

## FROM 103RD AND BROADWAY TO SUTTON PLACE

QUINN: Well, the other place for which I have strong memories is 103rd and Broadway on the Upper West Side in Manhattan. My grandmother, Mary Davin/Farrell/Donahue (whom we knew as “Maudie”) lived in an apartment there on the second or third floor with her second husband Jack. Their building was right on the northwest corner. I’d go with my Mom and sometimes my Dad. We would go to visit. Sometimes we’d stay overnight or longer. I was pretty small then, but I can still show you exactly where the building is located. I remember looking out the window onto Broadway and watching the streetcars go by. That had to be around 1945 or 1946. My Dad would take me over to Riverside Park and we would walk around there, watching baseball games and football games. I still remember him buying me an orange drink that came in a cone shaped cardboard container that you could not get anywhere else.

*Q: Go ahead.*

QUINN: My Aunt Kitty, my grandmother Maudie’s sister, whose maiden name was Kathryn Davin, was married a couple of times. Her first husband, Paul Travers, was a physician who died I think in a plane crash. They had lived in a brownstone townhouse on 104th Street near Riverside Drive. She later married a businessman named Sam Lipshie, and they had an apartment on 57th Street between First Avenue and Sutton Place on the East Side. Very, very upscale. Marilyn Monroe had an apartment across the street from her. They had a TV set when nobody had a TV set.

*Q: I was going to ask -- my God, that’s pretty early.*

QUINN: Yes. They had a Du Mont brand TV. It was a huge, colossal piece of furniture. It had a radio built in, and a phonograph.

*Q: My Goodness.*

QUINN: We’d go there and my Aunt would have all these delicious Schrafft’s chocolates and cookies out on the table. She had a maid/ cook and we would sometimes have dinner there. She lived in a very, very different world than Broadway and the Upper West Side, which was a working class kind of area. So I had a little experience in each of these worlds. Aunt Kitty once took us to The Brass Rail for lunch, one of the very top restaurants in New York at the time.

*Q: Is it the Automat?*

QUINN: No! Just the opposite! The Automat- Horn & Hardart - was just across the street on Broadway from my grandmother's apartment between 102nd and 103rd streets. I could see it from the front window.

*Q: Yeah, they're fun.*

QUINN: Yeah!

*Q: It was good food too.*

QUINN: There was a song about eating there that concluded with, "let's have another piece of pie."

*Q: Yeah, yeah.*