

FOR ROSE.

To our son Rolph

The pictures in this book are dedicated. -

That genuine enjoyment may always
come to him in glancing ~~at~~ these pictures.

His loving parents. -

October 10, 1915. -

(His first monthly
birth day.)

P. S. March 27, 1916. -

Just to make his
name a little more
simple we decided
to drop the ph. and
put an f instead. So
we will call him
Rolf - tout court.

Rolph Diamant. -

Son of
Rose Bloom and
Rudolph Diamant

Born: September 10, 1915

4.10 p.m. (Weight 8 1/4 lbs.)



Rose Bloom and Rudolph Diamant were married on August 31st of 1913 in New York City. Rose was born in 1888, three years before her family emigrated from Goniadz, Poland in 1891. Rudolph was born in Amsterdam in 1886, and had immigrated to New York in 1909 at age 23.

Rudolph worked as a statistician for the insurance industry, but was also a freelance reporter, having written extensively for the Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant (a Dutch financial daily) on the 1909 Hudson River celebration. These dispatches on this tricentennial anniversary of Henry Hudson's exploration of the river, as well as the centennial celebration of Fulton's steamboat, were translated into English and published by Rose and Rudolph's son Lincoln nearly 100 years later.

Rose and Rudolph's first child was born in 1915 - their son Rolf (later Rolf), a name that was a contraction of their own first names. Rose and Rudolph evidently adored and doted on their son, as is evidenced by this work.

Rudolph assembled this combination photo album and diary with photographs, drawings and prose from Rolf's first year of life. It was made using an oversized book of children's drawings alternating with blank pages, well designed for such a purpose. The book is entitled "Dessins sans parole des Chats", by Thophile-Alexandre Steinlen, published in 1894. The cover and a sample of one of the drawings is appended to the end of this file.





Mother and child the first day out. ^{UN 1007 151 11.228M.} Oct. 9, 1915. 4:30 p.m.



Rose, Rolph, Grandma ... and some diapers. 109/5



Papa on the scene. Trying to fix the baby's cap. 109



Rolph one month old. Oct. 10, 1915. 12:15 p.m.
In one of his characteristic poses of these days
"Starting to cry" - celebrating his first monthly birthday.



Half a minute later. Mother in the act of rattling "Rolph lustily crying." Oct. 10, 1915



Another 1/2 of a minute later. One of the usual procedures. Mamma carrying the baby, telling father to please hurry up.

Rolph receiving father's first "push."



Query:
Sister Annie how long yet?

"Papa wheeling the little max." Oct. 17, 1915.
Note the presence of little Rolph in the baby-carriage



"Grandmama on the job." Oct. 18, 1915.



"Marble Hill" Nov. 7, 1915.



"Advertising the tailor" Nov. 7, 15



"Study in black and white" Nov. 7, 1915



"That evanescent smile of mama,"
"just caught in the 'click' of time."
The baby's first 'en-voiture'
- Oct. 17, 1915. -



"The little piccannini" Monday morning Nov. 8, 1915.

If you turn your head crooked and look straight, or if you keep your head straight but look crooked.....



"Sunday Morning Idyll" Nov. 7, 1915.

Note. - Please look at the variety of "fine" delicatessen in the window, but do not make comparisons between our baby carriage and that of our neighbor. We know ours is the best. We say that.

you will see
Rolph sleeping
his sleep of
innocence. (P.S.
"That's the reason Papa
looks so happy").



His FIRST GLOVES. ←
Dec. 1, 1915.



That's him all-right. - Dec. 1, 1915



Jan. 17, 1916

Naught did we know on the first of December 1915, that a month later Rolph's abode would be in a different city. But so it was. His father got tired of the job he was filling and got another one in the city of Newark. On Dec. 31, 1915, Rolph, Mother, Grandmother and father made ~~his~~ ^{his} joyous entrance in the city of Newark, where they occupied an apartment at 179 Johnson Avenue. On the way from N.Y. to Newark we all had a hard time to keep Rolph quiet, and did not exactly succeed.



Dec. 6, 1915. - Rolph - taken from life by his mother dear. - When he was in a good mood. - (m.m.m.)

Rolph has taken possession of his new crib in his own room in the Newark apartment. He seems to be aware of it, too. As a mighty lord he rests and takes fully in the strange happenings around him, consisting of ^{the} super-human efforts on the part of his mother and father to keep him quiet for only 17 seconds, so that he can be taken. Also in this case our success was not commensurate to our efforts. - In these days we were doing our level best to train him, to amuse himself without the enforced company of someone else. As a result he cried and cried and started to cry again. At times we felt almost cruel but we knew it was for his good and ... for ours. He gained very slowly in weight. No wonder ...



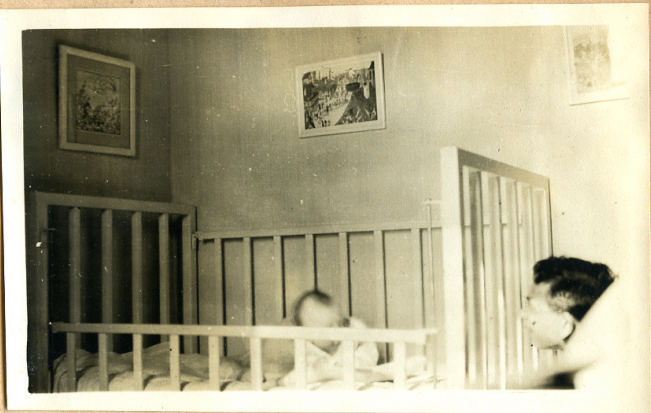
Jan. 17, 1916.
And mother says :- I told you not to take me. "My hair is not combed and my skirt looks a sight, I'm sure it must give every body a fright."



Jan. 17, 1916.
Father looks at the baby dear, But the baby looks at mamma. No you blame the baby! Sure not. Father is no Adonis to look at ... especially on Sunday ...

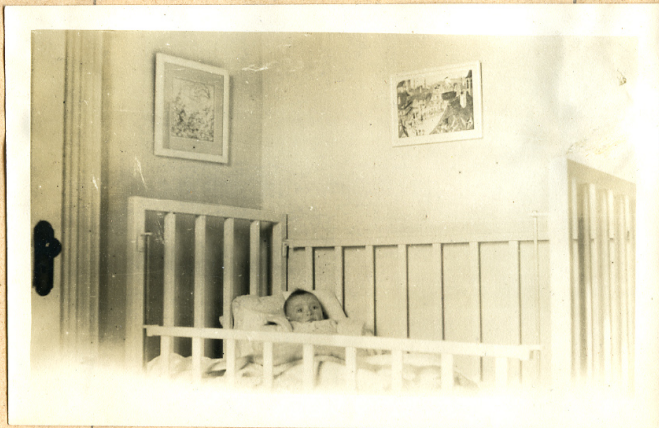


Rolph is all right
 Jan 17, 1915. Only the picture is rotten.



Father was so engrossed in looking at
 the baby that he forgot the Yale key
 and see here what happened

Mother asked father:
 "Do you have the key"
 "Yes" said father. So
 mother did not take
 hers. Result: We
 were locked out. How
 to get in again... that
 was the question.
 The janitor tried to
 unlock the windows,
 but the owner of the
 house the honorable Jake
 Homochonity said proudly:
 "These here windows are



"His majesty".... so dear, and
 so good, so long as he is not
 in a different mood." -

burglar-proof. They
 were. But the dumbwaiter
 was not. So the janitor
 went down in the dumb-
 waiter's shaft - the waiter
 being dumb did not say
 a word - and forced his
 way in. The owner ran
 down to gauge the damage.
 I went down to give the
 janitor a quarter. Which
 was a bargain. He could
 have broken his neck. Rose
 lost all faith forever in her
 husband's say - so's.... and
 Rolph slept the sleep of innocence
 all the while.

The picture (please follow
 the arrow) →
 shows Rolph quietly looking
 on at the strange doings about
 him. It seems that he under-
 stood he was being taken. For
 a smart youngster he was. His
 mother, herself, told me the
 other day that he was precocious
 - which enriched my own
 vocabulary with a new word.
 Well, if precociousness amounts
 to taking a little bottle in both
 of your tiny little hands, and
 push the little nipple into the tiny
 little mouth, this little boy
 is really precocious.
 That is what he was doing



Jan. 27, 1916.

when he was only 4 1/2 months
 old. At one time he did not
 get the little nipple into his tiny
 little mouth but pushed it against
 his rosy cheek. That gave a big
 squirt and father got it all
 in his eye. By the way that is
 not the only kind of squirting our
 little fellow indulged in, in these
 days. But this is a different
 story. Suffice it to say that
 no accidents have happened
 as yet, tho father's trousers
 have to be cleaned oftener
 than before. Once, after an
 enema, he gave a big squirt on
 his diaper while he was being held up on
 the table. Father said: that is break-
 fast for to-morrow, but mother prekeped



Feb. 4, 1916. - It was awfully difficult in these days to take a good indoor picture of Rolph. The little fellow simply can't keep quiet for 12 seconds. These pictures are, therefore, inserted with no other purpose than to be helpful in judging his general growth rather than his likeness. For growing he did. His weight began to pick up again after it had gone up at a very slow pace for a number of weeks, which had brought the rate of gain below the average. There was nothing the matter, however, with the gain of his mentality. His particular hobby was to catch my finger when I held it out to him and shake it:



Catchie, catchie. But mother demurred, knowing as she did the usual state of my fingers she demurred, except in these cases when she wanted Rolph for some reason or another to be quiet. Father was then asked to please give him his finger. Generally, father slopped up in his playing with the baby, he being told that the quieter Rolph would be left, the better it would be for him, in fact for any baby. Some children are like hot house plants, if you overdo things they may thrive in the beginning but lose vitality later. Father soon tried to confine himself to simple games in the morning or evening, which were very much appreciated. - Sunday



"PUZZLE" - Bolton, Conn. - Aug. 1915.

was usually baby's off day, may be he got too much attention then. Usually he did not sleep at all on that day. And when we had company for supper, the little fellow simply insisted on remaining present. His grand-mamma said then: Er ist ein mensch, kein piece of wood. When grandma was here, she always managed to keep in tireless contact with Rolph, and she usually was very much agitated when we let him cry. Still, we had to, at times. After having been fed for some time at 6 p.m., 10 p.m., 2 a.m. and 6 a.m., we decided when he was 4 1/2 months old, to cut the 2 a.m. feeding out, so that mother would get the luxury of a reasonable night's sleep. However,



Jan. 1916

Rolph - or as he was then commonly called by his mother, "little chickie" thought different and insisted in getting alive at say 3 a.m. and yell to beat the band. First his mother took him up, but later we decided to just let him cry. Well, Rolph took the cue, and kept on crying so insistently, that we heard the neighbors get up, and fancied them comment upon our "cruelty." While this is being written the experiment is still going on, but we feel sure we will succeed in training him all-right. Luckily, Rolph seems to forget things. For after he has yelled, cried, screamed and rhined himself to sleep, he awoke a few hours later in the very best of spirits, and welcomed his parents and the day with a ^{loud} happy



Father picking berries - Bolton Conn Aug 1915

On his cold and blustery Satur-
day afternoon, the camera
man - Ralph's father - took
him in a laughing attitude.
It has never yet been hard
to make the little fellow laugh.
Just smack your tongue
loudly, and say "Here are
the koxies" and a broad
smile comes on Ralph's face.
Thanks to his trick Ralph's
father, the camera man -
was able to take him in
that pleasant attitude on
that cold and blustery after-
noon.

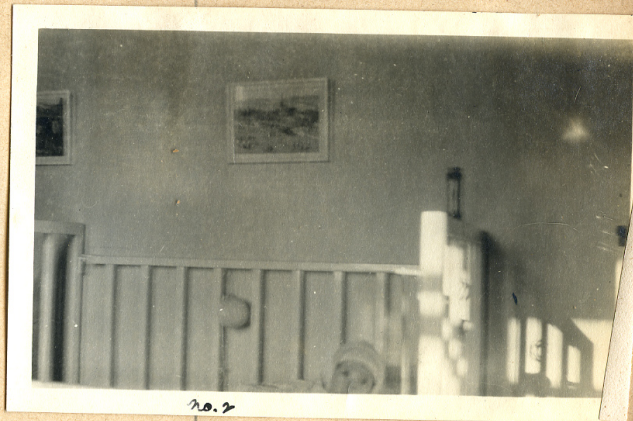


Mar. 5. 1916.

P.S. - Mother ~~requests~~ requests
most respectfully not to be
seen. She just came down to
put Ralph in the carriage. "That
is some job, believe me." It
is the superlative degree of all
thoroughness. Leave it to mam-
ma. The little boy is very well
protected against the blustery
winds and the biting colds. Since
father once covered the boy up
so well, that upon returning to
mother's breast, his little feet
were found to be like pieces of
ice, mother prefers to attend to
that end of the business herself.
(I almost wrote: "I should worry".)



No. 1



No. 2

It has thus far remained an almost impossible task to take our son while
lying on his belly in his bed. He just won't keep quiet long enough, how short it may be.
Picture no. 1. was taken about 3 weeks after picture no. 2, and although both are somewhat
nebulous, still the trained eyes of father and mother - if I would have thought of being more
courteous I should have said mother and father - do see an improvement. Won't you?

So day - March 10, 1916 - our dear son was fully one half year old. How young and
yet how old he seems.

But this is no expose of
philosophical mood, but
a narrative of events. -
Rolph celebrated his $\frac{1}{2}$ birth-
day by suddenly awakening
with a frightful cry, while
mother was changing at the
dressing table a black comb,
which father had bought the
night before, for a white
one. I tell you, what. Father
tried to soothe the little one, but
it did not go. He turned on the
light, and the poor little thing
as crying so piteously, that
poor father heart became



warm. Father took him up,
turned out the light, both of
which seem to have a calming
effect. Rolph tried to look at
his father in the dark, and to
feel for his nose, one of the favorite
objects of his reachings and of
his nails in these days. He soon
forgot the tooth ~~and~~ or rather
the coming one - which must
have been bothering him. Father
thereupon turned on the light,
told Rolph to go to sleep, turned
out the light, walked out the room,
and was congratulating him-
self on his fatherly wisdom and
knack of handling suffering
teething babies. - (you see what)

March 19, 1916. We have by this time arrived at the conclusion - it is about time - that it is no use making indoor pictures of Rolph. He is so full of life, such a perennial Ricker - in the real sense of the word - that he cannot keep still long enough to have his physiognomy appear on the film as it really is. And inasmuch as the camera-trust - in order to keep its enormous profits and its benevolent labor policies unimpaired, does not refund ^{for} any "misfit", we have decided not to waste money that way anymore. I wonder whether I should not apologize for the words "misfit" and "waste", for no matter how poorly a picture has come out of the fray, still to us it has always been very dear. Parents see their children often through their mind's eyes. This may possibly account for the fact that many a picture, which by others has been described as almost to be, a most beautiful blur, appeared to us as a most delightful likeness of our youngster. - About Rolph's behavior in these days his parents have nothing but good things to report. Many a time when father upon his home-coming inquired how

he has been during the day, his mother upon finishing her account closed up by epitomizing it all in the simple and still so truly motherly statement: "Oh, he is such a dear little fellow." Well, father can do nothing but to subscribe to that. For it is ^{the} truth - as if there ever was any question about anything mother says. - He weighed Rolph to day and his gain



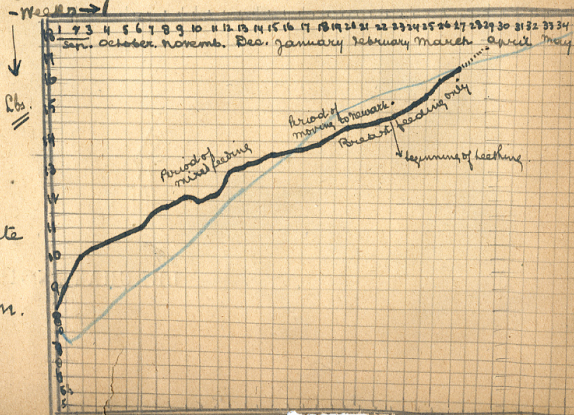
for the week was about 7 ounces. Entirely satisfactory. He is O.K. all-around with one exception: his bowels. They really ~~do~~ need the "police man" every other day or ~~so~~ so, to make them "move on". May be when he will get ~~more~~ solid food this will become better. It ^{does} seem strange that the father, who is a statistician, has been able to forego any statistics thus far in his story of his son's wanderings. Bob Ingersoll

once said that there were three classes of liars: Ordinary liars, arch-ars and statistics. May be his frightened father somewhat in quoting the latter. Although others say that figures don't lie, but liars do figure. And lastly we have Schiller's (or was it Goethe's?) sweeping declaration: "Zahlen wollen die Welt regieren". However that may be we give hereunder the statistics of Rolph's weight up to date and do this with the more pleasure because his gain of late has been very satisfactory. "Nothing like breast-fed babies!"

Wt. 804

9	9 ... 12.01 1/2	17 ... 13.11	24 ... 15.04
10	10 ... 12.-	18 ... 14.-	25 ... 15.10
10.4	11 ... 12.06	19 ...	26 ... 16.01
10.8	12 ... 13.-	20 ... 14.08	27 ... 16.07
11.2	13 ... 13.03	21 ... 14.10	
11.6	14 ... 13.07	22 ... 14.15	
12.0	15 ... 13.09 1/2		
12.4	16 ...		

Legend.
 — average rate of gain.
 — Rolph's gain.





March 30, 1916. The pictures on this page were all taken on March 26, 1916. It was the first real sunny day of Spring and we took Rolf (I mean Rolf, for we have just decided to drop the "ph" and make his name simpler by substituting and "f" - hope he will forgive us) - I say we took Rolf on the roof in his basket. He had not been on any roof since October, about 6 months ago, and he seems to like returning to his old haunts. "On revient toujours a ses premier



amours." - Father looks a little unkempt. That is nothing unusual for Sunday mornings. He wears a tie Mother once made for him from a piece of silk. When he wore that tie first a newspaper reporter told him that he must needs be married, otherwise he would not wear



such a tie, while other people preferred the suggestion that it was made from a piece of surplus - bedsheet. - Mother is extremely happy. Her somewhat over artistic pose in the above picture is attributable to her desire to protect her boy from the sun without the aid of a dirty umbrella, on which the mud-spots are



mainly visible. Father doesn't care. - The other pictures on this page were taken the same morning inside the house. They are, like all time-pictures thus far taken not exactly "it". They give however a pretty fair idea of the all absorbing interest our dear little son is taking in what is going on about him. Of an observing youngster, to whom nothing, whatsoever, escapes, Rolf promises to be a good example. That his powers of observation may be a great help of for him in later life!



A PAGE OF BABIES.



