

OUR COMMUNITY REMEMBERS ALBERT BOSCOV

The Board of Directors and staff of the Jewish Federation of Reading extend our condolences to the family of Albert Boscov, our community's visionary civic leader, businessman, philanthropist and generous supporter of the Jewish Federation. Although he will be missed, his presence will be felt by all for many generations to come.

Maimonides believed that each level of tzedakah you performed brought you closer to heaven. His highest level of tzedakah is for the person who helps another to become self-supporting.

Undoubtedly, Albert Boscov is in that company.



זכרונו לברכה

May he be remembered as a blessing.

Although I worked with Albert on community causes (Political fundraising, Congressional Redistricting , Goggleworks primarily through my wife Dena and other projects) the ones which were most memorable and gave me an insight into his character were Jewish causes. Albert was not inclined to attend routine meetings or run any of our organizations but he was always there when we needed him.

This included his life long financial support of annual giving as well as leadership gifts and speaking at crucial moments - the Yom Kippur War, Operation Solomon to rescue Ethiopian Jews, Soviet Jewry and more. Not only did Albert and his brother-in-law and partner Ed Lakin consistently provide annual leadership gifts but they encouraged their Jewish executives to also support the UJA campaign. George Weiss volunteered for many years to handle the "Boscov people ."

Albert, a retailing genius, community leader and tough businessman was, at the core, a very emotional man. This included emotions about anti-semitism, Soviet Jewry, and children at risk. You could always tell when he became emotional because his lower lip would curl down and there'd be a slight catch in his voice.

In the 1980's he was very supportive of our efforts on behalf of Jews attempting to leave the former Soviet Union. At the root was his recognition that if his father Solomon hadn't left Russia, Albert himself could be in the place of those who were oppressed. Closer to home, I recall when he was honored with the Thun Award for his community leadership and philanthropy. The event was held at the Berkshire Country Club. During his gracious acceptance speech he openly reflected on the positive changes that had been made in civil rights for all and said "25 years earlier I would not have been welcome at the Berkshire but now I, a Jew, am receiving this award at the Berkshire." By his actions and character, Albert personally made a positive impression as a Jew on people in 45 communities where Boscov had stores.

In my opinion, one of the most memorable achievements in the history of our Reading Jewish community was our support for the construction of the Holocaust Museum in Washington DC. In the mid 1980's we were asked to raise funds. Albert and Ed Lakin volunteered to co chair the campaign. A fund raiser was held at Alma & Ed's home with Albert making a passionate and emotional appeal which accompanied his and Eds own substantial leadership pledge. Albert's sense of history and the need to assure that the Holocaust would be forever remembered was behind his efforts. That evening 20 couples pledged 75% of the 3/4 of a million dollars we raised in Reading. As a result we were the highest giving community per capita in the United States.

About a year later when a few community leaders including Albert and I went to Washington to lobby for highway transportation funds, Albert insisted that we stop by the construction site of the museum. He was proud of the project and spoke to the other community leaders as to why it was so important - and not just for the Jewish community. By the way, we were successful that day in getting the highway funding that helped finish the infamous "road to nowhere".

I've lost track of the number of times Albert asked me to support a cause. But I, in turn, solicited him quite a few times. One of those times was when I asked for his support to kick start the Federation's support for Yemin Orde. After I made my appeal on behalf of the at risk Jewish children from 22 countries, he asked some questions. But I knew I had his support because his lower lip had dropped & there was that slight catch in his throat. And so he and Eunice began their support in 2000. They and several other couples have contributed annually ever since then.

Like thousands of others, especially his family, I will miss Albert. He along with his entire family - Ed & Alma Lakin, Joe & Shirley Boscov, Shirley and Jim Holtzman and others - were leaders, and not just financially, of the Berks Jewish community. They reflected the best of Yiddishkeit in many different ways.

Vic Hammel

Albert Boscov was not a religious man by nature, yet he was a proud Jew and an exemplar of significant Jewish values. Albert responded to the call of Prophetic Judaism and the belief that we are each personally responsible for making the world a better place. He had the vision and perseverance to bring into being numerous programs that made Reading and Berks County a better place to live and work. His death leaves very big shoes to fill and a challenge to the entire Berks County community to carry on the good work that Albert Boscov started.

Rabbi Brian I. Michelson

I have been in the company of Al Boscov many times. But I never saw him in a bad humor. He always smiled, and he had a way of looking at the world, which made you feel warm; and mostly that life was good; and the world was good.

