

**Chapter 1 : Danny and the Dinosaur - Book Kindle**

*by Syd Hoff. November 26, Dear Dorothy (Dan, this one might be only for our wife), Yes, that photo you sent looked like Mom, but the lady was only an impostor, maybe Rich Little. Mom was far more beautiful, as those Victorian pictures she took with Pop at the turn of the century, would attest.*

Synopsis for "The Human Fly" Edit Jeff Mace and Fred Davis take some time to enjoy the circus, which features an act called the Human Fly -- a man in a fly costume that climbs up dangerous heights. However, Mike Galen, the man in the suit ends up falling and losing his nerve to do the show again. After he tells his girlfriend and the conductor, he decides to take up jobs that will place him in high places so he can earn his courage back. Shortly thereafter, a window washer witnesses a man placing jewels in an office safe as he is washing a window high above the ground. He considers stealing them, and realizes that one would have to be a human fly to do that, and suddenly gets some inspiration. Later that night as Jeff and Fred are returning home, Fred is struck on the head by a piece of masonry. Looking up the building, they see the Human Fly breaking into one of the upper floor windows. They quickly change into Captain America and Bucky and rush into the building, taking an elevator to the top. They confront the Human Fly as he tries to escape from the roof. During the fight, Cap is knocked off the side of the building. He saves himself by grabbing a wooden flagpole and when it snaps directs himself through a window. Bucky soon comes to him to inform Cap that the Human Fly managed to escape. Deciding to track down the Human Fly, Cap and Bucky get a helicopter and start patrolling the city. Spotting him, Cap lets Bucky out while he lands the helicopter. The Human Fly tries to flee by parachuting off the building, but Bucky jumps onto him causing their combined weight to make them fall faster. However, the Human Fly still manages to escape. There they confront him and learn that he has taken up a job working the lights at the theatre in order to get over his fear of heights. When explaining to him that they have been after someone in his Human Fly costume, Galen tells them that his spare suit was stolen and that he suspects that a window washer who was hired to clean their rooms might have been responsible. They rush to the lighthouse where they catch the Human Fly as he tries to break in. A fight breaks out, but the Human Fly finds himself out matched and attempts to flee. As he rushes down the lighthouse, he trips over an alcove where food is stored, knocking over a barrel of molasses. The sticky liquid then gets caught in the suction cups of the Human Fly costume, planting the villain to the ground. Captain America fells the Human Fly with a single punch and reveals him to be Hiram Heale and get the lighthouse keeper to call the authorities.

**Chapter 2 : Alfred Hitchcock's Death-Mate by Alfred Hitchcock**

*Some authors are virtually synonymous with a particular brand of storytelling, and that's the case with Syd Hoff and the easy reader. From his Danny and the Dinosaur series to Sammy the Seal, Oliver, Chester, Grizzwold, and many more, Syd Hoff began setting high standards for the easy reader in the s.*

