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It certainly is exciting, but also it's exhausting. And for me it is hard on the nerves, going from extremes of optimism to extremes of depression. One moment whistling at the top of my ability up the streets of Manhattan, on Union Square, on Claremont Avenue, through the crowds along 42nd street, or down the deserted riverfront streets off York Avenue. And then I am in my room face against the wall shaking with the fear of being totally unwanted. But all of it, every minute is an ecstatic slice of life, every bit is in huge buildings like the empire state building or Wannamakers, or else in crowds, in subways, hospitals, reception rooms, or offices. It has all gone by like flashes and so I am hereby sitting down to preserve as much of the time that flown through my hands these past three weeks as is possible for me.

I had talked it over with my parents, and they had acquiesced. I was really, finally going to leave school and pay my way through a psychoanalysis. On Sunday morning January 4th, 1959, my greyhound bus circled down into the hole of Lincoln Tunnel, I caught one last glimpse of the New York early morning skyline before we tunneled into its midst and lost the perspective from across the river. The empire state building rose from the its companion structures and disappeared completely into the mist like some fantastic 'ack in the Beanstalk creation. Then we were droning on and on through the glourescent lighted Lincoln tunnel. On and on past stationed cops along the sides in little glass offices to keep out the fumes and dust of the thousands of cars streaming endlessly past. Finally our bus pulled up into the light. But now there wasn't as much light, for towering above us were buildings. I was home.

That day I could only wait. There was nothing to do. During the week that followed I carried out my initial plans and didn't get hold of much. I wrote again to Dr. Wilbur to ask for an analyst. I saw Dr. Montague, but we couldn't do much before Dr. Wilbur's reply. I went in and talked with Dean Coleman and found that I could get my scholarship deferred all right. At least one thing would be OK. On Thursday I checked with Columbia Placement. Mr. Bagglow was a very nice young chap. His handshake was warm and his tone was understanding. But his references were nil. I was going to have to make my own way. In the other room, I was shown a list of temporary jobs, but found them quite inadequate. Friday: After choir I went over to talk with former Dean Chamberlain. The wide stairs marble floored and light colored seemed somehow forbidding. They would like far longer than anyone stepping upon them. On the fourth floor I looked for his office. No one was in those to the right. Then I asked and sure enough, there he was down at the other end. I sat down and talked. Finally I quite. He understood. Then I asked him about his report on education to the Carnegie foundation. He was very modest about it, one might even say shy. But he did want to talk, too, so I listened and asked for a while. We talked about the intangibles of education. How no one can teach only by standard procedures. How teaching is an art. And I knew that he knew what he was talking about. I knew that he was an artist. People that know him better than I have said so. But I would say so anyway, just from talking with him.

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So that is how things went the first week. But from this point on everything becomes much harder to place in its proper time perspective. So I guess I will just have to wander. I spent day after day scanning the want ads in the Times. I remember writing letters. There was the one I wrote to the hospital looking for a medical clerk. The pay was low, but I figured that my pre-med background in college would get me into a good position for the job. There was no reply to the letter. Another letter was the one I wrote in response to the ad for factory workers. Again there was no response to my letter. Perhaps one of the troubles was my request of at least \$65 a week and my lack of experience to back it up. I gave Dwight as a reference and later on wondered if he would mind. (That reminds me that I should call him, and also Jean Sareil to ask about their attitude toward my using them for references.) (A pause of fifteen minutes ensues at that point as I call up these two. Mr. Sareil was not home, but Dwight was and I told him all about my job hunting.)

I kept thinking that I ought to go to the New York State Employment Agency, but somehow or other I never let myself go see them. One of the first things I did do, however, was to pick up application blanks for post office mail carrier and mail handler. I haven't yet taken either of the examinations but one comes up Saturday. That reminds me that I must fill out the application forms and check up on the exam. One day I decided to check out an all civil service jobs. I started out over at Columbia Employment where I caught Mr. Bigelow and found the address of the U.S. Government Civil Service. Downstairs in the old dark wooden walled and wooden staircased building were several bulletin boards covered with old government civil service announcements. Sanitation engineer wanted; clerks wanted; firemen wanted. But was I? At least I would go down and find out. But first I picked up a map of the city at Dorm's stationary store across from the campus. The proprietor smiled to see my purchase but said nothing. I am in there pretty often for something or other. Then I headed for the post office to find out why my forms for mail handler had not been returned. I must have gone down by subway. For the second time I went down the long, long corridor or that gigantic post office building. Past door after door I went along with a fellow pushing a cart of some sort. Finally he went into an office to the side and I had to continue alone. This time I got the application for carrier. I came out with more papers in my pockets. Now I needed to find the Federal building on Christopher and Washington streets. This was my first trip down Manhattan's lower West side. The streets were dirty and free of cabs and cars. Most of the traffic was trucks. Instead of the huge stone and concrete buildings of uptown, now the buildings were low wooden store fronts and upstairs apartments. The grocery stores spread their wares out onto the sidewalk. Pears and apples browned in the sun. Bright red and green peppers vied with many colored fruits for attention. At one store a huge negro sang as he threw frozen cuts of beef from the floor of his truck parked there onto with great abandon into a huge barrel for transport into the store. And at one block I stopped to see boys surely no more than twelve years old playing hockey in a roped off street. The sight of their hockey sticks and the pucks

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flying around between them suddenly dawned upon me as a new sight. I had never seen anyone playing hockey before. The boys were skillful on their roller skates; I was not the only one standing there watching. But soon I walked one down farther and farther into the dock loading section. The trucks grew larger and the buildings also grew from three and four story store fronts into five and ten storey factory buildings with screened windows and huge lighted rooms, the walls exhibiting coat racks hung with the coats of hundreds of workers. The Federal building turned out to be the most monstrously ugly of them all. A terrible nineteenth century brick monster set down on an entire city block not far from the water front. The little room with announcements was full of colored men with forlorn expressions eyeing the opportunities for veterans. And also there were people like me looking strangely out of place leafing through announcement after announcement for engineers and skilled workers, all the jobs to be examined in Washington. But Washington is a long way off, and anyway I want to stay in New York. So I left empty handed.

Again I set off walking. This time I headed for the telephone directory's address given for the New York City Personnel department. This time I was walking toward the financial district by a new approach. I passed the loading platforms of factories where great negroes rolled barrels and boxes into trailer trucks and wondered idly if I could get a job like that. Then too there were the faces of the truck drivers themselves, like the one filling the gas tank at a parking lot. Somehow he seemed so bored and far away, as though he only lived in speeding across the highway, speeding past farms and cities, and sitting still was not life at all. Just before I got to my destination I passed the shop of the Civil Service leader. I looked sarcastically at the trial exam books advertised for several dollars apiece in the window. Then went in to pay the lady ten cents for copy of the newspaper. It told about the post office jobs, but had little else of interest to me. Somehow the stories of those people in the civil service returning after thirty or forty years of clerking at \$70 a week were very disheartening. I read it while sitting in line up at the City Employment office and got so discouraged that I didn't even bother talking to anyone there, but just got right back onto those huge old elevators manned by the most discouragingly tired man. Everything was tired that day and I returned to school with nothing but papers.

Someday previous to this one I had called up the one name given to me by Columbia's employment agency, an executive ~~lee-~~ of a small envelope company looking for an assistant. He asked me why I was leaving Columbia and like a fool I told him I was getting a psychoanalysis. By this time the job was lost and I could only jaw with him over the phone about how much an analysis would interfere with my work. The bastard made me thoroughly mad and gave me just the spirit of let the world go to hell which I needed for the weeks of job hunting ahead.

