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PHILADELPHIA: PRE-ARMY LIFE
1940 to 1943

José's father was now living in a small room that he rented from a Polish lady. Her house was on Brandywine Street, a block away from Spring Garden Avenue. It was about fifteen blocks north of his sister Jennie's house and, also, convenient to his job. José immediately moved in with his father. Before long, however, this arrangement proved extremely uncomfortable. The place was tiny, and José and Laib both felt crowded living in one room. To make matters worse, piled high and packed into every available corner, stood jars upon jars of American pickled peppers. These, Laib had amassed as a treat for himself from an Italian gourmet shop about half a block away, just off of Twentieth Street. It was barely possible for anyone to take a step inside their room. Also, Laib worked late

hours, so José saw him only rarely. José continued to room with Laib for just about a month. Then, they both decided that, while going to school, José would be more comfortable living in separate quarters in Strawberry Mansion until his mother arrived.

José moved in, as a boarder, to the home of a small, plump old woman who lived two doors away from the corner of Thirtieth and Dakota Streets. She would give José breakfast every morning and, on some evenings, he also ate supper with her. (This generally consisted of a very soupy lamb stew.) The old lady was extremely protective of José; she even made sure that he took a bath every Friday night. Also, living there with her, were an unmarried son and a teenaged grandchild. (This younger fellow was the son of another of the old lady's children who had died earlier.) This grandson was very pleasant, a tall fellow who would later marry the girl now living five doors away.

The unmarried son, though, seemed a bit unusual. José managed to get along with him until the war broke out. Then, when José went to enlist in the army, he found that he might need a favor from this man. To be inducted, José was told, he would require the signature of two adults asserting that he was over eighteen years of age, and that he was, indeed, an American resident. Laib agreed to act as one of the signers. Since Rachel, however, had not yet arrived, José decided to ask the unmarried son of his landlady to provide the second signature. This fellow complied immediately. Then, a couple of hours later, José suddenly heard a tremendous commotion. The door burst open, and the landlady's son came screaming into José's room, shouting, "I don't want to go to jail!" To José's intense astonishment and utter confusion, the fellow grabbed the document which he had signed earlier that same day. Furiously, he crossed out his own signature, running his pen over and over across the page. Then, cursing loudly, he stormed from the room. (Later, when José returned to the Armory where he had enlisted, bringing with him only one signature, he discovered that, in the intervening time, the government had suddenly voided this requirement for enlisting. Thus the fellow's curious behavior ended up having no effect upon José's acceptance into the army after all.)

Several years later, when the war was over, José went to visit the old lady again. This son of hers was present when José arrived. The fellow immediately reminded José of their last conversation, which had taken place five years earlier. He again cautioned José that, under no circumstances, would he ever sign any papers for anybody, because he didn't want to go to jail. After this outburst, he

suddenly waxed into a mellow mood. With pride, he pointed to the brand new television set that now stood in his mother's living room. Television was a novelty in 1946, and this particular model contained an extremely tiny screen. It also had more than fifty knobs for adjusting the picture and sound. The son pointed out how extremely impressive this was. He explained that the size of a television screen was not what really mattered. Rather, he claimed with considerable authority, the important thing on a television set was the number of knobs with which to make adjustments, the more, the better!

Another neighbor, who lived eight doors away when José was a boarder at the old lady's house, was Josephine Morein. This girl was a little older than José, but she often invited him to accompany her and her boyfriend when they went out on dates. The boyfriend seemed a likable fellow, a "good dresser," as Josephine used to say. But, although he paid her a great deal of attention, she didn't seem to care for him that much. The boyfriend would usually come by to pick Josephine up at eight thirty in the evening and, then, they would always go to a diner. Although she had already eaten supper, Josephine would always order a bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich there. Once or twice, José invited her out but, usually, it was as part of a threesome that they got together.

Gertrude Ziegler was another girl whom José looked up. She had been a pen pal of Saul Lokier's in Mexico, and it was at Saul's suggestion that José made her acquaintance in Philadelphia. She would later write to José when he was in the army, letters suggesting that he come to Miami after the war was over. Her father had a big business there, she told him, and he could get José a job in Florida if José was interested. He never followed up on this suggestion.

It had been at the end of August that José had first arrived in Philadelphia. This was just a few days before classes were due to start at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science (PCP), and José went to the college immediately to apply for admission. On the very day that he first appeared there, José was administered an examination to test his facility in English. The exam consisted of a lengthy composition of five hundred English words. It contained one hundred errors in spelling or punctuation, and the student was asked to identify all of the errors. José struggled valiantly with this, even though he considered it an

[1] This was the place that all of José's children would attend during their elementary school years. At this later date, Berger's son, Jay, and José's son, Marty, would become friends in the Cub Scout Pack. (This would occur in the early 1960's.) Sadly enough, around the time when Jay would reach the age of ten or eleven years, his father would die of a brain tumor.

extremely odd way of measuring one's comprehension of the language. His final score turned out to be 69, one point short of a passing grade. The college, nevertheless, agreed to admit him, on the condition that he would seek outside tutoring in English.

He was given a schedule of classes that ranged all the way from freshman to senior levels of instruction. In this way, the college attempted to compensate for any scholastic discrepancies that might have accrued, both because José had come in from a foreign school and, also, because he had been skipped twice during his public school training in Mexico. At PCP, José carried a very heavy class load. One subject even met during what should have been his lunch hour. Here, however, the professor gave him permission to eat a sandwich every day during the lecture.

Classes began at eight o'clock each morning and, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, José also attended classes scheduled during evening hours. Because of this, he got to meet a great variety of students at every grade level. He made many friends, even though his schedule kept changing continuously. This was because the college made every effort to individualize his courses of instruction. As soon as it became evident that a particular class involved only material which he had already mastered earlier in Mexico, the college was quick to move him out into another class that would better suit his needs.

The one who became his closest friend, at this time, was Martin Kiefer, a junior. Martin came from Lykens, Pennsylvania, a small town forty miles east of Harrisburg. Martin and José had both arrived at PCP on the same day. When they left the building after registering for the coming semester on that first day that they met, José asked Martin for directions back to Strawberry Mansion. Martin told José that he, too, was living in that neighborhood. He was staying, he explained, with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, and he offered to accompany José all the way back home so that he wouldn't get lost.