Reviews 30 One day Danny goes to a museum where he sees a dinosaur. After visiting a museum, Danny discovers a new and million year-old friend. Neo struggled a little and we took four sit-down reading periods to complete this book, but he did get to the end and felt the accomplishment. Apparently a classic from over 50 years ago, Neo likes the action and story told by Hoff in this series debut. He immediately sat down and my daughter climbed in his lap. I listened as he read and looked at the pictures over his shoulder. I believe I have read this before long ago. My daughter sat for about half the book and stood to look at the pictures for most of the rest. I liked the fun that Danny and the children have with the dinosaur. Especial My husband brought Danny and the Dinosaur home from the library today. I think my daughter really likes the pictures in this one. She just took the book off the couch and is flipping through it. As a family, we all enjoyed this one! I know my six-year-old self would have LOVED it if a dinosaur befriended me at the museum, gave me a ride around town, and played hide-and-seek with me and my friends! I think there are such cute touches in the book with the text and especially the illustrations, like when the dinosaur makes a bridge for the people to cross the street, or when he sees the "giant rocks" buildings and thinks of climbing them. Syd Hoff has done an outstanding job at both illustrating and writing this book. Syd Hoff makes this story extremely cute and heartwarming at the same time as Danny learns about the true meaning of friendship when he spends much of his day with the dinosaur and enjoys his time spent with the dinosaur. I would recommend this book to children ages three and up since there is nothing inappropriate in this book and the writing format of this book is extremely simple for three year olds and up to read. Review is also on: Rabbit Ears Book Blog 4 out of 5 Brad " Apr 25, I imagine this was a charming book when it was released in the late fifties. I suppose I can see the appeal. It has a goofy looking dinosaur. It has a polite little kid. And they have fun little adventures in some nondescript American city. So the sweet dino and the sweet boy are like the syrupy skein of goo at the I imagine this was a charming book when it was released in the late fifties. So the sweet dino and the sweet boy are like the syrupy skein of goo at the back of the tongue after 5 cans of warm, flat Dr. Every once in a while I get a craving for Dr. Pepper despite that coating, and the same thing happens with Danny and the Dinosaur. I gorge myself, hate the after taste, then wait a year or two for the craving to return. I hope that I read it when I was 5 or 6 or 7; I would have absolutely loved it. The text is good for early readers, and younger children will enjoy having this read to them. Most kids like dinosaurs and the dinosaur here is adorable. I remember enjoying this book as a kid, and it holds up well today. While there is really nothing in the way of plot, the pictures and words, sometimes more captions to the pictures than anything else, tell of a delightful day together for these two new fr The book features Danny, a young boy whose day in the museum gets much better when he meets a real Dinosaur. While there is really nothing in the way of plot, the pictures and words, sometimes more captions to the pictures than anything else, tell of a delightful day together for these two new friends. Read my full review at Carstairs Considers.

**Chapter 3 : Danny And The Dinosaur (Literature) - TV Tropes**

*It starts strong with Syd Hoff's "The Human Fly", about a boy scarred for life by an encounter at a Coney Island freak show. Then, in "Two Bits Worth of Luck", by Fletcher Flora, we get a solid police detective story complete with all of Flora's notable wit and polish. The stories in this volume date from to , all culled from the pages of Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine.*

I was born in Sometimes when I appear at schools and libraries around the country, children ask me how old I am. My father was a salesman. Like Willy Loman he went around with heavy suitcases loaded with samples, showing them to proprietors of small dry-goods stores. Summer evenings, she and Pop would sit outside the tenement where we lived, praying for a cool breeze and chatting with the neighbors. Among those neighbors was Mr. Schoneberg, a fruit-and-vegetable peddler, who once gave me a ride on his horse and wagon; and a lady on the fifth floor who was always complaining about the mice. Writers are always filing ideas away in the their minds to be used at a later date; for instance, a dachshund on the next block bringing on Lengthy, and a doting relative from Jersey City becoming My Aunt Rosie, twenty years after she died. Did my father hand out cigars when I was born? I remember one day when we came home from a trolley-car ride; I drew a picture of the conductor, resplendent in his uniform with brass buttons. By that time, there was no room left on the walls for anyone else. Grandma Pauline was the usual housewife, pathetically short and squat. By the time I was old enough to atone for this, Grandpa Harris was dead and Grandma was living alone with a parrot that an uncle of mine had brought back fro South America to keep her company. That parrot ate gefite fish, blintzes, and matzoh-ball soup. Once he almost chewed off my finger when I stuck it in his cage. She had taught her parrot to yell our names. When the war ended, Pop took Danny and me downtown to see the big parade on Fifth Avenue. My life in elementary school was miserable, except when I distinguished myself by drawing. Arithmetic threw me, as did history and geography. How I envied Jacob Selkowitz who had the Palmer method of handwriting down pat, or Jacob Levy, who could recite the Gettysburg Address without a hitch. Tomberg, our home-rule teacher, had a summer camp. When spring came, he started pressuring us to get our parents to send us there. Please God, make my father send me to that camp, I prayed. It was a miracle Mr. Tomberg ever let me out of his class. One day our principal entered the room and help up a silver medal. Everyone turned around and looked at me. I came up with a great opening sentence. Went the fire engines. Had we all copied it someplace? Hardly anyone laughed at that. It stated out as just another day. Danny and I had been sent to St. I found out when we came home. Instantly, Danny chased after him and gave him a good shellacking for daring to hint that some kind of hanky-pank had taken place between our parents. I ran upstairs and found a crowd in our three-room flat. I pushed into the bedroom. Mom was lying there holding something in a pink blanket. Pop was swallowing a number of schnapps. How do you like her? I ran back downstairs without answering. I wanted a sister like I wanted a hole in my head. How soft could it be? I was relieved when she woke up and started crying, but years later I wondered if I had pressed hard enough. By that time, I was copying the comic strips in the newspaper Pop brought home every evening. For example, in one Sunday strip, after Abie had been working in the same place for twenty-eight years, the boss told him he was fired. Or another time, Abie went into a restaurant because he saw the waiter serving sandwiches that seemed so well-packed, meat was hanging from the sides. Of course, when the waiter brought Abie a Sandwich, there was no meat in the middle. How my father laughed at those jokes. I was such an Abie Kabibble fan, I once made a cardboard effigy of him and brought it to school. Pop also laughed at jokes on the radio and always had his ears glued to a loudspeaker, listening to the Happiness boys, Ukelele Ike, or Stoopnagle and Budd. Nor would he ever let a raging snowstorm stop him from taking us to the vaudeville show miles from home, with all of us slipping and sliding every inch of the way. I live at He brings us cake. Are you in the pink? Yes, the blue ones are in the laundry. Is you little brother spoiled? No, we keep him on ice. What does your mother do when she starts to get a headache? She sends me outside. Perhaps I should have dedicated at least one of those books to Joe Miller, the legendary vaudevillian. Was I [a] good kid? Ironically, years later I would lend my name to a charity drive for Patten, who had been found broke and hungry after influencing a whole generation