1. Rolf - in three different poses. taken on April 4, 1916. We presume that on April 4, 1936, these pictures (3 for 15 cents) will be as many black spots. Rolf's



(2) This is little Maria Diamant (daughter of Adolf and Marianne Diamant - Born April 24, 1914. This picture was taken when she was about 5 1/2 mos young. "Clapping fists" seems to be a family trait.

(3) Nora Diamant. (daughter of Philip and Rachel Diamant - Querido), born April 13, 1912. This delightful picture was taken when she was about 14 mos. young.

mother is taken "a nature". It was thought advisable to state so, as the uninitiated may be inclined to



(5) This is the same little Nora in July 1915 when she was a little over 3 yrs. "Sweet and determined".

suppose that the lady was one of our swell negro-girls. The picture was taken in New York, where Rolf and his mother spent overnight to the great delight of his grant-parents, aunts and uncles, and none the less to that of himself. He verily revelled in all the attention showered upon him and at times simply did not know how to give vent to his exuberance. - We were glad however to go home. For all this attention of "tricky" - tricks-concei. - aunts and uncles would make a "Smart Black" of our



This is really the first good picture of our little boy, taken when he was 6 3/4 months old and when he... weighed 17 pounds and ounces.

(4) Sonja Diamant (daughter of Philip and Rachel Diamant Querido), the oldest gem of that branch of the Diamant family. Born Dec. 6 (Santa Claus ~~day~~) 1907. This picture taken in July 1915. Both pictures 4 and 5, were made to serve as identification on a passport which their father needed when he went for work (as composer) to Germany, while the terrible war lasted. However he soon came back to his dear family and everybody was happy

It was a beautiful Spring morning, on Sunday April 16, 1916,
 when the pictures on this page and those on the next page, were



APRIL 16, 1916.
 In front of
 So. Side High
 School, Newark,
 Johnson Ave.

taken. Our little son, it will be seen, con-
 tinues to take a keen interest in the doings
 of the photographers, and it is only by ex-
 treme cunning on the part of them, that
 they provoke an evanescent smile on his face,
 alas too evanescent, ~~but~~ ^{for} when the shutter
 clicks it has gone already and made place
 for that attitude of keen and intense obser-
 vation of which his little piece of humanity

- the expression is his mother's - is capable. How strange the world must seem to
 him ... and how restless. Looking from his carriage it must appear as if life
 is but an endless procession, always in motion, always changing, with no
 beginning and no ending. - Horses are Rolf's favorite object of observation. The
 sound of the wheels over the brick-stones of the Johnson Avenue ~~parapet~~ ^{parapet}
 unceasingly

make our
 youngster
 sit up and
 take notice,
 and as soon
 as he sees the
 animal, he
 seems to see
 nothing else
 and watches
 it intently, till



it is out of his sight. Some
 times, when mother or
 father, partake in annoy-
 cing the coming of the object
 of so much wondrous ob-
 servation, by saying: There
 is the horse, or something
 of similar nature, Rolf's
 attention seems to be on
 a keener edge, and he
 often evinces his genuine
 delight in the moving spec-

acle, by vociferously bringing forth all kinds of gurgling sounds, of such marvel-
 lous gradation and variation, that one often cannot help thinking how much more
 truthful the adult species of the genus homo would be, if he would be allowed, or even
 could give expression of his feelings in a similar manner. Rolf is indeed at his
 1 1/2 month - age the champion gurgler. Whether he does it just for pastime, or to
 show his skill, or to show off - as he is capable of doing when he knows that he is being
 watched by visitors, - he certainly succeeds in gurgling and making all kinds of
 sounds in a loving ~~manner~~ and most entertaining manner. His proficiency

and his ardour in this respect is
 at its best when he has water in
 his mouth, and refuses to swallow
 his aqua pura, without first having
 exercised his gurgling proclivities, for
 which his said water appears to
 be such excellent fuel and propelling
 motive. But, oh my, when these same
 gurgling capacities are called upon to
 give vent ^{to} a bad mood ^{to pain of a cutting tooth} or unfulfilled
 wants and expectations, and they degenerate



of undulating character to be kept up for indelible time!
 But that is a different

"Did you hear those screams" - said mother as she entered the library at 7.30 p.m. on April 19th. 1916. "I sure did", was father's retort. "Well, continued mother, he absolutely refused to take his snickerback." - For historical accuracy it must here be stated, that mother about two weeks ago began to wean Rolf, so as to have him entirely on artificial food when the hot weather starts in, and have him used to it. In the beginning he did not like the change at all, and detestably looked at the concoctions mother had prepared and which were intended to take the place of the most perfect ^{only} food in the world, with which our son had gradually to dispense. He actually spurned it, and showed his dislike in an unmistakable manner. He, at times, screamed at the top of his lungs ^{most} and simply insisted on the eternal ^{nectar} ~~nectar~~ of which he has become so fond. ^{This changed} gradually, if it were for no other reason that no matter what altitude Rolf would have taken, he could not have changed the ordained order of things. It seems



that from that moment on Rolf's ascension on the ladder of social activities - so to speak - will go quick. Yesterday - for instance - he sat for the first time ~~in~~ bound to a chair - at the table ~~with~~ watching his father and mother, not without what the older people would call envious glances, devouring big chunks of bread and other edibles, of which he would so gladly have had a taste. That moment marked



mother's, and at times father's, emancipation from "lap-burdens", sometimes very alert, who required no mean skill on the part of those who had to look see to it that an unhindered passage, without forceful interference by the "burden", be accorded to whatever piece of food left the plate on its way to the mouth. In a few cases it did not get so far, but, on account of the "burden's" contortions ~~while~~ he followed the piece of food in its wake, it landed on the floor. While at another occasion Rolf upset the table by grabbing with both hands a choice piece of meat bobbing up in a plate of hot soup. - Rolf's promotion from "lap and knee" to chair does not mean at all carefree rest on the part of his parents while eating. Oh no! He refuses to be spectator, but wants to become an active participant in all "gourmandizations". His preferences are to crusts of bread with plenty of butter - although his mother afraid for fear he might choke - or if nothing of a better calibre is forthcoming he condescends to chew on a piece of celery, or break it to pieces, or use it as a slapstick. His beehare asking for real hard things. He seems to

say: "What do you think I have done all that suffering for, suffering that has called mother to my bed from the kitchen, and father ~~at night~~ three times at ^{evening} evening, with clock-like precision already uninterrupted for four or five weeks, from his writing table in the library, in order to sing and soothe me to sleep again, after my painful teeth did ~~awaken~~ Make me up with sharp cry. Do you think I have my two lower front incisors, and the one upper lateral incisor for nothing. I want something hard." -

It is undoubtedly that feeling to which mother referred when she came in the room, about an hour ago (do not think father writes slowly, for he has since gone, in twice to calm Rolf to sleep, by soothing him and singing to him his favorite Dutch lullaby of the ~~the~~ sheep and the milk of the "bonte koe") and spoke to father as quoted at the beginning of the preceding page. And mother said further:

"So when he didn't want to take his ~~back~~ ^{back} I proceeded to give him his milk. But this only made ~~him~~ matters worse. He screamed (as if the house stood afire) worked himself up to a temper entirely unbecoming for a little boy like Rolf, who can be so real good

when he is good, he kicked with his legs and protested with his body, he became red in the face from anger ... but wound up by taking what was prepared for him. I wonder from whom he got such a temper - so mother added ~~sigh~~ while she sighed, letting herself slide down on the ever-tempting couch, and looking significantly at father. - I am sure



~~~~~

~~~~~

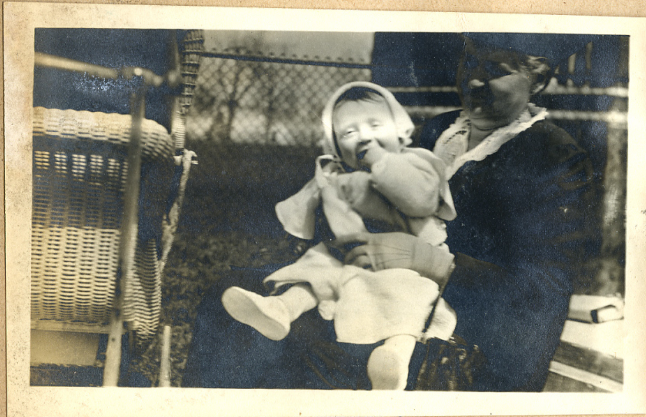
Rolf's little cousin Robert David Bloom - we call him Bobby for short - taken with his uncle Frank and aunt Jennie in front of their Springfield home, in August 1915, when Robert was about 8 1/2 months old, and at which time - as later proved - he was at a turning point in his youthful career; for he started to grow wonderfully ^{young} looks and actions ^{are} foreboding

he does not see anything like it in his house" -

Yes, Rolf, has a will of his own, and although father sometimes enjoys his ^{own} "spunk", and feels sure that in later life he would not ~~let~~ let anybody put it over on him, still, he is at moment inclined to wonder to what good advantage this activity can be "canalized", rather than to either break or suppress it. For after all Rolf's more or less knavish and mischievous looks and actions ^{are} foreboding

either much good or bad, entirely dependable upon the training and education to be given to him. We tell him already now, that we won't stand for it, when, if he is not attended to quickly enough, he kicks his legs in wild spasms. But he does not seem to care, and he appears to say: "You both like it, if I from mere fun and a good time kick and pound on the bed stiles, so that you can hear it ~~on~~ in the next room, and you both ^{hear} ask one another, who will first succumb the bed stiles, while you look at the holes in my stockings caused by my pouncing, and inspect by 'sheely feet'. You both think it is a grand sight, when I kick every morning in my bath, so that the water splashes all around, and ^{you do the} felt sorry enough when I didn't feel well and had a sore throat some weeks ago, and could consequently not be billed for my daily kick - and splash performance. *Well, if you like that kind of kicking so much, please take the other kind in the bargain. The action is the same. There only is some difference in the pace." - And while Rolf makes these remarks, he giggles, and talks, and makes all kinds of mono- and duo-syllables so expressively and so poetically and so sweetly that we forgive him at once ^{his bad spells at times} and at the same time feel sorry that at some ^{future period} time he will express himself in the common hackneyed terms and expressions of everybody else. -

