



CELIA ANTONIS  
LOON

1903-1988

# A few words to begin with



I am very grateful to cousin Shelly for encouraging me to put something together about Celia, our grandmother. She was indeed a most special person , whose achievements were really impressive. She studied music and qualified as a piano teacher with the Royal schools, ventured along the path of design on her own, mastered many other skills in her life which her grandchildren have noted in detail. (Glenda, Wendy, Shelly, Derick, Stanley and Rossi)

For me , Celia was a compassionate, gentle, warm woman, who was intuitive, intelligent and always giving of her kindness to all those around her. She was a natural mentor of mine, encouraged the interests in my life, taught me how to care for plants, to deal with fear and uncertainty , to have confidence and believe in myself and my dreams. It was clear that worldly possessions weren't the everything in life and she showed us all that the true meaning of our existence is not only material..

Her weakness was smoking and it affected most of her close relationships, unfortunately. She never managed to overcome the addiction , but I believe she knew she`d taught us never to start!

The presents I received from her of Beethoven`s sonatas for piano, his symphonies on tape, a white crocheted jacket she gave me on my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday, are gifts that I have and treasure till this day.

It has taken me far too long to "officially remember" Celia in writing. The truth is , I have never forgotten her and she lives in a comfortable part of my heart every moment of the day...

May her memory live on in the present and future generations of the Antonis- Loon families.

Gail 21/10/2020



*Celia's Birth Certificate*

Форма А.

**Безплатно.**

*Дочь: Цира,*

родивши *ей* у *Менделей-Менделей-Лейба Антоноса,*

записан *в* метрической книге родившихся в г. *Двинь*

*ея* еврейхъ *марта 11<sup>го</sup>* для 1903 года

подъ № *81*

Раввинъ *[Signature]*

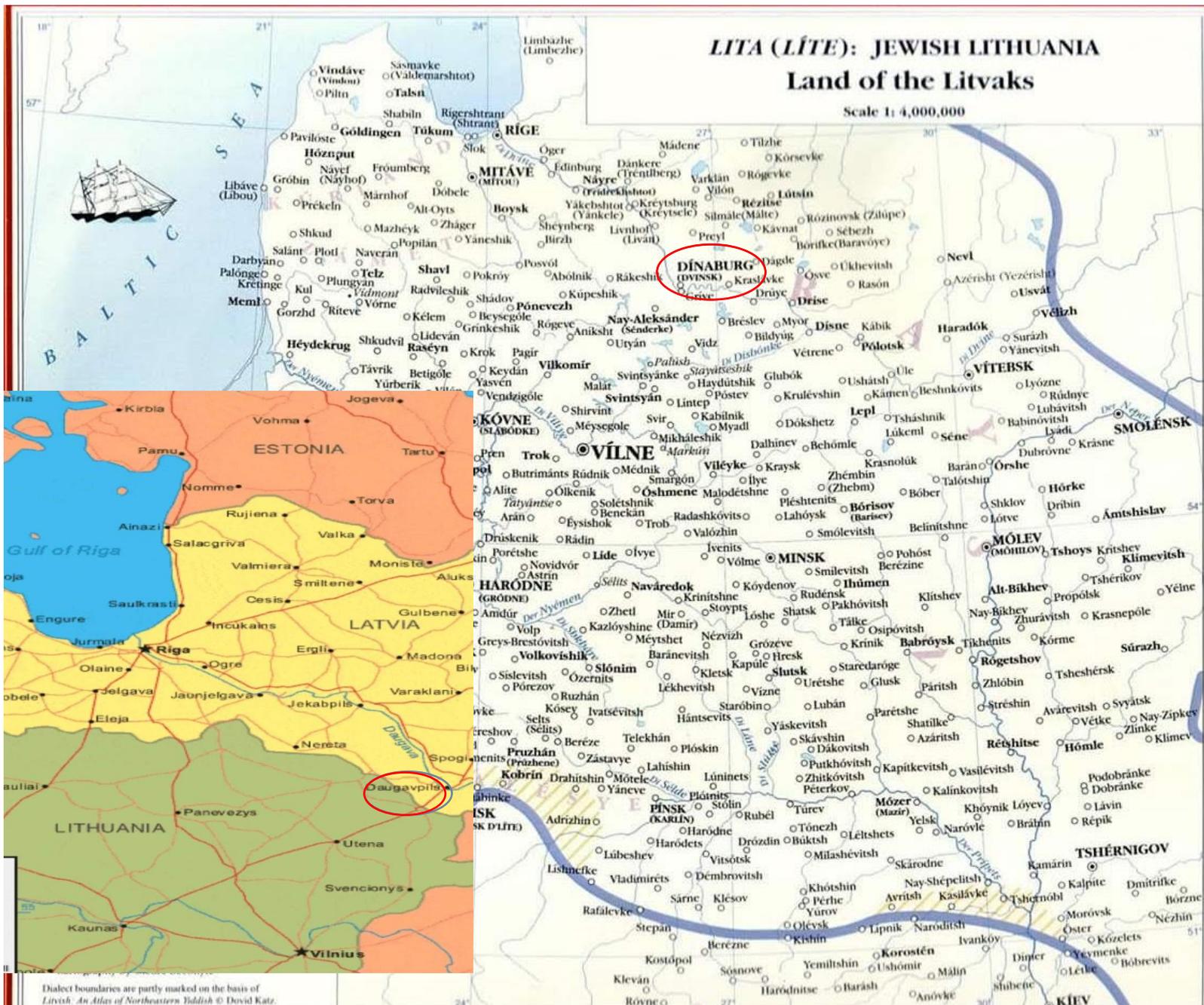
Вст. Губ. Типо-Лит.

