

# My Life As I Remember It

By

Edward T. Bartosh



Wedding Day Circa 1917

Uncle Peter MOM DAD Aunt Annie  
Back Row- Uncle John - Aunt Mary

Things began many years ago. My Dad was born in a small town in Europe, but I'm not sure of the name of the town, "Bula Ruth" or something similar, and I have found from the 1930 census that he said that he and his family arrived sometime in the year of 1895 and that would mean he was at the old age of "2". Andrew Bartosh, my "Dad", and his family arrived in America from a country known as Austria-Hungary at the time, later known as Slovakia, at a much later date it became Czechoslovakia, and is now split into several smaller countries. He was born in the Slavic area. I also found out that my mothers' parents and grandparents, the "Romans", have ties to the same area of Europe.

I have thought, many times, about their coming to this country. I think of our means of travel now and how we complain because we are delayed only by minutes. They

must have been traveling for weeks if not months to get to a seaport in a horse drawn cart or walking. They didn't have phones to call to arrange for meals or a place to rest for the night, and the cost, we never heard how that was arranged and I don't think the sea voyage was on a luxury liner. I'll think of them as I travel to visit friends and family on the spur of the moment. I must thank so many.

And at some time after his arrival in the U.S., he met the woman I've known as my "MOM", Mary Roman, born in Edwardsville, Pa.,

April 5, 1893, passed away on Sept. 28, 1984.

They applied for and received a marriage

DATE OF MARRIAGE:  
(Certified Copy Marriage Record) MM-4-70

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, } ss:  
County of Luzerne.

I, \_\_\_\_\_ Clerk of the Orphans' Court in and for the County aforesaid, DO HEREBY CERTIFY, That the following is a true and correct copy of the records relating to the marriage of  
ANDREW BARTOSH and MARY ROMAN  
so full and entire as by the records in said office it appears.

No. 79031 Name ANDREW BARTOSH Born in AUSTRIA  
Born Age 21 years Residing at KINGSTON, PA  
occupation MACHINIST NOT relative by blood or marriage of the  
person whom he desires to marry. NOT married before  
Name MARY ROMAN Born in EDWARDSVILLE, PA  
Born Age 21 years Residing at KINGSTON, PA  
occupation DOMESTIC NOT married before  
Marriage License issued APR. 30, 1917 Married  
Married by UNKNOWN NO REPLY at

A Copy of Their Original Marriage License

license on Apr. 30, 1917. Exactly when or where they met is not known by me, but they were married some time before 5 June 1917. Dad filled out a registration card for the government (for army draft) on that date stating he was married and had a wife and lived on Goodwin St. Kingston PA.

They later had four children. First was Andrew Jr., "Andy" to me, then Irene, then Marie. I was the last one to bring that big smile to both Mom and Dad. And much later to be known as the one that

always got his way. That is unless you asked Mom or Dad; we were all equal to them. I was born on May 5, 1924, at 8:40 PM. in our

37-4-15. A

REGISTRATION REPORT

1. Name Andrew Bartosh 2. Age 21 3. Date of Birth Apr 5, 1893 4. Place of Birth Austria-Hungary 5. Occupation Machinist 6. Address Goodwin St. Kingston Pa 7. Name of Wife Mary Roman 8. Date of Marriage Apr 30, 1917 9. Name of Minister Rev. S. J. ... 10. Name of Witnesses ... 11. Name of Officiant ...

12. I certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the records relating to the marriage of ANDREW BARTOSH and MARY ROMAN so full and entire as by the records in said office it appears.

13. I certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the records relating to the marriage of ANDREW BARTOSH and MARY ROMAN so full and entire as by the records in said office it appears.

14. I certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the records relating to the marriage of ANDREW BARTOSH and MARY ROMAN so full and entire as by the records in said office it appears.

15. I certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the records relating to the marriage of ANDREW BARTOSH and MARY ROMAN so full and entire as by the records in said office it appears.

Dad's Draft Card - 1917

home at 107 S. Maple St., Kingston, PA., as we all were. I don't remember too much about that day. I'm told I got a good swat on the backside at birth and have been crying ever since, they say.

I don't remember too much till I was in first grade at school - "no pre-school then". We all seemed to be in good health, clean behind the ears too, Mom saw to that. I enjoyed playing kick ball, dodge ball,



My Mom

any game we could think of or just make up. I had a hoop from a barrel and a stick to try to keep the hoop rolling down the street, I mastered it after a few tries.

Our only limit to our games was limited to the power of our imagination, "Pre-electronics" you know. My Dad worked in and around the coal mines. The one was close by, Woodward mines owned by "The D L & W Coal Co". We always had food to eat Mom and

Dad saw to that and a clean, dry, warm place to sleep.



My Dad

Our house was always open, like many others in the neighborhood; if you wanted drink while playing you just asked someone at the house where you were playing, they would give it to you, and you were on your way to play again. We played baseball, football, day or night, hide and seek could be outside or in some ones house, in closets or under a bed, we just had fun. The baseball would get old and the cover would come off, we got the friction tape out, it was cloth type "pre plastic" to cover the ball, we used it till it got lost or just fell apart. The football, that was different when you couldn't blow it up because the tube inside may have a hole that couldn't be patched, then it was filled with leaves or old socks or anything, just so that it would hold a shape and you could throw it. We played on the brick street, and when you fell down it hurt, they didn't make soft bricks. Sometimes we could go to a field near by and really have a good time.

When it came time for me to start school we found out that we didn't have a birth certificate, Mom contacted the doctor and got one filled out, it was just 6 years late. That mix up has popped up several times since such as, the army wanted to know why so late and also the immigration dept. at the time I applied for a passport. We had to explain why and they said all right after checking with the state, now I

have a new one to be up to date. I went to a school close by, it looked very big at that time, the play yard around it was dirt with little stones, you tried not to get knocked down or fall. It had all 8 grades. Progress has changed it into a parking lot. I came home for lunch each day. We never took our lunch just came home each day.

Mondays were different, because Mom always washed clothes on Mondays and I had to empty the waters and put the washer away, it had a wringer on it and was kept back into the cellar way, we had a dryer, that was outside called "clothes lines." I'm tired at just

the thought of remembering it.

Dad didn't take a vacation that I know of, it



"Bartosh's" Mom and Dad Circa 1926  
Edward—Marie—Irene—Andrew

seem we went places on weekends I think. We went on picnics to different places. There was an area in the mountains where a stream had a small dam and we went in while Mom fixed a picnic table with all the food. I guess we used our under wear as bathing suits, don't think we had anything else. One time there were the bees, they decided they liked our food and Mom and Dad got them away packed up and we left in a hurry. The other place was a park called "Rocky Glen" on the way to Scranton with rides and lots of neat things to do. They tell me that I got lost, but I didn't know that because I was having fun. They found me and all was well after that. It was great being a kid back in the so called good old days.