With Martin leading the way, they boarded the Frankford Elevated Train at Fortieth and Market Streets, about six blocks from PCP. They conversed as they rode together, but soon the train came to the Nineteenth Street Station, stopped there briefly and, then, continued on. This was where they were supposed to have gotten off and transfered, to either the Number 7 or the Number 9 trolley for Strawberry Mansion. Instead, however, they remained on the train. still talking. After a while, it became apparent that they were lost, but Martin refused to ask anyone for directions. They continued to ride all the way to the end of the line, which took another three quarters of an hour. Then, not knowing what else to do,

they crossed the platform and boarded a returning train. Martin still firmly refused to ask for directions, and they continued to ride all the way back to the other end of the line at Sixty-ninth Street. (Once more, they had missed their stop at Nineteenth Street along the way.) At the Sixty-ninth Street Terminal, they again crossed the platform and once more boarded a train going back. In this way they kept riding back and forth from one end of the line to the other. After about two more such return trips, José, finally disregarding Martin's vehement protests, got up and asked a fellow passenger for help. Martin then sighed disgruntedly. "See what you've done now!" he groaned to José. "Now they all know that we're hicks!"

Despite this unpromising start to their association, they became good friends. Martin played the saxophone, and he joined the college band. He encouraged José, also, to also take part in extracurricular activities and, when a student named Berger, who directed the drama club, asked José to join this group, he accepted. They cast him as the foreigner in *Petticoat Fever*, a play that the college was presenting, and José very much enjoyed the experience. Berger was a slightly fussy and deliberate fellow and, José thought, a bit overly formal in his bearing. Years later, José would be surprised to meet him again when Berger was president of the P.T.A. at Chatham Park School.[1]

There were only two black students in José's class at PCP. One was Jim Primm, a pleasant fellow who seemed to get along well with everybody. (Jim would eventually get an M.D. degree and move to the West Coast.) His father, he told José, was a railway porter, working on Pullman trains. The father, Jim said, always made it a point to help passengers climb up into their berths at night and to wake them in the morning so that he could earn big tips. Jim also confided that the women he preferred, though black, had to be light-skinned. When he got engaged to be married, Jim bragged how proud he was that his fiancée had extremely light skin. Then, he mentioned, as an after-thought in passing, that she also happened to be rather nice-looking, as well as intelligent.

The other black student was Victor Manuel Quinones. José never got to know him well, but he clearly recalls an incident about Victor that he found rather curious. He remembers how astonished he was, at PCP's graduation banquet, to see Victor, unable to find any sugar, solve this difficulty by crushing ten after-dinner mints into his coffee instead.

One of the girls in José's biology class was Roselyn Volk. She came from an orthodox Jewish family, and her father operated a kosher butcher shop at the

north end of Strawberry Mansion, not far from where José's Aunt Jenny lived. José introduced Roselyn to Martin Kiefer, and the two eventually married. The date that they chose turned out to be the same day that José and Josy would select for their own wedding, so the Kiefers, ever afterwards, would be referred to as the Rabinowitz's "wedding twins."

Another classmate José met at PCP and who would, in later years, become one of his closest personal friends, was Grafton Chase. When José first arrived at PCP, one of Grafton's duties there was to show new students around the place. This was how José and Grafton first met. Grafton was exceedingly helpful and outgoing, and he and José soon became very good friends. Grafton could be genial to an extreme yet, despite his amiability, he could also, at times, behave in a markedly reserved manner. He always seemed reluctant to talk about his own personal affairs, even to close friends. He had some pharmaceutical connections, for example, and he worked part-time at one such company, yet he rarely volunteered much information about any of his activities. José and Grafton would later collaborate on a textbook entitled *Radioisotope Methodology*, which would become one of the most widely used of college teaching texts on radioisotope techniques, and would sell about eighty-seven thousand copies. They would also become extremely special and devoted friends after that.

Paying college tuition was a financial problem for many students, even in those days. Most of those at PCP held jobs on the side. At one point, Laib took it upon himself to visit PCP and speak to the registrar personally. He gave Dr. Sechler a long speech on biochemistry, about which he really knew nothing, and he tried to convince Dr. Sechler why José should be given a scholarship. This embarrassed José enormously, and it failed to gain him any scholarship, but it did get him an National Youth Association job at fifty cents an hour. Here José worked for Dr. Marin Dunn, the professor of biology and advanced botany at the college.

José's main job for Dr. Dunn was to make slides, copying drawings from books. In those days PCP had no photographic equipment with which to produce glass slides for use in projections in class, and they had to rely upon hand-made drawings for this purpose. Since there was only one projector in the whole school, José was also asked, in addition, to make several dozens of schemes depicting various medicinal extractions and purifications. These he reproduced on heavy construction paper for classroom demonstrations. The schemes mostly involved extractions of elixirs, tablets, or ointments, and they would outline the process of how to determine the active ingredients and, also, their correct amounts, from

commercial preparation. In addition to making these schemes for Dr. Dunn, José also produced a few of them for two books, *U.S. Pharmacopia* and *National Formulary* (the latter is no longer in print). He was asked to help Professor Hughes, who worked making drawings for these organizations and, for this project, José was able to earn some extra money.

The one unpleasantness that José experienced concerning Dr. Dunn proved to be something quite trivial. It involved a bottle of ink. The college kept bottles of different colors, which José would dip into for making his glass slides. Once, when the contents of one bottle of black ink grew extremely low, José notified Dr. Dunn, who then bought a second bottle. There was a large shelf in the office where Dr. Dunn kept supplies and, from here, José could have helped himself without anyone being the wiser. However, because he honestly and meticulously followed every rule and guideline, José approached Dr. Dunn and asked his permission to take the nearly empty bottle of black ink home. José explained that, if he could use this when he worked in his house, it would save him a great deal of time. Dr. Dunn vehemently denied the request. He sternly emphasized that these bottles of ink cost the college money, and he firmly proclaimed that, as school property, they were to remain, at all times, only on the premises. This refusal to bestow something so insignificant as a nearly-empty bottle of ink to a student, who would then have used it for work and not for his own personal needs, disappointed José in the man. It seemed a petty gesture and, in part, it diminished his opinion of Dr. Dunn, whom he had previously admired enormously.

José at work in Dr. Dunn's laboratory.

Dr. Dunn let it be known that he and his wife ate all their meals in restaurants. Dunn would tell all of his assistants which restaurant he was going to, how excellent it was and, in detail, what he had ordered for his meals there. Then, after a few months, he would suddenly announce, unequivocally, that this had been the worst restaurant in the city, that he would never again go there. Instead, he would insist that everyone should now visit another restaurant, which he specifically named, as the one that he and his wife had just discovered and were now patronizing.

José did his work for Dr. Dunn in a small room at the back of the professor's office. The reason that he worked there was that the desk in that room had, on its surface, a four-inch circular hole, covered by frosted glass which was illuminated by a strong light shining from underneath, meant to light a microscope. On top of this, José found the perfect arrangement for drawing onto glass sheets so that he could produce his slides. There were a few other set-ups of this type in the college but, often, classes were using the rooms where these stood, so the back of Dr. Dunn's office proved to be the most convenient place for José's work.