May 1, 1916. - As will be seen from the pictures here given - showing Rolf with his grandma on a nice sunny Spring Sunday - our little son is growing to be a big fellow. May be he looks a little bigger than he really is, the pictures being taken at a 2 ft. - focus and



a 16 ft. distance - originally a blunder of father, which he now claims to be a happy invention in order to get a good "close-up". - It should not be inferred from the use of the foregoing term that father is movie-struck. He saw it in the newspapers! As to the different attitudes of Rolf

that day, they show mainly how he enjoys life, when his teeth don't bother him or when he does not bump his ~~bed~~ head against the metal slats of his metal bed. As to the latter action we try to convince him that he should



laugh and not cry every-time he hurts himself in this or any other way. However this peculiar aspect of a Christian Science conception of hurts

does not seem to make a particularly convincing appeal to his sense of touch, although at times he tries very hard to bear things like a man. On the first picture of this page Rolf shows off his new shoes which he received the day before from his grand-ma in Holland. They had been a long time on the way, and had run

the gauntlet of submarines etc. but they arrived safely, ^{with} like a toy-monkey and a bunch cheese which came along. The other two pictures show Rolf in his usual cheerful mood, scratching his head and showing us his six brand new teeth,



and if you would have happened to have been on the spot, you could have heard him yell to beat the band. Yes indeed his sweet quip lines are fast making way for a "steel" shout, speaking very well for his lungs and his "Aussauer"

May 17th Now the Spring is with us. How long we waited. The trees on the avenue are freshly green, the grass is dotted with dandelions, the tulips - those early harbingers - are already on the wane, and ^{are} giving way to the worldly Iris and the Japanese Wisteria. Now our little son loves to be out and watch the horses pass, the automobiles whizz by, and how he is engrossed in seeing the boys on roller skates go rattling along. And what pure delight he takes in seeing the velvety young leaves shaken by the wind. It seems as if he thinks ^{that} the rustling leaves are talking to him, and sometimes he engages in a conversation with them. At other occasions he just quietly looks on, very pensively as if ~~not~~ sensing the mysteriousness of the mind which makes the leaves a rustling and ^{trying to understand} the playfulness of the everchanging shadows thrown by the moving branches on the street and house-walls. It

seems as if he wants to ask: "Mother, dear, why do the leaves talk, and why are their shadows never still."

Why, why, why seems to be on his lips all the time, as life unfolds itself before his bright little eyes and they are taking it all in with wonder and - at times - with the keenest enjoyment. How Rolf loves to watch



the birdies, drinking water from the fountain in front of the house or taking a bath in the street puddles. How he seems to be fascinated by their sudden movement and flights to the nooks and crannies where they are nesting. And the dogs are also coming in for much attention, although his father and mother fancy that he thinks they are only horses,

but small." No wonder that he simply cannot get down to the street quickly enough, when mother puts on his coat and hat. He knows perfectly well what this all is about, and he shouts out his keen delight. But oh my if it is only intended to have him lie with his coat on in the bed near the open window, it having been considered ~~advisable~~ for some reason or another not to take him out. No protestation then is loud and vehement enough to give vent ^{to} his feelings of utter dislike of such, what appears to him, an entirely unwarranted, unjustified and unfriendly treatment. He kicks and miggles and works himself up in a temper that makes "watch and miggles" alternate with "real action." However with Spring all-pervading and the world a blossoming those things do not happen frequently anymore, and Rolf is getting all the benefits of sunlight and fresh air - putting from time to time his whole fist in his mouth when he is in high spirits.

May 22, 1916. - These are happy moments. When mother, Rolf, the "snapping" father, the trees, the dandelions in the grass, and the lilacs ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the bushes, the sun and the clouds, and the horses, - white, brown, black, mottled and nondescript - are smiling. See how Rolf, as taken on his picture, with his kerpie-pompador, somewhat flattened, enjoys heartily his father's "cooche-dee-e" and "nieka-bao." He thinks it is so funny that he invites his two lower and four upper teeth - oh how many shrieking awakenings and patient soothing they imply - to join the "Snap"-party. - And look at his mamma dear. How little did we talk of her in his "panorama" - and how much she meant and

means for Rolf. Without her unremitting care, motherly devotion, and ~~to~~ heart-touching love for her "little fellow", one is apt

to wonder, whether Rolf would have his cheerful disposition, these strong muscles and rosy cheeks, that make passers-by stand still, and exclaim "Look at



"The world is full of a number of things".

his healthy looking baby." - Yes mother dear, these first eight months were full of worries, full of cares, big and little; full of anxieties, founded and groundless;

full of agitations with landlords and janitors about ⁱⁿ dusty cellars and their undesirability as places to keep baby carriages; they were not devoid of some moments of near-exasperation, when the boy kept up a yelling when you were out of the room, was quiet so long you tramped the floors with him up and ~~down~~ ^{rather} ~~down~~, and started to top-lung-scream again as soon as you laid him down; they were full of rushings back and forth from bedroom to kitchen, and from kitchen to bedroom; they were ~~was~~ full of evenings when it felt so good to stretch weary limbs upon the rest-inviting couch; they were full of careful nursing and other hard "labour" which at some times made us almost believe that the task was proving greater than the earnest endeavor to fullfill it, - but all of that sinks away into mere nothingness when we look at him in his peaceful sleep, when we see him awaken with happy eyes and smiling face when we cuddle him ^{down} to our cheeks calling him a dear little boy. - and when he joins us in a hearty laugh on the grass. These are the happy moments

May. 13. 1916. - The "prints" on this page do not require any written elaboration. They speak very eloquently for themselves, depicting



Rolf on a merry and in a thoughtful mood. In the former he decided to let the grass go just for a moment to watch his mother at the "klick-klick", in the latter he holds on to the grass and transmits something of the determination of his holding on ~~to~~ to his looking

on things about him. You feel that he is doing the looking while holding fast to the grass and that he is firmly holding the grass while looking on. It may perhaps be said that Rolf is growing every day more interesting. Outside of a language of his own, of which nobody but he himself has the absolute exclusive use and vocabulary, he begins to imitate given sounds. When you ask him to say: "Da, da", he verily shouts "Ta-ta", while in rolling rrrr's he is part -



"a group of beauties ... when they all were sweet sixteen."

juice, he tries to pull off this same gurgling trick. But somehow or other it does not work so well with prune juice - or orange sap - as it ~~of~~ does with aqua pura. Those things do not deter him, however, and he tries again, and, upon being less successful, he simply shouts at the top of his voice. Sometimes

he seems to protest against ~~his~~ the fact that he is compelled to just neutrally look on, while mother and father put all kinds of delicacies in their mouths.

But once in a while he succeeds in making a dash for

the lettuce, or smashing an egg that has been given to him to play with - mother thinking that it was equally hard as the one father boiled yesterday. One can easily imagine what then happens



June 27, 1916. Bradley Beach, N.J. - So the scenery is changed. It is changed for mother, father and Rolf since the tenth day of June. On that day we went to Bradley Beach, where father had rented a cottage for the season. We began the season early - indeed, no mean feat in a year with so little sunlight and so much rain and clouded skies - as this has been thus far - and we intend to close up late. This is the thing for Rolf. Sitting on the front porch of his estate at 417 Park Place Avenue, he sees the world unroll itself each day anew. Now the breezes get their first real chance to brown his cheeks. He gets his bath early in the morning, usually at about seven A.M., he then consumes with zest and zeal a hearty breakfast, whereupon he is wheeled on the piazza, where he stays for the rest of the day till nightfall, except for the times that he is called in for his meals, or to do other necessary things - which he doesn't - or to let us change his diapers, which he makes us do altogether too often. Father let no grass grow over Rolf's ~~maker~~ relation to the sea. Already the hard day after leaving Cham - my

Newark and making our happy entrance in "dry and switan ~~the~~ Bradley Beach, father took the little boy to the ocean. It was somewhat windy and rainy, which did not deter Rolf from taking it all in. The broad waves came rolling on roaringly and flapped out in foamy ridges upon the beach. Father repeated the words "sea and ocean," so as to make sure that Rolf should not think that he was facing a somewhat extended bath tub. -



It may here be remarked that ~~when~~ father called the fountain in front of our pretentious apartment in Newark a bath, he was seriously rebuked by mother for impressing upon the little boy's receptive mind eye erroneous figures. - It was then that father resolved, in the future when pointing out a cow to the boy to call the cow a cow and not a chicken, and to call a chicken a chicken and not a cow. - So father repeated the words "ocean," "sea" and "waves" often enough to feel

fully conscious that if Rolf might have thought that the sea was his bath - but run over that he was not in the least to blame. As for such misconception, in due justice to our little man, it may be said that there is very little likelihood for such. He certainly does know that a cow is a cow, and a chicken is a chicken, and he gave signs to understand that whose close proximity he is now going to be kill he is well over one year old, is not an attenuated tub. full. In short, Rolf knows what the ^{word} "ocean" means and evinces great delight to be taken to it. Who could expect anything else? The sights he perceives here, he never saw in Newark. Take for instance ^{on} June 19 when his picture was taken. He simply revelled seeing his father in his "right" taking a dip in the ocean, and as the picture plainly shows he had no compunction at all in taking refuge in father's skinny bosom against the glare of the sun. For the information of posterity it may here be stated that father is not standing on a marble floor or something like it. It is real fresh cold sea-water that skirts and flicks with his feet. It must further be owned that the picture was taken before father had ~~got~~ mustered all the courage he possessed in order to brave the cold water. But he did brave it manfully - if he saw so himself - only a little later. However, ~~you~~ the film had ^{been} ~~run~~ ^{run} out, so you have to take his word for it.