I think I should tell you about some very important people that had a lot to do to make this all be possible. They were my Grandparents; I only knew one, that was my Grandmother Mary Maucovitch Roman, and the others all passed away before I was born. There was a flu epidemic back then, and I'm told they got it and were unable to be cured. My Grandfather John Roman, was born in 1866, died in 1918. My other Grandfather John Bartosh was born in 1862 and died of the flu Jan. 17, 1916. I don't remember anything about my other Grandmother Mary Fedor Bartosh, just what I've been told, because she also passed on before my arrival, the date is unknown to me. I do remember my Grandma Mary Roman, as I used to walk or run from my house to hers to do little chores, such as take the ashes to the trash dump. I had Andy's wagon to haul them because they were heavy baskets of ashes. They had a coal cooking stove for cooking and a coal furnace for the heat and hot water. I think she gave me a



Andrew L. Bartosh



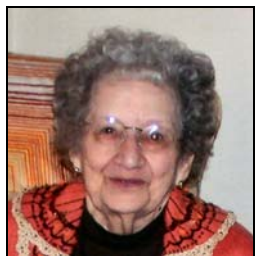
Irene E. Bartosh



Irene M. Desidario



Charles A. Desidario



Marie T. Urpsis



Peter J. Urpsis



Edward T. Bartosh



Laura E. Bartosh

The Elder Bartosh Siblings and Spouses

nickel each time which was big money; I could maybe get a three scoop of home-made ice cream, cone. I was rich. I remember her as being really nice to me. I must tell you, the wagon was Andy's, and I don't think it had two wheels that were the same, but it did the job. I know I got carried away here talking of Grandma Roman, but that's the way I'm thinking, it jumps from one time to another. Grandma Roman was born 1873 and died July 11, 1937.

My Dad was born Nov. 25, 1892 and I wish I remembered a lot more about him. He was very creative and I've said many times, I wish I knew some of the things he forgot. To me, he seemed next to a genius. It seemed that he could repair just about anything. When it came to cars, he could fix almost any problem; he even made a heater for our car by inclosing the exhaust manifold in sheet metal to funnel warm air into the car and that was before cars had heaters. I watched him take the engine of a Ford V8 apart to replace the piston rings plus other parts because it was burning a lot of oil. About 8 years later I was able to do the same thing to a neighbor's car; I had a great teacher and was very proud



of myself that I remembered what I learned years before. The car ran till they decided to trade it for another one.

I also remember him mixing white lead, linseed oil, and japan dryer and made paint for the house. That's the way it was done back then. I remembered that much later, after I returned from the service. I bought all I needed for painting and got to stirring, then got the ladders out and painted the house. It felt good to know how. I know now that is not legal to use the same materials in paint now but that is what was used in paint then. I did paint one other house; it was the one in Hanover Twp. after I was married. For that one, I bought the paint, much easier and no lead.

I learned a lot just watching and ask a question once in a while. Dad was never too busy to answer questions, he mentioned to my Mom if I don't ask I'll never learn. If you wanted to learn he always had a lot of patience with people.

He was classified as a machinist at the coal mine, but he also worked down in the mines sometimes I was told and had several close calls down there. He two other men took care of the generators for the electricity and fans that keep the mine clear of dangerous gases. There were also large air compressors for tool in the mines. There were times of strikes by the miners several times, but the men



The One and Only.  
Master Edward T. - 1926

always let Dad and the other two men go to work because they knew it would be safe to go to work when things were settled. On fences around the building there were signs that said "Stay Clear 13000 volts". I stayed clear. There were electric and steam driven fans that pulled the air out of the mines. I used to help grease the bearings on the days I took his lunch or dinner to him, I felt like I was on top of the world. To me it was a great thing to help Dad. Now I really enjoy being able to help the boys when I am

able. Can't seem to do like I used to I'm told it could be, maybe just my age. I think they may be on the



Before I Met Her.  
Miss Laura E. - 1928

right track.

Dad's health was not good - from the mines, I'm sure breathing was a problem most times. He was in a lot of pain most of the time. Andy mentioned at one time that he went with Dad to see a doctor and was given something to use in his corn cob pipe, and it helped his breathing. I think, now I may know what that medication was, illegal now, but it helped his breathing. He passed away on Sept. 27, 1937. It's another day I'll never forget, even if I was only 13 years old. As I sat in our living room that evening and was told "Dad died", that was it, very blunt, very short, not how or why he died, no one would talk or listen. It was a shock and hard to take at that time. He was so young, only 44, the prime of his life. I always worried about becoming 44. I thought it would happen to me. I don't know why, I was in good health. I did make it to that age and then some, and still going but not too strong.

Well as you know there were three others before me and they all had different personalities. Andy was born Dec. 15, 1917. and passed away Aug. 2, 2003. He seemed to guide me in many ways. After graduating from school he worked at the mine where he would separate the rock from the coal as it went through screens to grade it by size. He said that if I wanted to work it was fine when I got out of school, but I would not be working at the mines. He met and married a young lady also named Irene. They had two children, Marilyn and Mark. Irene was kind and thoughtful. The times I stopped at their home on my way home while I was in the Army. I was treated like royalty.

Then there was Sis - Irene; I think she was the one that had most of the brains. She was the only

one to go on with a little more education, she went to a business school, but was never able to get a secretarial job. She met a fellow in the factory where she worked; Charles Desidario, a kind and thoughtful guy, after a few years they were married. Irene was born Apr. 15, 1919 and died May. 11, 1999 after a short battle with a stroke that left her partially paralyzed; then passing on, she removed the nourishment tube the afternoon. I was on my way to see her that afternoon; I feel it was her final gift to herself. They had two children, Charles Jr., and Maria.

Marie was next in line, as she says the loner of the bunch but, she had many friends and was on the go a lot "Just a group of girls enjoying going out and having fun". She met her husband while visiting Andy's in Newark, NJ. I was with "Andy's" Irene and Marie, and we went to a club in Newark, NJ. That was where Marie met Peter J. Urpsis, also known as "Bob" to most of us, they danced and it was the beginning of almost 50 years of marriage. Marie is alone now, her husband has passed on. I try to visit often since her eye sight is not the best. We are the last ones of the family. She was born Mar. 21, 1921.

So now I guess that narrows it down to me, the "baby" of the group that they say always got his way, but that wasn't true they were all older and knew better that Mom wouldn't let me. In thinking back I would say my life was just normal for anyone starting out back in the stone ages as my young ones put it. We played all kind of games. Most of them were ones without rules, unless something went wrong, then we made some up. It was fun. We had many disagreements but they were forgotten in a very short time, and the games went on.