Another meeting during those first few weeks which served to kindle my enthusiasm about a good job was my lunch with Dwight one morning down at his office.

This meeting with Dwight was just the thing I needed. He is really a great guy. He is remarkably enough, a very unfatherly man in manner, though one knows that underneath he is greatly interested in me. As we talked he rose from his desk and came over to sit on the window sill beside me. But instead of facing me, he stared out the window and talked quietly of his own boyhood. He mentioned times spent in New York. "I guess, yes, I was even worse off then than you are now. I remember trying to find a job here in New York. I would work here long enough as a salesman to go back up to the farm on the Cape and live off the money I took. The money went a long way up there, but even so it seemed to run out fast." His shaggy brows were thoughtful and his grey opaque eyes distinctly clouded as he spoke. He laughed and diagnosed my trouble as the "taxi-driver fantasy." "Yes, I once had it too. I thought that the greatest life would be just driving around or working at something for which I wouldn't have to think at all. But it doesn't work that way." I grew inspired by his words and itched to try for a good job somewhere. "Perhaps I should try to use my contacts. There's Milton Glick at Viking, and then there are always Westinghouse and General Motors." Dwight shook his head at my enthusiasm and tried to calm me down and forsake such dangerous ventures until I could obtain more experience job-hunting. Then he suddenly asked if I found job-hunting fun. I thought for second and then realized the answer. "Yes," I said. "I did, too." He smiled and said nothing else.

Finally classes were over and the exam period started. Sunday I went through and through the newspaper ads. Airline trainees \$85 a week; bank trainees \$75; clerk-typists \$65; Administrative Assistants \$85. My enthusiasm ran high and I envisioned earning fantastic salaries. I wrote several letters applying for Administrative Assistant positions. Again no reply during the week. On Monday morning I got all dressed up and took the old Broadway seventh avenue line down to times square. There among the signs and cheap shops and cheap movies and bums and toughs I found my way over to the All-American agency. They had good ads for airline trainees. There were about five people behind desks plus two receptionists I waited in my overcoat and blended myself in with the negro boys just out of the army trying to readjust to earning a living, or to the negro women just back after their last baby. But there were no Puerto Ricans. The guy that finally called my name was a nice looking middle aged balding guy who reminded me very much of my uncle. His attitude was also the same, one of quiet consideration. But the jobs wouldn't do. Airline trainees must be veterans. "I'm sorry." "Have you considered going into the armed services now? It would help your status very much." He sent me to another desk where the large matronly woman arranged an interview for me at Canada Dry. That afternoon was my Music final exam, but just before taking it, I found time to call and arrange a time to see the woman at Canada Dry. Thus on Tuesday afternoon I wended my way through the rainy traffic around Grand Central and after going around one

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block too far, found the offices where I hoped to work. Here I established a routine which I would follow many times in the days to come. I stood outside a huge and brand new building fronted with the slick newness of freshly polished stone. Somehow they have finally learned the secret of blending stone and glass, so that the two of them each have the same slick surface. At any rate this was one of those buildings. The doors stretched halfway across the front of the building and were wet back well into the ground floor leaving an overhang from the rain neither on the sidewalk nor inside. This also seems to be a standard feature in today's building (office). Here I wiped my hair, face and glasses with my handkerchief. I didn't succeed nearly so well in taking off the rain as I did in soaking my handkerchief, but at any rate I did gain some respite between the coming and the going in. To continue with my description of the building: Inside the first floor was high and polished and honeycombed by the many sets of elevators going upstairs. First I checked the large black, glassed in, white-lettered directory and found my destination. Then I nodded to the elevator chief and entered the appropriate elevator for 10-16. Upstairs I found my destination as a desk set behind two thick glass doors, completely glass, attended by the pretty secretary. I would come into building after building, elevator after elevator, and glass door after glass door just like these. New York is becoming repopulated with this atmosphere of slick and clean. I guess it is for the better.

There was no interview that afternoon. It took me almost an hour to fill out the forms and then more time to take the companies personal forms. By the time I had finished there was no time to see the woman supposed to interview me. They told me as I left that they would call. They haven't. It is a good thing I didn't really expect them to.

This was the week of exams Jan. 19 though 22. It wasn't until Friday the 23rd that I really went back downtown looking for a job in Earnest. First I checked out the want ad columns in the Times and dicled the most promising jobs. Then I listed them by agency and made a priority order. First stop would be the Medical Placements Agency. Their ad was for an administrative assistant and the salary was attractive. Besides, as a pre-med student, I seemed (God knows exactly why) to have an advantage at such an agency. This was a little tiny agency stuck down at the end of a small hall in an older building. The office too was small and the waiting room would hardly have held more than three people. As usual I spent the first part of my time filling out the application forms. This was another action which would become a routine for me in the following weeks. One eventually gets a certain enjoyment as he makes friends (or tries to) with his interviewers. I particularly enjoyed Mrs. Neal (No that's not right). At any rate this interview was a particularly enjoyable one. The woman was very sympathetic, and though the executive she called was horrified at my application while I was in the draft, she tried to help by sending me over to their sister agency, the Castle Hill Agency. Castle Hill also turned out to be a very friendly place, but again not very helpful.

I was referred from my first interviewer, a very nice gentlemen in his fifties across the room (or should I say ~~across~~ the aisle since there were only four desks in the office) to a second chap, young, not so intelligent, but very much in earnest with me. *Mr. Kane* He seemed to take a liking to me or something and though there was no job on his list which would pay over \$60 a week, he too wanted to see me find the right job. Finally we arrived at the point where he suggested that if I were just looking for money, I would do well to call up the Ford Motor Co. factory or to find some political pull for the Post Office. I told him about knowing Nevins Baxter who is forever talking about his working with the Democratic local committee, and he urged me to follow up this lead. As for factory work, he suggested the block of agencies at 70 Warren Street.

THE EDWARDS AGENCY 73 Warren Street: That's where I headed. They regularly carry an ad in the times; wanted men, boys for factory work \$1.82 an hour. Warren Street slopes down from Broadway toward the docks and quickly regenerates from the business building, wall street type of neighborhood of central downtown New York into the truck-loading, paper-littered badly-paved dock streets. Down toward the end was the block of factory agencies. Edwards had the largest sign, perhaps three stories high, a glaringly cheap and sordid looking sign. But the building itself was much more substantial than those around it which almost seemed to be collapsing and even as I approached them. Inside the large downstairs room was filled with smoke and big, dirty jacketed laborers. And I in my black suit, quite dapper. Boy did I stick out like a sore thumb. Pulling my coat around my shoulders closer, I managed to catch the attention of one of the interviewees, ask for factory work, and get shuttled into the second compartment of the room past the swinging door separating the dozens of seated smoking men from the dozen or so desks behind which - each of which a man sat staring at something in his hand or on desk, completely oblivious to the crowd waiting in front of them. The man at my desk told the boy seated before me in his rough, cock sure voice to "go back there and take the job." The boy laughed, winked at the desk man across the aisle, got up and left. The man paid no attention to me but just sat there staring at something. I asked him if I could get some factory work. No answer. I asked him again and he absent mindedly asked me for my experience. I had none. He had no job for me. I got up and left the place. Hardly five words had been spoken between us. Neither of us even seemed to have noticed the other. That was my only contact with the factory agencies. For all I know those very same men are in that crowded, smoke-filled room now, quietly waiting.