As before stated Rolf likes the ocean. - That is the butch in him. Whenever father notices something interesting in his little son - be it his tenacity, his insatiable



appetite, his firm grip of things, his desire to hold on to what he has and not let go, and other things like that, father always philosophically remarks that this is the butch in him. He thinks he should stop doing this, for it may make mama believe that the impress of her character upon our son is absent. Never you mind about that. While father would be perfectly willing to let go to mama's "hereditarium" - a new word coined by papa - many characteristics which he has thus far claimed

for the butch, there is one thing in little Rolf about the origin of which there can be no mistake, it is the mischievousness - is there such a word? - of the little rascal. That he got from his father all right. To put a thing still further in his mouth when you tell him to take it out of it, to do the thing very ostentatiously that you tell him not to do - and to gloat about

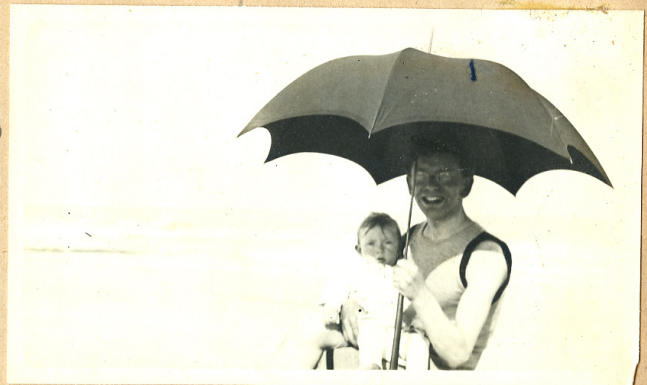
it in the bargain, - father with sadness blended with joy - confesses that he is not at all in the dark where Rolf got those tricks from. It should not be inferred from his hat Rolf is a naughty child. Thus far he has given no signs of an almost invariable good temper, happy with anything you put in his hands, most especially in the food line. He only is somewhat impatient, when he does not get the things quicky enough, and especially is his also the case with the "eats." Whenever he sees his parents eat, or his own meal on the way, he works himself



up in real spasms of excitement, gets red in the face - red as a lobster, his eyes shine more brilliantly than ever, and he shouts: "Ninner" or "nannah", which means dinner, or eat, or robin or flower in papa's button hole, or whatever is within his reach, very eagerly desired, but not yet near enough to be touched. - This excitement, especially acute when he sees his mother or father approaching, is giving his parents just a little worry. But we imagine it will pass. Life is being comprehended by little children as Rolf much quicker

than they can express it. They try hard to say things but they cannot, their desires are eager, their nerves are highly strung, and everything they wish cannot be translated quicky enough into action.

We are counseling Rolf patience and mother tells Rolf not to "screesh". The word screesh seems to amuse him, for he laughed heartily when mother pronounced it. Father diffuses his attention by telling him little stories, of birds ^{which are} saying: "che-wink" and ducks saying "quack, quack" etc. and he listens with great interest, and much understanding. As to his "stunts" they multiply by the day. He now can say already: "mam-ma", he kicks with his legs to beat the band when you ask him to, he shows with his hand how big the little boy is going to be, he says good-bye with his hand, he claps in his hands when mother sings in yiddish a clapping-dittie and father a ditto-dittie in Dutch and he finds time to make with much trouble an additional scatch, which will give him soon 4 lower and



Some kid!

July 20th. 1916. - The pictures ^{on} of this page and the succeeding two pages were taken on July 4th. 1916, when Rolf was not yet fully ten months old. They indicate quite plainly that our youngster has quite familiarized himself with his surroundings. He continues to love the beach, to grab about in the sand picking up pieces of straw, cork and the like. He also likes the garden back of our house, with its picturesque wash lines. And most of all he likes to be on the porch and ^{loves} to view from his point of vantage the doings of the neighbors and of the horses. He already knows his neighbors well. He knows Mrs. Manneke our right hand neighbor and Mrs. Curtis our left-hand ditto. He knows the ladies surrounding ^{the place} ^{for him} and makes very familiarly good-bye to all who pass and have a smile. We never knew him to be chary with his smiles - and we hope that he will always remain that way and that he won't become such a crank as his father is... at times. (I am sure when mama reads this she will protest and say that her hubby - a word we never use - is never cranky). The pictures show that Rolf is growing fast. He not only grows physically - he now weighs almost 22 pounds - but also mentally. He is beginning to say some words. We simply love to hear him

say mamma, and to hear him emphasize his m's. It was interesting to follow the evolution from "mam" to "mamma" and now to "mama" or "mamam". Rolf is quite liberal with his "mamma's". He verily shouts it when he sees his mother coming with the eat. Whenever he sees something edible Rolf shout "mama" anyway. He is inclined to believe that he associates mamma altogether too much with the things he puts into his mouth. Eating plays of course a big role in the life of the little fellow. Why not. Little children must eat



to get big. Rolf believes in this very thoroughly. I am inclined to think, however, that at times he is overdoing it, just a tiny little bit. So the other day for instance. He got a hold of some Reckitt's blue that mama had just bought and hid in the back of his carriage, and was very assiduously chewing it, before he was discovered in the malignant act. My; warn't mamma frightened, when she saw the hands of the little boy blue, his face blue, his lips blue, his tongue blue, his whole mouth blue. She got the blue from it, and he did not

get over it till father came home and told her that Reckitt's blue was an excellent laxative. Their father got that knowledge from he is even now at a loss to understand. At any rate it allayed mama's worst fears, and father is so sure yet whether mother did not very closely follow the "movements" of our little boy after this episode. Those are not the only things Rolf tries to consume. We have every reason to believe that a pebble or two found its way to his inside emporium, while not long ago he almost choked on some prickly pine-leaves, and only by arduous labors of mother and bystanders, whereby they worked on the little man holding him in an upside-down position, did they succeed in ridding him of this extranscendental matter. Luckily that Rolf's parents sometimes forcibly eject some of the foreign stuff he tries to swallow. This however is a rather risky operation. For our little man has eight teeth, four on top and four on bottom, and one has every reason to fear his making use of his teeth on one's fingers. - It was duly noted above that Rolf said mamma very volubly. Father may also state however that his son says "pap-pa" once in a while, or rather that he



papa" so frequently as he says "mamma".
 No doubt due to the "eat" or the absence of
 it so long papa has his turn with the little
 boy. Father intends to teach ~~the~~ his son some
 more simple words and does not believe to
 experience much difficulty. For discounting
 the almost unavoidable element of exaggera-
 tion when parents speak of their children, father
 does not hesitate to say that Rolf is an apt
 pupil. He just watches your lips very intently
 and the next moment he either tries to imitate
 or giggles at his impotence in the matter. In
 regard to imitations it must be recorded that
 Rolf makes satisfactory strides. He simply loves

for instance to imitate
 the horn signals of the
 automobiles. The only
 objection to this and other
 sound-imitations is
 possibly the fact that Rolf
 easily becomes hoarse and
 he remains so for a day
 or two thereafter. -

These are the days that
 Rolf requires more care
 than ever. No wonder that
 his mother dear is deadly
 tired at night - especially
 now, when it is so hard
 to get sleep and to keep it.



It is not only the regular
 bath in the morning and
 his several feedings (8.30
 a. m., 11 a. m., 2.30 p. m.,
 6.30 p. m. and a glass
 of milk at 10 p. m.), together
 with the other incidentals
 that keeps mamma busy,
 but now that Rolf begins
 to stand up in his carriage
 and on the porch we
 will have to be constant-
 ly on the watch against
 accidents. Only the other
 day, mamma's heart
 came in her mouth, when
 one our neighbor Mrs.

Manneke emitted a cry, which was due to the
 fact, that Rolf - who inadvertently was only strap-
 ped in his carriage on one side, was hanging out
 on the other, with his feet practically in the air and
 his head in the grass, in that ~~so~~ unique position trying
 to pick some flowers. Mother thought her son was "a
 goner" as he later described it very graphically, but
 her son considered any such thing altogether premature
 and from his protestations one was led to believe that
 he rather enjoyed the up-^{side}-vertical position he was
 relieved from with such alacrily on the part of his
 rescuers. Yes this standing up in his bed and especia-
 ly in the carriage ^{causes} gives his parents some anxiety.
 It has led them to purchase a new lower carriage,
 while they are planning some kind of a netting over
 his bed. Nevertheless it is "glorious" to see him stand
 up in his crib in the morning, holding fast on





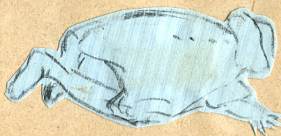
to the slats looking in the dresser's mirror. This has the double advantage of enabling him to see his parents immediately upon entering and at the same time of contemplating himself in the mirror. On the porch Rolf already is a real acrobat, and he sets the neighbors a talking by his stunts. He stands easily against the railing, let one hand go, and catches the other slat, then he let



one foot go, subsequently catches with the other hand a new slat, draws up his foot, and so moves himself while standing. "I wonder where the little rascal has seen this?" asks his mother. "Yes we wonder."