Примѣчаніе. Сіе удостовѣреніе хрѣнить и представить по всякому востребованію полиціи.

## Celia's birth certificate in old Russian

Jewish birth register in **Dvinsk, Latvia.**

Tzira , daughter of Mendel Leib Antonas on the 11<sup>th</sup> March ,1903



# Dvinsk Daugavpils (Dinaburg)

When Celia was born, Dvinsk was in the province of Vitebsk, Russia. Today it is in Latvia!

In 1903, the Jewish population of the city made up a third of the total. Many of them were very poor and depended on charity.

Celia's father, Max, 31 years old, left for South Africa to seek a better life. His wife, Rocha Lea and three children, Daniel, Alec and Celia, aged 6, joined him some years later in 1909.

Celia`s parents:  
Mendel Leib Antonis and Rocha Lea Vovsi





# The rich lives of Max and Rocha Lea

- **Max Antonis** was a hat-maker according to the Dvinsk data bank registry of 1897. Besides making hats, he loved acting and was an actor in the Yiddish theatre in Johannesburg. According to all reports, Max was a colourful character- raised a monkey in his garden in Johannesburg, built his granddaughter Hazel, a beautiful doll's house out of wood with amazing detail, read prolifically and Donny would love recounting how on his deathbed , he read De Cameron by Bocaccio, a book published in 1472 which Donny carefully picked up from the covers before he died. Another anecdote about Max, was how he loved plants and would look for them in the veldt outside the city. Apparently, he found a cactus that was classified after him! Recently, I discovered that Max wrote Russian poetry but unfortunately , no evidence remains..
- **Rocha Lea**, was Max`s age, born in 1872. She named Celia after her mother, Tzira, born in 1832! Rocha Lea was tiny, spoke mainly Yiddish, was a dominant personality , who had good business skills which she used in running the family hat making business in Johannesburg. The mother of Daniel, Celia, Alec born in Dvinsk and Minnie the youngest, born in 1910 after they joined Max in South Africa. Roche Lea lived into her eighties and died in Johannesburg.



# Growing up in Johannesburg



**Celia** came to South Africa when she was 6. She had been speaking Yiddish and Russian before she left Dvinsk and needed to learn her new languages which she spoke without an accent. She had piano lessons, became a piano teacher with the Royal Schools, perfected her culinary and knitting skills. She loved fashion and dressed with a sense of style, a hat often perched on her head.

She had many friends and of course the family around her were very active influences in her life which was socially very busy.