There was no door separating this little room from the front of the office, and José would sometimes be in there working for four or five hours at a time. Sometimes, Dr. Dunn would forget that anyone else was present in the area. In this way, several conversations wafted through the doorway, and José was unable to avoid overhearing them. In one, Dr. Dunn's wife came in to see the professor, screeching that she hadn't bought a new dress in ten years. Her husband shouted back that that was all right, because he himself hadn't bought a new suit in ten years, either. Then, a long screaming match followed. José, trapped there and not knowing how to extricate himself from this uncomfortable situation, thought it best to continue quietly with his work, rather than to remind the Dunns of his presence.

On several other occasions, students would come into the office to complain to Dr. Dunn about their grades. Invariably, Dr. Dunn would manage to raise their marks by a few points, and the students would then leave, beaming, singing his praises, and exclaiming what a wonderful teacher he was. From time to time, a student would come in and get into a political discussion with the professor. Dunn's favorite expression during these discussions was "a benevolent dictator." This he would reiterate as his perfect solution to most of the world's problems. He felt that Hitler, for example, was a very bad and extreme leader, but that Mussolini was quite acceptable. Dr. Dunn was one of the better scientists that the

college had. Years after José had left the college, he was told that, one day, they had found Dr. Dunn sitting in his office chair, dead from a heart attack.

During the early 1940's, a German refugee came to the college to teach. His name was Professor Otto Hahn, and José would often see him digging in the gardens of the college, planting pharmacologically important plants for classroom use. Hahn began, very early, to develop severe arthritis and, at last, he located a wheelchair made entirely from wood, which he managed to get around in. He once told José that he was going to Panama to obtain a plant that grew there, as well as other specimens which he wanted to collect. Later, Hahn described something about this voyage. They had gotten him onto the ship that was to sail for Panama, he told José, by using a winch, hoisting him up, still seated in his wheelchair, as if he were cargo. Meanwhile, the wheelchair, with Hahn in it, remained dangling high in the air from a cable for about fifteen or twenty minutes until they could finally lower him onto the deck of the ship.

Another German refugee, a man named Dr. Max Ehrenstein, along with his wife Elsa, both also started their professional lives in America at PCP. Max taught steroids in chemistry, while Elsa's specialty was pharmacy science. Elsa, especially, was an outstanding teacher, and she continued to remain on the faculty at the college even after her husband had left. Max soon transferred over to the University of Pennsylvania, where José, during his graduate studies there, would eventually have Dr. Ehrenstein as his professor of steroid chemistry. It was soon after his arrival to work at the University Hospital that Professor Ehrenstein would become involved in a famous accident, which would soon cause some new safety rules to be imposed in the laboratories there.

One day, a young technician was walking along the corridor of the hospital, carrying two one-gallon bottles of concentrated sulfuric acid. Swinging them as she walked, she happened to get distracted by something, and one bottle suddenly hit against the other. Both bottles smashed, with glass crashing onto the floor, and sulfuric acid spilling everywhere. The acid spread rapidly, both along the corridor and into one of the doorways facing the hall. This doorway happened to be the entry to Max Ehrenstein's office. Max, hearing the commotion, opened his door and, without glancing at the floor beneath him, ran outside to investigate. As he stepped out of the room and into a puddle of sulfuric acid, he suddenly slipped and fell. By the time they lifted him off the floor and cleaned him up, Max Ehrenstein had destroyed part of his scrotum, and his gluteal region was badly scarred. He required many skin grafts before he could return to work.

Immediately after this, regulations were established requiring that only one bottle of sulfuric acid be carried at a time. Later on, protective plastic covers for bottles were also designed.

José had two different teachers of English while he was at PCP. Both of them were excellent. The first, Professor Herman Wittmeyer, was a wonderful gentleman. He took a great liking to José and nurtured him in both his academic and his personal life. Often, Wittmeyer invited José to his home in Moylan, Rose Valley, which was located in the western suburbs of Philadelphia. Here he would give José a meal and some extra tutoring in English. Later, when José was away in the army, Wittmeyer would send him packages of candy, chewing gum, and books. One volume, which José still has, was a lovely book of poems. On the inside cover, Wittmeyer inscribed the following message:

The most painful period of a man's life is when he loves,
and yet the pain is sweet and no one willingly chooses to escape it.
Knowing you as I do, José, I thought some tales of others' woes might help.

After the war, José found out that Wittmeyer had died just a few months before José's return to civilian life. Taking Josy, then his fiancée, along, José paid a visit to Wittmeyer's widow, Ruth. This became the start of a friendship which was to last throughout Ruth's lifetime, even after she later remarried a man named Lawrence Morris, her childhood sweetheart and, now, a prominent New York lawyer and diplomat in international affairs.

The second of José's English professors, Dr. Robert P. Sechler, in addition to teaching, also worked in the office at PCP. Sechler had been the one who had selected and administered José's admission test, the one involving the identification of one hundred misspelled words. Now, Sechler became José's professor of English composition and public speaking. Sechler praised and encouraged José in his public speaking courses and gave him good grades in this area, but not in English composition. It was José's classmate, Martin Kiefer, who excelled here. Martin would sometimes write a few of the essays required by Sechler for José to turn in as his own. What irked Martin was that *these* essays would sometimes receive higher grades than the ones which Martin had submitted under his own name. Sechler often invited famous speakers to address the school assemblies. Among those whom he got to visit his classes at the college were the writers Dorothy Thompson and Ilke Chase. Sechler was very devoted to his students. He

would try to get the more outstanding of their compositions published in journals. Also, he would spend a great deal of time continuously helping Mr. John E. Kramer, the registrar in the admissions office.

There was a teacher in the Physical Chemistry Lab named Professor William Hughes, who would drive through Strawberry Mansion on his way to work, and would often stop for José and give him rides to school. (He was the one who had gotten José the job of drawing schemes for *U.S. Pharmacopia* and *National Formulary*).

Professor George Perkins was another chemistry teacher who, although he had no doctor's degree himself, had two doctorates (Dr. Rubin and Dr. Reber) teaching under him. Perkins taught organic chemistry. On different occasions, he would take José with him, in his car, to attend American Chemical Society meetings, both in New York and in Atlantic City.

One day in 1941, the chemistry teachers announced that a very special evening meeting would soon take place at PCP. Various scientists, involved in the investigations of male and female hormones, were to present their findings at the college. Each student was forewarned to take these meetings very seriously, and not to make any lewd comments during the lectures because of the subject matter. They were also cautioned not to be upset at some of the slides showing genitalia, which would be presented in conjunction with the talks on the chemistry of the hormones. Students were also advised that the faculty would appreciate it if they refrained from discussing these lectures with anyone else and, better yet, that students should not even mention to any outsider that these meetings ever took place. All of these precautions fitted well with the tenor of the times, and the students faithfully respected them. Actually, in looking back, José remembers these conferences as scientifically quite acceptable, and not that sexually explicit. Since he was the youngest of the students to be invited, José was taken, ahead of time, to meet the speakers, who again cautioned him about the existing restrictions that would apply to him if he wanted to attend the meetings.