of kids to lead an exemplary life. Frank never smoked, drank, or used foul language, could throw a baseball curve no batter could touch, and dispatch with steel fists and lightning footwork any band of ruffians that ever beset him. How I yearned to be exactly like Frank Merrill! Hylan, I among them. His Honor could not have known we had just stolen those bikes by the simple expedient of paying fifty cents apiece to a dealer, and leaving jackets from old suits as a deposit. By the time I entered high school, I was naturally into Balzac and Maupassant, having heard they were naughty, and these were followed more seriously by Theodor Dreiser and those two Sinclairs, Upton and Lewis. My brother Danny was not a reader. He had quit school and gone to work, helping Pop support the family. Danny would up driving a taxi, getting a hack license the second he could qualify for one. My boss was Paul Gallico, the six-foot-six sports editor, who let his readers know what it felt like to be hit by Jack Dempsey, by stepping into a ring with the heavyweight champ, and getting knocked out cold. It was also a thrill to see Mark Hellinger, the Broadway columnist everyone said wrote like O. Henry, at his desk, typing away. Was having all those artists on my mind ruining my chances of making good academically? In addition to math and history, I now had French driving me up a wall. If only I could have made the baseball team, I thought! But how could I? A fastball pitch scared me when I saw it coming. The Special Art teacher, Miss Parker, promptly selected me to draw on the stage as part of the entertainment; after all of her other students declined the honor. For days I palpitated. Should I have declined too? Where did I get my nerve thinking I could draw in front of the master? Was it too late for me to back out? It was too late. Mom and Pop were already on the phone telling relatives about their amazing son. Every my kid sister was bringing in friends to look at me. The appointed day arrived. Our guest, a curly-haired fellow with a boyish grin, sat on the stage between Miss Parker and the dean. Miss Parker took the floor and described the Special Art class, and the importance of culture in a civilized society. The moment I finished, Milt Gross leaped to my side and embraced me. Later, he made a sketch in my notebook, while everyone was begging him for autographs. It was all like a dream. Unfortunately, if I had been a sensation in that assembly, I was less than that in my classrooms. Monthly report cards I was bringing home indicated that I was setting back education in New York State more than a hundred years. My brother Danny, however, was more hopeful for me, perhaps fearing that there might be another taxi driver in the family. It was in vain. It was a decision the dean deplored, but he held the door open for me. I replied there was never any danger of them getting run over in traffic, as long as they stayed in a classroom.

