

M E M O R I E S

I, BOB (ROBERT A. SIRNEY) WAS BORN ON MARCH 13, 1926 IN MY PARENTS HOME ON MILLERTON AVENUE, NORTH SIDE, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA. SEE THE ATTACHED FAMILY REGISTER IN MOTHER OLGA'S AND FATHER JOHN SIRNEY'S HANDWRITING. THIS IS THE ONLY COMPLETE RECORD WE HAVE OF THE FAMILY STATISTICS. (SEE THE FOLLOWING PICTURES ALSO)

MY MEMORIES OF MOM AND DAD WERE ALWAYS REMEMBERED WITH A LOT OF LOVE BEING SHOWN TO EACH ONE OF US. I CANNOT REMEMBER ANY UNKIND WORDS OR ACTIONS OR FOUL LANGUAGE EVER BEING USED. WE, ALL THE CHILDREN, WERE TREATED GREAT, NO ONE SEEMED TO BE SHOWN MORE ATTENTION THAN THE OTHERS. GOD'S (JESUS) NEW COMMANDMENT PREVAILED AT ALL TIMES. ALTHOUGH, SOMETIMES WE DID NOT REALIZE OR THINK WE WERE LOVED.

I REMEMBER THE PONY, NED, (SEE PICTURES OF JACK, (BOB AND HOWARD IN THE BUGGY) THE PONY, GIVEN WITH LOVE, TO ALL OF US. WHEN I WAS FIVE OR SIX YEARS OLD, I RECALL RIDING HIM, YES, WE HAD A SADDLE FOR HIM. JACK WAS WALKING BESIDE US AND I TRIED TO GET HIM TO GO THROUGH AN ARBOR EAST OF THE PRESENT DRIVEWAY (THE ARBOR IS LONG GONE) BUT NED WOULD NOT GO THROUGH THE OPENING EVEN WITH JACK, HOWARD AND MYSELF TRYING TO NUDGE HIM ON. YES, OUR PARENTS, AND BROTHERS AND SISTERS, GAVE AND RECEIVED A LOT OF LOVE.

WE WERE ALSO BLESSED WITH MOM'S SISTER, AUNT KLARA MARIE KUSCHEL, WHO LIVED WITH US. SHE WAS LIKE A SECOND MOTHER, HELPING WITH EVERYTHING, AND WITH ONLY ONE HAND AND ARM - HER LEFT ONE. I THINK OF HER OFTEN ESPECIALLY SINCE MY STROKE CAUSED ME TO LOSE FULL USE OF MY RIGHT HAND AND ARM. AUNT KLARA TUCKED US IN BED AT NIGHT, UNDER A FEATHER BED (A STRONG CLOTH CONTAINER THICKLY FILLED WITH FEATHERS OR DOWN AND USED AS A BLANKET) OR A FEATHER TICK, AS WE CALLED IT. SHE ALSO MADE THE BEDS, HELPED WITH THE HOUSEKEEPING, AND DOING HER SHARE OF THE GARDENING IN THE SUMMER. SHE NEVER COMPLAINED.

MOM AND AUNT KLARA TALKED TOGETHER IN GERMAN MANY TIMES. I THINK THEY DID THAT TO KEEP US FROM KNOWING WHAT THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT. BUT I SOON LEARNED WHAT "BASE-DE-BOOP" (NOT SURE OF THE GERMAN SPELLING) MEANT, "I WAS BEING A BAD BOY".

AUNT KLARA DIED SHORTLY AFTER I WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE AIR FORCE. I REMEMBER VISITING HER IN THE HOSPITAL JUST A FEW DAYS BEFORE GOD CALLED HER HOME TO BE WITH HIM. SHE TOLD ME ABOUT A DREAM SHE HAD. IN HER DREAM SHE WAS WALKING IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FLOWER GARDEN SHE HAD EVER SEEN (SHE ALWAYS LOVED FLOWERS). SHE WAS WALKING TOWARD A BRIGHT LIGHT WHEN SHE HEARD HER NAME "KLARA, KLARA, WE'RE HERE FOR YOU". IN HER DREAM SHE TURNED AROUND AND SLOWLY AWOKE TO SEE MOM AND DAD STANDING BESIDE HER BED. THEY HAD BEEN CALLED LATE THAT NIGHT TO COME TO THE HOSPITAL, THE DOCTORS THOUGHT KLARA WAS DYING. WE WILL NEVER FORGET AUNT KLARA AND THE LOVE SHE GAVE US.