George W. Patterson was the teacher in charge of athletics at PCP. Because of José's backbreaking schedule, however, he had little time for sports during his college years. Patterson was a very pleasant man, but he seemed to be constantly fighting with Dr. Louis Gershenfeld, the professor of microbiology (or bacteriology, as it was called in those days). Gershenfeld kept complaining that too much time was being devoted to athletics, and the two argued continuously and heatedly over this matter. One of the more shocking pictures that José still retains in

his memory about Gershenfeld involved one of the college parties, where José recalls seeing Gershenfeld's wife drink too much, and then suddenly, with a thud, fall to the floor.

He recalls another episode involving Gershenfeld which was to occur years later, when José would be working at the Veterans Administration Hospital. At that time, he got a phone call one day from Gershenfeld. The professor, speaking emphatically, tried to prevail upon José to hire a man who had, earlier, come to Gershenfeld looking for a job. Gershenfeld had had no work to give this man, but he strongly insisted that José hire him. In an effort to please Dr. Gershenfeld, José interviewed the applicant. He found him to be a rather disturbed individual. The man forcefully declared that it was José's "duty" to hire him. Although José was far from happy with the situation, or with the candidate, he decided, out of respect for Dr. Gershenfeld, to give the fellow a temporary job.

He came to work in José's lab as a technician. From the first, he proved to be most unsatisfactory. He was a real disaster in both his personal relationships with coworkers, and in his laboratory duties. Every month, he would come to José, asking for a raise and, again, out of respect for Dr. Gershenfeld, José would manage to arrange one for him. Finally, after six months of completely unsatisfactory service, the fellow approached José one more time. Now he insisted that, in addition to another raise, he wanted José to also obtain a special title for him. At this point, José quietly explained that, not only was he unable to do this, but that he was also out of money. Since he was unable to pay the man's salary, José announced that he would have to let the fellow go. Upon hearing this, the man responded that, this being the case, he would have to get a gun, and try to make his living in another way. José, after a moment of stunned silence, finally replied that he was sorry, but there was nothing further that he could do. Then, immediately after the fellow left his office, José phoned Dr. Gershenfeld to report the incident. To his utter amazement, Dr. Gershenfeld declared that he couldn't even remember the man, let alone any knowledge of ever having suggested that José hire him.

Dr. Donald P. LeGalley was the professor of physics at PCP, and he, like most of his colleagues there, was a fine pedagogue. During that period, he was conducting experiments on color-blindness versus camouflage for the army. José's friend, Martin Kiefer, acted as one of his "guinea pigs."

There were also, on the faculty, people like Dr. Henry L. Hansell (father of John, the nuclear medicine chief with whom José would later work closely at the

V.A. Hospital); Karl W. H. Scholz, noted professor of economics; and Dr. Donald M. Hill, professor of mathematics and calculus who, Martin Kiefer later confided to José, had an I.Q. of probably 140 or higher. Even the librarian at the college, Madeline O. Holland McDonnell, had a doctor's degree (a D.S. in Library Science).

But, it was the German professor who was one of the most memorable of the faculty there. His name was Dr. Wilhelm Reuning, and he held both a Ph.D. and a degree in theology. Reuning was also an ordained minister. His German was perfect and, in addition, he was quite fluent in Spanish. When José first came into his classroom, blandly explaining that, as a Spanish speaker, he would be unable to take German because of the difficulty he was having in learning English, Reuning firmly over-rode José's protests. Quickly he pulled out a German textbook that was written in Spanish. With a flourish he handed it to José, standing there unbelieving and dumbfounded, and promptly enrolled him in the German course. Later, during some of his classes, Reuning would occasionally mention that the real problem with Germany was that Hitler was a very stubborn and difficult man, and that some sort of deal needed to be arranged, because an unconditional surrender from the dictator would never work out.

Charles Pines was the professor of mineralogy at the college. He sometimes made fun of José's accent, and José disliked him intensely for this. Pines would assign readings and expect the students, later, to present orally to the class what they had read. José used to take his notes in Spanish and, once, early on in his days at PCP, without realizing it, he switched from English into Spanish in one of these oral presentations. Pines stood up in shock. Severely, and in front of the whole class, he berated José for this, assuming that the lapse to Spanish had been performed intentionally. He accused José of trying to ridicule both the teacher and the assignment, even though the mistake on José's part had been a completely innocent and unintentional one. When José tried to explain the situation to the teacher after class, Pines refused to listen.

Pines also taught a course in blowpipe analysis. For the final exam, he would take unknown materials and ask students to identify them. The first chemical that José examined exploded as he was working with it. The explosion was a small one and nobody got hurt. Since the teacher was busy at the moment and, since José had the code number of the chemical, to save time he went into the stockroom to obtain more so that he could go on with his exam. Pines, glancing up, happened to see José coming to the stockroom by himself, and Pines shouted at him. He always regarded José with suspicion after that, and the two never got

along very well.

Another professor from PCP whom José recalls was Edmund H. MacLaughlin. MacLaughlin was the one who taught pharmacognosy, and some of the slides that José made were for him. MacLaughlin worked under Dr. Dunn and, many years later, he would discuss, at length with José, the actions of drugs and their lingering effects. Because of MacLaughlin's background, José always found it difficult to accept what eventually happened to the man. About thirty years after leaving PCP, José heard that MacLaughlin had had a mild heart attack, for which he was regularly taking the drug dicumerol. One day, José was told, MacLaughlin went to see his dentist, who determined that MacLaughlin needed to have several of his teeth extracted. Since dicumerol was a known blood-thinner, MacLaughlin told the dentist that he would return for the procedure in about three or four days, assuring the dentist that he would completely avoid the medication during this interim. When MacLaughlin did return, the dentist pulled four or five teeth but, suddenly, MacLaughlin began to bleed profusely, and the dentist was unable to stop the bleeding. The patient lost several quarts of blood, which leaked from his mouth and, half an hour later, he died, still sitting in the dentist's chair. José still finds it both distressing and incomprehensible that, having been a pharmacologist and aware of his own situation, MacLaughlin had failed to take better precautions against such a calamity. José always felt that MacLaughlin could have brought drugs with him that were specifically intended for this type of emergency or, at the very least, that he could have delayed longer before having had his teeth extracted.