Chapter 4 : Hi iâ€™™ Gary (@calendrierdelascience.comnchie) â€¢ Instagram account

*Sammy the Seal (I Can Read Level 1) - Kindle edition by Syd Hoff. Download it once and read it on your Kindle device, PC, phones or tablets. Use features like bookmarks, note taking and highlighting while reading Sammy the Seal (I Can Read Level 1).*

It would be interesting to see how Timely handled the transition to peace. Did they use up stories about Axis spies even after the war had ended? Or did they trash the outdated stories and create new ones? Or rework them to seem new? With the war over Captain America might seem a hero without suitable foes. Actually the post-war period was a difficult time for all superheroes, not just the patriotic ones. But Cap problems really began during the war. Captain America Comics became a bi-monthly with issue 42 October , a clear indication of diminished sales. Because Cap never was a true Super Soldier, the transition from spy smasher to crime fighter really was not that great. There is not a single artist signature from Captain America 57 on. Such a complete absence of signatures surely was a policy decision. The way inking was handled seems to have changed. Previously the same inker would be used on a particular penciller. While I have not been able to identify the other Cap pencillers they seemed to be finished by the same unidentified inkers. However after the war it seems that the inker used for a particular penciller could vary. Another problem is that the quality of the art had become more variable. None of the art produced after the war ended seems to have the attention to detail that previously was found. There really is nothing by Avison that seems comparable. Certainly his earlier Captain America art was done in a very different style. But that may not be a sufficient criteria since some artists returned from the war with a changed style. Some art by Avison was appearing in some Harvey titles at this time so he was back working as a comic book artists. Although without some uncertainty my opinion this was not done by Al Avison. The boots that Cap and Bucky wear lack flaring and so I am sure this was not done by Syd Shores either. Whoever the artist was he did a real nice job. Look at the great handling of Cap in an unusual perspective although it is always possible this was swiped. Briefer was doing Frankenstein and an occasional Prize Comics Western piece for Prize Comics in a much more simpler and cartoon-like style so this attribution might seem a bit far fetch. However Dick used a more realistic style both earlier and later in his career. Unfortunately I have not seen anything by Briefer in a more realistic style from this period to compare with so I consider my attribution to Briefer as very tentative. Since this is a blog I prefer to voice my latest opinions even though there is a good chance that I may change my mind in the future. But I use it here as a segue into a short discussion of job numbers. Job numbers were not used for Timely art during the war years but become prevalent afterwards. During the period covered in this chapter there is only a single story without a job number somewhere in the splash. There really is nothing that can be said with any certainty about the significance of the job numbers other than they obviously were used to help keep track of the work. Other than that we are left with deductions based on the occurrence of the job numbers themselves. Lammers has observed that there are three periods; at first job numbers had a prefix D, R, SL and others , by the job numbers were without prefixes, and finally starting in prefixes returned. But there is a difference between the two prefix periods. During the final period prefixes seemed to be reintroduced as a method to simplify overlong job numbers. As the job number for a given prefix became too large a new letter generally the next letter in the alphabet was chosen and the numbering restarted. Thus generally there would be no long periods of concurrent use of two or more different prefixes. In the earlier period prefixes were used concurrently. Within each prefix series the numbers generally increase with time but not with any great consistence. For instance issue 58 has one Cap story with the job number D and the other D One exception was one without any job number and another with a job number without a prefix. So what does it all mean? My interpretation is that the prefix has some editorial connotation. Now that interpretation is nothing more than a working hypothesis but if it is true may help in winnowing out the stories that could have been written by Stan Lee. With the war over he now became a teacher and Bucky became his ward and pupil. Issue 59 also provided the first editorial credits that have appeared in Captain America Comics for some time. The story follows the original one close enough that I suspect the artist and writers were using a copy of Captain America Comics 1