The Church agency isn't far from there. They are both downtown and downtown New York is small. The change in neighborhood was striking, however. The Church agency is in the financial district and handles only banking and financial positions. It's office was roomy and had that old well-constructed-of-wood appearance that was standard for so many years before today's slicked granite and glass doors. My interviewer was an intelligent and business-like man. He immediately probed much deeper into my motivations than had any previous interviewer. Within a few sentences I was back into the corner of having to tell him I was searching for money to pay for a psychoanalysis. He was sympathetic but of course could give me no help. Bank is not the place for you, he assured me, They are terribly

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curious people, the banks, and they would have to know all that I ask you know.

For some reason or other I then wound up in Grand Central Station to make phone calls. I made up a list of Corporations to call about jobs: Ford, Wright Aeronautical (two that the fellow at Castle Hill had suggested), Federal Distributing Corp. (for whom I had worked the previous summer) Morrison Knudson (whom I had called for a job the year before) and finally the YMCA, from whom I wanted to obtain a job. No one could help me. Ford and Wright had men laid off, Morrison Federal Distributing Corp. also had men laid off and would call them back first. Morrison Knudson's address was right down the street, so I emerged from the bee-hive of Grand Central back into a sunny day though chilly January day. Their building, the Socony Mobil building was another of the new, slick, wide glass entranced places. Upstairs (the 25th floor or so) the girl at the desk was pretty (I wish she had been pretty helpful, instead.) The construction industry would not be getting back onto its feet for another couple of months. I should try again then. On the way down I stopped at the Socony Mobil personnel office just for kicks. Here the secretary seemed to be greatly impressed with my audacity at just walking into the place looking for work, but this time I was very uncooperative. "No, I didn't want to fill out an application for mail room boy at \$45 a week. She seemed disappointed. In a way I was too, but nothing could be done about it. I kept the conversation alive by asking about their New Jersey refinery. Are there jobs there? She didn't even know how far the plant was from New York, let alone, whether there were jobs. "Thank you" I said and left her to shake her head once and then go back to work.

Then I looked up the YMCA. Sloan House on 34th street looked like my best bet for a room. And the YMCA vocational guidance on 36th also looked interesting. I went in search of the latter which was not so far away. (the time was by now approaching five o'clock and my working day was almost over) The receptionist here was very nice, and very pretty. And in fact she also seemed to take an extraordinary interest in me. I promised to come back the next Monday when the interviewer would be available. The line would be long. Well I would be prepared to wait. We smiled and I left, never to return.

At Sloan House I went from the big round counter in the middle downstairs over which hang the sign for reservations. From here I was referred to a side office and the secretary who patiently wrote me out a reservation for a room. On the way out I noted the lunchroom crowded with travelers from Penn station and thought about how crowded the gymnasium must also be somewhere back in the building. I left and entered the crowds of people returning home from work. We funneled down into the great subway tubes that tunnel swiftly through the city. And so I returned to the quiet campus on Morningside ready to spend a weekend of recuperation.

Sunday, as usual, I checked through the want ads in the Times and wrote out a list of things to do on the next day. The positions for which I wrote on this week end were a night clerk, an office assistant, and a bank clerk. Of course no one was going to reply, but still I tried.

Monday, January 26, 1959. I would be writing this date on application forms all day and so it was significant. By 8:30 there I was in the office of the Best Agency asking the woman about the positions they had advertised in the Times; clerking jobs. Miss Gloria Mitchell was the name of the woman whom I saw. As she filed through the cards in front of her I observed her face and wondered if I could work out an approach suited to her personality. I decided she fancied herself a hard boiled business woman and would easily take offense if I were to try to assume a strong position. So I remained a "nice" boy. Her horn-rimmed glasses were bold and her face the square face of a man. Somehow her lipstick was manly. I guess a woman has a lot of things she can do with makeup, so her appearance was probably intended to be the way it was. First she sent me to the American Newspaper Publishers Association up on Park Avenue about 15 blocks away. This was another of those new buildings just like the one at Canada Dry and again I found a secretary waiting for me behind two large all glass doors. She called in the woman to interview me, and just as Miss Mitchell had warned me might happen ~~whil~~ she took one look at me, perhaps not even that and said "We have no jobs open now." I said "Oh" and prepared to leave. "Would you like to fill out an application?" "I thought you said there is no job available." "Well, there isn't now." "No, thank you" I said. By now it had past nine o'clock and the All-American agency whom I had seen the week before, was in business. I had received a card from them on the preceding Saturday saying they had another opportunity, so on my way back I stopped in to see what they might have. The pretty, business-like girl at the desk bounced her pony-tail and glared at me as I handed her the card. I would have to wait at least twenty minutes. I told her I was leaving and would try to be back by the time they were ready for me. She just shrugged her shoulders and I left.

Back at the Best Agency I was hustled back into the chair next to Miss Mitchell's desk, despite the crowd of people seated and waiting to be interviewed outside. Again she went through her cards and every so often one of us would joke about something. We got along very well. "This time she had something for me" Wouldn't I like to work in a hospital. She handed me the card for Roosevelt Hospital who needed a typist. By the time I became fully aware of the implications of a typist job for only \$60 a week, I was already outside and closing the door. Oh well, I would get back over to All American and see what they could do for me. I had played my time closely and won. The girl checked to see if My name had already been called. It hadn't. I waited leaning against the wall in the back of the room in my topcoat. Soon the balding fellow with ~~whom~~ I had agreed so well the week before, called my name and I went in. The job he had in mind was as inventory clerk for the Longines Wittnauer company. He looked at me over his glasses. "Would this be interesting for you?" "Yes, merymuch," I replied with much too much enthusiasm to be sincere. He handed me the card, and called out ~~his~~ next name as I got up.

First I would go up to the hospital. It wasn't too far away, but the air was cold so I walked down the block to

Broadway and took a subway for 59th street. The hospital smelled of antiseptics and the sickening odors of drugs. People were standing everywhere in the corridor but there was no one behind the counter headed by the sign "information". I asked the elevator operator for the personell department and was directed back through the door which I had entered and down steps at the left leading to the basement. Downstairs the corridors were low and narrow, the hallways of a public hospital, I thought to myself, not a private one. Then I saw the line of dark coats stretching down the white hall. All kinds of men and women were standing and waiting with their application cards at the tiny office of personell. One woman far inside would have to see them all. Hours of waiting in this cramped, stinking basement flashed before my mind. This was not for me. To hell with a hospital job paying \$60 a week!

The Longines Wittnauer building was down at the Eastern end of one of those short streets between Broadway and seventh avenue. All the way down the street I was looking at store after store selling nothing but diamonds or jewelry. Surely this was the jewelry center of the world, I thought. The entrance to the building I wanted was being redeccorated so I had to go around to the Avenue entrance next door and use their elevators. Many people were standing in wait for the elevator, some of them dressed rather shabbily. I wondered idly if there might not be an employment agency of something upstairs. Just then I noticed the elevators farther back around the corner into the next building where the workers were painting or replastering or some thing. Suddenly I realized that I had been waiting for the wrong elevators. I asked the bapl captain and was told correctly. Upstairs I entered a small passageway emerging from the elevators guarded at its only open end by a swinging door and a glass behind which two switchboard operators were sitting. One of them leaned over as I waited in front of the window and pointed me out the personell office through the door and down the corridor to the right. I followed her finger and found myself in another of these new, glass-doored, well carpeted floor rooms. Surprise! there was not a woman at the receptionist desk, but a genuine, doll-like Englishman. His accent was clipped and sounded like the click of poker chips. His face followed suit. I didn't like him from the first. I filled out the application card despite the fact that the job had already been taken. They would call me if anything came up. Some woman entered while I was filling out the forms and looked at the watch he was wearing to see the new style not even advertised yet. The Englishman acceded as-though in a matter of fact business style that baffled me. He was a strange fellow to be sure. Of course I shall never see him again, for they never have called about my application.