When José attended PCP, Dr. Arthur Osol was already on the faculty, holding three positions. At the time, Osol was the assistant dean of science, the professor of physical and analytical chemistry, and the director of the chemical laboratories at the college. Although it was sometimes rumored that Osol had anti-Semitic leanings, he was always extremely kind to José, and he went out of his way to help him whenever he could. Osol also attended the Jewish wedding of Roselyn Volk and Martin Kiefer, and several other people at the college had only good words to say about Osol. In later years, he would invite José and Josy to his home, and he would sometimes be a guest in theirs. His wife, Virginia, a noted artist, would later compose a lovely oil painting of an owl, which she then presented to José and Josy as a gift. Osol later became the president of PCP and, eventually, when the school got around to erecting a dormitory, this building, located on Forty-second Street just south of Spruce, would be named Osol Hall in his

honor.

As a student, José joined the Beta Sigma Society at the college. This was the biological society and, in the group with him there, were students like Bill Ball and Maurice Fink whom José was later to meet again. Like José, Bill Ball would also be stationed in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1943. From there, Bill would get admitted to Officers Candidate School and, following the war, he would do his graduate studies, majoring in microbiology. Afterwards, José would lose track of Bill Ball for many years. Then, during their class's forty-ninth reunion, José would finally meet him again. By this time, he would find Bill severely crippled with arthritis. Yet Bill would now make it a point to tell everyone how active he still was in scientific affairs.

As for Maurice Fink, José would later get to see him, soon after the war ended. For a while, they saw each other frequently and became rather good friends. Then, somehow, the two again lost contact. It would be well into the 1990's before José would again hear of Maurice. At that time he would finally learn from Professor Wittmeyer's famil, that Maurice had long since emigrated to Australia, but no one had an address for him there.

Larry Aaronson was another student with whom José grew quite friendly at college. (Larry would eventually serve as best man at the wedding of José and Josy in 1946. Soon after that, he would disappear from their lives, never, to date, to resurface.) Larry was a charming fellow, warm, congenial, and personable, but his mother, although she was a very good-looking woman, was also an extremely domineering one. Larry suffered serious emotional problems because of her. Mrs. Aaronson had once taken Larry to a psychiatrist before he reached his teens. After concluding his examination of the boy, the psychiatrist had turned to the mother and remarked, "There's nothing wrong with the boy, Madam. *You* are the one who needs help!"

Larry's father was a teacher in the Philadelphia Public School System. For many years, Mr. Aaronson taught social studies in the Holmes Junior High School at Fifty-fifth and Chestnut Streets in West Philadelphia. In 1947, Josy would be appointed to teach in the same building as Larry's father, but she would never seem able to get to know Mr. Aaronson very well. Her impression of the man was that he kept very much to himself, generally avoiding the other teachers. In the few opinions that she ever *did* hear Mr. Aaronson express, he always referred to his wife, and he seemed reluctant ever to say anything unless he had previously checked with her first.

Like the others in the family, Larry's sister (a beautiful girl a couple years younger than he) also seemed to be completely dominated by Mrs. Aaronson. A couple of years after José first met them, and when the girl was no more than eighteen years old, her mother married her off to a divorced man in his late fifties. He was the owner of a prosperous, well-known chain of dress shops. The marriage, however, lasted only a few years, finally ending in divorce.

When José first arrived at PCP, one of the students he became friendly with was a tall, thin, lanky fellow a couple of years ahead of him in his studies, named Eddie Shoemaker. Eddie went out of his way to be extremely kind to José. He would insist that José buy only textbooks which were used, rather than spend the little money that he had on new ones. Eddie would also steer José towards all sorts of bargains, and some of the books he would even lend to José from his own personal collection to save José money. Shortly after the war, José would accidentally run into Eddie Shoemaker at the Asia Restaurant in the 4800 block of North Broad Street. (This was one of the first and, perhaps, the only Chinese restaurant outside of Chinatown in those days.) Eddie was now married, and he and his wife Charlotte were eating at the Asia when José and his wife Josy walked in. It was with great excitement and surprise that the two former school friends encountered each other here. After this chance meeting, they would continue to see one another frequently. The close friendship that they now developed would last until Eddie eventually would die of multiple sclerosis in 1981

Some of the other fellows with whom José also got acquainted at PCP, but with whom he never became really close, were Milton Silver, Saul Shulik, Sid Rieder, Marlin Katz, and Martin Gibbs. Milton Silver prided himself on being exceedingly handsome, which he was, in a matinee-idol sort of way. José would unexpectedly bump into Milton on a small street in Calcutta, India, during World War II. On that day in Calcutta, Milton, then also serving in the army, would introduce José to the American soldier he was walking with, a fellow by the name of Bill Keller, from New York City. It would be Bill with whom José would later become extremely friendly. This would occur after World War II when Bill, who held a master's degree in social work, would come to work for the American Red Cross in Camden, New Jersey, and would then contact José from there.

After the war, Milton Silver would attend Temple Dental School. As a dental student, he would work part-time as a shoe salesman in a Center City shoe store to earn some extra money. One of the customers that he would wait on in the store was an attractive girl whom he would later marry. After his marriage,

Milton would open a dental office in Philadelphia's Greater Northeast section and, from then on, he would have little to do with any of his former classmates from either PCP or Temple University.

Saul Shulik was an extremely dapper fellow with eyeglasses. He was extremely well spoken, with hair slicked back, always elegantly dressed and immaculately groomed. He was a clever chap, a smooth talker, and the few girls at PCP all seemed interested in him (especially Roselyn Volk, before José introduced her to Martin Kiefer). Like his PCP classmate, Milton Silver, Saul Shulik later also went to Temple Dental School and became a practicing dentist.

José recalls that, in 1942, Josy's parents had given him, as a gift, a copy of a rather expensive book, Lange's *Handbook of Chemistry*. It was worth, in those days, at least thirty dollars. It so happened that Mr. Louis Shapiro, a boyhood friend of Laib, had also given José a copy of the same book. (Louis Shapiro, now married and with a college-aged daughter of his own, Lilke, had been one of the four who had signed affidavits for José when he was waiting in Nuevo Laredo to enter the United States.) Being short of money and, not needing two copies of the same volume, José approached his classmate, Sid Rieder, a close friend of Bill Ball's during their college days. Sid, an odd and unpredictable fellow with extremely short hair, seemed to handle money in a rather unusual way. When José offered to sell one copy of Lange's *Handbook* to Sid at a good price, Sid perused the book, and then suggested to José, "I'll give you twenty-five cents for it." When José stared at him in disbelief, Sid muttered, "Oh, O.K.! Fifty cents!" José walked away, refusing to sell the book to Sid and, instead, kept both copies for himself. From then on, José tried to keep his distance from Sid Rieder. However, when José and Josy later got married, Sid appeared unannounced and uninvited at their wedding reception. There, he would sit down and help himself to the entire meal being offered to the guests. Not wanting to create a scene, José would say nothing. He would see Sid Rieder once again, a couple of years later, as a graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania. Sid eventually would get his Ph. D. degree at Penn and, then, he would go to California where, José was to hear, Sid would work in a clinical laboratory doing analysis of urine and blood. Nobody ever had any news from him again.

Marlin Katz was another student with whom José became quite disappointed. Marlin was a big talker. When José happened to mention that he would be moving from his father's room on Brandywine Street into the old lady's house on Dakota Street, Marlin, unsolicited, volunteered to help José with the move.

"What's your father's address?" he asked, taking out paper and pencil to jot down the information. "And your new address? What time in the morning shall I come? Will eight o'clock be all right?" When José thanked him in advance, Marlin patted him on the arm. "Don't worry," he assured him, "I'll be there to help you. Expect me early. Wait for me! Don't leave your father's place without me!"

He never showed up. The following day, when José saw him in class, Marlin looked the other way and made no mention of the move nor his offer to help.

Years later, in 1947, José happened to run into Marlin again, this time on the trolley car. They exchanged greetings and, after catching up on a few of their experiences during the war, Marlin asked where José now lived. José explained that he was in the process of moving, with his wife, from Strawberry Mansion to an apartment at Eighth and Columbia Avenue. Marlin again, on his own, insisted on taking down both addresses in his small notebook.

"Moving can be hard," he volunteered. "How about if I come and give you a hand. I'll be there tomorrow morning." Again, he never showed up.

Years later, in 1993, José was told that Marlin had sent in his reservation to attend PCP's Fiftieth Annual Class Reunion. Marlin had asked that they hold two seats for him, and he also listed the names of those alumni that he would like to sit with at the dinner. He promised to pay when he arrived for the evening but, again, he never appeared.

One of the students José respected most was Martin Gibbs. Martin was a very fine person, extremely quick-witted and bright. He dated several of the girls in the class, and he was popular with everyone. José remembers, though, being sometimes taken aback by Martin's appearance when they would both happen to come together at evening meetings at the Franklin Institute. On these occasions, Martin would be wearing a thick coating of brown powder on his face to cover his need for a shave. He looked as if he were preparing to go on stage to appear in a show, and he hardly seemed to notice the stares that others were casting in his direction at these meetings. (Eventually, Martin would get a Ph.D. degree and go on to become a distinguished professor of botany at Brandeis University.)

Another student whom José remembers was a fellow with the last name of Erlich. Erlich drank heavily and, one day, in a drunken stupor, when he wanted still another drink, he took wood alcohol. This made Erlich completely and permanently blind. It was the same thing that had happened to Pepe Alvarez's

son, Tikul, in Mexico City, and José was shocked to encounter this situation personally twice in his life.

Exams at PCP were always administered with excessive attempts at impartiality and objectivity on the part of the staff. Students were required to head their answer sheets with matriculation numbers rather than with their names, so that teachers would remain unaware of whose papers they were marking. Once, after the final exams for the semester were over, José joined a group of the fellows who had decided to celebrate by visiting the Troc Theater at Tenth and Arch Streets in downtown Philadelphia. This was considered a naughty thing to do, since the Troc was then a burlesque house, and the fellows felt quite emboldened by their excursion, though there was an unspoken agreement among them to keep this outing a secret. They bought the cheapest seats that they could find; these were located high up in the balcony. An excellent comedian, who went by the name of Cheese and Crackers Hannigan, performed first, and they all laughed heartily at his jokes and began to feel more relaxed. Next, a strip tease act came on. Imagine the amazement of the students when, glancing down into auditorium below them, they caught sight of several PCP professors, all sitting in the front row, also watching the show.

Two of José's classmates bragged about being members of a leftist organization. One was Joe Brown. Joe had a reputation for being extremely outspoken and unorthodox in his behavior. After a couple of unpleasant encounters, José took to avoiding him. Years later, Joe Brown went to work in a Wynnefield drug store owned by José's friend, Malvin Aaronson. (Malvin was the American pharmacist who had married Esther, daughter of Señor Monastersky, the man who had given Laib his first job at the fruit-juice store in Mexico City many years earlier.) Malvin later told José that, whenever Joe Brown was alone in the drug store, he would give away whatever he could, without charging the customers a penny for any of the items. When confronted about this, Joe defended himself by saying that he was deliberately behaving in this way to right the wrongs of capitalism. Needless to say, Joe lasted only a very short time working for Malvin Aaronson.

The other leftist in José's class was Bernie Kabacoff. Bernie was a tall, thin, soft-spoken, red-headed fellow who, José later found out , happened to be married to Josy's first cousin, Leah Margolius. José was completely unaware of this during the early part of his time at PCP, and it was only after he met Josy that it came to light. Bernie often told José later, "If I had only known that you and Josy would hit it off so well, I would have introduced you to her long ago!"

Two days after classes had started at PCP, a married student named Yanishevsky approached José and invited him to dinner. After this, José ate with the man and his wife a few more times. Yanishevsky's wife was quite knowledgeable about American Indian lore, and they had several interesting discussions during these meals. (José would eventually find out that this woman later divorced Yanishevsky and changed her last name to Yanis.) One evening after a supper at his home, Yanishevsky informed José that there was a lovely girl (his sister) whom he wanted José to meet.

"Let me arrange your first American date for you," he suggested. He gave José the sister's address and, then, he made arrangements for José to take the young lady out that Saturday night. When Saturday came, José arrived at her house to meet her for the first time. He had exactly ten dollars in his pocket. The young lady suggested that, since José was new to the United States, he should allow her to plan all the details for the entire evening. José willingly agreed. She explained that a typical American date usually included a movie, followed by a bite to eat after the show. As they prepared to leave her house, José asked her, "Which trolley car do we take?"

"Oh, no," she protested. Going to the telephone, she called for a taxi, which soon arrived and took them to the Boyd Theater, on Chestnut Street just west of Nineteenth. (At the time, the Boyd was the most expensive movie house in town.) After the show, the young lady chose a rather fancy restaurant. Here, she proceeded to order a full-course dinner for herself. José, remembering the limited amount of cash in his pocket, asked for only a cup of coffee for himself. They finished eating and, as they left the restaurant, she hailed another cab to take them back to her home. When they got out of the taxi in front of her house, José handed the last of his money to the cab driver. Then he walked her to her door, thanking her for the evening, and reached over to kiss her good-night.

"Oh!" she squealed gleefully. "This must mean that we're engaged!" José turned and ran as fast as he could.

He had another disastrous date soon afterwards. This time it was with a girl who was a student at PCP. Her name was Zelda Juresco and, from her yearbook picture, she seemed to have been quite attractive. When José arrived at Zelda's house, her father admitted him at the front door. Zelda was still upstairs getting dressed, the man announced, so José should accompany him to the living room to wait for her. There, with Zelda's mother also present, the father began to quiz José.

