

**FINDING YOUTH: A  
HUMAN  
EXPERIENCE**

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Finding Youth: A Human Experience by Nelson Andrews

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**NELSON ANDREWS**

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**FINDING YOUTH**

# FINDING YOUTH

*A Human Experience*

BY

NELSON ANDREWS



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by  
**FRED G. ANDREWS**  
Santa Barbara  
California

*The reader of these pages need scarcely be told that there is truth in them, and a deeper truth in the lesson that they teach. For this chronicle, in its essentials, might have been written of many a life other than his whose simple story is here set down.*



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# FINDING YOUTH

## I

**T**HIS STORY is told because others need to know it. They need to know it now, when all the world is making a blind struggle to find youth — a new creative spirit.

It is the experience of just a common, everyday man — myself. But thousands of others have gone through my same experience. They are not finding the help, though, that I found. It is because I found this help — found something that man has always been seeking — that I feel impelled to tell my story.

My name is Harvey Allen. I was born in New York City and had lived there all my life. When the Big Thing happened, I was sixty years old. My wife and I had two sons, both married. We had six grandchildren.

We had lived in the same Harlem apartment for twenty years — with front

## FINDING YOUTH

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windows looking out on the street, side air-shafts, and a rear view of clothes-lines and fire-escapes. I never see a clothesline now that I don't think of that day in October.

The neighborhood had changed since our coming. The Ghetto had expanded and taken us in. The color-line was drawn just a block away, in the next street. But the place was home, and we had stuck there.

One of our sons, Walter, lived in Yonkers. The younger son, George, lived over in Brooklyn. We did n't see either of them often. They both worked hard to support their families. Evenings and Sundays they had their different family interests; and their wives had their own relatives to visit.

My wife, however, made frequent trips to their homes. She helped our daughters-in-law by doing most of the sewing for the grandchildren. But she always returned in time to have my dinner ready at night, when I got home tired from my day's work. She has