As I got older there were friends to hang out with and go roller skating, play ball or just to walk around after dark and we didn't get in any trouble. In winter there was a place that always a good spot to ice skate or sleigh ride on hills. I had a pair of skates that I had to clamp on to the sole with a strap or rope up around the ankle. They were hard on the shoes because they could pull the sole loose, and you had to go home and face a not so thrilled Mom. The next day, or as soon as I could, I would go to see Mr. Holak, who lived across the street from us, and ask him if he could fix it. He had a thing to hold shoes and he could nail the sole back or whatever had to be done. He always did it because that's the way our neighbors were. I also tried to ski using wooden barrel staves with straps that I nailed to the tops. I didn't do too well, too many falls.

I was too young to be with Andy and his friends, but there were days in the summer, they would play soft ball, I tagged along and would take care of the bats and balls, other times in summer after I was older they would want to go swimming at Harvey's Lake and would gather enough money, about a dollar, to buy four or five gallons of gas to go and get back. It was on one of those trips that I wanted to dive off a high stand, maybe six feet higher than the boardwalk, and Andy said "OK but if you don't come up Mom will kill you". It's a saying I'll never forget.

I went to school, I liked it but I wasn't very good. My marks were poor to say the best. I seemed to have a hard time reading; the words came very slowly, and I think that is why I started working at anything that came along to get some money. I delivered the morning paper and had to pick them up about a mile away at 5:30 am because some of the miners wanted the paper before they went to work. One of the things I didn't like about the job was that, if it rained or snowed, I still had to go. Sometimes the only tracks in the snow were from the trolley in the middle of the street. If I didn't get the papers delivered on time, they would tell me to come back the next day or week when I went to collect and it would be tough to pay my bill. I waxed a few cars for some of the older fellows and got money that way. I also got a summer job later with the help of another neighbor, working for the Borough repairing potholes in the streets; it only lasted that summer. Then I worked at the Kingston Cake Co. in the pie dept. Aunt Emily and Helen Roman helped me get that job, both worked there.

About that time in school I was called into the principals' office and was told I was short 1/2 credit and would not graduate that year and would have to return for one more year to make up that 1/2 credit that I needed. I don't remember but I must have told my Mom and I don't know what was said or done. I just never went back to school but there have been many times I think maybe I could have done better in school or if I had more education.

I tried to do the best with what I had and carried on. I was working at McCrorey's 5&10 in the stock room till a sister of my aunt Annie Bartosh asked me if I wanted to go to a school to learn the machinist trade. I went and it was the best. We had some classes and lots of time to learn the machinery such as lathes, shapers, surface grinders, and many more. We made a screwdriver with a replaceable blade and parallel clamps. We then began to work on the things they were contracted to make for the government. I think they were shells of some kind, 20 mm. I think.

Things happened fast and the mystery to me is how I left that school and had a job at Bethlehem Steel in Bethlehem, Pa. I must have hit that delete button again. I worked in the drop forge helping to make hooks and other small pieces. It was a great job. We also made the rough forged pieces that were sent to the machine shop to be finished and made into cylinders for radial aircraft engines. I went home by train about every weekend to turn in my pay because it was needed at home. I did get an allowance to keep me going, about 5 or 10 dollars. That's the place that I tried to smoke, and lucky for me, I didn't like it and never got habit. I started working at the steel plant, I think about July of '42, after the machinist school.

Then, in the beginning of 1943, I got that letter that started with "Greetings from the President of the United States". I didn't say anything at work till I had to leave for my physical; I was told then that they could have gotten a deferment for me because of my work, but I said all my friends were gone to serve, and I was going to join them.

My induction was on Mar. 18, 1943. I was sent to a camp near Harrisburg, Pa., New Cumberland, I think, got a briefing and my shots, and three days later I was at Ft. Eustis, Va. That's when the fun



began. Lots of training on guns and schooling just to let us know we were to just follow their orders. It was the AAA "Anti-Aircraft Artillery", in other words we were to shoot planes down. At that time we



Anybody There?

trained on 40 mm guns and practiced with our rifles. There was lots of marching, and I still managed to live through it. We then went to Ft. Stewart near Savannah, Ga. More training and marching; oh, that sand and those bugs I could have done without them.

Then it was off to San Diego, Ca., a slow train ride. We set up our tents on the grounds of the marine base. They had the nice barracks, and we had tents, but I lived through it. I had the honor on several occasions to raise the flag for reveille and then



"Two Jima Hilton"

lower it at sun set on their parade grounds and what a great honor it was. If we went into town and any of our guys got in a fight or argument with sailors, the marines were there, and if it was the other way the sailors were there to help us. We had it

best always. I spent my first Christmas away from home, and it was lonely.

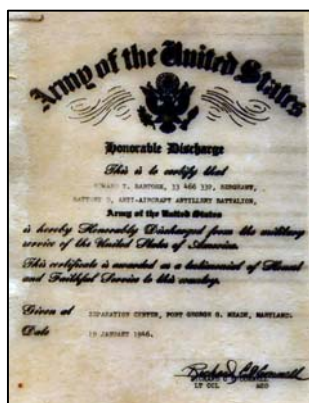
Next, we went to San Louis Obispo, CA, which was just up the road. We started training on 90 mm gun, a whole new game. We had to dig them in so that we could fire them as anti-personnel weapons as well as at planes. It seemed that things were real serious now, no more playing around. After that I think we went to Ft. Lewis in WA. There was a Camp Cook, we were there several weeks, near Santa Barbara, Ca. but I don't remember too much about it except that I did get leave, I went home and enjoyed the time.

When I got back from leave we left for our ocean cruise from somewhere in CA. I don't remember the port. But we just headed to Hawaii on a liberty ship. On the way over, there was a frightening moment when they saw something rise up in the water, but it was only a whale spouting off. Our ship was alone and did a lot of zigzagging on the way across. We landed at Honolulu, HI. Later in our training, we spent many days and nights in fields. We also moved to many points along the shores of Oahu, HI. just for the practice. I was to Waikiki Beach a couple times; it was a place I'll remember, beautiful beach, clear blue water, too bad there was a war. There was only one hotel on the beach not like today, I remember seeing it the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. It is still there I'm told.

The date we left is not clear, but we went on what were called LST's. We did have escort by the navy because we were so slow, 14 knots with large pontoons fastened to the sides, we had the tank deck covered with ammunition in boxes and the 90 mm guns on top of it. We stopped at Saipan or one of those islands to drop off pontoons for them to make a pier.

Then it was slow going till we were in sight of Iwo Jima, not a good sight. The Navy gun ships were firing onto the shore to help clear some areas to land as marines that were ready to go in. We waited off shore till called. While there, we saw many planes, some ours, but many Japanese, then some others arrived that were known as kamikaze or suicide planes. I saw one coming down at us, but then he turned toward another ship that looked like a larger troop ship with four stacks. He hit the upper structure and killed quite a few I was told.