I HAVE MANY OTHER MEMORIES OF GROWING UP HERE. THE DEPRES-  
SION YEARS, MAKING VEGETABLE GARDENS EACH SUMMER, GATHERING  
IN THE VARIOUS CROPS, MOTHER AND MY SISTERS AND AUNT KLARA  
CANNING THE VARIOUS ITEMS SUCH AS: BEANS, CORN, PEAS, PICKLES,  
CUCUMBERS, PEACHES, CHERRIES, AND DRYING APPLES, PLUMS AND EVEN  
A FEW GRAPES FOR RAISENS, AND MUCH, MUCH MORE.

WE MADE EVERY ACRE COUNT. IT WAS A DEPRESSION, WE HAD  
LAND, A BIG FAMILY TO FEED AND MAYBE WE DIDN'T SHOW IT, BUT  
GOD'S LOVE WORKED THROUGH US.

WE ALSO HAD COWS AND CHICKENS. I LEARNED TO MILK COWS WHEN  
I WAS IN THE FOURTH GRADE AND ALSO FED THE CHICKENS, WHICH I  
CONTINUED TO DO UNTIL I WENT INTO SERVICE, ABOUT THREE MONTHS  
BEFORE MY HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION.

I RECALL SITTING IN MY BARRACKS AND MY AIR FORCE BUDDIES  
ASKING ME WHY I WAS SO QUIET. I SAID THAT I WAS JUST THINKING  
ABOUT MY GRADUATION, THAT NIGHT, FROM HIGH SCHOOL. "HOW IS  
THAT POSSIBLE?" THEY SAID. "YOU'RE HERE IN BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI,  
NOT THERE". (SEE MILITARY PICTURES) I SAID, "MY DAD IS GETTING  
MY DIPLOMA FOR ME."

A COUPLE OTHER MEMORIES ABOUT WHEN I GREW UP WITH MY SISTERS  
AND BROTHERS WAS WHAT HAPPENED ONE FALL SEASON. DAD, JACK,  
HOWARD AND I HAD GATHERED IN THE HAY FOR FEEDING THE COWS DURING  
THE WINTER MONTHS. IT HAD BEEN BROUGHT IN LOOSE (NOT BALED  
AS THE FARMERS DO NOW) AND PUT ON A BIG PILE. DAD HAD PURCHASED

A LARGE TARPAULIN COVER, AND HAD COVERED THE HAY STACK TO PROTECT IT FROM RAIN AND SNOW. A LADDER WAS LEANING AGAINST THE TARP. IN THE KITCHEN OF OUR HOUSE, MOM HAD A BOX OF WHAT WE CALLED "KITCHEN MATCHES". A PERSON COULD RUB THE HEAD OF THE MATCH ACROSS A ROUGH SURFACE AND IT WOULD LIGHT (MAKE FIRE). WELL, ONE WARM DAY, JEAN AND CHARLOTTE HAD FOUND THOSE MATCHES, PUT ABOUT SIX IN EACH OF THEIR HANDS, CLIMBED UP THAT LADDER AGAINST THE HAY STACK AND SAT DOWN ON THAT NEW TARPAULIN (LIKE CANVAS). NOW I BELIEVE CHARLOTTE WAS ABOUT FOUR YEARS AND JEAN ABOUT SIX YEARS OLD. I SAW THEM FROM A SECOND FLOOR WINDOW IN THE HOUSE. I QUICKLY RAN OUTSIDE AND DOWN TO THAT HAY STACK WITH THAT NEW TARP ON IT WHICH DAD HAD JUST BOUGHT! I CLIMBED UP THAT LADDER TO TELL THEM TO COME DOWN. WHAT I SAW SCARED AND SHOCKED ME!!! THERE THEY WERE SITTING THERE, STRIKING THOSE MATCHES, THROWING THEM OVER THE SIDE OF THAT DRY HAY PILE. I SAID "DON'T DO THAT" FLASH - BURN. GET DOWN, NOW!! YES, THE WHOLE HAY STACK AND NEW TARP WAS ON FIRE. WE THREE GOT TO SAFETY. NEIGHBORS CAME FROM EVERYWHERE TO HELP PUT OUT THE FIRE. A BUCKET BRIGADE WAS FORMED. A REGULAR FIRE DEPARTMENT DID NOT EXIST IN RICHLAND TOWNSHIP AT THE TIME. DAD WAS CALLED HOME FROM WORK. THE HAY, TARPULIN AND LADDER WERE BURNED - LOST. YES, DAD WAS DISAPPOINTED! HE BECAME ANGRY WHEN HE ASKED, "HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?", AND GOT AN ANSWER FROM JEAN AND CHARLOTTE, "BOB DID IT". DAD'S COMMENT, "BOB, GET UP TO YOUR