I walked back to the All-American agency and reported upon my failure to get the job. But the fellow at the desk was not surprised and quickly found me a second card as a sales assistant for Meyrowitz optical co. I told him I didn't want anything to do with commssions of high pressure salesman ship, but he assured me this wasy not a job of that sort at all, so I took the card and left. By this time it was noon so I went back up to Columbia to look at my mail. It was almost two in the afternoon before I entered the fifth avenue office

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of the Meyrowitz Optical Company. The shop was rather narrow with counters on each side backed by shelf after shelf of binoculars, cameras, eye glass frames, and barometers. To compensate for its narrowness it extended far back into the building, behind a swinging door and into a ~~mere~~ work room of some sort. I asked the horse-faced young man behind the display case toward the back where I might find Miss Sheibel. He pointed out a large headed older woman with a large Jewish nose talking into a telephone in a small side office. I walked over to the door so she would notice my presence and then sat down in a chair outside the door and waited. For almost half an hour (or so it seemed) she talked to someone about a hymn book which was being set into type for printing. I wondered where one could find a connection between printing and optics. Finally she called me in and explained the job which they were offering. I would be expected to greet customers and keep the books for the opticians at the 86th St. and Madison shop. My pay? \$60 a week for the trial period. But then I would have a wonderful opportunity to learn the trade of the optician. The opticians would be working right under my nose. She would send my application up with the regular messenger that afternoon and I should call on Mr. Holmes the next morning. "Fine" I said. Now I had a job so I did no more looking on that afternoon but instead walked all the way from 43rd up to 88th street and the William Alanson Clinic to find out about analytic possibilities. This was the exact same block as the Meyrowitz shop so before going inside I looked at the display windows with their binoculars, glasses frames, and even a small telescope. Inside I took the elevator up to the 23rd floor and found the offices of the Clinic. The lady behind a glass window and desk and typewriter, inquired of my intentions and I told her "I would like to speak with someone about the possibilities of a lost cost psychoanalysis." Upon this she got up and I went down the hall without a word and disappeared to the right. In a minute she returned and announced that I could see the lady on the right ~~in-a-few-minutes-~~ at the end of the hall. I went in and found a woman behind an office desk conferring over the telephone about some conference invitations which had apparently been mishandled. She was a rather masculine woman, and yet full of the appeal of her sex nevertheless. In short she was very attractive and I enjoyed watching her. At length she hung up and I was able to ask her my question. "Could I get a psychoanalysis from someone through this institute which would count toward a training analysis?" "No I am only still in college, though I intend to go on eventually to medical school." She replied to the effect that I was not in the position to receive anything like a training analysis. And besides that would be much more expensive. "\$50 a week! Let's see. I could give you some names." She started reading me names, but I interrupted her and asked if they would have evening hours. "Oh, no. Only the first one, Dr. Gill, has evening hours available." He has three hours a week open now: ~~two~~ at 5:30 and one at 4:40." "I am afraid I couldn't make that." She looked at me suspiciously and said. "People usually manage somehow to find the time." Our meeting ended on a rather discouraging note, but as I walked out the door, she asked me my name. Surprised, I turned back and said simply "My name is David Adams." "Good luck," she said. I mumbled "Thankyou." I passed the receptionist-secretary and said "good evening," opened the main door and stepped out into the lobby. Suddenly

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I noticed the nameplate on the door: "Miss Clara Thompson!" She is a very famous woman and among other things the authoress of a book I was intending to read. I almost laughed out loud at myself at having been so stupid as not to realize to whom I was talking. The elevator opened and as I got in alone, the woman operator smiled (my face must have been beaming itself at this point) and told me to fix my collar. Embarrassed, I looked at my reflection in the polished plate to the side of the elevator and straightened my tie which looked ok to begin with. "OK," I asked with a smile. Now she laughed at said, "Not your shirt collar, your coat!" "Oh," I exclaimed, realizing the collar was turned under, and I laughed back.

I had called the William Lindsay Whites the evening before and had been asked to come and visit with them that afternoon, so I hopped the bus down Fifth Avenue, got off at 66th street and walked whistling at the top of my lungs over to their house at 160 East. I was sitting on top of the world with a job and having seen Clara Thompson and my whistling was loud, high, and clear. I could feel the eyes of people upon my whistling walk. The butler at the Whites answered the door, took my coat, announced me and ushered me up the stairs to the living room. Mrs. White was there next to a table covered with paper, a typewriter and carbons. Someone must have been writing before I arrived. It had been a long time since I had seen Mrs. White and I didn't remember the fact that I disliked her. She is a very pronounced, or to put it in slang, nosy, woman. Her first question was: Well, what have you got." Knowing full well the aim of her question was why I should want a psychoanalysis, I nevertheless tried to put the question in its proper place by asking "What do you mean?" But she instead of starting again just repeated the question in the same words except somehow a bit longer. Her tone of voice remained aloof and what an unknowing person might have thought sarcastic. I knew she was sincere, however, and though I was not exactly at ease with the question, at least did not take offense. Soon Mr. White joined us from upstairs and made the conversation a little less one sided. After a while they offered me a drink and like a fool I consented. Before the drink I was already in very carefree spirits which I had carried whistling down the streets, and now after the drink, my manner became quite imposingly cocksure. Our conversation gradually turned into a fencing match, and though interesting, was far from helpful to anyone concerned. I was overstaying. But then, Damn it, they had invited me after four o'clock and I half expected they meant for dinner. Finally, Mrs. White said, "Well, David, you really had better go. We must eat dinner soon." In any state but the one I was in at that moment, I would have been very embarrassed, but now I was high on spirits in more than one sense and took it quite in stride. "I'm sorry" I said, I had no idea it was getting so late." Mr. White walked to the door with me and shook hands warmly and wished me luck. For some reason his sudden interest and warmth came as a shock to me and I left riding upon still another wave of enthusiasm. Oh yes, I almost forget. Mrs. White is going to give a note to Marianne Kris and the New York Psychoanalytic Institute to ask her whom I should see. She is positive that there is a "best man" for me. ~~te~~

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The next morning I decided to forego more job hunting and study for Wednesday's chem exam instead. But first I went down to 86th street and across to Madison avenue on the bus in order to see Mr. Holmes of Meyowitz. This time after standing in the east side drizzle of the 10 o'clock morning and looking at the barometers in the show window, I opened the door and entered the lighted sheery shop and knocked the wetness off of my rubbers on the door sill. The boy behind the counter filled with glasses frames, directed me to a bespecatacled, balding gentleman in the back when I asked for Mr. Holmes. He was stooped over in front of a filing case searching for some sort of records. I waited and watched him as he went over the papers which he took out of the case and studied their contents. His eyes were small and hat too noticeable behind their rather thick glasses which he wore, The part of his face which one notice were the vertical lines on either side of his nose folding his cheek over to his upper lip in a very pinched expression. And yet there was no excess skin on his face, which if anything was skinny (a paradoxical word, an opposite standing for ~~something~~). His manner was thoughtful and if I recall he even made a happpt of putting his finger on his chin when he was contemplating some passage in what he was reading. Then he went across the room to make a phnne call and I looked around the shop. I was sitting behind a typewriter, which I might well be using in a few days. To its left on the desk were scraps of paper with all sorts of memoranda scribbled. Most of them seemed to be optical descriptions or orders. In the middle of the shop three opticians were at work. One was bending over something seated at a small bench no more than six feet in front of me. He seemed to be assembling an instrument of some sort. Leaning against a tall bench to his left, the two other workers occupied themselves with lenses. One was constantly adjusting and then observing through some sort of special microscope apparently designed to detect lense flaws. The other was sorting soemthing in small compartmentalized wooden boxes. My observations were interrupted by Mr. Holmes who finally finished his phone call and asked me my business. "My name is David Adams and Miss Sheibel from the downtown store sent me up to see about your job as opticians' assistant." He nodded and replied "I see!" "The messenger was supposed to bring you the form I filled out for her yesterday." Mr. holmes seemed surprised ~~and~~ this and replied that it had not been received. He then proceeded without further ado to tell me about the duties of the position he wanted filled. I would be expected to keep myself busy helping out behind the counter selling in front, in particular the film developing section. I would also keep the books for the store, do the filing, and help assemble optical instruments. "The job sounds fascinating" I said. But this week, he went on, we are holding inventory and you would only be in the way. So why don't you come back Monday morning and I show you more of whay I have in mind." Before leaving I had him postpone any definite offer of the job in order to "keep the agency from breathing down my neck." It was a wise maneuver on my part, for I understand that the agency called later that week to find if I had received the job. Had I taken it, I would now owe them almost \$90 in fees. Back at Columbia I set to work on my chemistry and got well prepared for the examination. The exam turned out to be easier than I had anticipated, absolutely no questions about the methods of preparing certain chemicals (outside of the easy questions of oxygen and hydrogen.)