His sense of humor was marked by a self deprecating style. Once, when he was introducing former Governor Ed Rendell, he started out by saying: "I will be short.....I am short". And, of course, the only thing short about Al Boscov, was his physical height. In most ways, he was a giant of a man. His like will not be seen again soon.

"Zichrono l'brachah"

Dr. Larry Rotenberg

Both Albie and I had a special affection for Genesius Theater on 10th Street in downtown Reading. I never asked him, but I bet like me it was because one of his kids was a performer there at some point in their youth. Or maybe just because it was another way to bring inner city Reading back to life.

When Larry Fecho took over he managed to get Albie to help renovate the entire theater. New seats, professional theater lighting and a shiny new coat of paint.

Larry planned a benefit to launch the theater and asked Albie and me to perform "Do you Love Me", from Fiddler on the Roof. Can you imagine, I was to play Goldie to his Tevye. How amazing, being cast alongside the perfect Tevye.

Being an overachiever, I planned a series of rehearsals over the six weeks until performance, and offered private lessons with my local voice teacher. "You must be kidding" he scoffed. "This is a cinch, I'm always on stage." "Albie, please memorize the words," I pleaded, "when you're up there, the audience out front, the bright lights, it can be overwhelming". He showed up to one rehearsal.

Night of the performance was exciting. A full house, the theater looked great thanks to him, and the energy was palpable as we were about to perform. He had a rather complicated route to the stage based on where he was sitting. Alby had to get up, walk up the aisle through the lobby and around to the other side of the stage. Somewhere in that short transit, Alby met up in the lobby with one of his legions of fans. A little ADD as he was, he got sidetracked and pretty much forgot that he was to go out on stage in just a few moments. I was standing in the wings, jilted by my partner. The silence was deafening and the audience became a little rambunctious. I finally walked out, improvising, calling out for Tevye, while minions were dispatched to find him.

When he appeared, running out, breathless, it provided a perfect opening. "Tevye", I said, with exasperation, my hands on hips. "Do you love me?" We burst into song. However, the rush, the late entrance, Albie soon blanked out on the words. Probably for the first time in his life, Albie was momentarily speechless. I fed him a few lines and from there all went smoothly.

What a fun night. And Genesius to this day continues to present successful entertaining seasons of adult and youth performances and classes.

Sandy Solmon



Albert... Hmmmm? The mere thought of this incredible man has cascading recollections, as I was fortunate to know him from when I was a young man up until his passing. Most of all I remember his incredible Enthusiasm and Energy! He was a role model in how to "enjoy the moment" and be ready for the next!

When mere mortals slept... Albert stayed awake. He just plain outworked everybody!

What a wonderful leader... in his very unusual way! He supported our Jewish community in so many, many ways. We are all the better... for his wonderfulness, charm, and caring! Our community will miss him terribly!

Howard Hafetz.



A few thoughts... I had known Albert for my entire life. During high school, I had a job at Boscov's East as a stock boy. During those days, the stock boys wore work shirts over their regular shirts. When I left the company, the manager of the stock pool said I could keep my shirt, so I did.

Later in life, I dated and eventually married Jo Ann Kisling. Jo and her parents had a fruit and produce business that Albert and Eunice patronized. Eventually, both Jo and I ended up going to Drexel University, Albert's alma mater. During one of Jo's co-op sessions at Drexel, she worked for Boscov's helping the curtain and drape buyer.

After graduation, she ended up working for Bamberger's, which eventually became Macy's. Every time Mr. B would see Jo, he would get on one knee, take her hand and "propose" to Jo, asking her to please leave Macys and to come to work for him.

Eventually, Albert's charm won her over, and she joined the company. From day one, Albert always made Jo feel part of his family, and always took the time to ask about her father and mother. In addition, he always made a point of letting Jo know how much he appreciated her hard work and commitment to the company and to the stores she was responsible for. Al was always a gentleman.

A few years ago, when one of Jo's stores was getting ready for its grand opening, Al went to visit. The photo above is Jo's favorite picture of her and Al....she is wearing the same shirt that I wore as a stock boy!

The other thought centers around GoggleWorks. I have been on the board of directors of GoggleWorks since its inception, and more recently the board chair for the last 4 years. It was during this time I got to work closely with Al. Al had the vision and the chutzpah to implement his dream of creating a revitalized section of Reading. GoggleWorks was part of the plan. Like many things in business (and life) there were many twists, turns and growing pains. Al never got upset or phased.