While waiting offshore and on guard with a 50 cal. machine gun, four planes were seen on the ships radar and coming at us out of a fog low to the water. They had no IFF, and we thought they were enemy and were told to fire at will, over the ships loud speakers. We shot 3 planes down and the ship's 40mm gun on the bow got the other one. However, all the men were saved, thank god, because they were ours. It was said they couldn't find their carrier in the fog. I was glad when that day ended.



I Served With Many

We did go in and beached, not a pretty sight, best if it could be forgotten, but that will not happen. I was there when the flag was raised on the mountain, went up to see it up close much later. Quite a view, that's why so many got killed. They could see us all. Most times I was too busy thinking of my job and watching my own backside. Things sounded too close to for comfort. There were many nights that I thought morning would never come. We could see figures on the move, as we were out it seemed in the middle of nowhere with our big guns and we knew they were not some of our guys. We sat still so as not to give our position away because we were only a couple guys. I did get those packages from home, even if the cookies were crumbs, I ate them.

One day while cleaning and standing by at our guns, we watched the "B-29's" that were coming from one of the islands to the south that had longer runways and were on their way to do their bombing over Japan. Sometime later we saw one that was very low, which was very unusual. As it got closer we could see the bomb-bay doors were open, it came right over the island,

most of the crew parachuted out. At that time two "P-61's" took off and followed it, shot two left engines out, but the plane circled back over us, we didn't know at that time it still had all of its bombs. After the second pass the fighters did get the other engines, it went down about two miles or so off shore, the Pilot was still on board, they said he was dead they told us, they didn't have time to get him out, he went down with his ship, not a pleasant thought but war is hell. They told us that bombers would not land here, it was too small, but they forgot to tell some pilots, some did land and after repairs took off again.

We had quite a few alerts to stop in coming enemy planes, it was a bit scary when that gun barrel would start going straight up till we did a 180 turn and started down, then it was OK to breathe again but still keep praying. Most of the raids were at night, we couldn't see the planes unless we hit one, our radar would direct us and we knew when we got one. We could see the flames as they would spin down. It was some time before all the fighting ended after many months. Many of the enemy dead were in caves all over the island that were dug over a period of many years before we arrived. I became a Sgt. sometime while there. And that's as far as I got.

Things got better, we had time to think of why we were there but we had a job to do and we couldn't go home yet; too far to swim anyway. It was about the beginning of August that we were told to pack up all gear, be ready to move north and stop at each island on the way to be sure they were secure and be ready for the main island of Japan. We did, and were ready to board the ships, but we got a change in orders to stand by because they had just dropped the "big one". Then there was another one, it was the end as we found out. It seems that was the only way to end it, as bad as it was. I guess that's what is known as dodging the bullet I made it to the end of the war but many others didn't, I still think of them.

Then I was told I had enough points to think about home. Dec. 24, 1945, my lucky day, I got on board some kind of ship and headed south to Tinian Island and was there till Dec. 31, 1945, I got on the carrier "USS Bunker Hill" and headed to the "U.S.A". It took a week for the part of the trip, because we had to go off course for some kind of medical emergency on another ship. When it was taken care of, we were back on course continued homeward bound. It was a wonderful feeling.

We landed at Wilmington, CA. I think near Long Beach. The "Salvation Army" girls were there with donuts, juice, milk, candy, and I don't know what else. We went to some camp nearby to wait for word of transportation to our final separation point, and it didn't take long because at 3AM the next morning they said "let's go", they took us to Burbank field where we got to board a plane, then twenty four hours later at the final destination of Washington DC. All that were to go to camps west of the Mississippi would be traveling by train. It took a week at Ft. Meade Md. to take care of matters for the army, and then it was head for homes.

I arrived home on Jan. 19, 1946. I must have hit that delete key of my brain again; the trip home is blanked out, no memory at all. I did what was asked of me I think, and made it back to start a new and wonderful life. As I walked into the house, it was so great a feeling to be home again. I just looked around, and there in the living room was a sight that made me think, now I'm really home, my mother kept the Christmas tree up for me. She wouldn't let my sisters take it down till I got home. I think if I was any longer coming home, it would have been a stick with an ornament on it just like Charlie Brown's. Well it didn't take very long to realize I was home with no more roll calls. I didn't have any work to go to, but there was a plan offered by the government, so that we could collect \$20 a week for 52 weeks. I signed up and got 4 checks and could not just sit around at home any longer; I had to find a job.

It happened quickly; I got one in a factory that made parts for radios and televisions. I worked on a



power press punching out small pieces. That was fine, but just for a short time, and then I got to set the dies in those presses so that others could do the boring jobs.

It was about this time that I had an infection and went to the hospital to have it taken care of and that's where I met the most wonderful girl in the world. I don't know how I asked her out but I did and she accepted. I think it was the smartest question I ever asked and got the best answer. The most wonderful "yes" I ever heard and I've cherished her for it for more than half a century.

Her name was Laura E. Fritz. She was in training to be a registered nurse at the Wilkes-Barre General Hospital. I always thought of her training as being stricter than the Army. She could only be out at night from 7 till 10 pm, and then the doors were locked.



Laura E. Fritz  
My Dream Girl



The Fritz Family Laura--Mother--Margaret--James--Father

I will always remember our first date. I was walking up the front walk of the hospital, and there was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen walking toward me, I didn't know what to say, I think we just said "Hi" to each other. It was truly love at first sight, and we went walking down the street hand in hand. I didn't have a car, but that was OK with her. We went to an ice cream parlor and got big cones. We talked and talked, about what, I'll never know. To me, I think I must have been on a cloud. We did get back each night before her time was up and made another date to go walking. I

think over many months we must have worn a path around the area, I guess we walked a lot.

On the weekends she had free to go home, I would go to her house and enjoy the day, just being near her. Her parents were wonderful to me. I must have been behaving myself because they made me feel as one of their family. When it was time for me to leave, I would

have just enough time to catch the last trolley to town. Sometimes I would get there in time to get the bus to my house, if not, I walked the mile home with the thoughts of the wonderful day I had. I think it was at the end of her training that we went to a dinner dance at the Hotel Sterling, she in her evening gown and me all cleaned up. All I can remember is how beautiful she looked on the stairs looking down at me.



An Agreement by Both Parties



November 29, 1947  
Mr. & Mrs. Edward Bartosh

We already had plans for the big day, and that I believe was the start of over 50 years of give and take. I guess I must have been OK because she married me. We applied for our marriage license on November 12, 1947. Then the big day was November 29, 1947 at noon in the Nanticoke Presbyterian Church. Reverend Kane performed the ceremony. I have some memory of it being just what we wanted.

We left for New York City on our honeymoon, by way of the Martz Bus. We arrived late in New York City, at the hotel late because of the snow in the mountains, and we were told they gave up our room.

