

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

RECOUNTING



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BIOLOGY



ART



BIOLOGY
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The End.

Portrait suggested
QW 8 *11/24/50*

BIOGRAPHY OUTLINE

I. Birth

- A. Place
- B. Time day date
- C. Family reaction

II. First day at school

- A. Emotions
- B. Interests

III. Interesting incidents in life

- A. During school
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IV. First day at grammar school

- A. Hobbies
- B. New interests

V. Graduation

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- B. Goal in life
- C. Achievements gained
- D. Attitude toward school

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- A. Present day
- B. New interests
- C. New hobbies
- D. Closing

*Leahina Siqueiros
Rev. 8 Chg 4 10/24/52*

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PART I

My Coming into the World

At 10:30 P. M. February 14, 1937, in the Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital, an anxious expectant father awaited the arrival of his first child. Nurses scurried through the corridors, some fathers whose day of torment was done passed out cigars, and others who were still waiting twitched nervously and smoked an enormous number of cigarettes. Among these was my father. In five minutes time his waiting was over for anurse appeared in the doorway and announced that a baby had been born to him. "Your wife," she said, "has just presented you a wonderful St.Valentine gift, a baby girl weighing six pounds three-quarter ounces."

My father, glad his ordeal was over, was happy because his wish had come true he now had a baby girl of his own. During my stay in the hospital which was exactly eleven days many relatives came to visit me. My arrival home was a big hoopdeedoo, I was told, with aunts, uncles and cousins to welcome me. Of course I wasn't old enough to understand what was going on but they were sure proud of me.

As I grew up I developed cute little habits as do all babies, like throwing toys out of the carriage and crying when mother wanted to make a good impression with me. These habits, and many more, developed as time passed on and my life began to follow a definite pattern.



*Actual Engineer
Rev. 9 Aug 4 1971*

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PART II

My First Day of School

My first day of school was a day of nerve racking ordeals for my mother. My cruel ambitions that day were crying, screaming, and kicking. Upon entering to be enrolled something caught my eye, the seats, this was something I had never seen before. I can still remember how I ran down and sat in one of them; no one could budge me from it. When I found out that I couldn't stay I began to cry and scream all over again.

As time passed on I became aware of the fact that school might be fun after all. My first teacher's name was Mrs. High who to me was perfect in every way, from then on she became my favorite teacher and friend. I met many other boys and girls of my own age and began making friend with them also.

I was doing very well in my school work when all of sudden I came down with the measles. I missed a lot of schooling except for the little work that the teachers sent home for me to do. Having the measles wasn't enough for me! oh no, I had to get the mumps right after it. But there's more yet, tonsillitus, hooping cough and chicken pox, one right after another. I guess I was in school about two weeks before I'd come down with something else, and if mother hadn't gone down to school for my work I doubt if I'd be where I am today.

Later when everthing was back to normal, by that I mean I was well again, I started enjoying school so much that I was sad when I couldn't go. This, I admit is not true today although I still like school I am thankful for a day off once in a while.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PART III

Interesting incidents in Life

Among the many happy incidents that happened to me in my early life, was when I first started to know the meaning of the word Santa Claus. This being the Christmas vacation of 1952, I recall the Christmas's of old. I can remember the pest I used to make of myself at Christmas time. Mother said she'd hardly get to bed after putting up the tree when I would wake up and want to see what Santa had left for me. Ah--they were the good old days believing in Santa Claus, it sort of gave you something to look forward to, not only presents but something of a different kind of life, someone from another world who had come to all children here on earth, to give presents and gifts made in his own world.

There were also sad happenings in my early days, such as my uncle who was my idol, going into the army. At the time I couldn't understand why he had to leave me. It was June of 1942 when he left. The morning he was to leave I became very ill. Mother felt my head and said I was hot and feverish. I insisted that it was nothing just nervousness. But as it turned out it was something; Strepp throat. I was delirious for three days and didn't know anybody, not even my mother or father. All I did was call for my uncle Bill, and he was miles away. They tried to reach him but couldn't. When I finally did come out of it I didn't remember a thing. In fact when they told me of some of the crazy things I'd done and said I felt a little silly.

One of the most frightening tragic memories of my life so far, and one which I think I shall never forget even though I was only five years old at the time, was an automobile accident. It occurred on the 59th street bridge in New York. I can still see it all as plain as if it happened yesterday. If it wasn't for my grandfather who had enough presence of mind to throw me on the floor of the car when he saw we were going to crash, I think I would have been seriously injured. My mother less fortunate was critically injured, she had to go to the hospital on a bus because the women who had hit us just ran off and left us there. I think if my father had gotten the licence plates of the car and had her arrested he would have killed her in his anger. Yes, I can still see it all it has made a lasting impression upon my mind.



MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

IV.

My First Day at Grammar School

I remember how I felt the day I graduated from P. S. No.7, how proud I was, but little did I realize that when I entered grammar school N. 28 things would be quite different. There I felt so small. As I became used to being the smaller of the group I began making new friends. Many new ideas began developing in my mind and a hobby was one of them. The first time I started thinking about a hobby was when my uncle who is a very good artist took out some pictures that he had drawn to show some friends of his, upon seeing them I decided that this would be a perfect hobby to start on. It looked interesting enough and certainly it would do no harm to try it. So very next morning I took out some pencils and paper and tried it and to my surprise it turned out pretty good. From that day on my hobby has been art. My ambition became that of being a designer. One day in school an art adviser came to inspect the childrens work in art. She saw my work and said to me "Would you like to go to art school? Would I, what a lucky break for me I thought. Un fortunately though the schooling would be too expensive so I never went. However I still design and scetch, and still follow it up.

The rest of my days in grammar school as I can remember were just so so, until I reached the eighth grade which was the graduating class. Then things began to perk up. I had now finally gotten to the highest grade in grammar school. This is what I had waited for when I was down in the lower grades. Yes now the time for graduation had finally come and although we were all happy we felt a little sad, downhearted because some of us were going to different highschools and we wouldn't be seeing them again. But time does pass and one does forget.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PART V.

Graduating Day at Grammar School

At last the day had come, the day when an old world would end and a new world would begin, by that I mean the ending of Grammar school and the beginning of Highschool. It was to be a great day in the lives of every boy and girl in the graduating class of January 1951. As we assembled in the hall of the school, we talked over old times that had long passed us by. It was a gloriously happy day and yet there was a slight tinge of sadness in the air, I guess it was because we all knew that we might never see each other again as some were going to different schools. However things soon perked up and everyone went down the aisle with a smile.

After the ceremony we all said goodby and left for home. I was to have a party that night but because of the weather I thought that nobody would come. Instead all arived and we had a swell time. All that day I was scared stiff of going down to Dickinson, for I had to go the very next day after graduation. So after the company left that night I started to get things ready for the next day. I was so tired that I felt like going straight to bed, but I stayed up and fixed everything set my hair and then went to sleep. The next day the sun was bright and shining and I awoke, and now I was scarederthan ever. I was to meet my girlfriend who would take me there and show me the place so I wouldn't get lost. Yes this was it the beginning of my new career and I was ready for it what ever it was.



MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PART VI

My First Day of Highschool

The day that was to start a whole new life for me had finally come, and I was on my way to school. I'll never forget that day I had to walk to school because there were no buses running on account of the snow storm the day before. I met my girl friend and she showed me around the school. It was so big I thought I'd never find my way around. As it was the I did manage somehow, and no one except the boys and girls that knew me called me "FRESHIE" and that was just to tease me. I took it tho and before long I was one of the bunch. The years just fly by when your in highschool.

Things never stop happening in school. I met so many new friends, and got to know the old friends better than ever before. What I mean by that is my present boyfriend. We had always liked each other since we were twelve, but we never went steady till highschool. We'd go to the show together and everyone knew we liked each other, but we just never thought of going steady. However that is different now. We enjoy the same things and love to go to the same places. Our mothers and fathers know each other and are good friends. Everything is wonderful and I am very happy.

School is a wonderful thing when you come right down to it, and not only for education either. It not only teaches you mentally and physically but it teaches you socially too! You learn the right kind of people to make friends with and the wrong kind to make friends with too.

The subjects I've taken are as follows: Typing, Shorthand, Italian English Biology and health. This term, my junior year I am dropping Italian for History. I hope I pass everything, and get high marks. I have intentions of going to college if my parents can afford to send me or if I can work my way through.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PART VII.

Present Day Life.

At the present time I am in Dickinson Highschool a junior, or almost one anyway. The marks have closed and I hope to be a junior next term. At present my subjects and teachers are as follows: Typing, Mrs. Schnitzer, Shorthand, Miss Ginoch, Italian, Miss Casciano, Biology, Mr. Kertright, and English Miss. Cooke. Next term I have dropped Italian after having had two years of it. I have to take History. I am keeping all other subjects.

Next Summer I would like to get a job as a filing clerk or a typist. I hope I can because it will give me experience as well as knowledge. I would like to get one now but there aren't any partime typists needed at this time.

The past few years at Dickinson have gone so fast that I can hardly believe there gone. Before I know it it will be graduation time again, and again a whole new life will be before me. Life changes but it always follows the same pattern.

The End.



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