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After the exam I didn't go downtown, but took the opportunity instead to see Dean Alexander about a leave of absence. Our conversation was a very business-like one. He would go over my grades with the other deans next week and send me a formal notice of an honorable leave of absence providing I passed everything.

On Thursday morning I jumped back wholeheartedly into the attempt to find a good job. The New York Times had some good advertisements. I followed up three of them. The first was the request for an office assistant at a company in the Empire State Building. It was my first trip into this structure since coming to Columbia and I rather enjoyed it though I only went up 20 stories or so instead of to the top. I had only to take one step into the office before I was told by a boy at the switchboard that the job had already been filled. The other two ads which I particularly liked were each from the Lawrence Agency. One was for a temporary typist-clerk, the other for an assistant bookkeeper. Their 42nd street office was in an older building to which I mounted in an old elevator. The first door, wooden framed and with opaquely patterned glass said female employment, so I walked down the hall to the one for men. The room inside was quite large, and rather well lighted despite its old appearance. It was quite filled with the smoke of dozens of cigarettes smoking, lounging applicants of all description. Many among the seated men were seedy looking boys of the same age as myself, good for nothing except gas station attendants. One of their number, with a long duck-tail haircut was propped up in an official capacity behind a desk in the center left. I picked up an application from him and went to the only empty seat available before a desk to fill it out. When I took it back to him he saw the request for bookkeeper's assistant and pointed me to the other end of the long room, past the dozen or so desks before applicants gestured to their interviewers, and past a second waist high partition to the office of the switchboard operator and several other waiting benches less occupied than the side to which I had entered. This was the end which had said "female employment" on the entrance. The girl behind the switchboard took my card and answered my query with "It will only be about ten minutes. I waited along with two colored girls and an older man who looked pretty well down and out. Finally I was called to a desk and gave the man a quick idea of what I wanted. He thumbed through his cards, took out a couple and sent me on to the desk at the end at which six or seven men waited seated on a bench just opposite his desk. I took a seat among them as my first interviewer handed my second, (this was the real Mr. Lawrence) the application I had filled out to which was now attached a couple of cards. Now I watched the clock circle around towards 12 o'clock as Mr. Lawrence haggled over the telephone, shouted instructions across the room, talked now and then with the man seated next to him, and sent each applicant away with a loud and resounding "heads up." This seemed to be the password for the morning, as all of the interviewers and their assisting boys at a table filling out cards kept shouting back and forth "Heads up!" I was never sure how much this applied to the other interviewers which would next see this applicant, or whether it was a mechanical and impersonal shout of encouragement for the applicant himself just departing cards in hand. At length I was waited upon and

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sent to the table behind which three boys filled out application cards for the various jobs from the filing cards clipped to my original application blank. The three looked again just like the duck-tailed, unkept boys I had noticed when first entering the agency. I could see that the agency could well fill its own job needs from the people seeking service from the agency itself. I wondered how often these boys tired of writing out cards longhand all day, and quit only to be replaced by another looking just like the first. I departed from the agency just as lunchtime arrived, bearing six handwritten cards with job opportunities. One of them, an application for messenger and mail room boy at the Colorado Fuel and Iron Corp., was now set for a specific time 2:30 since one of my interviewers had called up and made the appointment. It paid the highest salary, \$75 per week, so I looked forward in particular to it. Until then I would have time to look into other possibilities. One of them was for an administrative assistant down on Wall the Wall Street area. I decided to take a subway all the way downtown and eat in that area so I would be in a position to see the man just at one o'clock. I was already on the subway before I took another glance at the application and found that I was supposed to call first. Now it was too late, already lunchtime, and I had made a mistake to set off so quickly. So instead I got off at 14th street to inquire into another application, one for a clerk with a division of Kodak in the Wannamaker building at 9th street. On the way across town from the Broadway subway to Park Avenue on which the building is located, I stopped in at a small luncheonette and ate a couple of hot dogs. Despite the dirtiness of the little place it was jammed full of woman apparently shopping in this garment district around 14th street. Wannamakers is a gigantic square building taking up an entire block and made to seem even larger by the smallness of its surrounding buildings and the level ground level parking lot from which side I approached. Inside I found painters and plasterers hard at work redecorating and realized that this had been the scene of a disastrous and spectacular fire a year or two ago. Again I was disappointed when I took a second look at a job application. This one, too, required a telephone appointment. I called upstairs from the lobby, but found that the job was already taken. I also took this opportunity to call downtown about the administrative assistant position and found that it too was already filled. Two down and three to go. This attitude was one of a defeatist I guess, but it is certainly the way I felt. By now the time was almost 1:30 and I had about 45 minutes before my appointment uptown around 54th street. This left no time for another interview in between so I set off walking the forty odd blocks. The day was chilly and I had to walk briskly with my topcoat pulled in and the my light silk scarf wound tightly around my throat. On the way I stopped to inspect the 25 cent books in front of a used book store, but didn't want to buy any of them. As I walked I gained the power of the free, unfettered man alone and aloof in the city. Crowds of people pushed their way past, but always I and I alone kept going my own way far up into the yet unseen depths of skyscrapers. My destination turned out to be another of the new slick stone, glass-doored, fancy aluminum elevator office buildings. And the office which I entered upstairs was carpeted and faced with huge glass windows and silently swinging glass doors, with the only metal being the brass brace handle against which one pushed to open. I received an application blank from the receptionist

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and sat down in one of the easy chairs in the office in order to fill it out. As I labored over the many blanks for previous employment, business men entered and left, emerging or entering a door behind the desk into what seemed to be a conference. Their official, sales executive manner, seemed like some far off dream ambition of my own, now 19 and applying for a job. I was finally called back into a clerking room for the preliminary interview. A very nice and sympathetic girl named Miss Williamson talked with me about my qualifications and interest in the job. We seemed to hit it off very well. But the major interview was yet to come and the man would be too busy to see me before Monday. So would I call back Monday morning. My hopes had risen too high and how they came crashing back to earth. "Monday?" But by then someone else will have the job." She assured me the man would interview nobody at all before then, so I still stood a chance. I left with my fingers crossed.