# Marriage of Celia and David Loon 21/06/1923 Johannesburg



ביום שבת 21/6 יום לחודש מעוז שנת חמשת  
אלפים ושש מאות (שבעים) אלפים לבריאת עולם למנין שאנו מנין  
באן (פה) 21/6/23 שרי יסוף 21/6/23  
אמר לה להרא 21/6/23 מרת  
וישראל ואנא אפלה ואוקיר ואיוון ואפרנס יתיכי ליכי כהלכות גוברין  
יהודאין דפלהין ומוקירין וזנין ומפרנסין לנשיהון בקושטא ויהבנא ליכי  
מהר 21/6/23 כסף זוני 21/6/23 דהו ליכי מדאורייתא ומוזניכי וכסותיכי  
וסיפוקיכי ומיעל לותיכי כאורה כל ארעא וצביאת מרת 21/6/23  
21/6/23 דא והות ליה לאנתו ודין נדוניא דהנעלת ליה מבי 21/6/23  
בין בכסף בין בזהב בין בתכשיטין במאני דלבושא בשימושי דידה  
ובשימושא דערסא 21/6/23 וקוקים כסף צרוף וצבי רי  
21/6/23 חתן דנן והוסיף לה מן דיליה 21/6/23  
וקוקים כסף צרוף אחרים כנגדן סך הכל 21/6/23 וקוקים כסף צרוף וכך  
אמר רי 21/6/23 חתן דנן אחריות  
שטר כתובתא דא נדוניא דן ותוספתא דא קבלית עלי ועל ירתי בתראי  
להתפרע מכל שפר ארג נכסין וקנינין דאית לי תחות כל שמיא דקנאי  
ודעתיד אנא למקני נכסין דאית להון אחריות ודלית להון אחריות כלהון  
יהון אחראין וערבאין לפרוע מנהון שטר כתובתא דא נדוניא דן  
ותוספתא דא ואפילו מן גלימא דעל כתפאי בחיי וכמותי מן יומא דנן  
ולעלם ואחריות והומר שטר כתובתא דא נדוניא דן ותוספתא דא  
קבל עליו רי 21/6/23 חתן דנן כחומר כל

# Celia as a young woman



# Donny, the eldest is born





# Brother and sister Donny and Hazel

- Donny and Hazel, almost 3 years younger, grew up in Johannesburg. At various stages, Celia and Dave lived in Hillbrow and then in a house between Ellis Park and Yeoville where Celia's knitting factory was situated. Donny and Hazel went to Jeppe High School.
- In their adult years they lived in the same town, Bellville, Cape. The siblings were very close, had many common interests and hobbies and both were close to their parents, Dave and Celia.

## Fashion designer of knitwear !

Celia mastered knitting on machines. In her factory, she patiently taught the blind to work them. She designed swimsuits and other garments. Her swimming trunks for men was worn in the first Israeli Maccabi games by the South African swimmer!

Here , a lady`s swimsuit she designed. It was modelled in a fashion show in Johannesburg in the 50`s. The insert, a woolen swimsuit displayed in wooden cabinet, safe in Israel!





*Below: No need to shiver on dress-up occasions for winter woollies can be every bit as glamorous as silk. The hand-crocheted shawl that matches this evening sweater has intricate lacy design interspersed with metallic threads. Deep yoke on blouse repeats the design. Created by Lonmar.*