as a reference. With all the fine inking I wonder if Shores was inking himself as well. It is a great splash with lots of action going on. But this simple concept was not followed very often during the golden age. Some might put on a costume but otherwise they were just normal people. The Human Fly of this story is an example of a proper super-villain. Not only does he have a costume and a secret identity but he has special gear that allows him to walk up walls he was not bitten by a radioactive fly. I like this splash but there are lots of problems with the perspective. But the odd perspective used in portraying the Human Fly and Bucky seemed handled rather well. This is all not surprising if my attribution of this piece to Syd Shores is correct. Shores did a better job handling perspective than most golden age artists but he still had problems with it. The reader may be forgiven for thinking that the Red Skull would have been dropped now that the war was over. But of course he was much too impressive a villain to retire. No explanation was given on why he was back and had become just another criminal mastermind. Not a close or mechanical copy but a swipe nonetheless. Only the villain shadow is shown which make him all the more mysterious and threatening. The unusual poses of Cap and Bucky are handled very well. The lady violinist, the center of all the attentions, seems sufficiently endangered. What more can you ask from a splash? I mean how dangerous could a bad guy called the Parrot be? How threatening could a big nose be? This splash reflects Shores often penchant for symmetrical and triangular compositions. The one saving grace is the very dynamic pose that Shores has given Captain America. It helps that the villain wears a costume. He may not have had true super-powers but at least he was no ordinary criminal. Captain America 65 January , pencils by Syd Shores For these posts I have concentrated on the stories and not the cover art. During the war many of the covers were done by Alex Schomberg. Horrors, a woman has come between Captain America and Bucky. But it appears that Timely was thinking about Captain America and his partnership with Bucky which would lead to dramatic changes that began in the next issue. It is also a good place to end this post but next week I hope to discuss what I believe are some of the most interesting Captain America comics since Simon and Kirby left Timely.

*When I got home, I learned the repercussions. Pop had been listening to the five o'clock news on radio. "Among those arrested was cartoonist Syd Hoff," the announcer said. My mother, who was preparing dinner in the kitchen, immediately fainted dead away. "How's Alcatraz?" my sister asked, as I hurried to Mom's side.*

Choice of Weapon by C. DEATH-MATE Introduction Perhaps some of you remember the story in the newspapers earlier this year, about how a collection of hoods assembled one evening in a quiet New York neighborhood and proceeded to have a shoot-out; and how, while there were hundreds of empty shell casings left strewn about the streets, there were no reports of anyone being wounded, and amazingly, there were no witnesses to come forth with an account of what had really happened. It was assumed the residents had scattered in panic as the bullets buzzed through the night air breaking windows in stores and homes. One desperate call was put through to the police by a man who refused to identify himself, saying, "What do you think I am, crazy or something? All that greeted the patrolmen was acrid gunsmoke-filled air, empty shell cases and splintered-glass-covered sidewalks. More police arrived and confirmed that there had indeed been a gun battle of gigantic proportions; however, their questioning of the residents of the area proved futile. In view of this latest shoot-out and similar incidents in various parts of the country and to allay certain fears of the citizenry that crime is on the rise, I feel bound to disclose what has really occurred and despite what you hear or read, crime is on the decrease. Furthermore, in many cases the gunmen involved are trying to kill each other without justifiable cause, or, it might be said, for the wrong reasons. This will take some explanation, and I am prepared to offer it to you. My conclusions came about quite by accident. During a recent vacation I spent in Haiti, I drove out into the countryside one afternoon along a picturesque road bordering a rain forest, and to my astonishment I saw a banana tree fly over the road and then heard it crashing into the forest. Maybe some of you will say that Hitchcock has taken leave of his senses at this point. I assure you that this is not the case. I, like the next man, know a flying banana tree when I see one. There could be no mistake. The bananas were a lovely unripened green color, and to lend credence to what I had just seen, one of the bananas fell from the tree as it went zipping over and hit my windshield with a loud splat, practically destroying all visibility. With an oath I slammed on the brakes and went at once toward the direction from which the flying banana tree had come, to investigate. My curiosity was aroused. Assuredly this had to be a phenomenon of some kind. Making my way through the thick forest proved a tricky undertaking. Clothes torn from the brush and disheveled, at last I came to a small clearing and an unlikely sight. To my astonishment I discovered an old friend, whom I shall call Ensley Perrault, since it would be unsafe for him if his true identity were revealed to the world. Perrault is an inventor and a highly successful glue manufacturer. I recalled that he had been expelled from Yale, Verona and Legimibre universities for pranks and practical jokes unbecoming those centers of learning. As I approached I saw that he was in the process of felling a banana tree with an ax. He was merely in the process of perfecting his invention. He was, he explained, doing it to lower the crime rate in the United States. Naturally they will seek revenge and in the resultant gang wars that follow they will kill themselves off. Without criminals there will be no crime. A simplistic plan, but foolproof. Every time this has occurred it has precipitated a gangland conflict. And here and there, even a hood is knocked off. Unfortunately the marksmanship of the hoods has proved extremely poor, but with practice it is hoped that it will improve. And now that you understand how the crime rate is being lowered, you can read the following stories with complete ease of mind, knowing it is highly unlikely that an unlikely object will come catapulting through your living room window. Now Alfie has set up his chessboard of evil, and turned his grandest masters of the macabre loose to do their bloodcurdling best