We had no idea, what to do, we had bags in hand and no place to sleep. They did find another room so all seemed to end OK. Had a great time there, we saw several shows. I think the best was Vaughan Monroe and his band at Radio City Music Hall. We also saw that fellow called Frank Sinatra at the Capitol Theater. After we got back, Laura, later to be known as “Mom”, was back at work at Wilkes-Barre Gen. Hosp., and I was back at my job.

We lived with Mother & Father Fritz; we had the back bedroom. In Feb of ‘48 we moved to an apartment on Church St. in Kingston, Pa. on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor. The rent was high, all of \$28.50 a month. I don’t know how we were able to afford it. I think I only made a little more than that a week, and Mom only made about the same. Things sure have changed. All kidding aside we did well; we bought things to start us on our way to a comfortable life.

We continued to work, and I got the chance to become a tool and die maker. So I moved up, to the better job, as a tool and die maker. It was a very interesting job to make the dies and see the parts and how they were used in a radio or TV. While working at this job I had to go to the tool room to get drills or other tools in making the dies. The elderly man in the tool room one day said: “Your name sounds familiar. Was your father’s name, Andrew?” I told him “yes”, and he said he worked with him and watched him making a toy train. I said that’s my Dad, and I had the train. It was handmade of copper and brass. I still have it along with several other cars made by Lionel Trains. That work place began to slow down, so I got another job which didn’t last too long.



My Train Made by My Dad of Copper & Brass

Then one summer at a family reunion I asked John Miller (Laura’s sister Margaret’s husband) if there was any work where he was working? He said he would ask and let me know. It didn’t take long; the next day he called and asked “When do you want to start?” I told him I’d see him the next weekend, and that’s how I got started doing plumbing.

OK, let’s go back in years to when we had the apartment, after some time we had this bundle of joy come into our lives by the name of Edward Thomas Jr., July 31, 1948, and we were the most important couple around. It changed a lot of priorities in our lives, like who is the one to get the attention. There was no question about that. He always came first at that time.

We walked or rode the bus to Grandmother Bartosh’s house many times. We decided to see about buying a house in Hanover Twp. It worked out; we got a loan through the VA. And we moved on the day another bundle of joy arrived. He was named Robert James, Nov. 5, 1949. Now we were a family of four. Grandmother Fritz did a lot of baby-sitting for us, she seemed to enjoy it, she loved kids, so I



Edward Thomas Jr.



Robert James



Beverly Jean



Andrew Lawrence

The Young Bartosh Siblings

worked the day shift and Mom worked at night “11 till 7”. She said that way one of us would be there if needed. On Mar. 24, 1953, number three arrived and got the name of Beverly Jean, a beautiful little

girl. We wanted to move to Upper Darby, near my work but couldn't sell the house. Mister Golder, my boss told me he would buy it so that my family could move and would keep working for him.

The house was sold just before he bought it. Beverly only lived in the Hanover Twp. house for a short time; she was about 18 months old when we moved to Upper Darby, Pa. where had started my



I'm ready - Are You?  
Let's Go

plumbing job. It was a bad time to move, Mom had pneumonia, but she said "we are moving", and you didn't tell her that she could not do something, if you did you better be ready to run for cover and that's the way it went.

She did get better, and went back to being the wonderful one that she always was and being a nurse at Delaware Co. Memorial Hospital. I think she cared for others for about 40 years at the hospital. Oh yes, she also made sure that I was doing my jobs around the house. We were able to buy another house after we sold the one up state and the VA, said "Ok" again.

We moved to my present residence in September 1956. Things went well, and I worked every day. I was very fortunate; I don't think I was ever not working. Mom continued to work, mostly in the labor & delivery room. Then the last of the troops arrived, known as Andrew Lawrence, and that was

on Dec.19, 1959. He did get a lot of attention from all. That seems to be the way it was with a new one in the house. I think he enjoyed it.

John Miller and I did some odd jobs at their house. We would make up the lead waste lines by wiping a solder joint at the lead and a brass ferule. They were all sizes from four inch down to the basin waste which was one

and quarter inch. I got burned many times he didn't; he was good at it. I guess I didn't learn fast enough. Sometimes we had to do it on the job.

One year the boss asked me if I'd take our vacation at a home he had near Cape May, N.J. and do some work on the water pipes. It would take about two days and enjoy the remainder of the week there and get paid too. We did it; it was easy work, and we had a good time too.

John and I saved a lot of things, mainly parts of plumbing fixtures; someone may need them. I know all the kids are laughing and thinking of our basements and his garage we were pack rats. OK, we did help some people save money. We had a dishwasher, and the heating element went bad. Mom was thinking she was going to get a new one now; but, you guessed it, Johnny had one in the garage with the needed part, and it ran well again, that didn't go to well in our house. "NO NEW DISHWASHER?" I heard about that for some time, but we made up.

I had to change my job about two years later; Mr. Golder wanted to retire. But he waited till I had another job. It took about a week to get with another plumber doing commercial work, but mostly repairs at private homes. I did get offers from TWA and also Westinghouse but I was already working so I thanked them for their offers and continued the plumbing job. Around about 1967, our neighbor asked if I would like to work in the shipyard at Sun-Ship. He got me an application and I filled it out and took it to a foreman in the pipe shop. When he saw the name of "Golder" on it, that's all he needed. He knew of Mr. Golder from his father and I got the job right then. I started a week later.

It was a lot different than what I had been doing. Out on the ships or wherever pipes had to be installed or changed. Some ships were new and if one came to be repaired we did that too. I liked working on repairs; it was not the same thing over and over. Sometimes it was really messy because of the oil that was usually in the bilges. After a couple of years, I was called into the office and wondered



Mom Dad & Andrew  
Edward Jr. Robert Beverly



“What did I do now or not do” but as it turned out, they wanted to know if I would like to become a supervisor. I told them I’d do it.

I think it was around that time, Mom wanted a new purse, a nurses husband said he would make one of tooled leather for her, he did make a purse and she loved it, but time went on but no billfold was made, so we went out, found a Tandy Leather store and bought some kits, that started me on the way to making many items and we would give to our family or friends. I enjoyed it. It was different than my job so I’d do it after work, very relaxing.

I was also doing wood work, making school house clocks that I gave away, I think 10 or more. I did make a large case for the clock works we purchased in Germany on one of our visits. I acquired two pieces of cherry wood to make that clock case; there were several roll top desks and many different pieces of furniture, tables, dressers and toy pieces. Some we kept, others went, I don’t know where. The same goes for the stained glass work, Tiffany style lamps, small jewelry boxes, also window panes. Small pieces cut from larger sheets, with edges wrapped in copper foil and soldered around each piece to hold them together. Lot of work, lots of time, but I enjoyed it until my sight began to act up, I slowed down some then; my depth perception was off, so I’ve learned to compensate for that and carried on - no big deal.