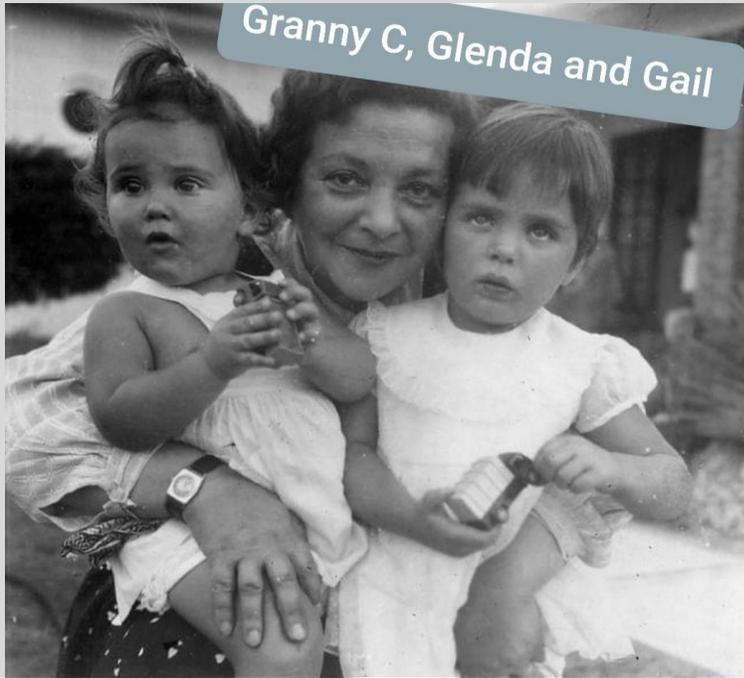


Celia won a prize in 1954 for a hand crocheted shawl she designed for the South African Academy of Fashion.

On the left, the printed award.

Above, the logo of her knitting factory:

GROOM & LOON



Granny C, Glenda and Gail

Celia and her grandchildren- proud of them all and always happy to be with them





## Family ever present

Celia came from a large family. She had relatives in Israel, all over South Africa, in England with whom she always enjoyed spending time

Celia never gossiped, in fact she'd often bring it up and explain that gossiping was something we should steer clear of.....



# Glenda de Bruyn



## Sauerkraut Choc. Cake

one 8-in cake tin  
50g plus 2 tsp marg  
90g flour (2/4 cup)  
20g (1/2 cup) cocoa powder  
1 tsp bak powder  
1 tsp bicarb of soda  
1/4 tsp salt  
120g (1/2 cup) sugar  
3 eggs, 1 tsp vanilla essence  
3 fl. oz (1 cup) water  
60g canned sauerkraut, drained  
rinsed in hot water, drained  
& chopped finely.

## Choc. Buttercream Icing:

30g (1/2 cup) marg  
120g icing sugar  
Butter 100g  
1/4 lb butter 3 cups icing sug  
1 tsp vanilla, 4 T cream.

Cream all ingredients tog,  
beat well till fluffy.

## METHOD:

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease two  
8 in sandwich tins with 2 tsp marg.  
Sift flour, cocoa, bak powd, bicarb  
& salt in mixing bowl.  
In large bowl cream rem. butter  
till soft & smooth. Beat in sugar  
& beat until mixture is fluffy.  
Add eggs one by one. Add  
of flour with each egg.  
Fold in rem. flour mixture. Add  
vanilla, water & sauerkraut & mix  
well. Divide the mixture evenly  
between two tins & bake for  
1-30 min.  
When cakes are cool sandwich  
them tog. with 1/2 of icing.  
Spread rem. icing on top.

Wendy has mentioned many of my memories of Granny Celia with the same feelings of love for her.

I add, remembering Ambassador Court flats in London road Sea Point..I think on the 6th floor and my dad's parents lived on the ground floor. We loved going to visit most weekends...the fairy lights along the Sea Point promenade stand out as a fun thing to look out for.

Her love of crochet rubbed off on me...and I still have her Sauerkraut chocolate cake recipe...attached .. Every Friday she made us fried fish and her little meat pies were the best I've tasted. I think the magic ingredient was mock chicken fat.

She was a proud strong kind woman who loved all her family. When she and Grandpa Dave lived in Barnard street I remember them playing cards together.





Sketch of  
Dave and  
Celia's  
lounge in  
Bellville.

Drawn by  
Donny

# Wendy Palmer



Little Granny as I called her, was a much loved Granny.

I remember her as warm and caring and not just about us but others as well. Didn't she take in a woman who was pregnant?

I remember the Dettol baths.... and I still love the smell of Dettol....the back rubs trying to get me to go to sleep...I remember the Tuesday feasts when we would all go to Barnard Street after school while Mom played golf.... the feast which consisted of roast beef and chicken, the best roast potatoes ever, veggies and 2 helpings of fridge cake topped with flake for dessert....How I managed to eat so much is still a mystery.

I can see her in her kitchen baking.... walking down the passage and hugging us.

Unfortunately I cannot unsee the cigarettes..... I see her sitting in the chair at Paarl Road where she lived with my folks for many years.... sitting there, watching the little TV with a cigarette in her hand.....

She was kind, and gentle .... I loved her.

I remember her telling us about her knitting factory, and how creative and ahead of her time her work was. I remember the knitting machine...



# Shelly Levy

Little granny

Physical appearance :

Small , round , floral polyester dress and jacket outfit so her arms were covered . Cow pox circles she always wanted to cover up .

Pale skin , softness that was welcoming . Thick glasses so you couldn't really see expression in eyes . Kindness and sadness about her as she got older . Cigarette in mouth or hand.

Busy at her house in Boston and Barnard street, sitting quietly in corner in Bellville with fold up tray in front of her . Not so busy .

More pensive ? Depressed?

Demeanor: Modest Proud mom and granny . Never boasted of her many talents at knitting or cooking .

Never raised her voice . Loved all of us .

Showed it by cooking , looking after us on a Tuesday when mom went to golf .

Food:

Chicken and dumplings

Chocolate cake with special icing and flakies on top

Bubka

Pickled fish, fried fish

She seemed like the quintessential caregiver. Loved everyone , never nasty .

Got really deaf : what's it ? Followed mom around the house with her shuffling steps .

Loved the visits from Donny when he came to Bellville. So proud of him .

I loved to look at her old knitting patterns and marveled at her handiwork : crochet ,knitting . Remember the room in Boston with the old knitting machine with all the knobs . Then she got the new one . The park across the street where Wendy got knocked on the kepple with the roundabout equipment . Walking to her house in Boston with anticipation of a delicious lunch and being spoiled .

Playing school school with Rossi at her house .

Piano lessons: more frustrating for me! I didn't like the smoking And I couldn't say anything . Then she made a sound with her mouth that drove me crazy and I couldn't say anything !! Small things that irritate a young child !

My trip to Johannesburg with her on the train to be bridesmaid at Sheila's wedding . She bought me a Barbie doll . I was a bit of a brat that time. I remember her saying "how come you are nice to everyone else ?" It was because her smoking bothered me and I didn't tell her !! I always felt bad she didn't understand that . Still it was a special time because I had her all to myself.

Lucky to have a granny as a child ! My kids not so lucky !!

# Derick Levy



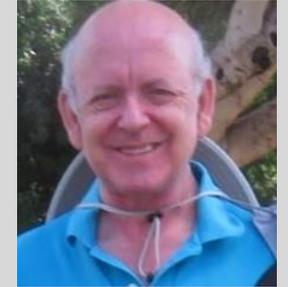
Remember Tuesdays at Granny When mom was playing golf! Always the delicious foods! Her chicken, pickled fish, babka, the ever present cigarette- the story of her timing a cigarette every 30 minutes instead of constant chain smoking and going to light one at the end of the 30' minutes only to realized she'd been smoking all along!!!

I remember the sensitivity of her elbows and how she disliked it when you cupped her elbows - obviously a great incentive for a precocious little boy to do that to get the desired reaction! 🤔 I remember the walks from Paarl road to Barnard street that she occasionally did with us - very occasionally!

I remember her sweet disposition - never ever heard her angry. I remember her questioning me after I'd drawn a perfect red Coqui pen line down the middle of Henry's white marking on his nose! 😂😂 Me, not knowing how that could have happened!

I remember her beautiful crocheting of table clothes and doilies. I remember that she never ever learned to drive and their grey Prefect with the indicators that popped out to the side! I remember the swollen ankles :( and the yellow wall behind her chair where she used to sit in Paarl Rd :( Also, the nicotine stained silky soft fingers 🤔.

# Stanley Loon



Some memories.

## **33 Ambassador Court, London Rd, Sea Point**

In the 6 week holidays, we took turns to go stay with granny and grandpa.

When it was my turn, I went with Wendy.

Some things that stand out: There was usually some sort of entertainment midweek in the evening at the promenade. One week there was Judo and the next week, a band played.

The band was usually the Kassel brothers! Remember always going in pajamas and dressing gown.

When she was annoyed at the maid she would say "I'll knock your block off!".

When we had a bath she always made us clean it afterwards.

Her Canasta games with grandpa.

And of course, playing with the many empty knitting cones she had.