There was one more card unexplored. Newsweek magazine had a figure clerk position open at \$65 a week. I went up to their office in an older building (not one of the new slick stone and glass ones) and found that the Miss Hefferline whom I was to see was a very pretty young lady who blushed under my obvious approval. She in turn was very flattering and felt that since my math training (she had asked for the aptitude for figure clerk) included calculus and probability theory, that I could do much better than this job. "But wouldn't this be an eventual step toward a job as a writer?" "No," she replied. "No one is ever called from the business department to that of editorial. And besides these clerks are in permanent positions." "So how does one become a writer?" "You could apply for our regular positions which start out as copy boy for a few weeks, advance to clip desk and then into research." This last possibility was certainly just my desire, so I inquired avidly into the possibility of such a job. But alas, the newest batch of copy boys had just been hired and there wouldn't be any more positions available for some time. "About how long?" I asked. "Probably about six weeks" came the reply. "That's too bad. I really would like to try for it" She would put my application on file, she assured me and would contact me the first time an opening came up. I thanked her and left with the feeling that I had just missed by great opportunity. ~~Evening had come on while I was talking inside and so David Adams, job-hunter extraordinaire returned for the night., and went to Columbia for some sleep.~~ *OK*

I had promised to go see Steve down at Special Surgery before he went into the operating room, but on Tuesday I had studied instead and so hadn't seen him. So on Thursday evening after talking with the girl at Newsweek, I walked up to the hospital to pay my regards. Much to my surprise I found his room jammed full with people. Bob Pollack and his girl friend had arrived just as I did, in fact we had met in the street outside. We joined Steve's mother, Marsha, and another girl in his room. And as I stood around wondering what to do or say, still another friend of Steve's showed up from Bard College. I felt quite out of place and in the way in the crowded little room at the foot of Steve's bed and so begged my leave after little more than fifteen minutes of chatter. During this time at least I had had the pleasure of seeing Steve's face lit with a broad and happy smile at all the thoughtfulness shown by his visitors. I hurried to make my audition at Riverside with Mr. Weagley. After waiting outside for that insipid blond-alto from Columbia Choir to audition for him, I finally got in to see Mr. Weagley. I hadn't brought any music of my own so he gave me an anthem to read. This I stumbled through rather badly, but he seemed to be in a bad way for singers so I was hired.

Arnie-had-planned-to go-home earlier but instead he waiting

Arnie had already gone home on Thursday morning, but that evening I found a note from him to the effect that he would meet me at 10 o'clock the next morning to go and visit with Steve. Thus I had to wait around the next morning until he arrived before I could do any more job hunting. This did not make so much difference to me, however, as the Colorado Fuel and Iron job looked like a great thing and I felt like keeping myself free from commitments until hearing the outcomes of their interviews. Arnie and I ate in the hospital cafeteria on 70th Street after seeing Steve and talking to him, and then we headed toward town, Arnie to catch the subway, I to look for a job. I dropped Arnie off at the 68th St. stop of the Lexington Avenue line and continued over to Rockefeller Center and the building in which the U.S. News and World Report offices are located. When I left Arnie I had looked through the New York phone directory for the addresses of all major News Magazines, hoping to duplicate the offer I had received from Newsweek Magazine the day before. But the receptionist at the U.S. News and World Report was not helpful at all. "This is only the sales department." The main offices are in Washington! The address I had taken down for Time Magazine was just across on the other side of the plaza so I came out of the towering stone grey stone building which I had entered before and walked through the crowd surrounding the ice skating rink in the middle of the plaza. I lingered with the crowd to watch the skaters. First my eye was caught by the tall slender and graceful negro boy gliding around the white surfaced rink in long graceful strides. Then too I watched the older man, fatherly looking as though he were a business man just come out for a respite from his duties in one of the neighboring buildings.

The Time-Life building was another of the towering gray stone, glass-dotted, high-ceilinged structures which

clustered around the ice skating rink and the huge bronze statue of Mercury comprise what is known as Rockefeller Center. I walked directly across to the large room lined with couches and interesting exhibits on the walls and labeled by the sign saying "information." I asked the woman at the desk where I might find the personnel department. "Are you looking for a job?" "Yes." I answered. "I'll call up for you and see if anyone can talk to you know." "Fine" I answered. Soon she was talking to someone and then she handed me the receiver. I spoke boldly into the mouthpiece: "My name is David Adams. I am interested in obtaining a position leading toward editorial work on your magazine." Then began the quiz. What was my background? Did I have a college degree. "I am sorry but we only hire people with three or more years experience in journalism." And right now we haven't any positions open, anyway. "How about research?" I asked. "All our research is done by women" came the answer. It was a losing battle and I gave up and said goodbye.

From there I walked over to 43rd street and the address I had written down as that of the main offices of the New York Times. Two other boys my age were sitting in the personnel office when I entered. I went directly to the empty desk of the receptionist and waited until she returned. When she returned and I asked her about employment opportunities, she pointed to the box of application forms at the front of the desk and asked "Do you want to fill one of these out?" I took it over to the table and once again started writing down all the facts and figures these cards require. As I wrote one of the boys talked with the girl behind the desk. I only caught snatches of their conversation. It appeared as though he was a Canadian searching for a better job to support his family. The girl was very sympathetic but could not offer him a very responsible job. I overheard her say that with the New York Times copy boys stay copy boys for a matter of years, not weeks as it is at Newsweek. At this point I already knew the answer to my original question, but just to make sure I took my card over to the desk when the first boy left and inquired about a job. Now I made sure. There was no chance of getting either a responsible, nor a decent salaried job with the New York Times.

As the daylight waned I walked all the way back up town to 82nd street and found the New York Psychoanalytic Institute. The switchboard operator could give me no help, but only repeat that I should phone the number written on the slip of paper she had handed me at the start of our conversation. Outside I found a phone booth in a nearby drug store and called the social worker whose number they had given me. She would send me the necessary forms in a few days.

Saturday morning found me sitting on the 4th Avenue El up in the Bronx alongside two other boys, Puerto Ricans, going to take the Post office examination for mail handler. We were going to be late. I was worried we might not be able to get in. But from the exit I could see men still standing out in front of the Roosevelt High School for which the exam was scheduled and decided that they hadn't even opened the doors yet. But I was mistaken. The doors were already locked against latecomers. The quota was already lined up inside and marching off to the examination rooms. We would have to wait outside the door. I and the Puerto Rican boy pushed our way to the doors and looked inside. It was lucky we did so, for at this point one of the officials opened the door right in front of us and called for 30 more test takers. We quickly squeezed inside and fell into line.

One of the men behind me summed up the exam as we left. "Why I'd expect my son to pass this test in the third grade." And he was a rough looking laborer, too. For me, the college boy, the exam had been even easier. No wonder I was positive that I had made a hundred percent. How could I have helped but do a perfect paper? It had been too simple, far too simple. All the thousands of veterans taking this exam would have five or ten points added on to their score. I would be down at the bottom of a list of thousands.

That afternoon I walked up through the Bronx Botanical and Zoological gardens. The most fascinating part of this tour was the half hour I spent watching the ~~their~~ baby chimpanzees in their cage at one end of the monkey house. They went through an endless chain of humorous "monkeyshines", remarkable in their combination of naturalness, and human mimicry. I was hard to realize that their "human mimicry" was not something they had gained from us, but something we had as an outgrowth of their actions. In truth these people staring into the cage from the darkened room beyond the bars are the mimickers and monkeys inside are the original actors in this strange scene.

At Artie's house he played the piano, particularly excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan and I tried to sing some of them. I came back to Columbia on the subway with him as we was going to help with lights for the Harvard Gilbert and Sullivan production of "Yeomen of the Guard."