Then in 1981 when things were slowing down, I was a “supervisor” and they were laying the union men off and then there were too many supervisors. At that time they offered me a choice. Retire or work for less. I took the buy-out April 1, 1981. But I was taking it easy at home a very short time; I couldn’t stand it. Mom still worked till she retired on Feb. 1, 1985, all the young ones were out of the house and on their own. I got a job at Sears, as part time in the morning as maintenance which was mostly cleaning before store opening just to have something to do. I was finished by noon, we would go out to lunch quite often, sometimes a short drive away “100 Miles or so”. It was great, thanks to Mom and her great ideas to go. I’d do it but didn’t think of it too often.



Nanticoke Presbyterian Church  
Nanticoke, PA.

We decided to go away one week end, stopped at Bob & Pat’s in VA. Just for a short time and left. Stopped for the evening in So. Carolina. Beverly called around to see if anyone knew where “her parents” were? Bob told her “They are somewhere between our house and Fla.” We ended in Fla. to visit with friends near Miami. Nice little ride. After a short visit we arrived home a week later.

While the boys were in the service we had the good fortune to travel to Europe and see a little of it. At a later date we went on a church tour to see the “Passion Play” in Germany, and a few other countries also.

We did have many other trips around the country. I enjoyed driving and she enjoyed going. Many times we would go on the spur of the moment. Mom only needed a reason to go for a ride, lunch, shop or visit. Some visits would be only an hour, and then a long ride home I think many times she would say, “Let’s go to Virginia or to the mountains,” just so that I could drive somewhere. I told you I had a good life.

I finally retired for good some time in 1987. Mom made it a very memorable time, she was one that seemed to anticipate and make you feel it was your idea and have a good time. She was also a fantastic cook, give her 5 minutes and she would have a table fit for a king. There are many times a day that I regret not learning to cook or help the master chef more with hers. I now thank the one that invented the freezer; I could not live without one. I think I feel that way so often now. She passed those cooking genes on to the boys because I didn’t have them I can boil water and fry an egg but the boys, one is the gourmet chef, one is the dessert chef, and the other does the old fashion meals, they sure



can cook.

Another thing about her, give her yarn or material by the yard and she would make clothes or drapes for all the windows in the house. I don't know how many things she knitted for herself or others, like sweaters, caps, gloves and baby things that I just couldn't keep track of. We were going to the yarn store quite often, and then it was time to roll the yarn after each store visit into handy balls so it would unravel nicely as she would knit and many things were just given to someone and that was all in between her caring for others.

It was some time in the early 1990's that Betty and Ed were living in a big old ranch house and wanted to restore it to near original. I had the pleasure of going to California many time to help with the restoration that took several years. I used the little knowledge of wood working that I have and when asked to make the balusters for all the hand rails on the outside of the house. It was a challenge to make them all similar, since there were three different lengths. I didn't tell them, but it was something I really enjoyed doing. I didn't have a schedule; it was just a way to help. We had to replace all plumbing and electrical systems, which I found out to be a lot more than expected. I think the part I thought was most interesting was how great it felt to be working alongside one of my sons. In the past I think it was always that they only did the way I wanted, this time it was a lot different. We worked together and I followed his many great suggestions and a few new regulations from books, I learned a lot but, I can't tell him that.

A great marriage for over 50 years, and it ended too soon. I know we had many different opinions, we compromised, but we seemed to get by them and live on. She was admitted to the hospital for abdominal pain May. 28, 1998. She had a blocked bile duct. It was opened, and other complications showed up, bad liver plus the big one, a spot of cancer in a lung, they asked me if she smoked and drank and I said she never smoked or drank alcohol.

On the evening of June 13, 1998 I was there till after 7 Pm., told her I'd be back early the next morning. We said our good byes with hugs and kisses. I asked the nurses at the desk if they would watch over her because she seemed weak. Got an ok, and left. I got a call the next morning at 3:11 AM. That was the one that I never wanted or expected." Please come in, as soon as possible that her heart could take no more and she has passed away" we tried but it would not start the heart again or something like that, as in shock. It was then, my mind started to spin and ask questions of why I didn't stay longer the day before, and many more. I tried to think of things that maybe I could have done, there were no good answers. The questions were there for a long time, but time has helped me to realize that only one knew just what was going to happen and he helped her on her last journey. She had a peaceful expression, almost a smile the last time I saw her, that was natural for her, and I know she did it her way and didn't want to worry all of us that she was about to leave us. We all will miss her and always love her dearly and will never forget her. She was a better person than anyone could ever ask for as a mate. Time goes on and so



Still Smiling After 50 Years  
of Marriage



Margaret & John Miller

will I, but it will never be the same as a considerable piece of my life is missing, but she will never be forgotten. She was born on September 25, 1926 and left too soon.

I would like to say at this time that four nieces and nephews "Margaret and John's young ones" have a lot to do with me writing this. After John their "Dad" passed away, we were at his house to help clean after the fire that asphyxiated him, and Sue and her brothers asked, "could we get together sometime



Susan



John Jr.



Amy



David

The Miller Siblings

and maybe you might be able to tell us of some of the stories about some of the things that our Dad did while working? He didn't talk very much about work, and it would be nice to hear some of the things that happened."

I said you mean like the time our work was slow, and Mr. Golder asked us if we could put a new roof his house. Of course we both said "OK". We, "John and I" went out, bought the wood shingles and went to work being roofers. It was a three story house that made it a bit on the high side. We put up some scaffolding and didn't look down. I don't know how long it took but we did finish. We learned a lot and one big lesson was not to do a roof with so many valleys and leave it to the roofers. We are sure there are some fun things that happened. It would be nice to remember him that way. We will get together, and maybe with a few questions things will come to mind.

When one starts out to write, all things aren't always fresh in the mind, but one thing may bring other little things of interest to mind. I have the most caring group of young "???" adults that are thinking a lot of their Dad, such as their frequent phone calls just to ask "how are you doing." It means a lot to me, and I know I don't show it all the time, but it's there. I do go to see them it's just not often enough. It could be my age showing, it seem I'm not on the road as much as in the past. I did make my second trip to down under. I had a wonderful time, not so much of what I did but, it was all the friends I made from the time before. They remembered me, made me feel like part of their families. I thought I was at home. Now I must get back to doing all the things I did before. I wish all parents could be as blessed as I am having all the love and attention. I haven't mentioned the other three young ladies' in my life that have been so kind to me. I think of them as my daughters and I hope they don't mind me saying that. They are Pattie, Kim and Betty, the wives of my three boys.

Bob's wife, Pattie, is a mother of three young adults and a grandmother to six grandchildren; all



Patricia



Kimberly



Betty

My Other Three Daughters









between the ages ten years down to three months she does quite a job to share her love equally with

all. Next is Andy's wife, Kim, who is also the mother of three; that are just a bit younger, also two girls and one boy. Two in public school; one in college. They have a lot of driving to get them to all the school activities. The third is Betty, with Ed in Australia starting out on a new venture. I had the good fortune of visiting there twice. They are going to raise horses and possibly other livestock on the "block"; it's what the Aussie's call a ranch or farm, but to me, it's still a big ranch. It sure is a big block. I think there are 50 acres. The new home was being built and a barn and shed are almost finished "just minor details." While I was there, she made sure I had my meals every day and had light chores to get me moving now and then and not get too lazy.