He kept focused, and always looked for the silver lining. He was an incredible optimist. In addition, Al had a unique way of keeping everyone grounded and focused, and at the same time added a healthy dose of humor along the way! His care and love of the community was evident in his efforts to help Marlin Miller and Irv Cohen make the dream of GoggleWorks become reality.

When I was chair, and when Al was able to make the board meetings, he always sat next to me. A few times he would take a "power nap" during the board meeting. At times I would need to give him a gentle nudge. One time I nudged Al at the board table and looked down at this memo pad...he took his power nap with red flair in hand and was still in mid-doodle!

Paul Cohn

Albert Boscov is an unending phenomenon. Bigger than life itself, he was a complex mixture of more energy than the Energizer bunny, part Henny and Groucho, hardworking as an Edison and genius like Einstein. He was joyful, deeply concerned about others and very human. His philosophy is one of living life fully, actively and joyfully. Though seemingly not the most observant, his way of living epitomizes a strong commitment to tikkun olam, repairing and leaving the world a better place. When thinking of Albert, it is impossible to have other than admiration for his achievements, smiles from the memories, tears from his passing and thankfulness for having met him. There is nothing that I can say that others cannot, but there are some anecdotes to share.

Part of his complexity was that Albert was both flamboyant and humble. Unknown by most, there is a fascinating memorial to John Wannamaker in the Boscov's store at the Berkshire Mall which had been a former Wanamaker store. When I asked, Albert told me that he was influenced by Wanamaker's accomplishments and pricing policies. For all of his admitted bravado, Albert understood and respected others' places in history, honored and learned from them.

There is a photo in his office of Albert standing next to Governor Tom Ridge with his arm around and towering over the perhaps six foot four former governor. Mr. B, standing on a chair for the photo, was always, appropriately so, the tallest person in the room despite his physical stature. The photo reflects his unending humor and is a statement.

Several years ago, Albert was named retailer of the year. An enormous event was held to celebrate this achievement. I invited friends of mine to attend with their son who was about to graduate from high school, has an entrepreneurial mindset and had lived his entire life in the hubbub of a major metropolitan area. I told my friends that it was more important for their son to attend this event than any other person in the room.

Having had the "big city" as one's only frame of reference often leaves the untrue mindset that opportunity only exists in large cities, when in fact, opportunity is where you seize and create it. Nobody embodied what can be achieved in a small community better than Albert.

At the conclusion of this overwhelming event, I introduced my friends' son to Albert and told him that this young man had just been admitted to Princeton early decision. Albert put his arm around him looked at him with true admiration and humility and said, "I could not have done that."

Whether it was the 8AM Sunday trip to homes being rehabilitated by Our City Reading, the ribbon cutting for the I-Max theater (shown below), meetings or just schmoozing, Albert cannot be replaced. I am confident that his humor, drive, kindness and energy will live on in eternity in the many who had the privilege to know him. Meeting this remarkable man has been one of the greatest gifts that I have ever received.

Jerome I. Marcus, MD



Albie taught me to give prodigiously and generously. He had me well sized up, and knew my giving history; never had a qualm about asking for the moon. Pushing always beyond my comfort zone. That big hearted little man cast a spell on me, like everyone else in this town. I always felt it a privilege and an honor to be asked by Albie. That was the rub, and he knew it.

The first time he called me, the entire office was abuzz. "Mr. Boscov's on the phone!" the excitement was palpable. It was the first of what became many asks for my financial support and progressively for my time for one of his many pet projects. Yet I continued to make the Mecca to his office for that privilege, be it to hear from political candidates like Arlen Specter, or Governor Rendell who supported "Our City Reading" or Israel, two of his favorite causes, or to support the Goggleworks or the new hotel project, both of which in his mind were crucial to Reading's renewal.

He prepared for the Goggleworks by flying plane loads of us down to Greenville, South Carolina, to show us what an inspired Redevelopment Board could do to bring a city back to life. Presenting architectural drawings, from the front of his rickety twin engine plane, of the way it was going to be, entire city blocks rendered, as if it were a fait accompli. When we landed I was ready to give anything, out of thanks for still being alive!