Sunday I sang for the last time at Columbia Chapel, tried to write during the afternoon, and getting sleepy went down to visit Steve who was talking with an aunt when I arrived. I excused myself after a while and spent the rest of the afternoon visiting the Frick Museum of Art. There was one room there that is particularly famous and struck me as very remarkable. It contains six pictures facint each other in two groups of three. One one wall sandwiched in between two portraits, one by Titian and the other I don't remember, there is the large and strikingly beautiful "St. Francis" by Giovanni Bellini. On the other wall in the center is El Greco's "St. Jerome." Flanking him on either side are two perfect smaller portraits by Hans Holbein, one of Sir Thomas More and the other of Thomas Morley.

I again looked through the Times want ads over the weekend for job opportunies which I might look into without the risk of an agency fee. I found several. Among them were one for an editorial assistant and another standing ad from American Airlines looking for ticket agents to work alternnating shifts. I had no intenti n of working on alternate shifts. Such an arrangment would raise hell with any attempts to set up an analytic scheaule, but I figured they might have something else aavailable, so first thing Monday morning I walked into the office of personell down on Park Avenue below the Grand Cent al Terminal. Segeral other men stood before the desk and it took a few minutes for me to be able to ask my question. Sure they had night positions, but these are for more experienced men. I would have to start out on this alternating schedule. By the time I left and walked back into the Grand Central Terminal, it was after nine o'clock and I could call the Colorado Fuel and Iron Corp. for an interview and also call the number calling for an editiorial assistant. But in response to the former, Mrs. Williamssen replied over the phone that the gentleman I whould see for an interview, Mr. Rock, was still occupied in rush business and could not possibly see me before another day. Would I call back tomorrow? I was unhappy at this

turn of events, but of course I would call back. My call about an editorial assistant capacity was more encouraging. The girl on the telephone asked if I had a science background I astounded her with my reply that I had been twelfth in the nation on the 1957 National Science Talent Search. She would try to fit me into an interview a little after 1:30. I was overjoyed at this turn of events, and set off with a light heart and high fluting whistle to explore my other possibilities of the morning. I had determined to try out the possibilities of writing jobs with the tabloids after my failure of the previous Friday at the "New York Times. The Mirror and the Daily News are close by Grand Central to the East and so I quickly found them. At the Mirror personell office, the plain-looking bespectacled girl behind the first desk looked at me inquiringly and asked by business. "I want to write." I said simply. With no further word she handed me an application blank and pointed me to the tables along the wall with inkwell pens on each. As I filled out the card I glanced around the office. What was the other secretary doing in the back office with that man? Finally she came out, but instead of taking my application she kept on going past and outside into the hall. Soon she returned, however, and questioned me as to background and plans. My record was far from encouraging, but she was sympathetic. Sympathetic, but not helpful. There were absolutely no positions open at the present time. Had I tried the Daily News. "I was planning to go there next" I replied.

But the Daily News could not help either. Here was the same story again. I was running up against three unsurmountable difficulties. First there were no positions of any sort available. This seemed to be a slow time of year for newspaper staff turnover. Second he said 99% of our men have college degrees to start with. And third and most important of all. Our copy boys may well remain at their initial salary of \$49 for three years or more.

"Miss Adams isn't back from lunch yet." "Would you like to wait for her? Just sit down over there. And while you are waiting would you like to fill out an application form?" I followed the girl's instructions and taking off my coat, sat down at a little table in the first room off the elevator hallway at the Academic Press. Soon the employee's started trickling back in to work after their belated lunch hour (It was almost 1:30) Miss Adams came in quickly, conversed hurriedly with the receptionist and then disappeared into an office to the left. I watched her leave and then looked questioningly at the girl to whom she had spoken. "Just a moment and she will see you," said she in answer to my unspoken question.

I had succeeded in gaining an interview, but that would be as far as I could proceed toward getting this job. This became clear as soon as I was told the responsibilities for which I was offering my service. Miss Adams explained that the assistant for which they were looking would be expected to read through their technical publications and try to supply a consistency in the writing of the various contributing authors. The job obviously would require someone of experience in technical writing, and someone unafraid to rewrite. They might consider training me, but certainly not for a short period of time. This was a lifetime job, this offer. She was interested in my story of holding scholarships but taking a leave of absence from Columbia for a psychoanalysis, but she certainly could not offer me the job for which I had applied.

Ever since taking the post office exam on the previous Saturday I had become increasingly pessimistic about my chances for a post office job. So on Monday afternoon I resolved to take my problem to somebody who might have influence in the post office. And so this is how I happened to step boldly into the New York personnel office of the post office. I was afraid of being kicked out without having a chance to voice my complaint, so I introduced myself to the first man I saw, asking him if I might have a few minutes of his time to answer a question. He was nice about listening to my story (He at least had not heard it before unlike you, the reader), but could offer me no suggestions. To my query about one's getting an appointment through influence he laughed and asked where I had ever gotten that idea! All I could do according to him, was to wait for my rank on the examination and then wait in turn for an appointment. He could offer me no assistance. Then I started asking him about obtaining a temporary job. Here he could be more helpful. He suggested I try downstairs in the local employment office, or down the street at the Postal Transportation Service. But downstairs my reply was met with a flat "We can't help you at all. Go down to the application desk at room 3506." "This, I knew, was only the place where application blanks are passed out for permanent positions. I insisted to the irritated man behind the desk in front of me that he must have a list of temporary jobs available. His anger grew with every one of my words and I gave up in the middle of a sentence and left before calling him a dirty bastard out loud and starting a bad scene. At PTS the man I addressed was more congenial, but no more helpful. They had dis issued all their temporaries and were now hiring everyone directly off of the Civil Service Exam register. Again I was told that I could only wait until my name came up.

There was still one leaf unturned in my quest for a post office job, and I set off to attempt it - political influence. Again I walked boldly right into the middle of my destination. The County Republican headquarters. I worked my way up to the main floor of the headquarters and asked a man coming out from an inner room if the party could now make political appointments to the post office. "Not now" came the reply. "All the post office employees are being taken directly from the civil service lists." The last door was now closed and in a way I was happy. I would now be free for still longer. I did not yet have to go to work.

There yet remained one magazine which I had not tried, Look. The girl at the receptionist desk at the personnel office eyed my coolly with behind her slanted large rimmed glasses. Her brown eyes too slanted behind them and her black hair and dark skin betrayed her oriental race. She was very efficient, as one might expect and after filling out the required forms, I found myself with an appointment for nine o'clock the next morning.

I was scarcely awake when I spoke to the woman at look on Tuesday morning. And I recall little of the interview. They had no openings for any one like me. As soon as I could present a college degree in journalism, they would be interested. The woman seemed to expect these words of encouragement to send me back like a little boy to school. I could feel her underestimation of my plans and felt uncomfortable beneath her motherly gaze. "Where else do you suggest I try? I asked in a final desperate remark. "Did you try the Esquire offices downstairs?" she replied. "No I answered, "I think I'll stop by there on my way out." But there you I received the exact same story. Esquire would always be interesting in someone like me as long as he could produce that

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uncanny little piece of paper called a college diploma. Well, I had no intentions of selling my life for a piece of paper and as far as I was concerned, such a request was out of the question for me. "Esquire be damned. I'll find a job somewhere else."