So, with all those young ones and Beverly's creation, it makes me proud to be Grandpa to seven and Great-Grandpa to eight. With all that, I think I'm the richest man in the world because it's the loving from all loved ones that money can't buy. Here are the seven Grandchildren that I'm so proud to have

			
Stephanie Bartosh 09-24-1988	Andrew Bartosh Jr. 01-25-1991	John Deutsch 12-29-1980	Karen Sobel 07-08 1977
Four of my Grandchildren			

them as part of the family. I know there are many that would love to be part of their lives. Three grandchildren have grown to have their own families that I have the privilege of trying to spoil at times.

			
Robert Bartosh Jr. 9-21-1970	Karen Wallace 3-5-1973	Diane Boyd 8-29-1974	Casandra Davis-Shannon 01-18-1985
			
Chandra Bartosh "Deceased"	Joseph Wallace	Travis Boyd	Brandon Davis-Shannon
Grand Children & Spouses			

I think I'm the one being spoiled by their love, and not to be forgotten. Well the other five are not to far from the time to make those big lifetime decisions.

So here I am in the prime of life, with help from all teaching me in new ways for just playing with my computer that was never in my wildest dreams many years ago. All I knew was how to use was a pencil, paper and the many erasers for all those mistakes. I look forward to the challenge of trying to understand my new electronics of the present and whatever will be in my future. With the help of the young ones I should be able to learn enough, I think, and not get too overcome by advancements that are being made in electronics. So far they seem to have accomplished the mission impossible with me,



thank you one and all.

Looking at my great-grandchildren, it makes you want to see if they have wings and halos. After I got to know them I stopped looking because I knew it had to be the good teaching of all their parents. They amaze me to know just how much these young one have learned in such a short time. I think I was just learning how to walk. Their time in school already has them learning foreign languages and some computer skills, and one is also learning sign language. They are way ahead of me already.

			
James Bartosh 09-28-1995	Catherine Wallace 01-29-1996	Ashley Wallace 12-24-1999	Joseph Wallace 01-10-2001
			
Kaida Davis-Shannon 7-3-2010	Talia L. Deutsch 10-24-2008	Makayla Boyd 10-30-2001	Abbigayle Boyd 12-02=2005
My Eight Great Grandchildren			

Like many of the elderly today, I seem to have a difficult time trying to keep up with many of the things all the very young ones are learning so fast. I believe it is wonderful that they are taught and given the opportunity and information they may need and use later in their lives. They have so much at their finger tips, but they have a long way to go. With the marriages of four grand-children, I now have these new additions to my family and I see that very wise and intelligent choices were made by all. I've met them and it was a great feeling just to be in their company. I hope there will be more added as the others become of age and make their own choice of a lifelong mate when the right one comes along and the time is right. I'm looking forward to many more gatherings. It gives me a feeling that I'm not just over the hill but I'm at the bottom of the other side of the hill starting up again.

Earlier in my train of thought I mentioned my nieces and nephews not knowing about their father, but I was also talking with Ed at times when he mentioned that I didn't talk of my early years. There wasn't any good reason for not talking, and while visiting Ed and Betty we were at a luncheon with some of their friends and met a couple of my age. The man was writing his life time experiences just to let their children know some of the things he did growing up. I think that was the little push I needed for me to open up and let the younger ones know about me. I found it to be a wonderful thing to do. It gave me a good feeling inside. So this will be one of my ways of saying "Thank You" to all of them for making my life so pleasant.

Along with my soul mate, they gave me many reasons to keep going. I've been meaning to let you know how I had very hard times in my preteen years and a few of the early teens. As you saw I did get an engine and tender for Christmas, the year to me is unknown, I was too young. I believe a new car was added to it each year. It's very strange how that happens. They just seemed to show up. I think it may have been Santa I would sit for hours watching them go around and around. There were many



other toys each year but I don't seem to remember them as well.

There was also another Christmas tradition to celebrate, also thanks to my Mom's side of the family at "Grandma Romans". At Christmas time we would celebrate the holidays again. We exchanged gifts a second time on January 7th each year. The food was also out of this world. It was special for the time. The tables were overflowing, with all that good food, so we ate and ate. I don't know why we didn't get sick, but it wasn't over yet, because our neighbors "Mr. & Mrs. Holak" that lived across the street also celebrated that day and we would join them for one of the evenings for food and plenty of talk and fun. We as young ones would do our thing such as running all thru the house for hide and seek and just have fun playing. I think I would usually refer to their home as being my second home. I think there was a connection because I was told that Mrs. Holak was at my birth and held me and gave me my first bath. But I think it was the Dr. that gave that pat on the back side to get me crying. We had a great time being with our friends living their traditions.

There was a tradition with some of the older folks to have a male first to visit their house on the first day of the New Year to bring them good fortune. I would run early each year and most times I would receive a nickel for my good deed. Now days if I ran into some ones house early on New Year's Day, I'd have to duck the objects being thrown. Times have changed.

That may be why there is a saying about the good old days. I loved them, but along with that were some sad days, the several floods that occurred in the late "30's" and early "40's" and the most recent and destructive in "72". I was at the Roman's house one time, overnight to help move the furniture up to save it and was on the front porch where you could see the water spouting from the storm drains, which gave me quite a shock, thinking, "What can I do now". My uncle very calmly said "OK let's get out of here now", and we did. We went back several days later to find extensive damage to the first floor. It was now time for getting to work, cleaning the mud out and washing everything in sight, walls and floors. Our house on Maple St. in the early floods only had some water in our basement about several inches because it was on higher ground, but in the later flood it was on the first floor. It was that flood that broke through the levee, cut a deep ravine through a cemetery and it dug up some of the ones buried there. Some caskets or bodies were later found miles down-river or on some ones property. The Roman's house at that time had water just above the light switches on the second floor. It was such a mess that Bob said was like Vietnam. Mom and I were there to help as much as we could. We were living at our present home in media. It was that flood that was too much for Aunt Helen Sheeder's house in south Wilkes-Barre to take and had to be demolished. We rented a U Haul trailer and saved as much from the house as we could. A few pieces of furniture and some important papers that she might want were dried out and sent to her. Her apartment was above a store of her house and still the water had been over half way up the walls. Our old house, which my mother did not own at that time, was restored. Since then several near panic attacks, but the levees held.

