

When did I stop being young? According to the two words in this weeks assignment this should be biographical. I prefer not to reveal myself to total strangers. However the title is demanding. Let us start with a definition of "YOUNG". How far up the chronological scale in years does young go. Different societies set different points at which young begins to move into "to old for this kind of behavior"

In my ethnic background thirteen years marks the beginning of the end of young and eighteen starts "old enough to know better" good enough parameters. Up to the age of thirteen your parents are saddled with consequences of your early being young. The next five years society judges the work of your parents in a forgiving atmosphere. After eighteen years you are no longer young. The next four years are the ones I will write about because they belong to being young.

My life experience follows this pattern. At eighteen I went to work in the real competitive world. By the time I was twenty two, I had learned a trade and was making grown up money, in 1938-39 ninety dollars a week and a union job, was grown up pay and responsibility. No longer young, so this piece has to be about the four years when the real growing up took place.

Because of the great depression, the New York City high schools instituted a policy that allowed seniors to take their majors in the morning and be able to get some kind of job in the afternoon, in that way perhaps scrounge up enough money to get to the prom. Briefly my friend and I signed up and got jobs delivering telegrams on wall street for a nickel a telegram.

Upon graduation we both agreed to get jobs on Wall street , where the money was. After two weeks and registering with over one hundred fifty agency's and no response at all, enter street smarts in the form of my father. On Sunday morning my father says call up Jimmy, I have a job for him, then I also have a job for you. Both jobs set our feet on our futures. Jimmy got a job with an insurance company. He worked for this company all his life. They sent him to college, and he retired from this company in a prestigious job capacity with a pension. My job was with the clothing industry and I spent a good part of my life in that industry.

How come both of us made these choices!. In New York City the insurance industry is owned and run by the catholic church, I,e, Jimmy Fay, Irish Catholic finds his home. The clothing industry owned by the Jews Mike finds his home, Wall Street owned by the protestants, we would never in those times have possibly been hired.

Jimmy started as a mail clerk and moved up from there. Me I started s a shipping clerk, and this is the part I will tell about. My father gave me the address of a firm on 19th street between fifth and sixth avenues, with the instruction to be there before seven a.m. so that you are first in line. I heeded this instruction and when the owner showed up he asked "Who was here first". I spoke up "you must need this job". I was disheveled because I had to fight to keep my place. "The rest of you go home," I followed him into the plant and he invited me into the office and told me to sit down.

On entering I decided that honesty was going to work best. Before he could say anything I said "Mr. Rosenszweig I have a proposition for you". "You have a proposition for me? This I have to hear". "I am a quick study, but I do not know anything about being a shipping clerk, if you will pay me six dollars for the first week, carfare and lunch money, then pay me what I am worth we can have a deal. He looked at me and asked "Who decides what you are worth." "You are an honest man I trust that you will treat me fairly" With a smile he reached across his desk, extended his hand, I shook it and he said "DONE DEAL" I was hired.

The second week my pay was twelve dollars. Now I have to admit to being taken advantage of, not by my boss, but by my mother. When I came home the second week she said "now that you are working what will

you contribute” “mom I only got twelve dollars” “O.K.how much are you going to give?” “How about 50% of the surplus over carfare and lunch” “O.K.50% over carfare and lunch is the deal from now on” Mom made a hell of a deal, I got a raise and she got half of my raise every time. In the next three and half years I advanced from shipping clerk to journey man apprentice , and to full fledged cutter with a union job@ ninety dollars a week, and my being young ended right there. I have since been a member of “to old for this kind of behavior”

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