

Chapter Two:

The Adolescent Years

In the summer of 1930 something very strange happened. Mom was pregnant and Pop was still very sick. This particular day Mom sent Josie, Tony, Lena, and myself to one of the neighbor's house. We did not find out till later that day that Pop was critically ill. A priest had been sent to give Pop last rites. It was soon after this that the attending physician came over and pronounced Pop dead. When we arrived home we found out that Pop had died and we all got down on our knees and prayed. One by one we kissed Pop goodbye and left the bedroom. It was a very sad evening. We were all having a hard time sleeping when suddenly we heard my mother scream "He's alive, He's alive!". It was a miracle. God gave us back our father. To our surprise Pop got well. Soon after Pop recovered he found a job as a laborer on the Fulton Street Subway.

Although Pop was working we still continued to work at home making the beads. As a result we were able to get off of the "Home Relief". Thank God for that. When we were getting government help, the investigators would visit our home unannounced and check if we were really in need of help. We seemed to have very little privacy. The flat on Kent Avenue like most flats was heated by a wood and coal stove located in the kitchen. In the construction of the subway there were timbers of hard wood which after they served their purpose were discarded. Pop would put these timbers aside until he had a load and then he would have me bring the wagon to him. I would get to the job site at quitting time. Pop then would load them on the wagon and we would both take them home. The timbers were 12"x12"x8' long. When we got home with the timbers we would put them in the cellar and on Saturdays Pop would saw and split the timbers to a suitable size for the stove. Tony and I would stack the wood in the cellar and also make sure there was always an adequate supply of wood at the stove in the kitchen.

On one occasion while my father and I were taking home the timbers, we were stopped by some men at the police precinct on Classon Avenue. They were in the process of shoveling coal from the

sidewalk into the storage building. They asked my father if he would help them for a 100 lb. of coal. Pop agreed and went to work. After the work was complete they gave him a coupon to use the next day to get the coal. The next day I went to the precinct and got the coal. Some of the neighbors must of saw me get the coal and made a complaint to "Home Relief" board that we were receiving goods from the government illegally.

The next day an investigator was at our door. Mom made short work of that investigator by telling her that her husband worked very hard for that coal and would she please leave the flat. The investigator took one good look at my mother and hustled down the steps as fast as her legs could take her. The complaint did not stand up but we all learned a lesson. It seems that people who have a lot of time on their hands often spend it minding other peoples business.

It was soon after this that my brother Frank was born. At that time all babies were born in the homes with the help of midwives. I can remember his birth most vividly. We heard a load cry and the door of Mom's bedroom opened and out came the mid-wife with a baby in her arms. She cried out in a joyous tone "Its a boy! Mom and baby are doing fine". Outside it was a cold winter night, November 5, 1930. Frank was always addressed as the baby of the family since he was the last child born to the D'Urso clan. One of the stories I remember about Frank when he was only 9 months old was very interesting. In Frank's stool was found a large amount of thread. At first we were all stumped as to how such a thing could happen. But then we realized that when all of us were working on the beads, Frank was on the kitchen floor. When Mom finished with the beads she would cut off the remaining thread that dropped to the floor. Apparently Frank was eating the thread as it was falling on the kitchen floor. You can be sure that we all watched Frank more carefully to avoid a repeat. Since Frank was born seven years after the last child it was easy for all us to spoil him rotten. It was nice to have a baby brother after so many years. Also we were so grateful to God in sparing our father and at the same time giving us our new brother after so many years.

I will always remember the year of 1930. It was the year Pop got well and found a job, Frank was born healthy and strong without any complications and we were able to get off Home Relief.

The year 1931 was an election year, and the Republican president Herbert Hoover was up for re-election. He was being challenged by Franklin D. Roosevelt a Democrat and former governor of New

York. One of the main issues of the campaign was the repeal of prohibition. It was funny to see all the signs around town showing a beer mug full of foaming beer and just below the mug in big letters it had "WE WANT BEER". In addition to the signs the people were wearing ties painted with the same notations as the signs. The sign and ties were an indication that the majority of the people were in favor of the repeal of prohibition and so were the democrats. A few months before election we had all the politicians visit the neighborhood and make their speeches as to why they should be elected to the office they were seeking. In those days this was the only way they could reach the voting public. The politicians were always exposed to a barrage of wagons loaded with their followers blowing horns and waving red flares. The wagons were drawn by horses and they were all decorated with red, white and blue ribbons. All the lamp posts were covered with posters of the politicians, Republicans, and Democrats who were running for office. On the day of the election we went around the neighborhood gathering all the wood we could find in preparation for a big fire that we would make as soon as it was dark. As a result of this activity every time I hear the word election I think that I have to gather wood for the big fire. The fire was started in the middle of the block and every one in the block participated by adding wood to the fire. The fire would get bigger and bigger. From my point of view (a ten year old), the fire seemed to be at least 100 feet high. On one occasion the crowd got carried away and started to tear down fences and throw them into the fire. After they did away with the fences they went in the back of the house where the horse drawn wagons were stored and rolled one of the wagons into the fire. This was the highlight of the night. Just as the wagon was put on the fire we heard the siren of the firemen and we all the kids ran as fast as their little legs would carry them. Election day sure kept the firemen busy. Franklin D. Roosevelt won the election and was inaugurated in 1932. Within the first year of his office he repealed prohibition and beer and liquor was now legal.

All kinds of jobs sprung up for the making and selling of beer. Employment was high and it seemed that the depression was over. Pop was still employed as a laborer at the Fulton Street subway and we were still working at home putting snaps on the beads.

One night when Pop got home from work, he gave us a big surprise by telling us that we were going to get a radio. A friend of his was going to get a new radio and he asked our father if he wanted the

old one. It was battery operated. Pop accepted it and we had a radio. That radio was great and it changed our way of life. We were not playing outdoors as much as we did before the radio, and Mom the storyteller was replaced by the radio. The battery was of the wet cell type and required recharging every week. This got to be a nuisance. Tony and I would have to disconnect it from the radio, load it on our wagon and go a couple of blocks to the electrical shop to have it recharged. On occasion the battery would go dead in the middle of a show. Even with these problems it was great to witness the birth of radio in America. Our next radio was powered by an electric wall socket. This was great, no more maintenance required to recharge a battery and we were sure of getting to the end of the show without an interruption. The radio brought a lot of changes to our style of living. There was a decrease in entertainment in the homes and the reading of books. We relied on the radio for these activities. When the radio first came out it broadcasted mostly the news, music and some comedy shows. During the afternoon they featured drama shows that came to be known as "Soap Operas". Except for the "Soap Operas" most of the shows were scheduled to be broadcast in the evenings after supper. When you listened to a play or a story being broadcasted you would close your eyes and imagine that you were there and your mind would create all the images for you. Your mind would also create a image of the characters in the play. So the thing that was great about the radio at this time was that you could rest your eyes, use your imagination and be entertained. Some of the comedians that were on the air were Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Red Skeleton (Baby Snooks), and Bob Hope. Some of the plays and adventure stories were Witches Tales; The Shadow; Batman; John Armstrong; Death Valley Days; Grand Central Station with Don Amechie; and of course our favorite The Lone Ranger.

Now that Tony and I were in possession of a wagon, we were given another chore. We were to take the wagon about a quarter of a mile from home to the Knickerbocker Ice Co. and purchase a block of ice for our ice box. The ice would last us about two days which meant we would have to make this trip every two days. Tony always came with me and we took turns riding and pushing the wagon. We enjoyed the adventure. The Ice company was at the water front and we got to see a lot of ships in the harbor. We paid 5 cents for the block of ice which would have cost twice as much if we had it delivered by the iceman. A big saving of 5 cents which was a lot of money in those days.

In the summer months the beads did not keep us too occupied so Tony and I tried our hands at other things to make additional money. We thought we would like to go out and shine shoes. Pop agreed with us and made us a shoe shine box and loaned us some money for the brushes and polish. We tried but it was a complete failure. All we got for our trouble was a debt to Pop for the supplies. Maybe the depression had something to do with our failure.

The other sales job we tried was selling pretzels. Tony and I went to the pretzel manufacturer and purchased fifty pretzels for twenty-five cents. We planned on selling them for one cent each hoping to make one hundred percent profit. On our way to a play street (area of the street reserved for child play) where we were planning to sell the pretzels a man stopped us and asked us if the pretzels were for sale? We advised him that they were. He told us that he was the owner of the laundry and he wanted us to hand out a pretzel to each one of his employees and he would pay us later. Tony and I looked at each other and we both agreed that the money should be paid first and then we would distribute the pretzels. The man did not agree and no deal was made. He kept his money and we kept our pretzels. We continued on our way and sold pretzels as we walked to the play area. Once we got to the play area we sat on a bench and put the pretzels out on display and waited for customers. Customers came and went and we had about thirty pretzels sold when we were surrounded by a dozen bullies who took the remaining pretzels knocked us down and ran. When Mom heard about this incident, Tony and I were out of business again. How Mom heard about it is any ones guess, hence, came the expression " Mom will always know! ".

As we were growing up Mom always tried to teach us what to expect outside the home. One of the lessons I learned was about nosy people. Every time Mrs. Foglio saw me in the hallway of the flat she would ask me the same question, "How many gross of beads did you do last night?" I would tell her and she would come back with the statement, "Ben-ner re-ka". These are Italian words meaning very good in a off base way. Mom had a reply for her statement which was "Gots-dee-freek". I will not translate but tell you that it essentially meant "mind your own business".

One night when Pop and I were returning beads back to the factory we saw a empty crate. Pop thought that the empty crate would make good firewood and we asked the man in charge if we could have it. He not only gave us the crate but he also

loaned us a hand truck to get the crate home. The beads that we were taking home to work on, we put in the crate. The crate was then lifted on the hand truck and we pushed it down the street to our flat. Pop was laughing all the way home. I asked him why he was laughing and he replied, "Can you imagine what the neighbors are thinking seeing us coming home with a crate of beads to work on!" He was right for the next morning Mrs. Foglio stopped me in the hallway and remarked to me, "Boy you people sure know how to work you are up to a crate of beads a day, Ben-ner re-ka! ". Of course my reply was the same as it always was under my breath, "Gots-de-freek! "

I was ten and Tony was nine when we went to St Lucy's church on Kent Ave just north of Park Ave for the lessons required to make our First Communion in the catholic church. We had to attend classes every day after school. The sisters and the lay teacher checked our attendance by punching a card. It was also required that we attend mass every Sunday in the lower section of the church. We were not allowed to go into the main church until we received our First Holy Communion. Tony and I finally passed our examinations and were eligible to receive our First Holy Communion and Confirmation. It was a great shock for Tony and I when we were told that Tony could not receive his Confirmation with me because he was not eleven years old. In those days Tony and I did everything together so I told my mother and the priest that if Tony was not given permission to receive the sacrament of confirmation, neither Tony or I would go through with the Communion or Confirmation this year. The priest advised us that he would take it up with the bishop for his approval. We were very pleased when we heard that the bishop had approved.

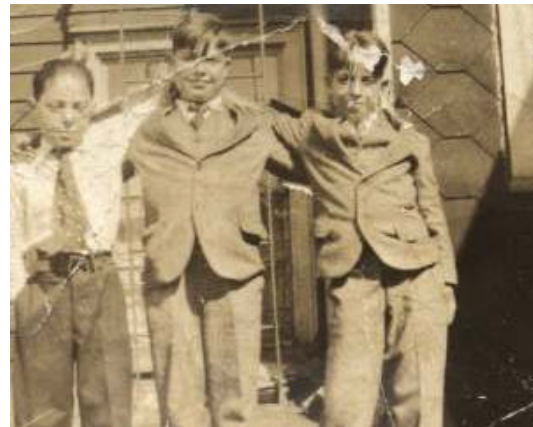


Fig 7. Right to Left: Tony, Gene & Friend

Mom then started to prepare for the big celebration that was to follow after the church services. For the church services we wore our navy blue wool suit complete with knickers that were the dress of the day for kids our age. It was 1933 when Tony and I received our First Holy Communion and the Sacrament of Confirmation. At this time I was twelve and Tony was ten. Tony and I had the same sponsor for Confirmation. He gave each one of us a wrist-watch. It was the first watch we ever owned. After the church services we went to our flat where Mom prepared the biggest feast we ever saw, and boy could Mom make feasts. It was a seven-course dinner starting with soup and ending with nuts. That's one thing about the Italians, when it comes to a party, "damn the expense, eat, drink and be merry". Even though we were still in a depression we did not seem to be feeling its effects at this time.

We then again moved but this time we didn't move too far away. We stayed on the same street but just slightly closer to Myrtle Ave and just across from the convent. Even though we had a flat in the back of the building it was much better than the flat we just left. We had our own bathroom complete with a bathtub and shower. The other thing I remember was that we had a formal dining room in addition to the kitchen. We only dined in the dining room on holidays or when we invited guests for dinner. All our meals were eaten in the kitchen. In the dining room we had a dark mahogany table and chairs large enough to seat at least fourteen people. Since we had no living room we put the radio in the dining room.

It was my job every Saturday morning to dust and polish the dining room furniture. The legs of the table were the hardest to dust and polish. The legs were made with so many fancy grooves that it required a great effort to get into them to polish. Although it was hard work, after the job was finished you looked with pride at the results of your labor. There were not many people in the neighborhood who could say they had a mahogany dining room set.

The making of the beads was slowing down a bit at this point which meant that Tony and I had more time to play. We had no playgrounds to go to so we did the next best thing and played in the street. The favorite game at this time was punch ball. All that was required to play this game was a soft rubber ball and a strong fist. We made the manhole covers in the middle of the street home and second base, and to the sides were first and third. When you were finished setting up the bases they formed a diamond. Since we were playing in the street the game would

often be delayed every time a car, truck or horse and wagon came through. It was all we had and we made the best of it. Tony and I were considered the two best players and so we were never allowed to play on the same team.

To pass the time in the summer months we would walk the streets looking for match covers. The match covers were traded. Many nights were spent sitting under the street light playing cards for them. We also traded baseball cards. I guess Tony and I were lucky because we had all the match covers and baseball cards on the block. They called us the card sharks.

It wasn't too long after we moved to Kent Avenue that Grandma also moved to Kent Avenue. They got a flat in the back of one of the buildings with a big yard where Grandpa could store the junk he picked up during his daily runs around town. I guess Grandma's money had run out. This is the only work that I remember Grandpa ever doing. Apparently collecting junk paid off because they were able to meet their housing, clothing and food expenses. Whenever Grandpa came across some toys that were in good condition he would store them and give them to us when we visited. Dolls to Josie and Lena, and skates to Tony and I. With Grandma and Grandpa across the street we got to see them every day. They had a dog and they fed him the leftovers at each meal. He was the only dog that I could remember who would eat macaroni and beans.

Grandma always treated me good when I went over to see her. I visited her quite often. Mom and Grandma only spoke Italian and it was required that we also speak Italian when we conversed with them. It didn't hurt us since we grew up learning to speak and understand two languages.

Josie graduated elementary school in June of 1931. In the area we lived in, it was rare for anyone to graduate high school. The law stated that all children should attend high school up to age 16. Most children after they reached 16 quit school and went to work full time. After you reached the age of sixteen the law permitted you to get working papers and you could be transferred to the continuation high school. This school required that you attend classes only once a week. Due to the hardship of the times many of the kids had to help their family to survive and they were forced to go to work. It's sad to note that only a few kids ever completed high school.

My sister was one of the lucky ones. She got her working papers and went to work with an ice cream company. Her job was to clean the strawberries that were added to the ice cream. When Josie got home from work she was often in pain from

the hard labor of hulling those strawberries. My sister had a hard life growing up. It guess it wasn't any ones fault just a result of the times.

At fourteen Josie was watched like a hawk. God forbid if she was caught talking to a boy! I was given the responsibility to tag along with my sister whenever she left the house and make sure she did not talk to any boys. I took this responsibility seriously and was very strict with my sister. When the boys saw me walking down the street with Josie they knew I meant business and they stayed away. I was often offered bribes from the boys to allow them to talk to my sister. I mean talking only, nothing else. You could call me mean but in my mind I felt I was protecting my sister in accordance with my parent wishes.

Tony had a different approach, he had a price and would often deliver notes from the boys to my sister. I never saw him do it but the boys would approach me by saying, "your brother takes our notes to your sister why can't you?" My reply was always, "I am not my brother!"

After working at the ice cream company for a while Josie and Mom got a job in the garment industry working on men suits. If the place was busy Mom would take home some jackets and we would sew buttons on them. Tony did not work on these jackets. It was Mom, Josie and myself.

Pop was not employed at the time and he was trying different things to earn some money. Apparently cousin Mike was also having trouble getting work. Consequently, he opened a grocery store down the block from us on Kent Avenue. I think cousin Mike must have been instrumental in Pops venturing out on his own and trying his hand selling. The first product he tried peddling was lemon ice. This was a big failure. I don't think he even made back the money he spent. The other selling job was pick up some fruit and vegetables from the market and then tour the neighborhood selling them retail. After he was advised by other peddlers that it was more profitable to buy and sell one product at a time, he started to make money and stayed with it for a while. Cousin Mike's store wasn't doing too well at his present location and he moved to a new location two or three blocks south of the same street. Cousin Mike did much better at this location and stayed there until his father-in-law passed away. His father-in-law left an estate located on Skillman Street. The estate had an established grocery store, so Mike sold the store on Kent Avenue and took over the store on Skillman Street. During the week Pop went peddling his product pushing the cart around the community. On Saturdays he would

park his cart on Myrtle Avenue. It was customary on Saturdays that, Myrtle Avenue from Skillman Street to the east and Kent Avenue to the west became a fruit and vegetable market. This area was filled with horse drawn and hand pushed wagons loaded with all kinds of produce. People came from all over the community, rich and poor, to buy the fruit and vegetables.

With Pop being self-employed and Mom and Josie working steady, Tony and I had a lot of free time on our hands but no money. One Saturday afternoon all we had between us was ten cents. We needed at least twenty cents for both of us to go to the movies. We thought, "How are we going to get the money?" Well, Tony and I were on Myrtle Avenue and we noticed that one of the stores on the block was selling paper shopping bags. We made a deal with the owner of the store to buy all the shopping bags for two cents each. He agreed and Tony and I were in business. We sold the shopping bags for three cents and we made a profit of one cent on every bag we sold. We sold enough bags for the movie and then quit. When we told Pop of our business dealing he came up with a plan for us to make money each Saturday. He would purchase the same bags at the market for one and one half cents a bag and we could sell them at the going rate of three cents. Tony and I agreed and Pop purchased 100 bags that first week.

We walked up and down Myrtle Ave from Skillman Street to Kent Avenue. We started at eight o'clock in the morning and we were sold out by five o'clock in the evening. The next week and the rest of the weeks to follow Pop purchased 200 bags that we also sold. It was a long day! We started the same time but we didn't quit until the clock struck twelve midnight. Tony and I were called the master salesmen of the shopping bag industry.

It was during this time that I met Mrs. Morris she was a widow and lived in the better part of town. When I asked her if she would like to purchase a shopping bag, she replied that she had no need of a shopping bag because she owned a leather shopping bag. She indicated, however, that she would be grateful if I would help her with carrying her bag home after she was finished with her shopping. I agreed to help her and I gave Tony my shopping bags to hold until I got back from helping Mrs. Morris. She held onto one of the handles on the shopping bag and I to the other, and we walked to her home. She lived in the brown stone housing area. This area consisted of single family attached homes and were primarily occupied by lawyers and doctors. The exterior of the house was built of brown stone

and was three stories high. The first floor consisted of the kitchen and dining room, the second floor consisted of the parlor and study, and the third floor consisted of the bedrooms. All the rooms were huge and their ceilings were at least ten feet high. Mrs. Morris owned one of these homes. She and I became very close and in addition to me helping her with her bag every Saturday I did other chores as well. Mrs. Morris paid me generously. At Christmas time she always had me over to help her wrap her gifts and take them to the post office. She always had a gift for me.

At the age of thirteen the family was introduced to the hand braiding of dog leashes. The store just below our apartment was distributing work to who ever wanted it. By accepting this work Tony and I had to say goodbye to all the free time. We braided dog leashes as soon as we got home from school, all day Saturday and on many Sundays. During the night it wasn't bad since we always had the radio to listen to. Tony and I stopped selling shopping bags since we were making more money braiding the dog leashes.

Although we were no longer selling shopping bags I continued to keep my appointments with Mrs. Morris, helping her whenever I could. Our homework kept us busy throughout the school summer vacation. The boys missed Tony and I. They thought that our parents sent us to summer camp. We should have been so lucky.

During the winter months the coal stove was providing us heat for the apartment and also was used for baking and cooking our meals. At this time Mom made homemade bread and lard. The lard was made by cooking pork fat until it was a liquid and then pouring it into clay pots. The finished product after it was cooled was milky white in color and was stored in the coolest room in the flat. This turned out to be me and Tony's bedroom. The by products of the fat remaining after the boil were brown in color and was put on the homemade bread as it came out of the oven. The byproducts tasted like very crisp bacon. Mom made bread every week and it lasted throughout the week.

It was my job to go to the local grocery store and purchase the flour for the bread. The flour came in five and twenty five pounds sacks. Mom, because she was economical, always purchased the twenty-five pound sack. Nothing went to waste in those days and the sacks that the flour came in were bleached and used as cotton handkerchiefs. Mom used Frank's old baby tub to mix the bread batter. The other thing that was stored in our room was the homemade

sausage. Tony and I never had to worry about going hungry.

In our adolescent years Tony was forever getting into and out of trouble. It wasn't as though Tony did anything that we didn't, however, it always seemed that it would be Tony that either got in trouble or hurt. On cold winter nights we would bake sweet potatoes. This was done by making a fire in a metal can. To the can we would attach a wire at both ends of the can extending at least five feet out from the can. We would then put the potato in the can and then swing the can overhead through the air making for a very hot fire. It wasn't long before we had cooked potatoes. This particular evening Tony's head got in the way and it was bleeding bad. If we told our parents a beating would follow, so the only thing left to do was to stop the bleeding and bandage up the wound. Since our bathroom was in the hallway it was easy to get access to it without our parents knowing about it. I played the doctor and thank God it turned out okay. Mom and Pop never found out and the cut healed nicely.

Josie was now approaching seventeen and was still employed in the same factory making men's suit. It was here that she first met Ray Amico. She approached me one day and told me she was sweet on this guy and that she had a date with him. She wanted me to help her to keep it. By help she meant that we were to keep this from Pop and Mom. I was introduced to Ray and I liked him and felt that my sister was old enough to take care of herself. So I agreed to keep her secret. This was the first and last time I ever deceived my parents.

With the pretense that Josie was going to visit her girlfriend and I was to take her, we both ended up at the State Theater on the corner of DeKalb Avenue and Franklin Avenue where we met Ray. During the week to get people to attend the theater they raffled a basket of food. You guessed it we won the basket of food. When we got home after the show we decided that it would be the proper thing to have Ray come up to our flat and meet Pop and Mom. Ray came up with the basket of food we won. It was a good meeting and it wasn't too long after, when both families met and a wedding day was set. The ones that attended the meeting on Ray's side was his mother Sarah, father Angelo and brothers Sam and Bill. Ray was the oldest at 21 years. Sam was next at age 20 and Bill the youngest was going to be 19. Ray and Bill were quiet and reserved whereas Sam was more outgoing and amusing.

One of the things Sam did which I will always remember is the time he asked us if we saw the new minted quarter of the year we were in, 1935?

We all replied that we had not, and he reached in his pocket and took out the newly minted coin for all of us to see. After we all looked at the coin we gave it back to Sam, and he returned it to his pocket. Then Sam went to his other pocket and took out some coins. As he handed them to us he remarked, "look at these quarters they have been minted way before 1935". As we were making a motion to return the quarters to Sam he advised us that they were for us to keep. There aren't many people who would part with so much money. With that amount of money we could go see a good movie and still have money left over for a milk shake.



Fig 8. Lena and Frank (1935?)

The ones attending the meeting on our side was Mom, Pop, Josephine, age 16, Gene age 13, Tony age 11, Lena age 9 and Frank age 3. Both my parents and Ray's parents were born in Italy and all the conversations between them was spoken in Italian. We all had a great time. It was at this meeting that the wedding date was set and we were advised that Ray and Josephine were going to live in East New York.

Ray's mother had a two family house with a empty apartment that they could rent. East New York was considered far away and so Mom decided that she had to be close to her daughter. Mom asked Ray to look for an apartment for us in their neighborhood. It wasn't too long after the meeting

that we found out that we were moving to East New York.

The move was a bad time for me. I was scheduled to graduate elementary in June 1935. I didn't want to take the chance of not graduating at the new school and also I wanted to graduate with the boys and girls I grew up with. With both schools permission I was permitted to continue to attend PS 157 and graduate even though we moved from the school district. This meant I had to take the Fulton Street elevated train (do not mistake this with the Fulton St. subway) from Grant Avenue East New York to the Franklin Avenue station. It was at least a mile from Fulton St. to the school. I did this from May to graduation day which was the last week in June. This made for a very long day. Thank God we did not have any homework to do during this time.

My eighth grade teacher was Mrs. King. I will never forget her. Mrs. King was in charge of the "Music Appreciation" course for all the classes in the school. Mrs. King was a very strict teacher. Consequently, whenever the music was played in her class you could be sure that every one was listening. She expected every one of us do well on the "Music Appreciation" test. The test was given to all classes at the same time. We would all sit in the auditorium and as the records were being played we were required to identify the music and the composer. Our class did what no other class had ever done before. We all received a perfect score on the test. The principal made us take the whole test over. We went back to the auditorium but this time each student was separated by at least three chairs width and located every other row. Would you believe it we all did it again!

Mrs. King was also very helpful to me in selecting and registering in the high school of my choice. Since I saw no way of me going beyond high school I chose to go to a vocational school so that I could learn a trade and be prepared for a job after graduation. I chose to go to Boys Vocational High School.