

In 1931 our family of seven fought for existence in Los Angeles.

*My brother and me were given this street corner to sell the Los Angeles Harold newspaper to passers-by for three cents. We got to keep two of these pennies. This was a great corner, plenty of business compared to those we had begun with. This was the fourth corner Mr Weisner, our Manager, gave us, each with more traffic. Now weekly we would get bonus if we sold all the papers delivered.
Determination day as Wednesday.*

So on Wednesday Manager Weisner dumped extra papers on us, enough to be sure we never got bonus. Even when we caught on and made extra effort to sell everything on Wednesday, we found out he had added even more. But Weisner did us another favor; on some nights he took us to posh residential areas where we would go door to door, asking people to become monthly subscribers. Every success gave us fifty cents, a fortune. Our parents were always glad to add these fifty cent pieces to our family treasure.

My brother and I were working this corner one day when shortly after we began when Jack says someone is shooting at us. Pretty soon I am aware of the shots too. I have Jack keep busy, head down selling and shouting as always about the EXTRA in every paper. I sneak down the alley, then around the block and up behind where we know the shooter was. I catch him, a boy, red handed, with a Benjamin pump gun. In the disarming and raising hell,

I learn that this boy had the corner for a long time when Weisner took it from him, 'cause we hustle more. I felt bad. And that family was as needy as ours, maybe more hungry.

When the police came to help, we suggested they do nothing. They agreed. From them, we learn this boy is slightly retarded also. Then my brother and I feel really terrible.

We had one customer, a butcher, who came every day and gave us a nickel, saying, "keep the change". Always good to see him approach. Then one day he comes, says he has no money and wants a paper anyway. I brood over that four cent loss for weeks.

A dozen years later, 1943, home on Navy leave from my first tour in the Pacific. I'm in down town Los Angeles and see Weisner our former newsboy manager. I'm in my Navy Whites, Lt(jg) uniform. He is now an old man. I walk up and greet him with a smile, and "Aren't you Weisner, the Newsman?" He must have thought I was some authority out to cause trouble, for with his reply, "I ain't never been Weisner" he rushes off.