

out the door to get help. Mary did not escape unscathed, however, as the intruder managed to hit her in the head with a brick as she ran.



Mary's house was just yards from the intersection of Tustin and Moultrie Street

In another sign of her tenacity, Mary refused until very late in her life to leave her Tustin Street address. Mary and Phil had moved to Tustin Street from their Vine Street home in the 1930's. The house on Tustin street could be best described as a slum row house. From the 1960's to the 1980's the neighborhood shifted from mixed, to heavily non-white, to mostly condemned. The house was torn down during the last decade, and only the ruins remain in the photo to the right.

Mary was a kind and caring grandmother, who always had a stash of hard candy for the clan. She would give the youngest ones a bath in a big metal tub in the kitchen, and would teach them something like "Ichi doma spatz", Czech for "I want a bath". She loved to read, and always had a bottle of something stronger for a visit from Ann across the street. A tea kettle was literally always on the stove (many of these pots got burnt out), and Ginger Ale was plentiful.

Mary was also a dilligent worker. For most of her adult life, Mary worked as salad maker for Stouffer's restaurant in Pittsburgh. It is told that she would often meet her friend Francis for tea after work at Murphy's five and ten. The company thought very highly of Mary, and sent her on a bonus trip to Cleveland Ohio during her time there. It was Mary's first time in a airplane.

Mary worked into her sixties, and was a frugal saver of war bonds. During the last years of her life, Mary needed increasing amounts of care, and spent some years in Oneonta with son Robert and wife Arlene, some years in Monroeville with son William and wife Dorothy, and some years in Pittsburgh with granddaughter Lynn. She died on September 3, 1988, just after her 87th birthday. The immediate cause of death was listed as Congestive Heart Failure.