"What are you studying at PCP?" he asked.

José explained that he was majoring in chemistry. Upon hearing this, Mr. Juresco shook his head sadly. "That's no good," he sighed. "We own two drug stores. I'm looking for a husband for Zelda who can take over one of the stores. Are you sure you don't want to switch to pharmacy?"

This was the only date that José ever had with Zelda. About twenty years later, however, a strange coincidence brought Zelda back briefly into José's life again. His daughter, Malva, then age seven, joined a Brownie Troop at Chatham Park Elementary School. Who should turn out to be the troop leader but Zelda Juresco! She was Zelda Diner now, the mother of two girls, one of whom was in Malva's class at Chatham Park School and also in the Brownie troop. When José now met Zelda, he was scarcely able to recognize her. Her appearance was shocking. She had grown stout, was balding slightly, and she dressed in an incredibly slovenly and bizarre manner. Zelda now sported ankle socks with her high-heeled shoes, while her slip visibly dangled about two inches below the hem of her dress. Her behavior, also, was now quite strange. She seemed to be in a constant daze, and she would address the seven-year-old troop, whenever they would start out on field trips, with such stern admonitions as, "It behooves you to behave accordingly," while the children stared at her uncomprehendingly.

Zelda's husband, Irving, turned out to be slightly stouter than she. He ran a book shop, and he continually smoked a pipe. Irving appeared to be constantly on the defensive. When he first drove up to José's house in Havertown one evening to pick up Zelda and her daughter after a Brownie meeting, Josy invited him inside. He came in sullenly and sat down, whereupon Josy asked him, "Can I offer you something to drink?" Irving glared at her and retorted, "I don't need a crutch!" Later, José ruefully commented that a character like Irving might be part of the reason for Zelda's deterioration. Josy nodded in agreement. "I guess it's my good fortune," she sighed with a sad smile, "that now Zelda is no longer my rival!"

One more date that was arranged for José soon after he first arrived from Mexico, was with a girl named Bebe. Bebe was the niece of Jack Feldman, Laib's childhood friend. Jack and his second wife, Gertrude, now lived in an elegant, old-fashioned apartment building on Parkside Avenue, where José would occasionally stop in to visit. One day, Jack mentioned that he thought José should meet his niece, and he arranged for them to get together. Bebe turned out to be a somewhat snobbish girl, and neither she nor José found much to say to each other.

Years later, it turned out that Bebe and her husband, Walter Parvin, had

bought a house on Lewis Road in Havertown, one block away from where José and Josy now lived. Walter was a newspaper reporter who worked for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. José invited Bebe and Walter to visit them and sometimes, when he and Josy went out for walks after dinner, they would ring the bell at Bebe's house to say hello. Bebe never reciprocated, however, and after a while, except for occasionally coming across each other on the street, they never got together again. Once, during a chance meeting at the corner post office, Bebe told Josy that she and Walter were planning their first trip out of the country. "We're going to England," she announced. "We think that will be safe. We don't really want to go anyplace where people don't speak English."

Another experience that José had, soon after he had arrived in Philadelphia, involved a dinner invitation to the home of a family with a daughter in her late teens. Throughout the evening, the mother kept pointing out her daughter's domestic accomplishments.

"See those draperies?" she asked José. "My daughter made them! And those slip covers, my daughter sewed them all by herself."

Throughout dinner, the woman continued referring to the many touches that her daughter had contributed to the household decor. Finally, at the end of the meal, the lady explained that her daughter had also cooked all the food without any help. Then, she asked José, "Well, what do you think of my daughter?"

Wanting to emphasize how impressed he was by the young lady's domestic accomplishments, José replied, "Why, I think she's a very homely girl!" He was unable to understand, till much later when his English had improved considerably, why the woman had looked so offended.

During the afternoons and evenings in the early 1940's, when José had no classes scheduled, he would work at a supermarket to earn some extra money. (This was to have been used for his college tuition, but it turned out that Rachel would insist on keeping it, instead, for family expenses.) The Baltimore Market that hired José was located in Germantown, a neighborhood some ten miles from his home. It was even farther, by many miles, from the college, and it was usually from school that José would have to travel directly to work. He had no car, so he rode public transportation. This involved changing from the Number 42 trolley (which traveled eastward down Woodland Avenue toward Center City) over to the Number 23 trolley, going north on Germantown Avenue. The entire trip usually took over an hour, and José would use the time on the trolley to study while he was riding to work.

His job at the Baltimore Market consisted mainly of unloading delivery trucks which were parked in the rear of the store, then stamping prices on the bags of merchandise that he had unloaded and, finally, hauling these bags into the store and onto the shelves. He would work from five until nine o'clock on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and all day on Saturdays. For this, he earned twenty-two dollars per week.

The United States had already entered World War II at this time, and everyone throughout the entire country received ration books for sugar and coffee. This meant that each family was supplied with coupons limiting their purchase of both items. One pound of sugar per month was allowed for each family. Although coffee would arrive at the market already packaged in one-pound bags and ready for sale, sugar came in huge one-hundred-pound sacks. These had to be broken open and, then, subdivided into manageable quantities. Another man at the market was assigned to transfer the sugar from these huge sacks into the one-pound bags, and it was then José's job to carry these smaller bags out into the store.

One day an inspector arrived. At random, he weighed five or six of the smaller bags. He found them all wanting in weight. He questioned José, demanding to know whether he had weighed the smaller bags. José replied that he had not, that he had simply carried them into the store and placed them on the shelves for sale to the customers. What José had not realized, earlier, was that his co-worker had spilled a great deal of the sugar. Much of it, the co-worker had taken for himself, by siphoning off a very small amount of sugar from each one-pound bag. He would then reseal every bag with tape when it was a few ounces short. José was not present when his co-worker was questioned, but he found out that the man had been immediately fired.

José also observed several of the check-out clerks pushing through various items on the counter for their friends, mainly canned goods, without ringing these up on the cash register. The market had a delicatessen section where the workers would go to make their own sandwiches. This was not officially permitted by the store, but several employees did it anyhow. One girl, Eleanor Tubis, appointed herself official sandwich-maker. Using the bread and cold-cuts on sale in the store, Eleanor would put together sandwiches which she then dispensed, free of charge, to all employees who came to the counter. José once invited Eleanor to go to the Art Museum with him, but this remained the extent of their socializing. (Years later, while attending a scientific meeting, José became acquainted with a couple named Manny and Dorothy Tubis from Riverside, California. Since

Manny had originally come from Philadelphia, José wondered, at a later date, if Manny might have been related to Eleanor, José's co-worker from the supermarket, but he never got to ask Manny about this.)

