOTO.