

De-identification Exercise

I was born in Philadelphia. My parents were both born and raised in Philadelphia. My father, Manuel Kaufman, was Jewish and my mother, Helen Carroll, was Irish Catholic. They both lived in South Philadelphia, on either side of Broad Street, and there was no chance that they would meet each other. Back in those days, and even when I was growing up, Philadelphia was a city of great ethnic divides, where the Italian, the Jewish, the Irish, the Polish, the black community, and—to the extent there was a Hispanic community—the Hispanic community each lived in their own neighborhood(s) with very little interaction.

They both went to the University of Pennsylvania, but didn't meet there. They met later on. They were both working in public assistance as social workers when they got married. The biggest thing was that back in those days an Irish Catholic was not very welcome in a Jewish family, and a Jew was not very welcome in an Irish Catholic family, so it was interesting growing up with these two ethnic backgrounds.

At Penn, my mother was president of her sorority and was a big person on campus. Interesting point, at that point the *Daily Pennsylvanian*, even though women had been there for a number of years, never had a woman's name in the newspaper. Even though they were students there, they were never mentioned. My mother went to John W. Hallahan Catholic Girls High School in South Philadelphia.

My father went to South Philadelphia High School, and then went to Penn on a basketball scholarship. He was six feet one-and-a-half inches

which in those days made him big enough for him to play center. He thought he may have been one of the first Jews to play in the Ivy League. He played and started his first year, but he hurt his knee and lost his scholarship—which is what they did back then. His picture with his team 1931- 32 is on the wall of the Penn Palestra. He went back and earned a degree in fine arts at Penn. He then taught art in the city schools, and then returned to Penn and earned a master's degree in social work. He spent his career in social work and especially helping children. He finished his career as Deputy Commissioner of Public Welfare for the City of Philadelphia. My mother worked in a number of social work jobs and later was a teacher in the Philadelphia City Schools. In 1942 my parents had the first of my three wonderful sisters, Natalie Jane, who we called Lee Jane.

Taken from:

https://www.senate.gov/artandhistory/history/oral_history/KaufmanEdwardE.htm

QDR/SSRC: Managing Qualitative Data

De-identification Exercise Sample Solution

I was born in Philadelphia. My parents were both born and raised in Philadelphia. My father, [Michael Rosenzweig], was Jewish and my mother, [Maria Kelly], was Irish Catholic. They both lived in South Philadelphia [...], and there was no chance that they would meet each other. Back in those days, and even when I was growing up, Philadelphia was a city of great ethnic divides, where the Italian, the Jewish, the Irish, the Polish, the black community, and—to the extent there was a Hispanic

community—the Hispanic community each lived in their own neighborhood(s) with very little interaction.

They both went to the University of Pennsylvania, but didn't meet there. They met later on. They were both working in public assistance as social workers when they got married. The biggest thing was that back in those days an Irish Catholic was not very welcome in a Jewish family, and a Jew was not very welcome in an Irish Catholic family, so it was interesting growing up with these two ethnic backgrounds.

At Penn, my mother was president of her sorority and was a big person on campus. Interesting point, at that point the Daily Pennsylvanian, even though women had been there for a number of years, never had a woman's name in the newspaper. Even though they were students there, they were never mentioned. My mother went to [a girls high school] in South Philadelphia.

My father went to [a co-ed high school in South Philadelphia], and then went to Penn on a [sports] scholarship. [description of his role on the team] He thought he may have been one of the first Jews to play in the Ivy League. He played and started his first year, but he hurt his knee and lost his scholarship—which is what they did back then. His picture with his team [from the 1930s] is on the wall [at Penn]. He went back and earned a degree in fine arts at Penn. He then taught art in the city schools, and then returned to Penn and earned a master's degree in social work. He spent his career in social work and especially helping children. He finished his career as [working] for the City of Philadelphia. My mother worked in a number of social work jobs and later was a teacher in the Philadelphia City Schools. In [the 1940s] my parents had the first of my

[...] wonderful sisters, [Martha], who we called [by a short version of that name].