In working with him as an early investor in the Doubletree Hotel, I learned the true meaning of doing by "sheer will." He projected this virtual reality, where everything was built and operating. It had a multi-story garage paid for by the state, fully rendered architectural drawings fully costed by the square foot, an operating budget and even a General Manager. And at every meeting he would go back and forth through the financial support from the state, Ed Rendell more precisely, that made it a "no brainer." He wanted us to believe that we couldn't lose. I visited multiple interior designers with Albie until he found his match in Baltimore, this talented woman, who gave us our beautifully designed treasure in downtown Reading. I remember feeling strongly about creating an active lobby at the Doubletree and both she and I argued a great deal about it with him, since it would require some architectural changes. It is true, when you gave input, you never knew whether it was considered or not, ultimately until the project was built. He was independent, headstrong and opinionated. But I learned, he took a lot in, and synthesized it.

After the financial meltdown, Boscov's bankruptcy, his return to Boscov's, the imminent change in state leadership and the building of Sweet Street's new plant in Greenville, I felt I had to drop out of the project, too much stress. I knew I was disappointing him and it hurt. At that point, I truly never thought this hotel would come to pass. I learned you never can underestimate Albert Boscov. The day of the grand opening of the Doubletree, as I walked in for my personal tour with Albie, I felt a sense of awe, respect, and quiet pride in my small contribution to its creation.

Albie, a legend like no other, who I will always love, respect and emulate.

Sandy Solmon

Albert was my oldest and dearest friend and I have known him for his entire life. Our fathers were partners in a dry goods business on South 9th Street before World War I. Our mothers were best friends. I was eight years older than Albie and our birthdays were one day apart, so with few exceptions we got together to celebrate. I remember being in their store on 9th Street when a customer came in for a tee shirt. Albie's father pulled a box of shirts from under the counter, removed the top one and handed the one below it to the man. The customer asked what was wrong with the top one and was told that it was a little dirty. He grabbed it and said "I'm going to wash it anyway." Customers were different then. I also remember an X-ray machine that they used to see how a shoe fit. We played with it all the time. I'm sure that today it would be banned as a health hazard.

Another time when Roy Rogers was appearing in Reading, Albie made a deal to have his horse Trigger come into the store. I called him to see how it was going just as Trigger peed all over the floor.

In a sample of things to come, Albie ran a big promotion. Every child who came into the store with a parent received a free miniature turtle which cost Albie 12 cents. They were then asked if they had turtle food, which no one did, so they sold them some for 25 cents. At this point he was breaking even. Then he told them to take home the turtle, train them and come back the next week for the big turtle races. He got the parents into the store twice and it was a big success.

When Albie opened the West Store his father backed him to the point of actually borrowing money from his life insurance knowing that if the store failed he would be totally wiped out. Albie made every decision large and small. I remember people waiting hours just for final approval on anything. He knew everything and proved it over and over. At that time Brok Novelty Company was supplying the toys. He looked at our display of well over 100 items and asked where was the Play Doh. I said it was on back order and he said to be sure he got some. Nothing got past him.

At that time I lived with my mother who was pretty much confined to her bed. One day I came home from work and asked how her day had gone. She said really well because Albert had stopped to see her. Knowing how crazy his days were I asked if he had yelled up the stairs to her bedroom. She said no, he had come up and sat by her bed and chatted for a half hour. That's the kind of person he was.

I went to his house to visit the day after he broke the news of his illness. I'd like to talk about a few things we discussed.

In the mid-1920's, Solomon Boscov was doing well at his store on 9th Street. So he decided to invest in real estate. He bought some land across from Hampden Park and contracted to build six semi-detached homes. They were finished in 1927 and my father, Ervin Brok, bought the first one. Solomon sold the other five and carried the mortgages on some of them. Some years later we were in the midst of a depression and a couple of the families could no longer afford their payments on their homes which had lost over 50% of their value forcing them to move out. At this point, Solomon decided to move his wife and four kids out of the apartment above the 9th Street store and into the vacant home adjoining ours making us next door neighbors.

Albie started spending a lot of time at our house, particularly at meal time. My mother made things like pot roast with mashed potatoes and gravy and lemon meringue pie. His mother made chicken virtually every day. We checked her freezer one day and found 18 frozen chickens.

Albie reminded me of the day I had a party at my house for my high school friends. He was there to help my mom serve the food. When the party ended there was one girl from Mt. Penn who needed a ride home. I got permission to use the family car. As I was getting our coats Albie suggested he could ride along and keep me company on the way home. I helped the girl into the front seat which was a typical bench style seat. As we started out on Hampden Blvd. I noticed that she was sliding closer to me. I thought that was great and by the time we reached City Park she was almost touching me. I stopped for a red light and glanced over at her and noticed an arm around her shoulder and my both hands were on the wheel. She never realized that someone else was in the car and we never told her. Albie thought that was a great game.