Chapter 6 : Captain America Timely Golden Age Superhero Comics for sale | eBay

*The Human Fly was reprinted in Alfred Hitchcock's Death-Mate () Galton and the Yelling Boys was reprinted in Alfred Hitchcock's Tales to Scare You Stiff () and The Best of Mystery () The Night of the Sea Serpent was reprinted in Alfred Hitchcock's Grave Suspicions ().*

The story opens up with Danny going to the museum, where he is almost immediately drawn to the dinosaur section. The boy is delighted to find a living dinosaur who has been watching over him, who also wants to be friends. The book has sold over six million copies and has been translated into a dozen languages. It inspired two sequels by Syd Hoff: It has since become an "I Can Read! The following tropes include: A Dog Named "Dog": Dinosaur is called just "Dinosaur" by everyone who knows him, and never thinks to give himself a name. All Animals Are Dogs: The dinosaur amusingly behaves like this when Danny is given a new pet puppy, his attempts to mimick its tricks result in a bush and a park bench being flattened though. Its not clear which genus or species Dinosaur is, he resembles an Apatosaurus, but has opposable thumbs and standing over feet tall, would dwarf even a Real Life Argentinosaurus in size. In the book "Too Tall", Dinosaur rescues a crane worker in distress and realizes that being huge is great after all. Dinosaur loves to have fun, and is always willing to try out new games and activities with Danny and the school children. Friend to All Children: From playing hide-and-seek to letting them ride him. I Just Want to Be Normal: While very happy to be a sauropod, Dinosaur falls into depression, feeling his giant size obstructs him from having more fun, that is until he puts that size of his to good use. The huge dino is intelligent, and can talk. Though given his great age , being able to speak our language should come as no surprise. Dinosaur may very well be the Last of His Kind. A given, as Dinosaur is a herbivorous sauropod. Museum of the Strange and Unusual: A sentiment shared by his best dino friend. Our Giants Are Bigger: Dinosaur is pretty huge, towering over the town at the same height as a crane. Really Years Old: Dinosaur states his age is million years old.

**Chapter 7 : Rabbit Ears Book Blog: [BOOK REVIEW] Danny and the Dinosaur by Syd Hoff**

*Syd Hoff also made this book highly creative as this was one of the few children's books that I have read where a human child talks to a dinosaur like a human being and Syd Hoff has made the interaction between the dinosaur and Danny so heartwarming as Danny and the Dinosaur act like true best friends.*

