

When I heard the news, my one thought was - poor Kenny, poor Kenny.

They say not to talk badly about the dead - and in this case, there is really nothing bad to say about Kenny. But, there are other things to be said about him - from my knowledge and association with him. I first met his other Kathy, travelling back to camp in Texas during the war. An absolutely gorgeous, beautiful red headed girl living with her mother in Kansas. The visit was only for a few hours and we talked about New York. She expected a lot from New York, but sadly, brother Lou was unable to supply a home with grey carpets and a neighborhood better than the lower east side. And so, after two children, and mingling with people who could not help her, she left the boys and husband and went back to Kansas where she eventually remarried and had another family.

Mama was the one who used to travel from her apartment on Grand Street up to the 'projects' with her bags of food and whatever else she could muster - and when I got out of the service - I too would make the trip but by this time there was little that could change. I remember the story that Kenny was sitting on one of the stairwells with a little friend who wanted to know if he had a mother - and his reply was - sure I have a mother, how do you think I was born. And he was really just a little little kid at the time.

I remember how Vicky pitched in and had the two boys out to her house at times - as a matter of fact, one of the most moving picture I saw of that time, was Vicky walking with the two boys at her sides. When I moved to Jersey, I had Kenny out for a visit and when he saw me kiss Sammy goodnight, he wanted the same.

The last time I saw him was at Juliette's wedding. I thought, how kind and considerate this was of her, like the rest of us, we sort of tried to bring him closer - but he stayed outside.

One Passover, I think it was, Sandy told me she had invited him to her home - and so I bought a bottle of wine and asked that when he went, to bring it there. I was told that he never showed up.

He was what he was - but just did not have the good luck that the rest of us had.

When you look back at what came out of Grand Street, John, Jeanette, Bubby and myself, who overcame all the disadvantages of our upbringing - and the great advantages we received - you wonder why, what happened. Can the psychologists explain it -

So, Kenny, rest in peace and know that you were loved.

S. Brown
4416 Del Sol Blvd
Santa Ana, CA 92703

M. J. M. Simon Veratox
160 ~~West~~ Madison Ave
New York, NY 10016

