The summer of 1928 was hot and dry. My Dad and two uncles, the late Hyman and Ben Shapiro, owned lots at a place called Green Haven, about twenty miles from town. Cy Cohen, a neighbor, whose wife Bessie was the niece of Louis and the late Max Silveman, owned a car. The combination of all these things brought about the beginnings of the Green Haven Society.

One Sunday, after my Dad closed the store, the Cohens and Yatts (no Kellys this time) took off for "our resort." We found the trip and the swim so enjoyable that it was decided to make it a weekly affair. After a few Sunday excursions, we persuaded the Family to make use of Green Haven instead of following their usual habit of getting into cars and just taking a ride. Needless to say the suggestion was adopted and that summer saw more and more of the Family sharing Green Haven with us.

In those days Green Haven was not as we know it today. There was no house, no tables, no dressing rooms—no nothing. A blanket or tablecloth spread on the ground served as our table and the cars provided dressing rooms. In the early days many made the trip on the ferry boat 'Stony Creek' and Green Haven was the last of 16 stops. The 2 hour run was a real excursion for all.

One Sunday, late in the season, while the men were in the midst of their perennial poker game, the late Myer Smith walked over with a proposition to organize and make Green Haven a permanent summer home for us. Without debate, dues were collected and the Green Haven Society was formed.

During the following winter the organization took shape. A charter meeting was held, at which time twenty members were present to affix their signatures. Of course, the primary requirement was that in order to become a member of Green Haven, one had to be a member of the Family Society.

The year 1929 saw a few improvements. The Pollacks rented us a room in which we were able to change clothes a little more comfortably and a few picnic tables were built, so that we didn't have to share our food with the ants. The following spring, 1930, the house was completed with the generous help of the late Nathan Masor, who advanced the necessary capital until the loan with the Exeter Building and Loan Association could be negotiated.

The formal opening of our summer home was indeed a gala occasion. In the dining room were seated at least a hundred and twenty-five persons to partake in the festivities, and the delicious meal was ably prepared by my tantes and cousins. Note should also be made of the beautiful radio given to the organization by Harry Abramson of Washington, D.C., and the wall clock contributed by my grandmother, the late Rocha Nessa Shapiro.
I am thinking of Green Haven I cannot help but do so in a personal vein. In doing this many are the incidents which flood my memory.

For instance, Abe Stutman. In the first few years after the completion of the house it seems to me I never went there that I didn't see him with a hammer or a saw doing something that had to be done. While Bailen Brothers built the house, we must thank Abe Stutman for putting the finishing touches on it.

Or my late uncle, Gershon Sokolsky. To this day I can still remember all the boys, under my uncle's supervision, digging up the dirt road in front of the house, putting in a layer of bricks, and covering the bricks up again. Later, during a heavy rain we were to see the wisdom of this move.

I can see Marvin Solomon, Henny Sokolsky, Jake Smith, Morton Harris and myself washing the dishes, and by the time we finished the whole kitchen would be flooded. I can see seven boys and seven girls all sleeping on cots placed side by side on the porch. I remember the time my cot collapsed and it was hours before we calmed down sufficiently to go to sleep. I can see us in shorts and bare feet washing the porch and the floor of the house by hose so that when we got finished the place fairly sparkled. I can see us staying in the water so long our lips would get blue and still we didn't get enough.

Throughout these years there were many occasions when a herring and potato supper was the order of the day. On other Sundays a more elaborate repast was presented. These occasions were "simchas", times of joy; announcement of an engagement, a Bar Mitzvah, a wedding, the opening or closing of Green Haven for the season, or just a plain get-together.

In a more serious vein I can see many of our elders, who though no longer with us were a vital part of Green Haven as well as of the Family. Uncle Max Romm, Cousin Myer Smith, Uncles Aaron Miller, Gershon Sokolsky and Benny Shapiro, and Cousins Nathan Mazor and Max Silverman. These are but a few of those who are remembered with fondness and pleasant memories and will be a lasting part of the foundation that has done much to make us what we are today.

Since Green Haven is conveniently located in relation to the Washington Boulevard, the summer attendance to Family meetings by the Washington contingent increased greatly. Thus, as in many other ways, Green Haven helped to stimulate interest in the Family Society to a very great extent.

It is only natural that as the years progressed and we grew older that the younger members took a more active interest in the Green Haven Society. Today this is evident in the number of new members and the offi-
cers of the organization. Though the years have taken their toll both personally and materially they have also added much. We see this in the solidity of the organization and such improvements as modern sanitary facilities and the acquisition of much more ground.

Twenty-two years have passed since the Green Haven Society was born. Along with the Golden Anniversary of the Family Society it marks the passing of an era. Since the past has shown the longevity of our organization, we can confidently assume an optimistic close to this narration. We can see only good and lasting life to the Green Haven Society which has done so much to solidify that organization whose Fiftieth Anniversary we are about to celebrate.

Harold Yatt