

BROMALL BENDER SIMON & POLLOCK

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

114 Smithfield Street

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15222

(412) 261-1000

GEORGE C. BROMALL II
JOHN T. BENDER
ERNEST SIMON
DAVID S. POLLOCK
A. M. LOWERY
GARY F. DAVIS

OF COUNSEL
MICHAEL K. DRAPKIN
DONNA JO McDANIEL

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Aunt Bea and Cousin Susan

I went up to visit Grandma last weekend on Friday, July 29, 1983, and I returned on Sunday, July 31, 1983. I took Adam with me and we visited with her once on Friday, a number of times on Saturday, and once on Sunday. As I explained to Susan, I can only stand about one hour to one and one-half hours at a time. She is not as talkative as she used to be and she does not engage in discussions about politics as she did on my last trip to Canada. She continues to listen to the radio (which incidentally was at full volume), though she does no reading whatsoever. She complains that her eyesight is so bad that she is blind, on the other hand I know that she can read numbers that are written in large letters and that she could see or feel facial expressions. Also when we left on Sunday she watched us walk down the street and when we turned around to take a look at her she waved. I think that she is probably legal-ly blind but she gets along very well with the contacts and glasses that she has. I hesitated about sending you the enclosed pictures, but here they are. I have sent them to Aunt Bea and she should send them to Susan.

With respect to Grandma's condition she is still very strong and able to get around very well except that her walking is more of a shuffle due to her fear that she will trip over something. Since she knows her apartment so well, she has no difficulty whatsoever on the premises. It became apparent to me that her hearing was bad, her eyesight failing and her mind slipping which I guess is a circulatory problem more than anything else. I know that her mind was slipping as it was not significantly better in the afternoon or morning. In past times it was significantly better in the morning and she would just get poopsed out in the afternoon. This time I saw her, her face was a little flushed on Friday as a result of the excitement of seeing us, but her skin color is relatively good for being as old as she is.

Getting back to the slipping of the mental faculties, Grandma on more than a few occasions thought that I was Arthur and that Adam

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was David. When I would refer to "mother" she would think I was talking about Lena. Well, I don't think it is that serious as she did talk about Rita and Adam and myself, although she remembers very little of Altoona. Heaven only knows what this is all about but she seemed to know what was going on and was very much aware of my being there as well as my being late everytime that I would come over. What we would do is stay at my Uncle Melvin Pollock's and I would either be deposited there or take the Metro. When I would be late she would be anxious about it or would have called over to Melvin and Yetta's!

She is somewhat changed since the last time I saw her in 1981, although she does look forward to my returning to Montreal next year. I think her health is just excellent considering her age which she says is 92. Nancy Erdritch says it is 88, although that is a quibble of deminimus proportions! Her physical strength may be a little less, but she does not exert herself to a great degree. She barely goes outside and when she does it is with the assistance of others. The Jewish Family Services does take her outside and Nancy takes her to doctor's appointments. (All of her food is brought into her). She also goes down to the front stoop by herself on occasions when the weather is right. The weather has been right for quite a long time in Montreal and I think that that has had a favorable effect on her. We have not had a bad winter in the last couple of years.

With respect to her finances, she gets a little over \$500.00 government pension and with the \$250.00 a month received from you, I think she is doing o.k. Nancy tells me that the Lease was increased to \$400.00 a month although I recall that Grandma said it is in the \$300.00 range. Maybe Grandma is too proud to admit that she signed a new Lease with an outrageous rent. It seems that she is very much afraid to leave the apartment and whatever the landlord proposes is o.k. with her. The apartment has become a transient one and it seems a little difficult for the landlord to keep tenants. The people from Jewish Family Services have promised to secure a budget of all of her expenses so that we can see whether or not an additional stipend is necessary. I do know that Grandma wanted to impress me with how well she was doing and how she didn't need any assistance, but that is usually a cover for her worries about her economic status.

Since I have been in the process of dictating this letter I have received the enclosed letter from Grandma which indicates absolutely nothing except her ups and downs. I hope I have communicated a lot to you concerning Grandma. I know that it isn't as much information as I have gotten in the past, mainly, because nothing changes. The dust accumulates and the slip covers get a little more worn but nothing changes. Rugs are in the same spot, tables are in the same places, magazines and books that I have read in the past are in exactly the same spots! She functions in the same environment, in the same way and in the same manner that she has for over 45 years. More power to her.

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I trust that both of your families are doing well and that the recent medical setbacks will be overcome. Except for minor colds, Adam and Joshua are doing splendidly. Adam starts kindergarten and Joshua gets a new "nanny" this month. Adam has spent the entire summer at the Jewish Community Center Day Camp and is tanned and happy. Joshua has a little bit of a cold, but he is happy too, now that he is able to crawl around the house and explore all of Adam's toys. Rita and I are both busy at work, sometimes too busy. We definitely don't watch the clock! Dad is doing well although I haven't seen him for almost a month. I expect to see him next week when Adam and I run up to the cottage for a couple of days, or the days to follow when Rita and Joshua come up. Steve could not come east this summer as he has that new job with ZyMOS as a product manager of some sort. The funny thing about these companies (i.e. Apple Computer or others) is that the higher you get in the hierarchy the younger you get. Steve's boss is younger than him and his employees are older than him although they are all engineers and professionals. I guess that takes some getting used to. As you know everytime he starts a new job (which is often) he works himself to the bone. He does not ignore his family, however, and he has been running up to the mountains where he has that ski cabin. Many times I know that if I can't get him down in the Bay area I can call him up at the cabin and get him there. It is a fast pace that he and Linda lead. Linda, of course, has her own corporation with sales representative capacities for many companies that sell the plastics, buttons, etc. for the integrated circuit industry. They sound happy and very active.

I know that this probably seems a little impersonal when I get my secretary to type letters for me, but I do get to say more than my hand usually permits. Anyways, Vicki keeps on me w/ respect to my "to do" list.

Rita sends her love.

Love,
David

AUG.6.1983.

My Dear David.

Please forgive for being such a poor hostage. I wish that I could make it up to you in some way. You had gone to a lot of trouble to provide refreshments, and I simply forgot to serve them. My memory seems to have left me for good. Please forgive me. Dear Grandson, you deserve much better than me for a grandmother.

Love talk, and all the blessings for health and happiness.
I can neither read or write. Grandmother Jaffe.