I had bought a paper that morning, and as I left I searched through my pockets for the pieces of the want ad columns which I had torn from the morning's of the table size pages of the news and crammed into random pockets. One of them looked like it might provide the duplicate and thus the insurance for the Colorado Duel and Iron job. And speaking of this opportunity, I ducked into a store and dialed the number. Mrs. Williamson answered and I put her to her my regular question: "Will Mr. Rook be able to see me today." "I haven't seen him yet this morning" she replied. "Why don't you call me back around 11:30 and I'll try to see him by then. OK?" "All right," I acceded. The duplicate which I had in mind was an ad for a messenger boy at around seventy dollars a week. I searched out the agency which had put the advertisement in the paper, and found myself riding up in an elevator with three other boys quite obviously heading for the same place. We all walked into a little cubbhole of an office. Standing behind the first three, I heard the discouraging words pronounced: "We are looking for an older man." "Shit!" spat the boy in front of me. "Why couldn't he have put that in the ad?" I mumbled in agreement and found the staircase leading downstairs and outside.

There were two more interesting ads in my pocket. Each was on Wall Street and each had the advantage of being directly printed by the company, not through an agency. At 40 Wall Street I opened the door into the personell office of the Bache and Company brokerage firm and was startled to find perhaps 30 men standing in a very small office waiting patiently for interviews. I took an application form from the desk beyond the crowd and asked the woman how long I might expect to wait. She did not reply. "Over a half hour?" I asked. "Probably at least an hour," she said. "Then I'm going to leave now and come back at twelve," I told her and left my application on her desk. In the meantime I would see about the interviewing for the Bankers Trust Company down the street. There too I discovered a long line of people waiting. I filled out the application form quickly and waited. This line was faster and within 45 minutes I had already received my answer from one of the interviewer "We are only looking for people with experience." I objected that my record at Columbia College was a good one. "Where is Columbia?" he asked in all seriousness. He, obviously a bank official, and one of the most intelligent looking men with whom I had ever talked about employment had to ask me where Columbia College is located! I felt sorry for his ignorance, in a way. I did not have very long to wait back over at the company to which I had previously applied. But here too the news was discouraging. "How much do you expect to receive?" the woman asked me. "About \$65 a week" I replied. She smiled and said "We couldn't pay you more than \$50 a week on the basis of your experience."

I finally gained an interview with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Corporation, at two o'clock I went in expecting to see Mr. Rook and instead found myself following the mail room supervisor, a boy hardly five years older than me into the executive's meeting room. Here amid the plush red cusheioned chairs, the long polished dark wood table, the soundless completely carpeted floors, and beneath the softy yet effective fluorescent lighting, I expressed

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my desire for the job. The two of us there in that great meeting room fit only for the rich and official, fell to a conversation with a brotherly familiarity. We talked of Missouri where he had been stationed in the army. We talked of driving a car and how he had been in an accident which discouraged him from getting a license. He would give me the job if he could, he said, but the decision was not his to make. I would certainly know whether or not I had been accepted by next week. This was all the help he could give me, but it was much and I left with a song on my tongue and sparkle in my eye for the evening sun.

On my way up to Columbia to pick up the mail, I stopped in and asked the colored fellow at the New York State Employment Agency about the possibilities of employment. He filled out a card for me and told me to report the next morning at the office on 19th street for clerical and office workers. I to this day do not know if they could have helped me, for I never went.

The date of that next day is a date which I shall long remember. For it was the day on which I finally got the job for which I had been searching as I write herein. Promptly at 9:30 in the morning I called up the Colorado Fuel and Iron Corporation again. I was by now waiting for the people at Colorado Fuel and Iron to call and tell me whether or not I had been accepted. In the meantime I would continue my search. There were three separate items on my list. First I would go to the Lawrence Agency and see what they had in mind to send me the card I had received the evening before asking me to return and explore another possibility. Second I intended to go see the State Employment Agency on 19th Street, and third I intended to go back again to the YMCA vocational Service and see if they could help. At the Lawrence agency I again waited patiently in one of the hard seated chairs across from the desk of Mr. Lawrence and watched him quietly converse with mysterious employers over the telephone and between calls direct applicants across the room to job prospects. For me he had little to say this time. I told him I only wanted something over \$65 a week and he shook his head. "With your experience you will be lucky to find something over \$55" he warned. Despite this warning he searched only for higher priced jobs and then with another shake of his head handed me the slips with their addresses and sent me over to the boys which would make out the application forms. I walked out into the cold February air clutching five sheets of paper each with an address and the name of a job.

One of them contained a request for an office boy at from 55\$ to \$65 a week. It's location was just up 5th avenue from the agency and so I walked up there. The office I found behind the name which I recognized as belonging to the card - The Mineral Trading Corporation - was an old dimly lit small suite of rooms tucked toward the back of the building. The secretary in the outer room practically snapped at me when I told her I would like to see Mr. Davis. "He is quite busy now and I don't think he has time to see you." "I'll wait" was my patient reply. Finally I was called into the room in which two desks directly faced one another, the first belonging to Mr. Davis, Jr., a very impatient and bitter looking man and the other to an older and much kinder looking man who appeared to be his father. Luckily for me I was directed by the secretary to the second, the much more sympathetic looking one of the two. "But you have no experience!" he declared

in answer to my statement of business. "I know" I conceded, "and I must compensate for that by being quick to learn and intelligent. And I could to, I think" if you gave me a chance." The old man was thoughtful. I seemed to have struck a chord. He must have liked my boldness and enthusiasm. "But boldness and enthusiasm are not enough" I could see him say to himself. "How long would I last at this job? Would I soon grow tired and leave for a better one? What sense is there in training a man to know your business and then see him leave without ever giving you the benefit of his careful training? Yet on the other hand, if he could stick with the company he might well be an excellent find. He seems to be telling the truth about his intelligence and initiative." With such qualifications on his mind, my concession that I would have to wait and find out the results of another application before accepting this one seemed to be just the test. "Can I call you Monday" - if I am still looking for a job?" I asked. "OK, you do that" came the quick reply. He smiled at my departure and went back to work with new thoughts on his mind. How do I know? Well, I can feel a man's thoughts behind my back sometimes, can't you?

After lunch I called a second address, that of Recordak, who had reopened their call for a clerk-typist, the job which I had found taken a week before when I called. And this was the job I was to get. How did I get it? I filled out precisely the same application form for employment that I had been filling out for weeks previous to that one. Surely the application blank did not secure me the job. No, I got the job through a test which gave results so good that they even startled me. I took a typing test. This was the first time I had been called upon to type a speed test and so I had no idea how well I would do as the girl held the watch and told me to begin. At first I did well but after about a minute I started to make mistakes. Then I found myself at the end of a line and still in the middle of a word. Desperately I pushed for the margin release so I could finish the word. But I couldn't find it. I quickly pressed the two buttons corresponding in position to the margin releases on my typewriters at home and at school, but nothing happened. I had to search and waste valuable seconds in order to find and operate the margin release and to finally finish the word. The girl took my application blank and timed test into another office and I waited disconsolately. Then she came back and I remarked that I had really fouled up the typing test. "No, you did very well," she objected. At first I thought she was just trying to be encouraging, but then I realized that she had no reason to be encouraging; she must have really been serious. So I asked her what speed I had attained. "You typed 66 words a minute," she said and really surprised the hell out of me. Confidence started to come flowing back into my posture and I leaned forward in anticipation of the coming interview.

Mr. Lobaugh, the personnel manager, was very encouraging. They needed someone quickly, and he wanted me to begin work as soon as possible. Somehow or other I survived the interview with the job. I had until the next afternoon, when I would be given a physical checkup, to consider whether or not I would take the job.

At lunch the next day I talked with Dwight about it. He did not particularly discourage me from taking it, despite his surprise and at the high fee of the "agency." ~~So I took the job.~~

And since upon my calling earlier in the morning I had learned that someone else had been hired at Colorado Fuel & Iron, I told Recordak "Yes, I want to work for you" So that's where I ended up.