Rolf loves to play with toy-balloons, but his father has a hard time keeping him from breaking the rubber canvas and thereby the balloon to bits. For Rolf, like all of his sort is an apostle of destruction. It is funny to

Bradley Beach,
N.J. - July 11, 1916.



Rolf on the
Yellow Sands.

Mama's.

see him haul in the bread while the balloon is up in the air. With a pull with one hand, then with the other, just like a sailor pulling in the rope. "I wonder where the little rascal has seen this?" asks his father. "Yes we wonder."

Rolf's habits are regularly itself. Awakening at 6.15 a.m. A little nap in the morning and one in the afternoon. The latter not always without some coercion. To bed at 6.45 p.m. promptly - without



fail. In the beginning of our stay here in Bradley Beach he did not like to go to sleep but he ~~like~~ goes to sleep now with less protestations. - just now we do all we can to guard him from infection on account of the raging epidemic of polio-ymelitis. Father for the time being does not go to New York, and when we learned that a new girl we got last week had been near a fatal case, we sent her right back to the place she came from, while we boiled everything that had touched and could have touched in the house she had been with us. We



the same not over our reason number of days



July 28, 1916. - Rolf in the act of standing on the porch. He loves to hold on with one hand to the window-sill, and to loosen up screws and other things ^{with the other,} securely fastened. Naturally he does not succeed. But that does not refrain him from making efforts anew and anew. Once in a while - that means six or seven times a day - he loses his equilibrium, and falls to the floor with or without a bang. He usually cries... and surely we don't blame him.



It's so delightful to be on the beach on Sunday's afternoons. Especially when mother brings her sketchbook along and makes father look more ugly than he already ~~is~~. Rolf enjoys it too. The sand has a never ceasing fascination for him, and his chase after pieces of straw, charcoal, wood and - if you let him - the remains of lunches, etc. He never gives up. ~~Now~~ and then he tries to eat a handful of sand, and the sand scrubs the stomach clean. We are at the lookout to have him obtain from it.



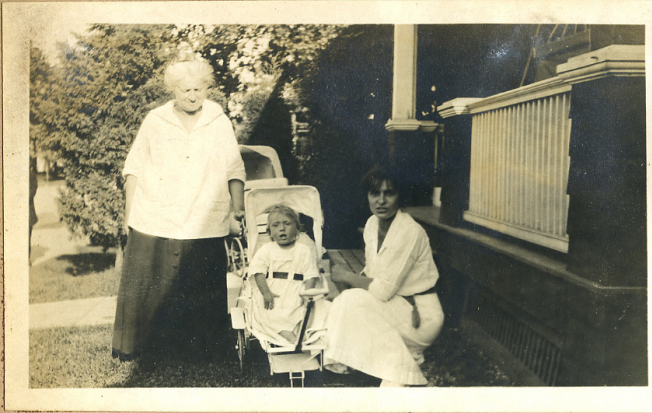
Father back from a trip through the woods. Brought home some beautiful wild flowers, including tiger lilies, golden rod, ferns, etc. Father wanted to be taken with Rolf, but it took mother so long to get the right focus, that father had a hard time holding the baby. Mother's were aggravated through the desire of Rolf to get some of the flowers. The picture shows the sorry plight of father, he almost let drop the baby. "Nice thing to do" says mother. "I'd rather drop the flowers than the dear little fellow". Right she is.



We don't know what did it. He very likely bumped his head against the railing of the swinging couch. At any rate he cries. Big tears are rolling down his cheeks. Father says to mother "Now take him quick." She didn't like to do it. "The poor little fellow" she said... as she clicked the shutter. Good for you mother. And doesn't father look cute? Those legs of father! Aren't they "fin du siècle"? No denying of it. And Rolf's legs also look big. And they are big. And they are strong. He is a little giant that boy of ours.



Aug. 20, 1916. - This picture was taken on Sunday afternoon. Aug. 20, 1916 - at 3 p.m. - usually an excellent time for taking pictures. Rolf is seen in



his new carriage - more easily to handle than the grey pushmobile which father thinks he has pushed long enough. Such reflections are made with the more freedom when father thinks of the multitude of things mother manages to put in the grey carriage. Father does believe that when he is all through with

his push-business he will be seriously considered in applying for a job with the Adams or any other express-company as driver. The venerable old lady on the picture is Rolf's grand-ma. Venerable old is tautology.

Moreover grandma is not old at all. For that matter the picture shows it most conclusively. Did one ever see a more accomplished looking campfire-girl?

That happened to mother ^{never} history may know. But something must have occurred. Father at first was inclined to believe that mother was cursing or sneering at him. But



→ Captain's kid.

Mother offers the baby.

→ Rolf with papa's amber glasses. which are not yet paid for.

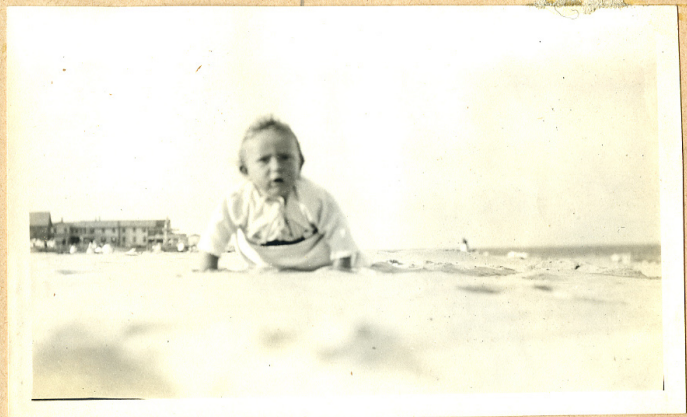
Grand ma.

Marguerita

he knows too well that mamma does never indulge in such vent-giving pastime. But my! doesn't she look ferocious? One would almost begin to think that there is truth in Mamma's yarn that ~~when~~ she really

is the daughter of an Indian squaw, substituted surreptitiously for the real Rose Bloom. She does, indeed, look like a mild Indian. But all this does not explain what she is doing. Very likely she is telling father to hurry up, and gives him one thousand and

one "instructions" about what to do and what not to do. Or can it be that she merely sings? Judging from Rolf's behavior she might. For the little fellow seems to sing lustily. But what can she sing than a song of hate? However far be it from mother dear to indulge in Bissauriania. - The future historian may have to scratch



"Onward Christian soldiers"

his head in finding out what Bissauriania may mean. And we are not going to claim it either; for we are too much occupied - faulty as our memory is - with what happened on that afternoon - in trying to define why mamma does what she does. Really what happened to mother's history may never know

Truusje Smart reverer.

Daughter of Elie Smart-
ver and Betie Biamant

Taken when she was
6 months old in August
1916, at Amsterdam,
Holland. - A dear
little child as the picture



may be crude, but nobody can deny that there is life in them. Take
for instance the middle picture on this page, showing Rolf (on August 13th.
1916) with his indomitable monkey on the watch, trying to reach over
the fence. "Isn't it cute?" - Now, father is using a phrase which he has always
detested. He dislikes so much those spine-less ~~and~~ platonic ejaculations
as the one here underlined, or the other classic one: "My cousin's Harry,

baby, is the cutest,
dearest little thing, you
ever laid your eyes on."
(with the emphasis on
ever). He tries to get
away from all his
senseless - chicken headed -
praising. So much so, that
when Rolf was born, he (father)
had a sign printed saying
"Please don't say the baby
is the cutest one you ever
saw". That sign - big black
letters on a yellowed back-
ground - real suffragie -
now hangs in Rolf's bedroom
here at 417 Park Place Ave.



Bradley Beach. Each
time - on Rolf's morning
walk on papa's arm to
inspect the pictures on
the wall - when getting near
to it, Rolf makes a grab
for it, but thus far it is
intact. Another sign,
made at the same time,
shouting a "Please don't
handle the baby", is, alas,
a little damaged. But
we have had capital fun
of it. About Rolf very,

little news is there
to tell. He now
simply grows like
Topsy. He tries hard
to talk, and tries
hard to walk; once
in a while he has
a cold, and always
likes papa's watch
of gold; Oh yes this



afterward he says dan ~~or~~ "kik-ly"; Oh yes when he gets the hic-coughs
good and strong, they last for almost an hour long. In many other things
Rolf is smart; bumping and falling he has made to an art. Oh yes a kind
little kerp Rolf has down pat, but people have gone to jail for rhyming better than all

dear Rolf Biamant
loves to play in the
sand. He has also
a liking for father's
keys and chain,
and is also interested
in watching the rain.
He often drinks his
water too quickly,
and for an hour



Those beautiful signs - and mama's beautiful eyes - and her beautiful teeth -
makes everything so lovely, so lovely, so lovely.
- Sep. 3, 1916 -



Is it real... or is it a stage?

Mother Robbie Bloom



Drinking it straight from the pail.
(Family Entrance)



"father hooked out" - a staple?



Sir
Edward
Gray



→ mama
siamant
and her
two cousins



Rolf
dis-
covers
America



So dreamy.

Robbie



A morning with
 Rolf
 on the porch -
 Bradley Aug 20 '16 Beach.