José remembers exactly where he was on December 7th, 1941, Pearl Harbor Day. His mother and Mario still had not arrived from Mexico, and José and his father were invited to have dinner that Sunday with some very distant cousins, the Abramsons. At the time, these people lived on Fifty-second Street in West Philadelphia, and José remembers that their son was then going to medical school. When Laib and José walked into the Abramson's living room about five-thirty in the afternoon, the family immediately asked if they had heard the news.

"What news?" Laib inquired. It was then that they first learned about the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

The very next day, with his father's blessings and, along with several of his classmates from PCP, José went to the Armory at Thirty-second and Market Streets in Philadelphia to enlist. While standing in line there, waiting for his physical examination, he happened to pick up a copy of the *New Yorker Magazine*, which he saw lying on a small table. He was instantly intrigued by it, and enormously impressed with its quality. That same day, he sent away for a subscription. Later, he would even arrange to have weekly copies of the *New Yorker* shipped to him as a soldier wherever he would be stationed during the war, and he still prides himself upon never having missed a single issue of the magazine since December, 1941.

In those days, José weighed only one hundred thirty-five pounds. This was a few pounds below the weight that, considering his relative height, the army required for induction. Noticing this deficiency, the examining officer sent José out to eat a heavy lunch. This, the officer directed, was to include a couple of bananas and a heavy milk shake. When José returned, later that afternoon, they hurriedly weighed him again and, this time, they told him that he had now passed his physical. The officer in charge, however, asked where José stood in regard to his schooling. José explained that he was due to graduate from college in another fourteen months. Hearing this, the officer announced that he would place José on reserve. He explained, "You'll be of more use to the army as a college graduate. Go back and finish school. Then, report here the day after you graduate. You are now in the Enlisted Reserve. Your serial number is 13175936." This was exactly the procedure that José followed, and he eventually reported for duty at the beginning of March in 1943.

Rachel finally reached Philadelphia with Mario about a year and a half after José had arrived there. Then she, Laib, and the boys moved at once into a rented house at 3013 Dakota Street. This was two doors away from the old lady's home where José had been staying as a boarder. In coming into the United States, Rachel and Mario had encountered none of the problems that had plagued José when he had first entered the country. Since an attorney was already involved, Rachel and Mario were able to enter on the basis of the number which the consul in Washington had given to José, following the efforts of his lawyer, Mr. Orloff.

It had been a very difficult time in Mexico for Rachel after José had left. Her brother, Mottie, had suddenly developed appendicitis and was put into the hospital. There, his condition soon worsened into peritonitis. The only treatment for this, at the time, was for the physician to make a hole in the patient's abdomen, thus allowing drainage to remove the waste products. This was done in Mottie's case but, despite the treatment, he died shortly thereafter, leaving Bertha a widow with two small sons. It was a most shocking loss.

Mario arrived in Philadelphia at the age of five, speaking both Spanish and Yiddish. Yiddish continued to be used in the house and, as a child, Mario retained his fluency in that language. However, he soon forgot his Spanish completely. He picked up English quickly but, sometimes, he would mix it with his Yiddish, as when, at the age of six, he complained about his chicken pox, whining, "My mommy told me not to *kratz* (scratch)!"

Once, Mario came into the house, sobbing bitterly about how one of the neighborhood bullies had punched him. He showed his bleeding lip and some other bruises to José. Devoted older brother that he was, José promptly ran outside, spanked the boy standing there, and scolded him for his injustice in taking advantage of a smaller child who spoke no English. No sooner had José finished than Mario informed him, "No, not that boy. It was another one!"

José was anxious to fulfill the promise that he had made upon admission to PCP, which was to get outside tutoring in English. When he went with his mother to buy a refrigerator at the Keystone Appliance Company, a store at the corner of Thirty-first and Diamond Streets in Strawberry Mansion, he heard that the daughter of one of the owners was a student at the University of Pennsylvania, and that she had been successful at writing poetry, some of which she had read over national radio. This man, Jacques O. Feldmark, hearing that Rachel and her family were from Mexico (where he, his wife, and daughter had all visited), invited them to come to his home for a visit, and José was interested

in going along. This was how he first met the daughter of Mr. Feldmark, Josy, whom he would later marry. This first meeting occurred on a Sunday afternoon, December 13th, 1942.

José was due to graduate from PCP at the end of February, 1943. A week before graduation, he was called into the registrar's office, where he was told by Mr. Kramer that he still owed a tuition debt of two hundred and forty dollars, and that, unless this debt could be paid within the next week, José would be denied receipt of his Bachelor of Science diploma. (He would be allowed, they told José, only to attend the ceremonies and the graduation banquet with his class.) José explained to them that, immediately upon graduation, he would be entering the army, where he already had a service number. Since he would be receiving an army salary, José continued, he could then begin, at once, to make payments towards settling his debt, but at the moment, he was completely unable to pay anything more. Kramer, along with Dr. Sechler, the English professor who also worked in the office, advised José to talk personally to the president of the college, Ivor Griffith. They suggested that José ask him to at least permit the certificate to be issued, with a condition attached, namely, that José would start paying his debt immediately the following month and that he would completely reimburse the college within the next year. José, encouraged by this idea, thanked Kramer and Sechler profusely, and agreed to see President Griffith at once.

Kramer and Sechler each gave José a letter to take to President Griffith, in which they recommended that José be given his diploma immediately, provided that he signed a note based on the conditions they had just discussed. Since Kramer and Sechler were the only ones running the graduation, they told him, they needed nobody else's permission for him to attend either the ceremony or the dinner. The diploma, then, was all that remained in question.

Accordingly, José rushed over to see President Griffith. Here he ran into a stone wall of opposition. "You're going into the army?" Griffith queried José. "We've had other students leave without ever paying their debts, and the college never heard from them again. Who knows, you could get killed before your debt is all paid up. Then what would the college do? We would never see the money in that case!"

Griffith called Dr. Julius William Sturmer, the dean of science who, like Kramer and Sechler, took José's side, arguing and trying to convince the president, but Griffith refused to budge. José finally did attend his graduation ceremonies, but they did not call his name, and he was not permitted to go up to the

podium to receive his diploma. He did attend the graduation banquet with his classmates. (This took place on the 22nd of February, 1943.) It took another year, however, for him to completely pay his debt to the college, but he paid it in full. When the diploma was finally issued, the date on it read "1943." This was the year in which the actual ceremony had taken place. But José did not receive the diploma until 1944, when it finally reached him by mail in Los Angeles just before he was shipped overseas. He sent the diploma to his cousin, Rose Garber, to hold for him, along with some of his books and other belongings, all of which he would later get back from her when he would finally be discharged from the army in March of 1946.

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