Another game we played from the roof above the third floor of our houses: We would go up onto the roof with a paper bag and a water bottle. When we saw someone walking across the pavement in front of the house we would put the water into the bag, fold the top of the bag, and throw it so it would land right behind the pedestrian. Then we would lie flat on the roof out of sight and hear a lot of new words. One day Albie misjudged and hit the pedestrian. That ended that game.

He reminded me of the time I was taking flying lessons. We would ride to the airport and he'd wait in the car. On the way home I would describe what I had learned. On the very day I got my license I took him up in the back seat of a Piper Cub. It was his first flight and I was showing off for him by doing sharp turns and stalls when I heard him sneeze. I said "Gesundheit" and he said "that wasn't Gesundheit". I raced back to the airport at the top speed of about 60 miles per hour and we got a mop and bucket and cleaned up the plane. Because of this event I was very surprised when he offered to accompany me as I signed up to pilot a small plane for my 95th birthday. I guess he figured he had begun this journey with me he may as well see it through to the end.

One last thing, when we were kids the favorite gambling game was Tiddly Winks. The standard bet was a piece of fudge which cost a penny. When you are living off a 5 or 10 cent a week allowance this was worth fighting for. If someone had told me at that time that one day Albie would have his own fudge with his name on it, I would have thought that was laughable and absolutely ridiculous.

His wife Eunice is amazing in putting up with a workaholic like Albie. I told him that if I was Catholic I'd nominate her for Sainthood. For those of us who were fortunate enough to know Albie and for those of us whose lives were impacted by his generosity and his caring nature, we will probably all agree that we have been given a wondrous gift just in knowing him. We may never see his like again.

Bob Brok



When I was growing up in Hampden Heights in the early 1970's, Albert Boscov was called "Uncle Albie". Not because we were actually related, but because he was adored like a favorite uncle by all the kids in the neighborhood. When I later knew him in a business context, he loved that I still called him "Uncle Albie" and would always give me a big bear hug.

Through the years, the Al Boscov that the public saw – the ultimate pitchman with an impish smile and boundless energy – was as relentless about building his community as he was about building his business. To him nothing was impossible; the word "no" was simply not in his vocabulary. And yet, Albert never took himself too seriously.

I remember some very stressful meetings where he would spontaneously break into song to relieve the tension in the room.

There will never be another Albert Boscov. Goodbye Uncle Albie.

Michael Fromm

When my youngest daughter was about 2 she was in a Boscov's with my wife. Lexie started to run and ran right into Al. Al said that is okay, took her to the candy counter nearby, picked up a lollipop, told the clerk to put it on his tab, and gave it to my daughter. He never said who he was. My wife recognized him.

I heard a young kid tried to steal a dress and got caught and was brought to Al. Al asked him why he stole this dress, and he said it was his mom's birthday and they were broke, and he wanted to get her something nice. Al, I heard let the kid have the dress and then helped the family get back on their feet.

Howard Saidman



Our friend, Albert Boscov, always exuded love and friendship. We would celebrate special events, such as, birthdays and anniversaries together with his wife Eunice and other good friends, Sue and Herb Wachs.

Whenever we met, Al would give us a hug in greeting. His concern for his friends and other acquaintances was an outstanding attribute of this kind man.

His life example is indeed exemplary and worthy of celebration at this sad time of his passing. Al will be sorely missed by his family, friends and the community at large.

Debbie Goodman and John Moyer



There is so very much to say about Albert Boscov, a bigger than life character who enriched the lives of all who knew him. Thousands of people have stories about "Mr. B" - all very personal, each one memorable and important. Having both worked for Boscov's, we are one of several Boscov romances. We met during the store opening in Binghamton, NY (Store #11 – our lucky store). Our courtship and ultimately, our marriage (and, two wonderful children) grew out of our relationship with a man who was so much more than a boss. Albert, his family, the Lakins and many co-workers/friends are part of our extended family. With Store #46 scheduled to open in the fall, the years have gone by quickly. Sadly, we will open it without our P.T. Barnum leading the parade.