1. Playing quietly.

When Rolf plays quietly on that part of the porch that ~~is~~ is set aside for his own personal and exclusive use, he usually does not do it long. The "water-wagon" - spraying the street - may soon go by. Rolf recognizes the crunching of the wheels from afar, and with his monkey in the one hand - or any other toy that for the moment may have become inseparable - he makes a dash for the railing, "works his way up" and with half of his face peering over the fence, he bids the water-wagon a hearty welcome, not infrequently



4. Making fun of the old man.



2. Looking up to find out what father is doing.



5. "Who are you anyhow?"

down with a marvelous acrobatic ease. He always manages to come down on his hands. This surely gives him strong merits and probably explains why he did not hurt himself, when, the other day, he fell bodily... out of his bed.



3. Trying to get nearer (just now unable to advance or retreat.)

gracefully as now leaped by Fiddie on the top. Indeed the water wagon has most remarkable attraction for this little son of a best of all. Fruit does not fall far from the tree.

Sometimes, Rolf is remarkable quiet, so much so, that you hear the stillness. One better then investigates conditions in loco, for in these circumstances there, usually, is a reason. This makes mother refer to a jiddish saying: father ~~is~~ smells in the other direction.

On the porch Rolf is entirely at home. He stands up and falls



"Hip, hip, hip, hurrah" alias: "vie your best du" or: "How big is Rolf going to be."



Bradley Beach, Sep. 10, 1916. The pictures on this page were all taken on Sep. 10, 1916, and, therefore, show how our dear little son looked on his first birthday. They close up at the same time the story of his first year. How different the weather on the 10th. of September this year as compared with a year ago. When Rolf came to life on a hot day, and the weather kept very warm with no breeze stirring for a number of days and nights. It ~~made~~ ^{made} things almost unbearable for all concerned not in the least for mother and child. Let ~~me~~ us quote from



Some remarks made at the time. Colourless as they are, they tell the story, nevertheless.

Sep. 10. Baby born. Sep. 10, 1915. 4.10 p.m. Boy. Rolf Wiamant, son of Rudolph Wiamant and Rose Bloom Wiamant. Doctor: Emily Larrick, Nurse: Miss O'Neill. Mother after painful confinement rests comfortably at 6.30 p.m. but does not sleep. 8 p.m. to 10 p.m.:

cry. Baby cried terribly at night. Everybody tired and nervous. Nurse has not slept in 48 hours. Nurse called up doctor at 11.30 p.m., on the verge of giving it all up. ~~made~~ ^{made} efforts to get relief nurse for 24 hours. She comes at 1 a.m. Doctor advises over phone



Baby cries, troubled by gases. (colic). Sep. 11. 2 a.m. Baby awakes and cries till about 3 a.m. when nurse quiets him by taking him in her arms and so going to sleep with him. Poor tired and sleepless. Sep. 11. Baby weighed in the afternoon. 8 1/4 pounds. Rather hot day but not so hot as yesterday. Rose is looking better but needs more sleep. Baby sleeps, if it does not

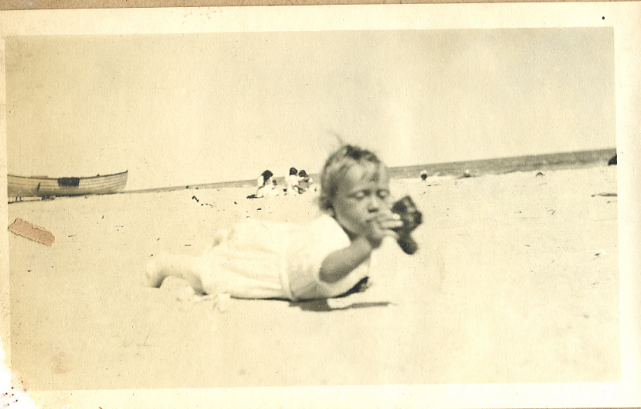


Borden's unsweetened milk. ~~but~~ I run to and from store as fast as I can. Night hot and humid, also run to drug store for Bromide. Druggist looks at it with some suspicion, which makes me feel miserable. Luckily baby did not need it, as it went to sleep at about 1.30 a.m. and kept sleeping till 9 o'clock next morning. -

The above quotations fully indicate that not everything was "well and happy" when Rolf was born. As a matter of fact we all had a very hard time of it, things being aggravated by the intensely hot weather, which in turn



made Rolf start life with "prickly heat"



and made Rose who had to undergo another operation two days later, feel very $\frac{1}{2}$ badly. Things got on the nurse's, Miss O'Neill's, nerves, and although at the # line we blamed her much for her rough manner of talking to helpless Rose dear, her slamming of doors, and walking thru the apartment like a wild animal, still after some months reflection we understood more and forgave more. She undoubtedly, had too much to do and too many things to look after, especially

because Rolf whenever awake would keep up crying. - I also had a quarrel with mamma, because she insisted upon going in Rose's room and taking up the baby the day after his birth, while the doctor had given strict instructions that Rose should be left absolutely quiet and the nurse alone should handle the baby. ^{upon coming back} Mamma went away and stayed away for at least a week, and then gave me a calling down because I did not go in to see why Rolf cried so frantically when the nurse was bathing him in the kitchen. "A father should see what a nurse is doing to his child" ^{grand} mother said - and right she was. Well we "canned" Miss O'Neill soon afterward and put up for about three weeks with another, who let things in the kitchen burn, who was asthmatic, but was a good soul at any rate. We all were breathing a sigh of relief when

at last the nurses were a thing of the past - about ~~to~~ October 18 - and although Rose was very weak in the beginning and at times felt down - cast and lived out

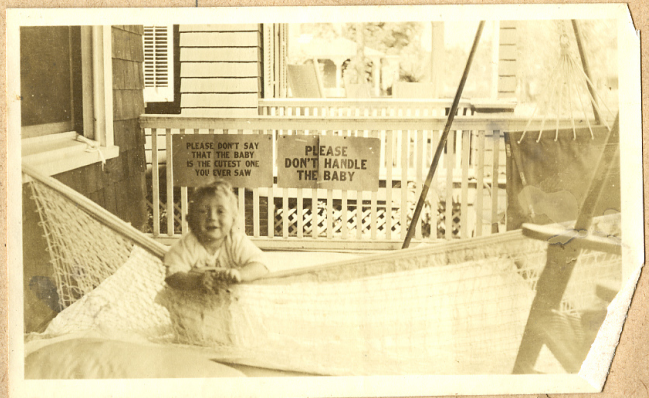


because Rolf kept up crying a good deal, and he seemed not to be able to get enough from his mamma to ~~live on~~ - things went on measurably better. Nevertheless, writing about now, a year since, I do

again feel the pang of anxiety as I felt them at that time, and ~~to~~

live again through that same atmosphere of care and worry. But yet it is different. Then the future was absolutely blurred. Now at least we see daylight. Rolf is a strappy youngster. He is healthy and cheerful. He is what we may highly call a "good baby". By going away from

the city - his year with its poliomyelitis epidemic especially dangerous - we laid a good foundation for him here nurtured as he is by the never ceasing cares of his mother dear, and aided by sunlight and fresh air. May he stay here over the winter and be a real nature boy out ~~him~~



R. S.

1st year.



Tinis

Richmond - Feb 21, 1917

For little Rolf -

This is a letter from father for the little boy, Rolf Diamant. Father did not come in the room to-day and he could not say: Good morning. Father has gone away with the train, ^{but not long} but father will come back on Monday, sure. Now mother dear will you write a letter to ~~me~~ ^{father} and give the letter to the postman, and please mother dear write in this letter all about the dear little boy. If he has been good all the time you will sure write it. Won't you mother dear. And tell me if he cried at night. I cannot believe he did. For all little children must sleep quietly all the night till the sun shines in the room the next morning. You know mother dear the birdies never get up in the night and cry. But the birdies have no itch like the little

boy. But that will soon be
all over, I am sure. And then
the little fellow will sleep all
the night through, till the rooster
in the morning, wakes him when
the rooster calls cock-a-leekoo, and
when we hear the whistle of seven
o'clock ^{bell}. And when papa comes
back he is going to play again
with little Rolf. What will we
play? We play Kookedie and
pickaboo and we will also
have fun in the bed. Well,
good bye Rolf. Gooden day,
Be a good boy now, and
write to father a long letter,
and give the letter to the post-
man or put it in the
letterbox. Bye bye

Fathye

... Americans this year than
in any other year of our history.
All races have participated.

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Six years ago a young Hollander, R. Diamant, came to this country. I chanced to meet him shortly after. His knowledge of the fundamentals of finance and his ability to ferret out information impressed me. He was then filling a very modest job, but, on my suggestion, he contributed a number of financial articles to the Hearst and other publications. These attracted notice, especially among experts. His compilation of European war loans, written for last year's Annual Financial Number of the New York American, was the best, most thorough table of war financing ever prepared. During the current year Mr. Diamant has been a frequent contributor of signed articles to the Financial Chronicle, Moody's Magazine and other standard financial publications.

Next week Mr Diamant becomes identified in an important way with the bond department of the Prudential Insurance Company of America. His work as chief statistician for A. B. Leach & Co. and as editor of the "Trend of the Times," published by that influential investment banking firm, has excited notice for its soundness, its lack of superficiality and its grasp of the essentials as distinct from trivialities. If I am any judge of men Citizen Diamant is destined to go much farther. He is only thirty.

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Our Annual Financial Number should be worth reading this year. Financial, railroad and industrial leaders whose names are known all over the world are contributing not off-hand comments, but signed articles. I stage from mention. Subjects seldom "usuals" will be the authorities in it.