News, July On a summer afternoon in I sat in a bathtub of cold water playing. It was the one place my mother was reasonably sure I could play without getting run over. My father would be home soon and if there was one thing he like waiting for him in the summertime it was a nice cold tub. I pulled out the stopper and lay there without moving until almost all the water was gone. Then I got out of the tub and started to dry myself. I was almost through when my mother called out for me to do the very thing I was doing. I put on the clean underwear she had hung back of the door for me and went past her in the kitchen into my own bedroom. By the time I had my knickers buttoned I could hear my mother rinsing the tub and letting fresh water in. After I had finished dressing I walked through the kitchen again, this time to the door of our apartment, and went out. She just called after me not to get sweated up, as if such a thing were possible. I hurried down the four flights of stairs and parked myself on the stoop to wait for my father. It was a wonderful place for waiting. Not only could you see the elevated trains pulling into the Jackson Avenue station – you could even see the people coming down the steps. What fun it was waving t my father every night the second I saw him, having him wave back, and having both of us keep on waving until he came right up to where I stood and snatched me up in his arms! I was not the only child in the apartment house who waited. There was another boy my age, who under equal admonishment not to run and play any more at this hour, sat and waited for his father, too. Never had his father come home before mind. A train came screeching up the tracks from th Street. My heart started beating faster. I suppose his did, too. The people were coming down the steps. He was waving and his father was waving back. I could not see mine. After they had both gone in I sat alone and wondered if I would ever forgive my father. More trains came up from downtown and still there was no sign of him. Now I was not concerned with the fact that he had not been first. I just wanted him to come home. My mother must have begun to be concerned, too. After a while she told me to go to the corner and keep watch. I stood on the corner outside the candy store. After a while I got tired and sat down on the sidewalk. We were hardly any comfort to each other. Hunger gnawed at my vitals, still I remained at my post, hoping and praying that each new train would deliver the precious cargo. The neighbors finished their suppers and came out with their folding chairs. There was no answer. Dusk settled around me and the street lights went on. My mother called for me to come up and eat. I did not move. Finally there was nothing else to do. She fed me my meal in silence, most of the time her face turned away, except when she could muster a smile. Once she left me alone and went downstairs. I could see from the window that she went into the candy store – probably to make a phone call. When she returned I sat near her trying to think of something to say or do that would make her feel better. She must have sensed what was going on inside me because suddenly I was on her lap and she was rocking me back and forth. We were sitting like that, crying and kissing and clinging to each other, when there was a loud shout from the downstairs hallway. It was the candy store. There was a telephone call for us! My mother raced down the stairs, I right behind. She swept into the candy store and almost closed the door of the booth on me. It was my father. I could tell by the way her face brightened. When she hung up, she turned away without looking at me. I followed her upstairs into the kitchen and watched her emptying pots from the stove and putting things in the icebox. I went into the bathroom and started to turn on the water in the basin. Then I saw the cool tub waiting for my father. I took off my things, hung them back of the door, and climbed in. He had to learn a speech. But Danny would always slam his book shut. Papa came home from work. He was a salesman and needed help with his valises. There will be two hundred guests. Rabbi Plotkin came to see us. Mama gave him a glass of tea. Danny tried to learn. He locked himself in the bathroom and nobody else could go in. It was summer vacation and Papa took me to work with him. Papa showed his customers samples of stockings and underwear, and they gave him orders. At night, everybody in our house sat outside, talking and eating ice cream. Galgano, the taxi driver on the third floor, told about how he had grown up in Italy with his parents.

Waleska, on the top floor, told how she and her husband had come over from Poland. Suddenly, Danny rose to his feet. Today I am a man. People in the windows were clapping too. Martinique Mansion was a great success and my brother gave a perfect speech. He got fountain pens, one hundred dollars in cash and a solid gold watch. I did 18 shows for Ipana toothpaste, Sunday nights at 7: My own wife would take our kids to another bar in Rockaway Beach, Queens. Well, after 18 shows, Bristol-Myers was restless and they picked up a show with Bert Parks, then another with Tex and Jinx. CBS might surely want to review my work on that old TV show Shorty, although no prints of that are available. But I could be there in a studio, demonstrating that show, and then the network might want to show me as I appear in classrooms all over the country nowadays.

#### Chapter 8 : Alfred Hitchcock's Death-Mate - The Alfred Hitchcock Wiki

*pack up your troubles in your old kit bag " AND BURY IT! Especially if your troubles consist of somebody you don't particularly like. That's the sort of advice that makes Alfred Hitchcock smile, smile, smile " and he's horribly happy to survey the dreadfully delightful results.*

#### Chapter 9 : Julius by Syd Hoff

*Danny and the Dinosaur is a popular children's book by Syd Hoff, first published by Harper & Brothers in The story opens up with Danny going to the museum, where he is almost immediately drawn to the dinosaur section.*