ROOM NOW!, I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER." HE DID!! - I RECEIVED A WHIPPING, WHILE I COMPLAINED THAT I DID NOT DO IT. THAT WAS OR IS THE ONLY SPANKING I REMEMBER GETTING FROM AN ANGRY FATHER.

SOME YEARS LATER, IN THE EARLY FIFTIES I THINK, MOM, DAD AND MOST OF THE CHILDREN WERE HOME FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER. WE SAT AROUND THE DINING ROOM TABLE IN THE SAME PLACES WE SAT AS KIDS. DAD IN THE MIDDLE OF ONE LONG SIDE ACROSS FROM MOM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OPPOSITE SIDE. BETTY ON MOM'S RIGHT THEN BOB, JEAN, CHARLOTTE AROUND TO DAD AND THE REST OF THE FAMILY. JEAN, CHARLOTTE, BETTY AND I WERE JOKING AROUND, TELLING STORIES ABOUT OUR YOUTH, ETC. DAD OVERHEARD US TALKING ABOUT THE HAY PILE FIRE. HE ASKED, "WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?" I THINK IT WAS JEAN THAT SAID, "WE WERE LAUGHING ABOUT THE TIME BOB GOT SPANKED FOR BURNING THE HAY PILE AND HE DIDN'T DO IT. CHARLOTTE AND I DID IT." DAD SAID, "WHAT - ALL THESE YEARS I THOUGHT BOB CAUSED IT." I SAID, "I TRIED TO TELL YOU THEN, BUT YOU WOULD'T BELIEVE ME." WE ALL HAD A GOOD LAUGH!

BEFORE GOING TO THE AIR FORCE, WHEN I WAS AROUND 14 OR 15 YEARS OLD AND STILL MILKING COWS, FEEDING THE CHICKENS AND GOING TO SCHOOL, I HAD A TRAP LINE WHICH CONSISTED OF SETTING TRAPS TO CATCH FUR BEARING ANIMALS SUCH AS FOX, SKUNKS, MINK, OR WEASELS. BEAVER TRAPPING REQUIRED A LOT OF SKILL, I TRIED BUT NEVER CAUGHT ANY. I HAD ABOUT 120 TRAPS WHICH WERE DIFFERENT SIZES FOR DIFFERENT ANIMALS. THE NUMBER OF TRAPS THAT I

SET ON MY TRAP LINE WOULD VARY, DEPENDING ON WHERE I PLACED THEM. MY TRAP LINE WAS MOSTLY ALONG THE CREEK STARTING ON OUR PROPERTY, WEST TO THE CREEK ALONG THE B&O RAILROAD, THEN NORTH TO GIBSONIA. TRAPPING WAS DONE IN THE FALL, WINTER, AND SOMETIMES SPRING. I MOSTLY CAUGHT SKUNKS. I LEARNED THAT IF YOU GOT THE SMALL CHAIN OFF THE PEG, WHICH I HAD DRIVEN INTO THE GROUND TO KEEP THE TRAPPED ANIMAL (SKUNK) FROM GETTING AWAY, AND LIFT IT INTO THE AIR TO GET SKUNK'S FEET OFF THE GROUND SO THAT IT WAS NOT ABLE TO RELEASE THAT ANFUL ODOR THEY USE AS A DEFENSE. I BROUGHT THEM HOME STILL IN THE TRAP, WITH ME HOLDING THE CHAIN AWAY FROM MY BODY. WHEN I CAME HOME THEY THEN HUNG FROM NAILS, STILL IN THE TRAP, ACROSS A LOG AT THE TOP OF THE GRAPE ARBOR THAT WAS IN BACK OF THE HOUSE. I THEN HIT THEM HARD ENOUGH ON THE HEAD WITH A PIECE OF PIPE. THAT ENDED THEIR MISERY. I NEVER LEARNED HOW TO REMOVE THE FUR WITHOUT DAMAGING IT, SO THEY WERE DELIVERED TO THE FUR BUYER AS IS. ON SATURDAYS DAD WOULD DRIVE ME, WITH THE ANIMALS IN THE TRUNK OF THE CAR, TO THE BUYER. I RECEIVED \$.50 TO \$.75 CENTS PER ANIMAL DEPENDING OF TYPE AND CONDITION.