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Rock
J. E.
Mudge
Bank





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des Chats

par

Steinlen



PARIS
ERNEST FLAMMARION
EDITEUR
26 RUE RACINE
PRÈS L'ODÉON



ÉDITIONS G. FLAMMARION
18, rue de Valenciennes, Paris

Nathan Marcus Diamant
b. 17 Sep 1854
d. 2 Oct 1925, Amsterdam, Netherlands
& Maria Weeskrujer
b. 10 Dec 1853
d. 15 Feb 1927, Amsterdam, Netherlands



Solomon Diamant
b. 1891, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 8 Sep 1981, Netherlands
& Engel Wans
b. 1891, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 1961, Amsterdam, Netherlands



Miriam Diamant
b. 5 Nov 1919, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 2008
& Ab. Veltman
b. d.



Henny Diamant
b. d.



Betsy Diamant
b. d.
& Ferdinand van der Horst
b. 1923
d. 2008



Isaac Diamant
b. 15 Mar 1860, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 17 Aug 1942, Monowitz, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland
& Beke van Bazel
b. 9 Dec 1885, Oudshoorn, Netherlands
d. 10 Sep 1942, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland



Mielje Marianna Diamant
b. 11 Feb 1910, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 20 Jan 1989, Amsterdam, Netherlands
& Gerbrand Smit
b. d.



Eliazar Isaac Diamant
b. 22 Nov 1906, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 1942, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland



Elisabeth Diamant
b. 3 Jun 1915, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 30 Nov 1942, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland
& Mendel Heller
b. 29 Jan 1906, Dolina, Poland
d. 31 Mar 1944, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland



Bertha Diamant
b. 27 Jul 1925, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 14 Aug 1942, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland



Philip Diamant
b. 7 May 1881, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. d.
& Rachel Querido
b. 11 Nov 1878, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. d.



Nora Diamant
b. 13 Apr 1912
d. d.
& van Bergen
b. d.



Sonja Diamant
b. Dec 1907
d. d.



Joseph Diamant
b. 6 Oct 1896, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 21 Aug 1942, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland
& Beilje van der Heide
b. 5 Jul 1889, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. aft 1995



Joseph Diamant
b. 6 Oct 1896, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 21 Aug 1942, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland
& Rachel Wans
b. 5 Feb 1898, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 16 Aug 1942, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland



Marie Diamant
b. 14 Apr 1926, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 16 Aug 1942, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland



Harry Diamant
b. 30 Jun 1931, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 16 Aug 1942, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland



Beke Diamant
b. 23 Aug 1889
d. 16 Jan 1924
& Eliazar Zwartverwer
b. 27 Mar 1887
d. aft 1924



Marie Zwartverwer
b. 4 Jan 1919
d. d.
& A.F. Wilton
b. d.



Robert Zwartverwer
b. 23 Nov 1919
d. d.



Trude Zwartverwer
b. 18 Mar 1916
d. d.
& Willem Doseman
b. 22 May 1909
d. d.



Marcus Diamant
b. 11 Jun 1877, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 24 Sep 1942, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland
& Hartogine Cohen
b. 2 Jan 1881, Coevorden-Drenthe, Netherlands
d. 2 Apr 1943, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland



Bernard Diamant
b. 6 Jun 1879, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. d.
& Lea Frank
b. 19 Feb 1885, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 6 Oct 1942, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland



Wolf Diamant
b. 7 Oct 1884, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. 31 Aug 1942, Auschwitz, Kz, Krakow, Poland
& Marianne Bonn
b. 30 Sep 1884
d. d.



Maria Diamant
b. 24 Apr 1914
d. d.



Max Diamant
b. 14 May 1917, Amsterdam, Netherlands
d. Dec 2007, Deventer, Netherlands
& Annie Leegstra
b. 29 Oct 1920
d. Dec 2007, Deventer, Netherlands



Rose Bloom
b. 16 Dec 1888, Goniendz, Poland
d. 14 Mar 1987
& Rudolph Israel Diamant
b. 2 Jan 1886, Amsterdam, Holland
d. 16 Apr 1927, New York, NY



Philip Diamant
b. 9 Jan 1919, New York City
d. 17 Apr 2008
& Shirley Dichter
b. 17 Aug 1919
d. d.



Rolf Diamant
b. 10 Sep 1915
d. 29 Jun 1917



Lincoln Diamant
b. 25 Jan 1923, New York City
d. 20 Oct 2009, Williamstown, MA
& Celia Nachatovitz
b. 25 Jan 1923
d. 7 Oct 1967



Lincoln Diamant
b. 25 Jan 1923, New York City
d. 20 Oct 2009, Williamstown, MA
& Joan Champion Bruck
b. d.



Moses Joseph Bloom
b. 7 Oct 1860, Goniendz
d. 11 Feb 1934
& Dora Ponemonsky
b. Jul 1859, Goniendz, Poland
d. 27 Oct 1949



Anna Bloom
b. 18 Jun 1884, Goniendz, Russia/Poland
d. 1969, Dade County, Florida
& Samuel Rosenblum
b. 1877, Austria
d. 13 Jul 1962, Miami Beach, Florida



Felix Rosenblum
b. 12 Apr 1924
d. 2 Feb 1992, 7 yrs 9 mos.



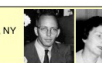
Frank Bloom
b. 8 Nov 1885, Goniendz, Poland
d. 3 Jun 1971, Peilham Bay General Hospital
& Jennie Hurwitz
b. 15 Dec 1882, Odessa, Russia
d. 20 Aug 1979



Robert David Bloom
b. 21 Nov 1915, Springfield, MA
d. 4 Apr 1986, 75 Henry Street, Brooklyn, NY
& Gladys Thaler
b. d.



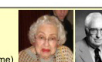
Robert David Bloom
b. 21 Nov 1915, Springfield, MA
d. 4 Apr 1986, 75 Henry Street, Brooklyn, NY
& Veta Herman
b. 12 Jan 1920
d. 21 Nov 1992



Charles Bloom
b. 1917
d. 1922



Lenore Bloom
b. 29 Apr 1921
d. d.
& Milton Muntiz
b. 9 Jul 1913
d. 24 Sep 1995, Scarborough, NY (at home)



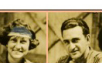
Sarah Bloom
b. 2 Jun 1889, Goniendz, Poland
d. 11 Jan 1984
& Irving Grossman
b. 9 Apr 1903, New York, NY
d. 23 Jan 1976, Freehold, NJ



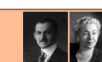
Lares Tresjan
b. 9 Feb 1931
d. d.



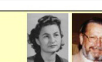
Esther Bloom
b. 29 May 1891, New York
d. 22 Nov 1979, New York City
& Oscar Hirschmann
b. 2 Aug 1897, New York City
d. 30 Jan 1984, Huntington Beach, California



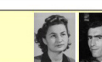
David Bloom
b. 24 Mar 1893, New York City
d. 14 Apr 1987, Englewood, N.J.
& Kate Rosen
b. 12 Sep 1890, New York City
d. 2 Aug 1963, Englewood, N.J.



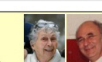
Ruth Miriam Bloom
b. 14 May 1918, Norwood, NJ
d. 20 Apr 1989, Huntington Beach, CA
& Frederick Scheinblum
b. 28 Mar 1909, NY, NY
d. 18 Jan 1982, Huntington Beach, CA



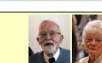
Ruth Miriam Bloom
b. 14 May 1918, Norwood, NJ
d. 20 Apr 1989, Huntington Beach, CA
& Kalman Levitan
b. d.



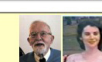
Naomi Leah Bloom
b. 11 Sep 1920, New York City
d. d.
& Carl Elliott Rothschild
b. 28 May 1917, New York City
d. 30 Nov 1994, Englewood, New Jersey



Daniel Herbert Bloom
b. 19 Mar 1925, New York City
d. d.
& Sylvia Macy
b. 6 Jun 1929
d. d.



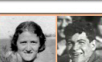
Daniel Herbert Bloom
b. 19 Mar 1925, New York City
d. d.
& Helen Schwartz
b. d.



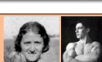
Isidor Bloom
b. 12 May 1895, New York
d. 4 Mar 1975, 94th And Broadway, New York, NY



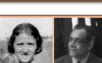
Lenna Bloom
b. 29 Dec 1896, New York
d. 13 Jul 1990, Mt. Sinai Hosp., New York City
& Milton Gray
b. d.



Lenna Bloom
b. 29 Dec 1896, New York
d. 13 Jul 1990, Mt. Sinai Hosp., New York City
& Sam Kramer
b. 1883
d. d.



Lenna Bloom
b. 29 Dec 1896, New York
d. 13 Jul 1990, Mt. Sinai Hosp., New York City
& Bernard Rosas
b. d.
d. d.



Abraham Bloom
b. 1 Jul 1899
d. 1902



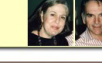
Aaron Bloom
b. 2 Feb 1903, New York
d. 14 Feb 1990
& Jean Edelmuth
b. 23 Nov 1906, New York, NY
d. 17 Oct 2004



Judith Bloom
b. 5 Jul 1935, New York City
d. d.
& Robert Shaw
b. 19 Feb 1927, New York City
d. 26 Mar 2009



Eleanor Bloom
b. 2 Apr 1938, New York City
d. d.
& Michael Surkis
b. 29 Jun 1929, Czernowitz, Rumania
d. d.



Daniel Bloom
b. 2 Feb 1903
d. 2 Feb 1903



Rachel Bloom
b. 27 Jul 1908
d. 2 May 1908