## **Cleveland Street, Bellville**

Music lessons, I was totally unmusical and useless at the piano. So not very happy.

Her lunches after school. Her desserts were her speciality. Going to buy her favourite chocolate - Caravan - at the cafe. The fig tree outside the kitchen.

## **48 Barnard St, Bellville.**

Visiting her on Sunday evenings with dad and Ros.

Usually, she played patience while talking.

Always on the table, there was salami.

I remember Hazel being impressed with her when grandpa died because she had the foresight to buy a double plot at Pinelands!

Her cataract operation at Groote Schuur which was a major operation in those days and the setbacks afterwards.

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# Stanley

## **32 Old Paarl Rd, Bellville.**

Going to visit her every Sunday with mom, dad and Roslyn. Many times big granny Hetty Levy was there.

(I don't remember for how long she also lived there).

Her trouble watching TV as a result of the cataract operations many years before.

## **Karl Bremer Hospital, September 1988.**

Received a phone call from dad to say gran was very ill and she would love to see me, so I flew out.

In hospital, she was very weak but kept holding my hand and saying over and over that she loved everyone so very much!

She died an hour before Kol Nidre.



# Rossi Loon



So I could write a **book** about Granny Loon, as we called her! (Granny Yetta was our Granny Cohen - our choice of names for them, so strange really!)

As small as she was, she is HUGE in my life. I remember her hands, her scarred arms, the scaly skin on her legs, her chubby feet, her largish ear lobes, her wavy hair and her beautiful face. The physical things ...

And the things she could do ... Granny was the best cook! I remember telling my Dad how lucky Oupa was that he could eat her food every day!! She used to make the most delicious meatballs, which she wouldn't roll with her hands. She insisted on using two spoons instead. And I always wondered how she thought it was healthier that way, when while she so skillfully formed them, a cigarette would dangle from her mouth!

I remember her pickled brisket that she pickled herself in a huge enamel bowl, covered with a plate and topped with a brick to ensure that the flavour seeped into the meat. She made meat pies and dumplings and krepalach and roast chicken and the best roast potatoes with a wonderful gravy. She made p'tcha - a salty jelly which had hard boiled eggs that would glare up at me - for my Dad, which although he said was amazing, was the only thing she ever made that I didn't like.



And dessert was the best: fridge cakes and orange cakes with real dripping orange flavoured chocolate. Oh, and what about her scones, the savoury ones with grated cheddar cheese and the regular ones too? They were delish! I could go on and on. She never skimped on an ingredient - everything was cooked to perfection. Even the sandwiches she made many years later, for Henry, her boxer dog, seemed delicious! (And anybody who witnessed me with MY dogs, knows I am exactly same - I love dogs and spoil them rotten!)

# Rossi

Gran enjoyed gardening. I remember their garden in Boston Estate, so neat, so pretty. She also nurtured house plants in their sunny lounge. The lounge, with the dining room table at one end (where inevitably Oupa would be sitting, immaculately dressed, with stretchy armbands, like garters, holding his shirt sleeves just in the right place and smelling of the most wonderful perfume, which to this day I remember) and the piano in the opposite corner.



Gran taught me to play the piano - a disaster, probably one of her only failures - and as she would sing *Le Jardin du Luxembourg* as I tried my best to play it, Oupa would shout from the table, "Celia, stop CROAKING!"

The other thing I remember so well about the piano lessons was that once, Gran stopped me playing to say she wanted to give me a tip. I was thrilled and held my hand out get what I thought would be 20 cents. Can you imagine my disappointment when all she did was tell me that I should play the "C" with my thumb!



Sometimes I would stay over and I remember the ritual at bath time. She'd fill the bath and carefully tip a capful of Dettol into the warm water and once the milky liquid spiraled down till it completely disappeared, the clean smell wafted up to remind me it was time to wash my face - *before* getting into the bath. More hygienic, she said. When I was sick she'd sponge me down so gently and with such love. Was it to bring my temperature down or to ensure that I'd be squeaky clean even with tonsillitis?



# Rossi

The huge knitting machines, massive steal contraptions with weights dangling down and hundreds of tiny metal teeth that held beautiful, coloured yarn delicately entwined, and which would soon become another beautiful creation. When I was older, Gran taught me to crochet. I have never mastered it to the same perfection that she did, but she instilled me with confidence and inspiration to such a degree that it is my passion till today. She gave me 2 crochet hooks and every time I use them, I know she's guiding me and I treasure them amongst my most precious possessions. I learned that Gran taught the blind to knit - proof of her endless patience and kindness!

Soon after they moved to Barnard street, Oupa passed away. I was always aware that that beneath her brave facade, there lurked much angst and sadness. And once or twice I was witness to her letting go, covering her eyes with her little hands and gasping with frustration. Tending to Oupa was not easy for her. I feel blessed that she was close enough to me to show what she really felt.

Barnard street memories are also endless. Do you remember she used to do the Target, a puzzle in the newspaper where she'd write as many words as you could with specific letters for that day. She was excellent.

Once, in the middle of the night, she was woken up by a phone call. It disturbed her so much. She patiently waited till the morning to phone my Dad back. "Donny, my Donny! You were so drunk last night when you phoned me. I could hardly understand a word. But, if you've gotten some lady in trouble, we'll work it out." Daddy's reply was, "Mom, I don't know who you spoke to, I don't drink and it wasn't me who phoned you. It must have been a wrong number!!" They both had a good laugh. And when Gran laughed, here tummy would bounce up and down!



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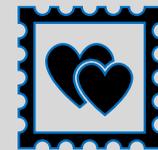
# Rossi

While in Barnard street, Erica moved in with Gran. She became part of our lives for a few months. Gran took her in as she was pregnant and needed to keep it as a secret from her parents. It must have been so hard for Gran, opening her home to a girl going through, what must have been an agonizing time, day after day for months! When Erica's baby was born, Daddy found a loving home for him in our community.

But it's the things that I couldn't see or taste that I am most in awe of and that live on in my soul. How could someone so small, Little Granny, influence me so? It's the compassion and warmth and kindness and unconditional love and open-mindedness (as demonstrated in the anecdotes above) and her creativity and her belief in Love - as her religion - that I value and cherish so much.

When she became really old, Aunty Hazel and Uncle Leslie brought her to live with them in Old Paarl Road. I am ever grateful for this, knowing full well just how challenging and hard it must have been for them. Aunty Hazel's generosity cannot be matched. Another time, I will write what *she* was in my life! Another tiny, huge lady!

I left to live in Israel and was spared these very lonely, sad times for Gran. Now what's left are amazing memories, so many - I could go on and on! I am blessed that she was my Gran and will love her with all my heart forever!



# Niece and nephew remember

## Sheila Swartzman

- I've been thinking about my relationship with your Granny Celia, and I recall being in SeaPoint with Celia and Hazel when I was a teenager, and smoking with them- thought that it was so sophisticated and grown up - Celia was so warm and inviting that I felt totally accepted into this warm, female trio of friends. I cant recall how I got there by myself but am sure it was when I was about 14 or so. Both Celia and Hazel were such vibrant , dominant personalities that they were role models for me at that age. I think that the Loon ladies were a force to be reckoned with, for sure! The only drawback was that I did get hooked on smoking for about 15 years - which fortunately I quit in 1970, due to losing a baby at 8 months. Rob, aged three, overheard me telling someone and he said to me - you killed my big brother - took me awhile to get over that. Not every story is a shining light, I guess. Forgive me .

## Martin Fleishman

My earliest memories of Celia were not from JHB as I have no recollection of seeing her in JHB. What year did she move to CT? And I will then try and jog my memory.

My memories are from about the age of 10 to 12. For some reason my parents sent me to CT on my own. Think my dad was having health and money problems at the time. I was driven there by Shenella and Mannie Judelman on at least two occasions in their 1956 ?Chevrolet with Norma their daughter and I in the back.

I was deposited with Celia and Dave in London Road Sea Point and picked up about two weeks later and driven back to JHB

I remember Celia always busy on her knitting machine for most of the day presumably making jerseys to sell. She was most kind warm and welcoming and always had a laugh and a smile. I remember lovely cakes and food and feeling secure looked after and very happy. Her smile and laugh were like a warm hug. I used to go for long walks along the front to occupy my time. Also Dave used to take me to work with him at Marks fruiterers at the central station in town. I used to help by taking boxes of fruit and vegetables in and out of the storeroom to the display area. I am afraid that is all I can remember and all I know that it was a very nurturing and valued experience. My limited memory is of positive memories



# Donny writes about his feelings for Celia

Apart from speaking to you in Israel I have spoken to Minnie, Hetty and Dave. Hilton may be coming down for the funeral and I have also spoken to Myrna and Aunty Fanny. I am sure you let Doreen, Maisie and Joyce know the news.

What more must I say? You know how much I loved my mother and what she meant, means, to me. She was a most wonderful person, a really great woman but one who got a really raw deal out of life. She deserved much more and died with very little in the way of worldly possessions, those that she left hardly filling the wardrobe in her tiny little bedroom. What she did leave though are 7 grandchildren, each one a most wonderful, responsible and caring person and there are not too many grandmothers around who can boast to this. And there are already 8 great grandchildren who will each, no doubt, carry on from where their parents leave off. And that says everything and made her life so wonderful.

Wednesday September 21 1988 - YOM KIPPUR

It has been a long drawn out day. Granny's funeral is tomorrow at 3 p.m. at Pinelands 1. She reserved a plot next to Grandpa who was buried on the 15th July 1970 - he died on Bastille day.

# Celia cared for Gitel Kling who wrote....

Letters continue to come in about Granny. Harold Fleishman from Australia, Minky Cohen from Toronto and Gitel Kling from England, Cheryl - your sister Roslyn - from New Jersey. I must quote a few lines from Gitel's note: "She was, after all, a phenomenal person, and a mother to remember in gratitude. I am pretty sure, too, that she was a wonderful grandmother. My sympathy to your children all in their loss. She revelled in her "grands" and was so proud of them. She is a hard act to follow but I hope they will be worthy of her. (They surely are!)

What I owe her is uncountable. In a sunless world, how do you value sun? In the midst of disintegration and devastation, how do you value sanity and love, faith and patience? The fact that she even tried to unravel the tortuous mess and anguish of years was remarkable. How you all stood me, your Dad included, I'll never know. I must have been quite revolting to live with and have around. May I tell you now that I have always been grateful and always remembered that bit of family I was privileged to be part of..... Your Mom was a marvel, the greatest. She brought such love wherever she went. And had an ability to laugh and enjoy. And taste, talent, energy, practicality and ideas. A sweet and beautiful lady with a heart of gold. One of the life enhancers." Some letter, eh?

Thursday, October 4, 1999

# The Ink Spots- a favourite of Celia's



I love coffee, I love tea  
I love the java jive and it loves me  
Coffee and tea and the jiving and me  
A cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup!

I love java, sweet and hot  
Whoops! Mr. Moto, I'm a coffee pot  
Shoot me the pot and I'll pour me a shot  
A cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup!  
Oh, slip me a slug from the wonderful mug  
And I cut a rug till I'm snug in a jug  
A slice of onion and a raw one, draw one.  
Waiter, waiter, percolator!

I love coffee, I love tea  
I love the java jive and it loves me  
Coffee and tea and the jiving and me  
A cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup!  
Boston bean, soy bean  
Lima bean, string bean.  
You know that I'm not keen for a bean  
Unless it is a cheery coffee bean

I love coffee, I love tea  
I love the java jive and it loves me  
Coffee and tea and the jiving and me  
A cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup!

I love java, sweet and hot  
Whoops! Mr. Moto, I'm a coffee pot  
Shoot me the pot and I'll pour me a shot  
A cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup!  
Oh, slip me a slug from the wonderful mug  
And I cut a rug till I'm snug in a jug  
Drop me a nickel in my pot, Joe, Taking it slow.  
Waiter, waiter, percolator!

I love coffee, I love tea  
I love the java jive and it loves me  
Coffee and tea and the jiving and me  
A cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup



*Thanks to you all for your contributions!!*

*Stay well!*

**Celia  
with two  
great-  
grandchil  
dren,  
Rachel  
and  
Shelli in  
1983**



**An Art Deco ring  
that Celia wore and  
so typical of her  
style**