TALK ABOUT "LOVE". NOW I THINK MY PARENTS PUT UP WITH A LOT AND I LOVED THEM FOR IT.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF FAMILY LOVE, AFTER BEING DISCHARGED DECEMBER, 1945, FROM THE ARMY AIR FORCE, I ATTENDED SEVERAL SCHOOLS - TWA SCHOOL IN KANSAS CITY. KANSAS, WORKED AS A FLIGHT

PLANNER FOR THEM UNTIL THE PILOTS WENT ON STRIKE, THEN I CAME BACK TO GIBSONIA. I WENT TO WORK FOR ARMSTRONG CORK CO. WHILE ATTENDING PENN TECH THREE NIGHTS A WEEK FOR THREE YEARS. I ALSO ATTENDED CARNEGIE TECH (NOW CARNEGIE MELLON), AND A FEW BRIEF CLASSES AT THIEL COLLEGE WHEN I BECAME A LAY MINISTER. A LOT OF OTHER THINGS ALSO HAPPENED DURING THOSE YEARS. 1948 MOST IMPORTANT - ON JULY 2ND MARRIED RUTH HARDT. (SEE PICTURE)

1947 - 1974 WORKED WITH A TEAM OF ENGINEERS DEVELOPING THE MICROWAVE (WE CALLED IT A "DIELECTRIC OVEN").

1974 - 1988 WAS DIRECTOR OF ENGINEERING & MAINTENANCE FOR PASSAVANT HOSPITAL.

1988 - RETIRED FROM PASSAVANT

1988 - 1996 DID "LAY MINISTERING" FOR VARIOUS CHURCH CONGREGATIONS THROUGHOUT THE WESTERN PART OF PENNSYLVANIA.

ALSO, WHILE ALL THIS WAS GOING ON RUTH AND I HAD THREE CHILDREN - 3 BLESSINGS. JANET RUTH - MAY 21, 1954, MARK ROBERT - SEPTEMBER 16, 1955, AND PAUL CHRISTIAN - AUGUST 10, 1958. GOD HAS BLESSED US EVERY DAY OF OUR LIVES AND TAUGHT US MUCH IN MANY AREAS. BEING BORN INTO A CHRISTIAN FAMILY - LIVING A GOOD LIFE THROUGH A DEPRESSION. DAD ALWAYS HAD BEEN EMPLOYED WITH CAR DEALERSHIPS OR WITH STEEL COMPANIES. MOTHER RAISED TEN CHILDREN, MADE US CLOTHES, AND PREPARED TERRIFIC MEALS. WE RECEIVED MANY GIFTS FOR BIRTHDAYS AND AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

MOM AND MY SISTERS MADE EVEN MADE CORSAGES FOR EACH OTHER OR THEMSELVES FROM HOME GROWN FLOWERS ON VARIOUS CELEBRATION DAYS SUCH AS EASTER. MOTHER'S DAY, CHURCH DINNERS, ETC. WE SUPPLIED FLOWERS FOR OUR CHURCH ALTAR ON SUNDAYS AND OTHER CHURCH ACTIVITIES. WE HAVE BEEN BLESSED MANY TIMES.

WE DID ATTEND THE GIBSONIA EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH, AND STILL DO, EVERY SUNDAY. WE ALL CLIMBED INTO THE BIG LINCOLN CAR DAD HAD AND TRAVELED TO SUNDAY SCHOOL. WE STAYED FOR THE CELEBRATION OF AND HEARING GOD'S WORD. THE SIRNEY'S ALWAYS LIKED TO SING, SO THOSE THAT COULD, SANG IN THE CHURCH CHOIR. MOM OR ONE OF THE GIRLS OFTEN PLAYED THE PIANO AT HOME. WE WOULD GATHER AROUND AND SING SONGS. LOIS ESPECIALLY LIKED TO PLAY SONGS AND SING. WHAT BEAUTIFUL MEMORIES!.