Jeff & Tammy Mitgang

My favorite story about Albie was told to me by Don Helms. Don had been the store window display designer for Boscov's in the 70's. Forgive me if I don't have all the facts exactly correct as it was a long time ago but I think it illustrates Albie's unique humor, humble confidence and charismatic inclusiveness.

Albie was downstairs in the East store showroom during a Christmas-time toy extravaganza. There were hundreds of kids and their parents around looking at and playing with the toys. Albie was sitting on a high stool, wearing Mickey Mouse ears talking to Don.

The VP of Marketing for Bigelow carpets came by to talk business. After about 5 minutes Albie, realizing that he was still wearing the mouse ears looked at the man apologetically saying "so sorry", and touching the ears called to his assistant, "Can you bring another pair of these?"

Doug Messinger

In the 22 years I worked for Boscov's I got to know many sides of Al Boscov. He was certainly a brilliant merchant who knew his customer's appetites, a persuasive promoter of goods and ideas, a tough taskmaster who pushed his people as hard as he pushed himself But he did it all with a great sense of humor and caring for people.

One of the things he cared about for himself and those around him was food. Whether we were making a market trip to New York or a vacation to the Caribbean, Albert saw to it that there was no lack of good food to consume.

One of Boscov's most popular perks among the executives was our annual vacation trips. Al would scout out great resorts, taste test all the restaurants in advance, check the accommodations and genuinely make sure that everyone's needs would be taken care of. One year our trip was to St. Thomas and we had to fly into St. John and then get to St. Thomas by seaplane or boat. There were about 300 of us and we could choose which way we wanted to go. About 75 of us chose the sightseeing boat. We started out about 3PM on a beautiful afternoon with the blue Caribbean beneath us and about an hour and a half trip. We put all of our luggage on the deck and settled in for a sunny cruise. About an hour into the trip the sky started to turn dark and the seas got heavier. About two hours into the trip we were in a squall, rough seas and tossing badly. Turns out the captain and crew were inexperienced, lost, and their navigation and communications equipment had failed. We spent hours holding on to the railings, throwing up from seasickness and watching numbly as our luggage slid from one side of the deck to the other. Even the most seasoned sailors among us were seasick, drained and worried we were going to capsize. Finally about 9PM we spotted the harbor lights and made port. As we pulled into the dock, exhausted, wet and only interested in getting a hot shower, there was Albert running up the gangplank greeting us with platters of food and saying " Not to worry...we held the buffet, we held the buffet"

Rob & Yvonne Oppenheimer



When the GoggleWorks Theatre first opened, I was a volunteer usher. Mr. Boscov came for a Sunday matinee and began to physically dismantle the concession stand and redesign it the way he wanted it to look. He did not order anyone to do it or ask for any help. After the show he thanked me for smiling and warmly greeting each of the patrons that afternoon.

Phyllis Dessel



I did not have the pleasure of personally knowing Albert Boscov but have always been in awe of his ability to gain and retain the respect of so many not only in his employ – but those who barely knew him. In today's society, it is hard to find someone who shows true respect for those around him, especially someone as successful as Mr. Boscov, yet he treated everyone as if they were no different than himself and therefore gained that love and respect in return.

My good friend once told me a story that I would like to recount. Alison Yeager was no more than 12 years old. She and her girlfriend signed up to take 'teen charm school classes' that were being offered at Boscov's. Her father dropped them off at Boscov's North where they believed the classes were to be held. It was only after he left when Alison realized it was the wrong store. Mr. Boscov overheard their conversation with the Boscov's employee they were questioning and said "Come on girls – I'll take you". Al took them in his station wagon with a big compass sitting on the dash and personally drove them to the correct location. He then called Alison's father, Mr. Yeager, to tell him where the girls were and all was okay. Fifty years later, Alison not only remembers him fondly but also still has the 'charm school book' she received from that class.

Rest in Peace Al Boscov. You left a legacy to be proud of.

Susan Wilson

Betsy and I want to express our deepest condolences to Albert's family on his passing. He was a very special, one of a kind humanitarian, loved and respected by all who came in contact with him. His love of children was very evident. No matter where he was, if there was a child around he would drop what he was doing to play with the child. Store openings were where he shined, from his clowning with the celebrity at the grand opening ceremonies to his interaction with customer and co-workers.

He was intense in business dealings but his sense of humor was always evident. He encouraged all to take ownership in their dealings and excel in all that they did. Always the showman. At my retirement party, he climbed up on a chair so that he would be as tall as I for the pictures. That was Albert. He will be missed.

Al Katz