With all that I have tried to remember, I would like all to know from my oldest son to my youngest great grand-daughter that I have enjoyed the way they treated me and how they still keep trying their pranks not very often and all the jokes and the kidding around, because it made my life a joy to have lived. I think it was my better half that would say "If you can't smile when you get up in the morning, don't bother to get up". That seemed to be a very good rule. We did have a lot of fun, but don't give it a thought for one second that important things were not taken serious when it was time.

I have many little things I think of occasionally about ours growing up. The time Ed and I started to wrestle in the kitchen and Mom told us to get away from the table that we may break something, well we did move to the living room and the only thing that broke was my ankle, and I was out of work for several weeks. Ed wanted to leave college and work because he thought that it was his fault. His

mother and I told him in a very emphatic way that schooling was more important, and we would get along till I was back at work.

And then there was Bob. He could give you a migraine in a hurry by doing little things like trying to install speakers in the green house out back by looping speaker wires over and around the power lines to the house or the lead boat he tried to mold by melting old lead pipes in a trash burner or take a watch apart and have parts left over.

And then next was Beverly. When she was about to be punished by her mother for some of her little misbehaving and she would try to get me by half crying "Daaaaaaad" on her side and if that didn't work so she would callout "Grandmaaaaa" but she didn't help either. I think she had me go to more sporting events than all the boys together. We were to Philadelphia and out to Harrisburg for the high school basketball tournaments.

Then we can't forget about Andy. If you offered him a nickel, still big money then, he would tell on anyone. He also tried to make a computer from parts he bought, or the chair of maple wood Captain's chair, I still don't know if it is finished and a lot of time has passed by since then.

The two elder boys were in the service and retired after twenty plus years. I think they liked the careers that they have chosen. Andy enlisted and served for one enlistment and came out a much better and wiser man for the experience. It just wasn't what he thought he would enjoy doing for many years of his life. They all seemed to help in their own little way to make this country just a little better today, Freedom and you can still think in your own way.

Those were some of the things that have helped me keep going. They all had a hand in keeping me going, while I was trying "just a little" to keep up with them. How did I make it? I don't know, but don't you think I had a wonderful time getting to this time in my life? I had the best mate one could ask for and four great young ones and then they had many more down the line to make my life just a bit more meaningful and interesting but I would not change anything, well maybe a few little things since I got a bit older and I think just a tiny bit more intelligent which some may say is a matter of opinion. Now I can tell a few of the very young that I tried some of their tricks many years ago, and they didn't work for me either, and as long as I keep a stern facial expression, sometimes they believe me.

Ah, yes I think it would be nice to be young again, but just for a short time, and only if I could have some of the knowledge that I have now. I seem to enjoy the challenge of trying to learn new things on the computer. I do get a lot of help from the boys because I get into trouble, and like a lot of other people, this thing just does not do what I want. But I keep on trying. I think that, because of my curiosity and my liking the challenge, I try a lot of things knowing that I can just delete it if it's not right. It lets me see the news or current happenings in other countries or around the United States by bringing up their newspapers or T.V. stations. It keeps my mind working and it tells me how good I have it living here and to be very thankful.

It's great to do so many new things with electronics that never entered my mind. In the past I saved all my ideas by using a pencil and paper, and it took a lot of paper because of many mistakes that had to be erased. That put a hole in the paper, so I'd start all over with a new sheet. I have always wondered where the computer stores all that information, and now I just move on and not question how it did it. Since I've been doing so many things, I now understand a little more how things have progressed so much and it has helped us in so many ways that we just don't realize that times have changed and I'll just have to remember that in my days of growing up things were much different and not keep on trying to live in the past of so many years ago, it doesn't work, so I'll try to keep going with the flow.

Some time has passed since I last wrote. Something has been given to me, and I have the feeling

that I have no words to describe it. It brought back memories in a flash, some good and some of sorrow, as I unwrapped a gift from Ed and Bob. It is medals and ribbons that I was awarded for serving in the Army, mounted and framed. I only remember receiving the medal known as the "Good Conduct Medal". The others were not known to me 'til Ed asked several months before if I had received them. They were the surprise gift for Christmas of 2008. Ed ordered the box, medals and patches, and after all were received by Bob, he put them in the frame. I will never forget that feeling as I opened it, and the only words I had for them were a big "Thank You". I've had many holidays but I'll remember this one as special. The medals are "Good Conduct Medal, American Campaign Medal, Asiatic Pacific Campaign Medal, World War II Victory Medal, Sharpshooter and Expert Rifle badges, and also three Patches". I'll always think of the other service men that helped me to receive this honor. I was also able to get back home because of some that didn't. I can dry my eyes now and end here.



An honor I'm Proud  
to have received

Well I think it's time to end it for now and add more in the future as I do plan on having one if all the youngsters let me, but I don't know long. They can't keep me quiet. I'll just call it a day for now and I'll be back soon.

Revised 1:45 P.M. - 09/03/2010

## Edward Thomas Bartosh Went to join his beloved Laura 5 October 2010 - 8:30AM

Delaware County Daily Times Thursday, October 7, 2010 29

### Edward T. Bartosh, 86,

Longtime Media resident; former Sun Ship pipefitter

**Edward T. Bartosh**, 86, of Media, died Oct. 5 at Riddle Memorial Hospital.

Born in Wilkes-Barre, Mr. Bartosh was reared in Kingston. He has been a resident of Media for the past 54 years. He attended Kingston High School.

Mr. Bartosh was a pipefitter for Sun Ship Building and Dry Dock Co. He worked part time at Sears with the maintenance crew.

A member of Media Presbyterian Church, Mr. Bartosh was an accomplished handyman, he enjoyed woodworking, building furniture and puttering around the house. His family and home were his life.

He was the widower of Laura E. Bartosh.

**Survivors:** Sons, Edward Bartosh Jr. of Victoria, Australia, Robert Bartosh of Waynesboro, Andrew Bartosh of Pitman, N.J.; daughter, Beverly Deutsch of Media; seven grandchildren; eight great-grandchildren.

**Service:** 3 p.m. Friday, Rigby Harting & Hagan Funeral Home, 15 E. Fourth-St., Media.

**Visitation:** 2-3 p.m. Friday at the funeral home.

**Burial:** Private.

30 Delaware County Daily Times Thursday, October 7, 2010

### DEATH NOTICES

#### BARTOSH, Edward T.

Age 86. Of Media, PA. On Octobr 5, 2010. Husband of the late Laura E. Bartosh, father of Edward Bartosh Jr. (Elizabeth) of Victoria, Australia, Robert Bartosh (Patricia) of Waynesboro, PA, Beverly Deutsch of Media, PA and Andrew Bartosh (Kimberly) of Pittman, NJ. Also survived by 7 grandchildren and 8 great-grandchildren.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend his Funeral Service Friday 3 PM at the **RIGBY, HARTING & HAGAN FUNERAL HOME**, 15 East 4th St., Media, PA, where friends may call from 2 to 3 PM. Interment private.