ANOTHER TIME I THINK OF, IS WHEN I WAS IN THE AIR FORCE AND CAME HOME ON A FURLOUGH. I THINK IT WAS NOVEMBER, 1944. THE WEATHER WAS RATHER NICE AND WARM. THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE HOUSE WAS BEING REMODELED. THE BACK PART OF THE ROOF HAD BEEN RAISED LIKE IT IS TODAY. THE OLD ROOF WAS STILL THERE UNDER THE NEW ONE. DAD HAD MADE AN OPENING THROUGH THE OLD ROOF SO A PERSON COULD CRAWL THROUGH TO CONTINUE TO WORK THERE. THE NEW WALLS AND ROOF WERE CLOSED TO THE OUTSIDE WEATHER. DAD SAID, "BOB, I'M GLAD YOU'RE HOME. I NEED YOU TO HELP REMOVE THE OLD ROOF SHINGLES, THE BOARDS AND RAFTERS. SINCE THE AREA WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY CLOSED, IN VERY CLOSE QUARTERS



AND HOT - NO VENTILATION, IT WAS VERY DIFFICULT WORK. SO, I SPENT SOME OF MY FURLOUGH DAYS SWEATING, HITTING MY HEAD ON THE NEW ROOF, BANGING MY FINGERS WITH THE HAMMER AND SLOWLY GETTING SOME WORK DONE. I GUESS THAT CAN BE CALLED "LABOR OF LOVE". DAD WAS GLAD FOR THE HELP, I WAS GLAD TO GET BACK TO THE AIR FORCE.

AFTER WE WERE MARRIED, JULY 2, 1948, RUTH AND I WITH OUR THREE CHILDREN LIVED IN A HOUSE WE PURCHASED IN HAMPTON TOWNSHIP FOR 13 YEARS, UNTIL 1961. OUR MOTHER HAD PASSED ON INTO HEAVEN DURING FEBRUARY 27, 1957, AND ALL MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS HAD MARRIED AND MOVED AWAY FROM THE HOMESTEAD IN GIBSONIA. AFTER CHURCH ON SUNDAYS, DAD CAME HOME WITH RUTH, MYSELF, AND CHILDREN TO OUR HOME IN HAMPTON TWP, FOR LUNCH. AFTER EATING WE WOULD ALL TRAVEL LOOKING FOR "FARMS FOR SALE". AFTER SEVERAL SUNDAYS "LOOKING", DAD (J. P.) SAID, "ARE YOU SERIOUS ABOUT BUYING A FARM?". I SAID, "YES, WE WANT TO GET SOME PONIES FOR THE CHILDREN." DAD SAID, "I'LL SELL YOU THE HOMESTEAD". I SAID, "I'LL BUY IT BUT YOU WILL NOT MOVE, INSTEAD, LIVE WITH US AND WE WILL PROBABLY REMODEL THE HOUSE." DAD SAID, "GOOD, THAT IS WHAT I WOULD LIKE." RUTH AND I HAVE DONE SOME REMODELING OVER THE YEARS SINCE BUYING THE HOMESTEAD IN 1961.

LIVING HERE NOW BRINGS BACK NEW "MEMORIES" ALMOST EVERY DAY. THE BIG SWING ON A HIGH BRANCH ON THE OAK TREE. I REMEMBER HOW DAD HUNG UPSIDE DOWN DRILLING HOLES IN A LARGE BRANCH,

ATTACHED BOLTS AND CABLES AND A BOARD FOR A SEAT FROM THAT OAK TREE. I THINK THAT SWING WAS 20 - 30 - MAYBE EVEN 40 FEET HIGH. DAD'S ACT OF LOVE AND HARD WORK GAVE US, THE CHILDREN, MANY HOURS OF FUN. I REPAIRED THE SWING WHEN WE MOVED HERE. OUR CHILDREN ALSO ENJOYED USING IT. HOWEVER, IN THE RECENT YEARS, THE TREE HAS SLOWLY DECAYED AND FALLEN TO THE GROUND.

