

## MEMORIES OF CHINATOWN by George Moy

I remember Chinese school having no heat coming up to the classrooms and freezing our butts off while repeating the teacher's words or reading poetry from our little books. In the third grade if ya didn't know the lesson and didn't memorize the words or read the words ya got hit in the hand by Woo Seen Sang. We practiced our brush strokes, writing calligraphy with a teacher directing the exact strokes for Chinese penmanship.

Then I was in the Chinese school band and had fun going to the parades and wearing a uniform. I played the bugle with a valve and we practiced East Side West Side, as well as the song, The Bells of St Mary... Edna Lau was the bandleader in the parades. Of course some of the gals who wore pompom's marching were the Lee sisters, Rose Chin and a few others. Also a Mary from Connecticut.

Recess was fun as we played basketball and small football on the ground floor. The Chin brothers, Palooka and Cheesey, and many others from 37 Mott Street attended Chinese school as well my cousins from the coffee shop across the street from 37 Mott called Hoy Gee.

Hoy Gee Coffee Shop was also where the US Post Office dropped off mail from China or Hong Kong as the mailman couldn't read the Chinese addresses of the various Tongs and smaller named associations.

I attended Chinese school until the age 14 and quit since I was entering my freshman year at Stuyvesant High School. Such sweet memories