I REMEMBER THE TIME WE HAD A LARGE CORN FIELD (ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS, AS WE USED TO SAY) AND IN THE FALL, WE CUT THE CORNSTALKS, THEN TIED THEM INTO BUNDLES TO BE PICKED UP LATER. THESE, WE WOULD FEED TO THE COWS IN THE WINTER MONTHS. WELL, WE HAD CUT ALL THE CORN, STACKED IT READY TO BE PICKED UP AND STORED IN THE BARN. DURING OCTOBER OR NOVEMBER HOWARD DECIDED TO GET THE OLD MODEL-T FORD FLAT-BED TRUCK WE HAD (WE SEEMED TO ALWAYS HAVE ONE OR TWO MODEL-T'S AROUND SINCE DAD WAS IN THE FORD CAR/TRUCK BUSINESS). SO HOWARD GOT THE TRUCK STARTED AND OFF WE WENT TO GET THE CORN STOCKS. WE DROVE INTO THE FIELD, PILED THE STOCKS HIGH ON THAT FLAT-BED AND PLANNED TO DRIVE BACK TO THE BARN. WELL, WE PROMPTLY GOT STUCK IN THAT FIELD. AFTER MANY ATTEMPTS TO MOVE, WHEELS SPINNING, SINKING DEEPER INTO THE MUD, HOWARD SAID, "LET'S LEAVE IT HERE." WE DID AND WALKED BACK TO THE HOUSE. THAT TRUCK SAT THERE ALL WINTER UNTIL SPRING WHEN WE PULLED IT OUT WITH OUR FORDSON TRACTOR. OH, MEMORIES. I DO NOT REMEMBER DAD EVER SAYING MUCH ABOUT THAT INCIDENT.

MANY MEMORIES: SWIMMING IN HARDIES LAKES, CUTTING THE LAWNS WITH A PUSH-REEL MOWER, WEEDING BY HAND THE VEGETABLE GARDEN, DIGGING AROUND (CULTIVATING) THE MANY FRUIT TREES IN OUR ORCHARD.

RUTH AND I TRIED TO GET OUR CHILDREN TO LIVE THAT KIND OF LIFE. OH, THEY WORKED HERE AT THE HOMESTEAD, BUT WITH POWER TOOLS. WE HAVE HAD CHICKENS, PONIES, PET RABBITS, DOGS AND CATS. WE STILL HAVE THE EASTER EGG HUNTS MOSTLY OUTSIDE (DO YOU REMEMBER THOSE?) JANET LIKES TO BAKE, BREAD, CAKES AND PIES. SHE PICKED UP MOTHER OLGA'S GENES. MARK AND PAUL BOTH HAVE FARM TRACTORS, MOSTLY USED FOR MOWING FIELDS. PAUL MOWES THE OLD COW AND PONY PASTURE AND HAULS FIREWOOD IN THE FRONT BUCKET. I SEE A LOT OF DAD (J. P.) IN BOTH MARK AND PAUL. THEY LIKE TO BUILD, ETC.

THERE ARE SO MANY THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES ABOUT THE PAST, I'VE ONLY SCRATCHED THE SURFACE. I HOPE AND PRAY THAT OUR CHILDREN, COUSINS, AUNTS, UNCLES, ETC. WILL MAKE GOOD MEMORIES TO PASS ON TO GENERATIONS TO COME.

MAY GOD BLESS YOU ALL, COMFORT, GUIDE YOU AND KEEP YOU WITH HIM IN THIS WORLD AND IN GOD'S WORLD. THANK YOU FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO SHARE A FEW MEMORIES WITH YOU AND SHARE THE LOVE THAT MOM AND DAD GIVE US TO PASS ON TO YOU.

MAY 2003  
MEMORIES BY BOB SIRNEY AS TOLD TO RUTH.



HOUSE WHERE  
BOB WAS BORN  
1906  
← MILLER AVE  
W. S. T. H. H.  
MERCURY SEDAN IN FRONT

NEAR TITUSVILLE  
ON A PICNIC



LEFT TO RIGHT  
FRONT ROW  
JACK - LOIS - BETTY - MILDRED - HOWARD

IN BACK  
MOTHER OLGA HOLDING BOB  
DAD - BOB



1913

# Family Register

John Paul Sweeney

and

Edna M. Washel

were united in Holy Matrimony on September

the eighth (8) day of 1913. 1913

Cleveland Ohio by Pastor Romano  
PRESBY. CO. S. C.

## Births

John Paul Sweeney Dec 26, 1887

John Arthur Sweeney Oct 30, 1918

Howard Vernon Sweeney Feb. 8, 1918

William John Sweeney July 31, 1920

Lois Dorothy Sweeney Sept. 26, 1922

Robert Arthur Sweeney May 16, 1924

Robert Arthur Sweeney March 12, 1926

1926

## Births

Jean Elizabeth Feb. 2, 1928

Charlotte Marie November 21, 1929

Edna June <sup>born 1912</sup> ~~February 21, 1921~~

Richard Paul December 29, 1931

